

# *SARAH'S STORY II*

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## **Legion, For We Are Many**

Sarah felt pain. Everywhere. Her face felt the worst of all the pains she felt but other pains were almost as bad as her face. She tried opening her eyes but only one would open and even it wasn't all that cooperative. Her ears seemed to be working fine because she could hear voices. Arguing voices. Commanding voices. She forced her good eye open and saw that she was in a darkened room of some sort. She was still lying down but not in her muddy garden and she seemed to have some kind of covering on her so she wasn't naked anymore. She tried to move her head but something prevented her from doing so. She brought her hand up and felt her neck and there was something hard and plastic-like around her neck immobilizing it. Moving her hands about she could tell she was in a bed of some sort and then she realized where she was at.

*"A Hospital! Thank God!"*

But the voices. What about those voices? Her left hand fumbled around for the hospital bed controls and kept mashing the buttons until she found the one that raised her head. As the bed raised her up she could see throughout the room and there on the other side of the room she saw them.

One a great snarling beast while the other was more human-like. They looked as if they were challenging each other over a prize of some sort. Sarah soon realized they were fighting over her for some reason unknown to her. She tried to fight off the effects of whatever medication she had been given so she could understand what they were saying.

The larger of the two spoke first, "I come for this female, she is mine!"

“She is not yours anymore. She gave her heart to the Son of Holiness, you have no claim over her any longer. I stand her before you to proclaim the Son’s love for this female. And to prevent you from causing anymore harm to her. Be gone Imp! May the Son...”

“*Imp!*” Now Sarah realized who, or rather what, the great beast was that was challenger to the other being in the room. It was the same one that came and claimed *Demon Atheus* which had indwelt her for many years which had caused her to think and act like an atheist . The beast’s name was *Imp of Hatred* and even though she had met it under different circumstances before, this time it had come for her.

The Imp of Hatred moved its scarred arm upwards towards the ceiling of the room and a huge fiery portal appeared in the far wall in the room. Flames came up out of the top of the opening yet never burned anything in the room. Out of this burning opening stepped a man without any clothes on and he stood beside the Imp of Hatred.

“Have you met one of my Master’s greatest creations? It is he, who is like you, just a man but he will dispatch you back to the One who sent you to interfere in my gathering of this female.”

“I fear no beast you send against me nor do I fear this man. For the Lord of Hosts stands undefeated before you.”

The Imp of Hatred took a step backward at the mention of the Lord of Hosts but he incited the naked man to speak.

“Tell him my child. Tell this, this man who you are.”

The man turned towards the human-like figure at the foot of Sarah’s bed as it accepted the Imp of Hatred’s blood-stained sword.

“I am Legion for we are many!” and suddenly the man rushed towards the being with its back turned towards Sarah. Raising the Imp’s sword up high it brought it down towards the being at the foot of Sarah’s bed. Unknown to her this being already had a drawn sword in its hands and it raised it up high in a defensive maneuver. The sword held by Legion struck her protector’s white hot sword and sparks flew from them. Before Legion could react to the greater strength of the being protecting her it had swung the gleaming white sword in another arc and shoved it deep into the chest of Legion. As the sword entered his chest Legion screamed in pain and he turned into dust before her very eyes and fell to the floor in several small piles.

Her protector turned to the Imp of Hatred which had retrieved its sword after Legion was dispatched.

“Your dead warrior, Legion was but a lie coming from the Father of Lies! Jesus healed the real man named Legion in Gadarenes and sent the demons into a herd of swine. You are a liar for the man in the Holy Word of God that was known as Legion is a now warrior in the Army of Holiness. This Legion of yours is but another lie. Just as the Son of Holiness defeated Satan by curing the real Legion He will empower me to defeat you and your false Legions no matter how many of them you send against me.”

The Imp of Hatred roared in anger and began spewing great obscenities and curses at this one acting as her protector. Spittle ran down its fang filled mouth as it challenged her protector for the rights of Sarah.

“So you think this is not Legion? Behold!”

Sarah looked to the right of the Imp of Hatred and saw yet another naked man come out of the fiery portal in the wall. He bent down and picked up the sword that the Imp had tossed to the ground and swiftly ran forward to attack her protector. The protector’s brilliant white sword swept through the air once more and this latest attacker fell into a cloud of dust just as the first one did.

This enraged the Imp of Hatred so much that it manifested yet another naked man out of the fiery portal which was summarily dispatched by her protector as he did with the first two. As the Imp’s sword dropped to the ground it dispatched another naked man to fight against her protector. Sarah watched in amazement at the skill of this person or being and then after the ninth or tenth time of defeating the Imp’s underlings her protector spoke again.

“Fight me yourself, Imp. It makes no matter to me if you send a true legion of your underlings against me you will be defeated by the Son of Holiness. Pick up your sword and come to me that I may send you to your own Fire Tribunal. Banishment awaits you!”

This threat against it enraged the Imp of Hatred so much that it picked up the sword off of the ground before the next man coming through the fiery portal could grab a hold of it. Roaring with rage the Imp of Hatred charged the smaller man-like being at the foot of Sarah’s bed, oblivious to the danger before it. Sarah feared for the life of the one who had been protecting her there at the foot of her bed and she cried out.

*“Jesus!”*

The Imp of Hatred stopped in its tracks, with its blood-stained sword held by its gnarled claws it pointed the huge sword right at Sarah. Even though it was but just a foot from her protector it stared at Sarah and screamed at her with venom in its voice.

“Use not that Name around me female! You have no power...”

Unseen by the Imp of Hatred was the sword in the hand of her protector but Sarah saw it. The sword had turned to almost molten metal and flecks of fire came off of it as it was swung through the air. Her protector was a powerful being swinging the mighty sword with both of its powerful hands wrapped around the grip of the sword. The noise the sword made as it went towards the Imp drew its attention and it drew its own sword up to defend itself but it was too late. The sword in her protector’s hand slashed deep into the chest of the Imp of Hatred and it screamed in an animalistic voice at the pain from the wound. The fiery portal behind it started closing up drawing the naked man into it as it finally closed up.

Her protector used both hands to drive the sword deeper in the chest of the Imp of Hatred that had let out one more blood curdling scream before dying. When her protector pulled the sword out of the carcass lying there at the foot of her bed, filth and blood spewed out of it. Her protector spun his

head around to avoid the mess spewing out of the demon's body. Sarah gasped because for the very first time she saw the face of her protector and cried out to him while she tried to sit up in the bed.

*"Jack?"*

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About the author:

Floyd Larck lives in Orlando Florida with his wife Debbie, their lovebird named Peaches and a cockatiel named P.J. Floyd is an amateur radio operator and has been writing for five years as of the writing of this book you have just read.

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