

(Author's note: I'M AWARE THAT SOME OF THE CHARACTERS WHO I DESCRIBE WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE HAVE ALREADY APPEARED IN THE STORY BUT I REALIZED I MADE A MISTAKE IN NOT TELLING YOU THEIR PHYSICAL FEATURES AND I AM DOING THIS TO CORRECT IT. I'M SORRY IF IT RUINS THE PACING OF THIS CHAPTER BUT I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND, THANK YOU.)

Spain, lilac, near the Gulf of Franks, Days later

Hideo, a young adult with shaggy hair and different colored eyes, with a Brasiliense-Brazilain like accent who often spends his time thinking to himself alone rather than spending time with others, stares into the ocean while standing in deep thought (*what's the point? How do we know he won't do this to us. Plus, how would you react to your once great empire just being another one in history, a history you tried so hard to erase?*)

He takes a swig of wine.

"Thinking about **Mawhub** again?" says a familiar voice behind **Hideo**

"Yeah, something this big has to be thought about multiple times before being enacted. Especially since I'm in charge now. He-ee-y... hey **Satoshi**, how do you think he'll react to his empire being completely gone?" asks **Hideo**

"Well, there's a sonnet about a once-great empire, one that believed it would last forever being lost to time just like all the others. It goes."

"I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said—"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,

The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.” Satoshi says in a sarcastically mighty voice.

“Eventually every empire gets to the same mindset and fate as Ozymandias, even ones so powerful that there was a real threat that even this very poem could’ve been destroyed. But why are you thinking about his empire? Says Satoshi

Satoshi looks over to Hideo “ Are you scared yours will fall too?”

“..idk. Also, after knowing you for only a few days, I’m guessing I should get used to you reading off these po-e-oems... stuff like that, randomly?”

“ Only if this whole mentor thing is going to work. I’m the only one that said it was a bad idea for you to become the leader this early. I can see why you need to think over the ideas from the cult, they’re dumb.” Satoshi responds

“I heard you were the one to bring it first.”

“I never said my ideas were bad, just everyone else’s.” responds Satoshi

“You’re acting like Ozymandias.” responds Hideo as he sips his drink

“Maybe being your mentor was a bad idea.”

“It wasn’t anybody else’s idea.” responds Hideo

Satoshi looks at him in disbelief for a second and walks away

He stops and says “ what you’re doing is correct. Trust me, I spent my whole life thinking of the idea. That’s why I had that amazing response prepared. I believe he’ll stick to his past motive and just kill everyone that opposes him. What you should be worried about is what our investors think of Christopher’s passing, you need to show them you’re just as great. Speaking of them, the meeting is about to start, SO STOP THINKING ABOUT MAWHUB FOR A MOMENT A FOCUS ON IF WE STILL HAVE THE RESOURCES TO REVIVE HIM.”

Hideo sighs and puts on a grey and white metallic mask with engravings that look like cracks in a mirror and walks away from the spot with Satoshi

Somewhere off the coast of Eastern Strelitzia, 2 weeks later at night....

We see Okuri; a quiet, mixed, short teen who spoke in a soft midwestern-American-like accent with black hair with small yellow patches of hair scattered across it and light blue eyes. While he isn't the most physically fit person around he still has some muscle definition. with and Sole; a teen of average height who spoke in a normal Tuscan-Italian like accent, with bright purple hair with red patches of hair he often tries to cover up with dye, with bright fiery red eyes that stare into a person's eyes as if it makes you feel as if you're very soul is warming up, and who often skirted the line between outgoing and quiet. Hanging out in a room on a surprising large yacht

"We've been going to beaches and mountain slopes for basically 8 days now. We should do something else for our final week." says Sole

"It's been only 6 but I can tell Perdido to find a new one soon, plus don't you liked the beach?!" says Okuri

"I like the feeling of the sun on my skin, not the sand and the ocean. I can barely get over the rocking of this boat anyways. I can lay in the sun anywhere in the world so beaches are nothing to me, I don't even get how you guys can like it." says Sole in defense

"It's not that I like it all that much but I want to practice on my earth manipulation before finding a teacher to help me finish up training."

Okuri says

"Why are you so committed to this whole element thing? You told me and everyone that when you were younger you were never interested in it."

"Well as I sai-

Before Okuri can get a chance to finish his sentence Sole butts in by saying “it’s not a mission, I know it’s not. Everyone knows that you’re allowed to quit whenever”

Okuri freezes for a moment and lowers his head before sighing and saying

“It just means a lot to me, I want to know why my father didn’t want me to do anything like this. I know it’s dangerous but apparently, he and my mother were a part of something like this... also it may have a link on why my mother died. But I don’t have time to talk about this. I have to go tell Perdido about what you said before I forget.”

“Wait, I can do it later, I don't forget that often so it’s fine. Just tell me what’s going on with you and this element thing, the rest of it at least. You seem like you wanted to leave this conversation before we were done... do you not want to talk about it?” says Sole with a concerned look on his face

“Yeah, I just want to go think about it. I know I shouldn’t but I’m going to go. I’m fine with it, I’ve thought about it for weeks so I’m used to the idea of-” Okuri sighs “- it. After a while, you have to eventually come to terms with it.” Okuri says

“I- I understand. Also, I’m fine with the beach if you are. I don’t really care it’s just I wanted to try something else I guess.” says Sole with a disappointed face

“Ha.” chuckles Okuri “thanks...” says Okuri with a smirk “Oh and I know a lot of people say what I said when they seem upset but I’m being honest with you cause I trust you.” Okuri says with a melancholy smirk

Okuri leaves the room with his head slightly down

“So how was the talk?” says a figure with a loud voice in Sicilian-Italian like accent, sitting on a chair made from green fire near the door

“AHAHHHAHhahahahhhah, Jez Shamsiel... were you listening to that conversion?!”

A man with blue hair and black eyes tilts his head sideways towards Okuri and says “yes.” *sigh* “i noticed you were lying back there. Why not tell the truth? You need help, I have been able to tell for a while now. The rest have too.”

Shamsiel was a tall man of 190.5cm with round glasses. Who carries one of the 5 honored swords of creation, **Excalibur**. A weapon that is given to the royal guard of the blaze after being knighted.

“I’m not ready to talk about stuff like that, plus he put me on the spot like that. I didn’t know how to react.”

“Ah, well I personally have never seen a person so caught off guard he needed to leave the room after giving his explanation, usually they just leave after the question is asked. But anyway, I don’t expect you to talk to me if you won’t talk to your friend. You can trust him, he may be a hothead, pun intended, but he’s smart and kind.” **Shamsiel** says condescendingly

“I know. Why should I care though, I barely know you? I’ve only known you for 2 weeks.”

“It doesn’t matter how much time it’s been, you can still become great friends.” he says with a smirk

“...you’ve barely talked to me though. Plus i know you’re not here for me, you’re here to spend time with your son, right?” **Okuri** says with a straight face

“I’m here for a vacation, being a royal guard can make you tired.”

“But you said you wanted to see sole when you arrived.” says **Okuri**

“ Haha Yes well, as his guardian it’s my duty to take care of him.” **Shamsiel** says with a smile

“...plus i wanted to see what kind of friends he’s made in his adventure so far.” **Shamsiel** says with a serious face

“You’re a good person, just like him. If you can trust yourself you can trust him too. I’m not just saying that cause I raised him. No, I’m saying it cause I know him. I will not make you talk to him, that never works. It only hurts as far as I’ve seen at least.” says **Shamsiel**

“Thanks.... Hey do you anything about a **maledetto genocide** sometime ago, i think my father may have been involved. I heard a conversation about it some time ago.” says **Okuri**

Shamsiel looks up at him in shock but quickly changes his expression to a straight face “Yes, it happened many years ago in **lilac** and it was under the order of someone only the old royals of the last-gen would know. That’s all I know, I’m sorry.”

“Oh... ok, thank you.” says **Okuri** looks to his side with an upset expression as he walks away

“Of course, remember don’t keep those inner- thoughts bottled up. What happened in there disappoints me. Try not to do it again.” **Shamsiel** says as **Okuri** walks away

“Sure, ok- i mean thank you sir.”

“That went well.” **Sole** says sarcastically

“Il tuo amico non si sente così bene, ovviamente, quindi mostra un po 'di rispetto.” says **Shamsiel** in Italian in a disgruntled tone

“Capisco, signore. . .” **Sole** responds in an annoyed but understanding tone

While **Okuri** is walking up the stairs of the ship on the way to his room the **God** appears floating next to him to speak to him.

“You should tell the truth, judging by what I know and seen it always works to talk it out without a close friend.”

The **God** had very abnormal features, his face would switch constantly between any and every race, age, size, gender, and ethnicity every second like they were different hairstyles or clothing. He often switches between different accents as well though not as

often. He had a very average body, neither skinny nor muscular, however, he didn't need to be that muscular since the giant spider legs and godly ora around him would scare even the most courageous of men, and with 3 opened chakra glands going up his body. But other than that he wore an Amigasa style straw hat and black hooded robe, though he wasn't as creepy as you might think. His personality took away all the fear you would've had.

Okuri continues to walk forward, right past the projection of **God**.

"I'm not ready, also I've fixed most of my emotional problems by myself anyways."

The god transforms into his human form but still continues to change apprentices frequently. "With your **father's** help and **Hope's as well**," he says

"True but most of it was all by myself, they just supported me. I know everyone wants me to learn all the elements but why. Why do they care, why the hell does everyone join up with me. If **Hope** is supposed to watch over me then why is **Perdido** here, if **Sole** was supposed to teach me fire why did the fire monarch make him join us, why is **Inverno** here, isn't he suppose to be looking for his brother or whatever-" *sigh* "-I wish everyone would be honest with me. The first time we really met you ended it early by saying you were allowed to talk to me but now for the past 4 days, you've been floating around the place like you're a ghost. Why?" **Okuri** asked

"I'm the **God of knowledge**, well at least knowledge from before you were born, so it was pretty easy for me to find a way to block out my brother's **eye of providence**."

"Then you should know I don't really like to talk to you, I look crazy to everyone, that's why we're on this trip."

"That's why I tried to appear before your voice could be heard through the camera we passed earlier. I know you don't like me but I'm the only reason you exist."

"What makes me different from everyone else? didn't you help your brother make everyone, why am I the one you decided to inhabit?"

"Your mother not only was powerful on her own but with the combined DNA of your father and the ora of **The Ice Core**. it was the perfect place to have you be created. I hope that can give you closer to that question that's been rattling through your head for weeks." the **God** responds

Okuri looks out to the sea from the railing of the boat. He breathes in as he feels the cold but refreshing air and looks out into the mystifying starry horizon.

“How much about my family do you know, **Zhili**.” responds **Okuri**

Zhili stares at him worried

In the gaming room in the lower level...

Inverno; a short, mixed, teen with deep blue eyes like the sea and deep pink hair with white highlights, along with normal a Brasiliense-Brazilian like accent with the curiosity so powerful that it would kill 15 cats,

Hope; a quiet, tan, mysterious teen with short black hair and eyes, with a Pacific Northwest-American like accent who often wishes she had a friend but often ruins it as much that if ruining/losing relationships were an Olympic game she would've won gold 7 times, yet she continues to try and be friends with whoever deems worthy of it,

and **Denpo**; an averaged heightened, tan mixed teen with blue hair, with a calm Sapporo-Japanese accent, light brown eyes with bags right beneath them, and a 6 pack as well defined as the sea is wet, who before would trust a hive of bees to not sting him if he just played some jazz music if the tv told him it would work, but somehow would also be smart enough to wear a beekeeping suit before doing it but now has trust issues with everyone who isn't named Kane,

Playing video games together.

“Hope, If your going to build something could you at least build something useful, like a house? What even is that?” says Denpo

They all look at the tv to see a bunch of blocks arranged in the shape of a galaxy

“I felt like creating something more creative, to up my creative levels. That is why we’re playing this game after all.” responds Hope

“Ha ha, yeah that’s why we’re playing it. . .” says Inverno

“How does that up your creative potential? You looked up a photo of that and just recreated it.”

“If I understand how to retain something and then try to recreate it then, I’ll be able to create air constructs, probably That’s why I agreed to play this game, other than hanging out with you guys of course.” responds Hope

“Why do you want to build a house so much, you can build anything in this game. You shouldn’t be so stuck in one mindset, it can be bad for real combat. Oh, that reminds me, why don’t you use the elements.” says Inverno in a curious tone

“Jez,..Fine, I guess since you all have asked so much I’ll explain to all of you at once. I mean I want all of you to be there when i do it. So not right now, sadly.” responds denpo aggressively

“Why? It’s ok if you have low amounts of elemental energy, most people do.” asks Hope

“Yeah.” says Inverno

The boat begins to rock a little more than usual

“ It’s not that! I.. Uh... just can’t really do it because. . .” Denpo sighs and tilts his head away from two of them

“Wait, i understand you can’t tell us right now so we’ll continue this later but right now something is wrong. I can feel it, there are abnormal vibrations in the water.”

“ how, they would’ve been detected on a radar before you would even feel it.” says Hope

“Plus we’re not near land for miles.” says Denpo

“Then it could be submarines, go tell Lady leigong and Perdido!!”

Denpo looks at him with suspicion (It’s best not to take a chance, plus it gets me out of this conversation)

“Let’s go Denpo” says Hope

All 3 of them rush up the stairs

On the deck, 4 levels above the gaming room...

Sole is laying on the deck observing the starry night sky above

(why does he like to look at these so much, it's pretty but i can just look at a picture and my emotion wouldn't change much.) Sole begins to get itchy and starts to stare off into the distance with fear in his eyes

(that heat is too hot to be an oven and too close by to be the sun...)

"No..." he says softly

He rushes up and without a word begins to get wrapped up in a string type of energy with the warmth of hot coals and rising but before he can get in a good stance to deflect the beam of light the haul of the ship erupts in an explosion of light.

A few moments later after recovering from the blast of energy, he looks at the right side of his pelvis, dazed and confused only to see a few pieces of shrapnel lodged in it and looks up to see more beams of light about to rain down upon him and the ship.