Work inspired by Dracula.

At the gates of Hell, Dais Ultimata stood in the shadows. It looked as if the souls of the dead made up his transparent, turquoise cloak. His hands were glowing the same phantom blue and his skin of his face was ash grey with a mouth set in a firm grimace. His see through cloak somehow cast a shadow over his yellow eyes making them invisible. He snapped his fingers and the gate exploded into mist.

Hugo