2091 Fragments of War (28)

The battle between the King of Swords and Condemnation was like a cataclysm. The abominable jungle covering the ruins of the ancient city had been incinerated; the ruins themselves had melted into rivers of lava, turning the entire area into a burning hellscape.

However, the destruction did not stop there. The ground itself was annihilated, revealing the surface of the white bone below — the bone, in turn, was now covered by a web of jagged cracks.

Similarly, the dome of the Hollows far above was damaged, as well.

And the invisible blade created by Anvil — the obliterating manifestation of his authority and slaying will — reached the dome moments after cutting the lake of lava in half and delivering a wound to the Cursed Tyrant.

Sunny froze for a split second, staring into the distance with wide eyes.

In the next second, the invisible blade struck the cracked dome of the Hollows with absolute, unyielding force.

A subtle tremor spread through the ground beneath their feet.

There was an indescribable sound that washed over them like a wave, and colossal shards of bone, some of them the size of stadiums, rained down from the dark heights.

A portion of the dome shuddered and collapsed, a jagged fissure cut through it by the invisible blade.

A soft light poured into the fissure, illuminating the titanic figure of Condemnation. Out there in the distance, the angry red darkness dissolved into the gentle radiance, chased away by light… and bathed in it, the Cursed Tyrant was revealed in all its profane glory.

But Anvil's blow had not exhausted itself, yet.

It was more than a physical cut — or even a sorcerous attack infused with the furious power of Supreme soul essence. The invisible blade was like a law created in an instant, and only meant to exist for an instant.

But in that instant, the law of the blade had the power to sever the world.

And it did.

After breaking through the damaged dome of the Hollows, the invisible blade cut the very sky above Godgrave, leaving a narrow wound on it.

The sky would not be destroyed by a mere cut, of course.

However… the veil of clouds protecting Godgrave from its incandescent purity was. A breach spanning a dozen kilometers appeared on it, allowing the annihilating sunlight to shine through.

To shine upon the surface of the Breastbone Reach… and through the newly torn fissure on its surface, spilling into the Hollows.

Just a heartbeat after the dome was broken, the light falling through the breach in the ancient bone changed. There was no gentle softness in it anymore. Instead, a pillar of blinding, harsh, incandescent radiance fell down…

Illuminating the heart of the molten wasteland, and the gargantuan figure of Condemnation standing right below the fissure.

Sunny gasped.

'T—this…'

A Cursed Tyrant was a god, and mortals could not contend against gods.

However…

Even cursed gods had to bow before the might of the heavens. At least of the harrowing white heaven of Godgrave.

As the blinding sunlight fell on the colossal creature, the first thing that burst into flames was its wounded arm. Towering plumes of fire shot from the cut left by Anvil's blade on its wrist, and the flesh around it — the soil, the fragments of ruins, and the uprooted trees — started to blacken.

Condemnation let out an eerie sound that rolled across the burning wasteland and enveloped the Saints, making them stagger. Sunny withstood the voice of the cursed deity well enough, but others seemed dazed. Helie grabbed her head and let out a cry, while Roan and Rivalen collapsed to the ground. Cassie paled, but remained standing.

Far away, the Cursed Tyrant was melting in the pillar of incandescent sunlight. Burning and being reduced to ash, it collapsed time and space in on themselves, trying to escape the blinding radiance.

But there was no escape.

It was not only the soil, the stone, and the trees that were burning. Everything that comprised the immense body of Condemnation was being annihilated and reduced to ash. The twilight and shadows were vanquished, and the orange glow of the frozen flames was snuffed out. Even the lava that the cursed deity had absorbed into its body was being reduced to ash.

Before Condemnation could move, one of its legs crumbled, sending it toppling down.

The world quaked when the cursed god fell to its knees.

Kneeling as it was and trapped in the sunlight, the Cursed Tyrant resembled a mountain of flames, slowly dissolving into the blinding radiance.

Its wail penetrated Sunny's ears, making his mind reel.

The world seemed to shatter.

He understood vaguely that it was his consciousness that had shattered, and not the world. And yet, at the moment, Sunny did not know the difference.

Reality had turned into a fragmented, feverish nightmare.

He seemed to perceive the grotesque figure of Condemnation dissolving into radiant sunlight. Its colossal mass was like melting candle wax, growing smaller and smaller.

At the same time, he saw the storm of swords explode into a hurricane of scarlet sparks… only for some of those sparks to catch fire and burn in the pillar of light.

He also saw the Asuras watching as their god struggled on the threshold of death in reverent silence.

And many things that he had no words how to describe, and no capacity to understand.

'Aargh…'

Sunny shook his head, trying to gain control over his mind.

It felt like he had managed to recover from the death wail of a god fast enough… but when he finally came to his senses, the world was subtly different from how it used to be.

The desolate wasteland around them was not burning anymore. The rivers of lava had lost much of their glow, having cooled off.

The blinding pillar of sunlight had disappeared, replaced by the soft shining pouring from the jagged fissure in the dome of the Hollows.

Ash was raining from above, falling onto the unmoving figures of the Asuras.

The abominable golems were standing motionlessly like statues, devoid of life.

And out there, in the distance…

Condemnation was gone.

The titanic body which seemed like a mountain was nowhere to be seen… all that remained was ash, absence, and giant shards of blackened bone.

Anvil was standing near the hill of ash, looking at it somberly.

His armor was dented and broken, and his face was covered in soot. The storm of swords he had summoned disappeared, and the seven terrifying blades did, as well.

However…

The Sovereign was holding a new sword in his hand, this one emanating an even more chilling aura. It was a greatsword with a beautiful flowing pattern permeating its steel, indescribably fearsome... and strangely familiar.

Looking down, Anvil studied the greatsword for a few moments, then dismissed it with a hint of dark melancholy in his cold, grey eyes.

Turning his back to the ashes of a god, the King of Swords took a step away and headed toward his Saints.

The battle was over.