

I See Fire

"I see fire", sad William as ministers and other accomplices struggled to look for signs of smoke in the distance.

"my lord, you must be mistaken, we do not expect this year for at least another day."
William gave the courtier a pathetic look. He sighed in dismay. "I have surrounded myself with the fools of this country", he said.

"Knights, prepare your defences, you must fight this battle with all your might!"

King Williams orders world loud and clear. His words reverberated through the copper decorations of his coat. Three nights in heavy armour surrounded the King as he royally descended the rose metal staircase into the town hall.

"People!" he screamed at the noisy chaotic cross flux of people going by their busy days.

"People of Lyon! Our time of struggle has come!"

Hearing their King talk to them, The People gathered immediately in a big lump. Even the absentees presently were present.

"The judgement day has arrived. George The Betrayer, my father has besieged our free land", William struggled to put all his life into his words.

"George, the king who abandoned us, our homes and our children has come to take what he believes is his! Will you let him?"

The crowd roared "No!" in unison.

"Will you let this, imposter of God, take your freedom from your hands?"

The crowd roared "No!".

"Will you let this semblance of honour but brethen of hate trample on your destiny?"

The Mob roared No.

"Then stand not idle. We have defeated his treacherous means before. When he took our gold, we built our homes in copper. When he took our happiness we found hope in our freedom. Lyon, your King has exhausted all means to protect you. There is no other option than to embrace this war, this bloodshed, his crusade."

"Therefore stand not idle! End your silence, take to your arms, swords, knives, bats, bricks, anything that will hamper George and his Guardians!"

No sooner did the mob year in mutiny when the town was shaken by canon explosions not too far from the town centre.

William, unshaken, promptly commanded his general away and followed his little pack of an army, personally protected by his own three knights.

King George was the emperor of large Roman empire that spend millions of miles. His "Guardians" were five soldiers personally trained by him, and were considered to be the deadliest warriors mankind had ever seen.

George's Guardians were led by Beunos, the Master of the Roman Knights, King George's first born.

Beunos was so powerful in a battlefield that he was also called the Blood Guardian, a name acquired from the patches of blood on his armour of seven kings that he had slain in hand to hand combat.

But William was known to be a cunning war leader. He moved swiftly following his small army to the frontline.

At the gates of the citadel stood more than a thousand men, clad in the most fierce Roman armour, led by three of the five George's Guardians, including the Blood Guardian himself.

There was a brief moment of clarity as Beunos laid his eye on the small military of Lyon.

William spoke first.

"George could not wait to send his son to kill his brother," he screamed.

Beunos' answer was dripping with fury.

"Dare you take your father's name Boy!"

"George was never my father Beunos! Or mother was the one who saved me from his claws."

"You are full of lies William. Our mother was a traitor. Your silver tongue was too much for her to deny. You cost our mother her life. Her poor soul only did what you said."

William chuckled loudly.

"Beunos! It was George your father who commanded you to execute her."

The Blood Guardian overflowed with rage.

"By King's Honour, the Guardians are asked to bring home King William, alive or dead!"

Battle broke between the thousand soldiers and the few men of the town. William's copper toys work out number, out skilled, out her and in every. But William was known to be a cunning war leader. He was defended by his own three knights.

While the other soldiers engaged, George's Guardians raised directly to William and started brawling upon his personal knights.

Beunos lifted his heavy hammer and brought it down upon William in pure. William dodge the powerful but slow move and drew his sword across Beunos' chest. But Beunos did not even flinch. A small scratch on his chest was something Beunos had for breakfast. Instead of lifting his hammer again, the Blood Guardian simply left his weapon there and grabbed William by the throat. While the other Guardians fended off Williams knights, Beunos lifted him off The ground and started choking him.

"Listen to me William," he said.

"Me and the other Gaurdians have been commanded by my father to bring home your dead body."

Beunos' strong arms solidly held William in place. He dropped his sword out of sheer struggle. He had no option but to hear Beunos speak.

"Please surrender brother! Do not compell your elder to choke your soul."

Now given a little space, William got a few words out of Beunos' grip.

"Your words speak of empathy brother but you actions are drenched in treachery."

"Surrender William and I give you my word to protect you. Your puny copper cans will be reduced under father's feet."

"No Beunos! It is too late, noone can save me now."

"No William! You have my word. Let not the Romans slaughter your little town to the bone. Please!"

William considered his options. Beunos would crumble him like a bug if he wanted. But William was known to be cunning war leader. He trusted his skill in counting the ticks of a clock. He waited for exactly six seconds before he spat on his face, drew a treacherous dubious dagger from his belt and punched it permanent in the Blood Guardian's shoulder. He dropped William out of pious surprise, and screamed, distilled anger boiling within him.

"Why? Why William, why?"

William simply rolled back, a smile on his face.

"Because the people pf Lyon are prepared to die on my behalf."

Buenos looked up from the crawling figure of William and discovered the entirety of Lyon charging the citadel, a wall of people deluded by their king. Women, children, the old. Some had bricks in their hands, some carried cooking ware, others were barehanded. The civilians of a small town, fighting to protect their treacherous king from the Romans. Buenos erupted.

"Well then. I will be glad to kill them all. Every last one of them."

The Blood Guardian picked up his hammer and started bashing people left and right. The sheer amount of blood shed that day could outweigh all of the rose copper of Lyon.

The Guardians started paving their way through a sea of bodies towards the stairs which lead to the copper court where William had leisurely garrisoned himself.

Buenos entered the court, the copper decorations perfused with blood reflected red on William's two remaining knights, which were soon gobbled by the other Guardians behind him. He head straight for William who tried to throw stuff his away. But Buenos was unwavering, progressing, his shadow growing upon William's shining clothes like eclipse on a sunny day.

"You are changed Buenos, how could you kill women?! A poor man should have been enough to stop you and your wrenched hammer."

"I have waited enough to be King William, your play pieces will not do me today."

"Spare me brother, I swear I wasn't who convinced mother to cuckold Father."

"I know William, but Father doesn't know."

William's cunning went away as the thought dawned upon him.

"It was you who said mother should be executed! It was you who made her betray Father!

Buenos you bastard!"

William closed his eyes and accepted his fate, "I see fire" he whispered.

Buenos merely raised his hammer and blasted William's head away. The battle was over.

"May your soul empower my throne", said the Blood Guardian.

What happened next is history. A historian would tell you King George peacefully passed away in his sleep. They would say his successor, Buenos, the Master of the Romans Knights led his empire to great heights.

But would you believe them?