

Xeiymo closed his eyes in hope that the tears would stop falling from his eyes.

Mare.

She didn't deserve what happened to her. She died not only once, but twice. Once from Lapsus, and second from his own hands. Even with his eyes closed, he couldn't escape her gaze. That last look she gave him was so loaded with emotion. Emotions he couldn't understand.

He was still holding onto the bone spear. He gripped it harder in order to ground himself. He still had to confront Echo. Now was not the time to stand still. Nodding to himself he opened his eyes...

Or at least he thought he opened his eyes. He blinked. He blinked again. He could feel himself blinking but he couldn't see anything.

"Oh Mare! Have I gone blind?!" he exclaimed. Did Mare curse him in her final breaths? No, Mare didn't seem like the type to do that, so what was the deal?!

Before Xeiymo could truly lose his mind, he saw a flicker of light.

"Ah!"

He started bookin towards it. Not a jog, but a full blown sprint. He wanted out of the darkness, he needed something to distract him from Mare. But if he found Echo here, would he fight? Xeiymo thought back and he felt like there was potentially another way to handle that? Another way to bring these gods to peace.

'But what could I do? It's not like they can spea-'

His thoughts were cut off as his newfound paws got tangled up in roots, effectively tripping him and causing him to fall **hard** onto the ground. He even slid along the ground for a bit due to all his built up momentum.

He laid there for a moment thinking about all his life choices... because what the fuck is even going on?! Weregrems, fighting Dead gods, weird winged grems.. it's too much!

He grumbled all sorts of profanities as he pushed himself back onto his feet. Looking around now he saw white grass and what looks to be a dead tree glowing ethereally. That tree was definitely a symbol for something long forgotten by now. He walked towards it as his mind burned with questions.

crek~

Xeiymo was pulled from his thoughts as he heard a small yet subtle sound. The environment hardly moves on its own which meant that there was something else here. Something that he hadn't yet seen.

He sensed them before he saw them. Void creatures much like the one that attacked him at the bridge. Rage boiled inside of him wanting him to fight, but the s at the end of creatures implies that there are more than one. In fact there were a lot more than one. There were many.

They circled him as he walked closer to the tree. They weren't attacking. They were watching and snarling at him though.

With Xeiymo's head being filled with the thoughts of Mare and this new place, he hadn't even realized that this place bore no sound. Besides his own breathing and running, it was silent. Well.. not anymore considering all the beasts filling the airspace with their sound pollution.

Looking back towards the tree, he noticed that it wasn't really a tree. It connected to the ceiling and the floor with light pulsing rhythmically out of it. It felt like the only alive thing within this place besides himself. Xeiymo wondered if this was the last remnant of Echos domain. Was this like a Vagus Nerve or was it just symbolic?

He was so lost in thought he hadn't noticed the large God descending. Echo stared at Xeiymo, noticing how his eyes had glazed over. A telltale sign that one was lost within their own mind. Echo stood there still as death as to not disturb the young weregrowl.

After about 5 minutes Xeiymo snapped out of it. His eyes locked onto Echo, and Echo's gaze had been locked onto Xeiymo for a while now. Even the shadow creatures were silent.

'He had all this time to attack me, and he didn't. Why? Why not end it while I wasn't paying attention?'

Xeiymo could only question. He knew asking out loud would be meaningless so instead he resumed walking towards Echo and what Xeiymo presumes to be a large Vagus Nerve.

He only had his eyes on the God.

And the God returned his gaze.

Echo's body had wrapped around the nerve, his body tense. Xeiymo looked down at his right hand and realized he was still holding onto the bone spear. Slowly he put it down, his eyes never leaving Echo. He noticed that Echo's body relaxed quite a bit after he'd placed down the spear.

'Perhaps I could end this without a fight.'

Xeiymo was very close to the God and the nerve. Echo moved his body just enough to allow a hand through. He said nothing, but his gaze was now heavy with expectation.

Xeiymo flexed his hand. He didn't necessarily want to touch the glowing nerve, but if that meant he didn't have to fight Echo like he did Mare...

Xeiymo placed his palm onto the nerve, and instantaneously he was viewing what Echo had before and after his death. A lush forest, inventions on tables, ideas written on tablets, interactions with the other Gods, and the pain of betrayal.

Lapsus.

The name of the one who murdered Mare and slaughtered Echo. The one would kill his friends for an ounce of power. He then enslaved their remnants to do his bidding.

Xeiymo hadn't realized he wasn't viewing Echo's memories anymore and that Echo was viewing his instead. He saw the boring life Xeiymo had lived until now, the lack of motivation and will. Just a soul drifting throughout space trying to find its way. Echo was surprised to see Mare within the growl's memories, and saddened to see her death.. again. Normally seeing something like this again would drive Echo into a fit of rage, but when he saw and felt Xeiymo's own pain and regret, he let it go.

Pulling himself out of Xeiymo's mind, he saw the growl staring at him with sorrow in his eyes.

"I'm sorry.."

Xeiymo's voice was hoarse with barely contained emotions.

"I'll avenge both you and Mare. After what he did to you, he deserves no forgiveness."

Echo understood his emotions greatly. Lapsus betrayed them. Why? Was it truly just for power? Echo will never know.

"Rest now, I'll deal with the rest."

Echo's form started to crack and the space before them began to vibrate. Before he would truly die, Echo created something for Xeiymo, something that should hopefully help him in battle with Lapsus. Echo summoned Xeiymo's bone spear. It was still filled with Mares essence.. After viewing Xeiymos battle with her, Echo concluded that gauntlets would be a better fit for the weregrowl, and thus from the bone spear, he created bone gauntlets. Both gauntlets were heavy and imbued with both Mares and Echos essence. Black and bone white, they were beautiful. A fitting last creation for the God of Invention and Self Reflection.

Echo managed a small smile before the cracks became too much and he dissipated like something akin to dust. Even the shadow beasts and the nerve had disappeared as well.

Xeiymo was left in the darkness with only the glowing of the gauntlets lighting the space around him.