

## Bees Character Introduction

### 1. Character Details

- ★ Nationality – *Fontaine*
- ★ Affiliation – *Choriya Boutique*
- ★ Vision – *Hydro*
- ★ Personality – *ENFP*
- ★ Rarity – *5 star*
- ★ Weapon Type – *Bow*
- ★ Talents



- **Normal Attack: *Seamless Piercer***

*Each arrow is loosed with the precision of a tailor threading a needle—fluid yet sharp, sewing pain into the fabric of fate. Charged shots leave faint ripples in the air, like stitches dissolving in water.*
- **Elemental Skill: *Tearwoven Tapestry***

*With a graceful release, a Hydro-kissed arrow glides through the air, unraveling upon impact into delicate streams of water. Like sorrowful stitches woven by unseen hands, these liquid threads entwine foes, binding them in a tapestry of grief.*
- **Elemental Burst: *Final Elegance: Drowned Reviere***

*Unfurls a grand, flowing tapestry of Hydro energy, firing a beautifully crafted arrow that erupts into a cascading rain of spectral threads. Enemies caught within are slowed, as if momentarily trapped in the lingering memory of an unfinished masterpiece.*
- **Passives**
  - 1) *“Flowing Hem”*
  - 2) *“Silken Reverie”*
  - 3) *“Tailor of the Tides”*
- ★ **Constellation: *Aseyuku Shio no Koromo***

*A delicate garment woven from memories, slowly dissolving into the ebbing sea.*

  - **C1 : *“First Stitch, Fraying Fate”***
  - **C2 : *“Draped in Fading Echoes”***
  - **C3 : *“Seam of the Dying Wave”***
  - **C4 : *“The Unfinished Masterpiece”***
  - **C5 : *“Threads of a Broken Dream”***
  - **C6 : *“Eclipsed in Cerulean Veil”***
- ★ **Birthday: ???**
- ★ **Special Dish: *“Tearwoven Soufflé”***

*A delicate, airy soufflé infused with a touch of oceanic elegance, as fleeting and graceful as a silken thread dissolving in water.*

## 2. Character Story

### ★ *Short Life Story*

*Bees was once a bright soul within the grand Court of Fontaine, known for his creativity and ambition. His talent was undeniable, yet the weight of expectations and silent whispers of doubt followed him everywhere. No matter how high he reached, an emptiness always lingered, as if something vital was just out of grasp. From a young age, he stood apart, his mind far beyond his years. Admired yet isolated, he buried himself in knowledge, hoping to find purpose. At eighteen, his parents sent him to study in Sumeru, a place where his intellect could flourish. But as he sailed away, he realized—**this was not his choice**. Surrounded by wisdom, he excelled, yet the hollow ache in his chest never faded. Even after graduating from the Akademiya, he felt lost.*

*Seeking something more, he turned to Inazuma, slipping past the closed borders with Captain Beidou's help. There, he met **Chiori**, a tailor whose friendship became his anchor, and through her, he found work in the **Kamisato Estate**. It was there that he met **Thoma**. Warm, kind, and endlessly patient, Thoma became the light in Bees' life. For the first time, **he felt at home**. But happiness is fragile. One day, the Shogunate took Thoma's **Vision**, and Bees rushed to stop them—too late. **Thoma resisted. Thoma fought. Thoma fell**. The Shogun's blade cut through him like lightning, leaving only silence behind. Bees collapsed beside him, his world shattering in an instant.*

*The man who returned to Fontaine was unrecognizable. **The scholar, the dreamer, the lover—gone**. In his place stood someone new, someone dazzling, confident, and untouchable. With **Chiori**, he built a new life, opening a boutique and becoming a rising star in Fontaine's fashion world. He was charming, ambitious, and endlessly creative. The past? **Buried beneath silk and velvet**. The pain? **Hidden behind smiles and laughter**. Or at least, that's what he told himself. **Because if he never looked back, maybe the ghosts would never find him**.*

### ★ *Vision Story: Cryo*

*The sky wept the day Bees decided to stain his hands with vengeance. A thick fog swallowed the streets of Inazuma, and rain poured down in relentless sheets, as if the heavens themselves mourned what he had become. Since Thoma's death, the world had lost its color. Nothing mattered—not honor, not reason, not even his own survival. All that remained was the fire of grief, burning so fiercely within him that it turned to ice.*

*He had to leave Inazuma. He had to return to Fontaine, to bury the past beneath a new life. But first—he had one last mission.*

#### **Revenge.**

*That same day, beneath the shadow of the Tenshukaku, another soul stood on the precipice of despair. Another victim of the Vision Hunt Decree. Another life about to be shattered by the Shogun's unyielding blade.*

*Bees watched from the darkness, rain dripping from his lashes, his breath slow and measured.*

*This was it—his chance. His chance to strike, to make her feel even a fraction of the pain she had carved into his soul.*

*He would not let her walk away untouched. Not after what she had done to Thoma.*

*Lightning crackled in the sky as the Shogun stepped forward, her expression cold and merciless.*

*The kneeling figure before her trembled, their hands clenched into fists. They would lose everything today—their strength, their dreams, their very identity.*

*Just like Thoma.*

*Bees' fingers curled tightly around the dagger hidden beneath his sleeve. His heart pounded, not with fear, but with the crushing weight of grief and rage.*

*The rain could not wash away his sins. Nor could it cleanse the blood he was ready to spill.*

*Tonight, he would have his revenge.*

*But fate is never kind to the broken.*

*It was time.*

*The moment the Shogun raised her blade to strip yet another soul of their dream, something inside Bees **snapped**.*

*With a cry torn from the depths of his grief, he shoved past the stunned crowd, their gasps swallowed by the roaring storm. His world blurred—only **she** remained.*

*The monster who had stolen Thoma from him. The executioner who had turned his warmth into lifeless ashes.*

*He lunged.*

*His dagger glinted in the dim light, rain slipping from its edge like unspilled blood.*

*The Shogun turned—calm, cold, unshaken.*

**Too fast.**

*A blinding flash of lightning split the sky.*

*Pain crashed through Bees' body like a tidal wave, his breath torn from his lungs as he hit the ground.*

*The stone beneath him was cold, unforgiving—just like her. Just like the world that had taken everything from him.*

*His dagger lay useless, just out of reach. His vision blurred, the sound of rain pounding in his ears like a cruel melody.*

**He had failed.**

*The Shogun barely spared him a glance, her gaze already returning to her true purpose—the trembling soul before her, still on their knees, awaiting their fate.*

*No.*

**No, no, no.**

*He couldn't let this happen again.*

*With what little strength he had left, he reached out, dragging himself forward across the slick stone. His fingers clawed against the ground, his body screaming in protest, but he didn't stop.*

*He **couldn't** stop.*

*Not again. Not another life lost.*

*The Shogun raised her blade.*

*Bees' vision darkened at the edges. His heartbeat pounded, slower, heavier—like a final, distant echo.*

**Move. Get up. Stop her.**

*But his body refused to obey.*

*He could only watch as history threatened to repeat itself. As the nightmare he had sworn to escape came rushing back to claim him once more.*

**Darkness swallowed him whole.**

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*When Bees opened his eyes again, the world was nothing but a blur of grey.*

*The storm had only worsened—the sky now a churning abyss, the rain a relentless force against his skin.*

*The cold seeped into his bones, but it was nothing compared to the icy dread curling in his chest.*

*Then he saw her.*

**General Kujou Sara.**

*Standing tall before him, her gaze sharp, unwavering.*

*There was no malice in her expression, only duty—only the silent promise of a warrior who would not hesitate to strike down an enemy.*

*"I promise it will be quick," she said.*

*Bees barely had time to react before she raised her bow.*

*His limbs were weak, his breath ragged, but sheer instinct forced him to **stand**.*

*His legs trembled beneath him, his body barely holding itself together.*

*He had nothing—no weapon, no strength left to fight.*

*And then—**she fired.***

*Time slowed.*

*The arrow cut through the rain, a silver streak in the storm's fury. It hurtled toward him, straight for his heart.*

*For a brief, fleeting moment, Bees accepted it.*

*Maybe this was fate. Maybe this was the price for his vengeance, for his failure.*

*Maybe this was how it was always meant to end.*

***But fate had other plans.***

*Just as the arrow was about to pierce his chest, something **flashed.***

*A burst of cold, sharp as grief, sudden as heartbreak.*

***A Cryo Vision.***

*It materialized in an instant—right between him and death itself. The arrow struck it instead, and in that moment, the world **shattered.***

*A surge of elemental energy exploded outward, a freezing storm erupting from his very core. The rain turned to ice midair, shards of frost spreading in a blink.*

***Sara froze where she stood, her bow hand stiff, her breath caught in the prison of ice that encased her.***

*Everything around Bees was locked in a frozen stillness.*

*He stood there, panting, heart hammering against his ribs, his mind reeling.*

*Then, without hesitation—**he ran.***

*He didn't look back. Didn't dare.*

*His only thought was **escape, escape, escape.***

*He had no idea.*

*No idea that the Vision that had saved his life **was already gone.***

*That it had shattered upon impact, its power spent in one final, desperate act of defiance.*

*A gift from the gods, granted in his lowest moment—only to be ripped away before he ever had the chance to wield it.*

★ ***Vision Story: Hydro***

*Panic rippled through the backstage like a storm.*

*"Oh no, no, no, no! The lights went off! How are we supposed to pull off a fashion show without LIGHTS?!" Chiori's voice was sharp with distress, her hands gripping her head as she paced.*

*"Ugh, our careers are doomed!"*

*Bees' breath caught in his throat. The biggest show of their lives—the culmination of months of relentless work—was about to unravel before their eyes. The guests had just arrived, their expectations sky-high, the first model poised to step onto the runway.*

*And then—darkness.*

*The grand venue, once a stage of opulence and brilliance, was now swallowed in shadow. Gasps echoed through the room, whispers of confusion spreading like wildfire. The chandeliers, the stage lights, every last source of illumination—gone.*

*Bees took a step forward, his footsteps unnervingly loud against the silence. No one could see him, but they could hear him.*

*For a moment, he was back in Inazuma. Back in the rain. Back in the moment where everything had been taken from him.*

*But this time, he wasn't here to lose.*

*He closed his eyes and did something he hadn't done in a long time.*

*He prayed.*

*Not to the Archons. Not to fate. But to whatever force had once saved him at his lowest. The same force that had granted him a Vision in the pouring storm.*

*Please. Help me again. Just this once.*

*Then—something answered.*

*A pulse of energy surged through him. A cool, fluid force—not the biting cold of Cryo, but something softer, something alive. A brilliant glow illuminated the darkness, and as Bees opened his eyes, he saw it. A Hydro Vision, gleaming in his palm.*

*Before he could even think, instinct took over. He raised his hands—and the water obeyed.*

*A rush of liquid silk spiraled into the air, weaving through the shadows like glowing threads. The droplets caught the faintest glimmers of ambient light, refracting them into a cascade of brilliance. It was mesmerizing—waves of water twisting and curling into shimmering arcs, illuminating the runway in a dance of liquid radiance.*

*Gasps turned into applause. Then cheers.*

*The audience rose to their feet, enchanted, convinced that this—this breathtaking spectacle—had been planned all along. A flawless, artistic masterpiece.*

*Bees stood there, breathless, heart pounding, the Hydro Vision cool against his fingertips.*

*He had saved the show. Not through vengeance. Not through grief.*

*But through creation.*

*And for the first time in a long, long while... he felt whole.*