

War of the Portal

Part 3, Chapter 9 - "Creation"

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By Alkador

“Mala urite! Mala urite!” Cried the submission as RedCircle tried to calm him down.

“All units retreat into their tanks,” It was YoinK_VineS on the speaker. “I repeat all units retreat!”

RedCircle sent the control panel down and in seconds, Qwoxyl climbed down. “What’s all this about?”

“Things are heating up. I suggest you close the door.” Qwoxyl complied with RedCircle and closed the hatch. They stared at the huge cloud in fear. The submission continued to cry.

“What do we do now?” Wondered Alkador while Denvish drove.

“I don’t know.” Replied Denvish. The tank shook suddenly as they ran over another submission.

“No one has fired since that cloud appeared.”

“That man is Dobio?” Asked -Myst-.

“Strange enough it is,” Replied Afterburner, who took the driving himself. “What I don’t understand is why he’s helping us. I thought he wanted the submissions to rule.”

”Maybe he’s had a change of heart.” Suggested the other man.

“Maybe,” Sighed Afterburner, stopping the tank as commanded by YoinK_VineS, with sucking sounds in the speaker made by -Mazza-. “Let us assume that for the time being.”

Dobio stood on the edge of the carved earth cliff as he carried an expressionless face. Using the Power, his voice boomed a hundred fold.

“O holy ones serving the dominion overlord,” He paused, quickly thinking of wise words.

”Mortal fools hither doth believe that they art with ease. Thus, thy body is filled with hate for their blasphemy of thy theism. Destroy these men hither; hence thou will bask in a land so glorious. O destroy thy mortal fools now!”

“He speaks as if he were a god.” DOGMA still stood atop the tank, yet the Power was too risky to use. Of course, Dobio was not helping them, but only working to defeat them. A cunning plan where the backstab occurred at the last second. Betrayal. It was painful and Dobio had no thought of attempting to apologize. He could not be forgiven.

The cloud shook suddenly as it shook the air with a breeze so strong. Moving forwards, it fired a beam of red flame directly from the core at one of the tanks, obliterating it instantly. At once, the other tanks began to retreat away, fearful the clouds’ power. Though it did not stop there, and fired again at a second tank.

“Tank two: RedCircle and Qwoxyl has been destroyed!” Cried ReconRebel, only to speak again.

“Tank eight: -Myst- Alkador has been destroyed!”

gfoxcook swore as he stared back in horror. From the flaming remains of tank two, a white light flew out, moving towards the sky. For a second, he was ready to destroy it in rage, but realized it

was the submission. It flew to the skies.

Dobio watched the tanks erupt to the submission cloud's beam. He had no need to watch any longer. Sensing for Jonthomson's body, he realized that he was dead. A friend now dead. It did not matter, he was only a mere pawn in the man's plans and his job was done. He walked away, having no need to learn of the outcome.

DOGMA stared as the submission flew to the holy heavens and at once the thought became action. Without hesitation, DOGMA spoke the ancient words of a hidden power that was millions of aeon ago, possibly even far before the world existed. In seconds, DOGMA could feel the emotions and thoughts of the Holy Ones, the submissions that risen into the heavens. The submissions glanced at DOGMA's mind, nodding, knowing what had to be done.

The eight tanks remaining quickly moved together as the skies grew bright and the winds moved slowly. The cloud of darkness suddenly stopped, looking upwards. gfoxcook stopped his Power as he stared at DOGMA, who muttered an ancient speech before the Ancients were alive. He quickly told Crono- below him to stop retreat and stay still. He stared at DOGMA as he wondered how in the world the cloud could be stopped.

The submission smiled as it flew in the heavens, looking at thousands of white submissions that moved all next to each other to form a perfect circle. He knew that he too had the capabilities of a Geminus Lord and that he would have ruled well in the heavens. But he flew towards the centre of the circle, being the weapon of sacrifice. He would fight for those who cared for him and understood him. Smiling he felt the warmth of light as he too, focused for the ancient words that would require a chance of success.

A blue star appeared in the sky as DOGMA completed the spell of Creation. The Holy Ones were made to watch over the earth, to guard it and keep it safe. But the world was corrupted by the Unholy Ones; causing world to become an imbalance. Since the time of the Flood, there had been an imbalance and it was time to put an end to the chaos.

The star grew bright as it shone brighter than the white sun. The sky turned blue as the weather calmed. Inuzuka-Kiba stared at the dry earth finding shreds of grass moving up from dead soil. A soft wind blew as the world became warm. The blue star grew bright as it came down towards the frozen black cloud. Time stopped as all became frozen, to watch the blue light of the heavens come crashing down upon the world. A blue beam of glorious light tore through the cloud of darkness resting above the citadel, melting the evil instantly. Yet it did not stop and continued down towards the black citadel, the blue beam intensifying, seeming to destroy what it touched. The tower erupted in a ball of blue flame, the flames absorbed by the giant beam. The submissions became non-existent as a white blue ball of light fell down the centre of the beam, like a shooting star, crashing into the earth with a heavy thud. At once, the beam faded, quietly, yet ever so slowly.

RedCircle lifted his head from the foot long grass surrounded by endless plains of flowers as he looked at the blue sky in confusion. Next to him lay Qwoxyl, Alkador and -Myst-. He stood up as he looked around, finding no black tower or dark cloud. Was he in heaven? A voice made him turn around, as he saw his friends smiling, happy of where they were.

“We’re safe now,” Smiled gfoxcook. “We’re all safe now.”

The threat of the uprising submissions had been stopped. Like Gods, they (mortals) willed for world to be clean, and it was. They willed again, for the world to be beautiful, and it came to be as well. But the Gods who summoned the Power of Creation would not survive and they too, would be gone from the world, to live upon the heavens of time. And so it was thus.

The End of Part 3 of The War of the Portal.