

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 25: INTERLUDE 1: THE GIRL AND THE GREAT WITCH

XXXX years ago,

She could not really remember, but the oldest recollection of her memories was without a doubt the panging feeling of hunger and the sickening feeling of overwhelming hatred. It was a deep and disturbing feeling that gnawed at her insides and made her unable to sleep or think.

During those times, as only a ten-year-old girl, she survived by eating scrap and leftover trash and by fleeing or hiding from most adults, especially males.

During those times, there was no kingdom nor did there exist a royal family. People of all races fought over their faiths and tried to indoctrinate their teachings on others. Humans were a prime target for those so-called indoctrinations.

They were used as weapons.... they were used as tools.... they were used as mere toys.

She hated recalling those times.

During those times, human life was cheaper than garbage. A bit of food was incentive enough for people to kill each other over it and every day tens of people laid dead in the bleak streets filled with darkness.

She didn't remember much about those horrible and pitiful times, and in some ways, she was glad that she didn't, but she still perfectly remembered having fancied the thoughts of trying human meat.

It wasn't as if she was the only one with those lingering thoughts or rather for most people it wasn't even at the level of contemplation anymore.

That's why she always hid from others. That's why she never trusted her back to anyone. You never knew if the one next to you was seeing you not as a fellow human being but simply as a sack of meat that would help them survive with a full stomach for a few days.

Those times showcased the deep darkness hidden in the very core of every human once pushed into a corner.

Husbands killing their families.

Mothers abandoning their children.

Children being enslaved to be used as simple meat or as stress relief for the most lustful or in some cases both.

She saw it all, she observed it all, still, even though it was painful to be alive, even though she had to sleep all night with hunger rampaging in her stomach and wished incessantly to never wake up again.

The next day she would still wake up and fight another long harrowing day for her right to survive.

She always entertained the thought of suicide.

'Why do I have to suffer so much?' She asked herself that question over and over again for as long as she could remember.

But never once did she capitalize on those self-harming thoughts, never once did she inflict self-harm on herself.

Why? She did not know. Perhaps because she felt it would have been a waste to simply kill herself after surviving for so long. Perhaps it was because she felt like dying would be like losing to this shitty world? She wasn't sure.

Still, that did not matter. At the end of the day, the sole bitter truth was that she was weak, hungry, and full of overflowing hatred.

In short... She was nothing special.

For in this world, as a human, hatred, hunger, and a helpless weakness were the most common things that no one lacked.

XXXX years ago,

She could not recall much of her days during those dark times nor how many years had passed as she fought for her life. All she knew was that she could now use a weird form of energy? and that she could somehow fight.

She became taller and her body fuller. But those changes were not welcomed by the other girls.

After all, she could see it, she wasn't ignorant enough to not notice the shift in their gazes. If before the others rarely spared a glance towards her, now their eyes were always riveted at her position.

She could practically feel it. Their hunger and lust were only becoming greater the more she grew. The rags she called clothes could barely hide her most sensitive places and budding features.

'Perhaps I will soon be raped then eaten?' She wondered idly. 'Will it be painful?' was her only contemplation about the matter.

At this point, she did not really care whether she died or lived. She did not care whether she was raped or not. Notions such as chastity were irrelevant in such times.

In the first place, she was surviving just for the sake of it, she didn't hold any attachment towards life and she didn't kill herself because of a stubborn notion that she herself didn't understand.

Ultimately, she just wanted to die in the most painless way possible. And it was at those troubling times— when the danger of defilement and inevitable death was looming over her head— that she met her.

Scrunch

"What an untalented and pitiful child. You will suffice. Tell me, little girl. Do you want...to become a witch?"

She clearly remembered that day, clearer than anything else about those dark times. The snow was falling in an everlasting rhythm and she was using that weird energy circulating inside her to protect herself from the freezing cold.

She always hated this period of the years. It was even a wonder how she had managed to survive for so long before awakening that weird energy.

That day, as she laid and idled about, she heard a beautiful voice that was incompatible with this bleak background that was her home.

The sound of the snow being stepped on allowed her to pinpoint the direction from where the person was coming.

It was a woman. A woman so beautiful it was simply impossible to describe her, and even if someone used the most eloquent of words to try and narrate her ethereal beauty, they would find it to be in vain as no words could do such a beauty justice.

Even though that woman had the appearance of a little girl even younger than her, she had no doubt.

'Ah~! This is a superior being.'

She did not try to run, nor did she try to fight. Instinctively she knew... this woman did not harbor any ill will toward her.

"W-what. Is. A. Witch?"

Her voice was hoarse for she rarely talked and rarely had anyone to talk to.

The woman, hearing her croaked out question, simply smiled,

"A witch is someone powerful, someone, who can hold their own destiny in their hand but...beware. If you choose this path, you may regret it later."

The girl could not understand those difficult words, nor did she wish to understand them. Only one word took all her attention.

Power.

She wanted power, all-encompassing power,

"Will I become powerful if I follow y- *Cough* *Cough*."

She talked faster than she should have been able to, due to her hoarse throat, but still did not care.

The woman looked at her with a gaze full of pity.

She did not understand then, why she had looked at her with such a gaze?

"You will."

"Will I... Will I be able to eat as much as I wish?"

"You will."

"I see... Then... Please make me a witch."

A sad melancholic yet relieved smile formed on the woman's face,

"As you wish. Now, follow me, my child."

The girl nodded and began to walk behind her, it was then that the woman, who was walking ahead asked without turning around.

"By the way. Do you have a name?"

"A name?"

What was the use of having a name? She had no one to call her by it.

"Then since I can't call you 'Hey' or 'little girl' every day, how about I give you a name?"

The girl hesitated for a moment before simply shrugging, "Do as you wish."

"Let me see. Since you will become a witch. What about calling you... Medea? That old snake always tells me that it was the name of a very powerful witch that did not exist in this world."

"Edea?"

"No, not Edea, Medea."

"I see. Then all right."

That day, a witch was born. The witch of the East. The one governing over Time.

That day...

Medea East Asmodeus was born.