

# The Kingdoms the Dragons Loved

A novel set in the Twilight Kingdoms

Based on and Inspired by the songs of the band Twilight Force.

By David Foxfire

This work is set in the fictional setting created by the Adventure Metal band Twilight Force and, while the characters of the bands are present, the story is not necessary about the band itself. Twilight Force or Nuclear Blast has not (yet) endorsed or authorized this work. If they wish to discuss this matter, they can contact the author at this address: davidfoxfire (at) foxfirestudios [dot] net. (Other people who wish to converse with the author is encouraged to do so likewise.) He is also (currently) available at the Twilight Force discord server.

Because of this derivative nature of this work, this novel is available free of charge. Those who wish to contribute to this and future projects by David Foxfire, you are invited to go to the Foxfire Studios web site at foxfirestudios [dot] net. The site has a page on both ways to contact David, and to provide support.

## Synopsis

A recent realm-shaking cataclysm on a cosmic scale has thrown the universe of the Twilight Kingdoms into chaos, and while most denizens are unaware of the turmoil in the skies above them, the Twilight Force felt the worst of it in their loss of one of their prime members. The Queen of Eternity and her associates are working round the clock in restoring order and preparing for another such event, and that involved resetting the live of the lost hero, Chrileon. While this is being done, the Queen has discovered another kindred spirit drawn from another world, a young woman with a crystal of her own. Though not a part of any prophecies, this Amber Merichello will have an important role to play in the upcoming events in the Twilight Kingdoms

## Issue 1 Synopsis

The crone from the forest near Oak's End discovered a strange little girl who didn't quite look like she came from around here. She took her in, and after some language barrier bridging, she learns more about this Amber Merichello and the world she came from. While most of the backstory is strange to the elderly elven witch, she knew that she had to accept Amber as her apprentice, especially when she learns that the child has the makings of being a mage like herself. And then there's that crystal...

## Content Warning

While steps have been made to avoid triggering content, I cannot account to every possible reader, especially in the current year. It is a certainty that something in this story will offend somebody, the only question being who, when, and from what? Those who are easily offended or hyper-sensitive toward anything should refrain from progressing any further. Such content includes Mature language, possible violence, light political themes, original characters, use of an isekai theme, psilocybin use, Touhou and Disney references, the use of Fifth Edition Dungeons & Dragons rules, and the idea that what is Woke in Earth is not the same thing as what is Woke in the campaign setting.

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All Twilight Force material by the band Twilight Force © Nuclear Blast. The referenced material is listed in the order of their presence:

- Queen of Eternity, from "Dawn of the Dragonstar"

- To the Stars, from “Heroes of Mighty Magic”
- Rise of a Hero, from “Heroes of Mighty Magic”

Twilight Force is:

- Allyon – Lead Vocals
- Aerendir – Rhythm Guitar
- Blackwald – Keyboards, Piano, Violin, Cembalo
- Born – Bass Guitar
- De’Azsh<sup>1</sup> -- Drums
- Lynd – Lead Guitar, Acoustic Guitar, Lute

Former Members, which are involved in this story:

- Chrileon – Former Lead Vocals

The below material used therein are used within United States Fair Use Laws:

- All Disney references and remixes inspired by Walt Disney, not necessarily the Corporation.
- All Touhou references by Zun/Team Shanghai Alice.
  - English lyrics to “Bad Apple” by Pat McCarthy and Cristina Vee
- Some maps inspired by Dyson's Dodecahedron and remixed.
- ‘Verbal Component Rosetta’ by PDX\_Mike, available from the Dungeon Masters Guild (dmsguild.com)

The author makes some of the artworks. Other illustrations used here are referenced therein:

The following fonts are used:

- Baskerville BT by John Baskerville
- Bookmania by Mark Simonson
- Calibri by Luc dr Groot
- Century Schoolbook by Morris Fuller Benton
- CombiNumberals by FontSite Inc.
- Modesto by Jim Parkinson

Version History

Version 1.0; Dated 22 Jan 20; Initial publication.

Version 1.01; Dated 23 Jan 20; Adjusted the main font to Century Schoolbook.

Version 1.02; Dated 3 Feb 30; Some slight corrections.

(Some details of this book can still be altered in a future version, those who wish to correct a detail (or grammatical error) or to adjust some matters to a better alternative are encouraged to contact David Foxfire to do so. Means to contact him lie at the end of this document.)

*Dedicated to all those who was among the  
Knights of Twilights Might*

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<sup>1</sup> The drummer of Twilight Force has been recently replaced, but he will assume the character of De’Azsh

## Part 0

### The Queen of Eternity

*“This Song tells the story of a timeless and omnipotent celestial entity, an immortal and unfathomably powerful ethereal being, namely the Queen of Eternity. She is the spirit and warden of realities and time and the immortal protector of the cosmic winds.*

*She is awakened from her slumber when unknown and malicious rifts in the space-time continuum sent tremors through the fabric of Mana.*

*In the events which transpire in this particular song, she is facing the Galactic Ruler of the Dark Dimensions, who seeks to eradicate life, order, and time.”*

--- Blackwald

## Prologue

Celestials are not known for cursing. It's something that nobody expected them to do, and not too many of them would even consider saying anything remotely like an F-Bomb. It's just not in the nature of your common celestial.

It will take a lot for a Celestial to consider the thought that swearing would even be proper.

The Queen of Eternity found something that managed to get her to swear.

She stood there in the Astral Plane, high above the realm she protects, surrounded by the wreckage of a battle in the deepest darkness of space. A graveyard of recently defeated spaceships, cosmos sailing dreadnaughts rendered inert by her infinite abilities. Bodies and wreckage laid scattered about in the vacuum, some to fall down to the planet and burn up in the atmosphere, but most of them would just tumble in the Astral, be it in one piece or in giblets, never to be seen again.

They appeared all of the sudden through rifts in the fabric of space and time created by the several dozen craft with several thousands of fighters and soldiers. If they knew that their destination was protected by this entity, even if she was sleeping at the time, would they have turned back...or did they feared the whips of their masters more than someone who could disintegrate anyone to ashes with a stray thought and a finger snap?

She didn't get the name of her assailants until after she made sure that she managed to drive back the survivors. She didn't get much, what survived talked in no language she knew, and the ships didn't carry much outside of some imperial livery she didn't recognize. All she knew is that fanaticism that a mixture of fear and zealotry could bring. Everything else was a complete mystery.

A matter for another day. But now she has to clean up this mess.

It'll take some doing to repair the rifts in the fabric of space and time caused by these spacecrafts. It wasn't like the miniscule pinprick-like teleportation caused by magic. To the fabric of space and time, a normal magic spell to teleport or to open a portal is little more than a prick of a sterilized lance used to test blood sugar. These rifts, however, were made with the elegance of a psychotically crazed serial killer using a chain saw. The rips and tears remained like open sieves, a brutal and violent act that would take forever to heal, if at all.

Unless they do, these rifts could wreak havoc in the realms, throwing planets out of sync and mucking up the normal flow of time and mana. If that alone isn't enough of a full-time job for someone who's supposed to be infinite, she might have to do that with one hand, because The Queen has that thought in the back of her head that is convinced that this Galactic Empire from this Dark Dimension is going to return, and no doubt with a stronger force.

She fears that she might not be able to face this possible future invasion on her own. The realm below hasn't even developed motorized flight yet, let alone space travel. The only hope she could think of is that the realm

below her has started that prophesy from the Dragon King, where the seven crystals would be discovered by the seven heroes, and form the fabled and destined heroes to reunite the...

What she saw next floating next to her make her gasp in horror. A young man with leather armor, golden brown hair, and a sword on his back. Floating inert on space, frozen solid in the ether.

“Chrileon. No.”

Chrileon was one of those seven heroes. The band of heroes destined to be known as the Twilight Force. The group that was destined to reunite the Seven Kingdoms, bring on a new era of peace and prosperity, which will spark the imagination and ingenuity of the people to develop and create what they'd need to combat a threat such as what she faced.

And now, one of the Twilight Force is lost to the Twilight Kingdoms!!

She sighed, remembering that sometimes being an infinite being is not all that's cracked up to be. You'd think that doing what she's about to do would be as simple as juggling planets in one hand.

On the contrary, making sure that reality is kept in any semblance of order is a full-time job even for Gods.

The Queen shook her head. Even if Chrileon never gotten one of the seven crystals, he still has that destiny. She could sense the noble blood in his young body, the soul of the Dragon King of long ago. He is supposed to be the one true heir of the Emerald Throne, and would have a vital part of the reunification of the Twilight Kingdoms. He had a role nobody else in the Twilight Kingdoms could fill. There were several vital roles that the prophesy required. Any one of them falling will spell disaster for the whole plan.

She can't let him just drift forever in the netherspace; he's needed too much!

She encased Chrileon in a protective sphere and sent him floating back down into the world below. So far, the aftereffects of the rifts of space-time have only limited effects to the world...for the moment. But she feared the worst.

It's why she gave all those visions and dreams to Blackwald, the most powerful, and most prodigious, wizard in the Seven Kingdoms. She knew that Blackwald would figure it out in time. If there is anyone in the Seven Kingdoms that is capable of that, it's this one wizard too powerful, too knowledgeable, and too much of an outside-the-box thinker to be in respectable magic-casting company.

Even if he hadn't dabbled in necromancy...he should've expected such when he managed to open that forbidden book...Blackwald would've been cast out eventually. Such is the case of most prophets. There's not a realm alive where prophecies aren't considered valid and sensible until they started to come true before their eyes, often too late to heed their warnings. Until that time, they're just the ramblings of madmen and mushroom trippers.

She let her mind reach over toward Blackwald, who was with the remainder of the Twilight Force. They're still smarting from their loss of their King, all the while scrambling to seek a replacement to their ranks, if not get Chrileon back. There were en route to the Planes of Haraan, in the kingdom of Vhardas. Their ultimate destination is a portal of mystical portent that she can implement to restore the party.

Her mind panned over to that portal then saw that mystic portal and the old crone who was guarding it. A simple touch between spirits would be enough to get her to act. That portal can link to not just other worlds, but other universes, piercing through the veil that separates the various spaces in the Material Plane, beyond where even her influence could be...

But then The Queen noticed that someone or something is ahead of her, a welcomed accomplishment. A tube-like thread lead from one of those rifts toward that portal, and a bright shining soul travelled along, strong and mighty, versed in sword and horse. She found a name to go with that bright star in the darkness: Allyon.

A noble and strong soul, expert in sword and horse, with a heart that can easily be kindred to the others in the party.

Yes, this Allyon would be a perfect replacement for Chrileon. She made sure that the soul will become a noble Haraan prince when he arrives.

Now with that out of the way, she can focus more on Chrileon. As she knew, his role in the grand plan cannot be taken up with another being. Chrileon's the only one who can fill the role with the Emerald Throne.

She decided that Chrileon's story will reset. She thought about it for an eternity within a fraction of instants. Celestials can think that fast. She weighed the chance of it working with the dangers that time manipulation and retconning a person's entire history, and found it a necessary risk.

She took her time and practiced surgical precision to rewrite Chrileon in History. It was the space-time equivalent of grafting tissue from one part of a body to strengthen another.

She knew that Blackwald would eventually realize what she has done; he's that close to the Queen's mindset. But for everyone else is concerned, all knowledge of what Chrileon has done had faded away from all knowledge, and that farmer family in Oak's End who prayed to the Dragons for a child will find Chrileon in a basket at their doorstep. It would be two to three years ahead in time from what it originally happened, but nobody needs to know that.

Chrileon will have a second chance in life. A rare blessing indeed.

The Queen then thought for a moment. Even though Chrileon will no longer be a member of Twilight Force, he would definitely need something to help him along the way, something to show his special destiny and give everyone something better than just the words of a young lad from some simple farmer's town.

He's still needs to be a crystal bearer. But does it have to be the seven crystals of the Twilight Force?

Not necessarily. All it needed to do is to provide proof that he's the last heir of the Emerald throne. Doesn't necessarily have to have any powers.

And the thought after that, she wondered, what if, one, the crystal would have a power, not as great as the ones the Twilight Force has, but still important to the game; and two, what if there was a whole assortment of them? She already realized that the dangers facing the Twilight Kingdoms would be greater than even she expected. What if the Twilight Force had a small army of crystal bearers aiding them? As powerful as they are, they can't be everywhere or do everything at once. They're going to need more allies than before.

And so they shall have them, the Queen decided.

It was a simple matter in gathering up the thousand of stars from the outskirts of the cosmos, and gather them all in her hand, channeling her energy, she made each of these stars consolidate into a crystal. Crystals of various colors, abilities, strengths and powers. Some that can channel the energy of the mana through a person and amplify it to the zenith of humanity's promise, while others specialize in a single task, each of them were deemed important, and necessary.

With a casual flick of her wrist, she scattered the Lesser Crystals down to the world below, descending all over the Twilight Kingdoms, glowing like a meteorite shower in the atmosphere. Some will fall in the mountains, some in the woods, a couple plunk into the oceans and streams, and more than a few actually find their way for someone to find them. A Dwarf that would fire up a mighty forge. A swordsmith to make a blade of immortal steel.

*Will Tomorrow Ever Come...*

A cleric that needed something to make up for being an elf cursed with two left feet.

*...Will I make it through the Night?...*

A maiden who heard enough tales of valor and bravery to wish to make her own legend...

*...Will there ever be a place...*

A wizard of blizzard, destined to reignite the stars that are fading out of...

*...For the Broken in the Light?...*

The Queen of Eternity was eventually drawn to this youthful, innocent, and melacony voice as it kept singing.

*...Can I take another step? I've done everything I can...*

She found her in that very same tube-like string just as the portal in Haraan closed, causing the other end to drift off into the astral sea.

Someone youthful, and innocent, a lover of tales, and a heart of a princess. But a bit rebellious, and she's hiding from someone, or something. Something terrible enough to force her into whatever this place is.

*...All the people that I see, they will never understand...*

The Queen reached over to the far end of the passage, where she came from. She could see fires, and voices raised in anger, and a clash of violence. It was clear that she hid to get away from that.

And there was still a small little star, a simple crystal for a designated task, a crystal for inscribing and curating, to collect stories and lore, fluttering down to the child, shining in her face to get her to notice, and then coax her further along the corridor. The tunnel between dimension is bound to dissolve in time, leaving her to float helplessly in the Astral Sea. Some people might have the stomach to leave a little girl like her to such a fate, but not her.

She noticed the girl look up to see the spangling mote of light, flitting around in front of her, playing next to her face, and then flicking to and fro away from her. The girl got up and gave chase.

The Queen smiled. Yes, this one is very inquisitive and curious. A very vivid imagination and a thirst for knowledge and magic. Maybe this child can be a part of the story of the Twilight Kingdoms.

A minor part, of course, but an important one. A vital one. A necessary one.

She drew the exit of the interdimensional tube to a magical forest in Aloria, and coaxed the child through to the other end.

Go, little one, your time has come, fly away over the fields of dreams, to a world far beyond. You must be on your way before the magic star is lost.