

A Cut Thread

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Arachne held herself with confidence, proud that she was able to trap the Vanguard right after dealing the final blow to the foul woman who hurt her the most. It was perfect. Though Arachne deviated from the Void's plans, surely They would praise her for her choice that resulted in weakening their enemies.

The Void stood before the shield that protected Bristol, the one the Vanguard so kindly refers to as "The Bubble". With curious eyes They raised a hand to just barely touch the surface of the translucent wall. They knew already that the Vanguard had collapsed the portal. They had seen everything before the portal collapsed. As They ended that unfortunate thought, Their hand brushed over a crack in the Bubble. It was faint enough to miss seeing but They could feel it just under Their finger. They hummed, "How strange."

However, this was not the Void's concern at the moment.

Arachne approached and lowered herself in respect, "I have the honor to report that I was able to weaken the forces of the mortal's pathetic Gods."

"We were to save the mortals." The Void spoke from Their hood, not turning to relieve Arachne from her reverence, "We could have been stronger. Because of your foolish acts, the mortals remain loyal to their Gods."

Arachne felt a bead of sweat drop from her vessel's brow, "We do not need them. We have our forces, you said it yourself. We can make them—"

She let out a gasp as a hand suddenly grasped her by the jaw to pull her forward. The sinister energy of the Void loomed over her. Her fear kept her silent, allowing only a squeak in discomfort.

The hand loosened slightly, but kept its grip, "You were to go to them and relay what I have so graciously given you," They tapped a finger on the side of her cheek, "and yet, you take this gift I gave you, and you let it out to rot."

Arachne's mouth gaped as she tried to think of words to say, though the words were lost in the panic that welled inside of her as They continued to speak.

"With your failure, the mortals are still shackled to the Gods. They lived and collapsed the portal. You could have helped them earn their freedom, but you were so blinded by your

own petty revenge that your selfishness got in the way of allowing the mortals a chance at redemption.”

The Void muttered something under Their breath as They guided Arachne’s wavering figure back up. They let her go and turned away once more.

Arachne felt a warm sensation around her body immediately after the Void set her face free. This must be some kind of mistake, there was certainly some kind of way she could redeem herself in Their eyes. She went to step forward to argue her reasoning behind her choice, however the weight of her body fell to the ground. Crumbling like a castle of sand, she collapsed in on herself into a pile of dust.

The Void thought of the two mortals that were wise enough to choose their freedom. It would be a pity to see them perish as well. The Void shook Their head. Just like Arachne, those two would only use the power for their own selfish needs instead of freeing others.

The choice has been made. The Void knew what must be done.