Saltharion grew up in a small town, located just off a busy trade route, where his family is fairly prominent as being fair and balanced when called upon as mediators in disputes. As such, Sal and his twin sister Vella are also recognized by most of the townspeople, although that is not always pleasant when they are recognized by people who feel they did not get what they deserved in a mediation decision. This has turned ugly from time to time, with the kids being kidnapped, threatened, and taunted. This forced Sal and Vella to grow up a little quicker than other children their age, causing them to mature and even have a slightly cynical view of the world.

As much as they saw a darker side of people, they also knew that this was the unavoidable consequence of what their family does. They knew that they had to learn to hold their own in a world where people would not always agree with one another. When they both turned 13, they each gained access to something that, will not exceedingly rare with Letharions in general, it was very uncommon in the Vorton house: they both developed sword-type Spirit Weapons. Most of the Vorton house developed less offensive weapons, such as whips or even shields.

After learning of the twins’ blade weapons, Torah (their mother) and Vorsil (their father) knew that they would both be forever sought after. Sword-wielding Letharions were among the most revered – and the most feared. Even while they tried to keep the twins’ weapons a secret, a curious few discovered what the children had. One of these was a friend of theirs, Torrick, who was a couple years older than them. At first, he didn’t think much of it, but as he watched them grow and become more proficient with the blades, he became jealous. He wanted to have that power, the ability to call a weapon whenever and wherever he wanted. He started to hang around the twins less and less, and obsessed over how to obtain a Spirit Weapon himself. There were cases of humans obtaining the ability, but it was rarer than Sal and Vella’s race, and was usually by users of magic. Luckily, Torrick knew he had at least a spark of magical ability; his parents never wanted to train it or have him learn any magic though.

Torrick finally made his decision: he left home to learn to use this magical ability. Unfortunately, who would be the first teacher he comes across but a Tabarath cultist. The cultist was able to sense the jealousy in Torrick, and wanted to feed it, allowing that to fuel his magical power to heights Torrick never dreamed of. Torrick spent years training, studying, and growing more and more spiteful when the secret of the Spirit Weapon continued to elude him.

For seven years, the twins always wondered what became of their friend Torrick. They never thought he would just leave, without even a farewell. They heard whispers of a man by that name, but heard that he was with a group called the Tabarath, an evil cult seemingly bent on the destruction of life. They feared that it was the same Torrick, but tried to believe otherwise. One day, Vella came to Sal and asked if he could walk through town with her; Sal knew Vella had something serious on her mind once she said that. Vella only ever went into town when she needed to escape, or to distract herself – she tended to prefer the quiet of the forest to the hustle and bustle of the town.

“Sal….It’s been seven years since Torrick left, and the mentions of his name are becoming more and more sinister. We should have seen this coming, Sal. We knew he was becoming distant and secluded; he stopped coming around as often as he used to, he was always busy studying gods know what, and he seemed to just push us away.”

“I know, Vel.” Sal replied. He had been thinking about it for the last couple years too. He had a feeling he knew what his sister was going to say next, because he was going thinking the same thing for a couple months.

“We need to find him, Sal.”

“I know, Vel. We need to stop whatever is happening to him before he does something he will truly not be able to escape. And we need to do it soon, before someone else decides to first.”

So it was then that they decided to find their old friend, and confront him. They planned to leave within the week, and started making preparation for what was sure to be a long trip ahead. They didn’t plan on telling their parents, as they knew there would be objections, but this was something they had to do. They weren’t going to just run off, though – they intended to leave some kind of message to let their parents know what they had set out to do. They knew it would make their parents worry, but it was something they had to do, both for themselves and for Torrick.

The day before they were ready to leave, as they were just walking out of the tailor’s shop, they saw a group of traders coming into town like they had a demon chasing them. As they reached the center of town, the man who appeared to be the group leader started yelling for the attention of any townspeople who would listen.

“Run!!!! Run!!!! There are monsters further up the road!!!They are headed this way!! The town must be evacuated!” the merchant yelled to everyone in earshot. He was extremely flustered, barely able to string together more than a few words. Sal approached him amid the beginnings of a crowd gathering in the town square.

“Can we not attempt to defend the town? Our homes, our memories are all here…there must be something we can do to avert the monsters headed our way.” Sal attempts to reason with the trader before he instigates a panic amongst the crowd.

“I wish I could say yes, but these are no ordinary beasts. They move unnaturally fast, and they travel beneath the surface of the ground, like they are merely shadows of monstrous wolves. You must flee, or you will perish under the onslaught!!” And with this, the crowd began to stir more frantically, as people turned and headed home to pack anything they absolutely needed.

Despite the fear the merchant instilled in the townspeople, many of the men and women who were able to wield a weapon decided to stay and fight back against the creatures the merchants said were coming. After evacuating all the people who were going to leave, the makeshift militia took up what defensive positions they could find and waited for the enemy to show up.

After two hours that seemed like an eternity, Sal, Vella, and his family – who had volunteered to scout further ahead – ran back to town and announced that a small invasion force was only ten minutes out. As everyone started stirring in anxious anticipation, the strange shadow creatures could be seen flitting about on the ground like black puddles, causing not a single disturbance as they passed underneath brush and grass. This started to cause unrest and worry among the soldiers as the enemy approached.

As they watched the creatures get closer and closer, there was an explosion off to the side – the House Vorton had just erupted in a violent fireball of wood and stone. Sal and Vella knew right then who was leading this attack on the town – Torrick. They both dashed off towards what remained of their home, fighting off the creatures that had started to rise from the ground and getting separated as they headed onwards. The creatures seemed to just keep coming – the typical two replacing every one they cut down. The twins didn’t slow down, though; they knew who waited for them at the ruined house, and knew they had to confront him, hoping to settle this non-violently, but not expecting the situation to be so easily resolved.

Upon arriving at the gate, Sal hoped to see Vella already there, having lost sight of her amid the endless tide of shadow-wolves, but she was nowhere to be found. He had a feeling that the only way to stem the flow of this monsters was to find Torrick, so as much as he wanted to find his sister, Sal knew he couldn’t waste any more time. He ran across the grounds towards the house, which were strangely empty of the creatures. He barely noticed though, as he could see a humanoid figure standing in front of the remnants of his family’s home.

“TORRICK!!!” Sal yelled as he came to a stop a few yards from the figure, not knowing what combat abilities Torrick had obtained in seven years.

Torrick looked at Sal, and merely smiled at him with an insanely excited look in his eyes.

“I have what I’ve come for…I will take my leave as soon as I’ve dealt with you,” he hissed at Sal, at the same time launching a spell at him. This caught Sal off-guard, not having seen Torrick cast any sort of spell growing up. He was hit by the full force of the spell, but rolled with it and retaliated with a spell of his own. This hit Torrick full on, and after throwing one last spell at Sal, he began to become enveloped in some kind of shadowy tendrils. After they completely encased him, they sunk into the ground and Torrick was gone.

Sal thought to himself after the shock of the quick confrontation faded, “What did you come for, Torrick? What happened to you to make you like this?” As he thought about this, he began to realize – Vella never arrived. He hurried as fast as he could back to the gate, and saw that all the wolves were gone. Vella, though, was nowhere to be seen. It slowly sunk in that this was what Torrick wanted, that his sister was what he had come to obtain. Even though he struggled with the thought that he had lost his sister to their childhood friend, he knew he had to head back and see what had happened to the rest of the townspeople. As he approached the town, he looked around – not one living soul was to be found. The defenders of his hometown lay bloodied and scarred, with strange black ooze-like markings slowly enveloping the bodies. He rushed to find his parents, but he could not even find their bodies. This gave his an avalanche of mixed emotion: joy that they may be alive, terror that Torrick may have them as well, fear that he may never see them again.

Saltharion headed back to the manor to see if there was anything left to be found, and in the area where his room would have been, he found a handsome carved wooden box, charred and scratched, laying on the ground. He picked it up, and recognized the craftsmanship as his sister’s handiwork. Sal opened the box, and found a carved emerald, his favorite gem, set in a silver casting attached to a chain. He knew she meant it to be attached to his weapon, which was in the shape of a strange-looking skeleton key. As he was wandering the ruins, he heard a familiar voice behind him say, “Sal, I am so sorry. I wish I was able to get hear sooner.”

“Vincent?” Sal could believe it was who he thought it was, until he turned and saw it for his own eyes. The very same Vincent Green who had passed through so long ago, and had taught him how to access the magic for which he had an innate talent, stood before him with a somber look on his face.

“It’s been a long time, Sal. You’ve certainly grown, but unfortunately we really don’t have time to catch up. I know what happened here, even if I wasn’t able to stop it. But I do know that I can help you find your sister, if you will hear me out.”

Sal agreed to go with Vincent, and was granted to choice to join the Chosen Ones, a group dedicated to the protection of the world from evil, the first and foremost right now being the Tabarath. He knew this was his best shot at finding Vella, so he readily agreed to undergo whatever tests or trials necessary to become a Chosen One.