

# Astral Seeds

## *Eclipse of The Celestial War*

### **Prologue**

Before time had a name and the stars began their dance, there was balance. The Astral Seeds, fragments of creation itself, wove the universe together—an intricate tapestry of light and shadow, life and death. But nothing lasts forever. The seeds, once the guardians of cosmic order, were scattered across forgotten realms, hidden from mortal hands and immortal eyes. With their loss, the universe began to fracture, and the harmony that once governed all things descended into chaos.

Now, in the farthest reaches of the cosmos, something stirs.

After eons of silence, the seeds are awakening. Their slumber, once unbroken, is over. The stars pulse with a new rhythm, a silent scream echoing across the galaxies—a signal that the war for creation itself is on the horizon. Forgotten forces, both ancient and monstrous, rise, drawn to the power of the seeds. They hunger for dominion over the fragile balance between creation and destruction.

The Primordial Dragon, the first being forged in the fires of creation, stirs from its ancient slumber. Its breath, a force of unimaginable power, ripples through the stars, igniting a call to those who have long forgotten their place in the celestial order. Alongside it, the Zodiac Guardians—celestial titans bound to the constellations—awaken. Exiled to moons and distant realms, they rise, their eyes fixed on the chaos to come. Their awakening heralds a battle older than time itself.

The stars tremble in their orbits. The constellations shift. The seeds, dormant for millennia, now call to the chosen—a select few whose fates are intertwined with the very fabric of the universe. Some will rise to protect the fragile remnants of balance, while others will fall, consumed by the boundless power the seeds offer.

The sky is no longer silent. It screams with the promise of war, of power unleashed, of destinies about to collide. The Primordial Dragon has awakened, and the Zodiac Guardians are stirring. What was once hidden will now shape the fate of all existence.

The Astral Seeds call to those who can hear them. Each seed holds the power to reshape worlds, to rewrite destinies, to bring light or plunge all existence into eternal darkness. And now, the balance tilts—toward war, toward destruction, toward a reckoning that will consume everything.

This is the beginning of an ancient battle reborn, a clash between light and shadow that will decide the fate of all life. The stars whisper of it. The planets tremble in its wake. The seeds have awakened, and nothing will ever be the same. The battle for the universe begins.

Across the infinite stretch of the cosmos, the call of the Astral Seeds is felt—silent yet deafening, ancient yet timeless. It travels through the void, stirring forgotten powers, awakening those who had long abandoned hope. The seeds do not call to the weak, to those content with mere survival. They beckon the dreamers, the warriors, the broken souls desperate enough to grasp at the threads of fate and try to weave their own destiny.

On distant worlds, the chosen awaken with the same sense of impending doom, their fates now bound by forces far beyond their comprehension. Some are driven by honor, others by greed, and many by a fear that gnaws at their souls, warning them of the destruction that looms on the horizon. But none can ignore the pull, the unmistakable gravity of the seeds that promise to remake the universe—if they can be found, if they can be wielded.

The stars themselves grow restless. Constellations shift and realign, foretelling the rise of powers long thought dead. The Primordial Dragon, whose roar once shaped the heavens, rises from its eternal slumber. Its eyes burn with the ancient fires of creation, and its wings stretch across the cosmos, casting shadows over the worlds that tremble in its wake.

And the Zodiac Guardians—beings of unimaginable power, bound to the very constellations they protect—begin to awaken from their long exile. Their moons, cold and distant, now crack under the weight of their resurgence. These celestial titans, each bearing a mastery over the elements and forces of the universe, feel the call of the seeds as a pulse in their veins. They rise not out of duty, but out of necessity, drawn into a war they cannot escape.

Some will answer the call as protectors, striving to restore the balance that has long been lost. Others will fall into darkness, tempted by the seeds' promise of limitless power. The fragile line between savior and destroyer blurs, and as the universe tilts toward chaos, it becomes clear that not all who awaken will survive what is to come.

In the cold reaches of space, the Astral Seeds glow with a light that transcends the stars themselves. The battle for their power is no longer a distant echo—it is a storm, gathering strength, ready to descend on every world that dares to stand in its path. And as the seeds stir, so too does the fate of all life.

The universe is preparing for war.

