



The Gilded Thorns of the Atelier

Rose Daily



Qifrey collapses in the center of the atelier, his skin traced with the shimmering, lethal veins of the Silverwood Parasite. Coco, Agott, Riche, and Tetia gather around him, their faces shifting from shock to a cold, terrifying resolve as they realize their master is fading.



In the depths of the night, the four students pour over forbidden grimoires, their ink-stained hands trembling with a new, dark purpose. They swear a blood oath to find a cure by any means necessary, even if it means defying the very laws of magic they once revered.



The Brimmed Cap Group, once the greatest threat to the magical world, falls in a single night of ruthless and calculated violence. The girls stand amidst the ruins of the enemy's lair, their cloaks splattered with ink and their eyes devoid of the innocence they once held.



The Knights of Morals are powerless against the girls' innovative and lethal use of forbidden glyphs as the rebellion spreads. One by one, the pillars of the magical establishment are toppled, replaced by a new, absolute authority driven by a singular, obsessive devotion.



The human and magical worlds merge under a shadow of absolute control as the four witches declare themselves the Eternal Regents of the realm. From the highest peaks to the deepest valleys, every soul is made to serve the singular goal of preserving their master's life at any cost.



A magnificent, sprawling castle of white stone and black iron rises from the earth, enchanted with layers of protective wards that no one can breach. This fortress is not just a palace, but a sanctuary designed to isolate their beloved teacher from a world they no longer trust.



Inside the highest tower, Qifrey wakes in a room filled with every luxury imaginable, yet the doors are sealed with unbreakable magical seals. He watches through the window as his students, now queens of a conquered world, approach him with smiles that no longer reach their eyes.



The girls begin a grand, forbidden ritual that leeches the magical essence from the surrounding lands to freeze the parasite within Qifrey's veins. They ignore his desperate pleas for them to stop, convinced that his survival is worth the slow decay of the world outside.



Agott and Coco kneel at Qifrey's bedside, holding his hands with a grip that is both tender and terrifyingly firm. They explain that the world is finally safe for him, and that he will never have to lift a wand or face danger ever again.



The four witches stand upon the castle battlements, overlooking a silent, kneeling empire that stretches to the horizon. Behind them, in a crystal chamber, Qifrey remains a beautiful, living statue—safe, loved, and held captive by the very girls he once taught.