

War of the Portal

Part 3, Chapter 8 - "Termination"

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Note: Passed 30,000 words

The supreme guards circled like huge falcons, marking the positions of ten white objects that continued to move closer towards the citadel.

"Vocare vis viris extermino. Oriens procella!"

The second supreme guard smiled, speaking after the first.

"Universus claustrum illo procella!"

A wind of evil came from the east, as gfoxcok turned his head to see bolts of lighting stretching from the thin air. A strange hint of dark power blasted from the air as gfoxcok's eyes widened, fearing the power that he could not defend. He froze as a voice boomed somewhere afar...

"Contego claustrum illo et oriens procella, NUNC!"

Dobio roared as he stared at the dark creation in horror. He had left his friends behind, leaving with one person. He stared at the power of death. He wielded his golden short sword as one of the black robed falcon demons flew to him at incredible speed. Close to the speed of sound. He focused for a skill that would destroy any oncoming targets, Dobio fumbled for the ancient knowledge he had read in ancient texts once. It was obvious that the others had released the virus cure, somehow, and it was too late to take any action. But he could benefit fighting in the battle and fight to stop the threat. The demon was only feet from him as he threw his blade upwards at superior speed, slicing the submission guard in half. Blood fell on the man's face as Jonthomson stepped closely behind him, complimenting his skill. "That was a close call."

"Thank you," Smiled Dobio. He rarely smiled, but he had grown a liking towards the man. "Now – you will go and destroy the Geminus Lord for me. I will give you the necessary ability to fly."

the_phantom_spancker pressed the button again, firing towards the right side of the citadel. An ear piercing boom was audible as one of the foundations collapsed, causing one of the falling towers to send trails of dust and a huge earthquakes far away. He cheered as the sound continued to roar with hails of flame still pouring from the sky, crushing many of the ambushing submissions. A white skinned submission with the typical black wings landed on the side of the tank as he threw his bronze fist at it, to punch it off. A black faced cloud flew past him as it was engulfed in a cover of white flame. He turned back to the citadel as he fired at the central tower, which seemed to be invincible. At that instant, XkwiziTOnE, who drove the car, temporarily stopped as an eruption of mauve light radiated from the collapsed tower.

A huge black cloud that contained thousands more demons poured out from the mass of debris like a horde of turgescient infections, causing any man to ossify to the animated heart. The conglomerated cloud appeared to solidify, with an exiguous number of the submissions convoluting around the oversized globule of danse macabre. The black cyst metamorphosed into a cyclopean incendiary, as if it were a chemical ready to fulminate at any moment, emphasizing the possibility of an upcoming epoch filled with tainted destruction and annihilation to a level unbeknownst to that of mankind.

Darkness temporarily ravaged the world as Jonthomson entered the half damaged room, near the peak of the tower, ignorant of the damage around him.

“As I predicted, we would meet again.” Jonthomson turned to face the robed submission, folding his bird like wings back in place. “I’m sure you remember me.”

The demon only laughed as he turned around and saw the oncoming blast. “Do not fear,” He smiled. “The time is nigh. We will meet again, under serving of my Geminus lord!”

“Who are you?” Jonthomson demanded, with a short patience. His grip on his bronze gauntlet tightened, ready to strike at any moment.

“I am -Knox-, serving the Geminus lord Piconjo.” He paused. “I saw your man slay LegendaryFrog before. Unfortunate.”

“What do you want?” Jonthomson was very short on patience.

“My my, such a twisted anger, building up, coiling upon itself,” -Knox- smiled. “But...duties are duties and I must do what I shall.”

He thrust his fingers to an unprepared Jonthomson, who gasped with breath. Pulling at the man’s right chest, -Knox- dug his fingers in, grabbing a red heart trailing with blood, snatching it out.

With that, -Knox- squeezed his hands while Jonthomson fell to the floor. With a trail of dark red blood pouring onto the floor. -Knox- laughed. “Fool.”

To be continued...