

The Extended History of the Soul Assassins

So, where does evil come from, you ask? Let the shadows wrap 'round you as the poisoned words spill forth that describe the story of the darkness that is the Soul Assassins.

Of Oblivion and the Fall Into Emptiness

Imagine, if you will, a darkened room lit only by the flickering of a computer monitor. Sounds issue forth in the form of screams, groans, and the clamour of battle. This single scene marks the foundation of what would become a scourge upon the world of gaming: Oblivion. This scene seems at odds with the world around it; snow on the ground, wrapping paper on the floor, gifts of all shapes and sizes strewn about the house. Surely, this is the seat of joy; a joy in the form of Christmas in the year 1996. The sounds you hear are not those of a real battle, but of a battle that exists in the world of Diablo. Hordes of demons are thrown in mangled heaps across the fields. Diablo himself is slain as the hero emerges victorious. But...the victory over and slaughter of these demons has cost him more than just blood and sweat. A part of his soul was ripped from him by the violence of battle and the temptuous aroma of unnatural power. A hero no more, this terrifying figure is no longer the man he once was. He has cast aside his saintly manner and trodden off the path of light. As he shuns the good that once filled his soul, he has become cold and empty. This emptiness can not be filled by love or hate or even the slaughter of the innocent. Nay, this void within him can be filled by only one thing: power.

With the new name came a new purpose: the domination of others. Joining forces with his brothers, he sought a name that would embody his desire to surpass even the most violent of deaths and express his favored method of subjugation. Thus was born the Soul Assassins.

The Shadow Grows

Dwelling now inside the hulk that once was a mortal human is the burning desire to conquer and subjugate. The taste of blood is no longer on his lips. Many a day he spent wandering upon paths forgotten, ever searching for a domain from which to launch his assault on the world. After a period of dormancy, Oblivion emerged into the world of Throne of Darkness. Shortly after its release in September of 2001, he was well on his way to becoming a well-known figure in the online world of the game.

Not more than a month into his tryst, he met up with two others whose names have been lost to time. With them, he formed what would soon grow into the first official presence of the Soul Assassins. After only two months of slow growth, the two other founders disappeared, never to be heard from again. No one can say why or how they vanished, but he was left to lead SA as he saw fit.

The ranks of SA grew daily, eventually topping out at just above 140 members at its peak. During these times there were many conflicts and many treatises, all overseen by the dominant force of SA. The entire world rose and fell with every breath of the SA leadership. The guild was ruled with an iron fist by Oblivion and a few select members, chosen for their loyalty, power, and influence. It was during this time that Oblivion first met the figure he would come to know as DreadedX.

An Unknown Visitor

It was an average day in the fledgling SA camp. At the time there were only about 20 or so members on the roster, and many of the higher level people were stuck doing Hojo Cave runs for experience and the potential to find the rarest of all items: the 17 slot armor. During a brief meeting at the citadel of Oblivion's in-game samurai clan, a lone archer wandered into the castle. This archer unleashed a fury rarely seen in those days as he cut down several of the lower SA members present. After forcing his way into the second level, he stood face to face with the then hardly-known leader of SA, Oblivion. The battle was relatively short, with Oblivion's character using his inherent advantages to take down DreadedX several times.

It was at this point that Oblivion realized DreadedX would continue to persist. The question remained though, whether it would be as enemy or ally. Oblivion wisely chose the latter and thus was born one of the great friendships and most terrible pairings in the game's history.

DreadedX became SA's premiere assassin, serving death warrants and contracts called for by both SA and any other clan that could pay for them. DreadedX's name became so feared that his targets would leave game after game trying to avoid his wrath. Thus began the tradition of game clearing, or eliminating the game's host, thus ending it for everyone playing. This was done on many occasions as a display of SA's unrivaled power.

Time passed slowly for the members of the dominating SA guild. They presided over trials, peace talks, and duels. Nothing happened in the world without their influence. The only persons foolish enough not to cower to their demands were the Koreans, who became bitter enemies of the SA and all American players. Many arrows were loosed and blades broken in the unending hunt for Korean heads. Countless games were ended and characters slaughtered, all in an attempt to cleanse the world of their stench.

The Craftsman of the SA

Much of the SA members' time was spent developing their talents and characters. But of all the tasks set forth for them, item collection was the highest priority. Up until this point, the best armor one could find contained only 17 slots. This was shattered when Oblivion discovered the secret of crafting 32 slot items. Immediately the power of those persons lucky enough to be granted such a treasure doubled. Gone were the days of item hunting, there was a virtually endless supply of this rarest type of item in Oblivion's hands.

Most players could only stand in awe at the items Oblivion created, for only one other knew the secret of crafting. The 32 slot items became immeasurably valuable and were used as a form of currency in all major deals. This also led to the desire for components to fill those slots, the rarest of which SA had in surplus. Countless mule accounts were created to carry the wealth of SA, and they continued to grant such treasure only to those they deemed worthy.

A Legacy is Born

There were many major events during the reign of SA, but many of them have become inaccurate after being passed down through so many players.

But, after roughly 18 months, Oblivion tired of the petty bickering and constant babysitting. He had made up his mind to leave the guild in the hands of his closest advisors and recede back into the shadow from whence he came. There was a final game held that many of the highest members attended in order to bid him farewell. Tears were shed, requests were made, and a round of farewell went up. With that, he departed, leaving the empire he had built to its own fate.

Word eventually reached him some months later that the empire was crumbling due to mismanagement and corruption. With many of the more powerful players leaving shortly after Oblivion, the guild was left with naught but a few veterans to command its still immense power. Seeing his work falling into ruin, Oblivion decided it was best to simply destroy that which he created; SA was disbanded and those responsible for its degradation were hunted until many fled the world forever. What happened after that, Oblivion cared not. The world had been raped of its order, and chaos eagerly filled the void left by SA's departure.

The whispers of SA and of Oblivion and his generals could still be heard among the peasantry who were new to the world for many months after the end. Perhaps they can still be heard even to this day.

The First Slumber

After the demise of SA in the world of ToD, Oblivion was drained. So much of his time and thought went into it that he receded from games for a time.

The Reawakening

During his time of rest, Oblivion had rumors of another world to live in reach his ears. This was the world of Dungeon Siege. This would not be the return of the SA empire as in ToD, but his thirst for blood needed to be quenched regardless.

He joined this world at the end of the third quarter of 2002. Immediately, he resigned himself to maintain a low profile, weary of the duties of leadership. He spent his time item hunting and building a PvP killing machine. Along the way, he kept his eye out for those who might serve as long-standing allies. It was not long before he met another of the people who remain with him to date.

The details are blurred by time and endless thought, but it was then that he met Kierrkian Wyndrider, an archer with the same unquenchable thirst for victory as his own. They spent several months wandering from game to game, slaughtering those who thought themselves invincible. All the while, they worked ceaselessly to develop new skills and tactics to use in battle. After a time, the hunt became too easy, so they began to lay traps for those that sought to force domination upon others. Games were hosted with alluring titles that would appeal to griefers and self-proclaimed PvPers. Many came, and all were humiliated. It was through this that the bond between Kierrkian and Oblivion was strengthened by the defeat of their enemies.

The Wandering

Again, Oblivion became numbed by the thrill of victory. The two allies and friends spent many months wandering from game to game, spreading death and the cold chill of darkness to those they touched.

The Shadow Rises Again

After much time had passed, Oblivion again yearned to be part of a powerful group. He sought out a game that would serve as the backdrop for another empire. He found exactly that in Middle-earth Online. For some reason, still unknown to him, he decided to travel a different path. Instead of ruling, he would become a simple soldier. He no longer lusted for power, only for blood. It was with this thought that he joined Liquid Evil.

A Rift Forms

He spent several months there, meeting many of those that travel with him to this very day. But, something within him stirred once again. He was not happy with the leadership, and many around him felt the same. He grew tired of being ruled over through deceit and self-proclaimed greatness. The incessant whining of the so called "leader" and his second in command were more than he could bear.

One night, in the dark, those he trusted gathered together and made a decision that will spell doom for Middle-earth and all those who dwell within; Liquid Evil would be their home no longer. They sought out those they felt worthy of beginning anew with them. They picked the best and brightest of the members from Liquid Evil and left to form a guild of their own.

After the exodus was complete and those they desired had joined them, a meeting was called to discuss how this new guild would be ruled over and to ponder the many policies they would require to organize the guild. At last, one final question remained: what would this new guild be called?

Evil Named

This new power, dark and sinister needed a name. Not just any name would do, it needed to be something that carried the cold chill of death upon its syllables. Many suggestions were made, but none did justice to the darkness that dwelt within these corrupted souls. Then, as if through some distant memory of a life lived long ago, came a deathly chill from the past, a name: Soul Assassins.

On that very night, evil was reborn and shadow stirred once again in the land of the light. Know all that the darkness within your soul has begun to claw its icy way towards the surface. The dark corners of your mind are just a little bit blacker and the shadow upon your heart just a little bit deeper.