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## The Entrapment Of Cyberius

### ***14:21 PM The Telluruvian Planetary Command Facility Base***

The galaxy had transformed from the realm of the gods to a complex network of civilizations, each a testament to divine creation. Colonies flourished, evolving into societies with sprawling governments. Among these, Telluruvia, born in the brilliance of flowing aurum—a light as gleaming as diamonds—established itself as the governing authority. Displayed with its layout of space ports, docking stations, and control beacons that helped symbolize the empire's technological sophistication.

The late Obdah would have been pleased to see his sparks evolve into a cradle of civilization. As a reward for its stability, the pantheon granted Telluruvia a present: an orb designed to entrap rebellion and deceit, ensuring the order they had forged remained unbroken. Hosted and protected by the TPC, Telluruvia's leading organized military force for all that believed in the intelligence of man rather than the ancient divine thought.

"Sir, is this really what he is?"

The view of a glowing light prolonged with grandeur. A sphere full of reflection, the surface was laced with a gaseous quality. Straps of tincture protected those who dared enter its nature of organized distortion. A sight that the intermediate soldier, Carter, bore witness to.

"It's his emblem," the fellow armored man clarified. "-It keeps him from being unlocked."

The intermediate questioned, shifting his head. "So, how do we get in?"

The man smirked, tapping his tech. "We have these. That's how."

He peeped at his own armored suit, realizing the fortune of mortality. The space field isn't kind to those who are without protection.

"Don't tell me you're scared of him." His superior sighed, crossing his arms.

"Me? No, sir. It's just—I've heard stories..." , the soldier clarified, attempting to hide his nervousness. "He's not someone you should take lightly."

The superior's face read blank, he then laughed. "Rookie! Do you really believe those elders? That was then and this is now." He pressed a button on his chest. "Tales are the last things that should be on our minds."

*Rookie?!* Scrunching up his face, the intermediate hated that word. He's been a qualified soldier for the last few years as a TCP guard, some respect would be nice. His fists clenched, but he loosened his grip. With a steady breath, he maintained his composure.

"But sir-"

"-No buts. Let's dive in and clean up."

Drifting through the air, the soldiers levitated towards the emblem. The glowing light bouncing off their charcoal shields.

The superior unlatched his suit's compartment. He grabbed a hexagonal device, raising it toward the emblem. The mechanism shined with a brief flare, activating the pathways. A shimmer rippled through the air as the boundaries opened. One by one, the soldiers' bodies faded and dissolved, entering into the unseen domain.

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### **15:00 PM The Tesseract**

Beneath the surface, laid an area of silence and pallor. The holo-grain tesseract contained the remnant of a realm far gone. Despite its desolation, the gods did provide hospitality for those who entered. Rays of light descended from an elliptical projection: a glimpse at a deity detained for the safety of mortals.

"Cyberius, wake up!" The superior demanded as he banged on the walls.

The malnourished deity lifted his head. Rusted aluminum composed the depleted body.. Chained from his legs to feet: the Vitruvian method. His twists barely covered his fatigue, but the passion still lingered .

"I have nothing to discuss, mortal," Cyberius declared.

The superior kneeled, tilting his head at the deity. "Relax. You're worth less than a speck of waste. Nothing can save you."

The intermediate grimaced, his hands behind his waist. *How could he say that?*, he thought.

Cyberius's eyes widened, he spat at the superior's helmet.

“Motherfuc—!”, the superior punched the god. Each hit delivered payback for the chaos that plagued the system. “You think your brother O’Shea’s going to protect you?”

“Sir!-,” the intermediate pleaded, running to halt the bruising of Cyberius. “---that’s enough!”

“Back off, rookie!”, the superior ordered, tussling with his trainee. “---He had it coming!”

“No! We’re here to do our job. Not to attack—”

“Let him...” Cyberius suggested, as blood; as black as licorice, foamed out of his mouth. “--He’s a coward.”

“To hell with you and your trickery!” The superior lashed, shaking with the generational trauma of Cyberius’ revolts engraved in his mind. “You killed your brother, my ancestor’s source for regulation. Our people had to rebuild the chaos you spurned for years. So I’ll be damned if the government grants you mercy.”

“Enough!,” the intermediate demanded, pushing his superior to the floor. “--You need to cool off. Let me handle this.”

“Your colleague is right,” Cyberius agreed, swaying and stretching his neck from the bruising.

Shakened to his core, the superior clenched his fist before recalling his composure.

“--Fine.” He glared at the deity, eventually striding to the area to complete his inspection.

The intermediate walked towards the prisoner. Tainted blood, metallic scents pervade the area; followed by scraps laying on the floor. Using a broom, he swept the deities’ waste to a hole before closing it shut.

Cyberius tilted his head, he whispered: “-You have a good soul.”

The intermediate ignored him as he cleansed the area of its contaminants.

“Do you have any kith?” Cyberius asked.

The intermediate glanced, sighing: “Yes sir”

Cyberius rolled his neck, his crimson pupils gazing at the soldier’s disposition. “Take them with you. Away from this system—Far”.

The intermediate paused, standing still in silence. *Is this a warning?*, he thought.

“--A piece of me has dispersed. I feel deleted from my soul — but I know it’s out there. I hear it afar —it’s coming. “ Cyberius said, raising his head toward the ceiling.

*Impossible.* The intermediate finished scanning the area. “Sir, it’s all clear.”

The superior glanced at his armor, adjusting it. “Affirmative. One last check before we go.”

Cyberius ruffled. “Take heed. The realm will weaken, and the barrier of lies will implode. The gods have scattered, yet you all continue to follow a tired template that breeds sheep —”.

“ —Shut up!”, the superiors’ voice rose sharply, filled with frustration. “Rules are rules. If we have to survive another wave of rejects who think they’re demigods, then forget it. Your *cloth* only breeds bastards. Forget it! Telluruvia is better off without it.”

*Cyberius knows something, we can’t stand here.* The intermediate turned around, anticipating the departure. “Sir, we’re good to go.”

The superior inclined, before glancing at Cyberius. “Revel in your waste. The Obdarian Gods are no more —but they did one thing right: imprisoning your need to spark wars, broken homes, division and to kill your own blood”

Cyberius sighed, his crimson eyes glowing with sympathy. “Mortal.....if only you knew.”

The superior realized Cyberius was trying to keep him there. “We’re wasting time. Let’s go!”

“Yes, sir!” The intermediate followed, the weight of the deities' words still heavy on his mind.

“Don’t do it..” Cyberius spoke, his voice thick with warning. “Take your kith! It’s coming — and you don’t want to be in the midst of it —”.

“You, of all people, worried about family? Give me a break!” The superior sighed, rolling his eyes. “ —By the way, someone will be here tomorrow to give you your nutrients. Better not fuck with them either.”

“You’re not prepared.”, Cyberius whispered, his voice gaining strength. “Your ignorance will cost millions. My half will free me from my pain. The skies will shatter, the stars will dissolve, and the realms will crumble into dust.” He prophesied, his words lingering with desperation.

The superior scoffed, waving a dismissive hand in the air. “You and your damn prophecies. Go ahead, rest up. You’ll need it, if you even live that long.”

“You’ll regret this! The realm will fall —mark my words!” His voice cracked with intensity, but the superior was already walking away. Cyberius spat in his direction.

The intermediate hesitated, his gaze lingering on Cyberius. Their eyes locked for a brief moment. The deity offered a subtle nod, his expression unreadable. The intermediate swallowed hard, unsure of what to make of it, but he mirrored the gesture before turning to follow his superior.

The soldiers dissolved into the tesseract, fading into the dark corners of the room.

“Lord Obdah, Desmar- God, O’Shea—please forgive me” Cyberius pleaded. He survived the dissolution of the pantheon and now had to lay alone to the echoes of his warnings.

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**20:10 PM The Telluruvian Planetary Command Homebase. The Locker Room**

“Rookie, you good?”

“Yea. It’s just been a long day”. The intermediate clarified, stowing his suit in the locker.

“I hear ya...”, the superior hesitated, then added. “Look...I want to thank you for how you conducted yourself today.”

“Oh—thanks”, the intermediate appreciated.

“No, seriously. I was out of line earlier —and you handled it perfectly.” The superior’s acknowledgement appeared genuine based on his voice and eye contact . “I was wrong for calling you a rookie. I owe you one.”

The intermediate gave a small, halfhearted smile. “No problem. Thank you,” he responded, though he couldn’t help but think, *This is a surprising change of heart.*

“By the way,” the superior asked, his tone suddenly more serious, “Did Cyberius say anything to you?”

The intermediate paused, wondering whether the superior had overheard the exchange.

“No. Not at all.”

“Oh,” the superior murmured, frowning slightly. “I could’ve sworn he said something, but I was probably too mad to care—hotheaded as usual,” he snickered .

“Yea....it happens”

“Well, at least we don’t have to worry. That’s someone else’s problem tomorrow,” the superior laughed, adjusting his jacket. “Carter, get some rest. Have a good night.”

"You too, sir."

The intermediate was relieved. Although, he still couldn't help but ponder about Cyberius's warning.

*Unc and Romell. I have to tell them, he thought. Maybe those tales were real after all.*

He sighed, gripping his badge tightly as flashes of his loved ones appeared in his mind. There was no denying it now. Those tales....they were real. And soon, everyone would know.

*END*