

(Warning: Contains F/F facesitting and fart torture)

(Loose follow-up to Hecate's Hex)

"Return to shadow now!" Melinoe shouted mere moments before death could take her. Another attempt, another failure. This one had been at the hands (more like claws really) of the sirens guarding Oceanus' exit. But despite this setback, Melinoe remained determined as ever to slay Chronos and reunite with her family.

Though perhaps not before taking a much needed dip in the hot springs. Perhaps with Dora this time? She wasn't exactly jumping to spend more time with Hecate and Nemesis as of late due recent experiences with them which had been *unpleasant*, to say the least.

But before Melinoe could pick herself up and give it another go, she was surprised to find an unexpected guest waiting for her at the Crossroads. With her black wings, vibrant clothes, pixie cut, and mischievous smirk, Melinoe immediately recognized her guest as none other than Eris - Strife Incarnate. A daughter of Nyx who certainly lived up to her title.

"Heyya Trouble~!" Eris leaned against one of the many stones outside of Melinoe and Dora's tent and winked. "Y'know, it's pretty rude to keep your guests waiting. I've been standing here for like, 5 whole minutes! Would it really have killed you to die sooner?"

"What do you want, Eris?" Melinoe sighed. Normally she had time to prepare herself before conversing with the troublesome goddess, but this time Eris had seen fit to barge into her personal chambers uninvited. "I'm in no mood for your games."

"Aw, what's the matter? Rough night?" She pouted with mock sympathy. "Is that brine I smell from Oceanus, or from you being so damn *salty*?"

"I'm not going to dignify that with a response." Melinoe rolled her eyes as she stepped towards the exit. "Now if you'd excuse me..."

"Hey, hold on a sec!" Eris' playful smile faded. "I've actually got something important I need to ask you. As a friend."

"A friend?" Melinoe scoffed. "Well, you must have me confused with another Melinoe then, as I've made quite plain my feelings regarding your constant attempts to provoke and hinder me. Now if you don't mind..." She attempted to force her way past, but was stopped by Eris outstretching her wing.

"Please, I just need a teensy-tiny little favor from you! I wouldn't ask if it wasn't important!" She quivered her lip and put on the most innocent puppy-dog eyes she could manage. "If I keep this problem bottled up for any longer, I feel like I could explode!"

Melinoe hesitated. She knew in all likelihood that Eris' earnestness was merely performative, and that she'd almost certainly regret not leaving while she had the chance. But on the slim odds Eris was being genuine, she didn't want to be the one to turn her away.

Despite everything, Melinoe still held out hope that Eris might one day better herself. So going against her gut feeling telling her to keep walking, she halted. "...Very well. Tell me the problem, and I'll do what I can to help." Knowing Eris would undoubtedly take advantage of such open-ended wording, she quickly added: "Within reason, of course."

"Aw, you really mean that? Promise?"

"...Yes." Melinoe sighed. "Just... *please* don't make me regret this."

"Thanks babe, you're the best!" Melinoe blushed as Eris leaned forward and kissed her cheek. She was well aware that this flirting was just another game for the mischievous goddess, but it still flustered her all the same.

"...Yes, well." Melinoe awkwardly cleared her throat and wiped Eris' lipstick from her cheek. The last thing she needed was Dora gossiping that they were a couple. "You said the matter was time sensitive?"

"Uh-huh!" Eris nodded eagerly. "So you know that cyclops jerky I like to snack on?"

"You mean the same jerky whose wrappers you litter about for others, namely me, to clean up? Why yes, Eris, I *am* aware."

"Great!" Eris grinned. "Well see, as much as I love them; *they* don't exactly love my stomach. Whenever I eat some, I get a bit gassy. And by "a bit", I mean very. And absolutely awful smelling too. Like, I'm talking "peel the bark off trees" level of-

"I get the picture." Melinoe interrupted, already regretting having agreed to help. "So what, you want me to help relieve your indigestion? Is that it?"

"See babe, I knew you were the right one to ask about this!" Eris smiled. "You *really* get me!"

"Let me assure you - I very much do not 'get' you, Eris. But all the same, I appreciate you reaching out to me. Most would be too embarrassed to open up about this particular problem."

Melinoe smiled - hoping that her amicability might have a civilizing effect on Strife herself. "It makes me happy knowing you trust me to help with such a sensitive matter. And going forward, I hope you'll consider coming to me with any other problems you might-"

"Whoa, ease up babe!" Eris took a step back and held out her hands. "You're coming on a bit strong, don't you think?"

Melinoe blinked rapidly. "I'm... what?"

"I just need a little something to make my tummy feel better; doesn't mean I also need you trying to get in my pants! Not that I'm wearing any, but still." Eris lowered her voice to a playful whisper. "I mean, I'm flattered and all... but what would people say if someone walked in on us? Could you *imagine* the scandal?"

"What?! I was being sincere, not trying to-!" Melinoe shook her head and refocused, determined not to fall prey to another of Eris' pranks. "Not funny, Eris."

Unsurprisingly, Melinoe's reprimands only served to further encourage Eris. She cleared her throat and began to shout loud enough for the entire Crossroads to hear. "WHAT'S THAT, BABE? YOU WANT TO LICK ME *WHERE*? BUT I HAVEN'T EVEN CLEANED DOWN THERE SINCE- *MPH!*"

"Silence!" Melinoe lunged forward and covered Eris' mouth with her spectral hand. A hand which Eris, with zero hesitation, promptly bit. While it might not have been made of flesh, it still hurt all the same.

"Ow! You accursed...!" The princess of the underworld grit her teeth and seethed silently. *Unbelievable... She asks for my help, yet still has the audacity to treat me like this! And I'm fool enough to help her anyways!* She pinched the bridge of her nose. *Ugh, I knew this was a mistake...*

"Huh, so *that's* what that tastes like..." After spitting out a glob of ectoplasmic arm, Eris smiled proudly at having so effectively gotten under Melinoe's skin. "Also, accursed what? I already have fun nicknames for you, *Trouble*; only seems fair that you have some for me too! Though just a heads up - Nemesis already has dibs on just about anything with profanity in it."

"I'll just stick to your given name, thank you very much." Melinoe inspected her hand and grimaced. While the ghostly green shell had already reformed, it seemed Eris had chipped one of her hand bones.

"Aw, sorry babe!" Eris pouted with blatant insincerity. "It's just... when you forced yourself on me like that, I thought that was your way of saying you were into playing rough! You should really be more careful about giving a girl mixed signals like that in the future!"

"...Let's just cure your stomach problems and be done with it." Melinoe sighed deeply. "I know of the perfect draught that will-"

"A draught? What, like *medicine*?" Eris stuck out her tongue and scrunched her face. "Ew, no way, babe! That stuff tastes gross! What else you got?"

"FINE." Melinoe's eye twitched in frustration. "How about a pill then? That way you won't have to taste-"

"Ugh, and risk choking to death? Nuh-uh." Eris paused for a moment in thought. "Unless it's one of those pills that goes up my ass, in which case..." She turned around, lifted the back of her dress, and bent over - mooning Melinoe. Evidently, but unsurprisingly, Eris had opted to go commando.

"I'm a bit tight back there though, so I'm gonna need a bit of help getting it up there! All you have to do is loosen me up a bit with your tongue! Kinda gross, but hey, that's what friends are for!" Eris looked at Melinoe through her legs and winked. "...Right babe? I *promise* I'll try not to fart in your mouth!"

"No." Melinoe replied flatly, averting her gaze from Eris' spread cheeks until Eris grew bored and stood back up. Under other circumstances she might've been tempted to peek at the troublesome (yet alluring) goddess' perky backside, but given Eris self-admitted flatulence... No. Just no.

"Tch, you're no fun..." Eris scoffed. "What else you got then?"

"If you aren't willing to take any medicine, then *perhaps* you ought to consider eating something other than junk food?" Melinoe crossed her arms. "We may be gods, but even our physiology has its limits."

"Ugh, sounds boring. No way." Eris was quiet a moment before smiling wide. "Hey... Since all your ideas suck, how about we try one of mine?"

"Very well..." Melinoe sighed. *Whatever gets her out of my hair faster at this point...* "What do you propose then? *Enlighten me* with your wisdom."

"See, the thing is babe... I don't actually mind farting. In fact, it's pretty fun! Especially when I get to make someone else smell it, or let out a silent one and blame someone else! These wings are *great* for wafting the stench!" She giggled deviously. "The only problem is *I* have to smell them too! Sure, I can just let one rip then fly away, but that gets tiring after a while."

"...What exactly are you getting at, Eris?" Melinoe frowned apprehensively.

"What if you let me sit on your face and inhaled my farts for me until my stomach felt better?" Eris smiled proudly at her idea. "That way I don't have to smell them, and better yet, I also get to enjoy watching you get all grossed out! Shouldn't take more than, let's say... a few hours."

"...I honestly don't know what I expected from you." Melinoe sighed. "Now get out of my way, Eris, and go bother someone else. Some of us actually have important things to do - none of which involve *you*."

"Ouch, babe!" Eris clutched her chest. "Those feet might be hot, but you're cold as ice!"

"Yes, well, it seems I take after my grandmother in that regard." Melinoe rolled her eyes. "Now stand aside."

"Yeah, the thing is babe..." Eris took a step forward and smirked. "I wasn't asking. See, you made a vow to help me, right? Like the vow Hecate made which allows all of Nyx's children to come here whenever we want. That means you *have* to lie down and swallow my farts for me!"

"Wha-?!" Melinoe nearly choked on her own spit before regaining her composure. "That's not how vows work, Eris! First of all, it takes more than an offhand remark to create a binding pact! Secondly, I specifically said I'd help you *within reason*. I proposed several sensible solutions, and you rejected each of them for entirely vapid reasons. What is and isn't reasonable is not up to your sole discretion! The world does not revolve around *you*!"

"And thirdly..." Melinoe paused to catch her breath. "...You intended to trick me into an oath where I'd be obligated to *inhale your flatulence* in perpetuity?!"

"Yeah! And it was gonna be *totally* awesome too!" Eris crossed her arms and huffed. "But *nooooo*... Even though she already brown-noses everyone else by tossing bottle after bottle of nectar at them, apparently little Miss Princess here thinks she's too good to eat my farts - even though she *knows* how much I'd love it! Way to be totally selfish!"

"Unbelievable..." Melinoe shook her head. "And here I thought you genuinely wanted my help..."

"I *am* being genuine! Do you have any idea how hilarious that would've been? Making the princess of the underworld sniff my ass whenever I want? It'd have been my magnum opus!" She let out a disappointed sigh. "Oh well... Guess I gotta go with plan B then."

"Yes, well, sorry to disa-" Melinoe paused. "Wait, what do you mean by plan- **ACHI!**"

Melinoe was interrupted by Eris launching herself forward with the full force of her wings - tackling Melinoe to the ground and straddling her stomach.

"Plan B is me holding you down and farting on your face anyways! Not quite as fun as making you my slave, but eh." Eris shrugged as she turned herself around - taking great care to keep Melinoe pinned as she did. "Still pretty damn fun!"

"Eris, stop this right now!" Melinoe craned her neck away from Eris' backside. The goddess's short, colorful dress left little to the imagination from this angle. "Or else I swear I shall... I shall...!"

"Or else you'll *what*, exactly?" Eris scoffed. "I dig the attitude Trouble, but let's be real here... You lost. Even if you squirmed out from under me, you still couldn't even hope to stop me while your weapons are on the opposite end of the Crossroads! And considering we're already in your tent, not even your little "return to shadow" trick can help you now! Hecate might be able to teleport wherever she wants, but can you?"

"I..." Melinoe paused as she attempted to brainstorm a rebuttal, only to come up blank. Without access to her Nocturnal Arms, she was rather weak for a god. Doubly so considering she was still exhausted from the near-death experience that brought her here. "Blood and darkness..."

"Ha! That's what I thought." Eris looked over her shoulder and smiled smugly. "Your ass is mine, and my ass..." Eris lifted the back of her dress to reveal her bare bottom - cheeks parted just enough to give Melinoe a glimpse of the tight, wrinkled pucker that laid between them. "...is yours!"

With Strife's cheeks spread, the unmistakable stench of sweaty ass now filled Melinoe's nostrils. The odor was distressingly pungent considering Melinoe had invited Eris to the hot springs nary a day ago - not to mention she hadn't even farted yet.

"Ooh, I can feel your heart *pumping*! Are you that scared of my ass, or are you secretly into this? If you want to give by butt a few licks while you're down there, I promise not to tell anyone!"

"Eris..." Realizing the precariousness of her situation, Melinoe swallowed hard and considered next words carefully. "Before you do anything rash, perhaps we might talk this through?"

"Doing things rash is *kinda* my thing, babe." Eris smirked. "But alright..." She bit her lip and smirked. "Your tits are pretty comfy and it's pretty fun watching you squirm, so I'll let you speak for a bit."

"Very well..." Melinoe exhaled deeply. "I'm willing to admit, you've gotten me in a... compromising position. As such, I'm willing to offer terms in exchange for you not breaking wind upon my face. Tell me what it is you want from me, and we'll see if we can't come to an agreement."

"Ugh, were you even listening to me, babe?" Eris rolled her eyes. "I already told you - what I want *is* to sit on your face and fart."

"Yes... You've made that *abundantly* clear. But perhaps there's something else?" She paused and furrowed her brow. "...Preferably something which *doesn't* involve flatulence?"

Melinoe glanced at Eris' anus and cringed. By the way it was puckering, it seemed liable to erupt at any moment. Normally when they met, the only "business end" Melinoe had to worry

about was that of the Adamant Rail. It was difficult to say whether being in the line-of-fire of Eris' arse or gun frightened her more.

"Hm, I dunno..." Eris shrugged. "I don't want you to end the war with Chronos, but you still keep trying to do that anyways..." She pursed her lips. "Tell you what - I'm gonna get started farting on your face to see how much I like it, and if I end up thinking of anything better than that I'll let you know. Sound good?"

"What?! No!" Melinoe's eyes widened as Eris began to sit down. Seeing how diplomacy had failed, she decided to opt for a simpler strategy - screaming desperately for help.

"HEADMISTRESS! NEMESIS! ANYONE, PLEASE-"

"SiLeNcE!" Eris mockingly mimicked Melinoe's earlier command as she muffled the princess's face with her ass.

"HMMMPHH!!!" Melinoe let out a muffled scream as Eris' sticky asshole pressed against her upper lip. It didn't stay there for long, however, as Eris proceeded to rub it across every inch of her face until her entire visage was coated in a layer of fetid grease. Melinoe attempted to weaponize her burning feet to cease this defilement, but Eris was able to restrain her flailing legs with ease.

"Aw, what's wrong?" Eris taunted as she grinded atop Melinoe's face. "I thought you *wanted* to return to shadow! And right now you're *literally* where the sun doesn't shine!" She laughed at her own joke before lining up her hole with her victim's nostrils. In case her intentions weren't clear enough already, Eris began slowly counting down to savor the anticipation. "5... 4... 3 ½..."

Blood and darkness...! Melinoe's pulse quickened as it fully sank in that she wasn't getting out of this. *Was enduring Headmistress Hecate's wind not enough?! Have I done something to offend the Fates, or am I just plain unlucky?!*

"And... 0!" Eris grunted, and on cue a torrent of warm, sour gas began exiting the bratty goddess with a high-pitched hiss. Melinoe naturally tried to hold her breath, but there was nothing she could've done to stop the rancid air from invading her nostrils.

Even if Melinoe had been able to stop the gas from forcing its way inside her, Eris' fart went on for long enough that it wouldn't have mattered anyways. The princess of the underworld could only hold her breath for so long, and at some point she'd have needed to inhale the fart straight from the source.

"Hrmph...!" Melinoe's entire body convulsed as the gas filled her lungs. Eris' boasting about the stench turned out to be more than just hot air. If anything, she had been downplaying just how horrid it was.

The stench was, in a word, bad. In a few words: *very fucking bad.*

What immediately struck Melinoe was how much the gas burned. Not a fiery or spicy burn; but a chemical one. As if she'd dunked her head into Hecate's bubbling cauldron and snorted the brew. Only instead of being filled with plants, minerals, and other reagents; the cauldron had recently doubled as a giant's chamberpot.

"Whew, that one *burned!*" Eris smirked. "Must be hell for you, but that shouldn't be a problem for the princess of the underworld, right? I mean, you must really love hell considering you keep trying to get down there!"

"Hrmph..! Mmph!!!" Melinoe squealed as she desperately tried to dislodge her face from Eris' crack. The only thing her head shaking achieved, however, was nuzzling her nose against Eris' pucker - until the tip of it had entered Strife's shithole.

"H-Hey, easy now! That tickles!" Eris giggled as Melinoe snorted and heaved beneath her. "If you wanted another whiff you could've just asked; no need to send your nose straight to the source! But since you're already half-way there, let's see how deep you can go..."

Eris began grinding her hips once again; only this time instead of merely being for her own amusement, her every movement was made with the sole purpose of sending Melinoe's nose deeper inside of her.

Melinoe might have been the goddess of nightmares, but not even in her vilest, most depraved dreams could she ever have imagined ending up nostrils-deep in the colon of a gassy goddess. She could have happily gone her entire life without knowing what the inside of someone's rectum smelled like.

Once Eris was confident her asshole had taken all the cartilage it could, it came time to send Melinoe's nose out of her with a bang. Rather than leading forward and allowing Mel's nose to slip out of her, she instead bore down and began straining with all the force she could muster. It took considerably more effort with Melinoe's nose plugging the exit, but she eventually built-up enough pressure to overcome it and let loose a massive, point-blank fart onto her seat's face.

The fart exited her like a shot from the Adamant Rail itself; traveling up Melinoe's nostrils and into her lungs within a fraction of a second - triggering an immediate coughing fit. Once she was satisfied Melinoe had sucked down the fart in its entirety, she leaned forward, relaxed her sphincter, and "shat out" the princess's nose, for lack of a better term.

"So? How was it?" Eris looked eagerly over her shoulder at the heaving wreck of a woman behind her. "Oof! Was that eye always red, or did I give you some next-level pink eye?"

"That was... *revolting...*!" Melinoe choked out, eyes blinded by tears. "Is cyclops jerky alone truly responsible for such a *horrendous* odor?!"

"Alright, you got me..." Eris sighed playfully. "It wasn't *just* jerky - though it was definitely a big part of it. Last time we were in the hot springs, I ended up drinking a lot of that magic bath water. So much that I still feel all fizzy inside. You'd think those purifying salts would make my farts smell good, but guess not." She rubbed her stomach and pouted. "Y'know babe, you *really* should've given me a heads-up about drinking that stuff. If you really think about it, this is kinda all *your* fault."

"But... I did warn you...!" Melinoe hissed. "You just ignored me!"

"You did? Huh." Eris shrugged. "Well, guess you should've done a better job then, 'cause I obviously didn't listen." Her mischievous smile returned. "Oh, by the way..." She licked her hand and wiped the tip of Melinoe's nose. "You got a little smudge there~!"

Melinoe's eyes twitched with indignant rage. As much as she wanted to sink her teeth into Eris' skinny arse, she figured this might be her only chance to de-escalate for quite some time and refused to let the opportunity go to waste.

"Thank you for cleaning that, *Eris*..." Melinoe growled through clenched teeth. "Now if you've finished tormenting me, would you *kindly* get up off my chest?"

"Hm... Nah." Eris shrugged dismissively. "This has been a blast so far, and my belly's still gurgling up a storm! Plus you still haven't eaten one yet! Do that, and *maybe* I'll consider-"

"ENOUGH!" Melinoe snapped - literally. With no other means of fighting back and having been pushed well past the point of caring about winning with dignity, the disgraced princess of the underworld lunged forward and sank her teeth into Eris' soft rump. No one, not even Chronos, had ever managed to make Melinoe lose her temper like this, but there was only so much humiliation one could take before lashing out.

"OH!" Eris immediately perked up as Melinoe's canines left their mark on cheek. Though rather than being pissed off or panicked, she was instead ecstatic by this turn of events. "So *you* do know how to fight dirty!" She giggled maniacally. "I'm proud of you babe - I didn't think you had it in you! Though in *hindsight*..." She wiggled her hips to emphasize her wordplay - a pun which went unappreciated by Melinoe "...that was a pretty dumb thing to do! And that's coming from, like, the queen of short-sightedness!"

...*Huh? What is she*- Melinoe's thoughts were interrupted by another fetid blast to the face. While her lips weren't directly aligned with Eris' hole, being only a couple inches away wasn't exactly pleasant either. The gas quickly dissipated into her mouth - sending the unfortunate sorceress reeling back into a hacking fit.

"Bleh! *Ptoo!*" Melinoe spat feverishly between coughs. "B-Blood and d- HMPH!"

Were her eyes opened and unblinded by tears, Melinoe might have noticed Eris descending upon her face and preemptively closed her mouth. But they weren't, and so she did not.

"Ah..." Eris gave a satisfied sigh as she made herself comfortable on her seat's face. Only this time, instead of having her asshole "merely" aligned with Melinoe's nostrils, it was instead directly on top of her mouth - still agape from her earlier heaving.

"Y'know Trouble, this really wasn't how I was expecting our first kiss to go! I mean, I knew it was only a matter of time until your constant ass-kissing turned literal, but- **WHOA!**" Eris narrowly dodged an incoming kick. "Damn, I felt the heat coming off your foot on that one! You nearly singed a wing there! Not even during our normal fights are you *this* pissed! I like it! Impotent rage is a good look on you babe!"

"HRRMPPPHH!!!" Melinoe let out an enraged scream as she tried to close her mouth, but unfortunately Eris turned out surprisingly adept at keeping it open.

"Uh, uh, uh!" Eris tutted. "I'll let you close your mouth, but only *after* I fill it up first! I want to see how much I can make your cheeks puff out!" The goddess of Strife scrunched her face and forced out a deep, sloppy fart down Melinoe's throat. It filled her mouth with a sickening echo, until finally sputtering out and leaving behind a rancid miasma to coat her tongue.

Eugh... The taste...! Melinoe's eyes bulged as her taste buds marinated in the rotten air. She attempted to cough it up, but the seal between her lips and Eris' asshole proved miraculously airtight. *I must rid myself of this horrid gas immediately! I fear I risk irreparable damage to my sense of taste for every agonizing second my tongue spends soaking in it!* She paused, blinking tears from her eyes. *But... If I can't spit it out... then that means my only option is to...!*

Oh gods...! Melinoe winced as she realized what she had to do - then winced again as a second fart made her situation that much worse. Given how inflated her cheeks were already, a third would undoubtedly force her swallow. Better she do it now of her own volition than later against her will.

And so, determined to follow through with her nauseating deed, dignity be damned, the princess of the underworld closed her eyes and prepared to swallow the fetid air which filled her cheeks.

"Hrk...! *Glrk...!*" Melinoe made sounds no goddess should ever have to make in the process, but she nevertheless managed to choke down the entirety of Eris' flatulence. At least, the entirety *so far*. And what was her reward for enduring such a disgusting hardship?

Mockery.

"Pft! You *actually* just ate it!" Eris broke into laughter. "Gross! I saw your throat muscles force it down and everything!" Her body shook as she laughed, letting out a barrage of smaller farts as she did. "You know what this means, right babe? I win! No matter how many times you beat me

from here on out, there's nothing you can do to unswallow my fart! I mean, there's no coming back from *that!*"

"Ah..." Eris sighed as her laughter subsided. "Give me a heads-up next time you're ready to gulp down another batch though, okay? I *really* want to see your face while you do it! I bet you were *totally* bug-eyed!"

Melinoe let out a miserable groan. She debated going for another kick, or perhaps trying to dig her nails into Eris' flesh, but ultimately decided against it. Eris might have been an immature, sadistic slob of a goddess... but in this case, she was right. There was absolutely no coming back from this.

Her attempts to fight back only served to further amuse her tormentor, so why bother? Perhaps her best bet was to surrender herself completely and utterly, so that Eris might grow bored and leave her all the sooner.

As she lay there defeated, Melinoe debated whether or not she should ask Hecate to cast an amnesia hex on her afterwards, so that she might forget this horrid night in its entirety. But as much as she wished to never again think about this eve for the rest of her immortal life, she ultimately decided against it.

For one, it would require telling Hecate of this in the first place - and she very much preferred keeping this humiliation as private as possible. Sure, Eris would undoubtedly brag about her vile deed to the entirety of the Crossroads anyways, but it was unlikely anyone would listen, much less believe her. Melinoe herself admitting it, however, was another matter entirely.

Secondly, even *if* she told Hecate the truth, there was no guarantee the titaness would help her. In fact, it was pretty unlikely. For better or worse, her headmistress was an ardent proponent of "strength through adversity" and "facing one's emotions head-on".

Considering Hecate herself had likewise seen fit to break wind on her pupil in the pursuit of these ideals, there was a non-zero chance she might try to enlist Eris in an official capacity, which would be a utterly horrific turn of events. Better to keep this to herself and pray it would be over quickly than risk *that*.

And so, as Melinoe groaned and resigned herself to the next inevitable blast of flatulence, Eris had managed what even the Titan of Time himself could not...

She'd broken Melinoe's will to fight.