

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. Median stalked through the highlands with his new found army.

They found the hidden tombs of an ancient clan of vampires called "sete di sangue". The leader of this clan fought with Median, but was defeated when Median ripped the vampire lord's head from his body and then reached down the neck hole and pulled out the vampire's heart.

Median explained to the vampires that they would now serve him. He then plunged the vampire lord's heart into his own chest. His body adapted and assimilated the heart into his being. Median now had an army that would claim him the destiny he was chosen to hold.

The Blood Waves

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.

Median

Median planned to conquer all of Ayenee. His first step towards this goal was to become the ruler of the West. Morgan Mindwhisper and Roman Bloodwing, the two most loyal Darkthorne supporters that Median had acquired chose to confront the royal liege.

"M'lord the army that has been marching across our lands! They are at the capital city gates!"

"What?! Already? Prepare the troops, reinforce the capital gates as best as we can. Call my war council immediately!"

"Sire, there are two rather strange looking individuals from the enemy army inside the capital city. They wish a word with you. I think they want to dictate demands on behalf of their leader."

"How did they get through the gates?"

"I don't know your majesty."

"Well find out! Hmmm, have them escorted to the castle courtyard. I'll address them from the royal balcony. Also, have our best archers on the parapets around the castle. Order them to fire if they so much as scratch their asses or break wind."

The King stepped out on the balcony.

Below stood at first glance a very beautiful woman, but after she spoke, he realized she was a he. She wore an outlandish outfit, part traveling attire, part battle armor. She had long raven black hair that curled at the ends. Next to her was a man with spiky hair, an eyepatch covered his left eye and a scar followed his hairline down past his jawline. He had a cat sitting on his shoulder like a pirate would have a parrot. The cat was black and simply sat watching with feigned interest.

"What bizarre people..." the King mumbled to himself.

The eyepatched man wore a long black leather coat and some form of light mail armor, leather trousers, and boots as black as the cat on his shoulder. His hair was a strange pink color.

"Ah, there is the little ruler of this island!" Exclaimed the man in drag.

"Bout time", grumbled Roman.

"His royal highness, King Edward Celtric the Third." The royal page bellowed out over the courtyard below.

The king came into view and the two visitors simply stood there. The archers lined the walls ready to fire at the first sign of hostility. The tintinnabulation of silver bells on Roman's shoes stirred the archers to pull back their bowstrings. He looked up and smiled as if amused, he waved his hands to calm them.

"I wear the bells on my shoes so my enemies hear me coming. I would feel bad if I felt that I caught someone by surprise after all."

The king's eyes widen, the idea that this man was so sure of his fighting skills that he would alert his enemies of his presence. The boisterous nature of that concept. He wondered if this man truly was so capable, if so then maybe he should consider surrender. No, he corrected his inner voice. He would not kneel to any invading army.

These two ostentatious guests were just that. He would show them that they could not just come into his kingdom and make demands of him.

"Guards seize these two, we shall send their heads back to their leader as a sign of our hospitality."

The man in the eye patch smiled and the cat on his shoulder jumped down. It was shrouded in a purple miasma and enlarged into a horse sized black cat-like creature with two curved fangs jutting down from its upper jaw. A white mane like framed its fearsome head and extended down its back.

"Well, Kage looks like you were right. They won't kneel to Median so easily!" Roman tossed off his leather jacket, revealing bandoliers of throwing knives crisscrossing his chest. He began to toss them with such speed and ease, each toss a killing or crippling blow.

"Ha! Too easy!" He jabbed at the guards filing into the courtyard.

Kage the cat-like creature had already taken down a handful of guards. While Morgan hands raised in the air repelled the arrows that shot down at them.

"I tire of these gnats." She sighed as her eyes glowed a brilliant yellow. The arrows halted in the air and then turned around and shot back at those who had fired them. The arrows on the ground rose up and followed suit.

The guards no longer filed into the courtyard and many of the archers lay wounded, or behind cover with no intention of rising out.

"Boring!" Roman yelled picking up his jacket and putting it back on.

"I told you I should have brought my sword, Morgan. It would have been much more fun that way."

She sighed and looked up where the king had been standing. He now hid on the balcony.

"You have three days..no. You now have one day. You and your queen shall exit the capital city. You

shall kneel before Median and submit to his rule and become his slaves. Otherwise, your city will fall, the might of your army shall be broken by ours. You shall still kneel before Median, but he will break even more for your defiance than he will for your surrender. His rule is destined, it is inevitable for he is a god."

Kage transformed back into a black cat and climbed up Roman, perching back on his shoulder.

"I really hope they try to fight," Roman said as the two of them walked towards the courtyard exit. Morgan thrust her hand in front of her and the locked door of the courtyard exploded into splinters.

"They always fight dear Roman. They never do anything resembling a smart decision."

And with that, the two messengers were gone. The king called his council, trying to get the people back behind him. The people were already angry with him before this army marched in. However they loved the queen, she was always championing some cause to better the lives of her subjects. She was also the sister of the king of Atlantica and if he could get them to send ships of reinforcements then they might just beat this force.

The royal mage of Pacifika, Creed Halcyon entered the council chambers late as usual. The white haired human had a presence about him that always commanded the attention of those who saw him. He pulled back his hood and stroked his white goatee, his blue eyes looking to the king.

"We can win this war. Ask for reinforcements from Atlantica they will grant them of course. As for the people's resolve. We shall have the queen appear on the city gates. She shall tell this army of Pacifika's defiance to the commands of tyranny. The people shall rally, reinforcements shall flank this army and we will squeeze them in a vise. There is nowhere for them to flee, we know the island better than they do."

The king raised a hand. "You did not see the skill with which his men fight. I...don't know if those two are the only ones like that. If his whole force is made up of such individuals, well we can't stand against that."

Creed raised a hand and smiled. "Of course his whole force is not like that. It was just a display to scare you into kotowing to his demands. I will deal with the two power characters, I have something that should make them inert." Creed continued to smile and poured himself some wine.

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