

Prologue

The heavy ornate doors burst open, leaving a looming shadow in its wake. The roaring applause from the crowd quickly died, leaving a deafening silence. A gust of wind blew through, extinguishing all the torches and candles that littered the cathedral hall. The walls are decorated with flowy white silks and many white flowers, stained red with broken roses and dripping blood. The pale audience turns their gaze to the cloaked figure, readying their claws for a fight. But the man at the door only stood there, leaving only the soft light from the full moon to illuminate the room. At the end of the hall stood two figures, a man in a crimson red suit, and a woman in a flowing white dress. The woman turns away, as the man yells, "Harrison! How dare you interrupt me again. This is the last straw, get him!" The man at the door couldn't say anything before getting assaulted by the blood-thirsty crowd. However their constant flurries of attacks were to no avail, as they all passed through him, as if he was a mirage. He looks down, and without a word, turns away, and disappears into his own shadow.

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