

# Vliv's Departure

## By C. Jade Wyton

*Vliv, a creature whom has been haunting Weltaron's family for years, has finally gained full control of Blathe's body and has started causing more problems than before. But, during dinner one night, he takes one step too far, and is forcefully ejected from the city.*

***Mentions of abuse, violence, and cults.***

~~~~~

It was dinner the day before Wonda's birthday, and Ashdown hoped that she would have a good one, out in the wilderness.

He knew she was with good people, but the preparations from the family for the party that was being thrown for Fourteen's decoy reminded him how lavish a spoiling she was used to... something that definitely wouldn't come while on the road.

It was a concern, though there was nothing that could be done. He would just have to try and exert some control over Mr Chess, and make sure he played gently with her tomorrow....

Ashdown cast a glance to Fourteen and Maggie. Fourteen, after dropping the magic shield and actually resting, was finally well enough to join the family at dinner for the first time since overusing her powers and causing that backfire of magic. Though, Singer still fussed over her, helping her cut her food and even holding her head steady as she lifted it so she could eat....

It was clear she hadn't stopped the use of *all* her magic. Ashdown knew Mr Chess could still feel her presence watching over Wonda. And he knew that, as long as she lived, Fourteen would not end the spell that kept her sister's whereabouts obscured from their mother. And that, alongside keeping the decoy under control.... It was a heavy burden for one pair of shoulders.

Ashdown was glad she had Maggie's help to lead the family in the lich's absence—

A shout sounded, and Ashdown turned just in time to see Blathe (or more, the strange creature in control of Blathe's corpse; he thought he could recall the lich calling it "Vliv" in private) lay a fist into Leena's face.

He made to stand, though his old cooked joints didn't want to behave and he was too slow to get involved as Ragtheim leapt from his seat to aim his own blow at Vliv. The young man was kicked to the floor. Though, as Vliv went to put his foot back down, Pauline came up behind him and wrapped her arms around his middle. Before he could react, Vliv had been thrown backwards over the top of one of the dining tables; taking the table's contents with him as he grabbed the cloth atop it in an attempt to slow his fall.

The laughter that sounded from Fourteen was echoed in Ashdown's head; Mr Chess felt nothing but glee as he watched through the man's eyes at the unfolding scene.

Vliv stumbled to his feet and turned to square up with Pauline, but before he could finish calling her a senseless whore, Egg's chair broke over his back and he was back on the floor; Strilleburg circling him and nipping at him as both the cooks and childcare workers all rushed to defend Pauline. Pauline herself was checking Leena's bleeding lip; though she left the woman in Ragtheim's care as Maggie flew —literally— from her chair and landed on the now-empty table.

'Hey— Hey, stop— *ENOUGH!*' it might have been an intimidating order, if her voice hadn't squeaked on the last syllable. Though, it was still loud enough to give the crowd pause before they could reach Vliv. 'That's enough! What— What's going on? Someone tell me what— *Fourteen will you STOP!*'

Her sister didn't stop laughing; instead she banged a hand on the table in front of her and knocked over her drink. Her laughter only seemed to spur Mr Chess on, and Ashdown found he couldn't tune out the cat in his mind, the creature's humour was so loud.

Maggie gave a frustrated flick of her whiskers, turning back to Vliv as he attempted to get to his feet and batting Strilleburg away when she made to push him over.

'Strilleburg, no!' she scolded. 'Don't! We will handle this with diplomacy!'

Egg just scoffed a laugh, and crossed her arms. 'Blathe doesn't have a diplomatic bone in his body!'

Several shouts of agreement rose up, and Maggie motioned for them to quieten down; though she was only half listened to.

'Please! *Please!*' Maggie called out, as Vliv moved to stand by her side. 'Please just wait a moment—'

Ashdown felt a hot annoyance bubble in his stomach as he watched Vliv give a shit-eating grin. *He knew Maggie's love for Blathe was shielding him, the vile beast....* The way he hid behind her, aware she thought he was someone else, it made Ashdown furious!

Maybe if she knew it wasn't Blathe in there, she may not have let him stand so close.... But the lich had ordered Ashdown not to mention it and he, not wanting Maggie in more trouble than she already was, had held his tongue.

It hurt, though, to watch Maggie take the brunt of the consequences for someone else's actions....

'He's been *horrible* since his return with you!' one of the cooks (an older mousefolk named Harper) argued from the crowd.

'Yeah!' agreed a childcare worker (Jeremy, a young owlfolk). 'We thought he was bad enough, before— But now it's like he has *no* morals!'

'I-I know, but please—' Maggie whirled in circles, from one voice to another as the crowd began to all call out their grievances.

'He's as bad as Willard!'

'Worse than!'

'I caught him leering at the girls, just like Willard used to!'

'At least Willard did his job!'

'Even Knudfi wasn't this bad!'

'Blathe's been getting worse and worse!'

'He's violent!'

'He's cruel!'

‘He hit me!’

‘He threatened me!’

‘He tripped Arden!’

‘He told the children he’d give them to Mori!’

‘He’s stressed the chickens so much they’re barely laying!’

‘I don’t feel safe with him around!’

‘I don’t feel safe, either!’

A chorus of agreement rose up, and Maggie’s fur puffed up on end as she tried, desperately, to hear everyone. ‘Okay— Okay— I’ll speak with him—’

Vliv grinned, wickedly, and the crowd broke into an even louder uproar.

‘He’s not even sorry!’

‘Look at him!’

‘He doesn’t care about the family!’

Maggie raised her hands to silence everyone; though it only made them marginally quieter. ‘Okay! I hear you! I do! I do!’

The anxious muttering continued, despite Maggie’s attempts to calm them; it probably had something to do with the way Vliv stood by her, clearly assured in his safety.... The family wasn’t stupid, and Ashdown was sure they saw exactly what he himself saw, and felt the same burning anger he felt at Vliv’s manipulation of the kind-hearted girl.... Despite Mr Chess’ chuckles in his head.

‘I-I promise,’ Maggie stammered. ‘We can find a way to resolve this, if we talk it out—’

‘WE CAN RESOLVE IT BY BEING RID OF HIM!’

Ashdown wasn’t sure who yelled it; his head was swimming with worry for the family, as Vliv’s hand rested on his weapon and his humoured look vanished into a twitch of his eye. Mr Chess’ laughter finally stopped, and he felt the cat’s hackles rising as Vliv took another step close to Maggie.

‘I don’t care what God says! He’s *not* one of us!’

‘All he does is hurt us! It’s all he’s *ever* done!’

‘God said cruelty is for outsiders!’

‘Yeah! God said that the family comes first!’

‘We can’t let another Willard push his way in!’

Maggie’s ears pressed back, and she was clearly at a loss for words.... Though, after a long moment, she licked her lips and straightened up; clearly steeling her nerves and being as brave as she could bear to be. ‘*Okay*,’ she breathed, before flicking up a wing in a motion to silence the family. ‘I hear you! I’m listening! I understand!’ she took in a long, deep breath. ‘I hear you. I’ll talk with him about it. I’ll—’

‘I CAN’T LIVE WITH ANOTHER WILLARD!’

A plate flew from somewhere in the crowd; hitting Vliv in the head, and Maggie gasped and stumbled back as a loaf of bread followed.

‘We just want to live in *peace*!’

‘We don’t want people like him here!’

‘The newborn was supposed to be the *end* of the cruelty!’

‘God promised there’d be no need for men like him when the child was born!’

‘We’re tired of his selfishness!’

‘We’re supposed to *help* each other!’

‘He only ever helps *himself*!’

The family began flinging bowls and cutlery at Vliv, and the creature-in-a-corpse gave a furious shriek and cursed at them as they shouted at him to leave.

‘I dare any one of you cowards to actually *fight* me!’ he challenged, brandishing his sword. ‘Instead of throwing your *dinner* at me!’

He was immediately met by Ragtheim’s fist, and his sword clattered to the ground. It was still bouncing along the stone as Leena slammed into Vliv and knocked him down next to it.

The laughter in Ashdown’s head started again, even more wild than before, and he tried to push it aside enough to do something— Though, Mr Chess was so loud that he was nearly deafening, and it made it hard for Ashdown to focus on anything as the family began furiously shouting again.

‘Enough is enough!’

‘We won’t put up with this!’

‘Not again!’

‘Get out!’

Ashdown shook his head, trying his best to focus through all the noise, and caught a glimpse of Fourteen, calm in her seat as she watched the family’s unusual burst of anger.

Fourteen was quiet for a moment, before she looked to Singer and signed weakly: ‘*It seems like the family has made their choice.... Give them a hand?*’

Singer nodded, before jumping onto the table and giving a roar too loud for a boy so small.... Then, as he leapt off the table, his body contorted, and what landed on the ground was not the tiny tanuki boy, but a fully grown brown bear.

Singer gave another roar and with a swipe of his now-huge paw, knocked a table from his path so he could advance on the creature.

Vliv gave terrified shriek as he laid eyes on Singer’s new form, and scrambled for the door.

The family parted to let him through as Singer chased him out; several of the adults following to make sure that Vliv would be properly ejected from the city.

And then, a pause—a quiet—fell over the dining hall as Vliv’s shouting vanished outside and the family realised what they had done. The only sound was the overwhelming loud laughter that was silent everywhere except for in Ashdown’s head.

Slowly, unsurely, Hayley took three steps towards the door. ‘Blathe’s... gone. Blathe’s gone. Blathe’s gone! Bad’s gone!’ she jumped in joy, and turned to the family, grunting loudly as she did and flapping both her arms and wings. ‘Bad’s gone!’

‘We... we did it?’

‘We *did* it?!’

‘He’s actually gone?’

‘He— We got rid of him?!’

‘Without God?!’

‘Without God!’

‘We did that!’

‘Yeah! We did that!’

A cheer of surprise and pride rose through the crowd, as they realised what they'd done, and that they'd done it *on their own*.

Maggie looked around, her eyes wide as she tried to get her bearings; though Ashdown didn't move to comfort her as Doll and Edmund reached her first. They knew her better, after all....

Fingers flicked his arm to get his attention, and he turned to Fourteen as she lowered her hands under the table to converse with him privately, out of sight of the others as they whooped and hugged and danced around in their relief of Vliv's departure.... Their ecstasy, of having stood up for themselves.

*'Now, if only they realised they could do that to Mori,'* Fourteen signed, much to Ashdown's (and Mr Chess') humour.

*'Maybe they will,'* Ashdown returned. *'Give them time to see the benefits of their choice, and it might give them the courage to be rid of the man.'*

It wasn't long before Singer trot back into the dining hall, looking like himself again. He was beaming, even prouder of himself than the adults that followed behind him and confirmed to the crowd:

*'He's gone! We chased him out both gates and halfway down the mountain! I don't think he'll be back any time soon!'*

A cheer went up, and Singer rushed over to where the little Chosen One poked at her food.

*'Did you see me!'* he asked the child as she grinned at him. *'Did you see me! Told you I was brave!'*

—END—

If you enjoyed reading, please consider supporting me and my work at  
**[cjadewyton.com](http://cjadewyton.com)**

~~~~~

*This publication is provided for free and may be redistributed as long as credit to the author is provided and no money is made from its distribution.*

*Permission to change this document to other ebook formats is given for the sole purpose of ereader compatibility.*

*This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.*

*No generative artificial intelligence was used in the writing of this work. Any use of this publication to train generative artificial intelligence technologies is expressly prohibited.*