

Fear not the unexpected, be it something of certain inevitability or uncertain mystery. All things shall come to pass in one form or another if they are destined. While one may prepare for the forthcoming disruption, it may never be enough to brace for the damage; however such preparation may give arise to the satisfaction that all was done that could be done. There will be no regrets, only the embrace no matter how hard it may strike.

It is when one becomes complacent with everyday events that the unexpected becomes most dangerous. You no longer prepare for what may be the inevitable. You are struck in full force by that unseen agenda. Fate carries on, with or without your approval. To allow for such to transpire with turning an eye blind to the likelihood, it may only allow for regret to enter ones heart that they shall never shake.

Celebrate what you have in times of peace and times of anguish, for you do not know when it will be stricken and taken.

~The Dancing Queen

The Following is Presented By...

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Dedicated to those who know of loss and hardship, who battle hell each and every day.

Though we face our own demons alone, we need not stand as individuals. We are stronger together, we can so easily act as one to benefit all. May the story of Elise both entertain and perhaps aid those in search of an escape.

“When history is written by a victor, it is so often stretched to fill a narrative. Twisted and turned, a mechanism used to wash away the victor’s own wrongs and shift blame unto the vanquished. Truths become lost to history, for in the minds of those who triumphed the past can be left aside to ease their own consciences. And with ever modernizing perspectives, such circumstances that drove their foes can be so easily rejected and even criticized.

However, such truths will always live on in the hearts of the vanquished, a past never to be forgot. While records of the sting may be lost or changed, the scars created will always remain. Sometimes that scar may be covered up in a bid to move on; though rarely is it properly addressed. For some that scar will throb and serve as a constant reminder of what was even when masked.

And so in the hearts of the defeated who hold that pain in their hearts, a fire may ignite within.

...

These words, words first derived so very long ago before the Great Wars of our time- yet with the turn of a page they have been forgotten just as history itself is. Thus becomes the daunting never ending cycle of triumph and suffering. Though I do wonder- what should happen if that cycle is ever disturbed? When the Victors become the Victims. When the smaller fish join to consume the bigger fish.

To overtake those with power who squander it, living off the suffering of others. Their greed, their arrogance! Conflict may not be in itself evil, to fight to protect or to evolve- justified. Yet through selfish design, people become monsters. It is how they live, how they control.

And so we shall see... what happens when those with power lose to those who have suffered. Truths exposed and the system built torn down after centuries. Will history changed? Or will the repressed become the new oppressors? Is it a curse not meant to be broken? Only time can tell-”



Date: 22nd of the 8th Month, 3242 A.U.

Realm: Uontari

Location: The Flax Mountains of Western Glastol

The calm crisp air of night, a crescent moon hung in the dark sky with stars all around. Wisps of dark clouds in the skies drifting between stars and blocking them. The cascading mountains of the Flax Range. Some bare rock face, a lot of green.

Serene. Scaling high and high over the lands, many MANY kilometers up. Towering high in the lands of Glastol.

RUMBLE

The drop of an explosion which erupted as a bright flash of red as a combustion, swift in flame and quick to become smoke. A mushroom cloud propelling itself up as a rain of debris blew out of it. Land split from the side of the given peak and tumbled, a cascade of earth moving like water down a fall. Sliding and crashing through as it boomed down the mountain side.

The loud crash of it all as it bore down on the low lining area beneath. The winds erupted forth and shattered the cloud sending smoke and dust like fog in a marsh. The scene of the blow, torn up land. Scarred and carved with some semblance of a dead land burned over.

BANG

A single figure bellowed through and screamed along the ground, the land splitting as the body tore through. Tumbling a decent ways it came to a skidding halt after being used to till the ground up. It lay motionless, an arm flopping to the ground bloodied.

CLANG

Metal locked. Metal grinding. Loud shouts and screams from beyond. The storm of running feet and multiple other weapons clashing.

Glowing eyes from beyond the dust that clung to the ground as their shouts burst through. A storm of people plowing out of the fog-like cloud of dirty air. Their weapons raised ranging from cutlasses to axes to crossbows and even rifles. Battle cries howling into the night air as fires burned all around the battle field.

Across the way the stumbling brutes of which they fought. Dead eyed, abyssal almost, blackened. Darkened flesh, crusty, dry. Lines of inhuman movements, the large batch of decayed bodies slumping and marching forward equally as armed. Though they were not all human- large werewolves with eyes just as dead joining the lines.

Rotted gators, large several-meter tall Scorpion-humanoid beasts, wolves with fur missing and bone sticking out, large snarling cat creatures. A cavalcade of beasts and monsters mixed among an army of the undead- all of them dead and long since gone. All of them moving forward at the approaching army of the living.

Werewolves, lizard people, humans, orcs, a variety of different races unlike those of the common. All alive they equally matched and charged the forces of rot. As their lines slammed into one another the living again began to cut down the already dead, while the dead made unbothered work of those soon-to-be slain. The fires spread all around, multiple explosions rocking the battle field.

Surrounded by the dead two figures bolted at one another. One shot forward wielding a katana, twisted in hand. The other, a simple stick of bamboo with a hilt. Emerald eyes flashed as she charged at a man with no such eyes, instead a mask.

Their weapons swung and locked-

BANG

The force considerable as they weighed down against one another. The fierce, blood thirsty look of her fiery eyes blazed against his scrunched up face of pressure. Their jackets flourished in the storm of winds as did their hair. His short black hair spiraled, whilst her golden brown locks danced.

The two broke off from one another, each skidding back. From behind the man flew two masked figures, one a jester of gold and grey while the other some was sort of strange Aztec-like. Both in black garb, only the jester armed and with a small dagger of crystal. The jester jumped forth with a swing.

Her body twisted, a bound right up into the air. Round she spun, her right leg flinging out as the dagger passed beneath. SMACK!! Straight into the side of the head of the jester, a blow that struck slow and hard.

Head twisting as his form flung off and went crashing across the ground with his weapon clanging against the rock. She dropped down with her sword swinging down at the other. His form weaved back and launched left right as the man with eyes masked approached with his bamboo and swung.

Once more the two clashed, her sword against his stick. His teeth grit together as he pressed forward. Fire swirled at the fingertips of his free left hand, thrust forward. A faint glow emerged from her sword- golden in color.

“HYAAAH!!!”

Up she swung, a brilliant dance of cascading gold and white flying out and pressing the man back. His bamboo held as the force careened into him. The path left, carved up. One little twist and the attack of energy split off into another direction.

A single huff as she readied herself again, hand and blade twisting ready to strike. Across from her the man with the blindfold mask stood with a withdrawn expression, jester and deity moving up around him now.

The stare down- followed swiftly by a MASSIVE eruption of white and black behind them. A blast towering nearly half a kilometer or better into the air and just as much wide. Rock blew away and again the dust rose up. None of the trio turned aside, nor did the girl- all locked against each other.

And as the blast settled in the back there came two figures. A taller woman in a cloak of white, dark hair swirling like a witches, her expression serious and filled with determination. Her green eyes then met a foe of flickering white hair, sapphire eyes, cloaked in black. The two locked gazes.

ERRROOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

Her green eyes shifted, glancing from the dark figure to the explosion of fire near them. Multiple screams and shouts of terror. The fire blew apart with rock, a massive frame stretching out that towered over the battlefield. Dozens of bodies flew about as a multi-eyed reptilian black beast came forth with jaws inside of its jaws.

“REEEEEEEEEEEAAARAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

A high pitched godless shriek erupted from the beast as a breath of black flame did just the same. Its head whirled back as it screamed into the night, the many little ants that were people all scattered about. Its dozen eyes shifted round as it cuts its roar off, the burning red glow of hot wrath visualizing the forces stood against it.

Massive talons crashed from the dust, large paws bearing down crashing into the ground. The titanic dragon monster born from hellfire itself. Its head whirled down and from its mouths launched a jet of black flame which did quickly slam unto the grounds. Those before it leapt away with only a few engulfed and flash burned.

The blast let off once that flame slammed the ground, colossal. A blaze of black turning back into traditional flames as more debris launched and rained down, the rock

around melting away into traditional lava. Rivers of the molten rock running around the mountainside. A low snarl escaped the creature as it stomped a single clawed limb forward with a mighty thud.

The gaze of the woman in white shifted back to the one stood before her, their coats flapping in the winds. An almost stoic yet uncaring expression from the figure. Darkness swelled around, manifested like a fog threatening to swallow up their form and the bodies littered around them. She turned, a coating of white brilliant light radiating from her left and right hands.

“LIGER BOMB!”

She thrust both hands out, the white spheres formed from her palms colliding into a single burst. A large white tiger-like form nearly ten times the size of a true tiger forged, letting out a snarl like a tiger. It shot forward, claws tearing through the ground as it ran at the white haired man. His expression shifted, a serious return, his right arm flying out-

“Reflection of the Almighty!”

A slight shimmer formed up in front of his form and his outstretched hand.

ROAAAAAAAAR!!!!

The eruption of light and flame. A tremendous blast which swallowed up the white-haired figure and drenched backwards into the lady as a dust cloud.

BANG

SLAM

CRASH

Their fight continued in the background of the fight of the four. The young girl whirled through the air with a twist and turn as the two masked forms bolted passed her with attacks missing. Landing and spinning on her feet she shot ahead.

CLANG

Once more her weapon bore into the weapon of the blindfold man, his dark hair furrowing back as a raw musk of darkness rolled off of him when compared to her light. She pressed. He pressed. The two forcing against one another with weapons rattling from their pressure.

“This is over for you! Now that the demon has been awakened there will be no stopping us. We will crush the people of these mountains and move on to the Celeste Kingdom in no time!” the man shouted.

He pressed firmer, electricity crackling along his right hand and his weapon. She flinched a slight bit, her feet giving and sliding. Her face twisted as she felt the force of his force against her own. Still though- teeth locked and eyes growing fierce, she stared back at absolute nothing as the fabric covering his eyes began to tear away.

“We’ll stop you Tobias! Count on it!!” she called back, holding her ground now.

“HA! Stupid girl!” Tobias retorted, “Your people are dying, your world is crumbling. Our forces will only grow from this as we feast upon you all. There is no hope left for you or for Vulfax or for any of these old clans!! Your fate now is only to die and be used as tools for our conquest!!”

“I make my own fate-” she grunted, feet skidding back again slightly, “And- I refuse... to let my fate be determined by bastards like you any longer!! Intre-Mu-Gu-La-Vi!”

Tobias’s body arched back, his weapon breaking off. Just as he slipped back the ground between the two shot up. Pikes burst from the ground made of stone. As he landed her sword swung again, a slash of light flying out cleaving through the stone and slamming into his own weapon.

A hefty grunt and the man flew back further, feet planting and grinding against the dirt as he threw off the attack. Around her now approached the others, jester and deity masks. The jester stomped forward.

“You could have joined us *Elise!*” he yelled, voice distorted and deep, “None of you had to do this, we could have destroyed the humans together!”

A huff left Elise as she turned her head looking from Tobias to the jester, then to the deity mask and back to Tobias.

“I told you before, I will not kill innocent people who have no stake in this war!”

“There are no innocents!” the jester howled out stomping forward, crystal daggers firmly gripped in his hands, “The humans stopped being innocent far before your lifetime- you’re just too idealistic to see it!! They will always destroy that which they do not understand!”

“... then it’s time we help them understand, and to do that I’ll start here and now by stopping all of you!”

Her free hand ran across her blade leaving behind a trail of fire. Her weapon coated in it as she turned shifted her stance, legs spread and both hands on the weapon.

“Have it!!”

With twisted grunts the trio tore loose, all rushing at her. The four prepared to clash, as around them the battle continued. Two powerful beings of light and dark blowing away the mountain behind, a massive demonic dragon being raided by various people of various power, and an army of the living against an army of the undead. All was unfolding here atop the mountains of Vulfax.

All raging on before the singular blue gaze of one entity, a masked entity. Streaked in darkness, a figure of white with a blazing half-white and half-black star on the forehead, a carved through mask. They stood and watched as it all unfolded on that battlefield. Motionless.

“Finally... it begins.”

The gleam of their single visible eye, shifting slightly open as the battle intensified far out before them with yet another tremendous blast.

Journal Entry #1503268-277B

Date: **-Redacted-**

The Incident.

I remember it quite well from that day. I remember what led up to it. I remember the different people who played a part in that day. And I remember everything surrounding it based on follow up reports such as those by higher members like [REDACTED] and [REDACTED].

To me, it is just another oversight that stems from our own failed decisions. This is something that has haunted us since the days of the War of Light and Dark. From our assumed control after Space-Time fractures, from our pride in governance when we connected the realms, to our lack of... no, I'm rambling now.

Ramble ramble heh...

No.

This entry is in regards to the incident, not ancient history. The Vulfax Valley Incident. The Flax Mountains specifically of Glastol. That was where the [REDACTED] awoke after the [REDACTED] was lifted, when the undead army rose and attacked, where a madman went to swallow an entire continent and put [REDACTED] under his control. The echoes of that incident continue to affect the worlds even now and our inability to resolve it ourselves.

It was something that I should have seen coming from a mile away; but by my own complacency I did not truly involve myself. No, if not for the efforts of [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I might not have known until it was baring down on the rest of the continent. It was something that had been brewing for a long time, born of the divide between mortals and the "lesser" races as it were.

██████████ and ██████████ had tried to orchestrate an uprising to take the Flax Mountains from the humans, with plans to use the power of ██████████.

I suppose one might say the incident began with ██████████ but in truth I would hearken it back to that girl herself. She grew up around it and was directly caught up in it. The discontent existed long before her time but it was during her time and within her people that it truly turned into what it did.

The irony of it is that perhaps I could have seen it coming if not for the other incident during that time involving ██████████ and the Dharkanians.

Yes... that day and that time... how it all spiraled into what it is now. It began with that incident and that girl.

I suppose with that to recall- it was.....and then
..... but
not before and I found
myself.....
..... which in turn..... and the whole
goat.....and the chicken
on the roof..... which is
when.....
.....star born lizards from
which.....
.....
.....
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