

- **The Rise of Scandalous**
- **When do these scenes take place?** Volume I Prologue.
- **Characters:** Scandalous & the Gilded Trooper.
- **Scenario:** The backstory of Scandalous, and his rise to power.
- **Is this canon?** Yes.

Scandalous

Scandalous is the leader of the Sertorius Order, and an infamous former member of the Light Squadron whose prismic rejected him. Known to rule by violence, Scandalous is characterized by his unstable and brutal personality, emphasized by his scarred appearance. Scandalous is a greatly feared nemesis of the Light Squadron—and for good reason.

The former engineer and technician for the Light Squadron, the prismic's rejection led him to separate from the Squadron and lead his own army, swearing revenge for the wrongs inflicted upon him. It was said that a **Gilded Trooper** had bestowed him the strength and manpower he has today... but even then, it's overshadowed by his undeniably powerful figure.

As a power-hungry individual, Scandalous will stop at nothing to achieve his ambitions.

Personality

Scandalous takes up a large emotional presence; being in a room with him often feels suffocating due to his booming voice and fast gestures. What he lacks in intelligence he makes up for in massive strength; Scandalous rules and commands by violence, often with no regard to the safety of others. What makes his men loyal to him is his cult-like status—his prismic rejection was painted as a heroic story; he'd survived the punishment of the prismic despite being a mortal, due to his undefeated strength. His power for hunger is overwhelming—sometimes borderlining on sabotaging his missions.

Scandalous' patience is thin, if not non-existent. He will rarely listen to reason, often acting upon emotions rather than logic. He operates by "shoot-now-questions-later", usually aggravated by witty threats directed at him. Scandalous will not have anyone smear his name; even slight mistakes or disobedience will land oneself in hot water, lest you suffer Scandalous' personal wrath.

There's no soft side to Scandalous per se—all he has left to him now is his ambitions. When asked of his past, Scandalous will tell of the hardships of struggle, as if a relic of a time so long ago... but if you listen carefully, there is a tinge of bitterness in his voice, for reasons not quite everyone can understand.

Appearance

Scandalous is top-heavy and lean, and appears to move callously without regard to his surroundings. His large eyes yet small pupils give off the depiction of an unhinged man, only barely encased within a mask that conceals his horrible scar. Due to his tendency of offense rather than defense or balanced combat, he takes direct hits from weapons, resulting in massive lacerations across his body and armor from sustaining damage.

Beneath his manic expression one can imagine his formerly handsome looks—angled jaw, chestnut hair, olive skin. His hair and mask casts a shadow over his upper half of the face. Most of his body is covered by scars. His color scheme consists of browns, reds, and yellows.

Due to his past wounds, he may tremor slightly while moving, giving way to his unstable self.

Pre-Volume 1

One could perhaps predict the trajectory of **Sebasto Sertorius'** life, considering the circumstances of his childhood. The academy's bigshot, handsome to a fault, and a user of the heart than the brain—coupled with the pressure of his father's large thumb, a then-influential Augustus Sertorius, mayor of Rome—Sebasto ensured that he had to ascend above others to become better than everyone else. Too bad his cocky disposition became his downfall; failure to pass the expensive academy his father enrolled him in evoked Augustus' wrath, beginning some half-decade long of berating Sebasto and instead favoring his other sons. Sebasto, beyond angered to be labeled as the family runt, was blinded by rage and saw white; he spent this time promising himself that he'd attain power that surpassed his father, his family name, and everything else in this wretched planet and universe. He surprised everyone by passing the notoriously-difficult recruitment process for the **Light Squadron**, announcing himself the brand-new engineer and ad-hoc combat and brandishing his brand-new weapon and armor in front of a devastated Augustus.

But nothing has changed, of course. Time had only told Sebasto could not reinvent his intelligence. He had cheated his recruitment.

Time aboard space earned him another revelation: If he could have traversed thus far, what's to say that he couldn't attain power... beyond comprehension?

Sebasto had poured half his soul into studying the **Prismics**. He had painstakingly been anticipating the discovery of the prismic shrine. What he *didn't* know was the metaphysical nature of the prismics—Sebasto despaired for months at the memory of the red prismic rejecting him, unable to understand why he was the only Squadron member that was denied the ownership of one. Jealousy overcame him every time his squadron wielded their prismics, and trying to convince himself with a placebo blade only deepened his depression further. Why *him*, after all that he had contributed to their discovery of Synnova?

Eventually utterly convinced that the only reason why the prismic rejected him was because Sebasto hadn't believed in himself *enough*, he'd snuck into the chambers where the prismics were safely kept, equipped with a gauntlet to protect his hand in case anything happened. With bated breath, he gripped the red prismic tightly in his hand; as it brightens in his grasp, he becomes relieved, knowing that he was deserving after all—before its glowing brilliance shattered the gauntlet, and Sebasto howls in agony as pain seared through his body. It contracted every nerve and muscle so painfully he couldn't even loosen his hand to weaken his grip on the prismic, unintentionally allowing it to punish him further and further. The members had only arrived at the commotion in time to witness the prismic expel Sebasto with such force he was blasted through the walls, accompanied by his quickly vanishing scream.

The prismic falls with a soft tinkle to the floor, as if nothing had happened at all. Panicked, the Squadron sent out a search party, scouring the desert they'd been stationed in—but he was never found. It's like he never existed.

And what of Sebasto?

As the stories go, Sebasto had accepted his fate; with his charred body, blinded in one eye and unable to move even his fingers, he laid in the desolate wastelands, ready to embrace his death. As he felt his life drain away from him, the swirl of a portal appeared behind him; Sebasto could make out the outline of an armored figure, glittered in gold and emanating comforting, purple light. The knight kneeled before him, raising his head tenderly to their lap, softly inquiring as to what had happened to him. He could only hoarsely mutter his failures over tears—something about the Squadron, his desires, the prismics... That was all the **Gilded Trooper** needed. As the knight gently touched Sebasto's face with a prismic, he shuddered as he felt his wounds close, his energy rejuvenating... and he could rise again, to look at the knight in their eyes.

As Sebasto heals, he tells the trooper of his misadventures. His failure as a Squadron member. His bitterness of undeserving the prismics. His wish to attain powers beyond his wildest dreams. The knight asks him—if that was what he desired, would he pledge his loyalty to them for it all?

Sebasto laughs, as if to mock. Of course he would. He'd give *anything* for it.

The trooper, now raising to stand, summons a gateway behind them. Behind the knight appears an army in numbers beyond Sebasto's comprehension—accompanied with vehicles and spaceships, all armored to the teeth. The Gilded Trooper turns to him, and asks him once again—if he received what he desired, would he pledge his loyalty to them?

Sebasto, breathless, said yes.

Announcing Sebasto complete control of the army, the knight reminds him of his desires. They tell him to hold them close—remember how the Squadrons cheated him of his prismic. Remember how, despite all his efforts, he couldn't get what he wanted. The power he longed for ages—he had it now. He had it all at his expense. And he could attain more—so much more, if he was loyal to the Trooper.

As the knight announces his rulership, Sebasto stares in awe at the strength and numbers he'd just amassed. He stands in his charred armor and slowly healing body, standing in the light, at the soldiers that hailed him. Here he was, all these years, waiting for his luck to turn... and seemingly from the skies, the opportunity had fallen straight onto his lap, literally.

Sebasto Sertorius was no more.

Long live **Scandalous**.

May the Sertorius Order thrive for a thousand years.