

Don't you dare touch them!

HOME OF THE  
WARTHOGS

HOME WARTHOGS		VISITOR	
POINTS	:	POINTS	:
FOULS	PLAYED FOU	FOULS	FOULS

WARTHOG  
PRIDE!

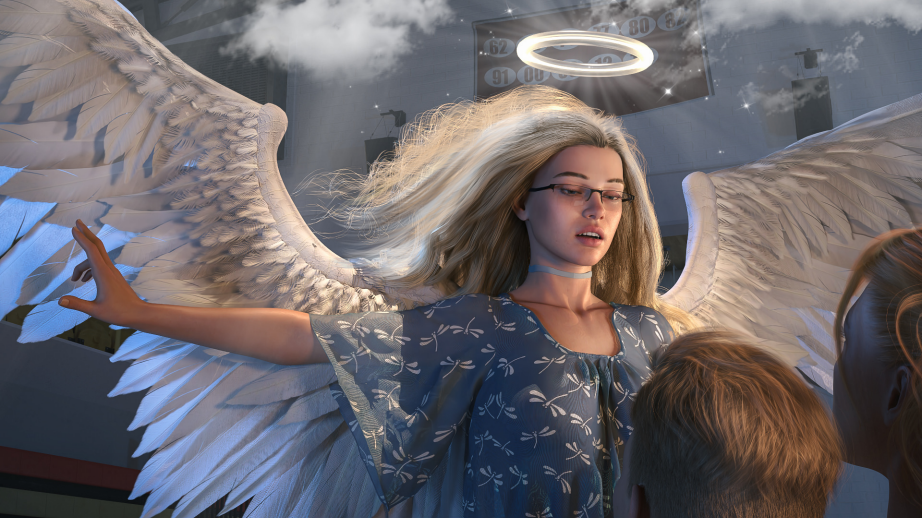


WARTHOGS			
HOME	VISITOR	HOME	VISITOR
POINTS	POINTS	POINTS	POINTS
REBOUNDS	REBOUNDS	REBOUNDS	REBOUNDS
ASSISTS	ASSISTS	ASSISTS	ASSISTS
STEALS	STEALS	STEALS	STEALS
BLOCKS	BLOCKS	BLOCKS	BLOCKS

*Swoosh!*

Aghh!

*\*squint\**



Moments before Danielle's preying hand could pluck Jacob from Candice's loving embrace, a gust of warm wind enveloped the couple.

"Don't you dare touch them!" A woman's voice called out with authority. "Your size will only slow you down!" Suddenly, the gym that was once consumed by darkness, was bathed in light. Their hair danced as a powerful, otherworldly force, flew over their heads, and made contact with the giants.

"Aghh!!" Danielle screamed as she was forced back. The basketball gym floor loudly crunched and snapped under her immense weight. "I-I-I can't see!" The light that filled the room grew brighter and more powerful, and a deep thud shook the room, signaling Danielle's collapse. She was still struggling, as she fought to shield herself from the intrusive light pressing into her before ultimately succumbing to its purpose. Danielle had fallen unconscious.

The room fell deathly silent, but they were not alone. Jacob was the first to catch a glimpse of their savior. As his eyes opened, it was as if it were for the first time. A pair of bright pearl-white wings filled his vision, and the warmth with which this figure surrounded herself reminded him of better times. As the rays of golden light poured into his sight, he fought back tears at what he saw. There was no doubt in his mind. This was a-- "...An angel..." Candice spoke up. "Y-You must have come to save us!" The figure neither affirmed nor denied Candice's realization. Instead, with her long golden hair dancing from the wind that seemed to hold no source, she leaned forward to Candice specifically. "There's no time to explain. You must leave with Jacob immediately. Please, go!"

The halo whined with holy power as it floated sturdily above the figure's head. It took Jacob a moment before he snapped out of his trance.

"She's right, Candice! We need to go. Come on!"





Oh my God,  
Jacob!

*\*gasp\**

*\*wince\**

Shit... I twisted my ankle.  
It's ok, Candice. Go on without me!

*\*trip!\**



We've already been through this.  
**I'm not leaving you.**





gasp!

...A single blow?





"You've gone too far, Mordana. Our influence on the mortal realm cannot be--"

The angel's words were cut short.

"YOU!!" Mordana began, with burning crimson eyes and a jabbing finger in her direction. "I remember you. Yes... you're that whelping that FAILED to become an archangel! Am I right?" "T-That's not true! I can still--" "Ah hahahaha! Oh yes... it IS true! Not only can I see it in your eyes, but I can also taste it! That's the pesky thing about us hell-dwelling creatures, you see. You can't conceal your... hopelessness... from me."

"So you do recall my name."

"How could one forget a name as ironic as 'Hope'? I'd already be seated on Hell's throne if it weren't for your legion of white wings. But, you're not going to interrupt me this time. You have no one to rescue you, and I've become more powerful than ever! HEY, YOU ANGELIC DRONE, REMOVE THAT PATHETIC SMIRK FROM YOUR FACE! You have NOTHING to be delighted over! Hope couldn't help but chuckle at the demon's fragile pride. "Lucifer WILL hear about this, Mordana. He may be listening already. Perhaps you should choose your words more wisely."

"Let him hear. I'll have already ripped you apart before he even touches the mortal realm!"

Mordana crouched into a combat stance, ready to lunge at the angel. Her claws grew longer and sharper as she bared her teeth maniacally.

"Prepare yourself, whelping!"

