Klavier blazed through the sandy ground, kicking up a sandstorm at the swing of the sword as he got closer to his adversary. Madia took a step back, releasing a flurry of earth shards at him. He tilted to the side, evading most of the projectiles, ignoring the pain for those that managed to scratch him as he struck her orb on its middle. He grabbed onto her arm before she could land a punch to the face, countering it with a head-butt that caused Madia to fall on her knees for a second.

He took a few steps back, sheathing his weapon as he waited for the goddess to get back up on her feet. Mirroring the rage that he felt when he first woke up, Madia charged towards him, her cracked orb summoning the best that she could conjure at point blank range. Dodging would be impossible. Instead, he pulled his sword out faster than the earth missiles could move, catching her just before the shards could hit him.

But that was all that he could manage. Exhaustion seeped in, draining him of all the adrenaline that kept him going for so long. He dug the blade to the ground, using it to help him resist the gravity that was trying to pull him down.

“You really aren’t an ordinary human being,” Madia said as she got right back up. “But that’s all that you can do.”

He was more than ready to counter-attack Madia, but handling so many battles before this thoroughly squeezed him dry of all the energy he needed to keep going. He couldn’t count on Aem to assist him since Madia had already rendered him unable to fight. Maroma was no condition to fight either. It couldn’t just end with some comeback and then getting crushed once more.

There wasn’t any more time to think. Madia was already in front of him, just as bloody as he was but far more combat-healthy. A thick ball of water materialized on the starry night orb of hers. This time, it was taking a little longer, probably since he damaged it a little earlier. He raised his sword, readying himself of the incoming attack when an axe flew past him, forcing his opponent to break away before it could hit her.

“Hopeless dudes stay hopeless,” a familiar bossy voice said.

He turned to the side where he heard her voice, looking at the aristocrat wearing her gladiator gear, reaching out for the two fiery axes stashed on her back.

“Michele! You’re the reinforcements Aem was talking about?”

“Yup. Looks like I’m on time,” she said. “Stand aside. I’ll teach this goddess some manners.”

“You won’t let me just kill them, will you?” Madia gritted her teeth. “Get out of my way, woman.”

“What if I don’t want to?”

“Then I’ll have you killed with them,” she conjured a series of stones from the orb.

But the damage on the weapon slowed the casting down. What initially took her a second to activate the spell was now dragged into a much longer timing, giving Michele more than enough space to counterattack. She did more than just incapacitate Madia, she crushed the very orb that manipulated her destructive powers with a brutal swing of the axe.

“What happened?” Michele asked as she rested her weapon on her shoulder. “Did Klavier beat you up so badly that you can’t fight properly anymore?”

It was all but over. Madia joined her hands together, mumbling an incantation spell under her breath as a giant ball of matter formed in front of her. Michele pushed her axes forward only to be repelled with a force that knocked her back. By then, it was probably too late.

Not on Klavier’s watch. He grabbed onto Madia’s frail wrist, pulling the black sword halfway out of its scabbard as a smirk surfaced on his face.

“I’ve been waiting for this moment,” he said as the blade lit up with black flames. “Bellow, Sirkius.”

Fear flashed in Madia’s eyes as Klavier unleashed an explosion that rivaled her power, sending a shockwave that blew everything in its path. Klavier could feel himself tumbling back at the blast with no signs of stopping anytime soon until he crashed onto something soft and warm. As soon as his body could absorb all the shock, he opened his eyes, staring back at his own daughter’s distraught face. He bounced away from her, entering into a frenzy of apologies for his inappropriate actions when she merely shook her head.

“Do you really still have time to mess around?” Madia’s voice trailed from behind.

He turned around, the shock resonating with all of those near Klavier as Madia towered over him. He would have expected as much from a ruthless goddess. The former anger that boiled in him was all gone, replacing the void with a genuine desire to finish all the pointless fighting.

“You know, I’m really tired of fighting,” Klavier said as he picked up his black sword. “I’ve done more than enough to try and convince you to stop but you won’t. So,” he raised the sword high in the air. “Good night.”

He slashed it down her shoulder, the blade sinking into her flesh for blood to spew out like a geyser for a split second. Her eyes widened, the deathly shock frozen on her face as she collapsed.

“Let’s get out of here before the other two wakes up,” Klavier said, sheathing both of the swords he wielded before taking flight.