

War of the Portal

Part 3, Chapter 7 - "Defecation"

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Ten white tanks with huge cannons hoisted on the front rolled away from the army base as they quickly covered the harsh terrain of broken earth littered with thousands of dead submissions. The red pillar of light in the horizon moved closer as they began to see a strange point rising to what seemed a dark tower of infinite height, surrounded by rings of spikes of buildings with white dots seeming to be small windows where submissions watched. What scared them the most was the massive black cloud of submissions that floated atop the structure. Hundreds. The tanks passed over the broken earth as they touched flat ground, kicking off jets of tan coloured dust, accelerating at a constant speed.

“All units, please report.” ramagi’s voice responded through speaker within the tank. Each tank held two people, one driver and one in charge of the cannon. There was enough room to prevent any cramps, yet there was still the loud noise of the tank rolling over the earth.

“Tank two reporting, over.” RedCircle smiled as Qwoxyl stared at him from behind. “I love driving.”

“What’s your status? Are weapons mobilized?” This time it was ReconRebel. There were three commander tanks which were surrounded by the flanks of seven other units.

“RedCircle reporting, over,” Replied the man as he kept a steady pace. “Minus six hundred T seconds until attack. Weapons are fully mobilized and functioning, over.”

The speaker did not respond for a few seconds. “Roger that. Advance onwards, we’ll take the back rows. I suggest the weapon master set the weapon to be functional atop the tank. Over.”

And that was the end; Qwoxyl opened the circular door above him, climbing up the ladder.

RedCircle typed a command on the keypad before him, which raised a control unit above. The commanders must have been fully assured that these tanks were powerful enough if they risked men standing on top of the tank!

Afterburner stood on top of the white tank that moved steadily along, catching the white coloured control unit that rose up in front of him. Lifting it to adjust to his height, Afterburner stared at the huge fortress in awe. With lightning driving, he would never see a view as beautiful, yet as scary as this. Looking at the control unit, he stared at the few buttons that were labelled on it. He quickly set the cannon tank to rise upwards, staring carefully to see if there were any oncoming submissions. A fear filled his body, not a fear of defeating the submissions, but a fear of dying. This was the first time he had ever been involved in battle of such a magnitude and seemed that twenty against what they had seen before had seemed ludicrous! Yet he shoved the thought away, somehow, and thought hopeful.

Inuzuka-Kiba stared at the citadel with an expressionless face. He trusted XwaynecoltX’s ability to drive, as he had met him long ago.

He had learned more than willpower, but a dark secret that he had to tell the others, before it was too late.

The thought returned to him, as he shook, shoving it away. Yes, he had told the others that the submissions about what they called an 'Omega', an end to that of mankind. A revolution. He did smile at the fact that he would have most likely have been dead if he had not met them again. He stared upwards with a heavy confidence deep in his heart as they drove onwards, ready to strike.

gfoxcook held ramagi's rod as he stared at the huge citadel as he saw a thin black cloud like smoke stretch from the top, bodies of submissions forming as one huge force. Lifting his walkie talkie, he communicated to Crono-. "Units approaching. Prepare attack."

The submissions flew forwards at immense speed at the strange white objects, laughing at such strange technology. Huge projectiles were shot from their funnels, firing onto the citadel and rupturing holes in the buildings. The submission's home; they grew indignant. Charging forwards, they came to a stop by rains of fire and lightning, chances of attacking fading.

Eldarion continued to use the control to fire at various parts of the structure that he thought were foundations. carmelhadinosaur kept a steady pace for him as he feared the oncoming submissions. Yet the mini annihilator-like turrets on the side of the tank kept him safe. DOGMA and gfoxcook prepared their attacks, how they did, was unknown, since they had exerted a mass of energy before. Surely they couldn't last much longer. Eldarion's eyes stared forwards as he saw what seemed to be a black cloud with a mutilated red eye attached on the front. It had red and blue tentacles dangling loosely behind it, like an eyeball pulled out of its socket. Never seeing such a creature before, Eldarion aimed the cannon at the strange creature, letting fire. The huge bullet flew towards the monster, seeming to pass through it like a ghost. Its single eye swivelled towards him, charging. The turrets fired, only to pass through the ghost's body again. The man screamed.

DOGMA turned to face the sound of the scream as a strange cloud of darkness flew to a tank with Eldarion atop. Grunting, DOGMA decided to attempt a trick at the poltergeist.

"Vocare vis viris extermino. Phasma ignis; dextera!"

A white flame appeared before DOGMA's right hand. Throwing the power at the strange creature, it spun towards the creature, causing it to vanish. *Submission ghosts*, thought DOGMA. Turning back to the citadel, more 'ghosts' came ahead, and DOGMA continued to throw white flames of Power.

The two supreme guards stared at the battle in horror as the wall beside them smashed in blocks of earth and flame. Growling with a great anger, they charged forwards and flew themselves off the building, preparing to destroy the enemy.

To be continued...