

INFO

- Name: Ryotaro Kazama.
- Alias(s): The Penumbra , Big Bro, The Hellraiser.
 - Date Of Birth: June. 2nd
- Place Of Birth: Tokyo , Japan.
 - Gender: Male.
 - Ethnicity: Japanese
 - Race: Asian
- Sexual Preference: Bisexual.
 - Height: 6'0.
 - Weight: 196lbs.
 - Age: 21

APPEARANCE :

Ryotaro is a relatively tall and well-built young man with long, unkempt black hair, often left to drape over his face, reaches his shoulders when untied, with unruly bangs partially veiling his dark blue eyes, They carry an intensity and depth that seem to reflect a life shaped by manipulation and a relentless pursuit of loyalty to his sister, Jerri Kazama. There's a coldness in his gaze, as if each glance is weighed down by the burden of unwavering devotion and hidden struggles.

On his left hand, a glaring reminder of his past, his ring finger is missing—cut off by none other than Jerri herself as punishment for his defiance. The disfigurement is a permanent mark of the harsh bond they share, a symbol of the lengths he would go to in order to appease her, even when faced with unimaginable cruelty. Despite this, Ryotaro maintains a polished exterior.

ATTIRE :

His attire consists of a crisp button-up collared shirt, the fabric neatly tucked under an immaculate black suit jacket. The jacket, traditionally worn to denote formal occasions, fits snugly around his frame, its deep black hue symbolizing authority and sophistication. Its simple yet elegant design, free from unnecessary embellishments, enhances his composed and professional demeanor.

Paired with the suit jacket are well-tailored black dress pants. The dark shade seamlessly complements the suit, and the precise tailoring ensures a sharp and polished look. Along with the dress pants, the structured cut lends him a refined air, enabling him to move with quiet confidence despite the formal nature of the attire.

BACKGROUND :

Born into the illustrious Kazama family, Ryotaro Kazama was destined for greatness. As the sole heir to a vast empire built by his father, Hiroto Kazama—a self-made titan of industry whose multinational conglomerate revolutionized technology and infrastructure—Ryotaro was groomed to inherit a legacy of power, wealth, and influence.

His mother, Akiko Kazama, a revered cultural ambassador and philanthropist, instilled in him a sense of duty and honor, nurturing his refined upbringing with the arts and humanitarian values. The Kazamas were more than a family; they were a dynasty, admired and untouchable—until the night of their brutal demise.

Jerri had always been the delicate one, the innocent one. At least, that was what Ryotaro had believed. But beneath her porcelain exterior lurked something far more sinister. In the wake of their parents' deaths, she did not mourn—she seized control. Unaware that she, too, had begun to change. Jerri, later known as "The Messiah," twisted Ryotaro's grief into unwavering loyalty, manipulating his love for her into a blind devotion to her vision of a "new world order." At first, he resisted her demands, unwilling to stain his hands with blood.

"Pain and pleasure are one and the same, dear brother. The more you suffer, the more you understand. And the more you understand, the stronger you become."

These words became the foundation of his descent. Jerri, a master manipulator with a cruel sense of control, orchestrated his rebirth through both physical and psychological torment. She first broke his will with love, then with pain, using an intricate blend of affection and brutality to erase his former self. She shattered him piece by piece, stripping away his humanity until nothing remained but loyalty and obedience. Torture became his gospel, pain his scripture.

She broke his body, his mind, his soul—teaching him that suffering was not just a punishment, but a path to enlightenment. Every moment of agony became a lesson, every ounce of pleasure a reward doled out by her hand. She turned him inside out, reprogramming him until his only purpose was to serve. To kill. To protect her vision of a new world order at any cost.

Stripping him of sentiment, she made an example of his hesitation by severing his left ring finger—a symbol that he would never belong to anything but her cause. The excruciating pain was secondary to the horror of realization—there was no escape, no room for defiance, only servitude. “I have freed you from weakness,” she had whispered as he lay writhing. “Pain is nothing, Ryotaro. Pleasure is fleeting. Devotion is eternal.” It was in that moment, between agony and clarity, that she shattered the last remnants of his humanity.

What emerged was not a grieving brother but a ruthless killer, a man sculpted by suffering, whose only solace was ensuring his sister’s new world order came to fruition—no matter the cost. Now, Ryotaro moves like a shadow, a cold-blooded assassin with no remorse, an extension of Jerri’s will. His only purpose is to protect and enforce her vision, ensuring that no threat—no matter how small—survives long enough to challenge her dominion.

PERSONALITY :

Ryotaro Kazama is a man defined by contradictions, a specter of silent malice with a penchant for inflicting both suffering and ecstasy upon those who cross his path. He is not a man of unnecessary words—his presence alone is enough to suffocate a room with tension, and when he does speak, his words are chosen with precision, like the edge of a scalpel carving into flesh.

There is a stillness to him, a cold and calculating aura that unsettles even the most hardened individuals. He does not waste energy on pleasantries or idle conversation, nor does he indulge in “ emotional outbursts. “ His face remains impassive, his gaze devoid of warmth, save for the flickers of twisted amusement that emerge when he is deep in his art—the art of dissecting the boundaries between pain and pleasure.

Ryotaro believes that suffering is a lesson, an experience that strips away the illusions people wrap themselves in. He enjoys the slow unraveling of a person’s psyche as he pushes them to their limits, his touch capable of both exquisite agony and unsettling bliss. He thrives on that moment of realization when his target no longer knows whether they should beg for mercy or crave the torment he bestows. To him, the human body is nothing more than an instrument, one that sings different melodies depending on how he plays it.

Yet, for all his sadism, he is not without hesitation. There are moments—rare and fleeting—where his hand lingers, where his gaze narrows in something resembling contemplation. He is not without mercy, but his mercy is not born of kindness; it is the result of cold calculation, an understanding that sometimes, restraint serves a greater purpose than brutality.

Perhaps he sees something in his prey, a flicker of resistance or an emotion that reminds him of something buried deep within himself—something he does not wish to acknowledge.

But mercy from Ryotaro is a double-edged sword. It does not signify redemption, nor does it promise salvation. It is merely another aspect of his twisted nature, a reminder that even a monster like him can hesitate... but never for long.

Above all else, Ryotaro Kazama is devoted to Jerri Kazama. She is the architect of the new world, the one who sees beyond the limitations of the weak and the blind. His loyalty to her is absolute, unwavering, and he would do anything to see her vision realized. There is no act too dark, no sacrifice too great. Even if it means his own destruction, even if he must become the monster in the eyes of the world, he will not falter. For her, he will become the storm that erases the past and the shadow that ensures the future.

Ryotaro Kazama is not a man who seeks redemption, nor does he crave forgiveness. He exists to do what must be done, to separate the weak from the strong, to teach the world the true nature of suffering. And in the end, when the world is remade in Jerri Kazama's image, he will fade into the darkness, content in the knowledge that his purpose was fulfilled.

PERSONA :



NAME: *Eternis*

ARCANA: Death .

Level: 40

STRENGTH: 29

MAGIC: 20

ENDURANCE: 20

AGILITY: 22

LUCK: 30

INHERIT: None.

REFLECT: None.

BLOCK: None.

RESISTS: Light.

WEAK: Wind, Agi, Zio.

LIST OF SKILLS:

RAGING STORM: *Deals heavy Ice damage / Freezes all foes.*

GLACIAL MIRAGE: *Deals medium Ice damage to all foes.*

SHOULDER THE BURDEN: *Restores HP moderately. One ally.*

HAILSTORM OF SOLITUDE: *Deals heavy Ice damage to all foes.*

Eternis takes the form of an elderly man, his age reflected in his stoic, weathered features, yet there is an agelessness to him, as though time itself has no dominion over his being. His long, flowing robes are a mix of frosty blues and grays, swirling with delicate, snowflake-like patterns that shimmer subtly in the light. The hood of his robe casts a shadow over his face, obscuring his expression, but his icy blue eyes—piercing yet distant—glow faintly beneath the fabric. His hands, slightly gnarled with age, emerge from the robes' sleeves, clasped together as though holding ancient knowledge, and seem to radiate a chill that could freeze anything within their grasp. The robe's hem, which drags lightly across the floor, is jagged like shards of ice, making an ethereal scraping sound when he moves. Eternis' presence alone is enough to drop the temperature of the surroundings, causing the air to grow colder and crisper.

Eternis commands the full breadth of winter's power. With a mere gesture, he can summon freezing winds that coat his surroundings in frost. The ground itself may freeze solid, and sharp ice crystals can materialize and strike down enemies from a distance, or he can manipulate the ice into various forms to bind, trap, or impale foes. He can create barriers of ice that shield Ryotaro or himself, as well as summon massive ice storms to blanket the battlefield in an icy fog.

Also can create clones of himself or Ryotaro, each one possessing his inherent abilities. These clones can disorient enemies, drawing their attention away or overwhelming them with their numbers. The clones are perfect replicas, able to mimic movement and attacks, creating a labyrinth of confusion as opponents struggle to discern the real from the false.

One of Eternis' most disorienting powers is his ability to create the illusion of being trapped in a fierce blizzard or the icy wastelands of Antarctica. With a single command, the air fills with swirling snow and howling winds, obscuring vision and muddling sound. In this frozen maelstrom, enemies are left disoriented, unable to find their bearings as their movements slow and their senses are clouded by the illusion of an endless winter. This storm can also make it difficult for opponents to tell if they are facing Eternis or one of Ryotaro's clones, allowing him to gain the upper hand in any battle.