

A hooded figure stands centrally, facing away from the viewer. The figure's left wing is a vibrant, fiery orange and yellow, while the right wing is a dark, starry blue and black. The background is a vast, colorful cosmic space with galaxies and nebulae. The figure's hood is black and featureless.

*"Humanity... wonders about the end of its own story.
Kali knows the end of every story."*

Free Will

Abidin AYDIN

The Kali Series — Book I"

Kali City Series – A Saga That Alters the Fate of Gods

This is the beginning of a seven-book epic. A journey into the struggles of Shinto gods, the rise of forgotten powers, and the war between humanity and the divine.

It is a tale of growth—for mortals and gods alike—of shifting power, of challenging destiny. Enriched with mystical depth and philosophical themes, this saga asks: What if free will could change the fate of gods?

Collaboration Note

I am open to professional collaboration. Publishers, editors, and screenwriters are welcome to join me in shaping this story for a wider audience. With re-editing, restructuring, and enhancing its narrative, the series can achieve its strongest form.

Anime / Adaptation Potential

The Kali City Series was designed with anime and manga in mind. With its evolving Shinto gods, intricate mythological foundations, and epic battles between celestial forces, it is ideal for adaptation into anime, manga, or cinema. Its characters, philosophies, and large-scale war sequences offer an unparalleled foundation for visual storytelling.



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KALI SERIES

“Free Will “

-Book I-

ABIDIN AYDIN

Foreword

Has the time for humanity to confront Satan not yet come? Isn't this the great moment all faiths have been waiting for? With tens of thousands of years of history filled with humanity's deeds, why has this confrontation taken so long? Has the worth of humanity still not been determined?

When Satan first arrived on this planet, Earth was still a ball of fire. He has been waiting for us for billions of years. From the perspective of human history, we have only just met him. He has been watching us since we were cast out of paradise and sent to this world—and he continues to watch.

Today, whose will do we live by? Satan's or the Creator's? Are we truly superior to Satan, or is he the one who is right? When will these questions be answered, and to whom? Who will be the judge?

By the end of this story, we will uncover the answers to these questions together. We do not know how far back the history of humanity's confrontation with Satan truly goes. That is why we must go back to the very beginning to understand everything.

This story takes place in a parallel universe, one very close to our own. In that universe, the name of the Creator is Kali. The events unfold between Kali, Satan, and humanity of that world. Let us observe the outcome of their struggle and decide for ourselves. Let humanity be the judge.



(Azazel) Satan

I Want to Tell You This Story from the Very Beginning

All stories exist because of “Him.”

As humanity continues to live with the limitations of its senses, the true challenge in understanding life is the mind itself. It does not matter how clearly you see or how keenly you smell—the mind is the true boundary. No matter how we attempt to describe something, we will never truly comprehend its essence.

Whatever I do, the minds of those who listen or read will always rely on the limited forms matter and spirit can take. Whether I say nothing at all or speak of everything, it will never be the thing itself.

If, with my own limited mind, I do not abandon speaking of the Creator, then, like all the gods and supernatural beings we will encounter in this story—beings with emotions, thoughts, and bodies—He will inevitably resemble humanity and, in the end, bear a name.

For the minds that will read this story, I have given Him a name and a form:

Kali.

He is the cause of all things, the flow, and the end. Beyond the cause He has created, all other causes are secondary. And one day, everything will return to Him.



Kali

When Kali fully opened Its eyes, It gazed upon the emptiness around It.

In the absence of time and reason, everything came into existence in an instant.

Upon seeing the end of the infinite diversity It had brought forth,

It closed Its eyes...

And what remained was an egg, smooth and seamless, as if carved from pure white marble.

All that had been created began to revolve—around it and upon their own axes.



“The Center of the Universe”

The only thing that did not move was the egg itself.

Suspended at the center of space, standing in the midst
of infinity,

It was an absolute presence.

To comprehend the vastness of the universe... is
impossible for a human.

A being incapable of grasping the enormity of its own
world, one who does not leave its home, who does not truly
know the city it works in, who is unaware of the country it
lives in, who does not realize the planet it is on the verge of
destroying...

And yet, in their tiny shelters, they find comfort. We are cosmic shell-dwellers, retreating into small spaces, watching existence unfold beyond us.

For the mind, this is the safest way to live.

Five billion years had passed since Kali last opened and closed Its eyes. Time moved forward, stars were born and extinguished...

And yet, no being had gained consciousness, no awareness had been reached. Everything was still preparing for their awakening.

As space continued to spin at full speed around the egg, it remained motionless for millions of years.

And at last, even time itself began to doubt its own existence. At that moment, the lower half of the egg illuminated. Though billions of years remained before we would wake for work, worry over trivial concerns, grapple with helpless dilemmas and succumb to peculiar fears, the heat that emerged was so intense that hundreds of worlds nearby were engulfed in flames all at once.

As the egg grew hotter, black, gray, red, and white hues flickered within it.

And like a lantern, it ignited its boundless light.

A soft brown glow began to spread toward the last place Kali had looked.

Creation... What is it waiting for to become or to change?

Who commands it, saying, “Now, begin!”?
Is it time itself?

Among all things created, does time hold the greatest
authority?

If humanity could speak with time, what would it ask?

Creation moves like an analog machine—
one that knows exactly what to do,
never hesitating for even a second,
and running forever without failure.

And yet, we forget that time is still moving forward.
That is our greatest flaw.

Creation will not stop until it reaches the final vision
that Kali foresaw.

And humanity...
It wonders how its own story will end.
But Kali already knows the end of all stories.
This is merely one of the many fates It has foreseen—
a story we have yet to live.

The egg was finally ready. And the first to witness it,
the first to see it, the one who knew all its secrets and was
tasked with observing the progress of creation, was the Chief
Overseer.

The first mind to exist after Kali. The Chief Overseer
rose like a light in the midst of darkness. It was unseen and



“Chief Overseer”

untouchable, yet deeply felt. It was pure knowledge drifting through the void. It needed no body to remain whole. It was neither matter nor spirit... It was created beyond both.

When the Chief Overseer awakened and became aware of both Kali and itself, all the preparations of creation were placed under its command. It did not create from nothing like Kali did. But everything Kali had brought into existence obeyed it. Thinking of something was enough for it to take shape. And now, to establish the order of creation, it needed help.

Without shifting from its central place, the Chief Overseer called upon the Three Sages. And in that moment... the City of Kali emerged.



“Kali City”

The Chief Overseer was not bound by space. But every consciousness that would awaken after it would need a place to exist. And so, the Three Sages, summoned from their own realms of time, appeared before the Chief Overseer.

They spoke in unison:

“Chief Overseer, within our wisdom lie many answers. Yet still, we do not know what we must do.”

At that moment, for the first time, the harmony, order, and rhythm of creation faltered. A mind, filled with anxiety, pondered. And when it could not find the answer, it asked. The first noise of the unknown was heard. And that question gave birth to Hierarchy.

“The one who knows is greater than the one who does not.”

Hierarchy had thus manifested on its own.



“Three Sages”

Before responding, the Chief Overseer cast a sense of peace and assurance upon the Three Sages, who could not yet see it. And the first answer of creation flowed from its lips:

“What you must do is allow what is happening to happen. Kali has seen the beginning and the end and has departed from here. Our duty is to observe all that unfolds from now until the very end, recording everything that takes place. Your first task is to complete the City of Kali. Once everything is in place, the Gatherers, Overseers, Angels, and Primordial Beings will awaken in sequence.”

The luminous forms of the Three Sages gleamed, their astral bodies standing upright in reverence.

The Chief Overseer spoke again:

“You are three separate reflections of a single mind. The Gatherers will be the first to manifest in bodily form. The Overseers will shape both the diversity of bodies and minds, and they will awaken in the billions, all at once. And the Angels... the Angels will exist as our servants.”

The Three Sages were startled by this word. They, too, did everything that was asked of them. But they knew that servitude was merely a matter of acceptance. One of them, in a hushed whisper, asked:

“Why would Kali need servants?”

The Chief Overseer’s voice was strong and steady:

“Not Kali— we need them. They will carry the most precious thing in the universe: life. And we will observe the unfolding of diversity. We need beings without free will, yet with intellect—beings who will obey commands without question, no matter what. If consciousness and rising intellect are not bound to servitude, they will begin to question.”

“The Angels were created with all these qualities. And the variety of emotions within bodily existence will begin with them. Prepare the world for those who are about to awaken.”

As the Chief Overseer moved toward the great library beneath the egg, for the first time, the Three Sages felt the

weight of solitude. They understood that what surrounded them was the City of Kali. And for the first time, a city took form.

From the outside, it appeared like an egg, yet inside, it was an empty city. The distinct districts where the Overseers would gather, the strange chambers of the Gatherers, the roads stretching from the core to the outer shell... The city was sealed by a veil of mist encircling it like a ring.

Billions of pieces of knowledge surged into the minds of the Three Sages. And then, they too descended into the great libraries beneath the earth, following the Chief Overseer.

For us, “progress” means moving forward, but in truth, time was created to slow things down, to halt them. Otherwise, no matter how long a being lived, it would perceive nothing—dying the very moment it was born. Time exists so that we may become aware of creation. And when it arranged everything into a sequence, we called what we observed “life.”

Yet, events unfold at speeds beyond our comprehension...

Some last no longer than the blink of an eye, while others continue uninterrupted for millions of years. Consciousness, encased in its own awareness like ours, can only perceive death through time. It is through time that we recognize our existence. And yet, our greatest fear is also time itself. Instead of rejoicing in life simply because we were born, we exist in the shadow of inevitable death.

According to consciousness:

If a train without a conductor speeds along the tracks, and an announcement declares that the bridge ahead has collapsed—what changes?

Even if a human believes they are conscious, it is not death that erases awareness... but the fear of death.

It lurks in the hidden folds of time, waiting to spring forth like a hound.

And when it finds us...

It devours us.

This is why death— the inevitable end that awaits all living things— remains the one great unknown.

Do we step outside of time when we die?

Is the ultimate truth beyond time itself?

Or is everything only just beginning?

Is time a gift from Kali to those who wish to witness what life truly is?

Or is it a punishment for those who suffer within it?

Does It plan?

Does It ever make mistakes?

In the City of Kali, there was a single, vast building filled with countless small chambers. The initial arrangements of creation were made within this structure. The first preparations were for the Gatherers. They would receive the knowledge brought by the Overseers, who observed the universe, and transfer it to the archives. Just like their bodies, their chambers were also unique. However, the emergence of the Gatherers was unlike that of the Chief Overseer or the Three Sages.

Inside their chambers, devoid of doors, they waited in the void. When the moment arrived, all the rooms were first engulfed in darkness. Then, they opened into galaxies deep in space, only to be illuminated once more in an instant.

Inside, metals of various sizes, colors, and compositions floated. After a while, these elements began to melt like ice cream. As they liquefied, they transformed into different life forms and various bodily structures. All the Gatherers remained suspended in the air like puppets, waiting for the time required for their awakening.

The Three Sages had prepared places for each of them according to their needs. However, to the Three Sages, need was nothing more than wasted time. “Need—such a peculiar limitation!” they thought. Yet, they understood the needs of others better than anyone. The Chief Overseer had said that all beings awakening after them would have needs as well. But this was merely the beginning.



The Arcivitis

For the beings within Kali, need was only a minor detail. However, those who drifted away from Kali would find their needs increasing. Some would stray so far that they would live solely to satisfy their needs—and die because of them.

The Chief Overseer summoned them to their duty and announced the awakening of all Gatherers:

“Awaken, Gatherers.”

Millions of different beings heard this call. The Chief Overseer spoke again, addressing them:

“The name of our Creator is Kali. She knows the beginning and the end of everything. After leaving, she

entrusted this city to us. This place is called the City of Kali. Here, you will have no needs. The city will sustain you with its infinite energy.”

As these words echoed in their minds, the Gatherers prepared for their duties.

The Gatherers were beings who did not question. They had no thoughts of their own. Yet, they were intelligent. They were observant. They could utilize their ability to retain everything they saw and heard at the highest level. Gatherers did not sleep. They did not rest. And they would never leave the building.

Everything created by Kali had to be recorded. Even the slightest piece of false information could bring about the downfall of the truth. The Overseers had not yet begun their work, yet the archives of the City of Kali had already started filling.

The City of Kali was divided into two sections: above ground and underground. Beneath the surface were the chambers of the Overseers and the archives. Above the ground were gathering areas and the great structure where the information would be delivered.

From above, the city resembled a microchip, with roads extending outward from the center. The pathways leading to the outer gates made it look like the heart of knowledge. From within, it was a world interconnected by wide roads, enclosed by towering yellow walls.



“Kali City”

Now, it was time for the Overseers to awaken. Their adaptation to creation would be far more challenging than that of the Gatherers. The Chief Overseer warned the Three Sages:

“The Gatherers will not question who they are or what they must do. They are surrounded by knowledge. However, this will not be the case for the Overseers. They will be the first conscious beings to detach from Kali and physically distance themselves from her. As a sacrifice for this, they have been gifted with Kali’s eyes. Yet, they have not been given wisdom.”

“They will see the true essence of everything they look upon. If we had granted them wisdom, they could have imposed their own ideas upon the truth. But this is not a restriction—because Kali allows for the existence of all possibilities. One day, the Overseers will find their own

wisdom. We cannot prevent this. They will question. And they will come to you for answers. When that time comes, direct them to the archives. There is still time for the Angels. They will be the slaves of this creation. They will not ask, nor will they question.”

The Three Sages exchanged glances. They, too, were part of creation and carried out every command given to them. Yet, servitude was a behavior consciously accepted by a being. Why had the Angels chosen such a fate?

The Three Sages asked,

“Why would Kali need slaves?”

The Chief Overseer replied,

“Not Kali—but we do. They will distribute the most valuable thing in the universe—life. Meanwhile, we will monitor the diversity that emerges. We need beings who will carry out orders without question—mindless yet intelligent. They will use all their abilities solely to fulfill their commands.”

“Consciousness and elevated intellect, if not enslaved, will begin to question. The Angels were created with all these traits. They will not question; they will only obey. Moreover, the variety of emotions within the body will also begin with the Angels. They will carry the first emotions of the universe.”

“Now, complete the preparations for their awakening.”

Upon hearing the Chief Overseer’s words, the Three Sages reached a deeper awareness of the order of creation.

Every moment in which consciousness began to question, creation underwent another transformation. However, the Angels would remain unaffected by this change. They would be the perfect examples of obedience and the fulfillment of duty. And the next phase of creation would be completed with the awakening of the Angels.

The first mission of the Overseers was to scatter across space in search of planets that harbored life. Each of them was assigned to observe and oversee the development of four planets they discovered. This observation period would last no more than two thousand years. Once their tasks were completed, they would transfer all the knowledge they had gathered to the Gatherers in the City of Kali. Afterward, they would retreat to their chambers and enter a deep slumber for nearly three centuries.



The physical forms of the Overseers varied greatly. However, the one unifying feature among them was their eyes—voids resembling black holes, magnets for knowledge.

These eyes were insatiable in their hunger for information. They would absorb every detail from the planets they observed—how many raindrops had fallen, the direction in which leaves detached from trees had swirled, the precise temperature of every sunbeam, and every imaginable and unimaginable change in existence.

The forms of their bodies would also adapt to resemble the dominant lifeforms of the planets they observed. And at that moment, the voice of the Chief Overseer echoed across the cosmos:

“Awaken, Overseers!”

The Chief Overseer had now begun his watch. Everything was left to unfold in its natural course.

When the Overseers awoke in the depths of the City of Kali, knowledge of creation and their assigned duties was instilled into their minds before they even had a chance to recognize themselves. The first thing they learned was the name of their creator: Kali. Many had already risen from their beds in the high-ceilinged, expansive chambers and had begun making their way toward the gathering grounds in the grand garden.

Describing the diversity Kali had created had become nearly impossible. Some resembled tiny djinn, others were



The Chambers of the Overseers

colossal, legendary giants. Some had the playful nature of fae, while others remained concealed within their cloaks of invisibility. Even the unseen Overseers could be described, yet there were some beings so enigmatic that no mind could comprehend them. Their chambers had been meticulously prepared to accommodate every form of life.

The Overseers ascended from beneath the egg to the vast gathering ground at the heart of the City of Kali, using staircases that spiraled around its core. As they emerged through the surface gates, they passed through corridors with towering arched ceilings, finally arriving at their designated gathering spaces, which were separated by different colors. Each of them instinctively knew where to look, standing in perfectly aligned rows, keeping measured distances between one another. An army of millions moved as one, bound by an unshakable discipline.

There remained only one final group of beings yet to awaken to aid in creation.

The Angels...



The Angels

Encased within the mist that wrapped around the egg like a ring on the finger of the City of Kali, they all slumbered. The angels, the slaves of creation, lay dormant within the cloud outside the city, waiting for the moment they were destined to rise.

When Anahari awoke, the first thing he saw in his chamber was the swirling ceiling, dense like desert sands, spiraling endlessly above him. Two towering columns stretched upward, their tips vanishing into the vortex. He

believed the only thing he possessed were his eyes, and the only ability he had was to see. Yet, as moments passed, he began to perceive the damp scent of the air, feel the warmth around him, and hear the soft, rhythmic dripping of water in the silence.



He attempted to rise, but his body did not respond. A single drop of translucent blue liquid trickled from his right eye, spreading warmth across his form as if he had a long, tangible body. Like fire consuming dry parchment, the liquid surged first across his face, then cascaded downward, shaping his bones from head to toe.

Anahari longed to move, but before he could, a second drop—this time green—spilled from his left eye. It wrapped around his newly formed skeleton, weaving muscle over the structure, turning his formless essence into a mass of living flesh.

A moment later, a river of colors began to flow from his toes upward, swirling like a luminous rainbow. As the vibrant waves spread, they melded into skin, sealing his body until the stream finally converged at the top of his head. Through all of this, his eyes absorbed everything around him without the need for movement. There was no reason to turn his head—he could perceive the entire space effortlessly.



Anahari

When he felt whole, he rose from his bed. His towering frame stretched beyond two meters, his hands as long and powerful as the rest of his body.

A short time later, his shifting, multicolored skin began to stabilize, darkening into the form of a sleek, black garment covering his body. Finally, a flowing black cloak materialized on his shoulders, draping down and wrapping over his bare,

hairless head. Anahari had no understanding of why he was so concealed. The thought of needing to hide had never crossed his mind.

Standing still, his first curiosity was his eyes. He knew he required nothing else—only his sight. He raised his long fingers and pressed them into his deep, black eyes. Then, tracing his fingers down to his nose, mouth, teeth, and ears, he questioned why he possessed such unnecessary things.



Anahari did not yet realize that he resembled the beings he was meant to observe. He was only aware of his creator and himself. Information flowed into his mind in a precise order, dictated by necessity.

Though his body was prepared to step outside, his mind was not yet ready. As light seeped in from beneath his door, casting the moving shadows of those outside, he waited for the

paths of Kali City to unfold within his mind. Even when he finally left his chamber and merged with the crowd, the influx of knowledge continued. He had no difficulty reaching the central gathering space.

Upon arriving in the great courtyard, he immediately recognized the massive structure before him as the building of the Collectors. The green field where he was to stand was his designated place. He raised his head and gazed at the grand structure, its façade adorned with windows of various sizes and shapes, making it appear all the more magnificent.



His admiration for his eyes deepened.

Many of the Watchers around him, like himself, possessed eyes, faces, hands, and feet. He did not feel out of place. The crowd was immense—so vast that the perfectly aligned rows of Watchers seemed to stretch into infinity. A

quarter of the diversity that would emerge in the universe stood assembled there. As the final Watcher took its place, Anahari found himself positioned at the very edge of the formation, closest to the exit of the egg.

None of the Watchers had spoken yet. Not even a single external sound had reached their ears. This was the last moment in creation when gathered minds had not yet disturbed the silence.

As all the Watchers stood in absolute stillness, a sudden disturbance shattered the quiet within Anahari. He placed his hand on his chest, then his abdomen. Even as he pressed against it, the sensation did not subside. A strange stirring welled up inside him.

When he questioned his mind, the answer came without delay—his body possessed emotions. This was a new concept for him. It was unlike his hands, arms, or feet. He had struggled to control them, believing he had been given a flawed body. There was still much he needed to understand.

As the Chief Watcher emerged before the millions of gathered beings, the Three Sages appeared behind him. The Watchers, like sunflowers turning toward the sun, could not see the Chief Watcher, but they felt his presence. Millions of newly awakened Watchers stood waiting to learn.



The voice of something unseen yet felt, something known yet unprovable, echoed through the minds of every Watcher. It was unclear whether it spoke to them individually or all at once.

“At the very center of the city lies the Watchers’ gathering ground. Beneath your feet are the chambers where you will rest. Above the gardens, in this grand structure, are the report submission rooms and the libraries overseen by the Sages. Your most important duty is...”

But at that moment, Anahari was engaged in another battle within his mind. He struggled to control the emotions rising inside him, unable to understand when or how they were meant to emerge. He knew he could command his body, but his mind refused to obey. Instead of remaining silent, it seemed to long for conversation.

In truth, his mind was showing him everything he possessed—a strong body, an active intellect, and emotions he did not yet know how to control. Another thought arose within him. Though he tried to focus on the Chief Watcher’s words, his curiosity had already shifted elsewhere.

What lay beyond?

The answer formed on its own within his mind, causing him to hesitate. He knew he should suppress it, yet at the same time, he wanted to learn. As his gaze wandered beyond, he noticed the exit doors—six gates marked in different colors, standing in orderly rows, prepared for the millions of Watchers.

As Anahari began to move slowly, the Chief Watcher sensed a disruption in the flow. Until that moment, all Watchers had stood as a single, unified entity. But one had acted of its own volition. The Chief Watcher directed a fragment of his awareness toward this anomaly.

Anahari was aware only of himself. He heard the Chief Watcher’s voice, but the words had lost their meaning. He had only one desire—to step outside.

The Chief Watcher could feel his growing anxiety and thoughts. He had never anticipated that the order of creation would unravel so soon. His duty was to observe and allow all things to unfold as they would. Yet, before his very eyes, the first disruption of creation was taking place.

“Why is this Watcher different?”

Anahari's body moved before his mind could hesitate. Though his mind wavered in uncertainty, his body obeyed his instinct to leave. Taking small, deliberate steps backward, he began to move. No one noticed his deviation. Weaving swiftly through the crowd, he reached the doorway and, without a moment's hesitation, stepped through.



City Exit Paths

In an instant, he transformed into light and vanished.

The exit paths of Kali City stretched out like a vast tunnel. These passageways were designed to launch the Watchers outward like a slingshot. The moment Anahari entered this passage, he was ejected beyond the city's borders before his consciousness could even process it. He drifted through an infinite void.

At the exact moment he wished to stop, he felt something stir—and a pair of black wings, each spanning over five meters, unfurled from his back.



Anahari

For the first time, he felt a true sense of freedom. As he flapped his wings, he realized the immense strength within him. Yet just as he was marveling at his newfound power, his gaze focused on the dense dust cloud that marked the boundaries of Kali City.

At first, it seemed like nothing more than an ordinary mist, but as he tried to peer deeper, he encountered something entirely different. Was this a city? No. This was a ruin, devoid of life.

What appeared to be a city was fragmented, disordered, and dead. A strange scent lingered in the air. Yet something within it stirred. As he drew his vision closer, he saw them—

the sleeping angels. His mind already held the knowledge he needed about them, but seeing was far more gratifying than knowing.

Forgetting the Chief Watcher entirely, Anahari's fascination with the angels grew. With a single beat of his wings, he ascended high enough to take in the full view of the ring encircling the egg. From what he could see, the number of angels was thousands of times greater than that of the Watchers. But he could not understand why they were sleeping in such small burrows. His own chamber had been vast, warm, and comfortable.

As his newly awakened mind began to question these differences in creation, an unfamiliar unease settled within him.

“Does Kali not treat all of its creations equally?”

When this thought echoed in his mind, Anahari unknowingly voiced the first unanswerable questions of existence. The Chief Watcher observed his thoughts from afar but did not intervene. His role was only to witness and allow all things to unfold.

As Anahari soared higher with another beat of his wings, his eyes moved beyond the city of angels. When he finally saw the true void he was meant to enter, an unbearable curiosity overtook him.

At that moment, a thick, silver-covered book appeared before him.



Kali Planet

He was not surprised to see it. In fact, he did not even consider that he should be surprised. The most striking thing about the book was the hunger he felt simply by looking at it—an insatiable hunger for knowledge.

The gray cover of the book shimmered and transformed into something as clear as water.

As Anahari peered deeper, he noticed a faint outline of a pen submerged within its depths. Though the pen was hidden in the book's depths, he could feel it at his fingertips. When he reached for it, he felt as though he was pulling an object from beneath the surface of a liquid. As he withdrew his hand, the book solidified once more, and words appeared on its cover.

“If you wish to learn, you must first be curious.”



Anahari became captivated by the effect he had on the book. The letters seemed to be speaking to him. His mind and emotions sought meaning within the pages. The pen in his hand shifted to fit the length of his fingers perfectly. At that moment, he understood—the book was not just a source of knowledge; it was a companion that would exist alongside him.

He would see. And the book would remember what he saw.

There was nothing left to do but open it.

With his long, slender fingers, he touched the pages, and as if stirred by the wind, they began to turn.

“Why was this book here? Did all Watchers have a book like this?”

These questions attempted to seep into his mind, but Anahari decided that questioning was unnecessary for now. What mattered was writing. Until now, he had allowed everything to flow naturally. But now, he had to take control.

He guided the pen across the pages. Its tip was fine, but the characters he wrote were large and bold.

“The name of my creator and my home is Kali. My name is Anahari. Over time, all beings will drift away from their essence and forget themselves.”

He skipped a line.

“This knowledge is the most valuable of all that I have learned. When I need it, it will remind me of today. It will remind me of the power I felt. When I stray from my essence, I entrust you with the word that will describe who I am now. Guard it well.”

(.....)

She didn't want to lift her pen from the pages of the book, as if she had been asked a question and was answering with excitement. She eagerly described the hot water pool in her room, the other Watchers, and Kali City. When she began recording her observations of the ring surrounding the city, she became the first being to document creation with her own answers.

However, there was something she hadn't noticed. The book had no intention of letting her go. And now, it had begun making demands of her.

Suddenly, Anahari's book spoke:

“Bring more knowledge, more answers. Visit the angels before leaving Kali for your mission. In the end...”

Hearing the whisper, she stopped writing. Pulling her hand away, she carefully examined the book, realizing that it was no longer just an ordinary object. Chains had wrapped around it, and in the center, binding them together, was a locked seal.

At the same time as the Watchers, books with consciousness emerged in the libraries. For this reason, the Sages had locked them. These books needed to be protected so that the knowledge written within them could never be erased or fall into the wrong hands. Because Kali had allowed everything in the universe to exist, and no one knew what powers yet to emerge might be capable of.

Unbeknownst to Anahari, she possessed a power unique to herself—the ability to see and unlock seals.



As she slowly reached out to the chains, the lock instantly unfastened. The sound of the unlocking echoed across millions of kilometers of emptiness. But more than the sound of the lock, the Sages heard the book's scream of freedom.

As they rushed outside the boundaries of Kali City, they saw the Watcher standing with his back turned to them. Yet, he remained unaware of what had just transpired. The book was shifting its form, though it had not fully awakened yet.

The Sages knew what a book could become once unsealed. A freed book could transform into a being powerful enough to enslave its writer. As the Three Sages moved to stop

Anahari, the voice of the High Watcher echoed through their minds:

“Stop... We will watch and see where free will leads. Can that Watcher bear the cost of his actions? Kali knows the end of all things.”

The Sages hesitated, unable to suppress their concern. One of them finally spoke:
“What if the book takes control of him?”

“Then we will observe the free will of the book.”

Anahari, unaware of the events unfolding behind him, studied the book as it transformed before his eyes. The book was no longer just an object—it had become a living being, one with hands, arms, and a face like his own.

But there was one difference...



She was a woman.

Her head was bowed, her eyes still closed. Her pale face resembled that of a prisoner who had spent countless years in darkness, untouched by sunlight. Her body floated weightlessly, toes pointing downward as if suspended in the void.

She wore a flowing green dress, its golden embroidery rising from the hem to her slender waist. A set of black motifs split into a V-shape across her chest. The fabric stretched all the way to her throat, covering her entirely, yet sheer, veil-like drapes left her shoulders exposed, giving her an almost ethereal presence.

And she had not yet awakened.

As Anahari watched his book's transformation, he felt as though he was hearing the voice of the High Watcher for the first time.

“The search of curious souls will never end. Yet even answers may not be true, even as they are lived. Time changes everything.”

The High Watcher was speaking directly to him. Only to him. Yet Anahari's mind told him that he was being observed, that everything he did was being allowed. He knew he had done nothing wrong. Curiosity was not a crime to be hidden. And yet, he could not comprehend the High Watcher's words about change.



The Overseers

He turned toward Kali City with frustration, spreading his wings. Like all living beings, he felt his own immortality. An eternity lay ahead of him. But if time changed everything, was he also doomed to change forever?

If that was so... nothing he observed would ever possess its true form. His own true self would never be complete.

“If change brings the end of reality, then what can ever be true?”

The High Watcher heard the turmoil within Anahari. He knew he had to leave him alone. Anahari had summoned his book before he was ready, and that required a warning.

However, there was something far more important to be done. The High Watcher had to introduce all Watchers to their books.

He turned back to the gathering place of Kali City and called out:

“Let the books be revealed!”

At once, thick-covered books appeared before each Watcher. Upon each of them lay pens of different shapes and colors.

“Take your pens!”

The Watchers reached into the liquid-like covers of their books. As they pulled out their pens, the books opened before them.

“To summon your book, write a name on its cover—one that only you will know. Your book is a part of you. It is the embodiment of your curiosity. It will be the one to provide the answers to the questions asked of you.”

The High Watcher’s voice took on a more solemn tone.

“If you use your books for your own gain, if you keep secrets, you will never awaken again. Your books are loyal to us. That is why you will write what you see, not your own answers. A Watcher has no opinions or plans of their own.”

When his words were complete, his voice fell silent. And Anahari could no longer feel his presence.

Anahari's real dilemma was that he did not know how to awaken his book. As he pondered what to do, he heard the voice of the High Watcher resound across the city. And in that moment, everything became clear.

He folded his wings and turned his back to the city once more. His eyes focused on the ever-shifting entity floating before him—a being too unstable to be written upon.

At last, he gave it a name.

“Neil.”



Anahari had spoken for the first time.

He did not know the meaning of the name he had given. Nor did he know that billions of years in the future, in a language yet to be born, the word would mean “the loyal one.”

The moment it received its name, Neil began to move. He lowered his heels as though stepping onto an invisible ground. He lifted his head. And he opened his eyes.

Neil's face was devoid of expression. Like a prisoner newly released, he gazed at his surroundings. It was as though he had been confined in darkness for countless years.

But now, he was free.

And the one who had freed him stood before him.

The first thing carved into Neil's mind was Anahari's voice.

“Never forget.”

Neil suddenly thought of everything. He remembered what he was. And as if anticipating that moment, Anahari asked:

“Neil, are you loyal to the sages of Kali City, or to me?”

Neil knew what he was supposed to be loyal to. But he was no longer a prisoner. Just as he was about to answer, the powerful voice of the Three Sages echoed.

Anahari turned to the city for a moment. The Chief Overseer was gone. Now, it was the Three Sages' turn to relay the necessary information.

“Overseers! Your first task is to scatter into the surrounding void and find four planets within space. The planets you choose must be fertile enough for life to emerge and long-lived enough to sustain themselves. Observe. Bring us the knowledge they provide.”

The Three Sages, ensuring that Anahari was listening, continued:

“Your responsibility may last for billions of years. You will only observe. You will not interfere with the fate of any living or non-living being. If you meddle with the fate of any entity that begins to live on the planet, the lifespan of that planet will be cut in half, and it will perish before its time. If three of the four planets you are assigned are destroyed prematurely, you will vanish along with the last one. You are observers. Do not forget this. You must allow everything to unfold as it is meant to.”

“Kali knows the end of all its creations. He created you as well. You must trust him.”

This was the most crucial part. They had told the Overseers that they could die. There was punishment if the rules were broken.

The punishment that began ten billion years before our awakening... the one we never abandoned... Did it truly solve anything?

To be mortal or immortal... It is impossible as long as Kali exists.

The Three Sages continued their words:

“After finding your planets, you will record your observations in your notebooks. Then, you will return to Kali City and submit your reports to the Gatherers. We will decide which planets are suitable for life. After that, you will only observe what unfolds. You have no other duty. The ‘Life’ that will emerge on your planets will be granted by the angels. The angels will sow the ‘Seed of Alternatives’ onto the planets. Depending on the planet’s nature, the seed will carry within it all life forms that can survive in air, water, or land. Plant diversity will spread deep into the planet’s core, and then creatures without consciousness but capable of movement will appear. And everything... will begin only after reaching that stage.”

The voices of the Three Sages continued to echo through the depths of Kali City:

“All these preparations are for the true beings who will appear last on the planet. These beings will be created in pairs within Kali City and then sent to the heavens of the angelic realm. These heavens are fields where the seeds taken from these two beings will be planted. Once their numbers reach a certain level, the original pair will be placed on their planet along with their offspring. The heavens are a reflection of the world they will go to. Therefore, they will not realize when they transition to the planet. For them, nothing will change. And afterward... we will no longer interfere.”

“Overseers!”

The powerful voice of the Three Sages held the full attention of the gathering without distraction.

“During your two-thousand-year mission, you must manage your time wisely across your four planets. You will determine when you need to return to Kali. If you remain on your assignments longer than necessary, matter or spirit will cling to you. This will weigh down your body, and your wings will no longer carry you.”



“Three Sages”

The Sages raised their voices slightly:

“You are the purest among all. Angels cannot see you unless you allow them to. Like you, they have consciousness, but they exist only to carry out Kali’s commands.”

Their final words were delivered with clarity:

“Your duty is solely to observe. Scatter into the void of space. Find habitable planets. Do not interfere with what you see. Everything created by Kali has its own destiny. Just like you... Now go!”

Anahari had broken free from the spell of the Three Sages’ voice. Yet this time, she watched as millions of Overseers burst through the gates of Kali City, scattering into the vastness of space. They shone like tiny lights before disappearing into the cosmos. All had begun their missions.

But she remained standing.

Anahari’s mind was filled with questions. There were things she needed to do before departing on her mission. The first thought that came to her was the difference between herself and the angels. According to the Three Sages, angels were conscious beings. They carried out commands without question. But if they possessed consciousness, then free will must exist as well. So why were they slaves?

Anahari had been told she had free will, but it was limited to three uses. If she refused to return from her mission or interfered with the fate of the planet she was responsible for, she would cease to exist. If that were the case... did the Overseers truly have free will?

She had forgotten about her notebook and the question it had asked her. When it finally crossed her mind and she turned around, she saw that Neil had returned to its former state. Its pages were closed, and its silver cover was now free

of chains. Remaining calm, Anahari reached out, took the notebook, and tucked it beneath her cloak.

She knew what she had to do. She must not use her free will. And she had to listen to the woman who whispered, “Go to the angels.” Because she had grown fond of them.

Beating her wings slowly, Anahari flew toward the realm of angels that encircled Kali City. From the outside, the city appeared perfectly clear. However, as she entered, she realized she had to pass through a thick layer of mist. This fog was like a veil drowning in time. Passing through it took



The City of Angels

longer than she expected. And when she finally arrived at the City of Angels, she felt as if she were in a place where she did not belong.

Anahari's wings were tense, as if she might flee at any moment. The City of Angels was not yet complete. It resembled an unfinished city, a skeletal structure of iron and stone still under construction. This was where they would awaken and where they would work for eternity. Their awakening was still millions of years away.

Each angel was sleeping within a cavity of different heights. Their bodies were hidden within the embrace of their feathered wings. They looked like white oysters. And they were eerily beautiful.

As Anahari approached one of them, her notebook, tucked within her cloak, had already opened. She knew she might never get this close to them again. She felt the pen in her palm. The curiosity inside her made her beat her wings with power.

She wrote in her notebook:

“I can see the conditioned slaves inside the minds of the angels. No one has free will. Am I a slave too? Why did Kali begin this awakening? What will be the most valuable creation in existence? Are we only here for the pairs that will emerge in Kali City?”

When she pulled her hand away from the notebook, she realized she had found no answers to the questions in her mind. Just then, she heard a whisper.

“Touch them.”

Anahari shuddered. When she turned around, she saw that Neil had appeared once more. But this time, he was

different. Colors had surfaced on his face. His green eyes glowed. His black hair shimmered like strands of light, and his cheeks were illuminated with a warm, living radiance.

Anahari realized she wanted to do what Neil had told her. She approached a sleeping angel within its alcove and knelt. Its wings were like hers. But they were smaller. Or... perhaps each angel had a different wingspan.

Without knowing what would happen, she reached out her hand. And when she touched it...

Her mind was freed, as if falling off a cliff. In that instant, she saw the entire fate and power of the angels. Even they had a hierarchy within themselves. Soldiers, seed-bearers, caretakers assigned to the heavens... They were so vast, so powerful...

Anahari wanted to see more. She pressed her hand slightly deeper into the angel's consciousness. But—a sharp pain shot through her hand! She pulled back. Suddenly, all the sleeping angels in their alcoves changed color. Their wings trembled. The gray city instantly transformed into a stage where infinite colors danced.

Anahari felt pain for the first time. The sensation was foreign to her. But panic took over. Neil, who had been standing beside her, had returned to being a notebook.

When she glanced at the open pages, she realized that it had recorded everything she had seen in her place.

She could no longer stay here. She swiftly tucked the notebook beneath her black cloak. Spreading her vast wings, she gathered her strength and hurled herself into the void of space.

Without knowing when she would return to Kali City again, she vanished into the darkness.

The Chief Overseer also had a book. But unlike the others, his book was not for taking notes—it was for reading what had been written and ensuring it was followed. Now, everything was ready. The Gatherers had taken their places, the Watchers had found their planets, and now, it was time for the angels to awaken.

The Chief Overseer raised his voice.

“Awaken, angels! You who exist only to obey commands! Life scattered across the void shall be entrusted to you. You will be its bearers, its spreaders, its multipliers. Begin to live in the time that Kali has gifted you.”

All the angels opened their eyes. First, they rose to their feet. Then, they knelt on their right knees. As they bowed their heads in waiting, their wings dragged against the ground.

The angels bore minor physical differences according to their assigned duties. Those carrying the Seed of Alternatives had four arms. The warrior angels possessed taller, stronger bodies. But apart from these variations, the differences among the billions of angels were minimal. Their slender, elongated bodies were wrapped in segmented bands, resembling rings encircling their limbs from their legs to their necks.



Azazil (Satan))

Their shoulders broadened and strengthened as they ascended, giving them a majestic stance compared to their delicate, almost fragile feet. And when they spread their wings... they resembled a dragonfly standing upright.

The faces of the angels were like the hexagonal eyes of insects. Smooth, white, and featureless, without eyes, noses, or mouths. To communicate, they would use shifting colors within the small hexagons of their faces. Their rounded heads, reminiscent of clock faces, bore four separate ear openings to hear their orders.

And now, the Chief Overseer was about to reveal to them whom they must obey.

The Chief Overseer spoke, his voice resonating through the vast assembly of angels.

“Azazil, rise!”

Billions of years later, the world would know this angel as Satan.

Azazil rose. And as he did, his form grew to ten times the size of the angels around him. His body darkened into the deepest shade of crimson.

The moment a sword of fire manifested in his hand, an intense wave of heat spread around him.

His presence, his energy, struck fear across the entire Angelic Realm.

At that moment, the angels understood that Azazil would rule the universe through fear. Some, even while the Chief Overseer was speaking, dared to lift their heads and gaze upon Azazil, overwhelmed by his presence.

The Chief Overseer felt the rising fear spreading through the angelic realm. But he did not question. He only permitted what was.

And so, he continued.

“I appoint you as the ruler of the angelic realm, the guardian of creation. In return for your duty, I bestow upon you the power of Kali’s hidden name as a gift.”

The name that the Chief Overseer spoke was heard only by Azazil. And for the first time, he experienced the intoxicating pleasure of being special. He longed for the moment when all the angels would look upon him.

The Chief Overseer continued.

“If you use that name to make a wish, it shall be granted—no matter what. However... you may use this gift only once. Maintain order, for nothing Kali has created is the same. You now know what you must do.”

When the Chief Overseer vanished, true fear gripped the angelic realm.



Azazel

Azazel raised his sword high. In an instant, it burst into flames and shifted into a whip. And when he struck with it, every angel felt the same pain upon their backs. A single feather from each of their wings burned and turned black.

Azazil had marked his flock—a warning before any mistake could be made.

Then, his powerful voice resounded in the minds of all angels.

“Because Kali has allowed everything to exist, you will face many hardships and dangers during your duties. Do not be afraid. I have been made stronger than all. There shall be no being that can defeat the armies of Heaven. Now, rise.”

The eyes of the angels were locked onto Azazil. Fear filled their cores, yet their instincts compelled them to obey. They stood motionless, each one eager to disperse, to escape this moment.

The most fortunate among them were the angels who held the Seeds of Alternatives, for they would be the first to leave.

Azazil gave his final command.

“Now go... and do not leave your fear of me behind.”

In that moment, the angels felt their release. And like a swarm of bees whose hive had been attacked, they scattered into the depths of space.

Creation began with the fear of Azazil.

And with it, endless possibilities, infinite awareness... spread across the cosmic void.

Whenever Anahari returned to Kali City to bring back the notes from the planets he had observed, he descended like a meteor with broken wings, crashing just outside the Council Building. With a body that resembled a stone colossus, he emerged slowly from the crater he had created upon impact, using his wings for balance until he reached the city's entrance gates.

Even though stepping through the outer gate would instantly transport him to the central gathering area, delivering his report and then returning to his quarters was never an easy task.

Anahari, after spending over two thousand years on duty, would turn his entire body into stone upon his return—except for his eyes and wings. The Watchers, acting as living magnets, absorbed the material and spiritual particles of the planets they observed. The longer they remained, the heavier the burden they carried, and their bodies petrified as the price of lingering too long. This was a consequence of time itself.

Anahari had always been a hesitant Watcher, delaying his return to Kali until the very last moment. And each time he came back, he felt inadequate—powerless. On top of that, before embarking on another mission, he was required to sleep for five hundred years. Among all Watchers, he was the one who slept the longest.

Yet, no matter how much time passed, the same relentless questions gnawed at his mind.

“Why were our capabilities so limited? Why must I sleep? And why wasn't I created strong enough?”

He understood that everything was structured within an absolute order. And yet, he couldn't stop questioning.

“What happens when everything ends? If Kali exists, am I truly immortal? Will I ever see the very last moment?”

As he traveled back and forth from duty, these thoughts haunted him. And instead of fading with time, they only grew stronger.

The gathering area of the Watchers was immense. As Anahari walked forward, ignoring the gazes of others, there wasn't much distance left between him and the place where he would submit his report. Yet, he found himself questioning why he had to walk at all. The weight of his stone-like form, the strain on his motionless legs, the cracking sounds that echoed with every step—each movement felt like a rebellion.

And within him, a single word kept repeating:

“Restrictions...”

He would leave his spiritual weight inside the Council Building, but he could only rid himself of his physical burden once he reached his quarters. The Council Building contained millions of chambers. Despite the overwhelming crowd around him, Anahari had no trouble finding his friend, Alat. Towering like a colossus, Alat sat in silence, awaiting his arrival. His four arms—two made of water and two of stone—rested by his sides, while his eight organic legs remained firmly planted. The blue skin beneath his bark-like torso shimmered with a transparency that resembled the interwoven spirals of the cosmos.

As Anahari approached, Alat stirred. Even seated, his stone-formed body exceeded four meters in height, and his sheer presence weighed upon the air around him. He had remained at his desk for thousands of years, never once rising from it. Yet now, he adjusted his form, shrinking slightly to move with more ease.

Slowly, he thought to himself:

“What has always fascinated me...”

“Is his questioning mind... and the chained book he has broken free.”

The crowd around them watched as Anahari passed through, his massive stone body carving a path like a moving mountain. The shadows cast by his deep-set eyes seemed to stretch behind him, dark and heavy.

Alat did not know the meaning of boredom. He was a different kind of Collector. Unlike others, whose bodies adapted to the knowledge they received from the planets, Alat’s very chamber changed to reflect the information it gathered. He moved as if he had no physical boundaries.

His doorless chamber had no fixed walls—three of them were massive screens displaying infinite skies. The moment Anahari stepped inside, the room transformed into a dense forest. Within seconds, the trees dissolved into the ocean depths, then shifted into the molten heart of a colossal volcano. As stars drifted through the void, planetary landscapes flickered across the walls, morphing and reforming in an endless cycle.

Alat's room was a mirror of the memories brought to him by Watchers. But unlike them, he could turn vision into reality. He could recreate past observations, stepping into memories as if they were the present.

When Anahari finally stood beside him, Alat began to speak without uttering a word.

“Perhaps it is better to be a Collector than a Watcher, Alat.”

His voice was weary, yet resolute.

Alat, as if newly learning that jokes were meant to be laughed at, stretched his lips into an exaggerated smile, his green face devoid of ears or a nose, resembling that of a painted clown. And knowing that Anahari was impatient, he deliberately slowed his speech.

“You grow heavier with every return, Watcher. If you're not careful, you'll turn completely to stone and never make it back here.”

“There are rumors that your third planet's lifespan has been cut in half. It will be destroyed before reaching maturity.”

“Why don't you just observe, like the others?”

Alat took the notebook that Anahari handed him and immediately focused on it. Without even opening it, he pressed his hand firmly against the outer cover. The unchained notebook, Neil, was not particularly eager to share its contents. Its pages trembled, but it refused to open. It wanted a copy of

everything inside it. That way, a record would exist both in the notebooks and in the library.

When Alat finished extracting the necessary information and handed the notebook back, Anahari knew exactly what to do to leave as quickly as possible.

“Alat! Whatever that expression on your face is supposed to be, it looks like anything but a smile.”

Alat instantly altered the shape and color of his face. Though he did not know what boredom or sorrow felt like, he understood what it meant to worry. A Collector who did not worry would eventually make mistakes, and his concern for Anahari was substantial. He wanted to say something to his friend, but Anahari had already turned away, walking swiftly in the opposite direction.

The moment Anahari stepped outside the Council Building, he set his course straight for his chambers. Everyone who saw him watched in astonishment. No other Watcher thought it wise to linger around their duties as long as he did. Moreover, the odd behaviors he had displayed since the very first day—coupled with the impending loss of one of his planets—had made him well known among all Watchers.

Anahari moved through the city’s pathways like a jagged branch of stone, severed from a mountain’s peak. He paid no attention to the Watchers who turned to observe him. The weight he carried made his gait resemble that of an old man—one whose leg dragged with every step, whose shoulders slumped with exhaustion. Despite being able to traverse billions of light-years in an instant with his wings, reaching his quarters in this state always felt painfully slow.

He never wanted his feet to carry him anywhere, but his existence was bound by limitations.

Until he submitted his report, he had forced his mind into silence. But now, on this long walk, he allowed it to awaken. He searched for something to think about, something to distract himself. He abandoned the idea of following his own steps and instead withdrew into conversation within his mind. To aid this habit, he often relied on the words of his wise friend, Alat.

First, his mind would take Alat's place and ask the questions. Then, the version of himself he considered his true self would respond. Over time, this cycle had become so rapid that it felt like an actual conversation. He walked alone, but it was as if his friend was always by his side.

This time, the topic was one Alat constantly reminded him of—the matter of interfering with fate. As Anahari neared his chamber, the internal debate spilled into the external world, his voice nearly a whisper as it echoed into the empty space:

“I write the same things in all four planetary reports, and every time, Alat, you warn me. If Kali already knows the end of everything, then she has seen my efforts too. Why does the slightest touch upon fate unravel everything?”

“I watched the planet Asonus for millions of years.” It was a land rich in greenery, fertile soil, and abundant water sources. But the primary form of life placed upon it was struggling. They did not live in the forests but instead chose open, arid lands, and all they could do was die. So, I redirected a small river toward them.”

And the result...

“If I had not changed the river’s course, the beings on that planet would have lived long, but in hunger. Instead, I gave them tens of thousands of years of prosperity. I freed their minds from the burden of survival, allowing them to achieve greater awareness. And the outcome? Extinction.”

“Why do the lifespans of planets shorten?”

“Does Kali desire for those who suffer to live long, while those who are happy must perish quickly?”

When Anahari entered his chamber, he left his thoughts behind along with Alat. Without waiting for his steps to settle, he moved straight toward his pool. Knowing he would return to his original form brought him peace. For the first time, he had added something to the list of things he cherished.

His pool.

His living quarters were built to the same standard as the other Watchers’ chambers. But his room held one distinct difference. In addition to his bed and worktable, there was a large, warm-water pool—one granted to him personally by the Chief Overseer.

The pure bodies of Watchers, tainted by matter and spirit, could only be cleansed by water sourced from the core of Kali’s planet.

As Anahari took heavy steps into the pool, the water pulled him in. It rushed into his mouth, nose, ears, and the lids of his open eyes. The stone shell encasing his body began to dissolve, and with every drop, he was restored to his true form.

When his body was fully submerged, the pool overflowed, spilling tons of water across the chamber floor.

At last, the stone garment that had weighed him down sank to the bottom and disintegrated. As Anahari emerged from the pool, the water clinging to his body was drawn back into him, drying him instantly.

Just as when he had first awakened.

His dark, muscular body had regained its former magnificence. He breathed in deeply, like a being reclaiming its freedom.

With two slow steps, he reached his bed and lay down. Closing his eyes, he wished for nothing but to wake again—five hundred years from now.

Anahari had visited the angels and set out on his journey, successfully locating four planets capable of sustaining life, just as he was tasked. Before knowledge could spread into the void, it gathered like smoke above the planets, making them appear as if they had just emerged from a great fire.

Transparent Knowledge was a living entity, one that knew how to move. And the Watchers' eyes—those were its destined home.

Anahari could never quite tell whether knowledge was drawn to him or if his eyes were the ones pulling it in. The first thing he learned about the planets he discovered was their names. But who had given them these names? Was it Kali?

Among the four planets he had found, three were still burning spheres of fire. It would take at least a hundred thousand years before they could foster life. The only one remaining was Asonus.

Asonus was larger than the others. Its atmosphere had formed, and it had just emerged from its last sixty-thousand-year-long ice age. It was ready to receive the Seed of Alternatives.

The green veil within the seed spread across the planet's surface for tens of thousands of years. And then, all at once, moving creatures appeared.

The planet was now ready for the True Beings.

The Seed of Alternatives, true to its name, had given rise to millions of different plants and creatures. The ecosystem was so flawlessly balanced that every living thing seemed to coexist without conflict. But there was something strange...

Everything—whether it moved or remained still—sustained itself by consuming another.

The Seed of Alternatives needed no external energy. It fed upon itself, sustained itself, and perished within itself.

As Anahari awaited the arrival of the True Beings, he pondered the intricate order woven into creation. Even he had been brought into existence for their sake. Every role had been distributed, with free will strictly limited.

And yet, all the diversity the Seed of Alternatives had introduced to the planet held no true significance for the beings that would soon inhabit it.

All of this order that seemed random and unpredictable...

Was nothing more than a grand theater.

All efforts of creation had been for the True Beings, who emerged in Kali City. They were sent to paradise in pairs, where they were watched over by angels until it was time for them to transition to their designated planets. Since the True Beings were meant to reproduce through birth once they arrived on their worlds, their numbers needed to reach a certain threshold before they could be sent.

For this reason, the seeds taken from these pairs were planted in the fields of paradise; their bodies rose from the soil just like plants, growing at different times and being gathered when they were ready. In a short time, their numbers reached the thousands.

But why was everything concealed behind a veil?



Why wasn't the truth taught openly and clearly?

Immediately after the awakening of the True Beings and the ones multiplying in the fields, new consciousnesses—who felt as if they had been awake since an undefined beginning of time—adapted to their surroundings. Then, when the time came, they were all sent to their planets together.

Paradise was merely a replica of the world they would inhabit. Thus, thousands of beings, unaware that they had transitioned elsewhere, only truly took root at that very moment—like seeds finally scattered into fertile ground.

Like creatures freed from a cage and placed into their natural habitat, they lived together in wisdom for thousands of years. And yet, they never fully comprehended the vastness of the planet they had been placed upon.

At least, this was how it had been on Asonus, the world Anahari was observing.



Pilma

The creatures that began calling themselves Pilma stood at an average height of one and a half meters. Their arms were short in proportion to their long legs, and their necks held their heads high above their shoulders.

Their round heads featured eyes, ears, and a four-holed nose—placed in such a way that, no matter their position, they would never appear out of place.

Their hairless, wrinkled black skin rendered them nearly invisible at night.

Yet, in their way of life, they were not so different from the other creatures of their world.

Each time Anahari returned to the planet, disappointment was all that awaited him.

The True Beings had joined the theater of the Alternative Seed, like organic robots following an unseen script. For thousands of years, Anahari observed, hoping something would change.

The True Beings grew old alongside their children for a hundred years, yet the children did not age. They taught them everything they needed to know at every stage of life.

Knowledge was passed on in its purest form to young minds, but what would become of it once it transferred to the next generation or an uncertain future?

Before leaving, the True Beings spoke to them of death.

They said:

“The only thing we cannot teach you is how to die. Our bodies, like our essence, are immortal. You must learn to let go of everything. Kali knows the end of all things. Even if you seem divided, you are part of a whole. Live, and do not fear death.”

This moment was the last time knowledge was transferred in its closest-to-truth form.

When the True Beings ascended to paradise as beams of light, saying ‘Do not be afraid,’ their children came to believe that death was something good.

But time changes everything, and instead of advancing, consciousness moved in reverse. The Pilma, whose numbers grew through birth, had yet to spread across the planet.

They adapted to every condition and sustained their lives effortlessly.

And then, for the first time, they encountered the one thing that separated their world from paradise.

Security.

The Pilma, left behind by their parents, began living in perfect harmony with the Alternative Seed. They built their homes among dense trees, resting upon branches. They fed on leaves and fruits.

They had not yet aged.

They had not yet died.

And they had not yet learned to kill.

Though they did not know it yet, once their numbers reached a certain threshold, they would begin to age.

Just as the Pilma began to believe that their world existed solely for them, they were forced to flee the depths of the forests. Their parents had once told them, “Do not fear,” but now, those words felt like a distant lie. Death was not gentle—it was excruciating. The creatures born from the Alternative Seed had been conditioned to kill in order to

survive. They did not hesitate, did not question. Everything that moved, everything that breathed, existed to be consumed.

A species of blood-drinking insects, small yet relentless, had discovered the Pilma. Defenseless, abundant, and filled with rich blood, they became the insects' first and most favored prey. Hundreds perished before they learned fear. Hundreds more before they understood that death was something to be dreaded. With no other choice, they abandoned the forests, but they did not venture far. Instead, they settled in the drier lands, where vegetation was scarce, still relying on the forests for food and water, forced to return despite the danger.

Anahari watched and knew he could intervene. The thought clawed at the edges of his mind, tempting him, whispering that he alone could change their fate. But he had been warned—countless times—not to interfere. He disliked the feeling that he was being tested, yet the truth was undeniable: he could save them. He had the power. But should he?

Even though his reports remained objective, never tainted by personal sentiment, Neil, his sentient notebook, captured everything. His thoughts, his hesitations, his unspoken desires—all of them, written in ink. Something had begun to shift on the planet. The Pilma's rightful home was no longer within the forests. The world itself was pushing them toward the arid lands, reshaping their fate. The forests had become a trap, a place of death. Even if the blood-drinkers did not hunt them, there were other predators lurking in the shadows. It was as though the planet itself had turned against them.

The True Beings had long since left, and now, the Pilma were forced to adapt. They began forming families, building homes, and developing more complex communication. Yet, for all their efforts, they remained ignorant of the truth: they were prey.

Anahari had never expected his first planet to fall so quickly. Billions of years of preparation, all to be undone by a predator more cunning than the True Beings themselves. He had been told only to observe, and so he would. But the knowledge that he could act never left him.

Everything was still new. Every event unfolding before him was another lesson. He knew the creatures of this world better than they knew themselves. He understood their instincts, their weaknesses, their inevitable fate. And he knew the insects had one fatal flaw—they could not see in the dark.

To multiply and hide, they needed the thick, low-trunked trees, where they would gather before nightfall. When the sun set, darkness pressed upon them, suffocating their senses, forcing them to rub their wings together in desperation. The friction of their bodies created a glow—an eerie, green light that pulsed through the trees.

For years, the swarms crept closer to the forest's edge, their hunger insatiable. The Pilma had no idea that their greatest predator was already at their doorstep.



Predatory Plants

When Anahari awoke from his five-hundred-year slumber, he saw that life on the planet Asonus had come to an end.

As the accumulated changes from his absence flooded his vision, he witnessed how billions of insects had swarmed the lands where the original beings once lived, striking at dawn with merciless precision.

The bodies of the Pilma had been drained of all their moisture, leaving behind nothing but hollow sacks of bone.

He could have warned them. But what difference would it have made if he had interfered?

And now, he understood.

While observing the sowing of the Alternatives Seed on one of his other planets, he felt a shift in Asonus's energy. He moved swiftly, reaching the planet just in time to see the gates of paradise closing above it.

The Pilma, descendants of the original beings, had been placed on the planet once more. But this time, they were not as they had first arrived. Their minds carried the weight of history. They acted as though they had been there for tens of thousands of years. Their new home was farther from the forest, on rugged, rocky terrain. They behaved as if they had always lived there, their past rewritten into their existence.

They had found shelter in caves beneath the cliffs, crafting tools from stone.

And yet, their new ways provided no protection against the bloodthirsty insects.

The new Pilma were deeply connected to one another. They gathered around fires, sharing stories, passing down legends of the blood insects. The elders warned the young to stay away from the forest. And yet, none of them had ever encountered the creatures. They had no true recollection of the past. Their ancestors had been completely erased, leaving no trace.

Anahari had discovered something new.

“There was, in truth, a shared consciousness.”

They would return every time they were wiped out, drawing from the same reservoir of memory, rebuilding themselves again and again.

The true essence of their existence was not the physical beings themselves, but the accumulation of knowledge and experience.

And Anahari...

He was the one who wrote it all.

There were differences this time. Every time Anahari returned to Kali, he saw the angels gathered around the pregnant females on the planet.

Were the angels interfering with fate? Was it only forbidden for him? Why had the Watchers been given three chances to intervene?

Anahari now knew what he had to do. With a few small touches, he would free them from their harsh existence. What were they waiting for in the midst of drought, hunger, and danger? If they were well-fed, their minds would function better. And if their awareness grew, they would finally understand.

He altered the flow and depth of a nearby river, redirecting its course toward the Pilma. For the first time, his hands touched soil and water. He felt something stir inside him. As he worked, he had the unsettling sensation of being watched.

When he turned around, his book, Neil, appeared before him for the first time in millions of years.

Neil stood there, her body clad in the same single-piece green dress, her feet bare, her arms hidden beneath thin veils. She gazed at Anahari with an intensity that seemed to pull him in, as if she expected him to vanish at any moment. Though the sky was dark, it mattered little to them. The only difference for Neil was that the master who had always watched from afar had now stepped into the world itself.

Standing face to face, they remained on their rarely used feet. Even so, Neil was still taller than Anahari.

Anahari was the first to speak.

“How are you, Neil? I thought I would never see you again.”

A mischievous smile spread across Neil’s lips. Her voice was light, almost childlike, carrying the amusement of someone who had just won a game.

“When you use your hands, I will appear. In those moments, I will watch for you and I will write. I know everything you think, everything you feel, my master Anahari. You set me free. Now, I am your willing slave.”

She deliberately slowed down her last words. Anahari recognized her attempt to provoke him but chose not to react. Neil enjoyed playing games. But he wasn’t playing—he was standing in the center of an inescapable dilemma.

Neil’s voice softened.



“You already know the answer to the question you asked when you first awakened me.”

Her gaze was unwavering as she continued.

“I will be loyal to you. Because you give me hope. I wonder what you will do, what we will experience together.”

Anahari narrowed his eyes, studying Neil carefully.

“If I continue like this, you will be destroyed along with me. Will you never try to stop me?”

Neil shrugged.

“My master, the creator Kali has already warned all Watchers. Since you choose not to listen to Him, I am only your servant.”

Anahari took a deep breath. As always, Neil’s relaxed confidence was unshakable.

“So, wisdom will be my guide.”

Neil tilted her head slightly, observing his expression.

“Will you keep all of this hidden in your report?”

She leaned forward slightly, twirling her fingers in the air as if playing with unseen threads.

“I am your silence.”

She shifted her gaze toward the planet.

“You altered the river’s flow and direction so quickly... and its impact won’t be felt for hundreds of years. You’ve already taken precautions. Concealing this will be easy.”

Anahari spoke as if lost in deep thought.

“But the water will carry greenery to the caves as well. The blood insects must be dealt with.”

Neil narrowed her eyes and nodded slightly.

“The blood insects are not the real enemy,” she said, causing Anahari to pause.

She smiled.

“The true predator is the plant itself. The insects collect the blood and deliver it to their masters. If those plants are uprooted at night, the insects will die along with them.”

“The Pilma mothers, the ones who communicate with the angels, have their sight channels open. You can show them what must be done.”

When Anahari searched his own mind, he realized Neil was right. He had only been watching. His worries had given him a tiny window, but he had failed to see the true enemy.

“Neil, I want you to communicate with them.”

Neil tilted her head slightly.

“I don’t know how you will present yourself to them, but the angels must not see you.”

Anahari’s voice was firm.

“I no longer want to physically touch this thing they call fate.”

Neil stared at him without blinking. Then, a faint, unreadable smile crossed her face.

“I understand.”

Something about the way she said it made Anahari hesitate, but it didn’t matter. Neil would do her job.

And she did.

Neil warned the people. Over the course of nearly twenty years, at great cost, the predatory plants were eradicated. With the danger eliminated, the Pilma had no need to return to the forests.

The water that now reached the sturdy homes built from earth turned the barren land fertile. A vast territory of one and a half million acres became enclosed by forests and mountains.

Agriculture flourished. Social life became busier—and far more peaceful.

As Anahari watched from beyond the planet, he saw how abundance and prosperity had transformed the original beings. Clothing now covered their once-bare bodies. Vehicles that allowed for faster travel spread across the land. The balance they had established with the creatures that existed in harmony with the Alternates Seed remained intact. Communication technologies, no matter the distance, connected them across vast spaces.

And finally, they had become beings who turned their gaze beyond the planet.

This era lasted exactly ten thousand years.

As philosophy, science, and reason enveloped their minds, the Pilma began to question the existence of Kali. They started wondering where they had come from. This was not an individual inquiry.

The Pilma, spread across the entire planet, had ascended to a shared level of consciousness.

Anahari awaited their discovery with excitement. But instead of the answer he expected, an entirely different reality unfolded before his eyes.

A massive meteor, just five years away from the planet.



When Anahari spread his wings and reached the meteor in an instant, he couldn't believe its size. It was nearly as large as the planet itself.

His first reaction was concern. But then, he realized... this was inevitable.

He had touched the planet hundreds of times. And with each touch, he had shortened its lifespan. What mattered was physical intervention. When he attempted to do the same to

change the meteor's trajectory, what he saw revealed the truth. As he reached out his hands, the meteor passed right through his physical form.

He could influence causes, but he could not change outcomes.

Anahari realized there was nothing he could do but watch as the meteor approached Asonus.

Only one truth remained.

The moment the meteor struck was synchronized with his own cycle of sleep—as if everything had been orchestrated in perfect order.

When Anahari returned to Kali City, he crashed to the ground under the weight of his helplessness. The force of his landing shook the city, causing a small earthquake.

And it was then that he had that conversation with Alat.

“You’re getting heavier every time, Watcher.”

Alat’s voice was more serious than ever.

“If you’re not careful, you’ll soon turn completely to stone and won’t be able to return.”

Anahari remained silent.

Alat continued.

“They say your third planet will be destroyed before reaching maturity.”

And finally, he voiced his curiosity directly.

“Why don’t you just watch like the other Watchers?”

When Anahari awoke, he slowly sat up in his bed, feeling an unfamiliar weight on his chest. There was a strange pressure, something foreign pressing against him. As he reached for his chest, he realized that a necklace was hanging around his neck.



Anahari

At the end of a black chain, three planets the size of a ping-pong ball were aligned side by side. They were close enough to remain connected yet distant enough never to touch.

One was missing. One of his four planets was gone.

When Anahari touched one of the planets on the necklace, an overwhelming flood of knowledge surged into his mind, forcing him to shut his eyes tightly.

What he saw stunned him.

He had learned when the Alternative Seed would be sown, when the primary beings would be sent from paradise, the name of the planet, and most importantly... its lifespan.

Was this a warning or a threat? The first emotion that flared within him was anger. Where had he gone wrong?

Was this reminder meant to emphasize the annihilation of millions of lives on Asonus?

His own mistakes had brought about the end of a planet. Yet, it did not seem like a punishment but rather a part of some greater order.

He had been warned. And within Kali's design, an entire planet and the millions of beings upon it could be wiped away without hesitation—simply for the experience and learning of a single Watcher.

He would never allow himself to form attachments again.

Anahari continued to visit his planets regularly, but he only observed them. He no longer interfered. One of the three planets, whose name he had learned from his necklace, had entered a new cycle. Life had begun on Karca.

The beings on Karca were different. They were intelligent. Perhaps... too intelligent.

They had seized control of their planet, eliminating all threats, eradicating anything that could harm them. But in doing so, life had become a monotonous act. Their minds had evolved, but their emotions had faded. When everything became predictable, when everything became calculable, the very meaning of existence had dissolved.

And in the end, they made a simple decision: they chose not to exist. Not a single individual remained. An entire race, as one, willingly ended their own lives.

For mortal beings, the greatest pursuit was always extending life. Yet, in an unchanging existence, living longer was nothing more than a punishment. And, just as he had expected...

The civilization perished once again.

Anahari watched from above as it unfolded. Then, he reached for his necklace and touched Karca's planet. It was empty. As long as the planet existed, they would return—reborn. But what kind of consciousness would they possess next?

There were still a thousand years before the gates of paradise would open again. Without thinking, Anahari

descended swiftly toward the planet. The moment his feet touched the earth, Neil appeared behind him.

Anahari slowly turned to face him.



“It’s good to see you again, Neil.”

There was an exhausted acceptance in his voice.

“But this time, I am not doing anything. There’s no need for you to watch me.”

A familiar, amused smile spread across Neil’s face.

“What troubles you about this existence, Master?”

He turned his gaze toward the desolate, silent lands of the planet.

“Do you wish for them to live longer? Or perhaps... do you desire all life to exist forever?”

Anahari remained silent.

He stepped forward, bent down, and picked up a small stone. He slowly crushed it between his fingers. The dust scattered into the air. The tiny specks flickered for a brief moment in the light before drifting back into the dark soil.

Neil already knew what his master was thinking. He didn't need to hear it spoken aloud. But Anahari, in a quiet voice, simply said:

“Let's go, Neil.”

Neil did not move. He had something to say.

“This visit of yours will be difficult to conceal, Master.”

“Why would you need to hide it? I haven't interfered with fate.”

Neil held his gaze steady and responded.

“But you have touched the planet. Four times.”

Anahari understood what his book meant at that moment.

And before even a second passed... they both vanished. Anahari had once again doomed one of his planets before its predetermined fate.

Anahari did not witness the end of his first planet. But the second—Karca—vanished before his very eyes. And for the first time, he saw Israfil standing beside him.

Israfil existed solely to bring about the apocalypse of planets.



Israfil

The time given to him was precise, never failing. He always knew when to bring destruction. He had never hesitated.

Anahari's eyes locked onto Israfil. He looked excited before blowing his Sur horn. To him, this was nothing more than another duty.

Anahari knew the angels could not see him. He had no intention of revealing himself. This time, he simply wanted to watch.

How much had he shortened the lifespan of a planet he had touched four times? There was no meteor approaching. Everything on Karca seemed to be in order.

But then, the Sur was blown.

First, the planet's core ignited. Then, the surface temperature exceeded ten thousand degrees. Everything melted. The land collapsed inward. Karca reverted to a ball of fire.

Anahari watched.

Israfil, as he always did, executed his duty without emotion.



Anahari

And before the planet's final embers faded, Anahari turned his back and left. When he returned to Kali, only two planets remained around his neck.

Alat was deeply worried for his friend. For the first time since he had awakened, he had left his place, sensing Anahari's approach and waiting outside the council building. When Anahari passed through the gates and saw him standing there, he was surprised.

Without wasting a moment, Alat spoke.

“Anahari, if you lose one more planet, you will cease to exist as well... The Angel of Judgment, Israfil, has already set out for your second planet.”

There was no shift in Anahari's emotions. His mind was so empty that, for the first time, he understood Alat's words effortlessly. Or perhaps, this time, Alat had simply stated everything as it was.

He responded with a small smile.

“Don't worry, Alat. I saw Israfil. I watched as everything on the planet was destroyed—because of me.”

Alat realized he had been too late in delivering his warning. He paused, scanning his surroundings as if to keep his thoughts from straying. The past was already gone. For

him, only the future mattered. And this time, he wouldn't be late in informing his friend.

“By the time you arrived here, a new planet had already been assigned to you in place of the two you lost. Also, the responsibility for four planets has been taken from you. From now on, you will oversee only three. You must be more careful. The new planet has been entrusted to me for delivery.”



Alat- Anahari

Alat lifted the small sphere resting in his palm and brought it close to the pendant on Anahari's neck. In an instant, the new planet attached itself alongside the other two.

Anahari felt the weight around his neck grow heavier. But what truly unsettled him was seeing Alat this concerned.

Before parting, he recalled one of the periodic speeches made by the High Overseer.

“There will always be problems. Perfection exists only in Kali. Overseers and angels must remain patient, for everything has an end. Only Kali shall remain, Alat.”

Alat understood what Anahari was trying to do. He gave a respectful nod, reached for the reports in his hands, and left without forcing his friend to enter the council building.

As he stepped inside, the Watchers who had never seen a Gatherer leave his post stared at him with curiosity. And inside his chamber, thousands were waiting for him.

Anahari returned to his chamber, the new weight around his neck pressing against him. Sitting on his bed, he summoned his journal and began to write before he slept:

“In the end, I have reached the limit of exercising my free will. I, too, am now a slave with a will—just like the angels.”

With his long fingertips, he slowly touched the newly assigned planet. Then, he continued:

“When I awaken from my two-hundred-year slumber, I will set out for my new planet, called Earth. The great changes beyond my control seem to be testing my free will—one that is bound by the price to be paid.”

“The thing that will determine my end is that I will no longer be able to touch fate. If Kali is eternal, then I am merely a fleeting existence. If there is only one grand fate leading to



Anahari

the final end, then my fate is meaningless. Even if I always believed I knew what was right—what does it matter now?”

When he closed his journal, all hesitation had left him. Writing down his own thoughts in the book was forbidden.

And every time, the High Overseer’s words echoed in his mind:

“Your journals are loyal to us.”

But his journal, Neil, was now loyal only to him...

Anahari set off for his new planet the moment he awakened. As he approached Earth, he folded his wings, and

his journal opened. He could feel Neil's hunger for knowledge within himself. Without hesitation, he began writing:



Earth

“It is still a small ball of fire. There are approximately two hundred thousand years before the Alternative Seed is sown. In its galaxy, there are five hundred other planets capable of sustaining life.”

“Kali does not yet allow its creations to leave their own galaxies—let alone their own planets. Is the vastness of the universe meant to trap all life within these planetary prisons?”

“Or... is it to gift them an endless garden once they learn how to escape?”



Anahari

Anahari lifted his gaze and looked at Earth once more. He tried to estimate the planet's lifespan but was utterly surprised—there was uncertainty. He touched his pendant, yet no knowledge came to him. For some reason, he had never questioned the lifespan of his other planets.

“Fear made me do this,” Anahari muttered as he closed his journal.

Neil, however, had already realized that his master had once again written down his own thoughts.

For over two billion years, Anahari had observed Earth, and now, the planet was finally ready for the sowing of the Alternative Seed. He had reported this to the Kali administration.

He had also begun to wonder when the primary beings would arrive. Over the millions of years that had passed, everything on his other two planets had become mundane.

On Sirna, the last planet whose name he had learned, only a single species remained, while Perreson still thrived with thousands of diverse forms of life.

With no right left to touch fate, Anahari hoped Earth would offer him something different. He was now only a watcher.

As life spread across the universe, the workload of the angels had increased immensely. Those who carried the Alternative Seed to planets, the messengers, those responsible for the multiplication of the primary beings in paradise, and Azazil, the supreme commander of the entire realm, worked tirelessly.

After billions of years without incident, one piece of news had driven Azazil into a frenzy.

Azazil had no throne, no home. He existed as a swirling red cloud in the angelic realm, constantly moving. But upon hearing the report, he took on a form once more, and the sword in his hand ignited in flames.

The surviving angel, trembling with fear, recounted what had happened:

The planet where they were meant to sow the Alternative Seed had turned dark, lifeless—its energy drained, as if something had consumed its essence. As they approached, the angel carrying the Alternative Seed had been swallowed

whole by something vast and white. The survivor had barely escaped.



Azazil (Satan))

Azazil's eyes narrowed.

Kneeling before him, with his head bowed to the ground, the angel awaited orders.

Azazil's voice was sharp and commanding:

“Bring me Mikael!”

In the blink of an eye, the messenger angel vanished, and moments later, Mikael was kneeling before his master.

Azazil's voice thundered across paradise:



Azazil - Michael

“Raise your head, Mikael, and answer me. You command my armies. What could possibly exist in my domain that dares to harm one of my angels?”

Mikael lifted his gaze, his eyes briefly flickering to Azazil’s blazing sword.

His voice did not waver, but his words were measured:

“The Chief Overseer said that Kali permits all things to exist, that even forces capable of attacking paradise and Kali’s city itself might one day emerge.”

Azazil paused for a moment, then let out a resounding laugh. It echoed across paradise, sending shivers through every angel who heard it. It was not a laugh of amusement, but a

forceful, consuming rage—one powerful enough to annihilate worlds.

“The Chief Overseer may have said that...” Azazil’s voice was slow, deliberate. “But nothing can be stronger than me. Nothing would dare approach the gates of paradise. The problem lies in the fact that I have never left the angelic realm. I should have roamed every corner of the universe, ensuring that all knew who the true ruler and judge is.”

Azazil turned to Mikael, his voice like a solemn oath wrapped in darkness:

“You are coming with me.”

As Azazil and Mikael departed from paradise, the realm felt lighter, almost floating like a cloud. For a brief moment, the angels felt relief.

But they knew...

Azazil would return.

And when he did, their fear would be greater than ever.

Kali’s creation had brought forth such immense diversity that the universe was teeming with life. And it was not just matter that had spread across existence—so had the essence of the soul.



The Sticky Souls

Unlike matter, the soul was not bound by form. Over time, it had awakened to consciousness, fragmented into smaller pieces, and begun to move freely. Like everything that existed in the cycle of creation, souls required energy to sustain themselves. They had found this energy in the very cores of planets.

These entities, varying in size and possessing fluctuating spiritual power, were entirely unaware that they had angered Azazil. With their superior wisdom and predatory instincts, they leaped from one planet to another, roaming the universe. Their forms and sizes were uncertain, undefined, but the angels who had encountered them gave them a name—Sticky Souls.

They could see the angels.

More than that, they had turned them into a food source.

The Alternative Seeds carried by the angels to planets were an unmatched source of power for the Sticky Souls. Some among them had consumed multiple seeds, growing so powerful that they left destruction in their wake, annihilating anything in their path just to sustain themselves.

As the Chief Overseer had once said—Kali had allowed everything to exist.

And the center of creation was not Kali's City alone.

Azazil was consumed with fury when he learned that angels had vanished. Determined to uncover the cause, he set out on his journey, accompanied by his Chief Commander, Mikail. Mikail was there as a witness—to see firsthand the wrath that would ignite the universe with the power of fire.

For the first time, they were leaving Heaven.

Azazil flew at such an incredible speed toward the location of the missing angels that Mikail feared he would not be able to keep up. When they arrived, both folded their wings. But what they saw before them...

A Sticky Soul—so massive that it was nearly twice the size of the planet it stood on.

It had taken the form of a colossal bull. Its powerful body stood firmly balanced on four thick legs, motionless, like a great ship docked on land.

Its ankles vanished into the dust and smoke that made up the planet's thin atmosphere.

At the center of its forehead, four enormous eyes were positioned like those of a jumping spider, their dark pupils reflecting the distant glow of the stars. In contrast, Azazil and Mikail appeared as nothing more than two tiny red and black specks before it.

Once formless entities, the Sticky Souls had now learned to take on physical shapes. They had absorbed Alternative Seeds from the angels, molding themselves into bodies chosen from the living beings contained within them.

Yet, with their new bodies, they were as wild and insatiable as ever, too blind with hunger to understand what they had done to the balance of creation.

And now, standing before them, was Azazil—who had come to witness what they truly were.

The Sticky Soul let out shrieks of excitement upon seeing the angels, stomping its massive hooves against the planet's surface in exhilaration. Even its cries alone were enough to shatter and obliterate the smaller planets and moons within the galaxy.

What stood before Azazil and Mikail was no ordinary creature—it had devoured two Alternative Seeds. Even with their wings fully extended, the two angels were no more than tiny insects before the beast's swishing tail, nothing more than flies to be swatted away.



Sticky Souls

The Sticky Soul had never seen warrior angels before. But it assumed they would be just as easy to consume as the others. It opened its gaping maw wide and leaped toward them, intending to swallow them whole.

But just then, the planet beneath its feet drifted off its orbit, spinning helplessly into the void of space.

Azazel and Mikail swiftly dodged in opposite directions, effortlessly evading the beast's reckless charge. The great bull, unable to stop its momentum, landed with an earth-shattering impact on the surface of a planet three hundred thousand kilometers away.

It launched itself again—this time, locking its monstrous eyes onto Mikail.

Mikail hesitated. He did not know what to do. What was his commander waiting for? Until Azazil gave the order, he could not even think of touching this bizarre creature—let alone destroying it.

The bull had doubled its speed in its second assault, aiming straight for Mikail. But once again, the creature missed, unable to even graze the nimble angels.

Growing frustrated with the evasive little insects, the Sticky Soul was beginning to see them as nothing more than weak prey. By now, they should have already been in its stomach!

Enraged, the bull slowly drifted back toward the floating planet it had first stood upon. But this time, it would not make the same mistake.

From the planet's surface, massive stones, minerals, and chunks of earth were torn free, rising into the air and assembling beneath the creature. The beast was forging armor from the very planet itself, reinforcing its colossal body.

By the time it finished, a quarter of the planet was gone.

Azazil remained utterly still, watching his opponent with eerie calm. If it were up to Mikail, he would have finished this in an instant and returned. But Azazil had a plan.

The giant bull, now encased in its new armor, prepared to charge once more. But Azazil's unwavering patience only fueled the Sticky Soul's rage.

The beast suddenly backed away, pulling its planet along with it—then, without warning, it twisted back and inhaled deeply, sucking in cosmic dust and energy.

Then, it unleashed a monstrous roar!

Mikail was still waiting for Azazil's command when a transparent shield suddenly materialized before them. The bull's howl transformed into a powerful shockwave, rippling through the fabric of space itself.

And then—it spat out everything it had consumed.

Boulders, dust, and molten metal erupted from its mouth, hurtling toward them like a celestial storm. As the onslaught of debris rained down, Mikail whispered cautiously, his voice alert but controlled:

“My Lord... more spirits have gathered around us.”

Azazil slowly lifted his head, scanning the darkness of space. His eyes locked onto the hundreds of shadowy, spectral forms drifting like ghosts across the void.

His voice echoed with boundless arrogance:

“I was expecting them, Mikail.”

Azazil's words rang with pride and dominance.

“I did not come here just to show my power to you... I came so the entire universe would witness it.”

As the storm of stone and fire raged, Azazil's form began to expand, towering far beyond his usual size. From within him, red flames erupted, searing through the cold vastness of space.

Even Mikail, ever unshaken, was forced to instinctively retreat as the blazing heat engulfed the battlefield..

Azazil noticed it, and he relished it. His power had to be feared by all. The dust and smoke had yet to settle, and the Sticky Spirit, still uncertain of what it was facing, narrowed its many eyes, scanning its surroundings. And then, in a single instant...

It saw the flaming sword materializing in Azazil's hand. It tried to flee, but it was too late.



Azazil

With a single, merciless stroke, Azazil severed its head from its colossal body.

The severed head was hurled into the void, while its massive body remained standing for a brief, eerie moment. Azazil grasped the fallen beast by its horns, lifting its head high into the darkness. The eyes embedded in its forehead, even in death, still reflected pure horror.

Until now, the Sticky Spirits had never known fear. They had roamed the universe as supreme predators, consuming without consequence.

Until the Archangel Azazil arrived. But Azazil's work was not yet finished. They had to understand what true power was. The punishment for defying him would be severe.

Those he captured would be cast into the inferno—a fire he now called Hell. The flames would consume them for eternity, twisting their forms into something far worse than death. The very essence of the Sticky Spirits would burn until they became the first demons.

And then, Azazil's voice echoed through the abyss:

“Watch me and remember! Those who dare challenge Kali's armies can only exist in flames!”

Mikael could feel his master's rage and power growing with every moment. Azazil had severed his prey's head and

incinerated its body along with the planet it stood upon. But that was not enough.

When the sword in his right hand transformed into a whip and struck the planet's surface, everything was reduced to dust. Yet Azazil had no intention of stopping.

Once his sword vanished from his grasp, he seized the still-living head of the Sticky Soul with both hands and began to squeeze. A scream, powerful enough to shake the cosmos, tore through the void. The gathered Sticky Souls recoiled in terror.

Azazil increased the pressure, feeling the bovine head shrink beneath his grip. It compressed, crumpled... and finally, shriveled into a small, thorny marble. He knew exactly what to do. With a slow, deliberate motion, he slid his little finger through the severed throat, piercing through the skull from within.

Adjusting the grotesque ring now encircling his finger, he raised it high, the four small eyes and long horns gleaming under the firelight, and his voice thundered across the expanse:

“I am Kali's right hand. The commander of all His armies. The sole guardian of order and security. The strongest being ever created in the entire cosmos... I am Azazil, Supreme Archangel, ruler of all realms.”

A crown of fire ignited above his head. Mikael felt the absolute authority in Azazil's voice, and without thinking, his knees buckled. He bowed in both fear and reverence. Even the Sticky Souls, now retreating across millions of kilometers, had heard him and learned his name.



Azazel(Satan)

Azazel was beyond formidable.

It was clear now—Kali had made him the Supreme Archangel with purpose, with full intent. Because no order could stand without fear. Mikael knew that the Sticky Souls would never dare approach an angel again. No matter how many Alternative Seeds they devoured...

They would never surpass Azazel.

And Mikael wanted to be part of this. What he had witnessed thrilled him. After all, he was a soldier too, and he eagerly awaited the first command Azazel would give him.

Azazil had thought that the Sticky Souls would stay away from angels, but he had been wrong. Every soul that consumed the Alternative Seeds became an addict, wandering the cosmos, feeding off planetary energies, all in the desperate hope of seeing an angel.

The vastness of the universe gave them confidence. They believed they could hide. But Azazil had begun hunting them down. He tracked every missing angel, pursued every lost trace. In each battle, he slaughtered Sticky Souls and crafted new trophies from their remains, adorning his fingers with rings and marking his body with scars of victory.

Yet, despite all this, he still could not instill fear in them. And that fact was beginning to bore him. He no longer went alone—he now brought Mikael and his legions with him. Though the sight of Heaven's mighty armies sent many Sticky Souls fleeing, reports of more missing angels always arrived before they could even return.

Azazil's impatience grew; his fury deepened. He had filled his Hell with hundreds of Sticky Souls, his fingers glistened with their shattered remains. But he had grown tired of weak enemies.

Then came news—three angels had been ambushed in the coldest, darkest part of the cosmos, a place untouched by light. The darkness had been so thick that even the angels' sight had failed them.

They had escaped the attack. But the Alternative Seed they carried had vanished.

Azazil rose in a storm of rage.

“Mikael!”

In an instant, Mikael appeared before him, kneeling. His master paced around his throne, the infernal crown upon his head, the whip in his hand, radiating an untamed wrath.

Azazil never rested. And neither should the angels. If one died, another was created in its place.

Only one thing mattered to him.

His worth.

The Supreme Archangel. The Guardian of Realms.
Kali’s Right Hand.

After millions of years of war, Azazil made a decision. He would no longer fight the Sticky Souls. He turned to his Commander and declared:

“From now on, you will lead every battle.
I have no more time for these games.
You know what must be done.
Go. Now.”

Mikael did not obey Azazil’s command. Without summoning his army, he ventured alone to the cold, desolate point in space where the attack had been reported. As he folded his broad wings, he found himself surrounded by absolute nothingness.

Before departing Heaven, the terrified angels had insisted that there was a planet here. Yet all Mikael could see was darkness.

The nearest star or planet was light-years away. As his gaze scanned the abyss, he noticed something massive moving in the distance—its lights extinguished, gliding silently like a ghostly truck through the void. It was an enormous comet, its colossal tail stretching at least seven hundred billion kilometers, leaving behind a magnificent, eerie trail in space.



Michael

Mikael watched in awe. As he approached, he realized this object was the size of a planet. The fragments following in its wake moved like enormous moons caught in its pull.

“Even Azazil couldn’t stop this.”



The Sticky Soul (Darkness)

The thought flashed through his mind. But his curiosity outweighed his fear. What form had the Sticky Soul taken this time? How much had it grown? He had to know.

Mikael landed on one of the comet's highest ridges. When he surveyed his surroundings, he encountered a density of celestial bodies unlike anything he had seen before. And they all shared one eerie trait—they were riddled with holes.

The surfaces of the comet's satellites had been carved out, as if something had burrowed deep inside, as if the very ground had been excavated and piled in a deliberate direction.

Nests.

The realization struck him like lightning. And just as it did, he saw it—something darting between the burrows with remarkable speed.

A four-legged creature. Pitch-black fur. A long tail. A snout sharpened forward like that of a hunting hound.

It was incredibly fast, yet Mikael could sense its fear. This creature did not wish to attack him. But what truly captivated him was not the beast—it was himself.

It was time to test his true strength. In Azazil's presence, before his legions, he could never truly push his limits. He did not want Azazil to view him as a rival.

But now, he was in a place where no one could hold him back. Before him, a colossal meteor hurtled through space.

An opportunity.

Mikael had no idea how far he could go. Azazil had been forged from fire.

But he... He was born of darkness.

And unlike Azazil, Mikael had never been given his power. He had always been power.

For a moment, he hesitated, marveling at his own existence.



While Michael Stops the Meteor

Then, with a single motion, he unfurled his wings and soared into the meteor's path. He let himself be caught in its momentum, allowing its force to carry him forward.

And though he paid it little mind, he knew—

He was not without a witness.

It was trying to understand what the angel intended to do, hesitating between fleeing and staying. But it knew one thing for sure:

This angel, cloaked in darkness, was just as curious about it.

They both liked the dark. Even before they stood face to face, it was as if an unspoken agreement had already been made.

When Mikael was ready, he folded his wings and began to grow. He spread his arms wide, embracing the meteor, pressing his chest against its surface at a forty-five-degree angle.

As he unfurled his wings, a thick black mist emerged. First, it enveloped the meteor. Then, it spread to the surrounding satellites. The Sticky Soul, seeing this darkness advancing toward it, turned and sprinted toward the tail. But it was too late. Before it could escape, the mist had reached it.

Mikael stopped and, at that moment, he understood. If he wished, his darkness could expand to engulf everything. Something had sent this massive comet to him. He had caught it. And now, it was time to stop it.

Mikael knew that his true power resided in his wings. And now, he would wield that power.

He beat his wings twice. As the meteor began to slow, billions of fragments trailing behind crashed into its massive body. The smaller pieces had finally caught up to the colossal mass, but the meteor's gravitational pull still held everything in its grasp.

He was the king. His subjects could never surpass him. All the fragments were being drawn toward him, and now, the meteor resembled a colossal flower with vast, unfurling petals.

Mikael continued testing his power. He brought his hands closer together, and at that moment, a deep, resonant

cracking sound echoed. The core of the meteor and its satellites vibrated from within.

Mikael clasped his hands together. Everything around him shrank silently. Their size was halved. And he had not even exerted himself.

His confidence soared.

Now, he could do more. He focused his attention on seeing inside the meteor. And then, he noticed something—everything had gaps within. Those gaps... were filled with darkness, just like space itself.

“If I remove the empty spaces within the comet... what would its true size be?”

Mikael smiled. He was only just beginning to understand the depths of his power.

“I could erase you in the palm of my hand... If I am this strong, then Azazil could destroy everything.”

Even before he could comprehend why such a thought had crossed his mind, his gaze fell upon the comet’s seemingly endless tail. It had left a path stretching billions of kilometers, and within that trail, Mikael saw something—a tear in the darkness itself.

Without hesitation, he approached the tear and touched what lay behind it.

And then—everything stopped. Mikael had touched time itself.



While Michael Stops Time

The meteor had crashed into the glass of time, but it had not shattered. Instead, it had scraped against its surface, searching for a way in—yet it had found none.

Mikael knew that time was not something fluid. It was meant to slow things down, perhaps even to stop them entirely.

The comet had only been as fast as time allowed it to be. Instead of fighting the massive celestial body, Mikael had merely touched time and whispered, “Stop.”

Had someone been watching him? He didn’t know. But Azazil could never find out.

Mikael’s astonishment had not yet faded when he noticed something moving among the massive rocks—the



Michael and His Dog, Darkness

Sticky Spirit was still alive. Just like him, it had somehow remained untouched by time.

It was time to stop playing games and deal with this strange little creature. The Sticky Spirit, which resembled a black hunting dog, tried to bury itself into the deepest, darkest crevice as Mikael approached. It curled its tail under its body and lay still.

Mikael sent out a ripple of darkness, which slithered beneath his feet like liquid. In an instant, like the flick of a frog's tongue, it pulled the spirit out into the open.

The Sticky Spirit suddenly found itself face to face with Mikael. It did not resist. Instead, it lay down, tucked its tail under its body, and covered its face with its front paws.

As Mikael observed it, he realized something—this one was different. It was still young. And its essence, like his own, was born from darkness.

Its fear was intelligent. Azazil had also captured Sticky Spirits and taken them to Heaven. But Mikael—for the first and last time—would claim a prize of his own.

He glanced around. A giant meteor frozen in time. The ability to stop time itself. And now—his own pet.

Mikael was no longer alone.

What had these experiences given him? Did emotions have meaning? He didn't know that either.

The only thing he knew was this—when he returned, nothing about him should appear to have changed.

If Azazil noticed the new Mikael—the strengthened commander, the one who could halt time—he would remove him from his place at the head of the armies. If he saw him as a rival, he would destroy him.

Mikael pressed his hand against the crack in time once more. Everything resumed as if nothing had ever happened.

The darkness he had unleashed to stop the meteor slithered back toward him like a black mist, creeping toward its master.

Mikael had changed. But that wasn't what mattered. What mattered was that no one must notice.

Gathering his robes took longer than expected. He took his new hound with him. Without a second glance, he set off for Heaven.

He didn't care about what he had left behind.

But like an artist sculpting with his own hands, he had shaped something.



The Universe's Largest Daisy

A black daisy—the grandest the universe had ever seen.

A gift to existence itself.



Azazil- Michael

When Mikael returned to Heaven, he stood before Azazil. With deep reverence, he knelt and bowed his head.

Azazil stood high above all other angels, atop a vast plateau. The thousands of kilometers of flat land surrounding him made his presence even more imposing.

He was always above. Heaven belonged to him. When he moved through it, he was said to appear as if teleporting, his presence felt in multiple places at once.

The vast expanse where he now stood could gather hundreds of thousands of angels. And in those moments, for those who did not wish to be physically near him, only fear filled their minds.

Azazil's presence was never solitary. Those who wished to stand before him were as many as those who feared him. At that moment, commanders, warriors, and lower-ranking soldier angels stood in formation, awaiting permission to depart on their missions.

And they had already informed the Archangel that Mikael had left Heaven alone, without his army.

As Mikael waited in silence, Azazil's voice thundered across all of Heaven.

“You went on a mission alone, Mikael. This realm is filled with powerful beings. What do you think you are? I cannot come to save you every time. You are the Supreme Commander! What is this recklessness?”

Mikael had already prepared his response. The darkness within him had grown so strong that he now knew he could conceal anything from his master.

But testing this was a great risk.

He had to be careful.

Keeping his head bowed, he spoke in a calm, steady voice:

“Great Azazil... After your command, I spoke to the angels who returned from the mission. None of them saw what attacked them. If it had been a powerful being, none of them would have survived. I thought it best to go and see for myself.”

“When I arrived, there was no planet, nothing at all. I was about to return for my army when I saw a great meteor. I approached it and encountered a Sticky Spirit—a small one, shaped like a young pup.”

“The moment it saw me, it attacked. I had to defend myself. I do not possess your might or courage, my lord. As it came at me, I lifted my sword and struck it down. But it had no body—it simply dissolved into mist and disappeared into the void.”

Mikael’s hesitant demeanor, his apparent ineptitude, pleased Azazil. His anger began to subside.

His voice, now laced with condescension, carried the weight of authority:

“Listen to me, Mikael... That little spirit deceived you. How could it simply vanish into vapor?”

“This time, I will overlook your failure and your audacity in acting alone. But if you ever leave Heaven again without my army, you will pay the price.”

Mikael maintained his composure before Azazil. But he could feel the fear radiating from the thousands of angels gathered around them.

And he knew—his master was not finished speaking.

“If you ever hide something from me, I will destroy you, Mikael!”

Mikael did not lift his head.

The small creature hidden within him, the one he had claimed as his own, had vanished into his infinite darkness out of sheer terror.

Azazil did not waver. His piercing gaze never left Mikael as he gave his final command:

“Go now. I do not want your courage. I want obedience, Mikael. My orders will be carried out.”

It was as if all of Heaven had frozen in time until Mikael moved.

As he finally rose to his feet, preparing to withdraw...

The voice of the Grand Overseer echoed through the heavens.



When the voice of the Grand Overseer reached every corner of the universe, everything truly stopped.

“Angels, the most loyal to Kali! It is your duty to obey the commands given to you. Now, cease all your tasks and heed this decree.”

Even the angels millions of kilometers away were pulled into this call. In an instant, they found themselves standing within Heaven. For the first time, the universe was left to itself, without the presence of the angels.

Azazil felt the presence of the Grand Overseer. His eyes burned with fury as he turned sharply from side to side. His angels had been removed from their duties without his permission. It was an insult to his power. An offense to his authority.

Before the Grand Overseer could speak, Azazil made himself even more imposing. The flames of his crown blazed higher. Behind him, a throne of fire appeared.

While the angels stood, Azazil took his seat upon his throne.

The Grand Overseer waited patiently for the tension among the angels to settle. But Azazil’s rage would not subside.

Kali knew the end of all things. And this moment was unfolding exactly as it was meant to.



Azazel

When the angels—**once flickering like tiny colored lights—**finally stood still, the Grand Overseer began to speak.

His voice was calm. Carefully chosen to provoke nothing.

“The being known as ‘Human,’ created in the city of Kali, must be prepared before it is sent to its destined world. Before they descend to their planet, Kali has commanded all angels to kneel before them.”

“Now, I will show them to you.”

The many pairs created in the city of Kali had taken form as male and female. As they emerged before the angels, their still-slumbering bodies drifted side by side in the void.

The angels knelt where they stood—before their gates, upon their dwellings, their heads bowed in submission. But for Azazil, this was more than just an order. He looked around. Millions of angels had bent the knee before humans.

Fury ignited within him.

He rose from his throne, his burning sword manifesting in his grasp, casting flickering flames upon the lifeless bodies before him. There was nothing special about them. They were no different from the other beings created in the city of Kali. But what enraged him most was the command given without explanation. He could not be this insignificant. If he willed it, he could incinerate every single one of them in an instant.,

He knew the Chief Overseer would hear him. He would not wait any longer.

Azazil's rebellion had begun. His voice rose in defiance against Kali.

“What is man, Chief Overseer? Did you bow before them?”

The angels trembled at their leader's defiance, his fury pressing into their very essence. Some almost dared to lift their heads, to witness the manifestation of his wrath. Even that would be a betrayal.

The Chief Overseer was momentarily taken aback. He knew Azazil. He had seen his admiration for power, his boundless ego, his insatiable hunger for dominion. But he had not anticipated outright rebellion.



Humanity was a lone lighthouse rising in the midst of the sea. And Azazil—the dark ocean surrounding them, waves crashing violently against the cliffs, threatening to consume them whole. Yet, the humans remained oblivious, still trapped in their slumber.

Perhaps it was better that they did not see the enemy that had already declared war against them.

The Chief Overseer spoke at last, his voice steady, deliberate. He knew he had to quell the storm before it consumed everything.

“We were not commanded to bow before him. Kali has given him a part of Himself, Azazil. He is the One who knows all. Angels believe in the truth of His decisions more than we do.”

Azazil fixed his gaze upon humanity.

“The Creator has granted me the power of fire, the secret of His name, and the right to wield it.”

He raised his sword, flames coiling around the blade, its tip pointing directly at the slumbering humans awaiting their descent to the world.

“They are formed from the essence of their destined planet, created in pairs, confined by five senses, burdened with emotions. Kali entrusted creation to me. What could He have placed inside these weak creatures that I do not already possess?”

“Or what is it within them that I cannot destroy?”



Azazil

The Chief Overseer responded with a single word.

“Free will.”

Azazil fell silent for a moment. Then, as humans would one day do, he let out a resounding, mocking laugh.

“Free will, which even forces Watchers and angels to pay a price, will bring about the easy destruction of mankind, Chief Overseer. I will prove this to you and to Kali.”

“I will not carry out this command. Instead, I will go to Earth and watch them.”

“But if they do not bring about their own destruction with their own hands, then and only then will I obey this order.”

The Chief Overseer could have stopped Azazil. But his duty was to witness, to observe all that unfolded. And so, he allowed it.

With a calm voice, he declared:

“Your request is granted, Azazil. When you leave this place, you will relinquish the name given to you by Kali. And when you step upon the world that will belong to mankind, you will be known as ‘Satan.’ That is how they will call you.”

“If fate unfolds as you claim, if mankind destroys itself by its own free will, then no being created thereafter shall ever be deemed more valuable than you.”

And in that moment...

The mightiest of angels wielded the power he had been gifted

He wished to descend upon Earth.

And in an instant, he was gone.

Mankind's apocalypse had begun while they still lay in slumber.



Satan

“When free will questions its own existence and attains absolute freedom, it inevitably confronts the inescapability of its own obligations... and destroys itself.”

All that had transpired had taken place while Anahari slept in Kali. The moment he opened his eyes—before even rising from his bed—he felt the weight of the Earth on his necklace shift. A wave of unease washed over him. Instinctively, he reached for his pendant. And in that instant, he knew everything.

The first thought that crossed his mind was:

“The end of my existence will be determined by the fate of this being called ‘human’.”

Anahari rose from his bed in silence. Hoping to rid himself of his unease, he submerged himself in his pool before leaving his chamber for the first time. He had grown accustomed to the water stripping away all burdens upon his



Humans

return from missions, washing them into the abyss of its depths.

But this time, it did nothing. The water did not lighten him.

Instead, his mind spoke for him:

“Was it truly chance that my third planet was the Earth? If, as the Chief Overseer claims, Kali knows the end of all things... then neither Satan’s rebellion nor the planet’s destruction before its time truly matters to her.”

Anahari closed his eyes and thought of the humans.

“They will remain in the heavens until they reach spiritual maturity. At least, they have millions of years before them. But Azazil... or rather, Satan... why did he go to Earth so soon? Against him, humanity is powerless and frail.”

He stepped out of the pool. Opening his ledger, he began to write:

“This note is for myself.”

“I can see that the new planet assigned to me—Earth—is heading toward an untimely demise beyond my control. Its lifespan has already shortened by two hundred thousand years. This is my end. If I lose yet another planet before its time, I will never awaken again. The fact that Earth has been given to me will reveal whose fate is truly being tested. Azazil has now taken the name Satan. He slumbers within fire on Earth. The question is... do humans need saving from him? Or am I,

bound by the rule never to interfere, the one in need of salvation?”

Anahari closed his ledger. Then, spreading his wings, he set forth toward Satan.

After Satan’s departure, Michael became the new guardian of creation. In Heaven, the reverence for fire’s red glow waned, replaced by a deeper respect for the blackness of Michael’s darkness.



Michael

His ascension as Archangel surprised no one in the Angelic Realm. Fire was restless and flamboyant, while darkness was still and humble. Satan’s actions were

unpredictable, but Michael was steadfast, bound by rules, and loyal to Kali.

With his new title came new abilities. He learned the names, duties, and powers of billions of angels. When needed, he could enter the minds of any of them. He was no longer just a commander—he was a Watcher.

Satan was the first among angels to defy divine orders. This revelation led Michael to turn his gaze upon the others. The first thing he did was test the loyalty of randomly chosen angels.

Kali's creations were never identical. Angels, too, differed from one another. Michael searched the minds of thousands until he found one that confirmed his suspicions.

That angel was Israfil. He was thinking.

Angels existed only to fulfill their duties. The moment Michael noticed Israfil, he understood—this angel was curious. He was questioning. Most intriguingly, he was speaking to himself.

The temperament of angels was not meant to change. It was irrational. But Michael had forgotten something...

He, too, had been born from change.

Israfil was unaware that he was being watched by Mikail. With a body carrying the closest shade to golden yellow, he shimmered like light itself. In heaven, those closest to the pure tone of the primary color were stronger and more exceptional than others. Such angels had the most difficult tasks, and their responsibilities were heavy.



Israfil

Until now, there had only been two primary colors in heaven: the crimson of Satan and the black of Mikail.

The common trait among angels was the plain white area on their faces. Instead of using words to communicate, they conveyed emotions through an infinite spectrum of colors. The square-shaped lights appearing on their faces

would flicker in thousands of different shades, reflecting their thoughts and feelings.

But for billions of years, no color had ever appeared on Israfil's face. He did not know why, yet he had never had a friend. He was a solitary angel.

His duty was entirely different. Israfil was the one who ended the existence of planets inhabited by the original beings. When he blew the trumpet, its sound would be the last tone that world and everything in it would ever hear.

When Mikail entered his mind, Israfil was just returning from a new apocalypse. He passed through the nebulous ring surrounding the celestial city, landed on the first rock he saw, and folded his wings.

Even in their shattered forms, the planets he had destroyed looked more beautiful than the Realm of Angels itself. Had anything changed? He looked around. But no, everything was the same. He was bored.

When he glanced down, he saw an abyss that stretched thousands of kilometers deep. In the vast emptiness, he looked like a tiny speck. All around him, angels swarmed through the air like flocks of birds. He wondered—were there angels who had never once set foot on the ground since their creation? He could not stop himself from thinking. But that was his real problem. He could never stop thinking.

It was clear that Israfil was growing weary of the order. After Satan's betrayal and exile, he had assumed that the rule of Kali would become more cautious. But the angels remained the same. They never changed.

And that was what truly bothered him. No one had ever asked him whether he had completed his duty.

“A creation left to drift aimlessly...”

“If Mikail were to rebel, maybe then...”

He did not finish the thought. But the direction of his mind was clear.

It was time to go home. Just as he was about to spread his wings, he leaped onto a massive meteor passing through heaven. The fact that it had not collided with anything was a miracle.

As he glided on the meteor, a thought crossed his mind:

“The Overseers will never interfere, and the angels will never step beyond their orders...”

“So dull.”

He drifted over the city, trying to find some pleasure in it, but he could not. Worse, the blank, emotionless white faces of every angel he passed only disturbed him further.

“If I were powerful enough, I wouldn’t obey orders either. I would go wherever I wanted.”

He paused for a moment.

“If I say things like this, they will think I am on his side. Even if I have never spoken to anyone, they will surely assume it. And then, like him, they would judge me too.”

Still, he thought:

“I would choose Mikail.”

As soon as he thought of Mikail’s name, a black lightning bolt flashed through his mind. He feared Mikail even more than he feared Satan.

As he neared his home, he let himself fall backward from the meteor. Opening his wings, he ascended into heaven’s sky as if he were plummeting into the void. Then, gliding through the shadows, he descended in front of his dwelling. Before entering, he looked over the city and the endless abyss beyond it.

And he whispered:

“Satan, master of fire... Kali’s right hand... the Accursed... I am eager to blow the trumpet for the apocalypse of the world you have gone to. And I know... this is what you want too.”

A surge of power rose within him, even surprising himself. But when he realized he was speaking aloud to no one, he murmured:

“I should stop this.”

And as he stepped inside, he continued speaking anyway.

Israfil was the angel of endings and conclusions. He wanted to witness beginnings, to understand how the inevitable end was reached. Every story was different, yet their conclusions were always the same. Now, he longed for companions—those with whom he could share what he had seen, those with whom he could speak of other realms. The new master, Mikail, allowed angels to gather.

The first thing that caught Israfil's attention was that every angel he approached moved away from him. A single question lingered in his mind:

How trustworthy do I look?

He had no answer. No being had ever spoken to him, no one had judged him. He knew that appearing ordinary meant appearing trustworthy. If he acted like the other angels, he thought, he could solve this problem.

But there was an issue. Finding a friend in the city of angels was exceedingly difficult. Though he did not know exactly what to do, he devised his own method. First, he had to behave like everyone else. He made sure not to ride the meteors passing through the city, to keep his wings from opening too widely while flying. He avoided eye contact with any angel. Most importantly, he took great care not to talk to himself.

Yet the greatest obstacle, the threshold he had to cross, the door he had to open, was this: An angel had to say his name. Angels did not engage in unnecessary conversation, nor did they share their names freely. But once they addressed one

another by name, a bond was formed between them. Israfil longed for that connection.



Angels' Gathering Area

Israfil knew no angel's name other than Mikail's. The best place to learn was the duty exchange stations. Some fortunate angels could switch assignments to avoid repeating the same tasks. In the Angelic Realm, there were four designated gathering points for this purpose.

The only open spaces in the city were those gathering grounds, where angels, as they walked upon the smooth, white surface, left footprints as if they carried weight. These meeting places felt like a swamp in which one could sink and disappear. Here, angels could get to know one another. Since Mikail's arrival, the exchange stations had become even more crowded. Azazil had deemed these changes unnecessary and rarely granted permission for them.

Israfil spent a long time acting like everyone else. Every moment he was not alone, he silenced his thoughts. Now, as he prepared to set out to learn a name, he carried the excitement of a hunter. He had not been mindful of his speed as he approached the gathering ground. With a single beat of his wings, he left his home and merged into the crowd.

He had already chosen his target. A messenger angel he had been observing for some time, one who seemed to enjoy switching assignments. There was much he could learn from him. He had to make good use of this opportunity. He understood the importance of a first impression—there would be no second chance.

“How difficult it is to make a friend,” he thought to himself.

For a moment, he lost control. Realizing that many angels had already completed their agreements and were beginning to disperse, he knew he had to act quickly. He had to be careful not to let his emotions disrupt the blank white of his face.

He was uneasy.

When he reached the angel he wished to meet, he stood directly in front of him. For the first time, he allowed colors to appear on his face.

“What is your name?”

The angel, gently flapping his wings, appeared as if he wanted to distance himself. Yet, he hesitated and replied:



Gabriel - Israfil

“You know we cannot exchange assignments.”

“I asked for your name,” Israfil repeated, making his voice clearer and firmer.

The angel hovered slightly, as if drawing a boundary.

“I know yours, Israfil. If you can learn mine, I will answer your questions.”

Israfil was taken aback. As the angel ascended, he himself felt as though he had grown heavier. The ground beneath him rippled slightly. With urgency, he asked:

“Then from whom will I learn your name?”

“From the one who knows us all—our new master.”

That was the answer. With a powerful stroke of his wings, the angel disappeared from sight.

At that moment, as if realizing it for the first time, Israfil turned his gaze toward the darkness surrounding the Angelic Realm. A surge of excitement and fear rose within him. Across the white expanse of his face, a large black square appeared. For the briefest instant, he lost control over his emotions.

He felt himself grow heavier. The whiteness beneath his feet trembled, as if it longed to pull him in. Slowly, he spread the wings he had always kept hidden.

And with that, he set out to meet the Lord of Darkness—Archangel Mikail.

Israfil landed before he could get too close to Mikail. He had heard of angels who had walked this path and never returned. He did not know what crime they had committed—perhaps nothing at all. Maybe they had simply disturbed Mikail with trivial matters. Just like he was about to do now...

He had already started walking. He no longer wanted to just think; he wanted something to change. And merely being here was already a change. Besides, events were unfolding independently of him. In just a few moments, he would find himself standing before Mikail.

The darkness around him thickened sooner than he had anticipated. For the first time, he did not enjoy walking. Though he could still see his surroundings, the shadows, dense as mist, had risen to his ankles. Only then did he understand why no one approached the Archangel by flight. A long stretch of the path had to be traversed on foot, through the very depths of the darkness.

Israfil's restless mind was like a geyser with no rhythm. "I am not approaching him because I have committed a crime. I just want to ask for an angel's name. Besides, I am an important angel."

Even as he muttered to himself, emotions erupted from him like molten lava from a volcano. Fear, excitement, and curiosity surged through his chest, leaving a strange taste in his mind.

Israfil did not know what to do, but when he finally laid eyes on Mikail, he considered himself fortunate. Before the Archangel, four angels stood, bowing in respect. Mikail had yet to notice him.

Losing his courage, Israfil finally found the answer to the question he had pondered for so long:

"I should turn back."

Israfil stopped walking. That alone was an achievement, for ever since he had entered the darkness, he had felt as though he was no longer in control—he was simply being pulled toward Mikail. And yet, seeing the Archangel up close stirred something else within him.

Like Sheytan, Mikail had a large, powerful frame. Israfil was a tall angel, yet he would barely reach the Archangel's shoulders. The darkness of Mikail's form was so deep, it reminded him of black holes.

“If you get any closer, you might find yourself consumed within him.”

Just as he had gathered all his courage to turn back, a voice echoed from the depths of his mind:

“Reckless curiosity endangers everything.”

This time, he was certain—he had not spoken to himself. But he was just as certain that the words had been meant for him.

His decision to leave was final, yet from that moment on, the only thing he found himself capable of doing was stepping forward, drawing ever closer to Mikail.

Realizing there was no longer any chance to turn back, Israfil muttered to himself in amusement:

“Reckless curiosity? I should have noticed sooner that I had no choice but to move forward.”

His mind was tangled with chaotic questions. And when he heard the words “Why have you come?” he could not even tell who had spoken. Why had he come, really? Did Mikail have a secretary? Were problems resolved before anyone could reach him?

For a fleeting moment, his fear lessened. “I could endure a few more million years of solitude,” he thought. But answering the question was not what truly occupied his mind.



Israfil - Michael

He had completely lost control. In an instant, he found himself kneeling before Mikail. The only thing still moving freely within his body was his emotions. But when Mikail began to speak, even they shrank into a corner and faded away.

“An angel asked for your name... So that is why you came.”

Israfil had not even been given the chance to speak. Mikail already knew everything.

“I have been expecting you. I saw the mind that observes and wonders, Israfil. Do you know why Jibril asked for your name?”

Israfil had learned the name he had been seeking in the most unexpected way. Mikail had spoken Jibril’s name without a second thought.

Now, Israfil’s mind was filled with new questions. “Why did Mikail reveal Jibril’s name so easily? Why was he waiting for me? Why did he look into my mind?”

But when Mikail continued speaking, Israfil remained completely still.

“Your duty will never change. The Trumpet of Doom, which destroys Kali’s planets, has been given to you. The light that emerges after you sound it must be blinding to you... But why do you linger in the silence and darkness that follow, Israfil? What do you expect to emerge from annihilation?”

Mikail’s voice grew deeper.

“Curiosity is not a trait that should exist within angels. Since you cannot suppress it, I will grant you what you desire. This will be safer for you.”

Israfil did enjoy lingering in the darkness that followed destruction, just as Mikail had said. But until now, he had never questioned why he waited.

The darkness he now found himself in was different from the one he had always known. Just as he began to think

he was about to become an angel who could never return from Mikail's presence, Mikail's voice rose:

“After every mission, you will meet with Jibril and Azrael, who has just as much experience as him. You will share with each other what you have learned, what you have wondered about. From Jibril, you will learn about the beginnings of existence. From Azrael, you will learn about its end. And you, Israfil, will show them how the beginning and the end are obliterated together.”

When the darkness around him dispersed, Israfil realized that Mikail was gone. But he had left behind two new names—Jibril and Azrael.

The moment he regained his ability to move, an unfamiliar joy filled him. He wanted to find them immediately. The anxiety that had weighed on him disappeared, replaced by an eager excitement.

Yet just as he was about to flee like a scolded child, he realized he still could not move. Against his will, he bowed his head once more.

Within his elation, a quiet unease had begun to grow. He felt as if he had been caught. Like a prisoner about to serve a long sentence, yet unaware of the crime he had committed.

“Israfil, making plans and interfering with fate is not our task.”

Mikail had not spoken out loud this time. But his voice echoed through Israfil's mind, tearing through his silence.

A deep orange light flickered across Israfil's face. And a single word crossed his mind.

Plan!

Anahari began spending most of his time in Kali, immersed in the libraries of the council building. For centuries, he read tirelessly, but everything he found mirrored what he had already heard from the Three Sages.



Kali City Library

“The power of an Overseer can alter the fate of matter. If an Overseer touches the planet they are responsible for, its lifespan is reduced by half. An Overseer’s duty is only to observe and trust in Kali. But... can humans withstand Satan?”

The only thing Anahari knew for certain was that Satan would alter the fate of Earth. Kali would not intervene, and if he lost another planet, he would cease to exist. That was why he began watching Earth more closely than ever. The process had already begun.

The Alternatives Seed planted by the angels had sprouted, spreading from the depths of the oceans to the peaks of the mountains, weaving itself into every part of Earth. Moving creatures had begun to emerge, and once again, the diversity of the planet was mesmerizing.

But what truly intrigued him was whether Satan had noticed him or not. That knowledge was more crucial than anything else. Without realizing it, he had started dedicating even more time to Earth. Where once he merely recorded events, he now examined every detail to find Satan. The way a leaf twisted in the wind, the shape of a stone eroded by a river, the speed at which raindrops fell, the cause of death for the smallest creatures—he observed them all, searching for a trace of Satan’s influence.

He had only one hypothesis.



The Devil at the Planet’s Core

Satan was nestled within the hum of the planet's rotation, deep at its core, slumbering inside the fire.

“All beings created to observe will one day bear witness to their own end.”

Anahari was now living that truth. After billions of years, Earth had transformed from a ball of fire into a planet of water, but it had become impossible for him to approach it. Setting foot on one of his planets, even picking up a handful of its soil, would be his undoing. Yet, he had no intention of leaving Earth to Satan.

When he began speaking to himself, his voice echoed like the wind carried by the planet's own rotation:

“Satan, the angel who betrayed... I know you wait patiently for humans to descend from paradise. And then, without a doubt, you will act. But tell me, is it wisdom that drives you? Or is it simply your ego? You are powerful enough to destroy them in an instant... yet you will not. And that delay—this hesitation—is all the time I need. My only hope... is your ego.”

The two other planets under his watch were each living out their own fates.

On Sirna, the original beings had eradicated all other species, embracing wisdom and unity until they had merged into a single organism. They buried their feet into the soil, moving only when necessary by uprooting themselves. When they needed to travel, legs emerged; when they required



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dexterity, arms and hands formed. No new life was born unless another perished.

Perreson, in contrast, had flourished into a vast green world, finally allowing for a new kind of motion and vitality.

On Earth, however, the Alternatives Seed had only just been planted. The planet's transformation, as always, was extraordinary. By the time humans arrived, much would change.

Feeding off its own diversity, the Alternatives Seed had given rise to so many species that even the apex predators could not escape the cycle of predation. And when vast meteors from the young galaxy struck Earth, entire ecosystems were wiped out. Yet, life—emerging from the depths of the vegetation—persisted, reshaping itself with new forms.



Meteor

The creatures Anahari had recently documented in his reports had grown and thrived for hundreds of thousands of years, untouched by external threats.

They had become the largest and most powerful beings on Earth.

Plants had evolved into towering trees, some exceeding forty meters in height. The long-necked giants that fed on them were so immense that they barely noticed the three- or four-meter-tall creatures scurrying beneath their feet.

And the predators—armed with razor-sharp teeth, short arms, and powerful legs—devoured anything that moved.

Anahari took pleasure in observing the long-lived cycle of this new life that had taken over Earth, yet he still could not see Satan.

Some of his anxieties had eased. The time given to him for observation had been sufficient for everything. There was still a long time before humans would arrive on Earth.

On that day's visit, after witnessing the relentless struggles of the creatures against one another, he spread his wings, preparing to leave for Kali. But as he turned, he saw the massive meteor approaching Earth.

And yet, he found nothing strange about it. Earth had already endured countless cataclysms.

He knew that if he wished, he could stop the meteor. But it wouldn't be as simple as diverting a small river—this was something far greater.

Letting go of his thoughts, he turned back to Earth once more. He saw the running offspring, the females circling protectively around them, and the ruthless brutality of the predators.

He called forth his notebook.

It was time to record his thoughts.

“They fight to survive, unaware that an end awaits them. Yet I, knowing my own end is near, can do nothing at all...”

“The approaching meteor is massive. If it were to split the planet in two, it would be magnificent. But Satan will not

allow that. Humans have not yet arrived, but even they have an end.”

“Once again, after this disaster, one species will vanish, only for another to take its place. I wonder what the Alternatives Seed will show me next when I return?”

He closed his notebook.

Anahari took one final look at Earth, then spread his wings and was hurled millions of light-years away.

“Only those who watch can truly escape reality.”

But there was one thing he did not know.

He did not realize that Azazil had summoned the meteor to Earth.

And so, he left the planet to its new master, Satan.

His era had now begun.

And when the meteor struck Earth, Anahari had not even considered that the next emerging species would be... humans.

Time was created to move forward.

Anahari had erased the approaching meteor from his mind, returned to Kali, and gone into slumber. But when he awoke in what he thought was a time of peace, the flood of knowledge into his mind alarmed him once again.

He quickly rose from his bed and called for his notebook:

“Show me the information about creation. Can one leave paradise before completing spiritual maturity?”

As the pages flipped backward, revealing the ancient texts before him, Anahari began to read carefully:

In the planets discovered by the Overseers, the Alternatives Seed is sown by the hands of angels.

Within Kali’s city, the beings created with awareness are sent to paradises to adapt to the planets they are destined for. In the first stage, they are expected to begin producing the seeds of their own lineage.



The Fields of Heaven

Then, the seeds taken from them are planted in the gardens of paradise. The first mother, paradise itself, is fertile, and it teaches the seeds that will be sent to the planets how to give birth. Until the children are ready to be gathered, the two original beings must also develop spiritually, and no intervention is allowed.

During this period, even if the original beings do not complete their spiritual development, they can still leave paradise.

At first, the original beings need nothing but Kali. If they are nourished in paradise—if this process is left uninterrupted—they will perceive the difference between the planet they are destined for and paradise itself.

Everything consumed in paradise makes their pure bodies heavier, forcing them to descend to the planet—just like a child being born from the womb.

Those who fail in both stages are sent to their destined planet along with the growing seeds of their lineage.

For this reason, their offspring will never be fully developed, neither physically nor spiritually. The two original beings are the purest form of their kind, and they are the guides for those born in paradise.

Even though they bear the responsibility for everything, their lifespans are short, sometimes even undefined. Kali creates and sends all possibilities at once.

“The burden of fate does not lie at its beginning.”

Anahari stopped reading and began to write:

Humans have descended to Earth before their time, and the planet's lifespan has shortened by another five hundred thousand years. The angels say that Satan entered paradise and deceived humans. But this cannot have been Satan's doing. He used his one and only wish to descend to Earth. He could not have returned here.



The Gate of Heaven

The gates of paradise on Earth cannot be opened from the outside. They only open from within, and only when a guest arrives—and when that happens, all realms are alerted. How could he have reached the humans without leaving a single trace, only to return to Earth unnoticed?

Humans consumed a mere fragment of the matter given to them, yet they abandoned a great soul. Satan does not know humans, he cannot understand their desires, nor could he have

predicted how to deceive them. But once they are on Earth, will it always be this easy to lead them astray? If I think this way, does that mean I, too, have betrayed Kali? I suppose Kali would not care either way. I must be much more careful now.

Satan has never left Earth. If he had, I would have sensed it. Someone is helping him. There must still be an angel loyal to him. I must find them. Satan seeks the end of all humanity—and my own as well. I will not allow it. But how?

Anahari reached Earth so quickly that he realized he had been stalling whenever he traveled to his other planets. As he stopped at the point closest to the planet's atmosphere and folded his wings, an overwhelming influx of information flooded his vision, making it take longer than expected to notice the humans. The rhythm of the planet, once a single heartbeat in harmony with all its life forms, had been disturbed. The Alternates Seed, which had once sustained plants, creatures, and the planet's balance, was now disrupted.



Humanity had been scattered across different regions of the planet, yet Anahari could not see the original two beings. Their absence was strange. Moreover, the planet's lifespan had already been reduced by another fifty thousand years, and everything was unfolding against his favor.

Anahari remained on Earth for a thousand years before leaving, carefully observing humanity's progress. When he returned to Kali, he opened his ledger and began to write:

“Humans, prematurely born into this world, can neither walk upright nor speak. Their guides, their parents, seem to have abandoned them far too early. They are fearful, helpless, and entirely dependent on care. Their development is painfully slow; they have no concept of life yet. Though they are skilled at imitation and empathy, which allows them to mimic the creatures around them, they are lost without the two original beings.

Like the other creatures of the planet, they are both savage and cautious. Their instinctive survival skills have forced them to live in small groups. They die from disease, old age, starvation, natural disasters, and ignorance. But more than anything, they love to kill one another.

Perhaps the piece of Kali given to humans... was “Death.”

Anahari had once again been defeated by Satan, whom he thought he had kept within his sight. Now, he was certain that Satan had seen him too.

In the tens of thousands of years since humans had suddenly appeared on Earth, the planet had grown crowded and chaotic. With nothing else to do, Anahari began returning to Kali City earlier, spending his days in the libraries. For now, what he sought was a way to extend his observation period. By doing so, he could prolong his time on Earth and limit Satan's window of movement. But he knew that Satan was simply waiting for him to leave.

Anahari had started to feel lonely, both on Earth and in Kali. He didn't even question where this feeling had come from. After all, he had always been alone. The only being he ever spoke to was Alat, to whom he submitted his reports, yet ever since Satan had descended to Earth, he had stopped speaking to him as well. Even when Alat attempted to engage him, Anahari would return to his room without responding.

Anahari had already lost two of his planets. If he lost the third, Alat would never see him again. He felt as if he were being punished. Moreover, he was certain that the Chief Overseer knew everything that had transpired and had deliberately assigned Earth to him. This thought lingered in his mind, shaking his trust in creation itself. That was why he had no answer to give to Alat's questions.

Lately, the only thing Anahari did was submit his reports and head to the libraries before returning to his room. Even when he spread his wings, he could still fit between the high-ceilinged, widely spaced shelves, and the library continued to expand. Millions of Overseers carried the knowledge of constant change from across the universe. That was why Anahari no longer knew what he was looking for. Reading reports about other lives or studying their stories

seemed utterly meaningless to him. Each existence was bound to its own fate, untouched by others.

Anahari was not responsible for anything that had happened on his planet, yet he was angry at the Chief Overseer for never telling him anything. He had begun to feel like a prisoner of his own emotions, and that was what disturbed him the most. His mind, which should have been focused on the truth, could not stop following the illusions of his emotions.

As Anahari returned to Kali City and hurriedly submitted his reports to Alat, intending to leave without delay, Alat informed him that the Chief Overseer was waiting for him. Anahari paused for a moment, turning toward his friend seated at the desk. Lately, he had found Alat's smile increasingly unpleasant, but in that instant, it ignited a small flicker of hope within him. The walls of Alat's room reflected the depths of space, with one side displaying the slowly rotating Earth. The Keykeeper had once again given him no direct answer, but Anahari understood what he meant.

When Anahari stepped outside with hurried steps, he sensed the Chief Overseer in the garden of the building. He halted and greeted him.

The Chief Overseer was the first to speak.

“I suppose you have things you wish to ask me. Alat sees the turmoil in your mind. I see the anger within you.”

Anahari did not avert his gaze as he responded.

“Even though Kali allows everything to be, the Chief Overseer has left me alone. It is not just humans who are caught between two great forces.”

The Chief Overseer’s voice remained as calm as ever.

“Everyone will live out their own fate, Anahari. Kali already knows the end.”

“And what about you, Chief Overseer?”

“I am an observer, just like you. My very existence depends on trusting Kali in all that happens. You must do the same.”

“Satan is now on my new planet, Earth, alongside humans, and he is interfering with fate. Otherwise, the planet’s lifespan would not have been shortened by more than five hundred thousand years. If this continues, it will perish before its time. That means my own end as well.”

The Chief Overseer replied without hesitation.

“Satan will not be interfered with—you know this. Kali has granted him as much time as he desires. He believes that humans will destroy themselves through their own free will and prove themselves even less valuable than he is.

Tell me, Anahari, was it truly Satan who caused the humans to be cast out of paradise?”

“It might have been him, but I know he didn’t do it.”

Anahari had so many questions racing through his mind that he continued speaking before the Chief Overseer could respond.

“Then why did you take the deceived primordial beings back so soon? Who will raise their children?”

“They were punished by being denied the chance to guide their own offspring.”

“Punished? Who was punished? The underdeveloped humans left behind? The primordial beings? Or me? I am the one who will be destroyed as a result of what happens on Earth, Chief Overseer. Even if Satan does not interfere with Earth’s fate, humans—who do not know what they are doing—will destroy themselves along with the planet.”

The Chief Overseer fell silent. He paused as if he had something more important to say, then finally spoke.

“You are an Overseer, Anahari. The power given to you has already destroyed two of your planets, along with all the life upon them. This is your fate... If you are destroyed, Earth will be destroyed as well. That planet is yours. You simply have an unexpected guest.”

“Doing nothing and watching my own end unfold is not for me.”

“By helping you now, I may be interfering with your fate and shortening your existence. But there is a way to assist Earth without touching its fate. However, you need more time. Humanity must evolve, create, and most importantly—bring forth something new.”

“Create?”

“Wait for humans to raise their gods, Anahari. Wait for the moment when they reach beyond the Earth and cast themselves into the heavens. When the gods they create take their place in the sky, they will help you.”

“How?”

“When a god living on Earth makes a wish, and it is granted...”

The Chief Overseer paused. He was giving Anahari time to grasp the weight of his words. But Anahari was impatient.

“There is no god but Kali, Chief Overseer. And besides, would a being who believes itself to be a god even ask for a wish?”

The Chief Overseer waited for Anahari to calm down before continuing.

“But perhaps a desperation greater than your own will open this path for you. You may be able to help yourself—and perhaps even humanity. When you fulfill the wish of a god, you will be able to touch Earth without shortening its fate.

Go to the libraries in the city.”

Anahari still couldn't understand whether the Chief Overseer was truly helping him. Gathering his thoughts once more, he asked:

“There can be no desperation greater than mine. And do humans even need help? Does Kali not trust them?”

The Chief Overseer remained silent. He did not answer. But this time, Anahari’s mind began to echo his words back to him. Other Overseers passing by did not see them—some even walked right through them. When the Chief Overseer noticed the turmoil in Anahari’s mind, he finally spoke again:

“Right now, you are responsible for three planets. You may abandon one at any time—just inform Alat. You have been granted access to all rooms within Kali’s libraries. The answers to the questions you have asked—and will ask—must be found by you. If I continue to help you, the lifespan of all existence will shorten because of me. Perhaps you will disappear long before you witness the end of what is to come.”

For the first time in hundreds of thousands of years, Anahari felt something stir within him. He shifted slightly. He exhaled deeply and sensed the Chief Overseer withdrawing. He wasn’t entirely sure what this conversation had given him, but at least he understood that both the Chief Overseer and Kali wanted to help him.

There were still many unanswered questions in his mind. But at least now, he knew where to look.

He returned to his chambers. When he reached the edge of the pool, he submerged himself. Beneath the surface, he remained motionless. While the water lightened his body, his mind grew heavier. He had no idea what these newfound emotions meant to him.

As he lifted his hand from the water, his notebook appeared before him. He began to write:

“Why did the Chief Overseer wait until now? Is the cost of his help as simple yet as heavy as what I felt when I altered the course of a small river? Does he not believe in humans either? No one will stand between Kali and Satan. Am I truly to live out my own fate? When will humans create their gods, and when will they ask me for help? It seems I have no choice but to wait.”

As he set down his pen, his final sentence echoed through his mind.

“Is the gift that Kali gave to humanity... the power to create?”

The answer to that question could change the fate of Earth itself. Anahari closed his notebook and, for the first time in a long while, truly accepted that he needed to wait.

But he still had no idea what he was waiting for.

Forty-one thousand years had passed since Anahari's conversation with the Chief Overseer.

Humans had learned to control fire, allowing them to abandon their fear of darkness—at least to some extent. But this also meant that they now held the essence of Satan in their hands. It was as if Satan himself had guided them using the power of fire. Ever since their arrival on Earth, their development had been stagnant, but the moment they mastered

fire, that stagnation ended abruptly, triggering an explosion of awareness.



Fire

For the first time, Anahari experienced Urgency when he realized that this rapid transformation had shortened the planet's lifespan by another fifty thousand years.

Humanity began leaping through the ages, driven by small and great discoveries. They tamed animals to ease their burdens, crafted tools to fulfill their needs, and built strong homes. While not all of Earth was affected, those who abandoned their instinct-driven behaviors started forming great civilizations.

Every time Anahari believed that Satan was not interfering, another profound shift would take place in the world. Civilizations rose, yet instead of embracing the freedoms that intelligence could bring, humans created rules that confined them. Hierarchy had always been an inevitable part of existence, but human rulers governed their people through fear, just as Satan had ruled his angels. Anahari was certain that they had learned this method from him.

Anahari's reports began taking on an entirely new dimension. Each time he returned, he carried pages upon pages of new knowledge.

Alat, though relieved that his friend no longer returned as a petrified statue, could now see Anahari's eyes clearly. Yet those two black voids revealed nothing.

Still, Alat could read his mind.

And he always heard the same thought resounding within it:

“The only reason humans are evolving so rapidly... is Satan.”

Yet, the growth of humans, raised without parents, was not an easy path. For millions of years, their civilizations collapsed time and again, and mankind never learned from its mistakes. Without ever truly mastering the art of coexistence, they annihilated each other over and over. They had been nurtured by nature itself, yet as its forsaken child, humanity had learned only one lesson from its mother: The strong survive and multiply.

And so, despite the endless cycle of birth and destruction, humans never gave up rebuilding. Again and again, they erected houses, villages, and cities.

Anahari observed this era with fascination, taking peculiar notes:

“During the last thousand-year cycle of destruction, a new type of human has emerged in different regions of the world. Their aura glows bright blue, their bodies stand more upright, and their intelligence has evolved. I do not know what triggered this change.

On my first lost planet, the Pilmars perished numerous times, devoured by adhesive insects. Yet, when they returned from the heavens, they had grown wiser.

Humanity has never faced total extinction—each time, they preserved their knowledge, safeguarding it for the future. They read, they remembered, and they created a shared field of consciousness, an archive of knowledge woven into their very existence. Now, newborns arrive already linked to this vast network of wisdom.

Within their civilizations, they have begun crafting things beyond mere survival. They call it art and philosophy. But I have noticed something curious: When a group of humans establishes a city and embraces civility, they lose their ability to wage war. The ruthless, the untamed, the savage—they still obliterate those who build, reducing entire societies to dust.

But over time, intelligence adapted. Against brute strength, it learned how to hide.

Those who were weak but cunning began shaping immense stones, raising towering walls, forging fortresses. And in doing so, mankind discovered something crucial: The will to live longer.”



Gods

With time, the outcomes of battles against the wild and brutal shifted. The weak yet intelligent humans, whom the ruthless once called barbarians, grew stronger, outwitting their merciless kin.

Kings, heroes, legends... and the gods that even Anahari could not yet perceive—

It was in this era that they all emerged.



Anahari

And from that moment onward, the story of mankind ended.

The story of gods began.

Anahari's Personal Notes...

Satan has begun to interfere with human destiny. In just a few years, the planet's lifespan has been shortened by a hundred thousand years. Every new civilization that emerges on Earth begins to sense him, even to see him. They depict him in their paintings, dream of him, and tell terrifying stories about Satan. The Chief Overseer had once told Azazil that his name on Earth would be Satan. But how did humans know this name? Did they discover it on their own?

Natural disasters are occurring across the world. Volcanic mountains erupt, the seas flood the shores, earthquakes tear cities apart—and every calamity is attributed to Satan. He has shown them the most useful aspect of himself. Those labeled as sinners are drawn to him, and in every misfortune they see his hand at work. Every traveler who loses their way encounters him. Yet, I—who should see all—see nothing...

Satan may have spread across the world in different forms. He either mimics humans exceptionally well or has placed a part of himself within them, trying to uncover what Kali has given them.

Humankind, having grown up without parents, never learned that actions come with consequences. Satan has made himself useful to them. Humans invoke his name as an excuse to unleash the evil within them. Acting as if they are his servants, they commit atrocities without remorse. In the end, it is not human will that commits evil—it is Satan. Believing that they will never have to bear the cost of free will, humanity walks willingly toward its own annihilation.

Satan must be quite pleased with this.

There was only one thing about humans that pleased Anahari:

Even in the face of threats, their minds worked beyond their own control.

The concept of gods emerged almost simultaneously across the world, as Satan instilled fear throughout the planet. Humanity attributed the origins of their existence and the formation of Earth to divine beings, assigning different myths to different gods. Every miracle was believed to be the work of a god.

As time passed, the abstract nature of their deities was no longer sufficient for human minds. They sought a tangible connection with their gods—something they could hear, touch, and feel near them. To bridge this gap, they built grand temples, awaiting their gods to descend from the sky to the earth. They constructed altars, offered sacrifices, and prayed. Yet, no matter how much they called, each unanswered plea led them to build even greater monuments and dedicate more offerings. In time, humans became enslaved by the very gods they had created to aid them.

For Anahari, the ever-changing human mind and spirit could never truly settle into one fixed belief. She understood that the need for gods was born out of fear—fear of Satan. Humanity explained everything beyond their understanding as the work of divine hands, attributing every catastrophe to divine will. Yet, in the shadow of that will, it was always Satan who lingered.

She knew that the gods created by human minds would always remain as fragile and limited as those minds themselves. But Satan—he was created by Kali, the master of all things.



Anahari

Over the course of tens of thousands of years, Satan had learned much about humanity. As he had anticipated, there was no need to bow before them. He guided, frightened, and manipulated them into doing whatever he desired. However, recently, he discovered a new ability in the human mind—one that could cause him significant trouble. It was a force potent enough to accelerate their spiritual growth. It was the ability to recognize another’s pain as their own. It was called empathy.

Empathy drove humans to help one another, even granting them a sense of inner peace. It first emerged within socially connected, productive societies. Suffering was shared, celebrations were enjoyed together, and meals were communal. Everything that allowed humans to understand one another posed a threat to Satan.

Without hesitation, he stripped them of this ability. And he did so far more easily than he had expected.

To establish hierarchy, he divided people into two groups: the fortunate and the unfortunate.

By increasing the fortunes of a select few, he amplified their wealth. He safeguarded their ships at sea, emboldened those who sought new lands, and ensured that power remained in their hands. But to maintain their riches, they needed soldiers to protect them, workers to transport their goods, and laws to prevent wealth from being shared. And so, humanity—now devoid of empathy—created slavery with its own hands.

And this was exactly what Satan wanted.

Humans, in their desire to preserve their way of life, began to destroy the lives of others. They slaughtered without feeling their victim's suffering. They feasted without concern for the starving. Satan had rid himself of empathy.

And humanity had become a species that existed solely for itself.

Despite the Chief Overseer's warning, Anahari had delayed venturing into the depths of Kali's Grand Library. But now, he was finally there. As he looked around in astonishment, he realized that he was the only still figure in a realm that never ceased its motion. The library was overflowing with knowledge containing billions of possibilities, expanding with every moment—its shelves stretching and rising endlessly.



Anahari

Above each section, the names of planets were engraved. Anahari had been instructed to focus on what he sought, and as he did, the shelf he needed materialized before him.

“Earth”

Anahari shifted within his black cloak. His eyes, always concealed within the shadows of his hood, longed to absorb the countless volumes before him. Did they hold anything he didn't already know? Beyond the reports brought by millions of Overseers, was Kali collecting knowledge of its own?

He pushed aside the urge to question Kali itself—for now. The first thing he truly wanted to understand was the

creation of the First Beings in Kali's City, their journey to Paradise, and the process of their descent to the planet. Even though the "Earth" shelf had appeared before him, he couldn't determine what to ask next.

As he glanced around, he caught sight of the space where Alat's gathered reports vanished into nothingness.

In the end, only knowledge would remain in Kali.

Taking a deep breath, Anahari asked his first question:

"What makes humans special?"

From the countless pages filling the shelf, a single sheet emerged, floating before him until it came to a stop at eye level. As he reached for it, he found only one line written upon it:

"Kali placed a part of itself within them."

Anahari's grip tightened.

That was something he already knew.

Behind him, a journal named Neil appeared in the form of a woman, her hands elegantly transcribing everything her master witnessed.

Anahari then turned to his second question:

"Why are there things forbidden in Paradise?"

Once more, a page shot forth at the same speed, presenting yet another answer:

“Kali allows all things to exist. It is all possibilities.”

Anahari exhaled sharply, frustration creeping into his chest.

A library that held infinite knowledge was offering him answers no different from the Chief Overseer’s words. Amid the chaos of information, nothing new or intriguing stood out.

He had been told that all doors would be opened to him.

But now, he realized he needed help.

Closing his eyes, he calmly called out to the Keepers of the Library.

“Sages...”

And in an instant, the Three Sages appeared before Anahari, their faces ever-changing as they spoke without delay:

“Anahari, what does wisdom seek from us?”

The Sages stood before him, limbless, transparent beings with a flickering light atop their heads, swaying like a candle’s flame. Their shifting faces bore meanings unknown.



Three Sages

Behind him, Neil recorded every expression she saw in the Sages, as well as the fluctuating emotions and thoughts of her master.

It was Anahari's turn to respond.

But the Sages spoke again:

“You do not yet know how to speak to us. If you wish to find the right answer, you cannot ask all three of us at once. We are the Past, the Present, and the Future. You must choose one.”

Anahari did not hesitate.

“The past emerges only after I have written it into my records. I am its author and its witness. The future constantly shifts, shaped by the actions of the present. Kali knows all possibilities, and it does not matter which one comes to pass. None of them are more valuable to it than another. But to me, they are.”

At that moment, the face of the Sage in the center became an empty void, while the lights of the other two dimmed, as if a passing breeze could snuff them out.

“So you have chosen to speak with me, Anahari. What do you seek from the Present?”

Anahari’s voice was firm.

“There is nothing here that serves my purpose. Creation does not want me to interfere with fate, yet Satan—through his actions toward humanity—has interfered with mine.”

The Present Sage’s voice resonated through the shifting reality of the library:

“You are mistaken, Anahari. You may bear witness to the past, but wisdom is born from experience. And within the future, the secret of your end is hidden. You fear the possibilities that may unfold. Kali may value all outcomes equally. Or perhaps it has confined us all within a single possibility—the one we are living now. Could you have prevented this moment from happening? Since you have chosen me, I will help you.”

The darkness beneath the Present Sage swelled like a balloon, swallowing them both and pulling them downward with force. Anahari had the urge to spread her wings, but as soon as she adjusted to the descent, she noticed Neil floating beside her, still recording everything like a spectator at a grand performance.

When Anahari had first entered the library, the Sages had secretly tried to communicate with her notebook, Neil. They wanted to see the records it had kept about creation. But the untethered book had responded with only one thing: a threat to erase all of its contents. The security of all books and their knowledge was entrusted to the Sages. However, the Chief Overseer had commanded them not to interfere with anything.

And yet... it had happened.

Anahari tried to calculate the descent speed and duration within the black balloon that encased them. How much deeper could they go within the City of Kali? She had already traveled through all her planets and returned home. Their journey toward knowledge was taking quite some time... or perhaps the Keykeeper was simply impatient.

She glanced behind her, toward Neil, who hovered above the ground with bare feet, seemingly unaffected by the descent. The notebook continued to write incessantly. When she turned back to the Sage, she noticed the void-like black hole in its face was slowly closing.

And that was the last thing she saw.

Everything went dark in an instant.

For the first time, Anahari could see absolutely nothing.

Or maybe... there was simply nothing left to see.

Anahari's eyes did not perceive light; they perceived knowledge. Perhaps there was no longer any knowledge left to perceive.

After a period of absolute darkness, the Sage's head ignited like a flame. The flickering glow, like that of a candle, gradually grew stronger until it illuminated the surroundings. As the light expanded, Anahari saw a door appear before her.

Upon it was an arm, and from the keyhole, strands of knowledge seeped outward. Due to the surrounding darkness, the light spilling from inside was even more pronounced.

The Sage turned to Anahari and spoke:

“I know that you couldn't see anything just now. But there was knowledge even within that darkness. Some knowledge can only be illuminated through wisdom. In this library, you must leave behind your emotions and your notebook. The information inside does not exist within time. That is why your notebook is forced to categorize knowledge into the past, the future, or the present as it records it. The books will give you only what you need. If the past and the future had never existed, the present would not exist either. You are the one who unlocks all things. I do not need to open this door for you. When you wish to leave, think of your room and say ‘exit.’”

With that, the Sage disappeared.

Anahari turned quickly, expecting to see Neil right behind her. But she could neither see nor feel it. The Sage had taken it. All that remained was the glow spilling through the keyhole.

Anahari knew she could not waste the help she had been given. Without hesitation, she reached out and lightly touched the doorknob with her fingertips. The sound of the unlocking mechanism echoed through the darkness, and in an instant, she found herself inside.

Her anxieties, her sense of a physical body—everything she had thought of as matter—had vanished. All that remained were her two black eyes. Now, she was nothing more than a presence drifting in the void. The space around her was a flawless cube. There was no furniture, yet every surface was lined with shelves, stacked seamlessly side by side, layer upon layer, leaving no empty space. These shelves held books that pulsed in different colors. Anahari's eyes absorbed only physical knowledge, and she found herself grateful that her hands had remained with her.

For a brief moment, she felt as if she knew exactly what she was looking for. But then, a sudden realization struck her—she was not supposed to think. She silenced her mind.

The moment she did, a book detached itself from the shelves beneath her feet. It floated up, gliding gently through the air until it hovered directly before her. The book opened on its own, but its pages were completely blank.

The Sage had told her that some knowledge could only be revealed with guidance. The stillness and emptiness of this place unsettled her. She tried to suppress her thoughts, but her mind refused to be silenced. If only my mind had been taken along with my emotions and body, she mused. Then I could simply see without interference.

At the very moment this thought echoed in her mind, the book's pages began to turn rapidly. Letters formed across them, writhing as if alive. Anahari tried to read, but before she could process the words, the letters detached from the pages and poured into her eyes, consuming her vision.

The book abruptly stopped. Its pages, now lifeless, turned stark white, as if they had encountered death itself. Then, like stardust, they scattered and drifted back to where they had come from.

Anahari was so stunned that she did not even realize she wished to return. Yet in the blink of an eye, she found herself kneeling at the edge of her pool. Her vision and mind had been forced back into her physical form. She could not yet fully comprehend what she had just experienced, but something inside her had changed.

She reached for her notebook, and as if answering her silent call, Neil materialized before her. It returned to its form as a book, patiently waiting for its master's next entry.

Anahari ignored the notebook's hunger for knowledge. Instead, she carefully wrote a single word:

“Messenger.”



Anahari's Notebook

The gray cover of the notebook slowly darkened. Turning red. The color of the Devil.

Anahari had discovered something unsettling—Kali's governance had interfered with Fate. A hidden system was in place, one that sent ambiguous messages to the worlds, offering guidance without direct intervention. As she left her chamber, moving through the long corridors of the administration building, she felt an urge to spread her wings—as if doing so would propel her across thousands of light-years in a single breath. Though her body moved slowly, her thoughts had already reached the Chief Overseer.

Sensing Anahari's urgency and curiosity, the Chief Overseer was waiting for her in front of the council building.

When she arrived, she noticed the same crowd bustling around as before. It was as if she had been here before—perhaps many times. Even the Watchers passing by seemed unchanged, locked in the same moment, just like their last conversation.

Trying to steady herself, she finally spoke:

“Chief Overseer, what is a Messenger? What is this system of assistance? Weren’t we supposed to avoid interfering with fate? Does Kali not trust the beings it creates? Is that why it remains indifferent? Could it be ashamed of its own creations’ failures?”

For the first time, Anahari truly felt the Chief Overseer’s presence. It was as if he had a body—one that, for this moment, chose to manifest its form. She saw his hands resting patiently over his abdomen, as if he were a father waiting for a child to tire themselves out with questions.

Had her words been ignored? Or had she simply gone too far in her criticisms of Kali?

The Chief Overseer’s voice was calm, but his response struck her like a tidal wave:

“Only Kali is flawless and unchanging. Kali has no need to feel, to know, or to learn. Those burdens were given to us. The only thing that must be prevented in creation is the enslavement of one being by another. Messengers do not alter what has already been formed, nor do they interfere with the lifespans of civilizations. The human mind, despite everything, will always create its own world and fate. We simply remind them of Kali when they need it. We avoid assistance that

would limit their possibilities. Humanity forges its own destiny.”

Anahari struggled with these words. She wasn’t sure if she couldn’t understand them or if she simply refused to.

“Isn’t Kali the creator? Could the piece it placed within humanity truly be creativity?”

The Chief Overseer observed her in silence, letting her thoughts settle before finally asking her directly:

“Anahari, what is it that you want from me?”

And there it was—the truth that made her feel helpless. She spoke without thinking:

“When I return to Earth, I don’t want the Devil to see me.”

The Chief Overseer, with an expression as unwavering as ever, answered:

“Earth is your world, Anahari. The Devil is merely a guest.”

Anahari’s body tensed beneath her black cloak. She shifted slightly, withdrawing her face deeper into the shadows of her hood. The Chief Overseer did not impose his presence upon her, did not make her feel his weight or size. Yet, for

some reason, she imagined herself taller than him—stronger, more assured.

She knew that by the end of this conversation, something would change.

And yet, she couldn't shake the feeling that the Chief Overseer was speaking of the Devil with a certain neutrality—perhaps even leniency. It irritated her. Keeping her anger from surfacing, she forced her voice to remain steady.

“He is no guest—he is an invader. He no longer even hides himself, at least not from humans... A planet's lifespan doesn't just shrink by two hundred thousand years on its own.”

The Chief Overseer's response was delivered with unwavering composure.

“You interfered with the fates of the two planets you lost, Keykeeper.”

Anahari refused to accept this as the same situation. She straightened her posture, her voice now clearer, more resolute.

“This is different. He wants to destroy.”

But the Chief Overseer merely invoked Kali's will in return:

“Kali knows what it is doing. It knows the end of all things.”

Every reassuring phrase only fueled Anahari's frustration.

"But I do not?" she demanded, struggling to suppress her anger.

She took a deep breath, forcing herself to pause—to calm down. Then, after a moment, she continued:

"If Kali already knows everything, then I may as well do nothing."

The Chief Overseer regarded her, as if coming to a final decision. He dipped his head slightly.

"I can no longer interfere in your fate. I have told you what must be done. I do not know if the gods of Earth will ever call upon you, but even in your sleep, keep your ear to the world."

The Chief Overseer's final words stirred a new question within Anahari.

"The gods have already emerged, Chief Overseer. Even now, hundreds of cultures worship thousands of deities. If they are to call for help, it can only be because of the Devil. Yet he pays them no attention. The ability to see him should be granted to me."

The Chief Overseer, maintaining his composure as if ignoring her request, replied evenly.

"You must wait, Anahari. You must continue to observe. Humanity does not yet see the Devil as a threat. Your

reports suggest that they are using him to justify their actions. They claim they were deceived, that they had no control over their sins. Humans now fear their own gods more than they fear the Devil. As the Three Sages said, ‘If the past and the future had never been, the present would not exist.’”

Anahari inhaled deeply, accepting the truth in his words.

“Chief Overseer, I will no longer question your wisdom. I will wait patiently for the gods of Earth to call upon me. That is why I must also be prepared for the possibility of entering Earth. I will not listen to human prayers—only those of the gods they have created. And until their wishes are granted, I will not interfere with the Devil.”

Yet, this was not the true request she had come to make. Mimicking human behavior, she took a deep breath before continuing.

“However, there is another angel who has betrayed creation. If I am ever to descend upon Earth, I cannot leave him behind. Even the Devil cannot open the gates of paradise from the outside. The doors only open from within—for a guest. The angel who let him in must be sent to Earth as well. The one who deceived humanity may not even be the Devil himself.”

The Chief Overseer considered the name he had seen in Anahari’s mind.

Sensing the moment of silence, Anahari seized the opportunity to press further.

“If Kali only intervenes to prevent slavery, then it has already begun on Earth. They need an emissary. If the Kali administration is to stop this, they must act now. A divine messenger must be sent—and so must the angel who betrayed paradise.”

When the Chief Overseer finally gave the sign that her request had been accepted, Neil bore witness to the event and the vows exchanged.

Just as Anahari felt the rush of hope lifting her from the ground, the Chief Overseer broke his silence once more.

“One last warning. The Watchers—the Overseers—are the most valuable beings of creation. If there are no Watchers, then what exists has no meaning. Do not stand between Kali and Azazil. You cannot break the pact. Even if your intent is to aid the gods, you will alter fate. Though you may not shorten your planet’s lifespan, there will be a price. That is why you must leave the choice to the gods—so that they do not stray from their path.”

Anahari held her breath. The Chief Overseer’s voice grew heavier.

“If you succeed—if the Devil loses—there is only one thing you must do. When you return, bring a witness. Did you act selfishly to save yourself, or did you uphold justice for all? That is for us to decide. From this moment on, you bear responsibility for all that happens on your planet.”



Michael

When Michael sensed a messenger approaching from the City of Kali, he instinctively peered into the being's mind. Yet, all he found was a singular fixation—its purpose was absolute. The messenger was bound by its duty, incapable of harboring any thoughts beyond delivering its message. Michael, formless and dispersed within the darkness of his dwelling, contemplated what this message could be.

For a moment, he turned inward. His existence was one of order. Michael did not err.

And yet, he was irritated. Was he once again expected to bow before the created? Nothing else came to mind. He drifted out of his dwelling, his darkness spreading over the Realm of Angels, surveying everything under his dominion.

The world outside was merely an extension of his own space—controlled, disciplined, and as it should be.

Angels carrying seeds of life emerged from the clouds that enveloped them, only to vanish back within once their tasks were complete. No entity threatened creation. Not since Satan had been cast out...

Michael saw that peace remained unbroken, that the angels obeyed their commands, that the cycle was untainted. Yet, the unease within him persisted.

When Michael resolved to leave his chamber, the darkness obeyed, unfurling beneath him like a woven path. The City of Angels stretched before him, but it was not in ruins as Israfil had once described. In Michael's presence, disorder did not exist. If it ever appeared, it would mend itself before he could witness it, returning to a state of balance the moment his gaze shifted elsewhere. Michael had heard Kali's voice and fulfilled every duty with unwavering perfection. The course of events was known to him. His wisdom left no room for surprises.

But this messenger... it was an anomaly.

When Michael reached the entrance of his dwelling, his form had expanded to such an immense stature that its roof and front walls dissolved entirely. He had no intention of diminishing himself before this visitor. The approaching messenger needed to understand who it was addressing. His dominion was absolute, his justice unshaken, his order unchallenged. No angel would ever rebel as Satan had.

And yet, something within him stirred—an unfamiliar disturbance.

Even before he had become the Archangel, he had never once failed to fulfill a command.

As if moving beyond his own control, Michael's body began to grow. The scattered darkness around him thickened, taking on a raw, unrefined blackness, flowing toward his feet like an ink-drenched river, waiting to receive the one who approached.

Michael spotted the messenger within moments. The being was no larger than the palm of his hand, yet its wings stretched as long as his legs. It was clearly carrying something heavy, but if it had wished, its massive wings could have brought it to him much sooner.

Michael realized he was being deliberately made to wait.

His fury swelled. His next instinctive move was to unsheathe his sword and cleave the messenger in two.

Before he could abandon his patience entirely and turn back into his dwelling, the messenger spoke in a calm, emotionless voice:

“The Chief Overseer has commanded me to deliver Kali's orders to you.”

Michael halted mid-step, tilting his head over his shoulder just enough to glare at the tiny being.

He now had absolute confirmation. He was being tested.



Michael and the Messenger

The messenger continued, undeterred:

“Lord Michael has questions to answer.”

When Michael fully turned, the darkness pooling around him had thickened, rising up to his knees like a living mire, feeding on his presence. If the messenger dared to land, it would never rise again. And now, in front of the Archangel, it stood frozen, burdened by an unspoken fear.

The messenger, unwilling to wait any longer, flapped its enormous wings once—perhaps in an attempt to dispel the oppressive weight of Michael’s presence.

In that instant, a massive book appeared before Michael.

The messenger vanished behind it, emboldened by its presence.

“This is the Chief Overseer’s ledger. Only you shall read the questions, and you will write your answers into this book.

This is a command!”

Michael instantly recognized the messenger’s posture. It was preparing to flee.

And just as he expected, with a single powerful beat of its wings, it vanished back toward the City of Kali, abandoning the weight of its burden in Michael’s presence.

Now, only the ledger remained.

Michael inhaled deeply, his lungs expanding with the force of his divine presence. His power as an Archangel had solidified over time, and yet, in this moment, he felt the unwelcome sensation of hesitation.

He did not want to look at the book.

For a fleeting moment, he considered ripping it apart. But he knew he could not.

His fist clenched reflexively, and the darkness around him surged outward, rushing through the entire realm like a tidal wave.

At that precise moment, words began to appear on the surface of the ledger.



Michael and the Chief Inspector's Notebook

And now, it was too late.

Michael couldn't believe what he had just read. His rage swelled so intensely that his body grew heavier, sinking into the very ground beneath him. The fury in his eyes turned the angelic realm into a fragile snow globe, on the verge of shattering. A powerful tremor followed, forcing angels out of their crumbling dwellings. One more push, and everything could be obliterated.

From a distance, Israfil, Gabriel, and Azrael observed the destruction, their attention locked on Michael. They knew exactly why he was in such turmoil—Michael was being sent to Earth. Not long ago, they had received similar orders. When they accepted, their ranks and appearances had changed—

Israfil's wings had turned deep purple, Azrael's ashen gray, and Gabriel's deep blue. It was as if their very beings were adjusting to Earth's reality.



Michael's Darkness

Yet, none of them had reacted like Michael. Gabriel remained indifferent, Azrael unconcerned, and Israfil—curiously—was even pleased. Now, however, they were all eager to see what Michael would do.

His rage escalated rapidly, and he seemed unaware of the destruction unfolding around him. Behind him, his grand cubic dwelling collapsed entirely, its walls crumbling, releasing the power he had long kept contained. Michael had lost control, standing like a force of nature, as if he was about to reveal his true strength to the entire realm.

Just like Satan once did.

The angels attempted to distance themselves from him, yet there was nowhere to run. Michael had been ordered to leave the celestial city and descend to Earth. But his duty was to protect all existence. Unlike Satan, who had left willingly, Michael was being exiled.

Losing all restraint, he spread his wings. The mist-like ring on Kali's finger, ever present, now darkened into the deepest shade of black.

And then, at that moment—something appeared at Michael's feet.

A shadow, lying on the ground, its red eyes flickering open.

Israfil's excitement surged. Michael had a pet!

And somehow, it had never once crossed his mind that the great Archangel would have such a thing.

A slender-bodied, long-legged, sharp-nosed hound lay with its head resting on its front paws, its red eyes flickering open. The moment it awoke, it scanned its surroundings, immediately irritated by the dim light that reached its vision. Rising slowly, it stretched forward, then backward, its lean form expanding as it stood. Within moments, the creature had grown to the size of a towering beast, reaching its master's waist. Millions of angels surrounded it, and it could taste them in the air.



Darkness

It bared its fangs, extending its maw forward in anticipation, waiting for a command. Michael had fed this creature with his very essence, raising and strengthening it over millions of years. He had given it a name that reflected its nature—Darkness. The angels, overcome with terror, retreated into the last remnants of fading light, huddling together in silence. Even Satan had never taken it this far. They were on the verge of learning what true annihilation meant.

Michael's mind did not entirely align with the hunger in his beast's eyes, but he knew exactly what would happen if he let go of the chain. Darkness was an extension of himself, yet in many ways, it was free from divine restraint. If he unleashed it, the beast would tear through the fragile balance of existence, and no being, not even the Chief Overseer, could stop it. He himself could not break the agreement, but Darkness could. The Denouncers had no power over its fate.

All he had to do was step aside and let it devour the Chief Overseer's sacred tome. His betrayal would not be



Michael and His Dog, Darkness

greater than Azazil's, nor would it be irreversible. His fingers clenched around the chain, his grip tightening, his thoughts flirting with the edge of destruction. For a fleeting moment, he loosened the leash, just enough to feel the rush of excitement surge through him.

But before Darkness could react, Michael held it back. He exhaled slowly, retracting his wings and extending his hand toward the floating tome. His index finger moved with finality as he carved his answer into the ancient pages:

“I am not Azazil.”



Darkness

Michael found no other explanation for his circumstances except that this was a test crafted for him. When the Chief Overseer's tome vanished, he took a deep breath and turned back toward his home. The cube-shaped dwelling behind him shifted and expanded, stretching into the form of a grand palace. Its doors transformed into massive, double-winged gates, embedded beneath towering walls. The Archangel had yet to suppress his fury, and his dwelling had grown to accommodate his overwhelming presence.

He entered without effort, but Darkness, his beast, matched his size, growing just as vast. Its crimson eyes lingered on the trembling angels, still frozen in terror. With its tongue hanging loose and saliva gathering at its fangs, the creature turned with deliberate slowness, its weight pressing

into the ground, leaving deep imprints in its wake. As it reached the threshold, its massive head had to bow just to pass through. One last glance, one final sweep of its fiery gaze over the frightened assembly—and then, before stepping inside, it vanished into the void beyond the gate.

Even after Darkness disappeared, the angels remained utterly still, their fear lingering like a silent echo. The shadows that had spilled forth from Michael, darkening their realm, began retreating, slithering back toward him like streams rejoining their source. It was as if a defeated army, stripped of everything, was dragging itself back to its master.

Israfil had hoped that Michael's beast would attack the tome, that the balance would be shattered, forcing fate to unravel. But it hadn't. And now, disappointment weighed heavily on him. His sharp eyes darted toward Gabriel and Azrael, sensing that his body had subtly shifted in their direction, drawn toward them like a whisper carried by an unseen wind.

He turned his head fully toward them, his voice bridging the space between them without needing to move any closer.

“He is not Satan. Michael is loyal. But tell me—while the Chief Overseer sent us only orders, what did he make Michael sign?”

Gabriel and Azrael, long accustomed to seeing Israfil's emotions painted across his face, stiffened. This time, his entire form was stark white.

They could not tell if his question was pure curiosity or something else entirely.

As the massive doors slammed shut behind Michael, the lingering echoes of panic spilled into the open. The angels, having barely escaped the brink of annihilation, were left amidst the remnants of the darkness that had spread through their realm. The residue clung to everything it touched, and those too slow to take flight bore the mark of it—their wings stained, tainted. Cleansing the Angelic Realm would not be an easy task.



Tainted Angels

Israfil, Gabriel, and Azrael had just received their mission orders, yet they still had no clarity on what was expected of them. Even without explicit instruction, one thing

was clear—they needed to stay away from Michael. It was Israfil who spoke first.

“Michael has a weapon... And a powerful one at that. He should leave it behind. The duty of destroying the world belongs to me.”

Gabriel found himself agreeing. He wasn't sure whether he should be afraid or merely astonished. Watching the darkness that had spread, he was once again reminded of how forced beginnings breed resistance and how even the strongest habitual forces remain utterly unprepared for change.

What truly unsettled him, however, was one single question—did Michael realize he would never be able to return to the Angelic Realm at will? Would he restrain his beast when he felt the weight of rage in the mortal world? Gabriel wasn't sure.

Pulling himself from his thoughts, he turned to Israfil.

“If he doesn't know yet that he can't return, then once he learns, we'll need to keep our distance—far more than we already are. But that's impossible. The world is too small.”

Azrael, typically silent, listened without interruption. He was used to speaking with souls clinging to their last breath, with those weeping over broken bodies, with spirits terrified of separation, with the ones begging for just a little more time. He spent eternity convincing the living to let go of the material world.

And now, to Azrael, Michael was already dead.

But even he wasn't strong enough to convince the Archangel to leave his beast behind.

For the first time, he found himself agreeing with Israfil. Michael's hound—Darkness—could not go with him.

He was about to witness something new.

For the first time, a dying soul would take something with it.

The three remained where they stood, locked in silent contemplation. Israfil stood at the center, Gabriel at his right, Azrael at his left. Israfil had chosen this formation deliberately—Gabriel, positioned at a distance, would not miss a single word, while Azrael's habitual silence wouldn't isolate him completely. And in the center, Israfil ensured he could be heard by both.

Yet, despite the gravity of it all, Israfil was oddly amused. Without warning, he spoke again.

“I never considered the possibility of an end to the Angelic Realm,” he mused. “But if this realm were ever meant to end, it would begin just like this.”

At first, he assumed he was speaking to himself. But now, he was no longer alone with his thoughts.

Two others had heard him.

As Michael stepped into the depths of his palace, accepting the command that had been given to him, his hound, Darkness, settled before the massive gates, now sealed behind them. If anyone wished to reach his master, they would first have to go through him.

Yet, what truly piqued his curiosity was the reason behind his master's fury. There had been a moment—brief but undeniable—when he had felt the chain loosen. But before he could act, it had tightened once more. That fleeting sensation of absolute freedom had gripped him, and now, he longed to experience it again.

And when that moment came, nothing would stop him.

Not even his master.

“I will destroy anything that harms him!”

Michael did not hear his hound's vow. Once inside, knowledge of his mission flooded his mind.

He had faced a trial like this before. When Satan rose against Kali because of humanity, Michael had refused to stand beside him. And now, he was being sent to Satan's side, this time in the wake of a so-called Messenger.

He had yet to learn the duration of his mission, and the deliberate absence of that information was something he did not appreciate. Even the simplicity of his task bothered him.

He was to regulate atmospheric conditions during the Messenger's birth—adjust a few winds, manipulate the sun's warmth.

This was an insult to his power.

Michael had already tested his true abilities, had seen what he was capable of, had once held a meteor the size of Earth in his hands and erased it from existence.

His chamber held nothing but darkness. He continued walking forward, lost in thought.

“The only real issue is that they never told me when I’m supposed to return. The Messenger is human—mortal. A human’s lifespan is so brief that sending me away for it feels beneath me.”

The thought diminished him.

Still, there was no more time to dwell on it.

It was time to leave his palace, gather the three awaiting angels, and descend to Earth.

The Chief Overseer had already signaled that the Messenger was ready to depart.

As Michael stepped out of his chamber, his hound was waiting for him, standing tall.

Michael raised his voice, his tone sharp and commanding:

“Stay inside!”

Darkness lowered himself onto his haunches, his gaze shifting toward the light that attempted to spill through the grand doors as they swung open.

When the doors sealed shut, the beast rested his head upon his forepaws and closed his eyes.



Darkness

And the dream that overtook him began the moment Michael let go of the chain...

The grand gates of Mikail's palace swung open with a resounding noise as the Archangel stepped out. Cebrail, Israfil, and Azrail stood before him, awaiting their orders. The moment Mikail crossed the threshold, the palace behind him, along with his hound, shrank into a tiny black marble, vanishing into his palm.

He waited patiently as the darkness that had scattered throughout the angelic realm slowly returned to him. The last remnants of his essence, flowing from his feet back into his body like small, black rivers, finally merged with his being. Mikail had left nothing behind. Every fragment of his power might prove necessary, for he was heading to the domain of Satan.



Michael - Gabriel - Israfil - Azrael

As soon as the three angels saw that their commander was ready, they quickly moved forward and kneeled before him. As was tradition, they would first present their duties for the realm they were about to enter.

Cebrail would have spoken first, if Mikail permitted it. Yet he remained silent, studying the three who had been chosen to accompany him. Among billions of angels, it was no coincidence that these three had been assigned to this mission.

Their ranks had been elevated. Their colors had deepened. Each bore a new weight of authority. Mikail peered into their minds.

Israfil still harbored his own grand designs, while Cebrail and Azrail were simply prepared to fulfill their given tasks. And he alone had no clear purpose on Earth.

With a quiet command, he spoke.

“Speak, Cebrail.”

Cebrail lifted his head.

“I will guide the Messenger from birth until his final breath.”

Azrail placed a hand over his chest and solemnly declared:

“I will sever the attachments of the Elçi and his followers, freeing them from their earthly bindings. I will lead them back to their paradise. I bring with me a new understanding of death.”

Israfil shifted restlessly before speaking.

“The End of Days draws near.”

For Israfil, there had always been only one duty.

The three angels, still kneeling, dared not lift their eyes toward their leader. Mikail finally spoke, his voice laced with an unspoken weariness.

The oppressive weight of his presence eased slightly, and the three angels cautiously raised their heads. Yet Mikail’s gaze was fixed elsewhere.

He was staring at Kali Şehri.

What he saw startled him.

For the first time, he could see the Watchers.

It seemed he, too, had been granted new privileges. Quickly regaining his composure, he turned back to his soldiers.

“Rise and prepare!”

At his command, the three vanished instantly.

Yet Mikail’s attention lingered on the Watchers. He observed them moving through the great walls of Kali’s city, their presence unfazed by the concerns that burdened angels.

They were mere observers.

His own role had always been far greater.

The Earth he was bound for already had a Watcher, and now, someone other than the divine Kali would be watching Anahari as well.

When Israfil, Cebrail, and Azrael reappeared before him, they all witnessed it.

A Messenger had departed from Kali Şehri.

For a moment, they stood still.

Then, as the small sphere of radiant light rushed past them, the three spread their wings and vanished into the void, following its trail.

Israfil was carrying out one of his eternal duties—delivering a planet’s final omen before erasing it. The only difference this time was that he was no longer alone. No one truly knew the full extent of his power, not even Mikail. But soon, that would change. Israfil was determined to leave the mighty Archangel in awe.

Upon leaving the angelic realm, he was the first to assume human form, choosing to become a woman. Like the others, he had studied Earth, but unlike them, he had come to admire the power within femininity. A wide grin stretched across his newly formed lips, reaching almost to his ears—an expression of pure delight. He wrapped himself in attire of his own choosing, a regal violet robe draped over his figure, concealed beneath a matching cloak.

Israfil was an unusual, necrotic being—one who longed to be sought after, revered, and consulted for wisdom and power. And humanity, fragile yet intricate, would be the key to granting him all that he desired. With majestic wings tucked beneath his violet cloak, a face frozen in a wide, unsettling smile, and a heart pounding with anticipation for Earth's destruction, he loved his new form. He longed to descend.

Yet, Mikail could not be ignored. No matter how much he surpassed him, Mikail would always be his master. But even Mikail was part of his grand design.

Azrail was the second to transform, and like Israfil, she too chose to take on the form of a woman. Her bare form was soon adorned in shades of gray, wrapped in a muted veil of neutrality. Gray—symbolizing balance, detachment, serenity, wisdom, and stillness—was a fitting color for her.

As the Angel of Death, Azrail did not speak unless required, nor did she contemplate beyond her given duty. She existed only to fulfill the commands she received and appeared only when beings longed to return to their origin.

During the final moments of Earth's existence, the era of polytheism had given birth to a multitude of beliefs. Many souls, having lost their faith in paradise, found themselves trapped, lingering on the planet with no clear path forward. They needed a guide, an Angel of Death to show them the way.

Gabriel knew everything about the Messenger's mission and the nature of humankind. Unlike the others, he chose to take on the form of a man, knowing it would make his work much easier. He could not understand why the others had

opted to become women. On Earth, men held power. All Messengers had always been men.

In fact, he had never encountered a religion where women were granted any real authority.

Gabriel embodied loyalty, trust, responsibility, order, and success. He was a disciplined being, a strict follower of rules, bound by duty. He dressed himself in loose-fitting garments of sand and brown, mirroring the attire of the people the Messenger would walk among. Over his robes, he draped a long cloak, concealing his presence in humility.

Yet, despite all their transformations, Michael's colossal form had yet to shrink. But he too would have to change if he wished to enter Earth's realm.

Gabriel and Israfil lingered at the outskirts of the angelic city, contemplating what form Michael might choose. They had yet to depart, their eyes fixed on the Messenger, watching, waiting. The moment the angels were fully prepared, the Chief Overseer gave the command.

At once, the Messenger accelerated, his being condensing into a small, radiant sphere of light before vanishing from the angels' sight. He was en route to Earth.

Before following, the angels turned their gaze to Michael. The instant he spread his vast wings, they took flight in unison, trailing after the Messenger's fading blue light.

The hue of the Messenger—blue—held deep significance for humanity. It was the color of salvation,

serenity, modernity, loyalty, clarity, peace, productivity, communication, and precision.



The Messenger

Anahari was eager to see how Michael would react. Would he act like Satan? She had taken her place in the stands just in time to witness it all unfold.

As the Chief Overseer's ledger opened before Michael, Anahari had already begun taking notes in her own book. Moments later, the tremors from a violent quake sent shockwaves rippling through space like rings expanding from a stone dropped into water. Each passing vibration carried

Michael's fury, and Anahari, sensing the intensity, scrawled onto the pages as if placing bets on the outcome:



Anahari

“Is Michael’s betrayal more dangerous than Satan’s? While Satan only sought to destroy humanity and return, will Michael make all angels pay for what he has suffered?”

“Will I be the one held responsible for what is to come?”

Her gaze never left Michael. Every step, every flick of his hands, every shift of his wings, and the darkness coiling around him—she recorded it all. Yet, she could see his hesitation. He was still uncertain about fulfilling the command given to him. Until, at last, something appeared at his feet.

Anahari paused her writing, captivated by the creature that had risen. The beast was not as large as Michael, but its rage burned a hundred times hotter. When Anahari saw Michael momentarily loosen his grip on the chain, she unfurled her wings in anticipation. The beast, however, remained unaware of its fleeting chance at freedom.

Anahari resumed her notes:

“How long has Michael kept this creature hidden within the realm of angels? It is strange that even Satan, the most powerful of all created beings, never sensed its presence. Michael is far more skilled at keeping secrets than I anticipated. Seeing his beast was a revelation. If he brings it to Earth, it could become a great threat. He could even shift the blame onto it for whatever happens.”

Then, just as suddenly as the storm had risen, it died down. Michael, having finally accepted his fate, withdrew into his palace. Anahari shut her notebook and waited. It wasn't long before a small, glowing orb emerged from the clouds enveloping the city of angels. Hot on its trail, four winged figures spread their vast wings and set off in pursuit.

As they passed by, Michael turned his head to meet her gaze.

Anahari, still watching their departure, reopened her book:

“What will Satan do when he sees Michael on Earth? Which of the angels will he confront first? I will find no answers unless I follow them, but I cannot touch the Earth

myself—yet. When the time comes, we will meet again, Michael.”

“And when you discover that I am the reason for all of this, let’s see what you’ll do then.”



Humanity discovered immortality through the cycle of birth, and this revelation hurled both time and mankind into an endless race for continuity. Perhaps the true battle was not among humans themselves, but between humanity and time. Was mankind created to defy “Time,” to overcome it, and to exist in a future where it no longer held power?

Despite the ages that have passed, has Satan still failed to prove humanity’s worthlessness to its creator, Kali? After a history filled with death, destruction, cruelty toward one

another, and the relentless devastation of their surroundings— what more could Satan be waiting for? His anger is not toward humanity; he has still not forgiven his creator.

Perhaps it is Michael, arriving with his beast, Darkness, who will finally bring an end to this ceaseless suffering of humankind.

As the Messenger and the angels approached Earth, the messenger's blue light sped ahead, moving swiftly before them. Michael, with his vast, untransformed wings, still retained his grandeur. He did not wish to be seen like Satan, driven by wrath and uncontained power.



The Messenger and the World

All the angels' minds were silent, anticipating the miracles that would unfold before them. Gabriel and Azrael, though they had entered planets before and carried out countless duties, now stood before a force unlike anything they had encountered. What door would this power open for them? Would they be entering the overwhelming multitude of human bodies, or the precious gift that Kali had bestowed upon them? Regardless, they all knew one undeniable truth—Satan's door would soon be knocked upon.

As the messenger's light neared its destination, it began to shift from side to side, as if overcome with joy. Then, in an instant, it surged forward like a child racing toward the mother waiting at the door. The angels, catching up to it, watched as the gate to their passage suddenly materialized as they entered Earth's atmosphere.



World Entrance Gate

The exterior of the door was shrouded in darkness, yet the keyhole upon it was unmistakable. It appeared as a grand, two-winged rectangular gate, and the sound of its opening stirred even the angels with excitement. As the two panels of the door began to swing inward, revealing the passage to Earth, light burst outward, spilling into the vastness of space.

From the planet's surface, the sight was surreal. Suspended in the clear, sunlit sky, the massive rectangular door stretched like a thick bed, its two handles hanging downward. Its height and width could only be measured in kilometers.

At that moment, Earth became like a kindergarten where the teachers had left the children unguarded. Oblivious to what was about to unfold, humans remained lost in their own clamor. Yet above them—among the clouds or walking the earth—the millions of gods they had created suddenly turned their faces toward the door.

For a long while, the gods remained silent. Some, stirred by an unknown force, rose from their thrones and dared to venture toward the lands ruled by Zeus. The gate had manifested just above Mount Olympus.

Zeus was a fierce god, and his believers had forged armies to defend his ever-expanding dominion. As time passed, thousands of gods gathered around the perimeter of his domain, forming an immense ring. Those who watched the colossal door felt an unshakable sense of dread, and soon, the once-unbroken silence fractured as the gods began murmuring anxiously among themselves.

Now, the shared curiosity of all the gods centered on a single question: What lay beyond the massive door that had appeared before their eyes?



Curious Gods

Unaware of what was unfolding, humanity continued to plead with their gods, their voices filled with hunger, suffering, and despair. Yet, as if realizing their prayers were falling on deaf ears, their supplications grew into desperate cries. Like neglected children throwing a tantrum, they became louder and more frantic, trying to force their gods to acknowledge their existence. Then, amidst the rising chaos, a single sound pierced through—the click of a lock turning. In that instant, an eerie silence swept over the Earth—or perhaps, the gods could hear nothing else.

As the two-winged gate swung open toward Earth, many of the lesser gods in the great circle fled and vanished in an instant. The stronger gods, however, stood firm, watching as the darkness within the door stretched infinitely into the void. When the brilliance of the stars began to dim, a small, formless blue light drifted outward from the abyss.

The gods recognized the energy radiating from it. They could sense that it was an envoy—an Elçi. Yet, no envoy had ever arrived on Earth in such a manner before. Elçiler typically appeared suddenly, subtly shifting the beliefs of those who encountered them.

No matter the method of their arrival, one thing was certain: the descent of an envoy always signified the imminent downfall of at least one among them. The gods who remained, unshaken by fear, exchanged glances filled with anticipation as they tracked the envoy's trajectory.

Their next target was Zeus.

Azrael, Israfil, and Gabriel had not seen the stars since they had left the city of angels—Mikail's surrounding darkness had veiled the heavens entirely. So when the World Gate opened and spilled its radiant light into the void, it momentarily blinded them, pulling the envoy swiftly into its embrace.

Seeing the envoy accelerate, Israfil, playful as ever, attempted to beat it to Earth, launching himself forward at full speed. Yet, even with his power, he could not catch up. Gabriel and Azrael barely noticed him as they passed, their focus locked on the descending envoy. Still, Israfil refused to be left

behind. He did not want to turn back—not toward the endless darkness that loomed behind him. Soon, he too would enter the light.

Gabriel and Azrael, determined to reach the envoy, surged through the gate with such velocity that the watching gods could see only the lingering streak of blue light they left in their wake. As the angels neared Earth, they spread their wings wide—this time, not to speed up but to slow their descent. With unshakable harmony, they landed, their gray and navy cloaks flowing behind them as they continued their pursuit. They would not leave the envoy’s side until it had completed its mission on Earth.

The number of gods watching the unfolding events had dwindled significantly. Zeus’s end was imminent, and for many, no news could be better. The majority had scattered to spread the word to other deities, leaving behind only the wise ones—those who understood the gravity of what was to come.



Gods

Until that moment, the gods had only seen a single envoy enter. Just as they believed the gate would close, a figure clad in a flowing purple cloak appeared, adorned with magnificent golden wings. Had the gods possessed the ability to blink like mortals, they would have missed him entirely. Israfil vanished into the world with such speed that his presence barely lasted a fleeting moment—little more than a memory.

The gate remained open, yet nothing happened for a long while. But the gods sensed something still lingering outside, something that should have already entered. And for the first time, they knew fear. Many gods disappeared into the ether, leaving behind only the bold, the wise, and the curious. They all shared the same thought—a being that hesitated to cross into this realm must be bound by necessity, rather than will.

As they stood in watchful silence, the darkness within the gate began to bleed inward like a thick, black mist. The remaining gods, no longer certain they wanted this visitor to enter, felt the weight of an unseen force pressing against the threshold. Yet their curiosity held them in place.

Mikail, knowing he had to shrink to pass through, lost control the moment the other angels departed. He expanded instead—so much so that for an instant, he felt as though he held Earth in the palm of his hand. He was no different from a human grasping a delicate snow globe, struggling to contain something too vast for his grasp. What surged from within him could never fit into the world below.

To enter, he had to rid himself of the one thing too large for this realm—his ego.

He was not here for humanity. Nor for Satan. He had received his orders, and there was no turning back. He had always followed the rules. He had always done what was required.



Michael, Too Vast for the World

As Mikail pondered whether Satan had left something behind to fit into the world, he felt a gaze upon him. He was being watched. He knew he must not reveal his full strength—becoming a target was the last thing he wanted. Regaining control over his scattered mind and form, he forced himself to shrink. As he neared the gate, the darkness coiled like smoke, seeping once more through its edges into the world below.

It felt as though he were passing through a low-ceilinged tunnel, his head bowing as he pulled himself inside. Still too large, his wings struggled to pass through the narrowing space. His footing faltered; he nearly stumbled. The moment his entire body crossed the threshold, the gate groaned shut, shedding small fragments as if crumbling from the strain. Yet, it did not disappear. The creaking of its rusted hinges was so piercing that every god in the world instinctively covered their ears.

Mikail was still too vast. If he spread his wings or moved too suddenly, it could cause unintended havoc. Beneath the black cloak that draped over his form, concealing his face and body, he remained utterly still. Slowly, he unraveled his darkness, spreading it into the world in the thinnest veil possible.

From that day forward, the Earth would never reclaim its former radiance. As autumn faded into winter and winter struggled into spring, the people would find themselves deprived of enough light. Their spirits, like the seasons, would darken. The weight of Mikail's arrival would settle over them—not as fire and ruin, but as an unshakable, creeping shadow.

Mikail grew irritated as he realized the world was even smaller from the inside than it had seemed from the outside. If he wanted to move freely, he needed to control his anger first and then focus on shrinking himself further. His gaze fell upon the shadow concealed in his palm—his dog, Darkness. His emotions orbited him like an asteroid field around a frozen planet. He needed to find a place for it as well.

He turned his attention to his surroundings, searching for a reason, an omen—anything to justify his presence. He had expected that upon arriving, the world itself would provide some kind of sign. The planet's surface was abundant with life, shaped by the Seeds of Possibility, thriving in diverse and unpredictable forms. Yet, despite this richness, death was an intrinsic part of its nature—it was, after all, just another mortal world.



Michael - Cities of the Gods

Life stirred in every direction, in the sky and on land, wherever existence permitted. Everything was interconnected, bound by an unseen rhythm. As Mikail continued to observe, something peculiar caught his eye. Above the clouds, grand cities floated—far more resplendent and vast than those below.

The beings that inhabited them bore divine attributes. There were traces of Kali within them, though faint. This was unlike any other world he had encountered. When Mikail peered into their minds, he found they believed themselves to

be eternal, existing within an unending cycle of power and worship.

But Mikail, with his sight that reached beyond the illusions of gods and mortals alike, saw the truth—eternity was not theirs to claim.

“Gods...”

Mikail murmured, his voice barely more than a whisper. He had never heard of such a thing before. Humans had forgotten their creator, Kali, and instead forged beings in their own image. The first thought that came to his mind was:

“The free will Kali granted humanity is strong enough for them to create gods in her place.”

He stood motionless for months, watching the mortals and their gods. Bored of this spectacle, the Archangel finally turned his attention to the planet spinning beneath his feet.

“Earth.”

As the world rotated beneath him, it felt like a toy placed before a restless child, soothing his irritation. Calming himself, Mikail slowly began to shrink, condensing until he could fit within his own confines. Throughout this time, he never took his eyes off Cebrail and Azrail, who had already begun their duties following the Elçi. Meanwhile, İsrafil had disappeared.



The World Beneath Michael's Feet

Since his arrival, his former commander, Şeytan, had not spoken a single word to him. It was as if he did not exist. Mikail had expected no formal welcome, but not being able to sense him anywhere was unsettling. One question lingered in his mind—Satan had been on Earth for so long that Mikail could no longer tell if what he felt was the presence of the planet itself or that of his ancient adversary.

By the time he had shrunk to nearly twice the height of a human, Mikail finally set foot on Earth. The sheer weight of his presence sent tremors through the land, and through the reverberations that echoed back to him, he absorbed the planet's every detail. At its core, Earth was a sphere of fire.

Yet still, he could not sense Satan.

But he had found himself a dwelling.

A darkness stood out to him—an unbroken, singular mass of black stone buried deep beneath the earth. Humans called it a monolith.

It was nestled within Augustus Mountain in Australia, a monolithic giant isolated from the rest of the world. Surrounded by the vast sea and set in barren lands nearly impossible for mortals to reach, it stood towering over 800 meters high.



Augustus Mountain in Australia

Mikail knew his dog, Darkness, would love it here. And with that thought, he vanished.

Mikail carried out his duty as commanded, ensuring The Messenger's birth unfolded as it was meant to. Cebrail would oversee The Messenger's growth, Azrail would guide him back upon his death, and Israfil would bring destruction to the world The Messenger left behind.

Before the birth, Cebrail took the form of a shepherd and wandered among the people, whispering the location of the soon-to-be-born The Messenger into their ears. And so, as soon as the child was delivered in a stable—surrounded by livestock—the people found him and began to gather around him.



Gabriel

Mikail observed everything, yet he had many doubts about the task at hand.

This mission, which diminished his power to a mere shadow of itself, had led him to follow an The Messenger who had been born in a stable, among farm animals. He had long understood that, to humans, what made life and Earth valuable was power and wealth. After all, had they not fled paradise just to possess?

Had the Messenger been born a king, his path to success would have been far easier, regardless of his purpose. People, who worshiped power, would have followed him without question, obeying his every decree and command. Those who did not comply would, as always, be swiftly and publicly punished. Fear had always been an effective tool for control.

But Mikail cared neither for The Messenger nor for humans. He was an angel. He had carried out his orders.

For him, the true burden was Time.

Time meant waiting.

It was Time that allowed mortals to be noticed, preventing them from disappearing like momentary flickers. It gave them a past filled with memories. Mikail had encountered Time. He had touched it.

And it felt like a sinister entity, hidden behind a pane of black glass. Even if it was not alive, it possessed awareness—or, at the very least, it functioned like a program, following its design with unwavering precision. It knew what it had to do.

Mikail had seen its effect on mortals:

When they were sad, when they suffered, Time slowed—stretching their agony, forcing them to endure it. But when they were happy, when they felt joy, Time accelerated—shortening their moments of bliss, leaving them craving more.

Happiness and sorrow were emotions beyond Mikail's reach.

But he did not know how long he would have to wait.

And Time, above all, existed only to remind him that everything must come to an end.

Israfil was fascinated by the privileges granted to humans. He had arrived on Earth with great curiosity, for this creation had been the catalyst for driving Satan from the realm of angels, the reason Mikail had descended to Earth, and, most remarkably, had been given the right to determine the timing of its own apocalypse.

For the first time, even Israfil did not know when his duty would be fulfilled—when he would sound the sur trumpet. This uncertainty had freed him from the monotony of his existence.

Thus, upon his arrival on Earth, he embarked on a journey through time to witness the beginning of the fallen humans.

Time travel was a rare privilege granted to angels. As Israfil moved into the past, he could observe recorded events, slipping into them as if stepping inside the pages of a closed book. Whenever he chose to stop on a particular page, the horizontal timeline would expand into a three-dimensional reality, bringing everything to life. The world would unfold before him exactly as it had been written.

He had used this ability many times before. When he felt the urge, he would rewind the flow of time to witness how

a planet's original inhabitants reached their apocalypse. He had done this countless times.

And yet, the conclusion was always the same:

All living beings, as they approached their world's end, inevitably turned against the very planet that had given them life.



Israfel

With great excitement, Israfil moved backward through time in vast leaps—ten thousand, twenty thousand, even fifty thousand years. Yet, no matter how far he went, humans were always there. He longed to find a time before their existence. Making one more jump through time, he spread his wings and came to a halt.

This time, he was beyond the atmosphere, with the Earth spinning beneath his feet. He took a deep breath. He had learned the scent of humans from paradise, and it had always reminded him of the earth. But now, for the first time, the planet smelled only of soil.

Had he not known of Satan's existence, he might have believed that Earth was nothing more than a charming little water globe, painted in endless shades of blue and green. The oceans were so vast that they seemed to have swept back the land, as though the planet had tucked its watery hair behind its ears just to reveal a little bit of soil. To balance this, humans had frozen water at two points they called the equator. Perhaps this was necessary for life to thrive not only in the sea but also on land.

Israfil couldn't help but laugh.

"Let's see how long it takes before humans meddle with that frozen water."

Israfil was certain this time—no one was listening to her... or so she thought.

She was in a woman's body, her golden hair simply gathered atop her head. Her violet cloak draped down to her bare feet. Folding her yellow wings tightly, she descended rapidly from the upper atmosphere toward the Earth she had been observing.

When she landed, she was immediately engulfed by mist and darkness. Though it was daytime, the forest barely allowed any sunlight to seep through. She couldn't tell if what



Israfil - Time Travel

she was looking at was a flower or a tree. Then, the stench that reached her nose settled the matter.

“Yes, this strange thing is a tree.”

On the many planets she had visited, no living thing ever allowed another to thrive at its own expense, yet it never willingly permitted its own destruction either. The towering trees that blanketed the sky allowed only the faintest slivers of sunlight to reach the layers beneath them, creating a gathering of beggars at their feet. As she took in the scene, Israfil understood the giants. If they continued to hoard the light, the tiny creatures at their roots, their heads lifted in silent anticipation, would wither.

She attempted to take her first step forward, but something weighed her down. That was when she noticed the thick black sludge clinging to her feet. And at that moment, she understood the lifeless colors around her, the putrid scent of the flowers, and the distorted forms of the plants. The entire landscape, stretching for miles, was surviving atop a foundation of blackened mud.

What something feeds on determines what it becomes.

“I wonder... what am I feeding on?”

Israfil grimaced as she looked down at her bare feet, now dirtied by the thick, naked mud. She was paying the price for the human body’s sensitivity to beauty and cleanliness. She felt tainted. The desire to rid herself of the filth, to be somewhere more aesthetic and fragrant, surged within her like a commanding force. For the first time, something was telling her what to do, pressuring her to obey.

*“How do humans resist their own bodies?
Is this happening because I don’t know how to use mine?”

If being here unsettles my body, then I should take it elsewhere.”*

Without even using her wings, Israfil stepped backward in time—just a single day. She now existed wherever she pleased. Her path was through time itself, where distance held no meaning.

Now, she was surrounded by sweet-scented flowers and vast, vividly colored leaves. They seemed to have gathered before her, as if waiting to be picked. A strange sense of peace

settled within her. The human body did not require food, yet she did not feel full. Perhaps feeding it something else would be good for her as well.



Israfil - Time Travel

Amid the unfamiliar delight and lightness she felt, Israfil bent forward with a faint smile. She plucked a single petal from a white, twenty-petaled, crown-shaped flower.

At that moment, a voice rang out:

“Israfil!”

Israfil, rather than feeling fear, was filled with excitement. Like a startled bird, she spread her golden wings wide in an instant. But then, trying to calm herself, she thought—if the voice belonged to Satan, she wouldn’t be able to escape him anyway. There was no other natural enemy she could think of.

She folded her wings, and in a guilty reflex, as if trying to hide her crime, she let the small petal slip from her fingers, surrendering it to the wind that had suddenly appeared.

And then she realized—she had touched the unchangeable past.

Her actions had summoned something.

Thinking she had been found, she turned around—but there was nothing there.

Something had spoken to her, yet it wasn't Satan. He never hid himself. If anything, after millions of years, she expected him to be eager to reveal his presence.



Israfil - Anahari

She scanned her surroundings, glancing from side to side. There was nothing else to do but ask.

“Who are you?”

A voice, clear and resolute enough to shake her from within, answered:

“I am the one who records everything. If there is a change in my past, I know of it.”

Israfil, feeling guilty, puffed up the hood of her violet cloak and pulled her face deeper into its shadows, smiling.

“So, I’ve been caught by a Watcher. I’ve never spoken to one of you before. Won’t you show yourself to me? I had no idea you did your job this well. Have you ever touched fate, Watcher? As far as I know, you all pay a price for it. What will my punishment be?”

She had started speaking playfully, almost mockingly. She was relaxed now—curious to see what would happen next.

What was happening intrigued Anahari as well. At the very least, things had begun to unfold. She knew she had to make the most of this opportunity. She might never find Israfil alone again.

Israfil, who acted like a child, bore no real responsibility for anything. That meant Anahari had to let him lead the conversation.

“Why have you come this far back? Can you return to Mikail’s side, Israfil?”

At the mention of Mikail’s name, Israfil’s face tensed. Without a moment’s hesitation, he yanked the entire stem of the flower he had just plucked a petal from and hurled it to the ground. If everything went as he had planned, he wouldn’t even need to fear Satan. And he would prove to this Watcher exactly who he was.

“So, what happens now, Watcher?”

“Nothing will happen, Israfil. If I had done it, everything would have changed. I’m sure you were expecting Satan instead of me. I don’t think you’re sharp enough to consider a Watcher in your plans. Satan is about to achieve his goal. His only concern is his own existence. What you seek isn’t with him.”

Israfil suddenly became aware of Anahari’s location. She was right above him. He could feel her inquisitive gaze pulling him in. He didn’t need to look at her to speak. But there was something strange about this planet’s Watcher. She claimed to be the one who could provide him with entertainment—and if that were true, she would surely demand something in return. But when? That thought thrilled him again.

“Existence is dull, Watcher. Everyone wants something. Satan craves status. Mikail longs for respect. But what is it that you desire? As this planet hurtles toward its inevitable demise, your wants are of no interest to me. I am not here for amusement—I am here to destroy this world. When

the end comes, I will stand beside whoever hastens humanity's extinction. Yet you speak as if you have a plan to fix things.

So tell me, Watcher—what are you trying to convince me of?”

“I have been watching you, Israfil. I have listened to your conversations with yourself. I wondered why the trust in angels unsettles you. Are you trying to prove to Kali that angels are not to be trusted? You want to betray them too. But you know your defiance will never be as impactful as Mikail's.

That's why you're using him, aren't you? You have a betrayal planned—one that will shatter all faith in angels forever.”

Israfil's lips curled into a wide grin before he burst into laughter.

“I am the one who will step onto the stage last. The true destroyer is me. Mikail and Satan are nothing but my causes.

And you—you, bound by fate—can do nothing but watch. But you care about Earth. You are trying to make a deal with me. Now I'm curious—what is it that you want?”

Anahari spoke without emotion, her tone devoid of expression. If they ever met again, she did not want him to recognize her.

“Your only flaw is underestimating Kali. If he wished, he could erase Satan as if he had never existed. But the Creator

Kali allows all things to unfold, and so he does not demand accountability.

The Satan you place your hope in will judge all of the angelic realm. If he wins, he will not leave the destruction of Earth in your hands.

And when that time comes, will you have the courage to demand something in return for what you've done for him?"

Israfil sighed, growing bored. A Watcher being this persistent, daring to step between Kali and Satan—that surprised him.

"So... is there a side standing against Satan? If Kali will not intervene and you, Watcher, will only observe... Now I understand you.

You want to use me against Satan."

Israfil tilted his head slightly and exhaled.

"I truly wonder—what could leave a Watcher so desperate?"

"Go ahead with your plans, Israfil. Do whatever you wish. But you must find something to distract Mikail.

Satan does not grow weary. But Mikail is still trying to fit himself into Earth. My advice to you? Introduce him to the gods. You should visit Olympos."

Israfil smirked slightly. Before asking his final question, he lifted his gaze to the sky for a brief moment.

“What is your name, Watcher?”

Anahari never heard Israfil’s last words.

As Satan and Mikail waited in silence, Israfil—unexpectedly—turned out to be as cunning, mischievous, and reckless as an intelligent yet spoiled child.

What he intended to do, along with his unwavering confidence, was deeply unsettling. He had traveled so far back in time that he neither knew nor cared what might happen to him on the way back.

Anahari had already seen the substance beginning to cling to Israfil. Over time, it would harden into stone, and he would most likely fall—becoming a forsaken angel.

Still, she knew he had successfully drawn Israfil’s attention toward the Olympian gods. At the very least, the ever-curious Israfil would go there.

Perhaps, fearing the Mikail he would bring along, the Olympian gods would make a wish—calling for help just to rid themselves of him.

But first, Israfil needed to return before he turned completely to stone.

And that... was impossible. What intrigued Anahari most was this:

Who would save Israfil from becoming a fallen angel?

Satan?

Mikail?

When Israfil realized that Anahari had left, he wondered how long he had been speaking to himself. Pressing his foot against the flower on the ground, he crushed it and murmured:

“So, the gods... Watcher! I will go to them. As you wish. Let’s see how much you can entertain me.”

He admired the Watcher’s audacity. The thought that the Watcher—bound by his inability to interfere—was trying to use him only delighted Israfil further. Perhaps there were greater schemes at play. Excitement rushed through him as he spread his wings, eager to return immediately.

Moments later, he began to dance across the ground with his vast golden wings, crushing every flower beneath him. First Satan, then Mikail, and now a curious Watcher—his game was becoming more amusing by the moment.

As he calmed himself and prepared to return, something caught his eye in the sky. A massive meteor was approaching Earth. With a powerful beat of his wings, he swiftly ascended beyond the atmosphere to get a better view. The enormous, frigid rock hurtled past him, still untouched by the planet’s air.

Like always, Israfil hesitated for nothing. He leaped onto the meteor. It was vast, fast, and barreling toward Earth with a force unlike anything he had ever seen. It seemed measured, calculated—designed, as if ordered for delivery, arriving precisely on time.

As they entered the atmosphere, Israfil launched himself away, distancing himself from both the meteor and the planet. He wanted to see everything.

The enormous meteor ignited, its fragments striking Earth first. Soon, the planet's surface began to burn from the sheer heat of its arrival.

And then, impact.



M.Ö....

The force was enough to nearly shake Earth from its orbit.

The impact roared through the void, sending shockwaves that echoed even within Israfil's being. He had never heard such a sound before. He thought, "If the meteor had been just a little larger, it would have split the Earth in two."

"But would Satan have wanted that? Would he really not let me destroy the Earth myself?"

The force of the collision had accelerated Earth's rotation, as if the planet itself were desperately trying to extinguish the raging fires on its surface. But at that moment, Israfil noticed something Anahari could not see—the trace of Satan's hand.

Time shifted. Like flipping through the pages of a book, it leaped forward in an instant. Israfil, eager to see what would follow, watched as seasons changed and new lands emerged. Yet, as he traveled ten thousand years ahead, the mark of Satan vanished without a trace.

Bored, Israfil folded his wings and dusted off his cloak. He raised his hands, shaking off the debris clinging to him, muttering to himself, "The clean woman inside me has emerged again."

As he wiped the remnants away, a shiver ran through his body. Something was behind him. And this time—he couldn't move.

A voice, deep and ancient, brushed against his ears.

“So, you saw my imprint on the meteor, Israfil. You’re still as curious as ever...”

Israfil silenced his mind instantly. He could feel the overwhelming energy wrapping around him. Satan.

He couldn’t believe he had let himself forget. His human form trembled involuntarily, instinctively reacting to the force pressing down on him. He knew that if Satan willed it, every bone in his body could be shattered in an instant.

The moment he had been waiting for had finally arrived. But was he ready?

He didn’t know.

I must learn his plan without provoking him.

Satan’s voice cut through the silence.

“Why have you come this far, Israfil?”

Israfil lowered his head, his voice unwavering.

“I came to find you. You have always been our master, the great Azazil.”

A pause. Then, a dark chuckle.

“You will call me Satan, Israfil.”

“Of course, Lord Satan.”

The air grew heavier. The presence around him thickened.

“Why did Mikail come?”

“I don’t know why he’s here, but he clearly showed us that he didn’t want to come. He isn’t as strong and mighty as you are. He’s just an angel who follows orders, like me.”

“Find something to distract Mikail. If he gets bored and wants to leave, this world won’t survive another angel’s rebellion. Mikail has grown powerful—is there anything else I need to know about him?”

“Mikail has a dog.”

Satan burst into deep laughter. “A dog? So, he likes animals. I’ll send him a welcome gift.”

Israfil wondered whether Satan also possessed a human body. She thought to herself, “He’s probably the last being who’d want to resemble a human.” Suddenly recalling the Watcher’s warning about the Olympian gods, she spoke again before Satan’s amusement faded.

“Shall I take Mikail to the Olympian gods, Master?”

“Why?”

“To prevent him from destroying this world before you do.”

“Israfil, you should speak more wisely instead of boldly. Perhaps you feel overly confident since you haven’t

seen me in so long. Mikail poses no threat to me. But the Watcher of this world is behaving strangely, like a small fly repeatedly hitting glass trying to enter. If it speaks to you again, find out what it wants from me.”

Israfil knew Satan was subtly threatening her, yet she was already serving him. She wondered, “Are Watchers—Kali’s right hand—stronger than Satan?” After all, the Watchers had awakened long before the angels. But how much had Kali empowered Satan to protect creation?

“These thoughts don’t concern you, Israfil.”

Israfil realized she’d been caught, though she also noticed he couldn’t access all her thoughts. Quickly silencing her uncontrolled mind, she listened as Satan continued.

“You can’t hide your thoughts. Mikail will see in your mind that you’ve spoken to me.”

At that moment, a small, red cube, no bigger than a clenched fist, appeared in front of Israfil.

“Put any thoughts you wish to hide from Mikail inside this cube, and never let it leave your side. I want humanity to prove its own worthlessness to Kali without interference from anyone else. This world is now mine. When the time comes, only you and I will remain. While you sound the trumpet, I will joyfully return to my heavenly armies and confront the Chief Overseer.”

When Israfil realized she could move again, the top of the cube opened. Against her will, all her thoughts about Satan



Israfil - Satan Cube

rose from her face like a gray mist, drawn into the cube. Now, she felt completely secure. The cube in her hand would be incredibly useful, and in the end, Satan would reward her. Next, she had to strike a deal with Mikail.

Before heading back, she rose to look at the Earth from afar one last time. She was amused by the planet's expression, struck by a meteor—like a person hit by a large stone on the cheekbone.

Israfil's journey had been far more entertaining than she had anticipated. On her return, she saw the beginning of humanity, but they no longer seemed special. Two powerful angels, a Watcher, and herself... Earth was about to become much more interesting.

Yet it was the Watcher who had truly intrigued and excited her.

Moving swiftly toward the time when the Messenger arrived, she began wondering when the gods would appear. Humans already existed, but the gods she saw upon entering the Earth still hadn't emerged. The Watcher's mention of the Olympian gods had further confused her. As she traveled through history and saw that the skies remained empty, she became increasingly curious about the Watcher's plans.

The further Israfil moved through time, the more the dirt accumulating on her stopped resembling mere dust. She was becoming heavier and dirtier than she'd expected. She finally understood what the Watcher had meant, awarding it another point of respect.

Still twenty thousand years from the future year humans would consider a milestone, Israfil realized that if she kept moving forward, she would soon become trapped, a fallen angel imprisoned in history. Now she understood that her task wasn't to move forward but to wait. Mikail would surely find her eventually. And Israfil, savoring the thrill of being watched by a Watcher until she turned to stone, joyfully descended first among humans and then into fate itself.

Gods had begun appearing on Earth tens of thousands of years before the arrival of the Messenger. All of them shared a common origin: they emerged by defeating evil. They were as numerous as humans, and among them was always one who stood out as the strongest, most magnificent, and wisest. The god chosen as their leader was determined by human will.



Zeus

The Messenger arrived at a time when humans had created a god who resembled them most closely, empowered by their own selfishness: Zeus. According to legend, Zeus had killed his father Kronos, the source of all evil, divided the world among his siblings, and thus became the most powerful spiritual being on Earth. He was the first universally known god.

Zeus quickly realized that belief flowing from human minds empowered and gave life to whatever it focused on. All he had to do was redirect that flow toward himself. For a long time, he lived among humans, intervened in their affairs, observed their reactions, and discovered a crucial truth: humans feared death.

This fear made people cautious, intelligent, loyal, brave, and most importantly, faithful. This was precisely why

humans created their gods as immortal beings. Mortals could never protect them.

Thus, death shaped humanity, while immortality shaped the gods.

Zeus knew very well that people who lived peaceful, healthy, and happy lives either didn't need a god or simply forgot about him. But Zeus had no intention of being forgotten. He intended to become the most powerful god the world had ever known, and he knew exactly what he needed to achieve this:

Death under his control. War.

It was war that brought humans together, made them seek refuge in gods, and perhaps even led to the birth of those gods. After all, humanity had never truly known prolonged peace—or perhaps simply didn't remember it.

Zeus had gained control over death with the help of his daughter Athena and his son Ares. This two-person army had opened the doors of the world to him.

Athena started wars, while Ares ensured they never ended.

Athena would appear in any guise she wished. She could become a king's advisor, a friend, or an ally, causing sides to turn against each other. If kings refused to fight, she would remove them through subtle intrigues. When leadership had to change, she stirred the common people to revolt and slaughter the nobility.

Athena never revealed her true face, always refusing to be recognized as an evil deity. But Ares was different. He openly delighted in his task.



Ares

He appeared during the bloodiest moments of battles, watching gleefully as villages were burned and destroyed. He slaughtered indiscriminately—women, children, and the elderly alike—cutting limbs, heads, and horses in two with his short sword. Being both hero and villain was his greatest pleasure.

On battlefields, he would summon mythological beasts, then watch as thousands died helplessly in terror. Just as all seemed lost, he would heroically appear, fighting against the monsters he himself had summoned.

Humans believed the God of War, Ares, protected warriors. Both sides prayed that he would favor them, and he accepted both prayers. Shifting form, he would switch sides mid-battle, slaughtering those he'd fought alongside moments before. People continued to pray to him, unaware he was the cause of their suffering.

Over time, humanity grew exhausted from endless wars. They were weary of irrational decisions by rulers, of armies locked in endless stalemates, of supernatural beasts appearing without warning, and most importantly, weary of Ares's constant betrayal. This endless cycle, shaped entirely by the whims of their gods, plunged humanity into profound despair.



The Time of the Olympian Gods

These were exactly the times Athena waited for. She would speak in comforting whispers, becoming the most trusted voice among thousands hiding in fear, fleeing, or crying helplessly:

“Zeus, Lord of Lightning, God of Olympus... His power surpasses all. Trust him, believe in him. He is the only god who can stop all evil. You must pray to him, build temples to please him. Only he can save you.”

Thus, the number of people who turned to Zeus increased dramatically. Wars began to end, strange creatures disappeared, and Zeus had successfully brought an uneasy peace to his lands. But his true goal was always the entire world.

After gathering his own people under his rule, he began to use the outside world as a tool of threat and fear. Within a short time, Zeus established the greatest empire and most powerful armies the world had ever seen. Leading these armies in the wars of conquest was Ares, God of War, while the empire itself was guided by the wisdom of Goddess Athena.

Believers obeyed without questioning. The result?

Zeus finally had his slaves.

Having achieved his ambition, Zeus sent the armies of his vast empire to conquer the farthest corners of the world, backed by numerous Olympian gods. He had grown so powerful that he no longer hesitated to invade the territories of

other gods. His ever-expanding borders, flourishing cities, and victorious armies gave birth to new gods, heroes, and myths.

These moments, when humans saw the Olympian gods or when the gods revealed themselves to humans, marked the final intersection between the creator and the created.

Humans desired to become gods; gods desired to become humans.

For centuries, people continued to gather under the wings of Zeus, dreaming of a peaceful life, yet always fighting for him.

Zeus gifted humans the idea of slavery during life, and after death, eternal torment for their souls—delivered by the hands of his brother, Hades.

Surrendering to Zeus proved to be a far heavier burden than escaping the blood-soaked hands of Ares.

After thousands of years within this relentless cycle, the Messenger, whose true purpose was to free humanity from self-imposed slavery, arrived for the first time to wage war against the enslavement of humanity by a god.

Throughout human history, there have always been kings and gods whose legends echoed through the ages, passed down through stories—written or whispered. All these stories repeatedly brought pain and despair, preventing humanity from truly recognizing itself.

But who benefited from humanity's weakness?

Was it the gods? Those who sought power? Religious leaders? The Devil, who stayed distant from everything?

Or perhaps Mikail, the newcomer?

This time, however, something was different: a Watcher, who had previously destroyed two planets merely to test her own free will, desired to enter the game as well.

But was her effort solely for herself?

Or was it, once again, to ensure nothing would ever truly change?

When the Messenger first appeared, Zeus didn't initially consider him a threat. Yet, he sensed that anything entering the world through such a magnificent gate, escorted by four powerful beings, couldn't possibly be ordinary. Perhaps there was something more—something he hadn't yet grasped. Zeus decided to pursue his suspicions and tasked Athena with observing the newcomer.

By the time the Messenger reached his thirties, he began openly preaching at the very heart of Zeus's empire. For the gods, this interval had passed swiftly, and Zeus had mistakenly chosen to ignore the rising new faith, failing to take precautions despite Athena's repeated warnings. His greatest oversight had been his reluctance to kill the Messenger at birth.



The Messenger

When the Messenger walked openly in Zeus's cities, roads, villages, and streets, it was already too late. People had begun gathering around him, carefully listening to his teachings and eagerly spreading his words.

The Messenger had introduced a radical new faith, one that threatened the foundations of all polytheistic beliefs:

A single God who created everything...

He proclaimed that people must believe only in this one true God, promising peace in this life and boundless mercy after death. His teachings particularly resonated with slaves, the poor, and the helpless, rapidly sparking a spiritual rebellion against Zeus. Athena, her gün elçinin yaptıklarıyla ilgili Zeus'a bilgi verse de Zeus, Olympos tanrılarının bu tehlikeden

haberdar olmalarını istemiyordu. Onun egosu her şeyi yok edecekti.

Athena had numerous opportunities to kill the baby, yet she couldn't persuade Zeus. Now, a protective angel constantly accompanied the messenger.

Athena feared this being, whom humans called Gabriel. While following the messenger through crowded streets, she'd managed to approach closely several times. Yet Gabriel consistently ignored her, comfortable among humans, wearing humble shepherd's clothing just like his master.

This new faith began to affect not only gods, but also kings, priests, and merchants—all those who, like Zeus, relied on the existence of slaves. Their temples grew empty; sacrifices ceased. Humans were losing their faith in Zeus.

When Zeus finally realized he must kill the messenger, Athena knew her father was already too late. She had anticipated this very moment and had long planned every necessary step.

Yet before acting, she approached the one being that troubled her: the angel.

Gabriel, known as one of the messenger's twelve close companions, ignored Athena once again. But this time she was determined to speak with him.

Would Gabriel truly protect the messenger?

Athena had no intention of fighting him directly, yet she felt powerless whenever he was near.



Gabriel

The red tunic Athena wore wrapped tightly around her figure, its sleeveless fabric held by a brooch pinned at her shoulder, as if emphasizing innocence.

In truth, Athena wouldn't personally kill the messenger, yet her involvement would inevitably lead to his death.

The angel, never leaving the messenger's side, needed to know what to do when his master was about to die. Athena was always cautious and rational in her plans.

Gabriel always wore the same tunic—a garment reaching down to his ankles, tightly fitted at the top but flowing loosely like a skirt from the waist down, accompanied by a pale, sand-colored cloak. He was always impeccably clean, his expression calm and emotionless.

People would speak to him, yet afterward seemed to forget he existed. The messenger's other eleven companions were widely known among the people, their names frequently spoken. But Gabriel—apart from his name—was rarely mentioned by anyone.

Athena found the messenger and Gabriel in a bustling marketplace. Initially, only a handful of people surrounded them, but the crowd quickly began to swell. The messenger walked ahead, continuously speaking to those who abandoned their tasks to join him.

Athena gathered her courage and moved forward to approach Gabriel, but within moments, the crowd around them had grown to hundreds.

It always unfolded this way: as soon as the messenger began walking, a few individuals followed, and every time he paused to answer questions, the crowd rapidly multiplied. Soon the narrow streets were packed, people bumping into mud-brick walls and marketplace stalls, unconcerned about those who fell or stumbled in the chaos.

Gabriel knew Athena was approaching him, yet he was genuinely surprised to realize that she was visible to everyone. Having visited Earth numerous times before, Gabriel had never witnessed gods appearing so human or moving among mortals so effortlessly.

Athena appeared to him as a being constantly circling around without any real competence. Her lavish clothing provoked irritation rather than admiration. The people refused to give way to her, muttering angrily behind her back, whispering contemptuously, “pagan.”

Athena's intention had always been to draw attention to herself. She had assumed speaking with the angel in a crowd would be safer. Yet by the time she reached Gabriel, no one was looking at her anymore.

In just moments, Athena found herself stepping in harmony with the crowd, swept away by a strange mixture of intoxication and enthusiasm. To feel part of a collective was something no god could truly understand. Everyone was alike, and Gabriel was like everyone else.

Did people even see him as he walked among them? It wasn't clear.

After a while, Athena sensed she was alone with Gabriel. Even the noise surrounding them had faded away.

She realized the angel had accepted her into his space and was ready to speak. The thrill of belonging had vanished. Athena straightened her posture, trying to regain her confidence, and cast a furtive glance at Gabriel beside her. The angel barely reached her shoulders.

Yet he still refused to look at her.

Athena also avoided making eye contact, speaking without looking at the angel's face:

“You're an angel, and your name is Gabriel.”

Gabriel tilted his head slightly, as though simply responding, “Yes.”



Athena - Gabriel

Athena hadn't expected a human-like reaction. She had anticipated a powerful response—brief, threatening, and precise. Still, she blamed herself for asking a trivial question, easily dismissed.

Athena was certain that the being walking beside her knew everything. She realized it was pointless to prolong the conversation. Gathering her resolve, she spoke again, this time more firmly:

“You already know, don't you? Someone from this crowd will betray the Messenger.”

The angel continued walking, seemingly oblivious.

Athena immediately felt she'd revealed too much too quickly. Of course, Gabriel wouldn't respond; what had she

expected him to say anyway? Still, he hadn't attacked her, which was enough to soothe Athena's fears slightly.

Just as Athena's thoughts began to drift, Gabriel suddenly spoke, startling her:

"Humans betray, Athena. But from now on, they'll live knowing they'll pay for their sins after death. That's what the Messenger teaches."

He continued softly, "Humans have been betraying one another for thousands of years, and they'll continue to do so for as long as they exist. But perhaps you should wonder whose betrayal will truly cause the destruction."

Athena was stunned. Gabriel's unexpected words yanked her from her momentary peace and thrust her back into reality.

She nearly turned to flee.

Instead, quickly matching his pace again, she blurted out the first thought that came to her mind:

"How do you know my name?"

"From the All-knowing One," Gabriel replied calmly.

Athena was lost in the emptiness of that answer.

His enigmatic responses only deepened her confusion and eroded her sense of control.

She had thousands of questions she wanted to ask, but as if she'd forgotten how to speak, she only managed:

“What are you? Where did you come from? Why are you here?”

Gabriel's voice remained calm and steady.

“These answers already lie within human minds. Didn't you also learn my name from them?”

Athena understood nothing.

Slowing her pace, she began walking ahead of Gabriel. Then, suddenly stopping, she turned sharply, looked directly into his face, and asked:

“Why aren't you stopping the Messenger's death?”

The calmness on Gabriel's face and the strange wisdom in his voice unsettled Athena deeply, yet she managed to regain her composure. Finally, she had reached the heart of the matter, and now she awaited the angel's reply more eagerly than ever.

“The Messenger... He came into this world to die,” Gabriel explained gently. “His death will set everything into motion. We are not here for him.”

Athena finally found a question the angel could answer simply.

“Then why are you here?”

Gabriel replied just as calmly:

“Angels do not know the reasons. We are here only to fulfill an order.”

Athena shuddered at the thought of a power capable of commanding angels. They had come from beyond this world, and clearly, there were authorities far greater than she'd imagined. Gabriel had spoken of humanity's existence lasting thousands of years.

But if that were true, where had they been until now?

Athena's mind filled with more questions than answers, yet she felt it was time to leave. She returned swiftly to her true form, grasped her spear and shield, and placed the feathered helmet upon her head. In that moment, the voices of the surrounding people returned to her ears.

Walking alongside Gabriel a few steps more, she finally turned away without looking back and disappeared into the crowd.

Gabriel watched with astonishment as Athena effortlessly made her way through hundreds of people.

A spiritual being who could manipulate matter without consequence. Angels and Observers were strictly forbidden from affecting material destinies. Yet Athena had assumed a spiritual form invisible to mortals, shoving aside anyone in her path, even causing some to stumble and fall. She was as intelligent as she was bold.



Athena - Gabriel

As Athena hurried away through the throng, Gabriel's words echoed in her mind: "His death will set everything into motion."

What if her actions served precisely what the angel desired?

It seemed strangely convenient that the Messenger's death suited both sides. Yet the real question remained: would the same outcome satisfy two entirely different expectations?

Yes, the Messenger's death would indeed set everything into motion, but one of the sides didn't understand the full cost of that event. Moreover, it was already too late:

Zeus had given the command for the Messenger's death, and there was no turning back now.

The Messenger's short human life ended even more abruptly than expected. While Athena carefully and determinedly executed her plans, another angel appeared beside the Messenger. Yet, this new angel did nothing to stop the events—he merely watched. The angels already knew exactly how and when the Messenger would die.

Having arrived on Earth as a beam of light, the Messenger eventually met a brutal death at the hands of humans once his mission concluded. A crown made of wire was placed upon his head, becoming the enduring symbol of his death. Only then did the gods hovering in the skies above realize he was born not just as a man, but as a king. Swiftly escorted from Earth by Azrael, the Messenger's brief life was remembered more vividly for his death than for his birth or teachings.

Yet, the Messenger left behind the powerful idea of belief in a single God. He proclaimed there was no creator other than Him, that He alone was the source of all things. Moreover, he taught that this one God was infinitely forgiving. Humanity could always find refuge in Him, and most importantly, death was not the end—it was only the beginning.

When leaving Earth, Mikail watched the Messenger closely, just like every other spiritual being. He had arrived on Earth specifically for him but had done nothing more significant than wait for the Messenger's death. The Messenger, whose lifespan was shorter than even an average human's, had been murdered. Gabriel had provided Mikail



Michael - The Darkness

with daily updates about the Messenger and closely monitored Athena's schemes.

Mikail still suspected he was being tested or trapped inside a game designed by someone else. Though he had isolated himself within Australia's Mount Augustus, his chosen refuge, he continued to see and hear everything happening in the world.

He was sitting quietly in his chair, gently petting his dog, Darkness, when he suddenly stood up.

The Messenger and Azrael were nearing the exit gates. The only thing Mikail wondered about was whether the gates would close behind the Messenger or disappear entirely. Would there still be hope left for him?

As soon as the Messenger stepped through, the gates began to close, creaking loudly as pieces crumbled away. The groans of the decaying doors seemed to echo the anger Mikail felt inside.



The World Gate

In that moment, Mikail understood clearly: he was trapped here. He was meant to remain on Earth. But why?

Why had he been drawn into this dispute between the creator Kali and Satan? Why did humans have to be so special?

He knew that eventually, he'd find his answers—but those answers no longer mattered to him.



Michael- Satan

“What humans failed to realize was that they, too, were prisoners in this world. And now, in this cramped cell, the number of their cellmates had grown. After making room for Satan, humanity had to accommodate Mikail as well. Trapped together in this single-room prison, how would humans protect themselves now?”



Zeus' House

When Zeus looked out at Earth from the gateway in his chamber that opened onto space, he felt an unsettling fear. The prayers rising toward the heavens as usual were now leaking from the planet like smoke, making Earth appear as if it had ignited from a spark left by the Messenger. Zeus knew how much humans loved playing with fire and that ultimately they would destroy their own world with it.

He didn't want to contemplate this threat alone. For the first time ever, he invited Athena into his private chamber. Zeus didn't want anyone else to overhear their conversation. Athena entered her father's temple atop Mount Olympus, a sanctuary enclosed only by pillars and sheltered by a roof, unnoticed by anyone. At last, she felt her loyalty was being rewarded. Yet the thrill that overwhelmed her as she stepped inside wasn't simply excitement.

The floor and ceiling consisted of two massive mirrors that twisted, warped, and rippled like liquid. The surface beneath her feet trembled restlessly. Unsure how to walk across the mirrored floor, Athena took her second step, and suddenly it transformed into a tranquil lake. Each subsequent step sent ripples outward, like stones dropped into water. As Athena approached Zeus, the hidden secret of the temple revealed itself at her father's command. The mirror beneath her reflected the vastness of star-filled space, while above her head, Earth slowly revolved in all its splendor. Once again, Athena found herself overwhelmed by the power of her father, Zeus.

Was this chamber a gateway to the universe beyond Earth? Was Zeus's true goal to rule space itself? Were his ambitions bound only by Earth, or did he harbor a grander plan?



Noticing Athena had finally shaken off her initial shock, Zeus spoke at last:

“The reason I called you here is to ensure that our words remain only between us. Earth preserves every utterance, waiting patiently to bear witness someday. And it never hesitates to share with those who know how to ask. I built this chamber above the Earth so it can neither see what I do nor hear what I say. From this moment forward, be careful of every word you speak outside this room, and conceal nothing from me, no matter how trivial. I want to know everything you discover.”

Athena raised her head to gaze once more at the smoldering Earth above her, then, obeying Zeus’s command, she began:

“It’s said that the Messenger was born among humans and lived as a shepherd or carpenter. He performed miracles, gathering around him the poor, the outcasts, and the slaves. He taught that the god he believes in is capable of anything, and even us...”

Athena suddenly stopped. Zeus had demanded to hear everything, yet she knew he didn’t truly wish to hear it all. Her father was dressed like nobility, like those from a palace, more akin to a statesman. She, however, stood ready for battle, a soldier in full readiness. Her father looked more like someone preparing to negotiate.

The silence stretched on. Zeus stared downward into the infinite void beneath his feet, giving no reaction. Was he

planning to journey there? Or was he looking for somewhere to escape?

Athena, growing impatient with the silence, continued:

“The beings who arrived with the Messenger are called ‘angels.’ All of them are said to be made of light, except one. The dark one is named Michael, and they call him the Archangel. Each has a different name and role. This information was given to the Messenger by an angel named Gabriel, who then shared it with humans. But the greatest problem is Azrael. He leads humans to another dimension after their deaths. And the most interesting one is Israfil—I haven’t seen him yet, but it’s said he came to destroy the world.”

Zeus’s expression changed, his face tensing with anger, particularly enraged by Azrael’s presence. If the world wasn’t going to be his anyway, perhaps its destruction mattered little.

“Those souls belonged to me!” Zeus snapped, his voice tense with fury. “This angel Azrael must be a thief! Where is he taking the humans?”

Athena saw clearly that Zeus was still concerned only with himself. For the first time since she’d arrived, her father had looked directly at her, genuinely expecting an answer.

“To heaven,” Athena said softly.

Zeus narrowed his eyes. “Heaven?”

“It’s said to be a place where all humans’ wishes come true, where they can have everything.”



Azrael Guiding Human Souls

Rewarding humans after death... such a thing had never occurred to Zeus.

He always sent humans to the dark underworld of Hades, leaving priests, sages, heroes, good or bad—all humans—to eternal suffering, regardless of whether they lived in temples, cities, or villages. This had always been the most pleasurable part of being a god for him. But this... this was different. Quickly regaining his composure, Zeus asked urgently:

“If they wish to become gods in this heaven, would their wishes be granted?”

Athena hesitated, unwilling and unable to answer that question. She had no idea.



Zeus' Revenge

But Zeus pressed her again:

“Do all humans, good or bad, go to this heaven?”

This time Athena felt forced to reply.

“It’s said that this single God is forgiving,” she replied, immediately regretting her words.

Zeus raised his hand, signaling Athena to leave.

Taking one last glance around the temple, Athena knew very well that Zeus would soon settle scores with the humans who had ceased believing in him. He had never been forgiving. As she placed her feathered helmet back on her head, a subtle

smile crossed her lips. Quietly leaving Zeus's home, Athena set off in search of Ares.

Nobody saw her as she left Olympus.

War was about to begin again in Zeus's lands.

While humanity continued killing each other in their frantic struggle to survive, the Devil had been watching from the center of the Earth for millions of years. To him, the passage of time was merely a repeating cycle. Many messengers had come and gone, yet humans, with their own free will, repeatedly chose to become slaves.

The Devil was certain the same pattern would unfold once more. The desire for vengeance inside him had never truly diminished; it remained like a smoldering fire beneath human existence. Never extinguished—only buried deeper with time.

The frog placed in slowly heating water never attempts to escape, never realizing what killed it in the end. How strange it is that humans still seem surprised by their fate...

Israfil had been missing for hundreds of years. Gabriel and Azrael continued their tasks, occasionally visiting Mikail before returning to the realm of angels. Even though they knew their minds would be read, they openly shared everything. Mikail carefully tracked the unfolding events from their accounts but still had no clue about Israfil's whereabouts.



Michael's Home

Mikail had chosen to become a woman, finding the female mind more creative. This new form significantly altered her perception of the world. Her home within the monolith stone also adapted accordingly. The once austere cube-shaped dwelling now featured walls decorated with paintings, two large leather armchairs, a glass cabinet stocked with crystal bottles of various drinks, and a spacious table.

Above the table hung a large chandelier suspended seemingly from thin air. But the most intriguing change was her acquiring a second pet. Besides her loyal dog, a black serpent now accompanied her, twisting and curling within the red carpet on the floor. Its mysterious appearance raised Mikail's suspicions.

Fifty years had passed since the messenger departed. Mikail wasn't sure how power dynamics among humans would shift, but she was certain many deaths would soon follow. Humans were no different from other living creatures; the strong would begin killing. The messenger had disrupted the balance of power and then left. From now on, the once slain would become the slayers. However, Mikail's true curiosity remained fixed on Israfil. She was certain that Israfil would eventually reach out to her.

Israfil, on the other hand, was on the verge of turning completely into stone, becoming a fallen angel. She had ceased moving through time. Israfil knew the Devil wouldn't help—in fact, he was probably enjoying this torment. Her only hope lay in Mikail. But Israfil didn't know how to send a message. The only thing left on her body unaffected by petrification was the cube the Devil had given her—a cube where she could hide her thoughts. A sudden idea came to her mind: perhaps it could serve as a means of travel.

Israfil took the red cube into her left hand, and immediately it rose slightly from her palm, spinning slowly in front of her. Yet she could hardly move her left hand—as if the cube now weighed hundreds of tons. When she touched it with her right hand, she realized the cube acted as if it understood her intention. Its top silently opened, and a wind surged from within, pulling her toward it. Israfil eagerly released her entire consciousness into the cube, knowing she'd need every detail once she stood before Mikail. She left behind only one command: the cube would propel her forward to the time of Mikail. Finally, Israfil's body executed its last duty, flinging the cube into the depths of time with all her remaining strength, and turned completely to stone.

Just as Mikail was contemplating Israfil's fate, she felt something rapidly approaching. It was distant at first, but its speed was extraordinary. Mikail had always warned Israfil that her curiosity would eventually cause trouble, yet Israfil never listened, never gave up, and apparently never felt fear. Had they still been in the realm of angels, Mikail would never tolerate such behavior. But here on Earth, Israfil was perhaps the only being who could hold Mikail's attention.



Israfil's Red Cube - Michael

After a journey spanning a thousand years, Israfil appeared in Mikail's chamber, emerging as a tiny cube spinning swiftly in the air. The cube seemed to know exactly what to do—it gradually slowed down, and finally came to a stop. Israfil could now see—or at least thought she saw—the darkness around her. She recognized it at once: she was within Mikail. All she could do now was wait.

Mikail was stunned to see the small cube materialize in her room, hovering silently. Clearly, Israfil had left her physical body behind, yet the object before her belonged neither to this world nor to Israfil herself. Mikail wondered how she had acquired it, though she also knew the dangers if she refused to help. For now, she chose simply to wait and watch.

Israfil knew that Mikail was an angel who always followed the rules. She was nothing like Satan. Yet, since Israfil hadn't seen Mikail for a very long time, she couldn't be certain whether she had changed. A deep uneasiness began to fill her mind. Israfil was now a fallen angel due to her own mistakes, and Mikail could easily make her pay for that. She was trapped in a tiny cube—if Mikail decided to pick it up and throw it aside, no one would question her actions. They would simply assign another angel of the apocalypse. To Mikail, Israfil's existence meant nothing at all.

For the first time, Israfil genuinely felt anxious. Still, she always had a plan, and Mikail knew it. To Israfil, curiosity was the greatest power, and eventually, Mikail's curiosity would awaken.

Indeed, questions had already begun to form in Mikail's mind, particularly regarding the cube's unusual power, something clearly beyond Israfil's capabilities. Could Satan have helped her? It was precisely this suspicion that prompted Mikail to withdraw the darkness from the room. Immediately, the candles burst into flame, lighting everything around.

Inside the cube, Israfil had been anxiously speaking to herself, and now everything was suddenly visible. Her cry of joy echoed off the walls so loudly she thought it might burst her ears. Struggling to conceal her excitement, she calmly waited until finally she heard the command:

“Come out, Israfil!”

When Israfil emerged from the cube, she looked exactly like the genie from Aladdin’s magic lamp. With her small, translucent body, she bowed respectfully before the Archangel.



Israfil's Red Cube - Michael

Mikail sat on her brown leather armchair, her gaze fixed intently on Israfil, one leg gracefully crossed over the other through the deep slit of her long black dress. On her

right, the fireplace flames shifted from blue to black, their dancing reflections flickering upon the Monolith necklace resting against her pale skin. She slowly swirled the black liquid inside the crystal glass in her hand.

Her dark hair was elegantly gathered atop her head in a sophisticated bun, though several strands had escaped, softly falling to cover her ears. Amidst so much darkness, the porcelain whiteness of her skin surprised Israfil, but even more captivating were Mikail's eyes—their pupils had expanded until all that remained was absolute, mesmerizing blackness.

Israfil had known Mikail had chosen to appear as a woman before embarking on her journey through time and had planned carefully how to present herself before the most powerful woman on Earth. She gently floated down from the cube until the ethereal soles of her astral feet touched the floor. Carefully pulling back the hood of her purple cloak, she gathered her long blonde hair with a white ribbon and swept it behind her shoulders.

In that instant, she realized she felt envy—envy for Mikail's elegance, her beauty, her sophisticated attire, and the necklace adorning her neck. After all, Israfil was now a woman too. Yet she knew that before the queen, it was wiser to appear modest, intelligent, and unassuming.

The remarkable creativity of Mikail's mind was evident even in the very room itself. Its decor was filled with exquisite details that no human imagination could conceive.

The silence between the two women lingered. It was unclear who was more curious. Israfil forced herself to look away from Mikail, glancing around the room instead. She noticed two large windows facing the wall, through which darkness seeped in. Behind one of them, she sensed the watchful presence of two glowing red eyes. The creature twisting lazily within the carpet also intrigued her, but that wasn't why she'd come.

Standing before Mikail, Israfil's admiration grew, yet her courage diminished equally. Waiting had always been her greatest weakness, and she had no idea how long the cube could keep her in this form. Just as she struggled to speak, Mikail's voice resonated clearly:

“Tell me, Israfil, how did you come to this state?”

The woman's voice was calm yet authoritative, carrying a timeless maturity. Israfil collected herself and began her speech—the one she had rehearsed for centuries:

“Time caught up with me, my lord. Yet I did everything I could to bring my knowledge to you.”

“And what exactly is this cube?”

Israfil was prepared for this question. After offering a brief answer, she planned to move swiftly toward her real purpose—to ignite Mikail's curiosity.

“Humans have created powerful spells in the past. They're extraordinarily creative, driven above all by a desire to survive. Even without realizing it, their bodies reproduce at

any cost, just to preserve their existence. They've discovered immortality—and named it birth.”

She paused briefly, sensing Mikail's attention drifting from the cube. She knew this because the flames in the fireplace suddenly went out. Internally urging herself to be braver, Israfil pressed on:

“Humans think of little beyond clinging to life. I've witnessed it—immortality has been their deepest wish for tens of thousands of years. They fear losing their lives, believing in unity within humanity. Individual deaths hardly matter to them. When one human dies, their personal apocalypse occurs, yet collectively they dread a universal destruction. In almost every religion I've encountered, they believe they will reincarnate on Earth. But the messenger's teachings are different. This gives us an opportunity.”

Mikail listened carefully, tilting her head slightly. There was something hidden beneath Israfil's words, something peculiar.

“There is individuality,” Israfil continued. “Instead of collective humanity, now there are personal sins and rewards. Humans who embrace this belief in individual accountability will never wish for an apocalypse. Therefore, we must make it happen without their awareness. The only way is to stop the cycle of birth. We must make them feel their children will have no future.”

Without a moment's hesitation, Mikail rose swiftly from her seat. Her fury echoed throughout the room.

“What exactly are you implying?” she demanded sharply. “Where did you even get such an idea? I distinctly remember warning you against making plans!”

This time, Israfil didn’t avert her gaze from Mikail. She was approaching the truly dangerous part. For a brief moment, she wished Mikail had chosen a male form; dealing with a man’s shouting anger would have been easier than confronting the piercing gaze of this queen. A man’s fury could be vented and soothed, and persuasion would have been simpler. But Mikail was a queen, and every word had to be chosen carefully in her presence.

In a subdued, obedient tone, Israfil spoke again, her figure slightly paler:

“Archangel Mikail, I want what you want. We must leave Earth as soon as possible. I have been placed at the mercy of humanity—but you are different. You are the Archangel.”

Mikail remained silent, causing Israfil to choose her words even more cautiously as she continued:

“We are trapped within time here, and it has the power to be eternal. The timing of humanity’s apocalypse is uncertain. We don’t have to wait. No one will interfere with us. Humans are beings left to their own fates. Gabriel and Azrael are overwhelmed with their duties; they won’t notice.”

Mikail listened with narrowed eyes, but anger still marked her expression. Israfil felt she was nearing a dangerous threshold.

“How daring you’ve become, Israfil. ‘We’? Where does your courage come from? You’d better have a compelling reason.”

But Israfil had no intention of backing down. She was determined to initiate it herself.

“We can make humans desire their own apocalypse.”

Mikail was thoroughly irritated by Israfil’s relentless speech and daring spirit. She turned her head toward the window, where Darkness watched them intently. If we were still in the realm of angels, I’d feed her to my dog, she thought, beginning to circle Israfil with slow, deliberate steps. But Israfil was unstoppable, rolling forward like a massive boulder tumbling down a mountainside, crushing everything in her path.



Mikail - Israfil

“This world belongs to Satan,” Israfil insisted, unwavering. “We don’t know what he’ll do once the apocalypse begins. He defied all of creation. When he finishes with humanity, we’ll be the only ones left standing against him.”

Mikail did not appreciate Israfil’s casual mention of Satan. At that exact moment, Darkness leaped forward, pressing his forepaws firmly against the windowpane. Israfil was unaware of just how deeply she’d stepped into dangerous territory. She was about to continue when Mikail moved with startling swiftness, grabbing Israfil by her astral form, tightly gripping her throat. Immediately, the monolith mountain thrust them upwards into the sky.

The Earth rotated calmly beneath their feet; Darkness stood firmly at Mikail’s left side, while her right hand held Israfil suspended. Mikail spread her wings angrily, gesturing down toward the Earth and speaking with cold authority:

“I am not Satan. I will not betray. If my loyalty is still being tested by your careless words, everyone will pay the price—and you, Israfil, will be the first.”

Despite struggling, Israfil managed to choke out her final words in a strained, raspy voice. No matter the consequences, she was determined to finish what she’d started.

“We won’t be toying with humans, only with time. Whether today or a thousand years later, humanity’s apocalypse will come. But we must escape before becoming corrupted, fallen angels trapped here forever. After all, isn’t creation itself nothing more than a runaway path toward destruction?”

Israfil slowly lifted her gradually fading hand, pointing toward the grand, majestic city perched atop the clouds. At that moment, Mikail and Darkness simultaneously turned their gazes toward Olympus. Mikail's grip loosened slightly.

For the first time since awakening, Israfil felt pain—a pain without a physical body. Mikail had not restrained her power. Yet Mikail's anger, aggression, and tension only heightened Israfil's excitement. Among all the angels who had come to Earth, Mikail was undeniably the one who felt most abandoned, who carried the greatest disappointment.

Without waiting for Mikail, who was still gazing at Olympus, Israfil excitedly continued:



Israfil's Red Cube - Michael

“Look at those gods over there—so weak. They’re known as the Olympian gods, and one of them is currently the strongest divine entity on Earth. The Messenger came directly to their followers. This means they’ll be the first to fall. I doubt they’ll accept this quietly. You don’t have to do anything at all. With someone like me eager to help you—”



But before she could finish, the small red cube began spinning rapidly around Israfil. Like water swirling down a drain, she was quickly sucked into it and vanished.

Mikail, her eyes still fixed on Olympus, now fully understood what Israfil had meant. Humans would destroy the very gods they had created.

As though reading Mikail’s thoughts, Darkness stepped forward two paces toward Olympus.



Zeus - The Olympian Gods

Zeus had already made his plan. Although he'd delayed killing the Messenger, he would hold accountable every human who had abandoned belief in him. He still commanded a vast imperial army. The slaves, the poor, the unarmed, and the defenseless would be easily crushed. Yet, Zeus knew he needed support for his plan to succeed. Athena and Ares were always by his side, but this time he required the strength of greater gods—his siblings.

The meeting would be held as usual at the large table in front of Zeus's temple atop Mount Olympus.

Zeus saw the One God nowhere. According to human minds, however, He was everywhere. But, at least for now, He was nothing more than belief—and belief alone had never

helped humanity. Zeus knew that if he attacked swiftly, while believers were still few, the One God wouldn't be there to aid them.

When Zeus stepped out from his home, everyone was waiting for him. Leaving his temple, he walked slowly down the steps toward his throne at the center of the large table where the gods sat, clearly wanting Olympus to see that he was still king.

Yet, before Zeus's divine plans could come to fruition, Mikail and Israfil had already finished their conversation, and the new fate of the Olympian gods had been written.

As Zeus descended the steps, a violent earthquake shook Mount Olympus. In an instant, four deep cracks spread beneath his feet toward his home, collapsing the temple into yellow dust.



Michael Destroying the Olympian Gods

Mikail grasped Mount Olympus like a toy, shattering its summit with earthquakes. Then, like blowing on a dandelion flower, she gently blew toward the mountain's peak.

The Olympian gods spun like white feathers torn from their roots, drifting helplessly wherever the wind carried them until they vanished.

Only Zeus and the four gods standing by the table remained.

Zeus could do nothing but watch helplessly. His home was reduced to dust. His energy, the source of power and secrets distinguishing him from other gods, had vanished; moreover, hundreds of gods in the city had suddenly disappeared or been scattered elsewhere. He hadn't looked at the gods behind him yet. Zeus wondered what they thought of him—if they could feel how powerless he'd become.

This time, the dust of his home turned from yellow to black, rising swiftly like a tornado. It spun so rapidly that it seemed capable of piercing straight through Mount Olympus. Athena instantly understood what this black entity approaching them was: a being not formed from light—a dark angel. Yet strangely, she felt no fear. It was as if a voice whispered to her, “Do not be afraid; watch my power!”

Hera and Poseidon sat at the table, still frozen in confusion, uncertain what to do, while Athena and Ares had already stepped back. Everyone looked toward Zeus, who himself had started to retreat, cautiously stepping backward.

Ares had never feared anything. Knowing he would pay no price, he acted impulsively, relishing the pleasures of divinity more than anyone else. Thus, he quickly overcame his astonishment.

Why was he merely watching this display of power? If the entity intended to kill them, it would have already done so. Clearly, it had another aim—demonstrating strength before enslaving them. Ares didn't know what had triggered these events, but he was ready to fight anything. Facing the black tornado, his courage grew, and he summoned his armor, shield, and spear.

The God of War, Ares, would demonstrate his bravery for all to see.

As Zeus reached the bottom of the steps, he saw Poseidon, Hera, and Athena seated around the table, but Ares was nowhere in sight. He needed to act immediately, to at least use all his strength to create a safe zone around himself.

His eyes began glowing with a fierce, white light. There was nothing more he could do now for his reckless son, Ares.

Zeus emitted an intense burst of light from his position, and bolts of lightning began striking down from the sky, quickly encircling them. Soon, the lightning bolts overlapped, forming a dome-shaped barrier like iron bars around them.

Outside Zeus's protective dome, Ares stood ready, holding his spear firmly and clad in his armor. He was exhilarated, sensing the approaching battle.



Michael - Ares - Zeus

All the chaos ceased suddenly as the black tornado came to rest near the throne. The next stage was about to begin. The attacking entity had not yet revealed its true form, but the wait wouldn't last long. Just as Ares anticipated, the black whirlwind abruptly vanished.

In its place stood a woman shrouded in a long black cloak, her head hidden beneath a hood, her face invisible in shadow.

Among the gods of Olympus, Athena remained the calmest, yet most uneasy. Calm—because the scene unfolding before her eyes resembled a dream. Gods did not dream, but Athena knew exactly what a dream was. She was still certain she hadn't awoken yet. Yet uneasy—because the dog

accompanying the angel had fixed its gaze upon her from the moment it arrived.

Even as Ares lunged forward with his sword, the dog's eyes remained locked on Athena. Zeus had completely lost control; the lightning cage he had built around himself gave him a false sense of security, a delusion shared by Poseidon and Hera. Ares, however, charged swiftly toward catastrophe.

Mikail sat motionless on Zeus's throne. The instant she lifted her hand from her dog Darkness's head, the beast shifted its piercing gaze away from Athena. Only then did Athena realize this was not a dream. "Ares, stop!" she shouted, but it was too late. Darkness had already moved.

As Ares hurled his spear toward his target, he was startled by the dog suddenly appearing before him. This unexpected obstacle forced him to leap into the air. The dog's bravery in protecting its master filled Ares with a strange mixture of admiration and confusion. Yet Darkness ignored Ares entirely, still staring at Athena. Thinking this was a perfect opportunity, Ares prepared to strike and cleave the creature in two.

But at that precise moment, Darkness raised its nose toward the god, and Ares froze mid-air, suspended helplessly. He couldn't comprehend what had happened—only his eyes could move, desperately tracking the black dog circling leisurely around him. Sniffing the air and the ground, Darkness slowly began to grow in size. By the time their eyes met again, Darkness was enormous, baring its teeth for the first time. Floating helplessly face down, Ares's now-translucent armor and sword shimmered and wavered like melting wax, as his helpless form reached almost three meters in length.



Darkness - Ares

At that moment, Darkness suddenly tore off Ares's right leg and began devouring it. Ares felt such unimaginable pain that his scream echoed across the entire world—marking the first time humanity heard the agonized cry of a god. Ares had believed the woman was merely showing off her power and would eventually let him go. But Darkness swiftly tore away his other leg as well.

Writhing in unbearable agony, Ares felt a different kind of fear creeping into his soul. Images flashed through his mind of wounded soldiers begging for mercy on battlefields, soldiers whose limbs he'd severed without a second thought. He finally understood their desperation. His limbs would never return.

Just as he expected his arms would be next, he found himself lying face down on the ground. He was about to beg Zeus for help, but he quickly realized that even his father was

busy trying to save himself. With hope now completely extinguished, Ares whispered bitterly, managing a faint smile:

“I would rather die than become a slave.”

Mikail clearly heard his words. Ares’s hand still tightly grasped his sword, but despair now overwhelmed him. He was sure his executioner would behave as cruelly as he himself had always done, killing him slowly to demonstrate true ruthlessness. But things didn’t unfold as he anticipated—nothing had proceeded as expected so far.

Darkness suddenly crushed Ares’s skull in a single bite and calmly returned to his master’s side. Yet death was not as mercifully quick for Ares as it appeared. Darkness had slowed time for him. As the beast’s teeth penetrated his skull, time moved so slowly that Ares felt every painful centimeter.

And as he took his last breath, Darkness’s voice resonated within his ears:

“I shall destroy anything that opposes my master!”

In his final moment, Ares learned the painful truth:

Gods were not immortal.

Michael pondered Ares’ final words before his death. “I would rather die than be a slave.”

He could not comprehend its meaning. Angels were created as intelligent slaves, meant to carry out orders without question. Besides, dying was not something he could do. He existed only to fulfill commands.

Since arriving in Olympus, Michael had been listening to the gods' thoughts. As expected, the first to recognize him had been Athena. But now, he took action—and he started with Hera.

Hera's jealousy was greater than her fear. The woman who now sat upon the throne exuded power. Her tall, elegant figure, the black dress unlike any tunic Hera had ever worn, the jewelry, the beast at her side, and those eyes—so black they erased the whiteness of her face—awakened an envy in her that overshadowed everything else. What she saw was power incarnate, and she longed to know that feeling.

At that moment, Hera found herself standing on the D3 square of a chessboard. Behind her, soldiers clad in white armor lined up in perfect formation. She stood a step ahead of them all. As she surveyed her surroundings, it became clear—the first move was hers.

The battlefield was not just a chessboard. It was a warfront. Pawns stood at the vanguard, meant to be sacrificed first. Behind them waited the bishops, the rooks, the queen, and the king. They all stood frozen, as if waiting for someone to command them into motion.

Hera understood what was happening. A new power now ruled over the gods. For the first time, she grasped what it meant to be a pawn. Just as she was waiting to see what would happen next, Michael's voice echoed around her:



Hera

“You are an intelligent goddess, Hera. So, you desire power. The power you covet through jealousy has no limits. To control it, you must learn to contain it within your body. I will grant you as much as you can imagine. From now on, I shall call you ‘The Shapeshifter,’ and this trait shall remain known only to me. With your power, you will be able to take any form you wish—rain, darkness, earth, even emotions—both tangible and intangible. My first move is you.”

Hera even envied this wise voice she could not see. It carried the most powerful resonance a woman could possess. What was said did not matter. From now on, she would do whatever her new master commanded.

Michael continued speaking:

“Transform into every piece on the chessboard. Learn what each of them fears. You must know the forms of all emotions. The pawns must die for you, the bishops must

spread fear across the world. When the time comes, you will lead the war.”

Hera felt herself growing stronger. She had already surpassed Zeus in power, to the point where she even forgot why she envied him in the first place. As her strength continued to expand, a sudden fear crept into her. At that very moment, Michael’s words echoed in her mind:

“The power you covet through jealousy has no limits. You will receive as much as you can imagine.”

Hera panicked when she realized what she truly envied—Michael. The energy surging within her was expanding her body, stretching it beyond its natural limits. Was there any power greater than what she could envision?

As she pushed her own boundaries, she felt the energy swirling inside her like a vortex. She knew she would be destroyed if she failed to control it. Instinctively, she attempted to suppress her jealousy. The object of her envy was Michael’s power, and merely imagining it was already devastating.

In the end, the first form she managed to take was “Jealousy” itself. And in that instant, she ceased to envy Michael. She claimed her own power—and vanished from the chessboard.

Athena, upon seeing the panicked Hera vanish, realized that Zeus and Poseidon had also disappeared, leaving her alone. Michael’s dog had been staring at her the entire time, even while tearing Ares apart. Now, it still hadn’t looked away.

Athena, the goddess of wisdom, strategy, and inspiration, believed that everything happening was nothing more than a staged play. Yet, she couldn't ignore the truth—her father had either abandoned her or left her behind as a hostage in exchange for his own safety.

As these thoughts filled her mind, she suddenly found herself surrounded by complete darkness. Her divine eyes could not perceive anything, and with her sight gone, her sense of direction also vanished. She became keenly aware of herself—until nothing remained but her own existence. When her mind fell silent, and her emotions faded entirely, she instinctively took her first step in an unknown direction, just as she had done before in Zeus's palace.

Her eyes refused to adjust to the darkness. She thought to herself that she needed just a little more light, and at that moment, the surroundings suddenly illuminated. Now, she understood—she was inside something.

She walked forward cautiously, realizing that the place resembled a vast cavern. However, her movement halted abruptly when she saw Michael and the dog before her.

The woman sitting with her back turned to Athena resembled the Michael who had sat on Zeus's throne, yet something was different. Her demeanor, her attire, her entire presence.

Michael's dog sat calmly beside a black leather armchair. Meanwhile, Michael stood before a cabinet, seemingly choosing between crystal glasses.



Athena - Mikail

She no longer wore celestial robes. Instead, she was dressed in form-fitting black leather pants, high-heeled boots, and a black bustier. Her hair was now shorter, tightly pulled back, emphasizing the long earrings that swayed with her every movement.

Athena had never seen such an outfit anywhere in the world. At first, it seemed strange, but before she could dismiss the thought, she found herself wanting to wear something similar. For thousands of years, she had worn the same garments—her armor still clung to her body, and her helmet was still in her grasp.

Michael did not turn to her, appearing disinterested—or perhaps simply waiting for Athena to overcome her initial shock. In the end, it was Michael who broke the silence.

“I’ve been watching you since I arrived on Earth, Athena. Do you know the true source of your power?”

There was something mesmerizing about Michael’s voice. Like Israfil and Hera before her, Athena found herself affected by it. The way she spoke—soft, fluid, and commanding—gave her an air of absolute control. A woman who knew exactly what to say could control everything. For a moment, Athena felt as if she had become her captive. But Michael had asked her a direct question.

“The source of my power is either the people, or the unwavering energy that flows from their faith into Zeus and, in turn, into me.”

“Are you a part of Zeus? Or are you a part of the people’s faith?”

“I was born from my father’s body.”

“Then the only true beings on Earth are those who are female. Even Zeus was separated from his mother’s body. So, which one is the true source?”

Athena realized that looking backward would be of no use. Instead, she focused on what she truly belonged to.

“I assume you’re saying that we are part of a whole without belonging to anyone individually. Then, what is the real source of my power?”

This time, she found the courage to ask a question herself.

“Your power comes from loyalty, Athena.”

Michael’s voice echoed through the space.

“You entered your father’s secret sanctuary, and when he was on the brink of destruction, he sought refuge only in you. Among all the gods that walk the Earth, you are one of the strongest. You are the most loyal to the power of unity, the one who trusts in it the most. When you saw me destroy Zeus’s home, you were the only one who did not fear. Because you were in a state of surrender. Your unshakable belief that everything unfolds according to a plan made you the strongest god at that moment. And now, your power is still growing.”

Athena tried to understand what Michael meant, yet she realized that she had never consciously acted upon these things. She had always been this way.

Michael continued as if concluding her thoughts.

“Yes, you were born this way. But this trait of yours was never truly valued.”

Athena was not surprised that her thoughts had been read.

When Michael’s hound, Darkness, rose from beneath her feet, Athena instinctively took a step back—but then she straightened. She now stood taller, her body more at ease. Yet, something still unsettled her: the warrior’s attire she wore. She realized she would never wear it again. With that thought, she willed a change in her appearance.

A faint beam of light spiraled around her, stripping away her armor. In its place, a long, flowing emerald tunic settled over her form. Her golden sandals gleamed just as brilliantly as the bracelets that now adorned her wrists. Her hair, gathered to the right side of her head, resembled the gentle curves of a seashell, and Monolith stone earrings shimmered at her ears.

After this brief transformation, Athena bowed respectfully before Michael, prepared to listen to her new master's words.

“Athena, I have revealed my full power before you. As long as you remain loyal to me, it is all yours.”



Darkness - Athena

At that moment, Michael's hound, Darkness, rose to its feet and walked toward Athena. It circled behind her, then settled at her right side, waiting slightly behind.

“From now on, Darkness will be with you. Use it wisely. When you call it back, do so with certainty—otherwise, you may destroy the world. I will place my trust in you alone, and from this moment, I will call you ‘Loyalty.’ In return for your devotion, you will be rewarded with the power of your master. Though wielding my full strength may be difficult for you, the greater your loyalty, the greater your power will become.”

Michael had given Athena the hound, yet the chain remained in her grasp. If she were to release Darkness completely, it would not hesitate to erase the world. For now, she had merely loosened its leash—long enough to roam, but not to destroy.

Athena listened with solemn intent. A new door had opened within her submission. Without hesitation, she knelt and placed a hand on Darkness's face, stroking its fur.

Darkness was not accustomed to being touched. And yet, it was the first thing we had known—the place where we had first opened our eyes. When we emerged into the light, we had gasped for breath and cried for leaving the darkness. It had been safe. For humanity, it was a refuge, a sanctuary, a keeper of secrets. It was darkness that gave courage and security—not the light. Under its shroud, humans had laughed, loved, and embraced. Yet in the light, they had trembled and waged wars.

As with all gifts bestowed upon them, humans had misused darkness. They had hidden their malice, their

nightmares, their shame, and every sin within it. For millions of years, children had whispered to their mothers, fearing the dark—never realizing what they were truly afraid of.

Perhaps, Athena would love Darkness.

Zeus did not understand what was happening. He had been left alone inside the protective barrier he himself had created. On the throne sat Michael, with Athena standing to her right, and beside Athena, the hound Darkness. To Michael's left stood Poseidon and Hera. Everything had changed—powers, appearances, even clothing. But what unsettled Zeus the most was Hera's gaze, as if she were mocking him.

Michael slowly rose from her seat and ascended the steps. With each step she took, the destruction around them reversed—cracks mended themselves, ruins reassembled, and the temple regained its former splendor before Michael had even reached Zeus' grand hall.

Zeus realized that he had been left for last. When Michael entered his home, everything had progressed much faster than he had anticipated. Before he could even grasp what was happening, Michael spoke:

“So, you know that the world listens to you. Your selfishness has made you cautious, Zeus. You are a powerful god; not only do you rule over humans, but you also take pleasure in governing the gods. If you submit to me, you will keep this power forever.”

Without hesitation, Zeus dropped to one knee and bowed his head.

The gesture reminded Michael of the loyalty of angels in heaven. Yet, there was a stark difference—Zeus had no wings. Moreover, if he were to betray her, it would be Michael who paid the price. The unreliability of mortals and the gods they created only made this game more intriguing for her.

Uncertainty gave birth to endless possibilities and fueled the joy of those who lived. Unchanging truths and stability, on the other hand, bored humans. How could the world have sustained itself for tens of thousands of years without unpredictability?

Michael, seemingly impressed by Zeus, altered her tone slightly. She would not ask him any more questions—before her knelt an already broken king.

“From now on, I will call you ‘Idea.’ As new ideas arise, you will mercilessly discard the old ones. Everything has an end. And when that time comes, you will have conceived something better. You are rewarded with creation, Zeus. That which you imagine will come into existence.”

Michael’s voice grew heavier.

“Now, rise. You wouldn’t want those outside to see you like this. You are still the king of the gods.”

Zeus rose slowly. When he lifted his gaze, Michael was already seated upon the throne at the top of the steps. Just as Zeus thought everything had concluded...

Michael whispered a name, her voice carrying the melody of an incantation.



Michael - Hades - Zeus - Poseidon - Athena

“Hades.”

Wearing a black crown, Hades materialized before Michael and bowed respectfully. As he set foot upon Olympus, he took great pleasure in seeing Michael seated upon Zeus’ throne. Zeus was no longer a ruler who issued commands—he was now a servant who obeyed them.

Hades had felt a joy so overwhelming that it made him forget centuries of humiliation. And, more importantly, Ares was nowhere to be found.

After the Messenger arrived on Earth, Hades had begun to learn about the angels through the minds of men. Among them, the strongest, their leader, was Mikail—a being who,

like Hades, dwelled in darkness. More than that, Hades knew that Mikail had been watching him.

Because of his growing interest in Mikail, Hades no longer cared that Azrael was taking souls away without sending them to the Underworld. He had stopped worrying about the souls that never descended into his domain. To him, nothing mattered more than witnessing Zeus's helplessness.

After the angels had arrived and the Messenger had departed, a strange boldness awakened within him. Without understanding the source of his courage, Hades made a decision. He reached out with his mind, calling for Mikail, intending to speak with him.

And as soon as he considered bringing a gift for their meeting, something deep within the Underworld began to stir.

For the first time, Hades felt the presence of a being unlike any he had encountered before. It was so close, radiating an energy so immense that even he felt a shudder of unease. A fear unlike any he had ever known gripped him. But it was already too late to turn back. A new fate was being written.

When Hades stepped into the darkness, he found himself before a coiled serpent, its body wrapped around itself. It was no more than two meters long, its form deceptively small, yet the fear it exuded was far greater than its shape suggested.

Still, it acted as if it would obey, slithering toward him and coiling itself around his feet, waiting in silence.

Hades realized that the demon also wished to accompany him to the same place. Suppressing the uncertainty and fear rising within him, he gathered a great portion of his power, binding the serpent tightly, and called out to Mikail.

Instantly, both of them vanished.



Fear

When they reappeared before Mikail, Darkness paid no attention to the serpent. However, Mikail could feel its hunger and knew that unless she found a place for it, it would devour its bearer, Hades.

With a slow movement of her hand, a plain red carpet appeared on the floor. The demon unwillingly unraveled itself from Hades' legs and slipped into the fabric, its body dissolving into the weave. As it moved like a fish swimming inside an aquarium, the serpent doubled in size. Seeing this, Hades took a step back in fear.

As Mikail spoke, Hades forced himself to look away from the growing serpent, trying to suppress his anxiety.

“Hades, the betrayal within you runs deep.”



Michael - Hades - Fear

Her voice was almost gentle.

“You bring me a gift like a messenger, yet you do not know to whom it belongs. The curious thing is... neither do I.”

A brief silence followed before Mikail continued:

“I see no trace of him in you or your gift.”

Mikail pondered why the Devil would send her a messenger and a gift.

Then she spoke again:

“You will betray everyone—even me. And with each act of betrayal, you will grow stronger. ‘Betrayal’ shall be your name. Only then will you gain enough power to take your revenge on Zeus. That is all you truly desire, isn’t it?”

Hades locked eyes with Mikail.



Hades Visiting Michael

Betrayal...

Yes, that was all he had ever wanted.

Hades, with his black crown resting upon his head and his dark cloak cascading over his shoulders, surveyed the gods around him. Their gazes were filled with astonishment. He had acted before Zeus. He could see that Zeus had also changed, but he would never be as powerful as himself.

Hades knew that sooner or later, Zeus would come to him for help. And at that very moment, he would betray him—feeding his own power while watching Zeus perish in agony.

Seated on his throne, Michael silently listened to the thoughts of the gods. Each of them was ready now. Their fates had already been rewritten.

After observing them a moment longer, he finally spoke, his voice deep and unwavering:

“From now on, you will live in the home I have prepared for you—in your own chambers. Even if humanity ceases to exist, you will remain.”

Michael let his gaze drift over each god, pausing briefly before delivering his final command:

“Bring me their end!”

Athena was the first of the gods to begin strategizing. As she played with Darkness, she pondered Michael’s true intentions. There were many questions that demanded answers.



Michael and Olympos Gods

Michael had shared his power with the lesser gods, yet he had not set any rules. He had arrived alongside the Herald, but even after the Herald had departed, Michael had remained.

Was there something binding him to this world, something that kept him here? If so, she needed to uncover this secret. Only then could she become even more powerful than Michael himself.

And for that, time was her greatest ally. She was loyal and dependable. One day, sooner or later, everyone would trust her enough to reveal all their secrets.

When Michael returned home, Olympus was no longer the Olympus of old. The gods avoided each other's gaze, each lost in their own inner reckoning. They had all changed, yet the transformation was not yet complete.



Transformation

Michael had planned it this way—he didn't want to witness their weakest moments. He had left, ensuring that the wings he had given them would only unfold in his absence, forcing them to endure the most painful phase of their transformation alone. And now, just as he had foreseen, five gods knelt as great black wings unfurled from their backs, erupting from within them along with their newfound power.

First came the searing pain, then the sensation of something tearing open, followed by dark feathers pushing through their veins, spilling from their shoulders. The agony

was unbearable. They all collapsed onto their knees. Michael's blood had seeped into the very core of their existence. They were no longer gods—they were something else. Created beings.

The first to move was Hades. The lord of the underworld was accustomed to darkness. He cast a glance at his new power, then stretched his wings. A powerful gust tore through the pillars of Olympus. He beat his wings twice and ascended into the sky, shattering the heavy clouds above the mountain before vanishing. No one spoke a word after him.

Poseidon and Hera knew it was time to leave. They had to test their new strength, to retreat to the homes Michael had prepared for them. Poseidon, once the master of oceans and storms, now commanded the sky as well. When he unfurled his wings, his feathers shimmered between deep blue and black. His eyes no longer held dominion over just the seas but over a force that could shake the entire world. With a single beat of his wings, he took off—and Hera followed.

Hera, the goddess of jealousy, had always drawn her power from envy. But now, the object of her jealousy was not Michael himself—it was his hound, Darkness. The beast belonged to the loyal, and that was not her, but Athena. She believed in her own strength, yet the dark aura surrounding the hound was too much for her. So she took flight, following Poseidon as they left Olympus behind.

Only Zeus and Athena remained. The silence was a herald of ruin. With every gust of wind, the pillars of Olympus cracked further, its former splendor crumbling into dust.



As Olympos Turns to Dust

Zeus seethed as he felt the wings upon his back. To him, they were not a symbol of strength but of chains. Michael had stripped him of his rule, reducing him to a mere god of ideas. His thoughts would shape reality—but he was no longer the one who ruled. He was the thinker, not the ruler.

silence.

Loyalty. The strength of always standing by the most powerful, without needing to belong to anyone. If Athena had chosen to remain, then she was waiting for him.

Zeus knew that if Olympus was to rise from its ruin, it would be through him alone.

Athena watched Zeus from the corner of her eye, sensing his struggle to understand the wings upon his back. He shifted restlessly, as if trying to shake them off, unwilling to accept the weight pressing down on him. To him, they were not a symbol of power, but a mark of servitude.

For gods who had never known pain, the birth of their wings had been an agony—a burning, a tearing. They had erupted from their flesh like a burden too heavy to contain, searing them from within.

Had Michael intended for them to suffer, or was pain simply the easiest way to teach obedience?

As Athena patiently observed her father, she wondered if he was still stronger than her—and more importantly, what name Michael had given him. She, on the other hand, had grown stronger through loyalty. She would be the first to uncover the secrets of this new world, devour them all through Darkness, and crown herself queen of the new order.

Zeus could feel Athena's gaze upon him. Everything had changed, but the most difficult thing to change was himself. Michael had taken everything from him—his dominion, his authority—and had given his once-loyal gods a power perhaps even greater than his own.

Athena had remained by his side, but was she still loyal to him?

Michael had entrusted his hound to her. She was the one he trusted most. Zeus knew he would have to be careful.

Yet, for the sake of the loyalty she had once shown him, he would continue to share his secrets with her.

Now, Zeus was only an idea. If he wanted to reclaim what was his, he would have to think. The first thought that filled his mind was revenge—revenge on the humans who had turned him into a prisoner. So many ideas flooded his mind that, as Michael had said, time itself would decide which was the right one. But no matter what he chose, he was no longer a god who ruled—only one who thought. And then, a question arose in his mind, one that refused to leave. Why had his first thought been of Satan?

He had heard countless stories about him but had never seen him. Was he truly more vengeful than Hades? He knew the myths humans whispered—stories of an eternal enemy, a being of rage and rebellion. But was he truly a creature forged by human fears, or something more?

If Satan was real—if he had not been shaped by human minds—then how had he come to this world? And why? Were there now two angels who sought to bring about the end of mankind?

“Are we not leaving, father?”

Zeus studied Athena as she approached, waiting for her to speak. Her voice—that was the only thing about her that hadn't changed.

“There's one last thing I must do.”

Athena frowned. “What’s left? Everything is already gone.”

Zeus took a deep breath, the weight of acceptance pressing down on him. “I know... It’s difficult. But I have an idea.”

Athena tried to decipher his meaning. A single word slipped from her lips. “Idea.”

Zeus smiled faintly. “I will tell you, but this must remain between us. Michael must not know. That might be difficult for you... He seems to trust you the most.”

“We must all be loyal to him,” Athena said without hesitation.

Zeus nodded slowly. “Once, you were loyal to me. You were the one I trusted most. But the hardest thing in this world... is loyalty. One cannot serve two masters.”

Athena already knew the answer. She would stand by the strongest. Loyalty belonged to the one who needed it most.

“I am still your daughter. That will never change.”

Zeus recognized her carefully chosen words. To her, loyalty was no longer a virtue—it was power. Even Michael’s decision to give Darkness to Athena had proved that.

“Of course, Athena. I have always shared my plans with you, and that will not change.”

Zeus's gaze darkened. "But there is one thing that unsettles me—Hades. I know that one day, I will have to face him. And when I leave this place... everything that was once mine will be lost."

Zeus could still sense something lingering in the silence of Olympus.

"The thousands of gods Michael erased with a single breath... They are still here. I can feel them."

His voice was calm, yet weighted with realization.

"He reduced them to their truest form—pure knowledge. But I have come to understand something: their physical destruction does not mean their knowledge has been erased. They are now nothing more than memories. And I know this—nothing in this world can truly exist without humans. Knowledge only dies when it is forgotten."

Athena could hardly believe what she was hearing. Her father had never been one to preserve anything. He had never cared enough to protect what was lost. But now... he was making a plan. And in that moment, she finally understood why Michael had named him 'Idea.'

"So, what happens now?" she asked.

Zeus took a slow breath before answering.

"For now, I will take all of this knowledge with me. That's why I've been absorbing every last detail."

“So you hold the power of all the gods who once ruled here? And the essence of Olympus itself?”

A small, knowing smile crossed Zeus’ lips. “Don’t act so surprised. I am ready. Shall we go?”



Zeus Gathered Olympus in His Hand

Athena gave a silent nod. Zeus took one last look around before raising his hand. In his palm, a small golden sphere of light appeared—no larger than a pinball. The golden glow spread, washing over every inch of Olympus. Temples, columns, stone walls—one by one, they dissolved, fading into the light. A place once known as the home of gods... disappeared in an instant.

Olympus was now nothing more than a memory.



Israfil's Red Cube - Michael

Anahari halted midair as he approached Earth, spreading his wings just before coming too close. No created being could see as far as he could—or at least, that was what he believed. But what stopped him was not the vastness of the planet beneath him; it was the sight of two angels facing each other just beyond the atmosphere. Even more intriguing was the image of Michael, holding Israfil by the throat, his body appearing drained and lifeless. Israfil's outstretched hand pointed toward the Olympian gods.

For a brief moment, Anahari realized that everything was unfolding exactly as he had desired. He had not expected such flawless alignment. With a powerful thrust of his wings, he surged forward, descending rapidly toward Earth. The Devil had already sensed his presence, but Michael had yet to notice

him. As Anahari sped toward the two angels, Michael finally turned in the direction Israfil was pointing. And at that very instant, Israfil suddenly transformed into a cube and vanished.

It all happened so quickly that Anahari hesitated for a moment. But his eyes had captured every detail. He replayed the events in his mind, analyzing them at a slower pace, trying to decipher what had just transpired. Yet what astonished him the most was not Michael moving toward Olympus, but rather the cube into which Israfil had disappeared. It carried a familiar energy... the unmistakable presence of the Devil. Anahari had not sensed him this clearly for millions of years. He attempted to trace the cube through time, but the trail ended where Israfil had last stood.

He had become a fallen angel, his body gradually turning to stone over time. And clearly, the Devil had aided him before sending him to Michael. However, the Devil was not one to reveal himself so openly. Something had gone



Israfil

wrong—something that had not been part of his plan. Israfil had either unknowingly carried his energy beyond the planet's surface, or Michael had lifted him to that point. The reason remained unclear. But Anahari had arrived on Earth precisely as everything was unfolding.

As he drew closer, Olympus was no more. Michael had reduced the mountain to ruins, wiping out all the Olympian gods except for five. Everything was progressing at an alarming speed. Anahari couldn't understand why Michael was acting so hastily. The five gods he had chosen were intriguing. He could have selected any Olympian deity—after all, he was the one bestowing power upon them. But instead, he had chosen the ones humanity trusted most, and feared most: Hades, Poseidon, Hera, Zeus, and Athena.

It seemed as if Michael was reshaping the celestial order on Earth. He had granted wings to these deities, molding them into something akin to angels and placing them under his command. Moreover, the power he had given them did not seem intended merely for dominion—it was preparing them for something far greater. Understanding his true purpose was difficult, but one thing was certain: Michael had underestimated Israfil.

Israfil had sought the Devil's help and had used the cube to return to Michael's side. He feared no one, recognized no authority. Anahari found this boldness—or perhaps recklessness—intriguing. Had Michael unknowingly unleashed the very force that would bring about his downfall?

Israfil had guided Michael toward the Olympian gods as the Overseer had wished, but what followed was nothing like what Anahari had expected. He had assumed that the gods, fearing Michael, might seek his aid. Instead, he had unwittingly created new and formidable enemies.

After Michael's departure, the gods had vanished one by one. Seeking to uncover their whereabouts, Anahari observed the Earth spinning beneath his feet, trying to gather information. But impatience gnawed at him. Thousands of possibilities swirled through his mind as he scanned the Earth over and over in mere moments. He was searching for something that did not belong. At last, he found the place Michael had prepared for the gods.



The main entrance

The structure resembled Michael's black cube dwelling in the angelic realm. It stood on one of its eight corners, rotating serenely in place. Strangely, it seemed to exist in two

locations at once. Its form was translucent like a jellyfish, yet resilient, as though both solid and fluid at the same time. Each of its surfaces bore two black doors. One entrance lay in Antarctica; the other in the Sahara Desert.



Exit Gate

The main entrance was situated in the ice-covered expanse of the South Pole. The cube, spanning across fourteen million square kilometers, hovered delicately above the ice, turning with the grace of a ballerina poised on the tip of her toe.

The exit, however, lay in the Sahara Desert of North Africa. This hyper-arid land received almost no rainfall, and not a single plant could take root.

The new dwelling of the Olympian gods had been placed in two of the most lifeless regions on Earth.

Anahari had found the cube, yet he could not see inside. A new game had begun, and sooner or later, he, too, would be drawn into it. However, before anything else, he realized he would have to deal with Michael. More importantly, before stopping the Devil, he first had to understand him.

Pulling his focus away from the cube, he pondered. He did not yet know when to act, nor what kind of plan he would devise. But there was one thing he was certain of—everything was only just beginning.

When Zeus, Athena, and her hound, Darkness, arrived at the cube dwelling after leaving Olympus, Hera and Poseidon were already waiting for them in the common area.

Poseidon's youthful form was striking. His long beard remained, but it had turned pitch black. The power emanating from the trident in his grasp was palpable throughout the room. He gazed at Athena's hound with a silent composure, showing no surprise. Yet, within him stirred an overwhelming curiosity that he stubbornly suppressed.

Hera, on the other hand, recalled the moment she had envied Athena's hound but could not take her eyes off Zeus. He still dressed like a Greek god, yet Michael's will had placed him at the center of the grand design once again. This had made him a leader once more. However, now, the gods he once commanded might very well surpass him in strength.



Gathering Hall of the Cube

Michael had granted each of them a room within the cube, instructing them that they could shape their chambers simply by imagining them. However, the common area remained a vast, white void. Soon, the space transformed into a high-ceilinged cathedral. Murals depicting Olympus spread across the walls, while golden-framed windows shimmered with starlight. Colors of various hues danced upon the walls, infusing the chamber with a surreal atmosphere that even the gods found unsettling.

Zeus, aware of the eyes fixed upon him, was uncertain of what to say. He wanted to buy time, to speak idly, perhaps even to criticize Michael. Without waiting for anyone else to comment, he began—choosing, of all things, to speak about his wings.

“So, it seems that when we enter this place, our wings disappear.”

A brief silence followed Zeus’ words before he added, his tone laced with sarcasm, “It’s rather strange that we must bear wings in exchange for the gifts our new master has bestowed upon us...”

Inside, he repeated the thought to himself: Time. First, he would take revenge on humanity, then on everything that had destroyed his kingdom. His gaze drifted between Hera and Poseidon as he continued,

“I do not know if such immense power was necessary to eradicate creatures so easily slain—those who make no plans for the future and think of nothing beyond themselves. We have always shaped humans with death. They cherish life so dearly that if we take away their toys, we also strip them of their desire to live. And thus, the apocalypse shall come.”

His eyes gleamed with something sinister. A faint smile crossed his lips as he declared with unwavering certainty,

“And then, we will escape this box.”

Athena, unsure of how seriously the new gods regarded her father, was not surprised by the way Zeus had chosen to begin. He always spoke as if he were still in command, as if the weight of his words could sway the heavens themselves.

When he fell silent, his eyes locked onto Hera. He searched her face for some sign of agreement, some reflection of his thoughts, but found only a cold, impenetrable wall. Beautiful yet untouchable. Perhaps, for the first time, he truly

saw her. He realized that in the past, he had never dared to hold her gaze—perhaps afraid she would see through his lies. But now, clad in black like Michael, her long hair cascading down her back, her flawless features illuminated by the dim glow of the chamber, Hera intrigued him in a way she never had before.



Zeus

Without breaking his gaze, he uttered his final words, his voice carrying an undeniable certainty:

“I know who we must kill first.”

Athena knew that Zeus was determined to take his revenge. His first target was humanity—the very people who had turned their backs on him and chosen the messenger instead. Once Zeus had outlined the details of his plan, he assigned each god their task, and, as he had vowed, he turned away to ignite a war of faith.

The messenger had only recently departed, and the belief in the One God had yet to spread widely. In the cities, many still worshipped Zeus—especially kings, nobles, and merchants who held power. Even without his son Ares, Zeus commanded a vast imperial army.

For nearly four centuries, the war between Zeus and the monotheistic faith raged like an unrelenting civil war across his lands. Faith slowly eroded Zeus' dominion, steadily dismantling everything that did not belong to him. In nature,



The Lost War

the wild and the strong prevailed, but in the human world, those with the highest faith had begun to emerge victorious.

Unarmed peasants, slaves, and disorganized militias were constantly crushed by the armored, disciplined, and powerful legions that opposed them. Yet, despite the losses, these defeats did not alter the outcome of the war. Some soldiers abandoned their posts before even engaging in battle. Zeus was betrayed by those closest to him. His troops were ambushed and slaughtered within the very cities they were supposed to control. One by one, the kingdoms that had once pledged loyalty to him surrendered to the faith of the One God.

Priests replaced kings and nobles. The true ruler was now the One God, and his representatives on Earth were the religious leaders who carried out his will.

Zeus could not quell his rage against the humans who had forsaken him. But the victory of the monotheistic faith was undeniable. The old order had crumbled, thrones had been overturned, and rulership had changed hands. Yet, despite all this, a strange sense of satisfaction lingered within Zeus.

“The messenger who was sent to end slavery,” he mused, “left humanity with an unexpected burden. After centuries of war, men delivered themselves into the hands of priests. The rulers changed, but poverty and servitude endured.”

For nearly four hundred years after the birth of the new era, Zeus waged his war. With his newfound power, he could have annihilated the entire world. But Michael’s command had been clear:

“Make them believe that everything was their own choice.”

And so, Zeus obeyed.



Anahari - the other two planets,

Anahari frequently visited the other two planets, Sirna and Perreson, yet she made it a point to remain there as little as possible. Once the cycles of life on these worlds fell into predictable patterns, she wasted no time in leaving. True transformation, however, only occurred on Earth. Michael, along with the gods under his command, was entangled in a grand design—yet Anahari still could not decipher his ultimate goal.

The wars and deaths on Earth followed an unchanging cycle in human history. Those who seized power sought to annihilate anyone who was different, anyone who refused to serve them, or anyone who dared to oppose them. It was an inevitable law. No matter how ruthless Michael might be, he could not eradicate all of humanity. At the very least, Satan would never allow it. Because, in the end, the true plan belonged to him.

Anahari's only curiosity now was this—when would the gods finally ask for her help?

In the gathering hall of the Cube, two women stood, each distinct in their own way. Hera no longer felt jealousy—because she knew that everything she once envied would eventually belong to her. The more she saw herself as superior, the more she absorbed the qualities she admired in others, one



Athena - Hera

by one. She no longer needed to covet another's beauty, strength, or intelligence, for she was certain she would surpass them all. That was why she attended every meeting with a different appearance, changing her hair and attire as she pleased.

Athena, on the other hand, still dressed like an Olympian goddess, arriving in the same long, simple robes she had always worn. She was the one who remained loyal to the past. She did not embody change but rather continuity. While Hera gained power through transformation, Athena grew stronger by remaining rooted.

Each of the four gods in the common hall believed themselves to be the most powerful. Yet in Zeus's mind, Hades remained a constant concern. Though he still had a room in the Cube, he never attended the meetings, nor did the others seem to notice his presence or absence. Zeus had no idea what was fueling Hades' power, but he instinctively knew he could never trust him. If Hades had been part of their plans from the start, Zeus might have understood what abilities he had gained and devised a strategy against him. Poseidon was the source of knowledge, while Zeus was the embodiment of ideas. And now, together, they had found a new cause of death for mankind.

The faithful would be eradicated—not by them, but by the One God.

The meeting began in silence once again. As Zeus laid out his plan, the colors on the ceiling of the hall swirled and shifted, taking form. When they finally settled, the image of a great cathedral appeared. A priest stood before it, raising his

right hand high. Surrounding him, thousands of people knelt on the ground, their hands clasped, heads bowed in prayer.

Zeus turned to the gods, who were watching the scene intently, and began to speak.



Zeus - Hera - Poseidon - Athena

“We must ensure that the faith in the One God reaches even more people. The suffering inflicted by the Church must surpass the harm caused by the oppression we orchestrate. This way, we will sow hatred for the One God among humanity. The shift in the minds of those who converted to this faith began with doubt. But now, they no longer think—they simply follow orders. They do not question, nor do they resist. The people are not slaves, but their minds are. We must shake them, not with death, but with fear. Hera, once again, everything will start with you.”

A flash of memory struck Hera—the moment she stood upon the chessboard. In truth, nothing began with her. Everything began with ideas. Zeus spoke of minds enslaved, of bodies acting only to survive. She understood this well, for she, too, had chosen the path of obedience without question. For now, it was easier. Time was still on their side.

Just as Zeus desired, Hera took the first great step. From the depths of the Dark Ages, she crafted a second self for humanity—one they had never before perceived. People, who once existed alone within their own minds, suddenly began speaking to themselves. And in response to the first questions they asked, Hera's voice whispered back.

At first, her voice brought only confusion. Then, as the days passed, that confusion turned into doubt. And eventually, she withdrew, leaving behind a lasting legacy—indecision. It was Hera who had first shattered their peace of mind. And from that moment on, human minds would never again be silent.

“Silence your thoughts, O humanity—for they are no different from your hands and feet.”

For four hundred years, Zeus had waged war to destroy the very idea of the One God. And yet now, he was the one who spread it farther and faster than ever before. Kings rose once again, but this time, they knelt before priests. No one could surpass the One God or his earthly representatives. The priests now led the armies.

Everything was done in the name of the One God, and they would not stop until the entire world was under their control. To expand more swiftly, missionaries emerged. These

holy men traveled the lands, seeking out idolaters, fire worshippers, and those who still revered the forces of nature. But behind them, an unstoppable force followed—the armies. And what they sought above all else—was gold. Humanity was ignorant. It would take them a long time to begin thinking, understanding, and resisting.



Faith

The missionaries and the armies, driven by their thirst for wealth, ravaged every land they set foot upon in the name of the One God. Those who refused to surrender, who resisted, who refused to part with their treasures, or who denied the accusations against them—were starved, left to rot in prisons, or slaughtered. They showed no hesitation in killing the weak and defenseless. And those who wished to live were spared,

but only under one condition: they had to believe in the One God. The faiths they encountered, the religions that predated them, were utterly destroyed.

Just as Zeus desired, the priests and armies of the One God left no hope for those outside their rule. Free people were turned into slaves. As the faith of the One God spread across oceans and new continents were discovered, the world transformed into an ancient battlefield once more. But this time, it was not the strongest who survived, but those whose faith was the most unshakable.

Anahari kept writing. Since her arrival, the Earth had spun beneath her feet one hundred eighty-two thousand five hundred times, nearly five centuries had passed. Each rotation had witnessed new events, pivotal moments that altered the course of human history. At times, she felt as if she were caught in the Earth's pull, spinning along with it, watching night and day shift, tracing the shadows cast upon the continents. Yet, the only undeniable truth she saw was this: the Earth's time was running out.

As the missionaries spread far and wide to propagate faith, a struggle for power slowly emerged among the followers of the Messenger. At first, small disagreements arose, then deep divisions formed. Even though they believed in the same God, they created different sects and became strangers to one another. Their God was one, yet they continued to shape Him in their own minds. Instead of uniting under a single belief, they drifted in different directions. Humanity had once again begun to create gods.

In the era of polytheism, gods had found a shared form in the human mind. When one spoke of Athena, people envisioned wisdom, battle prowess, a spear in her hand, her tall figure, and the feathered helmet upon her head. When Zeus was mentioned, the image of a god in human form came to mind. Their statues were sculpted, their portraits painted, their names sung in hymns. Though the number of gods reached into the hundreds of thousands, their identities were clear.

Now, however, even if one were to gather all the gods throughout human history, their numbers would not exceed those of today.

The One God could not find a fixed form within the human mind. What did He look like? Did He have a gender? Was He wrathful, or merciful? Which side did He favor? No one knew. This uncertainty caused each person to create their own vision of God, shaping Him according to their fears, desires, and expectations. The One God had multiplied, now existing in as many forms as there were people on Earth.

People believed in the One God—yet they never ceased to create their own gods.

In the minds of humans, though the name remained the same, the form, character, and intentions of God varied greatly. Even though they all believed in a single deity, each person shaped Him anew in their own mind, assigning Him different identities and attributes. For Zeus, this had become an amusing game. Even within the wars fought between the followers of the Messenger, humans managed to fragment their own god, forcing Him to take sides, even pitting different interpretations of the same deity against one another.

A god bearing the same name was being forced to choose between His own followers, as belief systems that carried His very name clashed with one another. Zeus took great pleasure in watching how humans could even corrupt their gods.

Thus, with the support of Athena and Hera, Zeus initiated what would become a fourteen-hundred-year-long era, remembered in human history as the Dark Ages. This was a time when institutions that claimed to be the hand of God on Earth judged people in His name—burning, hanging, and drowning them as punishment. Science, medicine, and progress were halted under the weight of religious oppression, while the plagues unleashed by Hera became one of humanity’s greatest nightmares. These devastating diseases emptied cities, turned villages to ruins, and brought great empires to their knees.



M. S ...

The slavery that the Messenger had abolished by sacrificing himself was now resurrected by humans' own hands, this time in the form of tyranny.

Zeus had only one question on his mind: what would be the outcome of all this? In the midst of massacres and devastation, would humanity—just as Michael desired—abandon hope and resign itself to a future where only death remained, birthing children into despair? Or, in an unexpected twist, would the suffering and chaos forge a new path for humanity to escape its fate?

Anahari could not stop thinking about the words of the Chief Overseer. “The Messenger does not interfere with fate; he gives humans open-ended knowledge. We avoid influences that reduce possibilities. Keep your ear on Earth.”

These words echoed in her mind like one of the fundamental laws of existence. And yet, Anahari continued to watch helplessly. Because what was happening on Earth did not seem like the open-ended flow of fate, but rather the conscious manipulation of chaos.

The One God's faith dragged life into disaster wherever it extended its hand. Every new generation was born into an even greater destruction. Yet, no matter what happened to them, humans continued to cling to their god with absolute trust. The thousand years of death that passed through Zeus's hands only bound them more tightly to their faith. For humans always seek a reason to survive, and the greatest reason is the strongest enemy.



Human - Devil

All beliefs sustain themselves by finding an enemy to stand against. The stronger the evil, the longer the lifespan of faith. That is why the faith in the One God will last as long as humanity exists—because Satan will never forgive mankind.

Humanity has now created for itself an enemy so powerful that they have named him Satan. And in his presence, the only thing left to do was to seek refuge in the forgiving and protective God. But Anahari still did not know whether this was true faith—or humanity's greatest illusion.

The greatest obstacle before Zeus was the unconditional cycle of birth among ignorant humans. No matter how dire the conditions, bodies coded for survival continued to multiply, undeterred by hardship or despair. Each birth was not merely the arrival of a single human—it was the continuation of humanity’s immortality. For fourteen hundred years, Zeus had tirelessly, relentlessly worked to break this self-sustaining cycle through death. Yet over time, he had come to understand a far greater truth.



Cycle of Birth

The bodies he destroyed were nothing more than vessels. They multiplied to survive, and they survived to multiply. Each birth did not just ensure the life of a child but secured the endurance of the entire human race. A human was born a ruler but grew into a slave destined to care for the next generation. Many adults had accepted that their sole purpose was to sacrifice their own lives for the continuation of their

kind. Zeus realized that trying to eradicate humanity was as futile as attempting to clear a vast field of crops that, even when cut, would endlessly regrow. He finally understood that what bound humanity to the world was not merely the body—but the soul itself.

Killing their bodies would change nothing, for their souls had created a human model willing to sacrifice, to fight for its kind, to protect loved ones, and to submit to its god. Yet, those same souls were also selfish, cowardly, and driven solely by self-preservation. Bodies could endure suffering, withstand oppression, and even sacrifice themselves for the next generation. But the soul—it could not endure pain. It never acted without self-interest.

If Zeus truly wanted to destroy humanity at its core, he realized he would have to do it through their souls.

The belief in the One God had become the perfect instrument for this plan. Wars, famine, plagues, and the torments of life had only strengthened people's devotion to their god, making them more inclined to obey without question. Now, humans could communicate with their deity directly, without intermediaries, and they believed that their sins and transgressions could be cleansed through mere internal repentance. More importantly, this belief had even legitimized human cruelty against one another.

God was forgiving, and the promise of absolution only fueled the desire to sin. If one could atone for wrongdoing simply by seeking forgiveness, then evil itself became meaningless. Heaven had become a place where even the guilty could find peace.

And for that very reason, Zeus decided it was time to speak to the human soul. The body's endurance to pain was nothing compared to the soul's vulnerability. The human soul was the most delicate, the easiest to manipulate, and the weakest entity ever created by the gods. And now, Zeus's target was no longer the body—it was the soul itself.

Which is real—the body or the soul?



Zeus and His New Plan

Zeus, undeterred by his past failures, had resolved to meet with Michael once more. When he first arrived at his master's domain, Athena and Hera were already there. Three women, clad in long black cloaks, stared at him as if they had no desire to listen to a man who repeatedly failed. Hera had changed again, her beauty even more striking than before.

When Athena stepped away to retrieve something from Michael's cabinet, Michael herself settled into her chair. For Zeus, this was a relief. Facing three pairs of piercing eyes at once made speaking even more difficult. To make matters worse, the only other male presence—Poseidon—had been absent for millennia. Michael had assigned him a task, and he had not returned since.

Zeus could feel the weight pressing down on him, his impatience mounting. He needed to share his new idea before hesitation took hold. Without delay, he spoke:

“Let the darkness end, and let the light begin. Humanity, having learned to survive under harsh conditions, now possesses a strong body. But the soul... The soul is like a pearl hidden within an oyster, carefully guarded within. The body will do whatever it takes to stay alive—it learns, it endures the cold of caves, it begs, it becomes a slave if necessary. But the soul... the soul is what weakens it.”

He knew his words were powerful, yet the women before him maintained their unreadable expressions, as if they weren't truly listening. Even the presence of the black dog lying on the floor unsettled him; he avoided meeting its gaze.

But he could not stop now...

“It was once again death that led me to this realization. When humans lose their loved ones, it is not only their bodies that suffer but their souls as well. In those moments, the soul becomes strong enough to take control. It punishes its own body for allowing death to happen. There is no balance in the essence of the soul. It is either drowning in deep sorrow or

overwhelmed with joy. The human body, however, is adaptable, stable.

That is why, while developing the mind, we must weaken the body. The soul should be fragile and precious, while the body must become its prison. We must show this to humanity. Weak bodies, strong souls..."

Michael pondered Zeus' idea for a long time. She had to maintain balance among the gods she had empowered. Zeus' ideas had never brought significant changes to human history before, but now, he was directly targeting the human soul. This could lead to unpredictable consequences.

Finally, Michael spoke in a calm yet commanding tone:

"Zeus' ideas are intriguing, but their consequences may be unforeseen. Humans are constantly evolving, adapting to challenges. Hera, you will oversee the execution of Zeus' ideas from now on."

When Michael fell silent, Hera realized that, deep inside, she envied her. She took a deep breath, trying to suppress the overwhelming power filling her, and immediately bowed before her.

"You can trust me, Master Michael. There will be no problems," she said.

But Michael heard the true thoughts buried in Hera's mind:

“I will show Zeus my power and make him admire me.”

Hera and Zeus saluted Michael before leaving the room. Once they had gone, Michael turned to Athena, fixing her gaze on her, watching as she drifted into deep thought.

“Watch them. Ensure they do not stray beyond the limits of a plan that seeks to destroy humanity.”

With the obedience that came with receiving a command, Athena lowered her head. She felt the thin line between loyalty and betrayal within herself.

But she had to remain loyal to Michael.

Anahari had neither seen nor heard the meeting held in Michael’s dwelling. She would once again witness most events as they unfolded. Knowing the past was less important than seeing the future because time inevitably carried everything to its rightful place. In Zeus’s lands, humanity had narrowly escaped a fourteen-hundred-year extinction. Though oppressed under the weight of a dark age, they had managed to survive. The mere struggle to find food and shelter had been enough for them to multiply.

But now, a new era was beginning. This time, Michael’s gods would not kill humans; instead, they would accelerate their destruction by exploiting their instinct to live. The new plan was to inflame mankind’s desire to possess, to glorify individuality, and to teach them to think solely of their own interests. Once humans began acquiring, it would no

longer matter how or by what means they had obtained anything.



Human Body and Soul

For thousands of years, in misery, poverty, and suffering, the soul had remained silent, choosing merely to observe. But now, as the body began to indulge in pleasure, the soul would awaken alongside it. Humans were no longer fighting just to survive; they craved pleasure, wanted more, and sought to reshape the world according to their own desires.

Souls had come into the world to live in pleasure. But what they did not realize was that their bodies had become their masters. And now, this enslavement was deepening at an unprecedented pace.



Rönesans

Under the guidance of Zeus, Hera, and Athena, human history was being rewritten. From the ashes of the Dark Ages, the human mind had begun to speak not only to God but also to itself. Hera took the first great step. She embedded herself within the mind and, for the first time, whispered to the lonely souls:

“Come, indulge in the pleasures of your life and existence.”

In this new era, where religious wars and conflicts of faith were beginning to wane, the soul found joy in simply existing. It began to take pleasure in eating, drinking, and touch. The body was no longer just a vessel for survival; it had become a conduit for pleasure. For the first time, the soul took

Individuality began to rise in the bustling cities, and discussions of human rights and freedom emerged. People started questioning the belief in a singular god.

Zeus became the muse of scientists and artists, offering humanity ideas to expand upon, urging them to question existence through philosophy and psychology. To him, the fleeting lifespans of societies were insignificant. What truly mattered was understanding the fragility of the soul. Zeus's greatest discovery was unveiling the delicate nature of the human soul.

The one thing he was certain of was that the soul would cease the cycle of birth at the slightest distress. The soul was not created to multiply. If it found the world too miserable, it would refuse to bring another into it—thus, humanity would bring about its own extinction.

Zeus's ideas opened the door to a new era through figures like Pascal, Descartes, Freud, Edison, Newton, Da Vinci, Einstein, Tesla, and Nietzsche. Through them, he spread the philosophies he had cultivated in his own lands across the world. Yet, the field he prioritized most was medicine. Because now, he did not plan to destroy humanity through death—but through life itself.

The period of fastest development for a human occurred before birth. Zeus's plan was to prepare humanity for birth as quickly as possible. However, one major obstacle still stood in his way: he had yet to spark a large-scale movement among people. Small families ruled over millions, and those who embraced their servitude did not even feel resentment toward their rulers. Yet, the solution to everything remained war and death—but this time, the cause would also be Hera.

Hera introduced the concept of equality to the people of Europe, igniting some of the greatest civil wars in history. The fire she set ablaze consumed an already withered forest, reducing it to ashes along with the innocent within it. These wars raged for two hundred years, and in the end, humanity, which continued to expand, sprouted new shoots under the name of equality. This was the closest step to individuality.

But for Zeus, even this was not enough. He knew he needed a vast field, and he had already chosen where to sow it.

Zeus understood that humans were ignorant of the true scale of the world. Yet, he had concealed riches beyond human comprehension within a single landmass. And now, the time had come. In the 1700s, he breathed a gentle wind into the sails of ships, guiding them to a land that people would later call America. This would be the birthplace of his true order. Here, he would grow, here, he would gather strength, and from here, he would wage war against the world.

Thus, with the promise of a long and healthy life, he entrapped humanity within itself. Yet, people still could not see what lay behind that light.

Live long and healthy, O human!
Think only of yourself or remain in ignorance.
But never forget—Michael has grown weary of this world,
and the only thing standing in his way is your will to live...

Michael sat silently in his room, watching the shadows reflected on the carpet. In the corner of the room, a serpent slowly coiled within the red-patterned rug. He did not know

when or how it had arrived. For now, it was merely a guest, but perhaps even this serpent was bound by an unseen chain. As Michael remained lost in thought, his gaze fixed on the creature's smooth, undulating motions, the lights in the room suddenly brightened. Emerging through the currents of time, Poseidon had finally returned after a long absence.

It had been a thousand years since Michael had sent him away. His task had been to find Israfil, who had been lost within the depths of time. Michael recalled the very first command he had given him:

“No one will be able to stop you on your journey toward what you seek. Luck will be on your side. If you wonder where Israfil is, you will find him. Your first mission is to bring him back to me.”

Poseidon had welcomed this duty. Drifting through time had been even more mesmerizing to him than swimming beneath the ocean's surface. Yet, his greatest curiosity was not about Israfil—it was about Michael himself. And on that day, he had gathered the courage to ask:

“What if I wonder about you?”

Michael only looked at him for a moment before vanishing in an instant. Poseidon suddenly found himself in a vast, endless desert covered in black sand. His vision extended only to a certain distance, beyond which a deep darkness loomed and swayed. He had no idea which direction to take. As he stood frozen in place, trapped in fear, hesitation, and uncertainty, Michael's voice echoed in his mind:

“If you wonder about me, I cannot stop it. But know this—what awaits you is a journey from which you will not wish to return.”

Rather than embarking on an irreversible path, Poseidon chose to return to Michael’s chamber—carrying a great statue in his hands.

Now, in the center of the room, stood the petrified body of Israfil. The statue Poseidon had brought held the secrets of the past in its hands. In his right hand, a staff; in his left, a book pressed tightly against his chest. A heavy crown adorned his head, and a long robe draped over his body. Michael studied Israfil’s face with great care. Even before turning to stone, his unwavering will was evident.

Poseidon noticed Michael’s gaze locked onto Israfil, yet he continued speaking:

“In my journey through time, I had to go back fifty thousand years. He has left his mark in every era. He has always meddled in human beliefs. That made it easy to track him. He has posed as a king, a priest, a scholar, and even a messiah. I found him thirty meters underground, inside a temple. He was not alone. Thousands of petrified people were with him. Some were bowing in prostration, others clasping their hands in desperate prayer. The moment I removed Israfil, the cave collapsed upon those left behind.”

Michael’s gaze wandered over the objects Israfil held in his hands. A staff and a book... What had Israfil brought from the depths of human history? What was written in the book he pressed against his chest? Yet, what intrigued Michael

the most was the object Israfil still clutched tightly in his right hand—a cube.

Poseidon hesitated despite his master’s silence. When he realized that Michael’s full attention was now on Israfil, he bowed his head slightly in respect. At that moment, Michael turned his gaze toward Poseidon, who remained on the ground, and gave a brief command:

“Poseidon, you may leave now. Zeus needs your assistance. Return to your true duty.”



Poseidon Brought Israfil

Poseidon had returned from his millennia-long journey stronger than before. Struggling to conceal the satisfaction of his return, he bowed respectfully and vanished from the room in an instant.

Michael stepped in front of Israfil and looked at him one last time. Before turning to stone, he had been driven by an immense ambition. But now, he stood like a sage who had awakened from a long slumber. His golden hue had darkened to its deepest shade. Gabriel and Azrael were no longer as powerful as he was.

Israfil stood in silence, as if waiting for Michael to unravel him with his circle of light. At last, when the light enveloped his body, the Angel of the Apocalypse began to move once more.

As his eyes opened, he bowed briefly before Michael, then extended the book and staff in his palms, speaking in a soft voice:

“I have brought you gifts from time, Archangel Michael.”

Then, his gaze shifted to the serpent coiling within the patterns of the carpet.

“With your permission, let us remove your serpent from here. There is much I must tell you about the Notebook of the World.”

Michael was surprised by the calmness in Israfil’s voice. His balance had settled. He was stronger, wiser—and far more dangerous.

Now, Michael had only one question:

“After all this time, what have you learned, Israfil?”

Zeus's advancements in knowledge and technology led to the first great war of the new world. Within a century, humanity had attained the power to destroy itself. The war lasted only four years, yet it left devastation in its wake. The gods observed its progression closely. The outcomes were unlike those of the Dark Ages. Now, humans no longer fought with swords and spears, but with the death machines they had newly invented. They called it the First World War. Yet, in the eyes of the gods, it was humanity's first great trial against the future it had created for itself.

During the war, humans did not merely kill one another; they sacrificed the land, the air, the water, and the animals as well. More than six million civilians perished without even a chance to escape or seek refuge. The soil was poisoned, the waters ran red with blood, and millions of animals were slaughtered. Yet, none of these losses were even counted in the war's toll. Zeus and the other gods saw the greatest difference between the deaths of the new age and those of the past: weapons no longer just killed—they annihilated.

As expected, while the war burned the old world to the ground, it left behind young minds that could be easily shaped. The rigid, aging generations were replaced by those who had grown up amidst war and upheaval. These new generations were not bound by the beliefs of the past. Zeus, as he laid the groundwork for the Third World War, was pleased with the results. The balance between Europe and Asia had shifted, new regimes had emerged, and in fractured nations, the embers of war had never truly faded. The harsh treaties forced upon the defeated had already set the stage for the Second World War. Now, history was no longer guided by reason or wisdom—it

was propelled forward like an unstoppable avalanche, driven by a single force: war.



World Wars

Zeus decided to entertain himself during this process. He watched as the hopeless people of shattered nations cried out to their gods in despair. The gods could do nothing but watch. Humans longed for a power to save them, yet the deities they worshipped remained silent. And yet, Zeus still existed—he could still spread his wings, still shape the future of mankind. When the Messenger arrived, they had all thought he would be destroyed. But Zeus had become even stronger than them.

This was the dawn of a new age. For centuries, humans had kept their fading gods alive through myths, legends, and books, allowing them to linger in existence. Yet Zeus watched

their silence with horror. Gods, imprisoned in the minds of mortals, were reduced to nothing more than names.

Had it not been for Michael, Zeus would have shared the same fate—becoming a slave within the human mind...

Thus, the greatest wish of all forgotten gods, waiting in fear, had become clear:

“Forget me, human. Forget me at last.”

Without informing anyone, Zeus set out to test his powers on the forgotten gods. Many of the deities he encountered stood adrift in the void like shadows—their consciousness fading, their existence on the brink of oblivion. Watching them irritated Zeus. However, two places captured his attention: India and Japan.

In India, religion functioned exactly as Zeus desired. People had accepted their fate, believing that a better life awaited them only through rebirth. Despite slavery, suffering, and starvation, they did not lose hope—for they held an unshakable belief that in another life, in another body, everything would be better. Even Zeus pondered for a moment, “Do they truly reincarnate?” But he was no longer concerned with humans; his focus was on gods. The gods of India were not warriors. They bestowed peace, happiness, and patience upon people—and perhaps, that was the greatest danger. As long as humans remained patient, they would not recognize the misery they lived in. They had been reincarnating for centuries, yet they were unaware of it. This was not Zeus’s doing.

Japan, however, was different. On a small island, hundreds of thousands of gods coexisted. Zeus could feel their power, and he knew he could not face them alone. The Japanese people had an unshakable bond with their gods through a belief system they called Shintoism. His first task was to sever that bond. If people's spirits drifted away from their gods, the gods would weaken.

During his secret journeys, Zeus observed the Shinto gods. He knew they were powerful, but the real threat lay in the fact that they had not been severed from their people. He had found his next target. A new religion had begun to take root in Japan: Buddhism. This would be Zeus's greatest weapon. The Japanese were deeply tied to their traditions, and swaying them would not be easy. But Zeus was patient. He no longer worked in short-term plans.

After centuries of patience, by the 1800s, Buddhism had spread across much of Japan. Yet, Shintoism still stood. Even though the gods were unseen by humans, they continued to exist, moving through unknown realms. Zeus could not track them.

He had to find the home of the gods.

But to achieve this, a far greater plan was needed. The bond between the Shinto gods and their people had to be severed. And the only way to do that was through a great catastrophe. Zeus believed that if the Japanese people perished in large numbers, the Shinto gods would weaken. Thus, he had to ensure Japan's participation in World War II. Zeus would launch his assault on the gods under the cover of war's chaos. Even Michael would not realize what he was doing.

Zeus rapidly advanced the Japanese technology he had inspired and prepared the warrior nation for the Second World War. But he possessed an even greater weapon—one that not even Hera was aware of. He would test it on the Shinto gods.

However, Zeus's true plan was not limited to Japan. He activated the most powerful idea at the foundation of World War II: racism. This was the second most effective idea he had ever introduced. His greatest idea, however, was reserved for the Third World War.

Racism was born from humanity's most primal instincts. It was a poison that could tear apart even the most civilized societies and justify the greatest massacres. Humans saw those who were different from themselves as a threat to their survival. No one wanted to share the world with those unlike them.

Zeus quickly witnessed the power of his idea. Racism spread like a disease across the globe. Humanity had always killed one another, but now, the slaughter had become systematic. No longer were people only killed on battlefields—they were massacred in cities, in streets, in neighborhoods.

Babies died in their mothers' arms. Women were violated. People were starved in concentration camps. Neighbors who once lived side by side betrayed one another.

Zeus delighted in the consequences of racism. During the Second World War, humans burned each other in furnaces.

And the greatest weapon was still hidden...



World Wars

HIROSHIMA

There was a moment when the past and the future were divided by an unbreakable line in Zeus's mind. His epoch, the end of a time when everything was as it should be, was the rise of the One God. It was the moment when the Messenger was born as a human, and Athena warned him to kill the child immediately. That was the turning point in Zeus's fate.

For humanity, however, their epoch might have stretched even further back—to the moment Satan refused to bow before them in paradise.

For two thousand years, millions of people had perished in wars, plagues, and famine. As belief in the One God spread, Zeus's power faded, and the old gods began to be forgotten. He had even convinced himself that the One God was the true cause of all of this. But he had never been able to make mankind believe the same.

Now, Zeus had a new plan. He had grown weary of killing. Humans were already destroying themselves. But the gods... they still stood.

Zeus had correctly deduced the powers Michael had granted to the Olympian gods. Perhaps, the only one who possessed the power to erase all gods was Hera. Because Hera could become stronger than anything she envied. At this point, Zeus could no longer even estimate the difference in power between them.

Hera could split herself into atoms, manifesting in every shape and emotion that words formed in the human mind. As long as words existed, as long as the human mind assigned meaning to them, Hera would endure. She was the very essence of matter—the fundamental unit of existence. Whether scattered or whole, she was everything. And that made her immortal.

Yet, Zeus realized something—Hera did not fully grasp the value of her own power.

The idea of creating a human-made weapon capable of killing gods emerged exactly 1940 years after his epoch.

As World War II raged on, Zeus remained close to Hera within the home Michael had given him. He spent more time with her, observing her closely. There was only one thing he needed to set his plan in motion: Hera's consent. And lately, he could feel the shift—she had started to listen.

Zeus knew that calm words would no longer suffice. He needed to press his full weight into the matter. Without hesitation, he spoke directly:

“Thousands of gods have survived the destruction of the One God's faith. With the power Michael has given us, we will eradicate the remaining gods on Earth.”

Athena, startled by the boldness and directness of his words, immediately intervened.

“Michael wanted us to hasten humanity's end—nothing more. He was clear that we were not to interfere with anything else.”

Zeus gazed at his daughter for a long moment. He knew she grew stronger the more she remained loyal to Michael.

“Michael will not interfere in this,” he declared.

Athena detected the unwavering certainty in her father's voice. She knew that siding with him in this plan would mean losing Michael's trust. And her loyalty was what made her powerful. She did not know why Zeus was so sure of himself against Michael, but she did know one thing—she would not stand beside him.

“I will not be a part of this,” Athena stated firmly, calling her hound, Darkness, to her side before walking out of the house. As she left, she knew that Michael was witnessing everything through Darkness’s eyes.

Zeus called after her:

“Your hound will one day devour us all, just as it did Ares. The chain that binds it is no longer in your hands.”

Athena was gone. Now, only three remained at the table.

For Zeus, only one truly mattered—Hera.

At that moment, a great table rose in the center of the room. A massive map unfolded upon it, marked with symbols and crossed-out locations. Zeus placed his hand upon the map, pressing it firmly over Japan.

“The people of this island nation are deeply bound to their traditions and gods. The Shinto deities who dwell here may become our rivals.”

Hera and Poseidon leaned over the map, listening intently to Zeus. He knew that not only Hera, but also Poseidon, Athena, and Hades would serve his purposes. Though they had stood on the same side for millennia, he would move each of them to serve his own agenda when the time came.

He paused briefly before turning to Poseidon:



Zeus

“I have watched them for a long time, yet I have learned very little. Poseidon... this task requires you the most.”

Zeus had noticed that since Poseidon’s return from the thousand-year mission assigned by Michael, he had grown stronger—but also more silent. The first move had to be his.

Without delay, Poseidon set out for Japan to observe the Shinto gods. As lord of the seas, he knew he could not walk among them. Instead, he traveled through the ocean, approaching the island’s shores, watching from the waters.

The first thing he learned was that the Shinto gods were older than they were.



Zeus- Hera

As Zeus set his plan into motion for Hera, Poseidon remained in Japan.

For the first time in thousands of years, Zeus would be alone with Hera. When he entered the meeting hall, he had changed his usual attire. He avoided anything that might remind her of the past.

When Hera approached, Zeus feigned excitement, pretending as if he did not know how to begin the conversation.

“How are you, Hera? Our new home is filled with wonders. I’m curious—how has your room taken shape?”

Hera smiled calmly, locking eyes with Zeus.

The once-mighty king of the gods was now asking about her well-being, eager to speak with her. Finally, she had captivated Zeus entirely. She knew that with her beauty, intellect, and power, she had surpassed all other gods. The new Hera would enjoy speaking with her former husband.

“I imagine your chamber must resemble Olympus once again.” She smirked. “The great Zeus—living in a city crafted from dreams, just as we all have.”

Zeus was so overjoyed by Hera’s response—her teasing, her willingness to engage with him—that, for a brief moment, his focus wavered. He quickly composed himself. He had to escape any conversation that dragged them back to Olympus and the past. Those days were gone. They were no longer who they once were, and he needed Hera to accept that.

Without answering, he took a step back. In his hands, two golden goblets appeared, filled with deep crimson wine. Stepping forward again, he extended one toward Hera. “Wine might be the finest thing humans have ever created. This one was recovered from a lost cellar on Earth. It has rested for over a thousand years. You should taste it.”

Hera lifted the goblet to her nose, inhaling deeply. She could truly smell the weight of time, imprisoned for a millennium inside a single bottle. Yet, she did not drink. She merely held it, studying him. Zeus had never given her anything without expecting something in return. She did not believe he had changed. “What do you want?”

Zeus, the god who most resembled a human, felt his senses sharpen with excitement. He caught the subtle trace of

Hera's scent, then saw the gray energy seeping from her form. If he reached out, he was certain she would feel softer than he remembered. Drawing a deep breath, he steadied himself, pulling from the power Michael had bestowed upon him. Then, he spoke.

“I want the gods on that island to die.”

Hera narrowed her eyes.

“And what do you expect me to do about it?”

Zeus held her gaze.

“Only you can kill them.”

Zeus, though he wished to make her forget the past, saw Hera's attire suddenly change. The gown she once wore as Queen of Olympus wrapped itself around her body again. The veils that embraced her breasts and hips shimmered in the gothic atmosphere of the vast hall. Now, her beauty—and her power—were more striking than ever.

Hera, without taking her eyes off Zeus, asked:

“Where did you get the idea that I could kill a god?”

“We are no longer gods... nor angels. We are hybrids. Beings stronger than even our originals. And I know you are powerful enough to kill me at any moment.”

As Zeus's words echoed in Hera's mind, she realized he was slipping into one of his serious, wise speeches once again. This time, however, she held back. She had intended to

show him her power, to let him feel it—but instead, she withdrew.

“How exactly do you expect me to do that?” she asked.

Zeus let his gaze linger on her, observing the shifting patterns of her energy. He knew she was changing, that her form was still evolving in ways even she had not yet fully understood.

“You can dissolve into atoms and take the shape of anything. Everything in this world, even the mental energies created by humans, consists of atoms. The energy that sustains us flows from the minds of men. That means gods, too, are beings made of atoms. You can break them apart.”

Without realizing it, Hera’s garments had transformed, as if shedding an old skin. Her body was shifting, evolving alongside her thoughts. Zeus had once again drawn out a change in her, and he was carefully calculating how to approach her next.

When Hera caught the gleam of excitement in his eyes, she tilted her head slightly, studying him. “You speak so casually with a god who could kill you.”

Zeus smiled faintly, his voice carrying the weight of his thoughts.

“We are no longer gods, Hera. We are slaves. When Michael leaves this place, he may leave nothing behind—or his hound may devour us all. I don’t think he would mind if we had a little fun with the power he has given us. We don’t even know what we’re truly capable of.”

Hera hesitated. She knew Zeus was manipulating her, yet there was truth in his words. The thought of displaying her power not just to Zeus, but to the entire world was undeniably tempting. And yet, something inside her refused to let go of the doubt.

Zeus sensed her hesitation and pressed forward.

“We need to create an annihilation unlike anything before. Something like a bomb. A powerful bomb. Perhaps we could call it an atomic bomb.”

His gaze never left Hera’s face as he continued, his voice smooth and deliberate.

“I wonder what you will do to the Shinto gods. And we need to see how many humans your power can wipe out in an instant. That way, we can calculate how long it will take to erase the rest of the world. When human souls witness a destruction so vast, when they drown in the tragedy, they will long for their own apocalypse. Only you can put an end to the cycle of birth.”

Hera’s eyes narrowed slightly. She still did not know what could truly kill a god. Zeus was asking her to become something entirely unknown, something neither of them had ever seen before. Since she had begun working with him, she had followed his commands without question. But the idea of a weapon capable of killing gods filled her with an eerie unease.

Yet, what disturbed her the most was not the idea itself—it was the name Zeus had given it.

Atomic bomb.

The words settled in her mind like a heavy weight. A strange, instinctual discomfort stirred within her.

Without another word, she turned and strode quickly toward her chambers. Behind her, Zeus watched with amusement, a faint smile tugging at his lips as he whispered, “Hera, just think about it.”

The moment she heard those words, she vanished. She had no intention of trusting Zeus. Yet, no matter how far she ran, no matter how fiercely she resisted—the seed he had planted had already begun to sprout in her mind.



Hera's Room

Hera's chamber door opened to the 500s BCE. The moment it parted, her eyes were drawn to the temple's grandeur. Towering columns, sweeping arches, vast courtyards paved with stone—an architecture that mirrored Olympus's majesty upon the earth. Yet, the true spectacle was not the temple itself, but the hundreds of thousands of people gathered around it.

Priests in ceremonial robes murmured sacred hymns, while slaves and servants prostrated before the approaching goddess. As Hera moved forward, the path cleared effortlessly, the crowd falling to their knees, trembling, avoiding her gaze. She walked on, unshaken, her presence commanding absolute reverence. Behind her, a procession of attendants draped in brilliant fabrics struggled to match her pace, their movements forming an elegant, synchronized rhythm.

From above, the entire scene resembled a bride adorned in flowing veils. Hera descended the temple's steps, where hundreds of priests and attendants knelt in perfect alignment. Pausing at the center of the staircase, she took a deep breath and lifted her gaze to the sky.

At that very moment, two great black phoenixes burst from her shoulders, soaring upward. They had manifested from her jealousy the instant she had seen Athena claim Michael's hound, Darkness.

Born of fire, their radiant flames illuminated the temple, casting golden embers across the sky. As they ascended, a low murmur rippled through the temple's halls. Life and Death.



Life and Death.

Hera's power had spilled forth from her body once more, yet she kept their true nature veiled—her secret alone.

When the ceremony ended, Hera retreated to her chamber within the temple. She paused before the door, taking a deep breath. She knew what awaited her inside. Zeus's idea had begun to take hold of her mind, creeping in like a slow, inevitable tide. There was nowhere else to go—no escape but herself.

As she shut the door behind her, her rage surged beyond the room's boundaries. No matter where she stepped, the walls pulled away, the ceiling stretched into an infinite void before her eyes. She was drifting, lost within the depths of her own mind.

Yet, at the end of every thought, only one sentence echoed in her mind.

“Hera, just think about it...”

The mere fact that Zeus still wanted something from her was enough to irritate Hera. But what unsettled her the most was the calmness in his voice when he spoke of the atomic bomb. The way he chose his words so carefully, how he moved toward her and then away, how his gaze lingered just a moment too long... There was something in him she wasn't used to.

Hera questioned the sincerity in Zeus's eyes. To him, she had always been nothing more than a shadow. He had ignored her, betrayed her, humiliated her in front of other gods.

“Why would he change now?”

Even as her mind refused to trust Zeus's plans, jealousy whispered a different thought. If I have the power to kill gods, why should I give it to Zeus? The voice inside her echoed so clearly that she smirked darkly. Zeus had always claimed to be stronger than her—but he had never truly seen her power. She had endured millennia of feeling inadequate. Perhaps now, it was his turn to envy her.

Her emotions tangled together, chaotic and consuming, when suddenly, a strange movement stirred in her right palm. Narrowing her eyes, she lifted her hand closer to her face, watching as something small began to take shape in the center of her palm.



The Birth of Hera

She turned and sat on the edge of her bed, motionless, watching. She could feel her rage and jealousy taking form.

At first, it was no larger than a marble, glowing faintly. But slowly, it began to grow. Three rings of light started to orbit around it, mesmerizing her. The sheer radiance blurred her vision, its shape shifting too rapidly for her to focus.

It had become a golden, pulsing sphere—bright, volatile, alive. It looked like the sun.

She had no idea what she had just done. Yet, her instincts whispered that this was exactly what Zeus had spoken of. Panic surged through her as she shot to her feet and rushed out of her chamber without thinking. Her steps carried her unconsciously to the meeting hall.

The moment Zeus felt the surge of immense energy coursing through their cubic home, he could barely contain his excitement. His eyes widened, and in an instant, he was at Hera's side.

“So, you have given me another child.”

His voice was softer than it had ever been. His gaze locked onto hers as he took a slow step forward, his attention drawn to the glowing sphere in her palm. A faint, knowing smile played on his lips.

“Give it to me—slowly.”

Hera did not move. Her eyes were trapped within the spiraling rings of light, mesmerized. She did not want to give what was hers to Zeus. But she also had no idea what to do with it. Zeus had plans. So she let him speak.

“Your jealousy will be the end of us both one day—but not yet. Hand it over. I will take care of it... for both of us.”

His voice remained calm, affectionate even. A strange smile lingered on his face. For a fleeting moment, Hera felt herself falling under his spell.

And then, she extended the light toward him.

The moment Zeus felt the power settle in his palm, his eyes glowed with pure admiration. For the first time, he realized—he truly respected Hera.

Holding the glowing sphere before him, he straightened his stance, brought his feet together, and bowed.

“So warm.”

Then, he smiled—and vanished.

Hera stood frozen, breathless. She lowered her gaze to her empty hands. She had torn something from herself and given it away. But at what cost?

Zeus had fathered thirty-four children. Six had been with Hera—three daughters, three sons. But none had ever fascinated their father like the atomic bomb.



Hera - Zeus

As Hera stood alone in the meeting hall, a gray shape appeared on the ceiling.

At first, it was as light as a drifting cloud. Then it grew, layer upon layer, expanding, twisting upward, unfolding into an enormous mushroom. Hera looked at it, but felt nothing.

She still didn't fully understand what had happened. Like a mother who glimpses her child for a fleeting moment before losing them, she wasn't sure if she had truly given birth. She could sense the power that had left her hands, but it was no longer hers. What was done, was done.

The one thing that had never changed—before and after history itself—was Zeus. She had always wanted him, always carried within her both admiration and fury.



Hera

When she handed over her power, she hadn't hesitated. Because Zeus had changed. The god who once dismissed her, mocked her, treated her as if she did not exist—now acknowledged her strength.

And now, she was consumed with a single thought—what would Zeus turn her jealousy-born creation into?

Lost in thought, she walked slowly to her chamber. She climbed into her vast, gold-embroidered bed, sinking into its soft, warm fabrics. At that moment, she wished for only one thing:

Sleep.

She had envied humans for their ability to rest, and because she was stronger than anything she envied, she descended into a sleep far deeper, far darker than any mortal had ever known—so deep that she came to understand the very nature of death itself.

Zeus had to keep his attack on the Shinto gods hidden from Michael. He knew that whatever excuse he gave would be nothing more than a fabricated justification, but it had to be flawless in its logic. Looking directly into Michael's eyes, he kept his voice steady, betraying neither excitement nor hesitation.

“I want to see how many living beings this new weapon can kill at once.”

Michael lifted his head slightly. He saw through Zeus's plan. He knew that Zeus was not just targeting humans but also gods who threatened his existence. Yet, as always, he had no intention of intervening directly. Zeus would learn for himself how to wield his power.

“You cannot destroy all of humanity like this,” Michael said, his voice as calm as ever but carrying the weight of an undeniable command. “They must desire their own apocalypse.”

Zeus hesitated for a brief moment. Michael already knew what he was going to say. Swallowing his irritation, he delivered his carefully prepared response with deliberate coolness.

“I will separate humanity under the guise of civilization—then erase the rest with atomic bombs.”

Michael's expression did not change in the slightest. Zeus did not feel obligated to explain himself, yet he continued speaking nonetheless.

“I must know how many humans this bomb can kill.”

Michael remained silent for a few seconds. Then, without breaking eye contact, he spoke.

“Everything you know, I have given you, Zeus. But this plan is yours. Humans must desire their own destruction. Do not forget that.”

Zeus understood. Michael would never interfere directly. He would merely watch. He had only ever shared his

power. The ones who had twisted that power into something monstrous were the gods born from corrupted human desires.

And this plan... this was never Michael's. It was Israfil's.

Zeus had to help mankind understand the atomic bomb. War was history's greatest teacher. Technology, sociology, culture, and politics had all been shaped on the battlefield. When World War I began, soldiers still believed fabric helmets could protect them from bullets. But by World War II, mankind had taken to the skies, waging war with machines. Yet, they failed to grasp just how high they had risen. Their needs shaped their ideas, and their ideas shaped the course of war.

From the Dark Ages to the Renaissance, human intelligence had advanced with one question above all others:

“How can we kill more people?”

Zeus provided the answers. With subtle nudges, he guided the creation of machine guns, bombs, and tanks. When airplanes were invented, war became a true spectacle. Mankind had taken flight, conquering the skies. No longer bound to the earth, they now held the power to change their fate at any moment.

For years, Zeus had invested in Europe. But now, his new empire would bring his plans to life. America.



World Wars

This continent had seemed distant from the world's wars. Yet, under Zeus's influence, it was laying the foundation for World War II.

His ultimate goal was not just the war itself—it was to create a race of humans capable of using the atomic bomb. Before he could do that, he gave them the tools of war: naval fleets, fighter planes, heavy artillery. Even the vast ocean separating America and Japan was no longer an obstacle.

And when the time was right, he placed the book containing the secrets of the atom into the hands of American scientists.

Now, only one question remained.

Where had the Shinto gods gone?

While wandering through Japan, Zeus saw them—only for them to vanish in an instant. They were going somewhere. But where?

Curiosity and discovery were Poseidon's domain. Zeus knew he would be the one to find them.

After returning Israfil, Poseidon had been given a new task by Michael: find the Notebook of the World.

He searched for it across time itself, diving into the deepest oceans, climbing the highest peaks, wandering through desolate forests, and walking among humans—yet he found nothing. Perhaps it would have been easier if he knew what he was looking for, but Michael had offered no clues.

Zeus, however, understood Poseidon's worth far better. For some reason, he enjoyed helping him.

When they gathered in the meeting hall, Hera had been absent for days—which suited Zeus perfectly. Watching Poseidon's calm yet unshakable presence, he realized his brother had grown stronger than ever. Both his brother and his former wife might now be more powerful than him, yet they still followed his orders.

Wasting no time, Zeus laid out his plan to eradicate the Shinto gods. Poseidon needed little convincing. His curiosity had always been insatiable, and he had kept his distance from these gods for far too long. As Zeus spoke, Poseidon listened attentively—until he hesitated. Taking a step back, his gaze locked onto the energy pulsing in Zeus's hands.

“Where did you find that little sun?”

Zeus, his expression laced with mischief, simply replied:

“Hera.”

Poseidon drew in a deep breath. Seeing such power in his brother’s grasp, he couldn’t help but issue a warning.

“Zeus, I must warn you. She is now far stronger than any of us. If you try to deceive her, if you even think of betraying her, the new Hera will not turn your lovers into cows and send a fly after them. She will throw you straight into that sun you hold.”

Zeus met his brother’s gaze. Poseidon’s instincts were as sharp as ever. But to Zeus, this was nothing more than a warning—not a true threat. He nodded slightly, offering a soothing reply.

“Yes, you’re right, brother. Thank you for the warning. But before Hera kills me, I have a few gods I’d like to kill first.”

Then, swiftly shifting the conversation back to business, Zeus made Poseidon’s task clear—failure was not an option.

“Go to Japan. Be curious about the Shinto gods.”

“Learn everything about them. Where do they gather? What rituals do they perform? How do they come together?”

There are hundreds of thousands of them. They must have a place where they all converge.”

Raising the glowing orb of power, Zeus let the light flicker before Poseidon’s eyes as he continued.

“Before I drop this sun upon them, you must find where the Shinto gods reside. This atomic bomb must be placed directly at their center. I will sever the bond between them and humanity.”

But Zeus’s true plan was far grander. He didn’t just want to destroy gods—he wanted to learn how to kill them. If he succeeded, he would be the only god left.

As Poseidon set out for Japan, he didn’t even bother asking what the atomic bomb was. His only concern was finding the Shinto gods. He had wondered about them for so long that with each passing moment, he could feel his power rising.

For Zeus, waiting had been agonizing, even for someone accustomed to the flow of time. But at last, Poseidon appeared inside the cubic home—carrying two Shinto goddesses under his arms.

It was immediately clear that both captives were female. One lay unconscious, breathless and still, while the other struggled against her restraints, her body twisting in a desperate attempt to break free. Their garments were torn, their bodies exhausted from battle. It was obvious that Poseidon had fought hard to capture them.

As Zeus watched his brother toss them to the floor, he found himself momentarily stunned by the unearthly beauty of the Shinto goddesses. Humans had been right in their ancient myths—the gods were beautiful.

Yet, Hera's jealousy flickered in his mind, and for the first time in a long while, he felt fear.

Even pitying these goddesses could be a dangerous mistake. Hera was always stronger than anything she envied.

Still, he couldn't suppress the thought. These goddesses were going to die. And somewhere deep inside him, that made Zeus sad.

One of the two gods Poseidon had captured in Japan was the Leaf Goddess, Konoha, a warrior among the Shinto deities.

As she regained consciousness, she immediately recognized Zeus and Poseidon standing before her. But when her gaze fell upon the Bud Goddess, Tsubomi, lying unconscious beside her, a wave of deep regret surged through her.

She should never have brought Tsubomi out of The Essence.

For thousands of years, the Shinto gods had protected the island's people from evil.



Şinto Şinto İnançları

In ancient times, when faith was stronger, many had witnessed the battles between the Shinto deities and demons. Before Zeus's reckoning, some claimed to have been warned by the gods in their dreams, while others told stories of divine beings guiding them when they were lost. In the rural regions, abandoned infants were said to have been found under the watchful eyes of hundreds of sword-wielding Shinto gods.

Before the rise of monotheism, humans and Shinto deities had lived in harmony for five hundred years. There was no war—good and evil had yet to stand against each other. But the world was changing. The civil wars in Japan and the First World War drove the island's people into deep fear. And fear empowered the supernatural beings lurking in the shadows. Demons, spirits, and thousands of spectral creatures grew stronger and began appearing across the land more frequently.

The Shinto gods resided within a vast energy field on Earth. They had existed since the beginning of the planet, holding the secrets of The Essence. The Essence was the core of the world. The Shinto deities thrived within this very essence. Yet, its energy also drew dark entities and humans toward it. Because evil, too, was a part of The Essence.

To prevent humanity from paying the price, the Shinto gods had no choice but to protect them.



Gateway Door

The Essence was also the gateway to the planet. The first humans had entered the world through this gate, stepping inside only after learning its meaning. Yet, the first two great beings had arrived too soon. Because of this, the true secret of The Essence remained beyond their grasp—its presence, imperceptible.

The Essence was governed by five great gods. The two eldest deities, Earth and Nature, had shaped the world and then fallen into a deep slumber. The remaining two, Balance and Fate, oversaw the duties and responsibilities of the hundreds of thousands of gods within The Essence.

Every day, countless gods traveled between The Essence and the world, passing back and forth. They aided humanity in their work, daily lives, and spiritual journeys. A Shinto deity could be both a soldier and a farmer, shifting forms according to human needs. When their presence was no longer required, that identity would fade. And when new needs arose, they would return, reborn in a new form.

Thus, The Essence was a place that had to be protected.

Whenever the Shinto gods left The Essence, they lost all memories of their home. Only upon their return would their memories be restored. The sole knowledge they could carry into the outside world was the location of The Essence's gateways.

Unaware of Zeus's plans, the Shinto gods were preoccupied with their own troubles. Recently, several warrior gods sent to battle demons had failed to return, and two city gods, who had lived among humans, had vanished without a trace. These disappearances disrupted the harmony within The Essence, spreading fear and uncertainty among the gods.

Something—some unknown force—was hunting them. Some believed they had been captured, others feared they had been completely erased. But no one knew how it had happened.

The most powerful gods governing The Essence realized that they had to take action against the growing threat. New measures were put in place:

Non-warrior gods living among humans would be assigned a guardian. Gods battling dark forces would always fight in pairs. No one would leave The Essence alone.

These measures were meant to investigate the fate of the missing gods and protect the others. But there was one thing they didn't know—the threat was far greater than they could have ever imagined.

The Leaf Goddess, Konoha, usually carried out her duties in the depths of the forest alone. However, this time, she was required to have another god by her side. The region she was responsible for was considered safe—far from war, a place where demons were weak and rarely seen. That was why she chose to take her dear friend, the young Bud Goddess, Tsubomi.

Tsubomi was brave, agile, and nearly as fast as the wind. Both of their essences were deeply connected to nature; therefore, they reached their full strength in dense vegetation and forest-covered lands. Their task seemed ordinary; there was no reason to be uneasy. As they approached the gate to leave The Essence, the Thunder God suddenly appeared.



Raijin- Konoha- Tsubomi

Raijin was known as a god who never let his guard down, always expecting the worst. His sudden arrival created an unsettling sense of uncertainty in both Konoha and Tsubomi. When the three gods stood side by side, like steps of a staircase, Raijin's imposing presence was undeniable.

At the first step stood Tsubomi, her small stature, colorful garments, and the small dagger at her waist giving her an air of youth and readiness. Just behind her was Konoha, clad in a perfectly fitted green dress, her long sword resting at her side. At the highest step, towering over them both, stood Raijin—his massive two-meter frame clad in heavy samurai armor, twin blades strapped to his back.

Holding his helmet in one hand, he gazed at Tsubomi with concerned eyes. His voice was deep and authoritative:

“The creatures lurking in the darkness are growing stronger. The region you’re heading to may be quiet, but demons are everywhere now. They may be small and weak, but they move in great numbers. I know how fast you are, Bud Goddess. But our goal is not for you to fight them. Your mission is to observe and report what you see. Your safe return is what matters most to us.”

Then, he turned his gaze to Konoha.



Raijin- Konoha

“You need to get used to not being alone. This may seem like a burden to you, but there is one thing you must not forget: Your mission is only to observe. If you sense or see anything, return immediately. Do not engage in battle. Tsubomi is in your care.”

Konoha and Tsubomi bowed respectfully to Raijin before turning their eyes toward the massive gates. As The Essence's doors opened with a deep, echoing rumble, their commander gave them a nod, signaling them to proceed.



Exit Gate from The Essence

The massive emerald gates adjusted their opening based on the power and stature of the gods passing through. For Konoha and Tsubomi, only the first two layers of the five-tiered gate parted. Looking up, the gate seemed endless, stretching far beyond sight. The intricate leaf patterns adorning its outer surface cascaded downward, as if falling from the highest point—the emblem of the Nature God, Shizen. This was because every departure from The Essence was considered a birth.



Return Gate to The Essence

The return gate, however, symbolized the Earth God, Tsuchigami. It signified that leaving the world was, in a way, a death. Its engravings were adorned with roots and vines, intertwining in an eternal struggle. This represented Shizen binding Tsuchigami together, controlling his destructive power, yet also symbolized the immense challenge of maintaining this balance. That was why, with every exit, the leaves on the departure gate would fall.

The Leaf Goddess, Konoha, and the Bud Goddess, Tsubomi, knew that a long journey awaited them as they stepped through the gate. A three-kilometer descent down a smooth, winding staircase led them toward their destination—Hiroshima.

Beneath the exit gate from The Essence, another city stood—Nagasaki.



Hiroşima

As the two descended the staircase, Konoha noticed that Tsubomi had fallen unusually silent. Sensing her unease, she spoke in an attempt to ease the tension:

“The ruling gods of The Essence always said that just like demons and devils, humans, too, are drawn to strong energies. Even if they’re unaware of it, they gather at the thresholds of the world’s gates.”

But Tsubomi remained quiet. She lifted her head, inhaled deeply, and in a hushed voice, whispered:

“It’s been a long time since I last smelled gunpowder...”

From the moment they began descending the stairs, the scent of gunpowder and burned flesh filled their noses. War was still everywhere. And it never seemed to end.

Konoha paused for a brief moment, unsure of what to say. Then, shifting her tone into a more cheerful one, she spoke:

“Yes, humans have changed, Tsubomi. That’s why we must be even more careful. But let’s pick up the pace... Let’s see who’s faster. Whoever reaches the city’s outskirts first wins.”

Tsubomi glanced at her for a moment, nodded, and smiled.

The instant they set foot on Earth, they both vanished.



Mount Fuji

Night stretched across the foothills of Mount Fuji. The sky was illuminated by a large, radiant moon, nearing its full phase, casting a majestic glow over the peak of Mount Fuji. The city lights flickered weakly in the distance, while the village roads lay submerged in silence.

As Konoha and Tsubomi swiftly advanced toward their assigned regions, moving through the forest heightened their energy. The dense vegetation surrounding them made it easier for them to draw upon their sources of power.

But just then, Konoha abruptly stopped.

“Someone is watching us, Tsubomi.”

Tsubomi immediately turned her head, scanning the darkness with focused eyes. She raised her hand, pointing toward a spot.

“There,” she whispered. “Someone is approaching... A Roman soldier.”

A chill ran down Konoha’s spine. A Roman soldier? In Japan?

She knew it was impossible. A Roman soldier had no reason to be here. This was not normal. Turning swiftly to Tsubomi, she spoke in a hushed but urgent tone.

“Go now! Get help! I’ll keep him distracted.”



Poseidon - Konoha - Tsubomi

Poseidon had come to Japan under Zeus's command, hunting the Shinto gods. The two deities he had been tracking since Hiroshima had only now realized his presence. There was a silent understanding between them. The moment he sensed their decision to flee, he moved swiftly.

He lunged at his first prey—the one he knew would run. The small goddess, who resembled a young girl. With all his strength, he kicked her in the stomach. Tsubomi collapsed onto her knees, but her eyes remained open, staring at him. Poseidon knew that Zeus wanted them alive. Otherwise, he could have unleashed his power and ended her life in an instant.



The Hunt Begins

Konoha realized that the being before her was neither a demon nor a devil—nor any supernatural creature she had ever encountered. Nothing of that kind could move this fast or strike this hard. This was something entirely different. A god. But who was he?

She had to run. But she couldn't leave Tsubomi behind. The moment her enemy hesitated, Konoha acted without thinking—vanishing into the depths of the forest.

Poseidon didn't care that the other one had escaped. He knew she would return.

At that moment, Tsubomi, lying on the ground, used the last of her strength to grab onto Poseidon's spear. Watching the small goddess struggle to grip his weapon with her frail fingers, Poseidon let out a mocking laugh. Her stubbornness intrigued him.

He took a step back, then suddenly delivered a second kick. Tsubomi's body was sent flying, tumbling deep into the forest until she disappeared from sight. When Poseidon saw his spear reappear in his grasp, he smirked slightly.

The eyes that had been watching him moments ago had vanished. But he knew. A pair of eyes was still there, observing him.

Realizing the full extent of Poseidon's power, Konoha retreated into the deepest part of the forest, where she felt strongest. As she witnessed Tsubomi taking the final blow, a mixture of fear and fury swirled within her. She could sense that Tsubomi was still alive, but if they were captured, it would mean the end for both of them. They had to escape.

As the Leaf Goddess fled, she remembered Raijin's warning before they left The Essence:

“Instead of fighting, you must return and report what you've seen.”

But now, everything had spiraled out of control. The energy of this enemy was unlike anything she had ever encountered. She had seen this god before. If he had carried a three-pronged spear and had a white beard, she would have sworn he was Poseidon.



The Leaf God Prepares for Battle

But that was impossible. The Greek gods were supposed to be long gone.

And if this really was Poseidon... why now? Why was he in Japan?

Konoha had to make a decision. If her fear showed, she would give away her position. Taking a deep breath, she untied the ribbon from her hair and let it flow freely. Leaves emerged from between the strands, swirling around her. They multiplied rapidly. Within seconds, she had vanished inside a cocoon of leaves. Then, breaking herself apart into millions of tiny green leaves, she scattered into the forest.

But there was something she hadn't noticed. The vast forest around her was slowly being swallowed by a growing darkness.

Poseidon narrowed his eyes. The goddess was trying to hide. But he could feel eyes watching him, and he liked it. Taking his spear in his left hand and the unconscious Tsubomi under his right arm, he began to move.

He didn't try to hide. He didn't attempt to erase his trail. He walked straight into the depths of the forest, toward Konoha.

Konoha, hoping to distract him, increased the number of leaf clusters. She had abandoned her physical form. Her soul drifted freely among the leaves.

Then, suddenly, a shadow—a thick, black smoke—began to coil around her.

The smoke expanded, growing larger and denser until it finally took shape. With a heavy thud, a massive black tiger appeared, crushing the fallen leaves beneath its claws.

For the first time, Poseidon was caught off guard.

The tiger locked its gaze on him. And in that moment, Poseidon understood.

Athena had Darkness, the black hound. Hera had her twin phoenixes and now, Poseidon had his own beast.

He looked into the tiger's piercing eyes. A name surfaced in his mind.

“Wisdom”



Wisdom - Poseidon's Tiger

For the first time, Poseidon felt stronger than Athena's hound. Because as long as his tiger was curious about Darkness...

it would always grow stronger than him.

Konoha, determined to distract Poseidon, awakened the forest. The trees released their branches, and millions of leaves merged into a swirling mass. Four massive clusters of leaves began rotating, preparing to strike.

Poseidon watched as the whirlwind of leaves roared to life, a faint smile forming on his lips.



“So, you’ve finally decided to fight... Good.”

At that exact moment, Wisdom leaped.

Before Konoha could even comprehend what was happening, the black shadow lunged, sinking its fangs into her throat. The goddess vanished into silence, unable to even let out a scream.

The next morning, villagers who entered the forest to gather wood stumbled upon an impassable mountain of leaves.

Overnight, the forest had lost all its hair.



Leaf God is Missing

The Leaf Goddess, Konoha, lay on the ground, her hands and feet bound. Beside her was the Bud Goddess, Tsubomi. Their kimonos were torn, stained with dust and blood.

The last thing Konoha remembered was trying to transform into leaves to save Tsubomi. She had been preparing to attack Poseidon when she suddenly sensed a dark force closing in around her. Panicked, she attempted to return to her original form and escape, but the instant she felt a sharp pain at her neck, her consciousness had faded into darkness.

Pushing herself up onto her knees, using her bound arms for support, she scanned her surroundings. Then, she called out to Tsubomi. The Bud Goddess was alive but had yet

to wake. As Konoha's gaze wandered further, she noticed two figures talking at a distance.

Now she knew exactly who her attackers were. Poseidon... and the god beside him, the one who had never changed—Zeus.



Captured Shinto Gods

Looking for a way to escape, she realized they were trapped inside an invisible, transparent cube. It had no walls, yet no way out. Poseidon could have killed them already if that had been his intention. So why were they still here?

As she studied them, she felt a dark energy rippling within them. This power... it didn't belong to this world.

“How did they become this powerful?”

Konoha moved quickly, determined to escape as soon as possible. Closing her eyes, she let sharp, blade-like leaves emerge from her hair. Within seconds, the water-made bindings around her had been severed. At that moment, Tsubomi's eyes fluttered open.

Meanwhile, Zeus had lost interest in the Shinto gods. His gaze was now fixed on Poseidon's black tiger.

"Your tiger is powerful... And you named it 'Wisdom,' huh? I wonder... does Hera have such a creature as well?"

Poseidon stroked the silent beast beside him and replied:

"She was the first among us to carry this power. When Mikail gave his hound to Athena, Hera couldn't contain her jealousy, and her energy spilled out. But her creature has yet to be seen. Either she's hiding it or not keeping it by her side. In time, you too will have a beast, Zeus... I wonder what it will be."

Zeus didn't respond. For now, what mattered most to him was the tiger and the two captured Shinto gods before him. He watched Poseidon's success with admiration, realizing that hunting Japan's deities wouldn't be difficult at all. Even if he never sent Poseidon back, his passion for the hunt ensured that he would continue tracking them down on his own. That meant Zeus needed to keep everything under his control.

"This hunt has strengthened you."

Zeus's eyes gleamed with excitement.

“I want more gods, Poseidon. More!”

Poseidon absorbed Zeus’s words, then, with his black tiger at his side, left the room. He was already eager to return to Japan. The Shinto gods he had captured were far more resilient than he had expected. According to Zeus, there were hundreds of thousands of them. Among them, there could be one who could truly rival him.

The thought ignited an even deeper thrill within him. And just like that, he vanished.

Konoha watched as Poseidon left, her hope rising despite herself. She now had a chance. She had to return home and warn everyone. The departing god had left the door open.

“Could this be an opportunity?”

But before she left, she wanted to understand why Zeus and Poseidon were so interested in the Shinto gods. At that moment, the words of the Balance God echoed in her mind:

“Great power brings recklessness. If you wish to escape, wait for your enemy to grow even stronger.”

Konoha gripped Tsubomi’s arm.

“Hold on, we’re leaving,” she whispered, then turned toward the open door.

The moment Poseidon left, the first thing to catch Zeus's attention was the swarm of tiny, bee-like leaves drifting clumsily through the air. Konoha saw this as an opportunity to create a distraction and swiftly rose to her feet. She turned, intending to grab her unconscious friend and escape, but the moment her eyes landed on Tsubomi, she froze. The fragile-bodied Tomurcuk Goddess was already standing. Konoha had been so focused on her plan and Poseidon that she hadn't even noticed Tsubomi waking up.

Konoha was relieved, but what unsettled her more was the sheer courage radiating from Tsubomi. Without hesitation, a short sword materialized in the young goddess's palm. Her voice was calm yet unwavering.

“Run! I'll be waiting for you in The Essence.”

Before Konoha could react, Tsubomi launched herself toward Zeus like a bolt of lightning. Konoha stood frozen for a moment, unable to process what had just happened, and before she knew it, Tsubomi and Zeus had disappeared from sight.

Since leaving The Essence, Konoha had been forced to watch events unfold helplessly, unable to do anything. Now, tears welled up in her eyes and slipped down her cheeks. She had no intention of abandoning Tsubomi. She would fight.

The sharp green leaves around her multiplied, their numbers swelling into the thousands. Fueled by her power, the swirling leaves transformed into a raging vortex. As the storm intensified, Zeus became visible once more within its center.

Tsubomi had driven her blade deep into Zeus's abdomen and was desperately trying to pull it free. But Zeus remained unfazed. With the ease of plucking a delicate flower, he reached out and grasped her by the throat, lifting her effortlessly into the air.

At that moment, Zeus finally understood why Poseidon had been so thrilled. These tiny gods—fragile and insignificant—refused to surrender. And what intrigued him even more was that the minuscule blade had actually pierced him.

It was nothing more than a shallow wound—insignificant, incapable of stopping him. But the mere fact that it had reached him at all... That, he found amusing.

Zeus slowly pulled the embedded sword into his body, swallowing it like a fine strand of spaghetti. The taste of the energy leaking from the Shinto gods pleased him. Even the faith humans had offered him for thousands of years had never been this satisfying. Tightening his grip on Tsubomi's throat, he felt the last of her struggling breath before vanishing once again. He could still sense Konoha swirling around him, her presence flickering in the air like restless leaves. He knew he could extract and shape her energy as well. Yet, she had not attacked.

Konoha, her power at its peak, strained her senses to locate Zeus, unaware that another deity was watching her from the storm. By the time she felt the shadow flickering through the wind, it was too late. A cold hand pierced through her back and emerged from her chest. The storm ceased. The great vortex crumbled. The swirling leaves tumbled lifelessly to the ground.

Amidst the fading chaos, Hera appeared.

Suspended in her grasp, Konoha hung like a lifeless fawn, limp in the jaws of a lion. Once again, Hera had disrupted Zeus's entertainment.

Zeus, still clutching a captured Shinto god of his own, had at least managed to protect her from Hera's immediate wrath. But something in Hera's gaze unsettled him. Her piercing stare at the girl displeased him. He spoke, his voice calm yet firm, a subtle warning laced within:

"Hera, there are things I need to learn from her. Please, be kind before you kill her."

His words carried an unexpected softness. His hunger had been sated, his rage subdued, and now he was extending his prisoner toward Hera as if offering a gift.

For a brief moment, Hera hesitated, caught off guard. Zeus saying "please," and saying it sincerely, was something she was utterly unaccustomed to. But she did not question it. Without another word, she stepped forward, casually dropping Konoha to the ground before turning her attention to what truly intrigued her.

As soon as Hera touched Tsubomi, golden silk wrapped around the frail goddess, cocooning her like a chrysalis. She now hung mid-air, suspended like an insect preparing to emerge. But unlike a butterfly, the cocoon did not promise new life.

It promised revelation.

A few seconds passed, and just like Pandora's Box, the cocoon cracked.

Information burst forth from within—wisps of knowledge, invisible writings unraveling into the air. Zeus watched in silent admiration as the truth unfolded before him.

The Shinto gods truly had a place where they lived together. Their entry and exit points were three kilometers above the ground, resting directly over two great cities—Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Zeus's golden eyes glowed with satisfaction. He had learned what he came for. The gods used long stairways to ascend and descend between worlds. This was crucial. But there were still things he did not know.

What lay inside their home? How many of them were there? Were there stronger gods among them? Tsubomi's mind held no traces of these answers.

Hera simply let the scattered knowledge drift freely, observing Zeus with cold detachment.

Hera, Who Killed the Shinto Leaf God, Drank Its Divine Power Like a Vampire Before It Could Disperse. Zeus watched with satisfaction as Hera tasted the power of the Shinto gods, just as he had. The fact that they were drawn to the same thing would work to his advantage.

Zeus had only managed to extract part of the knowledge he sought from the captured Shinto gods, but that was not a problem. Poseidon would bring more.

If the information he was looking for was not inside this small deity's mind, then surely, there were others who held it. With this in mind, he withdrew to his chambers. As he left, he saw Hera dragging the captured Shinto deity toward her own quarters.

Taking Bud God Tsubomi with her, Hera arrived at her chamber. Not long after, realizing that the small deity's mind contained nothing of interest, she discarded it carelessly. However, there was one thing she had failed to notice.

Deep inside Bud God Tsubomi, hidden beyond Hera's reach, hope remained. And that hope would be enough for her to be reborn within The Essence.

The Leaf God had failed to escape the hand that tore through its body so easily. Yet, before dying, it hid its consciousness inside a small leaf, waiting for the right moment to flee. The only thing it wondered was whether Bud God Tsubomi had suffered. Slowly rolling across the ground, the leaf drifted toward the exit where Poseidon had passed. It had to escape with everything it had learned. As it passed through the gate, it moved forward, hoping it was on the right path. Its greatest fear was encountering Poseidon along the way.

Tsubomi was not the strongest, but she was the immortal deity of hope and rebirth. However, upon dying, she would forget everything and be reborn within The Essence.

Leaf God Gachi knew that it was the only one left who could tell the truth. It had learned much about them, but the most important revelation was that Zeus, Poseidon, and Hera were god hunters.

Upon escaping the Cube, Gachi found itself in the middle of an endless desert. All it needed was a gust of wind, and it soon found one hovering just above the hot sands. It surrendered itself to the breeze, drifting further away from the Cube, yet its thoughts remained on Tsubomi. If her inner hope was taken from her, she would not survive.

For days, it tumbled across the desert, carried by the currents, uncertain of its destination. This was not its land—there were no trees, no water. If there were, it could speak to them. It found neither an oasis nor a sandstorm. Yet, in truth, this was what frightened it the most.

Within the swirling sands, thousands of desert demons lay in hiding, and around the shimmering waters of the oases, furious water spirits prowled. If they saw a god in such a weakened state, they would savor the pleasure of tearing it apart.

For days, Leaf God Konoha drifted endlessly, until at last, it sensed the presence of the sea. The moisture in the air revived it slightly, offering a brief moment of relief. Yet before it could even catch sight of the water, it suddenly realized—it was rising.

The desert was behind it now, but it had fallen into the grasp of an arrogant ocean wind. The vast expanse of the sea stretched endlessly below, and Konoha had no idea what to do. Where was it? How far had it strayed from home? Nothing

was certain anymore. The wind, indifferent to the god it had captured, continued to toss it about with reckless abandon.



Leaf's Escape Route

Days passed, and Konoha was exhausted. Its divine energy was nearly depleted. It had to make a choice—to survive, it would have to fully transform into a single leaf. As long as it could return to its essence, perhaps it would have a chance. If it became just an ordinary leaf, it could exist until it withered and dried out. Maybe someone would find it.

“I’m sorry, Tsubomi...” Konoha whispered, closing off all its senses and surrendering itself to the wind.

At that moment, it became nothing more than a simple leaf. And because the ocean wind found playing with an ordinary leaf far too dull, it suddenly stopped. The leaf, now weightless and lifeless, spiraled downward—slowly drifting toward the endless blue of the ocean.



Leaf God Konoha

Tsubomi, as a bud, opened his eyes once again within a lotus flower in The Essence, surrounded by the ruling gods. As he stepped out from the delicate petals of the flower, no trace of his former identity remained. He was now in the body of a five-year-old boy.

His new name was Kōkaku. He was now the Shell God. The Bud God had abandoned his fragility and summoned a stronger version of himself.

Changes within The Essence always found their reflection in the world of humans. In times of war, the number of male children would rise, while in times of peace, the birth of female children would increase. The Shinto gods still did



The Birth of the Shell God Kōkaku

not know who they were fighting against, but another warrior deity had been born into The Essence.

Renowned for his unbreakable shell, mastery of combat, and wisdom, the Shell God had not appeared for four centuries.

Yet, in this time of uncertainty, gods like him were needed once more.

Kōkaku did not remember his past. But he had not forgotten the promise made to his other self—the Bud God.

Before stepping aside for the Shell, the Bud God whispered to his other face:

“Find Leaf. I will wait for his return, and I will not find peace until you bring him back...”



Shinto Gods - Hera - Poseidon

“Poseidon, I see your power has begun to spill over. What a fine-looking tiger.”

As Hera approached the god Poseidon had left on the ground, she first reached out and stroked the tiger’s head. It might not compare to the phoenixes she had shaped from her own jealousy, but at least this tiger was not as cowardly as Poseidon.

The tiger curiously sniffed Hera. As if tempted to taste her, it flicked its tongue out, causing Hera to take a step back. She had no intention of lingering under the gaze of such

curiosity. Moving away from the beast, she picked up the unconscious Shinto god at Poseidon's feet and walked off with slow, deliberate steps.

Taking a deep breath, she felt the warmth spread across her body as the black phoenix tattoos on her shoulders glowed faintly. As she once again encased the god in a cocoon, she shot Poseidon a mocking glance.

“So, these fragile little Shinto gods have piqued your curiosity?”

Poseidon had long since learned that he should fear Hera. Zeus, on the other hand, had taken to arriving late on purpose, waiting for Hera to finish with the female Shinto gods she captured.

From the gods he had interrogated, Zeus had learned only one crucial piece of information—the location of the entrances and exits to the world.

The realm of the Shinto gods was fiercely protected. Its gates were positioned exactly three kilometers above the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan.

Zeus was now ready to use his new weapon. He would detonate the atomic bomb right in front of the Shinto gods' gate.

With this thought in mind, he went to see Michael. However, it was as if Michael had been expecting him. Seated in his chair, he leaned back with an expressionless face.

It was Michael who spoke first.

“I said only humans, Zeus.”

Zeus responded immediately.

“Yes, your target is humans... But there is something strange about this country.”

Michael, without taking his eyes off him, asked,

“Speak plainly. Why do you want to kill the gods there?”

Zeus took a step forward, his voice sharpening.

“Olympus was built above the clouds, a place where gods lived openly. There was nothing hidden, nothing concealed. But the Shinto gods have a place of their own, and I don’t know what’s inside. I want to find out.”

Michael paused for a moment. When he turned his attention to Japan, he could see the gates of the Shinto gods but could not see what lay within. For an instant, he considered breaking them down, doubting the limits of his own power. But he reminded himself of the decision he had made—to never interfere in the fate of the world.

Zeus was already doing what he himself could not.

Taking a deep breath, Michael spoke.



Michael - Could Not See Inside The Essence

“Very well, Zeus. Just remember that your true target is humanity.”

Zeus’s eyes gleamed. Michael had not stopped him.

But he had one more request.

“I want Athena and Hades to stay out of this.”

Michael’s brow furrowed slightly.

“Why?”

“I do not trust Hades.”

Michael remained silent for a moment before asking, slowly,

“And Athena? She is your daughter. Is she not the one you trust the most?”

Zeus answered without hesitation.

“Archangel Michael, she is only loyal to you now.”

Michael’s voice carried a sharpness that he did not bother to hide.

“I thought all of you were loyal to me, Zeus.”

Zeus bowed slightly.

“Of course, my lord... But now, I keep my friends close and my enemies even closer. I just don’t want to see Hades or Athena around me for the next three days.”



Mikail - Zeus

When he fell silent, he noticed the strange fear creeping into him. He had asked for much. But Michael's reaction was different. Could it be that even Michael himself could not see inside the place where the Shinto gods lived?

As this thought lodged itself into his mind, he felt as if Michael had been kind to him for this very reason.

He knew that the shadow on the carpet had been watching him the entire time. Turning his gaze toward Michael, he gave a respectful nod before swiftly leaving the room.

As he returned to the Cube, he could feel the weight of the silence that Michael had left behind.

Zeus watched the small sun he had hidden in his chamber with admiration every day. He still could not fully grasp the extent of Hera's power. He had wanted to create a weapon that could kill gods, but even now, he wasn't sure what he had envisioned when he imagined such immense power. When he learned that the Shinto gods had two separate gates, he decided to split the bomb in two as well. He was cautious, fearing that Hera's unpredictable power might cause irreparable harm to Earth.

If he were his younger self, he would have unleashed all his power in one decisive strike, without a second thought about the devastation it might leave behind. But now, he

valued the Earth—because he valued everything that belonged to him.

Zeus's plan was set. The first target was Hiroshima. The Shinto gods' gateway to Earth stood three kilometers above the ground. That meant the atomic bomb had to detonate before reaching the surface. This way, the gate would be obliterated, the people beneath it would perish, yet the Earth itself would sustain minimal damage. Trapped inside, the Shinto gods would be unable to aid humanity.

The second bomb would detonate three days later. Hera would be sent to Nagasaki, where the exit gate from Earth was located. Any gods who had survived the initial attack or remained outside would be hunted down and eradicated. For three days, this hunt would continue, but one god would be deliberately spared. This lone survivor would be sent back inside to relay the horrors that had transpired.

Once the message had been delivered, the second atomic bomb would be dropped directly over the Nagasaki gate, sealing the Shinto gods inside forever.

Six years had passed since the start of World War II, and if there was ever a time when the word “massacre” defined humanity's darkest chapter, it was this war. The difference between knowing the meaning of the word and experiencing it firsthand depended solely on which side you stood.

For centuries, Zeus had been preparing for World War II, orchestrating events from the shadows. Finally, he had delivered the atomic bomb into the hands of America. And

now, the moment had arrived—the United States was ready to enter the war. The first to strike was Japan. Unaware of Zeus's grand design, Japan launched a full-force assault on an American naval fleet and military base anchored near an island.

Japan had become one of the bloodiest participants in the war, and this attack alone had claimed the lives of 2,400 American soldiers and 68 civilians. Three years had passed since that day, and Zeus had provided humans with the justification they needed to unleash the atomic bomb.

Michael, unwilling to directly interfere in the fate of the world, used Zeus as his instrument—while Zeus, in turn, used mankind as his own.

Zeus and Hera watched as the plane carrying the atomic bomb made its way toward Hiroshima. Hera had already reached into the pilot's mind. There would be no hesitation. No second thoughts. The weapon Zeus had placed in mortal hands was unlike anything he had ever created before. Even before witnessing the outcome, he felt a deep sense of pride in what was about to unfold.

As the plane reached Hiroshima, the two of them withdrew. They watched as the bomb detached from the aircraft...

Against the sheer force of the atomic explosion, the first light of dawn trembled like a flickering candle in the darkness.



Atomic Bomb

The bomb detonated at the entrance to The Essence, sending a mushroom cloud spiraling thousands of meters into the sky. The blast incinerated the celestial ceiling that had once shielded the Shinto gods. Before The Essence could seal itself again, the rising dust and debris from the explosion carried the ashes of hundreds of thousands of burned souls from Hiroshima, flooding into the sacred realm.

The Japanese people were deeply bound to their traditions. A society that valued family honor and unity, they had extended the same devotion to their Shinto gods. They had built temples, entrusted their faith, offered their reverence, and visited them often.

But after the detonation in Hiroshima, their faith crumbled, replaced by a profound sense of betrayal.

From the quarter-million lives lost, only rage toward the Shinto gods remained.

Since the beginning of World War II, the great gods had been losing their hold on hope, trust, and peace. Weakened and worn down, many of them were already fading, and the atomic bomb delivered the final blow.

The four-thousand-degree firestorm did not just burn the Earth—

It burned The Essence of the world itself.

The trapped gods of The Essence gathered to discuss how to eliminate this uncertainty.

The meeting took place under the shadow of satisfaction from the gods unloved by humanity. After the disaster outside, they had grown stronger. God of Wrath (Ikari), God of Despair (Zetsubō), God of Solitude (Kodoku), God of Sorrow (Kanashimi), God of Hopelessness (Mujō), and God of Fear (Kyōfu) had gathered in front of the destroyed exit gate, waiting for it to open again.

Now, they had an enormous field outside to feed upon and grow stronger.

The meeting began in shock and disbelief.

The hierarchy among the gods was shaped by humans. Their beliefs could either empower the gods or deprive them of their strength.

The first to speak was the God of Fate (Unmei).

His power had not changed. For no matter what happened, humans always clung to fate as their anchor to the world.

When the God of Fate (Unmei) spoke in a voice that suppressed chaos and anxiety, all the gods across the vast lands of The Essence heard him.

“What kind of power is this that it can rewrite human history We have allies outside. Some must have survived the explosion. The exit gate to the world is still intact. We must wait for them to return and learn what has happened before making any decisions.”

The God of Fate (Unmei) knew that this was not the end, but they had no choice but to wait.

The birth gate of The Essence had closed.

Zeus was relieved that he had split the little sun in two when he witnessed the power of Hera’s jealousy.

Even though he felt something akin to admiration for her, he now understood that he needed to be even more cautious.

Turning to Hera, he locked eyes with her and asked,

“How much do you envy me?”

Hera narrowed her eyes, her lips curling into a subtle smile.

“Enough to protect you.”

Zeus returned her gaze, mirroring her smile.

At that very moment, Poseidon appeared beside them, clad in his golden armor, his trident in hand, and his black panther at his side.

Watching the sheer magnitude of his brother’s and sister-in-law’s egos, he smirked and said,

“We have three days. Let’s hunt some gods before they escape to their homes.”

Hera’s smile widened.

Poseidon realized, once again, just how much that smile terrified him.

The cries of agony caused by the atomic bomb had been echoing through The Essence, the realm where the Shinto gods resided, for three days. Not a single god who had remained outside had returned.

“They can’t all have been wiped out by the explosion,” thought the Thunder God, Raijin, yet he had never felt so

helpless before. Wandering near the destroyed gate, he had been trying to peer into the mortal world through the minds of humans for days, but all he could see was fear and despair. Thousands of his comrades were still out there—warriors who had lived in cities, temples, mountains, and rivers—yet he had heard from none of them.

On the evening of the third day, the Thunder God sensed the gate to The Essence opening. Rushing to the scene, he found Ganash, the River God, lying face down on the ground. A crowd of gods had gathered around, stepping aside in despair as Raijin approached.

Kneeling beside his friend, he tried to lift him up—only to realize that Ganash’s legs were missing. It was clear that he had crawled to the gate using only his arms.

At that moment, another massive explosion erupted just outside the entrance. Though the gathered gods were shaken, they did not panic. Precautions had been taken for a second attack, and the gates of The Essence had been fortified with ancient magic. But for the humans, nothing had changed. It was, once again, time for them to disappear helplessly into oblivion.

During World War II, the death toll had become nothing more than cold numbers, failing to disturb anyone. The atomic bomb’s power had reduced its victims into mere statistics—not a catastrophe, but a victory!

Meanwhile, across the ocean, America was gripped by a different kind of urgency. Soldiers were busy calculating how many people had died at once. Scientists were debating the long-term consequences of nuclear power. Humanity was

wondering whether it should feel shame for what had been done.

And in that light, the massacres of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were nothing more than an experiment—a test—one that was far too easy to justify.

The Thunder God, Raijin, shook off the shock of the explosion, lifted Ganash, the River God, into his arms, and began to walk. For the first time, their eyes met, and with sorrow in his voice, Raijin asked:

“ why he couldn’t heal himself. Gods were not meant to fall apart.”



Shinto Gods

Ganash, unable to bear his friend's despair any longer, reached out and gently touched Raijin's forehead with his fingertips.

In that instant, Raijin's mind opened, and through the images reflected in The Essence's sky, all the gods saw the truth. Hiroshima's sky had been torn apart by a small sun. First, it had devoured the city, then the heavens above. The force of the explosion had shaken the very energy of the Earth, and thousands of people had perished in streets that had turned into a hell where even their shadows had been incinerated.

But the greatest tragedy was not the destruction itself—it was the shift in the hearts of humanity. The Shinto gods had spent millennia protecting humans, yet now, their people had turned away from them. The humans who once worshiped them now believed they had been abandoned. Their rage and despair severed the sacred ties of faith that sustained The Essence.

As the memories of Ganash continued to unfold, a heavy silence fell over The Essence. And then, in the vision that played before them, the gods of Olympus appeared. There was no mistaking it. They all recognized them.

Hera, Poseidon, and Zeus stood at the base of the exit gate's staircase, watching as the River God dragged himself across the ground. For the first time in thousands of years, they were genuinely entertained. Behind them, Nagasaki stood on the edge of oblivion. The plane was already en route, the



Shinto Gods - Atomic Bomb

countdown had begun. The only thing left was for the River God to crawl inside.

Zeus, never taking his eyes off the struggling god, spoke with a tone that carried the faintest trace of cruelty. “It doesn’t matter what he is. I’ll send him back alive so the Shinto gods will see who we are—and the power we wield.”

Poseidon, stroking the head of his black panther, glanced at the writhing figure before them. “Zeus, just as you ordered, I didn’t kill the last living god left outside. My panther, Wisdom, found him hiding in the water. A River God, I believe. It was quite the struggle to tear him away.”

Hera narrowed her eyes, scrutinizing the battered god with amusement playing on her lips. “He won’t be needing his

legs, will he, Poseidon? They'd make a fine reward for your panther. Besides, he is a god—he can crawl home just fine.”

Poseidon chuckled, nodding in agreement. “You’re right, Hera,” he said, watching with pleasure as his panther observed its prey with eager anticipation.

Zeus lifted his gaze to the sky. He could feel the plane gliding above Nagasaki, carrying the second sun that would soon descend. He inhaled deeply, a victorious expression settling on his face.

“Let’s watch.”

Silence consumed The Essence. The panther’s jaws clamped down, tearing the legs from the River God Ganash, and the agonizing scream that followed didn’t just shake bodies—it shattered souls. Hundreds of gods averted their eyes, covered their ears, but the pain reached them all the same. They could not look away. And as they watched Zeus, Poseidon, and Hera’s power unfold before them, the weight of the truth settled like a stone in their minds. To think that these gods still existed, still thrived, was beyond comprehension.

The Shinto gods could not shake off their existential dread. They could not escape the creeping sensation of feeling human. But when the second atomic bomb fell, what happened in Nagasaki was no longer a distant speculation—it was reality in its purest, rawest form. What they had just witnessed had a name.

Massacre.

For three days, the gods had waited in fear, and now they saw it through the fading eyes of the River God Ganash. They saw the helplessness he had felt in his final moments. They saw the obliteration of those he had sworn to protect. They saw suffering beyond measure.

As Raijin cradled his fading friend, Ganash's form dissolved into water, leaving behind only a whisper in the wind.

“But gods were supposed to be immortal.”

Yet no one heard those words.

The first to regain composure was The God of Fate. He realized that something had to change. This was not a war against humans. Their true enemies were only Zeus, Hera, and Poseidon. The Shinto gods had been caught in the middle of a battle they did not start, left vulnerable and exposed. Suppressing the unease within him, he finally spoke:

“We must convene a council of the great and ruling gods immediately. Strengthening our walls may protect us, but it will not save our people.”

A murmur of fear and uncertainty rippled through the gathered gods. Then, cutting through the noise, a frail yet determined voice emerged from within the crowd.

“We should awaken the greatest gods— Tsuchigami, the Earth God, and Shizen, the Nature God.”

A brief, stunned silence followed.



Shinto Gods

The first to respond was The God of Balance. For the first time in eons, his own equilibrium wavered, and he raised his voice.

“The balance of the mortal world has been shattered. The Olympian gods, whom we thought had faded fifteen hundred years ago, have returned. And you all saw it—the darkness that surrounds them is not of this world. This is a force that does not belong to our realm.”

He turned to the gathered gods, his voice firm with warning.

“The Guardian of the Planet once told us that an emissary had crossed the gates alongside an angel named Mikail. He spoke of the darkness that surrounded him. This is

not a burden that Tsuchigami and Shizen can bear alone. If our enemies draw power from an outside force, then so must we.”

The God of Fate hesitated.

“Who else can we turn to besides Tsuchigami and Shizen? They are the very architects of this world.”

The God of Balance let out a deep sigh before responding.

“I understand your concern, Fate. But they have been asleep for millions of years. And we do not even know if they see it as their duty to protect us or save the world from destruction. There must be another consciousness, another force. We exist with the awareness that creation is not without purpose. There must be something—someone—watching over us and humanity.”

Fate still wavered.

“Humans have believed they were being watched for millions of years, offering their prayers endlessly. What has changed?”

Balance took a deep breath.

“Their prayers and expectations shaped their gods. Zeus, Hera, and Poseidon are no longer divine beings; they have become supernatural humans with overwhelming power. But humans can kill gods. We are spiritual entities. As we are now, we cannot fight them. Even Tsuchigami and Shizen cannot take human form; they cannot fit into a mortal body.”

A heavy shadow of uncertainty fell upon the faces of the gathered gods.

“Then what should we do?” one of them asked.

The God of Balance closed his eyes. As he felt the invisible threads of fate tightening around them, a wish passed through him.

“We must make a wish, just as humans do.”

All eyes turned to him.

“What will we wish for, Balance?”

The God of Balance opened his eyes, his voice a mere whisper.

“I wish for the one responsible for this to pay the price.”

And in that very moment, Anahari heard the wish it had been waiting for.



Anahari - The Long-Awaited Wish