

## THE COUNCIL OF QUON

At a long table positioned in the center of a large meeting hall, a one-eyed old man is seated. Despite his age, his muscles were well-defined and appeared to be chiseled from granite. In his left hand is a golden spear and on his blind eye is a golden eyepatch.

“Haah...” he sighed while looking at an Interactive Construct in his hand displaying a Weronian fleet approaching the planet Earth at light speed.

He already had a plan in mind to counter the Weronian offensive but he still needed another piece of the World Orb from Zeus.

Earth held a sentimental place in his heart. After all, both Asgard and Olympus have made exploratory expeditions to Earth.

‘Was it 3000 years ago? Or perhaps it was 5000 years ago?’ Odin pondered. ‘I’ve lived so long, I hardly remember. ‘ (EN)

When he arrived, humans had just begun creating communities. Furthermore, their technology was still primitive, firmly lodged in the Bronze age. They even worshipped him when he arrived with his son. Still, Odin was convinced that if left to their own devices, while they may stumble and fall, one day they would learn from their mistakes and progress.

Asgard and Olympus are Type Three Civilizations. And yet they do not colonize many planets for fear of the Destroyer, or as humans call it the Great Filter.

Suddenly a person enters the room and kneels. The man was a messenger.

“Have they arrived?” Odin asked.

The messenger was about to reply when, from the distance, Odin sighted his old friends. Odin gestured for the messenger to leave.

“Zeus, you’ve arrived.” Zeus was a white-bearded, muscly man wearing a council robe. The aura of power emanated from him and sparks of lightning could be seen dancing on his fingertips.

“It’s been a long time, you undying bastard,” Zeus said. On his face was a look of discontent. It was Asgard that convened the Council, after all.

Though Olympus and Asgard are allies, it’s not like they haven’t had conflicts. Zeus never liked it when that one-eyed bastard smiled.

It always irritated him for one reason or another.

Maybe it was because whenever Odin smirked it invariably meant that he was scheming something.

“Is it just the two of us?” Odin asked.

“The others have sent proxies saying that they will respect our decision. If we agree, they will. I also brought Hermes with me.” Zeus responded.

“I brought Frigga as well,” Odin said.

Saying this, light flashes, and Hermes appears beside Zeus while Frigga appears beside Odin.

“So, the Werons have finally made their opening move?” Zeus asked as he sat at the long table. Frigga and Hermes respectively take a seat beside their kings.

“Yes,” Odin replied.

“And?” Zeus asked, creasing his eyebrows.

“Earth needs to be protected,” Odin answered. Zeus’ eyebrow furrowed once again.

“What about the Time Lords? Have they responded?” Zeus asked once again, while Odin shook his head

“They claim neutrality,” He replied.

“What a bunch of spineless cowards. Hmm... I hope to see the day they fall. Especially considering the Da-” Zeus fell silent after seeing Hermes rolling his eyes.

“Ehem,” he coughed then said, thinking about the problem they are now faced with, “Even though the Weronians intend to attack Earth what can we do? It’s not like they’re a part of the treaty and Olympus has been at peace for too long. Do you think we’d offend the Weronians for the sake of one planet?” Zeus retorted, raising his eyebrow while Hermes nodded at his king

Zeus wasn’t cold-hearted enough to let Earth suffer, but he still has his planet and affairs to worry about.

If they sent the Olympians to fight the Weronians, the Qarthans would have an opportunity to attack Olympus. *nOVelnext.com*

Although they have had a standing armistice and non-aggression treaty for the past 2800 years, and have both enjoyed peace, bitter sentiments persisted in both sides’ men.

Odin then said, “They might not have our technology but they are a warring race—unbelievably strong and ruthless. And since they departed years ago, they will reach Earth within 50 years by Thor’s calculations.”

“Which is why even if we started pursuing them now, we would only see Earth destroyed and razed when we get there,” Zeus countered.

“That’s the thing. They aren’t destroying the Earth, they’re terraforming it.”

“Into what?” Zeus queried, clearly puzzled.

“To their liking. They haven’t controlled any planets ever since they fought the Ervenian race and their planet was blown up. From that moment, they’ve been roaming around the universe in searching for a home.”

“I know,” Zeus said, waving his hand. “You don’t have to give me a history lesson,” Zeus grumbled, electricity crackling in his hand. Odin just sighed.

‘Immature as always,’ Odin mused.

Following this thought, he said, “Recently I discovered they obtained a World Engine from the Merchants of Sarens. If they use it on Earth, then…”

Zeus held up his hand and interrupted, “I understand,” as he gritted his teeth and the color bled from his face, while his expression sunk.

Sparks were produced from his cold sweat. “But what can even we do?”

“I have a solution,” Odin proposed.

“What?”

“The World Orb can save Earth.”

Zeus’ expression suddenly turned dumbfounded and he said, “The World Orb. That damned weapon… You want to use it against the Werons? It’s possible, but you know the World Orb has sentience. Asking it to unleash its energy to destroy a race might backfire.”

“Yes, but the World Orb wouldn’t refuse if we ask it to save a race instead of destroying one. I don’t think it would complain.”

“Save what? The humans?”

“Yes, humans. They may be weak and primitive, but that’s mainly because they’ve just started on this great journey. Perhaps in a thousand years, or ten thousand years, or maybe a million years they might reach the level of our

technology, but not yet. They have a right to, at least, try to protect themselves from irresponsible invasions.”

Zeus nodded, began understanding Odin’s plans.

“What can the World Orb do to help?”

“It can make them stronger.”

“How?” Zeus asked. In response, Odin came closer and whispered to Zeus who then nodded in understanding.

“Too many would die,” Zeus interjected.

Odin held the hand of his wife and gave a bitter smile.

“Indeed, an astronomical amount would perish. Humans still haven’t developed much and they only have maybe 6 or 7 billion people.”

“Then why? We won’t allow such cruel treatment to an alien race.”

“Yes, while many of them will die, they will then be able to survive when the Weronian fleet comes. This is our only option.”

Zeus pondered in deep thought, for seemingly an eternity.

In his mind, he made many calculations, before nodding and saying, “Then meet me in Zeron with your piece of the World Orb. If the Council allows it, perhaps your plan will work.”

After agreeing to a plan, they talk about other matters and then that evening they take their pieces of the World Orb from their treasuries.

The World Orb is the most powerful thing in this, and any possible, Universe. It can change reality, govern time, and do many other things at its own discretion.

Furthermore, it has its own will. And because of that, it is the most dangerous item in the whole universe.

It is only thanks to the Universe Elder that programmed it to judge any order it received using his sense of morality as a guideline that all of reality hasn't collapsed multiple times over.

When the Olympians and Asgardians asked the World Orb to strengthen humans, it agreed and searched for a system that the humans could comprehend.

They wouldn't be able to grow strong if the World Orb used too complicated a method, and if it gave them too much knowledge, it would be like giving a precious gem to a swine only to spell its doom.

Suddenly a light, invisible to the naked eye, radiated out from the World Orb and shot faster than conceivable by the human mind, surpassing the concept speed itself, towards the Earth, reaching it instantaneously.

From a human perspective, this was when the Fall began. And in contrast, from the Olympians' and Asgardians' perspective, the rise began.

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Editor's Note: This was originally 5000-7000 years, but technically they were worshipped around the Bronze age so I changed it to 3000-5000 years for the sake of historical accuracy.