

Character Backstory and Roleplaying Tips

Larael Rishi was born in the sterile brilliance of Adascopolis, among Arkania's elite technologists—people who believed intellect, not compassion, defined worth. Larael's family were gene-architects, droid engineers, and corporate researchers for Adascorp; their dinner conversations were filled with formulas, prototypes, and performance metrics. Praise was rare. Expectations were crushing.

Fortunately for Larael, she was exceptional.

Before she reached adolescence, she was already bypassing encrypted terminals for fun, questioning her tutors' conclusions, and dismantling laboratory equipment just to see if she could rebuild it better. Her mind moved faster than conversation, leaving her sounding impatient or condescending even when she didn't mean to. Social failure frustrated her—intelligence should have been enough.

Her life changed at sixteen when she discovered that Adascorp had been secretly transporting offworld "test subjects" using smugglers from Hutt Space. The operation relied on an ugly network of Jawa scavengers hired to deliver parts, Hutt brokers pushing cargo manifests under the table, and Arkanian executives pretending not to know. Curious, disgusted, and—above all—determined to expose the incompetence of the whole operation, Larael infiltrated the supply routes.

To avoid detection, she taught herself Huttese, then Jawa Trade Language, studying the dialects until she could eavesdrop flawlessly. For months she posed as a neutral tech contractor, helping repair scavenged droids and translating between races who had no idea an Arkanian could understand their conversations. Her investigation was so thorough that she eventually leaked enough evidence to collapse the entire project.

She expected praise for revealing the corruption. Instead, she earned her family's outrage—and Adascorp's wrath.

Pushed out of Arkanian society under the guise of a "research sabbatical," Larael left her homeworld with a single bag, a blaster pistol she barely knew how to use, and a brain that could outthink half the Core Worlds. She landed in the Outer Rim and immediately found the freedom intoxicating.

Her ability to speak Huttese earned her safe passage—and fair prices—among Hutt merchants, where she quickly became known as "the cold-eyed slicer who doesn't miss a detail." Her fluency in Jawa made her invaluable in scrap markets across Tatooine, Ryloth, Lothal, and beyond. Jawas adored her because she negotiated like a machine: rapidly, precisely, and without emotional noise. She adored them because they were efficient and didn't require forced politeness.

Now twenty-one, Larael works as a roaming Tech Specialist, repairing ships, slicing security systems, decoding alien tech, and building devices other people would call "dangerously illegal." She's blunt, brilliant, and socially rough—but she gets the job done every single time.

Larael doesn't believe in destiny.

She believes in logic, innovation, and the quiet satisfaction of proving everyone wrong.

And out here on the Rim—far from Arkanian courts—her mind can finally run free.

Roleplaying Tips:

- **Speaks Huttese and Jawa casually, sometimes slipping into them mid-sentence when annoyed.**
- **Blunt and impatient, especially when others fail to follow her logic.**
- **Fascinated by alien tech, always examining devices, scrap, or droids she encounters.**
- **Values efficiency over diplomacy, preferring quick solutions to long conversations.**
- **Soft spot for Jawas, who she respects more than most high-born Arkanians.**