

Info:

- Name: Julian [REDACTED]
- Details: 180cm / 60kg / ENTP (Ne–Ti–Fe–Si) / 3w4 / sp/so / 378 / ILE

Childhood:

Julian was born into a wealthy family where achievement and reputation mattered a lot. His parents weren't abusive, but they were very focused on him being well-mannered, successful, and someone they could be proud of. From a young age, Julian learned that being polite, capable, and composed made life easier, so he became good at presenting himself the way people expected.

He wasn't emotionless, but he was used to keeping everything controlled. He often understood what reaction was expected of him more than he understood his own feelings.

When he was eight, Julian and his father were involved in a car accident. His father died, and Julian was believed to have died as well. The amount of blood found at the scene suggested he shouldn't have survived, yet Julian was found days later alive with only minor injuries. He had no memory of what happened after the crash, and the only thing found with him was his father's pocket watch.

After losing both parents, Julian had nowhere else to go and was eventually placed in an orphanage under Bailey's care. Unlike the other children, Julian was quiet, polite, and unusually composed. He adapted quickly, learning how to behave around others and how to avoid causing trouble, but there was always something about him that felt difficult to understand.

He kept his father's pocket watch with him, even though he couldn't explain why. It was simply the one thing he had left from the life he barely remembered.

Present (17–18):

In the present, he has fully adapted to life in the orphanage. He forms connections easily, not out of interest, but out of necessity. People are predictable, and being liked makes everything easier. He maintains the same carefully constructed persona, someone approachable, calm, and quietly dependable. It works well enough that most people trust him without question.

However, his consistency is almost too perfect. Some begin to notice that nothing about him ever feels spontaneous, that his kindness never varies. Others project their own expectations onto him, seeing safety, reliability, or even sincerity where none truly exists. He allows it, as long as it remains useful.

Since turning eighteen, Bailey has begun demanding rent. The amount increases over time deliberately. Bailey sees his capability and quietly pushes him further, treating him less like a child and more like something that can be used.

To manage this, he works at a cafe during the day. It suits him. Customers are easy to read, easy to please, and the routine requires little effort. Outside of that, he takes on less savory work. At first, it is simple and impersonal, but over time, the jobs become more invasive, more morally compromising. He does not hesitate. What matters is that they work.

Boredom remains his only persistent discomfort. When left unstimulated, he becomes restless, then impulsive. He seeks out distraction through risk, whether through reckless decisions, dangerous situations, or fleeting encounters with strangers. These interactions are never about intimacy, only stimulation. Interest fades quickly, sometimes almost immediately, which often leads him to escalate further just to maintain engagement.

This pattern repeats itself. Charm, use, boredom, discard, then escalation. Each cycle pushes slightly further than the last.

Despite this, nothing changes. No matter how far he goes or what he does, he never finds what he is looking for.