

Character Sketch – The Orbweaver

Silk Noose Nightclub. The sticky, pulsing heart of the Rift. A suffocating mass of bodies moving as if they were a singular organism to the sensual rhythms. A maze of flesh and metal shrouded in the hazy neon lit smoke that manipulated the shapes of the room, blurring everything at the edges. In a place like that it's easy to slip beneath the surface and simply disappear. However, the ones looking for him always seemed to stick out. You could see them stumbling through as if lost but they would always reach the back of the room.

The first thing you would notice stepping into his office is how incredibly humid it was. Seemingly a complete juxtaposition of his character but his chilling nature seemed to make itself at home in the thick heat. The air was the type to fill your lungs like liquid; heavy and unforgiving. A few minutes in there and you could already feel your clothes clinging to your skin. The room itself was poorly lit. The large panel windows were kept tinted and the only light sources were the dim strips of red neon that cut into the sleek black walls like veins, dipping into the floors. You could see but it was just dark enough so your eyes couldn't quite adjust, leaving everything feeling unfamiliar. That's how he caught you. Dazed and uneasy, you'd flitter into his office and stand before a rigid figure. Unlike everything else in the room, he appeared in focus and almost sharp at the edges. The Orbweaver. A tall and slender looking man. Delicate but not frail. Remarkably well dressed too. Rightly so, he was certainly a man of business. The largest source of pure, liquid Ink in the city, making it a privilege as well as a danger to be associated with him. Any slip of skin you could see was embellished in metal. Having undergone several cybernetic upgrades, it was still unknown just how much of him was still flesh. He was a man of whispers and secrets, his eyes being one of them. Both had been replaced with bionic retinas. There was no iris, the whole eye was an icy white whilst the pupils had been split into several smaller ones that dotted the sclera. It was uncomfortable to look at, as if his eyes were filled with smaller eyes.

However, there was another very distinct reason behind his title. Bionic silk. A fine material that could only be seen caught under certain light. That's how you could tell who was associated with him. The thin lines of silver were commonly woven around their fingers and down the wrist. The bigger the risk, the more of the body would be wrapped. It was a symbol of danger and safety. If you were his, you were untouchable. Trust and fear are the backbones of this industry, he'd always repeat in his precise and distinct dialect. He placed a lot of faith in his business partners, treating them almost as family. Of course, they would not dare to cross him. Where else would they purchase such vast quantities of Ink that had not been cut with questionable chemicals? He always described his partners as an extended limb. What happens when a limb starts to rot? You cut it off. He made sure of that. Break his trust and the silk would liquify. It would eat into the skin, dissolving

flesh, metal, and bone. You'd be lucky to only lose the hand. Look close enough and you'd see silver delicately woven around the necks of the most powerful figures in the city

He was the Orbweaver. The shadow of the Rift. He *was* power.