

The Great Herenica: Legends of Rovin

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Chapter 1

Introduction, Queen Rovin

A subtle gust of wind moved the curtains of a massive castle spire. Bright rays of sunlight went into the spire's top room. A hand moved with the wind slowly and steadily. Its skin was tan as the fall leaves; each of its fingers lined with silver rings with green, red, and blue gemstones. Its nails painted dark red, contrasting its skin color.

This was the gesture of a queen. The gesture of a queen who sat atop a silver throne and had all the power of an empire in the palm of her fist. This queen is formally known as Calina Rovin of the Night-Fliers. She led an amassed empire that had conquered the very stars in the night

sky.

Several servants had entered the queen's room. Before their eyes had even glanced at her, they were glued to the floor as they knelt.

"Speak," the queen commanded.

"My queen, the emperor wanted us to alert you of the ambassadorial mission happening later today..."

"I am aware. Is that all?"

"My queen, the people of this world are requesting food and water after the last invasion..." a second servant explained.

The queen stood up. A white veil fell from the back of her head and revealed a golden crown with clear blue diamonds in its center. Her red hair fell from her shoulders and extended down her back.

She turned to her servants who felt the piercing yellow eyes break into their souls even as they stared down at the floor.

"Which people is this? Are they of any sort of royalty?" Queen Rovin asked the servants.

"My queen, they are of smaller villages...those who were scorched after the emperor's legionnaires had purged the land," the third

servant answered.

The queen raised her fist. The first two servants had shuddered once they saw the third servant raise up into the air with a blue aura around her torso.

“These villages are in no position to request from me. You will be the message,” Queen Rovin pulled her fist behind her back and sent the servant through the open window.

The servant desperately tore off one of the window curtains before she fell off the spire and onto the gravel that made up Rovin’s castle courtyard.

Queen Rovin scoffed, “You two. Tell the guards that my curtains need replacing,” she paused to look at them and their shaking hands, “NOW!”

The two servants immediately stood up and left the spire room. The queen sat back in her chair and leaned against her arm, “For once... offer me some concern. This... This is just sickening...” she mumbled to herself.

Something caught the queen’s attention. The sunlight that had

cut into her room had abruptly faded. She looked up and saw a bright flash pierce through the sudden darkness and directly into the queen's eyes.

Chapter 2

Act II, Pyromancy and Kings

Calina found herself in a heavy iron cage. She was within a lethargic camp set up in a wide grassy field between two mountains. The group that had raided Fort Lightveil were parading around a massive campfire, chanting away as they held tankards full of brownish liquid.

Osbold was in a separate cage. His stolen armor was torn off him and the entirety of his body was scarred and cut for the humor of the group. His arms were strapped to the upper bars of the back of the cage.

“Osbold...” Calina said quietly, “Osbold, what are we going to

do?”

Osald moved his head toward the sound of her voice, “There’s nothing left I can do...besides rot.”

“Come on, there has to be something...” Calina muttered.

“Okay, dying queen, let’s see you come up with a plan,”

Osald’s voice became frustrated.

Calina stood up in her cage and grabbed onto the door’s bars. She stared at her dirtied fingers that were drenched in a wet, black grime. She looked closer at her palm and saw a small yellow light in between the lines of her hands.

She took a deep breath and focused. Her hands clamped together, and her fingers wrapped around the others.

“What are you doing? Praying?” Osald smirked, “There are Demons in this world, but I’ve renounced my God.”

“Not...prayer...” Calina took in another deep breath.

She opened her hands and saw a small ball of light. At the top of it were orange flames.

“It’s my turn...” Calina held a devious smile.

The flames in her hand grew larger and larger. She opened her

Chapter 3

Lorem Ipsum Dolor Sit Amet

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Chapter 4

Lorem Ipsum Dolor Sit Amet

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