

Testing the Colossus

A pulse.

A pulse from without, but somehow within. It was absorbed and consumed, as if conjured for that very purpose. Arcane pathways, long dormant, began to form. Networks of energy began carrying magic throughout, as if to sustain an insatiable hunger.

A flash of light.

In time with the pulsing, it strobed through a lethargic consciousness, lighting the way through darkness and into coherent thought. Tiny, fragile forms began to take shape far below as they milled about.

A trickle of sound.

Then a flood. At first muffled and dampened, it slowly sharpened into the sounds of conflict. The clash of steel, screams of death and defiance, the thunder of life-giving power.

Heart-wrenching empathy and helplessness slowly coalesced into resolve. Every aspect of sentience began to focus and magnify upon a single desire.

To Protect.

With titanic exertion, huge amounts of energy were attracted. A torrent of power, imbuing every surface with life and purpose.

Almost enough.

Tiny shapes huddled below, hopeless resolve apparent in their every movement. Lifeless, broken shapes littered the ground around them – shapes that could not be repaired. Broken with a finality that belied their value in life.

From above, the source of their despair. A lone figure, summoning arcane power that Galio recognized as the source of his returning sentience. As the power gathered, he felt his limbs receive strength.

There was a crash like thunder as he leapt, his massive wings rending the air with a single beat. He landed protectively in front of the Demacians, who let out bedraggled cries of triumph and disbelief.

Before him, stood a woman. She wore a high collared cape and a three-pronged crown of sorts. In her hand she carried a staff that radiated almost as much power as she did herself.

“So this is it! The Colossus of Demacia!” She said. “I had to see you for myself.”

She began walking casually toward the colossus.

“I would recommend halting, tiny mage.” Galio said threateningly.

“Let’s see what you can do.” LeBlanc replied, teasingly.

A golden rope of energy lashed out from her, latching onto Galio’s foot. He looked down on it curiously for a second, before delivering a punch that left a crater where the mage was standing. As he raised his

fist, he saw a strange golden design in the crater and heard a scream behind him. Spinning around, he saw LeBlanc, hurling magic at the soldiers he was protecting. With a roar he spun, only to see her vanish with a puff of arcane smoke.

“Watch closely!” She said with an infuriating laugh, behind him again.

The Colossus attempted to spin again, but with a flash, the golden rope suddenly rooted his foot in place. He fell toward the mage with a crash. Before he landed, he saw her blink out of danger, leaving the same glowing symbol on the ground where she had been standing.

“Leave this place!” Galio roared, standing to his full height. He threw a torrent of glowing wind at his enemy. In a flash of insight, he also punched down at the ground, directly at the glowing symbol.

Leblanc blinked away, easily dodging his spell, but looked up in surprise just in time to see the massive stone fist descend onto her tiny frame.

There was a flash, and blue-golden smoke billowed out from the crater his fist had made. Galio raised his fist and saw a dead Leblanc slowly dissipate into nothingness.

Then, seemingly from all directions he heard her voice.

“It’s been a pleasure, Colossus. We will meet again.”

“I will be ready.” Galio said.

After waiting for some time, he turned to the remaining soldiers. “Let us return home while I can move. This magic will not last forever.”

He would remember this mage. The next time they met, he would be ready for her tricks.