

Chapter III-Fallen Knight

Friday, 18 August 2006

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Wow, this one took me soo long to write

and its actually some lines shorter than chapter II

so please, take a couple of minutes into writing my job, and tell me what you think of it!Â

Chronicles of the Asturien

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Chapter III:

Fallen Knight

Â Â Â Â Boris looked around, he was nervous with this new job they had been hired to do, he saw his other companions, all dressed in the same robes with leather armour below them and red adornations in their wrists in the robes.

Â Â Â Â They had won more money from this one job than from all the others they did in the past six month, together, and it was only half the payment yet! "Half now, and the other half when you bring me his head" was the words he recalled in heir meeting, their target this time was a wizard, called Gareth de Corann.

They had killed and assassinated many noblemen and such, but of wizards they were afraid, but the price they were offered was just too much to let down, and so, they used some of the money and went to a wizard in Nuln, where they persuaded him to sell them some small arcane items, which warded them against fire spells, because from what they had heard, their target once belonged to the bright college of

Magic in Altdorf, but for some reason had abandoned it some months ago, yet, he was still residing in Altdorf for that time, and now, he had finally left the Capital city and was heading towards Nuln.

^ ^ ^ ^ They decided to intercept him in his travel, and so, they had waited for hours in a road between Nuln and Altdorf, until now.

^ ^ ^ ^ He looked up the road again, their target, an old yet powerful wizard was walking down the road and approaching their direction he was wearing a worn out grey robe and a old brown cape covering most of his body, he could see below the hood a little of the man's white beard, it was dark, with full moon so his visions were limited, and they hoped that being an old man, he would see very well.

^ ^ ^ ^ Boris looked to the other side of the road, there, lay waiting five of his men, and another five in this side of the road with him, waiting for his signal to strike, the old man footsteps were getting louder, *thump, thump, thump....* until, when he was but fifteen feet away from them, he signalled to strike, they all charged around the wizard shouting and screaming all of them with their swords held above their heads ready to strike the man.

^ ^ ^ ^ The old man quickly threw his cape open and lifted his right hand in the air while gesturing some strange and incomprehensible words, instantly there was a loud booming sound and a ball of fire was thrown against two of the nearest men, the first died quickly, his face caught in the trajectory of the fireball, the second, lifted his sword arm to protect his face, but to no use, his arm was burn and the ashes were taken by the wind, the men fell in the ground, screaming and holding what was left of his arm.

^ ^ ^ ^ Another of Boris men stepped forward and charged at the wizard, the wizard lifted his left hand and again did the same as before, and another fireball appeared out of the wizard's hand and started burning trough the air in the man's direction, just some seconds before the fireball hit him, he lifted his left with the talisman and held it before him, the fireball hit his hand holding the talisman and exploded in a thousand little suns that vanished, sucked by the talisman.

^ ^ ^ ^ The wizard looked surprised and genuinely afraid and stood his ground, looking at the men around him, Boris and his men grinned, realising that as long as they were fast enough, the talismans would protect them, they started spreading in a circle around the man, and when they finally were spread around him, cutting off any means of escape, the old man relaxed his muscles and stood straight, as to accept his inevitable death it seemed to him, but then, the man did something unthinkable, he smiled.

^ ^ ^ ^ With a quick movement of his hands the men next to Boris vanished in an explosion of guts and blood that were thrown everywhere, one of men charged the wizard who twisted his right hand in the direction of the man, he could see a ball forming in his hands, twisting what he saw beyond it, like water in a glass, it was thrown in the direction of the man, , to all effects, just like a fireball would, but this was no fireball, this strangely dense ball looked like something between a cloud and water, the man held the talisman before him, and when the ball hit him, he could see his hand breaking under the weight of the ball which continued and eventually hit his chest, it seemed that the men had been hit with a hammer in his chest, first, the chest seemed to resist the ball, but in less than a second, his chest gave a loud crack and broke, leaving the man open with what seemed a whole in his chest, the men fell with a loud sound, dead.

Â Â Â Â Two of Boris

men turned and started running, but the wizard gestured at them with his left hand and what seemed to be an invisible half circle blade jolted out of his hands, distorting the air around it while it went in the direction of the two running men, which were both cut in half when the air like blade them.

Â Â Â Â Pulsing with

rage, he screamed and charged the wizard at the same time as his other four men did, instead of the fluid movements with his hand he had made before, the old wizard this time made a series of outwards movements with his hands and Boris suddenly felt a punch to his face and stomach and the same time and fell backwards, so did most of his men he saw, some of them quickly got up and tried to run but the wizard brought them down like he had done to the rest of them, until, only he was left, he got up to his knees, and saw his sword several feet away, the wizard turned to him and walked calmly in his direction.

Â Â Â Â Boris started sobbing, helpless before this powerful being:

-Please sir, I beg you, let me live, I want to live!!

-Oh, don't worry, you will live...

With those words from the wizard, he felt the sweet release of unconsciousness enveloping him, and gave up to it.

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Elvina laughed together with Sabrina, her aide, she looked out of the window, towards the green hills rolling over the fields outside of the keep.

Â Â Â Â It

was a beautiful land, and She was glad to have married into a place like this, she recalled that when she was a child she was often afraid to marry a fat, lazy lord living in a castle in the middle of a swamp like her older sister had.

Â Â Â Â But

the thing she was most afraid of, was of marrying someone she did not love, yet, that had not happened, she and Arthas loved each other deeply, and they live only to be in each other's arms.

-Don't worry, he will come back to you soon enough, probably tomorrow.

Elvina returned from her memories as a statue awakened from eternal slumber:

-Sorry, what? How did you know...?

-Oh, well, I have had that look of passion many times before.

Elvina blushed under this commentary and started hoping that Sabrina would change the subject quickly, suddenly, in a moment of distraction, she accidentally pricked her finger with the needle:

-Ouch!

She said, and Sabrina leaned over from her chair and looked at her fingers:

-My, my, again? It is the third time this week! Ill be right back with the healing woman.

-No, wait its not necessary...

Elvina said, but Sabrina was gone already, trough the wooden oak door to the left of the fire place.

Â Â Â Â Elvina looked around at the room, she was sitting by the window, with Sabrina's chair in front of her, her bed lay just a few feet behind her, how she missed Arthas presence besides her in her bed, she blushed, and looked around to make sure that nobody was looking, she hated it when people looked at her without her

knowing, it made her feel vulnerable, she looked out the window again, to the green hills and forest outside "Come home Arthas." she thought to herself.

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Clovis was tired, bone tired, but he knew that he had to wait until his shift replacements would arrive, and he was sure that his sergeant would soon arrive to relieve him from duty.

Â Â Â Â He looked back at the Asturien keep behind him, at its wonderful silhouette against the moonlight.

Â Â Â Â Suddenly, he heard a small noise coming from the woods; he turned around, and tried to discern a shape in the pitch black of the woods, but was unable to. "Oh well, must have been a rabbit" he thought to himself, and went back to his own thoughts about his life and what he would do when he was relieved of duty for that night, until a hand was across his mouth.

Â Â Â Â He could feel the point of a dagger in his back, which was the warning for Clovis to not resist or make a sound, he freezed like a statue.

Â Â Â Â He looked back at the darkness of the forest from where he saw emerging dozens of Marauders, he was sweating heavily as the marauders ran past him, when no more emerged from the forest, Clovis felt an agonising pain as the tip of a dagger appeared in the centre of his chest, and he slumped to the ground, dead...

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She didn't know for how long she had been asleep, but her guess was of at least two hours, when suddenly, she woke up with her door bursting open and Sabrina entering the room, only then did Elvina look out the window to see the village burning and to hear screams of men and women.

-They are coming my dear! Quick! Hide in the closet!

Sabrina quickly closed the door and locked it while Elvina jumped out of bed and ran towards the closet to the left of the fireplace, when suddenly, the door seemed to explode, throwing Sabrina to the back of the room. Two big men stepped inside the room, both standing six feet tall and handling maces and axes.

-Hey, it seems we stepped inside the right room huh? I never had whores from royalty!

One of them said, pointing with his head to her, the other stepped forward, with intentions of grabbing her to do what he would with her. Seeing no way out, she also stepped forward, and in a quick movement grabbed the poker from the fireplace and stabbed the face of a very surprised man, he screamed wildly and with rage as his hands reached for his eyes, dropping a knife, his companion was distracted by the first man, and so, Elvina took this opportunity to grab the knife the first had dropped, and she stabbed the second in his gut, who was also very surprised, he fell to the ground, with moans of pain while the other was still screaming with his hands in his eyes, trying to take out the poker without taking off the eyeballs from their sockets. Elvina moved quickly, and went to the back of the room and grabbed a shocked Sabrina.

-Quick Sabrina! We have to run!

She said, and holding her by the hand, ran from the room into the hall, where dead men lay everywhere, most of them being the palace guards, both of them continued moving, seeing only dead people and

none leaving to stop them or harm them, until they reached the top of the ladder in the entrance hall, where dozens of bodies from men-at-arms lay near the doors, and women in the corners were being raped, their screams vibrating through the hall like those of a banshee, several men looked up, and grinned, grins of barbarians, murderers and rapists.

^ ^ ^ ^ Elvina

started taking several steps back, until her back bounced something, she turned around to see a huge man standing there, grinning at her while another man took a fainted Sabrina away.

^ ^ ^ ^ Elvina

lunged, trying to stab the man, but he was quicker and grabbed her wrist, in that moment, when she felt the cold blade of death piercing through her abdomen, all she could think of was her mother, and how she had taught her to stay calm and slowly count until ten, a hundred, or a thousand, depending on how nervous or sad she was... so, while her dying body hit the cold marble floor, she looked up, through the dome in the ceiling, at the stars, and started counting... one...two...three...four...

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Arthas had not been able to sleep very well in his last night, and dawn had seemed to come too quickly for him, giving him even less time to sleep.

^ ^ ^ ^ So,

at the first signs of dawn he jumped atop of his horse and started riding his horse fast.

^ ^ ^ ^ He

went past the beautiful woods and hills, and the villages full of joyful people, yet, he did not stop to admire such things, for something inside him urged him on, urged him to be faster, so he did, he went on, not stopping, and forcing his horse to his limits, until, very near the village of the Asturien, Arthas recognized the smell of burned flesh, he urged his already tired horse

to go on, Bucefalus, not wanting to displease his master, did so, and almost fell of exhaustion when they finally slowed down in the edge of the village.

Â Â Â Â Arthas

slowed his horse to a trotting pace, he saw, all around him in the village corpses mutilated, women raped, and the defenders ripped apart. Several houses had burned down, and some more still were burning.

Â Â Â Â Arthas

finally reached the entrance to the keep and stepped down from his horse, throwing the doors open, he stepped inside the halls, where the visions were even more horrific than those outside, he heard some strange sounds and turned around, he saw two men, one of them rapping a women, who Arthas recognized as being Sabrina, his wife's most precious friend, the remaining man, probably waiting for his turn, turned around and looked at him speechless with his surprise, Arthas, quickly, and without hesitation, stabbed him in the middle, the tip of his sword appearing in the other side of the man, he slumped to the floor, with moans of agony while the other mn dropped Sabrina, grabbed a mace and turned around:

-Why you bastard son of a

And then he lunged for him, Arthas sidestepped and with a swift move cut his opponents arm, the man screamed, and fell to his knees, not spending the opportunity, in one quick movement, he was beheaded.

Not wasting time, Arthas ran to Sabrina and lifted her up:

-Sabrina! Sabrina speak to me, where is my wife?!

Arthas said, to whom the only apparent response was a look from Sabrina to the top of the stairs.

Â Â Â Â He

let go of her, and too fast for him to stop her, she grabbed a dagger and plunged it into her body, burying it deep, and she fell besides the many corpses, dead.

Arthas did not want to delay with her body,
and he was sure he would have enough time to bury her later, but now, all he
could think of was Elvina.

^ ^ ^ ^ He

ran to the stairs, and started up, until, he saw the blue night dress he
remembered Elvina had, he strode forward, and reached her, he fell to his knees
and pulled her up to him, and then, he looked into her dead eyes, and he was no
more... all his hopes, joy, and memories turned into blurry thoughts as he looked
at her eyes, eyes watching something that was not of this world, Arthas lifted
her in his arms, and screamed with rage and sorrow, his scream echoed the
halls, it was a scream that made all men afraid to meet its origin. And then,
after he finished his long scream of rage, he wept, holding her in his arms.

He heard footsteps behind him, and sorrow
turned to anger, blue eyes with tears turned to eyes with the flames of fury,
and so he turned around and looked into the halls, where at least three dozen
men were.

-Hey! How'd you get inside here....

^ ^ ^ ^ He

had no time to finish the sentence, for his head was no longer together with
his shoulders, the other men stepped back, uneasy, until from amongst them, a
bigger and stronger one stepped forward with a huge mace, Arthas lunged and the
men brought his mace down, the mace and the sword met in mid air, and they seemed
to fight for some time, trying to see which one would break first, and alas, it
was Arthas blade which broke.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^

The huge warrior grinned while he remained expressionless, and threw
the remains of his swords away, and readied for the oncoming mace.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^

In a brief moment, he quickly dodged the huge man's mace and grabbed
his wrist while punching the man with the other hand, the man dropped the Mace
and fell to his knees, shaken and momentarily stunned.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^

Not spending time to grab a weapon from the floor, Arthas did the
unthinkable for a knight, he stepped forward to the man and grabbed his neck,

putting immense strength and tension in his arms, he twisted the men's neck, and for a time, it seemed the men's neck resisted, but his neck quickly gave up, and with a loud *snap* broke.

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The lifeless body of the men dropped to the floor, his head hanging in a awkward position.

Arthas turned his attention to the other men, and they stepped back, and for a moment hesitated, until they all charged at once, Arthas remained expressionless during the whole time he killed one by one with his bare hands, he felt nothing, he was wounded several times but they were not even distractions for him while he broke their windpipes with his elbow and broke another men's arms with but a twist of his hands... soon, the remaining few turned and fled up the hall opposite from Arthas, who was dripping blood, from his wounds, and from his hands that had killed so many men in that brief moment.

Â These fleeing men had no chance, and they knew it... his eyes no longer had the colour blue, instead, they now looked like a deep and dark nothingness.

Arthas was no longer a knight... he was an empty shell now, a men stripped of his soul... now...the only thought in his mind was vengeance...

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Beren puked at the sight before him, as he was sure that the other men with him would, they had been through all of the city, where there were corpses everywhere, with men chopped to pieces, children cut in half, women raped and mutilated, but none of those sights had awakened this reaction in him.

^ ^ ^ ^

These men had not been killed with a weapon, everyone could see that, the first and biggest in the long row of men in that hall, had his neck broken, a deed that would seem impossible to Beren due to that man's size, yet there he was, his head hanging to the side, no longer in natural position, but the other men were even more shocking, more than thirty men lay there in the hall, some with all their limbs broken and hanging on their sides, others with their windpipes broken so that the men would slowly choke in agony, but the worse were those who had been ripped open by a human hand, and some of the others who had a hole in their stomachs opened by a fist...

^ ^ ^ ^

At some point of the battle... nay, slaughter, some of the men fled, but they were hunted down mercilessly, these who ran, were not killed like the others had been, these who fled had all their bones broken in the arms and legs, but in a manner that they would remain conscious, and then, they would have their limbs tied like a deer and would be hanged to the ceiling, until their flesh and muscle gave up and their arms would be ripped apart, half of their bodies would fall to the floor and their limbs would continue to hang in the ceiling, the flesh and muscles attracting scavengers.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^

Never, in all his years of service, had he seen something as gruesome as horrifying as this.

^ ^ ^ ^

One of the men came to him, still nervous, and said:

-We found a tombstone in a hill nearby with the inscription "Elvina Le Roselle" sir.

-Only that? Was there any other inscriptions?

^ ^ ^ ^

Beren asked while directing him to accompany him down the stairs, he was

eager to go outside, away from those horrible sights:

-None that we noticed sir, of course that we may be wrong, should I send someone there to dug up the grave to find if the body is truly of Lady Elvina?

^ ^ ^ ^ He asked Beren, to which he replied:

-No sergeant, that would be denying the spirit its right full sleep, and Lady Elvina isn't amongst these bodies, so we will have to assume that it is her buried in that hill.

^ ^ ^ ^ And get some men here, I want all those bodies to be buried.

-Including the Marauders Sir?

^ ^ ^ ^ He asked, ready to go and run off to gather some men:

-No sergeant, burn them.

^ ^ ^ ^ I told him, and turned to the other way, towards the tents, I knew that a long night lay ahead, where I would try to write a report to the forces in the south explaining the gruesome sights and discoveries we had made here.

^ ^ ^ ^ The images of the men ripped apart still continued to haunt him.

^ ^ ^ ^ He stepped inside the tent, sat at his desk, grabbed some parchment and feathers, inked the feathers and started writing:

"Milord, we have finally reached..."

Â Â Â Â
He began writing.

Â Â Â Â
It would be a long night...

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