Faith White [DEAD]

Overview

Overview

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DECEASED

Terrifyingly beautiful, this porcelain woman strikes awe in those who meet her and fear in those who know her. Always just a breath away from savagery, Faith is a ticking time bomb in just about any situation. Without someone to reign her in and sate her lust for brutality, she is unpredictable and prone to explosively violent outbursts against herself and others. Her personality is made up of both childlike curiosity and emotionless cruelty.

Killed by Rowan at Achilles, she leaves behind one friend, many aquaintances, and many untold stories.

Basics

Basics

Name
 Faith White
Player
 AndyMae
Chronicle
Baltimore After Dark
Nature
 Monster
Demeanor
 Child
Concept
Edge-Lord Ice Queen

Clan
Malkavian
Generation
10th
Sire
Donjal

Attributes

Attributes

Physical
t
Strength

10000
Dexterity
Swift
11110
Stamina

11000
Social
s
Charisma

11000
Manipulation
Misdirection
11110
Appearance
Unforgettable Face
11110
Mental
p
Perception
Discerning
11110
Intelligence

11000
Wits
Ambushes
11111

Abilities

Abilities

Talents
p
Alertness

11100
Athletics

11000
Awareness
Malkavian Network
11110
Brawl

00000
Empathy
Motive
11110
Expression

11000
Intimidation
Veiled Threats
11110
Leadership

00000
Streetwise

00000
Subterfuge
Seduction

11110

00000
Skills
s
Animal Ken

00000
Crafts

00000
Drive

00000
Etiquette

11000
Firearms

00000
Larceny

00000
Melee

11000
Performance

11000
Stealth

11100
Survival

11100

00000
Knowledge
t
Academics

00000
Computers

00000
Finance

00000
Investigation

11000
Law

00000
Medicine

11100
Occult

11000
Politics

00000
Science

00000
Technology

00000

00000

Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines
Auspex*

11110

Dementation*

11111
Obfuscate*

11100
Celerity

11100
Presence

11110

00000
Backgrounds
Generation

11100
Domain

11000
Resources

11000

00000

00000

00000
Virtues
Conviction

11100
Instinct

11100
Courage

11000

Humanity/Path
11111 10000
Path

Path of Self-Focus

Bearing

Balance

Willpower
11111 11000
11111 11000
Blood Pool
11111 11111
11100 00000
Blood/Turn
1

Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit
Type
Cost
Catlike Balance
Physical
1
Eat Food
Physical
1
Enchanting Voice
Physical
2
Cold Read
Clan-Specific
3

Language (Norwegian, Italian)

Mental
0

Flaw
Type
Bonus
Short Fuse
Mental
2
Conspicuous Consumption
Mental
4
Flashbacks
Mental
6
Touch of Frost
Supernatural
1
Unholy Stain
Supernatural
3
Infectious
Clan-Specific
3

Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual
Level

Path

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Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total
224
Spent
206
Notes
Clan Disciplines:
+3 Auspex - 30pts
+3 Dementation - 45pts
+2 Obfuscate - 15pts
New/Non-Clan Disciplines:
Celerity (new) +2 - 24pts
Presence (new) +3 - 45ts

Abilities:
+1 Subterfuge - 6pts
+1 Medicine - 4pts
+2 Awareness - 10 pts
+4 Empathy (new) - 15 pts
Attributes:
+1 Manipulation - 12 pts

Freebies:
+1 Intimidation - 2pts
+1 Subterfuge - 2pts
+1 Stealth - 2pts
+1 Survival - 2pts
Merits - total: 7pts
+5 Willpower - 5pts
+1 Instinct - 2pts

Derangements

Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies

Contacts

Fame

Herd

Influence

Mentor

Resources
Faith has been around since the 1600's and doesn't often spend her wealth. She owns a small evangelical church and the tattoo/piercing studio two doors down.
Retainers

Status

Other

Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)

Feeding Grounds
The Golden Church of Christ
Havens
The Golden Church of Christ and Ice Queen Studios.
Equipment (Owned)

Vehicles

Other

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To
Rating

Bound To
Rating

Description

Description

Age
 376 (279 awake)
Apparent Age
 26
D.O.B.
 March 15th, 1646
R.I.P.
 June 3rd, 1672
Hair
 Blonde
Eyes
 Blue
Race
 Caucasian
Nationality
 100% Viking, baybeeeeeee
Height
 5'2"
Build
 Slender
Gender

Female
Face Claim
Sara Fabel

History

History

TW: Mentions of brutal violence and abuse
Born in 1646 and graced with the name Marit Balstad, she was a happy child in her early years. Loud-mouthed, proud, and quite the little explorer, her parents and four older brothers doted on her and found her outspoken ways quite charming. It wasn't until she was almost six when her madness began to show itself. Marit's eldest brother, a boy of nearly twelve years, was picking on her. He pulled her hair and called her ugly. This was nothing new. Though they were doting, the boys were still boys and, as they did with each other, they mercilessly teased her. The small child grew angrier and angrier and, instead of simply walking away or crying for her mother as she would usually do, she struck out, a small rock clenched in her fist. The feeling of her brother's nose breaking and the rush of blood was something that the child enjoyed.
With this new-found excitement, Marit wanted to explore whatever it was that got her adrenaline pumping. It started with newborn chicks from the coop. She would lift them in her hands, staring down at the tiny creatures, and squeeze the life out of them. Their struggles and terrified peeps were like a drug and she couldn't get enough. Over the years, she graduated to larger and more dangerous animals before, at 15, she decided to finally try her skills on another human.
The bubbly, friendly teen made her way into the village under the pretense of spending time with some friends.
Two days later, the body of a young girl, no older than ten, was found beneath a tree on the edge of the village. Her body had been torn open, the organs pulled free from her body and strewn about like garbage. With no one the wiser, Marit went about her daily business, seemingly as distraught as everyone else.
It was a few weeks later that her eldest brother discovered her filthy little secret. The problem? He threatened to turn her in if she didn't do as he asked. That was when the abuse began. The beatings, the rape, the endless cycle of beat, fuck, beat, fuck, beat. It was after seven years of this treatment and 16 more bodies in the surrounding villages that Marit finally got tired of it. She waited until he was finished with her one night, killed him with his own hunting knife, and then ran, disappearing into the night. The young girl made her way to a larger town and tried to blend in with the locals. This was when she took on the name "Faith". She was new so, by the end of the night, everyone had heard that there was a pretty new lady in town. The excitement of her arrival died down after a few months and she returned to her devilish pastime. In this much larger town, however, she could hide better and

didn't have to travel as far. Whores in the streets, children in their beds, men in their carriages... No one was safe.
Four years... That's how long she was there before she was found out. The girl was studying an organ that she couldn't name when the shadow appeared over her shoulder. Rather than fear, she felt anger. Rage boiled her blood and she attacked the intruder with all that she had, stabbing him five times before she stopped, only for him to stand there and smile at her as if she were a treasure.
It was that night that Danjal gave her true life and began to foster true madness within her.
She traveled with him, leaving Norway and heading south into the rest of Europe. They brought naught but death and damnation with them for nearly a century. He reveled in her dark obsession and she craved his violent touch... That is, until he dared stake her. For 97 years, Donjal moved her across the continent in a pretty white box, opening it only to watch her in torpor, frozen and beautiful and not a danger to him any longer.
On one fateful night in 1852, a young fledgling, far too curious for her own good, found the pretty white box and the terrifyingly beautiful creature within. Not knowing what had happened or what the ash stake was for, the girl foolishly removed it from the seemingly lifeless body. Immediately upon waking, Faith flew into a frenzy, killing the girl and swooping into the night to satisfy the thirst that raged in her veins. Once she was able to think again, she was *furious*. The freshly-waked vampire began to hunt her sire with unwavering determination... And oh boy, she found him. Donjal, a vampire 150 years her senior, fell beneath anger and a nearly animalistic drive to kill the thing that had betrayed her so. She'd found him asleep just before dawn.
Sure, there was a moment of waking, the fear in his eyes palpable and as delicious as with any other kill, but with her feet planted on his shoulders and her hands gripping his jaw, he didn't stand a chance. The long tears on her legs from his fighting were collateral damage and couldn't be helped. They healed soon enough and, though she was weakened by the death of her Sire, Faith continued on.
She met a man named Stepan, another vampire who found her intriguing. It was with him that she found “real” love. He was not covetous, did not hold her back... He reveled in her violence as much as she celebrated his. Stepan was the first since her change to treat her as anything more than an attack dog and, with him, she found true euphoria. His death at the hands of his twin brother spelled the end of a long reign over the blonde’s madness and, instead of being angry, she was distraught.
With her tail tucked between her legs, Faith left Italy, the country of her one and only love, and made her way to the “new world”. She’d sired a few poor souls, taken the lives of thousands, broken hundreds of hearts, but she has yet to find another violent enough to sate her appetite or emotionally available enough to truly appreciate the emotions that swim beneath the surface of her icy skin and see her as more than a means to an end.
Since moving to Baltimore a few months ago, Faith has purchased a small church called The Golden Church of Christ and opened a tattoo studio called Ice Queen Sattoos.

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