Braecen is tall and stocky Human, with pale, clear skin, narrow dirty-blonde eyebrows, and thick, sandy brown hair. He wears it disheveled, appearing as if he has just run his hand through his hair. Even as messy as it is, he keeps it cut short. He has a roundish face and discriminating pale blue eyes. His lips are twisted into a wry, ready smirk that can crack at any moment to reveal his straight white teeth. His cheeks are puffy and slightly red – deepening to crimson when emotions – surprise, anger, shame – grip him. He possesses a slight scar on the bottom of his chin, but it is lost in the stubble that gives him a roughened jawline. The hair on his face is dishwater blonde – like his eyebrows – and haphazard, it is coarse and scraggly; an unkempt beard. His hands are thick and strong, toughened with callous from hard manual labor. His fingers are short and narrow, with several small scars on the fingers of his left hand. His midsection, once flat and toned, is soft and plump with the acceptance of age; though he still possesses noticeable musculature in his arms, legs, and neck.