

AMACHI: Warrior

By

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She saw it, glittering under one of the four thrones. She knelt down peering under the throne but still couldn't see clearly. She reached out with her hand and caught hold of what felt like a chain, a necklace of some sort. She pulled it out from under the throne and could feel something heavy being pulled along with the chain. It was an oval crystal about the size of her palm mounted to the chain. The chain was silvery and very light, it seemed to light to hold the weight of the crystal but, the chain held strong as the jewel swayed side to side.

She held the crystal in the palm of her hand and peering into its translucent depth there seemed to be a black liquid inside. Amachi shook it to be sure and could hear the liquid inside the crystals hollow. Suddenly the liquid inside began to shimmer seductively and the crystal grew cool in her hand. What is this? She had never seen anything like it, it was so beautiful. Holding the chain open she saw it wide enough to fit over her head and she put the necklace on. She stood up holding the crystal in her hand and stared at the shimmering liquid inside.

“Look here, Roim, told you I heard something!”

A voice came from behind and Amachi spun around catching two men emerge from an archway. The man on the left had a two sickles belted to his waist. The one on the right wore a collection of daggers slung around his torso. Both were tan skinned and thin-framed and wore brown boots, black pants and sleeveless brown leather shirts.

“Yeah, and for once you're right.” The man on the left nodded as he shouldered past his partner. He stared with dark eyes and folded his arms across his chest. “Din's must be getting really desperate to hide in here.”

“Not too smart, huh?” The other man added. His eyes drifted down towards her hand and narrowed on the crystal. He held out his “What have you got there, Din? Bring it here.”

Amachi looked down at the crystal in her hands, the white liquid within shimmered seductively and suddenly it shifted to the color of blood. She tucked it inside her shirt and it was warm against her chest, it grew hot but it did not burn. She looked each of the two men hard in the eyes. "Let me pass and you will not be harmed." She offered. They didn't know who they were dealing with, but she was going to make them regret their low estimation of her.

The two men looked at each other with furrowed brows. "She just threatened us didn't she?" the one on the right chuckled. Pretty brave ain't it?"

"That or just ignorant." Roim Shrugged. "Either way she's going back under the whip." He approached reached out to grab her but Amachi quickly knocked his hand aside and snapped his head back with a hard right fist to his nose. He staggered back with a grunt covering his face with his hands as blood spilled down his lips and chin.

"I will not warn you again!" She eyed both men.

Roim's partner charged her with his fist swinging and Amachi defended herself expertly. She stepped back parrying his blows from her face and stomach and the split second she saw an opening she slammed her right elbow into his chest and staggered him with a head-butt to the mouth. As he grabbed at his face she punched him in the groin with a left fist that dropped him to his knees.

As his partner fell over on his face, Roim recovered attacked her with his sickles cutting through the air. Amachi spun backwards letting the blades slice through the tail of her coat and drew her axe in a one handed grip just under its head. She blocked the rest of his fevered strikes with axe's shaft and knocked Roim back with a kick to his chest.

His bloody face contoured in anger and the deep gash across the bridge of his crooked nose bled profusely. He leaned in towards her with clenched teeth. "You will not leave this place

alive!” he spat. Then he tried to dig his blades into her stomach and chest but, Amachi parried and blocked his attacks with the shaft of her axe and when he swung for her throat, she ducked under his arms and rammed the blade of her axe into his chest. Almost knocked completely off his feet, Roim fell on his back with his weapons scattering to the floor beside him.

Her axe blade was coated with blood and Amachi stood over her down opponents looking for signs of retaliation but, Roim lay motionless on his back with blood spilling from the gouge in his chest and pooling on the floor under him. His partner, on shaky hands and knees, gasped for breath and clawed the ground trying to get back to his feet.

“What are you two--? What the hell?” Another voice came from behind and Amachi turned to see a man stepping out of another archway. He looked down at Roim and the other man still struggling to stand then he fixed her with a hard stare.

“K..Kill...her!” Roim’s partner said finally getting to his feet.

“We have one up here!” the other man yelled back into the archway drawing his short sword. A second later, two more men emerged from the archway behind him.

Amachi fixed on them as they approached and switched to a two handed grip on her axe. Suddenly, she could hear footsteps echoing from some of the other Archways. *How many of them were there?* She wondered. She didn’t like the idea of being surrounded in such an enclosed space. Four more men emerged from just as many archways and when their eyes fell upon her, they drew their weapons.

Amachi slowly took a step back focusing on the men in front of her and those just within range of her peripheral vision. They were starting to close in on her and she was reminded of the fight with the wolf pack. Quickly, she turned and bolted for the archway behind her and just as

she stepped through it, another man was just reaching the top of the staircase. They locked eyes for barely a second before he swung at her with his sword.

Amachi blocked with her axe and knocked him back with a straight kick to his chest, he staggered backward and almost fell down the staircase but he caught his balance just in time and lunged at her with a sword thrusting for her gut. With a spin, Amachi kicked the sword out of his hand and swung her axe chopping deep into the side of his skull. There was sharp crack as his neck snapped unnaturally to the side and his body fell to the side against the wall and tumbled down the staircase.

Amachi ran down the stairs after the body with the rumbling of footsteps echoing behind her. Reaching the fourth floor landing, she hurdled over the twisted body and bolted down the next staircase, she could hear her pursuers laboring to keep up, they were getting close. At the bottom of the third floor landing, the staircase to the second floor was demolished so she took off running through the maze of rooms on the third floor. She ran through one room which opened up to three others. She ran through the doorway on the left and that led to a room that connected to two others. Without slowing her pace, she ducked into the room on the right.

“This place is a bloody maze! Split up and catch her!” she heard one of the men order in the rooms behind her.

It was just what she needed.

She ran into a room that had archways to the left and right, she hid beside the archway to the right and waited. She could faintly hear the men running around and cursing her.

She heard movement in the room connected to the archway where she was hiding.

“Bloody hell, this is ridiculous!” someone said.

“She has to be in here somewhere,” there was a second voice.

She could see two shadows approaching the archway.

“Grizole would’ve got her by now if she made it outside!”

*Grizole is outside*, Amachi committed the name to memory and just as a foot came across the archway she swung her axe with all her might and chopped into a man’s face just under his nose. His body fell back into the man behind him and they both crumbled to the floor. While the second man tried to get out from under his dead comrade, Amachi stood over him and brought her axe down on his skull. Blood splattered blood up on the sleeves and front of her coat. She looked down at the two men, blood spilling from their cleaved skulls, and then she bolted into the next room.

There was an archway in front of her and there was another to her left. She heard a noise from the right and the split second she turned around, she barely caught a glimpse of a man as he tackled her to the ground. She dropped her axe and struggled against his hands as he tried to get his fingers around her throat.

“I have her! I have her!” he yelled out. He straddled her and looked down at her with bloodshot eyes, his face contoured angrily from the effort of trying to strangle the life out of her with thumbs pressing against her throat. He raised a fist and slammed it across her jaw.

Amachi began to pry his other hand off of her throat and he raised his fist again and at that split second, she thrust the base of her right palm up into his nose with a crack.

Immediately he grabbed at his face yelling in pain and she pushed him off of her. As she got to her feet, the man grabbed her by the left ankle and she stomped down on his wrist with the heel of her right foot and bones cracked. As she lay on his side cradling his broken wrist, she kicked him in the neck and he went limp.

There were footsteps behind her and she turned to see a man charging her from the next room gripping two daggers. She brought her hands up in the Flowing Hand stance with her right foot forward, hands open and fingers loose. As he came in slicing with his daggers, she parried both strikes and stunned him with a quick chop to the throat and as he gagged, she stomped on his right foot and kicked him in the groin. When he doubled over in pain, she took the pointer and middle fingers of both her hands and gouged his eyes. He crumbled to the floor moaning and Amachi snatched up her axe and ran into the next room.

She zigzagged her way through four more rooms and finally she came to archway that led to a staircase.

“Here, here! She’s over here!” A voice called out.

She turned for a second and saw a man running after her from the next room. She bolted down the staircase and soon the familiar rumbling of her pursuer’s footsteps followed. At the bottom of the second landing thankfully, there was an intact staircase leading down to the first floor and she took it without slowing pace.