

## The Day Before the Next- Part VIII, Bloody Reunions

Contributed by Jeff Hyde  
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And so the fate of Dante Marcel is decided as a troubled Maximillian decides which path he is to choose. Jean continues through the thick of the fight to find his brother, and Beregond continues through the fray of the fight to his goal.

### Day Before the Next- Part VIII, Bloody Reunions

Beregond dashed across the muddy field towards the Imperial side of the fight. The state troops line up with handguns were caught overwhelmed as Beregond took them from behind, his great sword crashing through the heads of Imperial filth, sending them fleeing in disarray from the unexpected Chaos devotee.

He hurried himself into the fray as a magical blast from his hand crushed the bones of the spearmen turning in attention to him as his blade swung with skill overtop his head and down through the body in full force of a spearman. He was surrounded slowly by Halberds and as one lunged themselves forward at his back a bang was heard from across the field, dropping the man as Maximillian reloaded his rifle quickly for another round.

Into the thick of the fighting Beregond threw himself at the State troops like there was no tomorrow. It was now that the blood was shed for the Blood God in a luminous splatter across the faces of others and his clothing as his blade decapitated another soldier.

Maximillian was amazed by the pure strength of the man as he watched from afar. The lengths he was going through to kill this single heretic were grand, but there was something wrong with this, wasn't there? This man showed far too much anger and fury to be one after a heretic. He unloaded another round into the head of a Bretonnian knight as his lance stopped short of piercing through Beregond's head, thinking to himself. Such magical powers he displayed worried Max slightly this man had saved his life and he made a promise, yet something still felt wrong. Looking through his scope, his eye kept on Beregond, as he began to breathe in a more controlled manner. He looked above Beregond and saw the knight which Beregond had told him about, wearing the purple and green heraldry. He looked back down at Beregond,

and again at the knight. He had to choose... everything was adding up in his mind now, and there was no evidence of this heretic put forth to him, only but a promise and a word of trust. He looked back at the knight, and looked down at Beregond again as he cleaved his way through the masses. He had to choose, and he had to choose now. In this moment he held his breath.

Beregond turned and swung into the ranks of knights, parrying shortly as their horses reared in battle, kicking Beregond to the muddy ground; a man-at-arm rushing by the knight's side, jabbing his pole-arm down towards Beregond's chest just to be clipped in the head by another bullet.

He stood up; Beregond looked for a moment before parrying with his great sword against a falling sword from a swordsman to his rear. He swung cutting the man from his shoulder to his waist before seeing a horse running in with the Marcel heraldry from behind the ranks of the Bretonnian line. "Jean..." Beregond mumbled under his breath in distaste. What stopped him from cutting him down unexpectedly right now? The Gods have deemed him something of importance but he would show them.

"Dante is the one you must kill." A voice whistled through his ears. Beregond bit his bottom lip and nodded... they were right- he would do their bidding and see where it led him.

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I rode deep into the heart of battle, leaving Dominique behind as he pulled himself back together from his wound. My great sword lowered as I swept it down deep into an Imperial soldier when I met the line of battle. In the heat of war I drew my blade back and began to cut my way through the lines to find my brother. I twirled my blade once, following with a swing down into the masses as I pushed through the ranks.

I didn't care if I had to cut down ever man here- I would find my brother. Another spear jutted out in my direction as I moved to dodge it by only an inch, countering with a swing as the Imperial managed to put up a fight, parrying with his shield, drawing his sword. My blade met his as he pushed on my horse with his shield, but in a feat of strength, I was able to unlock my blade by pushing his down, swinging upwards after through his chest.

The Bretonnian line seemed to be at an even match as I looked across for Dante, yet there was no sign of him. I backed out of the front only to watch the replacing knight be brought down by a gunshot. Quickly I rode around the battle lines until I saw him in the heat of battle just nearing the front on the far right flank as I rode quickly to meet him.

Through the swathe of knights and men I trudged. My blade was drawn as I cut deep into the ranks of the enemy in my way, trying to make it to him- I had to drag him out of here before it was too late.

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Beregonnd cut through the ranks of Imperials as he saw Dante right before him finally. He only had to move a little further

as the eyes of the knight spotted him. A hooded man cutting through the Imperial lines- no doubt in the knight's mind it would be Chaos.

Beregond had remembered the last time he had fought with Dante Marcel, the battle was long and furious. Both blades had clashed again and again simultaneously in an equal match...

1534. Location: at the burning l'Ambertrou. The battle had enraged on as the knights of Alexander Marcel led by Dante hit the front of the trapped beast horde as the fortress began to crumble in the heat of daemonic flames. Growling and laughter of the Dark Gods could be heard in the minds of all as blades clashed again, Dante's sword meeting the great sword of Beregond. He was without match and he would make Dante understand this.

"Your father was a weakling!" Beregond shouted above the cries of battle. The infuriated knight, Dante, swung hard against Beregond's blade, smacking the dark one with his shield quickly after. The clash of the two great warriors was deciding the fate of the battle in whole. The flames had spread from room to room as the entire place began to turn to ash.

The knights of l'Ambertrou held their front against the beasts with courage and loyalty, deep down a vengeance seeking to be avenged. It was as if the fate of the castle as a whole would only be decided by who fell and who stood. Beasts ran through the ranks of their enemy lit afire as the flames grew closer. Beregond held Dante's blade down, letting go with one, clubbing Dante in the face with his free hand. Knocking him back Beregond grabbed his sword and swung for his head, upwards. Dante quickly fell to the ground quickly as Beregond's sword missed, letting Dante come back with a kick, pushing Beregond back.

Dante gathered himself and jumped to his feet as Beregond looked at the knight in disgust, watching the knight pick up his blade and come for more. It was only with luck that Dante managed to clash their weapons again, shoving his fist into

Beregond's gut which had been previously wounded by Mercedes.

Beregond gave a cry of pain as he charged himself back in, but it was too late. Dante rammed his sword through Beregond's throat, retracting it shortly after. For his father he had slain the beastly thing that was Beregond, yet it was only moments after that he felt his face, feeling the blood dripping down the sides of his face, falling to his knees. He felt the back of his head... the shaft of an axe felt coming from it as a beast roared into the night pleased as Dante fell to the ground dead.

The entirety of both the army of the Knights and Beasts were soon overtaken by the flames, not a single one left alive, or so they had claimed. It wasn't too long after until Beregond was raised.

1539. Location: The plains of the Marches of Couronne. Beregond would make sure the wretched thing wouldn't live this time... he would have his vengeance on Dante for it was only by luck last time and he'd make sure his opponent knew that. In a quick dash through the lines he threw himself forward, his blade behind him now as he went in for the swing. Dante was seen pulling his shield tight and his blade ready to plunge.

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In a moment's notice I jumped through the crowd, my blade meeting Beregond's in mid-swing. A grunt was heard from the man in distaste as I had kicked the Chaos worshiper down to his back shortly after. As he scrambled to get up, I ran after him, throwing my blade down at him as some imperials watched the fight not wishing to get involved as my blade met his again.

Beregond rolled out of the way and stood as my sword clashed with his yet again. "Stay out of my way Jean." He sneered at me as he attempted to throw my guard off. I countered by running my shoulder into him, knocking him a step back following through with knocking his blade down to let go and knock my fist into his face. The blow was hard and unexpected enough to pin him to the ground in a flat second.

I turned now looking at my brother as I ran towards him to warn him. As he then pulled his helm off, I yelled his name. "Dante!" as my mind hit rock bottom a moment later. Dropping to my knees, I watched as a bullet traveled through his head. "No..." I mumbled under my breath. "No!" I repeated again in heart-rending pain, slightly louder. "NO!" I screamed out as my hands went to my head trying to understand it. I turned to look in the mountains- a man with a gun was getting up, running off. My fists clenched as I shouted again in anger.

I picked up my blade with both my hands and walked towards Beregond as he was getting up.

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Beregond spit out a tooth, his nose bleeding. Before him came an angry Jean as he stood up. Max had done his job and now maybe it was time! The Gods had their body and now Jean was offering his. Grabbing his blade Beregond charged

forth as Jean followed. In a clash of steel their blades met in the center of the Marches of Couronne. One bearing the great sword that had been wielded by Jean's father, the other wielding the great sword that decapitated Jean's mother; "It ends now!" Beregond screamed into the night sky.

"What issss he doing?!" The voices shrieked in the dark abyss in undetermined anger, "He will ruin everything!"

Beregond's blade met with Jean's again and again as the angered knight threw himself at Beregond with full strength. Beregond was surprised at the young man's abilities but they were no match for his cunning as his blade swept across Jean's shoulders, a deep enough cut to wound him into submission, yet Jean fought on regardless.

Beregond was surprised in the frenzied determination- was this a knight of the Lady or was he something else entirely now? He must kill him, he must prevail! He swung again and again but parry after parry protruded from Jean's skill. "YOU! THIS IS ALL YOUR DOING!" Jean screamed at Beregond in a rage of fiery proportions as Jean kicked Beregond in the stomach, his strength booting Beregond back 3 feet and to the ground as he scurried to his feet. Beregond had unleashed something, anger... that may just outdo him. Jean's very muscles pulsated in strength to his vision, his eyes a fiery white. He had become cruel in thought, seeking vengeance and nothing else as all those around him watched, stepping back in awe and wonder.

Jean quickly raised his blade again in anger and cut down an imperial beside him, cutting him literally into two pieces as he then proceeded to jab at the man's dead body until Beregond was at his feet. His eyes had widened in disbelief, it was impossible- he had made Jean into a lunatic. Lines of tears could be seen pouring from Jean's eyes as he charged back at Beregond, sweeping at his feet first. Beregond took the blade unexpectedly, falling to the ground as Jean raised his sword above the evil man, his breathing intensely deep.

"It's your time now!" Jean shouted as he gave out a bestial scream. Beregond scrambled for his life as Jean's blade raise

a little higher and as he began to plunge down, a 'bash' was heard as Jean's body fell to the ground unconscious. Behind him was Dominique, breathing calmly from the punch he had delivered into the back of his cousin's head, feeling his gauntlet after. Drawing his sword with one arm and dragging Jean back slowly with his other; He looked at Beregond as the man of Chaos rose to his feet again.

"Stay away from him or it will be the death of you." Dominique stated firmly.

Beregond smiled in content. If he could best this man, he would have Jean dead. He lunged forward quickly at Dominique, a small skirmish beginning as the fighting around them had raged on, so did the warrior of Chaos and the Bretonnian knight. Their power was almost equal yet the skill of the Chaos man was beginning to overcome. Dominique pulled his shield from his back and followed with some small parries, hardly able to take the strength of this Champion of Chaos, but was able to get a jab at Beregond's shoulder in.

It was only in an unexplainable eruption of Beregond's body that had stopped the fight; his body floating in the air, shaking. The fury of the Dark Gods had been underestimated, played with, and their trust broken now as the whispers grew to shouts and screams in his mind over what to do with him.

"WE SHALL RIP YOUR LIMBS OFF AND BURN YOUR INSIDES!" One screamed in an ear-piercing shriek into one ear as the other continued: "WE WILL LET YOUR BODY ROT AND YOU WILL WATCH YOUR SKIN FALL OFF FROM YOUR VERY BONES AS YOUR SOUL AND FLESHY SKELETON BOTH DECAY BEFORE YOUR EYES!"

"Silence." A third one said. "This one is mine." It followed with a deep cackle as Beregond's body disappeared from sight right before Dominique's eyes in a sudden black warp. As it closed, a bang was heard, dust flying everywhere as Dominique covered his eyes and knelt to the ground. Silence followed as he then looked around in wonder. Everything... everyone... they were all dead, everything was dust. The field was burning and the encampment behind them in the



Marches of Couronne was but ruins. Before him on the ground lay Jean, unconscious, and only him alive; rolling to his feet was a bullet. Picking it up, Dominique read the side; "M.V." was engraved into the side.

Dominique took in a long breath and let it out slowly, his shoulders relaxing. "What now?" He whispered to himself, the words catching in the wind and floating off.