**A duel with D’Motre**

Walt swished his duelling sword around as he awaited his opponent to attend the duelling ground in the palace, as the king’s champion and the country’s finest duellist it was important that he kept his skills razor sharp and to this end he offered a 100,000 franc reward to anyone who could beat him.

His opponent today was simply called D’Motre and according to his sources they had killed or wounded 20 of the country’s best swordsman in duels so Walt was expecting a bit of competition this time, his second nodded and pointed with his eyes as two figures walked through the trees, one was obviously female even though she was wearing male clothes the other had a full length cape on with a hood which obscured their features.

As per usual there was a good crowd on hand to watch this duel Walt smiled as he thought of the betting that would be taking place between them and the fact that by tradition the winners would give 10% of their winnings just made it more pleasurable to him, he started to stretch out as the two seconds met with the referee to decide the rules of the duel.

Unusually his opponent just stood there motionless even though Walt felt that they were watching his every move and so he decided to show off and try and intimidate them before the bout started and he flourished his sword around and did a few of his more expansive moves, it didn’t get any reaction from his opponent but the crowd applauded as he completed his warm up and this served to bolster him a bit.

His second returned from his meeting with a frown and looked at Walt and whispered in a worried tone ‘ There’s been a proposed change of rules if you are agreeable’, Walt frowned he didn’t like last minute changes, he waved to tell his second to continue ‘ The other party has suggested that they also put up 100,000 francs and it is winner take all no holds barred to the death’, Walt was stunned for a minute did his opponent have a death wish then he thought and smiled if that was what they want he said to his second ‘I agree to their terms’.

His second looked shocked and then nodded and walked back to the referee and the other second and spoke after handshakes all-round the 3 walked back to their respective areas, Walt watched as his opponents second undid the throat of his opponents cloak and pulled it off and he gasped.

His opponent was a woman she was dressed completely in black leather which was skin tight and accentuated the fullness of her bosom and the long slim legs which were covered by thigh length black leather boots with 4” stiletto heels, her hands and arms were encased in skin tight black leather gauntlets which reached up to her elbows and her face was covered by a black leather mask which reached down to her nose all that he could see was her blue eyes and ruby coloured lips and the auburn hair which flowed out of the back of her mask.

Despite himself Walt felt a stirring in his loins of the sight in front of him and he watched as she adjusted her gauntlets and flicked some dust off her breast before drawing her sword which run on her right hip and saluted him, Walt automatically returned the salute and waited whilst the referee announced to the watching crowd the rules of the duel.

The gasps from the crowd followed by the shouts of various people making bets flowed past Walt as he took in his opponent and tried to ascertain her strategy, his opponent calmly took a cigarette from her second who lit it with a match held in her own leather gloved hand and then to the shock of the watching crowd kissed her passionately full on the lips before smiling at Walt.

The referee called both participants to order and as silence descended over the watching crowd the referee gave the order to begin and stepped away alongside the two seconds, Walt started with a standard thrust at his opponents stomach but casually and with also an air of contempt she parried and flicked her wrist and cut off a jacket button of his.

He drew back and nodded to her at getting the first touch and settled down to some serious swordplay, over the next few minutes they exchanged attacks and Walt was by now having to concentrate as she had lasted longer than anyone else he had fought before, he was wondering where she had learnt to fight as she had a very unusual style he believed he could outlast her and then he would strike.

Throughout the bout the woman had a half sneering smile on her face as she parried and then launched her own attack, suddenly she said ‘Is that the best you can do monsieur’ Walt bit down on his tongue and tasting his own blood launched a fast and furious assault on his opponent she danced around parrying his best blows and then suddenly launched her own attack his sword was knocked from his hand and he found that the point of her sword was resting against his adams apple, he gulped as he realised that he was at this woman’s mercy and she laughed and pulled back saying ‘l haven’t finished with you yet’.

She took three paces back and allowed Walt to retrieve his sword, he was furious she had humiliated him and the only way he could now save face was to kill her, he took guard again and launched into a wild and impulsive attack the woman parried his every blow without effort and Walt was getting more and more annoyed when suddenly she thrust and Walt felt her sword go through his coat and into his heart.

The woman watched as Walt fell to his knees and the sword dropped from his fingers he uttered ‘Show me who you are please’, the woman smiled and with a leather gloved hand pulled off her mask revealing the face of his half-sister.