Victoire de Lys

Overview

Overview

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A vision of faded elegance and dangerous allure, Victoire de Lys drifts through Baltimore’s salons and Elysiums like a ghost of forgotten grandeur. Embraced at the twilight of La Belle Époque, she weaves beauty, longing, and obsession into every whispered word and lingering touch. From her decadent opera loft in Mount Vernon, she cultivates mortal artists and muses, drinking in their adoration even as she hungers for something real — something that will not wither with time. Those who mistake her charm for softness often find themselves entangled in a game they never agreed to play, their devotion another brushstroke on the masterpiece of her eternal legend.

Basics

Basics

Name
Victoire de Lys
Player
Ophi2.0
Chronicle
Baltimore After Dark
Nature
Bon Viant – She thrives on Beauty, Indulgence, and new sensations, constantly seeking new highs in an eternal life.
Demeanor
Autocrat – She presents herself as a refined, commanding aristocrat, always in control of her court and her image.
Concept

The Crimson Courtesan – A seductive noblewomen turned eternal muse, who rules salons of art a passion with velvet cruelty
Clan
Toreador
Generation
11th
Sire
Marceline l'Éternelle – An infamous Toreador Elder known for creating only the most "Flawless" children, both in appearance and temperament.

Attributes

Attributes

Physical
T
Strength

11000
Dexterity

11100
Stamina

10000
Social
P
Charisma
Efffortless Seduction
11110
Manipulation

11100
Appearance

11100
Mental
S
Perception

11100
Intelligence

11000
Wits

11100

Abilities

Abilities

Talents
p
Alertness

10000
Athletics

00000
Awareness

10000
Brawl

00000
Empathy

11100
Expression

11100
Intimidation

10000
Leadership

10000
Streetwise

00000
Subterfuge
Emotional Manipulation
11110

00000
Skills
s
Animal Ken

00000
Crafts

00000
Drive

00000
Etiquette
Subtle Insults
11110
Firearms

00000
Larceny

00000
Melee

11100
Performance

11100
Stealth

00000
Survival

00000

00000

Knowledge
t
Academics

10000
Computers

00000
Finance

00000
Investigation

10000
Law

00000
Medicine

00000
Occult

11100
Politics

10000
Science

00000
Technology

00000

00000

Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines

Presence
11100

Auspex
10000

Celerity
00000

00000

00000

00000
Backgrounds

Generation
11000

Herd
11000

Resources
10000

Status
10000

00000

00000
Virtues
Conscience/Conviction

11100
Self-Control/Instinct

11110
Courage

11100

Humanity/Path
11111 11000
Path

Bearing

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

Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit
Type
Cost
Enchanting Voice
Supernatural/Social
2
Natural Leader
Social
1
Iron Will
Mental
3
Domain
Background
1

Flaw
Type
Bonus
 Dark Secret
 Social
1
 Prey Exclusive (Artists)
 Feeding
 1
 Soft-Hearted
 Physiological
 1
 Infatuation (Mortal Muse)
 Physiological
 2
 Conspicuous Consumption
Feeding/Social
 2

Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual
Level

Path

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Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total
35
Spent
18
Notes
Freebie Points: 15

+2 Willpower (Cost 2), +1 Subterfuge (Cost 2), +1 Etiquette (Cost 2), +1 Occult (Cost 2), +1 Discipline (Presence) (Cost 7)
-18 xp (Willpower 5 –> 8)

Derangements

Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies

- None recorded.
  Victoire prefers to be admired from afar. Her influence is personal, not political — at least for now.

Contacts

- Gallerist at The Charles Street Art Shop – A mortal curator who runs a gallery near Mount Vernon. They keep Victoire apprised of both artistic trends and Kindred activity tied to the Toreador.
- Perfumer in Fell’s Point – Crafts bespoke fragrances laced with vitae, often used during her salon rituals or seductions. Discreet and loyal — but dangerously curious.

Fame

- None recorded.
  While her salons are whispered about in artistic circles, Victoire avoids mass attention. She curates mystique, not celebrity.

Herd

- “The Velvet Circle” – A cabal of artists, writers, and avant-garde actors she gathers in her converted opera loft near the old Hippodrome Theatre. They believe they are part of an exclusive society of inspiration and aesthetic transcendence. They offer blood as part of “ritual performance.”

Influence

- None formally held.
  She is known in the Mount Vernon art scene and respected in Toreador circles, but she has yet to stake her claim in the broader Camarilla power structure.

Mentor

- Marceline l’Éternelle – An elder Toreador who once held sway in Parisian salons and now drifts through Baltimore’s elite. She rarely appears in person but always knows when Victoire falters. Her influence is subtle, suffocating, and laced in velvet.

Resources

- Converted Opera House Loft (Mount Vernon) – Victoire resides in the upper floors of a long-defunct opera house near Cathedral Street. Her haven is decadent and curated, filled with rich fabrics, mirrors, and paintings — all bathed in shadow and candlelight.

Retainers

- Lucien – A ghoul who once danced for the Baltimore Ballet. Now, he acts as Victoire’s driver, bodyguard, and silent sentinel. Always impeccably dressed.
- Colette – A mortal tailor and domestic who maintains Victoire’s wardrobe and decor. She believes Victoire is an eccentric patron of the arts — and chooses not to question anything.

Status

- Toreador Clan Status: 1 – Recognized within the Baltimore Toreador as a promising Neonate. She is seen as a tastemaker with a dangerous streak — admired, but watched.

Other

Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)

- Antique Silver Compact Mirror – Used during feeding to observe herself (and her prey).
- Fountain Pen – Filled with crimson ink, used to sign deals or leave poetic notes.
- Silver Flask of Vitae-Laced Absinthe – For social events, shared with trusted Kindred or Herd.
- Elegant Gloves – Silk-lined, often used to avoid direct skin contact unless intentional.
- Cell Phone (Obsolete by Design) – An older model in pristine condition, used to create distance and mystique.

Feeding Grounds

- Mount Vernon Cultural District – Victoire’s unofficial domain. Her salons draw in a well-fed Herd of artists, dreamers, and eccentrics. She feeds during ritualized “inspirations,” typically after performances or during intimate gatherings in her loft.

Havens

Equipment (Owned)

- Antique Grand Piano – Still tuned, still bled on. She doesn’t play often, but when she does, it draws others like moths.
- Wardrobe of Timeless Fashion – Corsets, veils, ballgowns, and gloves curated over decades. She never wears the same outfit twice in a row.
- Blood-Stained Paintings – Some are her own, others were painted of her. She keeps the worst in her bedroom.
- Art Supplies – Inherited and stolen. Oils, brushes, sculpting tools, and mixed media infused with vitae.
- Scrying Mirror – A gift from her mentor Marceline. She claims it whispers to her when the city shifts.

Vehicles

- Black Lincoln Continental (1979) – Restored and kept in pristine condition. Driven exclusively by Lucien. Its interior smells of old perfume and leather, with classical tapes hidden in the glovebox.
- No modern GPS — Victoire insists on printed directions or Lucien’s navigation

Other

- Salon Invitation Cards – Embossed and hand-written. No two are the same. Delivered by courier, never texted.
- Safe Deposit Box (Federal Hill) – Contains a few ounces of elder blood, old letters from Marceline, and a sealed letter labeled “When I Fall.”

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To
Rating

Bound To
Rating

Description

Description

Age
50 years old
Apparent Age
Mid-to-late 20s
D.O.B.
November 3rd, 1882
R.I.P.
March 14th, 1906 (Embraced in Paris)
Hair
Deep auburn, long, often styled in waves or pinned up dramatically
Eyes
Pale grey eyes with hints of rose-gold in candle light
Race
White / European descent
Nationality
French
Height
5’8”
Build
Slender and statuesque; graceful, but not frail
Gender
Female
Face Claim

History

History

Born in 1882 to minor aristocracy in the south of France, Victoire de Lys grew up amid faded estates, dusty chapels, and mothers who prayed more for beauty than salvation. Her father squandered their fortune on absinthe and art; her mother raised her like porcelain — to be admired, not touched. Even as a child, Victoire understood the power of being looked at. She practiced her stillness in the mirror, learned to cry without wrinkling her face, and danced not for joy, but for control.

By seventeen, she was courted by barons, poets, and a promising painter whose infatuation with her led to ruin. He painted her obsessively, one canvas after another, until he slit his own throat at her feet — a gesture she mistook for devotion. That was the first time Victoire understood the difference between admiration and obsession… and how easy it was to make someone choose madness over indifference.

She left home for Paris in 1900 at the height of La Belle Époque. There, in smoke-filled salons and moonlit absinthe halls, she shed her past like silk gloves. She became a muse — not for what she created, but for what she inspired. Artists whispered her name; lovers claimed to die for her; her beauty became mythic. It was there she met Marceline l’Éternelle, a Toreador elder whose gaze lingered too long and spoke too little.

Marceline did not ask. She chose.

Victoire’s Embrace came during the final moments of a masquerade — a slow bleed behind velvet curtains, a kiss mistaken for a suicide pact. She woke to a world of Blood and longing and found herself not repulsed, but clarified. Hunger was beautiful. Pain was art. And Marceline, ever elusive, left her with only riddles and a promise: “You will be eternal, if you can endure the ache of being seen.”

The 20th century passed in splinters — war, silence, New York, then finally Baltimore, where decay clings to every wall like ivy. The city’s art scene was raw, desperate, perfect. She laid roots in Mount Vernon, quietly converting the abandoned upper floors of an opera house into her haven. From there, she built The Velvet Circle — an exclusive salon of mortal artists who believe they are part of something divine. They are. They just don’t know what yet.

Now, Victoire walks the tightrope between reverence and collapse. Her salons pulse with blood and beauty, but her obsession with meaning — with permanence — grows deeper. She longs for a muse who won’t fade, for a creation that bleeds truth, for a feeling strong enough to shatter her perfect mask.

Some say she’s Camarilla. Some say she’s playing them all. The truth?

She just wants to be remembered. And she’ll bleed Baltimore dry to do it.

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