

The God of Jesters

Chapter 9: 1.05.2 I am not me.

"Is every one asleep? You saw to it that no one noticed you leaving, right?" In the dark of night, when most of the village was sleeping, a group of four men were whispering to each other while being attentive to their surroundings.

Their behavior is similar to rats that go out to search for food.

But these people were not looking for food. They were looking forward to killing someone.

"Yes, I saw all the houses, everyone is asleep. This is the perfect time to strike." The other guy said who had the duty to check up on other villagers, in case anyone was awake.

And if that was so, their plan might have been canceled.

"Then good, we can't let the chief find out what we did." The leader of the men said.

"Remember, two will hold his hand while one his legs. I will take care of his neck." These men planned to dispatch Jester in a simple way. By suffocation.

Which advantages were many, like not leaving any traces and also preventing an individual from screaming for their life?

Some even say that suffocation is the most peaceful way of death imaginable. One will just fall into a deep sleep after it. This was the least these men could do for Jester in case he was not the demon hurting their cattle.

"Then let's go."

The leader said while walking silently toward Alfin's home, his steps causing the crickets in the area to go silent in fear. Making the area around Jester's house a bit eerie.

Using his hands, in fear of startling Jester. The leader of the men used his hand gestures to point at the door and asked one of them to help deal with the lock.

Which in this village case was a simple thing to do as the lock was just a simple hinged one that was easily dealt with using a thread and a hook.

And as the gate opened, the men were ready to sneak into Jester's room to kill him. But sadly, they won't get the chance.

As Jester has long left his home under the leadership of his little rat Grifter.

Although, there was a chance for them to notice his escape route if they notice the flow of air from below the bed.

"Are you the demon? Grifter?" I turned to the little guy on my shoulder, who jumped down and then slowly walked in front of me.

The desire to step on him came into my heart for an instant, along with the desire to just run away.

A death as foolish as this would be a first in the world.

And I don't wish to become the first for something as stupid as this.

But to my relief, while looking at me. Grifter just shook its head.

Though, it would have been great if I could believe these words of his. The room currently in my view was anything but normal.

I would even say it was horrific.

"Then who is the demon if not you," I asked the little guy. Who just shook its head and pointed at the bookshelf and the table beside it.

Its intentions were clear.

It wishes for me to read those books.

Something I was going to do anyway, considering the situation I found myself in was very bizarre.

'Hmm'

Didn't the old folks once say that for a ritual to be completed, there is always a catalyst? That can either be a motion or activity or an object?

This meant that there was a chance of actual possession if I read those books and this made me pause on my path.

"Grifter, let me ask you this. You don't wish to take over my body. Do you?" I asked, in a serious tone that was unbecoming of me.

A tone that I rarely used.

At which, the rat looked at me as if I was an idiot then pointed at the bookshelf and then gestured to read it.

"Ok, I get it." I walked slowly, fearing that any small movement of mine could curse me in this place.

Which turned out to be an actual possibility. I noticed multiple runes drawn on the rock floor, haphazardly. While each of those runes leads to the totem of flesh and bones to the side of the room.

"Just who is capable of this." I know asking this question was foolish at this point. As all the answers were already in front of me, on that bookshelf.

And before I could reach the bookshelf, Grifter was ahead of me and crawled up the bookshelf and pointed at a particular book.

"This one?" I asked before it changed its position and then pointed at another book.

"This one as well I presume?" Looking at the nodding head of Grifter, I took the other book out as well.

And this kept happening till there were around 8 books in my hand.

The cover of each book was made of cow leather, probably made from the cows that the demon killed.

But was it truly a demon who did this?

Reading the titles of both, I understood that there were a total of two kinds of books in the pile.

One had the title of "Log of memories" while the other was titled "Log of knowledge".

As for the books that existed in the majority on the bookshelf, they were titled "experiments".

Reading the titles of these books, made me understand one thing.

This room was not built by an occultic zealot with a screw loose.

This was built by an actual scholar with a screw loose.

"I know, I know. I will read it."

In the end, under the behest of Grifter, I started to read the first book in the "Log of Memories."

"The one who is reading this at the moment, you are not you. You are Lakys the Prime Daemon, a god among men."

The name felt familiar as if I had heard it before. My head hurt as I tried to think more, there were scenes that I was not familiar with.

Some seemed like scenes of the future and some seemed like scenes of the past.

"Don't tell me, Grifter, am I the owner of this book? I asked the little rat. Who chose to remain silent at this time.

"Do you not know or do you not intend to tell me?" At this question, Grifter made a struggling face and then lifted its front paws and gestured to me.

That it doesn't know.

"Remember this. Our powers were sealed, we were backstabbed by our greatest friend and killed by our lover."

The use of our in these sentences disgusted me a bit. But the more I read, the more interesting this story became.

"They might have forced us to get incarnated in the mundane world. But they can't get rid of our knowledge. And knowledge will always remain the power."

The more I read, the more I understood how crazy this individual was.

I was even more assured of this fact, knowing that this person might be me.

Reading further down the life of this individual I learned about the sort of world he comes from.

According to his explanation, there are two sides to the world. The one where I currently exist, which was also the so-called mundane world where magic has died.

The other was their "true world" which was higher than the mundane world and had all kinds of supernatural things existing in tandem with humanity.

A world so wonderfully bizarre, that it made my body itch with excitement.

A world where there were two moons and three suns. Which made me wonder, how can such giant celestial bodies co-exist without predating each other due to gravitational force.

There was even a surprising fact, that death is never the end and there is always a way for people. Just like Lakys did.

It was a world in which Lakys has experienced love, war, and betrayal at the hands of those he considered his closest.

And as I read deeper and deeper into his memories. The more I learned about the beauty of this world and the potential it held for me.

"Is this why I felt so disjointed from reality? This world was never my true home, to begin with."

Is this the place where you guys belong? Are you people who read my thoughts and watch all of my actions?

Are you waiting for me to go to that world?

"Hah, so Lakyus. A beautiful name." I wished to go to this world, I wished to experience how it was.

"One turns eternal after turning to Prime Daemon, is this why you could not be killed?"

"Is this why I could also not be killed?" Wondrous ideas and thoughts kept coming to my head. The potential in that world, I wished to have it, I wished to let that world reach its full potential.

And to do that, I had full potential as well, I wished to become what my previous self claimed to be, a Prime Daemon.

I wished to craft stories that would entertain me forever and ever.

"So this is it right? I was doing all of this to go back?"

Reading the whole story of the individual known as Lakyus, I understood what I was doing in this village and why I built this room.

And why all the cow killings.

"The pool of water is the gate, the totem is collecting energy to break that gate down. And in this mundane world, the only source of energy is either sacrifices or a tortured soul."

Which meant this totem held onto the souls of the cows that died in my hands.

"So this is my key to entering a much better world?"

I was happy as I turned to look at Grifter.

"Thanks, thanks for showing all of this to me."

I even understood what kind of beast Grifter was.

It was not a normal rat, it was my familiar. I might have made him familiar when I was sleepwalking as Lakyus before.

"This truly is... a wonderful world~~" I sang the song which I loved so much.

I can't wait, I can't wait for my other self to complete the ritual.

Though, why don't I help him?

Moving ahead, I picked up the "Log of knowledge" and started to read it.

And the more I read, the uglier my face became.

"No..."