

The Progenitor

It/Its

An outer being that claims to be the progenitor of all Fae. It takes on the form of an unsettling alien fae dragon with far too many teeth in its way-too-wide grin. It delights in suffering and anguish, and wishes to destroy all fae.

The Caeloraans seemed to be aware of this entity, and its entry into the material plane was shown as “blocked” by the Mana’s ascended state in Caeloraan murals.

It seems to make deals with those who manage to contact it, offering power or information in exchange for some influence on the material plane. Currently, two people are known to have potentially made deals with this entity: Sah’reii and Xena Slatesight.

“I never want to have Valter’s drugs again. That thing...it showed me what happened to my village. But...gods. I don’t know if it was worth it. I never want to see it again. And I...if it gets what it wants, I know Jackson would be devastated. It’s hard to let go of all that shit but I can’t fucking stand it. I don’t want to be a monster like it. I want to be a better fucking person than that. Shit’s hard though.” - An excerpt from Xena’s journal.

“It told me to cut out my eyes so I wouldn’t have to speak to it again. That otherwise, it would haunt me forever.

Gods, I can’t...I can’t do that. I can’t do that. How fucking selfish of me to value my own sight over keeping this thing from seeing more people to hurt, huh?” - Excerpt from Xena’s journal

“It wants to absorb the Fae. It wants to absorb Arin. It tortured Xena. It wants to break into the world and torment us even further. No. I won’t let that happen. I will protect the people I love. Even if that means giving up on forcing a penance upon Icarus. Even if it means working with him to keep him alive. Even if it means killing the Mana... None of that will matter if hell descends on us.

Aarindal is the imminent threat, but after he’s gone, I have a lot of talking to do.

Logan, Iris, Aisha, Roe, Thoril. I’m sorry”-Jackson

“I know you can see me writing this. And I want you to know one goddamn thing. I’m going to be free from you, no matter the cost now. And I am going to do all I damn well can to stop whatever

horrific suffering-in-revelry you want to cause. Fuck you.” - Excerpt from Xena’s second journal.

“I can write this in peace now. It can’t see this anymore. It can’t read my words, it can’t hear what I’m doing, it can’t bother me anymore. I’m free. I’m fucking *free*. And I owe Icarus for it. The villain that you know and all...” - Excerpt from Xena’s second journal.

As Jackson looks up into the stars that day by day fades away. He speaks “You’re still out there huh. I wonder what pain you’ll cause in the future. I only hope those I’ve warned spread the message to those who can do something about it. I’ve got my hands full with my job. I’m a bit hopeless when it comes to unnatural matters anyway. I’ll keep the elemental balance in Simuhay as best I can and try to make sure nobody else has to worry on that front.”

“Purple does look good on me. Not because of it, but by my own choice. That’s mine. It won’t deprive me of that. I am *free*.” -Excerpt from the final entry of Xena’s second journal.

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