

It was uncanny. The body dropped slowly, but not as slow as they had expected. Neither did it fall as fast as it normally would. Something as dense as metal could drop quite quickly in water. A human body however did not sink very well. So a body encased in metal found a strange sort of middle ground. There even was a bit of a thud when it struck the bottom. Vincent and Vincetta stood at the bottom of the harbor, entranced by the sight of the armored warriors, sinking to the ground before them, even as the battle continued to rage above.

*They are drowning.*

It had made so much sense. After crashing through the pier the two stone lions had sunk to the bottom like, well, stones. So breaking the supports of the other pier and letting the invaders fall into the water seemed only logical. But now, as they watched the soldiers sink before them it seemed less good an idea.

*We caused this.*

The first simply struggled, but he wasn't even able to get to his feet, much less get out of the water. The second had the presence of mind to try and get out of his armor. But the heavy plate was clearly not made to come off easily and he had barely gotten any of it undone before he stopped moving. The last one who had fallen managed to get a hold of one of the unbroken supports. But the largely smooth wooden pillar was not ideal for climbing, especially not in heavy armor. Still he made it quite far and was a scant six feet from the surface before, after a brief shudder, his body went limp.

*We killed them.*

A mere three days ago the two stone lions had been a single person, a regular human, living a normal life in a modest home in Chicago in 1985. And now they were two beings which they had been told was called a Honshi. Large felines made of stone, invoking the statues that often guarded entrances of buildings. And as such they shared thoughts, although they had since learned that they could keep things private from one another if they wished to. But this moment, when they watched the people they had condemned to death struggle helplessly against the inevitable, was one where their two minds thought as one.

*We drowned them.*

It wasn't the first time they killed someone since arriving in Gallerie. Despite all the wonders this was a dangerous place and they had been attacked more than once. But those had been quick things. A swipe with a large stone paw could break a neck fairly easily. And the swords they both could summon were no less deadly. But this was different. Yes, these people were the aggressors. They had attacked. Although Vincent and Vincetta had suspicions regarding their motive for doing so. Still, their actions had felt justified, if for no other reasons than to protect the innocent. But watching these soldiers drown in their own armor made it feel a lot less noble.

And even as they tried to come to term with what they had done, another thought came to the stone lions.

*They are drowning. Yes. That is what humans do. And yet, we do not.*

Slowly they turned their heads to look at each other, sitting thirty feet below the surface of the water, unperturbed by the pressure or the lack of air to breathe.

*So, what does that make us?*