

# Destiny of a Warrior

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*Three clans are at war, the country is being ripped apart. The small villages are suffering the most, becoming targets for angry warlords.*

*One villager has a hidden destiny, can they fulfil it..*

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**Chapter 1 - The Massacre**

**2**

# 1 - The Massacre

I sat on that hill, like I did every night watching the sun set and just, well thinking really. That night seemed different somehow though, as if something wasn't quite right. I dismissed it though, what could possibly happen in our isolated village? I mean those usual petty fights between the men when they got drunk didn't get very far.

I lay back on the grass and stared up at the sky. It was a perfect night for star gazing. Somehow, this relaxed me, made me forget any worries I had. I started to drift off to sleep when I suddenly hears screams, which startled me slightly, I sat up and looked over towards the village. I initially thought it was the men fighting again and was about to lie down again, when I saw smoke coming from one of the houses, my house. I quickly jumped to my feet and saw it was a fire. I started to run down the hill and came to the houses on the outside of the village. The doors had been charged down and they seemed deserted, I went towards one and entered it. There, sprawled, dead over a chair was one of the elders. He had been killed with a sword or a dagger. I quickly backed out of the door and looked towards my house. The fire was taking hold to some of the nearby houses now. As I ran towards it, I heard the sound of horses hooves. We didn't have any horses in our village. A chill came over me, what if it was bandits? We were no where near skilled enough to fight them off.

I still continued towards my house, although more cautiously now, I heard voices and someone shouting out in pain. I recognised the voice in pain to be my father's. As I looked round what was left of the door I saw two men, wearing armour, warrior armour and armed with swords, they said something about wanting the village's valuables and said it would be in the village's interest if it was given to them before their lord arrived.

Two warriors could not possibly have caused so much damage? The answer came clear as four more of them came round the house. I jumped behind a barrel, and saw they were wearing the same armour and carrying the same swords. Once they had passed I was about to get up again when, I heard the pounding of hooves not too far away. Another man wearing grander armour armed with a grander sword, cantered past on a huge black stallion. He halted outside the door and dismounted; the two men came out and said something to him which, I could not hear. He grunted and went inside; the other two bowed their heads in respect and scuttled after him.

I went to the wall and listened to their conversation, I couldn't hear it completely, but I knew my father had betrayed them in some way. The shouting went on for a few minutes, I heard my father pleading to the warrior before suddenly going silent, then came my mother's screams. They had killed my father. I sat there, letting it sink in, but why? Why had they killed him? I heard him then turn his sword on my mother, she creamed her last breath, then fell silent. It occurred to me, I could be the last person alive in my village. If they found me they would definitely kill me. I leaned against the wall wondering what I should do when the came out of the door again. I jumped back behind the barrel and watched. The two warriors were congratulating their lord on a job well done and said they would go off to find the riches of the village. As they disappeared among the remnants of the house, the warrior in the grand armour mounted his horse and shouted to another one of his men, who ran up to him and bowed to him. He then started to bark orders at him. I stayed behind the barrel waiting for them all to leave, I move my foot and brushes a pole propped up against the wall, it slid down the wall and knocked an empty barrel over. Both the men turned their heads and stared at the fallen barrel. I swore to myself and stayed as still and quiet as possible. A few seconds passed, the warrior on the horse suddenly yelled at the other man to go and investigate, I heard the chink of metal as he drew his sword, as he approached the barrel I was

behind. I thought he had stopped but he suddenly kicked the barrel over, making me jump. I jumped up and stumbled backwards, I didn't know whether to run or not, they would easily catch up with me if I did. The man held his sword out towards me and said, what shall we do with this one Lord Kumamoto? he walked closer to me, she would make a good servant in your castle.

Kumamoto looked at me, then drew his sword, out of the way Okinawa, I'll get rid of her myself.

Okinawa looked like he was about to object, but lowered his sword and moved out of the way.

Kumamoto, still mounted on his horse approached me, the look in his eyes told me he would make me suffer greatly. I quickly looked around for any gap between them to run through, but there was not. He laughed and stopped his horse. I looked again in desperation, parts of the wood were still smouldering, I picked it up, which Kumamoto also found amusing. Without thinking I hurled it towards his horse, hitting its flank, and making it rear. As it did Kumamoto fell to the ground, I took advantage and ran past him. Okinawa ran to his aid and ended up getting kicked by the horse knocking him backwards. Kumamoto shouted at him to hunt me down, and then something else that I could not hear.

I didn't turn round to see if Okinawa had followed that order, I just ran through the trees. I ran up the hill I sat on every night, and down the other side towards the thicker woods, I might be safe there if I evaded Okinawa and the other warriors. I suddenly heard shouting and knew they had followed those orders, I could hear at least three following me. I went off the path in the hope that I could lose them in the dense trees. They seemed to know exactly where I was they, went off the path and continued following me up the mountain. I turned my head to see them running, brandishing their swords. As I wasn't looking where I was running I crashed into someone making me fall backwards. I looked up to see a man wearing armour, armed with a glaive.