

Sola Auroron found herself in a flash of light. One second before, she was burning bodies in Cyrodiil, the next, light flashed, and now the light was so intense that it seemed as if she would be blinded. Then, the white turned to black.

"Wake up, mortal." A voice called.

"Wake up." The voice called again.

Sola still could not get past the bright white light. She squinted to try and dim the light, but it did not work. She just figured she would be best setting her head back down to rest, and she did that.

"I said wake, mortal!" The voice finally said, a bit frustrated.

Sola sat straight up, and looked in front of her. In that moment, she remembered who it was: Meridia. Sola would have to restrain her excitement, lest she start talking and asking questions and going on and on about the most trivial subjects.

"Meridia...my Lady...hi." Sola said.

"Mortal, Sola Auroron." Meridia said.

"What do you want with me?" Sola asked out of excitement, and finding it hard to hide her smile.

"I wanted to thank you for your hard work. I have a few followers, and most of them fight Molag Bal. Yet so few take the task that you have. You have been outstanding in your work of purifying bodies in my name." Meridia said.

"Anytime. You just thanking me made my whole week." Sola said.

"I have pulled you out of the depths of Coldharbour several times; I have helped you. You have helped me. You would say that we are friends, of a sort. Could you?" Meridia asked.

"Well, I worship you, I guess perhaps we could be considered friends in the very loosest of ways." Sola said.

"So, you pulled me from Nirn to your realm just to say thank you? It seems like a bit of a waste of time and energy. I would have been perfectly content with just a shade in your image, like you sent in Coldharbour." Sola said.

"Yes, but perhaps you have merited my time and energy." Meridia said.

"Strange, I figured you would have talked down to me more. Usually gods are known for that sort of thing." Sola said.

"You called me a god. A god, you would consider me one?" Meridia asked.

"Yes, of course. I worship you with Azura and various gods of the pantheons spread across Tamriel." Sola answered.

"How strange. Most priests would not consider a Daedra a god." Meridia said.

"I am not a priest though. I am your servant." Sola said.

"Azura. I know you consider her a god. With right, some other mortals worship her as a god." Meridia said.

"Look, my Lady, if I do not get back to Cyrodiil soon, I will not be able to restrain myself, and I will start asking all manner of questions." Sola said.

"Miss Auroron, are you aware of my past?" Meridia asked.

"All that I could find." Sola answered.

"You know that I used to be among the Aedra, is that right?" Meridia asked.

"Yes, it is." Sola answered.

"Perhaps you would like a story told to you." Meridia said.

"Yes, I would very much like that." Sola said, afterwards covering her mouth in excitement.

"What is it about? The war with Molag Bal? Your adventures in the mortal realm? Your reason for hating undead? What?" Sola asked.

"Calm down." Meridia said.

"Calm down." Meridia added softly.

"It has been troublesome to be lately. I know Molag Bal. We have been enemies for a very long time. This war reminds me of days past..." Meridia started to say.

"Merid-Nunda, Lady of Life and Energy, can you tell me why you are here today?" Akatosh asked.

There he was. Akatosh, chief of all the gods, the Dragon-God of Time. He was a large dragon, covered in gold scales, with bright eyes of gold. His noble form was above all the other gods he was among.

Merid-Nunda was a room of white. The other gods sat around her, ready to decide her fate after listening to her testimony.

"When Magnus and I, and all the others, fled, I made it my goal to restore all Aedra with the life and energy that we once had before Lorkhan tricked you into giving away your energy." Merid-Nunda said.

"I believe that I have found out how to restore all of our life and energy. I have been on the cusp of restoring it, and I was just about to, before you forced me here." Merid-Nunda said.

"Merid-Nunda, you were consorting with the Others!" Akatosh said.

"They hold so much power, just as much as all of us, yet you refuse any kind of assistance from them! I had to go on my own to restore your power!" Merid-Nunda said.

"Which one? Which one claimed to be able to know how to restore us?" Akatosh asked.

"Herma-Mora. He knows." Merid-Nunda answered.

"Herma-Mora...you know better." Akatosh said.

"How much energy have we all lost from the creation of Mundus? I wanted to give everyone back it, and I know how, I just need a chance." Merid-Nunda said.

"Lorkhan was a trickster and a liar, just as you are a traitor to our name! You knew it was wrong to consort with them, yet you did!" Akatosh said.

"I can restore myself along with all of you. I just want to help you, and yet you are too proud to accept." Merid-Nunda said.

"How many of them did you associate with?" Akatosh asked.

Merid-Nunda remained silent.

"How many?!" Akatosh yelled.

"One." Merid-Nunda answered.

"One too many." Akatosh said.

"Merid-Nunda, this council of gods have found you guilty of associating with the Others, and you are stripped of your godhood. You are also to be cursed to live among the Others." Akatosh announced.

"No! I just wanted to help!" Merid-Nunda said.

"Mara, help me, please!" Merid-Nunda cried, wanted help.

"You brought this upon yourself." Mara said, looking away.

The other gods looked away from her. Merid-Nunda was shameful. Her attempts to restore power to her fellow gods resulted in her exile. She knew what she did was wrong, yet she still thought that her good she would bring would cover her sins, yet they did not in this case. No matter to her. If the other gods were not going to accept her help, then she would have no choice but to ensure that she was the only one with that power.

"Merid-Nunda, the Others wait for you." Akatosh said, lifting a wing and pointing to the other side of the room.

The Others were all huddled together. Merid-Nunda had heard of the others, but had only seen Herma-Mora before. All fourteen of them were together, from the Azura she had heard about, to Mehrunes Dagon. In their various forms, they looked at her, and coldly welcomed her.

"Welcome, Merid-Nunda." Herma-Mora said, floating around and staring at her.

"Herma-Mora, I hoped we would be seeing each other on more pleasant terms." Merid-Nunda said.

"I will fully initiate her into the Order." Molag Bal said, reaching out an arm.

"Hold back! I want order!" Jyggalag, the Prince of Order said.

"As you wish." Molag Bal said.

"Allow me to introduce myself and the others." Jyggalag said.

"There is Azura, Lady of the Dusk and Dawn. Perhaps you two will get along." Jyggalag said.

Azura appeared to be a beautiful woman with the lights of Magnus and Secunda and Masser around her. She appeared to be powerful, and perhaps a good ally.

"We have Boethiah, Prince of deceit, treachery, and sedition. I am sure that you will know her well." Jyggalag said.

"Then there is Clavicus Vile, Prince of Trickery and Wishes. I would advise you stay away from his trickery." Jyggalag said.

"You have met Herma-Mora. We know him as Hermaeus Mora." Jyggalag added.

"Hircine is the Prince of the Hunt. You will probably not deal with him." Jyggalag said.

"Mehrunes Dagon is the Prince of Destruction. He is not like us; we prefer order." Jyggalag said.

"Mephala is the Prince of Lies, Secrets, and Plots. She will get you into trouble." Jyggalag continued.

"This is Molag Bal, Prince of Domination. He is dangerous. You like life, he likes death." Jyggalag said.

"Namira is the Prince of Darkness. That is enough said. She keeps to herself." Jyggalag said.

"This is Vaermina, Prince of Dreams. Something to be concerned with the ones who live on Mundus." Jyggalag said.

"This is Nocturnal, sister to Azura, and Prince of Night." Jyggalag said.

"This is Peryite, the Taskmaster. The order he searches for is not the order I build." Jyggalag said.

"We then have Sanguine, Prince of Debauchery." Jyggalag said.

"Then, there is me, Jyggalag, Prince of Order." Jyggalag said, letting loose a bow.

There were plenty of these Others. Merid-Nunda was going to become one of them now. After all, there were only the Others, and everyone else, in the spiritual realm.

"Merid-Nunda, how pleasant to see you here." Hermaeus Mora said.

"I am sure it was not much of a surprise." Merid-Nunda said.

"You went against your better judgement and reached out to me. You knew the consequences, and here you are. Welcome." Hermaeus Mora said.

"I thought you would understand, Akatosh. I thought you had the sight to see what I tried to do." Merid-Nunda said to Akatosh.

"Merid-Nunda, Lady of Light, you know I understand. Still, your motif does not forgive your crime." Akatosh said.

"Merid-Nunda? That is your name. No longer. You need a new name. You are no longer a god, you are one of us." Jyggalag said.

"Meridia." Azura suggested.

"How fitting. Just enough of your past name, but enough of your current name." Hermaeus Mora said.

"It works. Merid-Nunda, I now declare your name as Meridia." Jyggalag said.

"Enough meeting for you. You can do that in your own realms. Begone." Akatosh said.

"No. We leave on our terms." Molag Bal said.

"Alduin, my son, come rid these Others off of our land!" Akatosh said.

The dragon Alduin emerged, black as night, and flew to the Others and started to use words to rid them from the gods' presence.

"Stop this. I do not wish to cause a rift. We will leave in peace." Meridia said.

"So be it." Jyggalag said.

The Others all went into a portal and left to their own realms. Except for Meridia. She lacked her own realm. Before, she communed with the other gods, but now, exiled from them, she was all by herself. Jyggalag offered her a chance to temporarily stay in his realm until she received her own. There, in the Shivering Isles, so it was called, Meridia and Jyggalag sat, talking, with Jyggalag hoping that he would be able to convince Meridia to join his own pursuits.

"As I said, I am Jyggalag, Prince of Order. I want to bring order across the plains of Oblivion, and even beyond that. I am by far the strongest of my peers, even surpassing Molag Bal and Mehrunes Dagon. For that reason, I am hated. I know it, and every one of the Others hates me for my power. At this point, I doubt they will do anything to stop me, but, with you now joining in, I am afraid, just a bit. Would you help in striking me down?" Jyggalag asked.

"No, I would not think of it. You and I think alike. Order and life. You do not seem as dark as some of the other Princes. I think I would be able to rely on you to an extent." Meridia answered.

"Generally, I do not trust the other gods and their promises. I think that I could trust you just as much as I trust myself though. You said we think alike. This is true. So many of my peers have dark motifs planned for Mundus, yet we seem to want to stay calm and peaceful. I just want order, and you just want life to persist." Jyggalag said.

The conversation seemed to stop abruptly. There was an awkward silence as the two sat, looking strangely at one another.

"To let you know, the decision to strip you of your 'godhood' is nothing other than a formality. Let me be the first to tell you that even gods are not capable of taking power away from other gods. We are all gods. Just as much as they are gods, we are gods. Do not forget your power you still have. I will say though, it will be strange having a former 'god' around. I can openly say that our goals are far different than that of the others. I can only assume that what you want is different from what the rest of us want. Regardless, you are welcome to stay here until you find out how to make your own realm." Jyggalag said, getting up from his throne.

Years passed by. Countless years. On and on they dragged by. Meridia had little to do other than plan how she might regain her place among the gods. She had met the Others several times too many now. She knew that most were not to be trusted, yet she found some matter of an alliance between her, Azura, Jyggalag, and Hermaeus Mora. The four of them seemed to have less evil motifs behind what they wanted. Meridia figured that the four of them may all be able to become gods if she could just crack the code in restoring the life to the gods.

One day, Meridia was just as hard at work as she normally was, in the realm of Apocrypha, studying up on what she could do to restore life. Hermaeus Mora watched over her carefully. Meridia was still an alien to them. Despite being struck down by the gods, Meridia seemed to fit in more with them still. Hermaeus Mora only allowed Meridia to learn from his vast collection of knowledge because he knew that Meridia would say where she received her knowledge from, and it could very well increase his own power.

Meridia sat, reading some obscure tome. She found herself staring into the pages, then, the next moment, she stood in the white room, with Akatosh in front of her.

"Merid-Nunda, Meridia. It has been quite some time." Akatosh said.

"Akatosh...what do you want?" Meridia asked.

"I have been doing some research of my own, and you lack your own place to call home. How unfortunate." Akatosh said.

"If only you knew someone who could make this need come true." Akatosh said.

"If only...if only I wanted that. I am content staying among the other princes." Meridia said.

"Merid-Nunda, this stays between us. Us only. I did not want you ousted from the rest of us. I knew that what you wanted was good, even if you went around doing it in a bad way. I cannot restore your former position, or in any way at all. But, I can offer you your own realm. If you stay with the Others, you will become more and more like them. I do not want that. I want you just like how you used to be, like you still are. The Others will corrupt you. Please, just say the words, and I will make you a realm." Akatosh said.

"You are the god of time, yet you can make a realm of Oblivion, explain." Meridia said.

"There is much more to time than you know. Only I know its true secrets." Akatosh answered.

"I do not associate with the evil Princes. They are truly evil. I only meet with the 'good' ones." Meridia said.

"Good to hear." Akatosh said.

"Give me my own realm. I will continue to protect life as I always have." Meridia said.

Akatosh prepared his power. With a mighty roar, he opened a portal. Meridia walked into her own new realm of Oblivion. It was barren, yet on the horizon, there was plenty of room for her own use. So, with that, Akatosh would leave Meridia with parting words.

"Merid-Nunda, good luck in all of your future efforts in preserving life." Akatosh said.

"Akatosh, thank you for the gift." Meridia said, closing the portal as Akatosh flew out of her realm.

Meridia was disgusted. She only went along with what Akatosh wanted because she would benefit from it. As Akatosh flew out, Meridia looked with disappointment. This fellow god she once looked up to, forced to try to appease her so she may continue to do her job. How pitiful. Meridia was now convinced that her and her fellow Princes were now just as much gods as the others. And now, with her own realm, Meridia would have a spot to work from.

Years passed by. Meridia built her own realm, and created her own life there. She did not go through Peryite, knowing that he was evil, but instead made her own servants. Meridia had a bright realm, with a bright future, then, Molag Bal invaded. Molag Bal wanted to show his power over Meridia, this newcomer in his order, and he decided to invade Meridia's realm to enslave the population and to show his dominance. Dremora poured through portals, and Meridia's defenders fought valiantly, but it was not enough. The endless hordes of Dremora fought harder. Meridia, however, knew of her great power caused by her divinity. She set one foot on the floor, and the Dremora that invaded her realm turned to ash. With a flick of her wrist, she shut the portals forever. Meridia would not take this act from Molag Bal lightly. She would take this up with him personally.

"Molag Bal!" Meridia yelled.

Meridia sent herself into the depths of Coldharbour to find this Prince of Domination. He had gone several steps too far, and he would have to answer for his actions.

"Molag Bal! You warmonger, get out of your fortress and talk to me!" Meridia yelled, banging on the front door of Molag Bal's palace.

"Meridia, welcome." Molag Bal said, opening a portal to his throne room.

Meridia took the portal, and found herself in the throne room of Molag Bal. The massive, horrible, dreadful Molag Bal sat on a throne, and Meridia, cloaked in light, stood before him. Meridia was by no means happy, and she was going to show Molag Bal how she felt.

"What are you doing invading my realm?" Meridia asked, calmly.

"It is my nature to dominate and enslave. Me not doing that would be like Jyggalag not wanting order anymore." Molag Bal answered.

"You have no right to go into my pocket of Oblivion. You stay in yours, and I stay in mine." Meridia said.

"Meridia, Meridia, do you not see? You are an alien among us. You do not belong. I want you out of our order which you were forced into. We only agreed because of the power Jyggalag has. If not for him, you would be on your own, at least more than you already are." Molag Bal said.

"You act as if I did not know that." Meridia said.

"But the difference between the other Princes and I is that I am willing to take action. Even as we speak, my Dremora are conquering your realm, so that I may bring it to Coldharbour, and forever keep you and your realm as my slaves." Molag Bal said, laughing.

Meridia was shocked. She was not sure if these words were lies, or if they were truth. But Meridia was not going to take her chances; she would see if Molag Bal's words were truth. Meridia let a flash of brilliant light go, and she disappeared, going back to her own realm. Molag Bal was not lying. Dremora were attacking on a larger scale than the previous invasion a few hours ago. The defenders were being pushed back to the nexus of the realm. Meridia burned hordes of Dremora as she made her way to the center to back up her defenders.

"Lady Meridia! You return!" A Defender said, picking off Dremora with magical spells.

"My followers, we will make Molag Bal pay for this." Meridia said.

For hours they fought. The Dremora kept on coming. Heavily armored shock troops rushed to the gates that blocked the entrance to the center castle. Dremora mages were brought in to dispel the magical wards, and then to dismantle the gates. It would take time, however, and the Defenders were well-trained and well-armed. From a distance, they used light-based magic to destroy the invading forces. In flashes of brilliant white, Dremora were consumed. Flames of holy fire rained down upon the mages while they tried to dispel the wards. Meridia herself fought, taking the most Dremora out of all of the other Defenders, combined. Still, there were too many Dremora. They eventually broke through despite their great losses. They pushed further inwards. The presence of Molag Bal's evil intent caused the ever-bright Colored Rooms to turn black as night. Meridia and her strongest defenders were forced back into the very center of her plane. For days, Dremora tried to overwhelm them and fully take the plane, but they never succeeded. The ever-vigilant Defenders and the omnipotence of Meridia were too much. They used their sacred light to burn the Dremora out of the Colored Rooms, but, one by one, the Defenders started to fall. Perhaps one day they could be reformed and reappear, but not now. Their essences were likely being captured, only to be enslaved by Molag Bal. Eventually, only Meridia and a lowly Defender remained; the remaining Defender was a common soldier, and he was in shock that a he had survived as long as he did.

With only her and one other remaining, Meridia finally unleashed her fullest potential. Meridia let loose the word 'light', and Dremora fell and turned into ash. Meridia cast a spell, and it cleansed the castle of Dremora. And with a final exertion, with a cry of effort, Meridia used her divine power to burn the Dremora all over her realm. With that, the invasion was over. The losses were far too great for Molag Bal to continue, for now. Meridia stepped outside with her remaining defender. Together, they looked at the rising light in the sky.

"The dawn breaks, even after the darkest night." Meridia said, looking at the rising light.

"My lady, we survived." The Defender said.

"Yes." Meridia said.

"Give me your sword, your blessed sword, my servant." Meridia said.

The Defender obliged. He took his sword out from its sheath and handed it over to his master. Meridia held the sword. Light, bright, a weapon worthy of use. Meridia felt its essence, she knew the sword. She willed it into something even more. It shone with the light of a thousand stars, and was blessed with her holy light. Meridia floated the sword above her delicate right hand, and held it in front of her remaining Defender.

"I name this sword Dawnbreaker, and bless it in my name." Meridia said.

"It will stand against everything that Molag Bal supports." Meridia added.

As Meridia and the remaining Defender continued to look peacefully out at the rising light, a portal opened. Out came six Dremora, and a shade of Molag Bal. Meridia lifted her sword with little effort, and slashed the Dremora with its white-hot holy light, and sent the Dremora back to Coldharbour. Only Molag Bal's shade remained.

"Meridia, I see you stopped me, for now." Molag Bal said.

"Molag Bal, you have made an enemy out of me. I will make you regret that." Meridia said.

"Meridia, you act as if I am weak. You are weak. I nearly took your realm." Molag Bal said.

"I fought you off. I want you to know that I will ensure that you are repaid for this." Meridia said.

"Now, you are banished from here, Molag Bal." Meridia said, ridding the shade from her realm.

"My lady, now what?" The Defender asked.

"Now, we rebuild." Meridia answered.

"But once we have strength, and numbers, I will plunge Dawnbreaker deep into Coldharbour, and Molag Bal will be forever afraid, and eventually I will depose him, and his realm will collapse, and all will be better off." Meridia added.

"My champion, go and rest. You have earned it." Meridia said.

"Yes my lady." The Defender said, leaving to rest.

Meridia continued to stare at that light rising in the sky.

Even more years passed by. Meridia still did not feel as if she had assimilated with the other Princes. She only found the ability to put up with a few of them, and even with even less she found the ability to talk to outside of necessity. She favored Azura, Jyggalag, and Hermaeus Mora the most out of all the Princes. Her relationship with Hermaeus Mora was mysterious at most. Meridia mostly used him for researching obscure topics and for help on various subjects, and always in exchange for something Hermaeus Mora wanted, which she was fine with; she was always given fair trades. Azura was not as close as Meridia wanted. Meridia figured that herself and Azura would make a great alliance to protect their shared interests with. That was not the way it was. Azura turned out to be quite a bit different than Meridia originally thought. Meridia thought that Azura was purely benevolent, but it showed soon that Azura was not malevolent, but by no means was she benevolent. Meridia could put up with it, and figured that a strong alliance would be possible, but she would just have to try harder. Jyggalag, however, was who Meridia found the most common ground with. Jyggalag was not evil. He just wanted order. He was trying to get the Princes to cooperate. Jyggalag helped Meridia a great deal in rebuilding the Colored Rooms after Molag Bal invaded it, and the help was welcome. The two of them got along very well, and rarely had any large disagreements.

The other Princes knew that Meridia and Jyggalag had a strong relationship that may have included an alliance. They did not want this. Jyggalag was debateably the strongest of the Princes, if not at least one of the strongest, and Meridia had proven herself more than capable of defending herself. The tendencies of Jyggalag tended to fit in more with the gods than that of a Prince, the idea of order, a lack of change, and it contradicted the very nature of the Princes, at least the ones other than Jyggalag and Meridia. Meridia also fit the mold for being a god, after



all, she used to be considered one. With the very realistic possibility of Jyggalag and Meridia seizing power, possibly overthrowing the other Princes one by one, and maybe even communing and becoming gods frightened all of the other Princes. Every single one of them. Meridia was even slightly afraid of losing her autonomy to Jyggalag, and Jyggalag was slightly afraid of what Meridia had the potential to do.

In order to try to dispel rumors and to strengthen bonds, all of the Princes decided to meet up and discuss the problem, or at least have fun together. Sanguine said that he would provide the merriment. Hircine said he would provide a hunt for fun. Jyggalag offered his realm as the place for the meeting. Him and Meridia were the first ones there, and quickly, the other Princes appeared. All of them. They had all agreed to not bring any soldiers with them, and they all sat, or floated, in Hermaeus Mora's case, around a long table, with Meridia and Jyggalag sitting closely together. The other Princes were suspicious. It had to be a signal of a strong alliance.

"Oh, my son Alduin, I will allow you the throne." A Dremora dressed as Akatosh said.

"Now, I usurp your throne, and will rule over you, and destroy all you have made." A Dremora dressed as Alduin said.

Sanguine clapped loudly, saying all manner of complements to the play he had put on, a supposed comedy. The other Princes looked around, questioning Sanguine's sanity.

"Again! Again!" Sanguine called out.

"No, let us get down to what we need to discuss." Jyggalag said.

"You should all know that Molag Bal wanted us all to meet, for some reason he would not say. Please, Molag Bal, say what you need to." Jyggalag said.

"I want to bring attention the alliance of Meridia and Jyggalag. They are plotting something. I know it." Molag Bal said.

There was quite a bit of talking amongst the Princes, all uncalled for.

"Silence. We can discuss this in an orderly fashion!" Jyggalag said authoritatively.

"Explain your accusations." Jyggalag said.

"You have always been close to her since she joined our ranks. When I failed at invading her realm, you helped her rebuild, and now, you two are closer together than before. And unless there is something else going on, I can only assume that you two are in an alliance." Molag Bal said.

"What would be the purpose of this alliance?" Mehrunes Dagon asked.

"To impose order upon all of us. The order Jyggalag wants, and he would use Meridia as a tool to accomplish it." Molag Bal answered.

"Meridia, did you and I ever have an alliance together?" Jyggalag asked.

"No. We have not. At least as far as I know." Meridia answered.

"There, the suspicions should be quelled there." Jyggalag said.

"Unfortunately not." Boethiah said.

"None of us want that order that you want Jyggalag. You know that; we have told you." Vaermina said.

"I have not made any attempts to impose my order on your realms!" Jyggalag said.

"Unfortunately, we suspect it." Peryite said.

"And with Meridia among us now, the risk is too great." Molag Bal said.

"Now!" Molag Bal said.

Molag Bal cast a quick spell on Jyggalag. He cursed him with it. All the other Princes followed suit, except Meridia. Each one of them cursed him with all of their strength, while Meridia sat in horror. Finally, what was left behind from the orderly one, was a white-haired person.

"You are now Sheogorath." Hermaeus Mora said, closing a tome of his.

"Hey! Who are you people?! Are you here for the party? I hope that the cheese arrives on time, if not...there may be a few who need to be punished." Sheogorath said.

"Oh? Is that music? Perhaps I should dance!" Sheogorath said, getting up and dancing. Meridia sat silently, in shock.

"This meeting is adjourned." Molag Bal said, mocking Jyggalag.

"Hey, big guy, who do you think you are, walking around in the Shivering Isles, without even having the thought of finishing a meeting with the customary rites?" Sheogorath asked.

"Excuse me?" Molag Bal asked.

"Are you deaf? You need to finish the meeting by grabbing a chair, putting it on your head, and spinning around three times." Sheogorath explained.

"How pointless." Molag Bal said.

"Meridia, good luck with him." Molag Bal taunted, leaving.

The other Princes except for Hermaeus Mora and Azura and Meridia left the Shivering Isles.

"How strange...not what I had wanted for Jyggalag, but I suppose this may work eventually." Hermaeus Mora said.

"Mind if I borrow a tentacle or two? I need to make a soup, but I am all out of cabbage!" Sheogorath said, before running off to check under a bowl for something.

"Why did you do this to him?" Meridia finally asked.

"I was convinced, Merid-Nunda. Whether or not those were lies is something we will see. Still, Jyggalag will be set free for a while every now and then." Hermaeus Mora said, leaving to Apocrypha.

"Meridia, we need to talk." Azura said.

"Without your curse, Sheogorath is not permanent. I need you to give your blessing." Azura said.

"Now you want something? When I want you to help me you do not help. But when you want help, you want me to help." Meridia said.

"Without you, Sheogorath will go fully insane, and he will cause more trouble than good. With your curse, it will stabilize him. Prevent him from completely destroying everything." Azura said.

"Hey there, pup. The name's Sheogorath, Prince of Madness. Lady, is it good to see you." Sheogorath said, shaking Meridia's hand.

"Let go of me." Meridia said, pulling out her hand.

"Meridia...do not do that unless you want to pay!" Sheogorath said.

"With wheels of cheese!" Sheogorath continued.

On and on the antics and actions of the new Sheogorath continued. Meridia tried to put up with it at first, but in the end, he was becoming too much for Meridia to bear. Azura gave a

final look at Sheogorath, signaling Meridia to curse him. Meridia had to, at the very least to get out her anger. Meridia let out a curse, and Sheogorath was then made permanent. Meridia left in disappointment, back to her realm, while Azura left too, but before they left, Meridia had to give a parting word.

“Azura, I expected more of you.” Meridia said.

The years passed by. Meridia slowly devolved. With Jyggalag gone, nothing was the same. There was nobody to back her up, and then it was made clear that what Meridia had searched for, what cost her her divinity, did not actually exist. Hermaeus Mora had tricked her. Enough was enough. She was one of these Princes, but she was not going to act like them. The mad Sheogorath was truly the exact opposite of Jyggalag. There was no saving him. Meridia did not fit in with the other Princes, and she stood apart from them. Meridia had hoped that it would attract the attention of the gods. One day, Meridia reached back out to Akatosh, hoping that he would understand.

“Akatosh, I made a mistake. Please take me back.” Meridia said, with Akatosh in her realm.

“Merid-Nunda, you must be eternally punished. It is just the way it is.” Akatosh said.

“I do not fit in with the other Princes. I stand for all that is different.” Meridia said.

“You stand between the line of the Others and gods. You are much different.

Merid-Nunda, had you not made the mistake you had made, you would still be one of us. And I would be proud.” Akatosh said.

“Akatosh, it was a lie!” Meridia snapped.

“Hermaeus Mora lied to me! There was no knowledge to restore your divinity, or even mine. He lied for some reason and now I am here.” Meridia continued.

“Then perhaps you are fitting of your punishment.” Akatosh said.

“Sorry, but I must go. I am needed.” Akatosh said, preparing to fly away.

“Akatosh! Get back here!” Meridia called out as Akatosh flew away.

“Akatosh!” Meridia yelled.

“I will not forget this!” Meridia yelled.

“You have made an enemy out of me!” Meridia said.

It was decided. Now Meridia stood in the way of both the Princes and the gods. She seemed to be neither, but fighting both. She was intent on showing the errors that the gods had made, and ensuring that the Princes fought for light, and not darkness. Order, instead of madness. But it seemed as if all hope was lost. With Meridia's power severely limited by severing all her friendly contact to the gods, Meridia was weak, and the Others were strong. Chief of all her enemies was Molag Bal. He had plotted the invasion of her realm, plotted the overthrow Jyggalag, and very well may have had a hand in the loss of Meridia's divinity. Meridia would get revenge one way or another.

“Really? That's all true?” Sola asked Meridia.

“Take it for what you want. If you do not want to believe that it was true, then take it as a story to entertain you.” Meridia answered.

“It was a very emotional story.” Sola said.

“I am afraid that I have lost some of the details with time.” Meridia said.

"Well, thank you for the story." Sola said.

"Of course, and thank you...Sola." Meridia said.

"Of course, Lady Meridia." Sola said.

"Back to Cyrodiil for you then. You need to continue with your work." Meridia said.

Sola found herself lying in a cot, in barracks inside a fort near the border to Elsweyr. She did not remember getting there. She checked around her, and there was nobody. Sola got up fully out of bed, revealing that her old, blood-stained clothes were still on. Sola continued to see what had happened. Walking around, her foot hit something. She knelt down and looked at what it was. It was a Black Book, and enclosed was the story she had just heard.