

THE CAST

Black Hole Sun: The edgy Abyssal emo kid with a heart of gold. Also called Dennis Obadiah.

Arsinoe: The arrogant punk rock Infernal

Adam: The golden haired Solar who acts like a trickster god.

Jim: The Circle's cigar-chomping, heavy weapons loving Fomor sidekick

Apophis: Former High Umbral Egyptian god, current living tattoo and Demon Mentor to Arsinoe.

Sabrina: Arsinoe's nerdy archeologist Verbena mom. Discovered the Black Vault after it opened.

Rano: Pink-skinned girl in the Demon Force, thematic equivalent to Dodorina. Currently working with the Circle to overthrow the Tyrant.

Supreme Demonic Tyrant: Current ruler of Tenmakai, the Infernal's cyberpunk global city Inner World. Transparently based on King Cold.

Lithy-Chan: Reincarnation of Queen Faerilyth of the Kithain and possibly Black's little sister in disguise [its complicated]. Adam steals her name half-way through this arc for trolling purposes.

Claire: The Circle's introverted Lunar sorceress-craftsman [left the campaign immediately before the below posts]

Dennisutra: Heavily cybernetically augmented black guy and one of the leaders of the resistance under Arsinoe. Basically Barret from FF7.

Adamantra: Other leader of the resistance. A demon martial artist rescued immediately before the group arrived in the underground church to plan the below attack on the palace.

Kabocha, Jagaimo, Goya: The Tyrant's main enforcers, based on the Dragonball concepts of the Big Tough Stupid One, the One With Weird Powers, and the Pretty One.

Mogar the Shadow Ape: Second strongest Demon in Tenmakai, runs Inago Colleseum. Is a shape-shifting four foot ape made of living shadows who talks like Mojo Jojo.

STORYTELLER

It takes about an hour to finish the preparations. Sitting around a wooden crate being used as a table, Dennisutra goes over the plan one last time. In this time, the three have been transformed. Arsinoe is now in the guise of Claire, while Black's hair is now long and white in the style of Inuyasha, with doglike ears sticking from the top of his head and prominent fangs much like his own when they're deployed, and idealized facial features. Sabrina took a minimalist approach in turning her skin red and producing small nubs for horns. All four of them, along with Lilith, are wearing Demon Force uniforms and armor, complete with Essence Scopes [scouters] that cover their eyes.

"So we're all clear on the plan. The Demon Empress, Black, Lilith, Sabrina, Rano, and Jim are the away team. Their job will be sneaking inside, finding the Tyrant, and letting the Empress defeat him in single combat in front of his men."

>"Kabocha, Goya, and Jagaimo will be our biggest obstacles in getting there, but after what she did to Mogar I doubt any of them will prove a match for the 'Demon Empress'" Rano adds.

"While they're distracted, Mogar and his men will go with Adamantra and ours and break into the Locust Mines to free the rest of our forces. Casualties should be minimal on either side, most of the Force is busy with the rioting and celebrations after what happened at Inago Colleseum" Dennisutra explains, to Lithy giving a satisfied nod.

>>"From there, the sum of the army: demons, freaks, and fuckers all march on the front gate. Anybody still wanting to fight after the Tyrant falls surrender and boom, instant planetary conquest." Robo-Jim concludes.

Not long after this final explanation and the Circle has arrived in the Overcity, the top layer of

Tenmakai's endless megacities. The sky is cloudy, thick with smog, and the sun appears red and dim, and eclipsed by a Red Star that gleams in front of it, making the heavens grim. In a way it reminds you of the Umbra, with its tiny red sun. Before them is the Palace of the Supreme Demonic Tyrant, an industrial megastructure. It looks as though a classical European palace has been eaten alive by massive pipes funneling in Celestines only know what into the interior. There are many domes surrounding a single central tower in the palace's middle, each Dome housing a massive Essence Cannon capable of rotating and firing upon any who should approach. You count four such cannons. Leading into the palace is a large concrete bridge leading up to the front gate, completely filled with Demon Force soldiers. Thousands, no, tens of thousands of Demons surround the palace. They have flooded the bridge, some fly through the air on wings, or on small floating platforms. In the distance you hear the roar of helicopter blades. Everything is cast in a sickening red light.

It is currently 4:30 PM.

>Arsinoe is currently disguised as Claire and dressed in a Demon Force uniform. Her disguise will last until the end of the Scene.

>Black is currently disguised as a demon and dressed in a Demon Force uniform. On his back is the Eschalon, and at his waist his katana. His disguise will last until the end of the Scene, and it gives him +2 Appearance, creating Bishie-Black.

>Adam is still disguised as Lilith-chan, though she is now dressed in a Demon Force uniform. During the downtime he created a censor bar from nearby materials using Craftsman Needs No Tools. His disguise will last until the end of the Scene.

>With them are Rano, Sabrina, and Jim. Jim is still in the MYMIRDON armor, and Sabrina is disguised as a Demon in Demon Force Armor. In her hands is her witch broom.

>All of them are equipped with Essence Scopes, the rules for which I will post in the OOC.

"Well here we are. There's three main ways into the palace. The first is the rooftop. Top of the central tower has a computer locked door. I happen to have the code to open the door, but its more watched and is a more dangerous route. Second way in is the sewer drains under the palace. By far the safest way, but also the longest, we'd have to pass through much of the palace to get to the throne room. It'd also be the easiest way to sneak in your friend Jim. And then there's the front door. We're separated from it by 30,000 men, and I'd have to explain how I managed to escape you after Tamago saw me get captured."

Rano looks to Arsinoe-Claire with expectation on which way they should get in. She leaves out the option of just breaking in a wall somewhere and walking in, but you can reason for yourself possible problems that could lead to.

Final Note: I'm assuming no one has used the Essence Scopes yet. If you want to play around measuring each other's power levels state you're turning on your Scouter and I'll tell you the results IC.

ARSINOE

"No backdoor?" She said after a long hum "The sewers might work out because I was heading for the basement anyway." She hummed to herself as she stroked her now grey chin "We probably could floor the door guards but that's just wasting guys I'm probably gonna end up hiring anyway." She said with a small chuckle "The door up tops probably the best option here but if anybody wants to pitch me on the other two by all means."

BLACK

"I'm down for the sewers." Black raises his hand. "Guess I'm feeling kind of homesick after I got evicted from the Black Cave, crawling through demon shit water into the underbelly of the palace could be fun. It may be longer but that'd also mean we're closer to the basement, right? I'm read to

check out that tablet you all mentioned is underneath the palace."

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe]

"There were other entrances but they've all been walled off since you first arrived. Removing all the barriers and concrete would be too loud if the plan is sneaking inside. That leaves only the main entrance, the top, and the sewer. If we're going in above we'll need some way to get up there, ideally without being seen. Once we're in it'll take us into the aircraft bay, where the Demon Pods of the Tyrant and top ranking members of the Demon Force are held. From there we'll need to take a stairway down deeper. Cleanest path to the throne is straight down, but if we run into anyone along the way our cover will be blown. Even I'm not allowed into that area without being summoned, let alone with random grunts." Rano explains, stating the merits of going in from the roof.

[Black]

"Tablet? Nobody mentioned any tablet." Rano asks.

>"He just means any records down below, we don't know if it'll be another giant rock." Robo-Jim adds.

"OH you mean the old palace. Good luck getting down there. The Tyrant filled most of the ways down into the historic palace with concrete when he took over. Only way he left open is-" Rano begins but Apophis finishes.

>"Right under the pretender's throne?" the snake asks, receiving a nod in return.

"The sewers do however lead all over the palace. From the drainage pipe I know a way into a servant's quarters along one of the palace's main arteries. From that hallway there's a clean shot to the kitchens, the ballroom, the wine cellars, guest bedrooms, the private quarter's of the Tyrant, his art gallery, and the treasure room. Oh and the meatery."

BLACK

Black's sensitive ears twitch. He turns to Rano and asks, "Treasure room?"

STORYTELLER

"It houses the wealth the Tyrant's accumulated uniting the megacities, as well as historical relics of the original Demon Empress, supposedly war trophies and objects of power from her travels. Any magic that was in them has long since faded away, supposing the relics were ever even real." Rano explains.

ARSINOE

"Well now you've talked me onto taking the sewer. I need to reclaim some stolen property and some back taxes."

ADAM

Lilith-Chan comments idly as she follows the gang "The fact that I'm dressed like a Dragon Ball Z character does not help at all with my psychosis"

Lilith-Chan smiles when White Hole Sun reminisces about home and trekking through the sewers.

Lilith asks "Clairsinoe? You think after we're done with the conquest we could set up a vacation home in the sewers. Super duper promise not to timeshare it."

ARSINOE

"If you guys wanna live in my sewers thats on you. I was gonna have actual rooms for you." she said as she motioned for Rano to lead on [Going to the Sewers]

STORYTELLER

[All]

>"Sewers it is then." Robo-Jim states as the Circle proceeds towards the palace. Disguised like this, the surrounding Demon Force soldiers pay you no mind. Still as you walk around the exterior you can't help but take note just how many soldiers there are. Tens of thousands of warriors, carrying Essence Blasters on their arms, many of them wearing Essence Scopes like the ones you all have on, tiger-demons, lizard-demons, purple bird-like demons, green four-armed demons with three eyes, and countless other variations, all gathered to defend this palace against Arsinoe. Sabrina speaks up as you all walk.

>"You certainly have enough security." she says clutching her broom in both hands, looking around nervously.

"If you knew how many men we lost to her in previous engagements you wouldn't think so. Still, its all for show, the Tyrant is the real thing securing this Palace. I'm still not convinced the Empress has it in her to do it. Beating Mogar was one thing, but there's never been a demon like the Supreme Demonic Tyrant." Rano answers. Avoiding the main bridge where most of the forces are gathered you instead descend into a clutch of small buildings, barracks you note, that gather around the knees of the industrial palace, stepping over wet concrete as you approach the exterior. You all spot a large drainage pipe pouring dirty brackish water into a grate on the street.

>>"Even if this Tyrant was one of the Incarnae, he would be no match for the Empress. We should focus on getting inside, not on our chances which are assured." Apophis adds. You all enter the drainage pipe, the disgusting water rushing past your boots as you continue for a ways and come into a vast chamber made of tan smooth sandstone. Climbing up a small steel ladder [and someone hefting Jim-bot up] you end up out of the water and onto a side-platform. The chamber you're in takes the form of canalworks, with rivers of vulgar water and waste being carried along through a system of passageways. Spanning each river is outcroppings to stand upon, about five feet wide, on either side of the river, and small bridges are placed to allow crossing over the rivers to navigate [think of something like the underworks in Morrowind]. In places you see ancient clockwork made of brass, powered by Essence, that opens and closes valves to keep the water flowing or halt its flow.

"As I said, there's a ladder up into one of the servant's quarters. It should give us run of the palace." Rano says gesturing to move forward.

[Adam]

As Lilith-chan walks, hand absent-mindedly running along the wall you hear a click, followed by the portion of wall rising revealing a hidden passageway! You see a stone incline, like something you'd see in a pyramid, leading up you know not where.

BLACK

As they enter the sewers, Black's sensitive nose causes him to shudder. "Ugh... did sewers ALWAYS smell this bad or is it just demon shit stinks worse? Maybe I'm getting soft staying at Lin's place all this time but I swear my place didn't smell THIS bad."

When Rano directs them onwards towards the Servant's Quarters, Black nods and follows behind. "I'd be interested in checking out the treasure room once we're up there... you know, just uh, out of curiosity. Check out what Arsinoe's inheritance looks like."

His ears perk up however at the sound of the click along the wall, looking over towards where Lilith

found the passage. "Adam, what was that? Thought I heard something."

ARSINOE

Arsinoe was content to listen to Rano doubt her after she downed her with minimal effort before looking at Black with a touch of annoyance "You literally asked to walk through the shit tunnels." She started after Rano had finished only to hear Black call out to Adam causing her to stop and look back with a mild sense of dread at what 'Lilith' might do or be doing.

ADAM

As Lilith-Chan is walking beside her friends, she sorely admits "Okay full stop guys, I was trolling back in the enclave. I thought the stealth mission was boring. I played Assassin's creed 1 and 2 and didn't care for it. I feel dumb now. The Supreme Tyrant is def using mooks to get our essence low before the big boss battle. So I take it all back. Plan Stealtherino is a go. Also, rape jokes are not funny. I was under the influence. Tomorrow I'm going to planned parenthood and apologizing to every woman in the clinic. I might even pick up a Ubisoft game when I get home."

Lilith hears a click and witnesses the secret passage-way open up. She says in a cutesy japanese impression. "bing bong!"

STORYTELLER

[Black]

"Its nothing special. Its essentially a big museum, mixed with piles of gold and jewels in odd places."

Rano answers in regard to the treasure room.

>"Scrooge Mcduck piles or regular piles?" Jim asks following along, the boots of the MYMIRDON echoing on the stone.

[Arsinoe/Adam]

As the wall is pulled up, Sabrina, Rano, and Jim turn with Arsinoe towards the revealed incline leading up. Sabrina laughs nervously, before imitating the 'Secret Found' sound from the Legend of Zelda.

>"A secret passageway. What's next spiked walls?" Robo-Jim asks.

"Don't even joke about that." Sabrina retorts.

>"See I told you Adam, she fought Nazis. This is giving Arsimom all kinds of Indiana Jones flashbacks." Robo-Jim replies.

Rano approaches the incline looking up. There's no lights, leaving it unclear how far it goes or whats up there.

"I've never seen this before. There's no telling where it could take us. These sewers are old, this could get us lost in the Old Palace if it turn down at any point." Rano tells Arsinoe, giving her the offer of seeing where these go or continuing to the Servant's Quarters.

ARSINOE

"Lets follow the mystery door, it's always the objectively correct choice." she said before looking to her mom with a small amount of pride in her making the reference, nodding in approval at it before she made her way to the now exposed passage. [Taking the Secret Passage]

STORYTELLER

[All]

The Circle together pass into the dark, Lilith and Arsinoe turning on their Caste Marks to light the way in a mix of gold and green. Up the incline goes, the only sounds their collective breathing and the stomping feet of the MYMIRDON. Eventually they come to a large lift of some form, and upon stepping upon it and touching a panel, the heavy iron chains from which the lift hangs begin pulling it straight up. As with the water systems you see this is ancient Essence-powered technology, brass gears of infernal clockwork moved by the energies of Creation, magitechnology from an earlier era in the world preserved here in this forgotten benighted planet. When the lift reaches its top you wall pulls away with a rumbling, and stepping out Lilith, Arsinoe, Black, Jimbot, Rano, and Sabrina find they've exited a secret chamber behind a bookshelf and have stepped into an exceedingly decadent and luxurious palatial bedroom in the style of a European monarch.

As everyone looks around, Arsinoe notices one of her prior "lieutenants" being held captive on the mantle, a polished spherical device that Arsinoe met early on in her journeys into Tenmakai that communicated only through chirps and hologram projections. The machine is incapable of moving by itself, but seemed to have oracular powers, somehow knowing about ambushes before they happened and becoming alarmed, so she retained it in her care and left it with her subordinates. Clearly when her lieutenants were captured and taken to the Locust Mines, the Tyrant took the spherical robot prisoner.

ARSINOE

"Cowboy Beepboop! How'd you end up here! Where's your tiny hat?" Arsi said rushing over and quickly retrieving the machine and holding it affectionately "Oh my little buddy, how'd you end up here? Did those chucklefucks lose you?" she asked curious before casting a wary glare towards Rano, upset her favorite underling had been reduced to a mantle piece before sighing and looking at it again "Man it was a pain in the ass to find you a hat in your size before, I have no clue if I'm gonna be able to find you another cowboy hat little buddy."

ADAM

Lilith jumps over to the Large European Styled bed at the header of the Palatial room. Landing on her back as she makes snow angels in the covers. Enraptured in the cool feeling and soft, delicate, extravagance stitched into the high end fabrics. "Don't you worry Arsinoe's Mom I'll field out every nook and cranny for those hidden spikes."

BLACK

As Black enters the massive, lavish room fit for a King, Black lets out a low whistle. "I don't think we're gonna find any spikes in THIS room, Mrs. Adams. This is totally the penthouse suite, if the Tyrant himself doesn't sleep here some other big wig definitely does." As Lilith jumps onto the bed and starts making bed-angels, Black grins and leaps on to the bed himself, jumping up and down on it with such force as to make it start springing Lilith up and down, as he laughs mischevously.

"Hehehehehe...."

The monkey is distracted from jumping on the bed as he sees Arsinoe walking up to the spherical little bauble on the table, still jumping up and down as she picks up the sphere. "Cowboy Beepboop? What, you named that metal basketball there?"

ARSINOE

"This is not just a metal basketball, this is Cowboy Beepboop and he's the only competant member of my inner circle here in hell it seems." She said protectively holding and running her hand along the orb as she responded to Black.

"He cant really do anything and yet he's still more reliable than people with limbs. Like Apophis."

STORYTELLER

[All]

The room the Circle finds themselves in is the image of early modern European luxury, decorated to the taste of a man who clearly considers himself the picture of sophistication and taste. Gold trim surrounds the outer-rims of every mirror, chair, table; while rich tapestries hang upon the wall surrounding paintings, most of which depict a white and purple demon, tall and broad, muscular and with a severe but somehow self-satisfied expression. Marble statues depicting the same litter the room, some depicting him nude save for a tasteful fig leaf, standing in the manner of Michelangelo's David with eyes raised to heaven. Others are small fountains, depicting him in the form of chubby cherubs pissing water into marble basins, while a few are busts depicting him in various stately expressions. Across the room is a large wooden doorway, currently closed, that no doubt leads out.

"Its the Tyrant's room, there can be no doubt of that." Rano says as Black and Lilith play on the bed.

[Arsinoe]

The machine somehow recognizes you despite your disguise, beginning to beep and chirp with varying degrees of irritation and distress, no doubt relaying somehow the events that resulted in its being captured, taken from your other lieutenants and carried here.

"You know that thing?" Robo-Jim asks, his heavy feet leaving wet muddy prints on the finely embroidered carpeting.

>"Its an Alicron computer. I didn't realize any of those things still worked." Rano says with some interest.

>"Millennia ago they were a pretty high demand archeotech, supposedly able to use Essence-Computing to predict events several minutes in advance, or whats happening over a mile away. Supposedly the one the Empress owned was a prototype from the Human World able to predict events years before they happened or calculate what was happening half the world away. But even knockoffs like this are worth a king's ransom to the right buyer."

[Arsinoe]

"I don't have limbs." Apophis retorts.

BLACK

"That thing's a computer?" Black asks in curiosity, suddenly far more interested in the metal sphere that he ceases his jumping on the bed and leaps off with a flip, landing close by and approaching Arsinoe and Beepboop. He looks it over, only hearing its beeps and chirps and shakes his head. "Bullshit. Where's the screen? Where's the touchpad? Where do you even put in a USB?" He gets closer to it, trying to take it from Arsinoe. "Can it run the latest Black Ops?"

ADAM

While no one else is looking Lilith dives headlong into the Supreme's Tyrant wardrobe dresser. Tipping the thing over, with herself shut inside. After some rumbling inside the wooden cabinet, she emerges out from it in a "I *heart* Tyranny" t-shirt with a print of the Tyrant's face on it and a luxurious oversized king's cape draping over her shoulders. She re-enters the conversation as the group admires the sick ass computer orb Arsinoe found.

"Pocket it." Lilith suggests to Arsinoe

ARSINOE

"He's not an it, he's my little metal cowboy." she said offended at Lillith's callous words to her beloved orb. She set it down gently on the bed and looked to Apophis "I was comparing you to BeepBoop in a favorable way. More the ones without limbs are the useful ones than saying you're useless." she clarified before shrugging and looking at the orb, doubting it had a disk or usb port on it "Funny then that my lieutenants were ambushed with him considering he can see the future." she said as she evaluated the room for a moment.

"Much as I would love to trash this shit, We have a time table to keep." she picked up BeepBoop and foisted him into Black's arms "Here, get to know him." she paused "If we get spotted leaving it'll probably be bad but I hazard to guess Rano can get us to the fugly bastard much quicker from here." she said before moving to leave. [Leaving Room through door]

STORYTELLER

[Adam]

You find such a cape, big and red and with white fur trim at its top, but it trails the floor behind you. The Tyrant is apparently quite tall, but not quite so tall as Arsinoe in her true form. You also find a shirt, but he does not have any designs so silly and I assume you're unwilling to spend Essence on Disguise for this bit. It is green, in the style of old European nobility. It is also long enough to be a dress on Lilith, ending at about her knees.

[Black]

You take the 'computer', which is really more of a featureless metal orb. You leave with Clairsinoe and the others, with Shiny Rock's distant descendant in tow.

[Arsinoe]

"Oh, yes of course." Apophis says, recovering his scattered pride.

>"Just because you can predict it doesn't mean you can stop it. We put a lot of men into finding all your subordinates." Rano explains.

The Circle heads out into the hallway, which is decorated in turquoise green and gold. Chandeliers hang from the ceiling and paintings line the walls, most of which are masterpieces depicting nature scenes, which you realize must be something of a rarity in Tenmakai. Mountains, waterfalls, even forests all perfectly detailed. Others are of demons who looks similar to the Tyrant, his ancestors no doubt, all with smug expressions. To Black its almost like being back home, if a bit more garish then his parent's more reserved tastes. As they're walking, the orb in Black's hands suddenly shoots a green beam of light at the air, depicting a 3D, green-tinted hologram of Demon Force soldiers walking further down the hallway.

"The hell is it doing?" Jim asks.

>"I told you, alicron computers can calculate possible futures. Its trying to tell us there's men coming this way." Rano explains.

>>"Predicting possibilities is just what Technocrats say to hide the fact they're divining the future. Its no more scientific then watching bones crack. In fact watching bones crack is better, because it works." Sabrina says looking at the robot with annoyance, possibly for stealing her thing.

>"If we keep going down this hallway we'll end up at both the Treasury Room and the Throne Room faster, but we'll need to deal with the soldiers. There's only five of them but if we take them by force we'll have the entire base on us. Talking them down or sneaking by would be my suggestion, but I hear

you don't exactly do stealth." Rano tells Arsinoe.

>"Which leaves avoiding them, heading around the long way. If we hurry we can reach the intersection of the hallways before they do."

BLACK

Black looks around the hallway as he clutches the Alicron computer close, looking around at the lavish, highly decorated halls with a look of disdain. "Ugh... even worse than my place was." He says aloud. "Not the Black Cave, I mean, my *old* place, where I lived before I died. I guess all egomaniacs have the same crappy taste in overpriced bullshit hanging all over the place."

As Alicron shoots up a hologram of Demon Force soldiers walking down the hall, Black looks to Rano as she explains it's predicting the future, offering a small chuckle at Sabring clearly being a little jelly. He says, "I say we just walk past them, why do you think was the point of getting these disguises? Worst case scenario they see through us, I'm sure five mooks won't be hard to knock out before they sound an alarm."

ARSINOE

"I am most likely going to regret this, I am almost going to certainly regret this." the Claireppelganger said as she rubbed her grey forehead before slowly looking to Lillith, and walking over to her, putting her hands on her shoulders and looking her dead in the eyes "Lillith, I need you to listen to me on this one. I don't need you trying to fuck these ones like the last time I sent you to distract someone." she said not clearly elaborating on that for the rest of the group.

"I need you to talk to whatever group we come across, and get them away from us with minimal issues. Can you do that? I'd rather get the drop on this fucker the way I want than having to rush this." she said trying to impart this with seriousness.

ADAM

""Mhm uhuh- mhm uhuh-"Lilith readily nods her head, affirming whatever allegations Arsinoe is chastising her with. As her alter ego Adam, a CEO in the human world, Lilith has become very adept at confirming horrible allegations the public cast on her and then pretending everything is fine.

Arisnoe finishes instructing Lilith on her special task. And without any explanation Lilith's body begins a painful transformation. Lilith momentarily struggles to contain whines of agony as her bones crunch down and her skin and muscles shrink with visible, rippling vasculations. Her back arcs as girlish cries slip out from her. Still entirely in character as her body morphs.

[Spending 2 essence]

[Flawlessly Impenetrable Disguise]

Lilith-Chan no longer looks like a teenager. She has gained the appearance of a chubby faced 10 year-old little girl. The clothes she has borrowed from the Tyrant's wardrobe now touch the floor, as they are ill-suited to her petite, child frame. "Now I'm lil' Lilith-Chan!" She raises her arms in hurrah. Her cutesy pluck, betrays the fact she was an image of pain just a moment ago. "Hmm- That's a mouthful" She touches her chin "Just call me Lithy-Chan."

ARSINOE

Arsinoe exhaled for a moment kneeling down to the now shorter Lillith. At first she placed her hands

on her shoulders before slowly moving them to her throat, and closing them firmly enough to hurt, thumbs pressing into the windpipe"Adam, if you fuck this up for me, there is no amount of money or pluck that will stop me from taking your fucking dick off." she said in a deadly serious tone, holding for a moment as her eyes glinted with a touch of malice. She then exhaled and let Lillth go and exhaled.

"Are we clear?" she said trying to reign her anger in but she was... she was a bit worried after that last little exchange the message wasn't clear.

ADAM

OH there it is the pain again. Lilith thought as her eyes rolled into the back of her head and felt the blood build up pressure on her crushed neck. Arsinoe lets Lilith go. Lilith falls to her knees coughing, hacking, wheezing. All in the voice of a 10 year old girl mind you. Lilith drops the cutesy act for a moment "I just wanted to roleplay as the Tyrant's Niece... And maybe troll Lithy a little bit."

STORYTELLER

[All]

"There's nothing about this plan that doesn't disgust me." Jim comments as Lilith becomes a child.

>"Its also doomed to fail, the Tyrant doesn't have a niece." Rano adds.

>>"You know that and the Tyrant knows that, but your men may not. And the illusion of prestige may keep them from asking questions about how you escaped." Apophis says in Adam's defense.

Black [Disguised as a white-haired Inuyasha demon and carrying the Alicron, with Eschalon on his back]

Adam [Disguised as Lilith-chan disguised as Lil Lilith-chan, wearing Demon Force armor under the Tyrant's cape and shirt]

Arsinoe [Disguised as Claire]

Sabrina [Disguised as a red-faced demon and clutching a broomstick]

Jim [In the MYMIRDON]

And Rano

All proceed down the hallway looking fairly conspicuous, their disguises weighed against by all the gear they have on over them. As predicted five Demon Force soldiers appear in front of you.

"What the heck do you think you're doing? This isn't your patrol schedule its ours. The Supreme Demonic Tyrant will gut us all if he finds a unit away from their assigned post or route." one says, an ugly fish-headed demon

>"Wait a sec, are they even with the Demon Force? That's a lot of irregular gear." another, a lizard-like demon with a beak asks.

"They're with me." Rano says stepping forward.

"They're uh..." she continues, leaving the floor open to Adam and his supernatural charisma.

[This is Subterfuge not Expression and you have no Excellence active. Your roll is 7 dice without one, 14 with]

[If there's any further disagreement between you and [ARSINOE'S PLAYER] on how to proceed I'll hold before my next post]

[Your current Essence is in the parameters channel]

[Don't forget to put comment ovr in the dicebot. If you don't, 1s will subtract successes]

ADAM

[Spending 1 essence + 1 willpower to double dice]

[Subterfuge + Charisma = 16]

The pitter patter of Lil Lilith-Chan's shoes tapping along the tiled floors resounds as she announces her presence with all the gusto you would expect from a relative of nobility. "Unky Tyrant says I get to have juice! Where's the kitchen juice boy!" She says as she latches onto the leg of one of the Demon Force Soldiers that pass by us.

ARSINOE

Arsinoe stepped forward "As you can see the Tyrant's distant niece Lithy-chan." She wrinkled a bit at the name before continuing "Has made a request of you, thus freeing us from doing it and giving us patrol duty until you fetch her said beverage." Arsinoe said playing the role of a begrudging guardian of the child.

"Be glad she didn't say she wants to play dress up." She added with a grumble.

BLACK

Black looks at Adam following his transformation into an even YOUNGER girl disguise, his eyebrow raised in confusion as he slowly shakes his head. "Man, Adam... what is with you and wanting to roleplay little girls today? I mean, dude, I kinda get it sometimes we want to play girl characters but..." His criticisms are disrupted by the arrival of the Demon Force patrol. Putting the Alicron behind his back to make it less obvious to them, Black watches as Lilith and Arsinoe lead the charge with convincing them this child before them is the Tyrant's niece. He stops himself from rolling his eyes as he clears his throat and decides to commit to the act.

"And we," he says, looking between himself and Arsinoe, "Are Lady Lithy-chan's mighty guardians!" He points to himself, baring his fangs and looking generally intimidating. "I am the terrible White Star Moon, slayer of all who displeases the young mistress!" He growls, turning towards Lithy-chan. "Do these peons displease you, your highness?"

STORYTELLER

[All]

The soldier who Adam latches onto, the beaked lizard, looks shocked and steps backwards, kicking his leg half-heartedly to get her to let go. The fish demon looks upon the display, then to the party, then to Rano.

"As they said. With the rebels moving closer to their attack, the Tyrant is moving his distant relatives into the palace. That includes his niece, as you can see." Rano explains. The fish demon watches with suspicion.

>"I didn't think the Tyrant had a niece. And I thought you were captured."

"It's a red alert situation, the rebel forces are expected to be upon us any hour now. You must have heard Mogar was with them?" she says, the fish demon soldier looking disturbed at that fact.

>"I didn't, no. Who told you that?"

"It's not important. What's important is I managed to escape and the Tyrant has me moving his relatives from the other megacities here for protection." Rano explains further, but you all can tell the fish

demon is still suspicious of this very fishy situation. He furrows his brow.

>"What other megacity?"

"Um...uptown Yosai?" Rano says, the demon picking up immediately on her brief hesitation.

>"Well I'm from Uchikha and I've never heard of this 'niece'."

[Do not roll again, but continue to roleplay your prior success]

ADAM

In the malignant battle cry of an impatient warrior princess she decrees "There is more than one way to extract juice Servant!" Lil' Lilith AKA Lithy-Chan, sinks her teeth into the thigh of the beaked lizard man. Biting an exposed region in his armor.

Lil' Lilith AKA Lithy-Chan the 2nd responds to Black "He does not taste like juice! White Star!" in a displeased attitude.

BLACK

"Worthless crapsack!" 'White Star Moon' growls, leaping forward and grabbing the Demon Force soldier that Adam bit up by the shoulders, then using his abyssal strength to slam him into the wall of the hallway, bearing his fangs and generally making him feel as intimidated as possible. "You dare displease her ladyship, the niece of our mighty Tyrant!? If the next words out of your freakish beak isn't 'please forgive me Lady Lithy-chan for tasting like rancid sour milk shit a month past its expiration' to the exact word, Lithy-chan will dine on chicken nuggets pulled from your still living hide chunk-by-chunk and deep fried!"

ARSINOE

Arsinoe was about to speak up but Black opted to step in and lead this so the grey skinned girl smiled instead "Well if you really wanna argue this instead of just going to get her a drink, then I'm sure we can hash it out nice and easy." She warned.

STORYTELLER

[All]

The scene quickly turns south, with the bitten soldier screaming, Blackuyasha slamming the still bleeding mook into the wall and Arsinoe adding her veiled threat.

"Oh not in Uchikha no, she's from the Alshayan District. And as you can see she's a royal brat and her handlers are short-tempered. So just take her to the kitchen and get her something to drink so she'll shut up." Rano orders the fish-demon. He weighs the matter carefully before relenting.

>"Fine. But I'm putting this in my report."

"Good. We'll be here when you get back."

Lil Lilith marches off with the five Demon Force mooks in the direction of the kitchens. As 'White' releases the lizard-demon he limps off muttering something to the effect of 'what the hell's chicken nuggets?'. Jim-bot decides to follow them, leaving Lil Lilith, the mooks, and Jim heading to the kitchen and Clairsinoe, White, Rano, and Sabrina heading down the hallway towards the Treasury Room. As they are walking, those enroute to the Treasure Room notice Cowboy Beepboop projecting another

hologram. It shows an above view of the Supreme Demonic Tyrant with fifty men walking behind him further down this hallway. If the last time this happened was any indication, he's probably heading your way.

[You're both in the hallways enroute to your seperate destinations. Only Arsinoe/Black's side knows what awaits them at there's]

ARSINOE

"I was hoping to catch him on his throne but we may need to speed this up to now." She said looking at hologram for a moment then looking over to Black "Since you're the only one with powers comparable to mine I'll ask you first Blackoathy." She said starting to motormouth a bit as she pondered just doing it here "Should I just do my plans here and now?" She asked

ADAM

Before Black and Arsinoe part ways with Lil Lilith she releases her bit from the lizard man and pitter patters over to Black "White. Check my teeth. Do I have nibblinoma?" She asks showing her teeth.

BLACK

Black leans down to check 'Lil Lilith's teeth, shaking his head, "Not that I can see, your highness... but any of these walking piles of Eo-Bata crap give you lip again, you yell for me and I'll feed them their own hearts..." he says, making sure the Demon Force soldiers here that as they leave.

Eying Adam going off with the Demon Force soldiers, Black drifts out of character as he chuckles to himself, catching up to Arsinoe as they walk along the hallway. "FUCK that was fun, we gotta wear disguises more often."

After Cowboy Beepboop shows them the oncoming visage of the Demon Tyrant, Black whistles in surprise. "Big boss finally coming our way, huh." He turns to Arsinoe, "Honestly I think you could use a bigger venue, but I guess what matters more than the location is the audience. We wanted to see you take the Tyrant down in front of everyone to make our point..." he pauses, holding up Beepboop. "Hey, wait... your robo-sphere thing here, can he start a stream?! Send it out everywhere?"

ADAM

Lilith puffs out her cheeks unsatisfied that Black didn't walk into her joke this time.

Shortly after Lilith began walking off with the demon force group she tugs on the cloth of the guard's uniforms, the same one she was biting earlier. "My legs are tired. I demand a ride on your shoulders juice boy."

ARSINOE

"Hmm hmm, you raise some good points Blackoathy but I'll counter with the fact that I wanted to do it there more as flex, ans two, I was gonna throw his ass into the sky anyway, so not smashing the roof of the throne room might workout a bit better than anticipated in terms of actually having a throne to sit in after I remind him who's actually in charge. That being said..." she looked to Sabrina "Would you be able to set my disguise to fade with a motion or at least make it look like that? I have a thing I wanna try where I start at my feet with my hand and pull it up and the transformation changes back to me. That doin ma?" she asked with a raised brow as she knew they had some limited time but she had to ask.

BLACK

"Blackothy?" Black asks briefly, before shaking his head and getting back on the topic. "If you're ready to stomp him here and now so am I, I'll back you up. But I thought it might be cool to have at least SOME kind of audience so people you know you actually beat his demon ass, not just pushed him down some stairs while he wasn't looking or something."

He looks instead to his Essence Scope, fiddling with it as he asks Rano, "These things are communicators, right? Can they get vid or just audio?"

STORYTELLER

[Adam]

"Absolutely not, you're lucky I don't-" the lizard begins, looking down menacingly with bared teeth before being cut off by the fish-demon.

>"Just do it."

"But she bit-"

>"I'll include all this in the report, but I'm not getting involved if Rano's putting her reputation on the line for this."

"Unless Rano's joined up with the false Empress." the lizard begins.

>"You think I didn't think of that? If she was with the rebels the last place we want to be is near her."

"How do you figure that?"

>"Well think about it. Did you see the Empress with her? If she is on their side, she's a distraction. And if she's a distraction, that means the Tyrant was wrong and they're not going for a frontal assault. Which means..."

The lizard demon gasps and those with him look surprised and impressed at the fish-demon.

"That they're sneaking in! Goblok you're a genius! So if Rano is pulling the wool on us all we have to do is find the usurper, kill her, and deliver her body to the tyrant. We'll be national heroes! I bet we'd get our own lunch-boxes!"

>"And, if this brat really is the Tyrant's niece and everything's on the up and up, we still want her with us. So its real simple, you quit your whining and carry the kid, and if we get back and there's no sign of Rano then-"

"We go after the usurper and gut her like a fi-"

The fish-soldier looks at the lizard with a beak as though he'd just said the N-word. The lizard coughs and kneels down so Lil Lilith can get on.

[Black/Arsinoe]

"The Tyrant? What is he doing coming this way?!" Rano asks with a panicky expression, grabbing Cowboy Beepboop out of Black's hands to better see the hologram.

>"I thought you said that thing saw the future. Doesn't that mean we have time?" Sabrina asks. This calming Rano, she steps back setting a hand on her own chin.

"You're right. This is no reason to panic. It just means he will be coming this way eventually. The only question is why. Is he onto us? Is he heading to the Treasure Room? Was his room bugged? Is he just visiting the meatery? No no he wouldn't bring so many guards for that...or would he, he's been obsessed

with you and your legend ever since you showed up!"

Rano continues thinking out loud to herself as Black and Arsinoe continue planning.

[Black]

Everyone seems too distracted to answer your query. As far as you can tell this 'computer' is just a polished sphere. It doesn't even have buttons or a screen on it.

[Arsinoe]

>"You want me to make you...special effects?"

"Weren't you listening during the meeting? The Demon Empress must defeat this pretender in a spectacle, with as many of his soldiers in attendance as possible, if we're to convince the peons around us to surrender without a fight. That's what that ingrate insisted we do, and in her infinite magnanimity the Empress has decided to indulge her whim." Apophis replies. Sabrina looks unnerved again as the shadowy tattoo speaks of her daughter again in such worshipful terms, and implies she'd otherwise have just slaughtered her way through 30,000 men.

[Black]

"Audio only. Most Essence technology is archeotech, its based on principles from antiquity. Not too many people know how to actually innovate on it or even fully understand how it works. That's why things like the Alicron aren't anywhere near as good as the original is said to be, and why most magitechnology functions on a paradigm of durable, functional, and potent. Essence Scopes, Essence Blasters, Demon Pods, Essence lights, none of them are really that much more useful then electrical devices or firearms, but they don't need reloading or recharging. That Scope is functioning off your ambient Essence. A normal human wouldn't even be able to turn it on."

Black would remember that when he first picked up Eschalon it felt somewhat heavy or unwieldy before he began pouring his Essence into it to make it light as a wooden stick and potent in his hand.

ARSINOE

"You get pissy when I use your government name so I'm work shopping equally dorky names based off your fursona nameror whatever your doing." She said teasing Black before looking back at her mother "I am kind of asking for that but dammit mom if I'm gonna do this I'm gonna go all out. I've got the music handled, wish there was a way to setup a live feed for people to watch." She said before looking back at her mother's apprehension with a raised brow before nodding "He's a very good today and he's the sycophant I need to follow these dreams of mine." She said petting Apophis head softly as she played it up with some humor.

"But yeah I was hoping to do this thing where I start at my feet and go from Claire's twin, and back into my kickass self as I raise my hand up." She reiterated "Course I got something after that'll knock everyone's socks off."

ADAM

"Fufufufu.." Lil Lilith giggles a villain laughter as she takes her rightful spot riding her minion's shoulders "That's very cute my minions think they can take on the Usurper all by themselves. You are truly fortunate a ray of light rides on your shoulders."

Promptly, after she finishes her sentence Lil Lilith flares her anima. A ghastly black and red smoke of

fiery light blazes forth from Lil Lilith's body. The sound of her anima flaring tears into the air around her as her presence cracks with energy "Behold! I! -Little Lilith Lithy-Chan! Second princess of the Supreme Demonic Tyrant's tutelage, inheritor of the Burning Eclipse. It will be by my prowess we restore glory to Tenmenkai!" She announces her declaration to defeat the Usurper.

BLACK

Black glowers at Arsinoe, "Okay, one: fuck you. Two: why 'Blackothy'? Is there a reference I'm missing?"

As Rano points out that the Essence Scope only works on Audio, Black shakes his head, "Fuck, we so unless we want the biggest fight ever put to podcast, I guess the Tyrant's entourage is gonna have to do for an audience." He pauses, fiddling with the Essence Scope, "Huh, you know in all the excitement I haven't gotten a chance to try these things out." He looks at Arsinoe, scanning her Essence Level

ARSINOE

"In order, one, you wish you could, and two, if you don't like that, I'm calling you Sunny now~." she said with teasing tone as she stuck up a finger to pull her eyelid down a bit and stick out her tongue in the anime way ya sometimes see.

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe]

Sabrina smiles nervously as you go into your explanations.

"I know you're having fun, but try to be careful. I don't know much about the Umbra but I know powerful spirits can be dangerous. With that said, if we're trying to scare them there's a lot of things I could do. I could make you fifty feet tall, or have a hundred arms, or have four faces like an Asura!" her megalomania beginning to peek its head as the subject turns to magical spectacle.

"Or we could just do your idea. When you say becoming yourself again do you mean-" she makes a gesture with her hands for 'small'

"Or-" she makes another gesture for 'big or tall'

Which is all the more impressive since she's been carrying her broom the entire time.

[Black]

You click the side of what is transparently a scouter, and the numbers in the corner of its green glass begins counting as you pass from person to person. What exactly it measures is a bit unclear, but the left seems to be indicating their 'power level', the amount of raw Essence they can command; while the right two numbers, separated by a dash seems to measure how much they currently possess and how much they can hold within themselves. Lin Yu's teachings about the nature of chi and how all supernatural beings wield this energy come to mind and make it easy for even a moron like Black to grasp the numbers. I'm assigning in-universe numbers for battle power, but OOC you know the info in the brackets].

>ARSINOE POWER LEVEL: 160,000; she possesses 9 Essence of a pool of 15. [OOO: Her Essence is 3 of 5]

>SABRINA POWER LEVEL: 30,000; she possesses 2 Essence of a pool of 11. [OOO: Her Arete is 3 of 10]

>RANO POWER LEVEL: 30,000; she possesses 8 Essence of a pool of 12. [OOO: Her Essence is 3 of 10]

>BLACK POWER LEVEL: 120,000; he possesses 8 Essence of a pool of 12. [OOO: His Essence is 2 of 5]

[Black/Arsinoe]

When you've decided you can either proceed to meet the Tyrant in the halls, wait for him to reach his destination whatever that should be, try to beat him there, or go around another way and hope he passes on.

[Adam]

As you get on the lizard's shoulder and flare your anima the four men on the ground gasp, recoiling suddenly

"What the here!?"

The fish-demon clicks his Essence scope, eyes filling with sudden fear and shock. The lizard demon you're on is alarmed at your potent battle aura and looks to the others for reassurance.

>"150,000. Huh." the fish demon Goblok says with what must be shock induced calm.

"What? This biting brat has 150,000?! But doesn't the Tyrant only have two hundred and-" the lizard begins only to hushed by Goblok.

>"You want to get us killed? That's a mystery solved though, um, Princess Lil Lity Chan was it? Strong as you are we probably actually could catch that bitch of a false goddess and bring her to your uncle. If you were serious about helping I mean?" he says suddenly excited, all the other devils nodding their heads in hurried agreement.

ADAM

At hearing her name spoken by her new henchmen, Lil Lilith Lilthy-chan crosses her arms and holds her head high in smug self-satisfaction "Why yes it is."

She scans the guardsmen for their powerlevel, although not expecting to see much on the scans she says in advance "Hmmm.. We're gonna need more of yous. If we're going to do this. Then we're going to do it right the first time. Lets round up some more guardsmen. Lets us round up as many devils as we can muster boys. Princess Lil Lilith Lity-chan will not be leading you to your deaths on this day!" She points ahead valiantly while riding atop the lizard guardsman's shoulders.

ARSINOE

"Ah, I meant my current tall bod. More impressive if you watch me go from Claire to a seven foot tall ass kicker. And trust me mom, I have a *MUCH* cooler thing that I can pull out to make these guys shit bricks. Maybe everybody but Black and Apophis actually." She said thinking upon the fact only those two knew her ace in the hole.

BLACK

Black looks through all the different power-level readings, grumbling lightly as he reads Arsinoe's power level as 40,000 above his own. "For real? Eh... I guess I should have expected but still thought it'd be closer after all that training." He decides to look towards the Tyrant's direction, seeing if the Scope can pick out the power-level of the Tyrant himself from here.

"We better make a call here sooner or later Red. You wanna deck him here in this overpriced hallway or see if we can lead him on somewhere roomier? I'm good to go here since he's coming right to us assuming you and your mom can get dress rehearsal taken care of here soon." He pauses, looking to Rano, "You said you were surprised to see him heading towards us, where did you think he was heading again?"

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe]

"I think I can do that then, yeah. So you don't need anything else from me. You're just going to go in and use this whatever it is?" Sabrina asks.

[Black]

You turn the scouter in the direction of further down the hallway and the number begins rising rapidly with a frantic fast paced clicking as the number in the left hand corner rises.

>????? POWER LEVEL: 240,000; he possesses 20 Essence out of a pool of 20 [OOC: His Essence is 7 of 10].

"He should be in the throne room. We had expected a full frontal assault, so the Tyrant is probably bracing for her to fall out of the sky like in prior raids."

>"As we would have done, were it not for that whelp's incessant moralizing whining" Apophis adds to Rano's explanation.

"Instead he seems to be heading through the palace. Its possible he somehow knows we were in his room and he's heading directly towards us. Or he could just be going to another room for a normal reason. The Treasury Room and the Meatery are on the way here, as is another main hallway. It could be coincidence, but if it was why did it trigger the Alicron?" Rano asks, to which Sabrina replies.

>>"Maybe its prediction is off. Or maybe its scared?"

[Adam]

The scouter reads them as all possessing power levels in the double digits, ranging from thirty to seventy. OOC you know they have Essence Ratings of 2 out of 10.

The demons seem sufficiently convinced, nodding excitedly at the plan of rounding up a posse and catching the Empress herself. But Goblok, seemingly the most practical of the devils, keeps his ear to the ground and remembers their train of thought.

"What about Rano?"

>"Huh?" The lizard demon asks.

"Rano. She was the one who brought Lithy here for protection from the False Empress. But second we decide she might not be trustworthy, the girl we're supposed to be getting juice, who couldn't string together a sentence is letting off more Essence then the six cannons we have mounted on the roof. And she wants us to go catch the same person she's supposed to be hiding from? Something here doesn't add up and I'm not moving an inch until I know what. So I ask again. What is going on here with Rano? How *did* she escape the Empress? And why exactly did you come here?" Goblok says looking up to you.

You will need to roll Subterfuge again after posting your response. Your Excellence is still active.

ADAM

Lilith's plops down from the lizardman's shoulders. And she gives Goblok the gaze. Her eyes begin to water, her eyelids become puffy, and she stammers as she clinches her fist "W-White won't let me fight the Empress. I-If you don't let me fight the Empress- I- I'm going to tell White Star Moon you made me cry." Her voice warbles the entire way.

rolling subterfuge in dice
subterfuge + Charisma

STORYTELLER

[Adam]

As before the other demons seem easily swayed by your supernatural charisma, seemingly ready to go along with this unlikely story despite the discrepancies. The fish demon however remains as stony faced as ever.

“I’ve had six kids and eaten two of them, I’m not gonna be swayed by some cock-eyes sob-story. I’ll ask again-“

>”Goblok you’re making her upset.” The lizard demon begins, but the fish continues.

“How did Rano escape the Empress, and why did you really come here? Because I don’t buy for a second that someone as strong as you just came to hide, then decides to go fight just because nanny left the room.”

[Do not roll again. He Complicates the Influence. Your prior roll is successful in convincing him, with the condition of a satisfactory lie on how Rano escaped and why exactly Rano brought Lil Lithy here]

ADAM

Lilith grabs at Goblok's uniform, fists clenched. The tears on the edge of her eye lids. She trembles wordlessly for a moment before coming out with it "...You're gonna make me give the whole story huh.. Adults can be so cruel." She manages the words out and takes another pause as she sucks up her tears and mucus. Lilith takes her hands off Goblok and gives him a proper story.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZsjHsKUIGn8>

"When a relative of the Supreme Tyrant is conceived we're taken to him in secret as toddlers to receive our brand." Lilith produces the sign of the Eclipse Caste over her forehead, showcasing it for them see "This brand.. this curse.. Makes it so we cannot disobey the orders of our handlers. All those who carry the essence of the Supreme tyrant in their bodies has one. And also a handler. White Star Moon is my handler. And although-.. I know he cares for me sincerely, it is his upmost duty to protect my life. In the case the Supreme Tyrant were ever vanquished in battle. Our lives are to be sacrificed to restore his. And to be a sacrifice is the sacred duty of a princess such as myself... When Rano was captured by the Empress, it was under my watch. I protected Rano in that time, and crossed blades with the Empress who by then had slain my family in her bid to sabotage the Supreme Tyrant. s-she... She laughed at me. I came inches away from cutting her throat. But my blade. It never struck true. And she laughed. When White Star Moon finally arrived he commanded me to stop. And with a single a word I was unable to do anything else. I and Rano are only here because the Empress thought it would be bad sport to kill me. But what happened next... I'll never forgive her for what happened next." Lilith balls her fists in rage "That bitch. She told me in earnest, that I should join her. She would then break my curse.. I couldn't say anything.." Lilith relaxes "White Star Moon has been placating me ever since. He feels bad about what happened.. But- juice isn't really what I need right now. I need revenge."

BLACK

Black winces as he notices the Essence scouter read the Tyrant's power level, eyes widening as it exceeds both his AND Arsinoe. He lets out a low whistle. "Woo, the Tyrant isn't a punk according to

this thing. Almost has as much Essence as you and I put together, Arsinoe." He says looking to her, "I know you haven't really started to flex yet until you transform, but maybe we should double-team this guy just in case."

As Rano points out where h might be going, Black points out, "Well what time is it? Like, noon or something? If he's hungry that explains he's going for a snack at the Meatery... that means like, actual meat right, like a kitchen? 'Meatery' isn't some fancy term for something else like a 'foyer'?"

ARSINOE

"Sunny boy, if anybody but you or Claire or my mom said that too me, I'd pound their head into the floor for doubting me. Trust me I have this handled." She said as she refused to believe she couldn't do this "But... since I know you worry about me so." She said in an amused tone "If you can tag along, you can come and observe as a precaution." She said before giving him a small pat on the head. Honestly I'm gonna see if he wants to move it to the throne room, but for now make yourself scarce, I need to prep for my debut." [Ready to advance.]

STORYTELLER

[Black/Arsinoe]

"Black it was almost two when we came in, its nearly five PM now." Sabrina points out, looking unnerved as Arsinoe is confident that she can defeat the Tyrant.

>"I told you before, the Supreme Demonic Tyrant is in a class of his own. Demons come into being in Tenmakai in only two ways. Most simply appear one day, the results of dead humans reincarnating. The other is through demons having children with each other. Demons are cruel and loveless beings, not much given to that, so it is rare. The Tyrant is different. Genetically modified, born from a vat in a hidden laboratory, bred for ultimate mastery of Essence. He can fight off hundreds of warriors alone. The source of his power is said to be the DNA of a powerful primeval demon, injected into every one of his cells in the womb. He was raised from birth to conquer Tenmakai. As powerful as the Empress is, I'm not sure if she can actually pull this off." Rano explains to Black and Arsinoe as you all walk through the gilded halls of the palace, past more paintings of natural landscapes, under more chandeliers, past marble statues of the Tyrant. Eventually you hear noise ahead of you, coming from an open wooden double door.

>"That's the Treasury Room. He must be inside." Rano explains again. Sabrina clutches her broom to her chest and breaths quickly, trying to calm herself. Letting Clairesinoe take point, you all head inside. There is no security, no vault doors, not even cameras. It seems whoever built this place felt no one would ever even try to rob from its possessor. Wealth. The first word to describe what lays bare before your senses would be wealth. Mountains of gold and jewels stack high into a vaulted ceiling, with priceless works of art, swords gilded with gemstones, silver necklaces hung with diamonds like stars, and vases of strange unearthly metals decorated with scenes from the life of the Demon Empress placed almost carelessly within them. A fortune worthy of a McDuck surrounds you, piled high towards the ceiling in unstable-looking towers of treasure. Between them, here and there scattered, are pedestals upon which sit priceless artifacts. The group walks along with Arsinoe, seeing one of them. A long mechanical arm of black steel, taller than a man, bulbous at the top and leading down to a great metallic hand, clutching in it a few long strands of very faded red hair. As the group stares at it, White-Black, Clairsinoe, Rano, and demon Sabrina, they hear a voice behind them.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vytROLrXaTE>

"Fellow enjoyers of history I see. Good. I expect a healthy appreciation for culture in my men." says a

haughty, posh and arrogant voice. Looking behind them they see a tall white and purple demon, very muscular, wearing the armor of the Demon Force and a great purple cape with white fur trim. Crowning his head are three golden horns, climbing towards heaven. You recognize him from the television ads and marble statues as the Supreme Demonic Tyrant.

"You would pick the only artifact here I don't know the origin of. Forgive me, I sensed you from down the hall. Servants of the False Empress no doubt. You did well to make it this far."

Black's scouter reads the level of this being at 240,000. You can also make out the readings of dozens of others, hidden from view somewhere hidden in all this treasure.

[Adam]

Oscar worthy. Moving. A lie so convincing it convinces these men they know nothing of the private life of their mighty ruler, and spins into place this mythos of handlers, deadly betrayals, and sword-duels. Goblok, hard, hard Goblok, looks on the verge of tears. He sets his hand upon your shoulder.

"I think...I think right now, you need both kid."

The lizard demon hefts you up again and begins to carry you down the hall on his shoulder.

"Alright men new plan! We're going to find the False Empress and we're going to gut her like a f...a fucking turd that's what! We'll gather a posse, find that bitch before she can even get into the palace, and make her pay for what she's done to our proud Tenmakai!" Goblok begins, raising his fist into the heavens.

>>"Beg my fucking pardon?" a small, weaselly voice interrupts. Turning to look, Adam, Robo-Jim, Goblok, Lizard-Demon and the three nameless demon force soldiers see three more Demon Force soldiers walking down the hall towards them. The first is fat, blobby and yellow-skinned. His armored 'shirt' rides up, revealing his round belly. The second, a fair and petite turquoise skinned girl with the tall ears of a rabbit. The third, hovering in the air, a miniscule grey-skinned creature in robes and a turban, lacking Demon Force armor at all, with featureless black eyes.

"The here's going on in hell? I mean...you know what I mean!" the gruff voice of the fat demon speaks up.

>"K-kabocha. Goya. And Jagaimo. What are you doing here?" Goblok asks, turning.

>>"Nous attendons le Démon Impératrice mon petit crétin." the turquoise skinned demon girl says with a soft laugh at the end, holding her hand in front of her mouth.

"What she said." Kobocha adds. Adam recalls earlier in planning being told about these three, that they're the strongest in all of the Demon Force.

ADAM

In a single moment, many internal thoughts flash inside Lilith's brain. Many whoopsy doopsies are had inside her head as she internally screams at the imminently awkward moment presiding over her. A flashback to celebrating a mans birthday at his office, who told him it wasn't his birthday careens through his mind. A memory of waving at a person that didn't wave back. And another of Adam forgetting his birth date at the bank when making a withdrawal. To be fair Adam Parluge has many birthday dates, many home states, and various locations of occupation. But he only has one sense of

self worth, and like that condescending teller at the bank Adam's ego was in the throes of being mortally wounded by three people that look like they know what they're doing.

I can't walk back that entire performance. That was A-lister shtick. But it's probably not going to work on the higher-ups. I'm going to have to confidence man it.

-Adam thinks

Taking control of the pace of the conversation Lilith steadfastly walks up to the 3 elite demon members that appear and addresses them.

"We're amassing the guard to vanquish the Empress! Will you join us?" She tells them with the pervious ferocity of a noble warrior princess she had displayed earlier.

ARSINOE

Arsinoe grinned, facing away from him, looking like it was going to split her head before she turn on her heel and looked up at him, "Oh! How silly of me, Of course your wouldn't recognize me as I am." she said with gesture to her form before raising her arm up, channeling her essence to prepare herself for this.

[-2 essence and 1wp for Performance Excellence, and City Building Orchestral]

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P_1N6_O254g

As the Empress exhaled, her music began to hit, the sharp ominous chords of Dvorak, much the same as she used when entering her negotiations with Cecil. She took a moment savoring it before bringing her arm to the ground of her feet as the horns began to blare, snickering to herself as she rested her left forearm at her feet in a confusing motion, before she began to slowly lift it. With the aid of Sabrina, Arsinoe began to pull off a rather impressive visual as she raised her arm, what was once grey skin behind it, turned a pale pink white, and began to grow, slowly raising her arm up as what was once the diminutive Claire clone, began to morph into a 7 foot tall living god before them, her outfit adjusting to compensat this size, her midriff now exposed from the smaller armor, now more of a crop top on her. As her arm crossed her face, the piercing golden glowing eyes returned to her face, and were looking at the Pretender with some joy, finally meeting him face to face as the strings in the music resumed once more, then taking a bow as they grew more intense in the background.

"Arsinoe, the True Empress of Tenmakai, finally here to kick the seatwarmer off her throne." she said standing up, beaming with arrogant pride at him as the music slowly faded into backing music to the group

BLACK

Black stands to the side as Arsinoe makes her grandiose introduction to the Tyrant, smirking as she finishes with her show of power and reveals her true form. "And she isn't alone this time, Fork Head," Black says in commentary to the Tyrant's prominent three-horns atop his head. He throws off his disguise as well, prompting Sabrina to do away with his white-wolf boy disguise as he reveals his black-coated glory, clutching Eschalon in one hand as he empowers himself with Melee Excellence (-1 Essence)

"I'm the Black Hole Sun, and if you want to save yourself a severe ass-kicking, I suggest you lay down."

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe]

The Tyrant watches with a cold sneer and a small smile as the Empress reveals herself to a booming orchestral, her green anima flaring to life around her, its wisps dancing in tune to the music. Her Caste Mark burns upon her forehead, gleaming proud and bright above her brow.

"Disguises and tricks aren't your way. Sneaking into my palace disguised as lowly grunts. Is this the goddess I've heard so many stories of? The one who has slaughtered so many thousands throughout Tenmakai? I'm disappointed. All this subtly only to reveal yourself like this, with hollow theatrics?" he lowers his head, eyes closed with a sneer.

"All for a battle power of only 160,000?"

[Black]

"120,000. I am impressed. You are truly an exceptional warrior with an exceptional mastery of the flows of Essence. Whoever taught you taught you well. But that is only half the depths of my fathomless battle power."

[Arsinoe/Black]

"Such a disappointment. I'm almost relieved. The rumors of a returning Demon Empress were merely that. Spurious accounts of an ancient superstition. Still, I am curious. Few among demons possess a command of Essence comparable to either of you. And with Rano's life forfeit I am finding myself in need of new subordinates. Perhaps the two of you might oblige me?"

Rano's face whitens as she realizes she's captured the Tyrant's notice. Sabrina watches with a mix of awe and disturbance as the Tyrant speaks of Arsinoe and her rampage across Tenmakai. Her fear is not for herself. She feels as though she has stepped into a mythological epic, with her daughter, cocksure and arrogant cast in the lead role. For the first time since they arrived she thinks she knows exactly how this will end.

[Adam]

Lilith's anima dances around her as she leaps from the lizard's shoulder and approaches the three new demons.

"Qui est cette petite gosse bavarde?" Goya asks with a voice of irritation.

"Yeah, what she said? Whose the mouthy brat?" Kabocha demands looking to the fish demon.

>"Oh this is Princess Lithy-chan. The Tyrant's niece. She just got here from the Alshayan District." Goblok explains.

>>"She's going to make us famous!" the lizard chimes in.

"Are you all completely out of your minds? The Tyrant was grown in a tube, he doesn't have any living relatives!" Jagaimo shouts at them, the little floating creature in the turban floating up in Goblok and the lizard demon's faces.

ARSINOE

"Well I'm hardly ready for a fight." She said shrugging as her vambraces shifted with her movement "Of course if you're so sure of your power, why dont you try me at my best? If you can beat me at my best, then hell you deserve to win, but if you're too afraid of it... well those rumors about you being a paper tiger might actually have some merit now don't they?" Arsinoe said opting to try something she thought might work on someone like her but less intelligent and clever. He was after all in her soul, he

had to be somewhat like her, so why not take the gamble.

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe]

The Tyrant seems amused as you gloss over his offer of submission.

“How vain. And here I had begun to have hope you might prove sensible. Even if I believed you might have some hidden power, I’d be a fool to simply stand by and allow you to use it. It doesn’t have to end this way. Renounce your claim to divinity, admit to being a demon; or explain how a mere human came to control the Essence flows, and all will be forgiven. All the lives lost, all the lies told. I am nothing if not generous. I will ask only once more. Kneel.”

He stares at you with a proud unflappable gaze, but within his thoughts pry at his composure.

>“She’s bluffing. The stories of the Empress and her legendary godbody is just that. A primitive fantasy. There is no such thing as the Shintai.” He thinks to himself.

ARSINOE

She sighed "Black keep him busy, you know it takes me a minute. And try not to hurt him too badly. This is my fight." She said as her expression moved from one of amusement to an annoyed deadpan. She wasn't in the mood to leave this to chance.

BLACK

As the Tyrant boasts to Black about his power-level being twice his, Black grins, "Oh yeah? Well good, that just means I only have to kick half your ass and leave the other half for Arsinoe. And by the way, if your power is 'fathomless', how come it has a number attached to it? Sounds pretty fathomFUL to me."

As Arsinoe asks him to keep the Tyrant busy while she powers up, her smirks, "Put me in as the warm-up act, huh? Works for me," he says as he draws Eschalon, brandishing it at the Tyrant with surprising ease as he hefts the mighty weapon in one hand. "Will give me a chance to get re-acquainted with Eschalon here, see how it swings. Give me one sec here, don't need as long as Red does to get dressed..."

He takes up a fighting stance, putting himself between the Tyrant and Arsinoe. He takes in a breath, focusing on his Essence control as he pumps every muscle of his body full of Essence, concentrating on the flow of chi while summoning an armor of blackest night from the depths of oblivion, as his anima flares above his forehead.

>Using 1 WP to go Full Melee Excellence (20 Melee)

>Activating Eye of the Tempest

>Activating Inauspicious Black Plate (+4 Soak Rolls)

ADAM

"As far as you know servant blood!" Lilith boldly castigates Jagaimo "My parentage were grown from tubes as well. From droplets of the Tyrants essence spawned my lineage. I do not have time to speak the story again. But if you still cannot recognize that I inherit the Tyrant's indomitable essence. I will prove it." Lilith assumes a stance, standing proudly, wide open as if begging to be punched

"If you can even just land a scratch on me. I'll settle down like a good girl."

[If they take me up on the offer I'd like to activate inviolable essence bastion]

STORYTELLER

[Black]

Black transforms, his normal armor melding with and enhancing the Demon Force armor he wears, his anima flaring to life around him. His hood is down and his scouter covers his eye.

"Proud words. I wonder how long they'll last. I told you I have no intention of letting you go through with whatever it is you're planning. I'll kill you all in one move."

[Arsinoe/Black]

>"Am I being ignored?" the Tyrant thinks to himself as Arsinoe and Black treat him as more of an obstacle than a man, ignoring his offers of submission and scorning his faux geniality. He scowls.

"A pity. I really had expected better of you. I had hoped for a battle worthy of the ages, something to cement my rule over Tenmakai. Instead what do I find but an arrogant weakling-" he looks to Arsinoe, then his gaze turns to Black, then to Rano, then to Sabrina.

"A pompous fool."

"A traitor."

"And...I'm sorry who are you?"

Sabrina gasps, her attention suddenly pulled back to reality as she realizes she is no mere spectator to the mythological epic brewing around her.

>"Oh! I'm uh...well. Sabrina Adams, I'm an archeologist. " she quickly explains, clutching her broom to her chest.

"OH! How delightful. You know I consider myself something of an archeologist myself. Its why I've permitted the ridiculous relics around us to remain. As fact they're primitive barbarism, but as history they hold a special place in my heart."

>"I can see you have quite the collection in here."

"Indeed! All artifacts dated back to the Deep Antiquity, though I suspect many are reproductions. Unfortunately I've no way of checking to know which are genuine articles and which mere copies which acquired historical significance."

>"I could help you with that, I know all kinds of spells for dating things and even analyzing their origins." the witch says, her prior trepidation forgotten as she momentarily loses track of the fact she's addressing a king among demons to discuss her passion.

"Marvelous! I had no idea spells existed for such things or I would have had it done years ago. There's particular curios I've been curio-ous about for years." the Tyrant jokes, to Sabrina's laughter, who further relaxes as her gaze drifts around the room.

>"You know its so strange seeing all this stuff, my daughter being worshipped like some kind of goddess, with genuine artifacts, and so much hist-"

"I'm sorry, what did you just say-" the Tyrant says suddenly.

Apophis and Rano look to Sabrina with the look of 'Why the fuck did you say that?'. The Tyrant's face turns to a smirk.

"That's convenient."

He raises his finger towards the witch as purple energy surrounds it.

[Adam]

Jagaimo's face burns with rage, the small floating demon looking on the verge of a mental breakdown.

"Why you insufferable little brat, I should blast you into complete oblivion!" he begins, but Kabocha beats him to the punch. Literally. Because he punches you. The fat yellow demon's fist slams into the thin air a foot away from Little Lilith Lithy Chan, a golden shimmer appearing in the air.

"YOOOOOOOOOW!" he shouts, shaking his hand in the air and hopping on one foot trying to shake out the pain, in similar fashion to a normal person hitting a brick wall. The rabbit demon Goya leaps back in surprise.

"Mere de l'Imperatrice! De quelle sorcellerie s'agit-il?"

ARSINOE

Arsinoe sighed, silently moving inbetween her mother and the Tyrant with annoyed look "Bitch move." was the simple response, closing her eyes as she inhaled and then exhaled, her anima beginning to flare as her energy began to build, a feeling of unease building from the red head as she did so. Slowly the energy began to grow more and more opaque as the bottom level of her Anima began to solidify into petal like shapes, like those on a lotuse. Opening her eyes, the gold starting to bleed some green at the edges "A word of advice. You better fucking kill me, cause threatening her? They're going to have to dry oceans to get the amount of salt I'll grind into your wounds." she hissed, taking but a moment to glance at Black with an implicit threat to not let her mother be harmed.

"So you overgrown test tube baby reject, take the fucking shot!" she said before spitting in his face, really going all in on pissing him off now.

BLACK

As Sabrina and the Tyrant of all people seem to be sharing a moment, Black rolls his eyes as he grips Eschalon, "Ugh, Arsinoe your mom is *nerd-flirting* with the bad guy, is there something you can do?"

The tension in the air takes a dramatic shift however as he looks at the Tyrant charging an attack along his fingers, pointing it directly at Sabrina... and Black's eyes open up wide as he realizes the demonic Tyrant is going to fight dirty.

"Oh, shit, nope!" He says as he swings Eschalon with practised ease, the surfboard-sized blade cutting into the floor like soft butter as he cuts a perfect triangle in the floor in moments, letting it fall down to the next level below. In a quick flash, he puts Eschalon back on his back and grabs Rano and Sabrina both, one under each arm, "Sorry, didn't expect the villain to aim for the audience, gonna need to put you two somewhere safer," he says, looking back to Arsinoe before jumping down the hole with the girls, "Arsinoe, you okay here? I'll be back soon as I can!"

ADAM

"Fufufuuu" Lilith stands triumphantly with her arms crossed "You cannot harm me, Just as none of the

subjects of the Supreme Tyrant can harm him. Simply because he does not allow it. As long as you are demons loyal to his immenence you will never draw blood from me. Now come at me! All at once! Show me the caliber of my Uncle's most esteemed guardsmen!" Lilith outstretches her arms to goading them to try.

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe/Black]

The Tyrant wastes no time in indulging Arsinoe's request, a rapid fire barrage of purple energy beams flying forth from his finger as he seems to aim to hit everyone in front of him, starting with the transforming Infernal who has stepped into his line of fire [-1E]. The Abyssal, moving with the speed of night, slices a triangular hole beneath him, Sabrina, and Rano, sending the three of them falling through the floor.

[Arsinoe's Turn]

The Tyrant's Essence blasts break upon your transforming anima, the chrysalis of emerald Essence slowly forming starting from your feet. Your spit dissolves into the beams of solidified Essence. The room is painted with the afterglow of bright lavender light as blast after blast fails to harm your transforming self, filling the room with smoke. After a moment the Tyrant lowers his arm and frowns as your silhouette reemerges.

"You brought your own mother to an assassination, knowing her pathetic battle power would be useless, and somehow I'm the villain for exploiting that?"

[Black's Turn]

With no time for Arsinoe to speak another reply, you slice through the floor, and to your surprise there is no room beneath you. Instead you begin to fall into what appears to be the space between floors. An entire vast network of pipes surrounds you as you fall into a seemingly endless abyss, using Eschalon to slice through the oncoming pipes as you descend.

>"Quick thinking! But what now?" Rano shouts angrily. Cowboy Beepboop displays a hologram before them of the group flattened upon the concrete, squished flat by the long fall.

"Oh craaaaaaaap!" Sabrina screams clutching onto Black as the group falls, the witch still holding tight to her broomstick she's been carrying around all day. Staring at it as she falls her eyes suddenly widen in realization. In an instant the group suddenly comes to a sudden stop. Black finds himself jolted to a stop in midair, his anima flickering the air as he holds Rano under his arm and suddenly finds his hold on Sabrina's waist leaving *him* dangling as the witch holds tightly to the broom like a pull-up bar. She tightens her grip, trying to hold on. Around you all is a dark void filled with grey pipes, thin and thick, carrying water and steam through the palace. Beneath you is more of the same and seemingly a long drop.

[Tyrant's Turn, Sabrina's Turn, Rano's Turn]

Resolved above.

[Battlegroup's Turn]

The battlegroup emerges from behind the piles of treasure that form the mazelike Treasure Room, soldiers filing in and gradually surrounding Arsinoe. They raise the blasters on their arms in her direction but do not yet fire.

It is now Arsinoe's Turn, or Turn 2 of Shintai transformation. I am deducting the -3E for beginning the transformation now. You will transform at the end of Turn 3, and your fourth move will be your first

free one. You may not move while transforming.

[Adam]

The three demons, Jagaimo, Goya and Kabocha, the strongest warriors in the Demon City of Tenmakai, save perhaps Mogar the Shadow Ape and the Tyrant himself, are incensed at this challenge to their authority and their pride. The three leap backwards, charging Essence blasts in their hands. Goblok, the lizard, and the three other peons shout in terror and leap behind Adam as the yellow beams fly down the fancy hallway towards the disguised Solar.

"INGRATE!"

>"JERK!"

>>"[Untranslatable!]"

There is a great explosion as the energy falls upon the Inviolable Essence Bastion, the most encompassing and perfect protective magic in the universe. The hallway shakes, carpeting is stripped from the floor, marble statues are toppled from their places lining the walls and priceless paintings fall to the ground. As the smoke clears, Little Princess Lithy is standing locked in place by an immovable shield [little realizing Arsinoe was at this moment in the exact same position with the exact same result], shimmering golden light audibly humming as their attacks are nullified. Goblok and his fellow mooks shudder uneasily as they cower behind her, her Bastion alone protecting them from the fate of the heavily damaged hallway.

ARSINOE

"Assassination is a bit much. It sort of implies that you matter instead of me just sweeping a seat warmer off my throne." Arsinoe said unflinchingly, her eyes now starting to go completely green. Glowing green began creeping into the whites of her eyes first, slowly creeping across until they met the iris, already glowing the same shade of green, leaving two little black pupils remaining in her eyes for the moment. Her anima whipped hard as she kept compressing it into the key needed to unlock her true power. Her hair began to float and stand on end as another set of essence like leaves formed, looking more like lotus petals this time as a third row of petals began to form higher. The malevolent energy of her transformation continued to wafted off of her in waves of killer intent.

"Oh you have no idea how much I'm going to savor feeling you break under my fists." She said as he skin began to crack, lines of green forming in spiderweb cracks up her exposed skin as she began to howl with laughter at the thought.

BLACK

Black looks down at all the pipes falling around them as they make their escape through the floor, "Huh! Not what I expected down here!" He turns to Rano as she asks him what's next, Black trying to think of a way to fall towards the walls so he can use Eschalon to slow their descent, but their question is quickly answered by Sabrina using her broom to fly, suddenly caught holding on to her instead of her to him as she clings to her broom.

"Oh, right! Good thinking, Mrs. Adams." He says, swiftly pulling himself up to the broom while carrying Rano and then taking hold of Sabrian's arms, carrying her up to the broom as well to sit on it (and hoping this thing can seat three). After he does so, he activates his Essence Scouter, looking around using the high-tech device to see if any threats can be detected around here or if deep in the pipes here is a good spot to leave Sabrina and Rano.

ADAM

The Second Princess Lilith stands with her composure undisturbed by the downpour of attacks. Internally Adam thinks wow- that got them really riled up. At the first pause in their fury Lilith speaks to them.

"Stop. Your essence is better spent fighting our enemy. Does it matter if I am who I say I am? Read with your scanners my powerlevel. And I'll ask you again- join our attack against the False Empress."

Using Subterfuge + Charisma

Correcton: Rolling Manipulation + Charisma

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe's Turn]

"That arrogance! I am Tenmakai's true ruler! Not some superstitious imposter! I will show you the true power of this world, the supreme union of science and mastery of Essence! I will crush you and your ridiculous legend!" he shouts as Arsinoe continues her transformation. As the cracks begin to form over her body he grits his teeth with a scowl, thoughts turning again to the myths of the legendary god-body of the Demon Empress, her penultimate weapon against her enemies.

>"This power...I can feel it radiating even from here. I won't be intimidated! She isn't the only one holding back a hidden power..." he thinks as Arsinoe's laughter reaches its crescendo in time with her orchestral.

[Black's Turn]

Black shimmies up Sabrina and sits upon the broom, quickly moving to pull the two girls up with him only for Sabrina to shout out.

>"Wait don-" she begins, but is too late as they're all suddenly dragged down by the weight of all three of them upon the broom. The three [and Cowboy Beepboop] begin to fall again, the broom sliding out from beneath them as they fall down into the abyss to Rano and Sabrina's shocked screams. The Abyssal, thinking quickly, continues cutting with Eschalon as they fall, slicing through pipes as some pour forth water and others highly pressurized steam as he slices. As they continue falling Black suddenly realizes the group are not alone, as he sees those Demon Force soldiers lucky enough to have wings have flown down after them! He sees at least half a dozen Demons, all mixes of browns, greens and purples with scaly skin and batlike wings flying down with Essence blasters on their arms.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O95Tx_6wMjQ

[The group is part of the battlegroup, and as more and more demons are likely to pour in I will be upgrading the battlegroup to Size 5 to represent the endless hordes in the base. If you let go of the girls, they can use the broom to fly and you can stop yourself on pipes using Crouching Gargoyle, which has no cost. If you don't engage and keep cutting down you'll fall into another room and the girls can't be targeted this turn]

[Tyrant, Sabrina, Rano's Turn]

Resolved above.

[Battlegroup's Turn]

The Tyrant looks to Arsinoe and raises his arm, pointing towards her again. His men need no voiced order, they begin firing their Essence blasters by the dozen at Arsinoe, pelting the transforming Infernal with beams of yellow-gold light. They continue firing upon you as you complete your metamorphosis.

Several of the Demons however you notice have broken off, those with wings flying down after Black, your mom, and Rano. Unfortunately you're still frozen in place.

[Adam]

The three devils look upon you with shock

"Impossible! Nothing's that strong!" Kabocha barks in stupefaction

>"Sacrebleu!" Goya stereotypically echoes.

The three stand slackjawed until there is suddenly a voice speaking into the ear of everyone present via their Essence Scopes. Kabocha, Jagaimo, Goya, Goblok, the lizard, the three monks and Adam all hear one of the bat-demons chasing Black yelling in their ears.

>>"Attention all available Demon Force, the False Empress is in the palace! I repeat the False Empress is in the palace! The Tyrant's got her cornered in the Treasury, we're chasing her allies down towards the ballroom!"

Jagaimo looks to the disguised Solar with barely masked rage.

"Fine! We trust you, now come on, we have a job to do!" the floating tiny robed figure barks.

>"Right!" all the Demon Force present shout pumping their fists into the air.

[Black/Arsinoe]

You also heard the line being voiced by the bat demon, with your Scopes. You do not hear any further dialogue from Adam's side.

[All]

The initiative order is updated. Adam you are now in the order so do not post until I say its your Turn. I'm adding all newcomers to the end of the round in an order of my choosing.

Updated Initiative Order is Arsinoe, Black, Tyrant, Rano, Sabrina, Jim, Adam, Kachoba, Jagaimo, Goya, Size 5 Demon Force Battlegroup

[Arsinoe]

It is your Turn. You complete Shintai on this round and may narrate your full transformation, but can take no further actions except Reflexive Charm activations. You should consider turning on Viridian Legend Exoskeleton, as the Tyrant will definitely hit you when you emerge from the smoke cloud caused by all the essence blasts. And just a friendly reminder to watch your Essence as you have 4 left and still need combat Excellences and summoning your spear is either a Simple Action or takes an Essence to do reflexively.

ARSINOE

Arsinoe's laughs came down as the music behind her began to fade and a new one slowly began to waft in, one meant to more emphasize just how deep the shit they were in was, and to just add that extra flair she always had to add. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L5q4uYj-gyg>

As her laughs faded into a series of small little snickers, a final row of essence leaves formed completing the lotus like cocoon, the snickering replaced by the thrumming of her power, like the beating of a great vermilion heart before them, each thrum causing it to glow and a small ring of light to flicker off as the essence grew more and more her form, she did take but a moment to draw some

extra power into the fight to help give her an edge the fight.

[-2E/1WP for Viridian Legend Exoskeleton and Full Brawl Excellence]

Then it happened, as the pipe organs began to sing, a giant beam of glowing green energy pierced clean through every floor as it shot for the sky, something anyone who could see sky could very easily see as it did so, the lotus flower vanishing into glowing orb around the humanoid form. The silhouetted figure suddenly blew the orb apart into wisps of green essence, revealing Arsinoe in her shintai, hair flying and face blank save those two blank eyes that still somehow showed contempt for the Tyrant, a Glowing Green Goddess for all to see.

BLACK

Black is moments away from asking Sabrina what's wrong before the broom suddenly starts to give out from underneath them, apparently NOT suited for three after all as the trio proceeds to keep falling through the vast infrastructure of pipes. Black continues slicing his way through them while holding on to Rano and Sabrina both, before looking back and noticing his Essence Scouter has picked up some bogeys - flying Demon Force soldiers on their tail.

"Damn..." Black mutters to himself, finding it hard to concentrate on protecting the girls AND fighting off the swarm chasing them. As he hears over the comms that they are being chased to the 'Ballroom', Black figures they're going to run into even more guys if they keep heading there.

"Oh no you're not!" Black says in response to the comms saying they're chasing them, and grabs hold of Rano and Sabrina under one arm as he jumps off of one of the pipes, aiming for the side of the wall, "Keep your heads down!" He shouts to them as he leaps towards the wall, cutting another hole as he takes his odds cutting sideways into a different room.

ADAM

"Wait! We can't just run in." She shouts for a moment, to plead for their attention "The False Empress has a special power. The more she is outnumbered the more powerful she becomes! If we don't rally the guard and get everyone on the same page we'll only give her exactly what she wants."

rolling Subterfuge + Charisma?

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe's Turn]

The blasts of concentrated Essence fall upon you like an artillery barrage, yellow bolts of light shooting forth from the blaster's on each demon's arm as they try in vain to prevent you from assuming your true glorious state. The rays of energy fling themselves uselessly against the ever-unfolding lotus you've formed around yourself. Far far from this Realm, the Celestine Helios feels a reverberation across the Tellurian, of some dark tiding carrying itself on the solar wind. In the eastern heavens, the Akashic Bodhisattva Quan Yin walks through the gardens of the heavenly peach trees accompanied by Monkey and suddenly falls to the ground, her hand forming the Sixth Age Drawing Nearer Mudra. Back in New York, for no particular reason, Stanford Obadiah the PENTEX CEO stops as he walks towards the limousine primed to take him to dinner with his Board, looks towards the sky in the direction of the Red Star, yet hidden by the Day, and smiles. And above the Realm itself the Red Star seems to burn ever brighter, eclipsing the sun itself. Suddenly the cloud of smoke around the Demon Empress is cut as though with a great blade as green light pierces the roof of the Treasury, then the rooms above, then the landing bay of the Demon Pods and finally the sky above, no doubt further drawing the attention of

every demon in the base.

[Black's Turn]

The wall falls to pieces as you leap towards it, pulling your two hapless and shouting rescues along with you as you hop from pipe to pipe towards the nearest wall. Thirty-seven perfect and flawless cuts form as the bricks are split by their mortar one by one in the blink of an eye and the three jump through into the next room, an immaculate bathroom. From the looks of it a servant's bathroom, though with its splendid white tiling, brilliant lighting fixtures and the gold trim along the walls you would never know it. Soft classical music plays as you take in the lavender walls, before a nanosecond passes and gravity ensues with every brick falling back exactly where it was before that needlessly complex display of swordsmanship. You hear the sounds of grunting demons flying into the reformed wall, shouting then falling on the other side. You are left alone with Sabrina and Rano, along with Cowboy Beepboop, the two falling from your arms to the ground and trying to calm their excited breathing. Across the room you notice the exit to the bathroom.

[Tyrant's Turn]

The very instant the light subsides and Arsinoe becomes visible, the Tyrant is across the floor, flying at Arsinoe with his fist pulled back. His attack is elegant, practiced, the work of a martial artist who has spent years practicing his craft. His form is that of a pugilist, trained, yet lacking the precision of specific techniques. It is a strike of one who considers fighting in the cultured manner of a fencer, something done with the effortless ease of one born to the upper class. It also hurts quite a lot, and sends Arsinoe flying fifteen yards backwards into the nearest pile of treasure. When she collects herself she finds she is buried under many tons of gold. She may free herself reflexively without rolling [-3 HL, 7 remaining]. The Tyrant has no boss music, as he is not the boss here. He activates City-In-Ashes Permission [-1E for the Tyrant].

[Rano/Sabrina's Turn]

Resolved above.

[Jim's Turn]

Resolved below.

[Adam's Turn]

The demons all stop in their movements as Lithy pleads.

"[And how could you possibly know that?]" Goya asks. Due to a few minutes of exposure with Strange Tongue Understanding, Adam now both understands and can speak Demon French.

[Kabocho/Jagaimo/Goya's Turn]

Resolved above.

[Battlegroup's Turn]

While Arsinoe is still under the treasure, the battlegroup resumes firing upon her. It also surprisingly hurts alot [-3 HL, 4 remaining. I'm legitimately shocked they hurt you at all, 11 successes on 34 dice is very unlikely]. When you exit the gold its easy to see why, as you realize more and more and more Demon Force are pouring into the room. Whereas before there was only about forty, now there could easily be three times that, filing in and filling the gaps between the gold piles.

It is Arsinoe's Turn

ARSINOE

Pain. The pain spoke clearly. The punch was one thing, something she could have even forgiven even

for the fact it was a free blow, oh but those stupid little shits who shot her. She was gonna have some decimations in order for the demon force after this. Personally enforced in some cases, but for now she had a goal, bring this fuck down as fast as possible, preferably away from as many of these irrelevant afterthoughts as fast as possible. She lunged for the Tyrant with an elbow pointed at his face, blasting out of the treasure "Hide behind your men you fucking coward! I don't care! I'll still bury you!" She roared with genuine hate in her heart shining through. If she smeared some dumb fuck in the charge she didn't care right now.

She charged with the intent to stat crashing him through walls as fast as she could and separating from the group.

ADAM

Lilith responds in demon french, an attempt to win brownie points with Goya ["The False Empress has been rampaging through the streets. After all the solidiers we've sent at her. Has anyone seen her get hurt?"] She gives pause for the rehtorical question to sink in and speaks again in english "I've sparred with her personally and managed to get away. In a one on one fight she was not as powerful as she was fighting battalions. I read it with my own scouter!"

BLACK

Black lets out a low whistle as he finishes slicing off the last brick, looking back as they fall back flawlessly into place on the wall he'd just finished slicing through. With a needless flourish, he swings Eschalon around in the air a few times before putting it back on his back, sticking it into place just as he hears the many thumps of the Demon Force slamming into the reformed wall as he lets out a snicker.

"Okay, spending the last month rebuilding Claire's walls actually *did* pay off, hehehe..." he casually flips off the Demon Force (not that they can see it) as he looks to Sabrina and Rano, "Well, that went less smooth than planned, but at least we learned something important: we do not bring our moms within blasting range of the bad guy." He pauses, putting his ear to the door to hear if there are any Demon Forces on the other side of it. "I need to get back and help Arsinoe but we gotta get you somewhere safe first, can we find our way back to the sewers from here?"

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe's Turn]

The Infernal erupts in a rage. Both Lithy-chan and the Exalted underestimated the opposition they would face inside this fortress, the god-body pushed to its limits by the immediate barrage of cheap shots and dogpiling the Tyrant unleashed. She sees in him an entirely different form of ego to her own, not the dignified and elevating pride of a divine warrior, but the scheming and relentless ego of one who claims every advantage for himself. And so she stops holding back. The pile of treasure explodes off of her, gold coins falling like a steel rain throughout the room as priceless antiques and a king's ransom goes flying. She uses her body as a projectile, her rapid movement cutting through the men who separate her from the pretender, bodies being cut into pieces of viscera as she rushes and tackles him, the two flying through the room. They hit a large golden throne labeled "The Gilded Vast" and sunder it, then slam through a table with the a placard reading "Gonzo Flail" upon which sets a small metal spiked ball tied to a pole. Finally they crash through a glass pane holding a piece of faded brown papers written upon in red ink simply listed 'The Blood Sorceries of the Prince of Mitternacht'. The Empress is not reading them, she is grappling with her opponent who grapples with her as the two fly, crashing out of the treasure room and through the walls into what appears to be some form of long hallway. Running down the hallway towards you from the north is an entire column of more Demon Force Soldiers.

[Black's Turn]

You hear no soldiers on the other side. Rano pulls herself to her feet, as does Sabrina who is still breathing heavily.

"We should be able to. This looks like the women's servant bathroom, so we're in the servant's quarters, where I originally thought we should head in. There's a hidden ladder leading back down to the sewers. Why, what are you planning?" Rano asks.

Suddenly the room shakes, as though some great clash was shaking the palace. Sabrina takes a look back in the direction from which they left, with a deep and thoughtful expression.

[Tyrant's Turn]

The Supreme Demonic Tyrant wrestles with you in the hallway, hands clasped in hands. You are taller. You are stronger. He is more trained. He slips, and sucker punches you in the stomach, then delivers a vicious sidekick sending you flying down the hall opposite of the encroaching Demon Force Soldiers. Your feet slide along the carpet as you struggle to come to a stop. As you right yourself, the unthinkable occurs. You see the god-body 'flicker'. For just a moment, the invincible green form of nuclear energy is replaced with naked pink skin clothed only in your bracers. The damage to your ego is undeniable. You rally your sheer anger and denial and the shintai reasserts itself, covering you again like a shroud.

"If this is the legendary Shintai then the legends of the Demon Empress must be greatly exaggerated. Or are you simply too green?" he offers with an insufferable smirk.

"Part of me cannot help but wonder though. Transformation is something very few demons are capable of in any form, and while your battle power hasn't changed I cannot deny the intensity I feel radiating off of you. It is as though this energy you wield is simply, surface tension. The outer shell of some deeper core."

"Tell me something imposter, since you share my interest in history-" he remarks sarcastically.

"Were you aware the Demon Empress was said to possess another form, a power beyond even the Shintai?"

[Rano's Turn]

Resolved above.

[Sabrina's Turn]

The witch speaks a prayer to the goddess Hectate, to watch over Arsinoe.

[Life 3/Time 3; contingent Healing Effect. Arsinoe will heal 4 Lethal HL whenever she falls below 3 HL. As she is already so, this resolves immediately]

Arsinoe feels her strength rebounding, and hears whispers in her ear of her mother's voice speaking in a Celtic tongue. She doesn't know what it said, but it sounds hopeful [+4 HL, 5/10, Wound Penalty is -2]

[Jim's Turn]

Resolved below

[Adam's Turn]

Goya looks surprised as you reply in turn. Jagaimo looks conflicted, still unsure what to make of this supposed niece. Kabocha acts decisively. As the group begins running at full speed towards the Treasury he speaks into his Essence Scope. Black hears this, but Arsinoe's Essence Scope dissolved or fell off when she transformed.

"Attention all Demon Force, do not engage, I repeat do not engage. The False Empress grows stronger the more men she faces, stand by, do not engage! Focus on her allies." he speaks into the scope.

You all rush through the halls, Kabocha, Jagaimo, Goya, Goblok, the lizard and the three others, as well as MYMIRDON Jim who hasn't spoken a word this entire time. As you run you suddenly feel the hallway shake, as though some great clash was ongoing somewhere nearby. One of the chandeliers above you suddenly falls and crashes to the floor in front of you and the group runs around it to avoid it. As you turn the next corner on your way to the Treasury you see you're all standing directly behind Arsinoe, who has adopted the Shintai. Further down the hall you see the Supreme Demonic Tyrant, and behind him a few dozen Demon Force Soldiers. Jim's shoulder mounted cannon fires, slamming into the Tyrant and sending him flying backwards into his men with a sizable explosion killing many men [-4 HL, 11 left]. Looking behind her to trace this sudden outburst Arsinoe sees Adam disguised as Lithy, Jim in his mechsuit, and eight Demon Force Soldiers.

[Jagaimo/Kabocha/Goya/Battlegroup's Turns]

They are all taking in the scene that just transpired, staring in stupefaction at what appeared this entire time, and still appears, to be merely a big mute robot.

Arsinoe's Turn

ARSINOE

Arsinoe was silent for a moment, that was... annoyingly close to going very badly for her. She got lucky she hadn't fallen when she did. she had no clue why she heard her mom, maybe it was her getting desperate, or maybe her mother was using magic. If so, she genuinely loved her mom and owed her a hug after this. Hearing the tri horned pain in her ass bring up an even greater power brought her from her thoughts for a moment, only to have it even further altered by Jim suddenly reminding her why she owed him so many beers as he gave her an opening she hadn't anticipated. She also saw Adam had returned with a gaggle of demons, one of whom seemed mildly familiar, before she got a thought. She was gonna take advantage of that indestructible little idiot.

Arsinoe lunged in at the Tyrant once she saw his form through the smoke yanking him out of the pile and spinning him a bit to disorient before jumping into the air and throwing a flying dive kick, using Lithy-chan's form as a target she was kicking him towards. She trusted that Adam might be able to distract him long enough to let her score a win.

BLACK

As the room starts to shake and rumble, looking back in the same direction as Sabrina with a worried expression, Black nods his head and grips Eschalon, "Going back and backing Red up, that's what I'm planning. We pretty much fell straight down and it shouldn't be hard to follow the shaking, I can find my way up there."

He turns to Rano, "If you know the way back to the sewers from here, you think you could both make it there on your own from here? I don't hear any guys outside and it sounds like everyone in the fortress is gonna be moving on Arsinoe anyhow." He's hesitant to leave both Sabrina/Rano alone, but now that they're out of immediate danger and presumably close to a safe spot, he's starting to be more worried about what Arsinoe's up against.

ADAM

Liltih-Chan arrives onto the scene, of two dire gods reverting to their most vicious, animal tendencies. The beauty and form of martial arts debased into the most quintessential forms of violence,

concentrated for the sole purpose of killing. Lilith takes out her smart phone and starts taking pictures for her instagram page followed by recording a video of everything occurring.

Rolling a Crafts + Perception roll to be able to capture the footage with minimal blur.

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe's Turn]

"Eat shit Thanos!" Robo-Jim's modulated voice echoes from the iron sarcophagus that is the MYMIRDON.

"Finally get to shoot this damn thing. Hey Red." Jim says raising his massive hand in greeting.

> "[It can speak!]" Goya shouts in moonspeak.

"I knew it! Its a ruse, they're all in it together!" Jagaimo, the floating mini-demon sage barks.

Across the hall the tall shadowy form of the Tyrant emerges from the smoke of the explosion, only for Arsinoe to dart towards it into the thick of the men, grabbing the purple demon king by the horns and spinning him with Mario-esq finesse, before sending him flying towards Adam with a swift flying kick [-7 HL, 4 remaining].

[Black's Turn]

"I can get us down there, but the sewers won't be safe forever. It also won't be long before the Demon Force knows to look for us, they'll be sending out messages with our appearances. If you're going to help her you'll need to move fast, and so will we"

> "If moving fast is more important then staying under cover, this flies quick enough with two." Sabrina says holding up the broom.

"Good, then lets go."

The witch boards the broom, and Rano gets on behind her and the two are off, opening the door out of the bathroom and flying down the hallway in the direction Rano points. Sabrina and Rano are removed from the initiative order. Black follows behind them on foot, until his attempt at navigation around the palace back to the Treasury Room sees him part ways with the flying broom. As Black is left alone running through the immaculate hallways, no less ornate for being those of the servant's quarters, he finds that every hallway looks the exact fucking same as every other hallway in this palace. His sharp senses help him in little in finding his way, as while he can easily maintain an idea of what direction he needs to go, the actual layout of the palace works against him unless he intended to just start hacking the entire building apart. Eventually he comes to a pair of wooden double doors which the running Abyssal throws open, running further in. He stops suddenly, realizing this room is apparently a private auditorium of some kind, with the Abyssal finding himself standing at the top and back of the vast room. Above him are spectacular golden lights in rows, before him an entire army. One might deduce from the hundreds of men and women milling about that the theatre was being used as an impromptu, overflow barracks during the Empress' siege. All the red velvet seats have been folded up to make room for the soldiers, who fill every aisle and many seats, with a great bulk of them on stage and more in the gallery.

Suddenly all eyes are on Black, and a deathly silence pervades for an uncomfortable few seconds.

"Get him!"

[Tyrant's Turn]

The Supreme Demonic Tyrant finds himself hurtling in the general direction of Adam, upside down and flying, his head bent straight up to see which direction he's going. As Adam begins preparing memories for his demon-sona's fake social media accounts, the Tyrant roars and a flash of yellow energy emanates from every point along the demon's body [Blast Charm+Essence Eruption, -2E]. The Tyrant's

extraordinary Essence control manages to avoid drawing any more of his men into it, but the burst encompasses Adam, Jim, and even Arsinoe. The palace shakes again as the eruption of energy destroys this segment of the hallway and blows out the walls separating this hall from the Treasury entirely. Adam is sent flying by the explosion into the Treasury Room, slamming into a lovely pedestal with the marble bust of a twenty something year old with short hair and a cocky derpy expression, the upper portions of a track suit, and a carved chain necklace ending in a L chiseled into the head's chest and shoulders. The pedestal is knocked back from the impact and the bust, whomever it should supposed to represent, lands in Lilith's lap. Adam survives by using AST [-1E]. Arsinoe barely notices the explosion, and remains standing where she was in the hall. Jim is likewise unmoved, but the MYMIRDON suffers moderate damage as does its pilot [-3 HL on Jim].

[Jim's Turn]

The Tyrant is left standing not far from Jim, his back to the mechanical marvel as he recovers from Arsinoe's mighty kick. Jim fires another round from the artillery piece on his shoulder, the explosive racing towards the exposed Tyrant. Before it can hit however, the fat yellow demon from earlier, Kabocha, flies at the Tyrant and pushes him very forcefully, sending him flying and rolling into the Treasure Room. The artillery round follows its trajectory through the exploded out wall into the same room, colliding with a pile of gold on the side of the room opposite Adam and creating a cacophony of clinking coins as gold flies everywhere

"Nice try, but I'm the strongest Demon in the city, not counting the Tyrant. The name's Kabocha, and I'll be killin' you this evening. Everybody stand back, this one's mine. That means you too, False Empress!" Kabocha says pointing behind himself to Arsinoe.

>"Bring in on Yellow Devil, I've been wanting to put the Blobbuster through its paces all day long!" Jim says squaring off with Kabocha.

[Kabocha's turn later in this Init was wasted protecting the Tyrant]

ADAM

When Arsinoe threw the tyrant to land wherever he did in Lilith's proximity, she let out an uncontrollable "Squuuue-eek!" of fangirling. This is not an act. This is Adam excited to finally meet the Supreme Tyrant "Oh my God! It's the Supreme Tyrant" She snaps a pic of him on her smart phone just before she is blasted away by his tremendous blast of power

The bust's head of the mysterious man of antiquity lands in Lilith's lap and she is startled with what to do with it "Oh gosh- Oh gosh, priceless treasure of yore. Probably more valuable than everyone's lives in Arsinoe land." She gingerly tucks it away in a nearby trash can "So disrespectful" She laments. "I'm sorry- I know you're probably not used to living this way." She apologizes to the bust head.

Then, Lilith in a haste runs up to the Supreme tyrant. Remarkably the dumb oversized clothes she robbed from the Tyrant's bedroom is still intact. Although, her hair is completely frizzed up in spikes like a super saiyan. She pulls out her bo-staff and asks the Supreme Tyrant "Ohmygosh!Ohmygosh! Ohmygosh!Ohmygosh! -your supremelyness would you please sign my staff?"

Activating Essence Bastion

STORYTELLER

[Adam's Turn]

The Tyrant rises to his feet from Kabocha pushing him out of the way of Jim's attack, looking frustrated. As Lithy-chan approaches he looks at her with irritation.

"What now? Who are you?" he asks almost politely, as Goya rushes over.

>["Sire wait, its not a real niece, its a fake niece!"] she shouts as she runs over at high speeds.

[Kabocho's Turn]

Wasted protecting the Tyrant.

[Jagaimo's Turn]

The floating grey demon with the large eyes and the turban flies over to the Tyrant

"Sire! Look what these savages have done to you! What wretched creatures these are!"

>"Jagaimo, finally some good news."

Jagaimo sets his hands upon the Tyrant as light glows from them [+4 HL Tyrant, 8/18, -1 WP Jagaimo]

Healing: As a Simple Action spend 1 Essence. The target heals ten dice in Aggravated Health Levels. This can only benefit the same target once per user per Scene.

[Goya's Turn]

The Demonic French girl, having learned nothing from earlier, rushes Lilith and punches the air, only to find it stopped yet again by the Infallible Essence Bastion. She activates a Charm to grant herself 4 Extra Actions this turn, all of which she will waste attacking Adam with a barrage of rapid-fire but ultimately futile anime punches [-1E Goya]

[Battlegroup's Turn]

"Ignore what Kabocho said, kill kill kill them all! Don't leave a single one of those ingrates alive!"

Jagaimo shouts to the men at the end of the hallway. Only a comparative few were slain by Jim, and more are arriving to replace them. The column advances and energy blasts fly forth at Arsinoe and Adam. The energy blasts bounce off Adam's shield, and serve only to annoy Arsinoe, who yet remains unmoved. Per Kabocho's demand, none of them fire upon Jim, leaving he and the Fomor to face one another in single combat.

[Battlegroup, Black's Location]

Back at the theatre the battlegroup begins firing lasers at Black the second after a demon shouts out for them to attack him. He evades all energy blasts and may narrate his evasions on his post.

ARSINOE

Arsinoe panted a bit, seeing her idea immediately blow up as Adam did nothing to actually keep the idiots he dragged her from engaging with the fight. He was catching a fist for his inability to do a simple job, but for now there was an extreme lack of Demon Tyrant Corpses in front of her. The green blur wasted but a second as she darted back into the treasury, looking at the little shit next to the tyrant and noticing he seemed to be less fucked up, narrowed her eyes.

"Attention soon to be future employees! Whoever kills that little shit with the turban and brings me his head, gets a free pass from the Decimations when I'm done with this fucking pretender!" Arsi offered before suddenly flying up to the top of the room and flying two fists out, trying to put the Tyrant through the floor. If the floor shattered with them, so be it.

BLACK

Black groans as he runs through the many, identical, overtly garish hallways of the Tyrant's palace. "Fuck shit... how am I supposed to find anything in here when every hallway LOOKS THE FUCKING SAME?!" he shouts aloud, before opening the doors to the Ballroom... and the small army of Demon Force soldiers that await him beyond it.

"Uhhh.... hey, this isn't the meatery!" He says, attempting to close it quickly before he's interrupted by the flurry of laser blasts coming from the forces gathered before him. Quickly taking off Eschalon, he blocks and deflects as many as are directed towards him with inhuman precision and speed, the massive blade swinging swiftly as he deflects each blast. "God this thing is awesome, I'm like Cloud if he were also a Jedi!"

He proceeds to run up the walls in a circular motion, making his way towards the ceiling of the ballroom. "Got to find Arsinoe, no time to deal with these clowns... lemme see..." Black says, running around dodging and deflecting the many laser blasts before his eyes open wide with realization. "Hmm... it didn't really work before, but here it goes!" He focuses on his Essence once again, activating the charm he'd mastered over the last month in a failed attempt to locate Lucy, though he hopes it proves far more effective here than it did before. Like a bloodhound following natural instinct, Black's nose twitches as he picks up a scent and his head twists towards the exit of the Ballroom, leaving it and letting his nose guide him on the swiftest, surest path through the Palace to Arsinoe's position.

(Activating Infallible Barghest Mien, -1 Essence)

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe's Turn]

The soldiers of the Demon Force continue to advance into the Treasury Room, dozens upon dozens, hundreds possibly, heedless to your call. With the wall separating the hallway from the treasury completely destroyed, the entire area forms one vast battlefield divided only by the remaining piles of treasure. Golden coins, fragments of a few destroyed artifacts, bits of paper from ancient spells, broken pottery and other priceless debris is scattered across the floor as you take flight and fall upon the Tyrant.

[Both the Tyrant and Goya use Principle of Motion and gain +4 Extra Actions, and expend one each to defend the Tyrant, -1E each. Tyrant uses Supreme Tyrant Exhultation, -1E]

You fly towards the Tyrant, Goya turning from the invulnerable barrier that protects Adam and leaping towards you in mid-air, but you all too effortlessly knock her aside as you continue your descent. The Tyrant throws his arms straight up and catches both your fists, the force of your great strength pushing his feet into the floor, cracks spreading out from where his feet stand. As you continue pushing him deeper into the ground he grits his teeth and smiles.

"This is more like it! A battle worthy of me, a final arc de triomphe to my conquest of Tenmakai! Once I defeat you, everyone will know me as the sole master of all Creation!" he shouts, turning and spinning you as you spun him before delivering the same side kick, sending you flying across the open floor. When you finally stop yourself you find he's adopted a low stance and spread out both his arms wide, purple energy in either palm.

"TYRANNY MANTRA CANNON!" he bellows as an absolutely enormous pillar of purple light engulfs you. Black feels the palace shaking again, and Adam is completely enveloped by the light, the golden barrier of his Bastion protecting him from the outside as all four sides are completely flooded

with the amethyst Essence. When the light clears Adam can see that behind Arsinoe is a hole stretching through the wall behind her, and the wall behind that one, and the one behind it, leading through several administrative rooms and the kitchens. Arsinoe herself however remains standing, unmoved by the explosion [-5 HL, Shintai sustains itself at 1 Health]. At first, Adam can tell no damage has occurred. Even Arsinoe, though she feels as though she has had a mountain cast upon her, at first feels no pain. Then there is the sound of something like stone crumbling, and then something evaporating into steam. A 'crack' has formed in the divine and invincible Shintai, a hole from which the golden and human eye of Arsinoe and the pink skin around it can be seen. From the 'gap' where that small part of her human face can be seen several long strands of crimson hair pour out, separated from the viridian mane of living atomic force that covers the rest of her head, which fall in front of Arsinoe's human eye and reveal to her what has just happened.

[Black's Turn]

You dart around the room, your spinning blade easily deflecting Essence blasts. Its obvious you're just parrying to show off as you run across the walls, as you could easily just dodge these sluggish attacks. You exit the room through the double doors and begin running to where your flawless nose tells you is the way to Arsinoe, only to see an entire column of more Demon Force soldiers running towards you. In front of you, in the direction you must go there are demons in their dozens, and as you turn back the way you just came, to the amphitheater you see the Demons within are already throwing open the doors and running towards you.

[Tyrant's Turn]

Resolved above.

[Jim's Turn]

Jim stands within the metal chassis of the MYMIRDON as Kabocha, the bloated yellow demon said to be the strongest in the realm circles him.

"What is it with me and having to save people from evil fat guys?" the Fomor says to the demon, who grins and opens his mouth with what surely would have been an arrogant reply. We'll never know, because Jim shot him again with the missile launcher on his shoulder. Kabocha is exploded with a direct hit [-3 HL, 7 remaining], smoke filling the air.

"Fuck I'm glad magic keeps jobbing to bazookas." the Fomor says to himself as he stares into the visor of his MYMIRDON's helmet.

ADAM

Lilith is merely a bystander to the violence and drama unfolding. Somehow the violence and drama drips too heavy with violence and drama for Adam's candid attitude. Arsinoe's beligerence, the caustic remarks she makes. There is a tinge of desperation in them he is not used to hearing. And as everyone begins to drop their attention away from Lilith the chagrin begins to set in, as she realizes just how little she's contributed to this entire effort.

And then Lilith witnesses it- a crack forms along Arsinoe's divinity. All her strength held up by a razor's edge of willpower.

Lilith tears off her disguise as if it were a paper disguise the whole time, revealing Adam! Back in the flesh. He runs over to Arsinoe with his telescopic staff extended out "What the FUCK Arsinoe!? Are you dieing???" He asks incredulously. As though surprised they'd actually have put in some effort.

Adam defends Arsinoe
Melee Excellence + Fivefold Bulwark

STORYTELLER

[Adam's Turn]

The Solar removes his disguise with a flourish of the Tyrant's cape, and at once the billow of shadows that surrounded Lilith is replaced by the burn of golden anima. The Bastion fades as Adam extends his staff and rushes to Arsinoe's aid. He sees the Tyrant and Goya both rushing them, and Adam summons the immeasurable fighting abilities he developed training under Lin Yu with Black. At once the game is over as the Chosen of the Eclipse takes up the Fivefold Bulwark Stance. Block, parry, weave, strike the hand, swat the foot. With practiced ease he defends Arsinoe from the barrage of punches and kicks, keeping them both ten paces from the Infernal.

"This battle power! This light!" the Tyrant shouts stumbling backwards.

"Again! Fire upon them all again!" he commands his men. Looking around him Adam realizes he is surrounded, hundreds of warriors in the Treasury and thousands beyond in the fortress waiting to replace them. But he has sparred with the Black Hole Sun, fighting him in the storm. In him is the power that parried even the falling rain. Grimly however does he note he feels no Essence remaining within himself, the well of indestructibility from which he pulled so much has run dry, leaving him with only the fighting skills he learned at the feet of the Resplendent Crane.

[Kabocha's Turn]

From the smoke emerges the flabby elite, running elbow first into Jim's MYMIRDON and sending the heavy, nine foot tall war-machine built for killing Garou flying. Jim lands upon his feet, the damage mostly to the frontal armor of the powered suit. Kabocha sucks in air, his hideous stomach descending even more, before barfing a yellow beam of light from his mouth. Within the MYMIRDON Jim anchors himself to the ground, digging in the heavy feet. Servos hum and the lights within the helmet turn red and begin ringing with warnings about stability and external damages as the blast envelops it. After a moment the suit stops moving and the lights within the HUD go out. The eyeless Fomor can no longer see outside. He cannot see anything, only darkness which fills his cockpit [-7 HL to the MYMIRDON, it is destroyed. Jim is at 4/7 Health].

"JARVIS? Buddy?" he says to the empty space, before realizing with horror that without the hydraulic assist he can't move the suit's limbs. Outside it Kabocha burps out a bit of smoke and grins.

[Jagaimo's Turn]

Jagaimo floats quickly over to Kabocha, healing him [-1E, +5 HL, back to 10+Dead], before turning his eye back to where Arsinoe stands.

[Battlegroup's Turn]

The Battlegroup opens fire, blasting Arsinoe and Adam. Adam parries, blocks, defends, but a single yellow bolt flies past his staff and hits Arsinoe in the upper left arm. Again there is a crumbling, again green Essence turns to wispy steam, and pink skin of her shoulder stands revealed.

[Battlegroup's Turn, Black's Location]

Black is fired upon in both directions, but manages as well as Adam. He may fluff his parries as he sees fit.

[Tyrant and Goya's Extra Actions, resolved above].

[Clarification. Adam is naked. There's symbolism somewhere in that].

ARSINOE

Arsinoe was silent. This had gone very poorly so far, so it seemed she had to stop playing with her food right now and good for the kill. The blasts and shots from the troops thudded uselessly against her, as she looked at the hair... and then to the being behind it, the one who was causing all this. The fucking tyrant, the new bane of her existence. She kept the pithy banter quiet, she knew she probably only had one or two more exchanges in her so she had to try and put this to bed now. She could feel how empty her tank was, but she sighed, focusing, calling on the last of her power to help her. Calling forth her spear and the skills to use it to it's best ability.

[2E/1WP for Summoning Spear and Melee Excellence)

With a crackle of lighting her spear appeared, made of pure energy this time, looking more simplistic in design, like a lightning bolt forged into the general shape of a spear. The second her grip hit *Sun eater* she squeezed it, activating its time stop power and preparing herself for this. She couched her spear and assumed a low stance, preparing to lunge at him the second she could.

[1E/2 WP spent on Spear for Success and Rip and Tear Mantra]

BLACK

Black looks on ahead as he sees yet ANOTHER battalion of Demon Force soldiers coming on him from the front, as the one chasing him out of the ballroom keeps close on his tail. He grimaces, his hand gripping Eschalon with a dying need to slice and dice through the crowd until nothing but minced demon meat lies in his wake, but he remembers his promise to Lithy-chan to keep the killing to a minimum, and these enemies posed zero threat to him.

"Got no time for these guys anyways...." Black mutters, running head long into the oncoming battleground while the other is close behind, deflecting every blast coming his way with a swift swing of his huge blade, and the moment he gets close enough to swing at them, Black instead jumps up and starts running on top of their heads, leaping from soldier to soldier and dashing atop their number to reach the far side. Even if this means he'll now have even more Demons chasing him now, he's confident in his ability to lose them as he keeps his nose trained on Arsinoe, following the quickest path through the castle to where she's fighting against the Tyrant.

>Skipping past the battlegrounds and continuing to head to Arsinoe's location

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe's Turn]

Hundreds of men surround them. Every angle of attack is occupied, every vector of approach is filled. The Demon Force descends upon the two Exalts like a flood. Tiger-demons, squid-demons, fish-faced demons, lizard demons, winged bat-demons, beautiful she-demons with black pinions and horns. On the ground they are surrounded in three-hundred and sixty degrees, above those Demons blessed with wings take flight and fire upon them with their blasters. The Treasury becomes difficult to see through them as the blaze of projectiles descends. Gold bolts of radiant Essence fall like streams of light, all aiming to snuff out the life of the Demon Empress. All they are surrounded by is cringe, and dead men. The Chosen of the Sun parries all of them. Every bolt, every beam, every projectile, every single blast of energy falling from every direction and angle. In his mind's eye he perceives clearly the perfect trajectories to intercept and his hands move almost before he has time to think. This is the Fivefold Bulwark Stance, this is the way of movement designed at the dawn of time for the facing of demons far more numerous than this, the original and flawless kata of a primeval hero. Naked but for the radiance of his anima, his staff does not so much spin as encompass, he becomes a sun, a star, a light to eclipse

the the firmament that falls upon him. From that moment no strikes hurt Arsinoe. Goya and the Tyrant rush him, and they meet a fate much the same. Parry, block, weave. Swift as the coursing river, with all the force of a great typhoon, all the strength of a raging fire, mysterious as the dark side of the moon. "Impossible!" the Tyrant bellows out, trying to get past Adam. In the 'False Empress' he met a foe whose body was far superior to his own, whose strength he could not match, but with superior technique he could injure her, could harm her, but here he meets an opponent whose body is far smaller than his, far weaker, whose muscles are thin and whose ligaments are built for dexterity and not power, but whose technique is flawless. There is no opening. Every place along the Solar invites attack but is revealed at the last moment to be but a feint leading inwards, drawing in his blows like a labyrinth from which there can be no escape. He watches impotently as he sees Arsinoe reveal the Suneater and begin taking position for her final move.

[Adam gains +3 Essence for fulfilling his Caste Function]
[Arsinoe gains +3 Essence for fulfilling her Urge].

[Black's Turn]

A chorus of 'ow's, 'hey's and expletives of a decidedly exotic nature fill the air as you jump on the demons heads and start running towards Red, your nose your guide. You will arrive at the end of the round at which point I will narrate your arrival.

[Tyrant's Turn]

Adam sacrifices his Turn to block his attack. He activates Principle of Motion [+4 Extra Actions].

[Jim's Turn]

The Fomor remains heedless in the dark, trying in vain to get the suit to move. His breathing becomes a nervous panting as he looks around helplessly. He hears the sickening scream of torn metal as his chest armor is ripped open and Kabocha rips him out of the suit, holding him aloft by his shirt.

"Oh shit! Blaaaaaaaaaaaaack!" Jim screams as Kabocha grins, a golden orb of energy filling his hand.

[Adam's Turn]

Beyond the circle of all encompassing foes surrounding you you hear Jim screaming in peril. You give up your turn to defend other on him, narrate how you get through the crowd to save Jim. Do not roll anything.

ADAM

Adam's movements mimic the peerless inheritors of the Sun's perfect fighting style. Shimmering as a golden sun himself. In brief instants, Adam blips back and forth between Kobocho and Jim. Even protecting Jim from any harm. It happens so quickly it appears as intermittent lightning strikes cracking out from for a translucent orb of sunlight

Adam castigates the Supreme Tyrant "Do you still feel like this battle is glorious Supreme Tyrant? To be honest- I don't really like fighting.."

STORYTELLER

[Adam's Turn]

Clarification: You lose both this action [defending Arsinoe] and your next one [defending Jim].

[Kabocha's Turn]

The demon fires his orb at Jim who he holds in his hand, only for it to be deflected by Adam darting

between them, then back to his starting position with the Tyrant and Goya.

"Kill him! Do not let the False Empress use the Suneater!" the Tyrant yells. For someone who puts no stock in ancient legends he seems very familiar with their contents. He ignores your query, focused purely on reaching Arsinoe and preventing her from stopping time. Kabocha drops Jim and rushes Adam, the Fomor looking across the way as Adam fights them all. The Tyrant, Goya, Jagaimo, Kabocha, the hundreds of men around them. Jim crawls for debris to hide behind as the Solar distracts the foes so Arsinoe has the time to stop time.

[Jagaimo]

He fires essence blasts at Adam. They too are parried. [-1E for Principle of Motion, +2 Extra Actions]

[Goya]

She unleashes a barrage of parried punches as the Tyrant and Kabocha all try to get through Adam, who stands his ground and keeps them all ten paces from the Infernal. She too uses Principle of Motion [-1E, +4 Extra Actions]

[Battlegroup]

Adam continues parrying the blasts from the hundreds of men surrounding the group, encircling them and filling the air around them. Arsinoe is hit by a few strays but Shintai cannot be brought low by Bashing Damage.

[Battlegroup, Black's Location]

The goons attempt to grab you or punch you as you leap from head to head, but none succeed.

[Arsinoe's Extra Actions]

Resolved below.

[Tyrant's Extra Actions]

Resolved as defensive maneuvers on Arsinoe's Extra Actions.

[Jagaimo and Goya Extra Actions]

Resolved above, they cannot possibly hit Adam so I'm not bothering to roll them.

ARSINOE

Arsinoe waited until she saw everything slow down until it almost stopped, and that was when she moved, like a blur closing the distance, tossing the spear up, anticipating an easy chance to pummel him a bit before she stabbed him, that was thrown out the window as he blocked the first blow, causing her to freeze for a moment, eye widening in shock before narrowing, suppressing any other emotions, resolving that despite this, she knew she'd succeed. "1..." she began before engaging in a punch rush with the demon, fist meeting fist over and over. "2..." she added, the hammering of their fists an intense tug of war, trying to break his defense, she didn't care that he was trying to stay alive. "3..." she continued as a small lull grew in the exchange, both slowing down for a moment, perhaps conserving strength, perhaps exhaustion was creeping in, she didn't care. "4..." she growled, noticing he was starting to get slower now, her chance was here, and just as her spear was dropping down.

On the final punch, she saw it, he finally froze, open to a shot just as her spear returned to her hand "5... This is my world, stay out of it wretch." she said before slamming her spear through his midsection in what she was sure was a blow that would have severed his spine and paralyzed him, but that was where

she was wrong, perhaps exhaustion, perhaps he wasn't as frozen as she expected, but the result was not what she desired, though close. The energy spear pierced clean through the demon, coming out of her back, just to the left of what would be where she assumed his spine was, clean through his midsection. A cloud of arterial release would follow the spears penetration through him as time resumed.

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe's Extra Actions]

A world of frozen time. The perfect world where the march of the Sun through the sky is stopped, the steps of Time devoured. The world of the Sun-Eater. The Infernal arrives in it and sees everyone and everything is still. The hundreds of men around her are as statues, each one caught in a moment of panic, of peril, of exultation, of the din of battle, their faces painted with the expressions of battle. They are as toy soldiers caught in this modern day Illiad, Achilles full of her wrath, Hector preening in his strength. Jim cowers behind a small bit of stone debris, a large piece of concrete fallen from the ceiling you struck with your transformation, his bravado gone, his hands over his head. Goya and Kabocha and Jagaimo surround Adam, who alone still moves, the Solar's fiery anima dancing in the stillness as his eyes trace this strange result. With enough exertion he could break its hold entirely, but he does not bother doing so. Or perhaps, almost alone. The Tyrant looks up, his fist pausing an inch from Adam's face. He looks at you, no doubting chambering some profundity about this trick of yours. You give him no opportunity, and are upon him with all your might. What follows is a brilliant exchange of punches. As before you find your strength is greater, your power greater, but your technique lacks refinement. While Black and Adam trained under that harlot who insists she's Black's fiancé, you focused upon power and the mastery of this inner world. The Tyrant punishes you for this deficiency, catching your fists with his own as you count the punches.

Then, suddenly, an opening, time freezing upon him as the spear falls into your hand. You impale him, through his stomach, through that garish armor and into his purple abs, running it up to the hilt. Blueish-purple blood splatters upon your arms and chest as you impale him and send Sun-Eater in search of his spine, your orchestral slowed and reverberating. Time resumes. The Tyrant spits, his eyes go wide, his face shows shock, horror, denial. He screams in agony as you hold the spear there.

"You should..." He looks up at you, breathing slowly, heavily, before his pained expression gives way to a small and cruel smirk.

"You should have impaled my head." he says sucker punching you in the face and sliding backwards, the spear painfully dislodging itself as blood spurted out upon the floor in a long line tracing the distance between them. After a few moments the three horns atop his crown begin to glow. He holds his hand over his profusely bleeding stomach wound to stem the flood.

[Activating Eon Crown Emulation]

"An admirable attempt at regicide. I very almost died. You bastard. But it will not happen again. I don't know where you got all this power from, but it doesn't matter. If you are the Demon Empress you're a relic of another time. Tenmakai has outgrown you. My power is the ultimate culmination of science and nature. Long ago the original Demon Empress brought back genetic samples from the human world belonging to a demon of primeval and indestructible might, with the power to emulate and immunize itself to any form of attack. She used these samples to produce the Eo-Bata. The most versatile DNA in existence and she used it to make narcotics. Using the remnants of these materials, of an Eon Fossil, and with years of research the top scientists in Tenmakai produced me. A perfect fighter, an invincible tyrant, to lead this world into a new age. A new age I formally induct with the final destruction of the old, of you."

"Thanks to the EO Cells in my body, I am now immunized to all attacks from the Sun-Eater. And in mere moments those cells will adapt to the wound and regenerate my destroyed organs. This is the end. I enjoyed it."

[Black]

"Mortie!"

"Bitch!"

"Jerk!"

"You n'wah!"

The swears continue as you leap from head to head, run over walls, parry attacks and make your way back the way you came down identical hallways and identical finery. But your Essence-fueled sense of smell does not fail you. You leap from the final row and find things have developed poorly in the mere minutes you've been gone. The hallway in which you now stand has had one wall completely shot out, erasing all separation from the Treasury. Jewelry, gold coins, and priceless antiques litter the floor of the Treasury, many of the great piles you saw on the way in collapsed and scattered into a thick flooring covering this or that section of the large Treasury. The roof above the Treasury has a massive hole in it leading up several floors and doesn't look entirely stable. On one end of the room is a massive circular hole going back through the next several rooms.

To the battle itself, you see Adam single-handedly fighting off a legion. There are hundreds of Demon Force here and your friend [who you notice is completely naked] is beating them off with a stick, along with three more important looking Demons you do not recognize. Arsinoe is in Shintai, but part of her face and shoulder are 'peeled off', revealing her human self. The Tyrant looks much worse, with a bleeding hole in his stomach, but he is grinning and Arsinoe looks on the verge of exhaustion, even with only one golden eye's expression to base that off of. Jim is cowering behind a big chunk of concrete which is being pelted with lasers, and the entire room is a cacophony of pew-pews from non-stop blaster fire. Its nothing short of a miracle anyone can hear each other's witty banter over all this noise and the screaming background music emanating from Arsinoe.

ARSINOE

Arsinoe rubbed her face as she saw her planned final strike had failed. The stinging in her cheek was an insult but this was annoying, oh sweet merciful Her this was annoying. But then her visible human eye shifted looking almost like it was somehow smiling back at the Tyrant with the mirth it suddenly carried "You know what, you just reminded me of something I've failed to realize. I'm fighting against my very nature right now by trying to be that single thrust, the spear tip, the scalpel needed to do this quickly." She gave him a moment to try and get some kind of dig or insult before continuing.

"See I'm not a scalpel or a sledgehammer or anything so simple as that." She laughed a bit as though it was a simple mistake "I'm an Atom Bomb. And it's time to do what those do best." She said doing her best to memorize the positions of Black and Adam in the room before she started flaring her essence as a new song replaced to the old one behind her.

<https://youtu.be/FL0bcDCE6bg?si=5gNVdUHfdwRFuVo1>

Arsinoe roared in rage as she used that last reserve, the muscles on her form bulging from the sudden injection of strength, slowly compressing back to the normal size as they adapted. With that the Infernal suddenly launched skyward, her fist aimed straight at the ceiling. She was bringing this bitch down on his head and everyone else.

"Game Over!" She roared

(-2E on Athletics Excellence)

ADAM

Spending an essence for AST

STORYTELLER

[Arsinoe's Turn and Black's Defense]]

Power. In this benighted Age, the world is defined by its lack. Rivers of blood flow down the gullets of parasitic immortals, millennia waxing them strong, till they feel the sting of its touch. Their curse limited by the proximity to its origin, its founder. Those who shape the world hide from it, hounded by a fierce Paradox. Those they would command, they must first convince. The deep magick flees the stable walls of reality, seeking refuge in solipsistic fantasy. Feral beasts patrol the borders of the spirit, protecting their feeble charges from what are in truth merely the footsoldiers of the dark gods, the Maeljin Incarnae and the Yama Kings. It was not always so, and as the world of Tenmakai watches its god perhaps it is for the best that mythology is something discussed of only in the past tense. A god's wrath is not too dissimilar a thing from a child's tantrum. Dressed in the finery of invincibility, the powerless masses accept the feeblest lies. Here is truth; the Empress was in no immediate danger of death. She had not felt yet the icy sting of fear for her life. It was not for her friends, who she merely trusted would protect themselves with their power. It was not for her mother, whom she not seeing must have assumed escaped, trusting her life to that assumption. It was pride that drove her to destroy the palace, pride that sent her flying upwards towards the unstable regions of the ceiling, pride that drove her fist through floor after floor as she ascended, reveling in her might as she careened closer and closer to the outside and the collapse of those same towers upon the thirty thousand souls still inside. This power, which once ended a world, now seized one, for the most self-aggrandizing of reasons. Glorious it was, as the towers shook, as the stone crumbled, as the steel and concrete gave way and each floor dropped down into the one beneath it. The Demon Empress broke through the final ceiling and emerged, wings spread wide into the canopy of Tenmakai's open firmament. Floating there she looked up, and saw Her star eclipsing the sun, the sky cast red all around her. In every direction was the highest towers of the forever city, the endless city, Her city, once now and forever. Looking down she saw the towers collapsing, and with them would come the deaths of the Tyrant and all his works. The Abyssal catches his bearings, looking out upon the room and the battle currently underway. He sees Arsinoe looking to the Tyrant with a smile, though without a mouth only her single human eye betrays this, then flying upwards. For a moment it seems as though she means to escape, or to take the fight elsewhere, or to lure the Tyrant for some secret strategy. Then he feels the palace shake as her fist impacts the ceiling. She wouldn't dare. Not with everyone still inside and Sabrina unaccounted for. Not without stopping to grab them, or at least Jim. She had threatened many times to do it. At the Statue of Liberty with Columbia. To the Brobdigagian King in the Dreaming. With Cecil and the Union. Though she never said so, he knew it was well within her power to do it back at the Palace of the Kuei-Jin when Claire and she joined the Union to hunt down Adam. But outside of a single demonstration in the Dreaming, she had never once unleashed her full power, had never even hinted she would use her full strength. He hears her punching through the roofs above, picking up speed. The Tyrant reacts, looking upwards.

"Hah! Running away? There's nowhere you can run to!" he grins, thinking to himself of the Essence Cannons on the roof, of how they will destroy her as she flies away. The fool, he is unaware he is already dead. A broad section of stone floor about thirty feet by thirty falls from above Jim and Adam. Time seems to slow, but it is no magic this time, as Black tries to rush across the floor towards them.

He is too late, the floor falls and crushes them flat. He looks to his right and sees a ten foot tall marble bust of the Tyrant fall through the opened roof and crush the Tyrant. There can be no doubt now, Arsinoe means to destroy the castle with all of them inside. The Hero of the Grave thinks back to what he told Lithy at the start.

Black: "We're still kind of trying for a lighter touch this time, don't want to go killing them all anyways."

Rano: "You want to enter the Palace and take over the planet without killing anyone? Are you insane?"

Lithy: "Its not crazy, we're just the good guys. We've made it this far without killing anybody."

Then the towers begin to fall. The top floors sink into the one beneath, which sink into the one beneath which sink into the one beneath. They pick up speed as there is a great and terrible rumbling and the hundreds of men cease firing, some scream, others shout, a few try to run or get away. The whole palace is coming down, and everyone will die. The Black Hole Sun's living shadow climbs the wall behind him, waxing mightily on the promise of annihilation. Dennis Obadiah refuses to accept this. His Essence surges forth and rebukes the deaths of Jim, the Tyrant, and his men. With but a thought his willpower denies it, whatever force in Creation that separates the injured from the dead he speedily repels as he takes up a low stance, spinning the Eschalon as he holds it out from and behind him, one foot in front, one behind.

https://youtu.be/Z_TeGBHyqY4?si=KqfQYZkvrvcadtLf&t=55

The incoming collapsing palace begins to fall upon him, like that black boar in his dream whose form filled the heavens. With his ground stable and nowhere to flee either above or besides, he rooted himself. Heavy fragments of thick concrete leading the charge like the tusks of Isidoros-Long-Stilled. He leaps, his sword slicing cuts ten times its length separating the falling stones into chunks as he leaps up them to rise yet higher, cutting apart the towers as they fall. His blade divides the floors, hacks apart falling helicopters, divides Demon Pods and severs walls and ramparts. Dozens of lines of attack erupt from the Abyssal almost simultaneously as he slashes and breaks apart every piece of the towers as they fall. Here a group of Demon Force is almost slain, but he is across the floor in a Yozi's breath, dividing up the spoil of the ruin. There there is a falling wall, cast back and shattered by the Eschalon.

Slash

Slash

Slash

Slash

Slash

Slash

Slash

Slash

Slash

Slash

Exhaustion begins to overtake him as even moving as swift as er an Exalt e'er moved there is too much in this above him, but he girds himself. There will be no deaths, no injuries, no fallen, none broken but the palace itself. He'd made a promise after all. His black anima catches fire, a brilliant hue of gold as he raises his sword above him and with one final swing severs it. Far above them, the victorious Demon Empress sees what is left of the tower sliced cleanly in half from bottom to top, fragments flying in all directions and a cloud of dust rising as its thrown back by the shockwave. The Abyssal

stops swinging as his aura reclaims its inky hue. There is nothing but sky above him.

[-2E for Armor and Carnage Typhoon]

[-5 WP for Sin-Eater Defense and boosting Protect Other on the Battlegroup]

[Tyrant is Incapacitated]

[Jim is Incapacitated]

[Kabocha, Goya, and Jagaimo are Incapacitated]

[The attack misses the Battlegroup. The only casualties are those in the towers themselves]

[Adam is buried under rubble]

[This is a violation of the Neverborn Curse]

[Combat is over]

[ARSINOE]

She looked down at first, watching it fall, intoxicated at the sight of her power, watching it unfold, the world bending to her instead of her bending to it. She shivered at the sight. She saw Blacks display with some surprise, not having expected him to choose that method to handle it.

Then sound slowly faded away as she turned to the star, that bright red star the one that seemed to persist no matter where, holding her hand up so sat within the glowing green of her fingers "Tenmakai, then Earth... then You?" she said with a soft laugh at the thought "No no... even more~." she said with a cackle before she dived back down to the ruins. She was impressed by Blacks display, hell it saved her quite a bit of time when it came to digging her treasure out later. She might as well thank him in person.