

Nick Dragonsblood



Gender:	Male
Race:	Human
Faction:	Omega Operations
Occupation:	Assassin
Rank:	Leader

Physical Appearance

Height:	6'2"
Weight:	215 lbs
Hair Color:	Green
Eye Color:	Black
Complexion:	Caucasian

Biography

Chapter 1

Nicholas Maximilian Dragonsblood was born in a small city in rural Southern Ayenee. He was born into the prestigious Dragonsblood Family which had made its fortune by slaying dragons in the region for centuries. Nicholas had never wanted for anything, and had been raised in a very nurturing environment up until the eve of his thirteenth birthday. That evening he was roused from a dead sleep by his father and dragged into the marshes behind his families estate. The smell of the bog only added to the trepidation and terror of being awoken by his father who said not a word as he dragged Nick with him. Once they arrived at a hollow large enough to fit four carriages through, Nicks terror skyrocketed. Step by step through the dark and damp cave. The roof of the cave was hardly visible but the massive roots that traveled down the sides of the hollows walls gave the darkness texture. As his father dragged him into the maw of the hollow and deep within there were torches whose light

had been obscured through the vapors, roots and twisting turns of the cavern. His father enthusiastically dragged him deeper and deeper into the cave, until they arrived at a stand of five torches in a semi-circle overlooking a short drop. The shadows moved back and forth as the torches flickered, and the sound of the torches breath overlaid a soft knocking sound and small cracking sounds. Set against the wall of the cavern sat a sword in its sheath. Nick slowly peered over into the drop and saw a clutch of eggs, the size of each egg was equal to that of a pony. As Nick looked down into the pit, he felt something hard poking him in the back, and when he turned his father held the sword out to him and spoke "Son ours is a lineage founded in blood, take this sword and kill the first dragon to hatch, if you fail you shall die, if you run I shall kill you, you can only live if you kill." Nick having had his terror ratcheted higher and higher since his awakening, was utterly lost. His eyes moved from his father, then to the eggs, and back again with a small stop on the sword hilt offered to him. He'd never killed anything in his life, certainly he ate the flesh of animals, but he'd never had the need or inclination to kill anything. As the first dragons egg gave forth a massive crack that stole all the sound from Nicks world, his father forced the sword into his arms. Nick held onto the sword as if it were a tree across a river he was being swept down. He Held tight his knuckles whitening upon the sheath and hilt as he stared at the Baby Dragon sloughing itself free from its shell. The terror dropped out from under him when he saw that the dragon large though it was was blind and uncoordinated as a baby deer. As his eyes had adjusted to the flickering lights in the cave he could see multitudes of hatchling corpses and a few small children skeletons further back. As he surveyed the pit he heard the familiar snick of his fathers belt knife being freed. He'd taken too long and his father was going to kill him. He'd failed, but he did have a sword after all, maybe drawing it would make his father hesitate and believe his son would kill the poor pathetic hatchling. Nick pulled the sword free the handle was clearly polished bone, the steel gleamed as if it had been buffed daily for a century. It was the family's greatest treasure the sword of the founder. As he heard his father step closer as he dropped the scabbard, he turned and aimed the sword at his father. Nick's father stared with hatred in his eyes and a look of insanity glittering as he waited for Nick to make his choice and turned giving his son a smaller target. The malice in his fathers eyes decided Nick's choice he was leaving this abysmal cave, around or through his father. Nick lunged at his father and the sword punched through his fathers lung, liver and spleen. The shock upon Nicks face mirrored that upon his fathers as gouts and geysers of blood sprayed out around the blade. Nick unwilling to yank the blade free let go of the handle and ran from the cave.

Personality

Abilities

Items

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