

Hotspur advanced on Hal, the hilt of his sword gripped tight within his straining fingers.

"Oh Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth." Hotspur spat at the prince, malice ringing in his tone. "I better brook the loss of brittle life than those proud titles thou hast won of me."

The metallic sound of Hal's sword emerging across his armour interrupted Hotspur. Hal drew his sword from its hilt with a refined and composed practice that argued the young Percy's brash temperament. The blade was freed with one perfected movement that oozed assurance, as if he'd spent his time duelling for sport in the barracks instead of weaselling his way through taverns with a head full of sac. Hotspur looked to Hal's challenging glare; his eyes sparked as if he were amused, or even excited for the duel that was to come.

The young Percy wouldn't allow Hal to see him as he had the rest of his army, many of whose lives Henry had likely ended just moments ago in the heat of the battle. He wasn't a common enemy, a soldier who could be dispatched with just the toss of a blade, and with that thought, he took action.

Hotspur's sword swung swiftly toward Hal. The clang of metal on metal rang throughout the emptied battlefield as the pair's swords met with equal conviction.

Hotspur erupted with an animalistic roar and threw his shield toward Hal's shoulder, driving his sword near to his chest. Hal stumbled backward and quickly regained his stance; knees bent in order to spring forward, shield over his chest. In one smooth arch he met Percy's armour with his weapon and saw his opponent's eyes widen as his previous incontrovertible certainty of victory was shaken.

The two Harrys duelled as if it were a careful dance, each move crafted and performed with hasty calculation. They left little time for the other to return their offence, and drove each other back and forth across the ragged grass, avoiding the slumped body of Falstaff. Hal kept his thoughts concentrated away from his fallen friend and forced his anger in to the strikes he threw at Hotspur, caught in a new hostile wave of rage with every impact his sword made upon the Scot.

Percy lost his footing as he attempted to swing toward Hal, and his sword flew from his seemingly vice like grip. It buried itself shallowly in the grass a matter of feet away, and Percy lunged for it - a second too late.

Hal hit Hotspur to the ground with his shield and wasted no time in striking a fatal blow with his blade, under the chest-plate of the reputable fighter. Blood welled up and ran across the silver of Percy's armour, in which Henry could see his own damaged reflection.

"The earthy and cold hand of death lies on my tongue." Hotspur's voice was weak as he struggled through his fleeting final breaths. Hal, despite owning the sword that was currently lodged between Percy's shoulders, did not draw himself away; if anyone deserved the respect of having their last words heard, surely it was the honourable Hotspur. "No, Percy, thou art dust-" He coughed. "And food-food for-"

Harry Percy's eyes rolled back, and he fell still.

"For worms, brave Percy." Hal drew his sword from his chest, wiping the blade across the grass to clear the blood. "Fare thee well, great heart." He muttered, and slowly turned away from the body that lay limp in front of him.