Brigid Porter

Overview

Overview



Brigid is a Warrior Salubri who has been through much before coming to Baltimore. She seeks to help the struggling Sabbat in town and kill some damn Tremere. Her sword is going to be wet with blood by the time she's through. She gets a big damn smile on her face whenever she fights.

Code of Honor:
Never kill an unarmed opponent
Always accept a fair challenge
Never turn down a token of affection
Do not fight dirty

Basics

Basics

Name
Brigid Porter
Player
Rowknan
Chronicle
Baltimore After Dark
Nature
Survivor
Demeanor
Bon Vivant
Concept
Lover Warrior Salubri

Clan
Salubri Antitrubu
Generation
10th
Sire
Humaira Azad

Attributes

Attributes

Physical
p
Strength

11000
Dexterity
Lightning Reflexes
11111
Stamina
Sturdy
11110
Social
s
Charisma

11000
Manipulation

11000
Appearance
Stunning
11111
Mental
t
Perception

11100
Intelligence

11000
Wits

11000

Abilities

Abilities

Talents
p
Alertness

10000
Athletics

11100
Awareness

10000
Brawl

10000
Empathy

11100
Expression

10000
Intimidation

10000
Leadership

00000
Streetwise

10000
Subterfuge

10000

00000
Skills
s
Animal Ken

00000
Crafts

00000
Drive

10000
Etiquette

10000
Firearms

00000
Larceny

00000
Melee

11100
Performance
Ballet
11100
Stealth

10000
Survival

00000

00000
Knowledge
t
Academics

Medieval History
10000
Computers

10000
Finance

00000
Investigation

10000
Law

00000
Medicine

00000
Occult

11000
Politics

00000
Science

00000
Technology

10000

00000

Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines

Valeren
11000

Auspex
10000

Fortitude
10000

00000

00000

00000
Backgrounds

Generation
11100

Herd
10000

Status
10000

Alternate Identity
10000

00000

00000
Virtues
Conscience/Conviction

11100
Self-Control/Instinct

11100
Courage

11110

Humanity/Path
11111 10000
Path
 Humanity
Bearing
 Human
Willpower
11111 11110
00000 00000
Blood Pool
11111 11111
11100 00000
Blood/Turn
 1

Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit
Type
Cost
 Magic Resistance
 Supernatural
2
 Sight Beyond Sight
 Bloodline
3
 Code of Honor
 Mental
2
 Calm Heart
 Mental
3
 Blush of Health
 Physical
 2

Flaw

Type
Bonus
Vulnerability to Silver
Physical
2
New Arrival
Social
1
Unlucky
Supernatural
2
Old Flame
Social
2

Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual
Level

Path

00000

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00000

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Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total
 15
Spent
 15
Notes
 Freebies:
+7 from Flaws (22)
-5 Willpower (17)
-12 Merits (5)
-5 Attributes (0) (Perception 3)
XP:
+15 Starting (15)
Strength 2 (11)
Manipulation 2 (7)

Valeren 2 (2)
Occult 2 (0)

Derangements

Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies

Contacts

Fame

Herd
Two humans that she has addicted to fighting her and to her Kiss
Influence

Mentor

Resources

Retainers

Status
1 (Sabbat)
Other

Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)
Wallet with Fake ID, Motorcycle Helmet, Key
Feeding Grounds

Havens

Equipment (Owned)
 Reinforced Leather Jacket (Rating 1), Dagger, Short Sword
Vehicles
 Motorcycle
Other

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To
Rating
 Charlotte Utkin (Vaulderie)
 High

Bound To
Rating

Description

Description

Age
 43
Apparent Age
 20
D.O.B.
 March 2nd, 1992
R.I.P.
 July 5th, 2002
Hair
 White (Dyed before Embrace)
Eyes
 Blue
Race
 Mixed Race
Nationality
 American
Height
 5'11"
Build
 Toned and Curvaceous
Gender
 Female
Face Claim
 Caenis from Fate (Uses Generated and commissioned art)

History

History

CW: Child Abuse, Abuse, Harassment, attempted assault, divorce, tragedy, isolation, loss of a partner, influence of foreign thoughts and memories, homophobic slur

Born in Miami Florida on March 5th, 1992 Brigid was never truly given a happy family. She had dreams of something else but they always faded into harsh reality when she awoke. Her mother was from a family of fairly well off Irish Immigrants named Amanda Walsh and her father was an African American whose family had always been in the area named Robert Porter. They were a family for five years, during which Brigid grew up learning the basics of catholicism and her father's job as a dock worker. But while they were happy from Brigid's perspective at the time, every night after she went to sleep in her tiny room they would argue relentlessly. They occasionally woke her up screaming, but she would slam her pillows around her ears and ignore it, they were happy and that was that. She would wake up every morning around the same time and act like everything was fine.

That was around the time that a man started openly visiting Amanda. Frank was a tall man from an old aristocratic family that clearly desired Brigid's mother, and gave the young girl a critical eye. Brigid remembers her father Robert crying a lot around that time.

Amanda eventually came to an agreement with Robert for the last time and they asked Brigid who she would like to stay with. That mommy and daddy were separating. Brigid tried for a full thirty minutes to convince them to stay together, but eventually she tearfully leapt into her mother's arms. Brigid remembered looking back while they drove away from Robert's modest home, seeing her father break down crying while he lost everything.

When Brigid arrived at Frank's home with her mother, they were immediately greeted by a Butler who introduced them to the Walker estate. Brigid remembered feeling a sense of dread and terror while looking at rows of patches of bare earth, crumbling planks of wood occasionally poking out of grass and wild cotton. They were far out of the way of the fancy walkway to the front of the mansion, but Brigid still saw those remains. She'd never get the image out of her head.

But when they entered the mansion proper, Brigid felt like a Princess from one of the stories her mother liked to read to her. She ran up the stairs and gasped at all the beautiful decorations, the tasteful furnishings, and the excess plastering every wall. She had grinned at her tired looking mother.

Then a sharp voice rang out, and Brigid had gotten her first taste of who Frank Walker really was. He had scolded the five year old for smudging up his floors, and then dressed down Amanda in front of

her child about her shameful parenting. He made it clear to both of them that he had standards that they would meet, especially when Amanda had his own children. Brigis would be enrolled at a new expensive preschool. He had implied that she thought she would need the help. Brigid had looked to her mother for guidance, but Amanda had looked lost. She had nothing to give her daughter in that moment.

They had at least continued their routine that week of Amanda reading Brigid a bedtime story before bed every night. They were varied, and often new. They weren't the worn out old picture books the girl was used to. But still, it made Brigid happy. And that seemed to make a world of difference to Amanda.

However, after that first bedtime story Brigid began to be acclimated to her new lifestyle. There were many new rules, requirements, and customs she had to follow or be punished by Frank.

She couldn't play in the House outside of her room or other specified areas, she could never shout, she couldn't play with her old toys, she had to spend much of her time being “productive”, there were new clothes she had to wear (which they spent a full three days shopping for), and she was required to listen to a new minder that would teach her manners.

It was suffocating to Brigid, who had always flourished under the freedoms Robert and Amanda had always allowed her before.

But there was a bright spot. Among the dusty tomes and boring lessons she was forced to learn, something called out to the young woman. Tales of chivalry. It was odd for a young child to take such an avid interest in such things, but immediately after being exposed to it Brigid was every bit as excited about Sir Galeheut as she was about her favorite children’s stories like Flopsy Rabbit. Tales of adventure became her favorite things to listen to every night. Her mother smiled while telling her about how Gawain had impressed the Green Knight, or how Percival met the Fisher King, or Roland had defeated Mandricardo. Her daughter’s giggles were a balm to her, as she faced a life she had not expected when Frank had proposed to her. She was already with Brigid’s little sibling.

It was around this time that Brigid started going to the most prestigious preschool that would take her. Sacred Heart Preschool was the most boring thing that Brigid had ever endured. The snacks were few, the naptime far too long, and they actually tried to teach her stuff. She would fidget in class, excitedly talk to classmates about her favorite stories, and generally make a nuisance of herself. She did not fit. She did not cry though, because her mother had told her that she looked dashing in her uniform. Instead she endured. She put on a smile.

Still after the first week, news of her bad behavior reached the Walker home. Frank had locked her in her room without dinner after dragging her there by her arm…when Amanda had tried to stop him Brigid heard the sound she would come to hate with all of her soul for the first time. A loud smack, and the sound of her beloved mother’s body hitting the ground before she picked herself up. Brigid didn’t understand at the time, why weren’t they shouting? For all that mommy and daddy had yelled, she’d never heard a sound like that.

When Brigid woke up the next day there was an ugly mark on her mother's face. She had hugged her mother, and pretended not to see the tears sliding down her cheeks. Her mother had apologized for reasons that Brigid didn't quite understand at the time. All she knew then was that she wanted to make her feel better.

Brigid was signed up for pre-Ballet as a punishment for her bad behavior and masculine interests. Frank made sure to find the strictest teacher he could. He wanted to make sure his stepdaughter grew up properly feminine and this was one of the ways he intended to do it.

Brigid didn't enjoy pre-Ballet. She saw the cool things her teacher could do, and all she could learn were stretches and about how to move to music. She would frequently get distracted, and she was punished each time. With time outs, the withholding of that day's snacks, or just being yelled at. She hated it.

It was also around this time that her mother and Frank got properly married. Brigid's mother was showing by then, and Brigid remembered liking the rehearsals. She got to go up and down the walkway and many of the staff would comment about how adorable she was. She soaked in the positive attention.

She had a few more weeks of terrible preschool and pre-ballet lessons before the full wedding.

The positive attention was gone. When Brigid served as the flower girl this time, she remembered that the full side of the aisle were glaring at her when she laid down the flowers. Like her very existence offended them. She hated it.

Brigid remembered crying that night, but her mother wasn't around to comfort her. Instead two elderly people Brigid didn't recognize approached her and hugged her, taking her to their table where they sat alone and playing with her. They looked sad when Brigid mentioned some of her mother’s own

crying but didn't comment, instead they told her that they were her grandparents. They loved her, and would be there for her so long as they were alive. They actually had plans to move closer to her. Brigid had grinned at both of them.

For a while after that however, Brigid was once again alone in that big house. It seemed her mom had less and less time for her as her belly got bigger and bigger. The young girl remembered being so damn lonely. None of the staff would play with her and she didn't even know how to read yet. She just spent time playing make believe on the estate. She would normally imagine herself as the gallant knight saving the damsel in distress. She had flashes of inspiration then, calling herself Lancelot.

When Brigid’s little brother was born, she remembered looking at him and thinking he was so small. When she got to hold him for the first time, she had wanted to protect him. She had accidentally called him a different name before her mother had gently corrected her and said he was William.

Brigid turned six soon after that, and entered kindergarten proper. It was another expensive school where she wasn't all that well liked. She was the only girl with her skin color there, and all the other children would avoid her. So once again she always made her own fun.

Back home Brigid would spend more time with her mother as they looked after her little brother together. Amanda had asked Brigid to look after her little brother. Brigid had agreed, and to her it had all the weight of a sworn Oath from one of her stories.

Over the next two years, William grew up and Brigid had seen two other siblings born. Another little brother named Percival/Percy and a little sister named Heather.

Brigid would lead them all on adventures as each got old enough. Frank would occasionally punish Brigid for how much she guided his children, but he was never actually able to keep her away for long. Brigid had promised, and she loved them.

Finally, as Brigid began to confidently read her stories on her own she began to go into actual Ballet. The instructor was strict as well, but she took a genuine interest in seeing each of her students improve. And unlike the last one she didn't seem to favor the white girls over Brigid. In fact as Brigid improved in leaps and bounds she took a special interest in her.

It was also in this era that Frank struck Brigid for the first time, and she finally understood what he had been doing to her mother. She had lead Percy on an adventure and he had gotten a scraped knee. When they came back crying, Brigid had gotten a sharp swat across the cheek. She remembered thinking how much it hurt and how he had never seemed so angry when she had gotten hurt. She had a bruise that no one commented on in school the next morning.

But Brigid continued to grow into middle school and grew strong and increasingly beautiful. For the first time she got something close to positive attention from her classmates that had reviled and bullied her before. It was unnerving to her, and she asked her mother what to do. Her mother had been steadily losing confidence for years now but was still enough of herself to tell Brigid to find true friends that loved her for her, and not because of her physical appearance. Brigid had taken it to heart, remembering the tales of how Knights would strengthen their hearts and reject temptation.

So Bridid did not make many friends during this period, and soon enough the childlike interest turned to harassment that her school did little about. Brigid even got into fights more than once, which she was always punished for.

Her etiquette classes got harsher around that time and her Ballet training got for more intense.

All throughout this Brigid was a rock for her siblings. Whenever they would be punished she would try and bear the brunt of it. Whatever blame they would bring to themselves she would take if she could. And as Amanda grew increasingly withdrawn, Brigid would try and guide them however she could. She would read to them at night, help them get in shape, listen to their problems, and play with them for hours. Brigid quickly became their favorite person, and they hated how their father treated her.

Then Brigid graduated from Middle School and became a freshman in highschool, and things changed again. Brigid actually made some friends and got even more attention than before. She wasn't just the most beautiful girl in school, but her coloration and exceptional athleticism made her exotic to a lot of the boys and some of the girls in Saint John's High School. Some even started to come out to see her Ballet Recitals…including Frank. Brigid’s stepfather began to become increasingly possessive of her. He would turn away any male friends she made and closely inspect her progress as a ballerina. He even came along with her and Amanda to help her pick out a new tutu once…it all made Brigid’s skin crawl. When Brigid’s Ballet instructor caught him staring at her the two had a massive argument that landed Brigid in a different Ballet studio.

The woman who had guided Brigid in her athleticism and driven her to succeed told her to stay strong, that one day she would fly free. Brigid had cried then.

But at least her new Ballet studio was next to a park. It was nice to go out there before and after practice. Just being alone with her thoughts had been a rarity for her in those days. Then she came upon a group of knights clashing in the grass.

A bunch of boys from local colleges and highschools were clashing in make believe battles with mock armor and weapons. The sight of it fascinated her.

She had lately begun to give up on her old stories of chivalry. It increasingly felt like that dream that was too far out of her grasp. Her gilded cage barred the way to the shining star of that ideal.

But still, it became a habit of hers to go out and watch them after practice. She often made excuses to Frank about why she was out for longer.

Eventually, one of the boys noticed her watching them and approached her. He took off his helmet to reveal long blonde hair and handsome features. He introduced himself as Leon and asked if she wanted to join them. Brigid had agreed on the condition that she would get to fight. She wanted to be a knight, not a princess. Leon had laughed and agreed.

Soon Brigid was in a spare set of armor and fighting at Leon's side. It was among the best days of her life. She had laughed genuinely for the first time in forever.

She was late enough coming home that day that it had become night, and wearing a massive smile. Amanda had warned her to be more careful, they were lucky Frank hadn’t been around to see it. Brigid ran into her little sister Heather on her way to bed…Heather had begged Brigid to keep doing whatever made her so happy. It was the happiest she had ever seen her big sister. Brigid had promised that she would. She never broke a promise if she could help it.

Brigid came back to the reenactments as often as she could, even on days she did not have Ballet. She would make up excused to Frank about where she had been, eventually making an elaborate lies about an after-school club. He had warned her to be careful about any boys in her cooking class. They would try and take what didn't belong to them.

Brigid and Leon got closer and closer. He invited her over to his family's home for dinner (which was actually almost as nice as Frank's), he helped her get fitted for her own set of armor (he promised that he would hold onto it for her when she got scared of taking it home), and he even signed her up for his own HEMA classes (she quickly excelled and became one of the best in the class in a year)

Brigid blossomed and became far more confident and happy than she had ever been in her life. Halfway through her junior year of highschool she even cut and dyed her hair without permission. The fallout was legendary, but Brigid had had it up to here with Frank and her school's bullshit rules. Everytime they tried to dye her hair back to black, she would find a way to return it to her preferred white color. It was like reality was conspiring to assist her. Eventually she just learned to live with detention on weekends.

Brigid's siblings loved the new her however, and they cheered her on when she told them about HEMA and the reenactments. They even started calling Leon her boyfriend. She blushed at it…but Leon didn't stop them.

Brigid had her first kiss shortly afterwards. It was the most magical moment of her life. She had told him she wanted to spend her life with him then. Leon had told her he would protect her. Brigid had cried at that.

Leon learned why Brigid had cried at his words on her prom night. She had asked him to take her, and he had gone to pick her up from her house. Her mother had been beaming when she saw how they interacted.

Then Frank had come downstairs, drunk off his ass. He had called Leon a fag, and declared Brigid belonged to him. He had actually put a hand on Brigid then, touching her in a way she clearly didn't appreciate. And when Leon saw the way Brigid had flinched, understanding had finally come to him. Everyone got to see Leon knock Frank on his ass and leave with his girlfriend. They didn't go to prom. Instead the two of them had spent a night in their park, walking alone. Brigid had confessed everything, and Leon had promised her that she wouldn't have to be there for much longer…when she turned eighteen in a month he would figure something out, he promised.

Brigid stayed with Leon for a week after that. But when Frank had come with a Warrant, she was forced to go back home.

That night he came into her room, and things ended with Brigid kicking Frank into the wall and leaving with everything she thought she needed to survive.

She slept under a highway overpass that night. She had been thinking that she could just stay out on the streets until she came of age, and then she could live with Leon and his parents. She had no clue what she would do to survive but she was sure she could figure something out.

She nearly froze to death that first night, but someone had put a blanket on her by the time she woke up. She saw what she considered an unlikely savior. Her father, Robert Porter.

He told her his story when she woke up. He had taken to drinking after her mother and her had left, and frankly he was glad she had not seen him like that. Eventually he lost his job, his home, and everything else. He hadn't been able to see his daughter ever again, and he had despaired. But somehow he had kept on living on the streets. He had friends now, and he made money where he could and dumpster dived where he couldn't.

Brigid had in turn shared why she was on the streets. Robert had looked nothing short of horrified. He had not been able to hide his relief when she told him that she had a place to stay when she turned eighteen though.

He made her attend what little school she had left, but otherwise Robert let her come live with him and his friends for a bit. Brigid saw the depths of their need and her heart had broken, but none of them had seemed angry with her. Instead they seemed glad that Robert’s daughter had a place that she was going to go back to. It wasn't the worst thing Brigid had ever experienced. Not by a long shot.

Eventually Leon found her after two weeks. Despite Brigid being filthy, smelling like garbage, and more than a little disheveled he had kissed her on the spot. Robert had come out and shook his hand.

Leon and Brigid had cuddled by the trash fire while everyone talked about how to get Brigid out. But the girl in question kept doubting the plans, she was worried about her siblings. What would happen to them without her? Would they suffer as she had?

Leon had asked her then, what her siblings would want for her. Would William, Percy, and Heather really be okay with Brigid suffering for them their entire lives? Brigid remembered how happy Heather had been for her after she met Leon, and how all three of them (and even Amanda) had been ecstatic when they realized how happy Leon made her. Brigid had given in then. She had called her grandparents and told them where she was going then and there. She asked them to visit and check on her siblings as much as possible in the future.

For the next week, Leon visited Brigid and Robert every day. He wouldn't leave her side except when absolutely necessary.

When the time finally came Brigid had been accepted into Leon's house with open arms, his parents soon began talking about welcoming her into the family. Brigid had stammered and blushed, but her wonderful boyfriend had intervened, saying that they weren't quite ready for that.

Brigid and Leon began to plan attending college together, both of them had excellent grades as well as extracurriculars, and the Almrs (Leon's family) had more than a little bit of money.

The two decided to go to the university of Maryland so they could stay together.

They spent two years there, getting through their bachelors degrees together. Leon wanted to go into medieval European history while Brigid couldn't decide if she wanted to be a fitness instructor or go into humanitarian work. (As inspired by her father’s plight.)

During this time Brigid’s old idealism grew stronger and stronger, and everyone could see she was building to something, becoming something more. Leon even told her that without someone holding her down, Brigid was becoming who she was always meant to be. She had kissed him immediately after he said that.

Eventually Leon had gotten the idea to do a few semesters abroad in France together with Brigid. Brigid had instantly agreed, having never really been outside the country before…besides. Somethings called to her across the ocean.

But that is when things finally went wrong again. Something kept canceling their cruise to France, and people began following Leon. They asked him strange questions. He even got mugged. Brigid quickly

began to get worried.

One time when the two were walking back to their apartment, someone attacked them. Brigid managed to fight them off with a lead pipe, skillfully and quickly. Someone had taken an interest in her then.

There was a woman by the name of Humaira Azad. She was a Cainite, and daughter of Adonai. She had been asked by a Lasombra to assess Brigid Porter as her Childer. When she had seen her fight the Dominated Mugger off, she had grown interested. When she had learned about how Brigid protected her siblings she grew fascinated. When she found out Brigid knew almost as much about the crusades as her boyfriend…well the woman became rabid.

She had cornered Brigid when she was alone one night, and asked her fervent desire was. The young woman had told her to fuck off. Humaira had read her mind and learned she wanted a family.

Brigid would never forget the words: “If you want a Family, then I shall give you one grander than you can imagine. Your boyfriend's time is shortening…so he won't be able to give you one.”

Humaira had then drawn two swords, one she had handed to Brigid and the other she had kept hold of.

Without thinking Brigid had assaulted the woman. All the speed, skill, and strength she had gained from her athleticism was on display. Her blade was quick and her soul burned hot.

Humaira was faster, stronger, and any cut Brigid made was a mere scratch.

Eventually the Salubri disarmed Brigid and drained her dry.

Brigid would wake up surrounded by people she would get to know for the next twenty years.

There was Charlotte Utkin, their Pack Priest and ambitious Tzimisce. She had grinned down at the new Salubri with a keen interest.

Then there was Richard Hunter, a City Gangrel who had seemed like he was sulking. He had looked at her with naked desire.

Max Moore a Ventrue she was told, had hailed her as a new comrade and told her he was excited to see her in battle.

Then there was Dean. He seemed rabid. Barely coherent even as he threatened her if she got in his way. She was told he was a Brujah.

Then there was Humaira. Her ductus and sire both. Brigid found a sense of loyalty to her ingrained in her psyche…but she still tried to leave the pack the instant everyone's backs were turned. Humaira caught her about a mile out with Richard at her side. Richard had been laughing the entire time. He had said she would have made a good Gangrel. The two dragged her back.

Humaira had told her that there was no point in going back…Leon would be turned soon and she herself was a monster…slowly the rules of the Cainite were explained to her and Brigid grew more and more horrified. Especially when she learned the weakness of the Salubri. She would never be able to feed without violence. It was impossible. She couldn't go back to her siblings for fear of hurting them, Leon wouldn't love her anymore, and she apparently would be hunted by every kind of vampire save the group she was now in. Brigid still had one goal however…she could save Leon from his fate.

She tried to escape again the following night…and this time they were ready. Dean had pinned her down while Max had looked her in the eyes and bent her will. She was given a simple order: She could not leave the pack.

Brigid had tried with all her might to resist, but it had been a failure.

When she partook of the Vinculum for the first time, it intensified.

What followed were ten years of war for Brigid, fighting across the continental United States. She fought and killed through ups and downs, beginning to feel something that felt like true loyalty for her pack…but she never forgot him.

Leon. The love of her life, stuck somewhere else in the Sabbat. She had learned he had had his life destroyed as a Lasombra. She knew he was strong enough to keep going…and she wanted to see him again.

But she could never leave the pack for long enough to search. She just asked around at Sabbat events…but she could never quite find him. She heard of him however. He was the Childer of someone powerful, and she heard he became a Mystic of some sort. A researcher. Her heart ached for him even as she killed and killed.

Eventually…Brigid's pack began to split apart. They had had a good run, but that's what lead to their first member leaving. Charlotte was promoted to leading a pack of her own and left them.

Then Dean went off the deep end and became a Wight…it was Brigid's hand that ended his life…she learned then that she could resist the Vaulderie. She began to think.

During each ritual with her pack, she would focus on Leon. On her desire to see him, on her desire to hold him again. She felt the bonds weaken or stay the same often.

Soon after that, Richard tired of flirting with her when she didn't want it. He wanted her directly. She wound up killing him when he tried to shift into the face of Leon. She had spat on his rapidly decaying corpse.

Next their Ventrue had a public disagreement with Humaira, and was given to another pack. Brigid heard he died during a Camarilla assault on Chicago.

Then it was just her and her sire Humaira, traveling the country. Brigid despite herself, despite her dislike of her situation…she didn't hate her. She found her lust for vengeance and the way she dispatched the Tremere that had so fucked over their clan righteous…she thought they could do more in the name of Justice however. Brigid hadn't forgotten her old stories of knights and chivalry. She didn't bring it up however, but she kept those stories and her guilt as a shield against the disturbingness of it all. Even…even if she often found that she enjoyed the violence. She tried not to take pleasure in the killing.

In the end, Humaira died not because of Brigid or her hatred. She died because of an error of hers. The two took part in an assault on a Chantry in Maryland, and they had not expected a Gargoyle to be there. Humaira had dueled the stone Cainite to the death and had ensured a mutual kill. Brigid held the woman in her arms as she died. She had actually wept for her despite everything. Brigid herself only made it out of the failed attack because of a resistance to magic she had always possessed.

But she was free, finally free. She tried to find him immediately, tried to find Leon. But she found that she could not…information about him had dried up. She had wept, before she decided to go aid the Sabbat's cause in Baltimore.

The pack there needed aid, and there was justice to be done. Besides…it was near where Leon had been when they had been embraced twenty years ago…maybe he would come for her. She hoped dearly that he would.

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