

Deimos Gerhardt

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Gender:	Male
Race:	Half Anthro
Age:	39
Faction:	Independent
Occupation:	"Archaeologist"(Grave Robber), Merc for hire
Rank:	N/A

Physical Appearance

Despite being in his late thirties, Deimos's soft face, moderate stature, and lean build appear more of that of a teenager than a middle-aged man. But, considering how long some varieties of anthro tend to live (roughly 200 years), he may as well be in his early twenties.

His skin is fair with a gentle tan, and his eyes a soft blue like that of robin's eggs with thick black

eyebrows hanging over them. The hair on his head is a raven black and shaved around the back and sides leaving only a puff on top that sweeps down into a fauxhawk. His ears are white with black around the edges and orange where they meet his skull, with their insides being puffy and white. His tail follows a similar pattern, being a majority black with an broad orange stripe that divides the black from the white tip.

His right arm is missing, but is replaced with a full set of arm armor from gardbrace to gauntlet, animated and functional via use of the spirit that was once contained in his arm (literally a "phantom limb").

Biography

Early Life

Deimos was born the illegitimate child of a human male and an anthro female living in Tesla City, with the former abandoning the family before he could even toddle. As a result, he was raised by a single mother desperate to try and make enough of a living to support her and her son. Rarely did he ever ask for much, and was left with no real choice but to teach himself if he wanted to get anywhere. It was by sheer luck that he lived near a library.

Unfortunately, he never really took to nonfiction, preferring to read tales and legends of old when he wasn't nose-deep in a comic book, serial, or pulp. He was taught to read by the librarian who pitied the low-class halfbreed. It eventually got to the point where he would see her as a second mother.

As the years went by, he found himself getting his nose buried in trouble instead of the books he once did, becoming antsy to leave the nest and go adventuring with Archaeological teams - however, he lacked many of the necessary skills for the occupation besides that of the stories from legends. At the time, he was too focused on exploring Tesla City. Breaking-in entry and trespassing on private property lost its unfamiliarity - neither did the arrests and charges.

The boy realized that he would get nowhere breaking into factories and warehouses. This was emphasized by his mother's disappointment, and the hole in her wallet resulting from his antics. It was at age 20 that he begun his studies into the history of Ayenee. A year later, he would sign a contract as a member of a University's Archaeological Exploration team.

The Tomb Incident

At age 25, Deimos and the members of his team were given the opportunity to explore a series of tunnels that had been discovered in the [The Southern Republic](#). However, since no scouting party had been sent in, they would be left with no choice to explore blindly. Much to their surprise, they found minimal monsters. That was what made the creature in its depths so much more of a shock. It wasn't so much a creature as a guardian constructed to protect the tunnels. His team was being swatted like ants, and he, he would be one of the unlucky survivors. A blow from the guardian's blade would sever his arm from his body at the shoulder. He and the three survivors of his party were forced to retreat.

The incident left him out of the job, and his contract was cancelled. Though there was compensation pay for his loss of limb and employment, it wouldn't be enough to sustain him for long. One of his former teammates found him and brought him to a witch whose expertise was in runes. For the cost

of what remained of his worker's comp, she was able to bring forth what spirit remained where his arm was, granting him the ability to put a sleeve of armor in its place.

Since then, he'd been searching for a new team to return to adventuring with.

Personality

Ever curious and unafraid to poke his head where it shouldn't be, Deimos and Archaeology connected without a hitch. Though he had hoped the job would be a lot more like it is in the pulps, he still finds satisfaction in discovering whatever he can in tombs and dungeons - but excitement is always available when there's a chance of monsters, grave robbers, or rival archaeologists. He prefers to think in the moment as a means of escaping his past. He still blames himself for the demise of his team, and has devoted his life to continuing exploration in their name. However he has since become rather cold, secluding himself from his team members until he feels it appropriate.

Abilities

"Runic Arm"

He does not have the inherent ability to bind a portion of his spirit to a gauntlet, but it is accomplished via a rune tattooed to his shoulder by an enchanter. Through it, he can take the arm of any suit of armor and use it in place of his own. Because it is not bound by the limits of musculature, it can move much faster, and can lift as much as the metal composing the armor can handle. However, because it is not bound to him physically, hard shots will cause the arm to fall off or even shatter, disabling his rune for a period of time (roughly ten minutes) while it gathers the pieces of his now broken spirit. (Note, he can feel through the armor)

The material does not need to be armor so long as it's shaped like a hand or arm could fit in it. With nothing on the limb, there is no way for his spirit to make contact with the physical plane.

"Nature of the Fox"

While he personally loathes being associated with foxes, being half anthro grants him limited access to their abilities. Enhanced hearing, smelling, and night vision are a plus, including a boost to his base speed. However, his light weight makes him susceptible to being taken down by particularly hard-hitting foes.

Items

- ATTILLARY brand Civilian-Grade Tactical Assault Cloak
- ATTILLARY brand Civilian-Grade Assault Greaves
- A variety of black bodysuits to wear when on missions
- A comb
- Casual outfits

- A duffel bag with a spare set of armor for his arm
- Arm armor consisting of upper and lower cannons of Vambrace, a pauldron, a couter, a gardbrace, and a gauntlet
- Workout sleeve with glove

OOC Notes

“ATTILLARY” is a made-up brand name that's a portmanteau of “Artillery” and “Attila” I just added it to give some kind of detail to his cloak.

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