

A lot of this was written for my DM but I wanna share it now yay ^_^

The Surface

PN#1112-237

"Sev"



Bio

Full Name: Adam Lambright

Age: 27

Occupation: Starship Technician

Race: Human (Roguean)

Class: Rogue

Specialties: Melee combat, Technology/Data

One look at Sev, and you can tell this guy has had a rough history. Personality-wise though, not as much. Despite being an ex-con on the mend, nothing about him seems very rugged- besides the odd scars. Now working as a mechanic on a starship, he's hoping to make himself a new future and shape himself to be a better person, or at least that's what he tells new people. Truthfully, he just wants to retire. However, the current scenario now working under the crew of this starship... it seems his old skills will come in handy for these moments of trouble- if they don't drain his sanity first.

Sev appears friendly and welcoming to anyone deemed an ally. Optimistic and warm, but cocky and competitive. An easy way to get him to do anything is to make it a competition, or even better, for compensation. Give the guy five bucks and he'll do just about anything.

Right now though, with the situation he's in and the crew he's stuck with, a lot of that friendly demeanor has been replaced with a need to survive. With something else clearly on his mind as well, he appears more paranoid than ever. If you ask him about his history, he'll keep it vague. Something about selling illegally modified weapons, etc, but he seems too preoccupied currently with what he's worried over to tell a coherent story.

Notes:

- Despite working with the technology that fuels starships, he doesn't really know much about magic or manipulating it. He just understands the technology built around it.

The Depths

Bio

Full Name: Noah Argo (Shepherd)

Age: 25

Occupation: Assassin/Fixer (Past) - Firm Contractor (Present)

Raised in The Outskirts of the rogue planet Ilvos, Noah was destined for failure as much as anyone else burdened with a life outside of The City. And yet, those around him could see he had a sense of ambition in his eyes unlike others in his circumstances. It was especially clear

that even from a young age, Noah had a particular knack for fixing things. By the time he was 10, he was fixing machines and other technology for a woman that ran a popular casino in The Outskirts.

The Duchess, otherwise known as Agata Argo by those closer to her, was a mysterious lady who owned this casino. While originally hiring Noah out of a mix of pity for “a miserable urchin brat” (her words) and interest in his talent, their relationship eventually grew into a more familial bond. Agata was not known for her kindness- whether in business or private life- but her demeanor when it came to Noah was more shaken. Still not a motherly figure by far, but a tough mentor dishing out harsh love. As some years passed, Noah took on the Argo last name, signifying a sort of unofficial adoption, which Agata didn’t oppose.

It was an open secret that the Duchess led the casino as a front for a drug operation. Noah knew it early on, but it wasn’t too strange, given life in The Outskirts. She had a lot of people working for her, mostly bodyguards that were well trusted and would sometimes give Noah some of the missing attention from Agata. Both Agata and her bodyguards in their free time would occasionally give Noah some basic self defense lessons, as being around her and in The Outskirts in general is dangerous for a kid. As Noah grew and trained, he got more confident and ambitious to help further in Agata’s business endeavors. He knew he was good at protecting himself at this point, but even more so, he was very dextrous and great at running and evading. At only 16, Agata agreed to Noah becoming a delivery boy for her operation.

Noah’s addition to her drug empire went a long way. He made deliveries fast while on the lowdown, and if anything went wrong, he hastily got out of the situation, most of the time unscratched. Sure, over the years there had been some interesting incidents- but nothing Noah couldn’t handle on his own. However, one evening in particular would always stand out in Noah’s mind.

The deal went wrong- it happens occasionally. It’s usually dealt with in either more paper or someone’s blood. However, this time the clientele was from The City- A group of people on behalf of a major politician were set to meet for this deal. It’s not rare to meet with people from The City, but usually it’s never for people of this caliber. Most of the time it’s dealing with proxies from rich, but not majorly influential people. As this was for a client of the highest order, Duchess herself, along with Noah and her bodyguards, met for this deal. An argument ensued over the quantity of drugs- they believed they were being given less than it was worth, so on and so forth. It’s pretty common negotiation, but it became clear over time they were just trying to catch the Duchess’ bluff, either to get a discount or more material. Quickly, patience ran out, and one of the proxies pulled out a gun and shot Duchess in one swift motion.

A fight ensued. Despite a bullet in her side, the Duchess fought as well, but as the adrenaline wore off and the pain kicked in, she struggled to hold her own. Noah and her bodyguards

managed to keep the leverage for a brief moment, but the guards in particular went down faster. The moment Noah was the last on his feet, the barrel of a gun was felt against his head.

The voice of the proxy behind Noah spoke.

"I don't want to use this. Bullets are expensive, you know." The voice paused with a sigh.

"I have a new deal. The original proposal, but we take the kid too. I've seen what he can do- he's a valuable asset."

The Duchess tried to get up, but was held down. Her rage was immeasurable, and through gritted teeth hissed towards the proxy.

"I refuse. I'm not letting you-"

"Deal." Noah interrupted. He was bloody and beaten as everyone else, but he knew for a fact that the Duchess- no, Agata- couldn't take any more.

"Look at that, the boy knows how to make things easy too."

The proxies cuffed Noah. Agata yelled as she couldn't do much else, cursing the men holding her down and in her own way filled with insults, begging Noah not to. As Noah was escorted out, the rest of the proxies followed. For a moment, Noah felt relief- something that in hindsight was stupid to feel. As he sat in the backseat of the proxy's vehicle, he was weak. He looked up at the roof of the car and sighed.

The sound of another gunshot rang in Noah's ear- though muffled through the walls of the vehicle. His eyes widened and his body jerked forward to see the last man walking out of the scene. The man opened the door and got in the driver's seat.

"What a pain. We'll have to find someone else."

Shock and anger filled Noah, but he couldn't do anything. As the vehicle started to move, he slumped back to stare at the roof of the car again. It's all he could do.

—

(I will probably come back and add a little more to these upcoming sections later because I'm trying to get this done before I go on a trip lmao but it's good enough)

While Noah dreamt of the city life when he was younger, the truth of the matter was far from a dream. Being a fixer for a prominent politician within The City had its benefits, sure- like a bed to sleep in, food, and cash- but it was dangerous. Not that Noah wasn't used to that, but the danger was on such a smaller scale before. Nonetheless, someone who would meet Noah now likely wouldn't think he was from The Outskirts. He adapted quite well into The City, and blended in pretty effortlessly after some rough beginnings.

After the incident, Noah found himself hired as a fixer for this politician. 'Hired' is maybe too nice here, he was more forced. The team of fixers he was a part of was competitive and cruel, and the others made sure to leave that impression on Noah. At first he was non compliant,

completely disobeying orders, but the consequences were painful enough he whipped into shape fast. The only other fixer that didn't seem to want Noah's head on a stake was another man his age named Sullivan- Sully, though they were ordered to go by their assigned code names when at work. Sully was referred to as Mantis, and Noah as Shepherd. Due to their compatibility, they were often put to work together.

Sully was a master at setup and ranged weaponry, probably the best sniper on the team. On the other hand, Noah was a jack-of-all-trades, but excelled in close quarters combat and being the designated "tech guy". Usually if Noah was paired with someone, it was to play as a distraction or bypass security systems for the other fixer to do their work. Fitting to his alias, Noah played shepherd, acting and herding the targets to the right spot. Maybe it was his experience negotiating deals in the past, or something natural to him, but he was a great actor. As a pair, they got missions done- often being the two to handle assassinations.

After time, Noah began to kinda enjoy his new life. Maybe it was the becoming numb to the idea of killing, maybe it was the money getting to his head. Who knows. He accepted that Agata was dead, so there wasn't anything to go back to. His new goal was to get enough money to retire, and at the rate things were going, it seemed he might reach that within a few years. He was optimistic, even while under the thumb of his employer.

Another mission, simple as ever. The target was the daughter of a politician in another faction of the city. She would be attending a gala. The plan was simple, Sully would station himself on another building with the rifle, Noah would use his skills to get inside and pretend to be a guest, leading the daughter in front of a selected window for the kill shot. That's how the plan was supposed to go, at least.

Once inside, a well-dressed Noah followed the plan. Eyes on the daughter, he let his charm do the work, politely asking for a dance. Maybe not the best dancer on technique, but he led so charismatically. Sully chimed in over earpiece that he was such a show off. A drink, some talking, Noah herded her to the spot. An empty hotel room with a window. Noah brought her to the window, exclaiming of such a beautiful view of The City. This was supposed to be it- get her in front of the window, aim, fire. But this didn't happen. Instead, a loud noise rumbled through the building, followed by screams.

"What's happening?!" Noah yelled, keeping his act up for the daughter but simultaneously trying to speak to Sully. Without a response from Sully, Noah thought maybe they found him. Though when the fire alarms went off in the building, that was disproven. The daughter ran in a panic before Noah could even analyze the situation. He ran after her. He would still do his job, even if it was messy. Running back through the ballroom, it was ablaze. The heat grew every second. At this point, Noah didn't care about the mission, only surviving. Both Noah and the daughter ran through the ballroom, evading the flames- but as they reached the center, a noise pierced Noah's ear. Glass shattering, then the snap of something loud from above. The chandelier, burning

brighter than ever, fell from its chains. In a flash, Noah felt the impact on his body. Glass crystals from the chandelier fell like rain. The hot metal chains scorched against Noah's skin as he was pinned to the floor, fire creeping up further on him.

"Two birds with one stone." Noah heard Sully's voice in his ear. Looking beside himself, he saw the daughter trapped as well, but unresponsive. Blood pooled from the side of her head. The heat and pain put strain in Noah's voice.

"You were... bought out? You piece of shit..."

"We all have our price, Noah, I just took the better offer. Goodbye."

Noah wanted to yell, scream, cuss out who he thought he could trust for so long, but he couldn't. The heat dried out every word he tried to let out. His eyes blurred, the pain was unbearable. Figures appeared in the corner of his vision. Firemen rushed into the building, putting out the flames. At this point, everything was hazy. All Noah remembered is being rescued, but once in the fresh air outside of the venue, feeling cuffs once again tightened to his wrists.

--

Noah one morning was called forth for a visit, the guard saying they were family. He already knew something was up- after all he had no family. He got up from his cot, stretched, and let the guard follow him out.

He entered the visiting room to see a suit. A woman with a polite demeanor. Noah could see anxiety waft over the guard as he stood at the door.

"You can speak freely here. He will not let anything leave this room." The woman panned her eyes over to the guard.

Noah hesitantly sat down, defensive as he noticed the pin on the woman's jacket. Someone from The Firm.

Without a single word from Noah, the woman detailed a plan. They would help him leave this prison. It went something like this:

1. In two days, Adam Lambright, the man in the neighboring cell to him, would be released from his sentence after breakfast.
2. Before breakfast ends, Noah would slip into Adam's cell and assume the identity of Adam Lambright.
3. During this time, The Firm will have arranged the prison records accordingly, switching their images. When breakfast ends, the guards on the inside would lead Adam to Noah's cell.
4. Wait for release. The Firm will sponsor supplies and a ride out.

"In exchange all we want is a favor- when the right time comes of course." The woman waited for Noah's answer with a soft smile.

Noah wasn't necessarily happy with this deal, but more than anything he just wanted to be out

of here. He's always been someone's dog, how is this any different? Hell, at least he'd get freedom- but favors are one of the worst things you could owe in this business. He didn't want to be in a cell any longer though. He shook the woman's hand, and signed the contract.

—

A mostly-free man, Sev found a job working as a spaceship mechanic. He didn't like the name Adam, so he just named himself after the last digit on Adam's prison ID. It was newer territory for him, he hadn't really been on spaceships, but he got the hang of it fast. His bad luck usually didn't make the jobs stick for too long, but whatever.

Notes:

- Basically his themes have become about freedom and being controlled, always being underneath others, always being chained to something. Also theming of dogs. Yay
- The planet of Ilvos and Sev's backstory initially was inspired by Red vs Blue (lol), specifically Felix from it, but overtime after I realized "oh I'm bad at acting out a secretly evil character" has shifted to being more inspired by Agent Washington and also Project Moon's games. The city in particular is inspired by the main city in Project Moon's works but Ilvos is more utopian and more sci-fi in comparison, with kicking the slums to the outside of the city lines. I also refer to Sev's older work as being a fixer because of this lmao
- Sev didn't realize he was a fugitive until the wanted call for the crew was called, and Adam's face appeared instead of his. In hindsight, duh, of course the changes were localized to the prison system, but he was blinded by the chance at freedom he didn't think about it. He just assumed The Firm would have that power to change it system-wide. I assume Sev probably has a forged ID that reads as Adam Lambright but with his face on it, which would add to the confusion. He's lucky that nobody has caught on yet? But now he's more panicked, eager to get enough money to run away, hide, and retire.
- Sev is a bit bitter towards people who have innate magical abilities, since he had to learn all of his skills manually. Any spells he might get to use from leveling up in the future I see being flavored as something the rig does.
- I LITERALLY FORGOT TO PUT IN SOMETHING SO IMPORTANT. While Sev wants to retire he also is kinda set on getting revenge against Sully. If Sully ever came up Sev will be on the hunt lol

Index

Ilvos

A rogue planet near the edges of the Verse. Humanity seems to have somehow survived here despite the lack of light and warmth from the closest star, so much so that it seems many have adapted genetic traits to fare the harsh cold.

History of this planet isn't well recorded- at least not in a way that is available for all eyes to see. Rumor has it that a colony ship emergency landed here some centuries ago. With lack of communications to the Verse, the colony built a settlement, which eventually expanded over the years into a massive, sprawling metropolis. Parts of the original colony ship can be seen merged with new buildings in the center. As social classes divided the settlers, the rich remained in power and within The City, while those less fortunate were displaced into the outskirts. Simply put, you either live in The City or you don't. This mistreatment has led to somewhat of a civil war between The City and The Outskirts, however after many decades remains at a "light truce" due to the low manpower from The Outskirts.

The City

As this metropolis developed, there were many proposals from various factions within on what to name the city, but in the end nobody could agree on anything. Eventually, it was uncreatively named Ilvos City- but nobody really calls it that. It's the only city, so everyone just calls it "The City".

The factions that occupy the different zones of The City are in constant fights over control. Since most of these factions are run by the rich elite, there's a lot of secret ops behind the scenes. Assassinations, embezzlement, you name it- made even better while exploiting the struggling people of the outskirts.

Technology within The City is advanced enough that artificial weather systems have been created to simulate more temperate climates, but as it takes a lot of energy, these systems are not used consistently. They are often saved for certain days of the month and various holidays.

The Outskirts

Generally referring to any place outside of The City borders, but most of the time referring to the sprawling settlements there. While some locations may get somewhat urban, buildings never tower high. Most people living here are lower class, and often are doing jobs to supply The City's various resources for mere pocket change, with the most common of these jobs being a mine worker. Despite everything, people have managed to find some community here.

Due to the cost of ammunition, it's rare to find people using guns here.

The Duchess (Agata Argo)

A mysterious older woman running a casino in a more urban settlement of The Outskirts. It's an open secret that the Duchess is also the leader of the most prominent drug trade in The Outskirts and uses the casino as a front. Despite her cold demeanor, she has a soft spot for children, which lead to her unofficial adoption of Noah. In her prime, she fought in the peak of the civil war against the city where she was given her nickname.

She unofficially adopted Noah some years after finding him squatting in her casino. Opening the casino in the mornings, she would find food missing and furniture moved around. No matter

what, she couldn't seem to catch whoever was doing it. Eventually, visiting in the middle of the night, she caught a young boy eating and playing on the machines. Normally, in a situation like this, she would've dealt some harsh discipline and sent the kid on their way with some rations and some cash, but something stood out. The machine the boy sat at had been broken for some time, and Agata had struggled to get someone to fix it. And yet, by some miracle, this random kid had fixed it? Well, she couldn't let that talent go to waste.

Agata always told herself she was not a motherly figure, and to her credit she really doesn't fit the image, but she ended up still being a bit of that role for Noah, even if neither of them would admit it. Noah in private refers to her as his aunt as it's more befitting to her.

It's unknown if she is alive or not, but Noah decided for himself that she was, and that he had to move on.

(Their relationship vibes is like Edward Elric and Izumi Curtis/Pinako from FMAB- lots of bickering and calling each other names but care for each other's well being, especially Agata towards Noah)

Mantis (Sullivan "Sully" _)

fill out later i dont have time lol

Adam Lambright

fill out later i don't have time lol

Art

I plan on making art of characters in Sev's backstory down the line, and any other art I do related to him I'll put here lol. I'm really obsessed with him but I haven't had a lot of time lately to work on art for him (crying)

Criminal Record Mockups



CRIMINAL RECORD

1112-237

FILE NUMBER 01145657

FILE DATE 03/24/XXXX

UPDATED 10/23/XXXX

NAME Lambright, Adam

D.O.B. 07/06/XXXX

ALIASES Mortar

AGE 27

GENDER Male

RACE Human

NATIONALITY XXXXXX

CITIZEN XXX

HEIGHT 5'10"

WEIGHT 150 lbs

EYE COLOR Brown

HAIR COLOR Dark Brown



DATE	CODE	INSTITUTION	CHARGE	TERM
12/03/XXXX	XXX-X	XXXXXXXXXXXX	Criminal Sale of Weapon	03y 67d
12/03/XXXX	XXX-X	XXXXXXXXXXXX	Aiding and Abetting	04y 234d
02/24/XXXX	XXX-X	XXXXXXXXXXXX	...	02y 115d



CRIMINAL RECORD

1319-288

FILE NUMBER 01143573

FILE DATE 04/18/XXXX

UPDATED 03/26/XXXX

NAME Argo, Noah D.O.B. 01/02/XXXX

ALIASES Shepherd AGE 25

GENDER Male RACE Near-Human

NATIONALITY XXXXXX CITIZEN XXX

HEIGHT 5'8" WEIGHT 145 lbs

EYE COLOR Silver HAIR COLOR Black



DATE	CODE	INSTITUTION	CHARGE	TERM
05/05/XXXX	XXX-X	XXXXXXXXXXXX	Murder: 1st Degree	15y 73d
05/05/XXXX	XXX-X	XXXXXXXXXXXX	Racketeering	17y 02d
05/05/XXXX	XXX-X	XXXXXXXXXXXX	...	...



