

Oath Breaker
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Ryker is Paladin for the nation he holds dear. A Paladin is a warrior with an oath, Ryker took up The Oath of The Crown. He is sworn to do all for his king and country, even if that means bending his own morality for the sake of Shiverias glory. Rykers oath is so powerful it gives him the powers of the divine. He is able to cast holy magic and bring down his sword with the force of 1,000 soldiers. At what point does immoral acts take its toll on Ryker? He fights his thoughts more than he fights with his sword. The nation of Shiveria counts on him, but does he necessarily want this? He is in a dark battle with his destiny and the “meaning of life”. He is kind at heart, but thanks to the incident no one can see it.

He wears a blank depressing stare every day, but no one understands the pain he is going through. Ryker just wants to be happy. He longs for the freedom of finding himself, but being born into this nation as a paladin makes his own path meaningless. He has lost so much throughout his life. His father and mother were gone, killed in an accident of his hand.

While raiding a village near the outskirts of Shiveria he killed all that stood in his way. He relentlessly followed orders. The witches of Yarbrough knew the kingdom of Shiveria would attack the village, and they knew Ryker would be the one to take it. They took his parents and placed them in the village. During Ryker's raging fury, he cut them down like tall grass in a field. After he realized what he had done he fell to his knees so silently you could hear his lungs gasping for air. At that moment everything faded, and all emotions withered away like a dying

tree. He was never the same after that day. All he ever wondered was why. Why did those witches do that? “What did they have against me” he would ask himself.

It's been 12 years and he still searches for the reason. That day is when all of his pain started. Eventually, he found a girl, she was as beautiful as the iridescent glow of the moon. Lady Sif had long flowing blonde hair that had a gleaming golden glow. They met by a string of fate so small you could snap it with your breath. During the battle of Yalvon Cove he was searching for a criminal against the state of Shiveria, that was his sole purpose during this mission, except he didn't know how beautiful this criminal would be. While searching the cove he saw her, all the King described was long blonde hair, not unmatched beauty. He dropped his sword and smiled at her. She locked eyes with him in a gaze that would surely mean love at first sight. Deep in his thoughts, he knew he was betraying the King, but what could he do but stand in awe of her smoldering beauty? He returned to the kingdom and to the King's surprise he was empty-handed. The King asked, “Ryker, why have you returned without the head of this enemy?” Ryker responded with a troubled stare. Ryker was never one to talk much. If he did talk it had a purpose, but what was the purpose of lying? The King knew something was wrong but to Ryker's surprise, he let it go. He visited every month for 4 years. She was all he cared about, and so was his son. Lidel was the thing that made him the happiest. Who knew that a man who never smiled, never laughed, never stopped to enjoy the scenery, would find his hope in family? Nothing in his life could get better with them around, and it didn't.

During one of his usual visits, he approached Lady Sif's doorstep. He walked inside with a bouquet and a new toy for his boy. As he opened the door, he saw bloodshed. His beloved and his boy were murdered in their sleep. He fell to his knees in rage. He cried to the gods “WHY? WHY HAVE YOU ALLOWED THIS”. Years pass and he still thinks of them every day. He

never found the killer and is still searching. He is completely numb to everything, he is a husk, a shell of his former self. He no longer speaks, he has forgotten how to smile, and he yearns to join them in the relief of death. His duty to his nation is not over though, he still has a responsibility to protect his nation. People of the city would describe him as “Lonely”. He is the embodiment of suffrage. For in his mind, he feels as if there is no end to his pain. He killed his family, and his family was killed, two tragedies that would forever shape this former son, lover, and father.

Ryker is a lonely man. He has no friends, and his weeks are filled with the death of other kingdoms, he has killed so many people and in turn, people have been taken from him. He starts to question himself. Is it worth it, is this what Lady Sif would want for him? What about his son? How would he feel about the torment he puts on people every day? He takes their land and houses and children. He cannot do this anymore. He is loyal to his nation but cares more about his family. He has murdered fathers, mothers, and children, and torn entire families apart because of his “loyalty” to Shiveria. “Who am I?” he asks himself.

Everyday Ryker thinks about the oath he made. The sacred oath to uphold the wants and needs of a nation. He couldn’t do it anymore, passing on his suffering unto others. He visited the king on a grim and dark morning. He had questions about his “oath”. The king smiled as Ryker walked through the doors. The king knew what was behind Rykers eyes. “Having second thoughts paladin?” the king asked. Ryker looked up in confusion. “Yes, you have your thoughts on the endless pain and suffering you cause. Use it Ryker let it fuel you, the rage is your ally.” Said the king. Ryker responded, “My family”. The king responded, “Yes, your family. Both of them.” Ryker looked up at the King in complete shock. “Both of them?” he asked. “Yes, my child, both of them. You thought I didn’t know about the betrayal you pulled in Yalvon all those years ago.” Said the king. Ryker was speechless. The king then looked right into his eyes and said, “You

think I'm stupid don't you. The whole reason I had both of your families killed is to fuel your rage and use it to fight for US, FOR SHIVERIA, my greatest warrior, I have only made you stronger but now you question your loyalty to the nation?" Rykers eyes filled with blood curdling rage. The fires of hell didn't burn as bright as his fury in that moment. Blood lusted as he looked at the king. The king smiled as if he knew what was about to happen. Ryker pulled his holy sword from its sheath with a speed that rivals light. He stabbed the king right through the heart. His sword vibrates with the rhythm of the king's failing heartbeat. The king smiled and said, "Oath breaker, this is your path, murder and strife are all you will ever know". Ryker pulled the sword from the king's chest. He stepped back and his strength falters, he feels weak as if a dark void opened inside him. "There is no peace, but only suffering for you and the people you hold close." said the King.