It was no easy task to reach the Wardens of Earth. He'd waited for years, for the perfect moment of transition to begin on planet Dacwen, on planet Earth. Indeed he felt he'd waited lifetimes for this. To see this perfect entity be allowed it's freedom. He knew about living in a cage.

[Savil remembers who created the Demiurge. He made an argument to have them unleashed on more than one planet but was over ruled.]

Savil carried inside of him anger that he could not describe, nor release. It burned in his very blood and as he aged from small naive boy to man it grew. It was not a rage he wished to take out on any one person. He wasn't a murdered or a rapist or any of those foul things that plagued lesser species like Humans.

But he *was* furious. He had found no answer to his fury, the reason always slipping past him in his meditations as if it was something he was not meant to see. Like all emotion it needed an outlet. Savil found that outlet when he remembered the Demiurge. What they were. What they could do if given free reign. In that moment he saw what should become of worlds - enslavement to a higher being. [Savil needs a deeper reason for his motivations and fury. He is angry from being separated from Source, and now doesn't want to go back. He fears the cycle because he can never make the right choice in it and knows that eventually his soul will be destroyed. He fears true death. He wants the cycle to stop.] Dacwen's didn't deserve their claim on enlightenment anymore than human's did. It must be earned through sacrifice, through the suffering of the soul over and over again until it finally agreed to the contracts it had made. Planets NEEDED the Demiurge. Perhaps neither the Angels nor the Anunnaki would be such war torn disasters if they were bound too by such great power.

This, THEY would be his outlet. It was through the Demiurge that he would finally sate his rage and be at peace. By unleashing them on every world the gateways granted access too he would be fulfilling his own soul purpose.

The <librarian> had given him what he needed to find their space. To be granted acccess to a dimension that was built for the souls that wished to inhabit a <Dacwen word for shitty> planet like Earth.

The moment he appeared in the chamber a sense of unease crawled over him, stronger than the chill in the room. His clothes provided no protection against either, the cold seeping into his bones and filling his gut with an emotion he had not felt since he was a child; fear.

Despite the heaviness in his gut, he steeled his resolve and tried to look around the chamber if one could call it that. He could see nothing, even his Dacwen eyesight couldn't pierce the darkness. In the end he didn't have too. It was only in darkness, that you could see the Demiurge.

There was no way to describe them. Savil knew no words to fill his mind to translate the beings that slithered around him in the darkness, closing in on his space like vipers, ready to crush and devour him. He could feel their hunger. It was so much greater than his anger. Their hunger was overwhelming in force and he immediately became nauseous, a cold sweat latching onto his skin. His heart pounded so loud he could hear it, and everything inside of him wanted to run. Fast. To remake the door he'd punched through this dimension and leave it.

Savil's hands balled into fists. He did not fight his fear, he latched onto his anger. Still he had to swallow once, twice, before he found his voice and even then it shook. "I can free you."

The slithering stopped. He could feel them hovering, looking into him, through him in ways that felt like a violation and invasive and increased his nauseousness so much he feared he would vomit. He did not dare break the silence with more words, digging his fingernails so hard into his palm his knuckles ached, bile lodged in the back of his throat.

How.

Even the sound of their voices was an invasion - slamming into his skull so loudly he grimaced, reaching up to grab his head, his ears ringing after that one simple word, a migraine pounding into his temple. This was not a place for beings in a body. Still he pressed on, his breathing harder now -

"On my planet there is a device, if it's power was redirected towards Earth, the limits you are forced to abide would be broken and it would-"

Break this prison.

The words forced him down to one knee, both hands gripping his head as if that would protect him from their voice in his mind. He could feel something wet pool in his ears, the droplets of blood dripping down his neck, a muscle in his temple throbbing as the pain got worse.

Through their hunger he felt their... happiness? No. Savil didn't know what that feeling was slithering through their hunger but he knew they were pleased. That knowledge did nothing to abate the fear, instead it heightened it. He drew in a harsh breath. "Yes. And in exchange for your freedom I wish to make a deal."

He felt their attention on him again. He fought the urge to cower, to hide from the eyes, if he could even call them that, tearing into him in silence.

"Dacwen. The next planet you devour, will be Dacwen."

Silence again. He wanted to spit. The bile burned the back of his throat, his stomach churning, his clothes clinging to him like he had a fever even though the 'room' he was in was freezing.

Deal.

It rang in his mind louder this time. Savil cried out, unable to stop himself from hunching over, feeling as if some chain had just locked around him from the inside - binding him to them. The agreement he'd just made. He did not wish to read the fine print, to know what would befall him if he did not live up this end.

He gritted his teeth, searching again for his anger, latching onto it like his lifeline.

He would not fail. He would see his planet fall, his family in chains, ruin befalling their attempted perfect matriarchal <Dacwen word for bullshit>. No more would the Soul be allowed it's freedom unchecked.

In destruction, he would have peace. Through his pain, Savil smiled.