

The darkness around this place draws you in like a drug. The longer you stayed the harder it is for you to leave. The battle between evil versus good has been brewing for centuries. A fight that neither side has ever won. New Orleans is the capital for immortals and the unknown.

Drunk and reckless mortals out for a good time find more than just that, they find the darkness. Mortals don't believe in angels, deamonons, gods, or any other immortal beings. To the mortals they are the stories they hear around campfires. Lucky for them they are so oblivious to the truth.

My father is the almighty god of war, Ares. Making me a demi-goddess phoenacian hybrid the first of my kind. I live a more complicated life than just a regular phoenacian or goddess. I was born not like most hybrid children, with some traits of each parent no I was born with an entire array of abilities-an anomaly I would call myself. We phoenacians (a half phoenix-half vampire) carry mixed traits of both the vampire and phoenix race. We have fangs like the vampires with the need to feed off of blood for survival. From the phoenix trait we have an internal fire we use as our ability.

Deamonons are our biggest problems to the immortal race. They spill out of the underworld like lava from a volcano. There're the most evil thing created by Lilith. Deamonons are pure demonic creatures with no souls, reeking of pure sulfur.

Every immortal has their kryptonite. Who ever said immortality was the best gift ever? It's a curse for some.