

The world seems to fade, after his confrontation with **Lapsus**. From a barren, death filled landscape to a serene and calm land. No sand was there, piled on ash from the dead. Not the roaring of a banished being who is condemned to relive his actions day in and day out. It is the silence of a night near the ocean. Quiet and witnessing. Water wades around his paws, as he stares at the sky of the Starfix Realm. He's not sure what he's supposed to do now, after confronting **Lapsus**.

He takes a few steps forward, wondering in his step. Until he felt the air change and the calmness leave. His hackles lift up, fur sprayed out in alert and wariness. He can feel eyes on him, from somewhere. As if he was being hunted, something he does not like. His lips curl a bit, as strong legs tense in preparation to dodge. Only for it to be too late.

He did not expect the danger to be coming from below. He should've expected such things. Water often did hide the most dangerous things. And here he was, to become a victim of the waves. Boney hands emerge from the water, splashing the water around. Disturbing the once peace, the trap, to life. It grabs onto him, and he could do nothing but let fate decide if he could finally go home.

He gasps for as much air as possible before his head submerges into the water. Eyes closing to prevent the sting of water on his eyes. It felt like hours when only seconds passed, before his lungs began to burn from the lack of air. Eyes scrunched are shut harder, as if willing his body to hold on a little longer. Only to fail and he opens his lungs. He expects to feel water flooding his lungs.

He does not.

Instead, he feels air fill his lungs. And he gasps, taking in an abundance of inhales and exhales to reaffirm he was still alive. Eyes shoot open in shock, seeing yet not. Only focusing on his lungs. After a few moments of calming his beating heart, he finally takes in the world around him. His ears take in the sounds of sobbing from females and the whimpering of whales. His legs stabilize under him, sand digging in between. He doesn't know when he got set on the ground, he knew he didn't fight.

He looks around, eyes falling upon the graveyard of skeletons. And as he looks up, he takes in the sight of another god, **Mare**. She exudes sadness, simply by sitting alone on a throne of bones. He shakes his head from the dizziness from the sneak attack - but not. Her posture shows signs of defensiveness, as if waiting for him to strike her down. He frowns at the thought, remembering the pain Lapsus felt. Perhaps they were not told he did not fight the other.

Perhaps they were, as he witnesses her move to show her own wound. Different from Lapsus, but all the same painful and ending. A large hole, never ending, on her chest oozes the ocean. He walks carefully to her, and he's surprised she's letting him get closer. Maybe she was told from Lapsus that he meant no harm. Or simply because he does not ooze death.

He climbs, slowly and carefully up to her. He does his best not to disturb her throne of bones, to not hurt her any more than she already is in. He knows what he needs to do, so similar to what he did with the previous god. And so, he climbs towards her wound with care. His body aches, as if realizing the danger is nonexistent. That the curse was not needed, to take care of the gods. Not in the way originally thought, with violence and harm.

He makes it to the wound and gently touches it. Taking in the memories that are willingly shared to him. He watches the memories play out, taking in the care and love shown between the two. The frustration that builds up to the point it boils over. The death of her by the hand she cares for. He knows what they felt like, he knows the pain of hurting others. The pain of being hurt in the moment. He turns his head, to allow her the moment to herself. Yes she shared it, but he understands some things are best left to them.

He dares not look at the memory that is willingly shared in return. Some memories are not kind, no matter how much time has passed. His arm aches, the phantom feel of a long gone appendage. Yes, he knows the pain of trust and the heartache of betrayal. He is reminded of it every day, as she is with that hole.

Instead, he leans against her skeletal form in support. Staring into the abyssal sea, a silent companionship.