

Warrioress - World Collection 2024

Release XI of *WindySilver's*
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Warriorress - World Collection 2024

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About this collection

Warrioress (as it is currently titled) is a fantasy world inhabited by things like ghouls, nymphs and humans. It follows the story of Theimia, who, upon fleeing her village after it is attacked by ghouls, has to embrace her Aurora heritage and go to war against the beings that are terrorizing innocent villages.

This story world currently has three stories:

1. [*Aurora Armor*](#), a story only released in World Collections that is set very close to the beginning of the storyline
2. [*Journey to War*](#), which summarizes most of Theimia's storyline from start to near the finish
3. [*Warrioress*](#), the first of these to be written (although with a different character in mind), which is set long after the storyline and works as the epilogue for it

Since *Journey to War* summarizes the main points of the storyline, it is unlikely that this story will ever be properly fleshed out. Since the only vital thing missing is the ending, it might be that that is the only thing that will ever come, at which point I will consider the world complete and only add to it if a plot bunny from this world infests my head and I need to get it out.

Aurora Armor

Currently uncollected outside World Collections

When was this written? I don't know. I suspect 2018, which is when [Journey to War](#) was written, but so far I haven't found solid evidence since I removed the original file after importing the story to Scrivener. My backups of the world's stories (at least the ones I was able to locate at the time of writing) do point it to have been made between mid-2017 and mid-2019.

"Theimia... Theimia, follow me..."

"Iathia, wait! I can't paddle that fast!" Theimia cried out, trying to keep up with the ghost-like nymph while keeping her canoe upright. The next island was still too far away but she knew that she could not stop now that it was dark and foggy.

"Follow me..."

"Iathia, please! Wait!" Even though her arms were burning not only with lactic acid but also the burns from the village fire she had escaped – they had not healed well yet – Theimia paddled even faster. Unfortunately, with the increased effort, it was more difficult to stand on the canoe. Theimia lost her balance and the canoe keeled, sending the young woman underwater.

It was too dark to see which way was up. Even the moonlight did not get through the fog. Theimia only knew that she was sinking, the water taking over her. She saw something glimmering in Iathia's color somewhere, but she could not direct herself. Water was already coming to her lungs when something cool grabbed her arms and dragged her below.

When she came to, she was lying on cold marble floor, completely soaked. Someone lifted her body upright, allowing her to see that she was in an ancient temple of sorts. On the altar, there was an armored figure with two swords in its hands.

"Where am I?" Theimia asked, surprised that she could speak without clearing her voice. "Am I dead?"

"No, you're not, Theimia." The voice was Iathia's. Theimia could not tell where it came no matter where she looked, so she asked, "Iathia? Where are you?"

"I am here..." Iathia answered.

"Where here? I can't see you!" Theimia shouted.

"You don't need to..." Iathia whispered. "Go, Chosen One, and take the blades of the Auroras."

"Chosen One?" Theimia gave a nervous laugh. "This is a dream, right? I'm no chosen one."

"Yes, you are. Go, and take them." Iathia whispered.

Theimia looked at the armored figure. It seemed to be breathing. Just to be safe, Theimia took her pocket watch and extended its chain to the fullest. It was a pathetic melee weapon against an enemy with blades but better than her burned hands. Then, one step after another, she went closer to the figure, eyeing its movement. It extended its arms, offering the blades.

"Heritage from beyond the centuries, forged from the aurora borealis," Iathia said. "Take good care of them."

Theimia took the blades. The figure's hands fell down and in front of Theimia's eyes, it turned into shining marble. Iathia appeared from behind it – or had she been controlling it?

"Follow me," she told Theimia. And follow Theimia did.

Iathia led Theimia to the rooftop of the temple. The northern lights were shining close above their heads and far out in the horizon their village was on fire, a mere orange dot in the distant darkness.

"The ghouls shouldn't do this," Iathia noted. "This will be war now."

"War?" Theimia repeated.

"Yes. They have broken the rules. Now they must pay," Iathia told, grim.

Theimia looked at the blades she had taken. "Do I... do I have to join it?"

"Yes. You're the Chosen One, one of the Auroras. We asked your parents not to tell you about it until the time would be right," Iathia told. "I hoped that

this day wouldn't come. Some Auroras never have to come here to get their armor forged. But you had to. I need you to travel with me to the Northern Realm and gather an army against the ghouls."

"I can't!" Theimia cried out. "I'm not a warrior!"

"You will be. It's in your blood, Theimia, and in the northern lights. You just need to find your inner warriorress," Iathia told. "Let me tie the blades to your arms and then come stand to the center stone. I will lead from there on."

Frightened, Theimia did as her nymph companion told. The blades' sheaths illuminated her body eerily when Iathia fastened them on her arms upside down. Then the nymph led her on to the hexagonal center stone.

"What's going to happen?" Theimia asked fearfully.

"Your armor will be forged from the aurora borealis tonight. Stand still. Once I initiate the process, it will carry on independently."

"How do you know all this?"

"You're not the first Aurora whose Guiding Nymph I have been, Theimia."

Iathia went to a smaller hexagonal area, floated upwards in front of Theimia and raised her hands towards the northern lights. Theimia could see that they actually touched the lights, green swirling around the nymph's fingers. Suddenly the center stone started to glow in emerald, startling Theimia. She noticed that she could no longer move her feet. There was no way out of this situation anymore.

She was afraid, but Theimia decided to trust Iathia. She would not harm her, right?

The aurora borealis started to swirl towards Theimia. The woman stayed still, holding her breath. She could feel the power coming from the light. It started to envelop her in green, swirl closer around her body. Theimia could not help breathing more shallowly in fear; what would the light do to her?

At some point, she could no longer see anything but green, not even Iathia's glow. Light tugged at her clothes, wrapped them closer to her skin and formed something solid over them. Theimia wanted to scream for Iathia to

stop it, yet she could not bring herself to do it for some reason. The powers at work kept her from voicing even a sound.

The green solidified, holding her still. Power seeped into her veins, connecting her to the aurora. She could feel Iathia there, glowing in green instead of pale white. She could feel the green arch between them, forming a connection. Their life essences connected, making Theimia feel dizzy. She could feel the aurora pull at her hair, creating ribbons which tied her hair together.

Iathia! What's happening to me?! Theimia cried out to the connection. She did not get an answer, only an echo as if she had shouted it to the distance.

After what felt like forever, the aurora borealis left her, returning to the sky. Iathia stopped glowing in green and returned to the rooftop. Theimia shook, unable to comprehend what had happened to her.

"Aurora, your armor is now complete," Iathia announced formally.

Theimia looked at her body. It was completely covered in pearl-colored armor which glowed the green of the aurora. Her blades were on her armor, held tightly in place by her armor.

"Come. Let us continue onwards," Iathia said.

"Wait! What is all this? What just happened?" Theimia asked desperately.

"The aurora borealis forged your armor. Ghouls can do nothing against you when you keep it on. Follow me, I will explain your heritage to you along the way," Iathia said.

Knowing that she had to stay with the nymph in this unknown area, she hastily followed her companion, still shaken by what had just happened. She was full of foreign power which was in sync with her armory and blades and it frightened her deeply.

What had she ended up into when she had agreed to go on this journey with her nymph friend?

Journey to War

Collected in [*Modern Problem*](#)

Challenge (by [SarcasticCupcake5](#)): The story must be an epic quest, include a very unusual weapon and the main character should have a trustworthy and loyal companion.

The ghouls were out there. They were setting the whole village on fire. Iathia led Theimia onwards, trying to lead her to safety. Theimia smacked the ghouls at the eyes with her pocket watch, hoping to blind them for long enough to get away. She tried to keep her bag close to her; she had been supposed to set forth in the morning, but it appeared that the time to go had come already. She hurried to the lake, took her canoe and quickly paddled away before the ghouls could come and drag her back to land.

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Island after another, Theimia and Iathia stopped to take breaks. Iathia led her companion on, never faltering as she showed the way. Theimia had known her since she had been a child, so she trusted her even though the nymph still did not tell her where they were going. The journey had been Iathia's idea all along and Theimia knew that there was a reason for it. Perhaps she was taking her to safety from the ghouls. Perhaps Iathia had seen the attack – and the villagers' inability to stop it – coming.

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Through the vast lake, Iathia led Theimia to the Northern Realm. An army was being gathered there to counter the ghouls and Iathia wanted her to join the war. Even though she had acquired two sabres and an armor on the way there, Theimia did not think she was warrior material. Even though she was an Aurora, a Chosen One of some sort Theimia still did not understand, she

did not feel that she was a warrior meant for this battle. Nevertheless, she trusted her companion's judgement – she was an ageless nymph, after all – and enlisted.

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Iathia followed her to the battles, guiding her auroral powers and the ancient sabres along the way. Theimia trusted her with her life and allowed her to do so even though the loss of control was a dreadful experience. They won battles and pushed the ghouls further away to where they had come from, away from the innocent villages.

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Then came the night when Iathia disappeared in a ghoul ambush; she was captured. Theimia realized that she was on her own to fight among the men and women she had learned to know. Casting the aurora borealis to the sky, she fought for her life and her captured companion. Ghoul after another fell back, leaving the nymph alone as the Aurora pressed on, followed by her comrades.

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Unfortunately, it was too late to fight. When all the ghouls had left from her side, Iathia was already fading. Theimia put her pocket watch to her hand and prayed that the northern lights would take care of her. The watch disappeared with the nymph. That night, the northern lights roared with Theimia and her loss. The ghouls who witnessed it cowered in horror; the Aurora had become vengeful.

# Warriorress

Collected in [\*Modern Problem\*](#)

A woman, a warrior of countless battles, a leader of many troops, already a veteran in the game known as "life", stood on the hill, looking at the village she called home.

*Home.* That was a concept quite vague to her. She was bound to wander like a nomad. Now, with the war over and the troops gone to her, after what was needed to do done, she was free to go.

She was free to leave to new challenges.

And therefore she turned her back to the village and left. Her armor still reflected a bit of the light of aurora even though it had been scratched and dimmed by the numerous battles and opponents it had faced among its bearer. The trusted sabres on her sides were not any better; they had faced even more than the armor, for they were inheritance from generations all lost.

The woman, treasuring all the marks and memories her armor had, treasuring all the lives she had lost to the winds of life, death and war, knew that there would be a time when she would return here among these people. It was a promise.

*Let it be a century or a millennium that will pass before it, but I will return here. I promise that.*

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