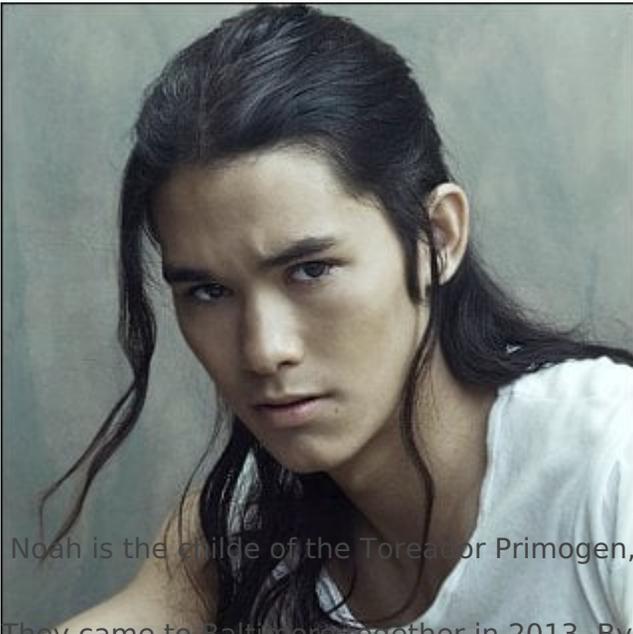


# Noah Silverwater (NPC)

## Overview

### Overview



Noah is the child of the Toreador Primogen, Blaze.

~~They came to Baltimore together in 2013.~~ By then, Noah had been a vampire for twenty years and garnered a reputation for brutal, unrelenting honesty. It's obvious to pretty much everyone that Noah was not Embraced for a silver tongue or even for his artistic ability (Though *that* is nothing to scoff at).

He was Embraced pretty exclusively for his beauty, his intensity, and the preservation of both.

For better or for worse.

## Basics

### Basics

Name

Noah Silverwater  
Player  
QuinnTalon  
Chronicle  
Baltimore After Dark  
Nature  
Perfectionist  
Demeanor  
Anarchist  
Concept  
Perfection Preserved  
Clan  
Toreador  
Generation  
10th  
Sire  
Blaze

# Attributes

Attributes

Physical  
p  
Strength

11100  
Dexterity  
Precise  
11110  
Stamina

11100  
Social  
s  
Charisma

11100  
Manipulation

10000

Appearance

Unforgettable

11110

Mental

t

Perception

11100

Intelligence

11100

Wits

11100

# Abilities

Abilities

Talents

p

Alertness

11000

Athletics

Aerial Acrobatics

11110

Awareness

11000

Brawl

11000

Empathy

11000

Expression

11000

Intimidation

10000

Leadership

00000

Streetwise

00000

Subterfuge

00000

00000

Skills

s

Animal Ken

00000

Crafts

00000

Drive

10000

Etiquette

11000

Firearms

11000

Larceny

00000

Melee

00000

Performance

Contemporary Ballet

11110

Stealth

00000  
Survival

00000

00000  
Knowledge  
t  
Academics  
11000  
Computers

00000  
Finance

10000  
Investigation

00000  
Law

00000  
Medicine

10000  
Occult

10000  
Politics

10000  
Science

00000  
Technology

00000

00000

# Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines

Auspex\*

11100

Celerity\*

11000

Presence\*

10000

00000

00000

00000

Backgrounds

Generation

11100

Resources

11100

Herd

11000

00000

00000

00000

Virtues  
Conscience

11100  
Self-Control

11100  
Courage

11110

Humanity  
11111 10000  
Path

Bearing

Willpower  
11111 00000  
00000 00000  
Blood Pool  
00000 00000  
000  
Blood/Turn  
1

## Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit  
Type  
Cost  
Ambidextrous  
Physical  
1  
Catlike Balance  
Physical  
1  
Blush of Health

Physical

2

Flaw

Type

Bonus

Rival Sires

Social

2

Sympathizer (Anarch)

Social

1

Poor Sight

Physical

1

Tortured Artist

Toreador

1

## Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual

Level

Path

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

## Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total

69

Spent

34

Notes

**Freebies - 16**

Wits 3 - 5

Intelligence 3 - 5

Perception 3 - 5

Willpower 5 - 1

**Experience - 34**

Auspex 2 and 3 - 15XP

Celerity 2 - 5XP

Herd 1 and 2 - 6XP

Brawl 1 and 2 - 5XP

Finance 1 - 3XP

Derangements

## Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies

Contacts

Fame

Herd

They'd be hook-ups in human terms, but for Noah it's just a couple of guys he feeds from during sex.

Kyler Jacobs - A student at MICA who is currently writing and crowd-funding his own comics.

WIP  
Influence

Mentor  
Blaze, Toreador Primogen and his sire.

Resources

Noah owns a dance and aerial studio near his sire's domain called 'Sky Elite Dance Company'. He has a few daytime employees, but teaches later-night classes himself for people who work odd hours.

Retainers

Status

Other

**Rival Sire:** Lucrezia Amante di Lorenzo, who had been a patron of his since he was a teenager doing school recitals and taking aerial classes in Cheyenne once a week, going so far as to get him enrolled in Julliard, funded his entire education via scholarship, and then used her influence to get him into Cirque du Soliel. His final show being in New York was not at all a coincidence, as she had every intention in using her Rite of Embrace to sire him. His being Embraced-In-Passion by Blaze was a wrench thrown in to her careful plans.

## Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)

9mm, wallet, keys, smart phone

Feeding Grounds

Noah has feeding rights in his sire's Domain.

Havens

Lives with his sire, even though he has been Released.

Equipment (Owned)

Dance gear, harnesses for aerial acrobatics

Vehicles

Motorcycle

Other

## Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To  
Rating

Bound To  
Rating

## Description

Description

Age

55

Apparent Age

25

D.O.B.

1967

R.I.P.

1992

Hair

Black

Eyes

Amber

Race

Indigenous American

Nationality

American

Height

5'8

Build

Athletic

Gender

Non-Binary (2 Spirit); Masc-Presenting (He/They)

Face Claim

Booboo Stewart



# History

History

Noah Waya Silverwater was born in 1967 on the Wind River Reservation.

His mother was a hard woman. The sort of person who, when she realized she had a child who was gifted in the smallest of ways decided to use that bit of amazing to escape what she saw as a hopeless situation.

So Noah grew up off the Reservation and spent his early years as the only non-white kid in a small ranching town, though ranching isn't what he ended up doing in the long run. He was too graceful, far too mouthy, and far too pretty. Even as athletic as he was, there was a delicacy to Noah that just didn't adjust well to a hard life on that ranch. Add to that his mother telling him to follow his instincts, and he ended up traveling the world and performing for audiences of all sorts.

But the world he lived in was not one you could live in for long, and by twenty-five Noah was performing in his last show with Cirque du Soliel after traveling the world. His last show happened to be in New York, and to commemorate that last show--and to say goodbye to the friends and found family he'd made with the troupe--he decided to get a tattoo.

He hadn't expected the whirlwind romance that came with getting a little ink. While Noah had been wined and dined before, this was a wholly different and encompassing experience. He worked his new job by day--as a choreographer for a small dance troupe that fit his more eclectic and unique style--and by night he was wrapped up in this new, exciting relationship unlike anything he'd ever experienced before.

Life was good.

And then one night, in a post-coital haze of wine and sex, Noah relaxed into what he thought was Blaze's attempt at another round until he began to feel weak, and then the world fell away, and he woke up again with Blaze's wrist pressed to his mouth and an insatiable hunger.

The next nights were full of lessons and cutting ties and meeting people, and when he was introduced to a group of vampires he was told were family, he was faced with the fact that someone *else* had laid claim to him, which honestly just pissed him off. As if he were someone's property to be bought and sold, and he told her as much. Most chalked it up to the newness of his circumstances, but Noah had never had much talent for subterfuge or subtlety, and that seemed to have translated over into Unlife as the inability to lie. At all.

Not that he ever did in the first place.

He and Blaze managed to avoid Lucretia for the most part, though if anything went wrong with their various enterprises, it could usually be tracked back to her. He just remained in his sire's orbit, learning all he could about being a vampire. Even if he began to get frustrated about his lack of Release even after twenty years, when there were so many others Embraced after he was and able to move on with their Unlives. Freedom was something he craved more than anything in those early years, and it just didn't look like he'd ever had it.

When Blaze told him they were leaving New York and going to the newly conquered city of Baltimore, it was bittersweet. It was the opportunity for them both to start fresh, hopefully without the shadow of the past hanging over them. Still, living in New York had been his dream when he was alive, and now it was one more nail in the coffin of his humanity.

They went, and even after they arrived it was years before Blaze finally presented him to Prince William Good. He was pretty unceremoniously released--nearly thirty years was far too long to be Unreleased, apparently--but Blaze still kept him close, no matter how much the attention chaffed and smothered him.

Whether it was the looming, continuous threat of the Sabbat, the need for control, unrelenting love, or something else entirely that Blaze has not told him.

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