



Tage Codex

Tage Codex, a master of the digital realm, has a striking appearance with his spiky yellow hair and piercing blue eyes which are fitting for the colors of electricity. Clad in a sleek black suit, he adds a pop of vibrancy with yellow shoes and socks, which is also fitting since electricity tends to turn what it strikes black from the burns.

An electric mage deep in the world of programming, Tage Codex dedicates his skills to maintaining and enhancing the functionality of his array of computers. Born with a natural affinity for electricity, he takes advantage of it with technology to ensure the smooth operation of his jobs.

Tage Codex converses in a stilted, computer-like manner. His voice, tinged with the binary rhythms of programming, reflects the extensive time he has spent coding constantly that it became a part of his speech patterns.

"Greetings, friend. Conservation protocol engaged. Initiating conversation protocol. How may I assist you today?"

"Analyzing social cues... Attempting to re-emulate human conversational norms."

"Warning: Low energy levels detected. This area is not fun."



Neptune Stillwater

Neptune Stillwater, a sight to behold with his wavy brown hair which represents warmth that he shows to customers. Clad in a cyan shirt with a deep blue apron wrapped around him, which both are fitting for a water mage who uses his magic to make very tasty and exotic drinks.

Hailing from a poor family, Neptune Stillwater discovered a very powerful water magic skill and used it to make a name for himself as a fancy bartender as his water magic infuses a touch of enchantment into each drink. He has gained a reputation for making drinks that will make you dance with delight. Beyond the bar, Neptune is known for his flirting demeanor with the ladies and a good listener to everyone else.

His voice, a sultry melody tailored to charm, resonates through the air but he speaks to men and women differently, with women there is charm and a male version of how a succubus speaks as Neptune can't help but flirt with any single woman, but with men, it's stern but relaxing as someone who wants to be your friend.

"Ladies, allow me to weave a liquid symphony for you. Behold, the Enchanter Decanter, a concoction as mesmerizing as your smiles. Sip and let the magic of flavor transport you to an ocean of delight."

"Gentlemen, may I offer you a taste of craftsmanship? Each pour tells a story but try not to listen to them all, enjoy responsibly, friends."

"You've had way too much tonight, I'm going to call you a cab but don't let this happen again."





Tuner Sureshot

Unlike most of his family, he is a dedicated sound mage, equipped with above-average-sized ears that aren't fitting for a sniper. Sporting green short hair makes for good camo in the wild, which is also why he wears a blue-green outfit, the perfect blend of functionality and style. Always armed with a gun fitted with a silencer to hunt down creatures that overpopulate the wilds.

Hailing from a family of skilled snipers, this sound mage is no stranger to the art of the hunt. Armed with a pistol and a silencer, he tracks his prey with a lethal combination of magical prowess and marksmanship that he learned from his father and mother. His primary job is to hunt down creatures that have a higher population than normal.

Tuner tends to speak like his older brother, with his southern-accented voice cutting through the stillness like a whispering breeze. His words, delivered in a rapid-fire southern drawl, encapsulate the no-nonsense approach of a sound mage who's all business when it comes to the life and death job that is hunting dangerous animals.

"Hmm, these tracks are much too darned small for a Huntably, either it's a young'n or something else is in the area."

"Dang nab Clyde had to go to some darned high tech fancy city and I'm doing this garbage job..."

"Well then Garda, i'm glad you can help uphold the family legacy, allow me to make you a weapon you just might like."



Faelan Mistwhisper

A man with ruby hair and a clean white suit stands with a melancholy gaze. Bestowed with magical powers by the enigmatic fairy mob boss Oberon Nightcaller. He wears his sadness like a second skin, the weight of perceived inadequacy visible in his eyes. Though the vibrant hues of the fairy garden surround him, his clean white suit shows that deep down, the guy is a pure soul who joined Oberon to get something in his life.

Haunted by a sense of inadequacy, this man, given powers by Oberon Nightcaller, tends the fairy gardens with utmost care, finding solace in the company of these magical creatures who have become his only true friends. In a world that thinks of Faelan as a pathetic goofball, Oberon is the sole confidant who sees potential in him. And that trust is earned as he blossoms amidst the vibrant colors of the fairy garden he helped flourish, a testament to the bond forged with his whimsical companions.

Addressing his fairy friends, the man's voice takes on a softer, more cheerful tone. The shift in his dialogue reflects the genuine warmth that emerges when surrounded by his fairy friends. However when speaking to a non fairy he is either defensive or very on edge as he is expecting the others to see him as pathetic.

"Well now, my little buds, how are we doing today? You know, this garden wouldn't be half as magical without your sparkly touches."

"I.....really prefer if you left me alone....I don't trust you in the slightest."



Jess Gearlyn

An aspiring comedian wears a grey and blue jester outfit that contrasts starkly with the strained smile she sports which shows that she is forced into a job she doesn't like. This performer harbors dreams of being blessed with Chaos Magic, but unfortunately she got Mecha Magic. The blue and grey colors are not only colors of metal, but they also are the colors of melancholy.

Yearning to break into the world of comedy, this aspiring comedian reluctantly operates mechanical rides to make ends meet. Forced to muster enthusiasm as she explains the dangers of the rides to thrill-seekers, her off-work demeanor shows how she really feels. When not in the spotlight, she sheds the forced smiles, adopting a blunt and straightforward manner.

Her voice carries a fabricated enthusiasm that masks the underlying discontent she has at her life at the moment. Off work, her tone shifts, and she bluntly asserts things she would never say at work. The disparity in her dialogue encapsulates the tension between her dreams of chaotic comedy that she idolizes and the mundane reality she is forced to live in.

"Welcome aboard, everyone! Get ready to defy gravity but please don't "Defy the rules of the ride.", please keep your hands and feet inside at all times."

"I hate this job, I hate the customers, I hate the stupid heat, I hate the stupid clean up from the idiots who can't help but leave drinks all over the stupid place"

"Honestly, I'd rather be cracking jokes on a stage than strapping these jokes into these contraptions. But life's not always a barrel of laughs, is it?"