

Richter

My name is Tobias Richter; I was born in the year 7970 BC. Over 10,000 years old...I have been chasing criminals almost as long as I have been alive. I am the last remaining survivor of a race of people known as Mystics. They were a group of immortals that all had different powers and abilities. If you're wondering how I can be the only survivor from a race of immortals don't worry, I'll get to that. There was only a total of about 500 Mystics that walked the Earth with few descendants to carry on our legacy. Although Mystics could have children it was difficult to achieve. Only a select few of men and women from that race could either bare children or impregnate someone.

Because of this fact many of the men that could produce children would find human women to begin a family with. However, it would not be the bliss that everyone would be hoping for. Children born of a Mystic man and a human woman were nothing more than mortals just like everyone else. Finding a human to form a relationship would come with heartache when you would have to watch that person grow old and eventually die. The same would also have to do the same with whatever children they had. Any child who is not born with parents who are both Mystics would live out their lives as normal humans. They would not inherit immortality or any of the power and ability that a full Mystic would. After a few hundred years all relationships with anyone human would end as the pain of losing a lover or family was too much to bear.

Mystics found other ways to fulfill their lives. Many became doctors, craftsmen, and shop keepers and like me some went into law enforcement. Mystics were scattered all over the world doing what they loved to do. Nevertheless, as it has always been true, there is always strength in numbers and having so many scattered all over the globe would be their downfall.

My mother was a Mystic but after a while she was referred to as the town whore. The reason was because my father was killed by another Mystic named Avin. Since he was killed and never returned many people believed that she had been abandoned and without knowing the story of what happened condemned her. Avin was one of the most powerful and evil Mystics to ever exist and my father had been hunting him for a long time.

Avin treated his oldest son so horribly that he made a deal with the devil himself and was granted not only immortality but powers and abilities that gave him the power to kill an immortal and there was no immortal that he hated more than me. In my early years, I had heard stories of one man that could kill anyone or anything (including immortals) and for a long time I thought he was responsible for the eradication of my species. But like I said, that was in my early years. I had learned that it wasn't this man known as Jericho White that was responsible for the killing of my people, but it was my brother all along. Deathsong as he is now known, and I faced off for the first time after he killed my mother right in front of my eyes. He had systematically killed off every Mystic that ever existed except for me. Deathsong had no idea what killing every Mystic would do and how it would change me. I am known as "The True Mystic". A prophecy was foretold of emergence of the last of our kind, and that last Mystic would inherit all the powers of all those that had come before, and that Mystic of full magical blood would go on to be the most powerful Mystic to ever live and would forever be known as "The True Mystic". I have been hunting him my whole life and while we have fought before, I am waiting for the day where I can end him for good. His actions wouldn't just change me into one of the powerful beings on the planet but it would be the reason that I chose to enter law enforcement. I am fair and just (rarely do I ever break the rules) and I also happen to be one of the best in the world!