

SL 21

(This is a battle between two characters, that is going to be more or less the prologue introducing the two)

The two figures faced one another, their swords clashed loudly thwacking against one another. Every clash, every parry, every strike needed to be performed within an instance of one another to avoid being struck. Both fighters skating along the concrete ground as if it was made of ice. Both equally matched in skill and experience. Their fighting shook the very ground underneath them, clearing the autumn leaves away from the center of their arena. Back and forth, their wooden swords slammed loudly against one another drowning out their heavy pants of fatigue. Both ambitions flared against one another, two opposing ambitions clashed, opposing ideals, opposing ways of fighting and opposing lifestyles.

The more calm minded fighter parried and tried to step in, thinking to himself. It was over, with this, he's won the fight. "You were a good fight, brother.". His long black inky hair shined beautifully, Gale was his name. His dark brown eyes gleamed a silvery gray as his wooden sword sliced through the air shooting towards an opening. A gust of wind swirled around the sword adding

more weight to the blade. Gale's robes flowed in the air like the tail of a phoenix following its main body. The whooshing of the loud wind surrounding the blade howled like a wolf announcing the beginning of a hunt. A glorious start to the hunt, the hunt for victory. The sweet taste of victory was right there on the tip of his tongue. Gale couldn't wait, his sharpened eyes shifted from a calmed state to a more hungry state. As if this victory would satiate his hunger for months to come, no years to come.

Tempest was the more aggressive one, a powerful fighter who relied on instinct and strength based attacks compared to his more calmed brother Gale. Tempest's long flowing green hair glistened like strings of emerald along the fabric of an ornate dress. Tempest's wooden sword was larger than Gale's, instead of using that range to his advantage. Tempest liked to jump at his prey and attack from unorthodox angles. The loud thwack of their swords like a glorious symphony. His wooden blade just barely being blocked every time, perfectly shoved away from dangerous angles. However, just when Gale thought Tempest was wide open, Tempest's shorter sword blocked the powerful wind amplified sword. Tempest would be sent flying back however stabilized himself. He dropped

out of his stance and pointed his large sword forwards at Gale. “HEY WE PROMISED NO WIND AMPLIFICATION!!”. Tempest would huff as his golden eyes glared with playful rivalry towards Gale. “Come on bro, let’s go get something to eat.. forget all about this honor of ruling the clan or whatever..”.

Tempest would be forced to retake his stance rather quickly as powerful gusts of winds followed a loud crack. The arena trembled as Gale dashed forwards at Tempest. “How dare you.. mock how big of an honor ruling over this clan is..”. Gale’s wooden sword clashed loudly against Tempest’s guard. Tempest’s long sword and short sword forming a cross guard of sorts against the slash homing in on his ribs. Tempest would use his wind amplification as well, colliding into the strike, stealing all the kinetic energy of the swing as Tempest would take a deep breath and thrust his short sword, holding the sword in a ice pick grip, in a fluid motion aiming to stab at Gale’s open chest. Gale would catch the short sword by pushing into Tempest with his palm resting on Tempest’s elbow. The winds collided with one another. Their hair rose as the powerful winds shredded and tore the autumn leaves around him. The two once again locked in a stalemate.

“I’m not mocking the honor! I just don’t care for it, I’m pretty strong myself already!”. Tempest would huff as his bright golden eyes gleamed powerfully, as Gale’s silver eyes gleamed powerfully as well. Meeting Tempest with the same fervor. Their winds started to turn against one another faster and faster as it started to alter the weather itself. Gale would say in a calm manner, his voice dangerous.

“..Strong yourself.. I think you should have more ambition.. You can definitely become stronger than me.. Stronger than master.. But you are far too lazy.. I don’t understand why you hold yourself back..”.

“I just simply do what’s enough.. I don’t need to be the strongest alive.. I just need to be strong enough to defend myself against others..”. Tempest would push forwards again as he grit his teeth. Tempest would use the wind to fly upwards and away from Gale as he flies gracefully like a manta ray in water. Flapping those long sleeves as he fires off powerful wind blasts at Gale. The powerful wind blasts were continuously fired. He charged within the volley, using it as cover to catch Gale off guard. “PLUS WHAT’S WRONG WITH NOT HAVING THAT MUCH AMBITION!”.

Gale would calmly watch as Tempest flew into the air escaping his block. His silver eyes shined powerfully once more as the wind blasts were being deflected and reflected by his scabbard. Gale stayed silent, like a mountain, standing strong against the weathering conditions of the assault. Gale would stop Tempest's sword with his scabbard and swung his sword down at Tempest's shoulder with a painful and sickening thwack. “..there is no problem with having no ambition.. I just don't want you to fall too far behind me..”. Gale would smile as he extended his hand to Tempest. The winds settle as Tempest's short sword falls to the floor as he groans and picks himself up with Gale's help. “Hmph.. I won't fall behind you at all.. You don't have to worry at all..”. Tempest picks up his short sword and sheathes his wooden long sword as well. A darkness washes over the two as Tempest wakes up.

“Seriously.. Why can't it be that simple..”. Tempest's voice is now much gruffer and older. His left arm cut clean off as his left eye was gouged out ferociously. The eyepatch over his left eye was a painful reminder of the pact being broken. Tempest would touch the stub of his left arm as he picked up his sword. A

ornate dragon insignia carved along the scabbard. And a name scratched off the side of the scabbard.