

Elizabeth Voss

Author's note: Elizabeth is the living embodiment of everything Will instinctively rejects about Myrah — the hierarchy as religion, the casual cruelty as “standards,” and the way pureblood anxiety weaponizes itself against anyone who threatens the story the elites tell themselves. She is not a cartoon villain; she is a product of the system who has fully internalized it because the alternative (acknowledging her family's slow decline) is unthinkable. Her rivalry with Will is personal because his talent exposes the lie at the heart of the aristocracy. In the larger story she can serve as both immediate antagonist in the academy chapters and a recurring face of the regime Will must eventually confront or dismantle upon return.



Elizabeth Voss is a second-tier pureblood (limited natural aptitude) and one of the most visible young officers at the Thallius Academy. Approximately the same age as William Davenport (early twenties), she serves as a junior overseer, proctor's aide, and occasional sparring opponent. She is the living proof that the system does not need to be competent to remain in power — it only needs to be ruthless, well-connected, and terrified of losing what little status it still holds.

Background & Lineage

The Voss family is old but no longer great. Once counted among the established pureblood houses that helped enforce the Arcanian Revolution, they have suffered the same slow fertility collapse and magical

dilution that has hollowed out the highest tiers for the last two centuries. Elizabeth's grandfather was a first rank who held a senior administrative post in the capital; her father serves in the Ministry of Arcane Regulation (a second-rank pureblood with limited arcana aptitude), spending his days auditing generator quotas and deciding which non-magi villages will have their "excess" arcana tithed this quarter.

Elizabeth was born into the last generation of Vosses who still receive the full suite of elite education, private tutors, and social access. Her older cousin (a First Rank child of her uncle on her dad's side) was sent to the frontier garrisons and has not been heard from in three years — officially "serving with distinction," unofficially a quiet exile after a failed political marriage. The extended family now pins its remaining hopes on Elizabeth marrying upward or distinguishing herself in service so thoroughly that the Grand Magi Council forgets the Voss name is fading.

She was placed in the academy young, not as a student but as a "cadet-observer" — a pureblood tradition that lets high-status children learn the machinery of control while the Third Ranks do the actual work. By seventeen she held her first inspection authority. By twenty she had developed a reputation for catching "attitude problems" that more senior overseers missed.

Personality & Worldview

Elizabeth is polished, articulate, and genuinely believes in the system — or at least in the version of it that keeps people like her on top. She speaks the doctrine with the easy fluency of someone who has never had to question it. Individual expression is not merely inefficient; it is *immoral*. The idea that a Third Rank could outperform a pureblood in anything but raw physical labor offends her on a spiritual level.

She is not stupid. She is *anxious*. Every merit she docks from Will, every pairing she arranges in sparring, every whispered report to her cousins is insurance against the day her own family is judged "surplus to requirements." In a world where the highest tiers have suffered catastrophic fertility collapse and the Grand Magi Council has quietly begun "reallocating" underperforming bloodlines, Elizabeth has decided that the only safety is in being the one who enforces the rules most enthusiastically on behalf of the pureblood order.

In private (very private) moments she is capable of a cold, almost artistic cruelty — the kind that comes from someone who has practiced smiling while imagining the exact wording of a demerit report. In public she is the model Second Rank: correct posture, correct tone, the right amount of disdain for those below her and the right amount of deference to those above.

She has almost no friends. She has *allies* and *useful contacts*. The distinction is important to her.

Appearance & Presentation

Elizabeth is conventionally beautiful in the pale, severe style favored by the current pureblood aesthetic — blonde hair always in a tight regulation plait or bun, skin kept artificially clear with expensive light-attunement creams, uniform always immaculate. She wears the double silver thread of her rank with the pride of someone who knows exactly how many of her cousins never reached it.

Her eyes are a washed-out blue that can look almost colorless in certain lights. When she smiles at Will during inspection or after a “correction” in sparring, the expression never reaches them.

She carries a custom-forged dueling wand rather than a full staff — shorter, more elegant, and (she believes) proof of superior breeding. The head is inlaid with a single small carnelian chip of the deepest brown-red color which was inherited as a family heirloom. She has never wondered why the stone sometimes feels warm when Will is nearby.

Arcana & Combat Style

Elizabeth's magic is textbook. She excels at the forms the academy teaches because she has never had reason to deviate from them. Her barriers are geometrically perfect. Her orbs are the precise diameter required by the latest doctrinal revision. She has never once experienced the “turbulence” the proctors warn about because she has never allowed herself an original thought during casting.

In sparring she is aggressive, precise, and utterly without mercy toward lower ranks. She uses the rules as a weapon — forcing opponents into positions where any creative defense can be reported as “deviation.” She has never lost a sanctioned match against a Third Rank. She has also never fought anyone who was actually trying to hurt her.

Her greatest fear (which she would never admit even to herself) is that if the old wild magic ever returned — the kind the histories claim existed before the Revolution — she would be completely outclassed by people like William.

Relationship to William Davenport

Will is Elizabeth's personal proof-of-concept for everything wrong with the current recruitment policies. He is *better* than her in every measurable academic and technical category, and the fact that the academy still gives him a silver thread instead of gold is the only thing that keeps her worldview intact.

She does not hate him personally at first. She hates what he represents: the possibility that the bloodline system is a lie, or at least a declining asset. Every time he answers a question faster, executes a form cleaner, or survives one of her inspections without visible reaction, she feels the floor shift a millimeter under her feet.

Over time the rivalry becomes personal. She begins to *need* his failures. Arranging the sparring pairings is not just politics — it is a ritual. If she can force him to break form, to show “attitude,” to finally react the way a proper Third Rank should, then the hierarchy is still real.

She has no idea that Will's secret courtyard painting or the carnelian stone exist. If she ever discovered either, her reaction would not be simple outrage. It would be something closer to religious horror.

Secrets & Private Life

- Elizabeth keeps a private journal in which she records every perceived slight against the Voss name and every “deviant” Third Rank she has helped discipline. It is less a diary than a ledger of debts she believes the world owes her family. - She has a younger non-magi half-sister (the result of one of her father's “inspection tours” in the outer districts) whose existence is a closely guarded family shame. Elizabeth has never met her and tells herself daily that the girl does not matter. - She is quietly terrified of the fertility rituals the great houses have begun performing in secret. She has already been “evaluated” twice by Ministry physicians. The reports were “encouraging but inconclusive.”

Thematic Role

Elizabeth Voss is the face of the cage. Where Will represents the possibility of escape and return, she represents the people who will fight to keep the door locked — not because they are cartoon evil, but because they have been taught since birth that opening it means their own annihilation. In the Jungian structure of the larger story she can function as a shadow-aspect of the “successful” self: the version of Will that chose perfect compliance over the dream voice.

She is also a potential tragic figure. If Will ever returns to Myrah in force, Elizabeth will be one of the officers ordered to stop him. Whether she breaks, doubles down, or (most interestingly) begins to question the story she has told herself her entire life is one of the open dramatic questions the academy phase sets up for the later volumes.

Practical Notes for Writing

- Voice: Precise, slightly formal, with a gift for the cutting understatement. She rarely raises her voice. The cruelty is in the wording and the timing. - Physical tells: When anxious she touches the carnelian inlay on her wand with her thumb. When truly furious the left corner of her mouth twitches once before she smiles. - Future hooks: Possible arranged marriage plotline, involvement in a Ministry investigation into “anomalous arcana signatures” near the academy (after the gemstone incident), or a confrontation years later when Will returns and she is forced to decide whether the system that made her is worth dying for.

This character exists to make the grey world feel alive and personal. She is not the worst thing in Myrah. She is simply what happens when a bright, frightened young woman is given power and told that using it against people like William is the same thing as virtue.

From:

<https://home.woodchuckhunters.com/wiki/> - **DavWiki1**

Permanent link:

https://home.woodchuckhunters.com/wiki/story:elizabeth_voss

Last update: **2026/06/02 08:11**

