

City of the Lost God

Part 2 – Chaos

“I flew over the shrine before coming here.” She said. “There is a large dead creature there. A creature that no woman gave birth to.”



It was almost the norm in the City to boast about where you'd come from, the great deeds your forebears had done. 'My grandfather was a Diviner beyond the 7th rift,' 'My family are directly descended from the Chaos Lord, Valsec the Usurper,' 'My family were the richest on the 3rd rift.' The stories were almost endless on a good night in Muzzie's and of course they all seemed to end with the teller being a hybrid now, a pariah to the pure blood demons of the lower rifts.

Caspian was different, everyone knew he was going places, was certain to gain real power and wealth. He was short and quite yellow, with the ears of a Dredger, so there was no mistaking at least part of his makeup, but there was a lot of human too and humans can't mate with Dredgers, the bits don't fit ! So somewhere in the past a Dredger demon had mated with something that went on to meet Caspian's mother, but she still refused to tell him who, or what his father was.

“He treated me with kindness while we were together.” Was all she'd tell him.

Even his mother would have to admit that Caspian was fairly ugly, some might even say grotesque, which was the word the first girl to see his genitals had said. Her brothers had beaten him and he'd largely given up on a sex life. Not that he didn't have friends and admirers. Wealth, or at least the future potential for wealth can have a wonderful effect on someone's attractiveness.

“Trust me, this girl is discrete and clean and won't cost a fortune.”

Those words from Sara one quiet night at Muzzie's had changed Caspian's life. She actually seemed delighted at the bits he had between his legs and the sex had been both electrifying and terrifying. Everything fitted and he still remembered the feeling of exultation as the courtesan had moaned beneath him. Sara had introduced him to a number of discrete hybrid women since then and he put his new found confidence at least partly down to having a good, no a superb sex life.

“Day dreaming Casp ?” Said Vella.

He blinked at the barmaid and smiled back at her.

“Is Sara around ?” He asked

“She's out the back. Things are pretty hectic back there tonight, someone hurt Muzzie.”

To Caspian Muzzie was a brick wall, an immovable object, he cringed at the thought of anything being able to hurt him.

“Is he ok ?” He asked.

Vella leant in towards him.

“He'll be ok, but it was very bad.”

Caspian had decided that once Adamaz taught him how to lock spells onto the sacred parchment he'd hire two personal guards, perhaps three. He'd have real money then and if someone who could injure Muzzie was in the City !?

“You live in the Dome don't you ? I've always wanted to see the Dome.” Said Vella.

Caspian lived in the Dome, the best place to live in the whole City. Various rulers of the City had used it as their palace and why the dark angels hadn't moved into it no one knew, but they seemed happy in their eyrie at the top of the towers. Tomma-Goran had created the Dome on the top of mountain

behind the city and he'd created it well. Everything still worked, hot baths, proper plumbing, even lighting that worked as well as the day it was built.

"I can show you my home." He said.

Was he getting the signals wrong? Vella did have a yellow skin, but often it just meant a bad illness from rift fever as a child.

"I get off in about two hours."

The barmaid gave him a kiss that left no doubt about signals. Yes Caspian knew his future status probably had a big effect on the girl's keenness, but he could live with that.

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Even as a child on the rifts Nethra had heard tales about the shrine of the dark angels in the great City. Now she was just entering through an old stone arch into the most dangerous part of the shrine, the square of invocation. The air seemed to go noticeably colder, the darkness became like a fog in front of her eyes.

"There is a circle of statues of the deities. Any who look directly upon them risks the wrath of the gods themselves." The wise woman of the tribe had told her.

The depression at the centre of the square was where the ancient powers had created dark angels and Nethra kept her eyes on that spot until she'd passed the circle of statues. Tarin the weapon smith had told her the way to the shrine and he'd never mentioned the statues, but Nethra believed in playing it safe.

"Behind the plinths with the dark angels is a narrow stairway." Tarin had told her.

Why the best dealer and repairer of weapons in the City should know the way she had no idea, but his directions had proven to be accurate. Nethra walked quietly past the age worn statues of the dark angels and found the stairs going up into an entrance in the wall above. The stairs were very narrow and went up very high and there was no handrail. Once you started on the stair there was no place to hide, no dark corner to lose yourself. As before Nethra stood for several minutes at the foot of the stairs, almost trying to feel if any malevolent force was waiting to engulf her.

"Don't be stupid." She muttered to herself.

But still her foot wouldn't go past the first step and she knew with absolute certainty that something was starting to descend the stairs from above. Nethra held her breath and moved silently beside the staircase and noticed they were solid stone, no place there to hide underneath, but there was no time to move anywhere else. The distinct sound of a foot treading on stone from above and Nethra pushed her back hard against the stone and felt for the chaos icon.

"Lords of chaos protect me now and I will serve you until the end of my days."

She said the ancient prayer over and over silently in her head. Merrick had once told her there were no Lords of chaos. That it was just a few high level demons getting above themselves and Merrick had travelled far and had seen wondrous places.

"There are just the deities and the eternal, everything else is crap." He'd said.

Perhaps he was right? But then there was no harm in offering them lifelong servitude.

A foot on the stairs barely two feet about her head moved some loose stones and the dust fell on her shoulder. A chaos creature, she felt it beyond any doubt and then she heard it give the strange whimpering wail that chaos creatures use to find their own.

"Deities and eternal. Protect me this day and I will serve you all the rest of my life."

Nethra thought there was no harm in modifying the prayer just in case Merrick was right.

The foot was on the bottom stair now and although she wasn't that good at seeing in the constant ultra violet light that bathed the rifts she could now see the hooded head of the creature against the

sky. She'd been so concerned about pushing herself against the wall that she'd forgotten the bag over her shoulder. It now rubbed the stone as she moved to get a better view and made a small but distinct scratching sound. The chaos creatures started to turn in her direction and a bony hand reached under its cloak. Nethra was pleased the night hid the features of the creature, but she was certain it would see her when it was looking straight at her.

"Tomma-Goran, please protect a child of your City."

She had no idea where the words had come from as she realised she'd spoken them aloud, but a long answering wail came from the other side of the square and the chaos creature lost all interest in her. She watched as it made more whimpering sounds and moved away from her at some speed. Nethra waited some time before daring to move, but she wasn't going to leave the shrine without accomplishing what she'd come to do. She started up the stairs and eventually came to the dark entrance into the shrine itself.

'Left hand against the wall and about a hundred paces to the left passageway.'

She'd learned the direction by heart and set off to walk the hundred paces in the dark, but after about eighty five her shins hit something. Nethra had a lamp, but it was at the bottom of her bag and she didn't fancy lighting it in the main hallway. Carefully she felt around and found something that seemed to be a cold body on the ground, a wet cold body. She smelt her fingers and realised the wetness was blood, the strange coppery smell was like no other. Her heart should have been pounding, but Nethra had seen a lot of death in the City and was just thankful that whoever had killed the creature appeared to have gone. She stepped over the body and at about another fifteen paces another passageway opened up on her left.

'Right hand against the wall and about seventy paces to the shrine on the right.'

Nethra would have liked to take the seventy paces slowly, but the night was now quite old and she wanted to be home before what passed for dawn came to the City. No further bodies, no obstructions and she reached the shrine room without mishap. The room itself was in darkness so complete that Nethra felt almost suffocated by it.

'Ignore the large shrine in the centre of the room; you want the small statue of a woman in the far left hand corner.'

Remembering the instruction she felt her way to the large statue of a dark angel in the centre of the room and she smelt newly cut Ashunt flowers, someone had been here and recently. The body in the passage? She felt her way to the back of the statue and listened. Nothing, just the steady drip of water coming from somewhere to her right. Nethra gathered her courage and walked straight towards the left corner of the room, left hand extended in front of her. She touched the wall and turned to her left and within three paces her hand found a cool stone arm, and she knew she was in the right place.

She was never sure what would happen if she met another visitor to the shrine. Would they just ignore each other, or would she be attacked? Either way Nethra now needed light, so she pulled the small oil filled lamp from her bag and used a spark box to light it. At first Nethra needed to shield her eyes from the light, but as her eyes adjusted to the feeble yellow light she looked around the room. Not large and the few statues along the walls had been defaced and broken, all except the very unimpressive statue of a human woman in front of her. Nethra turned to look at the statue of the dark angel in the centre of the room and its feet were covered in blood and Ashunt blooms. Human blood of course, only ever human blood for the shrine. It looked dark and congealed, but it looked fresher than when she'd been there a year before and the flowers looked very fresh.

Nethra turned back to that statue in the corner of the room and remembered her first visit to the shrine and how she'd been certain the old and worn statue must have been the wrong one. She removed everything from her bag, including a small mixing bowl and placed them all carefully in front of her. First five drops of the blood of the new-born, red blood, blood that smelt fresh. Four drops of the Netric oil and she began to mix the viscous fluid while adding two of the portions of dried herbs.

"Sident." She said softly.

It was an old word in a long dead language that the wise woman of the tribe had taught her and as far as she could tell it meant 'so be it.' She carefully poured the mixture over the body of the statue and it started to look cleaner, fresher in some way. Then another five drops of blood and seven drops of Netric mixed with half a bunch of Jangar leaves.

"Sident."

As she poured the fluid over the statue it almost seemed to come to life. The stone muscles started to move, the head started to look her way. Then from the main hallway came the sound of something heavy moving. There was no time to waste so it was the final six drops of blood and a large amount of Netric, all mixed with the final half dozen packets of dried herbs.

"Sident."

No mistaking the sounds now, like something dragging itself along the hallway. As Nethra looked at the statue it seemed fully alive and turned towards her.

"So chosen. What do you wish to know?"

The voice was as she remembered, friendly, kind and it gave her a feeling of being cared for. Chosen though? That was new, but Nethra decided to ask for the information she needed.

"Why is Sensan in the City and who does he serve?"

A bit cheeky asking two questions in one and on the last visit the shrine had been almost taciturn, but the scant information she had obtained was accurate. This time the shrine was almost garrulous and Nethra wished she could take notes. The answers shocked her and made her realise her life would probably be quickly over if the guild were aware she knew the secret. There was the sound from the hallway again, but much fainter, perhaps further away.

"Would you like to know anything else chosen?"

Anything else? The last time the statue had just turned away and returned to being just a stone effigy. She took the opportunity to ask the question that often worried her.

"Is Merrick being faithful to me?"

The statue gave a deep laugh and Nethra felt ashamed for asking such a trivial thing of the shrine.

"Merrick has many varied and interesting faults, some of which seem almost unique to him. But he has never been unfaithful and is risking his life rather than lose you."

Nethra was glad of the darkness as tears filled her eyes. The sound of movement was definitely getting further away, though it still had the sound of a large creature.

"May I ask?" Said Nethra.

"Yes?" Said the statue.

"Why are you calling me chosen?"

There was a slight delay and the statue started to turn away from her and the young firm flesh started to become cold grey stone. Before it completely returned to its inert state the statue quietly said.

"Your offer of service was accepted. You will be protected, but there will be a price, there is always a price."

Nethra sat and looked at the now lifeless statue and wondered who had accepted her offer, she'd made so many pleas for help and offered so many her service. She put the mixing bowl back in her bag and then turned off her lamp and let it cool before putting it away and walking softly towards the centre of the room. No sounds, nothing, even when she held her own breath there was just the constant sound of dripping water, which she found strangely soothing. She turned left out of the room and reached the main passage, just fifteen or so paces and she'd need to step over the body. Only the body was no longer there !

She found the absence of the body far more terrifying than originally finding it and it took her a few minutes to regain her composure. There had to be more entrances to the shrine, but Nethra didn't know where they were, or how long it would take her to find one. As she walked towards the entrance the floor was slippery and she didn't need a lamp to tell her it was because of the blood on the floor. Eventually, just as she was imagining chaos creatures waiting for her, she emerged onto the outside staircase and she had it all to herself. What passed for dawn on the 1st rift was breaking and looking to the right of the stairs she could see a large body spread eagled on the ground. What the creature had been before chaos had twisted it Nethra couldn't tell. She walked around the corpse and the tension that had been building all night was suddenly too much. She fell to her knees and retched until there was nothing left in her stomach. The creatures' body was furry with four powerful legs, each ending in a clawed foot. The head had caused the retching, it was almost human, like a dolls head glued to some nameless monster. Supposing she'd met the creature when it was alive, on her journey to the shrine ? It hadn't died from being transformed; there were huge puncture wounds all over the monsters body.

Nethra hurried across the square and through the four outer courtyards until she reached the main archway that led onto the street. Just as she thought she was safely out of the shrine a ghost like hand brushed her upper arm and she felt a burning sensation. She looked down at her arm and fell to the ground sobbing. On her arm was the two horned symbol of chaos. Now she knew who would require her services ! Fuck Merrick and his ideas that they didn't exist.

A few passers-by noticed her huddled on the floor crying, but they ignored her and she ignored them, it was just the way it was in the City.

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Caspian did the chivalrous thing and walked on the side of the paving that faced the street, the side where his sword arm would be, if he had a sword and had known how to use one. As he walked Vella away from the bar and towards the towers he was relying on a safe conduct order from the dark angels to keep him safe. No one ever wanted to upset the dark angels.

"I've never seen inside the towers before." Said Vella.

Her voice had that slightly breathless edge to it that only genuinely excited people seem to get and Caspian was thinking of taking her through the private way directly up to the Dome.

"There is a direct way to the Dome, much quicker than all those stairs."

She looked disappointed. True the stairs would take an extra half an hour, but the real reason he wanted to take the direct route was because he wasn't quite sure if his safe conduct was respected by all the various creatures who had taken up residence in the towers. He didn't want to tell the girl he was a bit nervous, but he didn't want to risk the creatures on the 8th floor. Even Adamaz admitted to not knowing who or what many of them were and he was as old as the City itself, some said.

"We'll get there quicker. I don't want you feeling tired when we get there."

He risked a cheeky grin and was rewarded with an arm going around his neck and a kiss. Not the most passionate of kisses, but it definitely held a promise of better to come.

They walked together, her arm through his past the various stores and other services that still thrived in the relative security of the streets near the towers. Very little light came from any of the buildings and even Muzzie's seemed dark once they'd walked a few yards from it. Only the slums seem to give out a cheery glow that was visible for miles.

'Only because they've nothing to lose.' Adamaz had once remarked.

There were always stories of infants going missing from the slums, of drunks who were heard singing one minute and who vanished the next. Caspian shuddered and thanked the eight great demon Gods for the relative security he now had in his life.

"Can we just take a peek?" Asked Vella.

They were at the vast doors to the towers and one had been pushed forward from someone inside, the glow of orange light showing a hand holding the door. Then the hand began to lose definition and finally drifted away as a small wisp of smoke. Vella needed no further encouragement to move away from the doors and follow Caspian.

"Not much further, the building just ahead." Said Caspian.

In the growing light of dawn they could see the bridge above them that linked the towers to the dome, the bridge he used every day to get to the library. Hundreds of feet long it seemed to defy the laws of gravity. They approached an old but solid building that seemed to almost grow out of the rock of the mountain and Caspian began a series of intricate hand movements in front of the door.

"What are you doing?"

"Shush." He replied.

As he completed the final gesture there was an audible click and the heavy metal door swung open. Caspian walked inside the girl close behind him. There was light inside the room, there always was, like much of the Dome the building was lit by the ancient lighting that still worked in some parts of the City.

"This is all secret Vella!"

He looked at the girl and saw a new respect in her eyes.

"I've seen this building." She Said. "But I had no idea what was in here."

The room seemed quite large and Caspian began leading the girl towards a raised area at the rear.

"The City has many secrets, sometimes it almost seems alive."

He was now on his own territory and shy awkward Caspian was gone. He beckoned her to stand next to him on the raised stone platform.

"This is old magic." He Said. "Left over from the days when the City held real power. No one must know of this. Do you understand?"

The girl nodded and moved closer to him and held his hand. Caspian just prayed that when they finally did get naked he wasn't going to get the disgusted look from her. He placed his hand on a spot on the wall Adamaz had shown him, a place hardly a secret as countless hands of numberless librarians had left a grubby ghost of a handprint on the wall. A glowing red portal opened in the wall and he pulled a reluctant Vella towards it.

"Come on it will close soon. It's safe, I use it all the time."

As he half dragged her into the portal the world seemed to melt away, to be replaced by shimmering fog, that once again melted away to reveal a very comfortable looking anti-chamber of some kind.

"Where are we?" Asked Vella.

Like a magician who has tried a trick to a new audience and received a stand ovation, Caspian was now feeling very pleased with himself.

“The Dome. The passage on the left takes you to the bridge. I can’t give you a tour, it’s forbidden. We must hurry to my room before everyone wakes.”

Still holding her hand he took her across the anti-chamber and through the door on the other side. Then across a pleasant open courtyard and through another door and into the large communal dining room. Here he kept her just inside the doorway while he carefully looked around for any stirrings of life.

“What would they do if they caught me here ?” Vella whispered.

“It depends.”

He hurried her to the far end of the dining area, all the time scanning the room for any early risers. Then through a heavy wooden door at the end of the room and another long corridor with many rooms leading from it.

“Depends on what ?” The girl asked.

Caspian reached the fourth door on the right and reached into his jacket for the key. Once inside he gave a sweeping gesture with his left arm.

“My room.”

He was proud of his room, or rather two rooms if you included the bathroom with its plumbed in facilities and constant hot water. It was comfortable and every third day the cleaners picked up all his dirty clothes, removed the rubbish and returned it to its pristine condition. Luckily the cleaners had been through the place the day before and everything was clean, even the bedding.

“It’s beautiful, you have windows.”

He’d never seen her room, but Sara had once taken him to hers, to discuss details of one of his assignments. It had been a clean but small room at the back of the bar with no windows and the inevitable pot under the bed. Glass was expensive in the City, as there were no artisans to create it. No glass meant no windows as no one was stupid enough to leave an open entry for anything to get through. Living without light was a fact of life for many in the City.

“Hot water and cleaners to keep it nice.” He said.

He gently moved her towards the bed as he noticed the light from the window increase. He rarely went to breakfast with the others and he was only answerable to Adamaz, but if he didn’t show up for his duties, eventually someone would come looking for him. There was no resistance and Vella slipped off her shoes before laying on the bed.

“I have to start my duties in two hours.” He told her.

“We need to get something out of the way.”

He had his hands on her breasts and although he’d be disappointed if she was about to ask for money, he was thinking hard about how much gold he had.

“What ?” He asked.

“You said it depends. Depends on what ?”

He laughed and undid the button on the front of her dress to reveal perfect breasts, with a slight blush to them and enlarged nipples.

“They’d just put you outside the front door and I’d be kept in the Dome for a few days. Of course there is the rumour that Adamaz is partial to a little fresh meat.....”

They both laughed and Caspian put his fingers under the edge of her knickers and enjoyed the feel of her bush. Vella started to kiss his neck, so he moved his fingers further down and found what he’d hoped to find. Yes, everything would fit, this was going to be a very good day indeed.

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Adamaz never slept, or at least he could never remember having slept, though he accepted the idea that he might have slept once and have no recollection of the fact. He'd been in the dining area when Caspian arrived with the girl and had simply moved into the shadows to avoid being seen. It had been a very long time since his body had been alive, so there was no sound of breathing or bodily heat to give him away. Certainly a young demon hybrid eager to bed an attractive girl wasn't going to notice him.

Of course it was against the rules to bring a stranger into the Dome, but the rules were made by him, so he felt he had the right to ignore them when it suited him. Although Adamaz had never had a sex life, he could appreciate how important it was to some kinds of creatures and he also knew that Caspian learned better when he was happy and sex made him happy. The girl seemed nice enough and he'd never heard anything about her to make him wary of her influence on the boy. If she ever became a nuisance there was always gold and if that failed a quick word with Aeony would sort the problem out, permanently.

"Who or what is awakening?" He muttered to himself.

Adamaz walked to the window facing the old town and could still see the slight glow of something that had occurred there, though most of the inhabitants of the City would have seen nothing. Chaos itself, or some other dark power had touched the City near the shrine and it had left a mark, almost like an infection that would take a while to be completely healed. Other chaos creatures would see it and the dark angels. Aeony would have seen it and he hurried to his room, knowing she'd be waiting to talk to him about it.

He turned into the corridor where the senior librarians had their quarters and opened his door. It was never locked, getting anyone to come to his room at all was like pulling teeth and he'd never known of anyone desperate enough to risk the journey up the tower to rob the Dome. His rooms were the best there were, very expensive and comfortable furnishings, some of the rarest and most sort after books in the multiverse and space, lots of space.

"You saw it too?" Said Aeony.

The dark angel was sat near the windows and without lighting any lamps he sat opposite her.

Adamaz considered her to be the most attractive of all the dark angels, but then of course he was very biased. He may not have appreciated her as a stunning female, but she was his friend, perhaps his only genuine friend in the City. Many talked of her challenging Silsk for the throne one day, but he hoped not. A challenge meant a fight to the death and although he thought his friend would win, it meant Silsk dying and there were already so few of the dark angels. A few less in number and they wouldn't be able to force their rule on the City and then anarchy would follow.

"I still see it, from the area near the shrine." He said.

Without asking he opened a bottle on the table and filled a glass with the sticky fluid for his guest. He never drank, ever, but he knew others quite enjoyed the fermenting effect of yeast on grape juice, so he kept a bottle of the expensive stuff. True only Aeony ever visited him, but he'd never admit, even to himself that he bought it just for her. The other dark angels reminded him of pain and suffering, but with her he felt comfortable, more than comfortable, he actually felt happy.

"I flew over the shrine before coming here." She said. "There is a large dead creature there. A creature that no woman gave birth to."

"The old power does rise from time to time," he said, "we can only hope that this time it doesn't stay too long."

They sat in silence for some time watching the City from the window and both secretly wishing that the chaos they supposedly served hadn't chosen that moment to take an interest in the affairs of the

City. The last time there was a major rising of the old power the plague of rift fever had arrived and a good tenth of the population had died. The disease was still a problem and many of the young would carry the yellow scarring of the skin all their lives.

“Do you wish to study the dead creature ?” She asked.

He shook his head.

“Perhaps the dark sorcerers might like to see it ?” He suggested.

Aeony shook her head, they both hated the sorcerers who lived in the old town and who seemed to spend their entire lives trying to release the undead from the catacombs.

“I’ll go now.” Aeony said. “I’ll incinerate the creature before anyone else sees it.”

He walked her to the window and watched her drop before using her huge wings to climb and head off towards the shrine. Adamaz decided to give Caspian a day’s holiday when he finally did show up for duties today, let the boy have some time with his new lover.

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Muzzie remembered Lilleth fussing around him, telling him to stay awake and then he’d passed out. The next thing he remembered was several people pulling at him, some quite roughly.

“The old bastard is getting fat.” One said.

There was some laughter and the sound of a woman telling them to be careful and then he’d passed out again and when he next awoke he was on a cart, a cart that smelt of bones. He had to admit there was a certain irony that the old bag of bones, as Sara called him was now in the stinking, maggot ridden cart of Podd the bone collector. They’d laid him on his wounded hip and the pain was ferocious as the cart bounced over the cobbles of the old town. Eventually he’d passed out again.

“I tell you he pointed at it and its head exploded.”

“Are you sure, it must have been dark ?”

“Don’t look at me like that ! I’m not crazy, I know what I saw.”

“I’ve known him for years and he’s never done anything like that !”

“Are you calling me a liar ?”

Muzzie awoke to find himself in his own bed, and watching Lilleth and Sara squaring up to one another. Nothing new there, they only seemed happy when they were bitching about each other. The pain from his hip and back had settled down to an annoying throb and he had a raging thirst.

“Can I get a drink ?” He asked.

Lilleth stood there giving him a dopey grin, but Sara took a jug from the dresser and poured him a glass full of clear liquid, which she passed to him.

“Water ?” He asked.

No one drank water in the City, unless they wanted strange and varied parasites in their guts.

“Caspian brought it, it’s from the Dome.” Sara told him.

“I thought we’d lost you back there.” Said Lilleth.

He drank the water and it was wonderful, clean, clear and refreshing.

“Caspian has brought quite a few things,” Sara continued, “water, fresh fruit, even clean dressings for your wounds.”

As Muzzie held out the glass for a refill, he wondered why the young librarian was being so generous. Seeming to think ahead of him, Sara added.

“He’s been seeing quite a lot of Vella.”

Muzzie sipped the second glass of water and thought that a reliable contact inside the Dome, might actually be worth money if used in the right way.

“Three days you’ve been out. If it hadn’t been for the red head we’d be dumping your carcass in the river by now.” Said Lilleth.

Suddenly she had his interest.

“Who was she ?”

“No idea. She pulled you about a bit, said a few things while passing her hands over you and the wounds closed over.”

“Is she here ?” He asked. “Did you find out who she is ?”

Lilleth sat on the edge of the bed and ran her hand over his.

“She just healed you up a bit and then left. I did ask her who she was, but she said you’d see her again.”

“You didn’t try to stop her ?”

Lilleth looked uncertain about telling him something and she glanced at Sara who nodded at her. The two of them not arguing about something, he knew he was doomed.

“You were dead Muzzie, I know death when I see it. She brought you back ! If someone with that kind of power wants to leave, you let them go.”

Muzzie started laughing and asked Sara to bring him something decent to drink.

“Why so happy ?” Asked Sara.

He eased himself up on the cushions, which he hated and he’d throw off the bed when Sara next left the room.

“Think of the times I can tell the story in the bar, think of the customers wanting to hear about Muzzie coming back from the dead.”

He paused and gave them both his cheesiest grin, which had actually once scared an infant Dredger demon.

“Think of all the money they’ll spend.”

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Part 3 will be posted 31st Dec

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