Aiden Graham

Overview

Overview



A spunky, attractive, and popular young blogger, Aiden is more capable and sinister than she lets on. Primed by an anonymous Nosferatu mentor to participate in Kindred society, this new Black Rose is ready to hit the ground running.

Basics

Basics

Name
Aiden Graham
Image
Image not found or type unknown
Screenshot 2024-10-06 161921.jpg
Val
Chronicle
Baltimore After Dark

Nature
Rogue
Demeanor
Eye of the Storm
Concept
Blood As Ink
Clan
Toreador Antitribu
Generation
12th
Sire
Kelly Cole

Attributes

Attributes

Physical
p
Strength

10000
Dexterity

11000
Stamina

11100
Social
s
Charisma

11100
Manipulation
Investment
11110
Appearance

11100
Mental

t
Perception

11000
Intelligence

11100
Wits

11100

Abilities

Abilities

Talents
p
Alertness

11000
Athletics

00000
Awareness

10000
Brawl

00000
Empathy

10000
Expression
Integral Opinion
11110
Intimidation

00000
Leadership

00000
Streetwise

00000
Subterfuge

11100

00000
Skills
s
Animal Ken

00000
Crafts

00000
Drive

10000
Etiquette

11000
Firearms

10000
Larceny

10000
Melee

00000
Performance
Ballet
11000
Stealth

00000
Survival

00000

00000
Knowledge
t
Academics
Creative Writing
11000
Computers

11000
Finance

11000
Investigation

11000
Law
Cop's Daughter
11000
Medicine

00000
Occult

00000
Politics

11000
Science

10000
Technology

00000

00000

Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines

Auspex
10000

Presence
10000

Celerity
10000

00000

00000

00000
Backgrounds

Generation
10000

Contacts
11100

Fame
11100

Resources
11100

Mentor
11000

Allies
10000
Virtues
Conscience

11000

Self-Control

11110
Courage

11110

Humanity/Path
11111 10000
Path
 Humanity
Bearing

Willpower
11111 11100
00000 00000
Blood Pool
11111 11111
10000 00000
Blood/Turn
 1/p Turn

Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit
Type
Cost
 Iron Will
 Mental
 3
 Sanctity (Free Merit)
 Social
2

Flaw
Type
Bonus
Rival Sires
Social
2
Phobia (Anthophobia)
Mental
2
Dark Secret
Social
1
Hard of Hearing
Physical
1
Speech Impediment
Mental
1

Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual
Level

Path

00000

00000

00000

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00000

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Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total
 26 (15 starting + 6 xp + 5 xp)
Spent
 0
Notes

Freebies: 22
-3 for Iron Will Merit
-1 to raise Fame to 2
-1 to raise Fame to 3
-1 to raise Resources to 2
-1 to raise Resources to 3
-1 to raise Contacts to 2
-1 to raise Contacts to 3
-1 to raise Mentor to 2
-2 to raise Expression to 4
-2 to raise Drive to 1
-2 to raise Firearms to 1
-4 to raise Willpower to 8
-2 to raise Awareness to 1

Derangements

Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies
Mortal father is a police officer.
Contacts
I have a few, but the only one I've decided on for now is a famous YouTuber who does video essays.
Fame
I have a popular blog that gives me influence and money.
Herd

Influence

Mentor
The Nosferatu who was prospecting me is still in contact.

Resources
I live with my parents, so I have the ability to save money.
Retainers

Status

Other
Her speech impediment comes in the form of selective mutism. When she is in a stressful or unfamiliar situation, she cannot bring herself to speak.

Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)
Laptop bag: Laptop, notepad and pen, cosmetics, wallet
Feeding Grounds

Havens

Equipment (Owned)
Gun
Vehicles
Sedan
Other

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To
Rating

Bound To
Rating

Description

Description

Age
 24
Apparent Age
 24
D.O.B.
 2000
R.I.P.
 2024
Hair
 Scraggly, wavy, and bleach blonde
Eyes
 Big brown doe eyes
Race
 Half white half Afro-Puerto Rican
Nationality
 American
Height
 5'4"
Build
 Curvaceous (HUGE boobs)
Gender
Cis woman

Face Claim

Aiden has a stout, fat build with full curves and weak little arms and legs. Her skin is a mid-tone olive, though the color was a slightly sickly dull brown even before the Embrace. Her naturally dark, wavy hair has been chopped and bleached to shit, leaving it dry and scraggly. Most of the time she dresses for comfort.
She has a sweet, fat face with large brown eyes framed by thick curled lashes. Her voice is raspy. She doesn't like to speak much, as it's difficult for her, but when she does, it's quiet.

History

History

Sucking at talking and sucking at listening very quickly closed in around Aiden's life when she was little. She was a girl who found herself in the Internet, speaking her woes and her dreams into the pixel void, to get away from suburban banality and daddy's regular beatings of her and mommy. They didn't stop her when she smuggled cigarettes and booze into her bedroom as a teen, so long as she plugged the bottom of her door with a towel.

It turned out she was good at making herself known through the written word, especially where speaking them failed. She dedicated time, energy, and even a bit of cash into her little collection of blogs, steadily building herself up to being a popular voice. When she went to school, she picked up skills in creative writing and investigative journalism, bringing these new abilities to raise her blogs to legitimacy.

But then there was a day where she traveled alone out of suburbia. It was a beautiful, warm, green day, and there was a field of flowers she wanted to spend time in. She was a young adult at this time, just about to finish up school, and it felt like... it felt like for once, her future could be bright.
But there was a point where the flowers gave way. She came to dirt, and then a pit, and then bodies. A pile of bodies with dented heads. The flowers tore and scratched at her as she sprinted through them to get away.
She had to let people know this happened. To blog about it was a decision that was one part strategic, one part flailing madness, but it would ultimately be the decision that cost her her life.
Someone found the draft of the post before she could publish it. She panicked and floundered as the draft was erased, programs were remotely installed, and someone began to talk to her. It was the most horrifying, fascinating thing, this world blossoming before her, this person who entered her life in order to threaten it. She wasn't allowed to talk about this, to tell a fucking soul, or else they'd come to her house and brutalize her until she died. But they liked her, they said. They liked her moxie. So she'd be getting a pass.

From there, Aiden found her world dimming and warping. She found the thrill of this new contact, this half stalker half pen pal, to be alluring. They wouldn't explain to her what happened, but they'd drop her things: coordinates, links, pictures-- a fucking ARG was unfolding before her: a game just for her.
Her parents didn't question her intense seclusion at this point, attributing it to depression after graduating and a lack of job prospects. But hey, they let her stick around without paying rent!
She couldn't piece it together at the time, but she was being groomed by a Nosferatu. They liked her style, they liked her sick curiosity, and they wanted to get her into tip-top shape before bringing her onto the team.
But then there was a night where she traveled alone again. She went alone, took the bus, didn't bring her phone. Her mind had degraded from all of the isolation, the obsession, the work demanded to keep her blogs together-- so vanilla activity wasn't gonna cut it. She wasn't a girl who would sit in bars or watch a show. She was feeling different, dangerous, and so she picked a spot to go get lit the fuck up.
She pushed it. Several hundred dollars of alcohol, cocaine, some K, and a few hickeys later, and she was looking rough. Another woman there, an employee, must've thought she looked so pitiful. Another lost, drugged up beauty that's been ruined by the world.
When Aiden woke up again, she was cold, but she wasn't alone. The woman was with her. And it was all about to start making sense.

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