

Úlfhéðnar is not just a title given to the one which wins the tournament of Jotunheim, but also a crest of impeccable honor and responsibility. The Úlfhéðnar is the Champion of the North and the Leader of its armies.

Armies which have culled monsters known as natural disasters. Armies which have slain creatures which only left a trail of ruined towns and villages in its wake. Armies which have eviscerated hordes of beasts of which propagated faster than rabbits. Armies which have braved and survived the frozen north, which the average power of each of the threats exceeds level one hundred.

Now, these armies prepare for war.

The Úlfhéðnar kneels down at a grave, his tears pour down his cheeks as he stares at the gravestone of the one who had loved and adored him. Over the past two years, she had stayed by his side as he trained and leveled. It hurts him, thinking about the warmth in her soul he ignored.

When he faced the horrors of the biting cold and bled to the bone, she welcomed him home with a meal that thawed the ice in his veins. When his mind was drained and his muscles torn, she was the pillar that kept him upright. When his will to live waned, she poured oil on the flame, she who left no expense at caring for him.

She truly loved him, but he had stayed his hand. He had kept his feelings suppressed. He lied to himself, saying that she was just a friend, that he didn't have feelings for her.

It was funny, he lamented to himself. Tears dripped down onto the cold hard ground.

Funny, that it took her death for him to realize that he loved her.

The man takes a slow shuddering breath before he stands. He then allows Fear to overtake him, letting his domain activate. He shudders as information floods his mind.

"Artyom!" a voice calls him. The Úlfhéðnar turns around and acknowledges the [Frost Jarl] of the North.

The [Frost Jarl] nods to him. "Your army awaits."

The Úlfhéðnar takes one last look at the gravestone. "Alissa..."

He kneels down. "I will make your murderer pay," he whispers softly. "I will not rest until I do."

The vow made, he stands up and begins the trek back to his army.

Odin walks down a set of stairs within Asgard, taking his time with the clang of each footfall echoing down the marble steps. At the bottom of the stairway, he arrives at a white door, the entrance to a prison of his own design. He opens the door and walks inside.

Beyond the unassuming door lies a stark white room and the sound of clanking chains. With one eye, the old and grayed man stares forward at a young woman chained to the wall.

The chains rattle again as she moves. Her eyes open and lock onto her captor.

“The fuck do you want, asshole!?”

Odin sighs.

“Daughter, must you be so vulgar, especially to your dear father?”

The woman snorts. “Vulgar? Fuck you. Maybe if you weren’t draining my power, I might call you better things than a shitstained, asswipe son of a bitch.”

Odin walks up to the naked, chained, winged woman. He studies her form, much stronger now than he remembers. Her power has increased significantly, not enough to break her bonds, but he has not ruled Asgard this long by allowing risks to exist.

“Then let us dispense with the pleasantries, Eir. I sense an [Abbess] under your control. She has greatly strengthened you. Who, and where is she?”

The goddess Eir chuckles. “Shove a greatsword up your ass.”

“**Where is she?**” Odin demands, invoking the contract placed upon her by the system.

The goddess chuckles. “Sorry to disappoint you old fart, but I don’t exactly fucking know. It seems I may have completely forgotten to check.”

Odin’s hand flickers as it strikes Eir across the face, the impact causing reality to shudder.

The goddess only chuckles and smiles. “You hit like a bitch!”

Odin grabs her throat. He squeezes.

“**I created you and I can unmake you! Where is your follower?**”

The goddess, even while being choked, gives the leader of the Asgardians the most defiant look she can.

Odin, seeing it, squeezes harder. The bones on her neck begin to crunch, which, to Odin's annoyance, causes Eir to smile. After a few seconds later, the goddess shudders in bliss.

Odin lets go of her neck and takes a step back in disgust.

Eir pants. Her neck immediately heals, but the pain is still there and her nether regions are still wet.

"Your defiance is commendable, but it will be costly. My armies travel east into Olympian territories. If you continue to hide the whereabouts of your [Abbess], then I will have no choice but to have your followers killed and raped."

Eir's breathing slows as her gaze hardens.

"Bullshit. The Olympians will stop you before you can even get close. Their [Slave] army exceeds your entire population ten times over. You will not win an offensive war."

Odin smiles, which causes Eir to frown.

"The fuck did you do?"

"They may have a large population, but the population is all low-level. And, if memory serves correctly, your followers are stretched thin as it is."

Eir's eyes widen.

"You bastard. Millions will die from this! How could you!?" she screams as she fights against her chains, though her futile struggles do not get her any closer to freedom.

"Where is your [Abbess]?" he asks.

Eir grinds her pearly white teeth as she glares with deep hatred at her creator.

Slowly, her struggle weakens. Her eyes become downcast.

"She is somewhere deep south... Her name is Jessica. That is all I know."

Odin nods as his left eye begins to glow. He sends a message to a follower, and then the light in his eye fades.

"It is done. Your [Abbess] will be mine, or she will be dead."

"Bastard."

Odin softly chuckles. "You should already know, dearest daughter, you cannot best me. I see everything that happens. Nothing you do wi- **AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!**"

Odin screams in pain as the right side of his face, where his right eye is supposed to be, begins to glow brightly. With a desperate motion, he removes the coverings, revealing the hollow socket.

"ERRRAAAAAGHHH," he screams louder as the power is used. The right eye of Odin burns with power, the reverberations strong enough to send waves of excruciating pain directly into his skull.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

He screams once more before the light finally fades. Eir watches Odin as blood pours out from the empty hole.

"Karma is a beeeeeaattttccchhh. Not as much as you, but pretty close!" Eir mocks.

Odin ignores her as he scrambles towards the door and leaves the prison.

Eir watches him go with both confusion and happiness. She has no idea what happened, but she enjoys seeing the fear upon the old man's visage.

Crunch* *Crunch* *Crunch

Then she hears a noise, not even a meter away from her.

She turns her head.

Crunch* *Crunch

Her mouth goes slack.

Loki takes another bite, enjoying the taste of his sour cream and onion chips.

Reality shatters like glass as a gateway to the stars opens. Two figures exit. One wears a cape resembling the deep darkness of space, the other is an ancient woman, looking better and better as the seconds tick by.

"We are here." Adam gestures towards a massive fissure that releases black smog into the sky. The smog rises and then spreads out, shrouding the isle in eternal darkness.

The Panoptic steps forward and looks down.

“So... Why are we here?” asks Adam.

The Panoptic continues staring into the swirling darkness. Eventually, she speaks.

“We stand before the Well of Urd, created by Mimir for summoning the denizens of Hell. The well can create a strong connection between Orbis and the infernal planes. While it was active, high-level Demons were significantly easier to summon and control. Unfortunately, humans are not the only ones who are experts at summoning demons.”

The Panoptic scowls.

“The Kizor family had summoned a [Demon Hellfire Overlord], one of the most powerful and deadliest tier-three demons known. They are masters of both fire and summoning. This specific one was able to take over the Well of Urd and create a permanent portal to his world. This structure caused the Demon Wars that had reduced dozens of nations to ash.”

Adam scratches his neck, finding the whole thing a bit confusing.

“Alright, so it was sealed. Why are we here?”

“Sealing such a connection is no easy process. It requires magic that exceeds anything mere mortals can ever obtain. Even we, cursed by Nosferatu, cannot gain the power to seal an entire world away.”

“You didn’t answer the question.”

The Panoptic ignores him.

“The seal not only breaks the portal connecting the two realms but makes it nearly impossible to use the [Summon Minor Demon] spell. It is the reason Dark magic has been suppressed within the world. Classes that utilize the darker elements are weaker because of this seal.”

Adam sighs. “You know, keeping us hidden from view takes a significant amount of my power.”

The Panoptic looks at him and the Panther-kin fidgets under her eyeless gaze.

She then points into the black, swirling mass.

“Adam, you stand before the one who applied that seal.”

“What?”

The woman chuckles. "It's a mistake I will now rectify."

She raises her right hand and covers up her right eye socket.

"[Right Eye Of Odin]."

She removes her hand, and Adams' eyes widen at the glowing eye now on her face.

"I see all, and the strings are now visible to me. There is a one in a trillion chance that the strongest spell I have will be able to break the seal."

"Wait. Are yo-"

"[Fated Perfection], [Grand Break Enchantment]."

Mana blasts from the old crone, directly at the magical seal surrounding the well. The magic envelops the barrier, seeking, finding and attacking every weakness in the ancient, monumental spell.

A crack reverberates like a thunderstrike, and then the smog flowing from the well sputters, stutters, then stops completely. The Panoptic smiles and licks her lips. She raises her hand once more, "[Summon Demon: Portalist Archetype]."

"Fuck!" Adam exclaims as a portal opens.

"Language, child," chides the Panoptic.

A man sits upon a throne of bones and flames. He snores with deep and powerful breaths. He is alone and has been for a while... except for a visit from an interesting individual. He struck a deal, one he hopes will bear fruit.

His realm shifts as he senses the change. He awakens from his slumber with a smile.

Hades chuckles.

"Loki, it looks like you have completed your side of the bargain. It seems I must complete mine."

The god's eyes glow as he sends messages to his [Demon Archpriests], informing them that the time is nigh, that blood will flow, and that vengeance will be his.

“Odin. Zeus.” He says each name slowly, as though to savor them as they leave his lips. “I will destroy you and everything you care about.”

Quasi frowns as he stares at the map, or at least attempts to understand it. It’s a big map, with plenty of detail, but the map covers the entirety of the continent, so it doesn’t exactly give specifics. Luckily, he knows where he can get more specific maps.

“Camelot,” he says, pointing at the largest city on Orbis. “We’re going to Camelot.”

“Um, Quasi...” Jessica begins, “Shouldn’t you be holding the reins?”

Quasi looks at the handlebars, nodding towards the smooth bony exterior.

The [Hero] sits with legs folded while the Bonecycle travels along at speeds over a hundred miles per hour.

“It’s an undead, Jessica. The handlebars are just for show.”

“Like the fire trail?”

“Yup, like the fire trail.” he says. He looks back at Sanavil, specifically the outskirts, where [Guards] are currently fighting a raging fire burning through the crops.

“Yeaaaaah, let’s not talk about that shit.”

The [Abbess] sighs, but continues to smile. They both had escaped. That’s a win for sure.