

Stage II

A Debt Repaid

Act 7

The streets outside were more than cleared. Troopers stood all around the perimeter, Federation Gunships all around littering the streets. The doors burst open, Providence moving out fast with the sergeant and the guards. Who followed behind were the soldiers carrying the bound and gagged trio of youths.

“Lord Providence, we-” one soldier began, approaching the group.

“Save it! Get these three on one of the transports and get them out of here, fast!” Providence barked.

“Y-yes sir! Quick, bring them to number three!”

The collective of troops moved right for one of the transports in the plaza.
FVEWWWWWWWW BAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!!! A surge of energy flew right overhead and SLAMMED into the side of the transport, blowing it to immediate shreds. Providence howled as he fell over, the sergeant stumbling back into a group of troops.

Sylver threw his arm in front of his face as the winds struck, his group remaining tall. Around them the troops buckled ever so. Those unbuckled turned, their weapons raised. Providence pressed himself up, staring at the torn open transport from which fire and smoke rolled out, turning his head back.

Alexander stood in place, right hand up and pointer finger leveled in the direction of the ship. Providence pushed up, the soldiers around him opening fire. The vrum of the Sonido had him appearing forward left, then another forward right, before finally moving forward center. Providence stood, stumbling only slightly, looking upon the demonic entity.

“No... no- no no no! Not this SHIT again!” he spat.

His mind rippled. Alexander stood there with a smoldering building behind. A flicker of the scene and there he stood, red eyed, standing among several other silhouettes within his mind. Scores of bodies lay strung around the group of four, transports and equipment all around the group

burning away- the undead troopers rising up consumed in darkness though not of the Ing as seen before, armors torn to pieces.

Providence blinked, the moment returning, staring at a yellow-eyed Alexander, “Ready up!”

“You would truly gamble with the lives of so many, Providence?”

“These are all men willing to lay down their lives to stop the march of evil that has plagued the universe for so many eons!”

“Evil is a matter of perspective, and that is why it can never truly be defeated. Take for example- the outlook of you people executing citizens of this realm for being *demonic*, perhaps to them you are the true devils.”

“Enough of this- finish him!”

“*Sigh* This is why I can’t stand most mortals,” Alexander grumbled, clasping the palms of his hands together.

A shock wave tore forth from the immediate space around the warrior of white. His now-magenta gaze set upon the group, upon the soldiers all around. His head leaned forward a slight twitch.

“... run.”

He spoke coldly and to no one in particular. The winds howled straight around him, gusting to life with miniature dust devils spinning up. His pinkie and ring fingers folded, the pointer and middle fingers for each hand remaining out. The visceral winds crossed and danced, the grounds caught beneath finding themselves carved up as if by a dance of a hundred invisible swords.

The twisters popped quite like balloons. Their forms swelled and then they burst, visible strikes of the wind flinging out in all directions. The building behind would be dusted, pelted really, gashes placed into the very walls with sections of the roof being cut clean off. Glass rained down with an explosion of the club’s windows and signs.

A dance of crystal off scattered like dust. And of course a grand plenty of dust was kicked up before Alexander himself. Clouds moved up and troopers remained as they were with sparks of slashing force gliding passed. All passed in no more than a few seconds, the winds fading like a gust drawn back into a breeze.

Silence.

Silence..

Silence...

The first soldier buckled, their knees buckling. A clammer echoed out, armor more or less clapping against itself as the body hit the ground. To his side he fell with a loud thud, visor cracking with a slight seepage of red beneath. Another arched backwards and fell straight back upon their back, a louder thud.

Soon came another, and then another, and then many more, and then even more many more. Bodies here and bodies there. The stands of knight armor that they all once were were now collapsing unto themselves and the grounds. The bodies dropped like nothing, hitting the floor.

What was once a powerful force was now trivial. The sergeant, the guards, Sylver, Sylver's comrades, Providence himself, and the trio of hostages. Very few of the Federation Troopers remained standing upright. So many had fallen, struck by the eviscerating winds.

Providence blinked. Around him his guards and the sergeant all shifted their heads and torsos. Even those with Sylver himself were struck in awe and looking around. All around them the bodies were down. Danielle's eyes quivered, chills running down her back.

"Heulender Mond," Alexander spoke, "Or, Howling Moon, if that translation holds up right. Once charged by my spirit energy I can direct the winds to seek out and destroy a specific target. In this case, troopers who were loyal to the orders you were giving, Providence."

"H-he-" the sergeant quivered.

"He gutted almost all of them," Sylver growled.

The troopers not killed all fell back, one tripping back and falling over the body of one of their peers. Their head turned and they gazed down with unseen eyes. The shattered visor, an eye rolled into their head, only the whites and blood shot red visible. With a whimper that trooper looked around. Really they all were looking around.

"Those who remain are those who deep down do not wish to abide by your genocidal mandates Providence, and for that I applaud them. Huelender Mond is one of my more favorite techniques because it very quickly reveals the truth. Well worth picking up. And now I would implore you survivors to make yourselves scarce," Alexander concluded.

Of course they need not be for giving a moment's notice. The few over a dozen survivors all shot right the heck away from the carnage of the situation, some screaming as they ran off. This left only Alexander, the captives, Sylver's team, and those closest to Providence himself.

"You fucking monster-" one of Sylver's agents spoke.

“Oh I’m a monster eh?” Alexander chuckled, smirking ever so, “Well, that’s not IN-accurate. And yet I’m not the one executing random people for being *demonic*. I’m not the one full on threatening to kill children.”

“So hypocritical,” Sylver spoke, “Recall the Dusk Wars, or go further back to when you took part in the Home Wars with your family. As if you’ve never done any of those things.”

“The difference between us Holy Knight is that I do not take pride in taking lives. I do what must be done to protect my dominion, **my** comrades, **my** family.”

“And we shall do the same to protect what is ours from you savages, Blackheart,” Sylver replied, “Your evil will be dealt with so that our people can live in harmony.”

“We are all evil when you get right down to it Sylver. From the day we are born we survive by taking something from someone else. It is a vicious cycle etched into our very existence. Yet we need not over-indulge for even in the eyes of some Gods to kill to survive and aid others is to be virtuous. I acknowledge my own evil for following this trend... so when will you acknowledge yours?”

“Bah! We are not evil, we are the face of justice! The Federation is here to protect the innocent!” Providence spat.

“Perhaps it began that way though now your justice exists solely to prop your own worth up on a pedestal for the greater cosmos to witness. You kill without reason. Your actions are for the benefit of none other than your own. So perhaps I was mistaken after all- perhaps we are not all equally evil. Instead perhaps you lot are in fact a greater evil, the likes of which you accuse the people of this domain. To allow your kind to continue to exist here will bring only more needless suffering to those undeserving of such torment, and for that reason gentlemen- I think it time to remind the Federation why they should not FUCK with a Blackheart!”

“Lord Providence stay back!” Sylver called out, once more drawing his sword, displaying it forward, “All of you ready up! This is NOT going to be an easy victory!”

“This is not to be a victory at all my friend. What this is to be instead is the total slaughter of the *innocent* by the works of the devil himself. Now, prepare yourselves!”

Almec flew back and crashed against the south wall of the establishment a good few feet off of the ground; though mere moments after the hit which cratered the wall he had begun to slump. Down to his feet, knees buckling. He fell to his left, his right bending and remaining up. He leaned forward, a small trickle of blood emerging from his lips. He huffed and he puffed, a hand on his knee and another on the ground.

With a few more puffs he was left to look ahead. A table got flung, dust and dirt floating into the air. A clack of talons against the floor; **clack, clack, clack, clack**. The creature came into view, its low gurgling growl, the mist coming from its hung open mouth.

The tendrils around its body were swishing and swishing like tentacles or cat tails. Its own tail was poised up, its wings stretched. Down on all fours and looking back at Almec, a death stare as if from some deranged starved beast. He gritted himself, grunting as he pushed up off of the floor, an arm swinging out against the wall to stabilize himself.

“Tch- this friggen thing is like fighting a mob,” he grumbled pressing himself firmly up, a little wobbly.

The beast howled out, taking charge on all fours near immediately. An aura of literal fire erupted around Almec who in turn shot ahead with a single bound. His arms flew out as the beast took leap. **CRASH-** their hands interlocked, the claws of the beast digging at Almec’s rough skin, their feet planted, a burst of darkness and fire erupting out in all directions around them.

His knee swung forth and buckled into the beast’s knee. It grinned, tail swooshing around. **CRACK!!** Almec spun off like a corkscrew, the blow going straight to the side of his face; though on his way out the side of his foot slammed into the beast’s lower jaw.

As he crashed back into the piles of armor the shadow creature slammed through the ceiling above, only its tail and legs dangling out. A few moments would pass, the former slow to sit up. He brushed the back of his hand across his mouth, wiping away blood. His gaze garnered up, the tail flickering back and forth, disappearing as the creature pulled itself in.

“{Physical attacks are meaningless, not while a shroud of his power is holding that thing together.}”

He looked up, seeing the creature now stomp across the ceiling. It did not drag itself, it did not crawl, it stomped like a predator full of confidence and pride. Its form being upside down failed to impede it in the slightest. Almec stood, his knuckles crackling.

“Fine, have it your way! Anillos del Diablo!”

His right hand swung out in front of him in a circle, fire being carved into the air before him. The color turned a deep blue as he formed the ring of flame. His arm drew back, his hand pressed, and with one thrust the ring of fire shot forward. It burst, one becoming three halos of deep dark blue, screaming like a jet burst of inferno.

The creature grinned- *brrrz*. Almec blinked. In a flicker it had vanished and- all at once it was there on the ground before him. The flame rings shot through the ceiling, carving it like a hot knife through butter and vanishing. And as he looked down at the creature it launched, head slamming straight into his gut.

He grunted, flung back with the beast pressing him- “{Just like Alexander, a Sonido?!}”

Brrrrz

Alexander shifted, launching backwards, his smirk ever present. Before him a man with a ridiculously long katana came flying in at him, a slight sky blue glimmer around it. The man swung, his blade barely missing. Alexander’s sights shifted back behind, a slight turn of the head, baring witness to a ripple of air.

His foot pressed down and up he shot, evading a sonic strike screaming through the air.

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Five lay out before him, the first a man in mostly black. A black vest over a black shirt, black jeans, black boots and spurs, black gloves, and a black duster jacket. His cowboy hat was black, the feather was black, even his long swirling hair was black. His eyes- no those were deep blue. And in both of his hands were revolvers, also black though with some gold trim. A cross necklace hung around him, as well as a pair of silver cross earrings. His name: Zenith.

The second another man, younger, more vibrant and flashy. He bore a normal broadsword with a decorative pommel. A sleeveless blue tunic, blue jeans, a brown belt, fingerless gloves that stretched up almost to his elbows, brown boots, an a purple cape tied to a purple scarf. Bright orange eyes, mid-length brownish orange hair, a fierce determination. His name: Walter.

The third yet again a man, a rather plain man. A sleeveless blue tank-top, a black scarf, black wrappings around his arms, black baggy pants. Black hair, long and black with two long bangs that stretched down to his chest with some shaggy curve around the rest of the face, and a long black pony tail. Silver eyes, an emotionless if not apathetic expression, and the long sword that had swung. His name: Hector.

The fourth, finally a woman. Dressed in a nice dressy vest of black and white, long puffy white sleeves, black tight jeans, a black cloak wrapped around her. Nothing of note really aside from some jewelry and a crystal necklace. Long peachy red hair almost at lower-back length, and deep emerald-blue eyes. In her hand a strange red sword with rings around the hilt that just hovered there around her hands, and a few around the actual sword blade. Her name: Adyaa.

And finally, Sylver himself. Still with his shaggy chin-length dark blue ocean hair and his green eyes, the darkness around his viewers. A red dress shirt with a black tie, a grayish blue-black trench coat, black jeans, black gloves, and his odd sword. The crystal within the guard had a glow of fire, the same as the metal of the blade itself.

These five, the *Holy Knights* as they called themselves, were going five on one against Alexander Blackheart, the warrior in white. Alex fell back down towards the ground, both of his

hands now in his pockets. Up to his right flew Walter with his broadsword coated in a red fire, and to his left flew Zenith with revolvers aimed.

The pop-pop-pop of the guns and the SCHWING of the sword. The swing of the blade, ever so easily turned away from though the bullets, a different story. Two flew by while the third struck him dead on in the shoulder. A burst of sky blue flame shot forth from the wound sight with some slight smoke, a wince of clear discomfort trailing; though that said-

“Fuego de Vida,” he murmured.

His hands flew out, bright hot pink flames emerging from his wrists and palms and finger tips. His arms crossed and so too did the flames, a trail of fire being etched. Both Zenith and Walter flinched, then came Alexander’s arms flinging out at them both. With the arms launched so too went the flames, jets of fire shot for both of them.

Walter’s left hand shot forth- “Repulse the Dark!”

An orb of white appeared before his palm, the flames tracing around his form in a jiffy then after. For Zenith though, all he did was explode into a cloud of silvery glittery smoke with a white dove flying out of his and around the flames. The dove flew off and Walter, he got forced away.

SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

The shock wave, the vibration, the high pitched wail. It struck Alexander head on and dropped him. In fact the shock wave itself exploded seconds after contact, engulfing him. The huge explosion cloud engulfed the immediate radius around and the pink flames.

Below the dove poofed and turned back into Zenith while the other way down came Walter. Both stared up, Adyaa standing between them having swung her Sonic Sword. Through the smoke cloud dropped Alex, striking the ground and buckling to one knee, steam rolling out of his mouth from which came a spur of blood spat out. It splattered the ground, steaming on the rocks.

Hector shot forth, the art of Shunpo or Flash Step- the high speed movement of the Soul Reapers. His long sword swung across. A white sleeve shot up, the sword colliding. It ripped down and tore, blood washing out and coating the blade.

Again it smoldered from the impact of the holy element though despite the clean cut said damage seemed minimal. Hector stepped back while Alex whirled around with a kick, a direct hit to the foot which threw the tall lanky man off. With him getting sent off the bullets came again with pops from Zenith’s revolvers, the flaming sword of Walter swinging in. A couple shots hit, shoulder and arm strikes, with the sword slash narrowly missing.

Sylver stepped forward, sword ablaze, smirking. Behind his crew stood Providence, the sergeant, the sergeant’s guards, and a few remaining troopers whom held the kids captive. All of

them watched as Sylver's squad did this dance with Alexander, seeing the latter buckle from a few more bullets striking and then a sword slash connecting again. The sergeant's arms crossed, an unseen smirk being smirked, while Providence could only scowl.

Despite the damage, despite the pressure, Alexander only smiled himself. Sylver's gaze focused. His sword swung up into the sky, glimmering as he held it. The grunts doing the battle turned their collective attention back for only a mere instant.

"Tread not with light but with a hampered spirit for in the eye of the beholder the mark of death radiates through the shadow of the abyss itself!" Sylver called.

"Ah, *War Bound*. Classic," Alexander chuckled so easily in response.

Sylver lowed his sword back down to his side, the glow of flame diminishing. "I am not fooled by your act demon. Though a one to six may be playing out across two fronts, you are not without a plan Crimson Spade. For you do not wilt, you flourish in this given carnage!"

"Well, color me impressed if only it weren't so obvious that even a toddler could pluck out the plot with a pair of match sticks!" Alex responded, his grin remaining.

Adyaa raised her weapon, her ferocious scowl remaining. Hector and Walter both shined with determination holding their swords with both hands, whilst Zenith remained passive at best if not unamused. Sylver scowled just the same now, a flicker of annoyance rushing through him.

"Holy element or not," Alexander murmured raising his hand to his face, the back of his glove right before his mouth brushing the blood away, "These blows are far too soft to make much of a difference to that which stands before you."

"Bastard's not taking this serious then? Then what say you we get it going?" Walter posed.

"Mmmm without a doubt, that is what we shall do. Show him why we are who we are," Zenith replied.

"The man is an S-Class threat, a Blackheart. Underestimating him will get us all killed," Hector included.

"That is why we need to keep the pressure up. He faces six foes at once so long as his shadow does battle with the demon," Adyaa cemented.

"And so here we are," Sylver murmured, "Five knights and a demon against the abyss from which the dark shall continue to spill forth from, until we are able to close that gap. Ready yourselves my friends, for tonight we face not but the devil himself."

"Heh heh heh- oh you have no idea what exactly you're in for Holy Knight; but I assure you, it will be memorable!" Alexander laughed.