

Cyan's Victory

short story by Lockirby2

Cyan strolled out onto the battlefield. The enemy soldiers acted as if they had never noticed him. They continued to fruitlessly assault the walls of the castle, although in reality they were just pretending to make themselves busy. They were all quaking in fear and watching out of the corner of their eyes. And Cyan knew it too. His reputation preceded him. The enemies would have rather fought an army of a hundred ordinary soldiers. At least that way there would be a chance of victory. That is, every enemy soldier hid away except for one. An enormous brute, the leader of the assault was as stupid as he was cocky. He laughed at the lone samurai who was about to challenge him. One of the pathetic sideshows was egging the samurai on. "Sir Cyan! Let their commander have it!" As if this fool stood a chance. The leader had seen countless battles, and destroyed every army that he came across. The samurai approached. The leader of the assault sneered, as if to ask, "Who on earth are you?"

Cyan didn't react to his foe's boisterousness. When he responded, he spoke calmly and softly. "I am Cyan, retainer to the king of Doma. I am your worst nightmare..." The leader of the guards replied with his axe. The massive downswing only just grazed Cyan, who nimbly hopped out of the way. Cyan finally drew his sword. At this point the enemy soldiers didn't even bother to pretend that they were assaulting the castle. They began to watch, wondering if even their commander stood a chance against the samurai. Some of them edged ever so slightly closer to the exit, ready to bolt if something went wrong.

Cyan struck harshly, leaping towards the leader with his sword stretched out in front of him. He moved so quickly that his body was a blur. To the untrained eye, he almost appeared to be in multiple places at the same time. The enemy soldiers cringed, knowing that the strike would have felled any of them thrice over. But the leader didn't even try to dodge. Instead, he traded blows, bringing down his axe as hard as he could and hitting Cyan squarely. Both combatants stumbled backwards. The leader recovered first due to his bulk, and took another slash, nicking Cyan. "He's surely getting weak now," the leader thought. "This will be over very soon." He was indeed correct, after a fashion.

Cyan sheathed his sword. The leader briefly wondered if he had gone insane. "Funny," he thought, "I hardly remember hitting him in the head."

The leader stepped forward to claim his victory. It was a fatal mistake. He did manage a minor blow, but it was too little, too late. Cyan had been watching the leader's stance closely for even the slightest of errors; even the smallest opening in the leader's defenses put him in grave danger. The leader's reckless attack had left him vulnerable.

Cyan unsheathed his sword like lightning, rending through the air with an enormous gray streak. Before the leader's head even hit the ground, a cry went up from somewhere in the enemy army. "The general's been defeated! Run!!!" The Doman soldiers didn't even try to stop the enemies from fleeing. They noted how much faster the enemies moved when given proper motivation.

Cyan spoke as calmly as ever, as if he had never fought at all. "Walled up in there, we can wait out our enemy!" The Doman soldiers were inclined to agree.

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