

THE
NECROMANCER
AND HIS
SERVANT

VANYA DIMOVA

The Necromancer and his Servant

Vanya Dimova

Copyright © 2025 by Vanya Dimova

All rights reserved.

No portion of this book may be reproduced without written
permission from the author.

Art and cover by Vanya Dimova



Socials:

Instagram:

@varekk

Artstation:

@varekk

Bluesky:

@varekk

Contact:

varekk@protonmail.com

Table of Contents

| | |
|--|----|
| Introduction | 5 |
| Chapter One:A request from the Order | 6 |
| Chapter Two: Astral Projection | 19 |
| Chapter Three: The Painter | 32 |
| Chapter Four: Death and Fire..... | 44 |
| Chapter Five: The Promise | 56 |
| Epilogue..... | 67 |
| The Old Gods..... | 76 |

Introduction

Imagine a world where wizards used guns. Said wizards were, in fact, the descendants of an eldritch demi-god, and the protagonists of this story were (arguably) as bad, if not worse, than the villains. This short story offers a small glimpse into this world and all the madness it has to offer.

Please enjoy.

Chapter One

A request from the Order

The Necromancer and his Servant

It was a quiet early morning at the town's local diner. The streets outside were enveloped by thick fog, making it hard to see anything more than a few blocks away. Small droplets formed on the windows as the first sun rays embraced the cold glass. At the crack of dawn, two figures emerged from the shadows, accompanied by a bell as the front doors swung open. The sound made all three people present at that hour turn their heads. They inspected the strangers with a questioning look in their eyes before quickly shifting their attention back to their newspapers.

What initially caught their attention was the woman clad in a long black dress, eyes like two green gems glistening behind her dark hair. She was very skinny, which gave a false promise to anyone unfortunate enough to test her strength. Her face had a permanent sad look to it, like a bird locked in a cage, with her upper lip almost standing in a pout. There were stitches around both of her arms, near the shoulders, which she often scratched when she felt uneasy.

The man next to her stood a head above; his face defined by sharp features, and his deep brown eyes spelled ignorance with a tint of apathy. His raven black hair, which reached the tip of his white collar, was tied back in a bun. He rarely let his bangs obscure his vision, which he needed to utilize to its full extent especially when he was on a mission. The linen shirt he was wearing fit tightly around his fit body. He wasn't wearing a tie. The three upper buttons stood undone, revealing a small fresh scar creeping on his collar bone, next to which hung the medallion of the old God he worshiped. Judging by the leather holster he was wearing, housing a revolver on the left side and a peculiar-looking blade on the right, one would guess that the man was working for the police, but their guess couldn't be further from the truth. However, the moment he embarked on this new adventure, his work took on a similar pattern to that of a detective.

The couple positioned themselves in the booth right next to the front door, near the blurry window. The moment they entered, the enticing aroma of lavender enveloped the entire premises, harmonizing with the delightful scents of freshly made pancakes and coffee.

“Why are we here, master?” asked the woman, turning towards her companion. Her voice was quiet and timid, she rarely spoke a word to anyone but him.

“Call me by my name when we are around other people,” he told her with a glare, in a tone as strict as the one of a history professor, with an unusual depth for a person in his mid-twenties.

“I’m sorry, master... I mean, Andrzej,” she quickly corrected herself.

“We got a job request by none other than the Order.” His frown suddenly shifted into a slight smile. “They must have been truly desperate, having to contact a necromancer.” He pulled out his phone, showing an article about recent attacks by an arsonist. None of them could be traced back to any living persona. One of the photos in the article displaying the supposed culprit depicted a man in tatters with a sunken face more fit for a zombie than a living person.

“You think this is an evil spirit?” the woman asked as she zoomed in to take a closer look at the image, although the sight wasn’t particularly pleasant to stare at.

“I don’t like jumping to conclusions just yet, but with the way he continuously escapes mortal injuries, I have more than enough proof to think he’s been resurrected.” Andrzej leaned back on his seat, grabbing the bridge of his nose as if he was fighting off a headache. The voices were ringing in his ears like an irritating cacophony of sounds and whispers, making him curse the fact that he was born with the affinity for necromancy, which enabled him to see the lingering souls of the dead. He continued with an exasperated sigh: “Do you know

The Necromancer and his Servant

how to kill an undead?”

“Crush the soul crystal embedded in their chest,” she recited, her fingers unconsciously tracing the scar hidden beneath the soft fabric of her dress.

“Indeed, and remember that fact well, Nami, because if that crystal breaks, I won’t be able to resurrect you a second time.” He crossed his arms, giving her a stern look. “Now, there are actually two more ways: to kill the necromancer who resurrected them, or dispel the spirit using this—”

The man pulled the knife from his holster, carefully placing it on the wooden table. The blade was forged with a special kind of alloy by the Order with the sole purpose of exorcising bodies possessed by evil spirits. The handle was comprised of six circular shapes with equal size which had holes in them, making it easy for the user to slide their fingers in and get a better grip. The weapon was known as an “Exorcist’s Knife”, and it was issued to all members of the Order as an item of utmost necessity when it came to killing evil spirits.

“Why would the exorcists want to work with us?” asked Nami, her tone devoid of all emotion as it often was, no matter the subject.

“Perhaps the attacker could be another sorcerer. It’s rare to see one in the human world, but not impossible.”

“When will we get back to our usual work?”

“We will, in time,” said Andrzej, flicking his lighter open to light another cigarette. He nearly smoked half the pack before they arrived at the diner. The smell of nicotine was one of the only things that could temporarily cull the voices. “Lately, we haven’t got many clients anyway. At this rate, I’ll be pushing thirty before I can finally get the money to finish my stupid medical degree.” He furrowed his eyebrows in annoyance, continuing his rant. “I can do a better job than any other surgeon out there. I only lack the credentials.”

He felt a slight relief after exhaling a big cloud of smoke.

As it dispersed before reaching the ceiling, everything became a little quieter. The man was used to the feeling of having his lungs stained with tar ever since the ripe age of ten when he was adopted by the woman he only referred to as his ‘teacher’. She never once showed him any motherly affection, her focus instead being entirely set on teaching him all she knew about necromancy, even if it came at the cost of him resenting her for it. Not that he expected even the slightest bit of warmth from her. That woman had a heart colder than the nether regions of Antarctica. She didn’t even bother giving him an explanation before vanishing without a trace as soon as he turned eighteen. The only remnants he had left from her were his scar and the pendant of Edmon, which still hung around his neck to this very day.

He puffed another cloud, his brain trailing back to those unpleasant memories of his so-called ‘childhood’. The chain of thoughts was broken by the ringing of his phone, which was still resting in Nami’s hands.

“Who is *Szalona Suka*¹?” his servant asked before having the device promptly ripped off of her fingers.

“No one, just ignore it,” said Andrzej after putting the phone away, his face twisting in a grimace. “Now, listen closely. In case it’s not an evil spirit but just a regular old asshole who decided to stir up some trouble, I don’t want you to kill him. We’re not murderers. Once we capture him, we’ll hand him over to the Order and let them decide his fate.”

The necromancer had a scrupulous rule against killing. One would think that for someone who was able to revive the dead, taking a human life wouldn’t be something to stress over, but that wasn’t the case at all. The process of putting the soul back into a person’s body severed the connection to the after-life. It could leave their life essence lingering in the mortal realm until the end of time. Trapped in purgatory with no way

1 crazy bitch

The Necromancer and his Servant

out.

Still, the majority of humans willingly chose to ignore that fact, for there was no greater pain than losing a loved one. They were ready to pay whatever price may come to press the reset button and once again meet the warm embrace of their friend, relative, or lover. Even when that price didn't come at their expense. The concept of a world beyond the mortal realm was too abstract for their simple minds to comprehend. They were each warned about the dangers of resurrection, but rarely backed away from their decision once they made it. The overwhelming amount of grief often swayed their judgment.

It was the duty of all necromancers to warn their clients before making the deal, as it was their moral obligation to kill their abomination in the case of the ritual failing. With even the slightest miscalculation, they could potentially summon the soul of an evil spirit instead of the one intended for the person's body. That was a lesson Andrzej had the misfortune to learn the hard way.

He fidgeted with the silver lighter in his hand, tracing his thumb upon the embossed picture of a bonfire. He could still see the translucent silhouettes of the ghosts in the diner and tried his best not to make any eye contact before lighting another cigarette.

"Excuse me, sir, you cannot smoke here." The voice of a middle-aged woman in a wrinkled white apron pulled him out of his reverie.

"My apologies." He gave her a glance after which he pressed the ignited tip of his smoke against his forearm. Naturally, the waitress batted an eye to his strange gesture, but that didn't bother him in the slightest. His eyes traced back to his companion, who sat there motionless, waiting for her master's command. "Let's get outside."

Nami answered with a nod. If a person didn't know any better, they could say she had a certain number of words she

was allowed to use per day. It wasn't because she was shy; she simply had little to no desire to talk to anyone, and even with Andrzej, most of her speech would comprise short sentences, or she would answer either with a single word or a simple sign.

The cold breeze left her skin riddled with goosebumps once they left the building and ventured upon the empty streets. Not a single block away, there was something that immediately caught the attention of the necromancer—the charred remains of a burnt RV. More than half of the roof was missing. The vehicle was surrounded by tiny black shards of its broken windows. The tires had practically merged with the rims, leaving a melted blob of rubber upon the ash-stained asphalt. There, near the remains of whatever was left from the broken door, which rested a few feet away from the entrance, was a light figure pacing back and forth. The pale, ragged face was covered in suds. With each step, the man faded in and out like an apparition, only held back by the particularly cruel way he met his demise.

A bittersweet smile lightened Andrzej's face as they walked closer.

“On second thought, it might be beneficial to talk to the ghosts for a change,” he said to himself before facing the man, who was too busy wallowing in his misery to take notice of the two strangers in front of him. “Hey, you!” The necromancer raised his voice, snapping his fingers to get his attention.

“You can see me?” The ghost gasped in bewilderment. The whites in his eyes gleamed like two beacons under his darkened features.

“Yes, yes.” Andrzej held his hand up, trying to keep the interaction brief and, at the same time, suppressing the urge to reach down his pocket and unconsciously lighting another cigarette. “My name is Andrzej Grzeskowiak, and this is my assistant, Nami. We're here to inquire you about your moment of death. Can you give us some details about what happened?”

The Necromancer and his Servant

What was the last thing you remember?”

“I’m Allen. Are you guys detectives? How are you two able to see me?” the ghost squeaked.

“Only I am, she can’t see you. Good for her,” said the necromancer, rolling his eyes. “Now, if you don’t mind, let us ask the questions. What did you see?”

“I-I...” Allen stammered, trying to collect his thoughts of the previous night. It all happened in the blink of an eye. He was still submerged in the land of dreams before he found himself engulfed in flames, his body contorting from the scorching heat. “I must have died in my sleep. I was feeling this terrible burning sensation, and when I opened my eyes, I witnessed my own body being turned into a flambé. Everything I owned burned down. Everything...” He felt the urge to cry, but to his dismay in the state he was in, he wasn’t able to produce any tears.

“I take it you didn’t get the chance to see the culprit?” Andrzej sighed, completely dismissing the look of despair in his interlocutor’s eyes. “Is there anyone that might be after you? Enemies? Debt collectors? Vengeful lovers?”

“Not that I know of.”

“Anything in your possession that might spike the interest of an evildoer?”

“I don’t think s—” Allen stopped himself as if there was suddenly a light bulb firing on top of his head when his mind landed on a clue. “I found this small wooden box in the dusty attic of my previous job at a pawnshop. I didn’t think much of it at first, it had an interesting pattern on it, so I smuggled it before I was kicked out by that old hag of a manager. Later, when I got home in my RV and opened it, I found out that it contained a scroll covered in scribbles of some weird language.”

Andrzej raised an eyebrow. That last detail had largely piqued his interest. He rolled up his sleeve to reveal the tattoo of a sequence of symbols around his elbow.

“Did the scribbles look like this?”

“Yes, exactly. What language is that?” asked Allen, his eyes beaming with incisiveness at this strange coincidence.

It was the language of the old gods who ruled over the cosmos since the beginning of time. The sheer invocation of their true name held immense power, but there was no one left to remember it or be able to recite it till the end without descending into madness.

One of these primordial beings—Rhea—was able to combine each letter of their true names and construct an alphabet, which, to this day, the magicians use to craft their spells. With this act, she became known as the goddess of the runes. Legend has it that one day, she descended upon the Earth to initiate contact with humans and learn about their way of life. To blend in, she pretended to be one of them and, in time, even grew a liking to the hairless monkeys. She had spent eons admiring their progress, watching them as they built their cities, went to war, and discovered new lands. The young goddess was impressed by how quickly they developed their intelligence. Up until then, the sands of time fell unnoticed. To her, each grain was equal to an era.

After nearly a millennium, she decided to take her leave and return to her kind, but she couldn't. She had lost her halo centuries ago and, therefore, was unable to return home to the old Gods. She promised great treasures to anyone who was able to find it, and to her astonishment, the young man who brought the priceless relic to her asked for her hand instead. The two fell in love, and the product of their marriage resulted in a child named Edmon—the first demigod. His children became the first sorcerers.

It was a story humans had long forgotten, and magicians made great efforts to keep it that way.

“I can't tell you the origins of this language,” said Andrzej as he rolled down his sleeve. His teacher told him to avoid shar-

The Necromancer and his Servant

ing such information with ordinary folk. The mere existence of magic posed a threat to the fragile mind of mankind. It was for their own good to not stick their noses where they didn't belong. "The box and its contents, I suppose there are no traces of them, are there? We'll be taking a look at whatever's left of your home now. Hope you don't mind." He lit a cigarette, effectively putting an end to the conversation, and after showing the lighter back in his pocket, he turned to his companion and tilted his head, gesturing her to follow him.

"Who are you people?" Allen asked, still unable to determine how the man could see him.

"I'm a necromancer, and she's an undead working for me." He turned his gaze towards Nami.

"Wait, does that mean you can revive me? I have a family, my daughter; I haven't seen her in months. How would she react if she learned her father died in such a sudden and horrible way? You must help me!"

"Sure thing, do you have ten thousand dollars lying around?" Andrzej asked with a bit of irony in his voice, knowing full well that someone like him couldn't cough up this amount of money even while he was still alive.

"Ten thousand?!" the ghost repeated, befuddled, thinking, or perhaps hoping that he didn't hear right.

"They say you can't put a price on a life, but that's how much I charge per resurrection."

"This is absurd!" he protested.

His voice was already beginning to fade, drowned by the fumes of nicotine. There was no point in pouting and bargaining. The only thing he could do now was sit quietly and wait for the reapers to take him.

Andrzej threw him one final glance before entering the RV. He could only see the faint edges of the ghostly silhouette.

"Believe me, you're better off this way," he muttered under his breath, exhaling a big cloud of grey smoke with which the

figure disappeared completely.



Everything inside the RV was either broken or crumbling apart. There was barely any space to move around without climbing on top of the decrepit furniture. It was as if a bomb had gone off, leaving the whole thing a mess.

There were traces of a strange black liquid, glistening in the morning rays of the early sunlight, that caught the necromancer’s attention. It was barely noticeable, hidden beneath the debris, completely out of reach. Their path was obstructed by the charred fridge and cabinets with doors swung open, making it even harder to make sense of their surroundings.

“Nami, I’ll need your help,” said Andrzej. “Could you move that stuff for me?”

“Of course, master.” She nodded, effortlessly pushing up the fridge to clear the way. Her skinny arms didn’t even tremble from the enormous weight that could easily give two men a run for their money trying to lift it.

She was made this way. Her muscle fibers were rebuilt and constructed from the ones of different mythical creatures before she began her new life as his servant, or as he preferred to call her in front of other people—his assistant.

The necromancer ran his fingers through the black liquid and held it closer to the light source for better observation. It had the same texture and viscosity of ink. If you looked closer, you could see minuscule gold particles floating in it, moving rapidly as if they had a mind of their own. The substance had a similar smell to petrol mixed with spices. It was warm to the touch as if it emitted heat on its own.

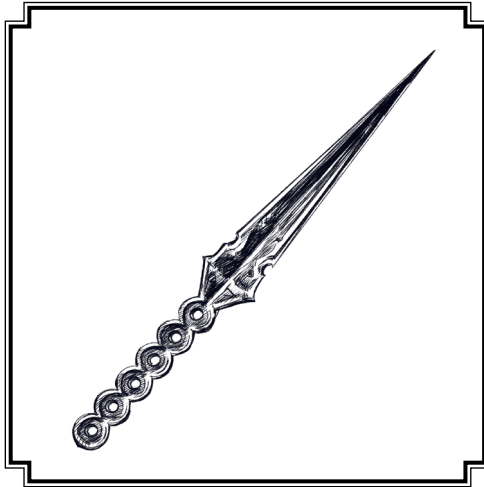
“What is this, master?” Nami asked, leaning closer to take

The Necromancer and his Servant

a better look.

“Dragon oil,” he said with a faint smile upon his discovery. “Novice pyromancers use it to cast their spells. This little piece of evidence confirms my suspicions. We’re not dealing with an evil spirit but a sorcerer.”

EXORGIST'S KNIFE



ITEM DESCRIPTION: A BLADE FORGED FROM A SPECIAL ALLOY BY THE ORDER FOR THE PURPOSE OF DISPELLING EVIL SPIRITS.