

Deep beneath the city, where no light ever touched, Aiden discovered a hidden door that pulsed with an eerie blue glow. Dying vigour shrouded the bygone door, a sea of untouched fingerprints rusting the unrefined rigid aquamarine that made up the door. Aiden's eyes were magnetically pulled towards the intricate ceaseless patterns, his fingers submerging under the crystallising yet decaying water to feel the meticulous carvings on the door. Poseidon's Trident was engraved into a pattern, a hint of the blurring barrier between myth and fact.

Aiden moved his fingers onto the middle point of the head of the trident, and the unearthly subtle blue mutated into a corrupted crimson powering the pistons that opened the door. The door's opening was mechanical yet futuristic, the mechanisms tightly concealed in the door itself. Major segments were pushed out of the way, while the other segments were turned 90 degrees by the pistons, making a pixelated circle through which Aiden crawled into, the door closing in rapid succession. The myths spoke truth. Poseidon's residence was buried under the London Underground Network. Centuries of deep sea exploration had failed, but a weary traveller burdened by his perpetual journey had found it. And there was the throne on which Poseidon sat on, and the long trident that he held. In fear of his eyes to see Him, Aiden looked at the Lord's legs. There He was. The King of Atlantis.