History of Lucyeth

Childhood

I was born on Fondor in a wealthy family and raised well in luxury. My father was a manager of a large shipyard while my mother was an administrator at a school. I was the oldest sibling with a younger brother and a younger sister. I was enrolled in the same school as my mother who was the Superintendent. I always strived in academics and was in the top percent of the class. I was also very athletic, playing in sports. I was not very competitive but, always did the best I could to make an attempt. I was introduced to traditional blasters when my father would take me out on hunting expeditions. I am very adaptable to my surroundings by using natural intuitive skills to do what I believe would be best for the situation. I am always ready to learn something new and am never afraid to accept a challenge.

Early Life

As successful I was, I had issues with social skills and was bullied a lot by peers. My path down the dark side began when I snapped back at a bully and killed him with a cooking utensil. My mother tried to stop me but, I went further down a dark path killing my mother and students that wronged me. I knew the rest of the family would find out, so I went home and killed them all. I covered up evidence by destroying the house and closing all finances and other assets. I went on the run and slipped on a large freighter where I ended up on the planet of Judecca. I began a life of survival, surviving off the land and becoming fond of the outdoors.

History

Following my arrival on the Planet of Judecca, I found an area of rural land on the outskirts of urbanization. After my life on Fondor, I was sick of urban living and felt that it would be better to live in a less populated region of my new home. I made a makeshift hut out of some sticks and strong fibered leaves from what I can find nearby.

 I remained at the homemade hut for 5 years, living of the land and whatever came near me. I would kill animals using a spear that I made and ate nibbled at other food such as seeds and plant materials to keep me well fed. With all the walking for food and hauling meat back to my house, I naturally acquired an appearance of strength and physique.

 After 3 years of living at my hut, I decided to explore the nearby city. I would soon realize that the city is called Lyon. I continued to visit the city more frequently as I would find interesting things that I can find on the streets and in dumpsters.

 Life on Judecca began to pick up when I got a job as a sanitation work for the city of Lyon. I was making a steady income and being that I lived in a hut, was off the books for taxes. I befriended a fellow who was the driver of our sanitation truck named Jorge. Jorge and I became good friends as we shared stories together as we worked. One day Jorge offered me a job offer on the side that I just could not refuse.

 Jorge told me he works for a small group of rough necked gangsters in the underground sector of the city. They operate a black market job, pushing along anything from weapons to valuable gems. The pay was a very generous one and they provide you with weapons to protect yourself. I didn’t car that it is black market, with a pay like this and weapons provided, I would be a fool to refuse.

 I couldn’t complain with the nice weapons I received. I got a DH-17 blaster pistol which was a considerably good pistol that I will enjoy playing with. I also got a standard E-11 blaster rifle in case I needed some extra firepower, and a compliment of anything else that their black market could get a hold of.

 I began making frequent runs for the black market along with Jorge which began as just weapons transportation back to the safe house. As we made more runs for their business, we were given more tasks and with increasing priority. We had runs that involved a large amount of credits and crystals that were a fortune.

 Jorge and I slipped up when we had a shipment of spices that we had to obtain for the cartel king. We encountered heavy security systems and droids that needed to be deactivated in order for us to get the spice without alerting anybody. This process consumed large amounts of time which caused us to miss the window of opportunity in order to get the spice. With the huge loss of profit, the cartel leader was not pleased with either of us and as a result, we were put back to less important runs, which meant less profit to make out of the run.

 I made a thermal detonator run but, Jorge did not show up for the job and so I called the black market branch leader that I would contact if there was a problem. He stated that “Jorge was no longer needed and was a loss of profit after the spice accident”. I was angry that he was fired and asked where he was and he said that “he is no longer with us”. I was infuriated that Jorge was nowhere to be found and got the thermal detonators. I went back to the safe house and demanded where Jorge was. The branch leader was now angry and said “mind your business, I’ll see you later”. I took one of the thermal detonators and shoved it in the branch leader’s mouth, breaking teeth in the process, and walked away as the small building emitted a blast and smoke as I left.

 As I neared the cartel king’s house I prepared to do whatever it takes to get my friend back; double-checking my weapons. Upon entering the compound, I was met with guards and thugs of the black market. I made little effort to shoot everyone down in the atrium. As I moved to the second level of the compound, few thugs were coming out of rooms to attempt surprise attacks. They were quickly dispatched as my bolts from my rifle were flying around the hallway. I neared the end of the hallway; my rifle was kicked out of my hand by the cartel king’s personal bodyguard, and the rifle fell down to atrium level. I quickly defended myself with hand to hand combat and fought for my life. I shortly got the upper hand and pulled my DH-17 out of the holster and took no hesitation as I shot him in the face. I moved towards the door where I knew the cartel king was on the other side and took a deep breath as I turned the handle.

 “Good evening. I assumed I would be expected your arrival shortly”, replied the cartel king as the scene in his personal quarters unfolded into chaos. The cartel king was holding a blaster pistol to the head of Jorge and he had no problem shooting mine right out of my hand. He said that Jorge expired his usefulness but, wished to keep me around for my skills. My anger was starting to boil over as I wanted to do something but, could do nothing. As he continued with his taunts, I was starting to lose it with my rage getting hard to handle.

 All of a sudden, a wave of a mysterious energy shook the room as I screamed and all my anger was released. The cartel king fell and Jorge quickly kicked him in the gut, took his blaster and shot him in the chest. Jorge was speechless as was I, with the room mangled and objects thrown around after that strange shock wave that shook the room. I was unable to explain what had happened and Jorge was unable to shed any light on what occurred as well. I picked up the cartel king’s pistol and saw that it was a blastech DL-22 which is a small and easily concealed pistol that still packs a punch. I decided to keep it, getting a holster for it on my left ankle. My blaster rifle was broken from the fall; it wouldn’t matter as it is a standard rifle and nothing special. I continued to hone my skills in hand to hand combat and my blaster pistol with a new addition to the arsenal. My skills would be important to keep finely tuned because you never know if you will need it again in the future.

With the black market gone, Jorge moved out of Lyon and moved to Tailyon where he would be a ship captain of a manufacturing port. I continued to work in sanitation with a steady income and became a driver with a new guy named Butch. I saved up enough credits and got an apartment in the city, leaving behind my hut of my past but, retaining my skills of survival.to this day, I still am unable to explain what happened that night saving Jorge, hopefully I can find an answer or someone can explain it to me.

A month passed since my takedown of the black market on Judecca. I have been working on my job as a sanitation worker for the city with no complaints. The new guy Butch is a man of few words and pretty much keeps to himself. I continue to live a comfortable life with a stable job and a decent apartment. The black market incident is in the past with lingering uncertainties of what had occurred. This assumption would prove to be short lived after what I had seen one day on a dumpster run.

 I was collecting trash, an ordinary day for a sanitation worker however; I felt suspicious when I witnessed a strange man enter a manhole. Any other day, this would be typical because many low life’s and homeless go through the manholes to escape the harsh weather seasons but, this person seemed out of place with a dark jacket and a big bag slung over his shoulder. I began to make no thought of it and continued my usual day until I heard small concussion moments later, which shook the ground beneath me. I was already a few blocks away from where I saw the strange man but, still felt the tremor of what had happened. It didn’t take long for the security forces of Judecca to be seen as they sped down the road, converging on the incident. I figured the blast could be anything and that this guy I had seen is just a coincidence at the time.

 My coincidence was wrong when a security droid brought me in for some questions. Being I was seen on a security camera from a nearby building, my alibi was questionable. I gave a description of the man and provided any additional information that would help. Then, it was back to my ordinary life being that I was no police officer and there would be nothing more that I could do to help.

 The next day got worse when I was only at work for an hour until things got out of control. I was shoved into a dark speeder while I was getting a trash can and everything quickly was black. A while later, the bag was taken off my face and I was in a chair, in a dim lit room with a woman in front of a table who proceeded to stare at me. This woman was dressed in formal attire with her straight blond hair tied back neatly in a bun. I wanted to say something but, was beaten to it when she said sternly, “do you know why you are here”? I quickly replied back with a no and simply asked what do you want from me? She shot back by saying that “you were seen near a scene of an explosion while you took down a black market by yourself recently, so my question is how do you manage it”? I simply stared at her in disbelief because the explosion was one thing to be suspicious of but, the black market is a different story. Every person that was involved in that incident was killed except for…?

 “What did *Jorge* tell you about that night”? I stated as I soon realized that he was the only one that was there that night that could possibly enlighten on what had happened. She explained that *Jorge* is a friend of hers that retrieves information of events that occur in the criminal sector of the city. “I work for a small organization that works under the table of the Judeccan government to thwart disasters before they occur” she stated. “So you are a police officer then” I asked with her quickly saying “no I am more like an undercover agent”. She then said to call her Agent Wolf and that she needed my skills for a plot of terrorism that could be prevented. I asked “you know my skills and what had happened that night” and she replied “no unfortunately, I am unable to explain what happened but, I know some people that do”. “If you help me, we can solve your ability but first, we need to end this conflict that you saw yesterday”.

 I wanted to get closure at what had happened in the past so I decided to assist Agent Wolf in any way I can. We both headed to the manufacturing center of the city and into the outskirts of the older and more abandoned area of the city. There, we staked out a building in the far corner and waited for the rest of the time. A large amount of time passed by when people began to show up at the building we were observing. A few minutes after all the people entered the building, Wolf and I moved in.

 As Wolf and I moved into the building, we found a scaffold in a dark corner and knelt down quietly below a skylight. We listened in on the meeting that was held below us with all the scum of the city together in what seemed like a combined teamwork of evil consequences. There seemed to be one guy at the end of the table who called all of the shots at the meeting. He was carrying a large metal box that was unclear of what was inside. The meeting went on a little while longer until the guy opened the case to reveal a strange device that contained a cloudy gas. He began to explain that the gas will be harmful and achieve what they desire. The gas is unique as it is harmless when it mixes with the air but, when they mix it into the water in small concentrations, it will be a lethal gas within the water supply. Agent Wolf apparently heard enough as she pulled out a DH-17 blaster and I pulled out my DL-22 blastech out of the holster.

 She signaled me to hold my fire and so I walked over to a metal box on the other end of the scaffold for a good cover position. Agent Wolf moved in the opposite direction towards the stairs where she moved behind a pile of scrap metal. I crouched in my position with my finger under the trigger guard and on alert for Wolfe’s signal. She then stood and told everyone below her to not move and then she gave me the signal as they all began to fire their blasters toward her. I started to fire my blaster as more enemies began to move into the room, while Wolfe continued to fire shots towards the enemy down below. The head guy moved the metal case behind the table that they turned over for cover, additionally, to make sure that the metal case was not compromised. I knew that Wolfe or I had to get to that metal case but, we had to soften up the resistance first. There was too many of these guys and seemed that they just kept coming as Wolfe and I continued to knock down enemies one by one. The moment I thought we were out matched, a thermal detonator went off at the bottom floor. Looking around, I realized that Wolfe threw the detonator but, it looked as if that was all she had. That was all we needed as we both advanced down the stairs back to back, providing cover fire for each other. We gained cover behind a large pillar at ground level for direct fire toward the enemy. With the exit on the other side of the building, the suspects started moving closer towards the exit. We then advanced towards the table as the enemy moved back to the opposite pillars of the building. They then stopped firing and starting a charge toward Wolfe and I, which she pulled out a small sword as we both prepared for hand to hand combat.

 As the grunts moved towards us, Wolfe quickly swung her blade around and cut through them like butter. I used my skills of fighting and used my body against my enemy with my arms, legs, and agility to gain the upper hand. As I finished off my guys, I looked over at Wolfe and saw that she was fighting an enormous brute and I went over to assist. He had an energized axe as a melee weapon against Wolfe and I moved in to provide a distraction. I couldn’t possibly match this guy with weapons but, if I provide a diversion, Wolfe can finish him off. I took out his legs as I went for a swinging kick and Wolfe seized on the opportunity and cut right into his abdomen.

 With all the guys finished off, I moved towards the exit and ran outside to obtain the metal case. When I went outside, the leader that was carrying the case was speeding off in his speeder and I took a shot but it had no effect on the speeder’s rear window. As I looked back towards the building, Wolfe was walking out nonchalantly fixing her hair with no apparent desire to apprehend.

 “Don’t worry; I placed a tracker beacon under the speeder before we went into the building. I fear the situation is larger than I imagined and we will have to come up with a plan and relatively quickly to stop this catastrophe.” We headed back to the headquarters of her organization which was still unclear of what it entailed. I looked at her and asked “where in the galaxy did you learn how to use a sword like that”? She replied “childhood, where did you learn those hand to hand combat skills?” I replied “Childhood”. “Most impressive you were in combat and I knew you would be good for the job, but I am afraid it is not over and I still need your assistance so, your favor for your black market explanation will have to wait.

 I sat down beside Agent Wolfe where we were in a conference room along with other agents of her organization. She briefed everyone that this device contains a lethal gas that can be put into the water supply for catastrophic results. She stated that the only way to prevent a disaster is to retrieve the device or at the last resort break it so it goes into the air unharmed. She stated that “although it is preferred that we attempt retrieval so the contents can be examined”.

The devised plan is to converge in small groups on the guy and get the device but, it is important that we converge in small groups and in intervals as necessary. Therefore Agent Fox made the decision that just she and I would converge on the guy to retrieve the device and call backup if need be. She thought that this will be the best course of action because it will attract less attention and will not cause too much panic among the public if something went wrong. If we failed to call backup or all together, a team would be ready for deployment of contain and quarantine. The briefing ended with the plan going to be put into action in the early morning of the following day, this way the least amount of people will be out to attract more attraction and panic. I left the conference room when Agent Wolfe approached me as I was leaving the office.

“Don’t go to sleep for too long, I am going to need you here early to come up with our plan”. I went home to get the little sleep that I well deserved and anticipated for the next day.

 I arrived at the headquarters three hours before the crack of dawn just as Agent Wolf had requested. She was waiting for me in her office with a look of anxiety. And fear. She stated “Thank god you are here, make sure your weapons ready, we have to move now”. I wondered why she was so giddy to move out but I shortly found out when she told me where the tracked speeder stopped. The ringleader was in the corporate sector of the city which was where we were going. It was crucial that we stop this from unraveling his plan based on his location. The corporate sector is the most population dense part of the city so our main effective of little attention becomes challenging. It was obvious at that point that the ring leader had planned an evil scheme on a massive scale which had to be stopped no matter the cost.

 As we arrived at the corporate sector of the city, we moved to the center where he was supposedly located at the fountain. When Agent Wolfe and I arrived at the fountain, the guy was nowhere to be found. We had gone to the location of where the tracking beacon led us however; we could not find his speeder. We had found the beacon placed on the backside of the statue that was atop the fountain. This was when our fears were truly realized and worse was to come. He had found the tracking beacon and placed it somewhere to throw us off. The corporate sector made sense because it is the most populated part of the city, especially during the day. “Massive death is not his goal in this plot; he has a different motive that we are not able to connect” stated Agent Wolfe”. “We must head to the political sector, we will go to the senate building and I will assign an additional team to the other political areas of importance” stated Wolfe.

 We moved into the senate building to locate this guy. The senate security was put on alert and no one was allowed in until it was cleared. Agent Wolfe and I moved from the bottom of the senate building up to the top most level with no one found. “Senate building clear. What is the status of the other possible target buildings”? Wolfe said into her comlink. “All clear ma’am. Nothing found” an agent commando replied back. We both stood there as perplexed as ever to what this man could be targeted that was of importance. It seemed we were going nowhere when I thought of something to give us another lead.

 “What other buildings are in the city that are important to function” I asked to Agent Wolfe. “We searched them all, he must be going off world” replied Wolfe”. “We checked all the buildings that are important but, they all have their own source of water. Separate from the city itself. Are there any more buildings that run on the public supply that he can have easy access to?” I countered from Wolfe’s response. Agent Wolfe immediately got on her comlink and spoke with urgency “I need possible target buildings that are under the public water supply”. Headquarters replied “the only building is the bank”. That message over the comlink hit Agent Wolfe and I like a pile of bricks to the head. “You and I are going to the bank. I just hope we are not too late” yelled Agent Wolfe shouted back at me as both of us ran back to our speeder.

 As we arrived at the bank, we walked into a ghost town. Not only was there was no employee at the front desk, there was no one in the bank at all. This was not a good sign as I feared we were too late which I am sure Agent Wolfe thought the same. I pulled out my blaster and headed down the hall to search the ground floor. Agent Wolfe and I proceeded upstairs to the large military vaults that we feared were the main target.

 We were met with heavy resistance on the vault level immediately after we came out of the stairwell. We fired at the enemy and dropped grunts one by one as we advance closer to the vault. After all the guys were killed, we moved into the vault to a larger wall of mysteries.

 The vault was already empty which didn’t seem to add up to the crime. We searched other vaults on the floor and discovered that they were also empty. I thought “why would a bunch of thugs protect a vault that was already empty”. This was very bad because these vaults contained not only credits, but also weapons and advanced technology that can be dangerous in the wrong hands. This must have been a diversion as we rushed us to the top floor to the central vault of credits. The central vault holds rare metals that account for every financial act done within the bank essentially, it is the actually money that holds credits at face value.

 Agent Wolfe and I arrived to the central vault and hoped that we could stop this man. Our worst fears were recognized with the vault door destroyed with the contents emptied. “He must of slipped out during the battle” huffed Agent Wolfe. “It was all just a diversion, with him one step ahead of us every time” I replied with grief. “I want a quarantine team to the bank and a team to take measurements for toxins” Wolfe said into her comlink.

 Back at the headquarters, Agent Wolfe thought of a new strategy to prepare for this guy’s new step to his grand plan. He has acquired heavy weapons and enough credits to fund his own military. Agent Wolfe also informed the local police forces and the sector’s military legion for the upcoming storm.

 Agent Wolfe came back into the office and said “got any ideas of our own that may be considered”? I replied “yeah I do. How about I don’t do anything until you tell be what kind of abnormal freak I am that can give my powers that I performed a month ago”?

 “If you must know right now, this organization not only thwarts terror plots but, I recruit people with potential” stated Wolfe. “Potential for what?” I questioned. “An organization known as the Dark Brotherhood that trains people who are sensitive to the power of the force” reluctantly replied Wolfe. “Well if I possess this power, then why don’t you bring me to them so I can train”? I said. She replied “I am just a recruiter but, I do deem whether you are eligible to be considered because an untrained power is a dangerous power”. I felt very crappy because I had a power that I can harness and will not be taught how to use it. She didn’t understand that if I can control this power, I can help get the weapons and credits back. I would be a both a hero and a member of the group, and maybe keep an advanced weapon from the vault. I sat there with my head down until Agent Wolfe stated “the bottom line is I am the person that determines your future and helping me stop this guy will be your final test on my part to get you into the brotherhood academy.” I sat there for a moment and responded “then the only thing left is to go stop this guy so, let’s get at em”. “Not so fast, this has blown into a large proportion than anticipated so we are going to have to play his next move before this turns into a real shitstorm” Wolfe stated in a stern voice.

 I thought to myself that this has already been a shitstorm so how worse could it get. I figured I would stay to this path for now. I live for this kind of suspense anyway; my entire life has been an absolute shitshow.

Into the Brotherhood

The following day, I was approached by a hooded figure and told to follow him. Unaware of what is going on, I remained silent and asked no questions. The hooded figure brought me to a large citadel with a strange marking on the archway. The figure had stopped in a large chamber lit only by torches on the wall. The figure removed the hood to reveal a small rodian male.

“Greetings, my name is Koryn Thraagus. Agent Wolfe has told me great things about you” stated the rodian named Koryn.

“That symbol you saw on the archway is the crest of Scholae Palatinae, one of the various houses of the Dark Brotherhood however; do not settle in just yet as I have to bring you to the shadow academy on Antei where you can be tested on lore skills to be a member” stated Koryn.

 Leaving the Shadow Academy the following days, the test of lore was passed and I was placed in the house I was brought to earlier. Upon leaving, the rodian named Koryn approached me at the hall.

“You have been placed in the house Scholae Palatinae by the leadership based on your skills of lore and my input as a rollmaster” stated Koryn.

“What should I do now?” I asked Koryn.

“You can go back to the Shadow Academy anytime to gain more knowledge, but your journey now is based on your own destiny, or you can have a master to guide you” stated Koryn.

“I would like a master to guide me on my way to this Brotherhood” I replied to Koryn.

“Very well, I will then take you on as my student, apprentice Lucyeth” stated Koryn.

“Thank You my Master” I replied back.

“Now go to the academy and study the texts and await my instructions for further power in this organization.

“Very well, Koryn” I replied as I headed to the academy for greater knowledge.