

Median Darkthorne

Median the Tyrant King, sailed with his fleet towards the West. They traveled up the coast where they found the kingdom Pacifika the gate to West Ayenee. His fleet went ashore and began to move across the countryside of the island kingdom. They took the capital of Pacifika. They then traveled across the sea towards Atlantica. The king of Atlantica was the brother to the queen of Kul-Nas. He avenged her at the cost of his life. Median vanished from the battlefield after being gravely injured.

Median Darkthorne



Titles:	The Scourge
Gender:	Male
Races:	Tuatha De Dannan
Age:	133
Occupation:	Psychic Warrior
Faction/Kingdom:	Darkthorne/Belathian
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Status:	Unknown
Relatives:	Cebrese (father,erased), Adrian(uncle)
Height:	8ft
Weight:	424
Eyes:	Crystal Green
Hair:	White

Biography

Median was a powerfully built psyche warrior, son of Cebrese. He was ruthless, cruel, charismatic, powerful, intelligent, and a master tactician. He tried to conquer the Western half of Ayenee during the Silver Age. Any goal set before him, he would pursue with great determination.

Early in his life, his father Cebrese abandoned him and his mother. He watched as his father left him, never to return. His mother died a year later from the yellow plague. Median would go on to follow the bread crumbs of his father's path. This leads him to the Darkthornes, where he was welcomed. Even among Darkthornes, Median was considered cruel.

He formed a following and now decided that he would out shine his father's legacy. His following grew and he lead those loyal to him up the Western coast, to a force that called him across the sea.

Dragon's Peak

Median and his fleet came upon the mountain tribes of Dragon's Peak. Here he united the barbarian tribes of the mountains. He defeated their chieftains making them his submissive slaves as a show of his strength. The wives of the chieftains became his concubines and he would often ravish them before their broken husbands.

The barbarians and the Darkthornes joined forces building more ships for the now larger force. The conquest of the West became Median's goal, he saw it as his destiny to take it. While in the mountains Median found the home to an ancient dragon, once the mount of a fierce war chief. The now dead warrior and his dragon pet sat within a tomb of treasure.

It is here that Median found the ring of the heavens. Upon placing the ring on his fingers, he grew in size and power. The dead rider and his dragon mount arose from their ancient slumber now under his control.

The ring encased Median in powerful enchantments that made him near invulnerable. He found a number of other magical amulets, bracelets, rings, earrings, septum jewelry, and belts. He claimed them all and they increased his powers.

As his fleet sailed towards Pacifika a mage by the name of Corvan Reinhart appeared aboard Median's flagship. The mage offered his services to Median. He swore to help Median take the small kingdom of Pacifika if he would allow him to join Median's army. Median agreed and the next night they attacked.

Sorra looked out over the moonlit waves as dark clouds appeared shrouding the sky pearl. Many in her village had retired for the night, some still celebrated on the beach around campfires. Tonight marked the beginning of summer. It was strange for such a storm to be brewing so suddenly this time of year.

The ocean became miles of liquid darkness as the moon's light was finally devoured. The village seemed to become cloaked in an unnatural darkness. The villagers sensed something amiss, many of those sitting began to stand, straining their eyes against the darkness. Then lightning cut like a knife through the darkness. All along the horizon could be seen the masts of ships, one massive ship at the center of them.

Sorra felt a chill in her bones and ran from the village to some nearby bushes. As if at some ungodly speed, the boats came landing upon the shore. Forms in armor disembarked from the small vessels and stomped through the waves. Everyone they came across was slain without hesitation. The village set ablaze, strange creatures came ashore in larger boats. They followed the armored men eating the bodies of the dead.

The ocean breeze became thick with smoke and blood. Sorra scurried from the bushes heading to the worn road that leads to the next village. She turned and saw a massive demonic figure sitting upon a throne built into a ship. Chained men fell flat in the shallow surf as the figure stepped out upon their backs striding to the shore. The figure was scantily clad and adorned with excessive amounts of jewelry. Atop its head two horns shot up, his hair was white, and his form handsome although terrifying.

Median and his army moved across the island kingdom like a plague of locusts. They left in their wake

burning villages, forests either burned or chopped down. They polluted the rivers and lakes with the bodies of the dead. Those who surrendered became slaves pulling the siege machines crafted from the lumber they had acquired. When they reached the village near the capital city, Median halted his army.

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