

Blacktongue Tami

Villain Against Villain

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When the Pillar of Hama descended from the sky and the world was broken, people lost hope. Within a year humanity had been pushed back six hundred miles, where it was managing to maintain a circle of defence against the demonic invasion, but morale was faltering. Those that fought did it out of desperation and manic zealotry.

Tami, the Unhallow Knight, was the only one brave enough to move beyond the walls and the mountains that barely held back the forces of evil, and many thought he was on their side to begin with. Tami had been born with the Black Tongue. It allowed him to speak all languages and alter reality with a word. Before the Pillar he'd been a one-man army on a horrific rampage of his own, but now he stood against the forces of the hellish sky monsters, with or without allies.

Tami looked at what had been named The Barren in recent days. It was originally a large city, but now it was flat land for miles around. There were no demons there, despite being below the hanging Pillar that pierced the sky. But there, near the centre, was a person. Or, at least, it looked like a person.

Tami walked out from the forest and found no resistance. After weeks of fighting he'd expected to be jumped the moment he entered the flats, but upon looking back he saw demons lurking in the trees above where he'd been standing, just watching him, not moving. They were pale, tall, and gangly with huge red butterfly wings, their faces consisting of a single massive eye. It

didn't blink at all, and he continued into The Barren unharmed.

After two hours of walking he reached the person and realised he was directly below the Pillar, the sharp tip that hung from the sky eerily pointing at him from high above. He looked the person up and down, and didn't like what he saw. It was some sort of wretch, covered in loose rags and with a face so broken it was hard to determine the sex.

"You come to Mother?" it asked. Its voice was a rasp and as it spoke its head jittered around. It made clawing motions at its chest, as if ready to tear itself open.

"Who are you?" asked Tami. He hadn't come to talk. At least, not in this way. He kept his words few for fear of accidental magic, but he'd never admit that was why he was sometimes called the Silent Shrieker.

"Mother has come, Mother has given." It raised its hands to the sky and a sort of smile crossed its face. Tami counted four teeth total, and they were all cracked. "Mother will give again."

There was a thud to Tami's right and he saw there was now a rock. Then there was another to his left, then behind the creature. They started to bulge in place, then crack. They were eggs. They fell like a rain and the creature laughed. Its face exploded and revealed a singular large eye, then its rags unfolded to reveal they were actually tattered wings. It grew in size and thousands of eggs, millions, perhaps, continued to fall. The demon stood the size of a house and looked down on him, an echo of its laugh still lingering in his mind. As the first eggs hatched and Tami recognised the demons he'd been fighting, he decided it was time to speak a word he'd dared not utter before.

“Come to Mother,” the massive demon said straight into his mind like a needle. It reached out its giant claws to him like a welcoming hug was all that awaited him.

“Destroy,” was his retort, and so reality came undone.