The Day Before the Next- Part IV, Fate of a Warrior

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As the story continues the fate of Beregond is revealed in part 4 of The Day Before the Next.

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"So what if he is weaker than the others? He can still serve a purpose!"

"This is not in our greater interest... we have many other... closer ones who can do this."

"You are wrong, if we can bring one of their own from the inside out, we can rot their very flesh with ease!"

"Enough blood has been shed to be appeased as it is, maybe he is right... maybe we can give him the strength."

"Yes... yes... maybe we can."

Beregond's eyes opened in a flash. In an instant he looked at the ground, pushing himself up on his knees bewildered as he stood up and looked at the night sky. All around him were ruins... ruins of his own destruction, the flames that were so bright from when he remembered now dead. "What trickery is this?" Beregond asked in the bearing silence, finding himself at l'Ambertrou.

"SILENCE PAWN!" a scream shrieked through his mind. Beregond looked into the night sky, covering his ears in pain. "We have decided... yessss... decided to... incorporate you, weakling." The voice said in a slither.

"Weakling? Show yourself so I may cut you down my-" Beregond said as he was cut off, his body lifting off the ground being choked by some unknown force. "You have so easily let us into your mind." "Your heart." "Your soul." The voice said, now seemingly three different voices. A dark laughter filled the air as Beregond was dropped and stepped back in wonder of this event. "Now you will do what you're told... it will take... a matter of time, though." Beregond nodded.

In the heart of the Pale Sisters the burning sensation of the screams pierced his ears. Beregond slammed his fist into another screamer, driving it deep into the snow, a gushing of black blood oozing from it after. His chain mail boots crushed through the almost-knee deep snow. His ears weren't the only thing burning; his eyes were tired of this constant vision of white on the plateau. The freezing cold biting at his ankles and the harsh winds nipping at his face, he was regretting everything, yet still something pushed him onwards.

It was only by accident that his foot fell through the snow and into something else, cracking through an icy surface. Falling over he grabbed for the edges of the hole he had now created, trying to get a grip on the snow as he was slowly

pulled down, falling into the dark abyss. Deep... deep into the mountain he fell, into the depths of the world that had not been seen for a millennium. His body was caught in mid air, 15 feet above the ground, stopping all sudden movement, and then dropped. A sound of pain escaped Beregond as he hit the cold floor, looking up in the pitch darkness.

"You have come far... yeeessssss." The voice said to him. "And how am I to proceed with not a thing to be seen?" Beregond questioned as the entire room then lit up in a bright pink glow, torches all along the paths winding through the mountain. "It has not been disssturbed for a thousand years, no. I would be... careful." The voice said to Beregond after.

He could tell that there was a sly smile following the end of that statement, but he nodded. "What I do I do for my father, Bretonnia dared persist on his heresy and I will persist on theirs!" He said as he began walking along the path. He kicked a rock off the side of it and heard it drop- a trickle heard only after a full 15 seconds. His thoughts were in absolute wonder; what is this that they had sent him on? Where was he going?

As he walked along some more, another set of torches lit the path ahead, upon doing so Beregond heard something... a small shriek or cry. "Who's there?!" He asked out loud as the sound of wings flapping around him filled the air and from the darkness; furies poured forth. "Be gone creatures of the night!" He shouted as he pulled his blade, moving one hand forward and practically disintegrating them with magic as he stabbed another, but it wasn't long before they got their claws on him.

"Get... off... of... ME!" Beregond shouted in anger as his body heated up. His blade cut the head off of another fury, but they persisted at his flesh, tearing holes in his skin. With a scream, though, Beregond's body lit on fire, everything in the radius burning instantly as the Furies fell from the air and dropped their clutches on him, falling into the darkness below. Calming down, the fire melted away, leaving only smoke coming from his body as Beregond smiled in this... this power.

Beregond saw ahead of him what his prize was now. It was a chest... black but embellished in fine gold, in behind it a hooded statue kneeling, head looking down at the chest. The platform was square and was much wider than the path he was on. As he ran towards the chest, he climbed slowly up the lit steps. "Yesssss," the voice said to him in pleasure, "Yes that is it! That is it." Beregond knelt on one knee and broke the lock off of it, opening it slowly.

Below him his eyes beheld a wonder of the Chaos world. Before him was a dark suit of Chaos armour. The finer details included whitish silver lines across the bottom and a pair of golden 8-pointed stars on the breast plate. The fur around the collar was that of a white lion's and the armour's make was more than not that of an elf. The shoulders included sharpened cylindrical spikes which can be said the same for the underarms. The leggings and boots had sharpened knee points and Gothic adoration to the four Dark Gods.

"It will give you power!"

"Yessss power beyond your imaginations!"

"Wear it and crush the skulls of the foolish believers of the Pagan Gods."

As Beregond reached in, the sound of a sword pulled from its sheath followed by crumbling rang through the tunnels as Beregond ducked his head in reflex of the sound, a sword grazing past his hair.

Backing away, Beregond drew his sword. The statue behind the chest stood, the rock crumbling from it as it removed its hood. A horned figure almost like a bloodletter stepped forward as its deadly blade swung at Beregond again. He moved back, drawing his great sword.

In the Dark tongue of the Gods it spoke: "Mortals shall not tamper with the corrupted armaments of the Dark Ones." (Translated) A fleshy tongue swirled the words. Beregond had no idea of this sinister language and was only threatened. In a bitter brawl, the swords of the two dark agents clashed in the depths of the mountain holds. The sound of steel rang out in the darkness as the two fought.

The slick sword of the dark one before Beregond swung again meeting Beregond's blade as with his strength he brought the sword down and kicked the beastly thing to the ground. It rose back up, almost as if it floated to its feet as Beregond ran at it again. He hacked at the being again and again only to be parried by skill, trying to switch his footing constantly. Even as his blade cut down through the things arm it did not bleed, it did not cry in agony or pain, it simply cracked its neck and switched hands.

"Ungodly thing! Die!" Beregond ordered as his blade pierced deep into its chest. The being smiled and stabbed at Beregond as he just moved in time; Beregond sensed this things power as he retracted his blade. "What foul creature are you?!" He asked as the smile on the being wore off, striking again.

In a moment's notice Beregond went with his instinct, catching the blade of the daemonic beast, beating its sword to the ground and slammed his fist into its neck as it gasped for a second, stepping back. Beregond proceeded to disarm the beast forcing it against the chest. Smiling, he removed its head.

"Very good Beregond"

"Yeeesssss we have chossssen the right one after all."

Beregond stepped forward as the torches from the path slowly dimmed then went dull in a snap. He picked up the armour slowly as the torches around him brightened; putting the dark suit on piece by piece. "The armour of Derald the Hated... yessss it suits you." The voice echoed from the deep. This was perfect... he could now go forward as planned.

It only took a number of months to walk to the North coast of Bretonnia unnoticed. It was at an abandoned port the ship from the mist came forth. A great dragon at the front of it, fire contained in its mouth, as the back end was designed as a tail acting as the rudder. A number of Norsemen were aboard and nodded to Beregond as he climbed aboard without hesitation. "To the North Lands." He said vigorously as he looked condescendingly at the marauder sailing the ship. Into the North he would sail... yes... there he would fulfill his duty.

Summer, 1537... records tell of 6 ships sailing out from the ocean at Gresdale, Lyonesse. The ships docked unauthorized and from it poured the black filth of Chaos. Beregond's feet touched and tainted Bretonnian soil again as the foul Chaos did not even form ranks but simply rushed a guerilla style assault on the castle. Ladders were carried by several and up in moments.

Caught off guard, Lord Forésen panicked in his castle. An order was up to get to the defense as quick as possible, but even then it was slightly too late. The Norse had made ground in the castle. Beregond himself bashed down the reinforced gates with the battering rams followed by marauders. The march in was quick as the Knights assembled to counter them, but they were cut down by throwing axes before the marauders even made it into combat.

"Light it." Beregond demanded as the marauders began to burn the fortress to the ashes. He marched through the courtyard into the main hall where the panicking Lord was seen. Beregond dismissed his marauders as he approached him. Forcing him back to the chair, Beregond caught him at his throat. "It seems we need a distraction and you are it, my friend." Beregond whispered darkly into the ear of the Bretonnian as sweat dripped slowly down from his forehead. He gulped for only a moment before Beregond cut his throat.

It was there upon the wall that Beregond found the piece of temptation he was looking for... yes... the purple and green shield of the Marcel house that he had burned down so long ago. He adorned it on top of the spikes upon his shoulder, smiling thoughtfully as he headed outside. Gresdale burned with a bright red flame... the Gods would be happy. He continued outside as marauders approached Beregond; "A yeoman has spotted us my lord... we will be hunted for sure."

Beregond thought to himself for a moment... putting together all his thoughts and all the words of the Dark Gods. Yes they had tested him... he had passed... thus he should trust them, or should he? They had given him directions- maybe he should follow? Or maybe he should fight them for his own personal gain, yes... appease them but have his own way with them!

Turning to the marauder who had just reported to him he pulled his helmet on and slyly smiled at the man. "The Gods wouldn't have it... any other way." He said, laughing. It was only moments later that the knights from Roiglan were seen upon the horizon, one young one now old among them. Beregond smirked "It's about time Jean... it's about time."