

The forest of green crystals created by the [Immortalized Woe – Clubs] did not do anything but emit its cry. The White Wing, who was aware that she was the target of the warned *unavoidable attack*, split her attention to both Sinder and the green glow of the city.

The crystals were infused with light for a fraction of a second as she recovered from Sinder's onslaught, making distance all the while Carpalis threw her hand down, hoping to at least interrupt him. Each crystal fired a beam of light onto Sinder, converging at his chest as the shape of a green club emerged.

An overwhelming sense of dread ran down the base of the White Wing's spine. Dust, debris and flames were swallowed into the concentrated light, he held the power of a singularity in his two palms.

She desperately clicked on the pocket watch again.

Click

Click

Click

Click

She teleported using [Spatial Entanglement], appearing and disappearing between various buildings as razor thin beam of green energy was fired in her precise direction. It did not travel at all. It merely appeared in the space separating the White Wing and Sinder.

Buildings flashed with a gentle light before they were vaporized by the thin strand, leaving colossal holes behind. The White Wing, having prepared ahead of time for the worst, was crushed by the weight of an unknown force in every direction, compressing her body to inconceivable levels.

What Sinder used was the weaponized weight of his guilt – a power that sought to crush and vanquish the courage of those it targeted, that was if they managed to survive. It was accompanied by a million mangled screams, becoming higher pitched by the second as the White Wing endured.

Droplets of blood poured from various orifices until she was pulled free by Carpalis' golden hand.

|| Dealer of Hands – Club Suit ||

A coat of green matching the green hue of the city formed around the Faustian Bargain. This greatly increased its speed as it split into countless smaller ones. They attacked the newly formed crystals, disrupting the light. But it had little to no effect, only temporarily disabling the beam-like attack for the shattered crystals began to replace themselves.

“Tsk...! Clubs... I never understood the meaning behind those suit of cards! But in your deluded concept of civilization I suppose it makes some fraction of a sense!” The White Wing growled as she was rapidly dragged away by Carpalis’ hand, watching Sinder chase after her with [Violence on Violence Action], their wings splitting the world into two.

Sinder did not relent. Not a single second was wasted. In the meantime, the pale feathers bombarded him as they played a deadly game of cat and mouse, the White Wing claspng at her throat and checking her ungloved hands.

“Zero contamination. Lucky. The cleanup here would’ve been disastrous.” What she referred to was lost in translation. Carpalis’ sole focus now was to keep the White Wing away until she recovered. “Implying that the aftermath of this won’t be anything better!”

One tail was mangled, its fur burned to reveal a scorched mass. It did not bleed easily. Its muscularity was so immense that merely constricting it caused the blood flow to cease entirely.

The battle raged on. Before long, the White Wing broke free from Carpalis’ safety net as she brushed her wounds with her tail. Angels possessed a powerful healing mechanism so long as their bodies contained blood. They were, in a way, very reminiscent of the Nascent Fluids. However, it was only her damaged wing that never healed, forcing her to rely on her pocket watch.

“Frost is not interested in anything but you. So long as you’re present, the risk of collateral is low!” Carpalis said with a powerful voice, chuckling faintly afterwards with sunken, pained eyes. “Low after it had reached an all-time high. I hope from the bottom of my heart that this hand reaches you afterwards... Gabriella!”

“ANOTHER GLOW!?”

< [Immortalized Woe – Diamonds] >

< *Crystalized Unvalued* >

As she exchanged steaming fists with Sinder, another section of the city began to glow a bright blue. Carpalis made an effort to squash it where it stood.

|| Dealer of Hands – Diamond Suit |||

But Sinder immediately moved to its defense, seemingly teleporting into place. The White Wing clicked her tongue, veins bursting along her forehead as her thumb left a deep imprint along her pocket watch.

“I sincerely hope you’re still sane Elysia. Your hopes and dreams died already, and I’ll prove them to you. Worm... Get away from ours, you diseased maggot!” She launched herself forward, tearing through the air and bouncing along each building like a pinball to disrupt Sinder.

But she was too late to stop him from retaliating against Carpalis.

< [A Million Wicks and One Light] >

The eruption blinded them both as the world witnessed yet another catastrophic clash. The war between Gods was not one that man could ever dream to involve themselves in. They were mere spectators in a gauntlet that defied all logic as the night of their world set in; the brimming pillar of flames painting the world with its rending heat.

Sinder sought to mirror that desolate illusion of the past with this world.

< “All things must come to an end to instill the birth of the new. When people were valued for things they could not control, I despised that people themselves could not decide it for themselves.” >

////////// < WARNING > //////////

< UNAVOIDABLE ATTACK >

< [Diamond Greed] >

< The price I will pay to carry on our dreams >

“AGAIN!?! Tsk. Feeling talkative all of a sudden!?! That’s just like you. No one ever really knew how you felt or thought during the last few years of your life!” As Carpalis drew her hand away, Gabriella created a rope made from her feathers, dragging herself close to Frost as the thousands of blue crystals began to glow.

“OUUUUUCH!” Carpalis groaned.

As did her Faustian Bargain.

The White Wing made an attempt to interrupt the process of the unavoidable attack, wrapping Sinder entirely with the serrated rope which then began to spin like a flexible chainsaw.

Sinder | HP: 400,000,000

She was about to break into the sub 400,000,000 mark until suddenly, during Sinder's charge up –

< [What Doesn't Kill You...] >

Crowned

HP : 550,000,000 ATT DEF : 100,000 MAG DEF : 100,000

"I HATED THAT TENACITY OF YOURS!" The White Wing roared as she just managed to teleport away from an explosion of flames.

Sinder's individual wingspan reached upwards of 30 meters, their crimson gaze becoming so bright that it could be seen clearer than the flames he adorned. With each failure to kill him in a prompt manner only caused his total DEF to increase by tenfold.

The flaming feathers of his coat were nearly pale. They were so outrageously hot that the air was permanently dyed red, his face almost masked by its emphatic light that even the hottest stars would blush when compared against.

And in his wings were dark spots, like those found in the sun.

"... you've become exactly what everyone called you. The Captured Star. I know well of what they did to you in there. How the Pillar of the World rose with each iteration of you that was destroyed and harvested. How people feasted on your flesh and blood unknowingly... But that woe you carry right now isn't the same woe that you should be expressing!" The White Wing cried unnaturally, as if tears were forming in the corner of her eyes. "Sinder... to think *you* of all people wanted to save our world after what it's done to you... Please just REST ALREADY! YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE!"

Through the light emerged a blue dot. It rapidly grew until a diamond over several hundred meters in size was lifted above him. Even though his hands never seemed to touch it, they buckled like he was shouldering the weight of countless burdens.

The White Wing bared her teeth, drawing blood her eyes sharply narrowed. Seeing Sinder rekindled old wounds, hatred and spite. But it also brought back the tender memories she had of their old world, and most importantly...

"... look at how far we've fallen. I'm going to die on my hill like Elysia. My beliefs. My wishes. My dreams. Like you, I'm carrying them all on my own. Once upon a time that burden was

on all of our shoulders, wasn't it? Unlike you, I would never... *never* try to destroy this world. Our memories aren't fuel for your wrath!"

She already knew that it was impossible to dodge.

Click

Click

Click

Click

|| Dealer of Hands – Diamond Suit ||

Carpalis made an attempt to intercept once again, placing her colossal hand in front to catch it. However, this physically dragged her down to her knees as the giant crystal hurdled straight for the White Wing.