

Arsenal

Arsenal	
Gender:	Male
Race:	Thuluk
Faction:	formerly the Thuluk tribe / Unaligned
Occupation:	Sellsword
Rank:	Chieftan

Plots

1. [Fragmented Earth](#)

Physical Appearance

Arsenal as a human / orc hybrid features a large and muscular demeanour. He's a force to be reckoned with, standing at 212 centimeters of height. Bulging with muscle and testosterone, he is hard to be stopped whilst charging. A colossus of a man, with his unnatural and demonic strength, able to wrestle down anything from ogres to dragon descendants. His eyes are a deep and almost burning amber, lighting up vividly when using both his demonic as well as his armoury powers. An ashen gray hair cascades down from his back, stopping just a bit past his shoulderblades.

On his naked body, a myriad of scars and blemishes are visible. Claw and bite marks, scorches, sword slashes, arrow holes, gunshot wounds. There's even a few round bullets of small flintlocks lodged into his body still. Though he also bears the Riv-elite mark on his chest. Tattood with blue ink that lights up whenever magic is used. This isn't the only tattoo as the rest of his body is also filled with ritualistic and tribal marks of the similair ink. Which is tradition for the Thuluk.

A large, beak-shaped, brass mask sits on his face. With two large, stretched diamond shaped holes in it. Allowing him for sight. Just over one inch thick and extremely heavy. His grey hair cascades out from behind it.

However, Arsenal wears little to no armour, a brown, padded cloth tunic with small, brass shoulder pads strapped to it. A leather strap keeping these in place, running diagonally down his torso. This tunic has white fur lining across the collar. A red, loose pants held up by a leather belt, buckled with a surprisingly shiny, golden buckle. Sporting thick leather gloves with brass plates measured over the knuckles and joint of his fingers. As well as black leather boots, well kept and frequently polished. Fur also lines the top of his boots. The tips reinforced with brass, as well as plates measured just above the instep of the foot.

Biography

Originally, the Thuluk tribe was founded as an orc raiding party, that was stranded and decided to settle down and terrorize the lands from what soon became a proper stronghold. After several years of kidnapping and slavery, the orc blood became distilled in other races, leading to a myriad of mixed

racers originating there, as well as pureblooded human families remaining there. A separate race started to form, mixed blood laced with being born ontop of a brimming mana node, lead to the [Thuluk](#) forming as a race. Green-skinned orc / human hybrids that were far less dimwitted than their pureblooded counterparts.

The individual now known as Arsenal was born to a chieftan of the Thuluk tribe. A tribal band of outlaws that lived in the wastes, posted on an uncorrupted node. Technically considered a safe haven, the Thuluk tribe had little to no sympathy for the [The Inquisition](#). Rather deciding to live as outlaws by common acceptance. Making trade with other cities virtually impossible. Marauders, bandits and slavers is what common folk most often see them as. Which is partly true. A slave culture is certainly a strong presence. And while there is abuse, these slaves tend to have more rights than they do in some of the major city. The Thuluk tribe, existing way longer than the fall itself, always prouded themselves on their strength and self-sufficiency. With their powerful warriors, including the prestigious [Riv-Elite](#), protecting the tribe, there was no need for walls nor a dedicated army. Their strongest warrior and palisades would do. Even after the fall, they remained determined. There have been close calls and major casualties. But the tribe always lived on.

This tribe also took in outsiders, lest they prove themselves. In a variety of ways, most common however, was a trial of combat.

Arsenal was taught to fight from a young age. The son of the chieftan had to be strong after all. Though he absolutely loathed his father. Never once was he pleased, never once a word of compliment. Not even an utterance of approval. Only a disapproving shake of his head. Though he cannot deny the effects it had on him. He became a paragon of the tribe and head of the Riv-elite. Raised as a powerful magician that combined physical prowess with a pocket dimension stashed with weaponry and armour, as well as relics and artefacts conquered in countless raids on other cities and caravans. He never had a penchant for the more damaging arcane arts, such as elemental magic, but decided to use his armoury in combination with his physical being. Leading to an extremely efficient warrior.

Though, the arrogance of no walls and a loose army that focussed on individual strength and honour would soon be paid for in blood. Uncorrupted nodes, magic sympathizers, it was quite the obvious target for the Inquisition. And thus, the tribe was attacked. While the Thuluk warriors and Riv-elite were able to hold their own, the Inquisition's numbers were too great. And it ended in slaughter. Only the Riv-elites out on assignments or mercenary tours were spared. Among these casualties was Arsenal.

As the chieftan, the Inquisition had plans to make an example out of him. He was decapitated, before his entire body pierced on a pike, his head placed on the top of the same pike. And left at the site of carnage as an omen to anyone nearing that they'd better steer clear of the ruins. This was a ruthless, yet succesful measure for the Inquisition to regroup and send a salvage force there and secure the node. Possibly to build another city there. However, the mana infused blood of it's residents seeped through the ground, all the way down to the node. And caused corruption, giving rise to a necromatic demon. And as fate would have it, the sadistic being chose to put Arsenal back together again. His soul lingered to his body, due to there being no afterlife he could return to and this demon, Kitava, seized it. Cutting quite the deal. Allow it to see through Arsenal's eyes, allow it to feel through his body, in exchange for his life. With his new found demonic powers, Arsenal now roams between cities as a sellsword. Biding his time but hoping to attain his vengeance at last. So was the way of the Thuluk.

Personality

Abilities

Items

OOC Notes

This page was originally created by [Felix](#) on Sun 29-04-18.

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Last update: **2018/04/29 13:35**

