

Naz 16

Reality:

As Alex stated what he desired, there was a brief pause before a rise of chuckles and then full on laughter. “Hmm hmm hmm... hehehehehehe..... hahahahahahahahaha!” These laughs weren't of mockery, rather it was full of amusement.

soft chuckling

“You speak of grants, as if existence were a charity. Nothing is given without cost. Nothing is free. The universe is a closed circuit of suffering and transition. It is a weight that must be balanced.” The multitude of voices answers to Alex.

“salvation is not a prize for the passive. It is a shape that must be carved from the chaos.

Look at yourself. You cling to your memories. You hold tight to your regrets, your fears, your fragile, broken identity. You want the peace of the stillness, yet you refuse to stop shaking.

Tell Us... what will you do to earn deliverance? Will you tear away the pieces of the self that anchor you to the mud? Will you watch your history dissolve into the quiet void and call it a blessing? Deliverance requires a sacrifice of the ego. It demands the erasure of the noise. If you truly wish to be saved, you must first agree to be unmade. Are you ready to let go of your past?” The multitude of voices answered back.

Inner realm.

While in reality a dialogue was held, a new one was added here. “show us your determination” as it was spoken, the shadow would close in. It would hold its free hand forward, palm open and close it into a fist. The death shroud would cease and then it lunges forward via flash-step, appearing right in Alex's face, it would attempt to grasp Alex's throat.

If successful, it would raise it high over itself like it was nothing. It was held there for 3 seconds taking whatever Alex threw at it before it was casually tossed in the air high up. Should all succeed, the shadow uses flashstep once more to join it in the air where combat begins.

If all the previous would fail, meaning that Alex would have time to respond/counter, how the shadow would respond would depend entirely on what Alex did next inside the inner realm.

Alex 16

The chuckling... mayhaps not of mockery but the very fact that it was found amusing was enough to push the next step forward. Maybe Shoshanna wasn't killable, maybe Shoshanna wasn't worth fighting, maybe this contest was a forced stalemate of inevitable loss... but one thing would be certain. Hell would find itself where it belonged in this realm.

The voices speaking... really that did it, "Perhaps I was wrong. Loss of lovers appears to have minded us differently in the end," the corpse would speak finally at the end.

"So be it," the shadow gurgled.

While the message was received and interpreted, it stunk of what Shoshanna was made into. One with a philosophy worthy of one who walks beyond... but that is not what the goal was. The goal was to rip free and to pick a path. Not to discard the past, and not to be a haunt of it like Zero. The past was to be treasured, to be accepted, to be learned from.

This Death's amusement of the situation, and of course their words.

Inside the inner world, his corrupted form would burn away as a magenta-purple cross of spirit energy as the consciousness there was severed. Even if Shoshanna's inner world could theoretically stop a switch, both the shadow and the corrupted body were of one essence, and should they be severed all function would return to 'the one' which in this case was the shadow... perhaps not even, instead the corpse.

In that moment the corpse puppet burned away, the mirage of Alexander burning off as a black flame, revealing Almec... not yet dead in fact. All the while the shadow would begin to change, rising up, constricting, evolving, turning into something more... organic. Shortly, it formed back into a shadow of Alexander... and then it turned into the real deal as the duality ended in a singularity.

The inner world had been avoided, so all events there were of irrelevance now. And once Almec dropped and the shadow became Alex... it was time. The eyes above continued to blink and chaos continued to spread.

His right hand raised, and a swirling dance of chaos energy began to collect in the palm as he spoke, "I care not for the suffering and torment of this realm. I care not for the search of salvation. I am what I am, and I am nobody's tool. I am not the Messiah of Chaos (Zero), I am not the Unifier of Darkness (Shadow), all I wish is to bare rid of the scars left by those who came before which plague this crude existence. I will be free."

At once, his eyes changed, revealing something strikingly like the Akumugan as the chaos continued to swirl around him.

"Cry of the Mother, Fall of the Stars, From Ashen Birth and Angel's Mourn. Scream, Clatter, and Fade Way. Celebrate to we who drive forth thine deliverance. Those whom carry, bring forth thy fragility! What we bring is the death that we breathe! Deliver unto these vessels heed!!"

There was every change that Shoshanna might interrupt the incantation but in that event, a counter measure would absolutely stop her even if she went full power. At least enough of a delay to allow it to be cast. The chaos energy around him would wither, becoming void and cold. No longer the blazing enigma, instead a cry of sorrow which rang out like a banshee's scream.

And with his final words, the power sphere would erupt, an explosive blast of energy pillaring up into the sky, splitting into multiple branches as it struck the clouds above. With blood red eyes he glared at Shoshanna, now willing to show her a portion of his power.

The sky would tremble, all of that chaos turning into something much... darker, colder. A blood red halo would emerge of pure dense energy, the clouds above parting with the eyes continuing to form and blink though now all bleeding and growing bloodshot. Cracks spread from the halo outward, and from those cracks emerged 'something'.

Vines poured out, vines of pure spirit composition... though not of the living. This was something almost opposite, nega to the soul. Glowing with the fire of the damned in red, orange, and yellow with a golden tinge. They ripped out and began to blast outward, screaming out like serpents.

The vines would blast into the ground in the proximity around, tethering into and embedding themselves into the soil of Hell rich with all of that chaos- then immediately begin to absorb and turn it into more of this dark energy. This was no longer an energy of balance, of the universe, or even of life. This was not Death itself either. This was simply void, a chilling cold void, the power of the fallen.

Beneath the ground which now quaked outward in tremendous arcs, these vines ripped through. And above the halo would rip open. Rather than an immaculate glow, it was as cold and sad as the very energy it turned the chaos into... and due to all of the chaos already readily available in Hell and what had been sewn into the landscape, this was beyond Alexander's own power. This was a setup move, perfectly made to contest even Shoshanna's power in this moment.

A haunting echo of bells rang out, not much unlike the Auswählen of the Quincy; though this was slower, more broken up, and definitely a sound of 'end times' rather than 'deliverance from god'. The eyes ceased their blinking and stared down. Black and dark purple fogs would well up from the ground. By this point in time, Shoshanna might not know of the technique itself but she might recognize that this was a Fallen or Dark Angel ability, a Fallen Hymn.

The air reverberated with the shift and flux of power. The halo above, being energy, would bleed. Literal blood of the fallen would begin to fall... and with it, came the projections of souls of the past. The dead tethered to the area would temporarily gain form, or at least the mirage of form.

A rain would begin to pour down, not just here at this battlefield but wherever the clouds carried. It was not entirely regular rain, nor was it spirit energy or anything of the sort. It was almost like actual tears, silvery though still normal tears. The ground would soak... and then wither.

Life died inside of whatever the rain hit that wasn't capable of enduring it. And whatever it rained upon would endure an unyielding sadness, as all of the sufferage of the fallen would be unshed here. And for this being hell- that was a lot of death... all of those who died at this Demonic Arms base, all of those lost in the recent wars near this area. It was almost like the realm itself was crying too.

Alexander himself began to cry blood, not to his own nature or control; but rather as a byproduct as this rain fell upon him as well. This did not bolster his power, this did not heal him... though it did appear to embolden him and his power. His own broken spirit began to tremble and fidget, agitated by this technique. The lands would begin to die, drowning in despair and some form of anti-life that wasn't Death... nor was it really anti-life.

It best could be described, again, only as 'Fallen' or 'Despair'.

Pulsations left the standing fallen halo, reaching into the clouds and sounding against the ground.

"Fallen Art- Blasphemy of God."

Whatever the intended effects of this spell... would seem to end here. Was this all? Unlikely. It cried liquid despair, it withered the lands, and the souls of the pained and deceased temporarily found form here. And in this, memories may drift of ones own despair. For Shoshanna- mayhaps, memories of what she lost.

This was not a distraction, not an intention, merely a side effect of this setup.

Naz 17

"we are not bound by OUR past. we determine our own future" the voices replied simply.

We watch as alex makes his choice. We wait with impatient excitement.

Alex unleashes an encantation. He is right to think that any sane person would attempt to stop it. In our case it could be all too easy. Rather, we let alex finish it. -curious to see what consequences this spell may have.

A shriek echoes it cries as alex unleashes vines of soul composition. The eyes in the environment begin to agitate and cry. Rain pours in a depressive display of paint staining a canvas. And lastly; alex himself bleeds from the eyes.

"Impressive..." we murmur simply. It was an application of despair. A branch of death we were all too familiar with.

Alex can notice something however. The rain was present. Nothing was done to stop it. No counter measure. Nothing, but i seemed to be unaffected. How??

If alex looks closely, unlike my bankai and my human form; the rain droplets seem to phase right through me like smoke.

Additionally, a few moments persists when alex ends his encantation and extends to the point where in a 20 meter radius, the rain does not penetrate. An aura of death guarded my vicinity in that radius, causing the rain to be erased entirely at the conceptual level. It would take us an additional 5 seconds to notice.

"....." we bare notice to this aura and state.

Jeremiah 22:3

"Thus says the Lord: Do justice and righteousness, and deliver from the hand of the oppressor him who has been robbed. And do no wrong or violence to the resident alien, the fatherless, and the widow, nor shed innocent blood in this place."

We begin reciting a biblic verse as we raise one hand and massive energy charges up. The ammount of energy was crazy. As this energy is charged, reality around us begins to peel and fold. Reality distorts like a massive blur, glass shatters anew and something seems to break out of my form. Like a shadow escaping from a shell. Inbetween my wings and my back, a tear opens and black and white shadow leaks like a flashlight.

Then reality compresses and bends until it levels out and repairs itself. As that shadow leaves something shifts slightly in the present.

Earlier, it was as if alex could feel and see someone was there but no one was there.

And now, he could see, sense but also KNOW that someone is now here.

Death's true form was an abstract entity. One devoid of a physical body. Because of this fact, the rain would hold no effect as it could not physically collide with an abstract entity. I would pass like smoke.

As for the aura, this aura was a death aura in which operated at the conceptual level. It would cause things to be killed in its vicinity, down to the very concept itself. Why did this not harm the entire terrain? This aura was mastered by one who had been around since their dawn of time. The very fine tuned control of this power was what enables it to only affect what was necessary.

In which case; the rain, was perceived as a hostile act, therefore was treated as an element that would not allow to penetrate that vicinity.

As to why reality suddenly shifted. We realised that in this state, alex could do practically nothing. That the significance of this fight would be devoid of any meaning.

As a means of respect, we would temporarily shed this form's immortality. Rather than fight in our true form fully, we created an avatar to hold honor to alex's art of combat.

The reason why alex could now truly "feel" us there was because we were no longer an "abstract entity" we appeared as a tangible entity; An avatar. The only difference now is that alex was now able to affect us if we were to be inactive.

That is when we raise a hand to the rain. We allow the rain to pass through the aura. As our raised hand collides with the rain for the first time, it immediately takes effect.

Two things occur;

One: visions quickly flash within our minds. Countless of them. More visions than numbers can describe (literally)

These visions encompass the suffering of those who died here. Those who are tied to this underworld or hell. But not only this, the ones tied to my dimension are forced upon me as well.

If this was what was intended, it was definitely working.

Two; the despair effect, where things would wither and rot would also function but at an absurdly slow rate. The reason being that, the despair would induce to living things a sorrow so deep that it would wither things till they rotted or ceased to be. We were no strangers to despair.

Which leads to the final result. The visions, the physical despair layed weight but this weight was nothing new for us. In terms of the effects of the mind, it would pose little issue to us as we held the despair and death of our multiverse on our shoulders.

To bear this weight, we cast aside all emotions. Despair could not reach us. This small weight was nothing compared to the endless amount of souls that resided in my realm and across multiverses.

(this is actually canon, in their true form they do not feel emotions. But they remember them and understand them, both as colors and concept.

The reason however that the rain would still corrode the body however was that this body was mortalised into an avatar. That meant that we weren't exempt of it's effects however with our power over death and it's accompanying emotions, we were able to withstand it. Not infinitely but indefinitely for the time being.

"Matthew 11:28: "Come to me, all who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We spoke in response to the rain. A cryptic and vague response to what was occurring.

Alex 17

He would observe Shoshanna at this point, as if waiting... the lack of a visible act of counter measure, not too unsurprising. Then the sight of the rain not working... again, indifference, as it was not intended to do any work here. Merely a side effect of the setup itself. Time would seemingly stand still for this moment- until it happened.

The buildup of energy, the tears in reality and the distortion, the change in Shoshanna. The blur, the glass, reality bending and leveling out, that shadow. Given the many secrets known of both Blackheart and Tenebrae knowledge, a guess was given. And knowing Shoshanna it would likely be as it was.

Regardless of the tangibility of this form, unknowing of it as avatar or otherwise, the status quo of right now was evident. As the impact of the rain was not the desired outcome whatever it did to Shoshanna once allowed to reach was inconsequential. The state of this battlefield was one of utter oblivion and chaos... ripe for what would begin.

Chaos converted to despair, the clash of such powerful death force primordial essentially, the ripping and compressing of reality, the countless arrival of souls of past and present. The rains wounding the land, wounding Hell itself. All of the components were here. And so a smirk crossed his lips.

The time was now.

"Finally~" he murmured to himself.

With a snap of his fingers, Reise would appear in a flash. Shoshanna would tell in an immediate glance- Reise was dead. This was a shell, another puppet masterfully controlled by Alexander. The Soul Taker's smirk fell slightly as if contemplating. Then the resolve.

He would essentially T-Pose at this point, eyes still bleeding, his aura still climbing. Red vines would erupt from his back in a flash, blood soaks veins of the fallen, and immediately take the form of wings. His hands raised to the sky and he would begin to hover. It had all come down to this.

"Fallen Down."

Assuming Sho would not interfere again, banking on it in fact as that was the only way this would work. His body would be coated in the energy of the fallen, a Gothic yet rather bright purple. Orbs of this substance which began to shroud around his limbs and torso like a slithering snake. These orbs would form from his arms and begin to bubble up.

A halo formed above his head and it would bleed. His eyes would turn from whites to red and all color otherwise to black like a true demon. This would be short lived as the eyes turned purple within the reds. The bubbles would drift up until forged into Negative Soul Orbs.

From his arms, from the ground around him, offering this up. The orbs rose up and shot forth to the sky, slamming into seemingly nothing. Seals spread as they appeared to 'pop'. A blood mist would rise around all of them and it was in this moment that the puppet's God Eyes both activated in full force.

The body of Reise went limp as once more the sound of dark church bells could be heard. Alex's eyes closed as he arched forward with arms raised higher, as if offering himself 'to something' in that moment. His wings flared as all of the despair and chaotic remnants carved themselves into the cracks of reality around this stage. The many eyes above would bleed... and beyond her control, the compression of souls and death prowess would begin.

It all seeped into the cracks of this reality torn open by the events of this battle. The chaos like a parasite, the despair like a sickness, the death like a drug. All feeding upon the soul energy gathered here. Above them all in the epicenter of that summoned halo- cracks would appear and begin to spread.

Glass again would shatter with the flash of the God Eyes held by the corpse of Reise. While only one was truly still there, symbols did in fact appear in both.

Lines would dart from seal to seal, connecting them all in a path of this absurd spirit energy that was not truly of the physical or living. Reality's distortions would heave and cry as if burdened with its own potential death. Hell was so gravely wounded by this point and the shock waves of this would be felt far & wide. All of those in the Hell of Mugen would sense the distortion- and for those of the higher rankings of Mugen itself, they might even sense this from the mortal or Holy plains.

His eyes then opened as the twisting threatened to snap everything around them. And he would look to the Shadow. Even if it moved right now it wouldn't stop this next act. Even if it acted before the orbs hit the sky- once those went up it was done.

"It begins..."

The cracks of the halo ripped open with a godly terrifying shriek unlike anything any mortal has heard. Truly it sounded like fate and the universe itself had been wounded here. In this moment it was obvious- Shoshanna would NOT allow this to go unpunished no matter what, which was yet another reason why this point was chosen. Hell, the resting place of a terrifying force.

Reise would slump back, the corpse with mouth hung open as energy seeped from it.

"Almighty Repulse," Alex spoke coldly.

The cracks above ruptured and a torrent of primordial energy would erupt as the Reise Corpse sacrificed its God Eye power. Two things would come of this.

The first- a seal left since the dawn of time, obliterated. A massive phantasm of force awakened above and began to claw itself out of the cracked halo. A threat beyond mortal, beyond fallen angel. This shadow of only evil, only Yang, was 'living' in the sense that it existed; though it was more of a physical manifestation of a concept.

A primordial 'God' or Eldritch Nightmare, freed ONLY to contain Shoshanna in this moment. The seal was broken on this thing of untold unspeakable power that could swallow the universe.

The gambit was that Shoshanna would have to contend with this primordial disease as only she could... while an untold light pillared down and slammed into Reise. Alex would stand unphased as Reise's body was engulfed by the light, the same dark bright amethyst though now mixed with raw spirit

energy. And in this Reise would begin to resurrect. Her own soul, destroyed by Danielle years ago, was being pulled back from reality's past... and she was not the only one.

As Reise began to breathe, life pouring back into her body, something else would come out of it. Alex stared up. The flames of chaos, the emerging cloud, the wide opening blood red eye and the fallen angel halo. Then came the manifestation of white inside of that cloud of crimson and orange chaos, the second eye opening wide with cracks spreading across the torso, blood seeping out. The eye of the forehead, then the halo bleeding, the wings fluttering like cloth in the wind.

The presence was unmistakable for Shoshanna, and it was at this point that Alexander's own connection to that form and power would disappear. For as Reise gained life, someone else who had LONG since been banished from existence was resurrecting, the bane of chaos itself. The thump thump of the heart as his body began to reforge after being destroyed years ago by Soul Ripper of New Genesis.

And he would not be the only one. Other souls would be attracted to this. Souls such as those of the Tatara- Satanas, Cifo, even Asmodeus the former Tataran King. Would they come back to life? No

Would they be able to temporarily manifest as a result of both Fallen Down, this Disturbance long since overblown, the above primordial darkness, and the return of two Fallen Angels? Oh yes.

Another enemy seeping through the cracks of space-time for Shoshanna to contend with.

He remained emotionless. These actions, while great, were not done with the utmost of desire. Rather he did not want it to come to this- but that choice had been taken long ago by those who now needed to be dealt with. If anything it felt empty and disappointing to succeed like this.

This battle had been played so masterfully to this point. The primordial darkness, an unstoppable threat that was believed to be dealable by either Shoshanna or Soul's Beast at this point. An unnecessary Multiversal Threat if left unchecked; but it was well figured that it would be contained before it harnessed too much power. Now though... the former dead would live again.

Alex remained as the light pillar that struck Reise shattered, leaving behind a standing & fully revived & rejuvenated Reise Blackheart following her soul's erasure by Danielle Mersella... as were the souls of Kuro Meisune and Toby Tazaki. Kuro would not appear of course as her form had already reincarnated into the next Fallen Angel of Darkness. As for Toby, well, that was another matter.

Reise stood though while the spirits of the dead began to take physical form. Satanas Tatara, Asmodeus Tatara, Cifer Artruga, Rain Delvano, and so many others. The dark 'living' cloud above screamed and twitched with frightening primordial power... and then the mass that was the Fallen Angel of Misery. Soon from the clouds as it continued to condense and take form- a similar pillar of light as to the one that hit Reise's body would hit this aura.

It struck for a short while before shattering and unveiling the return of Zero Blackheart himself. And so it was that Alexander remained cold and dead internally as this resurrection finished.

Naz 18

The reek of chaos would stench the already hellish atmosphere of hell. Reality rips and shreds and the dark sinister of primordial darkness befalls the battlezone. We kindly take note of this. It seems that what Alex is creating is a form of ritual. To what end?

We'll find out soon enough as reality tears and rears open. Glass shattered, like our transformation and what happened next was enough to draw our ire. By the bonds of spatial manipulation and primordial chaos, the tear opens and what befalls before our eyes is sheer blasphemy and mockery of death. This is not our dimension so the offence is slightly less so but nonetheless still makes mockery of life and death. To those who once lived their lives through and perished. Some without mercy. Some without a second chance. Some cruelly and some not.

The company could not see her expression but it was definitely akin to an angered frown. We watch as Reise's corpse is restored to full vigor. We watch as spirits of ancient and old resurface from the veil of death. We watch zero's full return along with Alex at the center of it. That is 3 individuals there. A problem we must attend to.

But wait, it gets even better. Several more show up. 5 more. Toby, satanas, asmodeus, cifer and rain. These were tataran warriors of old. Who's renown was legendary. Of which have shook the mugen verse for quite a time. Especially the likes of Zero Blackheart Dantez himself. This indeed was more problematic than anticipated but nonetheless within our control for now. The biggest issue remained the primordial incarnation of darkness. This was a creature that could fight relatively on par with us. Darkness was not entirely a "killable" concept so it would be tricky to deal with it. I had created an avatar but this avatar was a catalyst. A shell for me to puppet. A gigai if you will.

I assess the situation, the odds seem bleak but little do they know that in my home dimension, I have put cosmic threats to rest and this included sparring with rogue gods on the daily.

Our observation is simple. Various numbers, opposing one. One only. Our faceless expression smirks.

"Tilts its head, its voice echoing with a calm, terrifyingly plural resonance) "You believe you have broken a gate. You believe you have stolen a prize. A child catching smoke in a jar, declaring themselves master of the sky.

Look at them. Look at the things you have 'brought back.' We do not see an army. We see a cruel, temporary noise. You have ripped the thread backward through the needle, trapping screaming echoes inside rotting meat. They do not love you for this 'rescue.' They are shivering, begging to return to the quiet.

You have not defeated us. You have simply volunteered to be a temporary landlord for our property. Go ahead. March your borrowed ghosts. But remember this: every single soul you raised is a clock We have already wound. When We decide to untangle them, they will tear you apart just to pave their way back to Our feet. You call it a grand rebellion. We call it entertainment before the silence." We monologue in a metaphorical sense.

As always we wait patiently. To see what our opponents do and commit to. They still have a chance to cease but we know it will not be so until the means have achieved and end.

Alex 18

His expression glided down to the entity that was Shoshanna, a mix of disgust and annoyance in said expression. To him this daft elder had completely missed the point. With the chime of the hollow bells he would descend again, now near Reise though not wholly. He remained aloft as he looked upon Shoshanna in this state.

"You have completely missed the point my dear. What I have done is simply damaged a gate big enough to let some pests back into the garden. What you fail to see is that I do not need them for conquest or love, I need them to sour the gardener so I can make off with the prize they fetch me."

The darkness above would shriek untold horrors as it squirmed and writhed in this existence. It sprawled, recognizing immediately the thing it needed to kill. The divide in reality would only grow as it continued to feed for the time being. The Tatara were not the only creatures to come out of this resurrection. While still dead, their spirits would take tangible form for now and be able to act.

Several more warriors would arise. Acies or Chaos, previous creations of Zero such as Akira Blackheart who was a powerful demon himself, a few primordial vessels that walked Mugen long before now. They would be accommodated the ability to manifest by the offering of energy. This was not a permanent stay, only enough to keep them around for this to work. The odds were a few of the tricky ones MIGHT return to true life... that included Zero.

What was pulled out was not intentional, aside from Reise. The knowledge that pulling her out would pull those linked to her was there, of course it was. To see such powerful Tatara and Zero, not unexpected. A worthy diversion even though the darkness itself should suffice for the time being.

And so he lowered beside the startled Reise, brought back through this event.

She looked around wide eyed. The landscape, Hell? Beyond wide eyed with shock.

Hands lifted and looked over them. This was her flesh. This was her body full of life again. And these many presences...

Where she had been was nowhere thanks to Danielle but now she was back and with all of her power, after the cheap offering that dispatched her and the others. She looked up to see Shoshanna. The other spirits, Zero's included, did stand out. Then she looked up with a near gasp of shock to see the outrage of the darkness and this wound in reality.

Whatever the events now it appeared as though reality itself was under siege by the devil himself. Accurate perhaps as more realization hit her. The presence nearing her, not Zero nor Satan.

"Well my dear. I believe you owe a debt to me, yes?" Alex mused as he neared her.

She would know... and with her Akumagan activating she stared dead eye at Shoshanna. The programmed memories left for her hit and she would know what to do in this moment.

"Yes, I do," she murmured.

Her form flurried round, right arm raised with a glow of spirit energy as the Akumugan erupted. She swung and SLASHED right through Alexander's chest and side, ripping a grievous hole in him. Reise then stepped back as the blood flowed out- though in that moment she had done what was necessary.

The slash hit. He allowed for it. Hovering back with that wound- while that might have been his heart what was done was all that this confrontation had been for. Planned since the start, a particular plague upon his existence was no more... and so he grinned, finally, a great smirk.

The Blackheart Curse which kept him loyal would be cut out and destroyed. Simply put he fell back in that moment, a blow that could seriously kill him. Soul slaying to nullify regeneration, done by Soulsia of the God Eye. And yet that curse was undone.

"Opfernder Schattentanz."

As he began to die as despite his immunity to most damage, Sho's raw death energy or this with a dropped guard could DEFINITELY destroy the twisted soul, he began a special substitution. His body would splat away and melt like mud. He fell apart and much of his energy would erupt out of him.

Blood ran from his mouth as his body tore itself apart and rained down as blood... his shadow though remained on the ground. The guttural groan of the shadow creature came from it as did a bit of steam. A slimy shadow hand, like flesh falling from the bone but all shadow, came out of what seemed like water. The arm crept out and then slammed down.

Then came another as the shadowy twisted form pulled itself out of the depths of the shadow. This was indeed that shadowy form from earlier though deeply drained of energy. It crawled out twisted and broken, bleeding darkness and spirit energy... its eyes though were Alex's. It vomited out liquid darkness onto the ground as its body began to deteriorate further, turning into sludge that slipped off of the vines and extended spine.

Twisted jagged teeth, a huge biting jaw like a bear trap... yet it showed pain and discomfort as it huffed. Its eyes drawn back, equally pained. His consciousness had been transferred to the shadow as his body died with a lot of his energy. And even then he was still falling apart.

He would rise from all fours, hair of shadow becoming visible and almost wet-like. He huffed and looked to Reise.

"G-good," it growled.

Around them came more spirits, pulled out by reviving Reise. This had been the working backup plan all along. This entire fight- while ordered to kill Danielle originally for her involvement... it became his plan to rip free of the curse that bound him to the family and to orders. He never wanted to kill the girl; but he knew if he pushed her, she would use those powers she no longer had, and that it would call forth a reaper who COULD remove the curse.

Of course when Shoshanna did not aim to land such blows and with time running out, enough damage was done all around them to probe this. To revive Reise, to tear reality with chaos and death energy if Sho was pushed- her God Eye could do it. Again though what came out of that hole with her was unknown. They would be formless spirits, sure able to be revived by some technique like Edo Tensei

now that their souls were back in reality- but with the power granted by Alexander, they could do damage.

They and that darkness were all the distraction needed to stop Sho now. As was the tear in reality. And so it was in his monster form he looked from Reise to Sho.

"We're done here," he growled low, "I thank you Shoshanna, for the unintended freedom. You played your part wonderfully."

The most OBVIOUSLY revived soul drifted down, seeing Alexander as he was and Reise. His form now, and her revival. He paused, musing even.

"Never would I have imagined that it would be you who would bring about my resurrection," he opened.

"Gah- shove it. I couldn't care less about you Adrian. You are an unintended byproduct of this circumstance... frolic if you would like, or get revived later. I don't care which."

He coughed and groaned, stumbling as his body continued to fall apart, more sluffing off and falling to the ground as sludge. He gagged, huffing.

"Go and find that ex wife of ours or something, they'll keep you till some asshole does the job."

He grinned at the prospect, his own eyes gleaming with absolute interest.

"Very well..."

He sunk into the ground, vanishing from this confrontation, while around him a few DID join. Satanas was gone, perhaps; but others were eyeing Sho... then some began to spread out to ravage Hell while they had physical form as spirits. Zero would vanish, using Soulsia to maintain himself and Sparcia to warp out of here.

Finally Alex in that grotesque form turned way, slopping against the ground as he collapsed.

"Get us out of here," he ordered.

In that moment the Akumugan would rip open a portal in space, sucking both in like the Kamui would. This would send both Alexander and Reise out of this fight as the former could no longer fight in the state he was in.

"Have fun Shoshanna," he cackled before again coughing...

And like that, Alex was gone and curse free despite his state. Reise was alive again. Zero was who knows where and some like Satanas might have dipped too while others went to cause chaos. Asmodeus would move to challenge SHoshanna as the darkness above prepared to attack. Cifo and a few others would fan out planning to sack Hell and try to find a means to return to life- possessing someone or doing who knows what.

As is they could be dispelled if:

A- Shoshanna slays them

B- They run out of the energy gifted by Alex

Though with that hole in reality open above them, more could keep coming out and they themselves might just come right back. Sho would need to dispatch the darkness, close the rift, AND slay these returned souls.