A godly battle

Written by Soft_Meadow

Part 1 the beginning

As the rain lashed against the earth and thunder cracked the sky open, the two strangers staggered apart. Their breaths came heavy, each inhale a struggle, each exhale a reminder of the damage they had done—not just to each other, but to the world around them.

For these were no ordinary fighters.

Where their feet had struck the ground, the earth had split. Where their hands had clashed, the air itself had screamed.

One of them, cloaked in fading light, tightened his grip on a shattered blade. His glow flickered like a dying star. “You still don’t understand,” he muttered, his voice barely louder than the storm. “This war… it ends with one of us.”

The other stood opposite him, darker, heavier—like a shadow given form. Blood, or something like it, dripped from his fingers, hissing as it hit the ground. He laughed weakly, though there was no joy in it. “No,” he replied, “it ends when we remember why we started.”

A bolt of lightning split the sky, illuminating their faces—mirrors of each other, yet broken in different ways.

For a moment, neither moved.

Then, slowly, the one of light lowered his weapon.

The storm seemed to hesitate.

“You remember it too… don’t you?” he said, quieter now.

The shadowed god said nothing at first. His fists clenched, then loosened. The rain softened, as if the sky itself were listening.

“…We were not always enemies,” he admitted.

And in that fragile silence between thunder, something more dangerous than their battle began to rise—

The truth.

part 2: the void

The truth didn’t come all at once. It crept in, slow and unwelcome, like cold air seeping through broken armor. The storm faded. It wasn’t gone, just waiting. The god of light stepped forward, his glow flickering. “We were guardians,” he said. “Not rivals. Not destroyers.” The shadowed god narrowed his eyes but didn’t attack. “Guardians of what?” he asked, though he already had a sense of the answer. A low rumble rolled across the sky. It wasn’t thunder, but something deeper. The ground cracked, and the fissures stretched like dark, endless veins. “Of balance.” At that word, the world reacted. From the broken earth, something emerged. It wasn’t a creature or a god. It was an absence, a void that swallowed rain before it could fall, bending even lightning away from itself. The shadowed god stepped back. “No… we sealed that.” “We did,” the other replied. “Together.” The realization struck them both. Their war had not been meaningless. It had been the key. The void pulsed, growing stronger as they stood apart. The storm above twisted, feeding it. “We broke the balance,” the shadowed god said. “We are the imbalance.” The god of light met his gaze. “Then we fix it.” The void surged, erasing everything it touched—stone, rain, even sound. There was no more time. They moved, not to fight, but— “Stop.” A third figure stood between them. Calm and familiar. “You’ve forgotten,” their friend said. Both froze. “We thought you were gone,” the god of light whispered. “No,” the third answered softly, turning toward the void. “You just lost your balance.” The darkness surged violently. “We can fix this together!” the shadowed god shouted. But the third god shook their head. “No… I will hold it. You must remember.” Before they could react, their friend stepped into the void. The darkness consumed them instantly. “NO!” For a moment, silence. The void calmed. Then it roared back, stronger than before. From within, a fading voice echoed: “Don’t… let me be for nothing…”

part 3 the truth

The echo faded, but the silence didn’t last. The void trembled. Then it lashed out. A massive wave of darkness surged forward, tearing through the battlefield like a living storm. The two gods barely reacted in time. Light burst outward while shadow rose to meet it, blocking the strike as the ground behind them vanished into nothing. “They’re losing control!” the god of light shouted. “No,” the shadowed god replied, bracing himself as another wave slammed into them. “The void is fighting them.” The darkness twisted, forming shapes—fractured limbs, hollow faces—echoes of something trapped inside. A voice bled through it, distorted and broken. “Hold… it… back…” Their friend. Still resisting. Another surge came, stronger. This time it broke through. The god of light was thrown back, crashing into the shattered earth, his glow flickering wildly. “Get up!” the shadowed god called, barely holding the line as the void pressed forward. The god of light forced himself up, gripping his weapon. this,” the shadowed god continued, “we’ll tear the balance apart again!” Another strike came—faster. It cut through them both, sending them sliding across the ground. They were losing. The god of light looked up, breathing hard. “Then what do we do?!” For a moment, the shadowed god said nothing“We can’t overpower it!” “Then stop trying to!” the other snapped. The void rose higher, forming a towering mass above them. Lightning bent into it. Rain vanished before touching it. Even the sky seemed to collapse inward. “If we keep resisting like. Then he stepped forward into the pull of the void. “We stop fighting it, separately.” The god of light froze. The void surged again, but this time the shadowed god didn’t block it. He let it wrap around his arm, darkness colliding with darkness. It burned, but he held his ground. “Are you insane?!” the

god of light shouted. “Trust me,” he said. Another surge came. This time, the god of light understood. He stepped forward too. Light met the void. Pain exploded through him, but he didn’t pull back. The two gods stood side by side, the void consuming them piece by piece. “Together,” the shadowed god said through gritted teeth. “Together,” the other answered. They reached out— Not to the void. But to each other. Their powers didn’t clash. They aligned. Light filled the cracks in shadow. Shadow gave form to light. For the first time since their war began— They were whole. The reaction was immediate. The void screamed, violently rejecting the balance it had lost. It surged wildly, trying to tear them apart, but it couldn’t. Not anymore. “Now!” the shadowed god shouted. They stepped forward as one and entered the void. Everything disappeared. No ground, no sky, no sound. Only darkness. And at its center— A flicker. Their friend. Suspended, barely holding the chaos together, their form breaking apart under the pressure. “You came…” they whispered weakly. “We’re not leaving you,” the god of light said. The void surged again, trying to rip them away, but the shadowed god pushed forward, anchoring them. “You don’t have to hold it alone anymore,” he said. Their friend shook their head faintly. “It’s too much…” “Not for all three of us,” the god of light replied. He reached out. So did the shadowed god. For a moment— Nothing happened. Then— The third god reached back. Power exploded outward—not wild, not destructive, but stable. Light, shadow, and something in between fused together, not as one being but as one force. The void resisted. It fought. It screamed. But it began to shrink. Slowly. Painfully. Until— Silence. The three stood at the center of a now-still abyss. The void was no longer raging. It was contained. Balanced. Their friend collapsed, but this time, they didn’t fade. The god of light caught them. “You’re here…” “Barely,” they said, a faint smile forming. The shadowed god looked around. “It’s done.” “No,” the third god whispered. “It’s held.” A crack of light appeared above them. The world. They stepped back onto solid ground as the sky cleared, the storm finally breaking. For a long moment, none of them spoke. Then— The god of light laughed softly. “Next time, we don’t wait centuries.” The shadowed god smirked. “Agreed.” Their friend looked at both of them. “Next time, you don’t fight at all.” The wind passed gently over the quiet land. No more destruction. No more war. Only balance. And this time— They would keep it.

Revision #3
Created 2026-03-31 21:28:25 UTC by Bernd
Updated 2026-03-31 21:32:13 UTC by Bernd