

char EGO:

Twilight Presence = 64

Analytical = 34

Vehemence = 40

Gambit = 23

Volatile = 67

char LINK:

Odium = 30

Orchestrator = 17

Consonance = 42

Chemistry = 78

Solicitude = 69

char WARFARE:

Welfare = 32

Body Contrivance = 53

Sufferance = 75

Bastion = 75

Hound = 34

char HEART KINGDOM:

Augury = 50

Sagacity = 66

Inland Judgement = 59

Mercurial = 30

Nihilility = 40

Moral Compass = 61

Name: Kulv Rashomun

Nickname: Ku-mun

Gender: Male

Sexual orientation: The enemy's ass / Straight

Species: Human

Age: 19

Height: 1.78 m

Weight: 62 Kg

Likes: Lasting and propagating physical pain, pressure on body, loud distorted noises, psychological horror, weird music, physical contact with loved ones, seeing justice being carried out, designing things, overcoming obstacles as the underdog.

Dislikes: Responsibility, feelings of dread, emptiness of the soul, rivalry, feeling fear, being lost emotionally, emotional restraints.

Strengths:

Volition Threshold; Once a certain limit is bypassed, they will never falter or waver,

Fights Of The Weak; Being the underdog empowers them, makes them more viscous and merciless.

Self Destruct Systems; Life is void, thus they can treat themselves as a tool, not as a person.

Achieve goals at any physical cost.

Weaknesses:

Coveted Conclusion; dying is the ultimate goal in battle. All fights are escalated to their own death. Win or die, both result in victory.

Darkest Finale; Death may come in grandeur only. Thus, they plan their death as a wonderful play, and will go out of their way to make The Finale a great spectacle.

Drowning In Life; They have plummeted to an abyss, and they can no longer breathe. Joy is momentary, agony is lasting. They remember all failures and negativities.

magic type / powers (with description) and drawbacks:

Battle alchemist; they brew malicious concoctions that cripple the enemy, and exploit all their weaknesses. Additionally, they can empower allies, and even heal them a decent amount. When resources are depleted (first weakness), they will inject themselves with a special syringe, "Rapturous Affliction", which will allow them to go into a frenzy.

In frenzy, they use a hook tipped sword linked with a chain. Frenzy allows them to wreak indiscriminating havoc, making them a wild card. The cost is apparent, as they tear down their body in a gruesome manner (second weakness)

Extra info:

magic type is a formless Darkness. It erupts from them.

They indulge in abstract conceptualization too much, up to the point where they will extract meaning from something that implies a total opposite.

Weird music is an effective way to divert their attention. Weird and eccentric stuff intrigue them a tad bit too much.

Their body is a mess, due to how they use it mainly.

Desired method of death : Impaled by a giant spear, right through the heart, as flower petals whirl around them, on a grand stage with the brightest red curtains, and the light shedding right atop him, shadowing his face in a poetic manner. Their most hated enemy tagging alongside

them. In his final moments, he wishes to stare at his enemy's eyes, grin, an actual smile, and out-live them by a minute to present their final discour.

Backstory:

Due to a series of adaptations to new environments, they learnt not to get too attached, though they still make that mistake from time to time. Throughout their life, they saw nothing but the awkwardness of people : how they treat and greet, at what they laugh at, and how the clown must be made artificially. They soon understood how hierarchy is established, and took it to heart to never follow like a fool.

A life of hiding their intent and not expressing their inner empire has led them to create imaginary personalities to converse with, essentially becoming divided amongst himself and his other self made companions. They hear their own voice as a different self, thus reading their mind is essentially useless, but predicting them is still possible.

In the grand scheme of things, due to heavy psychological repression, they developed self destruct mechanisms, such as flagellation, and they would put a bullet to their head if they were allowed to.

Theme Song:

New New World Instrumental : The last few seconds of the song is what they believe to be the sound of the bullet when it will ricochet in their head, and the slow silence is what comes afterwards, a fitting respite.

Appearance (picture or description, optional):

Eyes are typically dragging, until interest is piqued. White to a certain extent. Hair is obviously receding due to their usage of their abilities. Hunched back due to extended hours brewing potions. A contorted smile is always on their face, and can be oddly inferred from their voice.

Etc (whatever you want, optional ; example : favorite weapon and its description):

Their hook tipped chain sword is a tool more than a weapon, as it allows them to move around in 3D. They use it to close distances and move erratically.

They made their own healing potion, called LifeLight. It's a wonderful coffee drink that heals a significant amount of health. They drink it whenever they are feeling anxious / depressed / tired. If they offer it to you from their own favourite bottle, it means they trust you with a blindfold on.

Starting Point :

The adventure will begin from the place where no dreams rise : The Man Made Federation. The MMF is a country built on steel, grease, and hatred for all things not human. There's racism against all living creatures, and they are from the few who have forsaken The Ice Angels, and refuse their protection.

The Man Made Federation is reminiscent of world wars, where only gritty ruffians try to co-exist. Clean water is unheard of, and food is sent in moldy packs as rations. While they use some forms of magic, these civilians have gone back to metal and machinery, preferring the "underdog" guns and tanks over magical warfare tactics.

Lacking any magic libraries, it is normal that these people discriminate against magicians, but paradoxically accept alchemy and Ars-tech.

This rotting corpse of a country is universally hated by all kingdoms and nations, as The MMF has absolutely no allies, not even in name-only. On The Great Registry of nations, it is the only place that has declared war against *all* other nations, and has absolutely zero allies to back them up.

With such a grotesque way of diplomacy, one would think that they should be put on the immediate eradication list. However, The MMF still stands due to one thing, and one damned thing only : Sheer, thundering suppress fire.

Due to The MMF living on a volcanic, metal rich land, they are capable of mass producing untold billions of tanks, warplanes, and land-crushing ships. Children are given an array of guns, assault rifles, RPGs, C4 bombs, and even Deployable Triple Machine Gun-Explosive Anti Tank Bullets Sentries (known as DTMs) for their birthdays. By 3, the child learns object permanence from grenades being launched in cover. By 4, the child learns Spatial-geometric coordination from inserting the correct type of bullets into magazines. By 8, the child already knows all the intricacies of guns. By 16, they have already fought in civil wars, and outside wars, and have most likely committed numerous war crimes.

Despite all of that, the average living age is up to 65.

This is due, and yet again, to a single aspect of this horrendous nation : Their sheer fire volume.

Wars with The MMF last a single battle. A singular battle lasts 20 years of continuous, unrelenting, suppress fire. Not a single moment passes without a myriad of gunshots being flung at the enemy.

The MMF's support unit is a 3 roads long, air-dropped bullet factory that, if needed, can be turned into scrap metal for recycling into another air-dropped factory. That is their very lowest support unit; Not even the heavy support, or the immediate support.

A war against The MMF is a guaranteed victory to the opposition, but the cost is too grave, with little in return. Colonising The MMF means more metal production, which isn't much needed in a world of magic.

A war against The MMF traumatizes your army for 20 continuous years, without a single second of rest. All war-personnells return deaf, blind, metally-mute, half amputated, and ridden with PTSD from --- $20 \times 3.154 \times 10^7$ --- seconds of thunderous fire sound. Armies become husks that tank down the country's morale, and leads to a great burden that eventually bankrupts the nation itself. A war with The MMF is a victory in terms of winning the war, but a loss in terms of survival and expansion.

The MMF army rarely reloads their guns, as when the magazine or clip is emptied, they just switch out to a new gun to avoid giving a single nano-second of rest. Reloading is seen as a "pussy-move" on behalf of the reloader, and will be punished by sending the soldier to their death on a bayonet-charge; of course while still firing. Soldiers don't use any armor, for that weight can be replaced with more bullets and guns.

Not to forget that their melee weapon is a simple, hard edge shovel, that is used so extensively that the edge is jagged and misaligned. No clean cut, no swift death comes from their shovel, for their "slices" are more akin to blunt, thin rods that hurt, and hurt, and hurt some more.

Since they use guns and mortars, medium magic defenses are more than capable of defending against the suppress fire. Yet keeping those medium-strength, army wide barriers for 20 continuous years is a feat that no magician squad is capable of doing flawlessly. A single moment of weakness allows a wall of Ioda bullets to enter the army line, and cause massive casualties.

Worse yet is when they target civilian grounds. In Nevermore, war crimes are committed sometimes, but even the unhinged war crimes are kept to a minimum, for other countries might intervene, deeming the war-criminal country too much of a threat. Yet The MMF commits multiple war crimes every day.

The MMF is a rat infestation that is too annoying to deal with. They barely expand, simply because there's too much inside fighting, usually due to mere conflicts on who hates other races more, or which general has the strongest battalion.

The reason why no Xenoslave (non humanoid slaves) are present is simply because the sheer sight of a Xeno is enough to send the whole country into a murderous, blind rage. Keeping a

Xeno alive is a heresy meriting death by war-deployment, so just a regular recruitment to war, but in the front lines.

They don't even steal that many resources. In the grand scheme of things, their expansion is only on resources, and they take a measly 5% at most. They are the single fruit-fly that ruins a single fruit in a basket, but it is extremely annoying to deal with.

Generally, countries cede their resource grounds just to avoid having to deal with The MMF, as a single dead man on The MMF's side is reason enough to declare a full on war with the concurrent country.

The Beacon's expansion carries not towards The MMF, but in the opposite direction, sementing the idea that even the chaotic, unknowable aspect of life is not willing to deal with The MMF.

They are rats that exist only to spite other beings. They are everything that The Ice Angels didn't want humans to become. They are the reason why other countries mainly establish democracies : just to coordinate the handling of The MMF.

"Fucking lunatics haven't stopped firing for the past 3 weeks!

Our mages are shaking--- some have started hallucinating--- they are breaking down and crying like little children.

Our warriors stand baffled behind their walls, not knowing how to contribute against The Ioda Train-Wall being shot at them.

Our Generals are drinking to forget the humiliation.

Our medics are complaining from a lack of disinfectant.

Our archers dare not to peek, and are refusing any orders, threatening with mutiny if forced.

I lay all night, eyes wide open, unable to sleep due to the constant, never ending, sounds of gunshot, of bullets flying around, of bullets ricocheting off the magic barriers, of men screaming racist slurs, of tanks marching forward, of planes dropping missiles, of flak cannons echoing, of maddening, unending fire at our ranks.

As I write this, I contemplate putting a bullet in my head, but the thought that a piece of Ioda, the same cursed metal they use, piercing my temple disgusts me. I hate Ioda to death. I curse metal in all its forms. I wish nothing but The Ice Angels' wrath upon these damned humans. If The Beacon exists, it is just to swallow these FUCKING HUMANS WHOLE. END MY SUFFERING,

I BEG OF YOU JUST KILL THEM ALL AND RELEASE MY SOLDIERS LET THEM GO BACK AND LIVE FOR THE ANGELS' SAKE THEY HAVEN'T SLEPT IN A MONTH THEY ARE DYING."

§ Bermon, The 14th Vampire General, giving his Surrender Pleas in front of The High Vampire Court

The MMF's Arsenal :

The MMF has a passion for designing specialized forces. There are a myriad of designs and blueprints for death machines. For every situation, there is a weapon, and The MMF will mass produce it.

Atomic Tanks : In Nevermore, atomic power is different from what we have in the real world. Their atomic power is magic fueled, as the atom splitting is used to split magic itself. This means that an atomic bomb is doubly a magical atomic bomb.

The Humans of The MMF have wet dreams of owning Atomic Tanks, for it is arguably one of the best land weapons in storage.

The Atomic Tank is an ingenious design, with weapons of mass destruction. A single Atomic Tank is considered a Heavy Fleet, for they offer incredible fire strength on the battlefield.

Equipped with a Static Discharge Field, this tank will shrug off any medium and below level spell. It's Heavy Platings are made from Avalyon, meaning regular weaponry will not even scratch the vehicle. Mounted with 5 "Seven-Three" rotational barrels (5 gattling-guns, with each having 7 barrels, with 3 large barrels rotating counter-wise), 2 Intelligent Missiles Launchers (5 missiles each), 2 Dumb Missiles Launchers (6 missiles each), both being fully replenishable within the inside-factory of tank, 1 Thundercloud Coil (a rod that shoots lightning), 2 flak canons, 1 Hyper Intermissionary Looping Laser Canon, and finally, The Dreadnought Devestator : the main canon, that is a gattling shotgun for tank bullets.

The icing on top of the cake is The Last Measure. This weapon is the final resort of the atomic tank, for it is a bomb constructed from the tank itself. It is an atomic bomb that can be launched over continents. This artillery is enough to eliminate mountains, and render the land toxic to all life forms. To launch this bomb, The Highest Tank Commander must give the order himself.

There are currently only 15 Atomic Tanks, and the deployment of a single Atomic Tank requires the command of The Highest Tank Commander, alongside the command of The War General of The MMF.

“Toxic fumes that charr my skin and probably infest my lungs with the vilest chemicals--- but ey brotha’, this bad girl kills the Xenos like no other gun !”

§ An Atomic Tank driver, ecstatic as he launches the atomic bomb.

End Of Line : The End Of Line is a bomber plane of unimaginable proportions. It is a 5 body colossal plane, with each body 40 meters in length, with 6 wings that span over 150 meters in length, meant for Saturation Bombing. Upon seeing an End Of Line Bomber, one is wise to pray one last time to The Angels.

The End Of Line has an inside-factory, capable of producing 4 bombs : Chemical Waste, Blazer, Quaker, and Meteor.

Chemical Waste is a toxic artillery that will blow up into a mushroom cloud of toxic fumes, able to erode metal, and melt flesh.

Blazer is akin to Napalm, if Napalm’s flames reached 20 meters into the sky.

Quakers are a thick rod that punctures the ground, and explodes underneath, shaking the very core of the terrain.

Meteor is the deadliest, for it leaves craters the length of roads.

The End Of Line can drop 15 Bombs of each type every minute. The Main Body carries a single special bomb, known as “Endomann”. As one can expect, it is an atomic bomb the size of the main body.

There exists only 4 End Of Line Bombers.

“They think my ship is a dragon. Prove them wrong with our far superior fire power.”

§ General Provos, smoking his Ioda cigar, looking down on the battlefield.

Tower Defense System : A double barrel sentry turret loaded with full Regwar jackets bullets, The Tower Defense System is a deployable companion to the individuals of the MMF. It is tradition for the citizens of The MMF to color and customize their turret. Most customization do not contribute directly to the firing power of the weapon, but they do shape the turret to better fit the eccentricity of each individual.

There’s a famous tale of a soldier marrying his turret after having lost their mind.

“I added two more belt feed barrels to this bad boy... It kills better now!”

§ A random child, loading his favorite turret

Super Junger-Dreadnaught Cannon : One of the staples in defensive measures used by the MMF, The super junger-dreadnaught canon is a 75 meter barrel cannon, loaded with a single shot. This weapon is used to eliminate the larger unit of the enemy, but its sheer effectiveness

grants it other uses. For one, the size alone strikes fear into the enemy's ranks, as no sane man would charge straight at this colossal weapon. For two, it can be used to dig a large tunnel, if angled correctly, for guerilla trench battle.

The Super Junger-Dreadnaught Cannon's fire power is strong enough to emit a fatal sound wave near it, as well as hyper pressuring. It is thus advised to fire this weapon with a long fuse, lest one desires a painful death.

The MMF has 2000 Super Junger-Dreadnaught Cannons surrounding the perimeter.

"We will fire mountains at the Xenos. We will crush them under the weight of our bullets. Our Cannons are as straight as our righteousness. We will fire at the first sighting of Xenos."

§ Gendarme Huggd, keeping his eyes on his scope, trying to look for Xenos

Aerial Denial Soles : Flying creatures are plenty in Nevermore, and they pose quite a problem when considering that most kingdoms rely on their sentry men for protection. The MMF was no exception, up until a genius designed this machinery.

Aerial Denial Soles are, in simple words, tanks equipped with belt fed anti air missiles, the caveat being that each missile is a launcher pod for 10 small missiles. In terms of individual strength, each missile is laughably weak. However, a wasp swarm can bring down the toughest of beasts.

As mentioned previously, the Aerial Denial Soles have two functionalities : For one, they do harm and damage ; For two, they deny visual, rendering the sky but a massive cloud of metal. The sun cannot be seen, and the rays of light are locked by the sheer flying devastation that is to come.

The MMF has 30000 Aerial Denial Soles, 12000 of which are owned by a single 90 years old man named "Daffy the deaf". One can imagine why this mad man is deaf.

"They keep talkin' shit up until the sun don't shine no more on their little magical brains. Then they start opening their feedin' holes. I can hear 'em screaming--- Oh trust me I do..."

§ Daffy The Deaf, greasing his beard with tar

Dog Maker : Brutality is a prized quality in the beautiful cities of The MMF. And its quantity is all the better.

War is not a source of drought and malnutrition. On the contrary, it is a meat feast unlike any other, for a certain machine produces quality meat.

The Dog Maker is a war crime under the law of all other kingdoms, for it is a degeneracy so utterly disgusting that the sheer sighting of a singular piece is enough to draw all fire attention to it.

It is a highspeed roller equipped with a front-loaded multi saw-grinders. As the name implies, it eats, shreds, and compresses the victims into slabs of meat. The name came from the fact that the victims' meat comes out from multiple thin cylindrical tubes, leaving a trail of "Hot dogs". One can also deduce what a hungry, Xenos hating human would do.

Worst yet, this weapon was originally a farming machine, used by a farmer that just had too much hatred.

The MMF has 400 Dog Makers only, as they believe only the finest of butchers can truly mix and match Xenos meat.

"I hate it when we have to fight those fur Xenos. They ruin the texture! That crunch the Dogs had is absolutely ruined by the hairs. Who the hell likes hairs in their XenoDogs?!"

§ Meat-head The Butcher, your average, not so friendly butcher next door.

Darco Flame Shells : Gunpowder Tempering is a typical hobby in the MMF. Some even make it their profession, and one maniac decided it would be an excellent idea to invent a Gunpowder that is ten times more flammable than the regular stuff.

Darco Flame Shells are filled to the brim with this highly unstable compound. A single round spews blazing hot flames in a 35 meters beam, burning everything to a crisp. On its own, it is not a huge problem, yet when placed in a belt fed machine gun, one acquires a very efficient flamethrower that rarely runs dry.

Steak Nights are never as good as Darco Shells Steak Nights, or so soldiers of the MMF say.

Straight Stars : Speed is of the essence in a battlefield. The MMF does not simply accept plain speed, for they needed to make a mountable, rideable rocket on wheels. The Straight Star is a triple engine, armoured motorcycle, that of which only the boldest of dare devils can handle.

The strategy is simple : Ride bike, Press Gas. Propel towards enemy. Kill enemy. Check for heart beat. If alive, repeat, else, you did a great job.

Straight Stars are hailed as incredible individuals, for they literally go out with a bang.

Munnition :

Ammo types are incredibly varied within the MMF. Every family has its own “secret recipe”. This is more or less a tradition in these depraved regions.

Collnard .24 : Collnard .24 is the typical, vanilla bullet of the MMF. With the typical 5.56x45mm measures, this bullet holds 0.24g of **Ragna** within the gunpowder component, allowing it to compact great power in a small package.

Collnard bullets are truly appreciated, and some will wear their very first fired bullet as a necklace. Figures that most are Collnard.

Fugitive Norm : Fugitive Norm bullets are the heavy bullets of the MMF, typically used against well armored foes. With a measurement of 8x7.83mm , these bullets are capable of dealing greater harm to armor, eventually reaching the organs.

Fugitive Jack : Fugitive Jack bullets are the same as Fugitive Norm, but the name is justified with the full **Qura** jackets, hence Norm is for normal bullets, and Jack is for the armor piercing. The best way to use these bullets is to have Jack bullets as the first few rounds, then Norm bullets to finish the job.

Chellse : Chellse bullet are the regular shotgun shells. They are reliable, light weight for their size, even reusable up to 3 times. These shells have no other distinctive features, but they are cheap and effective.

Wheeler 3.1 : Wheeler bullets are used for precise firing, having a rotational chamber, coupled with a higher ratio in Ragna. These bullets have the distinctive feature of superior rotation mid air, allowing for negation of many factors in bullet trajectory. With the additional Ragna, they carry more velocity as well, making them great for long distance attrition fights.

IU Spar : IU stands for Inter-Ulterior, which is a type of bullet chamber containing two blocks, one for the initial projection, the second for the redirection projection. As this would imply, these bullets alter their trajectory mid air with a second explosion. These bullets require specific arms, and need heavy calculus to be effectively used.

Rubber Man : Riot bullets were found to be proportionally effective to the amount of bounce they held. Thus Rubber Man bullets were invented. Each bullet can bounce up to 5 times, allowing it to be used on a stampeding enemy. If one is capable of shooting within the ranks of the enemy, this would cause at least 5 soldiers to stagger. Take into consideration the sheer volume of shots the MMF army outputs, and you have a mad bouncy house disturbing the foe.

Rag Bois : One of the more “friendly firing” variants, Rag Bois are full Ragna compound bullets, making them explode on impact. The effectiveness of these bullets is questionable at best considering the cost of production, and the cost paid in friendly units lost, as well the cost of equipments blown up by mishandling of the bullets. However, they are incredibly fun to fire, so the MMF keeps the product going just for the morale boost.

White Shells : As the name states, these bullets come exclusively in pure white casings, signaling that they are Shock-wave blanks. These bullets are purely for the loud, disorienting BANG, with a hyper muzzle flash that is almost blinding. Their utility varies from beaconing, to pure chaos induction, to crowd control.

Mardu 9.12 : Mardu Shells are the last bullet to use, for they melt the gun once fired. Mardu shells are composed of highly flammable compounds, with no actual alloy tip. Once the primer is struck, a blast of fire is spewed, literally melting the gun, and dousing anybody in a 35 degree cone with hellfire. These bullets are very risky to use, but as a last resort, they do the job exceedingly well.

Magnum Bar : Magnum Bar, or more commonly Mag-bar, are bullets with a distinctive alloy composition of Qura and Fevra metal, then Izen gem, these bullets carry out a distinctive sound once fired, with a muzzle flash shaped like a cross. The composition allows the bullet to have an electrical shock to it, making it excellent against any metal clad opponent. Additionally, these bullets are The ASMR of The MMF. When a soldier reports low morale, they are typically subject to Mag-Bar treatment, which is a full two mags of Magnum Bar to fire. 89.4% report higher morale afterwards, and the rest are typically just feigning depression to have access to more Mag-bars.

Xeno-Mort : Bullets are the main form of currency in The MMF. Xeno-Mort would be the 100 dollar bill. These bullets are audaciously heavy in the hand, and are typically clad in mesmerizing Cryier. Xeno-Mort are heavy ammunition, with impressive range, penetration, and a hearty blast sound. They are the one-ups, the alpha bullets to use against high ranking generals, and any execution is typically carried out with Xeno-Mort Bullets. While they may not be the best bullets amongst the wide range, they are noticeable enough to make them used as currency more often than regular bullets.

Cecel 5.5 : Cecel Bullets are the standard heavy machine gun ammunition. They are as loud as they are powerful, and of course, they exclusively come in belt-fed format, the true magazine according to The MMF troops. Cecel 5.5 Bullets are reliable, and most can be utilized in almost all HMG.

Klajglo 3.8 : Made from a mix of Los-Ember and Almaz, these bullets are meant to penetrate. They are made to make contact and transfer heat to their targets. In Nevermore, magic shields pose a great problem to guns. Klajglo 3.8 is the mad-man solution, for if the shield is scorching hot, the wielder can not wield. If the foe drops his defense, they will be met with a bullet, if not, they will have their arm fuse with metal, in agonizing pain, and they will slowly melt.

Cheating Lads : A bullet to impress the unimpressed, Cheating Lads are bent bullets, allowing the shot to curve around an arc. These shots completely ignore the stalwart act of jumping in front of one's VIP, since they will curve and headshot the bastard, hence the name Cheating Lads, for it truly feels like cheating a shot from nowhere.

Thunder Storm : Of the most terrifying things in Nevermore, MMF Thunder Storm suppress fire is a thing no army recruit ever wants to face. Thunder Storm bullets are individually weak, for they are merely bullets coated in Silpy that causes a weak electric shock, but once a massive amount is fired, a literal thunder storm is formed. And if The MMF is known for something, it's for their ridiculous shower of bullets. Hence, once a battalion starts firing Thunder Storm bullets, the atmosphere changes, and turns into a weather anomaly, causing a Thunder Storm in the enemy's ranks.

As if a wall of metal wasn't scary enough. Now that metal carries a forecast of disaster.

Stalwart 3x2 : While The MMF is typically on the advancing charge, the roles sometimes are reversed. It is at these dastardly hours that the Stalwart 3x2 bullets can shine. They are incredibly small bullets, but ones that can be fed into Rapid Machine guns. What does this exactly mean? It means that The MMF's volume of fire is nearly quadrupled if the enemy dares to enter territory. The mere existence of these bullets throws a monkey wrench in any advancing charge tactics against The MMF.

Fucking Hatred : Snipers in The MMF abandon any hope of keeping their shoulders in their place. The main reason is Fucking Hatred bullets. Coming in with a 17cm x 1.4cm, they are full jackets piercing bullets, meant to leave a gaping hole in whatever meat slab they hit. As the name would imply, the snipers typically curse out the target's name, in full throttle hatred for the pain they are about to induce to the shoulder.

Seventeenth Regiment :

An official guild is required in every nation, as threats level 7 need cooperation from all nations. Naturally, The MMF's Official guild is under-funded and rundown. There's only seventeen groups, which all consist of 5 members or even less.

Every group is a regiment, but they rarely merit such a title. Most of the regiments are just there for the sake of the name, and rarely, if ever, accept any requests.

There's only one exception, The Seventeenth Regiment : A group of individuals who have no soul, no life, no desire to pursue what one typically covets in their mortal coils. They are those who forgot life holds any meaning.

The MMF's Guild had a floating rumor, that any group labeled by the name "Seventeenth Regiment" would quickly meet a gruesome death, and that curse seemed to be the truth for many cases. There even came a time where the number seventeen was skipped purely out of fear. Yet these deranged degenerates gladly took the name, for it is a means to a much desired end in their case.

Every Regiment has a weapon as its flag. Typically, stronger, more destructive weapons mean prestige, while short range, unreliable weapons tend to signify weakness and shame. The Seventeenth Regiment took the banner of a slingshot with a torn rubber, and broken arm. They are a joke with no punchline. They are an abomination with no hope of salvation. They are everything The Angels never wanted humans to be.

Suicidal in nature, and reckless in their approaches, this group is known to come back battered and beaten, knocking on death's door. They emanate terror, and refuse any kindness. They are a plague which is not tolerated, even by The MMF.

The Seventeenth Regiment is composed of Kulv "Showman" Rashomun, <idk other people's OC i guess....>