

The Origins of Crola, the Snake Sorcerer

(Naga Snake TF by Crola_the_Snake)

Crola never thought his life would change in one moment. He was just curious at what that book contained. He never meant anything.

Crola is working as an apprentice for a wizard named Lus, although he is just mostly cleaning the house the two are living in. Crola's mother dropped him off to the wizard, but for an unknown purpose. She kept saying that it will be too dangerous for him to live with her. Crola can't argue with her, unable to do anything. At first the young wizard seemed frustrated, having to take care of a child, but after a few months, the wizard let Crola be an apprentice under his tutelage. There is one thing, that Lus didn't allow Crola to do: enter his library. Crola still read books about arcanery, but only outside the library. He couldn't enter anyway; the door was enchanted to prevent anyone except Lus to open it.

One day, Crola heard a knock at the door while reading something about runes, although he never understood them. The knocking, sounding more like banging, is non-stop, accompanied by the gruff voice of a man.

"We are the Imperial Guards!" he said, "Open up!" Crola found it strange that Imperial Guards even bothered to go to their house, which is located at the edge of town. What Crola even found stranger is the next thing that the guard said.

"Open up, you warlock!" A warlock? Crola thought. He couldn't be. He heard the door to the library open. Out came a worried Lus. This made Crola thought something.

"Sir, what do they mean, warlock?" Crola asked, wondering if what they are saying is true. Suddenly, Crola felt a force push him into the entrance to the lab. Crola hit the ground at a lying position. Before the door closed, he heard Lus say something.

"Don't touch anything." Then the door slammed close. Crola stood up to observe his surroundings.

The room is filled with shelves containing books. Old books. There are a bunch of tables, with piles of paper and laboratory equipment on them. In some tables, there are artifacts that are made of beautiful gems, and varies from amulets to rings. What got Crola's attention in the room, however, is a single tome on a pedestal in the middle of the room, lit by the sun coming through a ceiling window. Crola approached the tome to get a greater detail.

The tome is larger than an average book. The cover is made of purple scales. Of what, Crola didn't know. There's a carving of a snake's head on the front cover of the tome. In the place where the eyes were supposed to be, there were yellow gems. Something about the book entrances Crola. Crola reached the book and grabbed the cover and a bunch of pages. He was about to open it when he heard someone shout.

"No!" Lus shouted. But it was too late. When Crola opened the book, purple light shone from the book. Lus was blinded, but Crola kept looking. It was only when Lus's eyes adjusted to the light that he saw what's happening.

"It can't be," he whispered. In the midst of the purple light, a smoke of the same color came out as well. Instead of just going up, the smoke is converging towards Crola. As the last of

the smoke went into Crola, and as the purple light died, Crola slumped to the ground unconscious.

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Crola can only see darkness, nothing more than darkness. This darkness, he couldn't run away from; there is no place to run to. Another presence exists somewhere in the darkness, lurking, waiting to strike him. Then it spoke.

"Hmm, you are interesting my child," it said with hints of hisses in its voice, "No wonder the book opened for you." What did he mean?

"You see, that book has a ward. Anyone who isn't destined for the book cannot touch it, some can't even get near!

"But you, you are special, kid. You neared the book with no problem, and opened it! Ah, it feels so good to be out of the book now.

"No man should have two minds inside one head. So I'll be taking over your body!" No!

"Yes! You can't even move in this darkness. How are you supposed to fight me, then?" Crola remained quiet.

"Oh I'm waking up. And you get to watch!" Crola gulped, if he could, as he is waking up.

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Lus approached Crola, and casted a magic to see if he is alright. He is not.

Crola currently has another spirit in his mind that is taking over. Lus knew this is the spirit contained inside the book. Why would the book open for him? Crola began to stir. Lus backed away as he saw Crola stand up slowly. Crola is different now.

His eyes are beaming yellow instead of their former brown color. For the first time, Lus is seeing malice on Crola's face. Crola raised his arm, and Lus got pushed into a wall by an invisible force. Lus could feel his neck being strangled as Crola approached him.

"It has been a long time, Lus," Crola said.

"I'll stop you, no matter what!" Lus tried to shout.

"How? You can't even finish off the guards outside." Lus felt a shiver when he heard knocking on the door of the library. He then felt one of his wards on the door deactivate. They already got mages. Out of desperation, Lus casted a spell that would forever change Crola's life.

Crola shouted in pain. He lost his grip on Lus just as he clutched his head.

"No. How dare you? Agh!" Crola fell on his knees and hands.

"No! You... You—" Crola was cut off by another scream. Crola looked up once more. His eyes are still yellow, but the malice on his face disappeared. Crola is back.

"Ma-master?" Crola said as he weakly stood up and approached his master.

"Are you alright?"

"I'm fine, Crola," he said. He is coughing blood.

Crola continued, "Don't worry I'll—" Pain surged through Crola's mind. He fell on his knees once more as he screamed, sounding more like a hiss. Pain is found everywhere in Crola's body.

"Wha-What's happening?" Crola shouted as he looked at his hands.

Underneath his nails, there are claws sprouting. His skin started to shed, revealing underneath purple scales. His skin continued to shed, his arms now purple. There are also blue markings on his arms, written in the Magnus language.

He seemed to grow larger, ripping the leather robe he is wearing. His skin on the chest shed, revealing a white underbelly. His pants grew tight, and ripped as well. A horrified Crola could see his legs fuse together, shedding and revealing purple scales and a white underbelly. The tail lengthened until it three meters long.

Crola's neck lengthened, revealing more scales. He began losing his hair as the scales grew on his face. He felt his face push forward, becoming a snout. His ears vanished. He let out his elongated tongue, now forked. Crola felt all his teeth vanished, replaced by two long fangs dripping venom.

The pain vanished but Crola is still afraid. He went and find a mirror to look at. He grabbed a face mirror at the table and looked at himself.

He has the purple head of the snake now, blue markings of Magnus all over his face. He looked at his arms, which bear the same purple scales and blue Magnus markings. He looked at his tail, in which the purple scales contain the same markings, as well.

"No..." he tried to say, but only hisses came out. He fell to his left arm, right arm clutching his head.

The door to the library has been destroyed, entered by two Imperial Guards. They are shocked to see a giant snake with arms in the middle of the room.

A voice entered the guards' minds, "No..."

The voice grew louder, "No."

"No!" The voice shouted. Then the guards felt a force push them across the room. They hit the wall, dead. Crola looked up to see the dead bodies.

"What have I done?" Crola whispered to himself, "This isn't me! This is all just a bad dream!"

"I'll get you out of here," a female voice said. Crola looked up to see a female mage.

"But why?" Crola tried to say.

"Imperial Guards are preparing to siege this house. And they might get scared if they see someone like you."

"I mean, why help a monster like me?"

"You can't be a monster. I could feel your sorrow right now."

“What are you?”

“Just a mage. Don’t sweat it. Come, can you slither?”

“What?”

“Slither, you know? How snakes move?” Crola tried to stand up. He perfectly balanced himself on his tail. He tried to slither across the room. It was slow, but he can slither fine.

“Wow. How did I know how to do that?”

“Never mind that. Let’s just get out.” They got out of the house barely minutes before the Imperial Guards arrived.

“Uh, thanks, I guess?” Crola hissed after walking for a few minutes in the woods.

“Great. I’ll show you something.” The mage said. The two continued until they reached a clearing. In the middle of the clearing is a house. It doesn’t necessarily look old, but it is not new either.

“What’s that?” Crola asked.

“That’s my house.” The mage answered. They entered the house. A tiny living room filled with books and papers greeted them. To the left, the kitchen is located, accompanied by a table for four. At the other side, there are two rooms.

“Sorry about the mess,” the mage said.

“Wow,” Crola managed to say.

“You can stay here as long as you like. There are three rooms upstairs. The far right leads to the bathroom.”

Crola looked at the mage, “Why are you helping me this much? I don’t even know you.” The mage closed her eyes and opened them again.

“Alright. I’ll tell you who am I but you got to promise me you’ll live here.”

“I promise.”

“Good. My name’s Em, and I’m a kitsune.” Em suddenly shimmered. Crola was in awe as he saw red fur grow on the mage. Her face pushed forward to have a muzzle, nose blackening and whiskers sprouting. Her ears are now going up her head, becoming more triangular. The red fur covered Em, as claws replaced her nails and fur grew on her arms. Her feet lengthened and her legs shortened, turning to the legs of a fox. Behind Em, a tail is swishing back and forth. Her transformation is done, but her clothes aren’t affected. Her pants even warped to have a tail hole!

“I’m like you Crola, a mystic,” she said.

“A mystic?” Crola asked.

“Magicians blessed with the abilities of animals. Mystics go way back in time, even before human recordings.”

“Why can’t I speak?”

“Probably the poor melding that occurred. You host the spirit of the Snake. He is probably the hardest to control. But your master made it unnaturally easier to meld with him. Or is it harder? You may have melded with the Snake faster, but in a shabby way.

“This means that whenever you tap into his resources, you will be forced to meld again. And let me tell you, melding is painful.” Crola lowered his head.

“I’m still useless, huh?” he thought.

“Don’t worry,” Em said, “You may be useless, but that’s why I’m training you. If things go right, you might even learn to go back to human form.” Crola looked up.

“I can change back?”

“But only for a limited amount of time,” Em said, “You might also need to learn how to control that open book called your mind.”

“What?”

“Haven’t you wondered why I can answer all the questions even if you’re just hissing them? You are unintentionally sending out your thoughts. You can control it to learn to communicate with others, but it’s not me who will teach you.”

“Who?”

“That friend of yours who is stuck in your head.”

“Him? He tried to take over my body!”

“Don’t worry. The melding, even if it went wrong, tamed the wild snake. I’m pretty sure you can communicate with him, but that’s for later. For now, just eat some rats.”

“Gross.”

“Your appetite will shift, too. Just don’t push it.” She brought out a cage filled with three mice.

“What are you keeping those for?”

“I always knew that I will find you here.”

“Find me?”

“The mystics could tell the location of another. It’s not present during the past, but it’s easier to tell now because of our meager numbers.”

“Is that how you found me?”

“Yes, it is. Now take this.” She opened the top of the cage and took out one of the rats. She threw it at Crola. Suddenly, by instinct Crola jumped toward the rat, and took a hard bite. The rat is now buried on one of Crola’s fangs, dead both from the puncture and the venom that he can produce. Crola had to remove the rat from the fang to swallow it.

“It’s good,” Crola remarked.

“You’re on a good start, Crola.”

“Thanks.” Later that night, Crola slept.

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In his dreams, he heard the presence again.

“You must be happy, huh?” it said.

“What do you mean?” Crola asked.

“You found another person you could relate to.”

“Well, I need someone to train me.”

“Remember what she said. If you tap too much of my resources, we’ll be forced to meld again. I felt pain too when we melded the first time. Be lucky that your master even managed to meld me to you. This may be a difficult road for you kid, but there’s a reason you opened my tome, where others would falter.” Crola remained silent.

“Okay, let’s proceed to mind training. If you want to talk, just think about what you want to say and send it out. If you want keep stuff from getting out, you have to imagine you are raising a wall. By that, you could think to yourself.”

“Thanks,” Crola said.

“My pleasure. We’ll try that in the morning.” Crola fell to a sleep, thinking about the future and how great he might be, assuming he improves.

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