

THE RISE OF A FROZEN STAR

Chapter 1: Vestige of the Future

The afternoon slowly fell over the city, dyeing the sky with gray tones and soft rays of sunlight filtering through the clouds. It was an ordinary day at Deliabei High School. The typical buzz of students filled the hallways—voices mixing with hurried footsteps, laughter, and teachers' scolding.

In the midst of it all, Edward Celium, a 15-year-old boy, walked alone, as was his habit.

Wearing his slightly wrinkled uniform and his backpack slung over one shoulder, Edward headed to the school cafeteria. Lunch for the day was a jam sandwich and a bottle of green tea, a simple and unhealthy choice, but one that had already become a routine for him.

The line to buy lunch was as long as ever, but he didn't seem bothered. His gaze remained low, lost in thoughts that had accompanied him for years.

Despite being an average guy neither especially handsome nor particularly ugly Edward was ignored by almost everyone. The girls didn't pay attention to him, and the boys thought he was strange. He had no friends, nor did he seek to have any. To his classmates, Edward was simply "that quiet guy in the back."

But behind his apparent indifference, there was a whole story. A feeling that still tied him to his past.

Two years ago, Edward had fallen in love with a classmate, no, his former best friend and childhood friend. A girl with black hair, a soft voice, and a warm smile.

She also had feelings for him, but she didn't have the courage to accept his confession when Edward, driven by emotion, confessed in front of the entire class. Social pressure, the mockery of classmates, and the fear of being judged led her to reject him. From that day, their relationship ceased to exist.

But that wasn't the reason their friendship ended. Days after the confession, seeking to understand why she had rejected him, Edward confronted her. She told him to his face that she didn't want their classmates to mock her for dating an average guy like him.

He was deeply affected by the words of his first love. He became a very withdrawn young man with no friends, a simple background character at school, rejected by a girl.

However, Edward couldn't forget her. Each day in the same classroom, every time he saw her laughing with her friends, was a reminder of what he had lost. Even so, he never held a grudge. Only sadness, a deep sadness that had become part of his being.

Returning to the classroom with his lunch in hand, Edward noticed something strange. The hallway was quieter than usual. When he reached his classroom door, he saw it was closed. That wasn't normal. His classmates always left the door open.

He frowned and was about to open the door when, at that very moment, an intense white light began to shine through the cracks of the door.

The light wasn't natural. It was as if the sun itself had been trapped inside the classroom. Several students in the hallway also noticed it and approached, concerned. Some tried to force the door open, while others just watched in astonishment.

When it finally opened, everyone inside the classroom... had disappeared.

There were no backpacks, no books, no trace of the thirty students who should have been there. Only empty desks, disorganized chairs, and an overwhelming silence.

Edward stood paralyzed. He didn't understand what he was seeing. He took a step forward, driven by a mixture of confusion and fear. As he crossed the threshold, something happened.

A voice spoke to him—soft, distant, as if from another dimension.

“Liselotte...”

The name echoed in his mind.

And in that instant, darkness enveloped him.

When he opened his eyes, an image appeared before him, clear as a memory: a girl with pearly blonde hair. She looked like a fantasy girl but with a familiar, ethereal aura. Her eyes radiated tenderness but also melancholy.

That was the beginning of the end of his life as Edward Celium.

What Edward didn't know was that his world was about to change. That light hadn't only taken his classmates—it had opened a door. A door between worlds. A door that had now chosen him.

From outside the classroom, the teachers watched in confusion at what had just happened. Authorities would be notified, the police would come, and the news would report on the “collective disappearance of Deliabei High School's second-year class.” But no one would have answers.

An entire class had disappeared except for one person.

And so, in a world still unknown to him, the wheels of destiny began to turn. The name “Liselotte” would echo in his soul, again and again, guiding him toward a new beginning... and a new life.

A story that had already begun long before he knew it.