

FAITH FORCE

ARMOR FED BY HELL



The portal we delayed did not sleep. It leaked power into the world one red pulse at a time.



A surviving cultist built a suit around that leak, turning prayer, scrap, and stolen armor into a walking furnace.



By noon, the world's armies had learned that bullets could not frighten a machine fed by Hell.



Faith Force arrived before the boulevard became a graveyard.



The cultist did not
move like a soldier.
The armor moved like
a siege engine.



Every step
cracked asphalt.



Every blast pushed
trained units back
behind their own
burning shields.



Serena saw
the gaps first.



Darius saw the rhythm.
Marcus saw the people
trapped behind the line.



Against imps,
Faith Force burned
on contact. We believed
the same light would
open this armor.



Serena struck first,
turning speed
into gold.



Darius caught
the counterblow
and bent its
force aside.



When Marcus hit
the chest core,
the armor finally
staggered.



Then the skyline
pulsed red, and the
armor drank from the
portal again.



The plates darkened.
The runes thickened.
The magic packed itself
tighter than our aura
could reach.



Serena's kick
no longer burned
through.



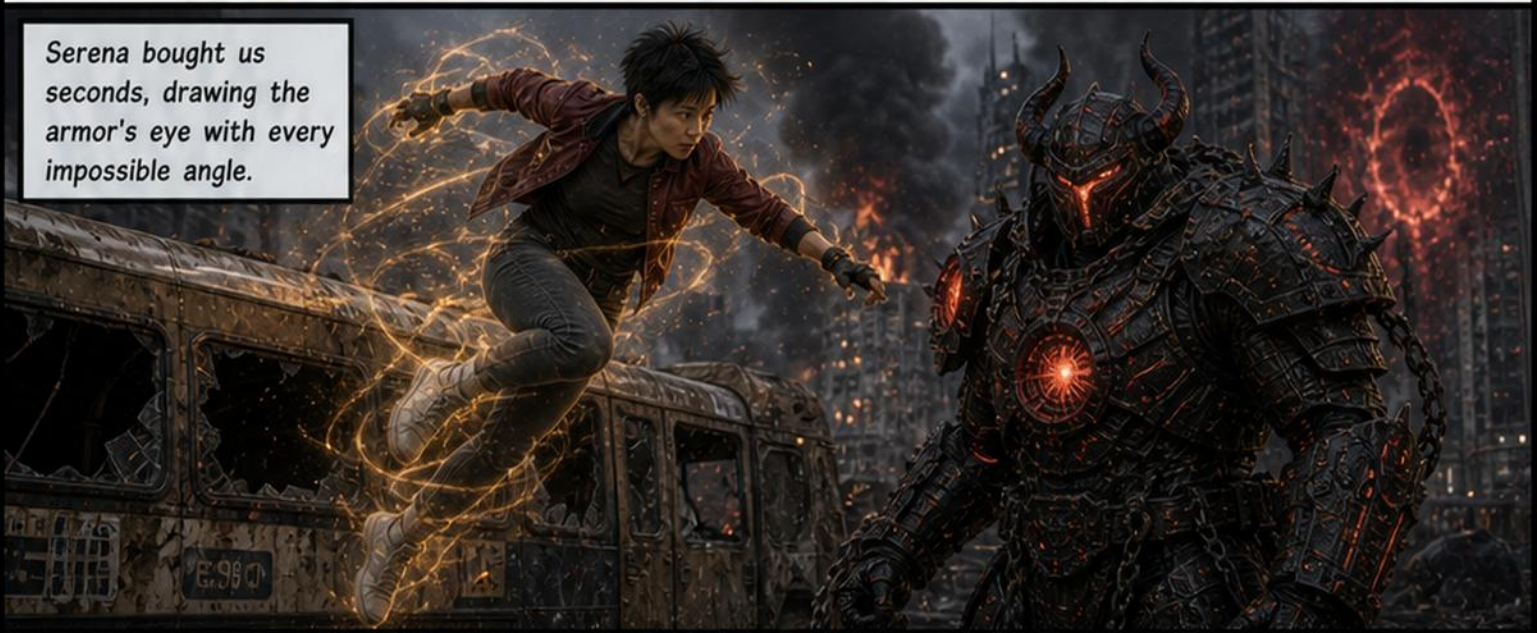
Darius named
the problem before
fear could name
us beaten: density.



I wanted to hit harder. Darius told me harder was not the answer.



Serena bought us seconds, drawing the armor's eye with every impossible angle.



I stopped spreading the aura across my body and gathered every spark into one hand.



Faith in my friends became smaller, brighter, and impossible to ignore.



The cultist charged,
certain the armor
had outgrown us.



Serena clipped
the knee.



Darius opened
the guard.



Marcus released
the first focused
Faith Force blast.



The beam did what
the aura could not.
It pierced the dense
demonic core.



The armor fell silent, and
the boulevard remembered
how to breathe.



The armies called it a victory.
We knew better than to
mistake survival for an ending.



The portal was wider
than yesterday, and every
red pulse promised another
invention of Hell.



We had focused
Faith Force. Soon, we
would need something
even greater.

