

A Father's Rage

7/18/23

No...no....NO! This is not what I want to do! My children are screaming! I can't stop this. Everything is burning. Everything I built. All the good we have done. No...no...no...

In a flash Forge Father left his daughter kneeling before him with pleading eyes. She was alive. So many others were not. How many have I burned...in Haven, while they ran, in the camps... Looking around, he was on a peak. He saw many spotted areas that usually were clear of life.

There, in the distance, was the spot he had called home for so long a time he almost didn't remember the first Haven anymore. Then he spotted it. The keep where that cursed gem had been kept. He grinned knowing soon The Protectorate would feel loss as he did.

There was no chance they would ever be ready. He was vaguely aware that the night the gem had been stolen by his daughter's friends, that other children had been close by. He paused for only a moment to look at the room across from where his will had been kept. Empty.

Fire erupted from him then. He walked out of the room, and into the center of the keep. Smaller elementals split from his body to keep the guards busy while they burned to death. Then he saw him, Vice Inquisitor Errant. Rifting, he was behind him in an instant. Forge Father wrapped his hands around Vice Inquisitor Errant's neck.

"Your Protectorate will burn. You protect no one." He pushed fire into his body and dropped it. Everyone here was dead. On to the next keep or camp. It didn't matter which, all that mattered was wiping the Protectorate away from his home and children.