

"DO YOU MAKE MISTAKES OR DO YOU MAKE A CHANGE?"

General

Name: Akeem King

Nickname(s): idk man

Alias: Vermillion Sunset (Can be shortened to just vermillion)

Age: 27

Gender: Male

Pronouns: He / him

Height: 5'9

Sexuality: Bisexual

Relationship Status: Single and on the move

Languages: English

Place of Birth: The Trench

Occupation: Aegis Alias

Personality:

Akeem is a social & outgoing person, who spends most of his time either talking to someone or improving his own skills. He can't get through a situation without cracking a joke (definitely at someone's expense) or maybe flirting with someone and if he doesn't, that means it has to be *truly* dire. He can come across as over-familiar, rude, defensive, uncaring...

He also exudes confidence. His bravado is the first thing that someone should notice about him. He brags and talks as if nothing in the world bothers him, and if it does, you'll know by his annoyance. He'd never let anyone see anyone see anything vulnerable. That's asking for people to take advantage of you— especially to other Aegis agents, who he still hardly trusts. They're going to have to get through his jabs & jokes first.

He does *want* to trust, though. He wants to get close to people and absolutely wants to help people. He is good-hearted at his core, and doesn't really know *how* to make normal connections that don't involve a lot of posturing or social status.

History:

(cw for implied csa)

Akeem was born and raised in the Trench, and like most people there, had virtually nothing to his name. His parents were determined to give him as much love as they could muster in between working. He wasn't unhappy. Not at all. When his element manifested early, they taught him how to counteract mercury poisoning. They tell him that this is his greatest asset, not a bane, and nothing to be afraid of.

Then his father goes missing. Through hours & days & weeks of asking, he learns the hard way that when people go missing in The Trench, nobody cares enough to find them. Nobody cares enough to notice his missing father, and then his missing mother. The only proof that they even existed was the struggle in the kitchen the night before. Nobody cares that he has to raise himself, wondering eternally how two people can just so suddenly vanish, and the only person who would even notice is him. Maybe the other Trench teens believe him, but who cares what they think? They're not Aegis.

Akeem can take care of himself. Even if it means he has to peddle drugs and his body; this was the life his parents gave him and he would not waste it. He would survive even if it pained him to do so. He'll return to his parent's abandoned house, teaching himself how to cook and clean from what he remembers. On his own. No naturals needed. And like that, it was easy for him to fall into that sort of crowd. His heart hardens even more to those from the upside, truly believing that Naturals had cemented themselves as their enemies. And he had to take care of his own.

When he's old enough he steps into Deadweight. He learned how to use his element faster there than he did anywhere else— He had to, otherwise he'd die. He gets money *and* respect from moving up so quickly, something he wasn't used to at this point. The attention, the crowd cheering his name, the people fawning over him after, it was an addiction of its own. The more he got of it the more he had to have. And the more he got of it, the more nothing else felt the same. The sun would rise to an all time high!

He taunts and messes with the wrong people. Akeem should know better by now, all anyone had is their pride. His opponent follows him all the way up to the Bronze District, attacking him when he's away from his home and out of anyone's sight. It's only the element of surprise that gives them advantage over him.

He'd die & go missing just like his parents, with no one to notice. Even the crowds that bet on him would replace him with another fighter. In the end, he was still just a nobody.

He hears nearby footsteps, a struggle, but nothing he can stay lucid long enough for.

Akeem wakes up in a stranger's apartment near the edge of the Silver District. His wounds leave him too injured to just get up and leave, despite fearing the worst. His savior comes out to change his bandages and talks to him calmly. Saved by a Natural elemental. Saved by an *Aegis agent*. The sentences made no sense in his head. But it was the reality he was living in.

Forced to cooperate by his injuries, he slowly grows closer to the agent. They nurse him back to health expecting nothing but his own wellness in return. It made him *uncomfortable*, but it wasn't bad— It was unconditional kindness, one he hadn't felt since he was a child. How could he hate it? How could he curse this man like he curses everyone else?

And then the agent gives him an offer. A second chance, a second start. He just has to give up on everything he knows. Abandon his morals, his way of living, his old friends, everything he's worked for...

Misc:

LIKES: Mech fights, beautiful cars & beautiful people, fighting in general, sunsets, sour food, working with his hands, bugs, learning tech.

DISLIKES: Waiting & sweet things (to an extent).

- He has shark teeth. All of them are sharp! It's cute, make him laugh.
 - And when he laughs, he cackles and snorts and really doesn't care about loud he is. In general, his volume is loud.
- He doesn't really *like* Aegis & Naturals, still. He's grateful for his life being saved, but it won't rewrite everything he grew up with.
 - I don't want to cause too much trouble/conflict, although he is fairly Greaser-adjacent in views. He knows how to not lose his job.
 - He currently interprets the proposition as "I'm literally at the mercy of this Aegis agent, I don't really have the choice but to say yes and join"! So he sees it as like, he has to repay some sort of debt for having his life saved. Code of honor.

- His deadweight name was Silver Sunset. Now it's Vermillion Sunset because he's not really that creative.
- Doesn't really have any hobbies besides talking to people. He's a turbo-extrovert, everything he has to do has to involve talking to people or he gets lonely and in his head.
- I have a lot more trivia here but I'LL ADD IT LATER!!

Stats

Element: Mercury

Level: 1

Experience: 0

Techniques:

- **Ermiskinesis (Level 1)**
 - The ability to control mercury in any way.
 - +2 STR/ATK and +1 DEF while in use
 - Consumes 0 Elemental HP
- **Velocikinesis (Level 1) LOCKED**
 - The ability to manipulate your speed and agility using liquid mercury.
 - +3 DEX while in use
 - Consumes 0 Elemental HP
- **Atmidokinesis (Level 1) LOCKED**
 - The ability to control mercury vapor in any way.
 - +2 STR/ATK and +1 DEF while in use
 - Consumes 0 Elemental HP

STR	DEX	DEF	MIND	MED	PHP	EHP
10	7	5	4	5	20/20	10/10

Inventory

- n/a

User Info

Name: Lucian / Lusala

Pronouns: he/they

Age: 22

Platform: discord/google docs

Rp preferences: ill fill out a comfort thing later zzz