Within the confines of the meeting room in the queen’s castle, the council members of Endo, the nation of the West, sat silently. They knew what the queen was doing and neither had anything to say to each other. Well, all except for Sin, who had some bourbon in a glass. She touched the rim of her glass, the alcohol bursting in flames within the glass. It was almost like someone had created a small campfire within the glass. Vinta saw this and shook her head.

“If the others were still alive, they’d scold you for your bad habit of lighting things.” Onyx said.

“So? They are not here, therefore I will do as I please.” Sin said.

She stopped the red flames and drank the bourbon, coughing a bit afterwards. It was hot. This made Vinta stifle a laugh, Anrati chuckling as well. Sin looked to everyone in the room angrily, this serious look turning to a small smile.

“How long has it been since we’ve been in this room, together and having a drink?” Anrati asked.

“Too long. Far too long.” Oden said.

“You think it was unnecessary to create the entire temple to allow ourselves to be resurrected?” Onyx asked.

The man put his glass to his lips, drinking.

“What reason did we have to create that?” Vinta asked.

“To instill fear. Also, so that the right people would find us.” Sin said.
“Well, what was to stop a human with common sense to put the right pieces in the right places?” Anrati asked.

Sin then thought for a moment, looking at Anrati in some form of frustration. It was Sin who had even suggested the puzzle in the first place long ago. It was only when they were resurrected that they realized that it was useful. Now, it felt almost useless. Almost. It would’ve been if certain people hadn’t done the proper research to even know of their existence. Onyx then laughed, chocking on his drink. Sin then had the sadistic thought of igniting all the alcohol in his breath. She wouldn’t, as Onyx was a vengeful person. The woman would simply reach for the bottle on the table and pour herself another glass.

“Does your pupil still lack the ability to take one’s life?” Oden asked Anrati.

“I thought we were past this.” Sin commented, frustration in her voice.

“She will do it.” Anrati said.

“Will she? The instance of hesitation spells death for everyone, including herself. She’s great at shooting arrows, right? She needs to kill, like a hunter. Do you see the others? They are ruthless. Mine is still is young, but he understands what needs to be done.” Sin said.

Anrati sighed, shaking his head at the woman. It had been years and yet, she never changed. She wanted to leave the room but remembered that they were here to wait for the queen to speak to her. The man looked to Nockris.

“When is the queen returning? How long should doing this take?” Anrati asked.

“Not long. Shall we split and check on her, old friend?” Onyx asked.

“Of course.” Anrati said with a smile.

“But of course, you wouldn’t see her without me being here, no?” A deep voice spoke.
All the council members looked to the entrance of the room, the masked man, Reven, standing next to the door. He curiously tilted his head to its side. They prepared to stand up, Sin and Oden standing first, taking caution.

“Because that would be incredibly rude.” Another voice said.

Onyx and Anrati looked to their right, seeing Ixzys stand up, crossing his arms. The two saw the man grin, the very same grin that he made thousands of years ago, when he had slaughtered all of them. The man remembered this vividly and still grinned in the same way.

“Ixzys!” Oden said.

The man didn’t hesitate and appeared at the man’s side with a knife to his neck, the man ready to attack. Ixzys was quicker than the man and to him, he could see everything that Oden would do in that short second. It was like watching a film in slow motion. The man chuckled and then laughed while his arms were crossed and then sighing loudly.

“I am sorry to have to repeat this again, but I know that you all would disturb the conversation that the queen must have with me. I thought I had killed all of you, yet the five of you are still alive…I’m curious.” Ixzys said.

“How are you here? The gate should’ve held you!” Onyx asked.

“Your friend, Joshua? He had more than enough ways that were able to bypass the barrier. Now I am here, and it is time for war…” Reven said.

Sin had enough of this and sighed softly, drinking the rest of everything in her glass and putting it down on the table. She hated betrayal and thought of Joshua for a moment. She wanted to break the glass she had just held in his face. He most likely did it for family, possibly fearful from a threat that Ixzys sent. Angered, the woman slowly turned her body, lifting her leg, a flurry of red flames circling around her. She moved quickly, kicking
Ixzys through the meeting room walls. The woman then lunged though the hole, going after him.

“Vinta, Oden, aid me!” The woman shouted.

There was no hesitation, all the council members working together to defeat this duo. Reven stood in front of the last two council members remaining in the room. Anrati smirked, putting one hand in front of him and putting his left foot facing Reven, the other foot placed firmly behind him. Anrati slammed his left foot down, the concrete and stone from the castle forming spikes as tall as the man. Onyx put his hand towards the spikes made of earth and closed his fist.

The earth then broke up into small pebbles. Onyx then put the same hand forward quickly and forcefully, the pebbles flying at Reven quickly. Reven then moved to the side, jumping backwards and opening the doors behind him. The masked man quickly ran to the right, the pebbles flying through the doorway and walls, Reven running and using his blade to deflect the pebbles. The pebbles quickly stopped, Anrati coming through the wall, grabbing Reven by the neck and slamming him into another wall. The man then picked him up with two hands and threw him onto the ground, the quartz floor cracking. Reven shook in pain, the man’s blade falling from his hand. Reven reached for it, Anrati kicking it away.

“God made us in his image, from the dust of the earth. Now...return to the earth!” Anrati shouted.

The man took his hand and raised it high above his head, jumping up a few inches off the ground and slamming his fist downwards, green energy coming from the cracks of the quartz floor when his fist made contact with the floor. However, this was the floor and not Reven’s body. Anrati looked at the ground in confusion and felt a presence behind him, the man jumping to his side.
“Onyx!” The man shouted.

Onyx walked forward from the meeting room with a smirk, putting his hands up, making everything around him heavier. A dark violet energy filled the room, the legs of the chairs and table cracking and breaking, the quartz ground cracking as well. Anrati was not crushed under this weight, Onyx doing this only in the nearby areas as to not affect the other council members’ battle. However, Onyx could not detect Reven.

“Have you found him?” Anrati asked.

“No…he’s hidden himself. I’m not sure where or how. Stay vigilant. I can only slow down his movements for so long.” He replied.

The two stood back to back, Nockris’ gravity field being lifted, the man suddenly groaning and falling to the ground in a puddle of his own blood. Anrati was surprised and turned Onyx over on his back, healing him quickly. He didn’t understand what had just happened but knew who exactly was responsible. There was a large wound that would’ve caused the man’s insides to fall out if Anrati hadn’t noticed. Onyx laughed a bit, standing up with his friend’s help. Reven then came through the wall, the material of the wall seemingly turning and creating a hole in which he passed through. He sighed through his mask, seemingly dissatisfied.

“This is a dire circumstance…” Onyx said.

“Can you keep going?” Anrati asked.

At that moment, Reven then opened his hands, dark orbs forming in the air and pulsating softly.

“Like we have a choice?” Onyx chuckled.