

The God of Jesters

Chapter 1: 1.01 Rat King

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While growing up, I understood one thing about myself. I never did anything that was not entertaining to me.

And more than that, I loved to entertain the masses even more.

The event that taught me this fact about myself was a sad day of my life as well, it was the day of my father's passing, which I didn't like one bit.

And in an attempt to find something entertaining away from the dead body of my father, I came across some rats that were fighting close to a sewer.

To the young me, I found it fascinating, as in my whole life and all the rats I have seen. This was the first time I saw them fight.

And the more I saw them fight, the more entertained I got and then it gave me an idea.

After cremating my father, I started to capture rats from sewers around my house.

And while my mother went to the toil in a factory that earned her meager income. I started a rat-fighting company.

Which, if I have to say the truth, was a failure. At the start at least.

Like I said before, rats don't fight and the scene I witnessed before was truly a rare one. I needed to find a way to make these rats aggressive and brutal.

I needed to find them more fun, and easily distinguishable.

After my job at the food stall, I would always explore the world and steal newspapers. Unlike many my age in my circumstances, I was pretty learned and knew how to read. And this newspaper became my only source of knowledge about the world.

And during one of those reading sessions, I came across the reason why these rats were not fighting.

"Cannibalism in the countryside, people are killing each other out of hunger." Reading the headline and the details of the event made me aware of where I was failing.

As it turns out, I was a fool to feed them. Originally I had thought that keeping these rats fed and healthy would make the fight more energetic. Which was a wrong assumption on my part.

And to test if my idea was right, I made two of my most prized rats go hungry for 3-4 days and only gave them water to drink. After which, I placed them in a single cage and saw the carnage that followed.

Which was beautiful.

This fight was nothing compared to the one before and I wanted to make other people watch a fight like this as well.

And that's how I started my first successful business of rat fighting.

Painting the winners to help them stand out, I even gave the stronger one's names.

There was a time, there were people called me the rat king. Which I liked very much. It might be offensive to others. But to me, this name was more meaningful than the name my parents gave me.

For that name had nothing to do with my personality and neither the way I lived, the name felt almost alien to the very thing I was.

So when my mother died after smoking too many poisonous gasses in the factory, I abandoned that name altogether and left the city.

The rats are just the beginning, I wish to become bigger.

I wished to visit those legendary gladiator arenas where humans fight for their life.

I wish to be the maestro of that bountiful orchestra made of screaming men who fought for their life.

But as it turns out, things never go as one intends them to be.

"Kill him? Nah, that will be too much of a waste." Said the bastard while eyeing my body. I can feel the thirst hidden in it, the same kind of thirst that many men held towards my mother after my father's death.

And I know what this man wished to do with me.

As to begin with, I was just a 17-year-old traveling all alone due to the life I lived. My body's development also didn't catch up with my age. Making me look a lot younger than I actually was, turning into a prime target for the degenerates like these.

"Look at the kid's eyes, it's as if he would eat me." The man laughed before breathing down my neck and threatening me. "But sadly kid, it will be us eating you."

A powerful threat and it even made me worry for my life. This can't be the end, I wished to be entertained more, I wished to entertain others even more.

I can't just end as a Rat king.

So I said something that might save my life.

"How long will my flesh even feed you for? Might I tell you about something even more worthwhile?" I asked these men. These two fools, who have never worked once in their life. These troglodytes that have never bothered to even know what civilization even means for being literate. I can forget about it.

"What do you mean boy?" At the mention of something more worthwhile, the two disgusting-looking cannibals asked me the same question together at once.

They might have been strong and savage, but they were a lot simpler if I looked at them from a different perspective.

Savages, both of them.

"Have you heard about the circus?... I am a Jester there, the Jester who has an act with rats." I said, pointing toward the large luggage with some holes in them.

"Do you see that big luggage? There are some rats in them, enough to feed you for a whole week." I didn't speak any more than this.

If these savages were smart enough, they might have used these rats and opened a small rat farm if they wished to.

But their minds were too soiled. And from their looks, their genetics might be the same.

One can easily see that these two men were a product of incest and there might be others in their family close by.

So I wished to survive this place and I don't mind giving up some rats for it.

"Some rats? Are you taking us for a fool? How can rats even fill our stomachs?" The bigger one with a limping leg said as he grabbed my butt in his hand. "And those rats can't give us this."

I hated these two, I can see that their sexual frustration was more than the hunger in their stomach.

I presumed that their family was not doing it for them.

"I... I am ready. I will not struggle. But please, take the rats and spare my life." I said, with some fear.

Because I was scared. But this fear didn't cloud my mind. Instead, it gave me more confidence and motivation.

And it was not fear of death that scared me, it was fear of being bored.

'It was too boring.' And yes, it was. These two just trapped him while he was on road and are now threatening him with r*pe and then death.

And they have been doing it for the last five minutes with no progress.

"If you insist so much, then let's see those rats of yours." The smaller one with nimble feet said. He might be the weaker of the two, but seeing the larger one was limp in one leg, I can see the one that might pose the most danger if I were to run away.

So it was good that it was him that was opening the suitcase.

"Just be careful, those rats have been hungry for a while," I said as my body shook with excitement.

I looked forward to what was going to happen next.

I have dreamed of it before, but due to the tight security in the city, it was a dangerous experiment to do.

But not here, in this lawless land with no one to incriminate you for the simple crime of entertainment. There will be no one to judge my crimes.

"Don't shake so much boy, I know you can't wait for it." The big one said, grabbing his dick and rubbing it in my face. The smell from it was disgusting, I can feel that this was a stick of disease that was being rubbed on my face.

But I was not foolish enough to have my anger and disgust take control and bite it off. I didn't wish for this thing to come any close to my body's blood.

And besides this man won't be able to do the same for long.

"Ayio, there is really something moving in this bag." The fool said as he opened the locks on the bag and lifted the cover-up, exposing himself to over fifty of my murderous rats.

Rats that have gone hungry for over 6 days now.

And seeing the fresh meat in front of them, these rats, who had only been hungry for six days and thirsty for the last day. They jumped directly onto the stranger that released them from their cage.

Biting into his flesh before he could even scream. But I might have said it too earlier because he did scream.

But his scream was sabotaged by the rat I named Grifter. Little Grifter was one of my prized little rats. He had killed seven of his siblings before they grew up and then murdered his own mother out of hunger after she got weak giving birth to the 3rd generation of his siblings.

As for the favorite thing that little Grifter liked. It was truly something that fascinated me.

He was smart unlike other of his warrior friends, somehow the little grifter always knew where to bite to kill the opponent easily.

And once again, this same grifter had found the perfect place to attack the human that opened the cage.

"Was that for me? So cute." I thought, knowing full well for whom that attack was planned for.

Which made me emotional.

"What... What are those rats." The loud bastard screamed with his dick out. Fear and anger were visible on his face. As he stepped toward his struggling brother with his limping leg.

Hmm, it would seem that there truly was a lot among these siblings, a beautiful love that ignored any danger coming their way.

I would have truly prayed for them to win, if not for the scene taking place in him being so entertaining.

The way the body of the little one kept struggling, using his hands to grab and throw the rats from his body.

But failing every time as the rats who had survived my hard training regime understood where to attack the man and started to nibble at his hands so that they would turn useless.

Which truly made me proud.

But those rats were a bit late, just like the older brother. Who came to find his brother dead, his eyes gouged and eaten by rats while blood bubbled from his mouth.

Though the rats still did not stop as they kept eating at his body. Unaware that their companion called Grifter had already killed their target.

And the same was true for the bigger of the two, as he screamed loudly. "Older brother..." is also unaware of his brother's death, as he mistook the movements caused by the rats as a sign of his brother's survival.

So he did what every sibling would do. As he was incapable of kicking due to his limp leg, he dropped down in an attempt to throw the rats away from his dead brother's body.

But this in turn gave the rats that were down below an easier target, as a small one among them jumped just a bit and stabbed its teeth in the dick of the bigger man. Causing him to scream louder than anything I have ever heard.

Even the disappointment of all those gamblers who lost in a match won't be as sweet as this scream.

I even wanted to bring some audience to this place and let them experience the same joy I was experiencing.

"Hmm, Guess his luck was not as good," I said while getting back up from the bounds that these two genetic abominations have bound me up with.

Guess, keeping the razor blade in my sleeves turned out useful. Though, just not the way I intended it to be.

But I guess, it was not all too late, without Grifter taking down the giant one as fast as he could. I have already lost three of my rats under the tight grip of the big one.

As for injuries, I can't even count. Because I forgot about them. All I can see are the three dead ones.

And as I didn't wish for any more losses to happen, I hurried toward the struggling man.

"Even if I find you pretty amusing, sorry. But you can't just ruin my merchandise." I warned the guy, using the razor to slit his defenseless throat.

"Don't look at me like that, Your death is swifter than what you planned for me," I said, as I felt no remorse for killing this man for some reason.

Which was odd.

I have read in the newspaper that after the war and seeing too much death, there are people that are suffering from something called PTSD.

But to me, this doesn't seem to be the case.

My first kill and I did not react to it?

I felt this was wrong. But I guess, I was always wrong in the head when I thought about it deeply.

"Now, now, sleep well. And keep my rats busy." Looked at the eyes that seemed to be cursing me.

I got up and thought about it deeper.

Getting all these rats into the luggage will be hard if not impossible.

These rats have tasted freedom and with their training, they would even pose a threat to little me. Who is used to handling them?

So I guess, I can only leave these rats with their bodies and pray that they won't follow me.

That they surely will out of anger.

"Hmm, what have we here?" I said as I noticed a small whisper rising from the blood pool inside the shorter one's mouth.

"Oh, if it isn't Grifter," I said as I used my fingers to accurately grab the mouth of Grifter so that he doesn't bite me and lifted him.

"I thought you would have died by suffocation by now, but guess you want to live longer... huh? Can't forget about the old master and whatnot." I can see the frustration in the eyes of Grifter, which was pretty odd for a rat.

This much emotion, I didn't even see it in the eyes of the man I just killed.

"I look forward to your children. Your genetics will surely be a lot more worthwhile than the rest of the lower rats." I said while binding the mouth and feet of Grifter and then putting him in my pocket.

Now before these rats finish their meal, I plan to leave this place.

Not to mention, the parents of these siblings might be close by. Gotta leave this place before they caught on to me.

