

Stage II

A Debt Repaid

Act 3

“Heh, heh heh,” came the chuckle of the smoker holding William by the hair, “What have we here?”

Almec stood there, a red aura shunting around him from both his wrists and ankles. His coattails flapped, his hair bobbing as if in a breeze. His hands as fists, legs bent, ready to fist forward by the look of him quite honestly. A punching man, ready to unleash.

“Hell! I like this one,” the smoker laughed.

In a brief instant his arm flew back and with it went William. The crash echoed out, some strands of hair falling from the man’s hand as he gazed onward at Almec. Back behind rested William under a clutter of tablecloth and various dishes and silverware.

“Virgil Gorgon,” Almec grumbled as he looked upon the ringleader.

“I do not believe we’ve met,” Virgil replied so coldly.

Next Almec looked across to the smoker man, “Vox.”

“Hoh hoh, so you know me? Very nice,” the smoker, Vox, called back.

“Rather hard to forget the face of one of the Tatara commanders after two major wars; though from what I remember, you weren’t ranked very high on that list.”

“Heh... suppose not, yet I am the survivor of our council. Allow me to refresh your memory pleb. I’m Tatara Number Thirteen, Captain Vox Tatara, and if you do recall... if one was to take on the Twelve Lords, they first had to best me.”

“And yet all of them are dead. Satanas, Ticci, Mal, Dawn... that one I don’t know,” Almec grumbled now looking at the masked man.

“Ah ‘im? Adam Nirox, not that you’ll really be needing it if you attack us,” Vox chuckled stepping forward.

Almec looked from Vox back to Virgil, a scowl crawling across him as he did. By this point the club had grown dead silent, some people having actually departed and others... others just remained there, watching. The looks across the board, the blank stares of humanoids and goblinoids and various different races from bird like people to demons and more.

"Come on bud," Vox rambled on, "Ya really gonna start a scene here of all places? And with us?"

"..."

"My friend my friend," Gustave grumbled behind Almec, "It is not worth it. Do not no- do not go against the Gorgon."

"He's right you know," Virgil spoke, "I should really consider eliminating you just for thinking about baring your teeth at us... but perhaps this is good fortune."

As he spoke he once more formed the Earth Seal, and once more Danielle flipped out. She squirmed, she screamed, the searing burn beneath her garb and the roll of the electricity once more covering her. Her screams as she spat up into the air switching and smoking. Almec reached forward though quickly backed his step as Vox appeared before him a couple feet away.

Seconds later the smoldering pain ceased with Virgil glaring right at Almec, "You seem like you would be particularly strong. One look at you and I can sense the great power you no doubt hold."

He glanced down to Danielle after he spoke, looking the sprawled out young teen over.

"This one... truly does not hold a candle to what she once was. You though might be a proper substitute."

"D-don't," Danielle choked, "He... he won't... he won't keep me-"

"You be quiet there," Vox chirped.

"What makes you think I care about what happens to these kids?" Almec questioned, "A favor is a favor, little else."

"True enough... Vox, eliminate him," Virgil muttered.

"Heh, right," Vox chuckled with his grin widening.

Almec growled, now switching stances. Both Vox and Almex stared one another down while around them the crowd broke away immediately. People pushed and backed away, some fumbling and tripping over one another. The Tatara's eyes full of fire, his hand flexing and scrunching into a fist. Almec in turn simply sweat.

“Lets have at it!” Vox called out, leaning forward and taking a single step-

“Are you sure you want to do that here, Tatara?”

-and with that step he halted. A simple blink. All involved in that scenario shifted their attention away from one another and instead looked on up. Right up there, up the pillars and up the overhanging balcony nearby.

Virgil’s glare, Vox’s confused rendering, Adam’s furious stare, the sweated expression of Almec, the shocked looks of Gustave and his people, the pained radiance of Danielle and William- even the crowd’s attention. Right up top, right up there, a figure overhanging. Sat atop the balcony railing, their back to the pillar, and their magenta eyes aglow angled downward.

The drift of white, the man in the light patterned with the red spades. He sat atop the railing simply overlooking the entire performance down on the ground with the most casual of blank expressions. It held nothing, it could not be read, just... empty?

His orbs wandered, first upon Vox and then to Adam, circling up to William and back down to Almec and Raven, finally resting on Virgil and Danielle. The locking of their gazes, Virgil’s being much more of a glare backed by his own scowl at that point, a fierce fire behind his reach. And then for the spade man, the coldest of returned glares that almost did not appear to be a glare. Almec stumbled back with his own color now draining as he looked up, even as Vox himself had begun to sweat a little.

“Well now... that ain’t good,” Vox grumbled.

“It can’t be-” Almec grumbled.

Virgil turned a quarter step once more, staring right up at the figure the entire time, “... Alexander Blackheart. What a surprise.”

“Blackheart?!” Raven choked.

As she did so both Danielle and William had now begun to look up, the piss still having been taken right out of them. Alexander remained in place with his focus solely on Virgil now. Down below the crowd had still continued to fan out; however now some were staying behind. At the same time down under Will was being helped up from the table by a few of Gustave’s own men.

Gustave himself, why he was also sweating bullets, “Oi oi oi now, that, that does not look good no sir no it does not-”

"Is he related to Zero?" Raven questioned to herself, turning her head and looking over to the stunned pained look of Dani.

"What are you doing here Alexander?" Virgil questioned aloud.

"Dunno. Vibing I guess. I mean this IS a public club after all... what about you there fellah? Causing a scene?" Alex called back.

"This doesn't involve you Blackheart-" Adam growled, finally speaking with a low hiss.

"Actually I'm feeling pretty involved right now. If you guys do this here then I'm kinda in the splash zone."

The masked man took a single step forward, pulling both hands from his pockets. Alex's eyes flickering over to Adam in that moment. The same cold gaze remained as sights were set upon the masked foe.

"You gonna actually try and fight me Nirox? That really didn't go well for you last time, just saying," Alex called out.

"Bastard-" Adam growled.

"Adam, I wouldn't," Vox chuckled aloud as he pulled from his coat pocket another cigarette, lighting it with his free hand using magic, "Alex there can go toe to toe with me on my best day. You'd just die an ugly death."

"Bleh-" Adam grunted.

"So," Virgil cut in, "Is it your intent to interject yourself, *Lord* Blackheart?"

"Pfft- Virgil lets get one thing straight here."

Merely a flicker of movement followed, like black whiskers gliding through the air. Following such movement the young Blackheart stood before Virgil, both of his hands placed into his pants pockets. The tails of his coat flapped and began to fall. Across the way from both Virgil and Alex, the two muscle grunts readied up.

The cigarette held by Vox fell to the ground and upon a sudden a massive ax had appeared in his right hand at his side. A long wood handle, the blade itself covered in gold etched runes. Black mist streamed from Adam's coat and hands, the man taking stance as if ready to draw pistols from holsters despite the lack of such weapons. The crowd, they all backed out even further with murmurs of shock filling the air.

Almec himself stepped back, his arm thrown out in front of Raven. In fact his own expression became one of teeth gritting and sharp focused eyes, a glare latched onto Alexander.

Right away with puffs of white smoke there came a black aura that swiftly swallowed his fists and channeled itself up his arms. Like some sort of paint or liquid, his skin and sleeves became coated, slight sparks of red radiating off.

Virgil was the only one to not bat an eye at the sudden shift. He remained stationary as the pressure from the sudden high speed movement began to flow around him and catch his fabrics and hair.

"I couldn't detect his movements," Raven murmured.

"Sonido eh?" Vox mumbled, "As much of a Hollow Bastard as ever. Heh, well shit~"

Alexander looked into Virgil's eyes, retaining his cold heartless disposition as he did so, "... I am not here looking for a fight Virgil. You should know better than any other that I could kill you in an instant and deal with both of your guards no problem... but- that wouldn't really be good for me if I did."

"Hmph. And of course, it wouldn't really be in my best interest to try and take you out here and now, would it? Lest I risk incurring the wrath of the already temperamental Blackheart Family-" Virgil commented returning with a glare of his own.

"Temperamental? I in no way resemble that remark."

"Bleh..."

"We have an accord then," Alex replied, shifting his focus passed Virgil, "Besides... I'm rather curious about that one on the ground. How about you leave her to me and we call this even. I believe you owe me one anyway, don't you?"

"Heh- have it your way," Virgil grumbled shutting his eyes with a sigh, stepping aside then after.

"No- if you're planning to get revenge on the girl you'll have to face me first!" Almec spat out.

"My my you're as temperamental as Virgil thinks we Blackhearts are. Come on, even after all of this time... *Raikor*?" Alex questioned turning his attention back around with a look at the butler man.

"I don't care if you are *HIS* brother, I will fucking end you like I should've years ago!"

"Oh... I doubt that highly," Alex replied, all at once appearing behind Almec with yet another Sonido, "I harbor no ill-will towards her. You should calm yourself, seriously. For someone who doesn't care what happens to the kids you sure are doing a lot of overreacting."

left Almec now without his glow standing there with Raven. Without word Raven tore off over towards Danielle, whilst William found himself helped up by the people who aided him earlier.

Raven pulled Danielle, hoisting her up. Dazed, eyes spinning, almost looking sick as Will stumbled over. Almec himself turned, looking into the direction that Alexander went, still holding a mild bit of glare.