

The Primordial Record

Chapter 30 With Power, You Conquer

Maeve turned around to the town, which was a few miles away, and even from here, the screams could be heard. She gestured towards the town where smoke and flames had begun to grow and spread.

The smoke mixed with the fog, placing the town in a weird state of night, with the glow from the flames turning a shade of red. From afar, it resembles pairs of red eyes staring through the darkness.

From this distance, it was possible to see massive shapes lumbering through the fog, her pupil shrank in shock. She hoped she was mistaken, but she doubted it. The only way to create a Giant battle form for an Abomination was for hundreds of battle form Abomination to fuse.

The entire population of their small town was not enough to create one such Giant, but she detected multiple Giants inside the fog. What was going on? What could be happening down there?

If there was to ever be a hell on earth, it would be here.

" I sent our Guardsmen to that...hell ahead of us, hoping we would be able to fight against it. Which should have been possible with our combined abilities."

She brought the destroyed body of the man to her face, he was beginning to grin as the shock had worn off from his torment."

Maeve saw that and frowned, and she began to rain punches on his face, they were measured and methodical, and interspersed with her blows she began to talk as if she was lecturing Rowan "The presence of a thrall...."

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".... makes everything far more complicated..."

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"There must be an Abomination core here, only those can create Thralls. I don't know what it promised this one, most likely more of the same--Power, wealth... Immortality. They never learn. This development nevertheless has shifted the dangers from manageable to impossible."

Rowan winced as the face of the man was torn to pieces, at his face which at first held a grin, but Maeve's first blow flattened his nose, the second caved in

his cheekbones, the third exploded his right eyeballs from the socket, by the seconds he was becoming less than human before the might of her blows.

She looked at her handiwork and saw that it was good, and she nodded, she turned to Rowan, who, even through his shell, was unmistakably shocked by the carnage. "His smile is an assault on the senses. There is no time, he is lucky for I would have broken his mind. Thrall or not."

Maeve paused and looked at Rowan, "Master you are a Dominator now and although being one brings numerous benefits in all aspects of life, it also presents its sets of challenges. Most especially when it comes to violence. The world of Dominators respects the laws of power and dominance. When you have the power to move mountains, you do not take the easy paths. You conquer, and violence is your tool"

"You don't have to say that again." Rowan said as he looked at the chunk of battered flesh, Man or Thrall, he did not think anyone deserves such torture."

He was not a bleeding heart, however.

Rowan threw a punch and his fist went through the chest of the Thrall, and he held his heart. "This is my mercy." He said as he pulled out the beating organ. The body shuddered and finally went still.

"He deserves none. I can assure you, he has done worse to others who do not deserve such fate. You don't become a Thrall by not committing acts of atrocities." Maeve huffed.

The soul that Rowan collected from it felt cold.

Rowan shrugged, " But we are not them, they are monsters." He began walking towards the town, "We would give them the treatment they deserve."

"Mummy.... It hurts, stop... Please stop!"

"They are breaking through the gates, fall back..."