

# The Sins of Our Fathers

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*Several shorts set in the Crusades.*

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# 1 - Point of No Return

*Warning: Religious reference's. Historical inaccuracy, and Explicit content.*

*Final Rating: PG-13.*

Aran stared from the city's gate out at the mass of men and horses that approached. "Aran... do not be afraid, for the Lord will defend us." I smiled as I wrapped my arm around my friend's arm.

"It is no army of man that I fear," he responded, glancing down at me, "I fear that the sins of our fathers have been passed to their sons."

I stared out at the huge army below, "A test of faith, and purity of heart."

"As the enemy commander said, 'battles are not won through God alone.' We should learn to obey those rules too." Aran turned to go back down into the city. I followed him, not wanting to let go of him.

We were out numbered, out skilled, most certainly outmatched. We had so few troops, and even less who had training. I was one of the few who had formal skills. Aran was another, and the man from Ibelin was another. This man was unorthodox, and had brilliantly made preparations for the upcoming battle. A priest had been speaking to him and pleading to flee, leaving many to die, and he had found it unacceptable. When that same priest raised his voice about the lack of knights to defend the city, he went and knighted every man at arms, and even people who weren't but peasants, but were fit enough to be armed. Now it is left to a miniscule force to defend the Holy city. Jerusalem was in our hands. Failure meant death.

"Aran, when will the enemy attack begin?"

"The Baron believes it will be tomorrow, maybe even tonight. We should get ready." he replied and set out for the armory.

I smiled. "Okay, Aran. But come with me first, I have something I need to show you!" and Before he could comment, I had dragged him to my room, pinned him against the wall, and pressed a pair of dry, cracked lips against his. Both of us had been drinking as little water as we could because of the siege, but it didn't stop us. The next hour was spent in a dream that only Aran and I shared. When we finally woke up from this dream, we bathed, kissed again, and armed ourself for the coming hell, our whole

selves linked permanently to each other.