Roziah's Dream

You are in the relatively undiscovered areas of the catacombs in London. You've been here many times before as the society often finds "leakage" coming from the entrances of various unsavory creatures.

Often Kenneth would notify you as a sort of code to "go fix a leak" and you would know it was time for work and no one would bat an eye. You might often enjoy these adventures since you could be yourself in this space. Who you were meant to be. Your true value could be revealed. And Kenneth knew your value in utmost certainty after seeing you fight off a wight on your own as he once laid half conscious watching you strike after strike with your powerful magic.

But the civilians of London would never know. They live their days above ground in relative peace because of your work. If you walked up to a bladesmith, they would only assume you were retrieving goods for your master. Little do they know the battle is far greater than just humans arguing over which religion is better, which leader is better.

You roam the catacombs further with these thoughts. You catch a light breeze, which you know is another entrance towards the River Thames. You must be just beneath the Tower of London.
You hear a light whistling of the breeze. It gives you pause. It isn't a consistent whistle. You back against the wall near a junction. It almost sounds like a melody. You wait as the sound grows closer, readying your attack. Then it stops.

You hear a gurgling from the same direction. Much like when it's about to rain, your wrist aches a bit.

Rushing down the corridor from the other direction comes one of the king's men. Clearly identifiable in these halls by their loud clicking of heels. Do they just not care at all about stealth? You begin to approach the guard. When you hear a voice. It's your own voice? Is this a creature who can copy humans?

You sound in a panic when more of the kings men come hurdling down the hall, "He's not a beast! I can tell. Just trust me!"

The real you peeks around the corner. You see one of the members of parliament laying on the ground as your other self protects him. Kenneth is also there? How did he get here so fast?
One of the kings men takes a shot at you and another at Kenneth. A head shot. Instantly down. You cringe away at the sight and the echoing of the gunshot in your head. Your head.. it has a sharp pain right in the center.

You hear *cracking.* You crane around the bend, being careful of the light from their lanterns. You gag as you see two men beside each body which lay face forward to the ground and crack the ribs open spreading them wide. They take out a couple organs, you're not quite sure which with the fountain of blood spilling out. You catch the face of a man bending down closer to the lantern. As blood sprays across his face, he licks it from his lips. You can see through him. When you close your eyes you see the outline of his shape. It glows at the edges like he's being sketched out with hot iron into clay. His true form. It's a fiend. How do you know that? You've never seen anything like it before. It seems his face was just an illusion.

Why would the kings men kill you both? And apparently an innocent man? Was that John Pym? They *hired* you and yet they wouldn't listen? What were they doing to the bodies? Was it a set up? You should get out of here.

You hear the leader of this group say, "The rite is complete."

You open your eyes once more to get a look at the guards face. But.. they're gone.

Like completely gone. There isn't a trace of any blood or guts or even the light of lanterns slinking away. It's an empty hall.

You hear a rather hollow sound from behind you. You whirl around. But it's just darkness. Then there's a quiet weeping, "Please, find me."

You snap your eyes open and you're in bed. It's early in the morning.The fire flickers quietly. Each day grows colder as the land approaches winter. You go over to stoke the fire as you consider this odd nightmare. Placing the poker back in the basket, you think it's a trick if the light, but you could've sworn your scar glowed much like the fire.

That evening, you are called to fix a leak. It's.. odd. He phrases it in the exact tone as he did in your nightmare. His son offers to help just like he did before.

On your way there you warn him to be extremely careful. This is a dangerous one. You are sent to take care of one John Pym. He's apparently dealing with dark magic.

Pym… was he in your dream too?

As you corner the man in the catacombs, you tell Kenneth to take a step back. You keep your distance as well.

Following suit, the kings men arrive right on time and tell you both to leave immediately. "We've got this one handled."

Kenneth is about to protest when you pull him back and shake your head. You hesitate turning your backs on them, but there's no other way out. You hold your breath and take a single step, but one of the men calls to you, "One more thing before you go."

You slowly turn back. Suddenly you feel a warmth on your chest before you hear a choking. You face Pym once more and with another slash, another spray of blood slaps you and Kenneth in the face. You *run.* It was a set up before, but now you're the bait. Not only for the other monsters in these catacombs, but for the guards unaffiliated with the society.

At least this time you have your life. But how can this story end well for you?