

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's Demands

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 it's 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.

Pacifika's Defiance

The Great Western Wall of Ayenee. A wall built by the border kingdoms of Western Ayenee along the mountain range, creating an impenetrable wall. They had never considered a threat from the sea. Pacifika the gate to the West had always pushed back any naval force that had thought it could invade from the sea. In the many years since the building of the wall, only one force had ever tried. The ocean floor was littered with their ships and remains. This new threat had somehow avoided the deadly reefs, and under the cover of a magical storm arrived unhindered upon their shores.

Pacifika was and had never been prepared for a land invasion. The queen stood atop the city gates. The sun beamed down rays of warmth and golden light. The light reflected off her crown and the many jewels adorning the many pieces of jewelry she wore. She stood proudly, head raised in defiance. Her light blonde hair blowing in the sea breeze.

"If something should have to the queen it shall spur the people to back you and give their lives in

vengeance for their beloved queen. It shall ensure that aid comes from her beloved brother the king of Atlantica." Creed smiled at the king who slowly nodded his head. He had been seeking a younger queen.

"Creed you are a devious person, but you are right. Elaine could not give me any heirs, should she die. I could then find a queen that is fertile and not barren."

"The kingdom of Pacifika has heard your demands Median Darkthorne. We defiantly inform you that we shall not kneel before any tyrant. We instead inform you that you have one day to vacate our island. Return to your ships, and sail back whence you came!"

The crowd behind the gate cheered. Suddenly the gate cracked and the queen fell forward. She flew down towards Median's armies. The guards were called back from trying to retrieve her. It was too risky to open the gates.

Median's army passed the Queen through their ranks until she fell before a large golden staircase. Seated on a gold throne, say Median, wearing mere silks and jewelry. The sun casts a shadow over his form. She was urged at spear point to move up the stairs. As she got closer she could see him more clearly.

"You were given a chance to avoid hostilities. Why would so foolishly choose to defy me?" Median said in a very deep voice that sounded as though he were truly confused by their defiance.

The Queen looked up and raised her head. "You think we shall kowtow to your demands? You are invading our kingdom, we hold the keys to the West. You will not pass, this is as far as your dreams of conquest go."

Median stood with such speed that Elaine had little time to even notice he was standing. He towered overhead, a giant, his hand came at her with such force and speed. She flew back falling down the steps. She looked up and already he had descended down to stand next to her. His foot came speeding into her abdomen lifting her up three feet in the air. She must have laid there on the dry dusty earth for hours. The sun scorched her skin and Median still stood above her.

"You see those miserable groveling dogs!?" He pointed up the steps to a group of men and women in chained collars that all knelt on hands and knees. Their eyes held something in them she had never seen, absolute terror, mixed with a broken soul. "You shall be broken and your people shall see what awaits them if they defy the will of a god!"

His massive hand came down gripping her by the jaw. Her eyes met his and she felt every fear she had ever known come to life. The world around her burned, vermin crawled over her. The rotten corpses of her family hung from makeshift gallows. She felt herself being crushed by a massive weight.

This agony seemed to go on for hours, when suddenly from the sky. She could see a pair of golden eyes looking down, casting rays of warm light. Median's voice spoke to her, "Do you see? I have the power to end all of this. All you have to do is call out for me, bow to me, worship me!"

She didn't want to. Suddenly her body creaked as she felt her arms being twisted, snapping, muscle, tendon, and vein ripping. She screamed, tears falling down her cheeks. She felt darkness consume her. In the dark, eyes watched her. Wolves came from the shadows, their fangs tearing her flesh and ripping her guts from her as she simply lay there unable to scream, to blink, to move.

The pain was real, she thought that soon she would die, but they continue to eat her. She continues to feel every chunk of flesh they tear, every bone they broke. She began to pray for death, her mind on the verge of madness.

"I can make it end. Worship me! Call out to me, beg for me to end your pain! Beg for me to take your freedom, to make you mine!"

She felt her voice rise up from the depths of her torn throat. "Please make it stop! I will do whatever you want!"

She could see his smile. She quickly took part of herself and secreted it away. She buried it in a part of her subconscious where he could never find it. She felt him now searching her mind, an invading presence picking through her thoughts.

She awoke, his hand still gripped her jaw. A second had not even passed since she looked into his eyes. The torment she had felt was held in the blink of an eye. She felt herself kneel at bare feet, kissing them, her hands stroking the gold chains and jewelry that adorned his feet and calves.

"My king! My God! I am yours!" somewhere a part of her looked away ashamed. As if sensing this, she felt his mind push into her's once more. An intense migraine shot through her head. Her body trembled as she feared the visions returning.

The soldiers stood atop the gate and watched as a giant of a figure strode through the army. They could see their queen beside him. She stood before him and removed the silk loin cloth. She took his manhood in her hands and began to put it in her mouth.

One of the soldiers looked back at the crowd with shock on his face. A civilian called up, "What is it?! What's going on?!" The soldiers looked to the other soldier on the gate. The other soldier shook his head.

"The Queen is sucking his co-" the soldier didn't finish his sentence as the other soldier punched him hard in the face.

The people below could hear the queen's moans echoing up to the city. Disgust filled their faces, they began to feel free creep in.

"The Queen has betrayed us?" "The Queen is a whore!" "What do we do?" "We're doomed!" The soldier raised his arms. "Silence you all. This is surely dark sorcery. The queen must have been brainwashed with magic!" Suddenly the soldier was hit with an orb of black and purple churning energy. He fell from the gate his armor melting from his body.

"Tell your King we await his surrender!" yelled the queen's voice.

The Song of Destruction

Median stood upon the golden staircase the Queen of Pacifika sitting beneath his throne her hands on the floor. Before him, a battle raged. Siegfried Van Lorean the skyknight and red dragon rider scorched Median's forces with fire from the sky. Siegfried had a handful of dragon riders at his commander.

Morgan and Roman led the charge against Pacifika's forces. The two of them were cutting a swath through the ranks of the defenders. Median was preparing something for the dragon rider. He sent out

his psychic tendrils urging the skyknight to come out him. Siegfried unknowingly complied. The undead dragon knight that served Median came down from the clouds above Siegfried.

"You reign of terror ends here!" Siegfried cried out flying straight at Median. He was snatched off his dragon then tossed through the air, falling to his death on the battlefield. His dragon soon fell with him. Median called out and large ballistas were brought out. They fired onto the dragons that came in to avenge the fallen skyknight leader.

Morgan and Roman were suddenly engulfed in an orb with a mirror like reflective surface.

Morgan raised her hands to dispell the orb. Nothing happened. She realized the orb somehow cut her off from her patron's link. She tried to call upon her magical powers but found little mana to draw on in the orb.

"I can't do anything! This orb is sapping me of my powers!"

"Hmm maybe I can break it?", said, Roman.

Morgan began to think and realized perhaps he was right.

"If I can't find enough mana inside the orb, maybe instead I should simply use the magic of the orb. I'll drain an area of the orb of its magic and then you use your sword on it."

Roman laughed and stood ready.

"So I do get to break it!"

Creed stood there looking at the orb he had trapped the two most powerful combatants in.

"They will eventually die from lack of air. I doubt the witch will be smart enough to figure out a way out."

The king stood there in his battle armor. "Can't you just kill them now?"

Creed sighed and said, "Fine ruin all my fun." He raised his hands to cast a spell to drain the air from the orb. Suddenly he sensed a magical attack heading towards the king. He turned and quickly raised a magical shield, deflecting the lightning bolt.

"What was that?!" Shouted the king. Creed and the King both stared as the smoke of the battlefield cleared and Reinhart emerged.

"Always glad to see one of my failed pupils are still able to find work." Said Creed to Reinhart.

"I found more than work old man. I found someone with as much ambition as I do. "

Creed chuckled, "All that ambition wasted on a fool."

"You are the only fool. You think I am not good enough to be your pupil. I'm here to show you that you are wrong. Dead wrong."

"You have only dreamed of the mysteries of the universe. I have seen them with my own eyes. It's not too late Reinhart, you can still be my pupil."

"Save your self-righteous and narcissistic attitude for someone who cares. You and your magic can kiss the mole on my left testicle!"

Creed frowned and shook his head, "Oddly specific. As you wish, don't think I am going to take it easy on you boy!"

A stone fist shot from the ground and grasped Creed in its fingers. Creed smiled and the magic began to build around him. Reinhart summoned more mana from the people and land around him. He formed the physics of his spell and then uttered the words. The spell shot from his hands, black bolts of lightning ripped the land and darted towards the stone fist that held Creed.

Creed was covered in a blue miasma and he winked at Reinhart vanishing from the fist and appearing behind Reinhart.

He threw out his hand sending an explosive blast at Reinhart's back. Reinhart, however, jumped aside and the blast hit the ground sending chunks of earth flying about.

The stone fist shattered as the lightning hit it. The blast caused the king to fall, sending him rolling down the ridge they had been standing on.

Creed turned and headed in the direction where the King once stood.

Reinhart sent a bolt of frozen ice at Creed. A magical shield appeared on his arm. The ice shattered on the magical runes.

"I haven't the time for your little emo temper tantrum! I'm trying to win a battle here."

Creed began to summon vast amounts of magic from everything around him very fast. Reinhart could sense the depletion and the growing aura about Creed made it very transparent. Reinhart had been working on a new spell, now was the time to try it.

Waves of blue tinted energy shot forth towards Reinhart. "What don't take some time to think about how you've been a very bad boy?", said Creed.

Reinhart cast his spell creating an invisible wave of energy that acted like a wave heading towards a beach. It met with Creed's magic causing it to fold back in on itself. Reinhart had to put all his energy into matching Creeds. Creed sensed what was going on and began to pull more energy from around him trying to force the spell through.

The mirrored orb shattered and Roman's feet slid across the ground. He stood there looking back at the orb and Morgan. Morgan had drained the magic from one side of the orb, but she had felt the caster reapplying energy to keep it stable. She had been draining with all her might when suddenly the reinforcing energy stopped.

She could see the bastard that trapped them up on the hill. He was locked in combat with someone else. She summoned a bolt of green necrotic energy and sent it flying at the mage.

"Hey, you! Wizard in the blue robes!" Roman called out charging up the hill trying to get the mage's attention.

Creed turned and sent bolts of lightning shooting forth from his eyes. Roman stabbed his sword down into the ground and fell behind it. The lightning hit his sword going into the ground shocking Roman still, but not as badly as it would have been.

Creed took one of his hands away from his battle of will with Reinhart and put up a shield dispersing the necrotic energy aimed at him.

Kage came charging in and was quickly hit with an explosion of concussive force, sending the cat flying back into the air.

Morgan sent out black tendrils of shadows towards Creed. He simply brought down a wall of light behind himself shredding the shadow tendrils as they got close.

Unfortunately, he had been putting his energy into these new attackers. His push on Reinhart's counterspell was breaking. Before he could regain control the wave of energy came washing back over him. Creed found himself moving and thinking as such a slow speed that the world around him seemed to disappear. A dagger stuck into his chest and Creed died.

Reinhart stood over the corpse of his former teacher. He was angry the others had aided him in defeating Creed. He was happy though that his spell worked.

Morgan and Roman threw the king down before Median.

"You have halted my divine progress for too long. You will get no mercy."

Median placed the king into his own worse nightmare and sealed it within the king's mind. The King would live a thousand lifetimes of torture in every breath.

"Now we march on the West." Median said watching his armies dispatch the remaining Pafician troops.

Personality

Weapons, Relics, and Weakness

Abilities

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Last update: **2017/06/29 21:57**

