Vile Black Bile

Prefered name: Benson Von Venson

Ben, Son of of Ven son

Ven - Great Grandfather (Father’s Mother’s Father)

Venison - Mother, great great granddaughter of Ven

Benett - Father

Smoker - to suppress bile

My father was a curious man. In fact, to describe him as a man would be completely and uniquivently wrong. He was an ooze. A vile black thing, of a consistency much like the bile that fills my lungs even now. I guess, at some point, he was a man. Otherwise I would not be talking to you now. Although, how much of a man does one have to be to spawn young is not as much as most creatures would like to believe. Born into nobility, in his youth he was bitter and full of malice. What my late mother saw in he when she found him in that cavern I could not say, although I greatly suspect it was heavily altered by the darkness he seems so easily commanded. Either way, it was his arrogance that caused him to attempt such a dangerous feat as apotheosis. His failure led to the boiling of his flesh and charring of bone, an excruciating process resulting in, well you know. Knowing they would be after his tome, he retreated to the underdark, feeding on the flesh and blood of rats and rodents, biding his time before he could return to the surface and make an attempt on returning to life. Eventually, he cautiously rose from the depths of the earth and hid in a cavern, calling for a host to sustain his life. Finally, a fair maiden answered, quickly he tried to attach himself to her, in his hunger however, he consumed her entirely. Leaving only her unborn child, me, but to his eyes, a second chance. Carefully this time he weaved the thread of our souls together. During my childhood, I was powerless to him, he had full control over our body, consuming entire villages at a time in his crusade against the country that had shunned him, but it was never enough to satisfy his hunger. Throughout the years I learned how to regain control. Slowly testing my ability before I was strong enough to compel him completely, around the time of what would have been my 18th summer in his custody. I should have ended it then, save the future torment of the countless villagers, and avenging my mother. Instead I thought I could command his presence completely, or perhaps learn enough to dispel the sickness he represented. When he finally realised what I had achieved, he was furious, I had stopped his feeding. Even now he torments me, it's all I can do but to keep him at bay, but the longer I hold out, the more we must feed. For this reason I allow us sustenance once or twice in a new moon. The weak or the dying, or those whose lives would not be missed. The smoke helps. It keeps him contained in the lungs. Fire, you see, is not something either of us are truly equipped to endure. I suspected it would have taken me by now, as such I had prepared one last repent for my sins. But he kept me alive, then and now, just enough for him to survive himself. Someday I will finish the both of us. Once, and for all.

TIMELINE:

Man finds book of vile darkness

Attempts apotheosis

Fails - loses book, travels to underdark & becomes ooze

Survives off of rats and rodents in underdark

Climbs to surface, hides in cavern, beckons a fair maiden w/child

Charms her

Attempts to attach to her, parasite style

Kills maiden, attaches to child instead

Ooze retains knowledge of the maiden

Child is commanded to study

With knowledge gathered, is able to suppress father

Spawns young from her

Young retains her memories, is spawned with mind

Attempts to… Consumes maiden’s life