





Sixteen years in her mother's trap. Her daughter's prison.



Virtue has survived the corruption that Shame brought to the Cradle enchantment.

SCREEE



Virtue's vitality grew each day, but not her mystic abilities as they were bound to her original charm of protection.

The spell that Shame bound to her purpose which perverted the magical haven that was Cradle into a punishment for her mother, her daughter, Virtue.

SKREEEEAAA

YOU'LL HAVE TO BE A LOT QUIETER IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A MEAL OF ME.





In all of the prison vault there is only one safe place for young Virtue. It is at the very heart of this malignant realm itself. In the overgrown edifice that once was a cottage named Cradle.



I'M HOME AGAIN,
YOU **TUMOURS!**
MALIGNANT CHAMBERS
GROWING LIKE CANCERS
ON MY DEAR HOME.

MARKING
THE GROWTH OF
YOUR MISTRESS'S
MASTERY OF THE
DARK ARTS.































