

In the northeast of Eastmarch sat Raven on a rock while he is sharpens his blade. His current job is to wipe out a bandit group that took hold on a new Moonstone mine. The job was asked by some elves which lives in Winterhold.

Shaking his head, Raven wondered why these Stormcloaks are so much hating the elves, despite the fact that only a relative small group of elves are to blame for this trouble in Skyrim. That is one of the reason why he never got hired by the Stormcloaks. However he also isn't agreeing how the imperials is handling that problem. That is one of the two reasons why he never have joined either faction. The other reason... he would risk his name and life too much. In such wars too many mercenaries are a hindrance for the armies... and both sides have them in big numbers. Too big numbers in the mercenaries taste.

Once he finished with his blade and sheath it before checking over his crossbow. Once he confirmed that the weapon is in good shape, he put it back on his back, double checked once more his quiver with bolts and made his way to the place.

He found soon the camp and bodies were lying around. Properly the elves which originally opened the mine. That is another thing he dislikes about the Stormcloaks... the entire "Skyrim to the Nords" mentality. But that Skyrim is filled with more than just the Nords is something that cannot be changed that fast and not without massive bloodsheds.

Thought as Raven was sneaking closer he stopped... even if the bodies were the elves... where are the bandits? Nobody was standing and he doubts that this group would sit in the mine and wait for people in there if they know that people are aware about their hostile takeover.

Drawing his blade he moves closer and soon he could identify the bodies... here are indeed elves. But not only. Here are also all kinds of people, properly members of the bandit group. He checked the wounds of the bandits and noticed that these wounds were typical for an attacker with a two handed blade.

This means somebody got here before him. But he cannot tell if the one who got here before him is done here, still killing or dead. So he had only one choice.

Passing the gate into the mine, he carefully moved through the single corridor available for him until he was in a large room. And there he stopped his tracks. The bandits were fighting a single person.

The person was a gorgeous Luxray with a large chest, suited up in steel plate armor and an steel two handed blade, standing on a small pile of bodies while fighting, while archers and mages were trying to hit her.

Raven stared at her for a while before snapping out of it and stood up, taking his crossbow and aims. Soon one of the only two mages within the bandit group cried as a bolt slammed into his body, sending him back while bleeding out from the wound.

The bandits engaged with the Luxray didn't notice of this right now, as their minds are simply focused on the electric type to try to kill her.

Thought the remaining mage and the three archers took notice and took their aim at the new threat. However they were too slow as the second mage found a bolt in his head, falling back on the ground.

But the archers were now shooting at Ravens direction, who hit behind a barrel while reloading his weapon.

The Luxray took notice that no more magic bolts or fire balls were flying at her, or any arrows while she removed the head of one of her opponents and noticed the arrows shooting into an barrel, before suddenly a Zangoose raised up and shoots a crossbow against one of the archers. He shot and impaled the side of the archer, rendering him unable to shoot more arrows or possible dead before hiding back behind the barrel.

The female appreciated that unexpected help and locked her large blade with one of the attackers while kicking another between the legs... with an iron covered foot.

Raven on the other hand finished with reloading his own weapon and holds up, ready to aim once he was sure that his opponent wouldn't hit him. He knew from his earlier shots and some counting, that his opponent needs so much time with reloading his bow that Raven could aim, shoot and duck before the arrow of his opponent left the bow.

So as Raven heard the sound of the bow, he rose up and aims his crossbow and as he had aim, he shoot and hits the archer in the head.

Lowering his weapon her looks down and muttered "Damn..." as he saw the arrow stick in the side of his body. That bastard of an archer had tricked Raven into coming up by faking a shot... and got him. At least the archer was down as well. He went down into a sitting position and pressed a hand on the wound to stop the float of blood.

He growled about how careless he was and glances over to the Luxray to see how she was fearing. She had some cuts on her exposed parts but nothing that was slowing down her killing spree of bandits. In fact she was just splitting the skull of the last one wide open with her heavy weapon.

The Luxray looked around and rushed over to Raven. Seeing the situation she stated "Here! Bite on that. It will help."

Deciding he doesn't have much of a choice here, he bit down on a piece of wood. The woman quickly used the fire in the cave to heat up water to wash clothes in it. Also she put a piece of metal into the fire. It was clear for Raven what her intentions are. While she were forced to wait for the water to heat up, she dragged some of the bodies off and got a somewhat clean sleeping bag next to the fire. Also she dragged Raven over and as soon the cooked clothes and the iron piece were ready, raven let go of his wound.

The Luxray first poured wine on the wound before she heated up a dagger and began to work on the wound, cutting the arrow head out. The pain that involves caused Raven to bite hard on the piece of wood and it was even a harder bite as she cauterized his wound with the heated iron piece. Breathing hard she lifts his body enough to wrap the clothes around him to cover the wound. She added herbs to the bandage to increase the chances of healing and the next thing was that she gave him a bottle to drink.

It was a healing potion, that much could Raven tell. So he didn't waste time and drank the entire thing, despite the questionable taste of said object. Once he got that down, the Luxray said "Let's leave... that body filled cave isn't clean enough for somebody with your wound."

Raven nodded and once she got their belongings, she helped him up and they moved out of the mine, and away from the camp to a smaller cave in the near. Something ideal to camp out. She rolled out a sleeping bag and Raven laid down on it. Once it was sure he wouldn't do anything, she left to pick up fire wood.

Laying, the zangoose looked up, hitting himself mentally for his stupid mistake. He should have asserted the situation before jumping to his plan. But instead he had carried on with his behavior like a true nord... a true dead nord. If it weren't for her, he would have bleed out. Now he had a chance... and from his experience it is the night that decides if the gods are smiling to him... or the Deadra laughing at him.

The Luxray came back some time later with the fire wood and started a fire and cook a soup. As they waited for the cooking she spoke "Thank you for the help. These archers could have landed a lucky hit."

"One of them did... just not on you." Stated Raven.

"Well at least you gave me a chance to get out of this mess. I really underestimated the situation." She replied

"I thought you had an plan, due the information available about this mine." Wondered Raven

Shaking her head she replied "I only knew it was a Moonstone mine and I wanted to get some of it for my work."

"You're are a traveling blacksmith?" asks Raven

"Yes I am... I am Lycra."

"Raven."

"Raven the Ironarm? Should have known due your arm."

Lifting his metal arm, Raven chuckles "Yeah... it is oblivious... thought it is a mix of dewner an ebony metals based on a piece of tech that some guy was able to recreate. His adept to rebuild one of the machines which maintain and defend the ruins thought... blew up in his face."

"Ouch... so you are here for the bounty of these bandits?" asks Lycra.

Raven nodded "Yeah... have to support my son somehow."

"You have a child? What about the mother?"

"It was an accidental one... and the mother went out to do her work. And given this is Skyrim..." replied Raven, not further saying anything as the indications were quite clear.

Lycra nodded "Yeah... I understand. I have a familiar experience about my own child. A Daughter."

Raven thoughts about it and said "As we two have something in common... how about we work together for a while? At least until I could repay your efforts to save me."

“Given how you handled yourself and your reputation I think it is worth to sleep about it.” Said the female electric type.

Nodding, the two talked a bit more before eating their soup... both of them knew, this kind of partnership will have advantages for both sides.