Evelynn (Dullvoid)

Overview

Overview



With an alluring personality and a visage that would make any Toreador bite their lip at a mere glance of her fashion choice, physical allure and bold confidence, the mysterious cainite known as Evelynn is a strange but intriguing who just arrived into town, hoping of making it her new home. As a personal fan of the night life, this previous talk-how radio hostess and nightclub share holder, seemed to have moved in for personal reasons, either to escape town or to find a new source of amusement. Bearing the fanged smile of a hedonistic predator, Evelynn is the typical bad choice that everyone knows and recognizes as a bad choice yet keep falling and coming back for more.

Basics

Basics

Name
Blair Thorne a.k.a. Evelynn
Player

Dullvoid
Chronicle
Baltimore After Dark
Nature
Chameleon
Demeanor
Thrill-Seeker
Concept
Nightlife Party Girl
Clan
Caitiff
Generation
Tenth Generation (10th)
Sire
Martin Lowe

Attributes

Attributes

Physical
T
Strength

11000
Dexterity

11000
Stamina

11000
Social
P
Charisma
Captivating
11110
Manipulation

11100
Appearance

11100
Mental
S
Perception

11100
Intelligence

11000
Wits

11100

Abilities

Abilities

Talents
p
Alertness

11000
Athletics

10000
Awareness

11000
Brawl

10000
Empathy

10000
Expression
Media
10000
Intimidation

10000
Leadership

10000
Streetwise

10000
Subterfuge

11100

00000
Skills
s
Animal Ken

10000
Crafts

00000
Drive

10000
Etiquette

10000
Firearms

10000
Larceny

10000
Melee

10000
Performance
Improv
10000
Stealth

11000

Survival

10000

00000
Knowledge
t
Academics
History
10000
Computers

10000
Finance

00000
Investigation

10000
Law

00000
Medicine

10000
Occult

10000
Politics

00000
Science

00000
Technology

00000

00000

Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines

Auspex
11000

Chimerstry
11100

Celerity
11000

00000

00000

00000
Backgrounds

Allies
10000

Contact
10000

Generation
11100

Resources
11100

Retainer
10000

00000

Virtues
Conscience/Conviction

11000
Self-Control/Instinct

11100
Courage

11111

Humanity/Path
11111 00000
Path
Humanity
Bearing
Removed
Willpower
11111 11111
11111 11111
Blood Pool
11111 11111
11100 00000
Blood/Turn
13 BP / 1 BP per Turn

Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit
Type
Cost
Acute Sense: Sight
Physical
1 FP
Enchanting Voice
Physical
2 PT
Eidetic Memory

Mental
2 FP
Iron Will
Mental
3 FP
Natural Leader
Social
1 FP
Unbondable
Supernatural
5 PT
Flaw
Type
Bonus
Beacon of the unholy
Supernatural
2 PT
Tic/Twitch: Fixing her Hair
Physical
1 PT
Recruitment Target: Camarilla
Social
1 PT
New Arrival
Social
1 PT
Dark Secret: Fake Gangrel
Social
1 PT
Repulsed by garlic
Supernatural
1 PT

Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual
Level

Path

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Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total
45

Spent
35
Notes
Freebie Point Distribution:
- Willpower 5 Freebie Points
- Merits 7 Freebie Points
- Backgrounds 3 Freebie Points

Experience Spent:
- Alertness 2: 2 exp
- Animal Ken 1: 3 exp
- Auspex 2: 6 exp
- Chimerstry 2 & 3: 6 + 12 = 18 exp
- Celerity 2: 6 exp

Derangements

None

Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies
Captain Rowe (Chief of Police)
Contacts
Marcus (A journalist)
Fame
None
Herd
None
Influence
None
Mentor
None
Resources

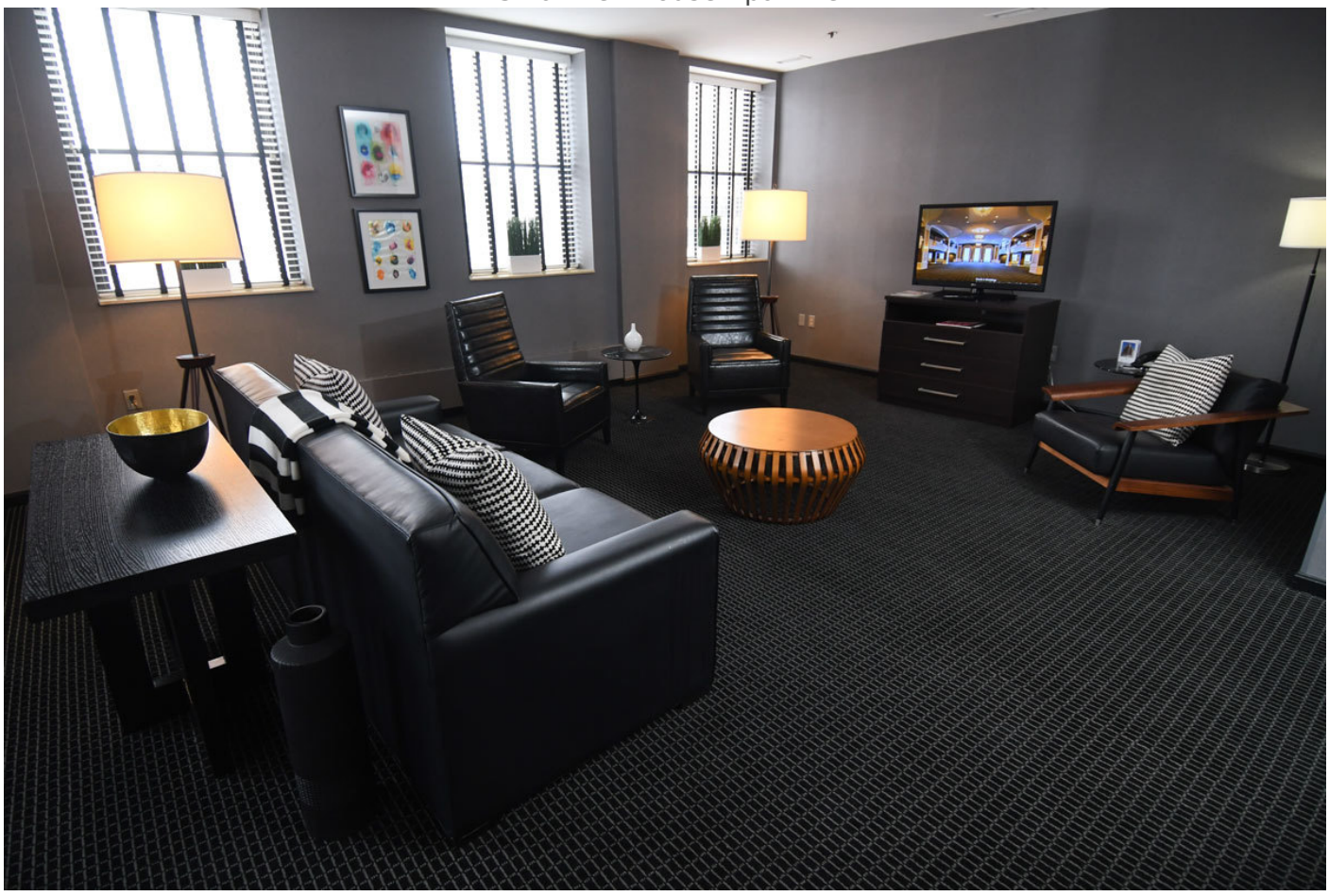
Stashes of unmarked bills + jewellery
Retainers
Jessica (A ghoul w/ a masters in accounting)
Status
None
Other
N/A

Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)
Burner Phone, Butterfly Knife, Lipstick and Small Mirror
Feeding Grounds
The Racks - Difficulty 4
Havens

A Small Penthouse Apartment



Equipment (Owned)

Handcuffs, Taser, Lt. Pistol with 2 boxes of ammunition.

Vehicles

Kawasaki Ninja 300 (Motorcycle)



Other

None

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To

Rating

Bound To
Rating

Description

Description

Age
 51 Years Old
Apparent Age
 Early-to-Mid Twenties
D.O.B.
 August 1st, 1974
R.I.P.
 July 3rd, 1998
Hair
 Blonde (Curly)
Eyes
 Crystal Blue
Race
 Caucasian (European Descend)
Nationality
 American
Height
 5 ft. 8
Build
 Hourglass Figure
Gender
 Female ♀

Face Claim

@rimii_chan - Danger Girl

As a wise and severely injured man once said while laying down on a couch midst bleeding out, “she gotta a body built for bedrooms”. And while beauty is in the eye of the beholder and this precious gem of chaos and confidence has made it her personal mission to put a good chunk of the Toreador family to shame, ms. Blair Morwenna Thorne, daughter to a one Jacob Thorne and a soothing Mrs. Elizabeth Morwenna, stands at a majestic 5 foot and 8 inches that definitely don’t count the half-inch height provided by her high-heel boots.

Weighing in at a reasonable 145 pounds and possessing an enticing hourglass figure, this blonde troublemaker with crystal blue eyes tends to walk, dress and act like your typical drunk party girl who’s out on a never-ending bachelorette party streak. Fond of tight yet somewhat revealing clothes, the one bearing the self-proclaimed tittle of Evelynn is often seen in some mix of black leather clothes and silk dressed that go just passed the thigh gap.

History

Being guilty of having multiple pasts and upbringing depending on the occasion, person standing in front of her or the overall situation she’s faced with, it is no secret that most Kindred tend to lie about who they are in order to not appear weak in front of their peer or perhaps, just as a shallow attempt to preserve those whose life still continue completely untouched by the mess that is the embrace and the whole world of darkness as a whole. Adopting the mantra of: “Ignorance is bliss”, after living for as long as she had and surviving through the years in a funny yet entertaining mix of trial and error, one of the most important lessons that somehow managed to cling to the inside of her skull was that some things deserve to be left behind. Some stories need a closing chapter. Some stories need an end. And that some things, are best forgotten. But behind the veil of secrecy and convoluted truths, the true story about the origins of Blair Thorne is perhaps one of the biggest secrets that the kindred self-acclaimed as Evelynn will take to her grave. Born in Brentwood, Los Angeles, a suburban neighbourhood in the Westside region, Blair grew up in an upper middle-class family where an always working father did his very best to climb the corporate ladder while her alcoholic father did her very best to beat the county-wide record of most expenses made in a single afternoon, all this during a period in America called the First World War. With private tutelage, the best clothes the time could offer and the more riches than a teenager could possibly and reasonably imagine, Blair was the third child brought into the marriage, her birth being attempt number three to save said marriage before it inevitably collapsed in a nasty divorce. During this entertaining period of attempting to buy their children’s love with expensive things and trips across state, Blair delved deeply into the night-scene, growing enamoured by the hedonistic lifestyle of the area as it portrayed to her a true dose of freedom, she didn’t know she craved.

Between wild parties, drugs, terrible company and vices that she always thought herself too high and mighty to fall prey of, the story of her embrace fell shortly after her university diploma as she went out to party with some college friends and willingly fell victim to the supernatural allure of a strange man

named Martin Lowe. What drew herself to Martin was not tremendous amount of charisma, nor the amount of money he wasted to keep the party scene going, but instead, it was the calm and collect manner that he single-handedly managed the events enrolled in front of him. He was more of a figurehead and a trust-worthy representative of the group that every single member of his little group confided and listened without question. You had the general bigshot who was being bottles and snorting lines with zero cares in his soul, but every time Martin whispered something to his ear, it was like the word of God himself sobered him up and brought him back to reality. While not the most physically fit man in the room, all the knuckleheads and muscle-bound freaks would immediately stand in attention when he put his hand down, turning the biggest roid-raged-user into an obedient military dog awaiting orders. It was that portray of discrete yet absolute power that lured her to him and before she knew it, they were as close as they could be. Her role in his little group was simple, she was the pretty face, the social one to ignite the spark and make things happen, a willing puppet under his instructions that sore much higher than herself could imagine. Blair always had hefty lifestyle due to her family's legacy, but things were much sweeter when they came in her name rather than copying her mom and asking daddy for a favour.

And with that, it was done. After two years of being a ghoul and moving to California, getting to know the basics of Kindred society and how to properly manoeuvre the complex chess board that was the unliving, Blair Morwenna Thorne was supposedly announced dead, victim to a supposed overdose due sleeping pills in her rented apartment yet nothing was confirmed. Through connections and allies, her records were either deleted or lost within the pile, allowing the existence of this undead-being to wonder the streets of Los Angeles with a new self: the charming night hostess and part-time public relations manager known to some as "Evelynn". The next decades of her existed consisted of more Kindred training and accounting, making sure she was a proper Kindred within the Camarilla court of Los Angeles, with some mistakes here and there, a few of them that managed to be solved without much hassle and others that required actual years to be repaid fully. Around the 1950s, when her Sire deemed her intelligent enough to keep her mouth shut when it truly mattered, he booked a trip abroad, a place where eyes and ears could not reach, in a place where no one would ever know it happened, he informed himself of the charade that he lived within the Camarilla. For twenty-eight years, Evelynn lived her unlife as a member of clan Gangrel, following the notion that her very Sire was Gangrel or a "City" Gangrel as he so kindly liked to distinguish, only to be told the truth in that very particular and moonless night. The coyotes or outlanders, synonyms for the bloodline they claimed to represent had the habit of speed running their Fledgling-tutelage and with hers coming to an end, he decided to warn her about the truth of their actual bloodline. They were Caitiff, supposedly, their Sire's Sire was supposed to be embraced by members of the Ravnos lineage, a group with already a poor reputation within the nights but for some reason, something went wrong. Not only had the Sire's Sire not develop any of the traits of the Ravnos, but he had also developed an odd number of setbacks and powered that made him rather difficult to be accepted within the group.

Her embrace came upon a deal Martin had made with an ally, a mysterious benefactor known as J.J. that had gone around purchasing shares and margins in the entertainment industry like it was some sort of yard sale. Television was the next big thing, and that man was making sure he got one of the heftiest pieces of the metaphorical pie. But amongst business deals and party favours, a third party

had decided to invade the club where they were celebrating a new partnership and Blair was critically injured, having enough drugs in her system that her own heart was working overtime due to the sheer adrenaline in a matter of seconds, she was going to bleed out into those expensive imported carpets. At that time, Martin made a call, in the few seconds of lucidity that Blair still had, he offered her a deal, a second chance at life, a much lucrative and enjoyable existence but at the cost of saying goodbye to everything she knew for ever. Maybe it was the blood loss or the terrible sense of humour she always had, but Blair agreed, saying that any fate would be better than having her final moments be in such an ugly dress that didn't even match her boots and eyeliner. The transformation was instant and Blair itself took over a week to stand back on her feet, Martin's plan was to turn her into a ghoul and have her properly cut ties with her past before clearing things on the Kindred side to his embrace. That particular deal would be seen beneficial to the court and after being grant siring rights but never putting them to use, it was a matter to make it official. Farewells were had and family bonds were broken, her relationship with her mother was never the best as Blair was too much of a daddy's girl and didn't align herself with her mother's schemes. The relationship with her father was rather bitter as he was so saturated with the divorce that he often compared Blair to her mother and upon getting remarried, he pretty much passed her a huge check in exchange for letting him start over without the mistakes of his past.

Considering how dire things were in Kindred society, he decided to present himself as a member of a different clan, passing as a member of the Brujah due to his affinity with the physical disciplines of Celerity, Potence and Fortitude, being able to live a somewhat comfortable life until they were betrayed by a coterie mate and left to burn to ashes upon the morning light. Martin made sure to also share to her the story of his own Sire, a revolutionary who masqueraded himself as a member of the Gangrel due to his more explosive temper and odd affinity with the discipline of Animalism. Considering that said Sire still exists and Martin still lives as living proof of that embrace, he too pretends to be Gangrel, a small difference being present though his lack of animalism but a façade that he continues to this day. Evelynn too is part of said facade and while he was certain that she would be mindful of said secret, he decided to share with him in case she one day happens to Sire Childe of her own and gets unfortunately caught off-guard by the revelation. The next couple of years were rather uneventful and Evelynn was eventually released from her Sire's responsibility and by his request, moved on her own to find her own path in the world. Coincidentally, she found himself at home among the Anarch, acting as a dindependent third party who has yet to picked her real home.

Revision #15
Created 12 August 2024 14:58:09 by
Updated 19 May 2025 21:43:58 by