

Prologue

The kingdom of Zaurac united by King Robert Rein the third. During the long years of his reign he was able to defeat all foes of his realm, all except one, magic.

The war against magicians and their creations took its' toll and the citizens of the realm were to pay the price. The king needed end this war in order to save his people, to ensure his victory the king decided sent the sorceresses into several sites around the land. I was one of them. We had to use what he hated the most in order to destroy magic.

In order to live in peace among the humans once again we were forced to create a magic spell that will drain all magicians' powers away into the world beyond

But, something disturbed during the spell and instead of destroying the magic, it created something, but what? It is unknown to us.

One second of negligence was enough for the magicians; Zaurac is now under control of the army of darkness.

The king had no choice, with the remaining sorceress who supported him they decided to protect themselves from the inevitable so they created a magic burier over the city of Gardimon, keeping them safe from the danger, for how long though?

Month after month the magicians would try to destroy the barrier, month after month they would fail to do so, month after month the king looked more helpless, moth after month citizens were terrorized around land, controlled by the magicians, slavery and death is what the simple people knew from now on. Until the present day when one ship was outside the land, with travelers aboard a man was among them, he didn't know this but he will change everything.

One magician noticed the ship arrival so he created a storm in order to destroy it, a ball of fire came from the sky and stroke the ship, the travelers aboard were killed, all except one.