

Walking, fighting, killing, walking, fighting, killing that's all I've known for years going from one boss to the next killing for whom ever paid the most. This time was no different; some scared king afraid of losing sky he's never seen land he's never walked on and water from rivers he'll never drink from. Pointless all of it really I'll kill these people bring their heads to the king, get paid and move on. In a couple of months, it'll happen again. That's what keeps me in business.

This time was no different. His name was Dracon, leader of the Merc group Berserkers of Jomsburg, legendary men and women in their own rights. That's why this guy's paying so much; No sane man would take this mission, but God do I love gold. It'll be the death of me one day. It only took me a couple of days to find their camp. It was fortified to the teeth and almost impenetrable. Except of course the front door... 'so why not knock?' I thought and to my surprise the plebs opened! Well at least I thought they were plebs. But the whole camp was gone except for one man Dracon's first lieutenant Iskov donned in his full suite of leather armor with its cuts and torn pieces showing years of war.

We looked at each other for only a second and I knew I had stepped into the Lion's Den. He charged violently forward sword and shield in hand. I drew my broad sword from my back just in time to block his first shot. He lunged, and I countered with my shoulder in his shield, knocking him back a few precious steps and allowing me the time to regain my footing. I turned on the offensive, smashing my sword into his shield with a massive blow, breaking a chunk off the side. At that second I saw my mistake. It was over and I knew I was a dead man. His sword flying for my throat... I closed my eyes to accept my fate... and then it's all black.

I opened my eyes expecting to see flames and my eternal torturers but there he was. It was just him; the man they call Iskov. He put out his hand pulling me to my feet "That was one hell of a shot. I could use a guy like you, if you want in. If not there's always death," he smirked.

Knowing I had little choice but also wanting to learn from this man, I shook his hand. At that moment I became a Berserker, and damn, so far, it's been one hell of a ride.