



After the armor fell,
the Hell portal widened
again.



Its energy climbed high
enough for Heaven
to notice.



Seraphiel descended
before dawn, not as
a blessing, but as
a verdict.



The angel looked at Earth
and saw a door that had
to be destroyed before
the Demon King could
use it.



Seraphiel planted
one seed in the
wounded ground.



The God Tree grew
like a commandment
carved into the planet.



Its roots did not
drink water. They
drank life.



Grass grayed, stone
cracked, and green
light poured out of
Earth toward a single
growing fruit.



We found Seraphiel
where the roots met
the sky.



The angel did not deny
the cost. Earth would die,
and the portal would die
with it.



To Seraphiel, one world
was a price the universe
could survive.



To us, one world was
everyone we had sworn
to protect.



Golden Faith Force mirrored holy faith, but a mirror is not the sun.



Serena struck from above.



Darius caught the flame's edge and nearly lost his guard.



Marcus focused everything into one blast.



Seraphiel's Divine Fire cut through it like dawn through fog.



Darius saw the pattern first: the roots were feeding one fruit with the life of Earth.



If that power stayed in the tree, the planet would become an empty shell.



I reached for the fruit because there was no safe choice left.



The taste was soil, rain, forests, oceans, and every heartbeat the tree had stolen.



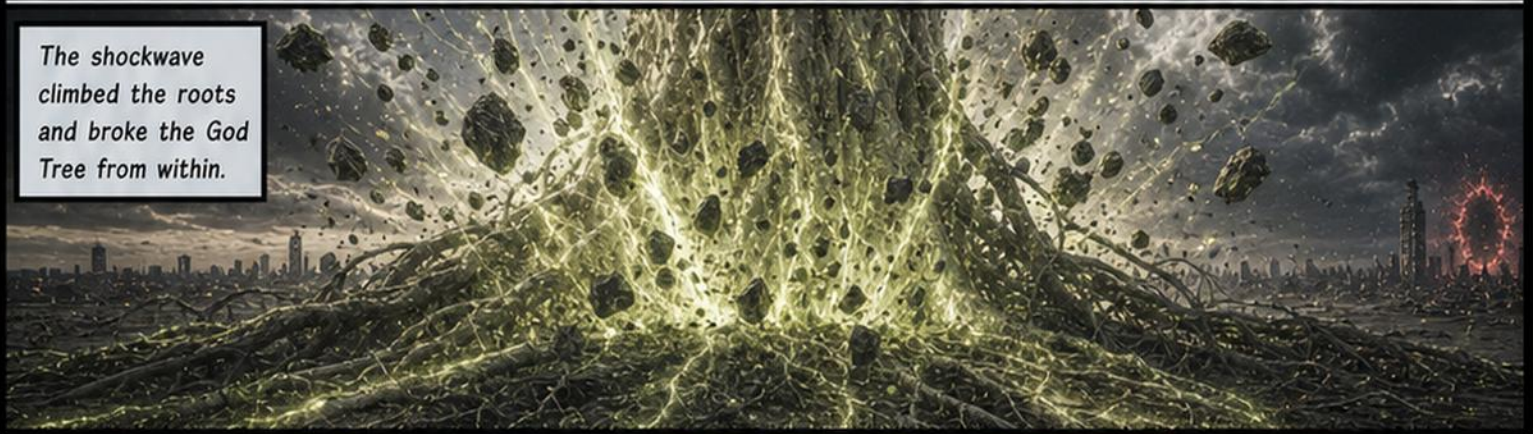
Faith Force
became Gaia Green.



The ground
remembered its
own strength.



The shockwave
climbed the roots
and broke the God
Tree from within.



Seraphiel raised
Divine Fire, but Earth
answered louder.



The angel fell
upward, launched
beyond the clouds by
the life they tried
to steal.



The stolen life
returned in waves.



Grass lifted. Trees breathed.
The world survived
the angel's mercy.



But the God Tree
had taken time
we did not have.



The Hell portal was
almost open, and the
Demon King was almost
here.

