

ROSES HAVE THORNS

#Chapter 1 - Late For The Last Time - Read ROSES HAVE THORNS Chapter 1 - Late For The Last Time

Chapter 1: Chapter 1 - Late For The Last Time

"Once upon a time there was a little boy with a big dream."

THWACK!

Blood sprayed out the mouth of a man tied up in a chair. "Pl-please man I didn't mean to-"

THWACK! CRACK!

Blood stopped dripping as a tooth flew out his mouth. Now it was pouring

"He grew up in poverty, always wanting for more. Rightfully so I'd say. Nobody should live the way you did ha ha." The attacker looked down at the victim through his one eye. With only one dim light dangling over the dark and enclosed room, the smile could not be any clearer on the attacker's face.

"Pl-pleash man! I only did what did I could to surv-"

THWACK!

"BE QUIET, VINCE! I AM TELLING ABOUT YOUR LIFE'S PATHETIC STORY!" The attacker shouted, hitting him across the other side of his face with a metal pipe. He then grabbed a fist full of Vince's hair and pulled his head up to meet his own.

"I didn't set up this abandoned house in the middle of nowhere so that you can interrupt me. I did it because no one should be there for you in your final moments and I did it because no one should hear your side of the story." He whispered coolly to Vince.

Quietly Vince started crying knowing that there was nothing he could do. All he could do was cry and wait for all of this to be over.

"Now where was I.... oh yes poverty. Ahem, as I was saying, that little boy's name was Vince and in order to get out of his miserable little life he had an idea. That idea started with a theft...."

One hour later.

"And that's how little Vince grew up to be a big strong underground drug dealer and sex trafficker! Can I get a round of applause?" The attacker spread his arms out and had the biggest smile on his blood covered face. He waited but only silence remained. "Hmph go figure I guess."

He walked over to the now disfigured Vince whose head was hanging down. As the light dangled across the room it uncovered sprayed blood across the walls as well as a little puddle of it on the floor.

"Hey buddy I noticed you've been quiet for the last fifteen minutes or so. Was hearing your life's story that interesting to you? I mean it is good to get an outside perspective on the whole thing. Makes you realise where it all went wrong you know?"

The silence was deafening.

"Though I guess life didn't really give you the best of cards huh? Seeing as how you ended up tied to a chair broken and dead to an assassin like me." He crouched down and turned the quiet Vince's head to his.

"You did have it good for a while I must say... got a wife, a kid and a lot of money.... something you took away from so many innocent people." He said in a raspy voice. The assassin stared at the now dead body for about a minute before snapping out of his stupor.

He stood up and walked towards the exit door feeling slightly disappointed. "You know Vinny I really wanted to see your reaction to the fact that I've rigged this whole place to explode. Would have been the cherry on top haha."

He walked out the door and when he was a short distance away from the house he turned around and saluted. "Goodbye Vincent Williams, you were one of the worst scumbags I've met on this earth but you sure as hell filled my pockets with decent cash thanks to this job. I, Kurt Rossana, have dutifully fulfilled my role as executioner and will be sending you off to the afterlife.

He pressed the detonator button, but nothing happened.

He pressed again but still nothing. After furiously clicking it finally went off.

BOOM!

"Ah there it is." Kurt watched as the fire consumed the house whilst holding the salute pose with a smile on his face.

After about a minute he got in his car and left for headquarters to report on a successful mission. "Life is good." He commented leaving behind the blazing light of fire in the distance.

Two hours later Kurt arrived at a bar in the suburb part of the city. Its neon sign glowing out the name 'TIPSY'S TIT'.

The 'S' from TIT was blanked out and hung loose off the side.

'I swear that name will never not get me,' he thought to himself, smirking. Parking his car around the side of the bar Kurt stood at the front door when two men stopped him.

"Who are you?" The short and bald man asked. "It's me, Shorty B., Kurt."

Next was the tall but lanky man, "Weee don't know no Kuurt~" he said with his hands on his hips while bending to take a good look at him.

"Do we really have to do this every time I come back from a job, Lanky T?" Kurt said feeling exhausted after a long night out.

Lanky T. squinted his eyes and took a long, good look at him. Then he realised, "Oh hey Shorty B. I think this is Rossana!"

"Kurt Rossana?" he replied.

"Yeah, the one eye! This one got an eyepatch, look!"

Shorty B. stood on his tippy toes and also squinted his eyes. It was then he realised, "OH HEY IT IS YOU ONE EYE HAHA!"

"No need to shout Shorty B. I'm right in front of you." Kurt said smiling while covering his ears. "So, can you tell me why you stopped me? I could've been a customer looking for a drink for all you know?"

"How could we not recognise you, Rossana? I mean just look at your face all covered in blood!" Lanky T. pointed to his face.

Kurt took out his phone and, using the neon sign as a source of light, looked at his reflection. *'Oh, would you look at that*

.' he thought to himself.

"Sorry about that guys haha. Guess I got too immersed in my work this time. Didn't even notice it until now."

"You're lucky it was us who noticed one eye. 'Round these parts people would've seen you all bloodied up like that thinking you're injured and jumped you on site." Shorty B. warned.

"I'd love for them to try." Kurt said under his breath.

"Huh? What was that, Rossana?"

"Nothing Lanky T. Listen, can I go inside already? I need to report in." Kurt quickly replied.

"Oh yeah yeah go on in one eye but make sure you clean up alright? Don't want any drunkards popping off and giving us problems."

"Sure thing Shorty B. thanks."

The two guards let Kurt in and after rinsing his face in the bathroom, made his way to the main floor. "Hi Mary, is the boss downstairs?" With country music playing in the background, old drunks were sleeping at their tables, and middle-aged drunks were arguing in who knows what gibberish language. The only person sober was the old barmaid, Mary.

"Hey kid." Mary greeted while wiping down a mug. "He is and has been expecting you for about an hour already."

'Oh no.'

"Oh no indeed kid."

"How did you-"

"It's written all over your face." Mary smirked. "Now hurry and skedaddle."

Kurt took a quick shot of a glass nearby and made his way behind the counter into the private door.

"HEY THAT'S MY SHOT" an old man jolted awake.

"Now now sugar, that was just some weird hallucination you're seeing. Ain't nothing happened to your liquor." Mary cooed towards the old man.

"Rig-right ju-just so-some hal-....zzzzzzzzzz." He fell asleep again.

Making his way downstairs Kurt prepared himself for a long lecture on punctuality. When he entered the room, he saw a mean looking old man with sleeked back hair and a finely groomed moustache with no beard. Though he may be old in years one could see that those bulging muscles beneath that fine tailored suit meant no joke.

"Kurt..." he said slowly.

"Boss," he greeted back.

"Tell me, Kurt, how many years has it been since you've started this line of work hmm?"

"Four years boss." Kurt replied.

"Four years huh? And yet you keep on making the same error over and OVER AND OVER!" He slammed his fist on the wooden table breaking it in half. He walked over to Kurt and stood tall in front of him.

"Kurt you're one of, if not, my best men. I took you in when you were just a naive twenty-year-old spewing nonsense of upholding justice and beating every gangster you come across. I've trained you into a deadly weapon and showed you where to properly point your fists. So, tell me Kurt, why can't you show me the simplest of courtesy and arrive at base on time?"

"I've already texted you that I've finished the mission boss." Kurt replied not backing down.

"You didn't answer me."

Kurt remained silent.

"ANSWER ME!"

Still nothing.

"Kurt, what I need and what this organisation needs are diligent soldiers who follow orders to a T. Not some lunatic who gets high off of killing his targets."

"They deserve it." Kurt shot back. "Every second of it."

"Maybe they do but we don't need a soldier who cannot follow a simple rule that says to 'be back on time'. I have an organisation to run, calls to make and tasks to give out. I won't tolerate your tardiness anymore. Hand over your phone Kurt, you're out."

Kurt's heart started hammering against his chest. "What? boss I-"

"Don't make me repeat myself. Hand over your phone and leave. The decision has been made." The boss said coldly.

After staring at each other for what felt like an eternity Kurt finally handed over his phone which mainly contained all the contacts he made over the years doing assassinations as well as all the money he saved up.

"Go see Mary after this. She'll give you a new phone that has an account with your money in it." The boss took out the sim card and burnt it just before snapping the phone in half.

Kurt left with his hands in his pockets and head down. The rest of the night was a blur. He got the new phone from Mary but didn't notice what she was saying to him. Everything sounded muffled. He ignored the two bodyguards out front and just drove straight home.

Forty-five minutes later and Kurt arrived at his beaten down apartment building. He climbed the stairs and opened the door to his room.

'Guess I don't need to live in this mess after today seeing as I won't be taking on jobs anymore.' he thought to himself thinking that if something were to go wrong on a job, he could always lay low here.

Glancing at his new phone he saw the number '\$5,000,000' in his bank account.

He then took off all his clothes and plopped down face first onto the bed.

'Get a nice new place tomorrow then find a lowkey job. What could go wrong?' he thought before finally getting some shut eye.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2 - Pain And Confusion

The next day arrived and if the morning sun shining at 6 A.M through his blinds wasn't enough to wake Kurt, the alarm sure did.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

"Hmmm be quiet mr alarm...I don't need to get up early...anymore...zzzzzz." He lazily turned away from the alarm hoping it would stop and turn off but-

BEEP BEEP BEEP

'Grrrr,' he growled, feeling a bottling anger ready to burst.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

"Would you just shut-" he swung his arm over to the alarm. Fist clenched ready to flatten it but stopped right as he was about to hit it.

BEE- click

Gently turning off that annoying beeping machine, he raised his body and looked at the blinds. Although they were closed, the window just so happened to be in a place where the sun hits hard in the morning.

"Haaaa it's too early for this." Sighing, he tossed the blanket off his waist and swung his legs over the bed.

Scrolling through his phone he tried looking at his old social media accounts but they were all deleted. *'Did they really have to go and delete those?'*

"Whatever man," he turned on the radio app and tossed the phone on the bed.

Walking over to the bathroom to freshen up Kurt listened in.

"I am Linda Brown, and this is 'Open News'. We are live at this abandoned house south of the suburbs where we have received information in regard to who the burned body belonged to. The police's forensic team has just informed us that the victim is Vincent Williams. An upper-class citizen as well member of the syndicate."

Kurt stepped out of the bathroom with a towel around his shoulders and started getting dressed in a suit.

"We have with us officer Jacobs on the line to give us more information. Over to you officer."

"Thank you, Linda, and yes, we have identified that the victim is indeed Vincent Williams. Although we had trouble at first figuring this out due to the explosion and fire burning the flesh off his body. Even the bones were badly damaged in what we can only suspect was a brutal beatdown."

'Nice,' Kurt smirked, feeling proud of himself.

"Officer Jacobs, can you tell us how you and your team are feeling about these murders because this isn't the first time something like this has happened. With some people even singing the murderers' praises for taking these people off the street."

"Well Linda we at the police force as well as the F.B.I certainly do not condone or approve of these vicious acts. Whether it is one person or a group of them this type of violence will never be recognised as good."

'What a bunch of tools. They're just fuming because their jobs are getting stolen from and now they come off as incompetent.'

He turned off the radio, feeling that listening to it was getting bothersome.

After tying his shoes and putting on his eyepatch he grabbed his phone, wallet and keys then left the apartment.

Kurt forwarded three months' worth of rent to his landlord and texted him to take or throw away what was ever left in his room.

'Here's to a fresh start and new beginnings.' he thought excitedly.

As he reached to unlock his car door he felt a sting in his head. Stumbling one step back while holding a hand on his head he noticed through his reflection that his nose was bleeding.

"What the....where did this come from?" He grabbed a handkerchief from his blazer pocket and wiped his nose. *'Must be because I haven't had breakfast yet or something.'*

He got in his car and drove off to the city. While driving the sting in his head started throbbing and it was clear that this was no ordinary headache.

Sweat droplets started pouring from his forehead but he remained focused on the road when suddenly two people, a mother and her child just appeared straight in front of him.

"JESUS!" He tried to swerve out the way and hit the brakes, but it was too late.

When the car stopped, he turned around to check the damage but what he saw made him question his sanity.

"What in the world...."

The mother and child were just fine. In fact they were more than fine as they just continued walking on their way like they never saw him coming.

Kurt tried to take a good look at them, but something seemed weird.

"Are they.... see-through? No no no I'm just in shock, right?" He got out of his car to double check but when he turned towards them, they were gone.

HOONK!

"Hey asshole, get off the damn road! I'm tryna get to work!"

HOONK!

"Sorry about that haha!" Kurt raised his hand in a gesture of an apology. He quickly got back in his car and drove off.

'Ok new plan. Doctor first.'

On the way to the city his condition was not getting any better. The headache-turned-migraine got worse. His nose wouldn't stop bleeding and random people phasing in and out of reality has got him looking paranoid.

Thirty minutes later he finally arrived in the city and parked in front of the doctor's office. When not even two steps out of his car, he fell to his knees grasping at his chest.

'What the hell is wrong with me?! What's going on!?' He started panicking as everything started spinning.

A few concerned people noticed him and went towards him. Even the see-through people came rushing to him but this time he noticed something else about them.

'Wait they can....see me....also what the heck are they wearing? Is that....metal armor?'

Kurt fell forward onto his face and shut his eye. He could hear the thumping in his head and the beating of his heart. Everything just seemed loud, even the people around him.

"Huff! huff! huff! huff!" He started hyperventilating and experiencing sensory overload. Everything overwhelmed him until-

.....silence.....

.

..

"... ey..... ad." A muffled sound came through.

"Hey....ad....wak.... up!" The sound became a bit clearer.

"Hmm i thought i told you mr alarm to be quiet....zzzzzz." Kurt mumbled finally finding some peace.

"Oh hey I think the lad is awake! Throw some water over this drunk!"

'Wait what?'

SPLASH

'Gasp!' "Sto-stop it, wait!" Water poured all over Kurt's head as he got hit by what could only be described as a jet stream.

SPLASH SPLASH

"I said that's enough already!" He sprang up his legs and pushed the nearest body he could find hoping the water would stop spraying.

"HAHAHA! Nothing like the good 'ol magic water stream to get the drunk sober 'ey lad! HAHAHA!" An old man in armor showed his palm as a line of water shot out.

"Magic what? Who are you?" Kurt looked at the old man in armor and then looked around. "And where the heck am I!?" Confusion took hold of him.

The old man stared sharply at Kurt and asked, "Still drunk 'ey lad? Need another soak up your noggen?" He pointed his hand up threatening to shoot.

"WAIT NO! I'm fine, I'm fine! I was never drunk in the first place, believe me!" Kurt waved his hands in front of his face.

'I swear if he sprays that "magic water" again I will....'

After staring at each other for a while the old man put his hand down, "Hmm looks to be true. I wonder why the Ms. said that."

"Who said what?"

"Oh nothing, don't worry about it. Tell me lad what are you doing throwing a hissy fit like that in the middle of the market? Make a racket like that and you've disturbed all the businesses 'ey?"

Kurt looked around again and noticed a much livelier crowd than compared to before in all types of attire. Some in rags and others in somewhat decent clothes covered in jewellery. Pigeons and seagulls were flying overhead. In the distance he saw the open sea and ships everywhere. He even saw horses carrying carriages of miscellaneous material with all kinds of food.

'What happened to me? The headaches and heart pain? Where's the doctor's office? Where's the city? Now that I look around these people kind of look like those see-through ones phasing in and out of reality. Have I finally lost it? Am I dead?'

Kurt turned to look at the old man thinking, *'Ask questions later. For now, I need to turn this man's suspicions away from me and judging by how medieval everything looks there's only one thing I can think of to say.'*

"Ahem, I just came off the boat." Kurt spouted.

"The boat ye say? A foreigner ey'?" the old man spoke thoughtfully stroking his beard.

"That's right."

"And from where does ye hail from?"

"From over there." Kurt turned around and pointed randomly out at sea.

The old man looked at where he was pointing and after staring for a second his eyebrows shot up in realisation.

"Ohhh from Riverton ay'!? I heard the people over there are a bit nuts, guess you're proof of that hahaha!" The old man stroked his beard while laughing.

A vein bulged on Kurt's forehead as he smiled. Somewhat relieved and annoyed by this old man's misunderstanding.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3 - Fresh Off The Boat

After laughing for a good while the old man stretched his hand out and asked,

"So fresh off the boat ey'? Where's ye papers?"

'Papers? Oh, come on, give me a break here.'

With no other options Kurt reached into his pocket, took out his wallet and handed him his I.D.

"The hell is this?" He lifted the card up, eyeing it like a foreign object.

"It has ye face on it....and what are these strange letters?"

"Stop looking at it like your eyeing treasure. It's just my I.D card."

"Eye.... dee?"

"Identification."

"Ohhh you mean one of these!" The old man took out a pair of dog tags and held it up. Suddenly it began glowing when a holographical projection appeared out of thin air.

'Whoa! What in the....' Kurt got slightly startled before getting a closer look.

"I didn't know that was ye adventurers' identification! Guess Riverton is still behind when it comes to catching up with the rest of the world ahahaha!" The old man started laughing again.

'Name...Willy.... date of birth 717.... Nationality: Eldoria Current Occupation: City Guard. Wait, how am I able to read this?! This isn't the Roman alphabet. Also, Eldoria? That isn't a name of any place I've heard of?'

Confusion struck again as he got lost in his thoughts.

"Ey' lad ye been staring pretty hard. Is everything alright?" the old man waved his hand through the projection right in front of Kurt's face.

"Right sorry uhm.... officer Willy?"

"No need to be so formal, just Willy is fine...."

"Kurt. Kurt Rossana."

"Aye Kurt. Hmm, a surname? Come from noble blood or is ye a high-ranking adventurer?" He asked while handing back his I.D card.

"Neither. I was born with it."

"Born with it?" Willy asked when realisation struck him.

He then put both of his hands on Kurt's shoulders and excitedly exclaimed.

"Goodness lad! Has the Goddess Bula blessed ye?!"

'Goddess Bula? Who?'

People around started looking over to them as Willy shouted.

'Urgh as if the whole fainting thing wasn't enough. Now I've got an old coot screaming at the top of his lungs.'

"Listen Willy we're clearly making a scene here and are disturbing people. Can we maybe talk somewhere else?"

Willy calmed down, taking his hands off Kurt and said, "Sorry sorry it's just that, other than in the main capital, we folk down here at the docks don't really see any special people."

He then waved off the people staring, "Nothing to see here people! Just a false alarm!"

Some people dropped their shoulders in disappointment and left while others shrugged it off.

"Come lad let's take you to the bureau nearby where you can get proper identification. That flimsy card ain't gonna cut it in Eldoria." He walked off calling Kurt to follow.

'The bureau? Maybe I'll finally get some information about where I am.' Taking one step forward Kurt felt something weird in the air around him.

'Wait, why do I feel.... stronger? I was just dying a few minutes ago. Didn't old man Willy say something about magic?'

"Ey' lad what's the holdup?" Willy stopped and turned around to ask.

"Nothing, just getting my bearings."

Kurt caught up to Willy, and they continued on walking.

"Say Willy, you mentioned back there something about magic. Care to elaborate."

"Elaborate? What do you mean? Magic is magic. There's nothing to elaborate."

"Yeah, but that was my first time seeing it."

"Really?! First time? Been living under a rock or something? Parents taught ye nothing?" Willy was baffled by just the thought of not knowing about magic.

"No parents to teach me anything. I lived quite far out in the boonies you see." He lied, putting on a sad smile.

"Ah that explains it aye..." Willy replied sympathetically.

'Thank God you're gullible Willy.'

"But don't worry lad! I'm sure Goddess Bula has sent you here for a reason. There will only be better days starting now." He lightly elbowed Kurt's arm to encourage him.

"As for your question about magic there's no need to worry cause look we've arrived."

Kurt looked at the building, and it was clearly different to all the others he passed. The building stood at least three stories tall, and its architectural design was similar to that of a gothic cathedral.

'Wow fancy.' he thought while taking in the site.

"Impressive ey' lad? Come on, let's get you sorted."

After going in, Willy led Kurt to the leftmost side of three lines with signs hanging off the ceiling stating that this was the "Foreign Affairs" one. The line was long, and it looked like they were going to be standing all day.

'Urgh this is gonna take forever.'

However instead of walking to the back of the line they went around skipping it.

"Hey Willy, why are we just going straight through? Don't we have to line up like everyone else?"

"That would've been the case aye but we're just getting ye adventurers' identification. Normally ye should've done that back in Riverton but seeing as how yer from the boonies.....well tis understandable." Willy explained.

'Lucky me I guess.'

They walked through the back door where another reception desk stood. This one was empty, so they went straight up front.

Sitting at the desk was a young woman who looked to be no less than twenty-five. With shoulder length brown hair, dressed in what could only be described as a corporate suit and rectangular specs that emphasises her reddish-brown eyes.

"Morning Sherry! Ye looks extra bored on this wonderful day hahaha!"

"Patrol-Guardsman Willy, you seem extra lively today. What brings you here?" she greeted back, straightening her posture.

"Aye this lad here needs a pair of Eldorian tags for adventuring as well as some proper identification for Riverton."

"Riverton? Did you not go through procedures at our branch over there?" Sherry asked, looking at Kurt.

"No, I-" but before he could explain himself, Willy interrupted leaning in close to whisper to her.

"Nay see, Kurt here is from the boonies of Riverton. Apparently, he was so isolated he doesn't even know what magic is."

'I can hear you y'know.'

Sherry raised her eyebrows in slight surprise then looked between Kurt and the sympathetic Willy.

She nodded once then took out a pair of dog tags and strapped them around a chain.

"Hold one tag and put your other hand on this orb for me.... Kurt, was it?"

"Yes, it's Kurt Rossana." He took the chain and did as instructed.

"Rossana? Are you from noble blood?" Sherry asked curiously.

"That right lass I forgot to tell you! Kurt here has been blessed by Goddess Bula since birth and has been granted a surname!"

"Really!? Wow! That's amazing!" Sherry beamed.

"Ahaa...." Not knowing what else to say Kurt could only smile as the misunderstanding grew.

'You know what, just roll with it.'

As excitement ensued around him Kurt felt a jolt in his hands. When he looked down both the tag and orb were glowing and soon after, the same projection he saw before popped up.

It read:

Personal Info -

Name - Kurt Rossana

Date of Birth - Unknown

Nationality - Unknown

Occupation - Assassin

'Wait this looks way too suspicious.'

He glanced nervously at Sherry and Willy; afraid things were going to get more complicated. Instead, his worries were unfounded.

"Seems to check out. Got your name.... birthplace and.... hmm didn't know that you were an assassin. Quite the useful class for when you're out adventuring ey' lad hahaha!"

'Huh? Doesn't he see "Unknown". Also, I think his definition of assassin and mine are vastly different.'

"Born year 756....24 years old huh? You're one year younger than me. Now that I look at you you're quite handsome. What say you and I go out on a date after this Kurt~" A slight blush covered Sherry's face as she started flirting.

"Sorry but I'm really busy at the moment. Another time perhaps?" he declined politely.

'Phew, it seems I'm in the clear.'

"Hmmm I'll hold you to that~" she winked back.

She put away the orb and took out a different one this time.

"Now put your hand on the other tag and this orb."

"Sure. By the way, what are these orbs doing exactly? I'm still in the dark about the whole magic thing." Kurt asked while doing just that.

"Oh, that's right! However, I'm no scholar when it comes to the finer details, but I can give a basic rundown."

"That's ok," he replied.

'Anything that will shed light on this situation will be much appreciated.'

"It is said that more than 2000 years ago humanity was completely different to what it is now. Buildings five times larger than even the bureau were commonplace. Flying metal birds carried people to travel far across the lands."

'Wait a minute...'

"Metal boxes moving nearly three times faster than any horse were seen everywhere. It is also said that people from around the world were always in communication with each other no matter where they were."

Kurt held his phone tightly through his blazer.

"There weren't any monsters to kill nor were there any wars going on. In fact, the very concept of magic, that which is so normal now, was not a thing until-"

Chapter 4: Chapter 4 - Story

"Until magical rifts, now known as gates, started appearing all over the world...."

Sherry paused for dramatic effect earning affirmative nods from Willy.

'Gates? Sounds ominous.'

"These gates," Sherry continued, "Were documented as the first signs of magic, though of course no one knew at the time. For three days the gates stood undisturbed. People grew restless fearing this unknown entity but also curious at the thought of something so wondrous. Like moths to a flame."

"You speak like you were there." Kurt pointed out feeling a little unsettled.

"Course' she weren't there lad! This happened thousands of years ago hahaha!"

"Well duh she wasn't there old man else she would've been even more fossilised than you."

"What ye say?! I'll let you know that this horse is still kicking, or did you forget about what happened earlier huh!?" Willy showed his hand as it started glowing.

"Ehem! Can you boys let me finish? I was getting to the good part." Sherry pouted.

"Sorry, it's just that you're such a good storyteller. Please continue."

"Sorry lass haha."

Kurt and Willy apologised prompting Sherry to continue.

"As I was saying, on the fourth day is when it all changed. The sky darkened and earthquakes erupted, splitting, shaping and reforming the earth's geography entirely. The seas rose and swallowed whole areas of land and any in its path. Finally, to top it all off.... the gates activated and out of it came the monsters."

'Gulp' 'Monsters huh....'

"The monsters had one goal: Kill every living being. Humanity stood no chance. They fought all they could to defend their home but were too unprepared. In less a week approximately six billion died nearly ending the human race. The end was in site and with nothing left to do they prayed."

'What in the actual....' A single drop of sweat slid down Kurt's forehead as he thought.

"Suddenly the world was silent. The monsters stopped their destructive force and all glanced upwards. There they saw the sky open up as a single golden ray of hope descended. That hope was Goddess Bula."

Willy nudged at Kurt and proudly smirked at him as if to tell "See that, here comes the best part."

"Donned in untainted white robes that emphasised her long golden caramel hair. She closed her hands together and spread her beautiful wings thus she spoke,

"Beautiful children of earth I have heard your desperate plea. Despite being on the verge of death you have not forgotten your faith. Though I am not the one your faith had been directed towards, I am the one who answered and shall gift you a miracle."

Warm, golden light enveloped those who believed manifesting into power we now know as magic."

"I see.... but what about those who didn't believe in anything. Were they just left powerless?" Kurt asked.

"Aye lad. The world needed those who are willing to fight for it, not those who have given up." Willy answered

'Harsh.'

"After the brutal onslaught humanity suffered, they finally were ready to counterattack and counterattack they did. Slowly they killed and pushed back the monsters reclaiming lost land. Just when humanity thought they'd won the gates activated again spewing out not only monsters but demons as well."

"Is there a difference?"

"Mmhm," Sherry nodded. "The simple answer is that monsters are mindless whereas demons are more sentient. Some also have humanoid features."

"Those ones are no joke lad."

"I'll keep that in mind. What happened then Sherry?"

"Once again humanity was being pushed back. Even with the help of magic, ever since demons entered the fray, things were looking grim. So they all collectively decided to do what has worked in the past.... they prayed.... but this time directly to Goddess Bula. When the Goddess answered there was not much she could do. She already blessed humanity with power and even if she were to bless the rest of humanity, they were far too outnumbered. So, she gave them advice and said,

"Gather your strongest warriors and recite this spell. This is a summoning spell for which you can call five heroes. Heroes that will change the course of this arduous war."

"What was the spell?" Kurt asked.

"That is information no one is privy to, handsome. Only the top brass knows it."

'Classic.'

"Then humanity gathered its strongest warriors to perform the spell and true to what Goddess Bula said, five heroes emerged. They were:

The Supreme Mage, Layla Wright

The Holy Paladin, Otis Gray

The Genius Inventor, Alice Wilkerson

The Saintess, Elizabeth Suncrown

finally,

The King of Heroes, Lucas M. Dorothy

And so, with the help of these five heroes' humanity defeated the invasion and closed the gates. The end." Sherry smiled.

"What? But I have so many questions like-"

"Sorry handsome, time is money and if you want more of my time that date offer still stands~".

'*Ngngh why I oughta....*' Kurt groaned, feeling the worst of cliffhangers.

sniffle sniffle

"Are you crying old man?"

"Sorry lad, it's just that when I hear this story, I get a little emotional is all."

"Argh, here use this." He handed Willy a tissue

Hnff phooooo, he blew his nose.

"By the way Sherry, I still got my hands on this tag and orb. Has it done its thing yet?"

"Oh that? It finished registering your data long ago. Just send a touch of magic through it and it will display."

"How do I do that?"

"Oh, come now laddy, ye have been blessed by Goddess Bula! Feel the magic inside ye and gently guide it to the tag."

'So, is that my lore now? Come to think of it, I have been feeling stronger ever since I arrived here.'

Kurt concentrated, searching in himself for a trace of magic when-

'Ah!'

The tag lit up, projecting his adventurers' information

It read:

Adventurer org -

Guild - N/A

Rank - F

Party - N/A

Skills - Adaptation

"Adaptation ey'? Can't say I've ever heard of that. What about ye Sherry?"

"Never heard of it." She turned to Kurt expecting an answer.

"Don't look at me, I'm just as clueless."

They all looked at each other and collectively sighed.

'The more I understand the less I know.'

"Ah well! No time for moping, come lad we're done here."

"We are? Alright. Thanks, Sherry, for the tags and story. It was very informative."

"Mmhm no problem handsome. You have no idea how boring it is sitting here all day so think of it as payback."

Kurt and Willy left the bureau when the old man paused,

"Oh! Hold on lad I forgot something. I'll be right back."

"Don't be too long."

Willy ran back inside and after five minutes returned with a pouch of coin.

"So where to now old man? Preferably somewhere like a library."

"Now," he took Kurt's hand and put the pouch of coin in it, "Now ye will be heading to the capital. There's 5 gold, 10 silver and 15 copper in there. Ye has no money, right? Take it."

Kurt looked between the pouch and Willy. Realising that the money in his account was now absolutely worthless, he gratefully accepted it.

"Much appreciated. I don't really know how to repay you for all you've done."

"Ha! Ye can repay me after making it big in the capital ey' Now come let's take you to a carriage."

After walking and talking about things like the fact that the earth has been split into five kingdoms based off of the five summoned heroes.

And that there was a fighting tournament soon to be happening at the capitals' academy where chosen students from all across the five kingdoms would be participating in.

Kurt stepped into the carriage and gave his farewells to Willy.

"Thanks Willy, for everything. Without you I'd probably be lost like a certain green headed pirate."

"Like whom?"

"Never mind."

"All aboard the carriage to the capital!" the coachman called and rang his bell.

"Catch you around old man."

Willy nodded as the carriage left.

When a good distance away, Kurt closed his eye and processed the information he gathered.

'Alright so my morning started with me going out of my apartment to look for a new place to stay. That was after getting excommunicated from my old "job" the night before.

Then I started having the worst headache and nosebleed.

People were also phasing in and out of reality.

That's when I decided to go to the doctor thinking something serious must be wrong with me.

I arrived at the doctor safely, but the pain really got to me when it felt like my heart was going to burst.

I fainted and got sprayed with water "magic".

I learned the old man who sprayed me was an old man called Willy.

He claimed I was "blessed by Goddess Bula" just for having a surname?

My I.D was useless, so he took me to a place called the bureau. That's where I met Sherry who works there.

She told me the story of how the earth was invaded by monsters and demons.

At least I know I'm still on earth.

She also said humanity nearly would've gone extinct if it wasn't for Goddess Bula blessing people with magic.

The earth has been split into five kingdoms based on the five heroes who saved humanity.

I'm currently in Eldoria, the kingdom of the hero Lucas, heading towards the capital in hopes of finding out more about what the actual hell happened to me.

Great...just great.'

Chapter 5: Chapter 5 - The Capital

"Richard, please stop! You're scaring Kurt!"

SMASH CRASH

Glass shattered across the floor as furniture was being tossed and thrown aside.

"Shut the fuck up bitch! Or I'll kill both you and the little shit!"

The man threatened with a bottle of liquor in his hand.

His face was red with anger, toxins and bad decisions waiting to happen. The pristine suit he wore was now dishevelled and the once kind man the woman married was nowhere to be seen.

"Waaah ueueh waaah!" Crying while holding his mother's leg was a little Kurt no more than five years old. "Mo-mommy Im sc-scared!"

"Richard please, you're drunk and you're scaring Kurt. It'll be alright, ok? So please just calm down."

"DON'T TELL ME TO CALM DOWN!"

CRASH

He threw the bottle near her face as it broke on the wall behind her.

"Waaah ueueh waaah!"

"All of you.... I swear, everyone....do they think I'm a joke. Do you think I'm a joke huh!" He grabbed the mother's hair and yelled in her face.

"Let her go! Stop it! You're evil, stop it!"

Although he was scared, the young boy found a sliver of courage to at least try to get his father off his mother.

"What did you just call me?"

He grabbed another bottle and slammed it against the wall.

CRASH

"Say that again you little shit." He pointed the sharp edges of glass towards Kurt.

"Say that again...YOU FU- Argh!" He fell on the floor.

Looking to the side he saw that the woman pushed him. Tears and fear were written on her face as she held out her shaky arms.

Realising what she had done, she took Kurt and started running to the door.

"GET BACK HERE YOU BITCH!"

He ran after the mother and child, losing all senses and quickly caught up to them.

"GOTCHA HAHA!" he shoulder tackled her, causing the mother to slip and fall.

"Why're you running Rachel huh?" Richard mounted Rachel and smacked her across the face.

"Richard please.... I love you ok....so please-"

"LET GO OF MY MOMMY! LET GO!"

Kurt tugged and pulled at his father's shirt hoping he'd stop hurting her.

And he did, only to turn his attention to Kurt instead.

"You...." Richard stood up and grabbed Kurt by the neck of his shirt.

"What did you call me back there huh?" He lifted the boy effortlessly.

"Richard put my baby down! I didn't mean to run from you, and Kurt didn't mean to call you that so please! -"

"GET OFF OF ME!" He pushed her away.

Hard.

THUD

Blood trickled down Rachel's head as she lay unconscious, hitting it at the wrong angle of the wall.

"MOMMY!" Kurt cried. "DADDY, MOMMY'S HURT! MOMMY, SHE'S-"

"You called me evil, didn't you? I'll show you just how evil I can be."

Richard pinned Kurt against the floor and raised the broken glass bottle, aiming for his face.

"No daddy please, I'm sorry. I won't call you that again. I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm-

STAB

'Gasp!' "Haaaahuuuh haaaaaa...." Kurt jolted awake, holding his eyepatch.

When he looked around, he was still riding in the carriage.

Some people were staring at him, worried something was wrong

"You ok there sonny?" A woman next to him asked.

"I'm fine, miss, thanks for asking." he replied putting on a smile.

"You sure boy? You've been screaming for "mommy" in your sleep, ey'?" A man sitting in front of him asked next.

"Everything's fine really. Sorry if I worried you."

"Hmm well you better fix that "mommy" problem you got. Don't wanna upset your lady at night yeah? Unless.... that's what you're into-"

"No no no no you've got it all wrong! Seriously! I don't have mommy issues." Kurt interrupted.

"If you say so." the man shrugged.

'Urgh how embarrassing....'

Tap tap

Kurt looked over his side to see the lady, who was worried about him, lean in closer to whisper,

"I can be your mommy, handsome." She winked with a slight blush on her cheeks.

'Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!'

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..

...

Clip clop clip clop

Only the sound of the horses trotting can be heard as the people in the carriage finally settled down.

Kurt took a peek inside his blazer and looked at his phone, *'Only 15:00pm. Feels like I've been here forever.'*

He put the phone back, slouched on his seat and stared out the window.

There was green nearly everywhere. The skies were clear, and birds were singing on the carriage roof.

'So peaceful

.' Kurt thought blankly. *'No factory smog covering the sky. No massive buildings or cars killing nature. Worst of all, no internet, no movies and....no syndicate members to kill...*

Before his mind could spiral he saw a person flying across the sky.

'What the?' "Hey, did any of you just see that?" he asked a few people around him.

"See what?" the man from before asked, "I don't see nothing," he said looking out.

"It looked like someone flying in the sky."

"Must've been someone using magic then."

'Oh right.... magic.'

"Attention passengers, we are approaching the Capital of Eldoria!" the coachman announced ringing a bell.

Kurt poked his head out the window and looked ahead. The sight blew him away.

'Woah...'

From the distance he saw the capital. The protective wall which stretched far across the land was so huge that no threat would make it over. Even if they did, the wall had additional defense towers every hundred meters or so making sure for extra security.

As they drew closer Kurt then saw what looked like flying ships coming to and from the capital.

"What are those?" he asked.

"Those are Royal Airships. As the name would imply, it carries nobility from other counties to Eldoria through the air. A fascinating piece of magical engineering." A man with thick glasses and messy brown hair leaned on Kurt's chair to answer.

"I hope to one day get a much closer look at it its.... insides hehehe...." he wore a creepy smile and giggled.

"Hey, did you know that the airships were actually inspired by the flying metal birds of the ancient civilisation but with its own magical twist hehehe. Also, that's not the only one of its kind, there are also miniature versions created solely for.....'personal' use hehehe. Also-"

"Ok young man that's enough outta you. We're approaching the border check so sit down." Before he could continue, he got pulled down by his seatmate.

'Sheesh I nearly punched him in the face for getting so close.' Kurt thought, unclenching his hidden fist.

Arriving at the border gate the passengers got out and lined up. They were then told to get their tags ready for identification.

After waiting for ten minutes, it was finally Kurt's turn.

"Personal tag." The guardsman asked.

Kurt took it out from his pocket and imbued a bit of magic into it.

'Guess I'm getting a bit used to this.'

When it lit up it showed the projection but with a slight change of details.

Personal Info -

Name - Kurt Rossana

Date of Birth - 26/12/756

Nationality - Riverton

Occupation - Adventurer

'Why'd it change? Whatever, I'll take this over "Unknown" and "Assassin" any day.'

"An adventurer from Riverton? Wait Rossana?" the guardsman grew excited, "Are you bl-"

'Shhhhhh shhhhh,' "Please, I know what you want to say but let's not make a scene alright?" Kurt quietly pleaded.

"Ehem! Sorry about that.... sir. May I see your adventurer's tag?"

Kurt imbued magic into the other tag and showed,

Adventurer org -

Guild - N/A

Rank - F

Party - N/A

Skills - Adaptation

"Ahh you're just starting out I see. By the way you don't need to show me your skills if you're not comfortable doing so sir."

"What do you mean?"

"With just a bit of concentration you can hide your skills information."

Kurt looked at the tag and concentrated on hiding his skills,

Adventurer org -

Guild - N/A

Rank - F

Party - N/A

Skills - (Concealed)

'Would you look at that. I wonder if I can hide my surname?'

He tried doing the same for his personal tag, but the surname didn't disappear.

"Does it not work for this tag?" he asked the guardsman.

"No sir, it does not work like that."

"Seriously? Who designed these anyway."

"These tags were made by the Genius Inventor Alice Wilkerson. Along with most of the world's magical inventions."

"I see. Well, I'm guessing that we're done here?"

"Yes sir," the guardsman made way for Kurt to go through, "Welcome to the Capital of Eldoria. I look forward to your great feats and reading about it in the newspaper."

"Don't count on it." Kurt walked through the gates and immediately got memorised by the scenery.

If the docks where he arrived at were busy with business, then that does not even compare to the bustle of life in the Capital.

People from all around seemed to be busy preparing for a festival with what looked like students in white uniforms helping out.

In the distance Kurt saw a tall tower with a grand clock at the top.

All the buildings and architecture looked Victorian, with their sharp-edged roofs and beautifully paved roads.

And just like before, Kurt saw a person flying through the air seemingly in a rush.

'Where do I even start?' he contemplated.

Growl~

He looked down at his stomach and decided, *'I haven't eaten since I woke up. Now seems to be the perfect time.'*