



ISAËLLE,

the Heir of
Souls

THE CURSED CHILD

« The whisper of darkness accompanies her, an invisible companion, as constant as the shadow she moves through. »

In the lands where shadow and light wage an eternal battle at each dawn, men whisper the names of the silver-winged warriors. They are summoned like messiahs, feared like omens.

Isaëlle is one of them. She walks between worlds, half-angel, half-demon, lost upon the fragile line that separates salvation from damnation.

She is called upon when the creatures of the night arise, when darkness advances without fear, and when ordinary blades shatter against the flesh of demons and blood-drinkers.

But Isaëlle is more than a warrior of shadow and blood. She is a woman marked by a cruel fate, a damned soul bound to an impossible quest. The presence of silver wings upon her back - a rare and unmistakable sign - marks her as part of an ancient order, a sorority that gathers these unique women and forges them into warriors destined to dedicate their lives to hunting demons.

Since childhood, Isaëlle has borne a torment etched into her flesh and spirit: she will know no peace until thirteen demons, hidden in human form, find redemption. Until then, her body is doomed to burn from within, consumed by doubt and the duality of her essence, for the Oracles have spoken!

***« Thirteen damned souls,
walking in the guise of men, shall be
your redemption or your tomb.
Save them all or remain
eternally bound to darkness. »***

Since that day, Isaëlle has sometimes heard a whisper - distant, elusive.

It brushes against her dreams, lingers at the edge of her thoughts when she walks alone beneath the veiled moons. A voice without name, without face, that always seems to know where she is, always one step ahead of her...



DEMONS AMONG MEN

Thus began her quest, a journey across lands where the night is a living abyss, where demons lurk behind the masks of kings, beggars, warriors, and priests. Anyone she hunts may be a monster in disguise.

The first demon wore a crown. A sovereign, seemingly beloved by his people, yet whose actions betrayed the cruelty of a mind gnawed by doubt - capricious, selfish, and deceitful.

Isaëlle found him among feasts and laughter, where blood flowed as easily as wine. At first, he scoffed at her, mocking the avenging warrior. But only when he was forced to witness his own people perish under the weight of his decisions did he finally acknowledge the truth.

The second was a bard, an enchanter whose ballads whispered promises of love and glory to those who listened. But beneath each note lay the weight of centuries of lies, of cursed pacts sealed by a lesser demon, preying on unwitting souls. His voice could ensnare, manipulate, deceive. Isaëlle shattered his instrument, forcing him into silence before he could understand the infamy of his power.

The third had taken the guise of a priest - more powerful still, wearing a mask of piety to conceal his true nature. He preached light while his prayers tore breaches in the fabric of the world, unleashing shadows that fed upon the unsuspecting.

When Isaëlle confronted him, he cowered behind his dogma, crying out that she was the impostor. Only by forcing him to witness the abominations he had unleashed did she drive him to his knees, pleading for the redemption he had once deemed unnecessary.

Each bore the seal of damnation, and Isaëlle was tasked with leading them to salvation. Each had to be guided not by the sword but by a truth far sharper - one that shatters illusions and lays bare their sins.

But can those who do not seek salvation truly be saved?

A BATTLE WITHOUT GLORY

Months passed. Years followed. Isaëlle, the relentless, learned patience and mercy. As her enemies found redemption, her burden lightened. Her wings, once as heavy as lead, became lighter, and the searing pain that accompanied her every moment began to wane.

Yet, the fulfillment of her mission gnawed at her. As she revealed the demons' true nature and granted them a path to salvation, she felt a chasm open beneath her feet. Doubt crept in, whispering questions she dared not answer.

What price must she pay to wrest these souls from darkness?



Rumors spread about her like wildfire. Some called her a harpy, a specter of judgment, a scourge whose allegiance to heaven or hell remained unknown. In some cities, her name was whispered like that of an avenging angel; in others, she was hunted like a pariah, as if her mere presence brought misfortune.

But Isaëlle did not seek their recognition. She fought neither for glory nor for the love of men. Only the quest mattered - this silent war against fate.

And always, in her shadow, she felt something lurking. An unseen presence that never left her side.

THE SHADOW OF THE LAST

Yet... Sometimes, in the silence of starless nights, a thought haunts her... Nine demons must fall before she faces the final one. The most elusive. The one who, without ever revealing itself, has followed her since her first breath. The one whose presence is so familiar it has become suffocating.

One night, as she stands at the edge of a lake of ink-black waters, she glimpses a figure in the depths. A reflection that is not her own. She turns sharply. Nothing...

The whispers return, clearer this time. No longer a distant echo. A voice. A voice she has always known.

Yet, she is not ready to listen.

Who is it? An old enemy lurking in the dark? A cursed twin of her own existence? A voice tells her that, when the moment comes, she will understand.

But that answer, perhaps, is what she fears more than damnation itself.

