Wanderer 19

Chapter 19: Possessed

Percy found himself in an odd state.

He was still unable to see or hear anything, but he had finally stopped moving. His body's pull was much fainter too. It was there, yet it couldn't pry him out of… wherever he was. His attempt to possess the dying light had clearly done something, though he wasn't sure what.

'It's like my limbs are twisted and stuffed inside a messy crate.'

Well, assuming he even had limbs. Logically this body should have something of the sort, but he couldn't move a muscle just yet. Percy tried shifting around. He appeared to still be in a soul-form. His very existence slipped through the nooks and crannies of a cramped container. Suddenly…

CRACK

One of the objects he was in contact with gave way under the pressure, shattering into nothing.

'The other soul! It's not completely gone!'

Percy tried to untangle himself from his host's spirit, feeling more pieces crumble. At the same time, the pull strengthened slightly. Apparently, he couldn't afford to damage it too much or there would be nothing left to anchor him to this place.

'Can you fucking stop that?!?!' that wasn't his thought.

The words echoing through his mind were foreign, spoken in some language he'd never heard of. Still, he could understand them, as they seemed to be conveyed alongside their underlying meaning. Percy would have frowned if he still had lips.

'Who are you?' he asked.

A wave of amusement intruded into his mind.

‘Who do you think?! Or did you walk into my body by accident?’

Ok, that was a dumb question. In Percy’s defence, he hadn’t expected he’d be sharing. Nothing of the sort had happened that one other time.

‘Then again, the last body WAS an infant.’

‘YOU MONSTER!! YOU POSSESSED A BABY?!?’ the soul yelled in outrage.

Percy found himself at a loss for words. He hadn’t meant to share that.

‘For what it’s worth, it was an accident. Also, it was dying already… I think.’

‘GET OUT YOU FIEND!!!’

This time, the other soul was the one to shift around, trying to push him out. The only thing it managed, however, was to damage itself even more. A wave of pain assaulted Percy, but it wasn’t his own.

‘Cut it out! Are you trying to destroy yourself?’

‘SILENCE, DEMON!!!’ the soul yelled. ‘I WOULD RATHER DIE THAN LET YOU DEFILE MY BODY!!!’

Percy was about to swear but paused. Perhaps this was the normal reaction to getting possessed. If there was even such a thing as ‘normal’ in this situation. Still, it would be a waste to die within three minutes of getting here.

‘Can we talk about this first?’ he asked. ‘I promise I’ll leave on my own if we can’t come to an agreement.’

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‘What is there to discuss?!? I’ve lived my whole life as a proud warrior of Huehue! I won’t let my death change that!!’

Percy focused on the most interesting piece of information his soulmate had shared.

‘Huehue? Is that the name of this world?’

This time, a wave of shock hit him, giving him a bad premonition. Somehow, he’d made the already precarious situation even worse.

‘YOU DON’T EVEN KNOW THAT?!?! OUTSIDER?!?!’

The soul doubled its efforts to evict him. At this rate, it would only be a few moments until it fell apart. Even the second-hand pain reaching Percy through the connection was difficult to endure. Whatever his host was going through must’ve been a dozen times worse, but it didn’t seem to care.

‘What do you have against outsiders? I didn’t even know about this place before now!’ he said.

‘LIAR!!! IT’S PEOPLE LIKE YOU WHO RUINED EVERYTHING!!! I’D SOONER LET MY BODY BE POSSESSED BY A KROKA’ROCH THAN SCUM LIKE YOU!!!’

Percy was about to give up. The pull was starting to pry him off the body and it didn’t seem like its owner could be reasoned with. Still, he tried one last time.

‘Look, I have no clue who these outsiders you hate are, but why would they take over your body? Do you have anything they want?’

Against all odds, that did seem to slow the soul's efforts slightly, as it appeared to ponder over Percy's question. Though it didn't drop its resistance entirely.

'Who knows? You people have already taken everything! Our world, our heritage, our freedom! Perhaps you decided it wasn't enough anymore and you want our dignity too!'

The soul's words were scathing, but Percy felt something more than fury behind them. An indescribable sorrow.

'I'm sorry those things happened to you.' he replied. 'I have no interest in possessing somebody by force. If you would like to live a little longer, I can try holding whatever's left of you together for a while. I won't do anything else without permission.'

This time, the spirit stopped fighting. However, many of the fragments had already shattered. Percy found it difficult to hold on. Especially as he treaded a narrow line between anchoring himself and not squeezing the pieces too tightly.

'How do I know you're telling the truth?' it asked after a while.

Percy sent what he hoped would come across as a mental shrug.

'You can always kick me out later if I try anything funny.'

The soul remained silent for a while. He was about to remind it they were running out of time, when it spoke.

'Can you even do as you claim?'

'Beats me. Your earlier tantrum certainly made things harder. Still, unless you have a better idea, I can do my best.'

The spirit didn't say anything, which Percy assumed was a 'yes'. Of course, what he had promised was easier said than done. His host had already been dying when he found it, suggesting its body and soul hadn't been in great shape to begin with. Now, it was even worse. Not to mention that he could hardly even touch the fragments without destroying them…

'Although, it's been a while since the last one shattered…' he realised.

Perhaps, the fact his host had tentatively agreed to work with him had somehow raised their compatibility?

In any case, he had to work fast. Shifting his own soul around, he wrapped the shards as gently as possible. Unlike before, each time he touched one, memories flashed through his mind.

The darkness of a damp cell, the taste of rotten meat, the sting of nasty wounds, the thrill of victory, the bitterness of defeat, the pride of a broken people, the pain of betrayal… It was too much, but Percy pushed it all aside. He could ask questions later – if they survived.

For now, he kept stretching all of himself, trying to use what he was, to fill in the gaps of what the spirit was missing. At some point, he'd shrouded many of the shards, hugging them gently but firmly. They anchored him here, and he hoped he'd act as a bridge between them. The result was a mixed bag. At least, the damage had stopped mounting, but his host wasn't exactly functional. Furthermore, Percy couldn't tap into the body's senses either.

'Why was it so much easier with the baby?!'

Maybe it was because the latter had lacked a will, making it more malleable, easier to meld with.

Out of options, the young man thought back to the bundle of soul mana his main body had generously bestowed him. He hadn't used it yet. Of course, he wasn't sure it would do anything, but it wasn't like he'd need it if he failed anyway.

Allowing it to unravel, he felt the mana flow outwards. The substance eagerly rushed to the edges of his fragmented soul, beginning to do what it did best – repairing it. And as luck would have it, it ran into another soul in dire need of mending at those exact spots!

Like glue, it lodged itself between the cracks, bringing the souls closer together as the spirit's memories flooded him with greater intensity. There was way too much to sift through, though Percy focused on one thing specifically as they reached equilibrium. His new pal's name.

'Mictlantecuhtli.'