

[Third Person. POV.]

The grandiose doors of Faust Castle creaked open before being shattered into pieces, as Erza Scarlet ventured inside, her heart throbbing with a mix of worry for her friends and resolve.

The entrance hall stretched out before her, a looming cavern of shadow and silence, disturbed only by the echo of her boots against the cold stone floor as she made haste.

Her goal being a simple one, destroying the Lacrima that kept Adam weakened, and defeating a certain someone.

Suddenly, a sharp swoosh cut through the eerie tranquility, and a glistening spear shot through the dim light towards her. Instinctively, she swung her sword, clashing with the spear in a spark of steel on steel. The echo of their collision reverberated through the halls, shattering the ground beneath her feet, a loud proclamation of an inevitable confrontation.

Dashing through the air, grabbing the spear that had been hurled, emerged Knightwalker, her chilling gaze locked on Erza. Her eyes, as cold and unyielding as her weapon. She brandished her spear, its tip reflecting a malicious glint.

"So, you're supposed to be my counterpart?" Knightwalker sneered, the corners of her lips curling into a sadistic smile. "How disappointing."

Erza tightened her grip on her sword, her gaze steady on the foe before her. "Knightwalker," she acknowledged, a hard edge to her voice. "My goals right now don't require that I deal with you. So, here are your options, move out of my way, or I'll be forced to move you."

"Such confidence," Knightwalker taunted, twirling her spear with an intimidating grace. "It seems you don't understand your situation."

"The one who doesn't seem to understand a thing here, is you," Erza's eyes narrowed, her stance showing she was readying herself for what seemed to be inevitable. "Right now, I'm fighting for the sake of someone important to me, and because of that, I won't hold back!"

"You won't hold back you say?" Knightwalker chuckled, a cold, disheartening sound. "Well, by all means, cheap copy, go through me!"

"Very well," Erza shot back, her voice echoing through the hall. "I hope you don't regret your choice."

Knightwalker tilted her head, a twisted smile playing on her lips. "Oh, don't worry, I won't."

Erza squared her shoulders, an unwavering determination reflecting in her eyes. "Enough talk!"

Knightwalker's cold laughter filled the hall once more. "On that, we both can agree."

As the final word left Knightwalker's lips, Erza lunged forward, the distance between them vanishing in a blink of an eye. Her sword swung through the air, but Knightwalker parried, the clash of their weapons' rippling through the grand hallway, shattering the deafening silence with an earth-shattering shockwave.

Without a warning, Erza and Knightwalker blurred into a whirl of steel and force, their weapons clashing at a speed almost invisible to the naked eye. Each impact sent a shockwave that echoed through the castle, rattling, and

breaking the stone walls as well as cracking the floor beneath where they met.

Paintings fell from the walls and the opulent chandeliers above them trembled, shedding showers of crystal that echoed the battle's ferocity.

The two figures twisted and turned, vanishing and reappearing amidst the dust and debris, in a deadly dance that whipped up a storm in the grand hall as they moved, both matching each other in strength and speed, two sides of the same coin locked in a lethal struggle.

Erza struck fiercely, changing her armor when needed, each swing of her blade a testament to her resolve. But just as her, Knightwalker was relentless, countering with an equal measure of skill and precision, her spear morphing to deal with her adversary .

"You won't defeat me, not when I am fighting for the sake of those I love!" Erza shouted, pushing back against Knightwalker's spear.

"You'll have to do much better than this!" Knightwalker sneered back, pushing against Erza's blade, her eyes gleaming with savage delight.

The two warriors clashed again, the power behind their attacks being such that both found themselves reeling back, as the castle trembled.

As the dust began to settle, Erza and Knightwalker stood opposite each other once again. No words were needed now. Leaving one thing clear, both had a mission to accomplish, and neither was willing to back down no matter what.

Taking a calming breath, Erza threw herself back into the fray, a fierce light igniting in her eyes, reflecting her determination to end this encounter, by going all out.

Their weapons clashed again, but this time, Erza pressed the attack with a newfound ferocity. Her every move, parry, and dodge, leagues above what she had shown so far, being at a level that only a few close to her had witnessed.

It wasn't before long before this relentless assault began to take its toll on Knightwalker. Now being painfully apparent for her that there had been a clear shift in the tide of their battle, her smirk gradually fading as she found herself forced back step by step as a flicker of doubt ignited in her eyes, after all, the once evenly matched encounter,

was now turning into a one-sided event, and it wasn't on her favor as she had originally imagined it would happen.

"How?!" Knightwalker growled, parrying a particularly fierce strike from Erza, only to be cut multiple times by a series of unseen attacks delivered by Erza. "How can you be this strong?!"

Erza didn't falter, her gaze meeting Knightwalker's as she cut her once more. "You don't seem to get it, do you? It's not that I am strong, is that you are weak!"

Knightwalker staggered, the grip on her spear loosening as she tried to regain her balance. Erza took her chance and delivered a swift kick, followed by a series of fast slashes, each one cutting through her with ease, before sending Knightwalker tumbling to the ground, crashing against a wall.

Erza's eyes hardened as she watched Knightwalker struggle to stand, her once confident demeanor now replaced by a look of desperation, and disbelief.

"Give up, you can't win," Erza said, advancing towards Knightwalker with her sword raised. "End this, while you can."

Knightwalker gritted her teeth, refusing to submit. She might not have the strength to fight her counterpart, but she would rather die than submit.

Erza watched as Knightwalker struggled to get back on her stance, a wild look of defiance in her eyes. And for a moment, Erza almost respected her opponent's determination.

Almost.

"You'll have to kill me!" Knightwalker spat out, her voice filled with venom as she shakily readied her spear once more. "I will never submit, as long as I can draw a breath I will fight!"

Erza paused for a moment, before raising her sword and prepared to deliver the final blow. "Very well."

In a swift motion that showed nothing but power, precision, and resolve, Erza charged at her counterpart, her blade ready to end this once and for all.

Despite knowing she would lose, Knightwalker tried to parry the upcoming attack with all her might, but as expected her strength wasn't enough to do so, and her

spear was kicked away as Erza's blade cut through the air towards her.

For a moment, the world around them seemed to slow, coming to a halt, before suddenly, Erza's sword struck true, slashing across Knightwalker's chest and sending her sprawling across the stone floor.

A gasp filled the room as Knightwalker crashed onto the ground, her body sliding across the stone floor before coming to a stop, her body splayed out and motionless.

Her eyes stared blankly at the ceiling, the once fierce and unyielding gaze now filled with disbelief and shock, after all, she had never imagined she would lose in such a way.

The castle fell silent.

Erza sheathed her sword, her eyes never leaving the fallen form of her counterpart. "It's over." she said, her voice echoing through the silence of the castle.

Knightwalker remained silent, the sight of her own blood confirming there was nothing she could do, even if she wanted to.

With nothing more to say, Erza turned away from the fallen Knightwalker, her gaze moving to the castle's inner chambers. After all, The Lacrima still awaited, and she would not rest until she shattered away the chains that kept Adam shackled.