

The Primordial Record

Chapter 16: Awakening Horror

The serpentine head struck at Rowan's neck, and with a sickening wrench, his head was torn off! In a maddening frenzy, it struck at the rest of Rowan's body, and in a flash, Rowan was in pieces.

A closer look revealed something strange, the cuts were mirror smooth, Rowan's dismembered body floated inside the egg, and no blood flowed from the cut, his body had been neatly sectioned into thirty - three pieces.

He did not feel any pain, which was a blessing, though he wondered how he was still alive. That thought had no meaning however from someone who had returned from death multiple times. Rowan felt he should have a record or something for the achievements.

Oh, you're saying you survived a fall from a cliff! Me? I just died like three times. But you know, who's counting, am I right?

The head of the creature suddenly reared back and struck its neck, it worked at it, and beheaded itself, a thick flow of golden blood poured forth, and in a while, it filled up the "egg"

His body floated inside the golden soup that felt very warm, if his body was complete he would have stretched in pleasure.

"This must be what being inside a mother's womb must feel like." Rowan felt an incomparable comfort, he struggled for a moment when his body began to liquefy inside the egg, but he slowly settled as instinctually he knew this was what he needed, his body was going to be reforged and needed new materials, he was replacing his bloodline and his physique, and slowly he fell into a pleasant sleep.

He wondered what he would become when he came out. He hoped it was something powerful.

Maeve turned back and saw the huge egg that hovered a few inches off the floor, her eyes filled with curiosity and wonder.

Something flashed past the open window, she turned and frowned. The Moonlight tonight felt off in a manner she could not place her fingers on. She walked to the window, and standing by the edges looked around, but found nothing.

Must be a bat. She thought as she went back and guarded Rowans. Nothing would get past her watch. The air beside her shimmered and a massive hammer appeared by her side, she idly stroked it as she peered around in watch.

Inside the egg, a pale outline of a skeletal system was beginning to form, it happened slowly, and even as the night passed and a bright new day began, it was incomplete.



The rising sun fell over the small town of Calcutta, dispersing the gloom of night, slowly the vibrancy of life filled the air, and everything dark and mysterious almost seemed like an afterthought, a forgotten dream... But that was only on the surface.

The carpenters, tailors, and blacksmith began their daily trade, the ringing of metal, and the buzzing of saws rang out, and apprentices ran about delivering supplies and taking orders.

The pub opened, and due to them closing earlier than usual, it was packed full, many people wishing to drown their unease in booze.

The Flying Hog was the most popular pub in town, and also the gathering spot for small meetings and the occasional celebration.

The town crier a rambunctious youth of fifteen was heard calling for a town hall meeting by noon. The captain of the soldiers stationed at the noble's manor would be coming to hear their problems, this sparked a series of conversations Inside the pub.

A particular rude voice took center stage, its owner had seen better times, matted hair and beards spoke of excessive depravity and a lack of hygiene "So those noble can leave their fancy halls, and elaborate feast to check on common peasants like us?"

"There is a reason I don't like drinking with you, Glenn. Put one shot inside you, and you yap more than a freaking sow!" Another equally disheveled man replied to him.

"Oh get off your high horse Jerry, I don't remember you losing any family. I lost mi' boy last week."

"Good riddance, that lad won't let my daughter rest, sickening how he undresses her with his eye."

"You... you.... I'll kill you"

A scuffle broke out between the two drunk men, but their quarrel was lost under the din of the pub.

"Hey..... the old priest's calling for volunteers to check the old mining tracks outside the village, he says he needs ten men with weapons to accompany him."

"Well that's not a bad idea, but would it not be better if we hear from the captain of the guards first before making any abrupt decisions? "

"Great suggestions, I don't know about you, but these incidents do not seem normal, I have lived in Calcutta my entire life and I have never seen anything like this." An old man replied to two young men who were farm hands, they came to the pub because it was the best place to receive information outside the occasional town hall meeting, and the beer was good, so that didn't hurt either.

"Anyway I don't trust nobility, we could be animals to them, I rather we listen to the priest and solve this problem with our own hands." The loud voice of Glenn broke the surrounding noise.

"Silence fool.... if this was in the principalities of any other noble you would be drawn and quartered for muttering less, do not let the magnanimity of Lord Rowan, make you forget your place!" This voice was from the owner of the pub, Madam Declara, a woman in her forties, although she had Grey hair and deep laugh lines, it was impossible to hide the fact that she must have broken a lot of hearts when she was younger, her charm remained, but it had changed into charisma by the years and by the responsibilities she carried.

"Little bitch!" Glenn muttered under his beards and turned away, If Madam Declara heard him, she gave no sign.

Madam Declara continued, " I know this is a painful and stressful time for all of us, but this is the time when we ought to have one voice and keep a calm head. I have it on good authority that Lord Rowan returned yesterday, and he brought back with him, a fresh batch of soldiers, now it's all a matter of clearly stating our case to the right authorities and we should start seeing resolution to our problems. we should all know, that these disappearances are not normal and it's not something we can tackle."

Madam Declara paused and looked at the crowd, some new faces had packed outside the door and windows, " Remember the last heat wave, Lord Rowan opened his coffers to us, or many of us would have starved, what about the tax freedoms we enjoy?"

The expression of most of the people in the bar appears to appear with her assessment. The people of Calcutta were hardy folks, who lived on the edge of the kingdom, so they were used to crises and had a firm sense of togetherness that only suffering can bring.

"That's right" Jerry who was just in a brawl rose and said, " This issue began when Lord Rowan went on a trip, now that he's back, we can see a quick resolution!"

"Only people like you would love to be cuddled by the nobles, suckling their royal tits and forgetting what it means to be a man!"

"Glenn you stupid son of a swine, what else can we do, if you had a solution, why did you lil' brat disappear!"

A powerful voice spoke with an air of finality, silencing the crowd,

"The meeting would be held in the town hall, make sure your affairs are in order by then, old priest Purdue can be our spokesman to the captain. I expect to see a packed hall by noon. This crisis is getting out of hand, we need solutions quickly." It was a burly man who should be the town blacksmith Bjanir as he addresses the gathered people, he was the master of Regolf.

"I hate to be the bearer of bad news." Mysha the town's foremost fisherman said, " The catch had been getting worse, but since three days ago the lake is now empty, not a shadow of a fish in sight."

This news brought a new wave of shout and panic in the pub, and it took a while before it settled.

Chapter 17: Abomination

Rowan woke up in darkness and silence. He had a weird sense of grandiosity, and he realized what he was feeling was a new type of sensation.

His flesh had been liquefied, and were being transformed, this transformed flesh was what carried this awareness.

It felt right. It felt complete, present, In the moment, as if he was just a wisp of smoke before, but now he was transforming into metal.

Soul Eater gave him clarity of mind, it enhanced his soul and he became more aware of spiritual forces and other fundamental forces of nature like gravity and light.

Ouroboros went the opposite direction, it enhanced his bodily perception, he could almost tell each of his bones apart, besides that was all he was at the moment—bones.

The level Zero of Ouroboros Record — Bone core.

Rowan noticed a small granule growing inside his skull, it floated inside the empty dome, it slowly spat out long pieces of silk-like materials that began to attach to his skeleton, he was slowly being rebuilt, discarding his former shell for something new.

His skeleton was absorbing the golden liquid, turning slowly bronze. Then another round of absorption began and the bronze colour began to deepen to a shade of gold beginning from his skull.

Rowan thought of many things at this moment, and he took his bony hands to his jaw and bit off his thumb, it was the only part of his skeleton that was not yet transformed, a new thumb grew in its place, this one more golden.

There was this final moment of panic where he felt he had lost something entirely when he knew he had taken a step he could never return from.

He wondered if it were not for his limited lifespan, would he have taken this step? He was no longer human and if not for his physique being similar to a human, there was no more relationship with him to the race he was birthed from.

"So you are leaving no part of me behind."

Rowan clutched the thumb bone, the golden liquid sensed his conviction and flowed around the bone, "Let this be a vestige of our presence!"

Rowan did not know how long this process was going to take. Building up always takes longer than breaking down, so he settled back into sleep.

"Well at least.." Rowan thought, "I still kept my human form. I could have easily become a giant snake or maybe a frog."



Maeve watched the "egg" for the entire night before leaving and sealing the doors to the laboratory, she had other duties that needed attending to, she kept a OneCircle ???????????????? Rune beside the egg if it made any movement she would be alert.

Her place was beside Rowan and she needed to settle the many minor issues that arise from a large household.

The staff were to be updated with new changes in the manor, luckily the affairs of the manor were sparse, and Rowan was not acknowledged at court, so he had fewer responsibilities, a blessing in disguise for the moment.

Maeve knew the importance of keeping Rowan's transformation under wraps, and she did not entirely trust the staff, for spies could be among them. With the powerful Dominators at the Royal City, there was no chance Rowan could go through this wondrous metamorphosis in peace if they became aware.

At the moment of Rowan's return, Maeve deliberately laid off every nonessential staff in the manor, reducing them to the bare bone minimum required to ensure the steady operation of the manor, the thirty-bedroom manor now appeared desolate.

Even though this action would inevitably attract suspicions, it held far lesser risk for Rowan who was in a state of weakness.

A short while later, Maeve had finished organizing the daily affairs of the manor and was about to return to her master, when the butler announced a guest. The Dark Priest—Purdue.

There was a troubling update that the cook, a lovely woman by the name of Katherine was missing. Maeve found that news was deeply disturbing, but she kept that matter aside and decided to attend the Priest.

Maeve frowned, she did not want to be far from her master except when necessary but she remembered that the priest was an interesting fellow. Dark priest ply their trade in areas of conflict, their spells most suitable in dealing death, few was as peace-loving as Purdue, and Rowan especially loved this priest, his simplicity and wisdom charming the heart of the young noble.

Maeve sighed and walked to the guest room, eager to be done with whatever matters the priest brought forward, she did not find the priest amusing. Wolves were meant to be wolves and sheep to be sheep, she believed everyone had a purpose in life and detested those who strayed far from their potential.

As she walked into the guest room, she saw the priest surreptitiously slip into his robe, a piece of cake, no doubt to be given to the poor children who took advantage of the priest's generosity, she made a mental note to tell the cook to wrap up some pastry for the priest when he was leaving.

"You requested the presence of Lord Rowan, priest?" Nevertheless, she was in a hurry and had no time for small talk. Every moment of not being beside Rowan made her uneasiness grow.

Purdue coughed, "em... you see it's you I intended to find."

"Is that so? Then why is that, priest?" Maeve elegantly sat on the chair facing the priest, her back straight like a ruler.

"Lord Rowan is a great land owner and noble, but.... eh, to be frank, there are matters he cannot touch, paths he cannot walk." Purdue paused and assessed Maeve, seeing the composed look on her face he continued,

"Something is going wrong in our little town, we have been having cases of mysterious disappearances, our stored produce are getting spoilt faster than normal, and there have been reports of strange sighting in the night...."

Maeve interrupted him, "The Guard Captain informed me of his plan to head into the town today for more in-depth information which he would pass across to me, perhaps you should be going to him with your queries, he is more than capable, and whatever he cannot handle I would take charge of."

Purdue clutched his robe to himself, "In any other instance, I believe that should be the wise option, but I believe there is more to this series of incidents than meets the eye."

Maeve arched her brows, she felt an unknown palpitation in her heart, and the sense of uneasiness in her heart grew. "Continue." She said.

Clearing his throat, Purdue began to talk, but his voice had unknowingly fallen to a whisper, "Most of the town folks think it's a recent matter, folks missing and all that, but you see, one of my hobbies is bird watching, in particular the Modo birds, and since the month of Tulvi, late last year, I have noticed their population of the birds dropping, which frankly should be quite impossible, Modo birds are incredibly prolific.

"I had my suspicions, and I tried to investigate if there were any other invasive species, but I could find none, lately I correlated a frightening conclusion, when the last of the birds disappeared, people started going missing!

"It is just recently I have been made aware of the lack of presence of Fish and other marine life in our lake, which is beyond troubling. The Sylvan lakes are massive and I find it alarming that it has suddenly become devoid of life."

Purdue paused, a hint of deep fear and horror in his eye, "I think..... I think an Abomination is here, In this town. I think it has been here for a while and was growing in secret. We should inform the Justice Council or the Kuran family quickly."

Chapter 18: Hush... Dear

Maeve had a strange look on her face, and stood up, "Of all the causes of this problem, from mortal shenanigans to rogue Dominators, why do you pick an option as farfetched as an Abomination?"

Purdue coughed, his cheek blushing red either in embarrassment or annoyance, "Great question Melody. My speculations, I fear, are not unfounded."

He fished for an item inside his expansive attire, "Years past, when I was an acolyte under a High Priest of Malakith." Purdue bowed and touched three fingers to his forehead—A sign of obeisance to his god. "I followed a caravan of spice traders down to

the lands of Khuresh from our Purgatory Islands. A caravan ten miles long. It was my first missionary journey, you see."

The Dark priest must have seen the frown growing on his face of Maeve, for he hastily continued his story, "During the trip, we were attacked by a monster.... This thing with too many limbs and it was fast. Lightning fast. Most members of the caravan died in the first few minutes."

The Priest paused as if he were reliving a particular frightening memory, as he squeezed his hands tight and his eyes carried a haunted look, "I remember the sequence by which the attack started. It began with missing animals, then the slaves, and when it chose to openly attack the caravan, a wet fog covered the caravan."

The Purdue's voice dropped to a whisper, his shoulders were squared as if he was in a defensive stance, "I and a few others barely survived. Only due to the timely rescue of Dorian The Red—Son Of Scarlet. He granted me a single tooth from that creature."

Purdue drew from his chest a serrated tooth that could serve as a dagger, the tooth was black and carried with it a fishy smell, "Last night. It began to bleed. The tooth"

He brought it out and showed her. Maeve paused as she could see a bead of blood slowly forming on the tip of the tooth. The blood slowly ran down the blade and was absorbed, and it began the circle once more.

"You are confident that this tooth came from an Abomination?"

"I swear on my life. Everything I just spoke was the truth."

"Purdue, this story of yours is.... interesting"

"I know it sounds farfetched, my lady, but I believe this is enough evidence to show a relationship between this crisis and my previous experience. We must evacuate the town."

Maeve frowned, "If your speculations are correct, I fear it could be too late." She pointed outside, Purdue turned, and whimpered.

The town was slowly being covered in fog.

Maeve's countenance changed and she exploded from where she stood. She did not bother opening the doors but blasted through them. The Flowing Rune she kept above with Rowan, had been broken.



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"Boom.... Boom... Boom."

Rowan heard as much as he felt his heartbeats and all his senses rejoiced. They were powerful, and he had two of them. They felt right.

Two engines of power ran bronze blood through his veins. His hands shook, and he vibrated a little inside the egg. Soon he would be reborn!

He did not have eyes yet, or ears, and his spirit was stuck deep inside his flesh observing the changes happening to him, or he might have seen the shadow over his egg. Or he might have heard it.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap

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Regolf woke up to the sounds of his sister giggling and his mother singing, for a moment, he thought the events of the past few weeks were just a bad dream, a facsimile of a feverish mind.

His mother was back, oh.... how he missed her.

The days of worries, and long shedding of tears were gone, Steisa had been very naughty, and he had tried his best to keep her in check, he hoped mother would not be angry with him for giving her too much sweets.

He missed her cooking when he came back home, and her songs as she told them stories of their father and his bravery, making him want to grow older and carry those responsibilities.

That was why she gave him the name of his father. Regolf. A strong name. A name that endures.

For a little while, he thought he was capable enough, that slowly he was beginning to fill the massive shoe his father left behind, but the absence of his mother left him bereft, her strange sickness left him confused, and only the thought of Steisa and her wellbeing gave him the strength to carry on.

Perhaps the wise thing he should have done was to tell the adults about what was happening in his home, yet he had felt a strong desire not to. To reveal his sick mother to the world felt painful. His mother was a proud woman and if she knew that the people saw her as feeble or mad it would break her. Regolf was proud he kept it inside the family.

Finally, it seemed his perseverance had paid off, his mother was back to normal.

He opened his eyes to an empty house, the windows, and doors were opened, and a fresh breeze blew into the house, the air smelled like pine nuts and flowers, and his heart beat faster in excitement, was the nightmares over?

The sound of mother and Steisa was coming from outside near the kitchen, he tried to stand and failed the first two times, he assumed it was due to sleeping on the floor, leading to stiffened muscles, but at least he could sit up.

He looked at his legs, but something drew his eyes away, it was Steisa walking inside with a bright smile on her face.

"Sleepyhead, you are now awake! Mama is showing me a magic trick and you have missed a lot. Lemme show you!"

She ran to him and held out her left hand. Her missing left hand, "Mama cut my hand, but it doesn't hurt, it even feels very nice!" She giggled in joy, her laugh increasing in tone and pitch, it almost seemed as if she was screaming "C'mon big brother, you have to try it."

Regolf felt a moment of dissonance, and he nearly went back to sleep because this was a bad dream, and the only way to wake up from bad dreams was to sleep it away until it was forgotten when you woke up.

He felt a sensation in his leg, this time it hurt a little, and he had a feeling of constriction and wetness around his legs, he wanted to look at it, but the crazy laughter from his sister drew his attention.

"Steisa what happened to your hand? Who did this? Where's Mother? Where is she? Can you call her inside the house, my legs are stiff and I cannot stand up"

Regolf's panicked voice resounded in the room, his eyes were wide and held confusion and anger.

Steisa recoiled from her screaming brother, she puckered her lips, "Big brother is a meanie, why do you want to push me away?"

As sudden as her laughter, she began to cry. Regolf panicked, consoling and shushing her, telling her everything was okay until she nodded and calmed down.

"Since Big Brother is not pursuing me away, then why did you tell me to call Mama from outside, when she is here with us."

"She is here? Why can't I see her?" Regolf looked around, but he saw no one.

"Silly brother, look at your legs, mama is doing another magic trick." and she giggled.

Regolf rolled his eyes in growing fear and exasperation, Steisa had been bleeding all this while, though very slowly, he needed to get her to the apothecary. He looked down at his legs.

Currently, whatever had been stopping him from viewing it had been shattered by his mounting fear and concern for his sisters' wellbeing. His eyes focused when he saw his legs, he began to scream.

Mother had brought a doll back from the field, the doll was of a girl, with blond hair and sky-blue eyes, Regolf had carried it once and dropped it, the doll felt like holding a person, it was heavier than it looked.

Now that doll was slowly swallowing his legs. Its mouth had stretched until its ears, and it had already worked its way to his knees, and its dead blue eyes were fastened to his face.

As he screamed, those eyes lit up in annoyance.

"Hush dear." His mother walked in holding a butcher knife and the limb of Steisa, "Your baby sister hates to be disturbed when she eats"

At that moment, something snapped inside Regolf.

Chapter 19: Royal Guardsmen

It would take forty-five seconds to get to the Alchemical Laboratory. Maeve intended to make it in five.

She did not just run up the stairs, she leaped from railings to walls, skipping across the space like a buzzing bee. A murderous bee.

With her movements, the railings bent, thankfully they were made of metal, so they could handle the pressure exerted by her actions, but she left deep gouges in the walls as she used them to boost her speed to the next floor.

The entrance to the Alchemical Laboratory was in front of her, and she slowed, the space around her hand flickered, and she held a wicked sharp knife that was curved and serrated at the back, it could slice flesh as well as cut through bones like butter.

She pushed the heavy door open, her eyes taking the yield of every detail inside. The windows were broken, with the shards scattered around the floor, and a shape clad in dirty robes stood before the egg.

Maeve quietly walked inside, avoiding the shards of glass on the floor, she saw it was a woman with stringy brown hair tied in a knot, her head swaying side by side. She heard

a wet sucking sound, and she saw the woman was running a long black tongue on the egg, sticky saliva running down the egg, her eyes closed as if in bliss.

Okay, she had seen enough. She channeled her rage into focus, knowing she would have to be quick and clean to avoid any excessive amount of disruption to Rowan's transformation.

Maeve charged, crossing the lab in a blink of an eye. The Abomination must have heard, for she turned and Maeve saw the true spectacle.

Wrapped around the chest of the woman was a baby with a wide smile. The mouth of the baby was filled with blackened teeth, and it had been gnawing at the egg. What tied the baby to the woman was her yellow intestines that still dripped with fluid.

This only made her pause for a small moment, but it was enough for the woman to charge at her. Maeve did not stop, she proceeded faster, and she drove low, tackling the female legs from under her. The Abomination fell on her face, which hit the ground with a wet sound.

Maeve stood up quickly, the knife no longer in her hand but buried under the ribs of the woman straight into her heart, the blade was slanted to the side Maeve had twisted the knife when she stabbed the Abomination, shredding the heart inside the chest.

She waved her hand and two short Axes appeared. Maeve was aware, that if this was an Abomination, a blade through the heart would not kill, only decapitation would kill these creatures.

But the series of movements had placed the egg behind her, and that was all that mattered. She stepped forward to finish the job when like a series of still pictures, the Abomination picked itself up.

Two hands jerked and pushed its torso up, its leg rotated and its feet turned backward, a low snarling sound emanated from its throat, and it stood, the joints of the Abomination making snapping sounds like rusted gear.

The Abomination turned to face Maeve, and her appearance was more ghastly, her face was split open from the fall, the tear led from her forehead to the side of her lips exposing the dull gray bones and her squirming muscles underneath, and what bled from her wound was yellow pus, and it was foul-smelling. One eye poked out of her socket!

The baby on her chest had its eyes rolled up and was showing only the white. It made a low whining sound. The Abomination suddenly crouched like a spider and, moving with deceptive speed like a man-sized insect, attacked.

Maeve let the two Axes fall, and she materialized a Bow and multiple Arrows.

With her right hand holding the arrows, she held the bow with her left and she drew and accurately nocked an arrow using her fingers to thumb an arrow from the pile she held in her hand, she closed an eye, and let loose.

The first arrow went through the right shoulder of the crawling Abomination, the second through the bicep, and the last pinned her hand to the floor, as the Abomination opened her mouth to scream, another arrow went through her throat.

At this time, the Axes Maeve dropped were just reaching the ground, and they unexpectedly faded away and reappeared in her hands which were now visibly missing the Bow. With two quick steps she was at the Abomination, and she struck.

The first blow decapitated the head of the woman, the second sliced the baby's cranium in two from the forehead down to the chin, and the snarling sound ended. The Abomination collapsed to the floor, body twitching and yellow blood squirting all over the ground.

The head snapped its teeth as if it were biting the air, the eyeballs rolling around seemingly looking for prey, but as more blood drained from the head, its activities ceased.

Total time used in the battle from start to finish. Five seconds.

She waved her hand, and every weapon she used in the battle vanished, and a black sack with a bucket and mop appeared.

The egg behind her shivered.

"Apologies for the noise, Master. Just taking out some trash."

It took thirty-five seconds to activate the security doors and windows in the Laboratory, she should have been done by then.

But before that, she materialized a towel and disinfectant, and she began cleaning the saliva on the shell.



The situation was getting out of control fast, and Maeve detested chaos. It was after the fight that she realized the thing she just killed was the missing cook, Katherine.

Katherine was a sweet woman, who was a mother of three, and her youngest son served as a guard in the manor. Breaking this news to her children would be hard. But this was the nascent horror of an Abomination, its ability to cause pain and strife was unequalled.

Maeve hoped they were not too late before this town tore itself apart, and most important to her was the wellbeing of her lord.

A blooming suspicion began to grow in her chest. The Third prince Damien had been insistent on Rowan returning to his land, even though it has been wiser for him to be closer to the top apothecaries in the capital. Maeve had given in, seeing the state of Rowan, but now she felt this was a mistake. She pushed that thought aside for the moment, there was still work to do.

Maeve held her remains in the black sack as she walked to the yard, summoning the Guardsmen, the flustered priest followed behind. In a short while, the elite combatants appeared before her, including their captain.

There were twelve of them, all fitted with the Royal Guardsmen Armour, it carried all the necessary characteristics of armor made by Dominators, these included, Firepower, Mobility, Flexibility, armor protection, and Shock Effect.

Three of the guardsmen appeared to be archers, a massive rapid-shooting crossbow was carried on their backs, another three were shields men, they held massive metal slabs that contained harsh lines of runes and the rest had their specialties.

The guardsmen wore plate Armour that covered every inch of skin, the Armour was dark red, and it had a metal mask in the guise of a scowling man, they each had a four-foot sword attached to their hips, and their gait shook the ground.

Each of the guardsmen was a soldier in the peak of their mortal state, each of them could wrestle a bear barehanded. Captain Titus was given a portion of the Hydra bloodline, he was a legendary state Dominator, and coupled with his armor he was a slaughter machine. His chosen weapon was the massive Warhammer.

She threw the sack on the ground in front of the Guardsmen and said, "We have a serious problem on our hands."

Chapter 20: Those Who Returned

Maeve assessed the Royal Guardsmen, in her gaze taking note of every detail in their bearing, these men would be fighting alongside her very soon, and she needed to be certain their abilities were up to par, they were not directly under her command but were under the control of the Kuran family, "Captain Titus, these are remains of an Abomination I just killed inside the Manor."

Except for the pale face of the priest who swallowed, the rest of the Guardsmen's eyes only went colder. Captain Titus walked to the dismembered corpse of the Abomination and crouched beside it.

He drew a short dagger, and in a while he neatly dissected the corpse into pieces, separating the torso from the limbs, during the grisly procedure, the limbs began to twitch, as the claws on the hands dragged furrows in the ground.

Captain Titus stood up, "So it's true, the only way to kill an Abomination is by beheading."

"Yes, it is." Maeve said, "But this is not the true extent of the blight these creatures are known for. What you see here, the captain is in the larvae stage of the Abomination. If it kills and consumes a set amount of prey, it would evolve into its battle form."

"That means we have a limited window of opportunity." Said the captain. "We should burn the corpse, do they not also eat the bodies of their fallen?"

"Yes, they do. That is why our chance is now, I believe most of the Abomination have begun to pair with their host and become larvae we should rid them of more host bodies." said Maeve, "Already it might be too late. If larvae of an Abomination are inside the manor of the prince, I shudder to think what would be happening in the towns, forests, and lakes around us. No, captain, this is a rescue mission. You have a limited amount of time to gather the people and organize the transportation for them."

Captain Titus frowned, "That is a monumental task that would most likely fail, Fighting Abominations in an urban location with complications arising from distraught family members is a recipe for disaster. I recommend we bring the prince and evacuate."

The priest blanched, he opened his mouth to speak, but a gesture from Maeve silenced him, "I understand your point captain, but the best fuel to evolve Abominations are humans, and although I don't know how many people have been taken, I figured it would be less than five percent. If we can deprive the Abominations of enough bodies to consume, we may be able to survive this event. Furthermore, how is lord Rowan going to keep his stance in his family and the Royal Courts if he abandons his land without fighting for it? We evacuate his people to the best of our abilities and hope there is a chance to destroy this plague."

"Hmmm.... I don't like it, nevertheless, I would follow your instructions, but if it gets too hot, I am pulling out and evacuating with the prince." The captain said in a gruff tone as he gave hand signals to his warriors, like a well-oiled machine, they drew up to their full height and readied themselves.

"Burn it," said the captain, as one of the Guardsmen set towards the corpse of the twitching Abomination. He brought out a little black bead and turned it, before dropping it in the body, in a second, it went up in flames. The body parts twist inside the flames as they slowly burn to ash and let out thick black smoke.

Maeve nodded at the sight and turned to the Dark Priest Purdue, "They would escort you to the town, spread the word, an immediate evacuation is now in effect, they are to

Like a man possessed, he dragged his feet to a spot near his fireplace and slowly knelt, groaning softly as if he were being forced, his hands shivered, and he nearly threw up, but he dug deep for his hatred and strength came to his limbs.

Bracing himself, he performed the next series of actions without much thought put into it.

Glenn shifted the rug beside the fireplace, underneath was a metal box, opening it by unlatching a pair of locks, he took out an axe. The axe was made of a material similar to wood. It was the last heritage of his cursed past.

He had hoped to keep it buried, placed here to never see the light. This weapon had been a bane of his family, and he had no regret in sealing it away.

Every night since his boy was taken, his dread had been growing. But today, it was different. Usually, the feeling of eerie suffocation that the night brought was dispersed by the coming daylight, but today was unlike the rest, the darkness he felt, did not go away It lingered.

That feeling was growing, and Glenn knew deep inside his bones that whatever evil that was growing in secret was now ready to reveal itself.

He hefted the axe. He was ready for them.

The fog came into town. And it brought his son with it. It brought back all the missing people. His boy carried a child in his arms and he was grinning.

Glenn felt his heart tear to pieces, as tears fell down his face.

"My boy..."