

Battle's End

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Of Heaven and Hell

A stormy night on the tallest mountaintop in the Stony Highlands of Centra Prime set the scene for what would be the final battle between supernatural forces in the Dimension.

Standing under the shadow of the Ethereal Cathedral, Shepard held an aCe title belt in his hands. "I've got the Essence right here, serpent. Come and get it."

"You know I can't traverse on that holy ground," Godsend scoffed from a ledge below.

"You can walk on it, liar," Shepard shouted back down over the biting wind and rain, "you just can't spellcast in its holy presence."

Godsend barked out a laugh. "Silly me! Who am I to try and pull one over on the magnificent monster hunter himself?" Suddenly, Godsend's eyes flared and he snorted smoke from his nostrils. "You've baited me this far, priest, but this is as close as I'll get to that sickening temple." His next words boomed many octaves deeper than any natural voice, "Now hand the Essence over to me."

Lightening crashed across the stormy sky, illuminating the underside of the lowest cloud and brightening the entire scene with a split seconds worth of blue light. Rain beat down on Godsend's chiseled face as he looked skyward. The drops that touched his blazing eyes sizzled away.

Thunder rolled.

Shepard shook his head. Behind his mask, he was smiling. "Fine. Stay where you are, demon. You're close enough."

Two men, their feathery wings beating through the storm clouds, swooped down into the scene. The one named Gabriel landed in a perched position, directly behind Darkseed - who had

been hiding behind a large boulder on the lower ledge. The other landed on his feet, right in front of Godsend.

"It's all over now," Exodus said to Godsend.

And with that, the rain suddenly stopped.

Fury boiled through Godsend and poured out of his mouth as he spoke. "You fools have brought us all here for magic tricks? The three of you standing face to face with us on this mountaintop means nothing."

Overhead, the clouds broke, revealing a sliver of crystal clear starry nighttime sky.

Godsend shivered, obviously overwhelmed by some unseen force.

"So your leader returns?" he asked the angel.

"Yes. Meaning yours has lost, as he always does in the end," said Exodus.

An image materialized alongside the mountain, as large as the mountain itself. It was the face of the Keeper of the Cosmos. It was Vallah.

He had returned from his battle with the evil Keeper of Conflict named Maramus.

The normally stoic Vallah was anything but upon his return to the Dimension. His face showed signs of injury following his most recent battle and his temper was short.

"Demons of the Dominion!" he shouted, rumbling the sides of the mountain, "I am through with your meddling!"

Darkseed and Godsend now stood close together on their ledge as the Archangels of the Cathedral encircled them.

"Show yourself, creature of the Shadow Mist!" Vallah commanded and with those spoken words, the form of Nightmare appeared inside a swirling vortex next to his partners. "You three will no longer disrupt the sanctity of this Dimension, nor will you threaten the balance of this Third Realm! Sending you back to the Lower Realms, a place you manage to slither away from time and time again is a failing plan. So now, I'll try a new method to contain the likes of the three of you.

"No!" Godsend protested.

"It is drastic, but it must be done," said Vallah, now seemingly calmer. "With all of my eternal strength I will strip you of your supernatural powers. As mere mortals, you can not travel through the Realms, and thus are here, in the Third, to live out the rest of your lives."

Darkseed let out an ungodly howl as Godsend dropped to his knees and broke into tears. "You can't do this! You are a Keeper of Balance!" he cried. Suddenly the tears stopped. "These winged freaks must suffer the same consequences!"

"Regretfully, you speak the truth for once," Vallah explained. "Gabriel and Exodus must also now face mortality. Once the descent has been made, there is no going back. Of this they were aware. It is to their testament that they were brave enough to make this sacrifice for the people of Centra."

The Archangels each took a knee at either side of the surrounded Dominion members. Shepard looked on from the ledge above.

Vallah then spoke the words of a language more ancient and epic than any that had ever been uttered throughout all the ages of the Centra Dimension. There were no flashes of light or even the faintest sign that anything had occurred at all, but when Vallah spoke again, the Priest was certain the deed was done.

"You five are now of this Realm. Although your physical appearances remain the same, you are now vulnerable to the common dangers of man. You will age, and, you will eventually die. Go now former warriors of the Higher and Lower Realms. Live on in solitude, amongst the company of one another, or alongside the mortals of this Dimension in peace...for if you break their laws you are subject to their punishment from this day on."

A strong wind blew in from the north, carrying away with it the feathery wings of the angels. It was then when Vallah cast a visible spell, a sparkling plume of smoke that enveloped Godsend, Darkseed, Nightmare, Exodus, and Gabriel. After another strong gust of wind, the smoke, and the five humanoid beings within it, were gone.

"I've transported them down, off of this mountain to remote, secure locations. I wouldn't want to see a fight breaking out on this ledge and someone falling over." A smirk crossed the enormous image of Vallah's face.

"You have done well Shepard, Vagabond Priest," Vallah said. "I know your soul is a wandering one. Go on and walk these worlds void of any supernatural gifts. You've succeeded in spreading the Light thus far without them. Tell all what has happened here. Tell them I'll be watching closely...and there is more I've yet to say."

Without a Trace

“With this essence,” Odyssey began, “we’re completely cloaked,” Omni finished.

The two strange beings, a different version of one person from alternate timelines worked the tiny transport shuttles controls. Each one wore an aCe title belt around his waist.

Ventross looked out of the port window from his seat at the back of the spacecraft. Consuming the entire view as their shuttle floated towards it was the Ravager Mothership. Thoughts raced through the veteran fighter’s head.

“How lucky we are to have aligned with the rest of the Pantheon of the White. Agreeing to share control of the Essence during Battle’s End was the best move we could’ve made to make sure this lunacy ends. And it will end now.”

“We’ll dock undetected directly under his Command Deck,” Omni said.

Odyssey continued with the orders. “Once onboard, you should have enough time to physically overtake Nicodemus. It appears as if rest of his faction is elsewhere. There is only one life-form detected on board. We believe he may possibly be recharging his suit’s support systems at this very moment. This is the optimal time to strike.”

“Are you ready to board, Ventross?” Omni asked as the shuttle quietly eased into one of the thousands of Mothership loading docks.

This mission could only be assigned to Ventross and him alone. Nemean was left home, incompetent in the face of such a serious operation. Omni and Odyssey would need to stay together. For if this were to be the moment that set their futures down different paths, one could very well be instantly erased from existence. At least this way would leave the other to pilot the transport in case things went awry.

“I’ve been ready to take down this demented mortal for longer than you know,” Ventross growled before exiting the shuttle and making his way into the place he once called his home.

As he stepped into the command center, the circular room usually alight with neon control panels was eerily dim, lit only by soft red emergency blinks. Even worse, Ventross realized, was that inside this cockpit of the massive Mothership, the usually steady buzzes and beeps had been quieted. He knew the rest of the remaining Ravagers onboard the Mothership had abandoned it during the three year Battle for Centra, but he hadn’t expected the heart of the vessel, Nicodemus’ home base, to be in such a neglected state.

And then a sight that completely startled his heart: up at the front of the room, in his chair, with his back turned, appeared to be the one Ventross was looking for. The domed helmet gleamed under each red pulse of emergency lights as Ventross stepped carefully closer and closer, his gun drawn, his heart racing.

Ventross reached out, his oversized talons closing in on the chair. With a strong tug, he spun the seat around and blasted it dead center with an energy pulse.

The breastplate on the suit of Nicodemus was blown inward...but to the shock of Ventross, the suit was empty. The fishbowl helmet was void of misty swirls, void of the Ancients shrouded face.

Nicodemus was gone.

Suddenly, sirens blared. Thick beams of bending light illuminated Ventross from every angle, suspending him in a painful position.

“A trap! How could I have been so stupid?”

Just as sudden as they began, the sirens stopped.

Out from around a corner walked Tekaro. His trusty shield and spear were in hand.

“He’s left you behind to do his dirty work?” Ventross snarled. “Go on then, finish me, sheep!”

Tekaro, now standing close enough for Ventross to see the razor sharpness of the spearhead sneered at his trapped enemy. “On any other day, I would do just that...just to shut your mouth, I would.”

The warrior from Old Antilia lowered his weapon. “But I cannot. It was your people that cured me...not the coward Nicodemus,” he said, snapping his spear over his knee to punctuate the

point. "He's abandoned this mission. Disappeared without a trace because he did not win in the end."

"What of the rest of your faction?" Ventross asked out of the side of his mouth, still frozen in place by the Mothership's security beams.

"Warfare has left and the Hybrid has followed him. I don't know where they've gone, but it's away from here."

Tekaro stepped over to the nearest control panel. "How do I power down these defenses?"

"Destroy that console."

Tekaro wound up and then bashed the circuit board to bits with his shield.

The beams disappeared and Ventross collapsed down to the floor, his muscles severely strained from the ordeal. Slowly rising from his knees to his feet, he stood up to see Tekaro offering him the Shield of the Ancients.

"This belongs to you," Tekaro said and handed the shield over.

Ventross took it and slung the legendary artifact over his shoulder. He nodded to Tekaro and the two warriors shared a brief moment of appreciation for one another.

"And what becomes of you now?" Ventross asked.

"I'll search for a place to be away from all this maddening technology. I'll find these places and forever live my days," Tekaro said, stepping back towards the escape pod launch area.

"Fates be with you," Ventross said as the man from a distant past walked out of his sight.

Ventross reflected for a brief moment before a rare smile spread across his face. He held down the button on his communicator and spoke into the device.

"Come in, Ravagers. We've secured the Mothership."

In the weeks that followed...

As it was, a lack of success in the aCe ring spelled doom for the groups called The Dominion and Tabula Rasa. There were plenty of victories on the side of the Black Gathering, but an overwhelming greed and lust for power prevented the villainous Gathering from combining their efforts. Without the shared powers of the essence, Godsend and his Dominion could not overtake the Cathedral. And without the Centra Dimensions most precious element at his total disposal, Nicodemus' plan to begin anew could not come to be.

Following the disappearance of Nicodemus, other Ancient Ravagers came forward into the public eye to apologize for his inexplicable course of actions throughout 2121. As an offering of peace and gratitude, they provided an abundance of Plague curing antibiotics to the men of Centra Prime. Following the return of their Ancient leaders, more and more Ravagers made their way back into the Centra Dimension, slowly but surely repopulating the mighty Mothership.

Strengthened by their numbers and the regained trust of the men of the Dimension, the Ravager race extended their mighty hand and aligned themselves with the governing officials of Centra Prime. In addition to concentrating on removing all traces of the Plague virus immediately, this new governing body, the *Great Alliance*, made it priority one to create a strategy that would cease all further threats to the peace and well being of the Centra Dimension.

But, as strong as they might be, the Great Alliance could never assume enough power to make sure no other Dimension threatening wars would erupt in the future.

Unless...

Unless they pledged allegiance and asked for the assistance of the most powerful governing body in the known universe.

So before supporting the men of Centra Prime in their defeat of any remaining forces of Antilia, and before sending their own troops to seize control of the Planet Primus, the Ravagers used their advanced technology to make distant contact...with the UFSP.

What happened with the House

As everyone's focus rested on the efforts of the Great Alliance to once and for all end the Battle for Centra by any means necessary, things were stirring right under their noses...in Centra Prime's capital city.

Once jam packed with Centra's deadliest criminals, the overrun Centrapolis City Prison had been renamed the House of Pain and acted as headquarters to the aCe faction of the same name. PainMaster paced along the empty hallways, his lackey following at his heels. The barred doors they passed were open; every cell was void of the prisoner it was supposed to be holding. Wreckage from the riot was still strewn everywhere.

The veteran's nasally voice echoed throughout the cavernous five story cell block.

"Our plan isn't working," he said to Sycophant the Deviant, who scurried behind his Master. "We've got control of this prison, but those cursed Regulators have organized enough of a force to keep this place completely surrounded. We're cut off from the city while we're in here! This stand-off has to end."

"Yes, Master," the Deviant muttered in usual fashion. The predictable response was the only usual thing about Sycophant.

"Let us go visit Mr. Bloat in the dining area," PainMaster went on, now leading his follower down the steps, "he seems to always be full of nasty little ideas....and food for that matter!" PainMaster cackled.

The team called S & M rounded the corner and entered the prison cafeteria. The room was usually full of inmates eating, cajoling, conspiring. But what they found upon entering through the wide double doors managed to shock even the most shocking of characters.

There sat Mr. Bloat, his wrists bound together, what appeared to be a bowling ball was stuffed into his oversized mouth.

"What's going..." PainMaster began, but before he could finish his question, the cafeteria doors slammed shut behind him.

Sycophant and Master listened as whoever had shut the door was chaining and bolting it from the outside.

From under several random lunch tables emerged pairs of intimidating looking men. They wore standard prisoner's outfits, but they all also wore blue bandanas. Some on their heads, some over their faces. The men closed in on PainMaster and Sycophant, with one stepping in front of the pack.

"What's the meaning of all this? Who are you all?" Master asked.

"Blue Steel," the man in front with the covered face said.

"I hope you boys are trained in hand-to-hand combat," PainMaster spit. "I've been stomping people much more intimidating than you for over 20 years now. This should be fun!"

Sycophant the Deviant crouched down, assuming his unorthodox fighting position.

The rest of the Blue Steel Gang members encircled S & M. Each drew a hidden pistol.

"But how?" PainMaster stammered at the sight of the weapons. "How?" he screamed.

Exact details as to what transpired next were classified as confidential by the Regulators, but when the Centrapolis City Prison re-opened its front gates and the building was secured by the authorities, PainMaster, Sycophant, and Mr. Bloat were all found unharmed, locked inside their own prison cells. The charges they face would be announced in the following days. Word was that top criminal defense attorney Putt Pettifog had an interest in representing the House of Pain.

As a part of the Pantheon of the White within the aCe, the Regulators had access to the Essence in order to help resolve the frightful situation with the House of Pain. However, it was through a combination of Scorch's mining techniques (creating a burrow tunnel under the jail allowing the Regulators to transport the weapons inside) and Hustler's connections with incarcerated Blue Steel gang members, the Regulators mission was a success.

With the crisis finally at an end, the capital city rejoiced. The police force was soon reinstated and when city officials looked to instate a leader, they looked no further than the man who reformed the Regulators: Esperanto. A generous salary was offered to the sheriff to rebuild a once corrupt police force that would help protect the capital city of Centra Prime.

His response to the offer is still pending.

Dimensions Connected

It took only two days time before the Great Alliance of the Centra Dimension received word back from the United Federation of Stars and Planets. Discussions between the two governing bodies were held as the public of Centra speculated on what would eventually be announced. The first news item they received was that the UFSP would be synching up its wormhole creation technology with that of the Ravagers to create the first stable connection between Dimensions since the year 2118. Through that tunnel, military and medical aid for Centra would arrive. The UFSP, being a fair and compassionate organization couldn't deny the cry for help sent from Centra. It was made clear to the Great Alliance however, that help would be sent under one condition: that the adversaries for Centra's close its doors for good.

The aCe and its unusual roster of characters served as nothing more than a distraction and potential threat to the UFSP and the safety of their Dimension K. Dimension Y's experiment had failed and now there was no other alternative but to settle matters with brute force. The Great Alliance accepted the conditions, closed the aCe, and awaited the UFSP at the wormholes entranceway.

Finally, battle plans that would end the Holy War once and for all were drawn up.

The Sacking of Primus

The last known report about the situation at ground level on the Planet Primus was as follows: General Rankor's Syndicate Headquarters, a technological complex operated by a bio-mechanical organism programmed to self-sustain, reproduce, and spread had managed to work its way across nearly half of the fiery red planet. The "Syndicate Building" as it would later be known was in essence a living factory, producing everything from technological wonders to cosmic-chemical weapons on a constant basis.

For the past year, the Tribesman and denizens of Primus battled against the spreading machinery. Night and day they warred, across thousands of miles of burning rock webbed with lava streams. These fights were fought on deserted areas of a forgotten planet no one in the civilized parts of the Dimension knew of or cared for. Sadly, here is where casualties were highest, most coming from the side of Primus.

Absent from the aCe ring for nearly a month, Paganax and Darkness Falls were often involved in the fighting. No one knew of their exact conditions until the Ravager warships touched down on Primus. When they arrived, and the hordes of Ravager ground troopers marched out onto the hot surface, they found the planet to be completely altered. Having been impregnated by the Syndicate's multiplying machines, horizon-spanning flatlands were replaced by towering technological wonders. The artificial intelligence of these creations had gone on to burrow and build, turning the once barren planet into a world comprised of huge interconnected factories and research centers. On a patch of molten red rock the size of a small country, were the remaining Tribesman. The native creatures had been forced back and clung to the only section of their planet that hadn't been overrun. At the borderline, standing guard when the Ravager troopers arrived, was the Heathen Chief of Primus, flaming broadsword in hand.

Upon seeing the Ravagers, his ancient ancestors, Paganax knelt down.

"An oath! Save Primus! And I will repay you, Ravagers!"

The troopers present that day vowed to do their best to protect the planet.

Although almost all life on Primus was exterminated by the spreading of the evil machines, the remaining specimens of Tribesman were eventually transported back to a nearby moon and set free within peaceful zoo-like sanctuaries, designed to replicate the red-hot, rocky landscape of the once magnificent Planet Primus. There they would live in peace amongst their own kind.

Opposite the Heathen Chief, General Rankor had gone into hiding after news of the Great Alliance's plan to invade Primus were announced. Sensing his eventual capture, the traitorous Ravager enclosed himself within a bio-mechanical shell deep inside the bowels of the Syndicate Building.

What Rankor did not account for were the team of Ravager scientists who had arrived along with the troopers, more enlightened than he in the art of technology. The scientists easily reprogrammed the mainframe of the Syndicate Building, not only terminating its multiplication code, but telling it to reveal the whereabouts of the General.

Rankor was flushed out of his hiding spot, and transported back to the Mothership to await trial. With the help of the USFP, the Planet Primus was combed over and all Syndicate war machines were collected and destroyed. Surprisingly, only a small percentage of the Syndicate's machines had been built for destruction. Many wings of the Syndicate building were left open as their contents were deemed too valuable to be destroyed. The value, said the Ravagers, came from the fact that the living planet Primus provided the biological force to the Building's technology. This was something never before seen, not even by the Ravagers.

Flatliner and Holocaust were also captured during the planetary raid. Even though there were outcries for Flatliner's conviction after his actions on the Mothership, it was only the word of the psychopathic Warfare which accused him. As the single two most advanced creations that the Syndicate had been responsible for, both members of the Shock Syndicate were shut down, stripped of their killer instinct AI, and stored away in cryogenic chambers. There are still debates about what purposes the duo should be reprogrammed for.

Back on the Mothership, Rankor would not be so lucky. The General was found guilty of treason after a swift trial by his Ravager peers. In accordance with Ancient law, and in an ironic twist of fate, General Rankor was executed by hanging. Many of his kind rejoiced at the news of his deserved demise.

Next came the decision of what do with the Syndicate Building.

Omni and Odyssey determined amongst themselves that the Dimension altering event that would eventually separate their timelines hadn't yet occurred. Their suspicions pointed towards the existence of the Syndicate Building. But before Omni and Odyssey had their chance to advise the masses that they should destroy the tainted technology, a group of wealthy investors were able to place a bid on the property that could not be denied by the Great Alliance. The investors preferred to remain anonymous and have managed to stay faceless and nameless to this day.

The company formed named itself Syndicate Technologies. Their promise to the public was that they would use the technology available to benefit the people of the Centra Dimension in ways not yet dreamed of.

Many were skeptical.

Murdok's Demise

While the Ravagers finished up business on Primus, UFSP medical teams offered their assistance to the ROC. Though the Ramparts of Centra now had the cure to the deadly Plague virus, there were still issues of securing some isolated infected areas of Centra Prime.

All known cases on the planet were being carefully treated with the newly provided antibiotics, including Trisis. There were degrees of severity, but within days of being administered the powerful dose of medicine, any victim who had contracted the Plague prior to death reverted back to their prior state. Any violent, cannibalistic tendencies the infected might have shown immediately ceased while their frightening physical condition slowly turned from a pale state of necrosis to that of a healthy humanoid.

As the savable victims were cured, the few straggling non-curable cases were dealt with swiftly by reorganized zombie-hunting units. Alliance led biohazard squads dealt with any materials deemed infected and quarantined one small section of Centrapolis to use as a disposal area. With all traces of the Plague virus eliminated on Centra Prime, Alliance forces used their newfound military might to relentlessly carpet bomb the entire surface of the planet Antilia.

Prior to the two-day campaign that absolutely obliterated any trace of virus on the plagued planet, the ROC directed a statement at Antilia. It read: "Murdok, Harvester of the Plague, your Holy War has caused death, disease, pain, and suffering across our beloved Dimension. Your time as ruler is at an end. Surrender yourself or be wiped away with the rest of Antilia."

And so with no place to run or hide, Murdok finally submitted, leaving all of his zombie followers behind to perish once and for all.

The Harvester was transported to a maximum security disease-proof chamber on a moon of Centra Prime named Movalis. Aegis was there to personally see Murdok into the airtight cell. With the living dead, no air would be required.

Before the door was sealed shut, Murdok made a plea to his hated rival.

"Cure me, Aegis! Damn you, rid me of this Plague so I can finally die!"

Aegis activated the door, locking Murdok inside the chamber and took a step back. To the Harvester's surprise, Trisis stepped into view and joined her husband Aegis...looking as healthy and beautiful as the day she did when accosted five years prior.

Murdok couldn't hear her through the sound-proof, transparent walls of the cell, but he could read her lips. For she only said one word, and it was the answer to his final request.

"Never," said Trisis.

Later that evening, Murdok sat on the chair provided him, elbows resting on his knees, head in his hands. He looked up for the first time in hours when his hired hand appeared out of nowhere outside his cell door. Stealth operations were the specialty of Gheist. This one had been tough, but he had made it to his intended target. Now, to figure out a way to break Murdok out.

The Spiritual Assassin carefully studied the panel attached to the cell. A smile crossed his pallid face as he realized that the computers security system was similar to one he had hacked through during his identity theft days in the Milky Way galaxy. As Gheist began tapping away on the keypad, he suddenly froze, shocked by the impaling harpoon that had been plunged through his back and now protruded from his chest.

"I knew you'd come tonight," Shepard whispered in the Spiritual Assassin's ear from behind.

The priest spun Gheist around, using the protruding harpoon as a handle. When the two were face to face, Gheist reached for his throwing star, the Possessor, but Shepard was too quick. Gheist was staggered by a spinning back fist and then put down by a super chop. Shepard stood over his fallen opponent and spoke a holy verse. Gheist went into spasms on the ground and when the Vagabond Priest plunged an emerald crucifix into the eye socket of the evil spirit, it burst into flames.

Shepard stood back and watched as the host body of Gheist burned away, forcing the malicious soul into the afterlife. The priest walked away, having exorcised an evil spirit for the final time in what would be quite a while. All the while, Murdok looked on, he from behind his see-through cell walls. He who's downfall was now complete.

Following a lengthy trial, Murdok was sentenced to serve an eternity of imprisonment for his atrocious crimes of war. The one responsible for unleashing the Plague and initiating the Holy War upon the Centra Dimension remains sealed away in solitary confinement to this very day.

In the months that followed...

As the UFSP departed back to their home Dimension, through the wormhole from which they came, they were sent off with a grand celebration. There were parades along the streets of Centrapolis. The Mothership even blasted off a laser light display over the skies of Centra that amazed all who witnessed the show. The wormhole that connected Dimension K to Dimension Y would be left open temporarily, so as to provide means for any additional help that might need to be sent while Centra rebuilt. It was also a chance for anyone not a native of Dimension Y to travel out safely if they so desired. Anyone who tried to come in however, would have to pass through a strict screening period by the UFSP Interdimensional Department of Travel.

During the nights of celebration, there was the return of Vallah into the public eye. The appearance of the Keeper of the Cosmos was labeled as yet another sure sign to some people, that the Dimension had indeed entered a new era of peace.

Vallah announced that his stay would be brief, as Maramus would surely be on his way back to cause chaos across the known universe. He then thanked the people of Centra for their fortitude during such testing times. Before he departed, Vallah went on to discuss the aCe.

"Most may consider the aCe experiment a total failure. However, from my perspective it was a complete success. Let me explain," he said in front of the gathered crowds in attendance and the millions who viewed the monumental speech from their homes.

"The adversaries for Centra's essence inevitably led to the end of the Holy War. It helped a troubled Dimension regain its focus. And because the vilest of evildoers were a part of its roster, it allowed them to be closely monitored by the truest of heroes. I understand why it has closed its doors, but I must strongly advise that it be reopened. Restructured perhaps, but allowed to continue without question. Consider this plan, people of Centra. Urge the Great Alliance to recreate a new version of the aCe federation."

And after those words, Vallah would soon leave the Centra Dimension, destination unknown.

Following The Keeper's impassioned words of wisdom, the Great Alliance spent a significant amount of time considering his proposal. In fact, a new division of government was established to flesh out the idea. It was reported the intimidating political powerhouse of Centra Prime, Tiber Callisto VII would preside over the branch. Interestingly, the economical branch of the Great Alliance spent a great deal of time with the aCe branch.

In time, the public would find out why.

Something New

The Holy War was over, but would forever be etched in the history books of Centra.

There were many lives lost on the battle fields. The Plague's casualty count was even higher. The capital city of Centrapolis was on the mending path, but it had still been overrun with rioting, disease, and death. The ROC forces suffered the collapse of their main barracks. The economy, usually strengthened after a war had instead suffered greatly. Although there was rejoicing amongst the citizens of the Dimension, a small sense of dread still lingered in the air.

The Holy War was over, but it had taken its toll.

So now the people of Centra needed a focal point. They deserved a governing body that would create a strong sense of security. They deserved to be allowed to try and forget their troubles, their lost loved ones, during these times of reflection and rebuilding.

After much deliberation, it was determined that a new version of the aCe federation would be formed.

This aCe would be focused on keeping the people of Centra entertained...keep their minds off of the atrocities they had witnessed for the past three years.

Guaranteed popularity of this new fed would also significantly help to stabilize the economy of the Dimension. But there was only one way to guarantee popularity: by filling the roster with established stars. And what a better way to assure that such brave heroes not be forgotten than to pay them the riches they deserve after their efforts as former adversaries!

The same could be said for the other half of the original roster - those of the defeated Black Gathering. Would this new federation, regulated by the fair governing of the Great Alliance not be the perfect place to milk the celebrity of the villains...to keep them and their potentially conniving schemes in the public eye?

Then of course there was the Essence. The only traces remaining of the precious element had been sculpted into the faceplates for championship title belts. Again, what better way to ease the minds of the collective public than keep the treasures in a place where all could see?

And they would certainly see this new federation. With the revival of the aCe immediately sparking the interest of Syndicate Technologies, the wealthy company poured money into the recreation process. The Syndicate would provide the latest in technological advances to the new aCe, allowing it to be broadcast in spectacular ways the people of Centra had never before seen.

All Syndicate Technologies asked for in return, was the ability to advertise their products at will.

With a seemingly limitless body of wealth now at their disposal, the Great Alliance assured the public that the new entertainment based federation would draw up contracts to offer to an unannounced number of former fighters. They acknowledged there would be new fighters as well... there would even be fighters from other, more successful federations who would be offered aCe contracts.

When the roster was filled, the federation would open its doors. The people of Centra, and even some from other Dimensions who had caught wind of the change in store awaited more news anxiously.

There would forever be the events of the Battle for Centra. There will always be the adversaries for Centra's essence. But coming soon, would be a whole new look and a whole new direction for the aCe.

The people prepared themselves for the coming of...

all C entra e n t e r t a i n m e n t