

Devil's Parade

Moonlight seeped into the frigid chamber. Winds howled and rains poured, darkness tarnished these once prosperous lands. On the dust-coated windowsill of a manor forgotten in time, evil festered. The ashen grounds were a ruin, lifeless and still. As suddenly as lightning strikes, piercing howls erupted from the ground. Cobblestones shook as decayed wood fell with such speed. Downpour infested the room as something surfaced. A hand with nails sharpened to a point broke soil. Sickening shrieks again ensued, a twisted figure pulled itself from the earth, its muted complexion tore into the sky, for chaos would now be unleashed.