

Summary:

Slaves turned warriors, Demons hunting for blood.

The two converge in a town where things are not always what is expected. A town where the streets shift and change, never the same as the day before.

A battle for artefacts of power, and the fate of humanity in the balance.

Chapter 1:

Long ago, hellfire reigned upon the planet. Demons roamed freely, slaughtering anyone who dared oppose them.

One day, a man by the name of Samuel Clemons was captured by the demons and tortured like a play thing for day which ran into months, months which ran into years.

He found himself, chained, scarred, parched of thirst, hungry for sustenance and wishing nothing more than to see his wife and children, but the Demons would not slay him. His cries of anguish were like a plaything to him.

One dark, cold night, only a green fire filled brazier giving light and little warmth in the Demons hovel, something awoke in him as the newest Demon to come torture him beat him with closed fist and a vicious whip. At the perfect moment, he grasped the whip which turned to lash into his hand, and he pulled with all his weakened might, just enough to throw the Demon off balance, it finds itself falling, dashing its head against the razor-sharp brazier, its purple blood oozed across the floor.

He hoped that his would finally be enough for the next Demon to come forward, to slay him and reunite him with his loved ones. But something happened. As he lay, exhausted with his hands above him in chains, the copious amount of blood crawled closer, closer…. And touched his feet.

Samuels eyes lit up in fire, burning ever brightly. Maddening whispers and screams reverberated throughout his mind. He could see them. All the innocent people this Demon had mercilessly slain. And with those whispers and screams he heard, energy welled up inside him, giving him strength, he had not known in many years. He knew more strength than he had ever known in his life.

The fire burning in his eyes, he stood up, and pulled at the chains, violently ripping them from the wall, shattering the links and the fire spread, melting the rest from his wrists.

The energy within him grew ever stronger. He knew this was his chance. Whatever this newfound power was, the whispering in his head told him this was his chance to flee.

He picked up the Demons weapon from a rack, a warglaive, and he ran. So much energy coursed through his veins, he found he could see nearby Demons in the dark. He could sense their malevolence. Their intent to hurt, to injure, to kill.

He slew any that stepped before him, faster, stronger. His veins lit up with green fire like his eyes. Somehow, eventually, after running for so long and killing many along the way… he stopped. He was free.

For the next year, Samuel attacked demon hovels gaining only more strength and freed many captives while doing so. Some wished to join him. To become like him. To slay demons like him. They drank the demon’s blood and gained immeasurable power, striking wherever they saw fit, stalling the demons plan.

Now, Samuel and a few others protect a human town…

Chapter 2:

The demonic generals were getting irritated. Every day and every night, more and more of their squads were being wiped out. Many of their slaves freed, slowing down their greatest project.

Ga’arth, O’ka’dreth & Bograhmah, 3 of the top generals of the demonic empire gathered, discussing tactics, taking note of how their ranks were being struck. Locations, weather patterns, times.

Their discussions turned to the great sacrifice. A million souls to be sacrificed to resurrect their god, Mephistopheles.

But with their soldiers being slain and slaves being freed, this was rapidly becoming more difficult.

Ga’arth brought it up. A human town called Noellia. The humans were hiding something. One of his spies managed to find what it was. An ancient artefact. It’s magics so pure, it would be easy to corrupt for their dark schemes.

Noellia. They knew it was there, but where exactly.

The mission was a delicate one.

The three generals made their word know to their underlings: Prepare the ritual, for when they returned, it would be performed immediately.

Chapter 3:

It was late at night; the three generals had used their evil magic to create portals directly to the towns centre. They stepped through and closed the portals behind them.

There was barely the sound of the wind, the light was low, dim, dark. The fog: dense.

The humans were asleep, vulnerable, but intelligence told the demons that the enemy had ranks within these walls.

It was time to search for the artefact that would spell the doom of everything humanity loved…

Samuel and Merisa were on guard duty this night. The coldness of the foggy night did not bother either of them, the fire burning in their souls saw to that.

Then they felt something in the air. A presence that had not been there moments ago.

The two demon hunters sprang into action, searching for the enemy.

And this is where the game begins…