

DISCLAIMER

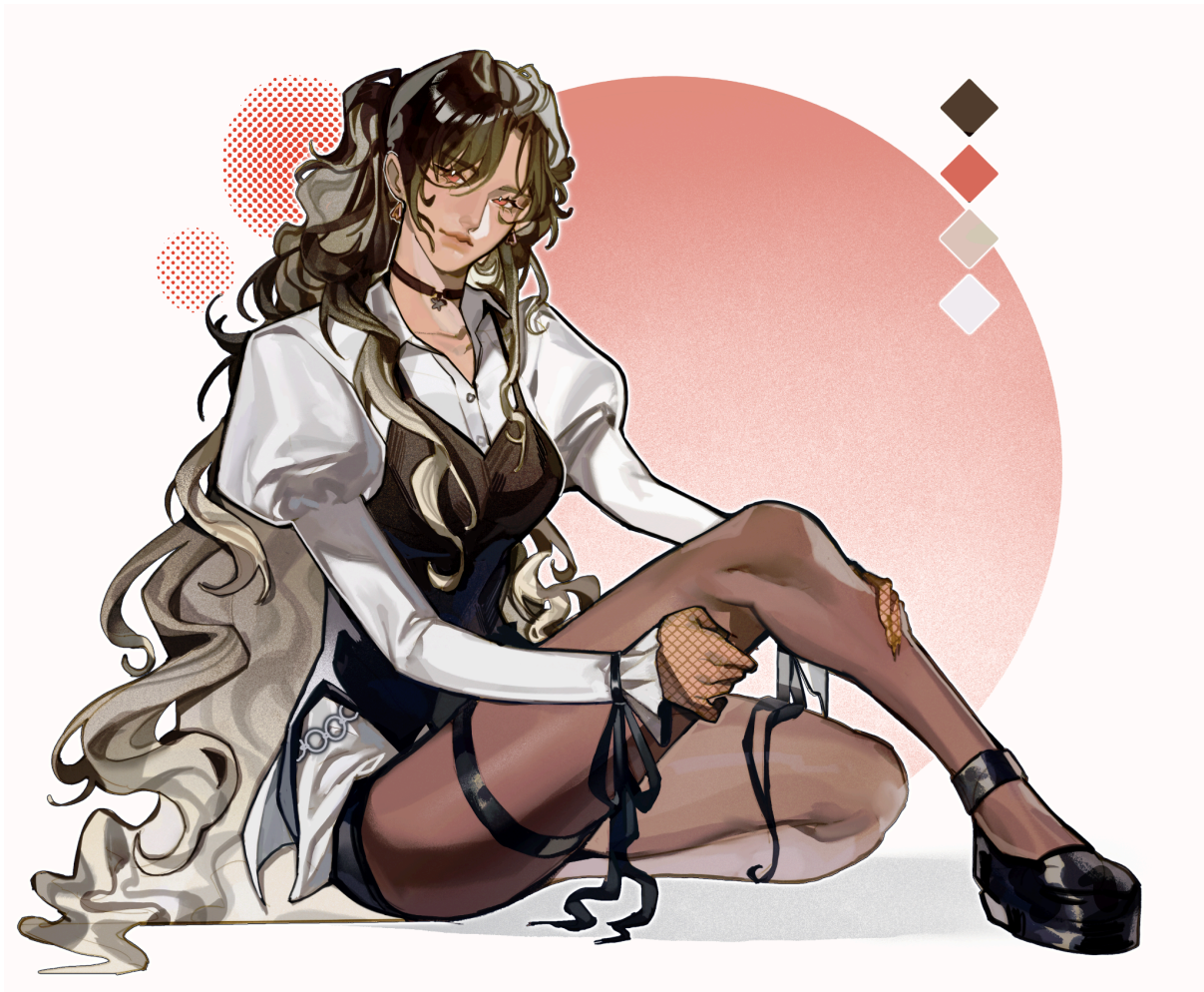
Yseult is an original character created for Shining Nikki. This document compiles every piece of lore about her, and will be updated with time!

This document was written and formatted on a computer, so please adjust the layout option for a better viewing experience! Navigation is also available if you want to jump to a specific section.

Please note that the “Story” section contains mentions of abuse and suicide. Nothing graphic, but do proceed with caution.

Thank you so much for taking an interest in my girl, hope you enjoy reading ♥

— Tiara



(art by [Flanvii](#))

★++.+) — GENERAL — (+.+.★



Name : Yseult Ataegina

Aliases : Yseult Cornulea (Past), Yzzie (by Yeeso), The Phantom Bride of House Cornulea (Pigeon Kingdom reputation)

Age : 23 years old

Date of Birth : December 21st, Year -23 (Sagittarius)

Place of Birth : Flowerland, Apple Federation, Miraland

Species : Human

Occupation : Employed at Tom's Farm (Accounting & Housekeeping)

Likes : ~~nothing in particular~~ stars, sheep, macarons, RPGs, the countryside, knitting, spending time with people she cares about, detective novels.

Dislikes : herself, confined places, parties, bright lights, the dark, her parents, Pigeon Kingdom, Pigeon nobles, guns.

Voice Claims :

EN : [Heather HOGAN](#) (0:05 – 1:05)

JP : [Rihona KATO](#)

★++.+) — PHYSICAL APPEARANCE — (+.+.★

Height : 170 cm | **Weight :** 56 kg | Left-Handed | O- blood type

After a life spent in isolation, away from the light of the sun, Yseult has lost her natural sunny complexion and average weight. When she is first found on the Ark, she weighs barely more than 40 kgs and looks pale as a ghost, being so weak that she's not able to even hold a pencil. Her orange eyes, reminiscent of the sunset, are always cast downward, with no light reflected in them and a perpetual sad look on her face.

After spending some time on Miraland, however, her condition improves — she starts gaining weight, gets some of her strength back, and thanks to all

the time she spends outside, she slowly regains her natural complexion. She often wears red lipstick and dark eyeshadow, and the rosy blush on her cheeks brings attention to the freckles sprinkled across her face.

Yseult's hair is long — much longer than average, as it reaches past her thigh, cascading down her back in a striking black to gold gradient. She spent most of her life not taking good care of it, and it's a bit hard to tame as a result. And if she kept it that way out of obligation before, she grew to like it, as several people she cares about commented that they found it beautiful.

Due to her prolonged time spent immersed in noble society, she mastered the art of perfect posture and polite body language, and as such, it's not uncommon for her to be mistaken for an actual member of high society.

She doesn't like to draw attention to herself, and dresses in monochromatic tones of black and whites, with a few gold or silver accessories. She wears simple outfits, both elegant and practical. Her favorite item is a choker with a golden butterfly attached to it, which Yeeso gifted her. She considers it her lucky charm.

★+·+) — PERSONALITY — (+·+★

Yseult was an unusual child. She almost never spoke, even when prompted, answering with a simple nod or shake of the head whenever possible. Because of this odd behavior, she was always alone at school, had trouble making friends, and was generally avoided by people altogether, as they labeled her a “freak”, something to be looked at from afar rather than a person you could get close to. They'd call her a ghost, a witch, a soulless puppet inhabited by a creature from beyond.

But Yseult never answered the mockery, never complained—mostly because she never knew anything else. This was the only way she ever got to leave her life, away from others, as even her parents neglected her all her life. Yseult then became even more withdrawn, afraid to make contact with anyone as she never learned how to. Everyone thought she was a weirdo and there was nothing she could do to change that.

Due to this lonely childhood, she became a very introverted, self-conscious person who doesn't value herself in the slightest and believes people will

reject her even before she meets them. After all, if she doesn't love herself, why would anyone else do? There was nothing likeable about her, nothing beyond the creepy, unsettling surface—and even if there was, it was far too late to let it show.

Her rebirth allowed Yseult to think more deeply about herself, find new passions, and make friends. Despite her introverted nature, she finds people to talk to and enjoys their company, though she still has trouble staying with a crowd for too long.

She always liked reading as a child, and with all the free time she has now, decided to pick up detective novels as a way to sharpen her mind and improve her analytic skills, among other things.

Perhaps due to her years of isolation, unable to see the night sky, she discovered a passion for astronomy and stargazing—she sits on a hill near Tom's farm and spends the night under the stars, from the moment the sun sets to the instant it crosses the horizon to rise the next day. She feels at peace, alone beneath the vast galaxy.

Yseult is a very soft-spoken girl with a kind heart, but she can be painfully oblivious at times. Her lack of self-esteem prevents her from seeing how others feel about her unless they're being *very* blunt.

It's also important to note that she can be surprisingly resentful, especially regarding those who wronged her in her past life. If she learns that something bad happened to someone she dislikes, she won't hide her happiness.

Some of her reactions can come off as a bit strange to some people: when she has a lot on her mind or feels overwhelmed with certain thoughts, she'll start mumbling to herself so fast and so quietly you won't even be able to understand what she's saying half the time. She'll also sometimes laugh to herself in an unsettling manner when she's nervous. It can throw some off, but it's nothing dangerous.

★+·+) — STORY — (+·+★

de profundis ad astra

Born in the small town of Flowerland on the day of the winter solstice, Yseult Ataegina, daughter of Theodore and Lorna Ataegina, was the most quiet child

the world has ever seen. From the moment she was born to the day she was able to walk, she barely uttered a single word.

She was the kind of child no one looked at. The kind you could easily forget in the back of your car, the kind you'd leave in the corner of the room at a party because she wouldn't bother anyone or make a scene.

And that was exactly how her parents saw her. A low maintenance child who never complained, didn't take too much space, and was, above all, so deeply strange. What kind of child stays away from the group to play with insects? Yseult's parents quickly grew resentful of her for behaving like this, unsettled by their own child who would not change her behavior no matter how hard they tried.

“Ha...What’s wrong with you...? Why won’t you act like a normal child? You must not be human...Was your soul stolen by a demon or something?! Ha, why did we have to give birth to such a cursed, useless child...!”

As they were already running low on money, the Ataeginas only treated Yseult to the bare minimum, growing more and more neglectful of her as time went on. But Yseult never complained. She simply sat in a corner, endlessly doodling something on a piece of paper.

The loneliness she felt, the pain of rejection that stung her everyday, it was never of importance to anyone. Yseult understood that her complaints would fall on deaf ears, for even her parents had stopped considering her a human being.

Resigning herself to eternal solitude, the young girl continued her life, forever unresponsive to the hate thrown her way.

When Yseult was 16, a man by the name of Marc Cornulea, recently widowed and grief-stricken Pigeon Noble, came to Flowerland for one of his rare outings. It was then that, on a starless night, he met the girl as she sat in the park, observing the sky.

Perhaps saying it was “true love” wasn't accurate — the moment his eyes fell on the young girl, he saw *her*. His late wife who was taken from him all too soon. The lifeless look in her eyes, her sickly, thin body, it was almost like looking in a mirror: she was the splitting image of his beloved's corpse, with whom he stayed with for an entire year after she passed.

From this moment on, he did not hesitate; she was the ghost of his lost love, and he needed to bring her back with him.

The next morning, he was on her parents' doorstep, deposing an egregious sum of money on their table in exchange for her hand in marriage.

Had they been different people, the Ataeginas would have been outraged by this behavior. But as they were who they were, this barely registered as a choice to them. After all, they could get rid of this cursed child and get rich in the process! Who would say no to such an offer?

Yseult's belongings were thrown out the door, and by the next hour she was on her way to Pigeon Capital, in an unknown vehicle, with an unknown man next to her.

And though she did not have the will nor strength to refuse, for the first time in her life, she had wanted to fight back.

Pigeon Capital was a beautiful city, with impressive high towers and well-dressed people as far as the eye could see. It was the first time Yseult saw it in person, but even this wonderful view wasn't enough to make her feel anything. The deafening silence inside the carriage clouded her mind, as did the pressure of His hand on her wrist, like he wanted to make sure she wouldn't escape, wouldn't disappear.

Once they arrived, she barely had time to set a foot down before she was led inside a large mansion and brought to a secluded place, down a flight of stairs. The room was dark, lighted by a single candle on a table, and everywhere she stepped, her heels hit something different. A bunch of junk scattered on the floor, like someone abandoned this place in a hurry and never came back.

When she turned back to the Noble, silently demanding an explanation, he said nothing, and wordlessly locked the door as he left.

Yseult wasn't sure how much time passed after that. In the corner of the room she found a small bed, which she used to rest from time to time. The sun didn't reach this place, and there was no clock to be found here. Her sense of time became blurry after a while, with nothing to do, no one to talk to.

He came back at some point, with a bright smile on his face, either none the wiser to her misery or choosing to ignore it. He came to bring her a “present”, as he said — a new set of clothes he had been preparing for her.

Yseult laid eyes on the garments — a long black dress, with matching gloves and a veil to cover her face. It was beautiful, if you ignored the dried bloodstains that someone painfully, and unsuccessfully, tried to erase. They were faded, barely visible to the untrained eye, but they were all Yseult could see as she slowly understood who this dress used to belong to.

He waited outside while she changed, and was quite displeased to return and find her without the veil on. Walking her to the shattered mirror in the corner of the room, he gently put it on, and Yseult watched her own face disappear under the dark fabric. The uncomfortable feeling in her stomach only grew as she heard him weep behind her, and felt his arms hug her shoulders so tightly they could break.

Yseult stood still as a statue, staring at her reflection in the mirror, hoping she'd be transported to the other side and stop feeling him all over her.

“I was not mistaken...Oh, my beloved bride...You are finally back to me..”

“You won't leave me again, will you...? You'll stay by my side forever this time, won't you...?”

His sorrow, his grief, his pain, they were all apparent as an open wound, yet Yseult could not care for it.

Staying here *forever*...the prospect should terrify her, yet she could not muster a single thought.

The mirror reflected a pair of empty eyes, not unlike those of a beast pretending to be human.

Yes. In the end, it was only natural for a soulless creature such as her to end up as a mindless doll.

Days passed on without end, and she felt the last remainder of her sanity slipping away from her fingers as did the measly amounts of food she was given each day.

Of course, he wasn't "starving" her. What he gave her was technically enough to sustain her system, but it was still the bare minimum. By the third month she lost all appetite, and only ate as a way to pass the time.

Seeing her own silhouette thin with time until she resembled a skeleton should have been horrifying, enough to get her to fight back. It didn't. Yseult was far too weak, in both body and mind, to even think of fighting back.

It had been a long time since she last "thought" of anything.

Sometimes he would open the door to come pick her up, put the veil on her face, and bring her to a new location; a brightly-lit hall with loud music and too many people, hundreds of eyes suddenly peering at her.

They all surrounded her like she was some sort of wild creature, asking her questions she couldn't hear, which he would answer in her stead. Their faces all appeared awfully abstract behind her veil, her vision becoming more and more blurry as she stood against the light.

She didn't think she would ever miss the house. At least she still somewhat felt like a person there.

With time, Yseult came to understand that he was taking her outside about once a month. Maybe less. It was hard to tell. Either way, it seemed to improve his mood drastically. She wouldn't care to try, but even if she did, there was no way she could ever understand him.

He flaunted her at luxurious parties, sang praise of her beauty to all who liked to hear, and had her schedule already decided the moment she woke up. She was his most prized possession, the jewel of his collection...and the phantom of the "bride" he once loved.

He will never allow her to know true happiness, because this sorrow she carried so deeply within herself is what made her "beautiful".

Wishing for things to get better would be foolish, so she didn't do it. What she did wish for, however unconscious a wish it may be, was for him to not intrude in her personal space more than he already did. There was a line to be drawn somewhere, unspoken as it was, that he hadn't dared to cross yet.

Even this single wish wasn't granted.

She woke up in his bloodstained bed one morning.

...

...

...

...Ah.

"I want to die."

A "thought" appeared in her head.

"I want to die."

The first one in a very long time.

"I want to die."

It wouldn't leave.

"I want to die."

The "thought" was comforting. The "thought" made her happy. This was, without a doubt, a good "thought".

One day, Yseult stole a gun from one of his cabinets while he wasn't looking. A rare moment of inattention on his part, or perhaps a testament to his "trust" in her, to think she would never use these rare outings to try to escape.

Yseult had found some old paper and a single pencil in a corner of the dark room one day, and they had both been sitting on a table ever since. Yseult didn't want to stay in this world anymore, yet the gun was perpetually hidden under her bed, away from prying eyes, away from her own hands.

Yseult was a coward. Yseult wanted to die, but the thought of holding a gun scared her. Yseult wanted to die, but the thought of dying in this dark room scared her. Yseult wanted to die, but Yseult wanted to come back to Flowerland and lie in the flower field one more time.

Yseult wanted to die.

But Yseult wanted to **■■■■**.

She postponed the fateful day by working on something. Something so insignificant, it would not hold any value even mere minutes after she finished it.

A design.

Back in Flowerland, she often saw them — stylists, shining so brightly with the work they created, beautiful pieces they poured their heart and soul into.

Stylists were people who left their mark on this world by creating. Who would be remembered after their deaths because of something they made.

Yseult wasn't like this. She could never be like this. Even as her pen moved along the paper and she slowly crafted "something", it was only a meaningless form, attempting to mimic the glorious artistry of a design created with care and love.

"That thing" had no value. It would never exist beyond that house, beyond that door, beyond her eyes. Would never be touched by hands that weren't hers, worn by people that weren't her. It was merely a shallow excuse of a design, empty, devoid of any meaning. Only a pitiful reminder that a girl like her really did exist.

"Maybe then, I won't be forgotten."

A foolish "thought".

Yseult had never held a gun before, but it fit a little too nicely in her hands. Certainly yet another sign that this was how it was supposed to end.

She had finally completed that design, so what was there left for her? Her parents weren't there, and she only served as a replacement for "that man". Where she was going next didn't matter. Her death wouldn't matter, because there was no weight to her life, nothing to anchor her in this world. Yseult's life was going to end tonight, and there would be no one by her side in her final moments.

"I'm going to die...So why isn't anyone here? Why isn't anyone coming to check on me? Please...Please, someone, just look at me."

Even as a denizen of the living, Yseult had spent her life as though she was already dead. Her hopes, her dreams, her plans for the future — in the end, they all slip through her fingers and leave her with only a name she despises and hands that will never hold anything.

Yes, truly, someone like her...shouldn't have been born in the first place.

In the end, perhaps she did not want to die, after all. The bullet pierced her skull all the same.

...
Veni, vidi, vixi

...

The sound of flowing waves is so pleasant. So calming. The cold floor beneath Yseult doesn't hurt, in fact it almost feels like she's floating on water, gently being carried by the sea.

If this is what death is like, then perhaps it isn't so bad.

Her eyes open, prompted by a slight breeze tickling her neck, and that's when Yseult realizes something is wrong.

By all means she has no idea what a dead person is supposed to feel like, but she's almost sure it's not...*that*. Her body still feels as heavy as it did before. She can still feel the weight of the world around her, the pain in her legs, her strained breathing...It feels too real. Her body is still responding to the outside like it's alive.

She doesn't have the strength to move, even less to get up, but she stares at her surroundings, the strange scenery she has never seen before, and her weakened heart beats at an uneven rhythm at the sight of this place that doesn't look like Heaven nor Hell.

A high-pitched, energetic voice calls from far away, and she can barely muster the strength to move her head in its direction. There's a little girl standing there, on a see-through platform above her, near what looks like a waterfall. She rushes towards her at frightening speed on a skateboard, and though Yseult should question everything about that sentence, she doesn't, because the unbelievable reality of the situation slowly sets in, claws at her like a voracious monster about to swallow her.

Rushed footsteps soon follow as two other figures emerge from somewhere she can't see. Neither of them look like angels or demons. They look human, scarily so, and once again Yseult feels like she's being eaten by her own fear.

She doesn't leave them an opportunity to speak, doesn't allow them to get any closer, before tears begin to surge from her eyes and, for the first time in her entire existence, it's not a hushed whisper that escapes her mouth, but an unrestrained shriek that she can't nor want to control.

"Why..Why am I alive?!"

FULL "REBIRTH" STORYLINE — "AUTREFOIS, AUJOURD'HUI" (WORK IN PROGRESS):

-TBA

★+·+) — RELATIONSHIPS — (+·+★

➤◆ Nikki

"The pink-haired girl has a nice smile. That girl envies it. It never looks forced, or strained, and for a moment that girl actually thinks she might have made a friend."

— Yseult's "About Nikki"

Yseult sometimes looks at Nikki and feels she might just get blinded. Her strength, her determination, her kindness — they all shine through with such

radiance that she cannot help but stare in awe, much like a moth drawn to a flame.

Nikki is everything Yseult isn't, yet she doesn't feel any envy, rather an incredible admiration for that girl who shoulders so much yet still marches forward into the future.

Nikki was there for her when she woke up and set her on the path of answers about her rebirth, often coming to check on her and see how she's doing. Yseult still cannot believe someone like her truly exists.

"Won't you at least tell me your name?"

"..Yseult. You can call me Yseult."

➤◆ Momo

"There is a strange cat always accompanying Nikki, and Yseult has many questions about the creature. What breed is he? Why can he stand on two legs? And why does he like BBQ so much?"

— Yseult's "About Momo"

First meeting Momo had left Yseult with zero questions, strangely enough. Perhaps it was her general apathy that kept her from questioning his existence too much, but once she became cognizant of her surroundings again, his strangeness struck her like a slap to the face.

She finds it quite cute, for what it's worth, and Momo himself seems to like her a lot. He sits on her lap every time he and Nikki come over and likes to eat the barbecue she makes.

...She could do without his opinions on her love life, though.

"If you agree to pay me in BBQ, I can give you great relationship advice, you know!"

"..No. For some reason, I feel like this is a really bad idea."

➤◆ Aeon & Marina

"The Ark Administrators are fascinating beings to Yseult. She cannot help but wonder about the reason for their existence, where they came from, what their purpose is. She wonders if, like her, they ever get lonely, alone in this strange place."

— Yseult's "About the Ark"

The Ark siblings were the first people to find Yseult when she woke up, in front of that strange mirror, in that even stranger place. They look like normal people, but Yseult feels something intrinsically different about them, like they're not people she was ever meant to meet.

Marina is lively and childish, Aeon is level-headed and mature. Their opposite personalities make for some very entertaining banter, and Yseult finds it surprisingly easy to talk with them.

Watching them interact brings a painful longing to Yseult's chest — perhaps in another life, she, too, would have been allowed to feel the warmth of family.

“Brother! Yseult has come to visit today! She brought sweets!”

“Don't run around the lab, Marina. It's good to see you, Yseult. You look well.”

“Hehe, thank you. Oh, by the way, I finished the novel you lent me! I'd like to discuss it with you, if that's okay.”

➤◆ Loen

“The mercenary's kind face shows a wisdom beyond his years, with compassion and courage forged by untold trials, the kind one never truly recovers from. His presence is a comforting one, and Yseult feels safer knowing he's around.”

— Yseult's “About Loen”

When Yseult was brought to Savior for further examinations, she met some of its members, including one of Nikki's friends, Loen. Her distrust of the facility led to a barely agreeable cooperation between them, as the mercenary and other members were tasked to keep an eye on her while she was kept in one of the exam rooms.

As she became less scared — and more cooperative — she realized that he was quite easy to talk to. He was adamant about helping Nikki and in turn, helping her acclimate to this “new life”.

Yseult finds him nice, and is always happy to see him drop by whenever he's on a mission near her. Much like Nikki, she cannot believe someone like him exists and keeps pushing forward.

“You want to keep existing in this world, right? Then that gives me another reason to fight. After all, you have a future to reach, don't you?”

“...! ...That's right...Thank you, Loen.”

➤◆ Lillyan & Tartali

“There is a pair of twins that won't stop causing mischief, and always invites Yseult to play chess with them. She's never played before, and is always on the losing side, but the satisfaction of playing a game with friends is too appealing to pass up.”

— Yseult's “About Savior”

At first, the mysterious twins never talked to her — only observed from their side of the glass. It's only when she woke up one day with each on a different side of her bed that she realized they were trying, in a strange way, to establish a connection with her.

The red twin, Lillyan, became especially clingy after she discovered them that day, either holding her hand or simply sitting beside her in silence. Yseult couldn't deny that she felt a strange sense of kinship with the girl, and was content spending this time with her.

Tartali, on the other hand, appeared more fascinated than anything else — Yseult's hair, especially, soon became an obsession, and she insisted on brushing it every morning while she was at Savior's HQ.

She won't ask, because it's not her place, but she does wonder why they're part of this organization at such a young age.

“Argh...Yseult recognized us again!”

“How can you always tell which is which? We're masters of our craft!”

“Eh? But your faces are so different...Or is it your aura...? Either way, I fear you'll have to abandon this trick against me.”

➤◆ Tom

“Mr. Tom understands, shows patience and understanding, and Yseult feels incredibly grateful to be given a chance. She works as hard as she can to make up for her hesitant beginnings, and soon finds that she feels more at home in this farm than she ever did in that mansion.”

— Yseult's “About the Farm”

A penny-pinching old farmer he may be, Mr. Tom treats Yseult with much more kindness than she would have expected. Either it's because of his bond with Nikki or out of a genuine desire to do charitable work for a poor soul, she doesn't know, but she's not about to complain — a place to work and a roof to sleep under are already so far beyond what she expected before coming here.

Tom takes the time to teach her how to interact with the animals and, after a lot of trial-and-error, finally decides to put her in charge of housekeeping and accounting.

Every day at the farm feels more invigorating than the last, and her cohabitation with Tom makes it even better. Their bond grows surprisingly quickly, and for the first time Yseult feels the taste of home.

“You're doing great, kid. Honestly, you've been making my work so much easier, I don't know how I managed without you all this time—”

“T–Tom...I appreciate the gesture, truly...But perhaps an “employee of the month” celebration is a bit much? I–I’m the only one who works here...”

➤◆ Yeeso [♥]

“Yseult doesn’t recall ever smiling as much as when he’s around. Everyone mentions it, this shift in her mood when they talk, the glimmer in her eyes that just won’t stop shining. Yseult quite likes his company, yes. However...”

— Yseult’s “About Yeeso”

Perhaps it was the moment they met. Or perhaps it was after, when he took it upon himself to spend time with her, offer her delicacies, and share his hobbies. Yseult doesn’t know when it happened, but there is a flower blooming in her chest and butterflies swarming her stomach, and she doesn’t know what to do to get rid of them.

Their first meeting had been nothing short of awkward (at least on Yseult’s side) so naturally, she hadn’t expected much out of it. But when Yeeso came back to see her, again, and again, she began to think that perhaps she didn’t make as bad a first impression as she thought.

He proved himself to be very talkative, but Yseult was far from bothered, finding the sound of his voice oddly pleasant, filling the lonely silence she usually lived in with joy and laughter. She finds his jokes funny, listens intently to what he has to say, as mundane as it may be, and he listens in turn, isn’t bothered by her quiet voice or frequent stuttering.

Yseult doesn’t realize how happy she is until it’s all ripped away from her the day she learns Yeeso is a Pigeon noble.

Dozens, hundreds, *thousands* of memories rush back to assault her mind, of her life before, of Pigeon Capital, of the dark room and the very reason she took her own life once already.

But Yseult doesn’t want to fear Yeeso. She doesn’t want to feel disgust or anger when she looks at him, despite all the alarms ringing in her head, warning her to flee far away as soon as he approaches.

For once, she wants to take control of her life, decide for herself what she should do — after many doubts and turmoils, Yseult takes the hand offered to her, accepts him into her world.

When she looks at him, one thing becomes certain in her mind: everything will be okay, in the end.

“Say, Yzzie, do you wanna go out sometimes? I—I mean, I know you like the stars, and there’s a pretty high spot near the farm, so…”

“…Hehe. Of course, I’d love that. In fact, I’ve been meaning to show you some of my favorite constellations…”

As the world becomes tainted in orange hues, the sun departs beyond the horizon, away from the mortal eye, letting the gentle moonlight take its place. The day ends once again, signifying departure and renewal.

Two kindred souls met one day by chance, like the sun meeting the moon on its way to sleep. As they gaze into the setting sun, the nobleman mercenary and the woman born anew look onward to a future of their choosing, grasping it tightly, with their own two hands.

…

may your wounded soul find happiness everlasting

…

★+·+) — DESIGNER DATA — (+·+★

- **STYLING POWER LEVEL:** 4 (Past: 1)
- **PREFERRED STYLE(S):** Elegant, Fresh
- **PREFERRED COLORS:** Black, White, Beige, Metal, Pattern
- **MOST COMMON STYLE TAG(S):** Romantic, Graceful, Gown
- **MOST COMMON INDEX SECTION:** Federal Style

“Yseult’s Styling Power…It’s like it’s been dormant for a long, long time, and is only just now beginning to show its potential. Whenever I wear something she designed, I feel overcome by a strange sense of nostalgia…It’s dark, yet not sad. It’s filled with the longing of someone who yearns to know what it’s like to be alive. I think it’s beautiful.”

— Nikki

- **DESIGNED SETS:**
 - TBA

★+·+) — TRIVIA — (+·+★

- ★ “Yseult” is a Celtic name meaning “fair lady” or “she who is gazed upon”. Here, it was chosen in reference to the tale of *Tristan and Iseult*, and she is — very loosely — inspired by the character of the same name.
- ★ “Ataegina” is the name of a goddess worshiped by several ancient people, including the Celtiberians, believed to be associated with the underworld. One of the possible etymologies for her name is “The Reborn One”.
- ★ The name of her previous husband, Marc Cornulea, is derived from Mark of Cornwall, from the tale of *Tristan and Iseult*.
- ★ Her birthday, December 21st, is the day of the winter solstice (the day with the longest night of the year).
- ★ She doesn’t want anyone other than Yeeso calling her “Yzzie”. According to her, it “sounds gross” coming out of anyone else’s mouth.
- ★