THE PHOENIX DEMON

The phoenix demon

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Northern Forest
Euthoria Castle
Thal
Thalberg
Bloodbay
Bleakbury
Rivermout
Saltdrift
Osarine Forest
Cliffmoor
Riverreefs
Sanrelvano
Artekas


Móðrland
Frjölsvollr
Huldrun Wilds
Ten 'Ebris Minaks
nudat
Desert Region
Nanmoble Grove
Demonic Zone
Eternal Flame
Fort Ember
Haldruik Prison
Ambracier

First entry into the world:

An arrow retracts. Sizzling its way back on the cable it was attached to. The sound of the clattering arrow echoes through the large, overgrown, stone atrium. The moss-covered pillars surround the middle like silent guardians protecting this tomb.

In the middle, a burnt-out, mangled and rotten corpse is suspended in mid-air by hundreds of arrows. Almost unnoticeable, it starts to contract a single muscle.

Another arrow follows its precedent, slinging towards the hole in the wall that hides the mechanism. Soon, the remainder of the 200 arrows follow their lead. One by one, they retract themselves from the cadaver. Until finally, when the last arrow resides in its resting place, the corpse falls to the ground.

As it lays motionless on the cold, hard ground, small red-, orange- and yellow-coloured embers start to form around it. They continue to form bigger, brighter flames, ultimately engulfing the corpse entirely. Instead of scorching the skeleton it appears to be healing it instead of destroying it. Slowly but surely, patches of regenerated flesh start to turn into muscle fibres and further into muscles. With each flame, the muscles grow larger and almost human-like, covering the skeleton entirely. By the end of this dance of flames, the corpse has turned into what appears to be a young boy. His newly formed flesh starts experimenting, moulting into the shape of a man, then into child until ultimately its shape stops at that of a teenager. The smell of despair and death reaches his nostrils from far beyond the confines of his tomb. Awoken by the plague of that century, he opens his dark brown eyes.

"So, this is it again, huh." he thinks clenching and opening his fists, testing his ability to move. He stretches and twists, hearing many joints cracking and popping within his

body.

After the hundreds of reawakenings he has had, he still can't get used to the first few steps after being in a comatose-like state, feeling pain surge his newly-made nerves.

Taking two careful steps, he shakingly stops in place, starting to take in his surroundings as slow as possible. He raises his hand, lighting up a magic orb floating inches from the palm of his hand. The warm, yellow light emitting from the orb slowly fills the room, revealing the worst scene imaginable.

An empty, abandoned, circular atrium overgrown with ivy and moss, with only a single ray of sunlight shining through the ceiling. He sees many of the arrows that were inside his body mere second ago being slowly pulled into the wall. The holes from where the arrows come from appear to be brittle and abandoned. Below him lays a carved stone circle with many old engravings. A few of them he remembers what they mean, but, all he cares about is not wanting to see this point of view at all. This exact place where he stands has always been the marking of intense physical pain. Even though he might appear dead, he feels every arrow wiggling around in their wounds, gnawing on his bones and fibres like petrified rats stuck within his body. He groans as he starts to move, feeling where the arrows were exactly.

'No,' he mutters while staring in disbelief in front of him. The beheaded skeleton laying on the ground turns his stomach around. He retches, trying to rid his body of this feeling, yet his stomach, still empty from those years in that magical coma, refuses to let anything out.

'Nooooo, why didn't they keep their promise.' He cries out. The memory of what happened there that night still in his mind as if it was seconds ago. Because to him, it was.

The scene plays again in his head. The one girl who he thought was The One, the one true love he desperately sought for every time he wakes up, destined to break his curses and love him as he truly is, dragged into the atrium by menacingly looking human soldiers after the world learned his true identity. Those monster-hunters, disguised necroni and other vile filth standing around her with a knife to her throat. Her face, dirty with mud, blood and tears from the way they dragged her in. They were violently pulled from her coastal home all the way to this tomb in the middle of the forest. Through her mouth gag she begs the teenage boy to comply, all while tears continue to roll down her cheeks as he obediently walks towards the centre of his tomb. The Chieftain takes out a dagger and streaks it down her cheek, drawing a drop of blood from her and puts it control mechanism.

'You promised you won't hurt her.' the boy begs. All while the restraints that have been embedded with strands of hair, taken from his Loved One are forming an impenetrable prison.

'And we won't... for now' the Chieftain says grimly before turning the mechanism.

The other bystanders all laugh as the process starts. Mysterious cogs start to twist and turn behind the walls, seemingly preparing for a spectacle. The boy, standing there unable to help her, gets pierced by the first rope-attached arrow. The other 199 arrows all pierce him in quick succession.

After successfully hitting him one by one, an unknown mechanism starts retracting the ropes, pulling them back into the wall. They hoist the boy up in the air as he drips blood all over the floor. The blood has no time to form puddles as magical flames scorch him with an intense heat, ridding him of the remainders of his powers.

The memory fades as he all he stares at is the skeleton; a female one, judging from the shapes of her skull. Her hands and feet, still bound like cattle. Her clothes still the same ones as that day, yet discoloured from the years of rot. The flower the demonic boy put on her dress as a gift lays motionless as if he put it there just now. His chest tightens as he kneels down besides the corpse of the girl. He caresses her hand, hoping to let her find peace, even after her death. He notices her left hand tightly clenching something. Taking a closer look, he sees a small container inside her hands. The boy takes it and opens it, revealing a tiny note.

"Bastian, I will always love you. I know that this is probably the last you will hear or read from me. Just know that I cherished every moment with you. Even though you may be different in physique, I think you are human in feeling. At least you are to me. I know that there is something you won't tell me, and I know you are not like other people. I just hope that one day you'll find someone who you can share that secret with.

Love, Christine."

Bastian feels tears rolling down his cheeks, soaking the note as he attempts to read it. He falls to his knees trying to shout, scream, anything. Yet, no matter how hard he tries, not a single sound leaves his mouth. He tries to gather courage, bravery, motivation... anything he still has left.

He picks up Christine's remains as carefully as possible. He looks around, sighing heavily, trying to remember his bearing. His eyes fall on the large circular stone door he made thousands of years ago. His muscles strain from the years of inactivity, yet he strides towards the door. The tip of his index finger merely grazes the surface of the door before it flies open violently, revealing the outside world.

The sun floods in, lighting up the entire room. Bastian's pale skin feels the sun burning as he walks through the large stone door. He squints, his eyes trying to adjust to the heavy light flooding in. He strides forward as his legs lead him to the nearest mountain.

He carefully places Christine's remains in the grave he dug, on top of the mountain, near his tomb. Then he places three of the flowers he always gifted her on top of her, now peacefully laid-down, corpse. As he tries to place the last one, his grief catches up on him. Flooding his entire body with anguish and remnants of his magical power, he tries to hold back his tears.

Shrivelled ashes of the flower he previously held dwindle down into the grave, landing softly on her corpse, wishing her a final goodbye. The boy digs with his bare hands, covering her with soil. Then, he takes a small rock, kisses it while thinking of every piece of love he has for Christine. Magical, fiery letters form on the rock, embedded into the hard surface:

"My love for you will never die, Christine. It will rest with you, forever within this world."

He places it down on top of her grave and climbs to the very top of the mountain waiting for the curse to overtake him. Tears begin to roll down his face as he sits there, quietly sobbing, watching the sun go down. He yells with all his might as he feels the pain of losing her settling in. He cries the entire night remembering what he has lost and what's to come. He doesn't want anyone else to get hurt like they did before. But he feels as if, no matter where he runs, he still has nowhere to go.

As soon as the sun sets the spells begin to take effect, the curse that makes him begin all over again. He looks at the sun, trying

his best to let his first feeling be that of rebirth and joy. His fingers start to itch with a wriggling feeling, as if a million ants crawled beneath the surface of his skin. It slowly moves towards his shoulders, eating its way towards his heart and mind. He learned quickly it is impossible to resist, yet the itching feeling crawling under his skin as dread starts to set in is never truly something he can get used to.

The curse sets in, blackening his mind, his feelings are eaten, almost gobbled up by what he calls mind demons. Inside of his head a ravishing war takes place. Demons sprout at the command of the curse and as soon as they get hold of one of his feelings ,whether it's happiness or anger, they eat and devour everything. As soon as one of them eats of his past feelings they change into a corrupted dark version of that feeling, changing it and obscuring his judgement. Then they settle in, getting comfortable in his mind, with almost no way of getting it out of there.

Bastian chuckles, realising it must be getting really crowdy in his head. He has lived hundreds of lives and every time his feelings disappear or change into a mind demon. He tries to fight it, but to no avail. He comforts himself, knowing that memories can sometimes contain some left-over feelings. So, he calms down, clinging to the feeling that indeed his love will never die.

Seth Ba'ath it ean's entry:

120 years after The Prince's Demon War

First Reawakening

Mind demons: a sub-class of demons that resides within the victim's mind, constantly plaguing him/her with malicious thoughts. They can only be made from someone's old emotions: the stronger the emotion, the stronger the demon.

These bastards appeared out of nowhere. I don't remember when I did all of those rash decisions in those wars anymore. I feel no regret, no remorse... just nothing. I do have a feeling I never have to go through it again though. Let's just stick with that hope.

He rises to his feet, determined to find and protect his One. She must be out there, yet, he hasn't found her. Even though he has found people to love and people who love him. The One he has read about, the one person who would break one or all of his curses, is nowhere to be found.

Bastian sits down defeatedly on one of the boulders behind him and begins to look around through the valley in front of him and the forest behind it. He notices a couple of the usual things; the city of Thalberg has gotten a bit bigger, the river has had its regular change of curves and something else... the school, Thalmudat.

'It's still there. All of it. They even made new buildings next to it.' he says, staring at it in wonder and enjoyment. The school he built, which was going to go out of business, is up and running again. This is the one building that he made centuries ago for the village that had welcomed him.

In his previous lives, he has fled the tomb as soon as he got out. But this time, he has taken the time to stop and look around for a while.

Maybe he can enrol into it and discover the new ways of life around here. He begins to dread his decision already, knowing the incredibly awkward and uncomfortable situation that will occur in a school.

"This time is different." he thinks, promising himself a better future.

Bastian sighs, desperately hoping that no one gets hurt because of him anymore. He needs to make sure he is unnoticeable, a grey mouse sort of speak. The thought of the life of a carefree teenage student begins to sound like music to his ears. *"No drama, no one hurt this time."* He begins to think. *"Maybe if I*

can disguise myself as someone else, they won't notice a thing." "No, that didn't work out last time I tried." "I still used my fire powers, and it was too obvious. Maybe this time something else." "Maybe try other powers? Isn't that against the rules of nature." "Maybe, but no one has ever tried, right?" Bastian uses all of his mind demons to his advantage, forming his own councilmembers inside his mind. They may have eaten his feelings, but they still have a voice and experiences of their own. Yet as soon as he thinks he has them under control, they clash against each other like an auditorium filled with people all wanting to get their voice out.

"*How about trying to appear weak and scrumpy. Like easily crushable." "Ooh, like a faedra." "Sure, but a water faedra won't work I really am not that good around water." "Fire faedrae, even though they usually don't go out of their hellholes, might not be a good idea. Last time I tried, I burnt half of their colony to a crisp when I got lost my temper." "Maybe, forest?" "Forest? You mean the ones that can give life and don't take it instantly?" "Yeah, those. No one will expect a phoenix demon, mystical warlord of death, crusher of skulls and nightmare of a thousand battlefields to be a lifegiving forest faedra"* Bastian shivers hearing his past nicknames. *"Yeah, let's try that then."*

Bastian stands up, shaking off the many voices rambling inside his head. Running down the mountain, he heads towards his own tomb again. Hoping he still has some sort of knowledge about any other species, he runs through the forest. He runs up to the tomb and whips his hand in the air. With a loud thundering smash, the round stone door at the entrance of his tomb opens swiftly. He runs down the atrium, through the hidden armoury. He looks around and smiles as his night vision adapts to the many reflective surfaces within it. In the thousands of years of his life he has collected countless

swords and sets of armour. Some he got off corpses or stolen from kings after they "mysteriously" died, but, most of them were the ones he earned or crafted himself. Hundreds of shining armours kept in pristine condition due to both magic and meticulous honing work Bastian does to pass time, lighten up the room. Even though Bastian can see just as well in the dark as in day-light, he still likes to light a tiny magical orb in there to see all the different lifetimes that have passed before him. Every armour and weapon is a story on its own, a tale to have lived through. Even though that concept is normally heartwarming he still gets saddened by the thoughts of the thousands of people he wasn't able to save. Many of the swords, spears, axes, bows, maces, clubs and different sorts of weaponry all testify of Bastian trying to adapt his fighting style in order to be able to save his loved One. Yet, none seem to work, so after a couple hundred years he gave up and just kept his twin swords he had from the very beginning; the ones he forged himself from the demon steel he mined himself as well.

As he walks through the numerous rows of tables, armour stands and racks, he reaches his own library.

A secret passageway next to an insignificant door can only be opened by pulling a lever that is magically hidden, only accessible to the ones who already know its place.

A library filled with shelves with countless books and scrolls, all different in languages and writing styles, as well as the materials in which they were written, give his entire collection a patchwork of different colours every time he walks in here. He remembers the joy he gets every time he can recall one of his own documents after some time, knowing that his weirdness, something that other demons made him out for, saved his identity and thus, life, many times before. The smell of old scrolls, leather and books welcome him with both a sense of fulfilment and a sense of duty, reminding him that every time

he learns something new, he should write it down and save it.

He jumps down a level and searches for the copper plaque that says: “Species”

He rummages through a few scrolls he has stacked inside the enormous bookshelf . He remembers building this room as his personal knowledge vault after The Second Demonic War. He felt like the longer he lived the more of his knowledge would be lost to time.

He opens a scroll named: “Weaklings: *Eardeaf*.” His writing style still exhibited large portions of the demonic language even after he was able to understand the common tongue. He opens it up and sees their wardrobe. He laughs as he looks at everything they do and wear. His amusement makes room for embarrassment as he realises, he has to do all of that. The clothes are not the worst. It’s the diet. It mostly consists of what you can find in a forest, obviously, but there is no meat. One of the key things he needs to keep his mind demons quiet...

Ba'ath it ean's entry: *Eardeaf* (=faedrae in human speech)

572 year after Secundum bellum as the humans call it

Fifth reawakening

Faedra: a magical being in touch with nature and life. Usually hides in forests, mountains and near seas. Natural element: life, water (blue and forest green)

- A human touched by the ancient gifts of magic. Each faedra resides where their element is the strongest. Each and every one of them holds a fragment of their element within them to ensure they can use their abilities almost everywhere. They have distinctive pointy ears and live with a happy and positive view on life. They largely live off what the land around them provides. They possess lower physical strength, but they can compensate for that with their superior connection to magic. Due to this they are usually farmers, fishermen, miners or healers depending on what type of magic is the strongest.

They are physically the weakest humanoid creature I've encountered. The Demon Prince barely even used them for court jesters because they were so weak. Yet, seeing them form their communities seemingly unscathed from the decades of war is pretty hopeful for them.

Disguise

To become a believable forest faedra, he needs new clothes. He runs towards the edges of Thalmudat, the school, hoping to spot students and find out if there are major changes to what he has in his scrolls.

'I mean the scrolls are at least a few thousand years old, they should at least change a bit.' Bastian said as he read the scroll earlier. His complete ignorance when it came to fashion has betrayed him on multiple occasions in his lifetimes before. Hoping to actually be different this time, he headed out to see what everyone acted like and hopefully eavesdrop on new facts of the world.

After running for half an hour he smells the anxiety-ridden sweat and hormone imbalance from miles away, indicating that Thalmudat is near. He puts his hand in front of his nose, trying his best to seal of the pungeant smell of teenagers. He now remembers why he never chose schools as his first ever greeting with humans.

He reaches the edge of the forest and senses a group of magically-potent creatures nearby. He sneaks closer and sees a couple of these dreadful, happy-go-lucky faedrae practising their fertility dances to make crops around them grow.

They are dressed in what seems to be attire completely taken from the woods. Shoes made to look like folded leaves, trousers and shirts seemingly made from woven animal fur, as well as chest plates made from bark. No, not just that, different students have different chest plates; some of them are wearing bark, some what looks like a wooden plate with a pattern resembling the top of an acorn, other wearing something soft and stripy like the bottom of a mushroom. They seem to be divided in different types of groups, all with their own type of plant or fungi.

They all wear a same kind of half cloak made from different types of furs from animals. Around their shoulders they all wear a leather bag. But looking at it, they all look really worn out.

"They are way too naive for this world, if only they would know the horrors that could plague them instantly." he thinks to himself as he watches them. *"Maybe I should join the warriors" "Yeah and be discovered the first time you have a fight with those measly soldiers."* A couple of his mind demons argue.

Bastian shakes his head, shutting the inner demons up as he watches as the last-year faedra students practise outside in the woods, away from the dancing group of younger ones. A wounded warrior, dressed in warm, rugged armour and covered in an ice bear pelt is laid out on a stretcher. The faedrae surround him in a circle, one of them steps forward and holds out her hands. A blueish light grows from within the palm of her hands, growing out silk like strings that envelop the warrior in a magical cocoon. The wounds all over his body seem to withdraw all the blood and excrements back into the body. As the magic makes its way deeper into the warrior, the wounds close up when they draw in the last remainder of blood. The warrior wakes up in shock. The faedrae around him smile, trying to comfort him. The teacher writes something on a board he is holding and looks over to the warrior, pleased to see the his full recovery.

"So those were the bastards constantly healing those I personally brought to near-death experiences, huh." He grumbles as he recalls all the times he has seen warriors stand up from life-threatening wounds. He had to kill twice as many warriors, yet, still won every time; they just demoralised themselves seeing everyone die twice or maybe even thrice. Although, he did change his opinion about the faedrae. In the

beginning, he despised their weakness just as he was taught when he was raised/tortured by the demons. They create life instead of taking it, something Bastian found all the more admirable after a few reawakenings. He started to consider their lack of selfishness a bonus. Yet, they still stayed vulnerable for demon attacks because of that.

They used to be able to fight back against the remainder of the demons after the war. But, since then they have lost the ability to decently use their power for defence and just focused on the producing and farming of food.

'Okay just calm down, they are going to be your new people.' Bastian says while he contemplates his thoughts about the change in appearance. He reads his scroll again. 'So, no meat, no fire whatsoever, barely any leather, only if the animal died naturally. And fur, only if you can collect it in the right season. Damn these rules are going to be really difficult.' he grumbles.

He retreats into the woods, passing a small creek. As he passes by he whips his hands around and puts warding runes in place on the stones within the river.

'Tibiretearp muem meroma te maem meiceps retearp omen.' he whispers as he puts his spell in place.

He knows that intruders always lurk in the tiniest corners, so as long as he breathes, his spells will work.

He strides forward, coming up to a hill with a ruin on top, the remnants of an old stone temple sticking out from under the forest soil. He climbs the small hill and starts stomping his feet on the ground, pushing the large pieces of rubble into place.

After a few seconds the abandoned ruin has formed into a large stone courtyard, perfect for practicing his magic.

He stretches his arm using his power to try and conjure his clothes around him. After a while he still struggles with forming any clothing that isn't demonic fatigues or armour. The basics are simple, use the fabric from his armoury and transport them in the right order onto his body, but apart from different shades of black, he barely has any colour other than red.

After what feels like eternity, barely half a day, he realised he can just combined two fabrics to make a maroon colour. Eventually he uses the ivy leaves around him to fill in for green.

As night falls, he finally finishes his outfit: emerald-coloured boots in the form of leaves, walnut-coloured trousers made from the sap of a nearby tree, a honey-coloured shirt made out of wool, a chest plate made out of the strongest ironwood and arranged into the pattern of an acorn top. All of that, topped off with a half cloak with a built-in hood made out of deer fur, that he hunted mere moments before.

Bastian looks down at himself and feels weird. He should be disgusted by having to wear this outfit, but, he feels kind of comfortable in them, almost liking them. He can't help but hide a couple of knives inside his boot and cloak, just in case. He conjures a leather bag and some leather strips from the remainder of the now-skinned deer that lays before him.

His ability to conjure has gotten him out of many miserable moments in his lifetimes. Yet, somehow, throughout the many years of his existence, he has grown to be able to make clothes that perfectly suit his body, and even then the "standard demon attire": nothing more of an excuse to put on a blackened charred rag, comprised of different sets of stolen armour and clothes, on top of a heavily scarred, terrified demon, never felt like his own. Later in his lifetimes he made a mixture of demon colours and human military general's uniforms to make his own demon fatigues and those felt more

like himself but still, the new clothes comprised of the soft undertones of nature feel like a warm breeze on his previously cold skin.

He sighs deeply as he gathers the courage to walk towards the gathering of buildings in the distance.

Satisfied with his disguise, Bastian walks toward the school. Just as he crosses the last tree line, he shoves a few branches aside to see a massive stone building rise up from behind the forest. The size of the building is something Bastian can only comprehend as a small village living on its own. He looks around and sees a large kitchen at the far end of the school. The staff of said kitchen run around like crazy, trying to prepare the enormous number of meals this school needs. From behind the kitchen, a massive, round, glass ceiling rises up covering a giant tree. Bastian sees a few windows are able to open up as little floating lights of a strange green magic rise up, not as bright and sharp green like the powers of the necroni but more like a soothing kind of green like grass and leaves. On the complete opposite side of the enormous stone school, he sees two oval structures. They almost resemble an ancient arena Bastian saw in one of the great empires he visited in one of his lives. He sees the large stretches of meadows separating the school from the forest. A tiny path divides the land into two parts.

Bastian leans forward as he begins his approach. Still trying to figure out his own steps, he moves forward awkwardly. He is used to sneaking around in the dark and killing from the shadows or completely standing still in the middle of the battlefield trying to intimidate other warriors. But, this somehow requires a lot of practice. He tries copying the movements of the faedrae he saw earlier, they were jolly, yet graceful and also sincere like they weren't trying to hide anything, not even a weapon. He carefully moves forward, trying his best to hide his stomping-like movement that was taught to him from a young age.

Bastian reaches a big wooden door held up by bulky

metal hinges. He passes through the open door and arrives in an entrance hall unlike he has ever seen before. It leads into a long corridor with what seems to be a hundred rooms. The marble in the entrance hall firmly signals the old but rich history this place must have had in his absence. He looks around and sees a wooden board hung on top of the fireplace in the middle of the hall. It's decorated by all kinds of family crests on one side and bouquets of all sorts of biomes: a pack of wildflowers and branches for the forest, a pack of corals and shells for the ocean and a piece of molten metal signifying the mountains. In the middle of the display is an obviously fake demon head with below it a text that reads:

> 'When cooperation can be achieved, demons are easily beaten!'

"Yeah, right, it isn't like some demon can just enter through the frigging front door or something." Bastian says inside himself mockingly, trying his best not to fall back in laughter at the obnoxious quote. He keeps going and searches out the office building. There are seemingly an infinite number of rooms in here. He spots a plaque that reads: "administration office" and heads over there. He walks up to a large desk separating the entrance of the room and the room behind it. The lady behind the desk looks at him and says:

'Well, hello there, how can I help you? Can I just say I love the way you have made your cloak.'

Bastian is relieved he made a decent disguise. He is amazed by her kindness as he is used to insults or mockery, this feels like a nice change for once. He notices the lady's soft facial features, her nice soft voice almost welcoming everyone she talks to. She wears a light summer dress decorated with all kinds of flowers. By being so close to her Bastian is overwhelmed by her smell, seemingly coming from the very

flowers on her dress. He knows humans and faedrae had strong scents from up close, but this, this is different. He recognises a couple of the smells; raspberry, strawberry and... the bittersweet smell of sugar?

Already confused by all the smells, he sees a pie on the other side of the large hall.

"Oooh, it's a cake." He thinks. *"I really need to get used to all these different smells. Especially now that I'm going to be around lots of people every day."*

'Oh, are you a bit shy perhaps?' the lady asks.

Bastian notices he has completely ignored her question from before.

'Oh, yeah, uh, I came to apply to this school, my, uh, parents forgot everything.' he says. His blatant lie rolling over his lips, he feels a wave of possible questions popping up in his head. He and his inner demons start to panic massively.

"Is that even a believable lie? How do faedrae even talk? I mean, they have parents, right? Yeah, off course, otherwise they wouldn't cry as much when we killed their elders in front of them." Bastian shakes off a memory that popped up from one of the times he was a merciless creature in one of his past lives.

'But of course, little one, everyone can forget a thing or two. It's a bit strange transferring right after the year already begun, but no problem. You must be from the southern parts of the lands, past Rivermont, looking at that deer hide. You must be an Adair; they have a lot of family there. Still sad to hear about that necroni attack about two decades ago. That must've been a real blow for your tribe.' As the lady was rambling about, Bastian started to form his alibi and forgerd family history. 'I'll put you with the other first-years. I didn't catch your name. What was it again, please.'

"I can't tell her my full name, then she'll know that I

am a demon. What was that abbreviation that Christine used for me again?" He thinks to himself. *"Curse my memory, even though I can live for thousands of years I still forget basic things every lifetime after the other."*

'Uhm, Bastian Adair.'

'Oh, I was right about the Adair, huh. Is there any way that I can have your parents' name?' she says.

'I don't remember. They were killed during that necroni attack, they took their bodies to experiment on them when I was still young, I was raised by the village.' the blatant lie rolls over his lips. He can't believe he said that, this must have been one of the stupidest things he said. But anything to not try to raise suspicion too much.

'Ooh, poor little fella, and I brought it up just now. I am so sorry about that. I'll do all the paperwork afterwards. You come along, okay?' The lady gets up and escorts Bastian through the door. They walk through the hallways, towards what seems to be the massive greenhouse he saw earlier. Bastian walks through the small wooden double door and sees the huge round glass ceiling rising past the ceiling. They arrive at a giant round room with the walls overgrown with plants, the room has three big corridors running out of it, also covered with a glass ceiling. In the middle of the round room is an enormous tree, standing over 70 feet tall with seemingly a couple of rooms inside of it. Bastian sees faedrae running and jumping around the tree. A couple of them are having a picknick on one of the branches higher up in the tree. the entire room is filled with these tiny specs of forest green lights, like fireflies twirling around in the middle of the day.

The lady guides Bastian away from the tree into one of the corridors, up a couple of stairs, into one of the chambers that has a window pointed directly at the tree. In the room, there is only a wooden bed and a wooden closet.