



«« *Prologue* »»

It is written in the ancient chronicles that once there was an emperor whose realm brushed the very edge of heaven, his splendour unmatched by any kingdom before or since. They called it the Empire of a Thousand Blossoms. It was a land where silk carried secrets on the wind, where poets wove the world with their words, and warriors danced upon currents unseen.

Some whisper it was the age of the Tang Dynasty. The wise only smile and shake their heads, for no such emperor ever lived, and no map bears the trace of his golden halls.

Yet if you close your eyes and listen, truly listen, you may still hear the footsteps of those whose lives touched the fragile boundary between earth and sky.

This is their story.