**Valla’s distressful adventure**

**Act I**

The wind blew, clashing against her hood. The fabric caressed her face as she walked down the road. Another undead vile creature came running and rattling towards her. Without even looking at it the woman moved her crossbow up and shot it down.

* Hardly a challenge — She said as she continued walking.

A trail of foul corpses left behind.

Her name was Valla, a Demon Huntress, and a goddamn good one at that. She was quite an imposing figure. Armed from head to toes, hunting boots, a chestguard, a buckler, handguards a hood to cover her head and a plethora of weapons around her body. Despite all of this being part of her ensemble, her armor and clothing were far from heavy looking. In fact, quite contrary, her attire was quite tight to her skin.

This caused her trained figure to highlight, specially, against the light of the moon. Her sharp features and plump lips made for a beautiful face. She truly was a bombshell of a woman, but no man ever dared approach her. Her eyes were not those of a damsel or a common girl, they were the eyes of a fighter, a killer, a huntress.

Valla was walking slowly and cautious, her hips swaying side to side. She looked around and checked the sounds coming around the place.

* Looks like I can go now — She said to herself.

The woman rushed as she advanced towards the tomb of the mad creature, the Skeleton King. She had recently met a couple of interesting people an old man, scholar named Deckard Cain and his niece, Leah. Valla had actually met Leah first, she seemed like a good girl and needed to save her uncle, the old man still had an adventuring spirit but had gotten trapped by the skeleton king’s army and Valla had barely arrived in time to rescue him.

Despite the initial trouble, Deckard had shown to be quite useful. The fallen star, it was that which was causing trouble to emerge and she had to get to it, in order to do so however, she’d have to face the skeleton king himself, Leoric.

* Not a problem — She had told them — I’ll make quick work of him.

The Demon huntress didn’t want them to worry, after all she was a professional and they had enough to deal with. Not that she wasn’t confident in herself, and she had prepared. Not only her arsenal was ready but thanks to the old man’s advice she had procured the King’s crown. The one thing that would tether him to this world making it possible to fully kill him. She was ready.

As she entered the dammed place, the first thing she did was save another man in a mission, his name was Kormac. He seemed like a good man and capable enough of fighting. He was in his own holy venture, one which mad no conflict with hers and after she had helped him kill a traitor, he was more than happy to join her.

Valla was a professional and the view was excellent, for Kormac, this was a great mission to go along with. He too wanted to end the damned king after all. As they walked down the hall, the could hear his mad laugh.

The pathetic King who had gone insane in life had risen once more to face them.

* Do you really believe, you can defeat ME here? — Asked Leoric.

He was a tall and imposing figure, wearing a big, heavy armor and using a giant mace as a weapon. Any person would tremble in fear at his sight. But Valla was not any person.

* You should embrace the rest of death… King, you are not welcome here — She said.
* Better watch out, this thing has killed more men than we could count — Said Kormac reading himself.
* Which is why we must end him now — Valla Assured — No one else will die by your hand — She told the skeleton.

Kormac nodded. Slowly both heroes moved towards Leoric. The movements of the skeleton king were slow and he seemed to be in general, sluggish.

Valla smiled. Such foul creature would finally be put to eternal rest.

The Huntress readied her crossbows and shot at the King. The bolts hit but didn’t damage him. The mad King laughed.

* What type of bones are those!? — Said Kormac attacking.

However, due his distraction talking to Valla, the man was soon hit by the back end of Leoric’s mace, making him fall forward and then hit with the heavy side directly onto the rock wall. He was out now.

* Hah, you really thought you could beat me? — Leoric laughed at Valla.
* I came here alone, and I will fight you alone — She said once more, making sure to keep his attention so he didn’t kill the unconscious Kormac.

Soon she sent a special bouncing arrow. It seemed to confuse the king as it moved around him hitting different parts of his armor until it hit his face. Mean while Valla attempted to jump and vault behind him but instead her face was met with his fist sending her back bouncing on the ground.

* Insolent bitch — Said Leoric advancing.
* Well... that’s nice, always like a challenge — She said cleaning some blood from her lips. She had to keep all his attention.

Valla rushed to the sides shooting grenades at him. Surely that would end a skeleton. She was wrong.

From the smoke Leorics giant mace came out hitting her right in the stomach. She was sent back to the floor as she rolled holding her midriff. She cursed as she held herself. Hat had hurt so much. Still, there was no time to dwell in her pain, the King advanced again and she barely dodged.

He hit her on the face with the side of his mace and then kicked her down. Valla knew she was in trouble now. She jumped and vaulted away, running in circles around him. If he couldn’t catch her, he couldn’t hit her.

She shot and shot but he seemed impervious. She needed to get that crown on him. As she kept trying however, her stamina begun to fail her. She was getting tired, but she would push herself, she would manage to defeat the skeleton.

Then, the demon huntress saw an opening.

Ready to attack she vaulted towards him with the crown but then, she found his mace once again striking right into her body. The crown flew away from her hands and its metallic points stabbed the ceiling rock. Hurt and tired Valla fell to the floor again.

She stood up cursing. She couldn’t let this thing beat her, a lot was depending on this fight. Valla adjusted her armor. Her large chests were spilling out of her corset now that one of the belts had snapped. She focused, her head had ben spinning a bit. She didn’t have time to worry about any of those nuisances now. The woman stepped on her toes. Her wide hips forming a nice silhouette as she readied her shots.

Like a tornado she swirled and swirled around him well. Volts were fired in a storm of fury. Here was no escape for the King.

But he didn’t need it.

He rushed through the bolts and then, Valla was an easy target. The hard mace hit her again sending her straight to the wall. She panted as she attempted to stand again. It was too much, she couldn’t do it.

Finally, the demon huntress fell down, losing consciousness. She was defeated.

Leoric looked at his pathetic rival. So much talk for nothing. He Lighted her and punched her in the stomach then slapped her from side to side. She would be his plaything now. The mad King pushed her face against the ground, then lifted her and batted her away with his mace, striking her hip fully.

He laughed, so much he could do with a mortal who had displayed such strength, she was special, and so she was his trophy. His chortling reverberated through the area. Reverberating so much it caused the crown to fall from the ceiling right onto his head.

He was confused for a second, enough time for Kormac, who had been awakened by his laugher, to rush into stabbing him from behind. Unbeknownst to Leoric, Valla had done enough damage to his armor for it to easily fall apart when hit hard with the sword and thus he was defeated with an infernal scream as the Skeleton King was undone.

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Valla woke up. She wasn’t sure what happened. Kormac was near her bandaging himself.

* Seems you took a bit of a beating — He said not looking at her.

She blushed as she noticed her armor now broken in many places. Open gaps on her leggings and pieces of her corset missing. One of her shoulder guards on the floor, the belt snapped.

* So, he fell.
* Yeah, you managed to break his armor enough and was just a matter of a lucky hit.

Valla nodded.

* We have to get to the fallen star.

And so, they did. The Fallen star, strangely enough turned out to be a man, a man with an unclear message. They took him to Deckard. The old man was smart, he quickly figured out what they needed. The stranger’s sword.

* This sounds like an easy task — Valla said.
* Careful there, you got hit pretty badly — Mentioned Kormac, hoping she was really as okay as she said.

Valla simply looked to the side. She had noticed the eyes on her. People of Tristam had looked at her since she returned, as she was limping, dirty and with her armor broken. But the deed was done, that was all that mattered. The people still looked up at her. So much sacrifice for their good.

But that didn’t matter to her. She felt ashamed of having actually been defeated. However, she couldn’t let that shine through. I have to go to the blacksmith and the leatherworker…after that, we part. She said, not wishing to talk any longer.

With her equipment repaired, they soon started their search for the sword. Apparently, it had been broken into three pieces. And as they found the first one, they also found a new challenge. A sort of witch and her coven were trying to claim them. Valla was successful in getting the first piece as she dispatched the witches as the garbage they were, but the second would be trickier.

Leah had joined as they searched in an ancient Nephalem temple.

“Super powered humans who once fought each other” Leah had described the Nephalem as. Sounded strange. As they met the spirit who guarded the place however, he informed them only a Nephalem could go in.

Valla scoffed.

* I don’t have time to go searching the world for one of those — She said coldly.
* Then perhaps we should test what you are — The spirit retorted.

She squinted, she wasn’t sure what he was implying but either way, she had no time to dwell on it.

* Let’s just do whatever your test is, and go.

And so, Valla at the front of her group was tested as they moved through the temple. The spirit seemed happy. Valla was indeed one of the so called Nephalem.

Whatever that meant, it was no time for her to think about now. She was herself, that’s all she needed to know.

The second part was claimed, and now they just needed the hilt. The stranger told them, he felt it was at a fishing village. Only one place that could be.

Valla’s group embarked towards their destination. They were too late. Demonic forces had invaded the place. Without hesitation, Valla made quick work of the foul monsters. Once she reached the place the hilt was supposed to be however, she realized, it was long gone. And she had left behind the other two pieces unprotected.

* Oh dammit — She cursed under her breath rushing back.

Once again, she was too late. Deckard, had been mortally wounded. In what she could only call a blessing however, Leah had displayed some interesting supernatural powers, able to ward off the witches before the sword was taken. Before his death, Deckard had fixed it.

The witches had claimed the stranger however. But now Decakrd knew the importance of him. Valla had to rescue the man and give him the sword, everything depended on that.

Without wasting any time, she and her party moved on to bring him back.

Once more the mad King entered their destiny as they had to venture into his castle, but this time Valla would fare far better. She knew it.

They made quick work on some crazed cultists. A lone man lied there dying, he was able to give them enough information for their pursue before passing.

* Rest now, you have done your job — Valla said laying him down — Now it’s my turn.

With confidence she advanced into a great hall. It was incredibly hot inside. It was a furnace. The place was a metallic platform hanging over what seemed to be a long long fall to an abyss of fire. Before them an enormous creature of nothing but fury and sin was displayed, behind some bars.

* Leah might be crying over the old man’s corpse back in Tristam, but soon she’ll have to cry over yours, meet the Butcher! — Said the witch dissipating away as the creature was released.
* That thing… must have killed twice fold what the skeleton did— Observed Kormac sweating.

There was blood all over the walls.

* I know — Said Valla coldly.

Before they could plan anything however the creature charged at them. It was too fast. Valla was ale to vault away but as Kormac tried to cover her, he ended up pinned straight onto the wall. He fell down unconscious.

The Butcher roared.

* That was a mistake — Valla told him.

With confidence the Demon huntress advanced, her hips swayed side to side as she stepped one foot after the other and shooting one arm at the time, one volt after the next.

Her projectiles embedded themselves into the butcher’s flesh. At first the creature backed down, Valla smiled sure she was beating it, but before she could think of anything else, the butcher charged with fury. This time he was too fast for her.

With a strong headbutt he sent Valla flying backwards. She coughed as she cleaned blood off her nose. She had no time to properly recover however as the creature rushed against her once more.

Valla cursed as she had to sprint away. The giant cleaver of the beast almost cutting her in half, managing to remove part of her hair. She kept running as the demon relentlessly have chase. She shot and shot at him, but it barely looked as it had any effect. He was too fast.

His hook managed to scratch her arm painfully. She screamed as she vaulted to the other direction. It was time to use her grenades. These seemed to have a bigger impact on the butcher but it wasn’t enough. It once more rushed at Valla as the Demon hunter ran. It seemed to be a chance in circles as the moved around the platform.

It was so hot and she had to run so much. The woman was covered in sweat now. Valla had to remove her hood as she panted and spat on the floor. She was sweating so much she could feel her pants hugging her curvaceous ass. The massive piece of meat at her backside made a good target for the butcher as he once more charged at her.

* Shit…shit…dammit.

She cursed barely catching her breath. As she tried to shoot back and throw some grenades which didn’t hit him. As she inevitably slowed down, the creature caught up with her. Valla managed to avoid the hook and the cleaved but in a swift movement the Butcher hit her hard in the face with the backside of his weapon.

Valla spined in the air before falling down, groggy. She couldn’t be beaten again. Steeling herself up she stood up. It was so damn hot there. She needed some cold.

* You foul creature! — She shouted as she shot at him.

This time her volts were laced with a freezing addition. The Butcher was being slowed down. Right then she took the chance and jumped to the side and then kicked his hand causing the cleaver to be thrown to the other side of the platform.

She smiled.

However, she had underestimated the effect this would have on the demon. Soon enough she’d learn.

The creature went completely bersek now and with a backhand slap it threw Valla to the floor. She managed to recover in time to block his hook with her buckler only to get punched har in the face. She coughed as she groaned in pain only to be kicked in the stomach so hard she was launched back.

Valla tried to stand up but at that point she was too spend, too tired. The butcher arrived there before she could muster enough strength. He hen stomped her head on the platform. That was it for her, with that, the demon huntress had lost consciousness. The beast had won.

It was time to cut her to pieces.

The Butcher moved to find his cleaver but as he did, he stepped on some of the grenades Valla had launched earlier. They were enough to startle him and push him back. Tripping on his own weapon the creature fell back, right off the platform and right in time for Kormac to react and see him fall to his death. The butcher had fallen.

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Valla once again woke up, her armor broken, her buckler destroyed, she was covered in bruises and had a parted lip.

* Did you….
* Your grenades caused him to fall off the platform — Kormac said bringing Valla her weapons.

Valla simply nodded.

* Good.

With that done they rushed to rescue the man. They arrived right on time. Valla delivered the sword and then the stranger, finally remembered everything. He was justice incarnate. Tyrael, the angel of justice.

Azmodan and Belial the last lords of hell were unleashing a wave of darkness that would consume the world.

Valla nodded, she would be ready. She would stop them.

The demon huntress returned to Tristam. It looked as if she had received the beating of her life. She had. People avoided looking at her, some seemed amused. Valla ignored them. They had fulfilled their mission, whatever way it happened.

Tyrael explained Leah his story. He had chosen to become mortal, in order to help them. Now, they would all honor Deckard’s sacrifice.

With her armor fixed up yet again. Valla joined the caravan. It was time to stop the lords of hell.