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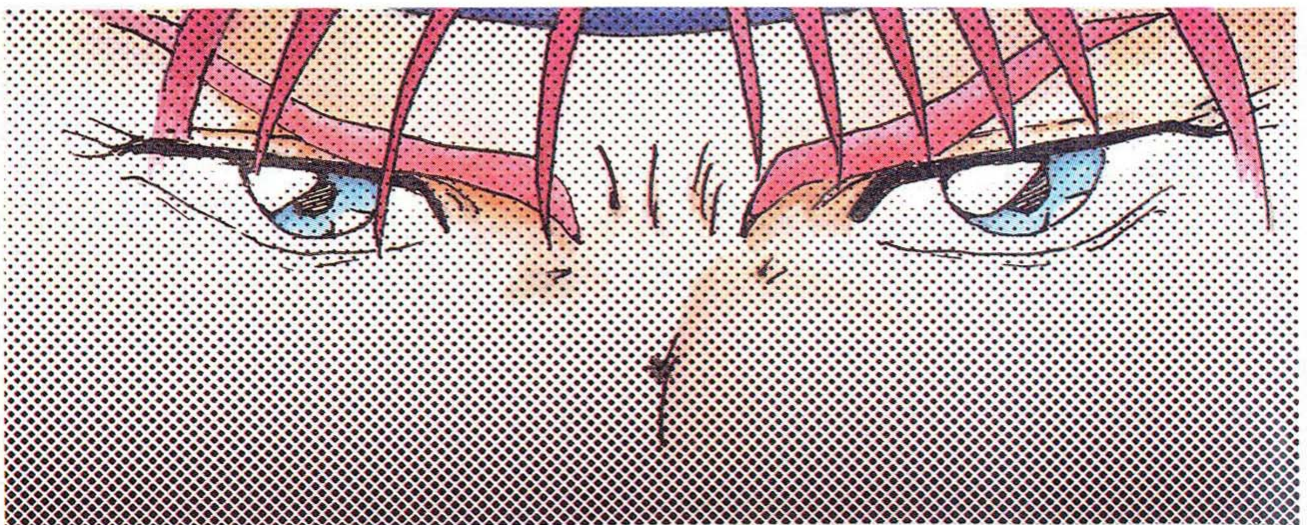
GLORIA

# Prologue

As the sun slowly sank below the horizon, an island merged into the encroaching darkness. The flickering candles in an old stone house cast a large shadow on the wall, accompanied by two smaller ones. The larger one belongs to the White Dragon, the oldest on the island. The deep wrinkles on his face, his withered wings, and his dark eyes spoke of his age. One of the smaller silhouettes contrasted with the old White Dragon. It was Atrushan, a young blue dragon born eight years ago. The other shadow belonged to Tamryn, the only human child on the island.

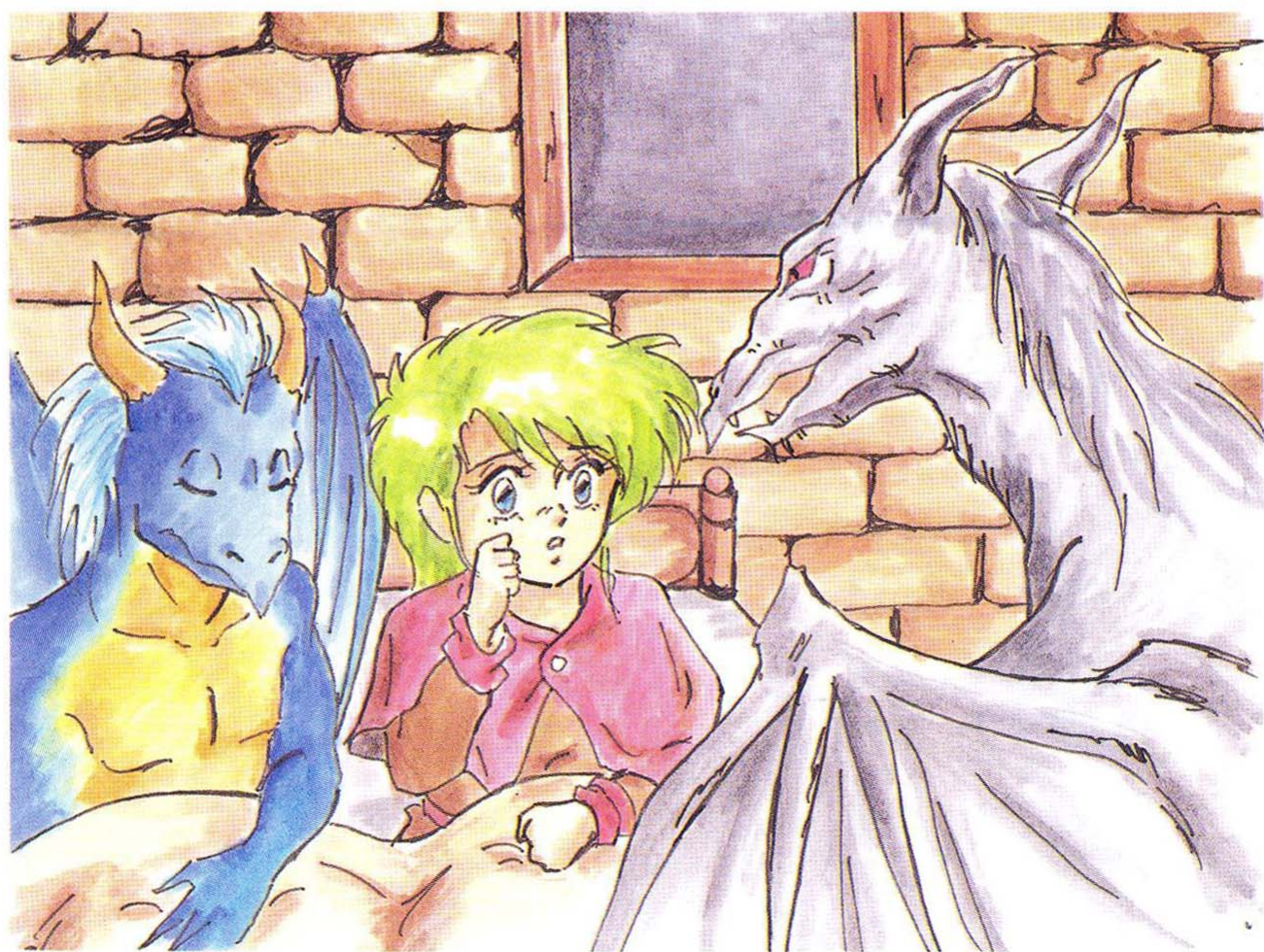
Surrounded by a dimensional barrier, this land, known as Draguria, was originally inhabited by birds and other small creatures. The dragons had migrated to this region 1,500 years ago, fleeing from a terrible curse. One night, after the old dragon had finished telling one of his daily stories, the girl asked him to tell her about her arrival on the island. The old dragon looked up, and after a moment of silence, he began to slowly tell his story.

"It was three summers ago. After a tempestuous night, a shipwrecked vessel washed ashore the following morning. Any old and decrepit dragon like me would have sensed the scent of our homeland from the ship... that longed-for, vast, fertile land..."



“But how did the ship end up here in this parallel world? I still can’t explain it... You were the only survivor of the shipwreck. We found you on the floor of the cabin, protected by your luggage. As you know, children are rare here. Look at your side... he has already fallen asleep... Atrushan is the only creature we’ve been blessed with in a hundred years. That’s why we thought it best for you to grow up together.”

After these words, the old White Dragon fell silent, as if in a trance, remembering his entire past... his homeland... Ishban, where the beautiful transformation of the four seasons is unparalleled among many worlds, and where the warm and gentle light of the blessings from the heavens is considered the closest holy place to the celestial realm... an everlasting utopia where flowers bloom and fairies dance.



When the old White Dragon awoke from his reverie and returned to reality, the two children were curled up asleep. He looked at them tenderly and covered them with a blanket.

"Tamryn, when the time comes for you to live on your own, you will have to make a tough decision. The world you were born into, Ishban, is a place of great happiness."

His face darkened for a moment.

"Now humans are at the top of the animal kingdom, living in joy. I'm sure it's the best place for you to live."

1,500 years ago, a terrible curse had been unleashed upon Ishban, targeting only the dragons, leaving them breathless, their blood dry, and their bones crumbling. Many dragons perished, and the few survivors had no choice but to migrate to this parallel world, Draguria, unaware that the curse was only the beginning of a terrible phase.



Nine years later, after a painful separation, Tamryn returned to Ishban, her birthplace, clutching the horn that Atrushan had torn off and given to her as an offering.

Though she had lived in Ishban as a child, she could remember nothing of it. Still, she wanted to find happiness as a human in the land the dragons held sacred. However, this idea faded when she discovered the harsh reality surrounding the humans.

"Is that... Ishban? The sacred land...?"

At Tamryn's feet lay the bodies of not only soldiers, but many other unknown creatures. For fifteen years, a battle had raged between a demon army that had invaded the sacred land and Ervad's army, the only kingdom in Ishban, which was slowly weakening.

Tamryn, who had grown up in a peaceful world, could only watch in bewilderment as people tried to flee.

"Did you know it? Draugawan Castle is in danger."

"Nonsense! It's the strongest fortress in Ervad, and it's held off the demon army so far."

"A horde of extremely powerful monsters seems to be advancing. I'd say it's led by Ostracon."

Another soldier listening nearby interrupted. "Yes, it's Ostracon leading them. What a shame of a human being!"

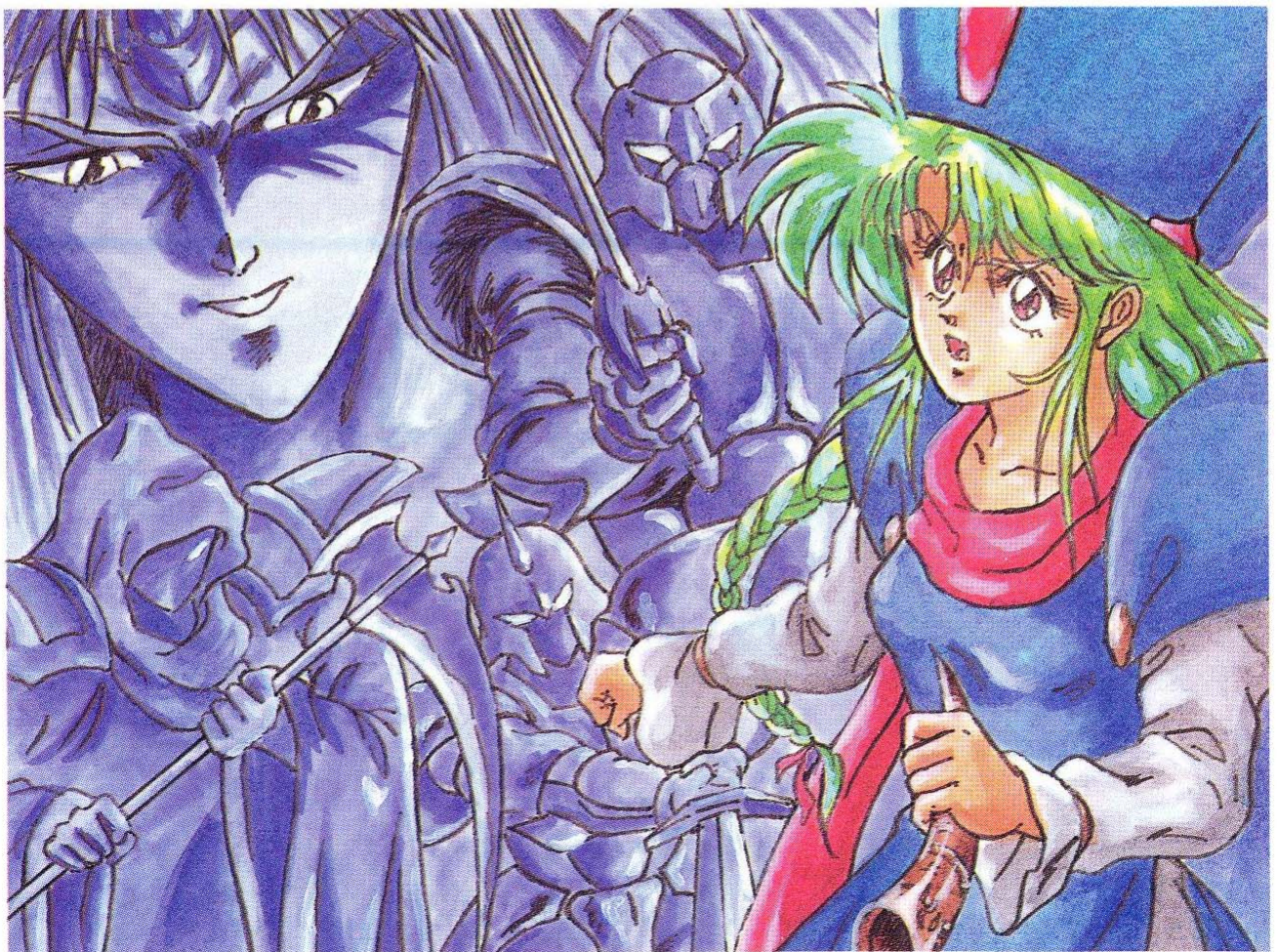
At that moment, a soldier with an arrow wound in his arm rushed towards them, shouting. "Draugawan Castle has fallen! The demons have split into two groups. One is heading for Fort Arpas... and the other..."

The soldiers managed to grab his arm just before he collapsed. "The other one is coming to... Mitra Mifur..."

Fear was etched on the soldiers' faces.

Three years had passed since Tamryn had returned to Ishban. She now lived in a small house rented from an elder in the village of Urvan, which had not yet been ravaged by the war. There she spent her days tending to the wounded soldiers. One day, Tamryn witnessed a massacre that shook her as never before. Several badly wounded children had been brought in from Kildale. Many arrived dead, bearing signs of violence, and the surviving children bore burns and deep wounds so severe that even the doctors shook their heads in despair. Tamryn, standing there in astonishment, felt someone brush her hand. "Sister... help me..."

Tamryn didn't think twice and ran away. With one hand, she wiped away the tears that ran down her face. With the other, she clutched the horn that had always been close to her heart. Now more than ever, she burned with the desire to face the demon army with all her might. When she regained her composure, she looked up at the sky, and the figure of a demon appeared, as if laughing at her audacity.



"On my own, I won't stand a chance against all of you, but I have an ally far more powerful than you."

Tamryn climbed the Hill of Prayer, the place closest to the path that led to the gods and other worlds.

"Come, wherever you are!"

With heartfelt emotions, Tamryn blew the horn.