

Story - Ego

The silence of the black night covered the air like a symphony orchestra playing a soothing lullaby. From a top the hillside the campfires danced like graceful fireflies. A warm wind could be felt wrapping itself around your limbs like knitted quilt as time passed. All designed as an unintentional distraction, making it hard to detect the visitors that would appear. Suddenly, with no lightning to give off a warning, a piercing crack of thunder filled the night sky. The winged demons tore through the mystic portal and entered the ancient realm, as easily as a cow gives birth to a new born calf, they spilled out of what seemed like the moist warm opening in the night sky. The hoards came rolling in with a thunderous sound that rippled through the air.

These were the creatures from stories the ancient scribes prophesied. They would bring an end to their world and ignite the road to a new world order. Massive in height and width, these beasts would not fall easily with just a common strike, they would need to be defeated by something or someone with might. Hulking creatures that dwarfed elephants, resembled the creation of wild gorillas, with heads that resembled fully grown rhinoceros. The backs of these beasts were fitted with double wings of condors, that propelled them through the night with the swiftness of bats.

Their presence had only one effect on Demacias men. They did their best to hold on to their courage, most of them released them into their britches but, not a single tear fell. Heaven forbid if these men cried at the sight of monsters. To be labeled a coward was far more deadly than to soil ones own under garment. The pants would dry but, the stain from the shame of fear would remain almost eternal, there was no honour in tears so these men wet their britches with fear.

The sight of these demons were nothing more than magnificent. They stood 9 feet in height, with thick coats of fur that glimmered bronze and gold. Fixed with a broad chest that made up a third of their height and a bone structure as rigid as steel.

Their wings shimmered with beautiful reptilian scales, mixed with hues of blues, purples, and blacks that spanned twice their height. Talons for feet, designed to shred their enemies limb from limb. These creatures where no friend to their enemies.

Their mouth was a sight that resemble their grotesque figure. They part their lips is to let out an ear piercing guttural shriek that sends terror down into the bowls of their foes but, when closed they resembled the beautiful visage of the mythical pegasus.

Demacias eyes widened, and the camps eyes widened. The thoughts of defeat and hopelessness shrouded their consciousness.

The whored continued to rain down upon them from the open portal. Some landed on Demacias soldiers without any regard for their human lives. The crushing bones echoed throughout the camp, intertwined with the shouts and screams from those trying to flee, and the hollering of those trying to fight off these beasts. Non were lucky, they met a gruesome end when they raised weapons against these winged demons.

Angelus' eyes remained closed, praying for his family, and praying for his foes. From up top the hill with each breath and a whisper, the sword in his hand glowed, It seemed more so as more demons approached. The sword was not an ordinary sword. A magical instrument handed down from generations of heroes and heroines. From a time when men road horses and lived among the stars. The sword created victories for whomever it granted the strength to wield it, and brought great wealth and abundance to the nations and its people. Used properly it was a tool but, in the wrong hands, a weapon of mass annihilation.

Demacia's voice rang

"MEN, I have never ask much from you, except for your love and loyalty"

He stopped only for a second to gaze into the eyes of some of the men who where near by.

"I have led you to many victories, and with my wisdom we have conquered our foes! I have been an exceptional leader to you all, and you have repaid me with your continued service. Tonight, is not different from any other battle, tonight we march forward into GLORY!" He roared.

Before the men could rally their voices and cheer, the demons rained down upon them with despair and fear. Death was their consolation, death was their greeter. What a cruel way to die, by the hands of these filthy creatures.

Without any time to react, Demacia was approached swiftly and bitten. Bleeding profusely and anxiously grasping for air. The agonizing pain that surged through his body was unlike any he had ever felt. He had broken bones and even been slashed and cut by blades as sharp as the crisp autumn air but, this was unimaginable; what hell was this that he was being sentenced to? Thinking this was the end for him he shut his eyes and gave one last cry but, the sound that came out of his mouth was not one he recognized. Demacia was no longer human, but becoming one of those demons in his own mens eyes.

Seven winged beast immediately surround him in a protective guard, shielding him from any attacks from his own men, to allow the transformation to continue. Demacias bones began to extend and stiffen up. His muscles grew more dense. Growing to over three meters in length his back began to sprout wings.

" I am more than a man, I deserve more than this end" Tears rolled down his face as his heart filled with guilt.

" I deserve every bad thing that happens to me, I've never done anything to benefit others, except for my own gain" He thought. " If I had only been like my brother, I will find my brother, I will make things right. I will embrace him and ask for his forgiveness"

The venom from the demon bite slowly made its way to his heart, turning his skin white as snow, his eyes yellow as the suns morning glow.

" Then I will plunge that blade of his into his heart and watch the life water drain out of him" He growled.

" Only then will I be truly free"

Poem: Ego by: G.Jones

I want them to love me,
like they adore your poems.
I want them to smile and wave,
Embrace me and say,
That the King is home.
I want to be the best,
The best there ever was.

Everything I do,
Needs to come forever first.
Wait,
I'm going to let you finish,
Just let me say this first.
If I were a song,
I would be the first and last verse.

The chorus, and the melody,
I want to be the words that set you free.
I want them to love me.
I am beautiful to you,
I am fierce as a dream.
I am fuel for your mood,
I am cruel as a thief.

I am the only love that you need!
I am the Power that conceives,
I am mind, body, control
I am...
Ego