

CHAPTER 1 — THE SIEGE

Burden of Hope

The world of the Thirty-Three Domains had always been a place of wonder — a realm where elemental magic flowed like breath, where kingdoms rose from mountains and seas, and where the noble Domains guarded their people with honor and pride. But even in a land shaped by miracles, nothing could have prepared them for the horror that descended from the stars.

It began with a tremor in the heavens.

A ripple. A distortion. A silence.

Then the sky tore open.

From the depths of the cosmos came a species no scholar had ever named, no prophecy had ever warned of, and no Sentinel had ever sensed. They were not demons. Not spirits. Not creatures of magic. Something Worse.

A ravenous species from beyond the known cosmos, drawn by an endless hunger and driven by pure instinct. They consumed life and magic with equal indifference. They would come to be known as **The Siege**.

They arrived without warning. They fed without mercy. They left nothing behind.

Forests withered into husks. Rivers turned still and grey. Cities fell in days. Magic itself flickered beneath their assault, as if the world's very essence recoiled in fear.

The Domains fought — separately, desperately, foolishly. And they lost.

The Sentinels Enter the War

In their desperation, the royal families made a choice that had not been made in a thousand years: they sent their **Elemental Sentinels** to war.

The Sentinels were sacred — chosen at birth or by divine calling, each embodying an element: aquamarite, silver, ice, copper, topaz, quartz, emerald, and more. They were living shields of their royal families, guardians of ancient oaths, protectors of bloodlines.

To send them to the front was unthinkable.

But The Siege left no choice.

The Sentinels fought with a fury the world had never seen — elemental armors blazing, ancient techniques unleashed, their bodies channeling the primal forces of creation. Yet even they were pushed to their limits. Their armors cracked. Their numbers dwindled. Their spirits wavered.

And still, the Domains fought alone. Still fractured. Still divided. Still losing.



The Rise of Prince Arick

Amid the ruin, one voice rose above the despair.

Prince Arick of the Unzen Dominion.

Young. Unproven. But forged in battle in a way no royal heir had been in generations.

He fought beside common soldiers, not behind palace walls. He bled with them. He listened to their fears. He saw the devastation firsthand — the burned villages, the hollowed forests, the broken families.

And he spoke.

“Despair, carnage, suffering — how is this possible in our lands?” he demanded, standing before soldiers who had lost all hope. “We cannot survive this war on our own. We must rise above our divisions. We must stand together.”

His words carried across camps, across ruins, across hearts.

Rumors spread quickly:

Prince Arick fights like a Sentinel. Prince Arick stands where kings fail. Prince Arick speaks with the fire of destiny.

Whether he truly possessed Sentinel-level strength, no one knew. But his legend grew all the same.

The Call for Unity

As the Domains crumbled, Arick made a decision that would change the course of history.

He called for a **Conclave** — a gathering of all remaining Queens, Kings, and Supreme Rulers. A meeting that had not occurred since the Age of Founding.

Many doubted it could be done. The Domains were fractured by old grudges, ancient rivalries, and centuries of distrust.

But Arick’s call spread like wildfire.

King Edrich — the oldest of the Dominion Kings, Arick’s father — quietly moved the pieces that ensured the Conclave would happen.

The Domains did not believe in unity. But they believed in Arick.

And so, for the first time in an age, the rulers of the world began their journey toward a single hall — toward a decision that would shape the fate of all living things.