

CHARACTER SHEET

BASIC INFORMATION	
NAME	Magnus Redd
NICKNAME	Red
BIRTH DATE & PLACE	May 20th, 1890 London
OCCUPATION	CEO of Brightstone Incorporated Pride Demon
ORIENTATION	Heterosexual
RELATIONSHIP	Never.
FAMILY/ALLIES	Allies? Good Joke. Father - Tomas Redd Deceased

IMAGE

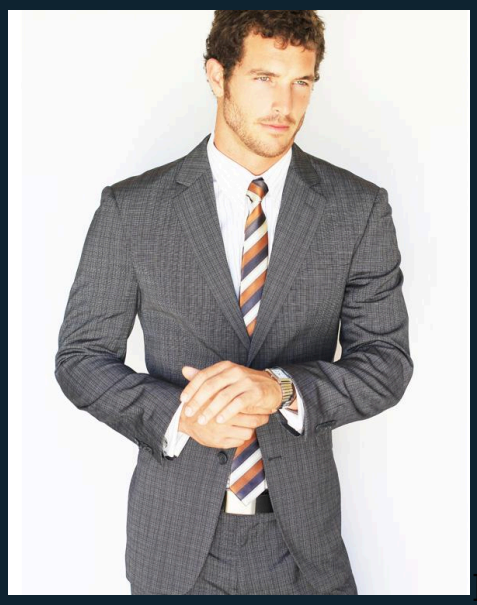


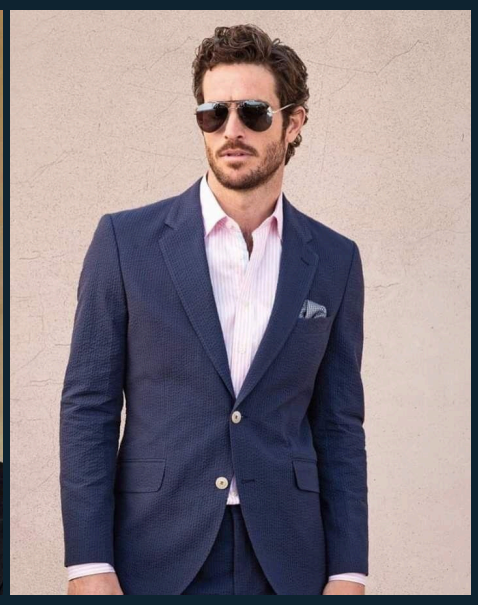
PB NAME (MUST BE A REAL PERSON): Justice Joslin

STRENGTHS	WEAKNESSES
Super physical attributes Chaos Inducement Sin embodiment	Holy items and Places Salt Barriers Arrogance Lust
LIKES	**DISLIKES**
Women Cocaine Chaos Science	Everyone Religion Peanuts Superhero movies

NATURAL TALENTS	LEARNED SKILLS
Analytical mind, skill with words,	Guitar, manipulation, business acumen

ADDITIONAL IMAGES:








RACE INFORMATION

To apply for a certain race, simply place an X to select beneath the race name, and then type in your answers to the questions. Some sections will be bigger than others, depending on the amount of information that is needed. IF ANY SECTION IS NOT APPLICABLE TO YOUR CHARACTER PLEASE DELETE THAT SECTION: **Right click within table and select DELETE TABLE.**

DEMONS:

Envy		Gluttony		Greed		Lust		Pride		Sloth		Wrath	

What demon has possessed you? Astaroth.

Explain your demonic powers - Magnus is fast, strong, and has plenty of stamina. Chaos embodiment is his next power. He can use several different minor forms of it, but what he's the best at is insanity inducement. Pride embodiment is the other, and he grows stronger the more prideful he is. He can siphon pride from others, making himself even stronger.

What are your goals as a demon in this SL? - Magnus's goals are to advance his own standing and the prosperity of his company, continuing scientific advancements with the goal of combining humanity and supernatural offshoots, and of course, to cause chaos.

THE MEATY BITS

In the next section, we learn a whole lot about you - very important information, to see if you'll be a good fit with the rest of our writers and the story we're creating. Don't worry, we won't delve too deeply into your darkest secrets. Just a little probing. But you'll like it. Please fill out every section to be approved. Thanks!

CHARACTER BIOGRAPHY:

The Red Family founded Brightstone incorporated in the eighteenth century. From English nobility to bureaucrats and oligarchs, textiles and textures is how they earned their wealth.

Tomas Redd inherited the company from his father in 1880. He was a curious man whose quest for knowledge led him down any road. Tomas's father, Magnus the First, flattered his son's whims for research to fuel his creative mind that might push the textile field. In 1890, he had one son, who would be his only heir. Magnus the Second. Life was easy. From a young age, he was a spoiled bastard who was treated like a king, which led to his later hubris.

The years passed, from the fledgling, arrogant boy, to the proud Lion of a handsome man. They groomed him as the heir apparent to lead his father's empire. He excelled. He attended Oxford, then took an apprenticeship under his father,where he watched every move and sat in on.eEvery meeting. He shared his father's thirst for knowledge. It would soon be his company and his research to start. Years passed. Magnus had many suitors, committed many depravities, and eagerly drank up any experience to be had.

On Magnus's Thirtieth birthday, his father died, which left him in charge of the company. Going through his father's office, he found a letter on his top desk. Scrawled on the letter in his father's familiar hand, a plea. In writ; An heirloom passed through their family through generations lied deep in his father's safe in a hidden alcove. In it, an ancient power slept. It urged his son to never touch the ring. In a drunken haze, urged by curiosity and stuck by grief, Magnus entered his father's safe and put the ring on. Ever since then, unaging and immortal, he led his father's company. They were on the cutting edge of the technological world. Awareness of the supernatural led to much research, and he occasionally heeded the connection to the Demons his ring demanded.

This should be 3-5 paragraphs long and tell us about your character's history. You can delve as deeply as you like. Please note that none of this information will be used for IC knowledge. It's just for the story. -

WRITING SAMPLE:

The prancing prince, surely. Yet, beneath the prancing, there was a sharp tongue full of venom ready to lash out at a moment's notice. At a glance, he wondered if maybe it would not be so awful to be married to a knight if she was half as beautiful as Dame Lillith. There was something undeniably regal about her, not as soft as a princess might be, but perhaps as soft as one might want.

Lillith bowed, Blythe curtsied, Cylix preened. Like a peacock reveling in the attention of the sun, eager to show off his stripes. A graceful nod acknowledged the show of respect. At least she seemed to play the games of court at first. That was a good show of merit. All Cylix knew was the courts, living and bleeding with a snakelike smile spread, smiling while stabbing. "The pleasure is all mine." With a smooth roll, he retorted in rhythm, doing the dance that came so naturally to him. "Lady Durelli, Dame Lillith." Is a dame what you called a knight? As he said it, he scrunched his nose, not raising it haughtily but scrunching it curiously.

Gift slid, and he watched to see how she accepted it. Would it earn a smile? How did she look when she smiled? By the time Lillith saw Cylix,he was already resigned to his fate, having gone through all the stages of grief as fast as one might down a bottle of ale. Surely one must mourn their freedom. She feigned gratitude, but not too much."If we are to be married. It is best to start things off on the right foot, is it not? I hope it is something I will see you wear on the day of our marriage." So well hidden, bitterness behind his words simmered. His gift had cost him a good chunk of his allowance and it'd hardly even earned him a thank you!

Polite small talk turned to riveting tales, and Cylix seated himself, though he always enjoyed the position of standing where he looked down upon people. As she spoke of an ambush, he placed a hand over his chest, feigning surprise. A dramatic gasp followed. "By the gods, no. Not an ambush. Bandits so near to royal roads?" She sat across from the biggest bandit in the land. He'd steal whatever wasn't pinned down, but that's what they called taxation and royal tariffs. "I shall assemble a party to hunt, to see if we might find the route of this bandit scourge, as further evidence of my goodwill in our marriage." His father would simply nod and agree to trivial things Cylix asked for. Bandit hunting or hunting, in general, was often a pastime of bored nobles and bored soldiers.

While she drank little, Cylix drank deep, savoring the taste of the red, a drop of red coming to fall on his chin, smudged off with a flick of his sleeve. It'd be hard to get a plain answer out of Cylix, especially when he'd resigned himself to acting formally. "Well... I must say that the suggestion surprised me, but I do see the pragmatism. And the sense. " Again, hidden, was the fact that he had to be forced into it like her.. "I have always had it in my head that I would have my pick of soft princesses fawning for their dashing fairytale lover. But when strength is needed, strength is needed." Both his discontent and what led him to reach the inevitable conclusion were stated, but the resistance was much greater than he let on.

Rising straight up out of his seat, clapping his hands together with a dramatic flourish, he found mischief in a matter of minutes. "Guards! Bring us two practice swords." If it was to be a marriage of strength, if it was to be a bond to fortify their kingdom, would her aptitude with the blades erase any of his doubts? That's what he wondered to himself. Maybe he scorned the idea of a womanly knight, seeded with a prejudice of other pompous lords in his kingdom, or maybe he didn't really care at all and enjoyed swordplay.

The princeling's antics earned no rebuke, considering there was no one to stop him except his advisor and his father and they wished to placate him, which meant allowing for this. Guards came running with two wooden swords shaped like longswords. The prince was no blade master, but he'd drilled for years and part of what he was expected to do was fight. He had an enjoyment of it, but he had no great affinity or skill for it. He took one sword for both of them, then walked in her direction, offering her the end of one sword.

For the first time, he looked smug, but in a challenging way. "If you would, Dame... I wish to see the sword that has won a prince." He'd seen her before, but during tournaments, Cylix was usually drunk or too distracted with whatever woman he was chasing after. The prince was insistent.

"Will you indulge me?" He gestured to the field of greenery sitting outside the open window.

THE WRITER:

Hi. What would you like us to call you?. - Serious

Pronouns, we've got 'em. We'd like to respect yours. What are they? - He.

How long have you been writing? Where did you get your start? - 12 years. One-lining on a videogame called Mount and blade.

What is your favorite genre to write? - Gritty Realism. Be that gritty medieval, supernatural, or regular modern.


I'm gonna write the most erotic, graphic, freakiest friend fiction ever