

Character Briefs

Chai, aka "The Khan"



"Ruler of the steppe"

Age: 23

Primary Attributes: Black carbon VR glasses, Smudged Black lipstick, sturdy short complexion, buzzing mini drone pouch "The Hive," Excalibur sniper riffle.

Physical Description:

- Height:** 1,68 m
- Weight:** 60 kg
- Complexion:** stout
- Hair:** black, undercut bob
- Skin Color:** dark brass
- Eye Color:** mesmerizing grey
- Tattoo:** on right knuckles K H A N
- Clothes:** Black VR glasses, black operative uniform, kevlar vest on a black t-shirt with a golden horseshoe pin and two lucky golden knuckle rings.

Age:	23
Weapons:	High-precision sniper rifle Excalibur and hive drones for control over territory.
Quirk:	Compulsively polishes her lucky gold horseshoe pin.
Inner conflict:	Her drive to control an area comes from her compulsive behavior to make order in chaos, and this sometimes plays against her being a team player.
Key Personality Characteristics:	Cool, Compulsive, Shy, Exploder

Biography

Chai grew up in a family of conservative and strict rules. Her blood was a famous upholder of traditional hunts and sharpshooting. She was raised on principles of discipline and order. Chai's everyday life was planned by the minute. Till the day that her father's competition didn't decide to solve the issue by brute force by hiring the syndicate.

Being ten years old, Chai only remembers the fire of the night and the long run in the winter night running, running till she couldn't move. On the brink of this horrid evening, she fought with her mother over disciplinary measures on matters of order in her room. Leaving this memory as a painful last memory of her childhood.

After the night of the fire, Chai was on her own. Lost and broken, she wondered about the frigid plains. Chai hid for days from the people that came for her family. She hunted with the little she had and survived just to live to see the next dawn. The only thing left of her family was a golden horseshoe her mother gave her for luck.

Seven years passed by as she made it alone in the wild. She grew to be a natural hunter of an extraordinary kind. Her obsessiveness for order grew by the day. Chai wanted to be in control of the situation and to dominate the here and now.

Chai first joined hunting operatives at age 15, where she got introduced to enhanced vision control through drones. Being prone to overdo, she connected a hive of drones to her headset to have an absolute vision of an area. After showing her rare potential to work with numerous drones at once and snipping, she got invited to a special ops unit hunting for syndicate activity down south.

Now, before every mission, she paints her lips black as the local hunters did for centuries in her homeland. She operates in silence and has a notorious reputation for getting

things done, even if it is playing against the team's goals. If some confront her about issues on the mission, they might quickly draw out the wild part of Chai which explodes momentarily, which might lead to catching the tattooed knuckles of Chai in your jaw. Although she might not be the best team player, the respect she has earned due to her snipping skills is great, and many still prefer her to be on their side.

Chai has gained the nickname "Khan" because no one can survive in any open area she oversees, and Chai dominates it with a crushing fist. Usually, if you hear that the Khan is set, the team will not worry about securing this area as nothing gets by Chai.

Chai waits like a seasoned hunter for the moment to strike back at the syndicate that came after her family. She watches, plans, and will be ready to pounce if the time is right.

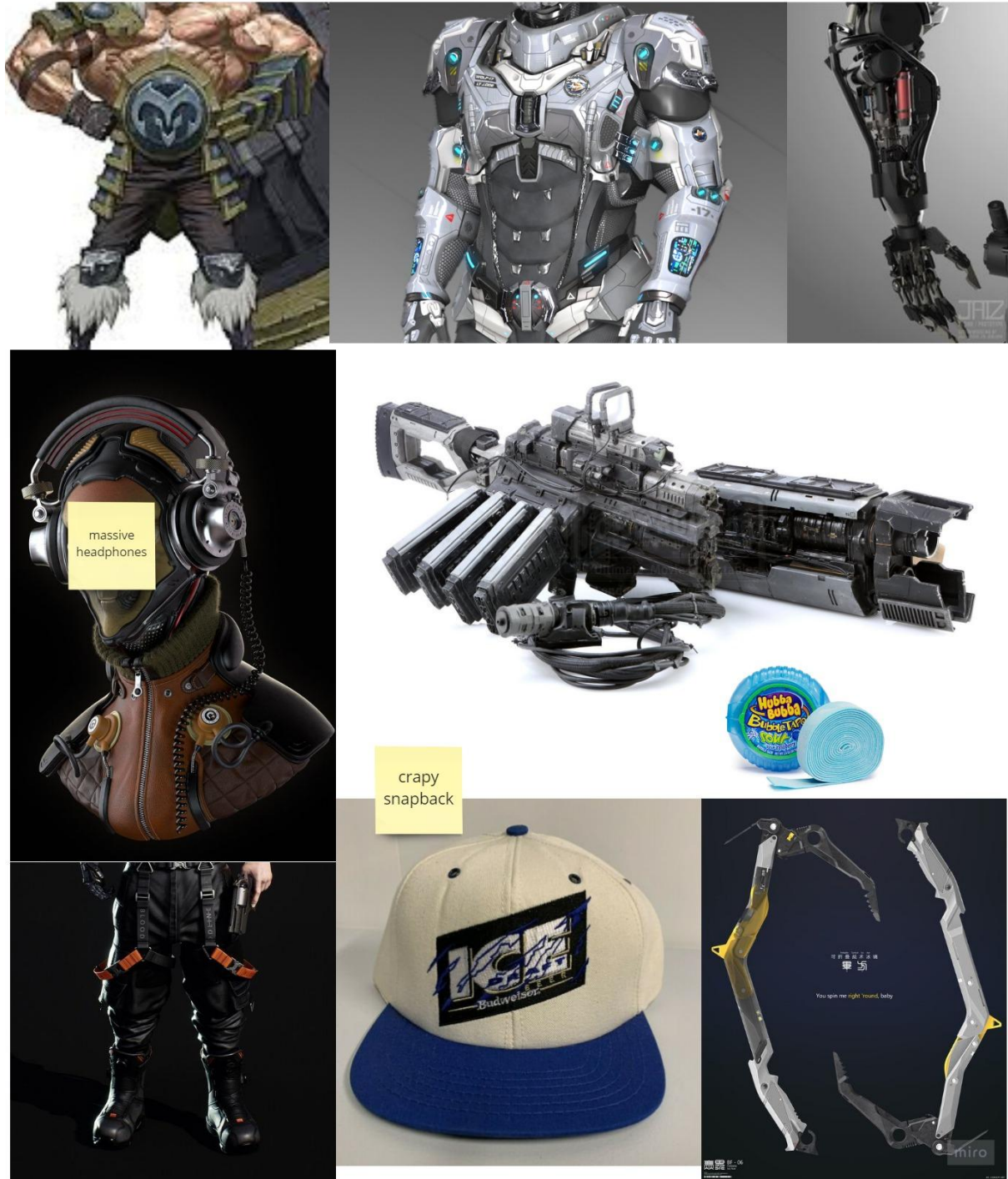
Barks, Sample Chit-chat

Idle	In Position	Move Out	Combat
Connected, vision checked.	Set and secured!	Time to get things ordered!	Arrows flying!
Ready to secure.	Area under control!	The Khan sees your weakness.	Getting hectic back here.
You're a mess!	Now don't make a mess here!	One bullet is all it takes.	You are in my domain now!
Three black and three white. Perfect.	Domain set up!	Not luck but skill.	Did you really think you'll make it out?
My little ones are longing to fly.	Hive in place!	Don't be in the way.	The Khan dominates.

Krudo the Plasma Bear

"Heavy beats & heavy guns"

Age:	35
Primary Attributes:	Bear-like features, giant robotic black arm, white exosuit, Plasmagun class "Zinger Cruiser," ice axe- Jerry, and massive headphones.
Physical Description:	Height: 1,95 m Weight: 120kg Complexion: bear-like Hair color & beard: short slicked back black hair, 3rd-day shave. Skin Color: Metallic copper. Clothes: High military boots, baggy pants with side pockets, a bulky white exosuit, a snapback cap with the words "Ice Baby", and massive headphones. Augmentation: Left hand to his elbow is covered in black metal, a replacement he made for himself using newfound alien technology on Dharkar.
Weapons:	Uses a huge plasma gun the size that is used on small interstellar cruisers made of white metal.
Quirk:	Always chewing loudly, deep blue bubble gum.
Inner conflict:	His greed and adventure need drive him forward but are always in conflict with his rational survival instincts.
Key Personality Characteristics:	Grumpy, Intelligent, Inquisitive, Stubborn, Groovy



Krudo starter pack.

Biography

Krudo Sarkan is a miner from Mars who jumped on the first opportunity to get rich and famous in the faraway frontier of Dharkar. As he got a one-way ticket to Dharkar, he decided that he would choose to search for riches in the ice-covered

sector X-32, the Ice Genome. Few looked towards this area since it had a harsh climate and little biosignal. Still, Krudo has heard in martian bars rumors that some pioneers on Dharkar find ecosystem bubbles under the ice crust, and they become crazy rich from it. So he put all his money into starting with a Zeno drop pod, which specialized in drilling under the crust to extract carbon dioxide and convert it to oxygen.

Krudo partnered with Jim, a biologist, to start their endeavor on Dharkar. Their drop was successful, and they quickly established oxygen supplies. No signs of nanobots were seen for the first couple of weeks. They set up their ice stupas for irrigation purposes and built up primary fortifications for their started mini-colony.

In the first confrontation with the nanobots, Jim got his head blown off. Well, now Jim was dead, which meant Krudo got it all. Not bad at all. Krudo realizes that the nanobots hacked his security systems and the drop pod's AI, so he turns it off and goes manual. It didn't take long for Krudo to understand that many basic nanobots are seemingly reading silhouettes, and scarecrows worked quite well against them. Jim's dead body became the scarecrow in Krudo's domain. Krudo talks to him to this day.

Learning the ropes was harsh, but the choice of this sector paid off. Krudo found fields of ice lilies that he could cross-breed and start growing next to his ice stupas. This implementation gave him a steady flow of credit, which meant he could upgrade gear and move further into the dangerous lands of X-32.

Exploring the area further, Krudo discovered an ecosystem bubble under the thick ice layer. There lay a world hidden under the ice full of lost alien technologies and, most importantly, the habitat of nephiflux. These creatures possess a shifting nano-crystal, an outmost expensive resource used in making high-grade armor plating.

Krudo's first hunt didn't go too well. After a confrontation with a nephiflux herd, he got his arm almost completely severed. Searching the unknown ecosystem bubbles, he scavenged enough alien tech to build himself a new arm. From that day on, he has a certain respect for these creatures. The pain where he attached his robotic arm still bothers him and makes him grumpy in warm places.

With the discovery of the nephiflux, Krudo's domain started to grow. He became the overseer of X-32, gaining

popularity as the news spread. This fame leads others to seek out his fortune. Krudo believes that the nanobots are a minor problem compared to the raiding gangs who come to steal from him. He confronts the harsh environment with his robotic arm and makes sure with his custom cruiser-class plasma gun, the "Zinger," that whoever wants his fortune must fight for it. He has scavenged enough alien tech to make his fortification a formidable base of operation and death to any who seek his fortunes.

Krudo thinks there is way more under the ice, and his instincts might be right. He can be met on his hunt for resources in the harsh X-32 sector, accompanied by his Zinger, listening to some heavy beats in his fortress or drinking his life away on an orbital station.

Barks, Sample Chit-chat

Idle	Interested	Greetings	Goodbye	Combat
Dharkar, oh Dharkar, the frontier of the daring!	Can that make us some credit?	A frosty afternoon!	Don't come back till you find something.	Boom! And you're gone!
Ice, ice babies!	Does that need a little taming?	I hope you brought big guns. Or you're dead buddy.	Till the next hunt!	Uhh, that hurt. Now let me introduce my little friend.
This arm just doesn't stop throbbing.	Mmm... let's go!	Another day to explore!	Stay warm!	Time for some heavy beats!
Don't trust those machines, gonna eat our brains one day!	This, could be a great beat.	You dressed warm? It ain't no joke.	Next time come with bigger guns.	You better be worth my effort!
This good ol' beat will make	Now you got me listening.	Time to jam!	Dharkar only rewards	Time to use some metal muscle!

my blood flow. You should try it too.			those who are daring but not dumb!	
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Karar Tuguz

- a lonely son of Hurhon,
left to the bitter Fate.

World: Enoa

Primary Attributes: long
braid, mirky dark eyes,
baggy clothing, talisman
Knotts in his armor, messy
deel.

Cultural References:

Central Asian nomad
cultures, the rise of
Temujin, Saka culture

Career: Mercenary

Gameplay role: Companion in
Northern Hurhon

Inner conflict: Is Fate
moving him or free will? Is
the curse a blessing or a
bane?

Physical Description: Slim
build but athletic, narrow
eyes with black murk (Izir)
running through it, a
recognizable scar across

his nose, severe burn marks on his hands, traditional long braid
with a deep undercut, and two braids in front of the ear, black as
the night hair, tan-reddish skin color, wears a crimson deel in a
very messy way, carries a spear much more expensive looking than
his general armor and clothing, wears multiple talisman Knotts
across his arms for good fortune. His armor looks like it was put
together from scrap he found.

Smells like: Ground pepper with ash

Quirk: Nervously sliding his hand through his hair.

Biography



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A steppe-born huddulin, by age 10, Tuguz's father's Name has been taken away. The head of the family slowly fell into madness as the curse of the Nameless took his mind. On the day of the Blue Falcon, Tuguz's father, in a feverish rambling about the Threads of Fate, left the yurt camp, never to return.

As the family's curse proceeded, the local ruler, the Agha, came to take hold of the family's holdings. Tuguz was only 12 when the Agha arrived at the camp and witnessed the challenge by Uhe, Tuguz's older sister, for the right to the family's land. The duel was quick and deadly as Tuguz saw his sister butchered by the Agha of the Endless Steppe. Due to luck only, Tuguz escaped to the nearby mountains and became the last of his blood. Now alone and Nameless in the eternal burning steppe Tuguz was confused and lonely.

Years slipped by as he survived and hunted in the mountains, secluded from the nomadic society, his only friend being Shamas the Sun Disc. He broke his leg while slipping between two ice plates on one winter hunt. Already accepting that this is where he ends, he was found by a small group of hunters. To his surprise, he was taken in a Nameless, the lowest member of the society of Hurhon. The community that took him in was compromised mostly of Mirk Eyes, those of whom the curse has taken a firm hold.

By age 20, he was a full member of the Izirik Clan, cast-out blood, and wore their traditional hairstyle, a long braid of Iz. Tuguz learned how to manipulate his curse for his benefit. He practiced the path of the Seeker and helped protect the family. He grew strong, and his wit was fast as Mulungur's lightning. Everyone knew in the clan that Tuguz was to become the next chief of the blood, but the Threads of Fate had other plans for him.

At the age of 24, the night burned bright for Tuguz. His camp was raided by Namers, a religious order against the cursed. Tuguz thought with all his might, but it wasn't enough, and before the darkness swallowed him, he saw amongst the Namers his long-lost father vigorously slaughtering his newfound kin. As the flames took the yurt camp, Fate yet again played a grim game with Tuguz to let him survive amongst the ash.

Now, Karak Tuguz, or the Ashborn Tuguz is a mercenary for hire in the Northern Huddulin territories. He appears from town to town, mumbling in half gibberish about that Fate will not have him. His prior self was lost in the fire. As controversial as it might sound, Fate and goof fortune are two different things for Tuguz, so he wears a multitude of good fortune knots in his clothing, believing it will protect him. He curses Fate to this day and

thinks that everyone is the maker of his own if he wants it, and he is here to prove it. He is ready to set off on an adventure, bring revenge on those who did him wrong, and find answers about his father, the curse, and the Namers. He doesn't yet realize that the madness that took his father is slowly seeping its tendrils into his mind and under his protective Knots, the eye of the Veil is blooming.

Demeanour & Attributes

Strengths	Natural Traits	Weaknesses
Maddening Charisma	Believes that everyone can control his Fate	Hot-headed
Survivalist	Sarcastic	Trust only himself
Battle forged		Blames Fate for everything
Strategic		Listens to the Void (curse)
Quick-witted		Too soft-hearted for his own good.

Barks, Sample Chit-chat

Idle	Interested	Greetings	Goodbye	Combat
[Curse] Are you mumbling something? Oh, not you.	You do see it all connecting?	Shamas protects us today!	Manu oversees your ride, friend!	This might be a mistake!
Do you have a problem?	I have seen this somewhere in a dream.	The wind is in our favor!	Meet we shall again!	[Vicious] I will let the lizards feed on you!
I smell fear in the wind.	If you kill it, you live with	Are you gonna' stand there	Come again if you have the heart	[Sarcastic] Narar's balls, you

	it.	forever? Let's move!	to do what is right!	really think you can kill me!
[Survivalist] I hope we sleep under the open skies. A huddulin withers in the stone boxes of humans.	We push forward now, Fate doesn't await that.	[Hot-headed] I care nothing for your motives. If you hunt for Namers, my spear will be there.	[Curse] You can hear it can't you? There is no way of running from it. *chuckle*	Fate, I'm coming for you!
With or without a Name, Fate fucks us over anyway.		[Excited] Good fortune favors me, great to see you!	One more step toward freedom!	[Curse] Do you hear the Veil calling? It demands death!
[Curse] I don't bite, the Izir in my eyes is just for show... or not.		[Dull] It is you again? Another slave of Fate?	Ride the wind, my sister/brother!	My blade is guided by my free will!
Kill some Namers? About time.		[Curse] You do see it, don't you? It has your neck!	The chains will break one day! So shall it be!	[Fatalistic] Die I might, but I'll take you to the Embrace with me.
I shall be freed from the strangling Thread of Fate.		[Curse] It whispered to me that you will come.	You have Narar's wind and Akrepa's fire. Let it guide you.	

Slyera Mech

Height: 1,60m

Weight: 50kg

Hair color: Neon Blue mohawk

Age: 33

Tattoos: All over the upper side of the abdomen going up to her back, scribbling of names of people she lost.

Skin Color: metallic copper.

Piercings: Double nostril piercing, silver chain from nose to ear.

Clothes: High military boots, baggy pants, and a pink crop top with a neon green sign of "FUCK the system."

Augmentation: Left hand to her elbow covered in black chrome with live ink tattoos.

Quirk: Always chewing in a very loud manner, low-quality chewing tobacco.

Characteristics:

Aggressive

Intelligent

Inquisitive

Stubborn



Slyera is a low life from the lower districts of New London. She is old enough to remember the first nuclear blasts and has to this day, nightmares of the first night in the bunkers. Twenty-five years have passed since then, and lower levels of New London are safe from radiation but not safe from the scum that lives there. Slyera is an X-currier. Her everyday task is delivering messages across the lower levels at any cost. She uses her old-school Vespa scooter to travel the undercity and keeps her old friend *Pinky* close by, a modified German Luger P.08z pistol. She is super hot-headed and loves to listen to loud heavy music while trying to figure out how to augment her ride and arm. She has gotten the nickname Mech throughout the years due to her love of tinkering with everything around her. Her obsession with augmentation has led her to listen to the radical binary prophet teachings about perfect uploaded life.

Slyera's mother died of toxic poisoning in the mining halls. Before her mother passed away, Slyera promised her to leave this

city. Slyera has been putting away money for the past ten years to buy a ticket to the Al'Zinger ship, which goes to Nova Parisia, a heaven on Earth. But three years ago, she accidentally saw the package content revealing some hard truths about one of her delivery missions. She gained insight that nothing exists outside of New London and that the Al'Zinger and other ships take people away to the so-called "Butchery." This information leads her down a rabbit hole of conspiracy, paranormal activities, and the acquaintance with F.A.T.A.L., an organization looking into the underbelly of the city.

Nowadays, Slyera still runs as an X-currier but secretly works for F.A.T.A.L. as an informant. You can always find her hanging out at Ivan's Sushi & Kebab place.

Barks, Sample Chit-chat

Idle	Interested	Greetings (in her garage)	Goodbye	Combat
Don't you love the smell of this city? Piss and chloride. Best you can wish for.	What the chrome is that?	Ok, I see you. What do you need?	Close the door as you leave.	Bang. Bang, you are dead.
Pinky, buddy, do you think we get to flex with you today?	I could be persuaded.	What do you want to hear? Good old morning? What do you need?	If you have something in your pocket, you know I'll find you.	For fuck's sake, die already, die, die, DIE!
Big money, bla bla...	Maybe it can change things?	Make it quick, I'm going hunting soon.	You know Ma'ma used to say, "Goodbye, and now fuck off."	That ain't normal.
Music makes the world go round, and a few bullets...	That could help a poor X-carrier. Me.	I hope you have a gun or you're not the serious		Pinky, we've got to take out the trash.

		person I thought you to be.		
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