

# Love of a Warrior

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*Jordan had always had it tough going. Ever since birth, life was never good to her. Untill she met HIM....*

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# 1 - The Beginning

Jordan's life has been far from the ordinary. From birth, unfortunate events have occurred, causing her life to throw itself into more terrible positions. Shall we start from the beginning?

Flames flashed before Jordan's infant eyes as her parents scrambled toward the door, leaving me behind in the raging fire. Their house was never a humble home but a shelter for mercenaries and thieves. The flames only put it out of its misery, almost bringing with it, Jordan's life. Several years later when she could understand the situation better her blood would boil at the behavior of her unloving parents.

Her parents had been thieves, so perhaps she was better off without them. People had always told her how her parents looked upon Jordan's tiny face with disgust. If they saw her now, they would probably run away with fear. It's not that she is terrifying. It's that she grew up alone, teaching herself how to do everything. That would include how to defend herself.

That fire killed her parents, but some hero saved Jordan from the flames. Maybe destiny wasn't ready to let go of her yet. She liked to think that.

When she was five she found herself walking by the sea alone. A breeze gently played with her brown hair as the wet sand squeezed between her toes. As she walked around a bend, onto a rocky ledge, some scraggly pirates (called sea rats) attacked her from behind, tossing me in the ocean to die while taking anything they thought was valuable. But once again, fate had its hand in helping her, this time by bringing her back to shore.

It wasn't sand though, it was soft earth. When she looked up, Jordan was in a thick, green forest.

Life led her into different situations each passing year. Like the time she was attacked by trolls and her body almost completely smashed to bits. Jordan fought back as best she could, but it wasn't enough against three full grown trolls. She was left alone on that road to die. She'd managed to pick herself up and nurse her battered body back to health.

She dwelled in the forest for seven years, finding food wherever she could. Jordan never stayed in one place for long, it was just her nature.

Then Jordan's life turned finally for the better, when Martin walked into her life.



## 2 - Martin

Jordan's short, wavy hair was spread all about her as she lay by the side of the creek. The sun gently pierced through the leaves, warming her face while her feet dangled in the water. Jordan closed her eyes and let down her guard. She knew someone or something would come out and attack her, but right now, she didn't have a care in the world.

Her grip on her sword hilt loosened, but not enough to let it fall. All of her possessions had been gained by means of trade. Or, if that didn't work, she would come back to the same person and steal it. She didn't care. Why should she? She'd learned not to stay in one place for long the hard way a few too many times.

Through her many interesting and life threatening trials, Jordan had been able to teach herself accurate means of defense. In other words, she could handle a sword better than most knights could twice her age *and* size. But she was always attacked when she least expected it. When shadows became friendly and warm. No one trusted her. No one could be trusted.

Then, not to her surprise, she heard branches breaking. A distant scream sounded in the distance. Tiredly, Jordan pulled on her boots and trudged in the direction the scream came from. Why not? It wasn't like she had anything to *lose*.

The feminine scream became louder and longer. Jordan broke into a run. She didn't want anyone to have to suffer the way she had all her life. She began to breathe heavily.

Finally she broke through the underbrush into a fairly large clearing where a troll was dangling a screaming girl by her feet. *That girl can't be more than ten years old!* Jordan thought.

Almost as soon as Jordan had drawn her sword, someone else broke through the brush. It was a boy, about her age holding a double edged sword. He rushed towards the troll, and Jordan followed suit.

She rushed into the scene with a war cry and slashed at the troll. The huge beast waved his hand at her but she rolled out of the way. When she got back onto her feet, she lifted her sword and dug it deep into the arm that was holding the girl. The girl dropped in a heap and looked content to lay there, but Jordan grabbed her arm and dragged her to the edge of the clearing.

Then she saw the boy. He seemed like a worthy opponent for herself, she thought. He had already damaged the hulk of the troll's body severely. The troll waved its arms around slowly in attempt to whack the boy to the ground, but he dodged it each and every time.

Taking no more time to stare, Jordan leapt back into action. She swung wildly at the troll's throat, hitting her mark. Her sword cut in deeply and a dark purple ooze penetrated from the wound. But it wasn't a killing stroke, not on a troll.

Pairing up with the boy, Jordan swung expertly while dodging the oversized hands. Then she took her chance. She knew she would have to rely on the strange boy, but it was necessary.

Jordan sliced her blade into the troll's foot, reaching all the way to the ground, pinning the troll where it stood. "Now!" she yelled at the boy. He somehow he knew exactly what she meant. He jumped high in the air and jammed his own sword into the troll's skull. Leaving it there, he jumped down to the ground. The giant troll swayed and moaned. Jordan turned her sword and when the beast finally fell, it sliced its foot open.

The boy strode over to the girl they'd both saved from the troll. He reached out a hand and said, "It's okay, Alina, You're safe."

The small girl grabbed his hand and pulled herself up.

Jordan watched the scene, breathing heavily. She pulled her sword out of the ground and sheathed it.

The boy walked over to her. "So, you must have warrior's blood running in your veins to be able to fight like that."

"Oh, that?" She said pointing a thumb in the direction of the dead troll. "That was nothing. You should see what I can do when I'm fighting a real *person*." Every muscle in Jordan's body was tensed. If that boy was going to attack her, she'd rather be ready. But she still couldn't help but smile.

"So aren't you going to tell me what your name is?" He asked, smiling at her curiously.

"Well, maybe I will, maybe I won't. It's all up to you." A smug grin creased her pretty features.

"If it makes any difference to you, I'm Martin. Welcome to Avaria Forest."