

# Vaelore Ironhand

Here you will find a list of Vaelore Ironhand's Promotions & Demotions

(Vaelore: Meaning - one who carries the stories of the wild.)

---

?**Class** ? Warden of the Wilds

?**Titles** ? ??

?**Roles** ? Survivalist, Tracker/Hunter, Leatherworker

?**Alignment** ? [Neutral Good](#)

?**Age** ? 18-19

?**Gender** ? Female

?**Likes** ? The scent of pine, the weight of silence, fire-cooked meat, worn leather, a well-loosed arrow

?**Appearance** ? ??

?**Affiliations** ? ??

?**Deity** ? ??

?**Background** ?

Vaelore carries two weapons, one by choice, one by blood. The bow has always been hers. Even as a child, she carried it in secret. Though forbidden, it was the one thing that felt right. Arrows fly where she wills them. She almost never misses.

The axe, however, was her father's. A towering, double-edged brute of a weapon, forged in the family forge and pressed into her hands

when she was still too young to lift it properly. She hated it for years, its weight, its noise, its presence. But when a bear came for her, and the bow failed, it was the axe that answered.

From that moment, she named it Kiss-Kiss, with a crooked smile and the words:

“Two blades. One for each cheek. Sweet, huh?”  
Ironic, brutal, loyal, like her.

Vaelore was born in Oak Valley, Tremen. Her mother died when she was very young. Her father, Ulrich Ironhand, was a smith known for his skill, and his stubbornness. He raised her alone until the day he vanished without a word. Sixteen at the time, Vaelore had no one else. She survived by instinct and fire, keeping her home lit and her belly full.

She grew into the wilds instead of the walls. Her path took her farther and farther from what once was home, until one day it no longer felt like she had lost anything—only changed. The kill that marked this turning point was a bear. The bow wasn't enough. The axe, Kiss-Kiss, was. That moment bonded her not only to the weapon, but to the land itself. She no longer walked through the forest. She moved with it.

Vaelore's path crossed with [Maven Mune](#), who recognized something in her and offered the opportunity to meet Grand Marshal [VoidLock GraveHeart](#) of the BloodBrothers. This encounter changed the course of her life.

In the BloodBrothers, she saw the outline of something she had lost and perhaps never truly known, a place to belong. She followed them to BloodHaven, a city rising stronger with every moon. There, in the quiet heartbeat of the wild and the rising fire of a new sanctuary, Vaelore felt the first warmth of healing.

She walks among them now, not as a soldier, not as a symbol, but as a sister.

She would do anything for them.

It is a vow she made silently the day she met Maven, and it has never wavered.



---

Revision #5

Created 3 July 2025 16:02:27 by VoidLock

Updated 3 July 2025 16:51:36 by VoidLock