

## War of the Portal

Part 2, Chapter 9 - "The Power of Destruction"

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"My name is..."

"I don't care what your name is!" Roared Qwoxyl, ignorant of what the man had been saying.

"It's time you pay!"

"Oh well," Sighed the man. "Tom, you take care of him. I have a task to do." The man turned to the hole and raised his hands, muttering the strange tongue of the ancients, a conjuration Qwoxyl could not begin to imagine. Wielding his bat, Qwoxyl charged to Tom\_s00, who had gauntlets bound to his hand, most likely taken from the man. He swiped a strike as Tom\_s00 easily dodged it with little difficulty, laughing at the lack within Qwoxyl. This only made him angrier, launching a strike against Tom\_s00's head, with the servant grabbing the bat and lifting it above his head, to cause Qwoxyl to fly behind him, crashing into the rocks behind him.

ReconRebel stood up as he stared around in confusion, still stunned by the huge wind that slammed him onto the ground in the first place. He looked at the man who seemed to be summoning a ball of white light, a supernatural evil that he could not trust. The man's servant seemed to walk towards Qwoxyl, who lay near a clump of rocks, ready to smash him. Grunting, ReconRebel ran quickly, swinging his flail tightly to ensure he didn't accidentally strike himself. He came into the distance of the servant as he noticed Recon, swinging his bat and dodging the fast swipe of the metal ball. Dropping the bat, the servant leaped to ReconRebel, forcing a punch into his stomach. Randyrandy seemed to materialize behind the servant as he tried to cut the man's head off with a horizontal strike. The servant only laughed as he dodged the attack with little difficulty. Slightly\_Crazy\_Dude charged from the servant's left and ReconRebel nodded. He knew what to do. Randyrandy attempted a second strike as the servant swiftly shifted to one side. As that took place, ReconRebel swung his bat at the servant, who also dodged the blow with Slightly\_Crazy\_Dude trapping the man between the two, smashing his wooden bat across the servant's head, causing him to fly on the ground.

Qwoxyl stood up as he stared at Tom, who was on the ground. He only smirked as he charged towards the man who was holding a strange pink ball of crimson energy. The man muttered something as he turned around, sighing.

"So Tom wasn't enough?" Smiled the man. He raised his right hand as energy seemed to flow into it, causing his hand to light up. Energy from the portal, thin white strips, tiny threads began to fly towards a ball that had formed, moulding into substance, forming into solid, forming into life. A white creature materialized from the threads of energy that the man had used to create him. The man smiled as a blob of darkness began to pour over the submission, then a bolt of plasma, seeming to shock the monster, growing, taller, and burning into a mutated human like demon.

"Kill them!" Demanded the man as he turned around and the black demon approached the four men.

Gfoxcook rose slowly as he looked at the man who summoned the black demon that seemed to

nearly kill them. He stared at the man who held a red ball over the pool of pink light that radiated from the small hole. If anyone fell in, there was no way of coming back up. He smiled as he gripped Yoink\_VineS's rod, charging towards the man. Tom suddenly appeared out of nowhere as the guard slammed the rod against his side, pushing him towards the other men. He muttered under his breath to summon a simple protection spell.

The man turned around, smiling, holding the head sized red gem that was held firmly in his hand. "It's all done," He smiled. The spherical crystal vanished in an instant as the man began to mutter a deep incantation. Gfoxcook's eyes widened as he understood; he had to stop it now. Qwoxyl suddenly appeared behind the shocked guard. He had no time to lose.

"Stop, this is beyond your league! Get out of here, now!"

Before he let the angered man say anything, he began an ancient skill that only he knew about, a skill he ensured the man was not capable of. He began a counter, the opposite of the man's curse, to remove any damage possible. He muttered quickly as he noticed the man's chest seemed to glow a white colour. He felt it, a core of energy, tucked in beneath his shirt. He pulled for the power as he flashed his hand forwards, and pulled the portal gem and managing to hold a grip of it, while the man tried to pull it back. Oh yes, with this, he could do anything, powers beyond hope and death. With this, god was nothing. He was just an ant.

The men stared at Gfoxcook, who seemed to have stars shifting around him. They were not clear, but they could still be seen. A flare of nuclear energy that appeared to mass in the man's hands, ready to erupt any moment. Of course, the men could see it and they ran. They didn't know how they could, but they did and the point was they had to run. Gfoxcook seemed to mutter faster as the purple ball hummed louder and shook, like a time bomb. White hexagons appeared to fade around the ball, effects of the counter attack. It was being done now and it could not be stopped. The hexagons wrapped around the ball as it was completely surrounded and then it happened – the ball erupted.

What could be seen in the distance was a huge eruption, shaking the lands and sending a shockwave many miles in the distance. A burst of purple energy expanded from outside of the bright light from the earth, recreating what the land once was. It was the end, the end of another time and beginning of another. The war had begun and it was now too late to stop it. All that could be done was to fight it, to fight it to the very very end. Hope still existed in the hearts of mankind and as long as hope existed, there was a chance. A chance...to fight.