

Name: Decima

Race: Iktotchi

Gender: Female

Occupation: Mercenary warrior / Bounty huntress

Station: Part of Arconan standing military, Shock Assault Troops

Appearance:



(Source:

http://vignette1.wikia.nocookie.net/starwars/images/f/f5/Iktotch_Kwa.jpg/revision/latest?cb=20130227140203)

History:

Decima was born on a small moon somewhere in the outer rim. The mercenary band her parents belonged to never bothered pointing out which and Decima figured they never even considered such a thing worthy of recording in the first place. Living among what amounted to sell-swords and guns for hire, her world was filled with violence and peril, but also loyalty and camaraderie. She learned from a young age that in life, clan came first and that every man and woman had to shoulder burdens beyond their own if they ever wished to earn their share in a moment of weakness.

Though a lofty ideal and one which highlighted the altruistic nature of their operation, at least as far as relationships between mercenaries was concerned, Decima took more to the first part of the teaching and often forgot entirely about the latter.

She grew up to be a strong and capable warrior, her integrity earning her much respect, but also some enemies among the 'clan' of rag-tag mercenaries when she spoke out against accepting lucrative deals of questionable morality. Though she would not hesitate to kill and became quite good at it, she had a robust sense of honor and would only fight those could conceivably fight back.

Decima's father died in combat when she was on the cusp of adulthood, a moment which affected her greatly. While bleeding out from a blaster wound to the gut, he made her promise to stay strong for the clan and to help her mother in all things.

When an amorous Togruta tried to make advances on the grieving widow, intent on leveraging her senior position for his own gain and contest leadership, Decima attempted to realize her father's dying wish by killing the man. The murder exposed, Decima never even trying to cover it up, she was banished from the clan despite her mother's protests.

Though slighted, she eventually became to understand and accept the clan's decision and harbored no ill-will, even though she regretted her inability to follow and protect her mother. Years later, she would receive word that she had re-married, though due to the outstanding banishment, she could never attend the wedding.

Directionless, Decima wandered the galaxy doing what she did best, taking on a Bounty Hunting career which she, at times, despised. Her moral fiber, though still essentially strict and stalwart, had to bend at times when both circumstances mundane and imperative forced her to choose necessity over the moral high ground. Yet these cases were few and far between, the mercenary going out of her way to stay true to her core beliefs even if it meant personal danger, hardship or pain.

Approaching the age of thirty, she was contracted by a member of the Shadow Clan for a mission, the bounty huntress having been deemed useful for the particular job. She did not complete the mission as directed, however, when it became evident that doing so would have caused collateral damages she was not willing to accept.

Though in the end her methods did cause a great deal more suspicion and alertness than desired by the normally clandestine Shadow Clan, her paymaster was impressed by her integrity and made her an offer of clanhood.

Decima, having wandered alone for years, joining mercenary bands on occasion or even trying to start her own groups, had never found a bond like that she had shared with her original 'clan' and was hesitant to join. However, after reasoning with the Arconan, she agreed to give it a go, with the explicit mention that she had the right to refuse a mission or leave the Clan if her orders would have forced her to fight against her morals, a most rare clause to be given to what amounted to a mercenary liaison.

Within three years' time with Arcona, she had found the Clan to be an intriguing one and despite the sometimes underhanded means employed, she had found a place within the standing military as a member of an elite shock troop unit, specializing in boarding actions. Her preferred weapon, a two-handed vibro-glaive, being of surprising use within the claustrophobic confines of a space ship where she used her brute strength to slice open doors and recklessly charge at her foes who often surrendered or fled in terror rather than face the excruciating death that awaited them.

Though she still keeps a locket of her parents around her neck, on occasion sending a holo-vid of herself to her mother and receiving even more rarely one in return, she has accepted Arcona as clan, at least in parts, with all the same loyalties that it brought to her original one.

Personality: Stalwart, stoic, brash, blunt. She does not speak unless she feels she must, but is not shy on words or even a biting sarcastic remark when her ire has been raised or an issue she feels strongly about is called to question. She will sacrifice herself for those she believes uphold her values and is one of, if not the most loyal companions one can hope to have by your side, assuming you have proven to earn her trust.

On the flipside, she loathes showing weakness and can often be seen sporting various injuries, many of them unnecessary, simply due to the deeply ingrained sense of self-sacrifice needed to uphold her sense of self-worth. Unless she is shouldering the burden of at least two men, she is feeling like she herself is a burden and a drain. This often leads to exhaustion and senseless self-sacrifice, with even some conflict sparking between those who would not relinquish their tasks for her to do. Oddly enough, though, she has few qualms with those who do not pull their weight, as long as they do at least something. Total free-riders will, however, find themselves on the bad end of her warglaive, a weapon which notoriously has only a bad and an even worse end.