Me - A Demon’s Twin

20101210 : A scene retrieved from Flesh & Blood notes. A variation on the Child of Fusion thread, this is set in the wake of a Slain Lover thread.

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I think the most disturbing part of the whole ordeal was mourning the death of my former selves and struggling to figure out exactly who and what I was. I spent the duration of my imprisonment reflecting on the night of my metamorphosis, trying to understand what happened and how it could have created me. I know I was as shocked as my examiners to discover I was not entirely human. I appeared human, yet I had become an androgyne—neither male nor female but encompassing aspects of both, like an angel or a demon. Of course, I was declared a demon and accused of devouring my former selves. I tried to tell the story of Morgan of Avon and Morgan of Arduin, but even the testimony of my—their—former mentor, detailing how my former selves had been soul mates—two halves that somehow came together to create me—did not sway my judge and jury. Maybe some of them believed my story and decided something like me should not exist. Whatever the reason, they did not hesitate to condemn me to death.

Fortunately, I was not a demon, and the wards they erected to imprison me had no effect on me or my powers.

However, it was not enough to escape execution. I was certain to be hunted down, so my only hope was to somehow prove my innocence. The long hours I spent dwelling on the memories of my former selves had given me two fragile leads to pursue. I clung to those clues desperately, because they offered an explanation for my creation and the creation of my duplicate. I had only had one glimpse of my "twin" and did not remember even that much until I figured out why I had been found unconscious in the pool of blood. The memory of my reflection assaulting me was my first clue, and when combined with the second, I had a possible explanation for what had happened.

When she was seven, Morgan of Avon—or Morgan, as the other Morgan dubbed her—had been abducted and offered as a sacrifice to a demon. Somehow, she had managed to fight its possession long enough for her mother to come to her rescue. Morgan was never sure about what really happened, but her assumption had always been that her mother had sacrificed herself to save her. Her mother had offered her own body to the demon, after she prepared it with wards and poison to trap and kill it. The only thing I can think of was that the demon had somehow rooted itself in Morgan before taking the bait, and that tenuous thread was enough for the demon to cling to through the death of Morgan's mother. It was not a strong enough foothold to allow the demon to take possession of the girl, especially since its earlier attempts to conquer her had awakened Morgan's psychic abilities.

Morgan of Arduin—or Logan, as the other Morgan dubbed him—had always been fascinated by angels and demons, and studied all of the lore about them. In all that information a few key things stood out to my mind. There was an odd parallel in the relationship between angels and demons and the relationship between males and females. In effect they were members of the same species. They were all the same sex—neither male nor female, but encompassing aspects of both—but it took one of each kind to spawn a new angel or demon. Humans were similar in that their nature encompassed both angelic and demonic aspects. If the demon had clung to the shadow of Morgan's psyche, it could have exploited Logan and Morgan's unusual compatibility to blend their masculine and feminine characteristics together in an attempt to reconstitute itself. It seized half of that pooled potential, and from the other half, I was born.

I had no idea what I was going to do about my twin, but it made sense to go back to the place where the demon came from to collect proof of what had happened to Morgan and gather information about my nemesis from its prison. Once I had something to go on, I hoped I would be able to come up with a plan about what to do next.

About the only thing I had going for me from the outset was the fact that I still had the same basic form and stature I possessed as Morgan, with slightly better musculature. Even nude, I could still pass for a flat-chested, athletic female, and as long as I wore pants that concealed my hips I could possibly pose as an adolescent boy. It would help me in Avon to be recognizable as one of my former selves.

I was dragged from my cell expecting to face execution, after lingering in prison for a month after myconviction and sentencing. Myfears seemed to be confirmed when I was brought to a bath for purification. From there, my path deviated from my expectations. I was led back to the court, still nude as the day I was arrested. To my shock, an advocate presented testimony from a witness detailing the departure of Arduin Morgan on ship to Athelon to the assembled court. The charges against me were summarily dropped, and I was escorted from the keep and dismissed.

For a moment, I boiled in outrage at being discharged onto a public street in the nude, then what I heard in the court registered, and any concern for my appearance was dismissed by the formulation of an immediate plan of action. Storming in to a public audience, I made a direct appeal to the Duke of Avon for a commission to lead an expedition into the ruins of Aeslyn Tear. Once the commotion caused by my intrusion settled, and the Duke's advisors informed him of who I was—notably one of the few people to ever return from the depths of the ruins alive—he reprimanded the guards for discharging me in such a condition, and instructed servants to take me aside and dress me for a private audience.

In private chambers, after I was dressed, he questioned me. I reminded him of the crime I was detained for, specifically of my testimony that a demon from the ruins had taken possession of my husband, asserting that my only hope of recovering him was to search for the demon's origins in the ruins for any clues that would enable me to find and drive the demon from him. I kept the fact that my testimony did not include the exact truth to myself, specifically how he came to be possessed to begin with. Given our recent trials at the ruins, it was simpler to blame that than admit to my actual suspicions. To my relief, I was granted the commission.