

War of the Portal

Part 1, Chapter 1 - "The Flood"

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The blistering heat always made people think differently. This could sometimes be an advantage, sometimes a disadvantage. Though most of the time, it would cause people to grow more to the side of insanity itself, curling dark and twisted thoughts in their mind, ready to let go of what they once believed.

The huge city was in ruins as strange lights flew in the skies. It was night and the humid air made the temperature feel much hotter than anyone could have imagined. Few stars could be seen as the night clouds enveloped where they attempted to watch the world.

RedCircle had a black hood covering his head, nearly worn jeans that made him hidden in the alleyway, waiting for the unsuspecting prey to step out of the darkness. His wooden baseball bat was firm in his hands, ready to strike anything that appeared from the darkness. The city had fallen to unrest recently and someone had to do something. Recon_Rebel slowly moved to RedCircle's side as he clenched his silver fist, ready as much as RedCircle was. XwaynecoltX was on the other side of the shaded alleyway, considering possible options of attack. A noise echoed in the dark alleyway as the three moved closer, waiting for the shadow to crawl out.

A white blur blasted from the shadows and RedCircle aimed his bat at it, smashing the creature onto ground. It had to be stopped. The white figure had red lines beneath its single black filled eye, ready for attack. It lunged towards XwaynecoltX, who aimed his silver gauntlet at it, pounding it to the ground. He caught his breath as sweat rolled down his face.

"((DISAPPOINTING))," XwaynecoltX muttered. "This one seems to want to attract attention and it seems that it could be greatly improved."

"What are you mumbling about?" Asked Recon_Rebel. He dived towards the white creature, attempting to punch it, missing inches of the strange creature's white flesh.

"After it!" Roared RedCircle.

The three bounded after it, Recon madly leaping forward, throwing his fist as beads of sweat rolled down his face.

A chain suddenly fired itself from the darkness, taking hold of the white creature. It howled as a black silken cloaked figure tightened the chain tightly, ripping the creature into bloody pieces.

"I missed it, damn," Cursed Recon_Rebel. "And who might you be?"

"Me?" Asked the black cloaked figure, wiping the blood off the chain. "I am D0GMA."

Recon_Rebel tried to see a face under the cloak but could not see any. D0GMA stood in the shade, where no light would reach beneath the hood. It seemed that D0GMA had some secrets that would not soon be revealed.

RedCircle moved closer to the dead creature, studying it closely. "It seems that there have been too many of these creatures lately. What should we do about it?"

XwaynecoltX looked at D0GMA, shrugging his shoulders, then back at the dead creature. "It seems that this city has too many wild creatures. I guess the only possibility would be to obtain some powerful people."

"You're correct," Replies D0GMA. "The portal requires aid and I suppose we should be off to go and aid it. First, what are your names?"

"I'm RedCircle, that's XwaynecoltX and that man over there is Recon_Rebel."

"Very well," D0GMA hints a sign of happiness. "Shall we go to the portal?"