

Hello all. I am posting the background and first chapter of the new book im writing set in the same world as my current long standing project "Legacy of Gaia"

Disclaimer: yes I use chat-GPT to help me write. But these are my characters from my mind. This is my story board, my events, my ideas.

The only thing i use gpt for is to put my ideas into a form that is readable as well as pleasant for others to enjoy. All the AI gen work is considered rough draft for me to edit and change details of.

If you have an issue with AI assisted writing I really don't want to hear it. I would prefer real criticisms. I am autistic AF and have a hard time writing things in a way that is pleasant to read.

Main characters

Gabriella Alvarn

Alias: The Blaze of Glory

Other Titles: The Flame Engineer, Mother of Póchii

Race: Human

Age: 33 (4th Age, born 759)

Gender: Female

Affinities: Fire / Wind

Specialization: Runic Inscription & Applied Enchantments

Magic Capacity: Level 9 (near S-class)

Occupation: S-Rank Adventurer, Volunteer Combat Instructor, Magitech Tinkerer

Home: Alnaster

Party: None — operates solo

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Physical Appearance

Height/Build: 5'8–5'9", athletic and strong; build from practical strength rather than vanity.

Skin: Fair with golden undertones; pale burn scar spiraling from right shoulder to wrist, glowing faintly under mana overload.

Hair: Chestnut brown with soft copper tones, tied in a loose braid with strands escaping.

Eyes: Hazel with amber-gold flecks; expressive and sharp.

Clothing/Armor: Practical adventurer's garb — reinforced leather and steel with rune-thread inlays. Pauldrons and forearms visibly singed. S-rank insignia pinned inside chestplate. Armor vents heat through runic inscriptions, pulsing gold when channeling fire.

Personality

Public Face:

Stoic, no-nonsense, legendary for independence. Confident, blunt, feared by rookies, dependable in combat.

Private Nature:

Gentle, emotionally distant; hums softly when alone. Pragmatic, mechanically and magically literate; prefers tools and runes over ceremony.

Dry, teasing humor around guild recruits.

Protective, struggles to accept comfort but gives it freely.

Likes: Coffee, soft music, mechanical puzzles, quiet workshops

Dislikes: Uncontrolled power, reckless magic, pity

Pet Peeves: People who say “magic just happens”

Hobbies: Repairing gear, collecting coins, sketching rune designs

Fears: Losing control of her power again

Motivation: Protect others from the pain caused by uncontrolled power

Combat Profile

Class: Battle Mage / Blademaster hybrid

Primary Weapons:

Solreach — heat-conductive mithril longsword with runic temperature-regulating channels.

Windsheer — enchanted elvish bow, incredibly destructive. Channeling magic into the bow activates the enchantments making the velocity of the arrow increase. including the shockwave produced. Over channeling can produce back pressure that harms the user.

Secondary Tools:

Flameburst talismans and throwing daggers

Wind enchanted boots for mobility

Wrist-mounted Eldarwood wand for quick spells

Reinforced gauntlets with interchangeable runic plates

Signature Technique: Infernal Waltz — spiraling Fire & Wind vortexes, controlled via runic feedback loops for offense and defense; can compress, redirect, or expand mid-fight.

Strengths:

Tactical intelligence

Wide-area attacks and high stamina

Creative runic applications in combat

Focused under pressure

Weaknesses:

Reckless when emotionally triggered

Poor at defensive or healing magic

Overload risk due to poor magical control training.

Runic Expertise

Languages: Ancient Arcanic, Modern Guild Standard

Specialties:

Thermal modulation (heat control, energy efficiency)

Amplification chains for hybrid spells

Structural reinforcement glyphs for magitech armor

Combat Use: Can adjust runes mid-battle, integrating magic with engineering.

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Background

Origins: Born in Alnaster's forge district to a weaponsmith father and runic engraver mother.

Grew up treating magic as craft rather than miracle.

Adventuring Career: Joined guild at sixteen. Rose quickly due to ingenuity in runic engineering.

Legendary Feat: Dellenfort Stand — held pass against a demon horde for two days using runic turrets and Fire/Wind spirals; earned S-rank solo.

Personal Loss: Daughter Lina died of mana sickness five years ago; grief informs her mentoring and solo methods.

Current Life: Solo adventurer and volunteer instructor, mentoring rookies without taking apprentices. Adoptive daughter Póchii reawakens her ability to connect and care.

Relationships

Póchii: Adoptive daughter; helps Gabriella rediscover gentleness and joy.

Guild of Alnaster: Respected mentor and runic consultant; occasional instructor at training hall.

Quirks & Habits

Taps sword hilt twice before combat (superstition).

Keeps extra rations for rookies.

Hums lullabies to herself, reminiscent of daughter.

Softens immediately around small creatures and children.

Disarmed emotionally by seeing others cry.

Symbolism:

Gabriella embodies discipline through empathy. Her flame represents both destructive and protective potential. Her burn scar serves as a literal and spiritual reminder that unchecked power must be tempered, and that even in loss, one can forge light from fire.

Póchii (Póchiinta) —

Species: Prime Slime / Spirit of the Vanáfel Forest

Apparent Age: Child (~8–10 in humanoid form)

Perceived Age: Claims “about 50 slime lives old” (~100 years)

True Age: Over 1,000 years; dates back to the 2nd Age

Home: Vanáfel Forest

Occupation: Explorer of the natural world; apprentice to Gabriella in human customs

Titles: Mother of all slimes (latent, currently sealed)

Physical Appearance

Childlike Humanoid Form: Small, rounded features, about 4’0–4’2 in height. Her movements and posture emphasize playfulness and curiosity.

Skin: Peach-pink, slightly translucent, faint inner glow.

Hair: Darker rose-pink, long, fluid, shifts like liquid silk with mood and energy.

Eyes: Almond-shaped, luminous coral, expressive and wide.

Natural Form: Fully amorphous slime; malleable and able to absorb impacts.

Transformation: Can shift between slime and humanoid form, but her humanoid form is her “default,” intrinsic to her being. Glows when emotional or channeling latent magic.

Mannerisms: Gestures exaggeratedly, bounces when excited, mirrors trusted individuals’ expressions, frequently explores surfaces with tactile curiosity.

Personality

Core Traits: Joyful, affectionate, naive, endlessly curious, playful, occasionally mischievous.

Behavior:

Speaks in third person; simple syntax; rarely uses contractions.

Experiments with the world through touch, taste, and observation.

Strong desire to connect, trust, and learn from others.

Worldview: Human culture and emotions are new to her; everything is approached with wonder and sincerity.

Motivation: Discover the world, build connections, understand emotions, and reconcile fragments of memory with her true nature.

Abilities

Humanoid Form: Unique among slimes; she has always had this childlike humanoid shape.

Shapeshifting: Can revert to her natural slime form for defense, stealth, or playful exploration.

Mana Absorption: Absorbs ambient mana through touch; can “taste” emotions, providing insight without harm.

Ancient Magic: Core magic sealed due to past trauma, preventing her from reproducing via splitting. Potential for immense, world-altering power remains latent.

Enhanced Senses: Intuitive perception of magical currents, natural energy flows, water, and wind.

Longevity: Has lived over a millennium but perceives herself as only ~100 years old due to memory loss.

Background & Lore

Origins: First of all slimes; Mother of her kind. Entire existence predates humans in her world.

Trauma & Memory Loss: In the last ~100 years, a tragedy occurred that caused severe amnesia, sealed her magic core, and stopped her ability to procreate. Only fragments of this period remain in her memory.

Unique Form: Unlike any other slime, she cannot create children by splitting; her humanoid form has always been intrinsic and resembles Gabriella's late daughter.

Current Life: Learns human customs, emotions, and bonds under Gabriella's guidance while exploring the world safely.

Relationships

Gabriella Alvarn: Adoptive mother figure; Póchii's childlike appearance and playful mannerisms reconnect Gabriella to her lost daughter and evoke maternal instincts.

Other Humans / Adventurers: Observes and experiments with social norms carefully; builds trust gradually.

The Natural World: Guardian and observer of Vanáfel Forest; instinctively protective, nurturing to creatures and nature.

Quirks & Habits

Explores textures, lights, sounds, and magical currents through touch and movement.

Speaks in third person, frequently comments on observed behaviors.

Mirrors trusted individuals' expressions and gestures to learn social cues.

Tends to "taste" emotions and mana, describing them as flavors.

Reverts to slime form when relaxed, emotional, or playful.

Hidden Truths & Potential

True Nature: Mother of all slimes, first and only of her kind.

Latent Power: Core magic sealed due to trauma; reawakening could have massive consequences.

Memory Gap: Only remembers the last ~100 years; perceives herself as young and recent despite millennium-long life.

Inability to Procreate: Trauma prevents splitting, making her unique and irreplaceable.

Symbolism

Embodies innocence, curiosity, and quiet wisdom.

Her childlike humanoid form allows age-appropriate, safe interactions while conveying wonder and gentle depth.

Reflects the importance of guidance, trust, and emotional healing.

A living bridge between ancient magic and modern adventurers, linking past and present.

Prologue — The Forest's Heart

It was another perfect day in her forest.

Sunlight filtered through the canopy in soft, golden ribbons, painting the moss in warm hues. The air shimmered faintly with mana — gentle, living energy that hummed like a lullaby only the forest's children could hear.

And deep within that emerald calm, a little slime girl laughed.

“Póchii's forest is happy today!” she announced, spinning in the clearing. Her peach-pink skin caught the light, rippling like a pond touched by wind. Her darker rose hair trailed behind her in soft waves, glowing faintly whenever she twirled too fast.

Dozens of small slimes bounced nearby, mirroring her joy. Some were green as new leaves, others deep blue like puddles after rain. They rolled, flopped, and wiggled around her feet, chirping in high-pitched plops that only Póchii could translate.

“Yes, yes, breakfast time!” she giggled. She reached into a patch of mushrooms and tore off a glowing cap. The slimes swarmed, bumping each other like playful marbles. “Don't fight, Póchii found plenty!”

When they'd eaten their fill, the little blobs settled into lazy heaps, content. Póchii patted the largest one, her favorite — a gentle old slime she called Mellow. Its surface rippled softly under her touch.

He was slower now. His colors had faded to a pale greenish white, his edges soft, like dew dissolving.

“Mellow tired?” Póchii asked, kneeling beside him.

The old slime burbled faintly, pressing against her palm. His surface trembled, ripples spreading outward in lazy circles.

“You ate too much again,” she chided gently, though her smile wavered. She lifted him into her lap, cradling him as she did when he was newly formed.

The other slimes gathered, quiet for once. They knew this rhythm too — the stilling of movement, the hush before the forest reclaimed one of its own.

Mellow pulsed once more, soft light flickering from his core. Then his form began to lose cohesion, the outer layer melting into droplets that sank into the moss.

Póchii watched, hands still cupped, until only the faintest glow remained. The forest air around them grew warm for a heartbeat, then stilled.

She bowed her head, whispering, "Sleep well, Mellow. You were the squishiest."

A few tiny slimes wobbled forward, merging briefly with the glimmering residue before bouncing away again — as if carrying a piece of him within them.

Póchii smiled faintly, though her eyes glistened. "That's fifty-four now," she murmured. "Fifty-four little friends born and gone. Forest keeps giving, forest keeps taking."

She traced a finger through the moss where Mellow had been, watching the light fade into the soil. "But it's okay," she said softly. "Póchii remembers everyone. That's her job."

For a while she stayed like that, surrounded by silent slimes and drifting motes of light. Then she rose, brushing her hands clean and turning her face to the sun.

"Thank you for staying this long, Mellow," she said. "We'll play again someday."

The forest breeze stirred, carrying a low, affectionate sigh through the branches. Póchii smiled, though her heart ached in a way she didn't have words for.

Life went on — always moving, always soft — and she followed it with the same small, hopeful steps.

The morning passed in a rhythm as familiar as her own heartbeat. Póchii wandered along crystal creeks, humming tunelessly while she plucked sweet herbs and petals to taste. Everything had flavor — sunlight, dew, even laughter. She liked laughter best; it tasted like honey and air.

At noon, she climbed her favorite tree — an enormous hollow oak whose roots twisted into a cradle above the ground. From there she could see the canopy stretch for miles, green waves under a sea of blue.

"The world is huge," she said aloud, kicking her legs. "But Póchii's forest is the prettiest part."

The forest answered with a low creak of branches. To her, it sounded like agreement.

Below her perch, the smaller slimes gathered again, waiting for her to drop twigs or leaves for them to catch. She tossed them one by one, laughing when they bounced and missed.

"Good try! Maybe tomorrow you catch one, hm?"

When she grew tired of games, she slid down the trunk and waded into the shallow river. The water parted around her, cool and welcoming. Her translucent skin shimmered; the current made her outline blur, as though she were made of the same liquid magic that flowed through the land.

She spent the afternoon helping a wounded bird — wrapping it in moss and humming until it calmed — and guiding lost fireflies back toward the light. She didn't know why the creatures always listened to her. They just did.

Sometimes, when the wind fell still, Póchii felt something larger breathing with her — the entire forest exhaling in rhythm, ancient and slow. It comforted her.

"Everyone here is family," she whispered, resting her cheek against a fern.

Evening brought cool mist. The canopy caught the fading sun, scattering gold into the haze. Póchii's smaller companions nestled against her legs as she sat beside a trickling spring. She hummed a lullaby — wordless, circular, old as the roots.

The forest answered again, the trees sighing, the water glimmering brighter.

"Good night, everyone," she said softly. "Tomorrow will be the same, okay?"

She smiled — a smile wide and guileless, untouched by worry.

Far above, a single leaf drifted down from the canopy. It brushed her shoulder, carrying the faintest scent of smoke.

Póchii's nose wrinkled.

"That's strange," she murmured. "Smells like... hot rocks."

The slimes around her stirred uneasily, but Póchii only giggled, chasing the drifting leaf as it curled in the air.

Tomorrow would be the same, she thought.

It always was.

Póchii played carefree while the forest had grown still, the air thicker than usual, but she barely noticed. Her slimes dozed around her, soft and content, and she was busy stacking pebbles into wobbly towers beside the stream.

The tower leaned, collapsed, and scattered with a splash. Póchii laughed and clapped her hands, sending ripples across the water.

But the forest did not laugh with her this time.

The river's usual song had gone quiet. Even the insects had hushed. A strange glow flickered through the distant trees — a shimmer not of mana or sunlight, but something harsher.

She tilted her head. "Pretty light..."

It pulsed again, orange and alive, licking at the trunks beyond the far ridge. Póchii squinted, mesmerized. She had never seen fire before. To her, it looked like dancing stars.

A hot breeze rolled through the undergrowth, rustling every leaf at once. The trees groaned — not creaking this time, but pleading. Their whispers pressed against her mind, sharp and frantic.

"Run?" she repeated aloud, puzzled. "But why? Light is pretty."

The ground beneath her feet grew warm. A tiny wisp of smoke curled up from a fern nearby, stinging her nose. She sneezed, then giggled.

"Hot! But tickly hot."

Another gust came — hotter now, carrying cinders that bit her skin. The slimes around her began to shudder, edges quivering. Then, in a sudden wave of panic, they scattered — bounding in every direction, squeaking in fear.

"Wait! Don't go! Stay with Póchii!" she cried, but they didn't listen. The forest itself seemed to push them away.

The horizon bloomed into fire. Trees erupted into light, flames racing through the canopy like a storm made of sun.

Póchii froze. The heat pressed against her like a wall, making her glow flare involuntarily. "Wh-what is this? Stop! You're hurting my forest!"

No answer came. The voices of the trees were screams now — cracking wood, collapsing branches, and the hiss of sap boiling away.

Instinct took over. Her form shimmered, softening, her limbs dissolving into a fluid pink mass. She hit the ground as a full slime, rolling fast through the underbrush. Smoke clung to her, dark streaks twisting through her body as she fled.

"Too hot! Too bright!" she cried, bouncing and slipping through roots. "Póchii didn't mean to make you mad!"

She didn't understand what had happened — only that the forest, her home, was burning.

Animals fled alongside her: deer with singed fur, birds bursting from nests. Flames leapt from tree to tree, devouring everything.

When the heat became unbearable, she veered toward the stream. The water hissed as embers touched it, steam rising in choking clouds. Póchii hurled herself in, the cool current wrapping her like a shield.

For a while she floated — dazed, glowing faintly under the smoke-darkened sky. Then she let the current carry her. It rushed faster, out of the forest, toward the open road beyond.

The sounds of her home faded behind her — replaced by distant shouting, the clatter of hooves, and the crack of metal. She didn't know what those noises meant, only that they were not fire.

When the stream shallowed, she oozed onto the bank, trembling. Her glow flickered low, pulse unsteady.

At the edge of the road stood something strange: a wooden wagon, its canvas sides smudged with soot, horses stamping nervously as sparks floated through the dusk.

Póchii dragged herself closer. The smell of metal, oil, and leather stung her senses — foreign but grounding. A soft shape loomed before her, the wagon's back open, bundles of gear and cloth stacked within.

"Safe," she whispered to herself, voice trembling. "Hide. Forest said to run, so... Póchii ran."

Her slime body quivered, wobbling uncertainly before she gathered her courage and crawled into the back of the wagon. She tucked herself into a narrow alcove behind a rolled-up tarp and a half-empty crate, her form shrinking instinctively until she was no larger than a melon.

Outside, the air snapped with sudden sound — reins pulled taut, a low command barked over the roar of the fire.

The wagon lurched forward.

Póchii nearly lost her grip as the wheels jolted over the dirt road, her form rippling from the motion. She pressed herself flat against the wooden planks, eyes flickering dimly as the world outside blurred into streaks of orange and black.

"Moving...?" she murmured in confusion. "Where is Póchii going?"

The forest's light grew distant behind her. Smoke still chased the stars, but the roar began to fade, swallowed by the rhythm of hooves and the creak of wood.

She stayed hidden, trembling with every bump, unsure if the sound of her own heartbeat was real.

For the first time in her long, gentle life, Póchii felt small — and truly alone