

Saxxis Bufudyne

Age: Mid 30s

Gender: Male

Role: Incompetent politically unaligned villain, starts to respect the perseverance Union's efforts in the late game, and even aids them at the expense of his demise.

Physical Attributes: Short, hunched, very gremlin-like... would probably suit a job at a dawdling tea joint than as one of the Archbishops of Naxon.

Social Situation: His enemies mean more to him and his friends, and is constantly mocked for his failures by Naxon and Warth'og. He's more or less an anti-villain.

Mental traits: Angry basically all the time, especially at the beginning of the game, prone to loud obnoxious outbursts, if it weren't for Sped and him fighting an unhappy war, they may have even been friends.

Sexuality: He's not really into that, science is the only mistress of wonder he needs.

Location: He was born in Glasgow, Scotland. He migrated to England due to Scotland not having nearly cool enough science equipment.

Abilities: Despite his incompetence in day to day conversation, his combat skills are fairly formidable, having multiple gadgets literally up his sleeve to entirely spread the green movement, and not that green-- DEADLY TOXIC GREEN THAT CAUSES TUMORS IN YOUR BUTT! His affiliation with science and the weaponization of it seems to be his main source of power.

Hobbies: For the most part, he enjoys the mirth science and discoveries can bring along with the intricate complexities solving them takes, for most he talks to he wouldn't even be seen as villainous, just eccentrically gifted and shouty. He's also got a keen sense of Uniform when it comes to the cult kind, engineering swathes upon swathes of wear for the different forms of Naxonites flooding in. He himself wears a kneelength metal-plaid jacket, along with a very intimidating tophat.

Fears: That science will eventually be archaic thanks to magic, that people would talk shit about his sweet precious science, god he loves science. Among his other fears is talking in a rational soft-spoken manner, not being allowed to do whatever he wants or pleases when it comes to science, and ferns. Seriously fuck off with ferns...

Personality: Around his allies he's surprisingly humble and well-mannered, assumingly using his inferiors and enemies as vents for his frustrations for repetitive failure to do the job he wasn't even really in this for.

Appearance: He's a scottish fold, with luminescent blue eyes, he can summon the heldathian blue fire in his hands at will, though often refers to science for the purposes of battle.

Clothing: Wears a knee length dark grey metal-plaid trenchcoat which earns him the "Full jacket Alchemist" title, his tophat is particularly marvellous and foreboding, boasting a more N' persuaded seal for his employment under the Naxonite Order.

Biography: Being raised in the gritty streets of Glasgow during the heat of the great war, Saxxis looked to both sides and saw them both 'unforgivable idiots', and saw science and the continued funded research into it as a means to fix all of the problems, he stayed neutral during the majority of the war stating it wasn't his war to side on. He was often beaten for some of his afflictions, and through life became very tough to it, and got hastily more angry, letting his anger

be unleashed in a swift flurry, unlike the sloppy tactics of his brethren, he eventually through his more deadshot techniques earned himself some respect and a title of 'The Kinghitter' among his supposed friends, he shunned them all and told them he'd never fit in with such a flock of barbaric meatheads.

Saxxis suffers from a severe inferiority complex because of his past, often reaching the ranks of his society by pure happenstance and getting easily pissed off. I mean how hard is it for a guy to just pursue science?? And his problems didn't stay behind in glasgow, in Cambrooke University for Science he quickly excelled, but began getting asked questions about the morality of his work, often getting nicknamed 'Freakenstein', the insults didn't deter him, but it wasn't unheard of that a loud thud would occur after someone gave him lip. His precision lash outs we're pretty excusable most of the time, as he wasn't there to argue with infants or call names, he was their to pursue the only thing that mattered to him, science, regardless of the associations of him rising to be some Labratory dwelling maniac, the teachers noted his compassion for the subject, and he became an honor student, which his classmates came to envy him for, and that again would slowly lead to respect, the hunchbacked one-punch-wonder had a brain in there! It wasn't long before some Science bigwigs offered him an opportunity, seeing not much else lucrative, he took it, sadly, his ability to go far was hampered a fair bit due to moral conduct, which was especially shaky following the close of the war. Of note, he solved the predatory food crisis by way of some clever chemical manipulation, that would be laced into most food products, this not only satisfied a predators bloodlust, but often sedated those tendencies as well, after doing the world this service, he respectfully left his position, seeking a simpler life, it was shortly after Naxon offered him the chance at his dreams, after a few small favours. Eager, Saxxis clothed the entire cult of the Naxonite order, this is when he invented for himself the metal-plaid jacket, which earned him his new title; the "Full Jacket Alchemist", he also developed much of the tech used in the Naxonite order, complimenting magic with science, since the two aren't convulsively uninterchangeable. Finally, he vowed to hold a sermon for acolytes once a week at St. Albans, to spread word of Naxon's still growing order. After being satisfied with his allegiance, Naxon gave him the London slums to pursue whatever scientific endeavors he wished, this was the time in life Saxxis was most pleased with his existence, from how he sees it, the Cookiedoes are only a blight because he's expected to do his part in taking care of them, but confesses it'd be a shame to use someone innocent for "research", so his relationship with the Rebellion isn't really one of disdain, more one of 'lets see how much I can test out before I'm killed.' Later in the game, Saxxis starts to see why the Recusants are fighting so vigilantly, and laments that his position in the order is slowly but surely losing the appeal. In the end, after a brutal mental confliction, he opts to aid the Perseverance Union in whatever way he can, and to show his sincerity, crafts Pep the weapon "Impetus", which Pep remarks as his favourite toy. Saxxis for his defiance, is killed shortly after by an enraged Naxon.