

The God of Jesters

Chapter 12: 1.07.1 A burning lump of coal.

When I woke up, I found myself floating in the water while not feeling anything.

There was no pain, no feeling in my hands, and no sensation of any kind at all. The only thing that made me aware that I was alive was my right eye which survived the fire.

'A miracle.' I wondered.

This truly was a miracle, surviving a fall into the water with losing one's consciousness and not drowning.

It truly was a miracle to retain my ability to think after all these injuries, more the ability to breathe.

'Though... how?' I wondered, I was confused.

How can a person catch fire so easily? There was not even a single piece of ember close to my home, in fear of drawing attention. But in the end.,I still somehow caught fire.

This was not possible, how can this even happen?

'Am I still missing something?' I wondered, falling into deep contemplation.

Because thinking so much was the only way I could maintain my sanity and ignore the state of my body. But suddenly, a voice came from my side.

"Cheiww"

Although familiar, the voice was very weak, almost incorrigible. If not for my current state of a focused mind. It would have been hard to notice.

This might be because both of my ears have been buried off and the damage might be a lot more extensive than I think it is.

"Chewi"

That sound again. Give me time to rest, all I desired was rest at the moment. But once I noticed that sound, it was hard to move my attention away from it. So with barely any strength, I lifted my head and found where I was.

Half of my body was in the pond while the other half was on the bank of the lake. This might be why I didn't drown.

I was never in full water, to begin with.

"Chew chew"

Turning toward the individual responsible for this voice. I saw him, a guy I was very familiar with.

A rat, a small rat, was screaming at me. I can even hear the worry in its voice. It was screaming at me while under the moonlight, it pointed toward the trail of fire and the group of people.

No, it would be more appropriate to call them a mob of people with all the torches and weapons in their hands as they were led by a familiar individual toward the place I stayed at.

'What happened?'

I wondered.

Just how much time has gone by for things to get so weird?

It would seem even Meena has turned against me.

'I need to move.' It won't be long before they become aware of the fact that I have long left that place. And then move toward this lake after they piece the clues of the fire trail and my burning camp together.

I tried to get up, but the moment I tried to use my hand as leverage, I noticed I was lacking one arm of mine.

No, it would be better to say that it was burned to coal and under the force of my body, that burned hand broke on its own.

Causing my burned body to plop back in the water.

"eff UFF!" I shouted and became aware that my jaw was not even working as only whistles of air escaped my mouth.

Even my tongue was not moving.

What a pathetic state I have been forced into.

'Haha! So this is the misery mentioned in the log of memories.'

I understood that this was the end for me. I was helpless in this situation, all I could do was just stay here and wait for the villagers to catch up to me.

Because even if I got up. What can I do?

I can't run far in this state and even if I somehow did, the fog is waiting for me at the periphery.

A fog that has always scared me for some reason.

'But there is no choice, is there?'

My body might be broken, but I am not so weak-minded.

I was a seeker of entertainment, and isn't it the greatest excitement I have experienced in my life?

Such desperate moments, such impossible odds. It was like Grifter when his mother tried to devour him.

A grifter which was only a few days old, but it still stood straight and somehow choked its mother to death by willfully entering her mouth without much struggle.

And if a rat can do it. Then why can't I?

I sensed the state of my body, tried to move certain parts of it, and learned that the left part of my body was completely burned, including my leg.

But this doesn't mean my left leg was useless, it was still strong enough to support my body.

As for the pain and laceration that these kinds of actions would have on my body?

I never cared about those.

If I die, then so be it. I am Lakys the Prime Daemon.

And even if I didn't know what this title meant, I knew for sure that it was some immortal bigshot that can't die.

The most that will happen is that I would reincarnate.

In a future where the ignorance of the world and degeneracy of humans have long left humanity.

Then why am I fearing death at the moment? Why am I thinking like normal people?

Why am I acting like someone boring?

'Hah! Fear, it was fear holding me back.' I understood this while trying to form a smile on my horribly burnt face.

'Get up...' I shouted in my head again and again pumping up my will.

'Is this how I will die? A boring death by a lake?' I shouted louder as I ignored the body that was close to collapsing and slowly got back up on my two feet while shivering heavily.

And it was then I was able to learn of the fate of my body.

'How am I alive with an exposed lung and organs?' Though I was stumbling and shivering. I was surprised to find that I have stayed alive in conditions as bad as this.

'So this is the power of a Prime Daemon?'

'Truly wonderful.' I thought before taking a step forward with my good leg, but even then. I stumbled a bit.

The reason for this not being my heavy burns and a completely useless leg. But my exposed organs caused me excruciating pain as I moved.

If I could speak, I would have turned into a howling ghost of the lake due to this pain.

But there was no time to think about useless things like this.

"Chiew" I noticed what the little guy was doing, he was pointing toward the waterfall, specifically toward the room hidden in it.

What the little rat didn't know was that I had already considered it. But in my current state, it was virtually impossible for me to move and open that room's entrance. Which only left me with my present choice.

So ignoring the suggestion of the guy that has saved me before, I started to move toward the jungle, toward the fog that has encased me in this place for so long.

My steps were slow and steady.

Because I can handle pain, I didn't wish to rush and stumble in this place and earn more injuries over my present ones.

Death was already on the horizon for me, because no man would survive burns as bad as this. So before I died, I still wished to see what was on the other side of the fog.

And for that to happen I need to walk steadily. Using my waste leg as support, and my right hand for balance. I dragged my body toward the fog in a forest where the fire was spreading.

'Haha, Guess this was going to happen one way or another.' This was the summer season and there were lots of dried leaves in the area, making it easier for fire to spread. Which would distract the villagers who would attempt to douse the fire.

Or so I prayed.

But it seems my figure in the backdrop of a burning forest was a tad bit too noticeable.

I might be away from the fire itself, but the illumination from the fire was not. It exposed me to the villagers that were out for blood.

To kill a man like me, who was still ignorant of why things got so serious all of a sudden that even Meena of all people, betrayed me like this.

Unlike me who can only walk at a slow and steady pace, the villagers who have lived in these woods for ages were a lot more agile as they rushed toward me.

The only reason I was able to make some distance from them was due to the firewall that was getting bigger and bigger.

"You monster, give us our children back."

"Look, he has shown his true colors, he was a monster since the start." The pleading and incriminating noises of people were barely audible in my burnt ears. But I understood what they were saying.

'Ah, so it was the kids.'

Now I somewhat understand why these people seemed so rabid at pelting stones at me from the wall of fire.

It caused me some harm. But that's it, most of my body was already destroyed and not much of me was left anyways.

Though, the one that struck my head still caused me to fall down, just a few meters away from the fog.

'Just a few more steps...'

The injury on my skull might be heavy, but it was nothing compared to the state of the rest of my body.

Getting up slowly, while defending myself from the stones pelted at me. I got closer and closer to the mist.

"DON'T." A voice I was very familiar with cried hard, a voice that made me look back.

'Sss yuu ccc see ishh'

'Haha! I knew it. I fucking knew it. Something was wrong with this place.'

'This fog, this fog is the answer.'

So ignoring the cries of Meera, I stepped forward and placed my hand in it.