

Personal Background



Name:	Baek Nari
Nicknames:	Gumirin (곰일인)
Birthdate:	06/24/2001
Specie:	Human
Height (ft):	5'5
Weight (kg):	50
Skin:	Pale
Eyes:	Dark Brown

Family Background

N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
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Personal History:

She was the daughter of a prostitute—discarded, seen only as the consequence of her mother’s infidelity. Left on the dark alleys of Incheon, nothing but a babe, her mother shed no tears. No farewells. Not even a second glance. The streets took her in not out of love, but out of necessity. An old bastard of a butcher fed her. A blind vendor taught her how to listen. A sharp-tongued beggar showed her how the streets truly worked. They called her *gae-ttong*—a stray. No name. No history. Only instincts.

At nine, she was taught to pickpocket. Her sharp eyes and quiet steps became an asset on the streets—her feet light as feathers. But that’s all she had. One day, she got caught mid-step by a middle-aged woman in white silk. The wrong pocket—or maybe the right one. “*You’re like a fox,*” the woman mused, lips curling into a cunning smile. “*But you look like a flower no one dares to touch.*” Her name was Baek Minji. Her voice was still as water, her eyes like blades—sharp and always on guard.

She gave her a name: **Baek Nari**. *The Lily*—soft, elegant, and beautiful. And yet, others whispered a different name: **Gumirin**—*The Fox Lily*. Fox for her cunning. *Lily* for the mask she wore.

She wasn’t the strongest in her cluster. Minji had adopted other abandoned girls just like her, each with their own skills and specialties. Nari built her confidence in silence. Her gift was making others talk first—tilting her head, looking harmless, then walking away with everything she wanted.

The **Gumirin** did not fight fair, She didn’t need to. She **BLOOMED** where others **BLED**.

She stood at 5'5", 50 kilos, with a smile too sweet to suspect and hands too steady to forgive. **Baek Nari** does not exist. No birth certificate. No school records. No trace. Every alias leads to nothing but a dead end. No real address. No consistent face.

*“You can hire her. You can fear her. But you can never find her. The name you heard probably wasn’t her name at all. Even her nickname—**Gumirin**—was spoken like folklore, passed between trembling lips in the dark corners of Seoul.*

She’d appear like a student, a florist, a quiet secretary. You’d think it was a chance meeting. You’d think she just looked familiar...

And by the time you remembered where you’d seen her face—you’d already be staring down the barrel of her gun.”

She was small, sure—barely five-foot-five, slender. Soft-spoken. The kind of girl one would overlook in a crowded room. . . until it was already too late. But her size wasn’t a weakness. It was bait. In hand-to-hand combat, she moves like silk—smooth and hypnotic. But when she struck, it was with the

force of steel. Spare one blink and she's behind. No waste. No hesitation. Just bone to bone, graceful and brutal.

With a gun, she's unblinking—*predatory*. No panic. Just the rhythm of her breath syncing with the pull of the trigger. They always thought she'd be easy to overpower—soft-spoken, small-framed. The kind of girl who smiled with her eyes and kept her hands folded politely in her lap. But that was her trick—*the fox's charm*. She let them feel bigger, stronger, safe. She lured with warmth, with laughter, with lowered lashes. and then, when they were close enough to feel her breath, she turned sharp. Suddenly...a *snap of the wrist, a flick of a knife, a shot fired with surgical calm*.

No panic in her movements, no tremble in her grip. Her shots were clean, deliberate—like she was following a script she'd rehearsed a thousand times. She didn't kill out of anger. She didn't gloat. She simply... finished the job.

And when the job was done? She didn't run. She walked—calm, unnoticed. Leaving behind nothing but a single *pressed white lily petal* in her victim's wake.