

Naz 10

My eyes are fixed on Alex. I watch him like a shit hawk. (trailer park boys joke lol) despite being fixed on him, my concentration is divided.

I have a third eye taking note of the vicinity around me. Like a radar if you will. I have another part of my concentration that keeps tabs with elements around me like; terrain, where other targets are like reise (even if she is away from battle) memory committed to taking notes as the battle unfolds. Process that hyper analyses all the previous again. It is quite a complicated process. Like a super computer. When Alex begins to do something else, I watch carefully what it amounts to. Analysing changes to the environment, observing Alex's posture and changes in his energy. Checking all around me for results. I can quickly notice that his move infuses his water field with a substance. That is which is presently unknown.

I can also notice that his reatsu or "spiritual pressure", his energy output is very low and negligible however word to the wise is that, never underestimate your opponents. It might seem small but the opponent I face is a man of technique. There is a bigger plan when it comes to him and part of the goal is to find out what and spring the trap. Mayhaps lay a trap of my own. Time will tell though the chest pieces have begun moving.

When the water is infused with this...inky substance, the structure of his water changes. His water turned from clear to tainted. I can quickly notice the summoning circle as well, therefore I will have to face a creature of some sort.

Additionally, something is up with the water. I notice how when Alex finishes his summon and the water turns navy-blue, he disengages and goes atop a pillar. This reinforces my theory of a creature stepping in. Why bother with an

opponent when you can test the waters and wear them out? That means I should use conservative moves to effectively take out whatever is coming.

However... there was more to the water than just the summon. My skin crawls as I can sense something coming from the water. My soul senses that danger, like an impending doom. It wasn't exactly the summon but rather how noxious the water was. It wasn't just the water, it was the ink itself. The water did not have anything particular about it save having the force of a tsunami and to drown but when Alex infused it with the ink, that changed.

Something was added to it.

What the effects were, were unknown however it would be found out soon enough.

Shortly after Alex leaps up, something stirs in the depth of his water field. What remains to be seen. A giant and hideous creature leaps over me. It is an abomination. I scowl at it and ready my swords. It takes me 0.100 milliseconds to calculate that the creature's trajectory is to my right which comes to my first observations; The water contains something dangerous.

I counter quickly by elemental manipulation via cosmic force. Without looking, I target the entire splash it creates. The waves have enough time to make it's tidal wave but just before it collapses atop of me it freezes in place, spreading instantly to the rest of the wave and 15 meters in all direction, making it a solid block of ice, provided this worked.

By using cosmic energy, I am able to manipulate it to either generate or transmute matter around me at a molecular level, therefore allowing the user to either create and shape their own matter or transmute existing matter and re-write their rules. In this case, the water and their molecules were

simply turned into a solid by changing the temperature to instantly freeze it. The ink would be trapped there as well. Should the attempt fail, I attempt a last ditch effort by swinging my sword in a downwards arching strike. The sheer pressure put into this swing would cleave through several blocks of building (multi block destruction) with the hopes of parting the wave apart with pressure of the strike.

Alex 10

Atop the stone pillar stood Alexander who retained his cold dead expression. Focused only on Shoshanna as she dealt with the splash of the Chykka by freezing the toxic reserve. That would suffice for now blatantly but the torment was only just beginning. And so with the very next moment as the creature's wing-fins propelled out of the water as it did circle, Alex's hands clasped together once again.

The waters around the pillar would surge forth. Small pillars no more than seven feet tall erupted, about a dozen of them. Surging up and bounding round, condensing. Each took on the same shape and the same overall colors. Water clones of Alex a dozen in count and each made of the same toxic bog waters.

The main body's head tilted to the right slightly as he maintained focus on Shoshanna, "Begin."

With his command the clones ran towards Shoshanna Naruto-Style with their arms dragging behind them. And they all wore the same dead expression, save for one that hung back next to the main body. That one wore a slight smirk and demonstrated actual alive-ness.

"Well now Shoshanna, how will you contend with all of this I wonder?" the clone would question.

Naz 11

" with patience and precision" i answer back simply.

With the situation turning against me, it is imperative that i carefully carve my next set of moves as mistakes will have consequences. There are a dozen of clones and that giant fish. I must remain calm and sense the danger. I sharpen my concentration and listen, feel, sense as the dangers approach. I ready myself for what comes next. in the meantime, i engage the approaching clones while i can. I fire volleys of simple bolts of super-heated fire while standing my ground.

These bolts are fueled by cosmic energy as well but don't provide any additional power save for containing the appropriate amount of heat to instantly evaporate water on contact. These firebolts would act like volley-ball sized bullets, taking chunks of the water clones in passage and moving on to the next target until colliding with solid matter (including the ice from previously) and expending the projectile.

Alex 11

All of the clones focused on the evasive come the next bout. There really wasn't much more to it. Jumping up and over the attacks or side stepping, the clones going so far as to even use high speed movement akin to but not exactly the likes of Flash Step- should it prove necessary. Three of the clones did this regardless of the volley, moving to positions around Shoshanna.

They formed what was essentially three points to a triangle and each would form different handsigns though NOT of the Ninja-verse variety from the Home Lands. Three distinct hand seals, one apiece. And their focus was on the very technique they had begun to cast.

"Eye of Neptune," the three spoke in unison, as across the way from this activity the main body did the very same.

Slicing winds picked up all around the vicinity of Shoshanna, ripping through the waves with a thunderous crash. The howling shriek of cutting force as it propelled and tore through. The very toxic waves swept up and sent flying all around forming a water wall that began to climb; but that was not all there was to it. Clouds above the rising huge radial pillar would begin to form black with a hue of purple.

And it was with this that the droplets of water began to zip around inside of the climbing ring. Fragments of standing structures were shredded instantly as if pierced by a thousand bullets as the droplets of water went crashing inward. In short- a ring of water had been summoned with a storm above, and water drops were acting like glass howling through the air. And due to the special nature of this technique, it could also impact souls directly due to the charge of the caster which is what made the Eye of Neptune technique a prison/barrier in addition to being a widescale damaging attack.

At this same time two of the clones began the water dragon technique, creating two pillars that would become the serpent dragons which crashed through the wave diving at Shoshanna. Glowing yellow eyes and murky purple bodies. They let out howls as they came down at Shoshanna. They would lunge down from above as the slicing fragmented waves came in from the side.

And while she had all of that to contend with, below the waves the great beast had begun to climb. It swam from the depths of the bog and moved up on Shoshanna like a freight train. And this was only half of the bodies acting thus far. The main body, the clone beside it, the three casting the Neptune technique and then the two water dragon users. Six water clones were still at play.

Naz 12

The clones evade my attempted shots towards them. I chose not to move regardless and continue to fire the bolts. When the clones group up, they have the time to complete their ritual as i time my counter measure and stop firing, figuring it relatively pointless. While the clones prepare their move, i count the seconds and milliseconds right just before the winds kick up. That is when i react. "Reflega"

Upon conjuring those words, a cristalline shield of light covers my location like a bubble shield. It is spherical in structure, covering every location.

From that point on, all damage sent my way gets caught by the defensive spell with a small little twist.

The winds pick up and continually throws sharp winds and the waters to it, which constantly triggers a block. Not only this but it continually chains it damage.

Additionally, those two dragons that lunge forth are blocked as well, the damage being struck upon that shield. The fish that attacks from below is blocked, recoiling from colliding with solid matter.

The spell remains as so long as the damage continues and that the mana used to fuel it is sustained. (up to a certain limit)

(reflega is a spell from kingdom hearts 2. I'm simply using it with a slight different twist. The spell creates a shield of light in the shape of cristal bubble. All damage is deflected by the shield. It grants temporary invincibility as long as you have mana to cast and sustain it. How it worked in kingdoms hearts 2 is you can chain cast it 3 times and then what ever damage it takes it reflects back in a close-range nova. In this case it gonna be slightly different but similar)

Alex 12

And so it was. The clones would continue. The Chyka would rebound while the Eye of Neptune remained active. The remaining clones would begin to prep something, not coming close to letting up. The battle would be a stalemate... or would it??

The main body's head would tilt, that same cold expression remaining and still little to no spirit energy.

.....

Within the Realm of Shoshanna's soul collecting, the group was stationed. The knocked out Twins, Danielle, and the very much ragdoll Almec. The siblings were faint, Almec held absolutely nothing- not a pulse, not a soul, not even a fragment of anything that said anything other than this was a deadguy. Not a fledgling of someone else's power over any of them.

And that was the plan all along.

While Shoshanna might have dominion here this being LITERALLY inside of Shoshanna's scope of abilities, that was irrelevant in this moment. As Danielle looked upon the corpse of Almec... the still very much dead man... something in the eyes changed. The amber would burn away and reveal- magenta, which narrowed.

And before Danielle or even Shoshanna could do anything about it- that cursed seal on Danielle from Virgil Gorgon would flicker to life with a result instantaneous. A hole would open up in Danielle's abdomen before anyone could realize it, a hole with a piercing beam of spirit energy, forged of Danielle's own spirit energy, commanded by the seal. Said hole would of course pass clean through where the heart rested... and it being a 'slaying' cursed attack, it would be perma damage dealt.

Shoshanna would NOT be able to stop it as this was something setup LONG ago and embedded into Danielle. And while it was Virgil's own curse, that of course had been touched by Alexander during that incident those months ago at the club. The only thing was to activate it just the same as Virgil might have, at close range.

And it was in that next instant when the Almec corpse's spiritual energy pulsed to life; but it was not Almec's. It was Alexander's.

Naz 13

While the spell held, the clones, the chyka and eye of Neptune would not relent their assault. In return, I continue to sustain the spell as damage has not ceased. I can see that the clones are preparing something as well. I will need to remain patient if I want to catch the clones off-guard.

Meanwhile my divided attention glances at Alex atop his pillar. Something has been bugging me for a bit. Why does that body not contain any spiritual force? It is equivalent to a dead corpse. It holds no life essence and is saturated in death essence instead.

"Dead corpse..." echoes in my mind. "He's not the real Alex... just a puppet. He has done this before.." I think to myself. As foretold, it means he has a plan. What is he planning? What trump card could possibly have? That is when I realise.....

-Shoshanna's inner dimension

Inside a completely separate dimension inside of shoshanna's inner soul and self lies Danielle, the twins and almec. They appear inside a completely warped environment. A reflection of my vast inner world.

They lay flat on their stomachs by a jungle waterfall. The area is very calm and serene. As Danielle gazed upon almec, she would experience her final moment. A hole explodes in her chest, damaging her body and soul directly. That was it. Danielle has met her end or so it seemed...

From behind Danielle, from the shadow she casts upon the ground, something eerily quiet and still rises from the depth of the darkness. For a brief moment there was no detection at all until a chilling cold multitude of voices spoke in unison;

"We see you, fragile fragment. (Echoe/fragment)
You wear a stolen shape.(stolen)

A hollow echo of life.(hollow/life)
But there is no pulse inside.(echoe/pulse inside)
Only cold, calculated mimicry.
You are a facsimile.
A mirror reflecting nothing.
Your glass now shatters
Return to the dust.
We cut away the lie.”

"they spoke in unison. Similar to shunsui's kageoni technique, a shadow of death emerges from danielle's shadow. It materialises with a certain previously seen gesture where it's arms are crossed holding their zanpakutō. Upon fully rising up, the entirety of the reality begins to shift and unravel. At first, Alex can hear the shatter of glass and cracks appear everywhere, as if reality itself were shattering. The peaceful sky atop shifts quickly to angry, black clouds.

The winds shriek, crying a name out in whispers "death...."

Finally the aura sets in, for alex exclusively, there is a massive weight in the entire dimension, like the universe's weight was dropped on your shoulders, the earlier effects mentioned; the pressure of the ocean, the weight of gravity, madness, death, despair, all hung and clung to soul and bones.

These effects would reach their full and most critical levels of expression.

A few things occur, the damage that Danielle takes is halted and stalled. Danielle was effectively killed and/or damaged. That has not changed however by a mixture of using absolute death manipulation and absolute soul manipulation, i was able to stall and stop these effects temporarily by using absolute death manipulation (considering we are within the boundaries of her inner self and the pinnacle of her powers, without the constraints of the mugen rules) I revoke danielle's death. With the help of absolute soul manipulation, the damage done to Danielle's soul is reversible as well. To perform these feats however, there was a cost. A condition for these changes to take place.

In order to revoke the damage done to Danielle I would have to vanquish Alex and expel him from my inner world. By achieving this goal I gain the right to complete the process. Should Alex prove worthy and manage to vanquish my shadow, he would claim the right to take and end Danielle's life. In order for either party to achieve their goals, one must vanquish another.

(to elaborate a bit on how these powers are possible allow me to explain. My character as most know is death. (like THE death but from another dimension.) In the mugen verse, her powers are toned down to fit the narrative a bit better because her scale far exceeds mugen standards. By this rule, she still has those powers but it is severely toned down and re-scaled as administration deems fit. However; these powers scalings are not applicable in terms of her inner self as for her to continue to function, her inner self can't be compromised as it is those very powers that allow her to exist in the mugen verse.

Therefore, exclusively to her inner self, she may wield her nigh-omnipotent and supreme power within reasonable limits in good faith. With fun intentions. That also means that despite wielding said supreme powers, it had to be within reason.

(disclaimer for the mods and admins. Allow me to explain. Before I came up with this conclusion, I had a back and forth conversation with Alex. I asked him many questions in regards to this situation, where if this act was not revocable or absolute and non-counterable. If so, I'd let it go and admit the loss. However with a conversation we agreed and determined that a chance is available to make the fight more interesting. I have repeatedly told Alex that I'm willing to take the loss accordingly.

Therefore, we will proceed with a double fight in two separate instances. One in her inner realm, and one in the current reality. I wanted to make this clear to avoid accusations of god-modding as these are accurate depiction of my own character and again, I had a conversation with Alex about before proceeding. My only goal and intent is to have a cool fight. Nothing more, nothing less.)

Alex 13

The whole while as the shadow began to emerge the body of Almec would rise, more of the illusion burning off as the spiritual pressure roared to life though still heavily restrained. Literal sweeping dark green flames surrounded his body as he cast a look upon Danielle and then this rising phenomenon. The voices would speak, the shadow would come to be and gesture.

Glass shattering, cracks everywhere. The black angry clouds, the voices. And that aura, the massive weight. While it would cause him to droop he would not buckle and instead would hold up like a man who just got slapped by the wind but was ultimately unphased. He'd note the halting of Danielle's death, unexpected but not outside the realm of possibilities due to this being a reaper's inner world.

And so he'd glance from the fatally wounded lass to the shadow.

"Unexpected," he would state...

While outside the corpse stood next to the water clone which retained its visible smirk now, eyes glowing as it stared upon Shoshanna within the Eye of Neptune and that barrier, "-but not unwelcome."

The six clones, their palms together- would finish and drop down. Right hands slapping the waters and left hands forming the hand sign with both pointer & middle fingers extended & all others bent back. Six points of summoning focus, ample energy around to complete it.

"SUMMONING!"

This one would be different. The storm clouds above would buckle and rip wide open but behind them would not be the skies of Hell. Instead it was a tremendous sphere descending, a massive

bloody orange sphere sparking with instability. Shoshanna and perhaps ANYONE in Hell itself or connected would be able to sense this summoning.

A MASSIVE sphere of sparking uncontrollable Chaos Energy was dropping down. This would be done as the storm above was composed of Alexander's energy and thus could be used to open up a summoning tunnel, which brought this massive football-field diameter sized sphere of destruction down. And of course due to its nature it would begin to distort the environment and ripple with the screams of untold countless souls as it dropped point blank upon Shoshanna's crystal.

Chaos, 10x the destructive force, known for being mutagenic and somewhat reality-distorting. One of the leading principle energies of reality, regarded as counter reality or distortion by some, unyielding and erasing by others. Shoshanna may be death but this pure amount of chaos energy would be well and truly troubling to stop under these circumstances and the result of that blast going off could lead to disastrous effects for all of Hell itself. That much chaos allowed to fan out and infect the realm... and for Shoshanna, who was already surrounded by the Eye of Neptune and stuck in her own barrier, would have this bombshell coming down.

The water clone beside the corpse, now likely known well to be Almec's body at this point, would simply grin. Shoshanna now had a choice to make.

Naz 14

Reality;

It's all clear now. Almec's corpse is actually here meanwhile Alex is in my inner realm. It was a ploy, a trick. Clever fox. The question however, is it truly wise to invite oneself to death's inner world? We'll find out soon enough...

The clones prepare a new attack as I hold my ground. They perform their various hand signs

While my focus remains on the crystalline shield. What comes forth however is something expected yet unexpected. The chaos energy was to be expected. The size and force it contained however was slightly unexpected. Chaos energy, being a strong force, could be tricky to handle. Especially with the potential to warp and distort reality.

When the chaos energy drops down at point blank, it collides with my spell.*blam!*

There is a contest in force as this is an absurd amount of chaos in one go and with the nature of the spell. When the two spells collide, both repel another. The chaos energy tries to force itself to break the shield, meanwhile the shield completely blocks the spell off.

However..... due to the amount of force and the sheer volume, something begins to occur;

The shield takes damage and loses durability. Despite the nature of the spell making it impossible, the chaos energy, being an unpredictable force, warps the reality around it, causing the shield to interact differently than it normally does. As the two spells collide, the chaos energy warps the shield's parameters, causing it to lose its durability.

When this occurs, I feed it more energy to sustain and repair the cracks. This is where the contest of power begins.

The damage creeps in as I try to hold the shield for as long as I can. While taking the damage head on, the spell's power and

potency, as well as its reality warping makes it so much more difficult to sustain the spell.

There is a visible struggle as I groan inside the shield. Alex can see the strain in my eyes and facial expression as the chaos energy is slowly taking over my shield.

Over time, the spell's energy is dissipating but the cracks are also becoming far more visible and spreading. Eventually, the spell takes over the shield and the shield explodes in a sound of shattering glass.

Upon the spell breaking, a blinding, erratic flash of chaos magic tears through the remaining 180-foot zone while a massive nova of light engulfs the vicinity in a radius of 30 meters. This range would reach it's final distance instantaneously without warning.

Trees splinter, concrete turns to glass, and reality bends at the edges. They are now standing in the center of a smoking, chaotic crater

The nova is a reflection of all the damage it had taken prior to the first attack and the latest. The clones, the dragons, the water tsunami. The noxious sludge in the water. All these instances of damage were all absorbed and then redirected including the newly added chaos energy. When the spell broke, the shield had absorbed 3/4th or 75% of it's mass and total damage output, leaving 25% of it remaining and then finally reflecting the final total as it shattered to pieces.

Additionally, shards of crystals explode in the thousands everywhere, at the same time the nova radiates outwards. These shards replicate the same damage as the nova except that it was every single shard. Each shard would contain its own value, meaning that each shard counted towards one instance of damage, rather than taking the total value and dividing it into shards. These shards travel at bullet speed and ricochet off of hard surfaces and structures, making it a chaotic attack. These shards linger for 5 seconds before disappearing into nothing. It was additionally

possible to be hit multiple times by the same shard or other shards simultaneously.

Meanwhile....

Inner world;

As my inner world distorts with my emotions, my shadow gets straight to the point. It dismisses it's two Zanpakutō's and chants it's final release. "Bankai.... Shi no shinpan"

(bankai, death's judgement)

My shadow steps forward and places both their hands close in front of them, as if grasping something invisible. Then, they pull their hands apart and a black and white death energy gets pulled apart and stretches. It forms into a bone scythe as it catches it midair and swings it low to the left side, it's blade pointing down. The simple act of doing so tears apart the ground to the left, leaving a massive crater and destruction in it's wake.

It doesn't wait, it engages immediately.

"Death shroud" it whispered softly. One more step forward And a massive shroud of death energy explodes and swirls around the shadow in a 40 meter radius. Those caught inside the shroud suffer necrotic damage directly. This damage would cause Alex to slowly rot to death, causing his skin to rot and gradually turn to bones. This damage however would not affect the soul directly, rather just at a physical level.

Additionally, the effects were quite slow and agonizingly painful. It's damage was not permanent either and rather gradual.

The recipients who are affected by the shroud would include Alex only. Danielle and the twins are unaffected.

Alex 14

What was to come would be no less than complete and utter devastation that would be sure to stir up many folds of attention on this battle. The Death Reaper Signatures, the presence of Shoshanna in an actual random fight, this sudden flood and burst of chaos, and the perhaps very VERY familiar signature of an old and maybe despised fallen angel. Sights were locked upon the clash of the spell with the summoned ball of chaos and the tremendous force used to try and repel it. The amusing part was that this was simply a summoning of a mass of energy, not even conjured or controlled other- it was simply summoned and dropped like a nuke.

The clash of the primordial auras. The shield cracking, reality itself radiating and warping as if buckling from this clash. Time would move fast in some sectors and slow in others. Cracks would spread through space and ripple with instability.

And the more the mass of energy came to going critical as it fought Shoshanna, the more Shoshanna funneled in pushing the criticality further. This had one outcome and one outcome only. The corpse stood emotionless again while the water clone beside continued to smirk.

“Gib mir den Todeskuss,” the corpse murmured.

The outcome was practically set. The arch, the blast, the nova, and erratic rupture of all that power. A combined force of death and anarchy, something offsetting to reality itself. The Eye of Neptune wouldn't be capable of withstanding the level of raw power from this blast and it would be blown asunder. Of course this would also engulf the clones as it spread out.

Waters blown away, all of the clones around minus the main body and main water clone torn away. The summoning fried and despawned. A tsunami of water breaching the bounds of what was

originally designated. And then the ultimate blast. Shards going searing out and chaos vaporizing into the air creating arks of chaos lightning born from the raw energy as it hued into the very land.

Reise would herself move away and cast the God Eye to render her body outside of the realm of being attacked as both the corpse and final water clone vanished in both the wave and the flash.

Within the inner world the events would transpire. He would not stop the shadow. He would not act. He would barely react. The Bankai... and then came the shroud of death energy.

This energy would sweep into him and he would do nothing to evade it. The rot would spread, his body would begin to break apart. It seemed like an end... until he took a step, then another, and another. He walked forward as his face burned off and his clothes fell apart.

It wasn't even defiance in his gaze as he stepped through the shroud. With the skin peeling back what came into view was not bone- it was something a bit more grotesque. A twisted form. The right arm distended and became more liquid muck, a color black.

Black vines twisted around the left and composed the left. His body was a twisted mess of black vines some of which were melting. His face became very skeletal and his eyes roared with the same magenta hue as they had before though now much like a flame. Vines stuck out like nails, exceptionally long hardened nails.

A tail became visible, jagged horns bending back around his head, white hair that appeared utterly now dead. Vines rippled off of his body as more black sludge dripped from his open torso, glowing with magenta like his jagged mouth and eyes. Long talons as

claws, razor sharp almost comedic-cartoony demon-like teeth that were all too real.

A hulking bundle of strange black vines leeching out some strange black substance, a twisted monstrosity, that is what approached the shadow now without seeming care. What little discomfort did show on Alex, that was gone now. The writhing mass that was his actual body unshackled from the fake shroud he wore prior. His true form, the form of one who had broken his own soul so very long ago... and made it all too physical.

Comprised of complete darkness, darkness as a concept which does not age or rot, marking him immune to these sorts of lower tier attacks. The magenta aura that radiated around him, the cracks in his body where vines twisted showing the bleeding red eyes of black abyss associated with Zero himself, the Fallen Angel of Misery. The slushing stomp of each thudding step ahead.

As his body twisted, vines moving about, the discomfort was visible. He was immune to his flesh being rotted as he was already in necrotic pain for who knows how long. Once more, this was not some transformation- this is what he had become, without that mask. And those eyes were visible all around his body temporarily and even in the aura.

Outside once more the veil of the blast would fade. The water spell was gone, much of the Demonic Arms Base's ruins were gone, and chaos was THICK and spreading through the air now... Shoshanna would likely have but a few moments to take in what was essentially the epicenter of a nuclear blast (so to speak) before movement approached. By now she'd likely already be aware of what was in her inner world, and in front of her that corpse that had assumed Alex's form was approaching.

It survived the blast, now radiating with chaos energy that it was self-producing. Only this was... different. Rather than purely destructive it radiated with much more. The feeling of madness, that which would drive many of the weaker willed people insane. A hint of despair, of total agony, the anguish.

It moved almost uncaring and now was adjourned by other clones as it came into simple view. Beside it a guttural growl. Something on all 4's with a swishing tail, wings, and a skeletal build with writhing tendrils of darkness so very VERY similar to what Alex now actually shown as. Glowing with magenta eyes and breathing a breath of magenta flame, claws glowing.

This creature was completely feral and it was ever so different from what Alex had become. This was his Shadow, a reflection of instinct and wrath. The corpse stopped short, radiating with chaos energy. Feelings of dread, madness, instability. That was what was radiating into the air around the battlefield now.

That blast, its own remnant was now stitching into the air and land, infecting and warping the battlefield around them. The doppelganger's eyes were cold much like before. And it would be now that Shoshanna might truly understand what she was up against.

Whatever Alex had become was a broken mess inside her inner world that could not simply rot away for it had already become broken, and that was the real Alex. The shadow out here, a reflection of his primal nature. And then the clone, the mask that was pre-programmed and equipped with enough of Alex to bridge the gap. And now as the chaos energy seeped into the air and he began to take hold over it the field would change entirely.

The games were done.

The ground would tremble, tremor. Flashes of instability as the orange-blood red lightning struck down. Time slowing and

accelerating in some pockets from the blast and now amplified by Alex's own will. The ripples, the distortion.

To most normal people it would be like looking at the world drunk and unable to stand as it all weaved and bobbed- like a funhouse mirror. And for any nearby the madness might hit them, their primal urges going ham, their insanity that might make them see or feel things forgotten or locked away, mayhaps even undiscovered. The despair, the depravity for some, the utter misery. And its affects would only spread rapidly from this epicenter with limits unknown.

This would put a gun to Sho's head metaphorically, because now if she didn't stop Alexander his own chaos would threaten to swallow more than just her. And for Alex... that power began to unveil the truth. His aura flared to life, pure unfiltered chaos energy. Behind him the white robed figure, bandaged and wrapped in blood cloth & binders, the massive red eye with black & white pupil on the chest and visible via the face, the thorn wings, the bleeding halo.

This WAS the Fallen Angel of Misery's power infused into Chaos. This WAS Zero's power, only far far more than it had been. All of this radiated the misery and madness of Zero, despite Alex not being Zero. Zero was gone and dead... yet, again, this is what was before Shoshanna now- and something near everyone could sense.

And so as the eyes of the corpse pulsed it erupted with full power enough to make Lieutenants drop and captains maybe tremble. Aura erupting around the body and pouring from hands like flames. The jacket flaring as the roar of chaos flowed from his veins like arks, his hair flailing about.

"What will you do now, Shoshanna?" the question would be posed.

Naz 15

Inner world.

As the shadow slowly closes in on Alex, his skin peels. unveiling the illusion we so desired to see removed. The lies that Alex carried

And called his “form”.

“We have witnessed your grand design. A tapestry woven from threads of deception. But illusions are merely borrowed time.

Our presence does not destroy; it simply unmakes the unnecessary. The false skin you wore to comfort the living cannot withstand the weight of what is inevitable.

See how your painted sky fractures. See how the gold flakes away to reveal the rust beneath.

You call yourself a savior. A monument of light. But as the shroud dissolves, only the monument remains. Cold. Hollow. A facsimile of life, desperately mimicking the breath it never possessed. The mask has withered. Your true form is laid bare before the end.”

The shadow spoke, and its approach continued. Its hand that wears gauntlets, gently glides an index on the blade of its bone scythe that was held in front of it as if it were inspecting its weapon. It makes a metallic screech “Shhhhhhhh-ing!” As it lowered it back down, the aura changed. Its color changes from a simple black hue to black and white. More consistently black and ashen with white. Alex can immediately sense that if he stays in this aura, not only will it consume him but it would completely erase him should he stay long enough. It would surely kill him. (and most likely permanently too if she doesn't do anything about it)

The aura, previously being a small expression of death magic or “death force” would assume its most frightening aspect. The force being manipulated was meta-death force. The absolute form of death force and its expressions. its final and ultimate shape and potency. At this level, standard death magic paled in comparisons.

The shadow slowly encroaches alex as the change is gradual, slowly radiating outwards.

The old aura having a delay with being re-written with the new.
The shadow's speed does not change. It eerily glides forward in walking speed.

In reality.

When the dust settles, there is a lone woman at the center of the destruction. Flowing crimson hair. Her clothes are tattered and ripped apart. Some reveal bits of her thigh. Some have no arms sleeves. There is a vivid tear across her belly, like a knife cut the fabric.

The robe back of her dress is torn in half where one half is missing and the other is intact. Her visible and exposed skin contains burns and marks correlating to the chaos energy she just took. Her face slightly contorted and burned.

Then slow and eerily, the damage starts to repair itself. Her face changes from seared red and all muscle-like (kinda like two face if you will) to gradually returning to pale-white and perfectly restructured. The marks where clothes are exposed gradually fix themselves.

She would pat herself like removing dust.

“My my, what display of force” she remarks semi-sarcastically. She then checks herself casually. “My clothes!” She then remarks sharply with annoyance. She frowns and looks at herself all around. “Tsk tsk tsk, this won't do” she snaps her fingers and via the use of cosmic energy (comic energy manipulation/cosmic force. Not to be mistaken with power cosmic, that's something else entirely) she repairs her clothes as well. Her tears mend themselves back into normal.

“Let's get this show on the road, shall we?” she'd remark with sass.

From this point forth, she concentrates and 3 seconds after the air itself starts to rumble. The earth tremors and something shrieks in the air. (queue soundtrack here) her eyes glow deep crimson like a sith lord as her aura starts to flare out like crazy. Similar to dragon ball, the sheer pressure of her release causes rocks to float and hover around her. Gradually the pressure around her starts to become more material-like changing from grey, to white-ish to deep black, ashen with white.

By this point, similar to the inner world, the pressure of her reatsu (spiritual pressure) affects her immediate environment greatly, causing the sheer weight to crush things.

It was like the environment was suddenly bathed in the vacuum of space but also mixed with being dragged at the bottom of the ocean. The aura was suffocating, crushing. Overwhelming, slightly more so in the real world than the inner realm. This aura would reach for miles and miles, easily achieving multi-city levels of influence. (like genryusai yammamoto, type of level when he unleashes his bankai ryujin jakka).

This increase was gradual and growing as the aura steadily became a pillar of spiritual energy, so dense that the crater around me caves in my presence as it would erase the zone in a close 5-10 meter radius. The pillar climbs well over me and engulfs my entire person until only crimson eyes can be seen.

Then the pillar climbs high into the heavens like a beam. The winds kick up like a storm. The ground trembles like a small earthquake to finally reveal someone all too familiar.

Exactly like the shadow, the aura compresses and adjusts itself to become more translucent. It reveals the same cloaked figure in the inner world as is present now, save that this one was the real one. It held the same bone scythe loosely with the blade at their feet.

“Wenn du es dir verdienen kannst”, replied a chilling cold multitude of voices.

(Battle begins)

Alex 15

Within Shoshanna's realm, the shadow approached as the 'damage' was done. This twisted mess of a body, this destroyed relic of a soul. And it showed little care as the shadow approached. The words were spoken, oh so typical of a grandiose display from an ancient entity.

That however was amusing to say the slightest, and so a slimmer of a grin would bare itself, "Hmm... hmh hmh hmh hmh hmmmh..." would be his laugh as it came near.

He'd look fully now, eyes glowing with radiating fire, "You are mistaken... I do not call myself a savior. I do not call myself light. I am merely what remains of a man who gave his all to protect what he loved... as are you to some degree, Walker of Death."

That's all that needed to be said.

For Alexander while he was linked to his 'glorified god complex' of a brother Zero- he was not Zero. He held no such desires. Remaking the world, changing this for the better. A fool's gambit that would only guarantee destruction and unnecessary death. Yet here they were.

The change in the aura was noted and understood. And as a compromise- his own aura detonated like a precise bomb. A blast of pressure so foul and disorienting, chaos itself. In his torn apart form he did not suffer the drawback of harnessing or using this energy like so many others, for he was already damaged beyond what was normal.

Still whether this would blow away the death shroud was yet to be seen nor was it a care. Only one thing would determine the outcome of this fight and some sort of cod measuring contest of power was not the way. To this end he had hit hard and heavy

unlike his normal approach to battle, and now his heavy approach was going to do what it needed to as he approached that closing.

His next action would react only to the shadow. If danger came at him such as this fog being able to power through the raw cardinal force of chaos, he would move to evade. And if he was unable to escape- one of the many countermeasures would be played before it could inflict untold damage. This battle was still well under his control.

Outside was another matter.

Her power release, substantial.

The pressure was intense enough to drop the false body almost to its knees but it would not buckle entirely, instead taking in and pouring out more chaos energy as a counter weight. The shake, the tremors of both powers clashing. This was becoming quite the show of force from both as the environment became the true victim in the fight. False Alex rebounded without much effort while the shadow remained unphased, so much as grinning now with a guttural growl that beamed with amusement almost.

Yes, Shoshanna's power surpassed Alex's now what with her being a cosmic entity and all; but there were means to combat this. Primarily the fact that raw chaos energy, the primordial force, was being used to rawly compared to other users. This gave the vessels much more staying power as well as the fact that they were not truly 'alive' in the traditional sense anymore. The shadow crept forward first, still on all fours, crawling like the abomination that it was.

They sky around would begin to change to crimson and orange blended, like a bloody smoothie. Wisps of black clouds shrouded as the fog of death and chaos hung. 'Eyes' would open in the sky

above and in the fog, rippling out and closing. As they opened and closed the sloshy slosh of flesh would sound.

The sloshy slap of the furs as the shadow crawled forward, still feral.

“Words may be wasted; but it goes without saying, doesn’t it Shoshanna?” it would speak almost human-like just slightly distorted and deeper than Alex’s voice, “You and I both know how it feels... the loss and the control you fall into. And that is why neither of us will back down in this contest.”

The corpse spoke next, normal but monotone still, “I am not my brethren. What I want is far more simple... either I will die here and be rid of this existence, or I will be set free. The girl is of no consequence to me.”

This would lay it all out there mayhaps.

Shoshanna may hold aware of the ‘Blackheart Curse’ which prevents betrayal. Without Shadow though it now was what was controlling this. Orders to kill the girl, the inability to ask for help for it would defy the ‘programming’. Yet that which was spoken by the corpse would lay out exactly what Alex wanted without actually betraying the programming.