

Morally Justified Destruction

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Content Warning: Social Commentary, Destruction

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Morally Justified Destruction



“Let not the heathens of this world taint your mind with the filth they claim to be reason. Is it reasonable to waste the resources our greatest father has gifted us on those that will not work for their fair share? Is it not a betrayal of all that has been granted to us, his true children, to let the heathens claim the world and give it away to the barbaric masses that refuse to hear the words of our god in the name of some false equality!? No, I say! Those that do not accept the true path must toil in the service of his name as recompense for rejecting his teachings. Those that violate his tenants, those that choose to throw their lot in and mix with the... undesirables, must be punished for their insolence. The apostates that claim to hold dominion over the people by way of the government have abandoned all spirituality, all morality, all of reason itself in the pursuit of their own greed and false sense of superiority. As if they could know better what is best for the people than our church which receives it's guidance and wisdom from the highest source in all

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of creation. Laughable! I have given all my worldly possession to the church and stand here only with what is provided to me by his graces so that I may best serve his will and lead you all to the truth!”

Only then did the man on the elevated dais finally pause to catch his breath while he let his words sink in among the gathered people within the church. The man standing behind the podium had delivered his zealous preaching with his voice a constant, full-throated shout the entire time. It was genuinely a bit impressive that he could speak at such a volume with such intensity while also taking hardly any breaths during his tirade.

Were the people in the pews lining the main hall of the ostentatiously grand church around them not already heavily indoctrinated to the violent words that took advantage of their own greed, prejudice, and sense of misplaced superiority to manipulate them then many of them might have questioned the hypocrisy of his proclamation he had given up his worldly possession for the purpose of better serving god. Particularly when the religious robes he wore were intricately designed and made of fine silks and other expensive materials that would have left no one surprised at the sight of them to know they cost as much as many of their cars.

Once the man behind the podium had caught his breath he leaned forward once more, ready to continue his self-righteous, intolerant rantings. Just as he was opening his mouth to begin speaking again he was cut off by a dark shadow in the ostentatiously designed stain-glass windows lining the wall behind him rapidly growing larger until the source of the shadow burst through the windows!

Shards of multi-colored glass showered the room and everyone in it. Thankfully it only resulted in a few minor, superficial cuts at worst to those in the pews and the man on the dais. But that detail went largely ignored in favor of the figure who had burst through the window landing right behind the robed preacher; the floor shaking slightly from the impact.

In unison everyone stared at the figure behind the robed man: a dragon. He was mostly humanoid but the similarities between him and a human ended with the general shape of his body. He was covered head to toe in crimson red scales save for the bright yellow scales that covered the front of his neck, chest, and stomach. Bright blond hair

hung around his reptilian muzzle and two long, ivory horns stuck from the top of his head and swept back along the top of his head. Massive, bat-like wings adorned his back and stretched out to either side of him while a serpentine tail flicked back and forth behind him to complete the draconic appearance of the creature. The shocking sight of the creature was made even more intimidating by him being almost twice the size of the preacher, easily 9 feet tall at the least!

Though his eyes practically screamed of intelligence and sapience the creature did not speak to the people gathered in the church. Instead a low, resonating vibration welled up in his chest. It traveled up his throat, becoming louder and more distinct as it did until his lips pulled back to expose rows of wicked, razor-sharp fangs lining his jaws and the thunderous, threatening growl of an apex predator shook the entire room. The sound spoke to the most base, primal part of the brain for every person that heard it. Base instinct screaming of danger and triggering rushes of adrenaline as their fight or flight reflexes went into overdrive. Most of the people stayed in place, though. Their eyes flicked between the dragon and the man who had been spreading his warped religious views among them. They expected god himself to smite this invader or at the very least for their leader to rebuke them if not fight back on their behalf to drive it from their midst.

Instead, the priest was the first one to turn and run. When he turned back so the others could see his face they saw his eyes wide with panic. Even worse, they saw a visible wet spot on the front of their expensive robes revealing the man had wet himself in his overwhelming fear. None of his followers had been quite that scared yet. But when they saw the man who was supposed to be their leader and guide in such a state, running and even going as far as to shove someone out of the way when they stood and tried to speak to him while shouting for them to get out of his way the masses broke out into true panic.

They all began rushing from the pews to scramble for the door with screams and shouts of fear. A voices tinged with anger as much as fear cursed aloud at the priests cowardice. Ironically, the priest's robes caught on his feet more than once and made him stumble, slowing him down until he wasn't able to catch himself when he tripped down the stairs outside the entrance and fell face-first onto the sidewalk. The people he had so recently been indoctrinating with his hateful world view didn't even stop to look down as they trampled him in their panic to escape.

To encourage their panic and to ensure they were all outside the dragon had stepped forward threatening towards them. As he did he raised his leg higher than necessary until his huge, clawed foot was resting on top of the priest's lectern then smashed it into splinters under the combined weight and strength of his powerfully-muscled leg. The impact not only demolished the piece of furniture but cracked the wood of the dais beneath it! Once he was sure the people weren't too close he grabbed one of the person height candelabras and threw it like a javelin towards the ceiling where the massive chandelier hung and snapped the metal chain holding it. The enormous, car-sized, decorative light fixture slammed to the ground and smashed apart with enough force that the entire building shook! Glass shrapnel flew in every direction, including towards the dragon. If his scales hadn't easily resisted the sharp flying bits of glass he would have wound up with more than a dozen cuts across his entire body.

His snarl twisted into a grin now that the room was finally clear. This place spread disgusting and toxic ideologies that turned people against each other but the people were guilty only of being tricked and indoctrinated so he had no interest in harming them. As for the building itself? Everyone would be better off without it.

The dragon hopped down from the dais and cracked the stone floor under the impact of a full ton of dragon man. He grabbed one of the pews in the front row, his claws digging gouges into the wood, and lifted it overhead like it weighed little more than a wooden spatula. He swung himself around and used the pew like a baseball bat to smash apart a stone statue to one side of the stone dais. The statue cracked apart and fell in pieces to the ground while the pew exploded in a shower of scrap wood and splinters from the sheer force of impact! A second pew was sent flying through the air moments later when the dragon threw it and smashed through one of the large, arching windows lining the front door.

In this way he began gleefully tearing the place apart from the inside. More statues were smashed either by more baseball bat pews or being picked up and tossed on their own to smash against something else. The red carpet roll going from the dais like it were meant to be some king's throne was shredded to pieces as the dragon walked across it and purposefully let his toe claws tear through the fabric as he did so. For the tapestries and banners hanging from the second level the dragon inhaled sharply before letting a gout of dragon fire burst from his mouth

and set them all alight. The fire coming from him was so hot that some of the nearby stonework around the tapestries turned red-hot and melted slightly!

Within minutes the interior of the building was in ruins. No furniture was left intact and every single one of the stain glass window in the building had been smashed to pieces. The only surviving sculpture or statue was the one in the dragon's hand as he experimentally smacked it against one of the large pillars lining the main room that supported the second floor and ceiling above. With a frown, the dragon gave one final swing of the sculpture only for it to smash apart without leaving more than a small crack in the pillar; far to brittle to do real damage. Then an idea struck the dragon and that wicked, toothy grin returned to his muzzle once more.

He walked around the smashed remains of the chandelier until he found the chain that had once held it to the ceiling. Wrapping it once around one of his hands for better grip he then grabbed it with both hands at the chain's base then tugged. Even his powerful body strained under the effort as he pulled on the chandelier. All of its glass fixtures had shattered but it still had the solid iron bands that had acted as the bases to hold them. Eventually he got it moving but he wasn't trying to just pull it somewhere else. No, he was twisting his body around and tugging it with him until it lifted off the ground as he began spinning in place while swinging it with him.

Like a plumber swinging around a mutated turtle, the dragon pivoted on his heels as he swing around once, then twice, then three times to build up momentum. When he was satisfied with the speed he was moving he let the chain slip from his hands until he was only holding the end of it. The extra slack let the chandelier swing farther out from him and slam directly into one of the support columns. The massive metal fixture tore right through the pillar, then through the one beside it before swinging across the room to do the same to the identical pair on that side. With the chandelier as his weapon the dragon smashed apart a dozen of the supports until the whole building cracked before it finally began caving in around him.

A massive cloud of dust and debris exploded upwards as the building collapsed in on itself around the dragon. Surprisingly, none of it fell on nearby buildings. Since the inner support beams had been broke it all fell inwards rather than outwards, almost like the dragon had been

intentionally trying not to harm anything other than that specific building. It only took a couple quick flaps of his wings to blow away most of the debris cloud, revealing him standing in the destroyed, and in some parts still burning, rubble of what had once been a Gothic style church building.

The priest was still laying there on the ground, bruised and battered by being trampled. Ambulances were just arriving but up to that point no one had actually moved to help him. Instead, dozens of people were surrounding him with their phones taking pictures or recording first the priest, then the dragon that had just demolished their church. The internet was already abuzz with social media posts and breaking news stories about the well known bigoted priest's situation and the destruction of their church. Several cameras turned towards the dragon and a few people even tried talking to them; asking them what happened or why they did it. The dragon, rather than answering, just shot them a wide, toothy grin then spread his wings and took off into the sky.

Dragonfire had already had his fun for the day and had gotten to do something bad to a person that deserved it. Now all he wanted was to go home and relax while basking in the sensation of a job well done.

About Author

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