

War of the Portal

Part 2, Chapter 8 - "The Dark Truth"

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The five men made it onwards as randyrandy and Slightly_Crazy_Dude carried ReconRebel. Gfoxcook quickly muttered a healing spell under his breath, as ReconRebel's broken bones began to heal.

"What is that?" Asked Qwoxyl, who seemed to be perturbed by the strange doing just over the hill.

"It's him," Said randyrandy. "The man must be opening the portal now."

ReconRebel woke as Gfoxcook told him of the cruel attack the demon unleashed against him.

"That's crazy!" Says ReconRebel, who has instantly recovered and learnt the ability to run along with his friends. "Whatever has happened, he will be stopped, regardless of the costs!"

The men ran towards the strange pillar of pink light that seemed to burst into the sky. No submissions appeared to fall victim to the meteorism of the previous crevice. It was a manifestation of the man's recent activities, evidence that his cogitations were in fact correct. It was apparent that the man intended for the portal to be re opened, as if wishing to bring back a convalesce that threatened the life of humanity. Of course, there was indignation involved, the men's anger to injustice. It spread like an osmosis, a cloud of misted of emotions, permeating to their bodies, infecting their blood and veins like an airborne gas. It became palpable that they were not going to be called feeble men again.

"We're nearly there!" Panted randyrandy as he climbed the slope. They moved closer the flare of energy that seemed to burst over the rise of land before them. They climbed over the last hill, not daring to look behind them, too see whether Jonthomson had...they could not think about that now. The hill led down to a huge crater that seemed to be filled with mossed rocks, covering what once was a deep valley. Towards the centre of the huge light, they could see two specks, barely.

"We have to go into the light," Said Gfoxcook. "The Power is immense; I can draw a great amount even from here." The five pressed on, ignorant of the tiredness they felt in their legs, the pain that pulled in every step they took down slope. The made it towards the huge circle of energy that seemed to stretch miles into the sky, scared to step through. But Gfoxcook walked right past the barrier, and the others followed, ready to sacrifice anything to find out the man's intention – and to stop him.

The group raced towards the man and his servant who faced the hole before them, where a great torrent of energy seemed to surge from. Wielding their weapons, the man suddenly spoke.

"I see they have arrived Tom. We shall let them speak and I shall answer some of their questions – they need answers."

"Why have you re opened the portal?" Demanded Gfoxcook. "Obviously, it will create the same outcome as what the previous crevice. What is your intention?"

"My intention?" The man turned around, revealing his body covered in a black cloak. All that could be seen was his pale face and a fringe of black hair that hang from beneath his hood.

“Opening the portal again has the same reason as to why I created the virus – to complete my task.”

“Your task? The virus? It was you?” ReconRebel stepped forward, his knuckles white from gripping the handle of his flail so tightly.

“Yes, I created the virus. It was not difficult, but it required some practice. Why?”

“Why?” Blurted Qwoxyl. “You create some...chemical that kills innocent people, destroys a city and then kill my friend! God, Inuzuka-Kiba because of this too!”

The man laughed and turned around, moving closer to the open hole, where an enormous energy forced its way from.

“*Procella!*” He roared as a massive wind built up, blowing away all but Qwoxyl. They flew backwards away from the man, landing heavily on the ground.

“You are strong and worthy of my respect. For that, I shall tell you.” The man hinted a fragment of happiness in his voice, as if excited by Qwoxyl’s resistance.

“And what else is there to know?” Roared Qwoxyl.

“My name,” The man seemed to have a smile on his which even Tom was shocked about. Of course, Qwoxyl did not see this.

“My name is...”

To be continued...