

Stage II

A Debt Repaid

Act 8

“Get him!” Walter yelled out.

Sylver, Walter, and Hector all shot in with their swords drawn. Zenith remained back taking aim, firing shot after shot, Adyaa swinging her sword and casting another shock wave. Alexander’s smirk remained as he shifted, zipping left and under a few shots, side stepping the shock wave. With the sword strikes coming in he did much the same, stepping back in evasion of Walter’s strike, side stepping the thrust of Hector, and looking up at the down slash of Sylver.

Brrrrrz-

A single Sonido and with it the entirety of the ground erupted in a mighty blast. His form vanished while Sylver’s strike carved up and broke the grounds. Appearing only a few paces away with another *Brrrrrz* he moved backwards, hands in his pockets. The smirk remained ever steady, his gaze looking upon the knights.

“Demon Hunters? I dare say you hardly qualify as rat exterminators,” he joked.

Hector’s free hand shot up forming a single handed hand sign, Shinobi-Style, “Wind Style-Demon Vortex Jutsu!”

His hand flew out. From his hand shot a spinning vortex of winds, like a horizontal tornado that went drilling forward. Tremendous gusts flew off of it and around it, the slashing jagged winds carving through piles of rubble before him. And with a slight slash of his sword via his free hand, the vortex would be engulfed at once in the sky blue flames of the Holy Magic.

“Ah hell, going all Ninja on me. Alright, lets play~” he laughed slamming his palms together, “Water Style- Exploding Water Shock Wave!!”

His head drew back and all at once lurched forward, his palms breaking off from one another. From his mouth flew a tremendous torrent of water, catapulting him meters into the air as an absolute tsunami poured out of him. The winds of fire crashed into and evaporated, with Hector all at once breaking off his attack. The five stared, all in shock with minor expression changes.

“Impossible- if he’s a Blackheart then his element should be fire. How is he casting such a tremendous water technique?!” Walter choked out.

An absolute monster of a wave, a good several stories high, came tidal waving down at the five with Alexander riding atop.

“Dragons aren’t all fire. Perhaps he was gifted different genetics?!” Adyaa replied.

“Watch out!” Hector howled.

Sylver shot back at once, moving for the troopers and his superiors PLUS the hostages. The other four braced themselves and leapt up as the wave crashed on down. All four hit the air, whilst back behind them the earth itself broke with a huge pillar rising up- both of Sylver’s hands down on the ground casting the earth technique.

Adyaa looked down, scrunched, “This has to take considerable energy given its scale!”

“Something tells me that he doesn’t subscribe to your logic,” Zenith calmly spoke back, looking up at Alexander who came crashing down on top of the wave.

“And something tells me that this isn’t right,” Sylver grumbled from atop the pillar.

“How do you mean?” the sergeant questioned.

“In the past he was susceptible to the Holy Element but now it’s like it’s barely damaging him. Zenith’s shots have blown the heads off of lesser demons before... could it be related to that shadow? Or is it something else??”

“Watch yourselves!” Providence barked, “His water techniques are deadly! Don’t let him drag you under!”

Down the knights dropped, the four looking to Alexander who stood atop the waves with a wide smile, his eyes aglow red. Zenith’s draw came and fired, multiple shots firing out forth and striking true- straight to the chest. Holes ripped forth, blood spewed... though he did not drop. The calm expression of Zenith went less calm though still contained as his feet landed atop the abundance of water.

And as the blood trickled from the various holes, the waves around him exploded forth. Alexander’s body was carried atop another crashing wave multiple meters high, his arms flung out.

“Impossible-” Zenith murmured.

Both Hector and Walter charged across the waters, their swords swung out, the former’s ablaze with the same light blue flame of his leader’s weapon whilst Walter’s was but a big orange. Behind them Adyaa drew her sword back ready to thrust it forth, the rings rapidly rotating.

“HEH!” Alexander mocked, hands flying together in a flurry of hand signs continuing with the Shinobi theme, “Water Style- Triple Water Dragon Missiles!”

The waters behind him erupted, three towering forms lunging out. Three separate serpents, three beasts with glowing yellow eyes, three different dragons. They all howled out and went flying forth around the white haired man, their targets the trio that hold before him. Adyaa’s drawn back weapon lowered, the two boys skidding to a stop, all looking as the howling monsters came crashing down at them like rockets.

Her sword swung out while the other two only braced. The shock wave that left her sword exploded forward like a bullet with rings of pressure bulging out behind; the impact on the skull of the water form erupting on impact. The explosive power of the burst and the eruption of waves and rain sent flying everywhere. Around her though for her compatriots it was of different status, both slammed and crushed beneath the waves.

Hector shot deep with his teeth gritted, the impact force slamming him down down down. The other way sank Walter with his mouth open, the wind knocked from him as he folded like a pancake. Both went down, the waves rocking into Adyaa who remained bobbing above now totally drenched, her hair gluing itself to her back and sides. Alexander himself dropped down before her, a good few dozen paces ahead.

His smirk remained, the yellow glow of his eyes, both slowly rolling down, “Heh~ Two out of three ain’t bad.”

As he spoke he again began to weave signs, the bobbing Adyaa in front of him readying her weapon. Behind only the shout of “DON’T LET HIM WEAVE ANY SIGNS!” cried out by Providence; but for naught. Right as she brought her sword back to swing, right as Sylver left his post and shot down atop the waters to bolt ahead, the final sign was cast-

“Water Style- Gluttonous Wrath!”

His knees gave and he dropped, his hands slamming open-face upon the water’s surface. Bubbles erupted out of his outstretched fingers and palm, a tremendous cloud rippling down. The bubbles burst, taking shape as they turned to a complete white foam. Hector flipped through the flood, his feet hitting the bottom at last, the light of the sky shining many many meters above.

A quick glance up and... oh- a school of fish. A lot of fish. A lot of fish with pointy teeth made of water with a bit of a glow. A lot of- “{Piranha!}”

His head shifted left immediately, taking sight of the still sinking eyes-closed Walter. Walter drifted down, eyes shut, mouth gaping open with his sword leaving his hand. Back to the ground as the massive swarm came flying down. An underwater gurgled grunt left Hector as his sword swung round, igniting with a blue glow though no longer a flame.

Above water the story was rather different. Sylver's sword swung and collided against the water saber propelled from Alexander's palm. The latter stepped back, water splashing around. His arm swung with the spear of water rippling, splashing with a clang against the blue-flaming sword of Sylver.

Alexander leaned in, still with a smirk, Sylver returning with a scowl. The two broke off, water splashing as their feet skidded away.

Vrrrrrrmp-

Brrrrrrz-

CLANG!!!

The waves exploded as with Shunpo and Sonido respectively the two collided yet again with their chosen weapons. Pacing the action, Zenith held place with his guns, observing. Behind remained Adyaa though her attention now had shifted down into the water itself. She cried out at once, seeing the school descend on the two trapped below the waves.

Hector's weapon swung out, slashing through a group of piranha, the lanky man kicking his way towards Walter. Several piranha slammed straight into the orange haired man's gut, blows with explosive force. A cloud of blood fled from his mouth as he gagged, his eyes flickering. Hector swung his sword, a tremendous burst of sky blue energy racing out as a crescent and slamming into the school just above Walter's body as the latter's back struck the pavement.

Up top Alexander skidded back, his right palm still with the spear of water. His eyes glanced down, the yellow becoming magenta before flickering back to red, "Tch-"

Shots fired again from Zenith, striking Alexander in the left arm. There was a bit of a wince though again, nothing much. This once more caught both his shock and that of Sylver as well. Undeterred behind, Adyaa swung her sword up and slammed it down, an echo passing through the waves.

The piranha directly below the red head began to pop and scatter. The focus of Alexander again returned up front, sighting passed Sylver.

"Enough of that," he muttered weaving a set of one handed hand signs, "Water Style- Grasp of the Siren."

Bubbles erupted beneath Alexander again though this time rather than a cloud, it was a moving trail. Multiple trails zipped beneath the surface, flying at break neck speed. Sylver looked down with arms raised and his sword ready; though swiftly the bubbles flew by beneath. His attention shot back, seeing them trail to his comrade.

“Adyaa!” he called out.

She wrenched her sword free and looked up, the water exploding before her and then around her. Hands of water, several at a time- long fingers and nails. They wall wrapped around her legs and arms, one water arm wrapping around her throat from which the hand then planted atop her chest. She yelped and was gone, pulled instantly beneath the surface.

She struggled as she went down, resisting though to no avail. Sylver shot back around and raised his weapon again, the flames erupting from the hilt. Beneath both him and Zenith the situation was unchanged, Hector swinging his own weapon at the schools of water piranha, sticking near Walter who was only now coming to. Zenith pulled his revolvers back, looking down.

“We need to dispel the technique, now!” he broke, switching into a more desperate unbalanced tone.

“Yeah and how are we going to do that when he keeps batting us away with his waves?!” Sylver called back.

“We need to do something or we’re going to lose our comrades!”

“HEH HA HA HA HA HA~” Alexander burst out laughing, throwing his head back as he did.

Both shot looks back at the dark warrior, Sylver readying to dive forward, “Keep sharp Zenith. This is his battlefield now. I don’t know how much energy this man has but he’s able to maintain so much at once that it’s baffling!”

“It makes no sense-” Zenith grumbled looking down at his own guns, “These are blessed explosive rounds yet they are doing nothing to him.”

“And he is able to focus on so many fronts of combat at once and maintain so many techniques,” Sylver muttered.

“I am an S-Class Threat, remember?” Alexander chuckled, taking a moment to weave further hand signs with his left hand, “Water Style- Giant Vortex Technique.”

A bolt of water flew up to his left and quickly wrapped around, a ring of water forging around him; though swiftly that ring came to break. From a ring to a massive bubble to a full blown raging drill of water- a tremendous burst went crashing forward with a howl. Sylver stumbled back, eyes jolting. His sword shot up and then swung down releasing a burst in the shape of a crescent, the sky-blue flames arching forward.

Despite the size of the flames, the water squashed them. In came the jet force of the tremendous wave, blasting Sylver back. His howl roared out even in the waves, downed out of

course. Zenith's head turned, his left arm flying up to protect his face as the wind gusts and drizzle flew passed.

"Captain!"

Sylver was flung back and lost in the vortex, a vortex that screamed right by to the right of the platform that held the group with Providence. As he went by, despite the avalanche of water, his howl could still be heard. The vortex struck the buildings just behind, bursting and splintering into different waves, crashing back into the city. His body vanished within, subsequently washed away into the unknown.

Zenith remained, turned back around watching. The dread that crossed his face. Palpable. And so he turned back around and lowered his arm.

Alexander bobbed there atop with his again-yellow sights set in the direction of the captain of the knights, the vortex dispersing before him. The water drill in his hand fell, splashing back down. A slight flick of his hand. And then his yellow gaze set on Zenith himself.

"Heh heh-"

"Hrgh-"

"I believe that I have more than proven myself, have I not?" he questioned while looking upon Zenith, "Though I have barely pressed with only a handful of techniques, it appears more than enough to overwhelm you lot."

"It makes no sense. For all of the damage we've inflicted, yet you hold yourself together as if it were nothing. Attacks that should be super effective are incapable. Your nature can't have changed, and even imparting your nature on the shadow- mayhaps then what we face..."

Far beneath the waves, as Hector swung his blade once again and dispersed another school of the piranha, Walter's eyes shot open. Blood shot, wide, then squinting, enraged. Alexander's smile spread whilst his right arm outstretched.

"This game... is over. Now it is time for you to go, Holy Knight."

Splassshhhwwwwiiiiing!!! Slice----- grunch... SPLASH!! Drip... drip... drip...

"Hrrk-" Zenith grunted.

"... ah piss," Alexander's voice trailed.

His eyes set upon a bleeding stump, his right arm completely severed. It sunk into the waves, blackness leeching off of it. Walter's sword flew straight above, the orange flaming glow returned, blood trailing just behind it. Zenith stared, wincing- it became... shiny, and reflective.

The gauntlet of a trooper, a trooper's arm!

Zenith's eyes shot right back up in a mere instant, his revolvers raising, "So that's it- a corpse puppet!"

"Well played you cheeky little gnats," Alexander grumbled, smirk gone now with only a scowl left in its wake, "But it changes nothing. This body needs only a single arm for me to cast jutsu!"

His remaining hand flew into a frenzy once more, conducting the hand signs for another technique. Zenith stepped up, pushing forward, breaking into a dash. The splashes that came with his foot steps, the waves breaking way as he shot straight at the one-armed body. Alexander's head rose, the signs finishing, his knees giving again so that he dropped down to slam his hand upon the water's surface.

"Water Style- Silver Orca!"

The water before Alexander erupted, a tremendous beak-like mouth bursting out. That beak, not a beak, no it was a snout as it took shape. And then it became clearly a whale, an orca, and it was silvery and blue. The massive thing jumped straight through the air in the path of Zenith and came crashing down right above in seconds.

He skidded to a halt, waves splashing along the surface. The gun slinger shot a look up and immediately countered with a *Vrrrrrrmp*, disappearing only a second before the tremendous splash of the water. Alexander stood back up, ripples rippling around him or rather the fake. Blood still dripped from the wound torn open, yellow eyes shifting left to see Zenith reappear.

He watched, the water tearing open yet again behind Zenith. The black hat man turned round, continuing to run as again the water orca burst out to the surface; though this time without jumping. Its upper half and eyes struck out, the form swimming fast at the slinger. Again Zenith turned, breaking into a dash running away from the beast. Alexander turned his attention, shifting down without a change of expression, the charming smile replaced only by anguish.

Below the arms continued to wrap around Adyaa as she too soon hit the bottom. Walter again was gargling, a hand around his throat. Hector whipped around beneath, his movements slowing and becoming incredibly more weighted as the school continued to give chase. A splash came from ahead, taking the yellow gaze off of the drowning rats.

Sylver huffed there, sword raised, flames still rippling around his sword's metal. He was drenched, incredibly so, water still dripping off of him. A huff and a puff, both hands on the hilt to raise it. Alexander's stump arm swung out, blood spilling forth though not falling to the water- instead flowing like water in a river and stiffening like a branch on a tree.

Layer after layer of blood and soon some semblance of an arm was generated. Long and stretching, hand there and flexing from open to close, then close to open. Sylver's eyes drifted down, viewing the waters below, then looking back up.

"My team isn't going to last much longer. I either need to disrupt the main body's focus or I need to take down the corpse so I can release them. This heathen's energy is tremendous, for him to be managing all of this."

He stared blankly at the Alexander before him, its right arm a deep crimson. The foe stood there, unmoving. Sylver's sword rose up, the flames erupting further.

"Blazing Hell Bound!" he howled, swinging his sword down.

A tremendous jet of fire, arcing forward like a crescent slash. It carved through the waters leaving a gap of boiling sea, sea which would be slow to fill itself back in. The clone before, the target, he looked at it. A series of signs, and the name of the jutsu- "Water Wall."

A splash and a high rise of water burst forth before it, the flames slamming right against the waves. Sylver shot ahead once more, swinging his sword as his fire and the waters did battle, swinging away horizontally.

"Tch, he'll cut clean through. Right then," Alexander grumbled weaving another set of signs, slamming both hands down.

Just as Sylver's sword made contact with the flame and the water, the water wall exploded. Splatter and flame flew everywhere from the now-present geyser, ripping out of which was a water shark with glowing blue eyes, "Water Shark Bomb!"

The explosion of water that followed mirrored that of the broken water wall. Sylver flipped backwards, his sword sent flying and skidding across skip by skip. He rolled across and came to a stop, knees and hands on the water's surface. His head shot up, eyes big-

"How did he respond so- HRGH!"

His sights drifted back behind the clone, up a bit. The roof of the club they had once been in, there and only there. Laying stretched out across it on his side, an elbow down on the ground with a hand propping the head up, Alexander's form came to be. The dead eyed stone set magenta gaze, fiercely locked upon the battle before him.

"{He's been watching the whole time?!}"

"Heh-" Alexander chuckled, smirking, "Don't think I'm through with you yet."

"Water Style-" came the call of the clone, quick to catch Sylver's attention.

His sword flicked, watching the clone make signs yet again. His body shifted, bracing.

Walls collapsed left and right. Almec shot backwards, quick on his feet, tapping down and shifting his weight. Once he flew aside, the shadow lurched on by and slammed through. Another swift dodge and again it crashed into another wall. The creature bolted left and right while Almec could only keep ever so far from its grasp.

One final strike with a near miss had him backed against the door. Water flooded down through the cracks, spraying all over him. A quick glance back revealed it- an ocean out in front of the club. His sights jostled, the sight of Hector fending off the piranha, the above ground view of Sylver running towards Alexander.

A quick snap back to reality left him with the creature just in front of him letting out a gurgled growl while it was on all fours. His arms raised, claw marks- neigh, gashes- gashes all along his arms and legs, his uniform torn up. Minor cuts to the face now in crystal clear view of the light with blood flowing. A huff and a puff.

“Enough of this!” he spat, clapping his hands together.

The loud pop, followed by a...sizzle? His palms parted to reveal a small orb of pure fire, then his arms flew and the ball expanded quickly. The whites of his eyes bled, turning pure red, the rose of his eyes lit up yellow. At one-eighty degrees of stretch, his arms as far left and right as they could go, the fire sphere well over the height and radius of a human.

The creature howled and shot forward- Almec’s arms flew forward. The ball of flame roared out, the beast howled in.

SCRRRRRRRRZZZZZZZ-

Like nails on a chalkboard- sparks flourished as the beast’s talons swung straight into the flesh of the flame. Almec’s arms remained together, his hands pressed forward. Teeth grit, ready to crack and break. His back tensed and his back twitched.

His right stomped down, then his left. The ground crackled beneath. His back arched and he began to lean forward, his arms arching as his hands were pressed back ever so. The beast on the other side on two, wings stretched, tail flickering, and arms full out pressing against the flames.

“GAAAAAH- I don’t care HOW powerful Alexander is. He is not a TRUE demon!”

His fingers folded, digging into the sphere, his right foot slamming forward. The ground beneath the beast crackled, the tile shattering. Its howl raged out as Almec took another stomp forward, pressing his attack on.

“I can not, and I will not be outdone by some low class welp like him!! If this is what it takes then I have no choice!” he yelled out, pressing hard against the sphere.

A slight green glimmer began to emit around his neck and chest. The outline of chains stretching around the torso left and right, up and down. Chains right up the chest to the neck and around a collar. Chains around the legs. Padlocks all propped up, around the knees, around the shoulders, then the frame of a large one hanging around the chest.

His aura flared up brighter, the inferno red sauce of it all. His yellow eyes, piercing with their glow now as if they could look into ones soul from many feet away through the night's air. His hands flexed again, bones crackling, digging into his own attack and pushing more. The creature's jaw hung and its eyes widened, its bottom talons scraping against the uncrushed tile.

Its tail whipped around again and slammed down, darting straight back into the ground as a brace.