

Spread Fear

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The war just ended and everyone is very excited, but they don't know what's coming to them, the inevitable darkness that will swoop their lives, a damned carriage taking mankind to its final destination, drawn by four black horses galloping through the empty roads, thundering rumblings heard in every corner, a deep trumpet so heavy that it could deafen the ears...but they all ignored.

In an old abandoned manor, our hero hid, it was far away from the city walls, the legends say that someone was murdered in that house and it has been haunted ever since, the eerie sounds at night, the weird smells and the flickering lights helped the spreading of the rumors even further...

But little did people know that behind all of that there was our hero, the old alchemist who took it upon himself to find a way for humanity out of doom...

Years have passed since the rumors started spreading and some of the villagers finally had enough curiosity and courage to try and get to the bottom of the story, they were 3 young men, very smart, fairly strong, and very hardworking, they packed some food and some tools from the fields; rusty axes and old corn knives...and they were set to leave when the day draws out...

On the other hand, our hero was expecting this day to come a day when someone stupid enough tries to explore his haunted hideout, but he continued on with his work hoping that the lights and sounds would scare off anyone who approaches, but these men weren't about to back off even though it was clear to each and every one of them that this quest might very much be their last and this adventure may even cut their young lives short...

They reach their destination as the night wraps the world with its velvet wings, a

chilling breeze added to the eeriness of the atmosphere as their rapid steps kept getting faster chests full of anxiety, excitement and doubt they stop at the sight of the grand mansion thousands of fears going through every ounce of blood running through each of their bodies...

Meanwhile, the man inside was working and contemplating his plan, a plan that involved digging up graves and even cutting lives short for something that he described as the greater good, and the young men proceeded as he realized that he just gained 3 more subjects to add to his masterpiece...

They push the heavy and creaky door and entered the old man's world...walked down a blood-curdling hallway with their weapons nearing their beating hearts, the wooden floor was full of cracks which made them wary, but they realized that it was all for naught seeing that it had finally surrendered

to the weight of the biggest of the three's foot revealing spiky sticks, piercing his leg, he screamed in agony while his brethren tried to get him out, but they finally cowered out fearing that they might meet the same fate they swiftly ran into the nearest room, while the alchemist watched their story unfold through the cracks in the wall...

in the next room ,they stood in shock and aw ,the scene was so dreadful they didn't even think about their falling friend, the room was full of bodies embalmed in a manner that makes them look more like manikins with each body missing a small part replaced with some wood carved specifically to complete the puzzle, the room was huge so it must have fit over a hundred of them, and to them it looked like whoever is the artist behind this work was creating an army of the dead...

At this point the eldest of the two remaining guys started panicking ,fearing turning into

one of these lifeless corpses on display, but the younger one convinced him that there's no way that they'd survive getting out of the other room ,so they'd better finish this scary nightmare once and forever, either by killing the monster behind this horror or dying a hero's death ,while their host was grinning in the next room...

They moved quickly through the maze of corpses into the final room, where the alchemist was patiently waiting, the instant they entered the eldest of the two froze at the sight of his late sister resembled by a bunch of pieces put together, pieces taken from the corpses in the previous room, and next to her stood the old man, the alchemist, her husband, his brother in law...and before he could react ,he felt a dagger through his back, piercing him, and behind the dagger stood his last companion, the only family he had left, his nephew...

"what a family reunion!" chuckled the old man with his rusty voice, and then continued "I suppose you deserve an explanation, we needed your blood, which is the same as hers to fill her shallow body, ahh isn't she beautiful..."

"but why?!" cried the wounded man ...at that point the son started moving towards his father and said " he said that he saw a carriage and it was drawn by four dark horses and a hero standing against it, in the beginning I thought he was hallucinating, I thought that mother's death scarred him so much to the point that he became delusional...that assumption stopped when I started having that same exact vision, and then I understood, that the four horsemen were riding on those mounts and they were bringing the Apocalypse with them and the one who stood against was my mother."

he explained while taking him to an altar
they drained his running blood while he
screamed in agony until he fainted...

"sorry but we needed your blood to be
hot"...

"you're going back to the village?" asked the
father.."we need to make the army bigger"
answered the son as he left the room .