

[Adam C. POV]

I wasn't concerned.

At least not... completely.

I knew the guy was dangerous, despite the fact I couldn't feel his power, or presence at all, I knew this... bastard was powerful, that being said, I wasn't... too worried.

And now that I had released my Shikai, things would... even themselves out a bit.

"What... is this? What.... is this power...?!" The pale man shouted, his voice loud and shrill all of a sudden. I could see him, or pinpoint the origin of his voice, but he sounded... angry.

"Your end," I replied, cracking my neck, enveloping my body in an aura of healing Kido, as I used the power of Zanryuzuki to bend the very space around me, creating a safe zone around me.

I was basically ripping Gojo right now.

"yOu're... You... You'Re just... like me...." The pale man whispered, with a mix of shock and joy in his tone. "yOu're... You... You'Re just... like me.... JUST LIKE ME!"

"What do you mean," I asked, not really expecting an answer from a crazy person.

"I... I... I..." The pale man stuttered, seemingly unable to form a coherent sentence. "I've... never felt this before... the... but... noo, yes, no, of course! I hate it... hate it... hate it... I hate it... hate it... I HATE IT...!"

Just once, I would like to fight a mentally stable adversary.

"I HATE IT!" The pale man shouted, his voice growing deeper as he continued to scream in blind rage. "I HATE IT! I HATE IT! I HATE IT! I HATE IT! I HATE IT! I... HATEEE YOU!"

Paying his demented ravings, no heed, I raised my blade high and by channeling a vast quantity of power into a singular point, a singularity of pure darkness began to swirl at the tip of my blade.

A black hole.

If I couldn't see him.

I would simply attack in every possible direction.

He might have the power to make himself imperceptible to me, but that was the neat thing about fundamental forces, they don't need to perceive you.

Taking a deep breath, I swung my blade down, releasing the singularity at the ground, tearing the space around me, destroying everything in its path.

I waited, standing my ground, as the destruction continued, the sudden increase of gravity twisting the sight around me into a translucent vortex.

"It... hurts... it HURTS!" The pale man's screams were drowned out by the sound of destruction as the singularity continued to rip through the air. "STOP!!!"

I guess that did the trick.

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"Why... am I bleeding?" I muttered, looking at the wounds covering my body. Just... When exactly did I get hurt? And on that note, why is my Shikai released...? "The fuck is going on?"

As those thoughts crossed my mind, I felt something pierce my back, causing me to stumble forward.

Turning around, I came face to face with my attacker, a pale deformed bastard, missing an arm, his eyes filled with a mad glee.

"Who the fuck are you?" I spat, jumping a few steps back, wondering just where exactly he had come from. On that note, it was... very alarming he had managed to get so close to me, without me sensing him at all.

I narrowed my eyes at him, just now realizing something... I couldn't feel his presence at all. It was almost as if I was staring at the wind passing by, not a person.

I couldn't feel his magic power.

His intent.

Nothing.

For all of my senses, spiritual, and physical alike, it was as if he didn't exist.

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This feels... familiar.

I...

Never mind that, I need to focus on dealing with this pale bastard first.

**[The Raven - The Absolute Best Familiar In
the Whole Wide World Without a Doubt! -
POV.]**

I could feel my master getting hurt at the distance. Meaning he was fighting his foe, alone, without his flock, without his unkindness!

Whoever his enemy was, wasn't stronger than my master, not like there could be, of course, but his magic... felt off... whatever his powers were, he was affecting the mind of my master.

I could feel it... through our unbreakable connection.

The effects of this power were such that they were affecting me as well to an extent.

Not as much as my master, but enough to notice something was wrong.

"Through our eternal pact, grant me sight!" I squawked, my eyes glowing red, connecting my senses to that of my awesome master.

He was bleeding.

He was being cut... but there was no one attacking him.

No... wait, there was someone in front of him, a pale man... missing an arm.

"Why am I bleeding?" My master asked.

I growled, realizing what was happening.

A magic of old, one so vile, most consider it a curse, seeing the users can't ever fully control the effects of this magic. Out of sight, out of mind, the mark of the forsaken, the curse of the forgotten.

I haven't seen this since the era of dragons.

That wretched curse was created by humans in an attempt to fight the dragons, after all, if they can't remember who they were attacking, or what, they can't kill them.

Sadly, for everyone unfortunate soul involved, this curse worked better than intended.

Those marked by this... were cursed to be forever forgotten, forever invisible. They couldn't even interact with those who themselves had the mark, because they would simply forget each other.

Out of sight, out of mind.

"Master, hear my words!" I shouted, taking flight to his location. "You are under the effects of a curse! I can't tell you anything related about the curse, or its user because you will forget, so focus on my voice, and wait for me!"

The only reason I wasn't affected by the curse, despite being connected to my Master on a spiritual level, was thanks to the fact that... I didn't just have a single brain, I had a few thousand of them to spare, meaning I had more than... a few backups just in case.

A group of Ravens is called, an Unkindness of Ravens.

That was my name.

The Unkindness, The King and Legion as one.

I would prove my worth to my master today.

If the enemy was taking his memory, I would be his memory.

If the enemy was taking his sight, I would be his eyes!

That was my duty.

[Adam C. POV.]

I could feel... my familiar connecting with me on a deeper level, it felt... odd. I could feel as if I was flying, my mind in multiple places at once, but somehow at the same place.

"You hurt me... so... I will HURT YOU!"

Before my invisible attacker could honor his word, an unexpected rustle echoed through the forest behind the mill, shaking the foundations around us.

Emerging from the forest's dark heart, an enormous flock of ravens exploded into view, their feathers glistening black in the sparse moonlight.

Their ominous cries filled the silence, creating a chilling symphony that reverberated in the stagnant air.

Thousands of them streamed towards us, their wings fluttering like dark specters against the indigo sky. Their flight patterns chaotic, coalescing into a vortex, swirling around one singular point in a flurry of ink-dark feathers.

"I don't care that you're cursed, child," A deep voice resonated from the flock. "The destiny of those that dare to hurt my master, is absolute oblivion."

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That... was... my familiar?

As quickly as they had come, the ravens converged, and their bodies melded into one. They formed a giant raven, larger than anything I could have ever imagined.

Its feathers were darker than the deepest abyss, absorbing all light around it, making the creature seem like a void against the moonlit sky. The aura emanating from my familiar was

darker than anything I had expected to feel, filling the air with an oppressive force that threatened to consume everything.

His eyes were engulfed in fury, two orbs glowing with an intense red hue, fierce and unyielding, piercing the night with their infernal light.

My familiar opened its beak, and from it came a chilling screech that echoed through the dead forest. The eerie noise was a horrifying cacophony that sounded like the cries of lost souls, causing the ground beneath to tremble, and the tree branches to shake as if in terror.

"You have been wandering these lands for far too long, like a trapped rat in a twisted maze. Are you ready for your finale, worm? The symphony of your screams will be the crescendo. And as your fear tears you apart from the inside, I'll tear you apart from the outside. Your terror will be... exquisite."

"What... are... you..." The pale man asked, taking a step back, appearing out of nowhere.

"Your pleas for mercy will be the last sound you hear before the silence takes hold. But fear not, in the realm of shadows, you will never be alone again. I'll be there, waiting... always waiting. Until then, let's enjoy this dance of dread. The curtain for you has not yet fallen, and the night is far from over. I am your worst nightmare, and this is just the beginning."

...

I have... no words.

I'm honestly at a loss for words.

"Master, let's tear him apart, so that his eternal suffering truly begins."

I have so many questions right now.

But now it's not the time.

"Let's," I replied, ready to end the mind-fuck of a fight I had walked myself into.