

Julian Whitecastle

Age: 38

Gender: Male (He/Him)

Species: Human

Occupation: Cook

Physical Description: Julian is a tall, wide-shouldered, muscular man. His right eye is a golden-yellow color, while what was once his left eye is hidden behind a black eyepatch (a large scar can be seen on either side of the patch). He has a square jaw, a hooked nose, and the slightest signs of wrinkles that come with middle age. His purple hair is styled into a long, viking-style braid down his back, and his stubble-y beard is styled and shaved into an ocean-wave like pattern.



His usual outfit consists of a light blue camo-patterned turtleneck with exposed

shoulders, a brown fur neck wrap, some fingerless leather gloves, a pair of ratty black pinstriped pants, an unusually heavy-duty green chef's apron, and a purple-and-black combat boot on his left foot (he has no right foot - in its place is a blade-like prosthetic leg).

Personality: Julian is without a doubt one of, if not *the* scummiest people on the planet. He is cruel and uncaring of most anyone around him, only ever thinking about himself, the ways he can get ahead, and his own personal sense of satisfaction at any given moment. He enjoys belittling and trampling upon those he considers weak, just because it seems like fun. While he has the capacity to be charming and smooth-talking, it is almost always an obvious front to lull you into a false sense of security before he goes for a sucker punch or backhanded trick. While he likely has the skills to win a fair fight, he's the kind of person who would rather use underhanded tactics to guarantee a win. His words and actions can never be trusted, and as

soon as someone stops being useful to him, he is more than willing to stab them in the back for his own personal gain.

Personality Traits(Recommended):

- **Belief: (Victory is All that Matters)[5]:** There are many routes one can take to claim victory in any task. Some of these routes are considered good, honest ways to live. Some are seen as deceitful or unethical. To Julian, there is no distinction between the two. Any path which can achieve victory is a perfectly valid option in his eyes - anyone who disagrees is an idiot destined to failure.
- **Passion: (Standing Tall at the Peak)[4]:** Julian's main driving motivation is to gain strength, power, and infamy. These are the markers of success, the markers that a person has left an impact on the world - and who doesn't want their name stamped in the history books? Julian thives and finds his greatest joy when he is trampling those around him and proving that he alone stands at such lofty heights.
- **Fury: (Only an Idiot Trusts in Others)[3]:** Julian despises the concepts of "trust" and "honor". The only thing that matters in life is winning and being the strongest - *how* you do so is utterly irrelevant. What kind of moron would handicap themselves by fighting 'fairly'? And what even *is* 'fair', anyways? Here in the *real* world, thinking like that is just a one-way ticket to getting yourself killed, and in Julian's eyes, that makes you an idiot unworthy of respect.
- **Short Term Goal:** Crush these punks in his way.
- **Medium Term Goal:** Find the Gemstone City and plunder its treasures.
- **Long Term Goal:** Who cares?
- **Greatest Desire:** Crush every punk in his way.

Bio: When one looks at a wicked soul, they often ask themselves what could have happened to cause it. Perhaps there was instability or neglect in their upbringing. Or perhaps they suffered a tragic loss in their formative years. Perhaps another had betrayed their trust at some point, leading them down a path of bitterness and hatred. Perhaps, even, they simply had one, awful, very bad day.

But for some wicked souls, there is no reason. They were simply rotten from the moment they left the womb.

Julian Whitecastle is one such soul. Throughout his childhood, his parents did their best to raise him right, to teach him how to be a good person. And yet, he only ever found delight in causing pain, in standing above those around him, in making others feel small and insignificant. Oh, he certainly learned from his parents - their lessons in how to be "good" taught him the best ways to make people lower their guard, such that he could delight all the more when he turned on those whose favor he'd gained.

This duplicitous nature served him well in life. As he grew older, he learned and practiced, becoming an expert in cheating, treachery, and betrayal. One day, he decided to put his skills to the ultimate test; he entered a famous, high-stakes cooking competition. He'd never cooked

before (at best, he could toss some vegetables in a pot of boiling water), but that hardly mattered - bribery, lies, and violence were *far* easier tools to use. In the end, Julian won by a landslide, earning himself a title of "World-Class Chef", and a generous sum of \$50,000.

Unfortunately for Julian, such trickery is not looked upon kindly in the eyes of the law. When his schemes were uncovered, the authorities were called in to seize the unlawful winnings and see that Julian was properly punished for his crime. Julian hardly cared - in his eyes, he'd already won. The prison cell may as well have been a luxury apartment.

As it turned out, arresting Julian would be the biggest mistake the world ever made. One fateful day, Julian found himself on cooking duty in the cafeteria, alongside a number of inmates he'd managed to piss off with his usual antics. Deciding they'd had enough, the other inmates attacked Julian, swinging kitchen knives and utensils in an attempt to kill the rotten bastard. He lost an eye in that struggle, but Julian proved too resilient, too tough for mere weaponry to kill. And soon, what started as an attempted murder spiraled into a prison-wide riot - a riot which also claimed his leg.

And in that violent, whirling chaos, the worst thing that could have happened, happened - Julian unlocked the power of a Stand.

By the time the riot ended, he was already gone - nothing left in his cell but a note taunting the police and his would-be murderers for letting him get away.

Thus began the manhunt. For years, the police searched high and low for Julian, and time and again they failed. Not because he was hard to find - indeed, Julian often stood out like a sore thumb, harassing those around him and causing problems wherever he went. No, they simply couldn't ever lock him down, the bastard managing to slip through their fingers with his Stand no matter what they tried.

It was during this period that Julian finally came to the attention of one Captain Elstree. She had been looking to put together a capable crew to adventure the seas and explore unknown regions, and they needed someone to prepare their meals, someone who could keep up with that rough-and-tumble life. Julian smiled - a chance to go new places, take what he wanted, and step on anyone who got in his way...

What more could he possibly ask for?

User Stats (20 Points Used)

Strength: 5 (An absolute beast. His fists are devastating weapons in their own rights, and you do *not* want to be on the receiving end of a punch from him.)

Agility: 4 (*Shockingly* agile for how big and bulky he is.)

Endurance: 4 (Built like a motherfucker, with the pain tolerance to boot. It would take a lot to wear him out.)

Backstabbing: 5 (He cheats! He lies! He betrays your trust in a heartbeat! If there's some devious, underhanded tactic that Julian can use to get the upper hand, not only *will* he, he'll do it better than anyone else and he'll good and god damned get away with it.)

Cooking: 2 (You'd think he'd be better at this given that it's his occupation. Still, all things considered, he's not terrible in the kitchen, and has baseline skill with using the typical ingredients and tools of the chef's trade.)

Equipment: A handful of cigarettes, a lighter, a stick of butter, a bag of flour, a bottle of vodka, a bottle of olive oil, a rolling pin, a cheese grater, a tenderizing mallet, two bottles of Da Bomb Beyond Insanity hot sauce, many different shakers of spices and seasonings, and a full set of chef's knives.

Additionally, some of Julian's clothing has been modified for his benefit. He wears a chef's apron made out of a bulletproof vest, along with a prosthetic right foot which he has sharpened the edges of to act as a makeshift blade.

Stand Name (14 Points Used): 「Reptilia」

Stand Type: Animalistic / Punchghost

Stand Appearance: 「Reptilia」 takes the form of a large humanoid figure with reptilian features, such as scales and a long tail. Its head resembles that of a king cobra, with the cobra's hood extending into a bulging vest-like shape across its torso. Its mouth is always contorted into a manic grin. At the tips of its webbed fingers are small blades that resemble steak knives, and the tip of its tail has a larger blade resembling a butcher's knife.

When Julian summons 「Reptilia」, it manifests by peeling itself off of Julian's back, as though it were a flattened image or a tattoo that suddenly gained a 3D form.

Stand Ability: 「Reptilia」 has the ability to induce "Mitosis" in anything it cuts. By slicing at either Julian himself or an object within range, 「Reptilia」 causes that thing to split into two identical copies of itself. Each of these copies will be half the size and mass that they were before the split occurred, and will additionally become "half as effective" - a knife, for example, would become half as capable of cutting things, and an apple would become half as delicious. 「Reptilia」 can split things in this way multiple times, with each split further reducing the size and effectiveness of the resulting two pieces by half, down to a minimum of $\frac{1}{16}$ scale. There is no

limit on the total number of objects Julian can create in this manner, though when used on Julian himself, he can create at most 9 extra copies of himself (for a total of 10 “Julians”).

After something has been split by 「Reptilia」, each duplicate slowly begins to grow, attempting to return to their original size and effectiveness pre-split. The time it takes for this to happen is 15 seconds per split - for example, say an object has been split three times, reaching a state where each of the resulting pieces is $\frac{1}{8}$ scale. It would take 15 seconds for each piece to grow to $\frac{1}{4}$ scale, a total of 30 seconds for each piece to grow to $\frac{1}{2}$ scale, and a total of 45 seconds for each piece to fully return to their base scale.

Finally, by mashing two “pieces” of the same object together, Julian and 「Reptilia」 can recombine them, causing the pieces to fuse back into one object at the next scale up from its current state - for example, mashing together two pieces at $\frac{1}{8}$ scale will create one piece at $\frac{1}{4}$ scale. Fusing pieces in this way resets their growth timer to the amount appropriate for their new scale.

This can also be used to combine two pieces that have already grown to their “base” scale - in this case, the pieces combine into an object 1.5x the base scale & effectiveness. Pieces at this scale cannot be combined further (attempting to do so merely fuses them together with no increase in scale), and will slowly attempt to return to base scale over the course of 30 seconds.

Power: B (「Reptilia」 is just as strong as Julian, if not stronger. Additionally, 「Reptilia」 can use its ability on anything up to 10 cubic meters in volume.)

Speed: B (「Reptilia」 itself can move very fast, and Mitosis occurs extremely fast as well.)

Durability: C (「Reptilia」 itself has middling durability, and Mitosis neither helps nor harms durability beyond the baseline effect.)

Range: D (「Reptilia」 cannot go more than 5m from Julian, though Mitosis remains in effect outside that range.)

Precision: E (Mitosis is All-or-Nothing - 「Reptilia」 cannot induce Mitosis in only part of an object, for example. It must be the whole thing, or none of it. Additionally, things can only be split up to four times, down to a minimum of $\frac{1}{16}$ scale.)

Stand Oddities: None. For all intents and purposes, 「Reptilia」 is a standard punchghost.