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NOVELIZATION WRITTEN BY:

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The Blackheart Chronicles

From the Soul Fall Universe

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Dedicated to the Blackheart Family and the friends who have come and gone. Our founder and father, Shadow Blackheart known also as Wes Dafoe. Our siblings who have come and gone. Our cousins we have fared off.

This is for them...

Stage I- The Return

Act 1

(Co-starring Markus Blackheart)

Time: 46 A.S.

Location: A Shadow Dominions Station

A station in orbit over a large gas giant... a swirling mass of dark blues and purples and pinks and all colors inbetween. The station, MASSIVE. Not nearly as big as a moon because that would be ridiculous but it was very fair sized for large ships to dock with multiple hangar bays. Most of the complex was wings though for this, walkways, elevators, escalators because who had time to walk.

The main dome, the mass of the structure, that is where our story begins. Ripping through the halls to the heart, or rather the head of the facility. The upper levels, where near that northern hemisphere a conference room was so crudely assembled. A LARGE table complete with hologram displays, and monitors all around the room, and various other gadgets and terminals and all that fun jazz.

About two dozen or so seats were present and a handful of large bleachers that were pretty well styled were also draped around the room. A room NORMALLY subject to being the conference hall of military leaders meeting to militarize and talk strategy instead held those people but a much higher audience.

Regional leaders were indeed at that table with lower ranked individuals around the bleachers. Guards stood around the room. And at that table only six sat.

The first- an older man, a little chunky, well garbed almost royally so. The second some middle age man with dressed in the battle armor of a sorcerer but moreso leaning towards special wear. The third, a female, wearing a long black witch dress with a cloak around her shoulders, also fairly old but not quite middle age. The fourth some punk around the same age with a crazed look in his eyes. The fifth a younger man possibly in his late twenties dressed much like a military officer than anything else very

ghostly. And the sixth a young lad having just been in his teen years for only a little while.

Several 'Admirals' and 'Generals' stood in the room, pointing out on the maps. Different battle fronts, different situations, data reports, statistics on enemies. It was a whole military meeting.

"And as these reports indicate sirs, the Galvaron are hitting us heaviest in sectors M, L, and Q. They use gorilla tactics to blow through our units on these space fronts. The Legion is our equal as of this moment with our shattered forces... meanwhile we are still dealing with the Synaxis within the Realm of Zenara. If anything we expect between both the machines and the rebels we will lose staging ground within that dimension in the coming weeks."

"Our forces have suffered another split. Three realms have had political factions declare neutrality. Several dozen systems in this sector have rejected our forces."

"Not to mention we've lost the support of several branches. Leaders who are swearing independence."

"Funny, it's almost as if the Dominions were meant to come apart- oh wait, that's what the old man planned," grumbled the fourth.

"Or so we assume anyway..." the third, the lady, murmured.

"There isn't much holding it anymore. Latios's death sealed it all. It all began back with the death of that loud mouth idiot Zero. It's been a domino chain with the main family since then. Only Markus remains of the main family. We Shaggraths are few. Even the Sovereign family isn't even here for this," the second spoke.

"The war is lost because it was designed to be lost. That's pretty fucked up ain't it?" the fourth snickered.

"Stay your tongue Vincent!" the second spat.

"It's Rakford, actually."

"It's dirt for all I care!" shouted the sixth.

The old man at the head of the group looked around while still drinking his tea. He gazed from the boy to the military fifth.

“Perhaps... we should hear from Shadow’s remaining heir? Markus you have been quiet. What do you think would be the way to proceed?” the old man questioned.

He looked to the old man, “It is my father’s wish that all nations under his rule revert back to its own nations. I am not gonna go against my father’s wishes but seeing that I’m still around, my domains will service the empire as they always have. Let us never forget Shadow Blackheart. He kept us all together. I honestly don’t really know what Shadow really wanted but I do know this- the Blackheart Family can’t control the entire Blackheart Kingdom so my suggestion is to shrink it to where we can manage it but I also do believe giving control back to the people. Let them choose a representative to represent their nations if they choose to remain in the Shadow Dominion.”

“... PAH! What kind of lucid dog shit is that?” Rakford laughed.

“The kind that makes total sense, cousin Vincent,” spoke the voice of a newcomer, a man in white with hair of white who came strolling into the room.

The girl blinked and both Rakford and the second man shot up in shock. The room turned to find Alexander Blackheart walking in with Reise Blackheart close behind.

“I hope that we are not interrupting anything too important.”

Markus himself glanced up towards the arrival of his brother and niece, a young lad beside Markus doing the same.

“Welcome brother, Reise,” he greeted.

“Is that Uncle Alexander dad?” the young lad questioned.

Both Alexander and Reise approached the table, a couple of the guards moving aside. Across the way a few snickers came forth.

“Yes, that is your uncle that I spoke of Baby Saja.”

"Hee hee hee- my oh my, is that REALLY you Alexander? My you finally came out of hiding," Rakford chuckled.

"Save your nonsensical remarks for someone who cares Rakford. I'm not here for you... greetings brother," he'd first state to Rakford before greeting Markus.

"Alexander..." the second man muttered, "What a surprise. It's been awhile now hasn't it?"

"True enough Arthur. I didn't care to show myself until recent; but with the way this shit show has been run I figured I had best attend at least one of these... councils. It amazes me how poorly you non-Blackhearts have handled this, even if you are cousins of some variety."

The young lad beside Markus would call out then after, "Hello uncle Alexander, pleased to meet you~"

"Uncle?" Alexander questioned, glancing from the boy right over to Markus, "... ah, a pleasure to meet you as well."

"We are in the middle of a meeting," Rakford grumbled, "Not a family reunion. Is pretty impressive though. Last I heard, you went AWOL and betrayed the family Alex. Why are you back here?"

Markus glanced to Rakford at once, "This is still Dominions business so don't make insinuations against a member of the Blackheart Family please."

"Ignore him. I did step away from the Dominions for quite some time. I'm, again, mostly just here due to the nonsense as of late. Like that guy I killed, Moronous or whatever his name was? Believe me, I'm not back to lead or to protect the vastness of the empire. I'm here to see what is going on."

"Very well brother," Markus murmured with a nod; though while glaring at Rakford.

"At this point I dare say that the Dominions are not what they were made into under Shadow's command... I do agree with letting things go. Rather than a solid empire, instead allowing it to become more... well, of its own accord."

"I do believe it is the best course of action. We could descend into a civil war if we try to forcefully hold all the territories together. Each nation that forms can manage their own affairs and if they remain with us they can select a representative for their interests."

Arthur looked from Alexander to Markus in that moment, "The other Great Powers won't simply accept this. We are at war. If we loosen ourselves too much, they'll seek advantage."

"Which is why we should go all out and destroy them once and for all and show them why our Empire is the greatest!" Rakford laughed.

Lilith shrugged, "I feel like it's problematic either way. We appear destined to fall."

"Rakford you would do well to silence yourself while I still have patience to tolerate your presence," Alexander grumbled, glancing to the man.

"Oh?" Rakford snickered, "You gonna take me on?"

"Save the tough guy act. You are not a Blackheart. You know exactly how a fight between us would play out you pathetic piss ant."

Rakford's snickering smirk faded. He fell back, arms crossed. Alexander turned his attention back to the group and looked around.

"If this is truly all we have left then I must say- it is disappointing at best... but then again we all have dropped the ball. Leo and I both parted, Latios and Zero both perished. So many of our family have gone by now... Markus is but one man. Still it strikes me that the Sovereigns and Shaggraths can do only so much here. And perhaps that divide is what it needs to be. I concur with Markus fully. Divide the Empire into what can be controlled."

"And what of our enemies? They will swallow us," Arthur added.

"If you are any bit like my father then surely you know... this whole war began because the other powers smelt blood. They will continue their war so long as the rewards outweigh the cost. Instead of defense, make them all bleed just as badly."

"But the losses we would incur-"

"Not a problem if you are to surrender the empire. This is why I do not relish the power of these great organizations. It was the same with New Genesis in the Mugen Realm. A war of arms, people will always build to try and surpass. And that makes future conflicts worse. Make everyone fall, it'll hurt; but it stops the march."

“And if we can’t do that?”

“Then sucker someone else into taking the burden,” Alexander grumbled, “The Federation would love to grab more power. Just be aware that I’ve been targeting them in my off time so they might feel less than willing to accept. Maybe the Legion would do?”

“The Legion of the Stars? Possible...”

“Why are you targeting the Federation?”

“... I have my reasons.”

“Reasons huh?” Rakford questioned, “Walking the path of your brother there? Ol Zero, my how he is missed. More of a man and warrior than you’ll ever b-”

CRACK

Rakford dropped to the ground, his body flat, arms sprawled. The chair he had been sat upon caved. A tremendous weight bore down upon the young Shaggrath, a crushing weight of force. Raw aura flowed out of Alexander into the air and pressed down.

“You would do well not to mention that man’s name like that in front of me again Vincent,” Alexander calmly remarked without so much as batting an eye in his direction, “Gentlemen there is power to be had in the shadows rather than the spotlight. In my opinion, going about things the way of our siblings is what did so many of them in. Right Markus?”

Markus gave a simple nod.

“Enough Alexander. Lay off of Vincent,” Arthur grumbled.

“Very well,” Alexander replied, the pressure of his spirit and aura breaking off not more than a moment later.

Vincent gasped aloud, breathing in deeply and exhaling. Stumbling to his hands and knees as he vented in and out.

“I have my own plans and goals gentlemen. I don’t need to be the one to tell you that we are not Shadow nor his council. We are not nearly as powerful, and the rest of

them know it. If you continue this way of doing things just know that it will only inflict further damage and death. All things are born and all things die. For now- it is best to let this go.”

Silence...

“We’re done here. Gentlemen, it’s been... something. Reise,” Alex concluded turning round and beginning to walk out of the room, his niece following close behind.

“So that’s it then?” Vincent called out with a huff, pressing himself up with a scowl, “You’re just gonna walk away again?!”

“... what exactly are you planning Alexander?” Arthur questioned as the former began to leave, “You and your siblings are all being schemers. That’s how cousin Shadow raised you to be. What is your goal?”

Markus turned his attention then to Alexander who continued from the room. And as he moved, his eyes narrowed.

Before him it flashed.

A group surrounded by soldiers of the Federation. A man in a long coat with a green clover over his right breast, that smarmy grin. Several surrounding Alexander bleeding and down to the ground heaving. A tall woman in white and red surrounded far far off to the right by a woman in black with a scythe and even more Federation soldiers.

Far far behind... a young dark elf in armor surrounded by other soldiers and warriors. In his own hands, a woman of long dark green hair, gothic attire, dressed in blood. Her eyes closed with blood upon her lips. That man before him, that grin. The scowl flashing upon Alexander’s face in the moment.

“The swift and simple destruction of an old friend and his allies...”

Red eyes pulsed open, blood shot eyes with a strange pattern at the epicenter. A figure of pale darkness and dead white stood surrounded. Blood dripped down multiple large tendrils of pure black etched out of shadows on the ground. They arched and bent up, connected around the throats of armored warriors.

Federation troopers, gagging, gasping for breath. Their throats tightly held by the shadowy tendrils connected to the vast pool of shadow surrounding Alexander. A few over a dozen bodies suspended, some already limp with blood flowing down their torsos. Throats torn open, armor cut through and bloodied.

Bodies lay scattered, officers, soldiers. At least another dozen and a half lay scattered around the rubble of the ruins. Once more- their thick armor cut through, necks broken, impaled clear through, throats ripped out. Bloodied faces, bloodied bodies, a growing pool of red liquid.

Blaster bolt marks lay in the walls around them. The signs of earlier resistance though now it appeared to be not. The sound of squeezing flesh, scrunchy. He looked up coldly at a couple of them, specifically at the platoon leader.

The vine brought them closer, bending round to suspend the living man in front of the sword-wielding ghost. Blood dripped from his katana, his hair whipping around.

“I will ask you once more. Where can I find Kordova Arvikor and Admiral Fendor Calius?” Alexander asked plainly calm.

The officer struggled, hands still clawing at his throat and through the shadow that suspended him. He kicked and buckled. His face’s color fading as he continued to try and gasp for breath. His body twitched, heavily.

Footsteps echoed from the room beyond. Another small group of Federation soldiers burst into sight with their weapons raised, aim taken.

“FIRE!”

Blasters fired. Shadows weaved. Bodies flopped in front of Alexander and at once the choking soldiers became a meat shield. For only a few seconds the new arrivals fired into the line of their own men, officers and soldiers alike.

Armors pierced, bodies burnt on the inside from the expanding plasmic force. The firefight of course stopped but by then it was too late. Bodies dropped, released by the tendrils as the specter’s head cocked back to glance at the attackers. As he did so a creature launched from around Alexander, charging at the soldiers.

Their raised arms again and began to fire but by the time they could react their slaughter was underway. Screams rang out, blood splattering the walls. An arm flung out and hit the dirt. Ripping metal and squishing insides, the crunch of bones.

Alexander stared off, while in focus behind him a group of huddled people in rags cowered together. Glowing red and orange eyes among a few of them, vibrant greens and blues the rest. The young, the old, a few bodies with them blown through with blaster bolts. A young man, no more than twenty, held onto a young woman of near equal age.

Two bite marks hung to her neck, a singed blaster bolt to her abdomen but the wound not visible at this point. The woman out cold, the man cradling her tight.

“It is time for you mortals to understand... the crusades have run their course. All that awaits you people now is death.”

The crackle of about a dozen necks echoed out. Bodies all dropped around him right as the screams and sounds of violence from the next room over ceased. And just after those bodies hit the ground, the man began to move towards the door. The sound of more rushing armored soldiers, the tingle of his sword, and the continued drip of blood as he made his way.