

PRE_DETERMINED_FATE

By Mochro(Callum K)

[Several Millennium before player involvement]

We are the masters of life and death, We are Eternal, our steel and ships shall glide across the cosmos for the rest of time. We are the final form, we are victorious, we are unstoppable. Face us if you dare, fear us if you must, but know we will be here long after you are gone.

Prelude

"When we reach to the stars when we hold the orbs of gods in our hands when we exploit the riches handed to us by forces beyond our comprehension..", the witch snaps the stick and drops it into the water, then stirs it with the eyes of her sisters.

She continues shaking her hands and expelling the evils from the potion, "Then we will be victorious over life itself, we will have gone beyond our own might, and my gods... that cannot simply be allowed to happen, there is a balance to all this... and we are breaking it," she grabs a spoon and scooped the top layer and ingests.

"A ruler will know supreme power, and others will fall... We will grow so far, and lose who we are, I pray to you now my gods, forbid this from happening, restore balance when the time is right", the witch stops talking and drops to the floor, the red flame under her pot rages and extinguishes itself. In the winds, a voice is gently felt across all the populace, "So it has been sealed".

For generations, not a soul understood what this meant, and over the course of time people forgot, it became a myth, took part in horror films, and then vanished into nothing more than an old saying, a fools joke. But the words etched into the history of these people forever.

The peoples of the planet continued their days, expanding for centuries until they sent their first mission to their habitable moon, created a colony, and exploited it, harvested all its minerals, destroyed its atmosphere and moved onto the next planet in their solar system.

The rulers did not care about this, they were monarchists with absolute power and didn't listen to the science of stability, they ripped their moon apart until it was nothing but a rock in the sky and built their home planet into a fortress.

Then came the others, other life... how "HORRIBLE", the monarchy declared war on all life but its own species, everyone they faced, all life was their enemy, they quickly expanded their space military tech and became a small superpower in the sector, all thanks to the exploitation of their own solar system.

Two full centuries passed, the kingdom turned into a Holy Empire, and held onto all surrounding sectors near their home planet, they were unstoppable, exploitation and expansion made them invincible. *Or so they thought.*

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Victory

"Some call us the end, others the future, we like to call ourselves the masters of this damned universe!!" screams [REDACTED] through the hall of [REDACTED].

"That is enough of that nonsense ensign, sit down before you make a fool of yourself" stated Holy Fleet Commander ^{h h h h h}~~Ruizo~~ before walking up to the podium, pushing the ensign out of the way.

"Mhm Right... We all know why we are here today" boasts the Holy Fleet Commander, standing in front of tens of thousands of marines, ready for war, knowing they would all die, but not one shred of fear. Their bodies covered head to toe in pure steel [REDACTED] Alloys, carrying several types of guns ready for any scenario, and their faces amalgamated with technology resembling cyborgs.

"We are here to celebrate the future of WAR!", the backdrop behind the Fleet commander bursts into flames and quickly burns away to reveal 50 shining ENDO's. "These are our future, they hold the skill to wage war, expand our infrastructure, and be rebuilt with incredible efficiency. NO MORE BLOOD SHALL BE SPILT FOR THE GLORIOUS [REDACTED] EMPIRE!" The commander and the crowds burst into explosive joyous celebration, weapons are thrown to the floor and everyone celebrates this great chapter in this empires progression.

Explosive Expansion

This marks the first steps in starting [REDACTED]'s Golden era, entire systems collapsed under the emperor's fist, their name chanted across entire galactic sectors, the ENDO's massacred millions replacing their planets with the Empires Infrastructure and more Assembly plants, an ever-expanding border that would theoretically expand forever.

Soon this expansion grew way to fast for the Empire or the populace to maintain and the ENDO's left visible and detectable range, but their mission still going on "Expand, Defend, Conquest, For the EMPIRE!". All that remained was an infinite border, endless resources and plenty of room without resistance.

And so it began the Empires epic expansion, shipping billions off to other worlds, and creating gene plantations, cyborg factories and R&D which would never be seen again in such bounty. Warp gates connected the furthest regions of all known space in the galaxy, **and the Empire owned all.**

Then the Emperor made a worthy and noble choice, he uploaded his body to the form of an ENDO, he would be immortal but with his own mind and skills. The Empire would rule forever under one ruler. This was not accepted by every single sector of the Empire and caused grave divisions, so large the fabric of the Great Holy Empire was at risk.

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Fights started across the sectors, ENDO vs ENDO, [REDACTED] vs ENDO, [REDACTED] vs [REDACTED]. Wars raged on for centuries until the point entire populations did not know what they were fighting for and formed their culture and belief around conflict, but the Emperor knew what this could do and handed him the ability to manipulate the populace of the Galaxy. In an Endless war, power was infinite, resources ever growing, and with news of the [REDACTED].

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Time wins

Despite the Rebellions, despite the wars, despite time passing over the last few centuries, the Emperor stayed strong, his body intact, his Empire glowing with gold and precious metals, his citizens rich and educated. His empire was a utopia, perfection...

But time plays a cruel fate on those who wish to disrupt the natural balance, his mind was old, deteriorating... His visions ancient, and his people being held back by a person out of their time. While the Empire had purged the majority of the galaxy and almost all was theirs, there were enemies around every corner, hidden foes, species that couldn't be purged, and the empires own people became restless, they had no purpose but eat, sleep, breed.

And then, a whisper was heard across the Galaxy, on all souls, all minds, ENDO and flesh. "The time has come", this sent chills through the empire, and then memory returned of an ancient myth that was regarded as heresy to all citizens. This fear drove the empire into a craze, the emperor unable to slow the tsunami of stress from all corners of his land. People began to flood back onto the home planet.

Tens of Billions upon billions raced to get the emperor's gift, to survive, to live forever, and the planet crumbled, unable to house and hold all these people, the very fortress planet they made unable to save itself from its own people. Poverty, rampant disease, reluctance to work spread like wildfire. And within just a few years the Golden Era had ended.

The outermost sectors of the Empire became barren, entire military and forge planets abandoned, the warp gates began to destabilise, infrastructure had failed, and the empire began to fracture into a million pieces.

But he hid, the "great holy" emperor locked himself in his Fortress, a Prison while his own creation, his own brute strength, his art faded and was torn apart by nothing more than fear. Reluctant to give up, his own people began to organise and work out what to do next, but none of them were born or raised with leadership, with the knowledge of how to survive in this harsh reality.

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Opportunity

This was the perfect chance for the enemies of the Empire to come in, to take over, to be victorious over a regime of hatred. And that is what happened, the species that have been at war with the empire for centuries resisted and pushed in, seizing forge worlds, research facilities, warp networks and military installations, the very structures that the Empire needed to stay strong were lost to its enemies.

And for next few decades, the Galaxy was split into 12 different species, seizing power and freeing the slaves of the Empire. A bustling and powerful state now no bigger than its primitive planet from once it originated. But the Empire didn't slow, the ENDO factories still operational, they all converged to the home planet, for one last battle.

And so it came, like a clap of thunder across the sector, the enemies had unified to destroy its foe, they warped into the system with tens of thousands of warships, on a direct course to [REDACTED]. Their mission, extermination and conquest.

War was waged, the ENDO's with their ships and bodies fought violently against the enemies, they have killed thousands every second, while the ships protected one another with an amalgamation of technologies, a combination of godly power. Then the lead ship pushed through the wall of machines, a Titan class ship... Powering its planet-destroying weapon.

The Emperor emerged from his fortress to see only darkness over his land as the Titan ship blocked out the sun, a violet glow could be seen from the centre of this craft, growing and getting stronger.

He ordered the ENDO fleets to focus all their remaining power on this ship, and so they did, they blocked its path, sacrificed themselves, but all was too late, the beam was about to blast, an ENDO ship rammed right into the side of the ship distorting its beam and blowing the Titan ship up, but the beam fired. Not at full strength but eradicated all life from the surface, every structure, the atmosphere poisoned into a similarity of a gas planet, and the explosions shattered one of the nearby moons and all nearby fleets, which gradually over time this debris would go to form a ring.

Small pockets of ENDO survived, their missions still to expand, and so they tried, they built a station from the wreckages of ships and other dead ENDO. Their orders now to wait until a command was sent to awake them from their slumber and begin their war all over again...

[Read onto "ACTIVATION"]