

THE OPENED. WAY.



| *Tracker* | *Application* | *Medallion* | *Moodboard* |



Faustine

Alias |

-

Age |
Sex |

Adult (4)
Female

Faction |
Rank |
Task |

Volaires
Inferí
Mesana

Height |
Weight |

28"
95lbs

Appearance | A beautifully poised, golden wolf. Faustine has a soft, gentle appearance about her, always seeming pristine. Her coat is washed in gentle hues from the sun, kissing her paws and face to be the darkest points. It is also lush and vibrant, a commonly average thickness all around with her mane the exception. Her legs are both strong and thin, carrying a lithe body, her stride always carrying her as if she's always gliding across the earth. Her face is delicate with bright teal eyes that always twinkle, always adorning a gracious feminine glow. A few scars litter the wolf, two across her muzzle, across her cheek and noticeably her left shoulder. These scars are ugly and visible though she wears them proudly.

Scent | Earthy & Sweet Honey

Scars | face, cheek, shoulder

Voice |

Trixie Franklin

Mannerisms | -



Persona

+ Positive = Neutral - Negative * New / Learning

+ Charismatic, Welcoming and Energetic

As an individual, Faustine emits a very pleasant energy; her tune is always light and bouncy, a smile always adorning her maw. Her initial air greets you with great intention as her head is always high. Keeping a strong and confident demeanor keeps her mind in check, knowing left from right and showing true to herself. Faustine isn't a follower and so she prefers to make her own path, no matter how small or unimaginative. She strives to balance this air with undoubted

kindness. Never moving on initial judgment, kindness is always displayed first. Allies are created with formality and trust, forming and keeping her delicate air about her makes her friend over foe. Though with manners, Faustine is also a bit vigorous, speaking loud and clear with great energy. She doesn't seem to falter often and is always on the move.

[+] Efficient, Curious and Imaginative

While most times she can effortlessly wiggle into crowds or simple topics, Faustine isn't one to banter about the entire time. She enjoys hearing other ideas and opinions, often piping in to agree or disagree when it's her turn to speak. She truly fancies talk of hierarchy and its rewards along with arts and any type of craft that encourages creativity. Plotting and rumors are more just listened to than engaged with as she's weary of overstepping some boundaries but that doesn't mean she isn't imagining the outcome. The young wolf curates many things and can be tremendously insightful, flourishing in the art of social interaction. Always willing to give ideas and advice. Not just a charming little butterfly, Faustine shows consistent passion and enthusiasm in both word and act. She prides herself on being recognized.

= Rational, Extraverted and Intolerant

While she isn't shy, she isn't as emotional as her vocal range may sound. She's very vigilant in acknowledging by minimum the fleeting feeling that may leave a bad taste on her tongue. It will quickly be recognized that Faustine doesn't make whimsical choices, it's almost as if she's swayed by the idea of those who are a bit turbulent with their emotions. There isn't a time to get sentimental no matter how loud your words are and there is just no patience for it. There's no saying she doesn't have more compassion to those she keeps closer than the common acquaintance but Faustine just doesn't seem to be willing to truly value one's core values unless they match her own.

= Decisive, Habitual and Unpredictable

Control is a bit of an issue with Faustine and it reflects in the simplest forms if you know her well enough. She could be considered very stubborn and a bit mellow-dramatic when things get a little bit too stressful for her. Faustine is mostly happy, not too sensitive to disturbances but will make any discomfort known. When decisions are made they aren't meant to be changed or abandoned completely or should her morning routine be changed in the idea of someone else, push these buttons and Faustine can show a rather distant side.

- Judgmental, Success Driven and Perfectionist

There is a burning desire to reach towering heights, it manifests into a great passion and keeps the spirits high no matter the costs. Faustine once lost her path to what she was destined for in the past but she is keen on never letting that chance slip away again. There's great pride in her

works, the talents she is able to portray and visions she dreams; the world will see her face with pride. Those who aren't as motivated as her or truly chose less are pushed aside by Faustine. She spent the time to build herself, there's no excuse in her mind to not expect the same for anyone else. Faustine will be cordial but that is the extent of things.

- Insensitive, Self-Conscious and Ruthless

Underneath the endearing, spirited and warm surface, there's an abundant amount of worry and selfish awareness. Her negative ruses stay drowning inside as she finds them rather embarrassing and the tools to her own destruction. Every word spoken to her haunts the real confidence inside no matter how she may chew on it. Her personal view is protected vigorously and she isn't keen on ever letting someone see what's within. The stakes are high each time and so Faustine is willing to shift the dynamic onto those who pry or to wager on a fight she may even knowingly lose. Her highest priority is herself, willing to throw away her image and all to follow just to hide away the tiniest sliver of shame.

Kin

Sire	Rolof (NPC) <i>Deceased</i>
Dam	Marian (NPC)
Brother	Mathis (NPC)
Brother	Pierre (NPC)
Sister	Antoinette (NPC)
Mate	-
Offspring	-

Relations

x of xxx - x

x of xxx - x

x of xxx - x

Origin

Born the golden child, Faustine lived a fruitful childhood along with her three older littermates. Raised to be dutiful in her family, it was tradition for the family's females to be raised to become prosperous and find kings to marry. Throughout her life here, she experienced much and did majorly what she was willing or wanting to do. Though despite some difficulties, Faustine never lost her sense of shine and dignity. A very talented and favored face among the many, she was never seen as less than a perfect flower. As most tales go, after some turbulence that proved all she built was weak, Faustine finally broke the face she always masked to those around her. It was something she never knew grew inside but this side of her was to be hidden away. She would succumb to an elevated state of fear and understood her reaction was extreme. After no treatment gave her the instantaneous results she desired, her mind shifted to be wildly unpredictable. It was as if her entire world crumbled and she despised everything about it, no longer having a hold on her path or reality she had fled from the ruin she left behind. In those days her mindset was different.

It took some time after traveling alone that Faustine felt she could try to join a new place to begin once more. There was enough walking and wallowing along with being bored of a more often hungry than not belly. An entire season had raced by her and so she became determined. Luck tailed her as she joined a very small band of nomads, it took her no time to convince them to let her learn from them. These wolves taught her basic survival and the ability to catch at least small prey. Even though she stood short of the lot, Faustine proved to be rather quick on her feet. Not the strongest but capable enough to be some sort of asset.

Another year of her life was spent and on she moved, grateful and kind to those who traveled with her into an entirely new land. They were just passing through but the running plains of peaceful prairies for strides captivated her. Faustine explored the beautiful land of golden hills, soon finding herself against great stretches of many scents. A very protected place; a territory to stay clear unless a challenge was desired. The wolf wanted this. No, she was sure she needed it. Faustine just didn't realize what Volaires had to offer in return for her pursuit of happiness.

Quirks

| Faustine is versed in craft, being very brilliant in mastering hues and textures; painting is one of her favorite pastimes learned from a young age

| As competitive as she can be, Faustine never wants to cross the line to start a fight or to encourage war at all. Violence is something she would wish away in even the moment to save her own life.

| Security is very sought for and shaking her off her feet isn't something she responds to well. Faustine seems to naturally stand tall and alert in a tense way; less words being used when she feels it is an untrustworthy situation. This small shift in posture helps her recollect her footing.

Other

...

Extended Origin

| before TOW |

TW: violence, death

In a land as distant as many, Faustine's origins hail from an entirely different land...

This land was inhabited by wolves who created great order, laws and historical hierarchy. Her corner of life began with an ambitious and old wolf, bitter enough to dig himself from the very depths to grasp a good life. His inner community was built and took a beautiful and young wife to teach him love. Though their first litter was sent beyond their world, they were blessed with a perfect litter of four.

Faustine was no doubt the tiniest pup to be born. She had shown great signs of

weakness yet prevailed against the odds thanks to her family. As she grew, her parents preached any time they could about their perfect, little delicate flower with pride and joy. The child quickly became known for her ability to be so sensitive and compassionate, selfless and the reflection of perfection among the eyes of many, especially towards her siblings who unfortunately didn't always receive the same amount of showering with coos and gifts. Her image showed purity and chastity, and her parents would always strive to keep her close and aim to take a higher rank as her mate one day. Everyone saw Faustine as Miss Maiden but no one saw the pressure she was under behind closed doors. She would always be devout to traditions though they weighed on her small shoulders so much. As she became old enough to follow her siblings to play, she began to grasp for moments that brought solace from her overbearing family. She made friends and even poked her nose in to help elder wolves with tasks. As she grew, she would learn to dirty her paws and create things from everyone she could.

Her parents became weary of their treasure often wanting to be elsewhere but home and never returning with her siblings as told. They eventually asked someone whom they trusted to follow her and see what she would be doing. Faustine was quick to notice her tail but let the game play out, proving she was conducting no harm. She took the game so far until one day she was no longer being followed. That day her belly felt heavy and by nightfall she was racing home. Something inside told her she should've gone earlier and this would prove right as her home was in shambles.

The wolf they thought they trusted was turning against them, demanding more compensation. Her family was backed into a corner with her father standing in the way. The traitor threw her mother and lunged at her, Faustine reacting but not fast enough for the second attack. When a searing pain bit through her shoulder, she wailed through tears for her family to flee. The weight was lifted and the tussle ensued at her side, before she knew it, her father was down. The young wolf had never fought a day in her life but knew she could bite. Faustine had never felt a surge through her body like she did as the attacker wailed and released the old canine on the ground. Her attempts were weak though and it resulted in a spin and scars across her pretty face. Alas, her family was rescued and she watched the wolf serve justice - the death penalty while the family was mended to.

Faustine, now almost an adult herself, felt wickedly conflicted during this time. A sibling had passed, mother bruised and father on the mend yet she was hurt by those who she was supposed to comfort. The fresh scars left behind were embraced though the whispers made them ache. A home no longer, it echoed emptiness and silenced the family. There was no life within the walls of those she loved and so she sought it away from her family once again. She began to realize those at home only suffocated her, pushing interests far beyond those who were blood. Soon another trial arose, the passing of her father, leaving her brother next in line and

Faustine took it in stride. Her mother urged her to find a strong mate soon before their status would fall but Faustine could only find her muses elsewhere. Being in the fields, cheering on spars and tuning her affinity for arts.

Into adulthood, Faustine was recognized as a very talented and social lady, being tuned in many tasks and charming in any circle. The scars were no longer damaging but instead signified her heroism and great honor. She carried her family back into affairs, though never attended to them at home, she would be damned to let them in one more time. The woman proved her virtue and duty to her mother, even receiving proposals of marriage. Faustine was too busy learning to spar out of reach and out-witting the ever talented classes at their silly egotistical games. Spending time to fend for herself without the peering eyes or panging memories of the past fueled her to become diligent and deceive those who thought she was just a delicate flower. She had even been charmed herself by a handsome knight, not longing for the title but his true heart.

Despite things aligning, poor luck always plays roulette. Rumors spread due to Faustine's fleeting availability and she became a target for competitive ranks, spreading scandal to knock her down. This was a challenge the rising sun had not been prepared for. Cornered, threatened and accused - the lies and slander from those jealous maws poured into her ears and filled her head. No matter her attempt to hide or bark away the demeaning words, they continued to push, pry and wound, and so she bit. Gnashing teeth in a frenzy, eager to grip the body before her. The echoing clicks of her canines forever haunt her memory but the vision of said scene is fleeting. Faustine found herself hidden away, shamed and humiliated for tarnishing her image so recklessly in the open. When feeling cornered and threatened, Faustine's reaction was one she could not control. She was sent to the doctor, even spent time in solitary care. There was no medicine that could cure her odd symptoms and so faith was lost.

Faustine took to a rather harsh and desperate decision, begging her mother and brother to disown her. Despite the overwhelming conflict burning inside, she felt it was best she be thrown from the family name before tarnishing them any more. There was nothing in the world that mattered more. When denied, the infuriated woman scorned them for being so dense. Throwing away the one thing they forced upon her head her entire life and now willing to forget all the work Faustine had done. That day, regret and resentment sank into her heart, digging a pit into her stomach she would never be able to remedy. Her entire kind had shifted and it was just as it was.

Despite the kind eyes, Faustine only saw rigid teeth. Any gentle greeting translated as a sly tactic to get something out of her. There was no amount of true charity that could convince her that there was sincerity any longer; trapped in her own mind constantly, she began to detach from those around her even further and would speak of travel. Even her knight was a fool in her eyes now and the world surely had so much more.

While aware of the risks and probability of survival, it was irresponsibly and irrationally the last time she could be a fool. Regardless of any and all pleas, her existence vanished within her home at night, never to return.

