

"You know they're going to kill him," the Tyrant Sun offered with the barest twinge of annoyance in his voice.

"Death is just another beginning, big brother," the Mockery giggled, flitting around her brother. Her form shifted and changed before settling onto a twisted mirror of his. Her smile was far far too wide for the stoic expression he normally wore.

"To you, perhaps," the Tyrant Sun responded without reacting.

"To everyone! *You* just need to be more..." the Mockery raised a hand to tap the Tyrant Sun upon the nose, but her hand was stopped by the raw wall of his presence. "... Open-minded!" she finished as her head split open, blood rolling down the warped reflection of his face before the Mockery broke down giggling, her form rippling unnaturally.

"His work with the spirit of Apathy would have suited both of our needs, you know. Killing off followers of Joy *and* Sorrow..."

"But it was *so slow!*" Disgust suddenly surged into the Mockery's voice and she rolled onto its side, shifting into an amorphous blob of gray goo before reforming once more as a paladin of the Goddess of Joy, still smiling. "My way's faster. More death. More mayhem."

"Your way draws attention. *Your* way creates panic, chaos, *trouble*," the Tyrant Sun crossed his arms, expression cold with disapproval.

"Trouble's fun," the Mockery said smugly.

"Trouble draws attention," the Tyrant Sun repeated.

"*I'm* not afraid of them," she said lithely, shifting to a young child and swirling around with arms outstretched. "Are you? Have you been dwelling too long in your negative emotions? Have they *infected* you, big brother?" she came to rest right at her brother's side, staring up with a grin.

The Tyrant Sun narrowed his eyes, staring downwards with frigid disdain.

"*Enough*," the single resonant word caused the Mockery to stop short, frozen by raw power as its glamour melted away and the long androgynous thing was left in its place, unable to move but quivering with sudden rage at being contained. "Lack of caution will be your downfall, and I will not allow you to drag the rest of us down with you. Play with your toys all you like, get them broken, get them burned, *I don't care*. But do not interfere with my plans again, do you understand me?"

All the other could do was nod, still quivering with sudden rage.

And so the Tyrant Sun turned away. The Mockery melted down into a water elemental, corrupted and sickly with ichor. She stared at the would-be God of Law's back for a long moment before turning away and slithering off into the void.

The Tyrant Sun remained, gazing off into a distant star of the ether, dreaming of the feeling of the sun, the *real* sun, on his face. His eyes closed and he exhaled slowly.