Battle of Desperation

It’s the painful writhing of the necrosis This Night , the blood pulsing like a drowning arachnid, that wakes me up. The soft divine light that sheds away its light exacerbating the affliction further, but there’s a familiar storm like energy that moves with it, the sound of a jester’s laugh in the silence of my echo chamber. The dark nightmare playing once more in my mind’s eye leaving me feeling numb. I wasn’t meant to be on deck that night, to think that had I chosen to fall asleep I may not have had the chance to react.

My hands had been stained black with the ink that painted itself into the parchment that was pierced to the table. I remember the feeling of cold and the sound of the waves washing upon stone in the chamber; It can be quite irritating when one only wants to concentrate. The already sleepless nights becoming even more so. I just couldn’t tell anyone that I haven’t really taken a trance in days, let alone truly slept. I felt anemic and broken, I still do.

Hearing the story of Cordelia, and her struggle to return home after abandoning it for freedom, that hit home. Is that what I was doing all this time? Would father be irate with me? Could I return to be what it is that he wished for me to be? Those are the thoughts I was able to get out, not even answer, before the sound of the water stilling drew my attention and then a choked scream. MY head whipping up to stare out the double doors of the conference room to watch the figure drop the life drained corpse with a heavy thud.

The stench of death filled my nostrils and my throat with vomit at the sight of the creature. Its large form hunched, its bulbous nose thick with scabs around its nostrils, and the heavy dark robes hanging open. The abundance of necklaces all strung with teeth, ears, dried eyeballs, and other entrails of humanoids probably once killed by this creature. It was obvious to me that the pink leathered skin stitched along his left ribs was not his own, nor were the other various stitching of skins along its chest. Some holding partial tattoos of its once owner. The sea troll turned its red gaze towards me and with a sickening grin, his serrated teeth showing in his black maw, the rosing tentacles all hanging like a beard around his lips dripping a mucus to the floor with each lumbering step.

My eyes dart with a quick glance at the staff held within his hands as it walked itself besides him with its own clomps, the gem at its zenith seeped with a dark necrotic pulse. The bodies that littered the deck, a few in mid throes of soundless screams as the skin wrinkled and darkened, the fat melting away from the body as amidst the screams they vomited black and green mucus that evaporated with a green energy that was whisked into the gem of the staff. The grin frightened me

to my core, and I could feel the tremors within my very being.

The creature, dare I say vestige, lumbered forward hand outstretched towards me. Its claws yellowed and black as he gripped a tiny pebble of dark stone within his hand. “Look towards me half one, you are powerful I can feel it, the weak have been culled do not worry for you have use…” Its voice a growl that combined a grinding of teeth with the lick of a tongue along its upper lip. The voice was interrupted as it was stopped in its tracks, the purple scaled form of Cordelia’s draconic friend slammed into and its teeth shredding into the forearm of the troll.

That was enough to throw me out of my fright as the troll grunted in frustration the heavy thud of the faerie dragon slamming into one of the double doors before me. A clomp of the troll’s staff against wood sent a pulse of necrotic energy about it and from the corpses awoke my horrors. The bodies shifting and snapping back, their spines twisted to reform as the undead pushed and crawled their way to life. The sound of thuds and crashes below deck brought more crawling humanoids upwards. “Stupid and weak… you will suffer for that…” An explosion was emitted as my hands scrambled to my staff and with a familiar energy within of the storm sending sparks between my fingers, a small bead of flame emitted from the staff and slammed into the ground before the troll and sending a few of the undead flying overboard. There was a crack of the storm from within me and I vaulted myself towards the Faerie Dragon while diving the last feet to land prone my hand grasping about its tail and pulling it away from a sickening bolt of necrotic energy. The squeak it gave me was a comedic moment of the dragon’s head glaring at me that was short lived as from the smoldering embers the troll stood untouched its grin now a snarl.

“I see, quite powerful indeed. Tell me, you are young… perhaps you would wish to join me… no, well I wouldn’t have taken you living at least… very well, a messenger I keep for those fools to find. Let us test your might little sorcerer.” The troll smirked towards me and with its last words, my tongue caught in my throat.

I remember the days my father’s head mage had learned of my inner powers; upon his tower I had come into contact with a storm so strong that it filled me with joy. I remember the days spent learning magic and learning the ways of a knights dual and a wizards dual… Mage Walrist I had always thought to be the most powerful elven arcane user I had seen. The stories of his battles both in competition and in the wars before spoke of his this even further.

But the dual that followed with the troll surpassed this. It left me drained and it left me… dead inside… the storm abandoned me as I slumped against the saloon’s walls. The troll watched me from a few feet away admiring the damage surrounding him. The blackened spots and cracks along the ships haul striking points of my lightning bolts. A layer of ice filling a large area about him and a heavy darkness that filled with a vapid necrosis filled the deck, remnants of his lazy or

uncommitted spell work. A sign that he hadn't even tried and simply let me run myself out. He hadn't even moved only turned to keep his red gaze with me. "Who are you? " were the words that fell from my lips in a tired breath. The sight of the faerie dragon peaking from behind some broken crates ready to pounce before stilling at the shake of my head.

"You are worthy, little half one. I am Sollix, the Damned to Drown, the Soul Carver. Your power intrigues me Talia Permin, an heir apparent Permin of Karn. Where did you find it?" As Sollix drew his staff back to the crook of his arm, he riffled through his robes. His words made me feel defeated and broken.

"Why don't you just take it from my mind like the rest!?" I felt a bite of frustration bring me strength, but with the amused look Sollix gave me I slumped further to the floor. "I found it when I was young, inside myself… a storm struck me when I was younger and again on a mages tower…" my voice faltered as he step forward to kneel down by my side. I tried to move but I felt the spell take hold of me and keep me still.

"An interesting insight into magic… why they would leave such a valuable sorcerer aboard a ship to waste it's abilities… Either way half one, I have need of a messenger and with your close connection to those 'Heroes' and that savage princess that wander the sea floors, I think you will do nicely. Don't worry, as a gift for your worthiness I will leave this one alive." Sollix nodded towards the dragon and a small sense of relief filled me. " As well as yourself. Such should not be wasted and maybe in time you will see and favor what I am doing."

I eyed him, my lips barely moving as I spoke, "Why, what did we do?" I felt tears fill my eyes in shock. I just didn't understand what happened. I had tried my best, but he spoke of the others, so they must be safe. I closed my eyes as his claw brought that stone close to my neck.

"To bring the world to order, so those who think they should rule through name alone will understand that Magitocracy is the only path and those who control the powers should rule. To return that which was rendered from this world by those with stupid goals and notions of morality and ethics. You have a strong will, Stormsinger. I wish to hear your storm sing one day, so that I can truly see your power so I may emulate it, control it. I wouldn't stay here long the others are beginning to reawaken and they like the taste of flesh." With a press of the cold stone I felt heavy sting in my neck as it burrowed its way into my flesh. It was oddly painless for those few moments but as a flash of green light filled my vision my body writhed in pain and my throat become horse from the scream that ripped its way from my throat.

My vision turned black and with a pulse of energy I felt my strength begin to return as I blinked. The feeling of a kick against my side as I turned to find the faerie dragon screaming at the undeads that lumbered their way forward. I could feel the red eyes watching from somewhere, but I couldn't find them and as one of the once crew, a dwarf, lunged towards the dragon I raised my hand with a charred stick pulled from my ripped tunic. A blast of lightning slammed into the form encompassing the area in light and burning away at the tatters of its clothes. The undead being pushed away by the blast of energy. Another lunged towards me this time its hands gripped at my shirt, I in turned lifting my free hand to grasp at the biting skull and with a burst of lightning the creatures head popped covering me in its gore. Then I turned and with that free hand I grasped at the dragon as with a flash of lightning I felt myself get tugged by my inner storm to land upon the Forecastle and

I took a breath as the feeling the lightning bolt slam into another undead below and in the process leaving another flash of light to cast its way in the chamber.

It was dark and cold as I felt myself shiver as I watched a few more crawl their way from below. I felt fear fill me and a regret pushed its way into my heart. As the red gaze seemed to shift away to leave me alone, I concentrated while I grasped the Faerie Dragon close and with a burst of lightning, I found myself wobble to being sickened, at the sight of the captain's quarters I felt relieved. Rushing outside into the conference room I grabbed the staff that fell to the floor in my panic and I glimpsed the rushing undead forms as they made their way into the room and with the last bit of energy I had I sprinted back into the quarters. Turning as the undead rounded the corner I let the last two embers within the staff fly forward and two explosions left the entrance to the captains' quarters in flame as I slammed the door closed. I let out a tired and wobbled breath before I grabbed the vanity and with the dragons help, we pushed it to seal the door closed. I slumped to the floor the last of the energy leaving me as my eyes began to darken.

"What would Barnaby do? What would Clarence do?" I whispered in my horror and exhaustion, before a voice filled the room.

"I gotcha okay, so just rest and we will watch over you. You guys really need to stop getting into trouble or someone's gunna get killed... again." I couldn't even see, as I opened my eyes to darkness to franticly look about. "Ill keep his nightmare away, but I can't do much else so try to be strong… and for Luna's sake don't die. I don't think I could explain this to your captain." Before I could ask the voice answered my inner thought, "names Cesper, but you can call me Philip, got it?"

With a moment of tense fight or fright I felt myself give up and I soon followed suit. I slumped prone with my eyes closed and let out what felt like my last breath. The feeling of prickling pain burst in my neck superseded by the need to sleep.

The nightmare I lived in the time to follow, before waking up to vomit in Barnaby's arms, were moments I wish to never relive but I know I will be reliving them the rest of my life. That and the pain of Necrosis that now fills me are reminders that I need to grow stronger. I don't ever want to feel so helpless again. I return back to sleep This Night just like the last few nights to endless suffering, wondering if I could ever feel inner warmth again, and whether this necrosis could be healed.

Revision #2
Created 14 July 2025 01:10:20 by Mechseroms
Updated 14 July 2025 01:20:56 by Mechseroms