

Ending

The field of battle stretched across the valley, it engulfed the city so large that standing at the one edge on top of a wall tower forty meters high and looking across it would make the identical tower on the other side no taller than a fingernail in the distance. A hill stood beyond the city, and on top of it a large Citadel, now blazing with light, defensive fire streaming down from its five towers. In between the city and the Citadel, was an army, surrounding them too. And surrounding that army was another.

The battle was reaching its zenith, as the undead rose and pushed the monsters away. As for every dead sect warrior an undead rose, as the dead monsters became fuel for even greater monstrosities that pummeled the towering enemy Generals to pieces with limbs of darkened bones. In the heat of the battle, the people around him did not consider what a display such as this meant.

But Repesh knew. He had long been the Sect Head of Midnight Reign Sect, they had Necromancers, of course they did, even though their Sect did not focus on raising the undead but turning their bodies into undead themselves. They didn't practice the branch of necromancy that raised expendable armies out of the dead. All necromancers knew that their survival relied on the world not seeing them as a great threat. And now, the first, the great Necromancer, was showing it to everyone.

Repesh didn't know if he agreed, but he knew that without him they wouldn't have survived. The Necromancer flew on his undead dragon, and his host slaughtered the enemy, the sect warriors following in the undead wake. They had won the battle on the ground, it was only the matter of time.

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Together. Their minds were connected, so much so that they couldn't tell where one began and the other ended. They had devastated the enemy armies, but now as the enemy was losing, they were turning all of their attention on them. They knew that they were spent, their willpower was waning, their Qi supplies near the end, one body injured and tired, the other whole but drained. The enemy sent all of their remaining Generals.

They had killed most of them, only three remained. Their main General, the monster that walked on two legs and was as tall as five stories building, with a squat head and tendrils at the end of its long and muscled arms. Its hide was black and purple, rough and tougher than anything that they had ever encountered. The space around it bent by its very presence, attacks lost much of their momentum when they reached its body, and some just curved around it. Still, they had managed to damage it with Oblivion, but not enough.

A General that walked on eight spider-like legs spewed a black substance that caught the Reaper's great wolf form, trapped it on the ground. A flying General that looked like a twisted version of a dragon came for the Scythe at the same time preventing them from responding with that half of their being. Spears whirled around the Scythe, rebuffing the flying General, but they felt the third, the main General, move on the ground. It charged and grabbed the Reaper, its tendrils wrapping around the Reaper's body, then fired its dark beam straight into their side point blank. They both screamed, the Reaper's Qi dwindled as the body regenerated under the constant damage, and they searched for a way out.

The flying General's hide repelled the spears as it swooped down and breathed black fire on the Scythe, forcing them to craft shield constructs and defend. Then, they focused. With the **{Mantle of Gathering Twilight}** the Scythe's stats shifted, and the body's intelligence rose. As the General closed the distance, they manifested their new perk. A **Soul Scythe** appeared in their hands, through their **|Perfect Resonance Sense: My Sphere, Total Clarity|**, **|Target Mark|**, and **|True Aim|** they prepared and marshaled the last of their willpower.

The General came in fast, its maw open. They shifted the Scythe's stats into strength and dexterity, |**Enhanced Celerity**| trembled and evolved as they pulled their weapon back. With their new |**Velocity**| and with one hand they swung the **Soul Scythe**. The pristine white weapon sliced through the space with |**Perfect Cut: My Foes, Torn Asunder**| through the dragon's fire and body. The height of their stats, the power of their will, it carved a line through space, through time and light, through everything it touched. A line of black nothingness appeared in the air for a moment, the dragon's body split apart and shimmered as if it couldn't decide when it had died. The black fire that had licked the Scythe's body vanished and the dragon General followed a moment after.

Their will was spent.

Spears came down as they shifted their stats into intelligence again and sent waves of them down to release the Reaper. The spider General wove a net above them, catching the Scythe's attacks. Their spears would not get through in time, the Reaper's Qi was about to run out.

Then, a flaming shape flew through the black spider net burning it all in an instant. The air caught on fire as the winged shape passed through the net and smashed into the General holding the Reaper.

A shield bash, struck with such strength that the world around them shook, hit the General. The power of it ripped it off the ground and sent it flying through the air in an arc. They saw their chance and the Reaper fired a {**Final End**} that destroyed the tendrils holding it. The Reaper fell and the Scythe moved with |**Pouncing Rush**| and increased speed. The Scythe caught the Reaper as their Evolved Form ended and they fell to the ground.

They looked at the form burning in the sky, a woman blazing with power and might. They hadn't sensed her; they've narrowed down their range to focus on the battle against the Generals. But now they saw both with eyes that saw a golden flamed woman with a spear and a shield, two wings spread wide behind her, and the eyes that saw the Essence, saw how the fire burned with such power that it scorched the Essence around her

itself. Air ignited and golden flames spread around her carried in waves, the space twisted and bent as it was scorched, time trembled under the assault and gravity could not touch her.

Nayra; their subordinate, their Sect Leader, their friend. Ah, the part of them that was the Reaper had always known that she could be... this. To witness it was... glorious. On a field littered with a million dead, she was as powerful as they were in the middle of the enemy armies.

The spider General reared its head, it prepared to attack, and Nayra moved. The space between them burned and the distance shortened as she blurred across it. Her spear hit with techniques and abilities combined. The General was consumed in a blaze of flames, incinerated to ashes in an instant. The ground turned black, and the air was consumed for leagues behind her strike.

The Reaper pulled out potions and drank, regenerating Qi, slowly. They turned the Scythe's head and looked at the last General alive, now standing on a mountain of corpses made of its own kind. A side of its body was scorched, but still it survived.

Scythe prepared and burned their lifeblood, transforming it to Qi, replenishing the core with the Sanguine Flame of Laqrud Qi. The General raised a hand and Nayra was there, the beam met the shield wreathed in fire and stopped. Then Nayra closed the distance, and the two titans exchanged blows that shook the ground.

They pulled out a javelin from their forge, Reaper put a hand on it and channeled a technique, depleting their Oblivion Qi completely, a **{Final End}** settled inside of the weapon. Scythe shaped a technique over the javelin a **{Sanguine Flame Spear}**. The crystallized Qi sheathed the javelin in black and green, the deep fire of Laqrud reflected in its glossy surface.

Scythe's **Greater Piercing** took effect on the javelin-spear. They pulled out a copy of the Reaper's armor and equipped it on the Scythe, then used **Greater Copy Property** to increase the durability of their

construct, then added **Greater Reinforce, Improve, and Boost Object**.

With **Greater Projection Manipulation** they floated the weapon into the Reaper's hands and pushed their stats to strength and dexterity. The Reaper pulled the weapon back and got ready.

Nayra's flames scorched the General's body, they weakened its defenses. Strikes from each of them sent shockwaves out that cracked the ground, and echoed like thunder. They waited for their opportunity.

The General attacked, and Nayra blocked, she whirled in the air her wings sending plumes of fire in the General's face that made it rear back. The Reaper snapped forward, throwing their construct with all of their strength. It cracked the air and space, burning a line across the sky.

The javelin flew perfectly guided by their will; the General reached up to block it and they made it swerve. The javelin pierced the scorched flesh in its chest and penetrated deep.

[True Detonate Construct] sent the wave of black and green fire into the General's body. A blast of fire left the wound, then more exploded out of its orifices. Green and black flame streamed out of its eyes and nostrils and then. An expanding sphere of Oblivion, black nothingness tinged with silver and violet. It bulged out of the General consuming it whole along with everything near it.

Nayra flew away to safety and watched as the General died. It was over.

Nayra's flames winked out and her form shrank as she landed near them, looking them over.

"I'll go and get the healers," she said as she looked at the Scythe's missing arm.

"We are well enough," they said, both mouths moving at the same time, their voices reverberating in unison.

Nayra blinked, but didn't comment. They realized that they were too drained, and that being so connected drained them even further. Slowly

they started to separate, and what was one became two again, though they kept their connection open.

Both of them sagged and Nayra stepped forward and caught them before they fell over.

“I’m getting the healers,” she repeated.

“It’s fine, we are just tired,” Selia said. She looked around, almost in disbelief at the death that they had caused. Two armies, and they had destroyed most of them. Millions of monsters, dead, and with them went their power while Nayra’s only grew. She held them with her strength.

Selia looked around and saw the undead in the distance, killing the last of them as the sects pulled back to the cities. There was only one place still filled with combat, the siege of the Citadel, far in the distance.

She felt Ryun’s frown through their bond and turned in the direction he was looking at. She could feel something at the edge of his sense, but without their full connection she couldn’t quite make it out.

“What is it?” Selia asked.

“I... don’t know, I’m... drained, can’t make it out,” Ryun said. “But it is trouble.”

Far in the distance, beyond the Citadel there was a shadow moving above the clouds, too far to see what was behind them.

Then, as the shadow moved over the battle the clouds bulged, and metal flew out.