

**I. Chapters: Interactive Stories app: Chapter 1: Tempting the Bodyguard**

- Please download the *Chapters: Interactive Stories* app (iOs, Android, Google) and play the first chapter of *Tempting the Bodyguard*.
- I developed this 20-chapter adaptation over the course of three months, working with multiple disciplines (writing, art, QA, implementation) to create an engaging narrative and identify monetization moments.

**II. Published Prose: “With You”**

- Please read “With You” on HamLit.org [here](#).
- When writing this short story, I started with the classic concepts of a deal with the devil and the things that can go wrong with wishing for immortality.

**III. Screenwriting/Dialogue: Speculative Mech-Based Science Fiction Game**

**a. Character Descriptions**

**i. Commander Astra Kovacic**

The intrepid commander of the Starship Toulouse, Astra Kovacic has spent her life pursuing a military career and exceeding expectations. The petite master strategist is committed to maintaining order, even at the expense of social pleasantries. Her parents vanished on an exploratory mission when she was a child, so Astra routinely requests missions to remote sectors of the galaxy in hopes of locating them. Despite her hardened exterior, Astra has a soft spot for cute cuddly creatures, including her pet guinea pig, Chomper, and her pompadoured crewmate, Dr. Mateo “Gonzo” Gonzales.

**ii. Liaison Officer Yash Devi**

The first Toulouse crew member to greet every visiting ambassador is the charming liaison officer, Yash Devi. Although his superiors wish he would take his role more seriously, the lanky Yash has a penchant for using humor to put both friend and foe at ease. Despite his laid-back demeanor, Yash is fiercely loyal to his loved ones, only joining the Toulouse after he secured onboard residence for his parents and his inquisitive 8-year-old daughter, Indira.

**iii. Dr. Mateo “Gonzo” Gonzales**

Break an arm? Unexplained space flu got you down? The Toulouse crew’s in good hands with Dr. Mateo “Gonzo” Gonzales onboard. Everyone in his weightlifting group calls him “Gonzo,” about which he’s pretty stoked. Obsessed with cleanliness and nutrition, Gonzo is known across the galaxy for creating a decontamination spray that also provides the user with their daily vitamins. When he’s off-duty, Gonzo works on his tan and courts Commander Astra Kovacic. He hasn’t eaten gluten in five years, and, much to everyone’s chagrin, he won’t shut up about it.

**b. Scene 1:**

LIAISON OFFICER YASH DEVI

I had you, you know. I was on track to pedal 5k four whole seconds before you!

DR. MATEO “GONZO” GONZALES

I dunno about that, bro, but, uh, congrats on knocking your cycle off its hinges and shredding the fuse box.

LIAISON OFFICER YASH DEVI

It’s just one teeny collision and one tiny single-sector power outage. I’m sure no one’s even noticed.

COMMANDER ASTRA KOVACIC

Devi! Gonzales! At attention, wherever the blazes you are.

LIAISON OFFICER YASH DEVI

Heeey, Commander Kovacic—how’s your guinea pig? Chipper, right? So glad you decided to swing by the gym—

COMMANDER ASTRA KOVACIC

That’s Chomper, Mr. Devi. Now what exactly did you hope to achieve by taking your stationary bike on its first mobile excursion into this section’s power relay?

LIAISON OFFICER YASH DEVI

I prefer the term “liberating,” commander.

COMMANDER ASTRA KOVACIC

Perhaps it would be best if we “liberated” this ship of your disruptive presence?

DR. MATEO “GONZO” GONZALES

Liaison Officer Devi and I were pushing our bods to the limit for, like, honor, sir. Astra. Ma’am.

LIAISON OFFICER YASH DEVI

“Astra.” Nice.

COMMANDER ASTRA KOVACIC

“Commander” will do nicely, doctor. The electricity may not return for hours, but when it does, I—oh it’s back. Wasn’t expecting that.

DR. MATEO “GONZO” GONZALES

Don’t sweat it, commander. We’ll get this place totally squeaky clean in time for tonight’s BicepTricepPalooza.

COMMANDER ASTRA KOVACIC

How very fortunate for all affected. Back to your posts, all; the government isn't paying us to lollygag.

c. **Scene 2:**

COMMANDER ASTRA KOVACIC

Fanfare's over, lights are back up, now what's so bloody important that you uprooted your cycle into the fuse box?

LIAISON OFFICER YASH DEVI

The sweetest prize of all.

COMMANDER ASTRA KOVACIC

Clarify. Less perilous patrols? A reprieve from your more strenuous training exercises?

DR. MATEO "GONZO" GONZALES

No way! You know I'll always give 110%, commander.

LIAISON OFFICER YASH DEVI

Does she? Know that, I mean.

COMMANDER ASTRA KOVACIC

You may technically be at ease, Mr. Devi, but tread lightly. Our personal time is our own.

DR. MATEO "GONZO" GONZALES

Can we just cruise past this? It's almost time for my mid-day spinach cleanse. Gotta stay GF. That's "GF" for—

COMMANDER ASTRA KOVACIC

Yes, gluten-free, we're aware. Now out with it. The approach to our upcoming ambassadorial summit won't plot itself.

LIAISON OFFICER YASH DEVI

You heard the man, let's move on. I mean, aren't we all just stationary bikes knocking out the power of self-doubt in—

DR. MATEO "GONZO" GONZALES

We were racing for pudding, OK? Chocolate, artificial, gnarly pudding! Now you know my unhealthy shame!

LIAISON OFFICER YASH DEVI

What? It was the last one!

COMMANDER ASTRA KOVACIC

We're done here. Dr. Gonzales, I trust we shall discuss, um, other very important matters later this evening?

LIAISON OFFICER YASH DEVI

Can I tag along?

COMMANDER ASTRA KOVACIC & DR. MATEO "GONZO" GONZALES

Never.

#### **IV. Dialogue: Scene from Speculative Chapter & Season in ArenaNet's *Guild Wars 2***

##### **SCENE 01: I HAVEN'T SEEN THAT SINCE...**

SCENE DESCRIPTION: The Player Character (PC) enters Amlax's shop in the remote Metrica Province to inquire about a bounty for the recovery of a "strange artifact."

AMLAX

Couldn't resist the call to chaos, eh?

PC

I'm just here to see an asura about a magical artifact. And get paid. You Amlax?

AMLAX

Indeed I am. Hmm...at least you look more durable than the last bounty hunter, may they rest in peace.

PC

Do you want me to do this or not?

AMLAX

Fine, fine. To the point, then.

Amlax gingerly places a magical bow, glowing red, on the counter between them. The PC reaches for it, but Amlax slaps their hand away right before flames erupt from the bow.

AMLAX

Ah, ah! Wouldn't do that if I were you.

PC

Do I even wanna know?

AMLAX

Depends. How does a map to a secret cache sound? A Peacemaker one, no less.

PC

It sounds too good to be true. I heard they've all been picked clean.

AMLAX

Only a fool believes everything they hear!

PC

Well this fool wants to know how a simple trader got his hands on a Peacemaker map.

AMLAX

So nosy. If you want your map, you'll take that, ahem, *assertive* attitude to the Brisban Wildlands.

PC

What's out there that could possibly be so important?

AMLAX

(serious, then gets choked up)  
I need you to discover from whence this bow came. Surely you can see it is... *very special*...

PC

This is about more than a glowing fire bow, isn't it?

AMLAX

Huh. Didn't take you for such a wise wanderer when you first walked in.

PC

(sarcastic)  
I aim to surprise. So, what else do you need?

AMLAX

A kind sylvani -- a wanderer, like you -- has been in the Brisban Wildlands for quite some time. Too long.

AMLAX

We traveled together for many years. He should know that he still has a friend in the Metrica Province.

PC

Well, I'll say hi if I see him. I can't make any promises.

AMLAX

That is all I can ask. Find the source of this bow, and treasures beyond your imaginings will be yours.

PC

(softening somewhat)  
I'll see what I can do, Amlax.

AMLAX

(Item acquisition: *Bow of Seared Flesh*)

Take the bow with you, but handle with care. It wishes to return home, no matter the peril.

PC

Careful with the burning bow. Find its source. Much peril. Got it.

AMLAX

May the Eternal Alchemy guide your way. Oh, and don't die, hmm?

## V. Chapter Excerpt: New Adult supernatural fantasy novel with romance elements (FxF)

Regardless of what you may have heard, there was a time when I would have gladly forgone a thousand lifetimes for a human. Her name was Demetria, and she was mine.

In those times, we were only two lowly initiates, awaiting our evaluation among the sacred silence of the Temple of Inanna's outer chamber. Pillars carved of stones I did not then recognize -- now well-known to me as basalt, amethyst, and rose quartz -- loomed over us with the breath of ages upon their glistening faces. Generous plots of lavender lined the walls and filled the air with tranquility. A large brazier burned bright in the center of the room, with a silent sister standing always adjacent to ensure its eternal flame. Even in this splendor, I only had eyes for Demi.

To describe her feels an utterly futile task. What is the word for long spun hair that dances in the wind as if it was specially made for the dancing? How does one paint a picture of movement as delicate as a broad-winged heron's flight? Lips that glimmer as rubies do? I fear my Demi would have laughed at my attempts to describe her. Still, to attempt is to remember.

The first thing she ever said to me was, "A silver for your mind's designs?"

I would like to say that I conjured some clever utterance that impressed Demetria beyond measure. The truth is that I was too taken aback by the kindness in her smile and the fact that she was asking about me -- *me*, of all people! -- to say anything coherent. So little did I value myself in that era that I might have felt affection for anyone who expressed interest in my "mind's designs," but for my Demi, I have only ever felt love.

For once, I did not think to use my gift to read her thoughts. Honesty compels me to admit that all I managed in response was, "I am afraid."

"Well then, we are afraid together," she said, clasping my hand in hers with an assured grin. Demi always sounded as if she was singing. I can still hear the tinkling bells in her words and cadences, but they are fading into a distant sunset that I cannot stop. Such is the curse of a second life.

Of course I know now that Demi had already known what I had been thinking that day. Our connection had always been fated, as we possessed the same rare gift. Many weeks later, after our first midnight declaration of love and our true priestess training had begun, I decided to ask Demi about her telepathy.

"Have you ever told any other?" I asked, resting my head in her lap as we took in the nurturing sunshine of that spring day.

Demi cocked her head thoughtfully for a moment, letting the breeze take her raven hair for a brief twirl. "My older brother, Lander. His mind was like ours."

"Is he back in Ionia? I am certain he would be happy to see your gift blossom as it has here."

"He did not...he is no longer of this earth." Bells even tinkled softly in her words of sorrow.

Heavy teardrops plinked against my face. I turned to look up at her, resting on one elbow so that it dug into the warm grass. Without breathing a word, I held her gaze and thought as intensely as I could, "*You need not tell me anything.*"

Her face crinkled into a smile, and it was then she replied aloud, "Speaking of those we have lost keeps them alive, does it not?"

It took everything within me to refrain from kissing her in that sad, beautiful moment.

I longed for some sort of charming retort to grace my lips, or even simply my mind, so that I could be the one to bring her solace. Instead, I lost every inch of myself in her dark almond eyes, in the effortless way her hand cradled my cheek. Without a thought for decorum, I softly kissed the center of her smooth wrist, and to my surprise, she did not pull away. Her skin tasted of sweet cream, and as my lips traced the soft curve of her arm, I allowed myself to breathe in her heady scent of fresh jasmine petals.

Demi tipped my chin up so that our eyes were at last level, and it was then that I realized her thoughts no longer contained words. Within her mind, I could only read swirling crimson clouds of desire. Was that tempest for me?

While I ached to satisfy her hunger, an unwelcome physical reverberation began moving through my chest. Try as I might, I could not prevent the disruptive progression of the fear and longing that was shaking both my body and mind. Demi leaned towards me, close enough to press her lips to mine. *"Your mind is so jagged, my briar rose. Do not fret; you shall never have anything to fear from me."* In the silence of our shared mind, her gentle breaths curled warm, unseen tendrils across my neck.

Tucking a stray lock behind her ear, I pressed my forehead against hers and summoned all of the courage that I could then muster. Even so, a single, tentative word formed in my mind. *"Promise?"*

Another smile crept across Demi's glowing face. *"I promise. Forev—"*

Fool that I was, I stopped her thought with a kiss on those perfect ruby lips. Never have I hungered so urgently for another, before or since. As my hands caressed the meek curves of her breasts through her thin robe, I felt her breathing quicken in pace with mine. Her mouth was exquisite in its decadence, her warm tongue feverishly seeking my own as if Demetria already knew of the tragedy that would soon come to pass. Such are the wasteful things we do when we believe we have more time with the people we love.

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Thank you in advance for your time and consideration. You may view more of my writing in the following locations:

- My website: <https://www.alexandramlucas.com/all-writing>
- HamLit.org: ["In the Deep"](#); ["The Other Side"](#)
- Coffin Bell: ["The Lighthouse Remains"](#)
- *Chapters: Interactive Stories* app: *Unfixable*; *Tempting Fate*

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