

Siege of Mousillon

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Another fluff part for War of the Five Realms regarding the Dark Elves and Mousillon

Enjoy it!

The Siege of Mousillon

The air smelled of death, a smell so primitive, so basic, so natural, that any could detect it. Khael Anmel frowned, they had been forced to move those who could or would to the central areas of Mousillon, both to ease the role of marching them into the Ark and so they could now level the areas closest to the Walls. Due to the long decades of decadence no longer were the walls as mighty as they had been, and the defensive forces had to struggle through hundreds of tents and shacks to maneuver. But no longer, now all the buildings up to 150 feet from the wall had been destroyed, the area leveled, allowing for the thousands of Elves to move freely.

Khael turned around, his position on the southern wall gave him a nice view over the city, but what was further south was the reason for the sudden reassignment of dark elves to the southern and eastern parts of the city. Spread out on the marshy fields was thousands of men, cavalry and even a couple of siege weapons here and there. They had come but one week after the ark had left the dock, and two days the excursion force had been sent to the Humble chapel. He put his hands on the edge, his body tense, in the state of anxiousness he always felt before a battle. Despite his position as a captain, despite his thousands and a half years he still feared the moment, and at the same time awaited it eagerly. No other event was preceded by a similar sensation, a sensation which just pleaded to "Get it over with". He turned again, and walked towards the stairs.

After a whole day the human army had approached staying just out of range for the bows and arrows but within range for their catapults, it would be a long night.

Khael gave a small grunt as he slashed his sword, catching one of the purple wearing soldiers on the chest. These were easy, and Khael had been surprised by how quickly they fell as they went up the ladders onto the wall. He easily ducked under another's blow and pushed him over the edge to be crushed on top of his comrade's shields below. His section of the wall had barely taken any casualty, and he was beginning to think the battle would be over before it had even begun, this was a thought that did not last.

A great crashing sound was heard over the never ending clashes of steel, a sound Khael recognized as masonry falling, and as he looked to the east he could see by the light of the fires which lit the dark night a broken section of the wall, and a wave of men rushing towards it. "Looks like we might have some challenge after all..." he thought, and quickly made his way to the stairs and the street, grabbing any elf he could in the meantime and ordering them to the breach. The moment he arrived he noticed the distinct difference, these men did not bear the purple colors and the makeshift armor, these men wore red colors over steel, their frames broader, and their prowess better. He saw as one deflected a blow from one of Khael's men and stabbed him through, with skill he thought no human regular could achieve, but then again, he and his brothers were elves, and failure was not an option.

His sword sang of death as he charged into the fray, dodging a blow from a soldier and quickly slashing another, then turning to deflect the first one's second blow and stabbing him through before moving on. He encountered resistance and skill, something which he had missed for years, and which he had not expected in this new mission. Khael stepped back, letting the edge of a blade pass inches from his face, and launched himself forward, cutting his opponent's arm clean off and kicking him to the ground. As he was about to give the human deliverance a blow hit him with such strength that he was surprised it his head had not been torn from his body. Falling to a knee he regained his balance just in time to dodge to the side of a war hammer coming down.

Khael's helm was almost twisted, a small price to pay after saving his life, he quickly threw it to the side and turned to face his opponent, some strands of hair falling across his face as sweat made its way down his brow. They circled each other, studying, testing, making false moves, this human was different, he was experienced, bigger, stronger, and much faster than the soldiers, he was their general. After many feints from both, Khael threw a feint to the side which the human finally fell for and moving quickly he slashed at him, but the general's reflexes were in shape as he raised his shield arm just in

time. In turn he brought the hammer down, missing the elf by inches. Khael kept moving, speed was his advantage as an elf, and he intended to use it. Blow after blow was struck, the elf barely dodging the hammer and the human barely blocking his blows. But soon as the fight went on both of them became slower, tired, and the battle raging around them still went on.

In a near fatal mistake the human slipped, almost falling flat on his back, just the chance Khael needed as he moved forwards and with a quick across the air the hammer was sent flying. But alas, the gods saw fit to be cruel, and the proximity and arrogance of the elf was all the opportunity the human needed as he dropped his shield and barreled straight into his opponent. The two of them rolled on the ground, punches flying, but the weight of the human came on top, as he grabbed Khael by the collar and punched him. Instinctively the elf drew his knife, and stabbed upwards, going for the throat, but seeing the glint of the blade just in time his made a clumsy attempt to grab his wrist, and the knife hit on the elbow instead. The human gave a grunt of pain, but by no means slowed down, instead punching Khael again and again, the elf's face being crushed time after time under the gauntlet's weight.

Through a fainting image Khael could see the human raising his fist one more time, and then another figure appearing, slamming into him and sending him off Khael. Around the elf the battle was ending, as the soldiers who had made it through the breach were retreating, leaving a ground full of corpses, or close to death. But nothing of this mattered to Khael, all he was thinking about now as he struggled for each shortening breath was of home, Tor-Anlec, and her.

High Sorceress

Nera made her way through the corpses and remains of the battle, what had seemed a bloody scenario at the light of torches seemed a blood bath with the red dawn casting its light over the bloodstained masonry. Many of her soldiers had been lost the past night, but only one was on her mind as she recognised a figure and approached it.

Nera looked down at Captain Anmel, but her look was not returned. Anmel now looked at something beyond this world.

"Be at peace my friend, be at peace." She whispered bending and moving her hand over Khael's eyes, closing them forever.