

*The end.*

*(Includes some exploration descriptions for easier reading.)*

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The vote was over. Some part of Adachi wished that they overthought the note to the point of an incorrect vote, but maybe their stupidity didn't go quite that far.

The trial- or more accurately, the discussion- had taken place just outside of the building, since Amamiya had left the calling card at the entrance. Narukami stood silent at the door, katana in hand, while they talked like the guard dog it was. But it was time for some action.

"Looks like you got it right," he began, as though it was any surprise. "Time for your execution, Amamiya. Why don't you-"

...

Without waiting for Adachi to finish, the Shadow sprang into action, his neutral expression breaking into a wild grin. This was what he'd been looking forward to all this time.

In one fluid movement, he dashed forwards, thrusting his sword into the final traitor's shoulder.

"What are you doing."

Slash.

"Narukami!"

The sword was coloured crimson from blood now. Amamiya fell to the floor, covered in deep gashes.

"Why are-?"

To finish the murder, he stuck the blade through Amamiya's throat, and as he took his last breath, Narukami turned to Adachi, exuberant.

"You don't get it, Adachi."

Confused, the man took a step back. The Shadow's glare had never bothered him before, but now that it looked so wildly excited, and it was trained on him, he felt a certain dread sink in his gut.

"You were never the one who made the decisions. I only went along with what you said for this. This last..."

Never one to waste words, Narukami pushed the sword further into the body and edged closer to the other Mastermind.

Adachi reached for his weapon, but found nothing there.

Narukami cocked the gun in his hands. A cold laugh.

"A dog, am I?"

Dojima tried to shield the one who he used to consider his own family, but the Shadow was far too fast.

The bullet went straight into his heart. [-9999]

Mitsuru looked down as she watched the red liquid pool around her feet, staining the bottom and edges of her shoes. His gargling of his own blood, how he told them to keep his friends alive.

She just held a blank stare at the floor. She then turned around and looked to see the fear in Adachi's face. It seemed that shadow had finally realized how he was his little lapdog. But it shouldn't be this way. No one should die in such a brutal way.

She just stood. She watched so many people die. People she had sworn to protect. She had even killed one of those people. And those close to her were also traitors. Akihiko. Yukari. And they never told her. They watched her suffer and didn't say a word.

Tears. Tainted black by her mascara fell from her face. She couldn't believe they were apart of this scheme. Couldn't believe this had truly happened.

Did she feel bad for killing Ryuji now? Not in the slightest. Because, like she said, his death aided the escape of all of them.

Huh.

Sure, voting Amamiya would lead to his death. But this felt like a fever dream, it almost made his head hurt.

Naoya could only blink and watch. He's witnessed worse, but seeing two people die in front of his eyes was.. hard to watch actually. He looked unphased as per usual, but he'd be lying if he said he didn't flinch a few times.

And it also seemed people were already taking action against Narukami's shadow, Nijima pointing a gun at him and everything.

All he did was glance at the shadow, then at everyone else.

...

He fiddled with his earring.

< .. What is going on with this world? >

...

Yusuke had woken up from his previous state of unconsciousness, with faint markings still on his throat from when Naru had attempted to strangle him when he had heard people rushing outside to investigate some sort of happening. Wanting to understand the commotion had followed everyone outside, only to find Makoto storming off as a small piece of parchment floated down to the ground. The boy was about to follow his teammate in order to figure out what could be the matter when... he saw the card for himself, and the phantom thief logo that he had made all that time ago stared him down like an icy glare. This... this can't be happening... no... no...

Yusuke reads the card, and his worst fears and more are realized...

He had to do the right thing, it's what he wanted. His words, no, his orders to him were clear as day, and he knew that he needed to follow his leader's orders... what were to be his final orders...

So he did. He cast his vote.

But nothing... Nothing could have prepared him for what he was about to witness. Yusuke was forced to stand there... Stand there as that foul man from earlier taunted him with his usual demeanor before that foul shadow made its move.

The world seemed to slow down as the shadow had plunged its blade into his leader's throat, and it seemed like he could see even the smallest drop of blood hitting the ground in excruciating detail. It was a horrid image, a disgusting picture made by a horrid artist... but it was a picture he would never be able to forget until the day he died.

The shadow did the rest of its dirty work, killing its equally foul master but not before further shoving its blade into Ren as his body fell to the ground.

Yusuke rushed over to him, seemingly paying no attention to his surroundings. He was trapped in his own mind space at the moment, his own sick and twisted world, as he kneeled down to cradle the bloody body of his former leader- no...

His former love,

"Ren... No..." The young artist sobbed out in agony as the world seemed to fall apart around him.

Everything was happening so quickly that chie couldn't process one thing after another. One second Adachi was announcing the trial, the next Naru was brutally mutilating a mutual of hers.

It was too fast. Too fast for her to comprehend. Even repeating this to herself didn't make things any better, Yusuke was already on the ground crying over Ren's bloodied corpse.

.....

She... didn't know what to feel anymore, a numbness enveloped her like a safety blanket a small child would carry around. It was comforting to feel nothing.

No sadness, no pain, nothing.

A part of her wanted to help Yusuke and soothe him, but she wasn't mentally ok for that anymore; she wouldn't even know what to say to him as everything would just be a mere lie to both herself and him.

Nobody was safe here, not even the mastermind that started this whole thing. That... feral creature was out for blood and had eagerly killed Ren, who knew if she or anyone else was next.

Even makoto's life was on the line, and-

She didn't even know how to comprehend that.

Everything was numb.

....

As it should be.

he's gone.

he's gone, he's gone-

makoto can't breathe.

then, instantly...

johanna appeared as her clothes became enveloped in warm blue fire once more.

she became queen, once more.

"narukami. you have killed not only our leader, but countless innocent people as well."

makoto pointed a gun at the silver haired male, all traces of mercy leaving her body.

this seemed... familiar. almost as if, in another universe, it would be ren about to pull the trigger and end this nightmare, his persona above him.

"...checkmate."

---

Narukami was completely unphased by the gun pointed at his face, too crazed and too gleeful to care about a pointless threat. Instead of responding with words, he dodged to the side and harshly kicked the girl, pushing her away. [-5]

"You're all next," he breathed, pointing his now bloody sword at all of them. "I'm going to destroy everything. All of it!"

His words felt... unnatural, somehow. The Shadow always had a violent nature, but something felt off. It was the same feeling Dojima got when Adachi said... something about how 'people only saw what they wanted to see'. The exact same feeling.

...

Its movements felt controlled, and if any of them looked directly into its eyes, the golden irises seemed to hold an iridescent sheen.

It raised its hand, prepared to attack.

Ready?

[NAOYA]

A huff was let out by the silent male. Since it didn't seem like anyone else was going to take initiative, he might as well do it himself.

With a simple snap of a finger, a ring of light formed around him. Though his persona seems to have... changed? It looked demonic, but it meant no harm to its owner.

..

"Here goes..!"

[Garudyne.]

Yusuke pried himself away from Ren's body as he saw the shadow lash out at Makoto, trying to wipe the tears off of his face as he ripped his mask off and prepared for battle

[Giant Slice- 9% HP]

Seemed like that damn shadow was raring to go. Yosuke adjusted his headphones.

This was it, huh? They had to win.. or else.. He tried not to think about that.

He had to win. For Rise, Kanji, Teddie, Yukiko, Naoto.. and Yu. The real Yu.

"Lets do this!" he called out as he summoned his persona.

TAKEHAYA SUSANO-O JOINED THE BATTLE.

[ Garudyne you fool -12sp ]

The battle began.

The rage this girl had felt previously boiled up inside her, spilling over into a seething hatred for this disgusting creature.

“... You’ll pay.. you’ll pay for everything that you’ve done!”

It sounded cliché, yes, but it was the best way she could express her anger through words; this thing had sparked a passion so strong that she was barely containing her excitement to see this things own blood choke itself.

Maybe a few gunshots to the head would do, or perhaps a repetitive cleave to the head with an axe or knife. Maybe a baseball bat.

....

She didn’t even dare to scold herself for such sickening thoughts, as to be frank it was what that ugly bastard deserved.

“Tomoe. Let’s finish him off.”

She summoned her persona, charging up an attack with the burning rage that resided within her heart.

[heat wave, 16% HP]

Dojima is!

Fucking confused!

It was fine before. Now... Well, the Yu look-alike has gone mad. It’s a bloodbath here. A battle akin to what they’ve suffered through before.

This time, however, it was different

Namely the tall figure standing over him, looking quite threatening. It didn’t seem to hold him any ill will, however. If he had to guess, he would assume this is a... what did they call it, persona?

It seemed to be awaiting command.

Attempting to not show his confusion and anger over the current situation, he held out a hand. What was one of those things the kids had for attacks and stuff again..?

...

Fuck it.

“[Heat Riser]...!”

Don’t fuck up don’t fuck u-

“...I guess it's my turn, isn't it?”

Makoto wiped blood from the cut on her cheek she had obtained when she was kicked by that asshole shadow.

This was it.

This was how they were ending it.

...She can't back down now.

All of this would be for nothing if she backed down now-!

She ripped her mask off and looked Narukami dead in the eye.

“Come, Agnes!”

With a smile that was eerily similar to her leader's, she snapped her fingers.

“...Flash Bomb.”

[-19% HP.]

It glared at Makoto, the one who dared to challenge him first.

>> [Ziodyne] Roll: 19

The lightning ripped her apart. It grinned in delight. [-72]

Agony.

Dear god, did the lightning hurt.

She screamed in pain as the Ziodyne hit her, all too unlucky.

No, she couldn't- Not yet-



NOT YET-!

After the attack subsided, her body fell to the ground, miraculously leaving her somewhat conscious.

Her breathing began to slow.

Her pulse was fading.

She turned to Yusuke. "Fight... him... don't let me die... in vain..." Makoto turned to face her love.

Chie. Oh, Chie...

Three more words left her mouth, only for the two lovers to know.

She faced up at the artificial sky above them, a satisfied smile on her face.

"Ren... san... Papa... Mama..."

Her breathing became slower,

slower,

until...

Nothing.

No...

No!

"Makoto!" The girl shouted, watching her be struck by lightning as the other girl fell to her demise; whispering out a final message to her and Yusuke.

T.. This can't be.. no..

She was in total shock, no pun intended, and had begun to cry; though those weren't just normal tears.

No, those were tears of burning rage. Fueling her desire to absolutely decimate Naru.

The brunette had taken hold of her girlfriend's mask, along with her gun. She carefully put the mask on with the best support she could possibly use and pointed the gun at Naru.

"Reap what you sow, bastard!"

[GUN.]

(Ghost Makoto cheers from heaven. "THAT'S MY BABY!")

...

Its breath hitched. It seemed to be in pain. [-1000] [All resistances nullified]

...

The presence pressed closer against his beloved. His sacrifice could mean something. It could save them. Enough time had passed.

...

"...Do you know what happens to a Shadow when it kills its other self?"

...

The presence kept watching.

"...They become their own person, like they always want. But after a while, they get weaker."

...

"I've seen it for myself."

...

"Do you know now why I had to...?"

...

"That's why I had to reject it. Why I had to die."

He didn't want to die, back then. But he had to. Not only for Ren, and not even only for everyone here.

...

"I'm still sorry for leaving you like that. Leaving you, and Nanako, and Uncle, and everyone else. But it had to happen, for this."

...

It's confused. Trying to glare at the spirit form of his other self provided no answers, prompting no response except a tight-lipped smile.

[-500]

Narukami was smiling. Why was he smiling? It couldn't understand. It felt weaker now, and it couldn't understand.

[-500]

...

This was what the Shadow did all of this for? To lose because it achieved what it wanted?

...

Narukami didn't have any sympathy. He couldn't, not after everything it'd done- and especially because they were the same.

...

"So. You're dying."

Dojima sounds a bit upset, oddly enough.

Maybe because it's the only remnant of his nephew he had left.

Though, Anger never left his eyes. It's hard to after you witnessed him murder three people, knowing he murdered his own nephew and his old friend.

[Megidolaon]

"I've lived my life only helping myself, unable to help other by my own ignorance and selfishness. But how can I help others if I cannot breathe and maintain my strength enough to do so?"

•

"I must be smart about this, Diarama on my self. I must stay alive to keep others alive as well."

Nanako stared at her brother's shadow, staring at his cold, bloodthirsty eyes. She had sparred with him before, tried to practice with her katana. Right now, she was using the same moves he taught her.

But this wasn't a spar anymore. This was a proper fight; a battle to the death. She'd seen Miya, Niijima and even Adachi drop dead before her eyes. She hated fighting someone that looked like her brother. She didn't want to. It hurt her.

But she couldn't let her brother's sacrifice be in vain.

Still. The attacks hurt and so did hurting him. She'd have to let the others handle it for now.

"We'll win for you, Big Bro."

She summoned his persona.

[Rakunda]

"Hanamura.... no, Yosuke! You're all friends of mine now, there's no need for formalities. Please, help us all, we can't..." Tears were flowing down Mitsuru's face. "We can't lose someone else!"

Dojima kept as straight a face as he could manage in the face of his.

He was stone cold as he commanded Ada- Magatsu once more.

"[Megidolaon], one more time."

He's getting the hang of this, he thinks.

>> [Megidolaon] Roll: 19

... [-950]

Magatsu-Izanagi finally seemed satisfied with the person who gave him the command.

He gave the persona a little smile, reserved for when someone did a good job on the job. He already figured out what, or, well, who was standing beside him.

Mitsuru looked around. At the pain. The suffering. She couldn't handle this.

"Maybe this is what the world looks like outside. Maybe the tears fall and the people scream in agonizing pain, waiting for someone to help. And I failed. I'm stuck, here. Instead of helping those I need to help."

She then looked around. "...no. These people, my friends, THEY need me now. They need my power, my strength, my resolve. They need... no. I NEED THEM!"

Her eyes glowed a bright blue as she looked towards the shadow.

"Mind charge, let my resolve make way for your destruction, and the protection of those who need it most!"

Nanako looked at the figure of her brother's shadow and saw how frail it was becoming. It didn't hold up much of a fight anymore though it attempted to hold its weight up. It was... hard to watch but she knew she couldn't look away anymore.

This wasn't a game of pretend. She wasn't some detective going around and exploring with her big brother. This was a life or death situation and no one's sacrifice was going to be in vain. The only way they could win and get out would be... killing Yu.

Nanako gulped back her saliva. She couldn't hurt him, but she could help the others. She turned to Kirijo, a look of resolve in her eyes with tears on her face.

"I'll help you, Kirijo!"

She summoned Yu's persona again, this time to help.

[Tarukaja on Mitsuru]

Naoya had his motives, everyone else had theirs. He summoned his persona once more.

I believe in you, Naoya!  
< I believe in myself too. >

He cracked up a small smirk.

...

He felt a presence try to congratulate him..

They might've been talking too, but their voice seemed muffled. It sounded cheery, though.

[Guard]

'Don't let me die in vain'

Makoto's words rang in Yusuke's head as the shadow's attacks burn his flesh. Yet despite the pain, he felt as though the shadow's attacks were significantly weaker than before.

If he could just hold out a bit longer...

He looked over to Arsene with eyes filled fear due to his own helplessness.

He had to survive.

Not for himself, he didn't fear death anymore, not after having to face it head-on due to his own actions, but for his fallen teammates...

His teammates, the ones he had considered the family he never had, the teammates who saved him from a life of misery, and for the teammate who had given up everything for him.

Chie had equipped the persona her beloved had used, she'll summon it in a moment.

But for now.

She walks up to naru and grabs him by the hair, holding him down with all her strength as she starts shouting.

"This is what you deserve bastard! This is for Minato!"

Kick.

"Futaba!"

Kick.

"Makoto!"

Kick.

“And YUSUKE KITAGAWA!”

A kick square into the jaw.

Dojima looked back over his shoulder at Ma...

At Adachi.

“You ready?”

A simple nod was his answer.

“[Hopefully, this’ll be the last time. Megidolaon, lets give it all we’ve got.]”

I’ve never seen him this... Animated over anything.

Must be adrenaline.

Or the urge to protect.

Either works.

Mitsuru took in a deep breath, and as she breathed out, a chilling frost left her breath.

The wind around her began to whip, like a flurry of snow surrounding her being and circling around her, lifting her up into the air. The wind allowed her to defy gravity for a bit, holding her above the ground.

She closed her eyes, and looked towards the sky. Despite being the TV realm, that star shone with a beautiful brilliance.

That northern star.

From the hearts of all of her friends, both dead and a alive, shone an aurora of colors. Each a distinct spirit in their own way. The sky above all of them began to shine with those brilliant and vibrant colors, the spirits of those with many differences brought together.

She saw her father in that star from above, looking down, and smiling. Akihiko. Minato, Yukari.

Yu, Ren, Makoto, all smiling.

She opened her eyes and commanded her hand.

“BUFUDYNE!” The colors enveloped the shadow as their spirits came together as one aurora Borealis under that guiding star. A prism-like glacier appeared and surrounded the shadow, as she then waved her hand.

With a shattering screech, the glacier broke, and a rainbow of colorful snow hailed down from the sky, the beautiful spirits that allowed her to carry on, that taught her, and that made her happy.

Agnes revved her engine in response to Naru’s weakness.

Yes... this would be adequate.

For her user.

For Makoto.

Yosuke smiled. This was it, huh.

His eyes were on Naru.

“I guess its game over, right?”

He stopped for a moment.

“Partner.”

He then turned to face everyone else. His teammates. His friends.

“Im ready to go when you guys are.”

Somewhere, someplace...

Makoto watched from a distance.

She smiled.

This was what she worked so hard for, to achieve justice. Even at the cost of her life.



She closed her eyes...

“...Thank you.”

A soft whisper that could've been passed off as wind.

Her spirit began to fade to another place...

So this was how Yusuke must have felt.

“...I'm so proud of you all...”

A glittering tear rolled down her face as she smiled.

So this really was goodbye.

“...Please... smile... for me...”

And just like that, it was almost like she was never there at all.

---

Chie was the first to go, as she felt the eyes of the people who had fallen gaze upon her.

Watching every move with a burning passion and love. She could hear the whispers of Minato and Futaba telling her to kick naru's teeth out, to beat him up with all the strength she has before letting someone else go.

“Oh, I'll kick his teeth out alright.” She muttered to herself, boldly standing upright and walking over to Naru for her first turn.

Their eyes were like stars, watching over her with no malice. It was peaceful.

Soon, they'll rest easy; and even if she's still suffering, she'll keep living on for their sake and memory. Each part of her now reformed as she was no longer the chie she used to be.

She was braver, tougher.

And stronger.

“Pay for sins, with eternal PUNISHMENT!”

KICK SQUARE IN THE FACE!

“PAY WITH YOUR BLOOD!”

KICK!

“TEARS!”

KICK.

“AND SWEAT!”

She landed the last blow, knocking out a couple of teeth as she backed away; pleased with herself as she lets the next person go.

Life was good.

Click. Click. Click. Click. Click.

Five bullets in the chamber. It's as many as his gun will fit.

It's more than enough for what needed to be done.

It seemed Adachi understood as well, already allowing power to flow through him.

Power Charge. That's the identification he gave.

It will allow his attacks to do more damage. While he didn't want suffering, he knew it was much less than he deserved.

Adachi agreed with this.

Bang. The first shot went off, and it lodged within the shadow's shoulder.

It seemed displeased. Barely fazed. Not for long.

The next shot was fired, at an alarming speed, wind whipping around the bullet as it sailed through the shadow's chest.

Magarudyne, a whisper told him. He believed him.

Click.

The third shot was fired and he witnessed Magatsu lunge forward as well, the bullet lodging within the shadow's leg as the weapon the persona wielded slashed through the shadow's body, leaving behind what should've been a bleeding mess of a fatal wound, but instead was barely a scratch.

He was getting annoyed. Pissed.

The shadow still looked smug, in his eyes.

Click.

The fourth bullet fired with more power than the last.

Power Charge again. It seemed to have doubled in strength.

That definitely hurt the enemy. He could feel the sinister grin upon Adachi's face as if it were his own.

Click.

Five.

"Let's go."

He fired off the shot and ran forward with Magatsu, barely taking note it hit where a Human's heart would be as he struck the shadow across the face with the end of his gun, and an almighty magic blast him out of his grip.

A hand picked Ryotaro up and held him out of blast range.

He fell into a sitting position.

"I'm too old for this..."

He could hear Adachi laughing, somewhere.

"Alrighty." He took a deep breath. "Lets do this."

Kunai in hand, Persona by the ready. He had Takehaya  
Susano-o by his side.

Uhh im bad at writing fight scenes but Gay Ninja Frog and this twink with knives are going ham.

"We'll meet again, partner." His eyes were fixed on Naru. Yu's shadow.

He was done. He sighed.

The silent boy stood and watched, he was feeling...thrilled. God, how long has it been since he's been thrilled over fighting? Certainly a while, but he was glad it came back nonetheless..

...

Go on, show this foe what you got, *leader!*

< Will do. >

And with that, he started heading towards the enemy, stopping right before he got too close.

A boy, whose heart was pierced with guilt and sorrow too many times, was standing before one of the people who put him and his friends through hell. He could only glare.

...

Nothing's stopping you now, I got your back!

"Why don't you join me?" he asked, his tone gentle. He extended his hand out, but the shadow was not willing to respond. Hmph.

"C'mon, I got freedom to spare."

Still no response. He rolled his eyes. The shadow wasn't willing to talk. He might as well go with killing it straight away.

...

Naoya, don't do anything careless.

"You put my friends through so much." a ring was starting to form around him. "They didn't deserve what they went through with me or you." he continued.

The pierced boy... had stopped bleeding. He wasn't going to hold back any longer. This was his moment. This was...

...

You can do it! Do it as you always did, Naorin!

"And I won't overlook the truth! Vishnu!!"

He hit the shadow with Garudyne.

Mitsuru looked at Naru. After so many attacks on him, he was on his knees, defenseless, and hopeless.

Her heels clicked on the floor ahead of her, the pools of blood all around her feet as the ripples spread themselves out to all ends of the pool's circumference. She kneeled down before him, and looked into his golden eyes.

"I know firsthand how it feels to be hated by everyone. How no one loves you or cares of you because of the way you acted. You're evil, a monster, right? I was too at some point."

She looked at the ground, tears silently falling from her face.

"But someone taught me that even those with the darkest of hearts.... deserve a little bit of the light of love. And that person...."

She gazed into his eyes.

"Was you. So, thank you, for teaching me something like that. How to love. And how to be loved. It's opened my world in ways you wouldn't know possible. And I know you don't like this kind of stuff but..."

She leaned in and laid her lips upon his for a solid 10 seconds at least, and then she pulled back. "But even those with the darkest of hearts, deserve a little bit of the light of love. Goodbye, Naru."

She held her rapier in front of her, and pointed the blade in his direction. Tears were uncontrollably falling from her face, but she made no noise. She slowly leaned into him, as the blade pierced through his abdomen and she leaned upon his shoulder with her head, hand gripped on her blade. "I hope... this provides you some sort of happiness in a world of pain and agony. You and me are somewhat the same in that like, but I've found my happiness. I hope you find yours, Naru."

Yusuke, despite his injuries, despite the horrible pain he was in, charged at the shadow. This horrid shadow, the one who had taken everything from him, he was going to make him pay for the lives he had taken. He unsheathed his blade, ready to strike the demon at any moment. As he ran up to the shadow he felt as if the spirits of his teammates were watching him, guiding his every step until he finally got close enough to the shadow to do what he needed to do...

What he had wanted to do since the moment he found out this creature was responsible for everything.

He plunged his sword directly into its eye socket, pushing it further into the disgusting yellow eye, before pulling it out as a snapping sound ran out.

He stepped away before pulling the severed eye off of his sword, throwing it to the ground, and crushing it with his boot...

This was it. The end. They had all attacked him. Yu was on his last legs. There was no way he could win. He was weak, frail and looked... even a bit more human. But he was a shadow and Nanako knew that the only way to end his suffering was by ending him.

"Yu... Things would have been a lot better if Big Bro accepted you." She started, wiping the tears from her eyes. "Or if he fought you himself and won. But he can't... he's not here anymore."

The tears started again but she stopped herself from bursting out into sobs. Instead, she stared at the remaining pieces of her big brother.

"I'm sorry. But I can't let Big Bro's sacrifice be in vain. You're a completely different person. You said it yourself!" She breathed a sigh. "So... I have to do this. You need to go back to Big Bro!"

The little girl turned to the two personas she had acquired from Yu and Miya, giving them a nod. She saw the determination in their eyes too. They needed a way to end this. To be free of the chains that held them down and stopped them from having their peace.

"Are you ready, Big Bro? Miya?" She felt words in her head, giving their confirmation. "Okay! We need to end it now!"

The girl charged towards the boy on the ground, clutching her katana tightly while the two personas followed at her side, Yu raising his sword and Miya getting ready to perform a move, hand outstretched.

'Keep your hands raised above your head.' Nanako gripped the katana tighter, throwing it above her head.

'Distribute your weight correctly.' She threw all her force towards him.

'Throw your katana down, like this.' The image of the dopplegänger bringing his sword down stayed fresh in her mind as the girl brought the katana down on him, Yu slicing him with his sword and Miya casting another dream needle that pierced him.

That was the last of his hit points, gone. Nanako panted, staring down at the remains of her big brother with the tears freely streaming down her face.

"It's over... Big Bro." She directed it towards Yu.

Because in the end. He was still part of her big brother. No matter what he wanted to say about it.

The world was as cruel as he was. He didn't fully understand that until he saw the hint of a smile on Narukami's face, and the strange power that made him invincible slipped away right in front of his eyes.

Maybe he knew he wouldn't last much longer since the small fight with Kirijo and Amamiya, ever since he felt that something was off. Maybe he knew that this fog would spread to the entire world and consume it in nothingness.

Shadows weren't intended to contemplate such things, and it was too late now.

During each round of torment, he remained silent.

As Chie kicked him until his face went numb, he said nothing.

His blood boiled when he heard that familiar laugh, the one that'd been directed at him too many times, but he said nothing.

Hanamura had the gall to call him of all people 'partner' while his Persona attacked him, but he still said nothing.

Toudou, and his cries of vengeance. Kirijo, with... words that confused him, and contact that he couldn't and didn't want to register. Kitagawa, pulling his eye out and crushing it on the ground in front of him.

There was nothing he wanted to say to any of them- or rather, nothing that he could.

And then, there was Nanako.

The girl who had tried talking to him not a day prior, who'd insisted there was 'still something of Big Bro' in him. She'd said that Narukami couldn't die without something happening to him.

At least she was right about one thing.

"Keep your hands raised..."

It looked like she knew what she was doing already- though, as his remaining eye flicked upwards, he noticed that her hands weren't in quite the correct position.

But that didn't matter. Unlike him, she still had time to learn.

"The locked room," he said suddenly, just before she struck. "There's... a TV."

Maybe, in his last moments, he simply wanted Adachi's master plan to fall apart, and wanted them to escape for no other reason than to spite the one he'd had to put up with all this time. Maybe he was setting them up.

Maybe the Shadow felt moved. Maybe there really was some 'Big Bro' in him.

There was no way of knowing now. As the larger sword and Persona attack hit him, as the smaller sword struck down on its target, his body convulsed, he fell to the floor, and never moved again.

Did he have regrets?

Shadows weren't meant to contemplate such things.