

They finally made it to where the dead titan lay. Weeks of hardship had taken their toll. The travellers were all exhausted and sick, some at the brink of collapsing. Only four adventurers were left. Three had lost their lives on the way. No one had been here for centuries and the group now understood why.

But, they made it. The dead titan made up a hill side and was buried under eons upon eons of dirt and sand. Only the head of the corpse was visible. His mouth was half open. The group halted in the cave that was formed by it. Here they would meet the demon. Here they would change the course of history.

Gird, the scout, leaned against the inner part of the cave. "This wall is not made of stone," he cried a little shocked. "Is this thing still alive?"

"No, he died before time, as we know it, started. But titans don't decay as mortals do," Canan, the wizard, explained.

"And they don't always stay dead as you mortals do. So, hush hush!" From up upon the titan's head a voice called, which was sweeter than candy and more tempting than a cold beer on a hot summer day. "You'd better leave his mouth before he revives." The voice was now mocking more annoying than a swarm mosquitoes.

"Show yourself, fiend!" Agor, the fighter, bellowed. He had drawn his bastard sword and was scanning the rims of the cave.

A slim, beautiful woman jumped down. She landed with an unsettling ease while jumping down a couple of dozen feet. For a moment she stood there while her cloths adjusted itself to show just enough skin to lure, but not so much that people would lose control. She smiled a smile that could melt the coldest heart of the frostiest frost giant.

"You people are way out of your league." Her beautiful face clouded in an instant. "I could take all your souls before you could say Xaerenthoulantismas."

All the members of the group looked at her with a totally puzzled look. "What?"

"Xaerenthoulantismas! Don't you people wash your ears. Do I need to say it again?"

"Euhm," Agor was baffled, "Yes?" "Xaerenthoulantismas!!"

Canan was searching his memory for this strange name. It sounded very familiar. He couldn't figure it out. It sounded important. Why would she say that? Canan seriously wanted to know what it meant. "Who did you say?" "Hahaha, dumb asses! Xaerenthoulantismas!!!"

A rumble and a shiver went through the hill. Gird jumped out of the cave, but Sharian, the priestess, and Canan were knocked over. "Erm, eh, fighter! Come on! Take my hand!" Gird yelled annoyed he didn't remember the name. Agor did manage to keep to his feet, but was not able to do anything else. At the end of the cave an opening formed and within seconds a storm wind sucked everyone in the cave into the opening. Their screams were hardly audible.

The demon had long before all this happened teleported to a safe distance. She was watching all that happened with great satisfaction.

"That just was too easy! Xaerenthoulantismas! Hear me!!"

The titan stopped with getting up and the eye he just opened gazed at the tiny creature.

"Xaerenthoulantismas!! Arg!" The demon stopped in the midst of her sentence. She watched the longblade that had been driven through her chest. "A demon slaying knife? Really? You dumb mortal, you own a titan now." the demon mumbled and then she vanished in a blaze of brimstone fire.

And there the scout, Gird, stood with his glowing longblade full of demon blood and a gargantuan titan watching him motionless. The course of history was surely changed. Gird looked up to the gargantuan monster, who was waiting for instructions from his new master. "Master?" it bellowed with a voice like an upcoming thunderstorm.

His master looked back with a shocked and desperate look. Gird now was the mightiest human to have ever lived, if only he could have remembered the name of the titan.