

IDENTITY

Name: Serina Velasura

Aliases: Siren of the Eonian Coast
Lady of Crescent Point
Lord Admiral of the Dragonfleet

Pronouns: She/her

Sex: Tom

Age: 27

DOB: 5th day-cycle of Vroehm

Status: Noble, Sailor

House: Velasura

『 INWARD 』

Personality

Positive: Charismatic, deliberate, loving

Neutral: Flirty, secretive, calculating

Negative: Easily distracted, stubborn, manipulative

Serina is an intelligent woman who hides behind the facade of a noble who just loves partying. She used peoples perception of her to her advantage and subtly influence her peers to the best of her abilities until it suits her to show her steel. Their perception of her is not entirely incorrect, though. She greatly enjoys the flirting and the partying and the loving, but her depth is well hidden to the casual observer. Her easygoing nature and quick acceptance and complimenting of new acquaintances leads her to make friends easily.

Strengths: Very personable and talkative

She makes friends extremely easily

If she puts her mind to something, it's very hard to make her give up

Weaknesses: She lets her emotions take over if she is too deeply invested in something

If you know which buttons to press you can make her do whatever you want

Her anger can be explosive when she hits the end of her fuse and her anger is not a short thing

Fears: Dishonoring her position, failing the ideals that her parents instilled into her

Goals: Living up to her parents memory, finding her soulmate

『 OUTWARD 』

Height: 6'7"

Build: Well endowed and well trained, Serina prides herself on staying very fit

Fur: Tiger pattern

Injuries: None to speak of

『 HOUSEHOLD 』

Parents: Ariadne Velasura (deceased), Theisia Velasura, née Orrien (deceased)

『 BACKGROUND 』

Backstory

Serina was born on a beautiful summer's day in Crescent Point, her family's majestic coastal keep. From the day she entered the world, her parents regarded her as a miracle, as they had had trouble conceiving an heir and they were approaching the age where it would nearly be impossible for them to have children. The child was seen as the greatest blessing they could have received and she was raised as such.

Serina was a rambunctious child, head filled with her tom parent Theisia's stories of her time on the high seas. She'd find "rigging" and swing around, pretending to fight pirates as her mother indulged her and they would clash wooden swords together and yell melodramatic things about the fate of the realm and giggle until Ariadne would come and find them for dinner. She idolized both of her parents, and the story of their meeting as it seemed to come right out of a storybook. Theisia, the tom ship captain born on the sea who caught a glimpse of the beautiful Admiral Ariadne and was instantly smitten, wooing the lady though they could never be together, climbing to her window and giving her bouquets of flowers until eventually she was able to win the Naval Tourney held by House Velasura and Ariadne knighted her, allowing them to finally be wed. The beauty of her parent's love and its story greatly affected her, and she dreamed of

finding the one for her that would spark the same feelings or perhaps feel the same towards her. She loved the idea of being worthy of a quest, a mission to win her love.

As she grew, all she wanted to do was be like both of her parents. She wished to be a swashbuckling sea captain, bravely facing nature's wrath as she sailed in the defense of her kingdom, and she wished to be the quietly intelligent strategist, moving the pieces into place until her adversary would realize there was no move left but to surrender. Her mothers were delighted that their daughter wanted to follow in her footsteps, and would give her most anything she asked for. She began to train with Theisia in the mornings, learning to tie knots and carrying heavy crates to make sure she could pull her weight on the sea. Theisia was getting older, but her skill with a cutlass was still formidable and she would do her best to make sure her daughter would carry on the legacy. In the afternoons, she would sit with Ariadne in her office with small models of ships on a map, playing mock battles, learning what losses were acceptable and how to use peoples expectations against them. She would take military tomes from her mother's office and pour over them by candlelight, trying her best to learn all that she could. She would also accompany her mother on her business to the capitol whenever she would go, learning by experience on the ships as she applied the training Theisia gave her.

She realized from a young age that her looks would affect how people saw her. If she looked very repentant and cute at the servant who caught her sneaking treats, they would just smile and sigh and send her on her way with a warning that next time her mothers would hear about it. They rarely did. As she got older, she noticed that because of the way that she and her mother dressed and acted, visitors seemed to think that they were... shallow. That because they were beautiful, that all they must care about was vanity and parties. She was offended at first, but when the issue was brought up with Ariadne, she reminded her daughter that enemies underestimating her was the best scenario she could hope for. Her mother would flit across the ballroom, drinking and enjoying herself, but as many eyes would pass over her, she was building alliances, relationships, subtly dropping threats to those that might try to threaten the authority of the fleet. Trade was the lifeblood of the coast, and no one wanted it to stop flowing. Ariadne told Serina to enjoy herself, as having fun and being a good leader were not exclusive.

Serina would take her mothers advice to heart, garnering a reputation as the Siren of the Eonian Coast as she would flirt with anyone she wished, and her beauty would ensure that many were receptive to her charms as she attended many parties thrown by others and her parents kept Crescent Point a bustling site of many balls and events. Serina would make many friends and acquaintances, though few would see past her face into the quiet depths below, which suited her just fine. She was always on the lookout for her soulmate, the one that would complete her like Theisia completed Ariadne. But none filled that role yet. Serina was not bothered by this, because great things sometimes come later in life. Just look at her!

She lives a mostly idyllic life until her 23th year, when Theisia, getting on in age, would contract an illness that the old sea dog just couldn't seem to shake. The parties at Crescent Point would halt as Serina and Ariadne would both spend most their days ensuring that she had everything she needed. It wasn't enough. As her health declined, she would spend her last days telling her

family how much she loved them and how she had been happier than she had any right to be. When Theisia passed, it was the hardest thing that had ever happened to Serina. She was sent off with honors, a beautiful pyre ship pushed out to sea, returning her to her birthplace. Ariadne had held herself together well, trying to stay strong for her daughter, but as the first arrow struck the ship, lighting the fire that would take her wife from her, she collapsed into her daughter's arms sobbing, saying "I knew we would have to send her back, but why couldn't I go with her?". Serina tried to stay strong, to be a pillar for her mother, but she quickly broke down too and they sobbed in each others arms as the flaming pyre carried Theisia into the sunset.

Ariadne would drift around the keep afterwards, gazing at the sea. Her heart wasn't really in anything anymore, and her previously well used smile was only seen when she would sit with her daughter and just talk of little things. She would pass a scant few months later, and Serina knew her mother had died of a broken heart. She oversaw and presided at her mother's funeral and she was... alone. Her family was gone. She retreated into the halls of Crescent Point for a month, crying as she wandered the empty corridors of the keep that no longer felt like home without her family's love filling it. On the last day of this month of mourning, she would have a dream. Her mothers, young, resplendent.... And together again. They would tell her that they loved her and would always be with her, but it was time for her to take up her family's ancestral weapon, Squallbreaker. She was the Lord Admiral of the Dragonfleet now, and they knew she would be a worthy recipient of the title. She would wake in the morning with new fire in her eyes and new purpose in her life.

She would report to her queen as soon as possible. She knew her reputation preceded her, but she would not allow that to affect her performance and her duties. She also knew that the Dragonfleet was seen as a decoration at this point, a toy to flaunt the power of the Crown. The days of glory of the Conquest and the Scyllian Rebellion were but distant memories, and many give no thought at all to the fleet. She would give these thoughts no mind. It was her responsibility, and her family's legacy, to uphold the Crown's authority on the waves and she would perform to the best of her ability.

Today, she spends a lot of time at parties, flirting her way across Mazura, using her position to the best of her ability. But one would make a very bad mistake to think of her as a vapid debutante, as she takes great pride in her abilities and her leadership in the fleet. She stands prepared to defend herself and her family's honor at all times, with teeth and claw if needs be.

『 THOUGHTS 』

Relationships

The Hand of the Queen, Nahirah Hestaris: Close friend/ally

A handsome mountain cat~ who also was there for me in one of the hardest times in my life. We have grown into our positions together and she has my ships and my blade.

『 STATS 』

Might: 3

Speed: 3

Endurance: 3

Sanity: 7

『 MISCELLANEOUS 』

Inventory

Squallbreaker

Metal claw jewelry

Her mother's weathered cutlass

Just.... so many outfits

A extremely well maintained naval uniform

Time Zone: Mountain time

RP Format: Literature