

## Ch 46

**20th of December**  
**Greece**

The rain fell in relentless torrents, a symphony of despair drumming against the earth and mingling with the distant rumble of thunder. The darkened sky was a brooding canvas, slashed by lightning that briefly illuminated the ancient ruins of the temple of Dionysos, perched precariously on the rugged mountainside. Uriel stood amidst the crumbling stones, his wings, once resplendent with divine light, now marred and singed by the fall. His eyes, burning with a smoldering fury, were fixed on the temple, a symbol of his tormentor's victory.

"How dare he!" Uriel roared, his voice a guttural echo in the storm. "How dare he defile everything I held sacred!" He raised his remaining arm, the other reduced to a mangled stump, still bleeding and raw from the battle that had cast him down. Dark tendrils of electricity crackled and danced around his fingers, coiling with seething intent.

With a primal scream, Uriel attempted to unleash the full fury of his wrath. Bolts of dark lightning shot from his hand, tearing through the air with deafening force. They struck the temple, exploding on impact and sending shards of stone and marble flying in all directions. But the energy was wild, uncontrolled, the power of his fallen state slipping through his grasp. The very ground beneath him trembled as the sacred structure crumbled under his onslaught, yet Uriel felt no satisfaction, only frustration at his inability to harness his new powers.

For a moment, amidst the chaos and destruction, Uriel almost thought he heard a mocking voice whisper through the wind, a derisive, taunting lilt. "Dark Sasuke," it seemed to say, dripping with scorn. Uriel did not know what it meant, but... His rage only intensified at the phantom jibe, a cruel reminder of his fallen state, a state Dionysos had orchestrated.

"Dionysos!" he screamed, the name a curse on his lips. He could still see Gabriel's innocent, trusting eyes, wide with disbelief and pain as she fell. His mind was a turbulent sea of memories, each wave crashing against his conscience with unbearable force. He remembered how Dionysos had twisted her, manipulated her gentle soul, and led her into the abyss.

Uriel's thoughts spiraled deeper into the darkness of his past. The moment he had confronted Gabriel, his blade poised to strike as she lay defenseless, the orders of their father ringing in his ears. "All fallen must disappear," the edict had been clear, unyielding. Yet, as he stood over her, his resolve had wavered. In that crucial moment, Michael had appeared, his righteous fury a beacon in the storm.

"Uriel, stop!" Michael had commanded, his voice a thunderclap of authority. But Uriel, blinded by his interpretation of their father's will, had refused. He had fought Michael, his brother, his mentor, their clash shaking the very heavens. In the end, it was not Michael who fell for protecting Gabriel. It was Uriel, cast down for his hubris, for his inability to see the truth beyond the rigid confines of his belief. The battle had cost him his arm, a brutal reminder of his fall and the price of his arrogance.

The memory ignited a fresh wave of anger, and with a roar, Uriel poured every ounce of his anguish into one final act of destruction. Dark lightning erupted from his body in a cataclysmic surge, spreading outwards in a devastating arc. The temple, the mountain, and everything within his sight exploded in a blinding flash of raw, untamed power. Rocks and debris rained down, the landscape irrevocably altered by his wrath.

As the dust settled and the rain began to wash away the blood and grime, Uriel stood alone amidst the ruins, his breath ragged, his heart a storm of unquenchable rage. The temple was no more, but the emptiness within him remained, a gaping chasm that nothing could fill. His body was weakened, his powers unstable. He knew even a minor god could defeat him in his current state.

"I swear it," he whispered, his voice hoarse and broken. "I will have my revenge, Dionysos. You will pay for what you have done to me, to Gabriel. I will see you fall, even if it is the last thing I do."

As he turned to leave, a dozen fallen angels emerged from the shadows, their wings dark and tattered, their eyes reflecting the same burning hatred as Uriel's. They were his hands, his shadows, the subordinates who

had followed him in his fall and in his fight. They moved as one, a dark, brooding presence that seemed to consume the light around them.

"We are the Revenants of Wrath," Uriel declared, the name dripping with an edge as sharp as his own fury. One of the newly fallen angels opened his mouth to protest, the words "Too edgy" on the tip of his tongue, but he swallowed them back, intimidated by Uriel's seething rage and the dark power crackling around him.

The rain continued to pour, a relentless reminder of their shared sorrow. Uriel, the fallen angel, now a harbinger of vengeance, spread his charred wings and took to the skies, his subordinates following closely behind. They left behind a shattered mountain and a vow that would echo through the ages.

"I will find a way to replace my arm," he vowed, his voice a low growl. "And when I do, Dionysos, your end will come."

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## **20th of December**

### **Somewhere between Greece and Romania**

"Tickets, please," droned the old, plump ticket inspector, his mustache quivering with every syllable. The compartment on the night train to Romania was dim, the flickering light casting peculiar shadows on the faces of its occupants.

Alexander, his chiseled features almost glowing even in the poor light, shifted uncomfortably. "We... uh... seem to have misplaced our tickets," he said, trying to muster a charming smile.

The inspector's eyes, glinting with a perverse delight, roved over Alexander. "Oh, is that so?" He leaned in, the stench of old cigars and cheap cologne wafting off him. "There are other ways to... settle this," he said, his voice dripping with insinuation.

Alexander recoiled, his disgust barely contained. "Are you suggesting what I think you're suggesting?"

The inspector's mustache twitched into what could only be described as a leer. "A handsome young man like you could easily... make up for the oversight."

Alexander's face twisted in revulsion. "You can't be serious," he said, his voice a mixture of disbelief and disgust.

"Oh, but I am," the inspector replied, his eyes roving lecherously. "A little... favor, and we can forget all about the tickets."

Before Alexander could respond, Dionysos, lounging lazily on the opposite seat, snorted and muttered, "This ought to be good."

Alexander straightened up, a flicker of determination in his eyes. "Sex, primal sex, is indeed a beautiful thing," he began, launching into a grandiloquent monologue. "It is the very essence of human connection, a dance of passion and intimacy. It is a sacred act, transcending mere physicality to touch the very soul. But it must be consensual, a mutual expression of desire and love. To defile such an act with coercion is to tarnish its sacred nature, to reduce it to a base transaction devoid of meaning. The beauty of sex lies in its purity, in the unspoken bond between two souls who willingly give themselves to one another. What you propose is not just an insult to me, but to the very essence of human dignity. And..."

Before Alexander could continue, there was a sudden, sharp thud. The inspector's eyes rolled back as he crumpled to the floor, revealing Diogenes standing behind him with a smug look on his face, a heavy book in hand.

"What in Hades?" Alexander exclaimed, staring at the unconscious inspector. "Diogenes, did you just knock him out?"

Diogenes shrugged, already dragging the inspector's legs towards the window. "Talking is overrated. Help me get rid of him."

Alexander, his face lighting up with joy, eagerly grabbed the inspector's arms. "Does this mean you'll teach me?" he asked, barely able to contain his excitement.

Diogenes rolled his eyes. "It means I should throw you out of the window too," he muttered.

"Wait, what?" Alexander yelped as Diogenes made a show of hefting him towards the window. "Come on, Diogenes! You can't be serious! Who else will help you with the heavy lifting?"

Diogenes paused, considering this. "Fair point. But keep quiet."

With a synchronized heave, they tossed the inspector out into the night. Alexander brushed off his hands, beaming. He turned to Diogenes, eyes shining with admiration.

"So, this means you accept me as your student, right?" Alexander asked, his voice bubbling with enthusiasm.

Diogenes sighed heavily, running a hand through his unruly hair. "It means you're an idiot," he grumbled, rubbing his temples. "But a persistent one."

Alexander's smile faltered, replaced by a puzzled frown. "Wait, what?"

Before Alexander could fully process the insult, Diogenes began pushing him towards the open window. "Maybe I should throw you out too," he mused aloud, grinning wickedly.

Alexander flailed, his voice pitching higher. "Diogenes! Wait! I can be useful! I can—"

"Stop squirming," Diogenes commanded, though his tone was more playful than serious.

"Diogenes, come on!" Alexander's voice was now tinged with both panic and laughter. "We make a good team!"

Diogenes scoffed, shoving Alexander towards the window. "You're more trouble than you're worth, pretty boy!"

Alexander, instinctively slipping into a defensive stance, pushed back. "I've had enough of your insults, old man!"

With surprising speed, Diogenes lunged at Alexander, but his move was clumsy. Alexander easily sidestepped, catching Diogenes by the arm and twisting it behind his back. Diogenes yelped in pain, his smug demeanor quickly dissolving into frustration.

"Forgot I was a trained soldier, did you?" Alexander said, his voice laced with amusement.

Diogenes struggled, but Alexander's grip was firm. "Let go, you brute!"

"No, not until you apologize," Alexander replied, his grin widening.

Before the scuffle could escalate further, Dionysos sprang to his feet and inserted himself between the two. "Alright, alright, break it up, you two!" he commanded, his tone authoritative but amused.

With a forceful yet gentle shove, Dionysos separated them, pushing Diogenes back and giving Alexander a stern look. "Seriously, guys? Fighting on a train? How cliché can you get?"

Diogenes rubbed his twisted arm, glaring at Alexander. "He started it."

Alexander raised his hands defensively. "He was the one who wanted to throw me out of the window!"

Dionysos rolled his eyes dramatically. “Enough. I can’t babysit you two all night. I’m going to the bar wagon.” He paused, a glint of mischief in his eyes. “Who knows, with my luck, I might encounter an NPC... I mean, a secondary quest... I mean, something interesting.”

Without further ado, Dionysos turned and made his way to the window. “What are you doing?” Alexander called after him, confused.

Dionysos flashed a grin. “Taking the scenic route.” He swung himself through the open window with practiced ease, disappearing into the night.

On the roof of the speeding train, the wind whipped violently, the world below a blur of dark shapes and fleeting lights. Dionysos stood up, balancing effortlessly on the narrow surface as the train hurtled forward at 200 km/h. He took a deep breath, reveling in the rush of adrenaline and the cool night air.

As he moved along the roof, he noticed a strange sight up ahead. A figure, silhouetted against the moonlight, was contorting in various yoga poses. Dionysos blinked, thinking he must be seeing things. But no, there she was, a girl performing yoga on the roof of a speeding train.

The girl had a distinctive and comical look that seemed straight out of an 80s workout video. Her voluminous Afro bounced with each movement, and she was clad in a vibrant leotard that clung to her curves. The leotard was a kaleidoscope of colors, with neon pinks, electric blues, and bright greens, matched with leg warmers and a headband that screamed retro fitness fanatic.

Her body, however, was anything but comical. Muscles rippled under her smooth, caramel skin as she moved fluidly from one pose to the next. Her waist was cinched and firm, leading up to full, round breasts that strained against the tight fabric of her leotard. The cold air caused her nipples to harden, poking visibly through the thin material. Her legs were long and toned, a dancer’s precision in every movement, showcasing the balance of strength and grace in her form.

As she shifted into a particularly challenging pose, her leotard stretched taut, barely covering the most intimate parts of her body. The fabric clung so tightly that it left little to the imagination, the outline of her form clearly visible. Dionysos couldn’t help but notice the way the leotard rode up, exposing more than it concealed, adding an unexpected and tantalizing element to the surreal scene.

Intrigued, Dionysos approached her. She moved with serene grace, completely unbothered by the dangerous setting. Her long hair flowed around her like a dark curtain, and she wore a look of utter concentration.

Dionysos stopped a few feet away, crossing his arms. “You know, yoga is usually done in a more... stable environment,” he called out, his voice carrying over the roar of the wind.

The girl opened one eye and peered at him. “And miss this view?” she replied, her voice surprisingly calm.

Dionysos chuckled, shaking his head. “You’ve got a point. Mind if I join you?”

She shrugged, seamlessly transitioning into a downward dog pose. “Suit yourself. But try not to fall off.”

With a grin, Dionysos stripped off his clothes, revealing a bright red speedo that left little to the imagination. He flexed his muscles, which gleamed in the moonlight, and struck a dramatic pose before joining her in the yoga routine.

The girl watched him with mild amusement, her lips curling into a smile. Dionysos matched her movements, his body surprisingly flexible as he contorted himself into various poses. They stayed like that for a few moments, two strangers sharing a bizarrely peaceful moment atop a speeding train.

“So, what brings you up here?” Dionysos asked, glancing at her as he shifted into a warrior pose.