

## The Primordial Record

### *Chapter 29: Abomination Thrall*

Holding tight to the shears, he began running to the town, wishing to free his hands, he tucked the Divine weapon into a sheath sewn into the side of the robe, and he focused on his movement.

Every foot he placed forward was measured by his spirit, his Agility gave him grace in his movement and his strength pushed him forward as if he had springs beneath his feet.

If he was not running towards a horrible encounter ahead, he would have enjoyed the sensation of running. Moving that fast was intensely delightful, and for every second that passed he became faster, as his body became used to such intense movements.

He ???????????????? his Spatial Sight to the ground, and he could read the terrain like a book, avoiding every pit and muddy ground and selecting firm footings. His Constitution kept him from feeling any strain, he felt he could run forever.

What were Abominations in the first place, there were many explanations about their origin, but it was primarily centered around a hellish event that took place in history called the Great Massacre. Great was not a word used lightly in any context in this world.

His thought was interrupted when his sight picked up a flying object a few meters above him, and he willed his sight to shoot towards it. It was an arm from a male that had been roughly torn from the shoulders, sensing the Aura around the arm, his eyes widened in surprise.

He heard a deep thump ahead of him as if a small mountain fell on its side, and he saw a surprising sight ahead and he hurried over. His breath settled when he saw who was ahead.

It was Maeve.

She held a man by the neck, his feet were dangling in the air, and he was pouring blood from his empty shoulders. Rowan could see another hand on the floor. Judging by the wound, she did not use a blade, she just tore the arms off.

Jesus H. Christ

"Tell me everyone you know that is responsible for this?" Rowan had never heard her voice like this. It was cold. The Aura of the man she held was that foul Aura he detected inside the manor.

The man began to chant, "Mother. Guide and protect my heart. My heart beat for your glory, my pain your dues. My suffering, your....."

Maeve interrupted him by taking his ankles with her hand and crushing them, all whilst holding him by the neck. Rowan saw she gave enough space for the man to breathe... And scream.

"If you think your suffering would save you, then I promise you are very wrong. It does not matter when but know that I would break your mind as I destroy your body, and every moment you hold back is enjoyable for me."

The man began to laugh, in a weird manner that seemed like crying. Snots poured down his nose as he yelled, "Infidel, you shall see the glory of her gaze. Like a storm that shakes the earth beneath your filthy feet. Lay your lost souls in her care, usurper!"

"I have not even begun breaking your spirit, and you are already looking for the solace of madness." Maeve whispered in his ears, "I can promise you. That it won't save you."

Rowan saw a stream of yellow liquid dribble down the legs of the man.

Maeve cocked her head to the side, and she suddenly stamped her feet, the ground cracked beneath her, and her feet penetrated the ground until past her ankles, she dragged her leg up to bring with it a massive chunk of rock, and fired it at Rowan's direction.

Rowan was appalled at her coldness and the sheer brutality she was inflicting on the mind and body of that man when it clicked. The rock was heading his way. Maeve just attacked him!

He swayed to the left, letting the rock whistle past his face, he was astonished by her actions before he realized she had not seen his appearance for a while.

The last time they spoke, he was a child inside an egg, and now he stood at an equal height with her and his appearance must be otherworldly.

His robes might cover his body, but it was still possible to see a slight golden glow on his chest, his feet were bare for he did not have any shoes that fit, yet they were covered by the dark gray material that also covered his face. Rowan in his past life would think he was a walking mannequin.

"Hey, it's me." A blade stopped an inch from his throat. Rowan swallowed, somehow not trusting his shell to hold.

His eyes swept down the breadth of the blade to her face, and he saw Maeve critically assessing him, from the shears at his waist to the robe that he wore.

"Master?" Maeve said, "You're a bit different."

"Well, that's an understatement if I've ever heard one. Yes, I am different. I am a fast grower, it would seem."

Maeve looked at him with wonders in her eyes, "Your presence is different." She bent closer and sniffed delicately. "You are like a piece of living metal. There is no sign of life from you, yet you ?????????? with life. I can't explain what I'm sensing"

"Don't try. Even I do not understand everything with this new body of mine." Rowan tried to piece together the image of this Maeve, with her eyes filled with wonder at his new body to the person who was tearing a man apart.

Even presently she had her hand around the throat of the broken man, whom she had dragged to his side, a trail of blood and flesh littered the ground behind her, she had moved so quickly to attack Rowan that the legs beneath the man were nothing but stumps with few meat gristles hanging from them.

"Is that..." Rowan gestured at the quivering mass of meat that was the man, his eyes twitching at the sheer suffering the man must be going through."

"He's a saboteur." Her expression became downcast, "Master I think I might have made a terrible oversight. Even though the appearance of the Abominations was suspicious, I chalked it up to bad luck and the whims of fate. Disasters happen daily, and it might just be our turn to bear the brunt of the chaos."

"My suspicion began when the Abomination entered your lab. I began taking notes of what had changed since we left. It would be impossible to protect you if there was a knife hidden in the dark to take your life. That's when I discovered our food stores had been poisoned. Except for your hidden stocks, the rest are useless. Now I know that we had been breached by a malicious enemy and not just a mindless Abomination."

She dragged the man, so Rowan could properly see his face. He recognized him, he was the groom for the mansion—Olaf, someone Rowan barely took notice of. He was a widower who had been under the Kuran family's employ since the days of his youth.

"This filth." Maeve said, "Is a Thrall for an Abomination. He must have done many unknown deeds to further the spread of the Abomination, among which is the slaughter of the horses and cattle, our means of transportation and food cut in half."

Rowan felt a headache, "How much will that affect our survivability?"

Maeve paused and thought about Rowan's question for a while. He liked that, she was not excessively rash. "Going by your movements, I would guess you are already at the legendary state, and far along this State of Change, for that matter. I don't even want to consider how you did that in less than two days, that is the only good news we have. For at least I know you would be able to survive weeks without sustenance outside of battle. That has to drastically improve your odds of surviving"

Rowan did not correct her that he was still in the Mortal State and that he got so powerful in a matter of minutes, not days like she thought.