

Waltter A. Rautala

GARKOKS DRAN

The Final Overlord

Part 1



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First published 2018
Garkoks Dran, The Final Overlord

Translated to English by Tilda Tammisto

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Publisher: BoD – Books on Demand, Helsinki, Finland

Manufacturer: BoD – Books on Demand, Norderstedt, Germany

ISBN: 978-952-80-4981-4

Prologue

There are many mysteries in the world, but none of them are as great as our past. We live in a world where history is written by the victorious and only the dead know the truth. It is impossible to write down every detail, but the absence of one point of view can change everything.

Our tale tells of an era that precedes the oldest recorded historical events. Back then our world was inhabited by many intelligent races and species, whose advanced cultures and communities populated the world from east to west.

Dwarves, inventive and industrious, inhabited most of the large mountain ranges and underground caves. Their skills included the study of new sciences, as well as the unification of magic and science. They were round and short, about a meter tall and bearded.

Orcs, brutal and strong, were one of the largest intelligent species. They lived in small villages on cliffs and in canyons. They were skilled big game hunters. Their laws and regulations deviated from other races, but they lived harmoniously in isolation.

Different races of *elves*, fair and long-lived, inhabited many different regions, to which adapted the best. They were all talented users of magic and were the first species to learn to use magic. Although there were many different races of elves, they all had in common long, pointy ears.

Forest elves inhabited the darkest forests and the densest jungles. Their proximity to nature gave them plenty of wisdom about animals, plants and other creatures. Their houses and forts built in forests were difficult to find for others. They were easy to recognize from their chestnut-brown skin and sharp eyes.

The *high elves* huge and glorious cities and enormous plantations, dominated most of the plains and prairies. The skins of the high elves were yellowish or beige and they were the tallest of the elves. Their high standards of living and advanced cultures raised them as objects of admiration and jealousy. Because of their popularity and credibility, high elves often acted as mediators in interspecies political problems and quarrels.

Ice elves were the most steady and quiet of the elven races, perhaps even of all the intelligent species. They populated the northernmost and iciest areas that were too cold to be tolerated by other races. Despite their isolated lifestyle, they didn't shun other races and were mostly hospitable. Their sturdy stone houses and icy castles were covered with snow for most of the year. This helped them live peacefully. The skins of the young ice elves were ice blue, but as they got older it became white as snow.

Dark elves were the most feared of the elves. Their skins were dark gray and eyes orange or even red. Back in the day, Dark elves were persecuted because of their frightening looks, but later they were accepted into the elven communities around the world. During their oppression, they had learnt many mysterious skills. Thanks to them, they had become talented traveling salesmen, spies, and bodyguards.

Mermaids and *mermen* populated the seas. Due to their underwater castles and dwellings, interactions with the land-based races were difficult. For this reason, the marine population hadn't become part of the community of the land dwellers. This led to mermaids, who were very beautiful, being often captured by poachers and sold to rich individuals.

Our world also had other species and monsters, such as *giants* who lived either alone or in small groups in the wilderness. *Draconoids* (human *dragons*) who had descended directly from dragons and lived in hordes around the world, near dragon nests. *Arachnes*, giant spiders with human upper bodies. *Trolls* who lived in small groups in mountains or caves. *Goblins* who lived near dwarves as pests and scavengers. And many other types of monsters and creatures.

There was one species that differed from others, *demons*. They lived where the souls of other creatures went upon dying, the *Dead World*. Unlike other species, *demons* were able to travel from the afterlife to the World of the Living.

Since Dead World was dark and lifeless, the demons took by force from the living what they couldn't get at home. Food, cattle, equipment, materials, luxury items and sometimes even whole buildings.

Each time demons invaded the World of the Living; a violent battle was waiting for them. The demons' worst archenemies were the elves, who always opposed them fiercely.

Despite the superior numbers of elves, demons were mostly victorious. Demons were large, frightening, strong, and did not die of old age. Their senses were as sharp as beasts', so it was impossible to hide from them by normal means. Every demon was different in their physique and abilities, and the demons could also use unique magic. All this made them extremely dangerous and difficult to defeat or even repel.

All of these races knew that they didn't live alone in this universe. Throughout the universe *gods* safeguarded mortals, protecting them against disasters and threats. The gods gave gifts to those who worshiped them by giving them their gratitude. These gifts included new knowledge and blessings for those who were patient. The gods didn't protect only the creatures on this planet, but hundreds of other worlds across the universe.

The gods had realized long ago that the life spans of these weak creatures weren't endless. When they died, the souls of these poor beings were trapped into the gloomy and hopeless Dead World. Thus, they decided that mortals who lived kindly, righteously, helped others, and caused no harm, would reach the *Paradise* founded by the gods.

Similarly, those who had lived in sin, oppressed others, murdered, or stolen, ended up in *Hell*. A fiery area, built into the Dead World by the gods. The rest of the souls who didn't qualify for Paradise nor were bad enough for Hell, were still sent into the dark Dead World.

Paradise was a bright and brilliant world. Unlimited and pure, its golden clouds surrounded an unreachable horizon. Thousands of bright stars decorated the sky, which was as dark as space, but bright as the midday sun. Souls who got there didn't feel pain, fear or hunger. They received and were able to do anything, visit anywhere, and be anything their minds desired.

Hell was the full opposite. A huge prison, divided into several parts. An impassable wall of fire separated it from the rest of the Dead World. Eternal imprisonment, pain, and torture waited for the souls who were sent there. The punishment fit the crime, and the condemned souls were forced to endure it indefinitely, with no way out.

Despite these two options, most souls still found themselves in the Dead World. For this reason, the gods decided these souls could choose either physical form as a corpse, or spiritual form as a ghost.

Those who chose to be a corpse could live their lives in the Dead World much the same as in the World of the Living. There were small differences though, like they didn't feel the fear of death. The souls who chose to be ghosts didn't feel pain or hunger. But at the same time, they couldn't experience saturation or physical pleasure either. Despite this, they were still able to sleep and dream.

Demons weren't affected by this rule when they died. After dying, the demons lost their ability to reproduce, grow, and leave Dead World. Otherwise, they were able to continue their lives normally in their home world. The only exception to this was if the demon had been so bad that they would be condemned to Hell.

Because of their inborn nature and with limited options, no demon had ever gotten access to Paradise. But over 25,000 years before the beginning of our era, this fact changed.

Chapter One

The Cursed and the Blessed

(60 B. Dr)

Part one

Calm autumn evening descended in the World of the Living, on the surface of a blue planet, in a remote area of the northern western continent.

Tall dark figure stood high in the air. Above him opened an almost cloudless sky. The sky was colored orange and purple from horizon to horizon, due to the setting sun. Below the figure spread out a valley between two mountain ranges. The valley's left side was covered with a dark mixed forest and a clear river flowed from it to the right side.

Even though there was an enormous valley beneath him, there wasn't even the slightest breeze. It was quiet and no bird was flying or singing. All the animals had escaped as if they had sensed the approaching storm.

This regal yet frightening creature stared far into the sunset horizon with green glowing eyes, waiting for something. He was *Skark*, the Overlord of all demons.

Skark was over 2570 years old, making him older than the average living demon. He was just over four meters tall, humanoid in physique, and his entire presence seemed powerful.

He wore spiky and ornate armor parts, made of black metal which was found only in Dead World. Because of mobility, he had only armored his head, chest, back, lower body, fore-arms, and legs. He had a long black cape on his back that reached his knees.

Skark's skin was reddish-black and his face was covered by a helmet. His bare hands were rough and he had black claws. From underneath the helmet two black, thick, mid-branching horns and glowing green eyes were visible. Long, black, and messy hair flowed out from the back of the helmet. Unlike some demons, Skark had no wings or tail, and instead he floated in the air with magic.

All mortals on this planet knew his name and feared his power. If demons ever attacked the species living on Earth, there were two procedures that had to be done before a counterattack. First, they had to find out; what or who was in danger? And secondly; did Skark lead the attack?

This was proof of his power. It was rare for any ruler to let an oppressor do what he wanted; instead of sending soldiers to their deaths. Some soldiers were reported to have lost their sanity from fear, just because of Skark's gaze. Whether he was up against an army, monsters, or the gods, he was afraid of no one. All of this had earned Skark a reputation that had attracted his loved one to him.

Drajenic, the daughter of the dragon god of catastrophes and cataclysms, had fallen in love with him over a hundred years ago. Their relationship had initially received hostile reception from other gods. Eventually *Drajenic's* father, *Dragon*, had given up and allowed the union. After that, other gods no longer had the right to interfere.

Although the goddess was more than two thousand years older than Skark; *Drajenic* was still young for a god. *Drajenic* wasn't yet fully matured or as strong as her father. Despite this, *Drajenic* was still a hundred times more powerful than Skark, but the Overlord was still worried.

Drajenic had been pregnant for a long time and today was the day that *Drajenic* was giving birth. Far behind his back was an open area, where Skark's loved one was giving birth.

The long-lasting silence was broken by a rumbling sound. The mountain peaks on both sides of the valley cracked and loose boulders rolled down. This was caused by an earthquake beneath Skark, which made the ground crack and become uneven. The river now flowed underground through the cracks. The dark forest on the left suddenly started to smoke and eventually caught fire. At first, bright flames flared between the trees and soon rose to their tops.

Next the demon turned his gaze to the heavens. He saw several small and in different colored meteors fly across the sky, striking down hundreds of kilometers away. The whole valley echoed with a supernatural shriek that would have sent even the largest giants running for their lives.

Skark realized from all of this destruction that *Drajenic* had gone to labor. But the question was, why wasn't he supporting his loved one as she gave new life to their child?

The reason for this was simple; the two of them weren't the only ones who knew when the birth would happen. Skark turned his gaze back to the horizon and saw something huge and wide glistening in the setting sun. The landscape was like a golden sea that slowly approached them.

Skark gazed far into the horizon and confirmed his suspicions. An army of elves, which consisted of at least hundreds of thousands of soldiers, approached them. Judging by the golden armors, it was the *elite army*, composed from the elves' top-class soldiers.

Part two

Slowly but steadily, the elven elite army approached the valley where the dragon goddess was giving birth. With light fading behind them and darkness rising in front of them, each warrior felt their bodies trembling with tiredness and fear. The only things that kept them moving on, were their sense of duty, the encouraging words of the senior officers, and the constant flow of adrenaline. They had all marched for thirteen days, perhaps longer, from different nations, from different parts of the world, to arrive here today.

Their equipment weighed heavily, almost as much as they did themselves. Nobody could afford to wear lighter armor when faced with the leader of the demons and a god. The spears, shields, swords, axes, two-handed swords, pole weapons, longbows, crossbows and magic wands that they were armed with, didn't lighten their burden. Even the army's archers and wizards were dressed in heavy, elite troops' golden armor.

Although all the armor had been enchanted with many different effects, there was no room for comforts such as weight reduction enchantments. Not when they were confronting titans who were able to burn ten thousand soldiers to ash in one strike. Therefore, every enchantment was focused on defense. Only captains and higher officers had mounts, either horses, unicorns, or pegasuses, depending on their status.

All the soldiers knew the importance of the mission and were ready to do anything, to end the one-hundred-year campaign. All of this had started a long time ago, a little after Skark and Drajenic had started dating.

A mighty and famous prophet, Walaisd Goldear, had predicted the following.

When the Demon Overlord and the daughter of the scaled god come together, they shall have a child. This child, fed by the wrath of the fallen demons, will bring the destruction of a thousand catastrophes upon the elves, thus wiping them out of the universe.

A few days after the prophecy had been told, the raging Demon Overlord had killed the prophet. Publicly and brutally.

This attack on the prophet had alarmed every elven ruler. Kings, queens, emperors, empresses, and priests came together. After lengthy negotiations, it became clear that the child had to be destroyed before they grew up.

After several diplomatic missions, it became clear that the elves were alone in this war. No other species dared to help them. They thought it was pointless to send troops to fight a god if only the elves were in danger. When the elves realized they were alone, they decided on their war plan.

This is how the one-hundred-year campaign began. Taxes were raised and wages were lowered so that kingdoms could afford to keep up the grand task. Several mines were monopolized and the number of workers and slaves increased. Tons of metal and tools were purchased from other species, especially from dwarves.

In the higher education of the elves, economics and natural science were exchanged for teaching martial arts and war tactics. Every talented or powerful student was immediately recruited to the army and then into the elite troops. Every mercenary was recruited and thousands of wizards and enchanters were called in to enchant the soldiers' armor.

Thousands of newcomers joined the elite army every year. The training was hard, unforgiving, and lasted more than thirty years. They were reminded every day; that if they lost the upcoming battle, all those they cared about would die. Gradually the elite army transformed from the most selective military group, into the largest army in the elves' history books.

Now over a million soldiers marched towards their destiny, knowing they would either die today or return home as legends. All thoughts of escaping or abandoning their line had been hammered out of them a long time ago.

When the superior officers stopped one after the other and raised their left hands, the soldiers knew to stop. All the soldiers felt every muscle and joint in their bodies aching, but didn't let it show. They knew that this pain meant nothing.

After the command to stop had been given, there was another command that echoed from one group to another, "Healers, stamina, NOW!"

White staves rose from the midst of the troops and synchronized chanting could be heard. Green glistening dust clouds erupted from the tips of the staves, which landed on the soldiers.

Tired from marching and soaked from sweat, the soldiers felt every one of their muscles returning to full strength. All of their joints felt energetic and nimble. Even the blisters of their feet healed. The youngest soldiers, who hadn't yet felt such strain often, felt new muscles developing.

Once again, a new message traveled from the front row, this time only from top-ranking officers: “Are you ready!”

Over a million soldiers roared passionately, raising their weapons in the air, showing their will to fight.

Next, all the mounted officers pointed forward with their weapons and shouted, “FORWARD! MARCH!”

The rhythmic marching steps echoed across the valley as hundreds of thousands of feet crossed through rough terrain. Several wizards went ahead, making the crumpled and dangerous ground more passable.

Courage and a sense of duty burned in the hearts of every single soldier, as they marched forward battle ready. They knew it wouldn’t take more than half an hour until the big fight started. No one they knew had ever fought against gods before, but that didn’t stop them. The fear of death and the unknown had vanished from them completely.

Part three

Skark had flown back to Drajenic, before the soldiers had even reached the middle of the valley.

Drajenic sat on a small hill that was round and had been fashioned like a nest. Behind Drajenic there were six pillars with fires burning on top of them. The flames brought light into the darkening night, making the nest look warm.

Skark looked at Drajenic overjoyed, because the birth had been successful. Although Drajenic was sitting on the ground with her legs crossed, she was still almost twice as tall as Skark in her true form. Standing up, the goddess would have been almost three times as tall as Skark.

Drajenic had lowered her wings to her hips and her tail was wrapped around her. Drajenic’s green scales were like smoothed oval emeralds and the leather of her wings looked like polished coral. From the tip of the goddess’s slender tail, spread out two rows of small golden spikes.

Her face and jaw looked reptilian, but benevolent. Akin to dragons, she had a long neck. Six smooth, long, backwards curving, amber-colored horns rose up from behind Drajenic’s

head that formed a crown. Her hands looked delicate, even if they were scaly. Both hands had five fingers, with long, marble-white, and sharp claws at the ends.

Drajenic wore a long white dress that covered her arms, body, hips, and part of her shins. The dress was embroidered with ornate golden and purple patterns, the meanings of which Skark did not know.

In her hands, the goddess held an egg about the size of a barrel. The egg had a shiny black shell, with emerald green mist moving under its surface. A golden miniature solar wind swirled around the egg, keeping it warm.

Drajenic looked exhausted as she cuddled the egg. Before Skark went out to look for enemies, Drajenic had shone bright light around her, as per usual. The absence of light showed that birthing had required a lot of energy from Drajenic.

Skark looked up at his beloved's pink reptilian eyes and saw them moisten with tears. He lowered his head and raised his hands up towards his wife. Drajenic closed her eyes, nodded and handed the egg over to Skark.

Part four

The army had finally arrived close enough that the soldiers could see Drajenic. None of them had seen a true god up close, and they were all a bit curious. Due to Drajenic's dragon-like appearance, only very few of them could tell that the goddess was sorrowful. The army's most experienced and intelligent could tell right away that the birthing was over.

The elf generals, who had ridden with pegasuses, rose up in the air and began to look around. The whole idea of the war plan was to kill the newborn mongrel, who threatened their very existence. Locating it was the first priority. They flew around Drajenic for a while, keeping a vast safe distance between them.

One of the generals noticed something behind the goddess that looked like a combination of a cradle and a nest. He tried to draw the attention of others to himself. But before he could even say, 'Hey, behind there!', something grabbed the back leg of his pegasus. The General screamed as loudly as he could in horror, as a black figure wrenched him and his pegasus towards the ground at tremendous speed.

Skark had grabbed hold of the flying horse in free fall. As his feet hit the ground, the demon swung the horse against the terrain with earth-shattering force. The pegasus and the elf underneath it had their blood, guts and armor pieces splattered all over the field.

Swiftly but with elegance, Skark stood up straight, rising over the heads of the soldiers. Looking around, he could see the increasing fear on the faces of the surrounding soldiers. From the pool of gore, a familiar, sharp and metallic smell of blood made the Overlord's eyes glow ever brighter. The same intoxicating feeling engulfed his body, like in hundreds of previous battles.

This time the opposing army didn't just stand still and investigate the situation. Now a familiar enemy was in front of them. Wizards and archers in the rear ranks aimed their staves and bows up and fired a barrage of arrows and fireballs of different sizes.

Huge cloud of arrows and orange burning projectiles flew towards Skark. Using a levitation spell, he quickly ripped off a huge piece of rock from the ground that had been dislodged earlier by the earthquake. Skark lifted the rock in front of him and felt how the concentrated bombardment made the rock tremble. Some fireballs hit to the side of him or behind him, the explosions making a terrible racket. After the firing stopped, Skark threw the rock forward at a tremendous speed. The rolling stone crushed and flattened several soldiers like a huge rolling pin, turning the elves into bloody dough.

Before any of the soldiers could respond to the previous attack; Skark grabbed a long two-handed sword from the ground and used his demon magic on it. Thin green bolts of lightning surrounded the sword, transforming it into a longer, sharper and thicker black saber. Skark dashed towards the soldiers, slicing through multiple armors with each one-handed sword swing. Blood and guts flew from inside the split armors, staining the battlefield. Powerful sword blows against the metal drowned the soldiers' cries of pain.

One of the captains on his horse, succeeded in blocking Skark's sword blow. His enchanted and flaming two-handed sword twanged loudly from the impact. But this didn't slow down the demon. Skark hit the elf on the head with his free fist, with such an enormous force that the captain's skull was crushed. The captain flew from his horse's back, his face crushed inside his helmet.

Unnoticed by Skark, a bunch of elves with spears rushed towards him from behind. Just as they had gotten within ten meters of Skark, they felt a chilling breeze and stopped. Before they had time to react, they were encased in ice from toes to spearheads.

The source of the ice was Drajenic, who had finally gathered enough strength to fight a little herself. The frozen soldiers hadn't even felt their bodies freeze, until they were already inside the ice.

The blizzard called by Drajenic had transformed a sixty-meter-long and ten-meter-wide area into a sharp-edged glacier. The glacier had devoured hundreds of soldiers. The only survivors were a group of lucky soldiers, who were alive thanks to the swift actions of a wizard. The wizard had conjured both *Firewall* and *Heat Shield* to protect them, but they were now trapped.

When Skark noticed the glacier, he stood relaxed and laughed rambunctiously upwards. His laughter sounded as if a psychopathic killing machine had gotten a new toy. This had literally just happened.

Skark pressed his left hand against the glacier. Long, thick, green-glowing cracks began to spread from the point of contact and the glacier began to crack. There was a booming sound, as the glacier suddenly exploded in an upward curve.

Thousands of shards of ice, frozen body parts, and weapons rained down over a wide area; wounding or crushing anyone they hit. The unluckiest of the elves were impaled or decapitated. As soldiers screamed in terror amidst chaos, Skark continued slaughtering the guests.

Drajenic watched the massacre sorrowfully and ashamed from the back. The goddess's conscience was aching from seeing all these soldiers losing their lives. All of them certainly had families and loved ones, but she knew this was the only way.

The goddess spread her arms and blew hard. Her breath twisted into a spiral faster and faster until it became a powerful tornado. The tornado's deafening sound made the entire valley echo as it grew and began to move forward. The whirlwind swept across the armed forces, lifting and throwing soldiers and pieces of the glacier around the battlefield.

Soldiers in heavy armor didn't have the slightest chance of escaping on the crowded battlefield. Soldiers sucked up in the hurricane were either ravaged by each other or rocks and shards of ice. If they survived, then the over a hundred-meter-fall from the tornado finished them.

Despite the chaos, one of the high elf colonels rode decisively around the battlefield. He gathered a large group of wizards and with his guidance they began chanting a counter-spell. The spell was new and needed to be learnt quickly, but thanks to the colonel's orders and clear instructions, the wizards succeeded.

Garkoks Dran is a fantasy book series that tells of the greatest villain in history and their atrocities.

Final Overlord Part 1 tells of the main character's childhood and first accomplishments. The events take place in a time that our modern world has forgotten.

From a young age, Garkoks Dran (back then known as Skark Dragon) carried a great responsibility on his shoulders. But what else could the bastard child of the Demon Overlord and a goddess expect?

Friends? Freedom? Two worlds, where one wants to destroy him and the other needs him to lead it?

