

# **The adventures of Loren Bowmen**

Daniel Moore

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By: Daniel Moore

## Chapter 1: Intro to Loren and the gang

*My name is Loren Bowman, a female, white, fair skinned, blue eyes, and brown hair. Also, I am an elf. My life started out like any other, I was happily celebrating my 10th birthday when the bandits attacked, they decided, for one reason or another, to not only raid my village but burn it down as well, I've been on my own ever since.*

*I'm 16 now, I've been living off of the woods, first time I had to kill an animal, I was so scared, I almost couldn't do it, but I had been in the woods for 4 days at that point, and I was starving, upon seeing a deer, I managed to sneak up to it, and with the dagger that I always kept on me (because you never knew when a 10-year-old had to defend herself) I stabbed it in the heart, crying for about 30 minutes before finally giving in to my overwhelming hunger.*

*It's getting easier to hunt now, especially because I made myself a bow, it feels less personal somehow, I really hate the feeling of your prey going limp on your sword (unless it's some monster or other threat). Anyways.... Getting back to the story on hand... welp, I need to bring you into the past, roughly 3 weeks ago.... So, there I was, peeing, in a bush, yes, peeing, do I really have to explain that? After I'm done peeing then I walk out of the bush and I see adventurers. I made a choice then, I joined them, starting to follow them.*

*It was a group of guys, gross, smelly guys, they're starting to grow on me, yech; Curse you, sixteen-year-old brain. Wait, what was I saying? Oh yeah, as it turns out they were off to defeat the notoriously evil organization called the Black Hand. Ever heard of them? NO? Sigh, guess that I need to explain then, it is common knowledge that they are out for power, they're greediness knows*

*no bounds, and they are led by the evil archmage Mira. Mira, how to describe her? Well, I guess I would start off by saying that she is fucking hot... ahem anyways, she has this long raven black hair, she is pale as all hell, brown eyes, a playful smile, and a way to make any man (or woman) grovel with absolute desire (oh, and she's half elf). However, all that gorgeousness has a rotten inside, she well, to put it delicately, she is the commander of about a million thief's guilds, she has several armies of monsters, and undead, she is skilled at necromancy, plus she is after immortality (or so I've heard).*

*Yeah... a real charmer that one.... So anyway, the guys took me in, explained their mission, and have been kind to me, plus some of them are really cute...*

"Loren!" one of the fellow adventurers calls, a tall, lean, muscular human by the name of Prevelious Lightfoot, he is a warrior by all the sense of the word, about 6' 5" he towers over the other three, and is likely the most attractive of the group, with dark, curly brown hair, a wry smile, and green eyes, he is the one that Loren likes the most so far. Loren, having heard the call, immediately shuts the diary she was writing in. "Yes, Prev?" She replies, standing up, and starting down the hill towards him.

"Me and the guys are going to go on a hunting trip and would be honored if your ladyship would join us," he smiled a shy kind of smile, one that melted Loren's insides like a warm stick of butter.

"Are you flirting with me?" she raised her eyebrow, chuckling slightly under her breath.

"No, no, never..." he said, coloring slightly, in response Loren punched him in the arm.

"You totally *are* pretty-boy, your cheeks are all red."

"Pretty boy?"

She could feel her on cheeks growing hot "sh-shove off will you?"

Prev smirked in response, "alright, I'll stop." he shrugged a bit, "let's go shall we?" Together, the two of them walked into a clearing, where the two other guys awaited them, one of them being prev's half-brother, a half-elf mage, he looked quite similar to his brother

except, he seemed a lot less muscley, more on the leaner side, quite a bit more brainy than the rest of them, his name was Draxion, or Drax for short, the male on his right side of him was named Fengól. Fengól was a dwarf, a paladin of sorts, who always carried a great big ax, that looked simply too heavy for him. "LOREN!" Drax boomed, by way of greeting, smiling warmly, "Are you ready?"

Loren rolled her eyes slightly. "Hell yes, I'm ready Drax, let's go already shall we?"

With that, they went bounding into the forest, unaware of what awaited them there, how much they would truly regret coming into that forest, on that particular day. I shudder just having to recount for you the events as they transpired, but that's my job, isn't it? To give you the details of their journey to defeat Mira and her underlings, no matter how much I wish it could have turned out differently.

## **Chapter 2: The forest**

So, Loren and the rest of the party, as they went into the forest, the darkness closing in around them, the trees were super close together, giving it kind of a creepy vibe, almost like they were being swallowed up, in a sense, they were, they had barely walked a few steps when they heard something, it sounded like... no, it couldn't be, but it sounded like the rattling of bones, everyone stopped for a second, then continued on as if nothing had happened, all was quiet for a few minutes more, when, out of nowhere they heard the sound again, only closer, in horror they stopped looking frantically around for the source of the sound.

"Wha' was tha'?" a voice asked; a gruff one, Fengól's.

"P-probably nothing," Loren replied, knocking an arrow in her bow.

"Then why are you preparing to shoot?"

"Just a precaution, Drax, I need a fire arrow stat."

Drax upon hearing Loren hesitated for a second, before casting a spell on the arrow, causing it to burn -well I say burn in reality it lit a fire on the end- controlled so as not to burn the bow or the arrow, pulling back, she aimed towards the sound, exploding a bush that

happened to be in front of the source of the sound, a scout party of skeleton warriors; about 6 of them. “*Great*,” Loren mumbled under her breath, sighing, “I wonder who decided to reanimate these?” It was a rhetorical question of course like her entry said, Mira was skilled in necromancy.

The rest of the party pulled out their various weapons, Fengól swinging his ax in the direction of one of the skeletons, cutting it clean in half. Drax cast a magic missile at another, causing it to explode, while Prev was locked into a wild dance with another, trading blows with swords back and forth. *Men*, Loren thought in exasperation, slinging her bow and taking out her longsword, humming as she cut up one of the remaining two, then engaging in a very brief swordfight with the other, by the time that she was done, Prev had finished off his opponent and was currently picking up its sword, a wicked iron blade, now partially bent and strapping it to his side.

“Well, *that* could’ve gone better,” Loren observed, “we need to go, there are probably more on the way.”

Prev nodded in agreement. “That’s a good point, hell, if it were me, going through all that trouble to set up a scouting party, then I would make sure that there were more, let’s go.”

Murmmers of agreement from Fengól and Drax and they were off, running back to their camp to pack up their belongings to get out of the area.

They managed to find a quaint little village just outside of the middle kingdom, so we stopped there to rest, the townspeople are nice. The next day they will leave for Fallen Rock, a bustling mining town in the middle of Upper Fey.

Loren, slamming the book she was reading shut, pulls out her lyre and starts to play something sad sounding, singing softly as she does so, the song, being about her village; how it was before it burned down, crying slightly as she does so.

“Loren?” a voice calls gently, a man, Prev.

“Yes?” she replies, blinking tears from her eyes.

“Are, are you okay?”

“Y-yeah, I’m fine, just recalling...” unsure of how much to say, she just leaves it there.

“I guess I’ll just leave then?”

“No, no, it’s fine, come in...” she said, getting up to open the door, setting her lyre on the bed. Prev, upon being invited walks in and sits on the bed.

“That was the most beautiful thing I’ve ever heard by the way.”

“Th-thanks..”

“Your very welcome milady,” he bows slightly, jokingly, a smile on his face as he does so.

Loren rolls her eyes playfully, “dumbass...”

“That’s *captain* dumbass to you lady,” he smirks a bit.