

MAGIC VEINED.

est. sep 2014 / rev. mar 2021

ABOUT. hi! i'm eza, pronouns are they/them. i'm 23 years old and i've been on and off in the rp community for 10+ years. due to working full time and my personal writing goals, this blog is *very* low activity and extremely selective.

DISCLAIMER. this is a blog for *circe*, of greek mythology. while i do have verses for both the *madeline miller* book and for the *dc comics* version of her, this is my *own* personal interpretation which i have been building for upwards of seven years. all headcanons on this blog belong to me, all oc's related to her are of my own creation.

CREDITS. the icons on this blog were made and edited by me, if anyone would like a copy of the base icons of my fc (without psd) or screencaps, i am happy to provide that upon request. the psds i use can be found [*here*](#) and [*here*](#).

INTERACTIONS. i'm highly private and don't answer asks if we aren't following each other. this blog is multiverse, multiship, & oc friendly. if you are playing an oc, i won't follow if there isn't an *about* page on your character.

TRIGGERS. please tag the following: *rape*, *child abuse*, *pedophilia*, *trypophobia*. i tag as many triggers as i can spot, but don't be afraid to let me know if you see some i've missed.

SHIPPING. i ship based on chemistry and comfort. if you're interested in a ship, *please* talk to me about it first. i will *not* be writing smut. warning: circe is *highly* distrustful of men, and is more comfortable around women, and this may affect shipping.

BLOCKING. i do not condone *pedophilia* or *incest*. any mention of it will receive a hard block. other things that get blocked: *racism*, *homophobia*, *transphobia*, *lesbophobia*, *ableism* & *antisemitism*.

CALLOUTS. i'm here to have fun with my fellow rpers, and i don't have the time or mental capacity to deal with ooc drama, callouts, and all of that kind of thing. seeing it makes me anxious, so *tag it appropriately* and leave me out of it.

ABOUT.

“you were born of power, of golden eyes.
electric fingertips — daughter of *magic* and the *sun*.”



BASICS

AGE: 2,000-3,000 years old
SPECIES: witch goddess
GENDER: female
SEXUALITY: bisexual
D.O.B: unknown

BACKGROUND

PARENTS: helios & hecate
BIRTHPLACE: colchis
ANCESTRY: greek
NATIONALITY: unknown
EDUCATION: schoolars
OCCUPATION: traveler

APPEARANCE

**subject to change, as a transformation goddess*

EYE COLOR: brown
HAIR COLOR: black
HEIGHT: 6'03"
WEIGHT: 170lbs
GLASSES: n/a
SCARS: tba

OTHER

LOCATION: aeaea
HOUSEMATE: nymphs, her daughters
FLANCES: endless
HOBBIES: many

POSITIVE TRAITS

tba

NEGATIVE TRAITS

tba

lawful	neutral	chaotic
good	good	good
lawful	true	chaotic
neutral	neutral	neutral
lawful	neutral	chaotic
evil	evil	evil

POWERS

PHARMAKEIA: Extensive knowledge of drugs, herbs, potions, and spells that she's practiced since youth.

MYSTOKINESIS: A long list of magical abilities are known to her, including but not limited to: transmutation, illusions, and necromancy.

PRECOGNITION: As a daughter of Helios, she is sensitive to certain events to come. Unfortunately, that knowledge often comes in the form of nightmares and hallucinations.

MINOR SUN POWER: Though the powers inherited from her father are limited, Circe does possess flashing, sunbeam eyes in her true form.

BIOGRAPHY.

***** warning: mentions of abusive relationships, death, dysfunctional family dynamics, and possibly other triggering things. *****

THE BEGINNING.

born of helios, the rising && setting sun, the one known as circe came into the world within a rather comfortable lifestyle. she was the daughter of two titans, && the half-sister of a man that promised to forever keep her at his side. family, if nothing else, was an important thing for this line of godlings. in these beginnings, not humble but easily revered as peaceful, circe was a happy youth. she was one of the first of her kind, a witch who came upon her gifts both by her blood && by hours upon hours of practice, spending her childhood playing tricks on the mortals that wandered the coast of the kingdom — turning them into creatures as she so desired, changing them on a whim.

her brother was only an ally for the king then, a godling at the man's side to advise and listen to anything one might confide in. they lived a good life && they were respected by all who laid eyes on them. this comfort would not last for long, for when circe came of age, the king realized that his son, whom was soon to be king himself, would need a queen at his side. what better a queen to have than the golden-eyed, beautiful daughter of the sun himself?

it was not a plan that circe herself was happy to partake in, but father had final say, && so she suffered it with as much dignity as could be found within her. she would not disappoint her father, whom she saw as the brightest light in her life, && she would not disappoint her brother, aeetes, whom had grown comfortable among the wealthiest && most powerful of colchis.

circe would grow to love the man that would be her husband, she swore. she would be happy being the queen of colchis, && more importantly — it would make her brother, whom had insisted the wedding occur as quickly as possible, beyond overjoyed.

things, however, were not meant to be as such. the entitled prick thought her his property, && sought to do with her as he wished. the goddess tried, oh how she tried, to pretend that she could be content as such. for three nights, she was restless. unable to sleep. she could not shut her eyes without fear. she could not follow through, tied for the rest of her soon-to-be husband's mortal life. she could

not survive another day, let alone a dozen years, or two, beside a man who dared to think he could own her.

she devised a plan. for the remaining four days until her wedding, she played the part of a docile maiden.

after the ceremony, her demeanor changed. her now husband, the prince of colchis, took her to his room — their rooms, he called them — intent on having her. circe did not protest. she asked, before they did anything, for him to take a drink with her. a celebration, she called it. the pig swallowed the concoction easily, && when his eyes began to droop, he cursed the little witch for her trickery.

it was too late, however, to undo what had been done. the potion did as desired, && he was rendered helpless to her justice. circe took her time deciding on what to do to him. she could kill him herself, a dagger to the heart. he would not feel it. oh, but she wanted him to feel his death.

she knew what she had to do. moment by moment ticked by, && circe bled herself dry trying to summon up the magic within her to turn him into the most hideous, most disgusting beast that her mind could conjure. hideous, terrifying, but not unkillable.

then, she let a scream rip from her throat.

it was not long before they arrived. the guards entered, they saw the creature first. awake now, the prince still had his own mind, && so he understood what would happen as it began to occur. they attacked him, one by one they charged && when they were not strong enough, more men came in hopes of defeating the disgusting beast that had somehow found its way within the palace walls. the prince only defended himself, but the others did not know && circe would never let the truth come from her own lips.

in the end, the creature was killed. it && circe were brought before the king, but no answers were to be found. it was not until circe let her enchantment fall that the truth of whom the creature was came to light, the mangled && bloody body shifting into its original form once more. the king was horrified by what had become of his only son, his heart seemed to shatter to pieces. standing behind him, aeetes ran to him as the man began to descend onto the ground, clutching helplessly at his chest.

silently, without so much as a thought, her brother ordered for the guards to take his sister && lock her in their cells until something could be done about the king && his son.

for what felt like an eternity, circe stayed chained up && locked away from the rest of the world. her power depleted from her one act of revenge, no magic to help free her, no gods to protect her. she was alone, truly. her brother did not come. even when circe began to starve, to thirst && to scream at the walls for someone to let her out. madness was kept at bay only by thinking of fonder memories, mornings spent on beaches && swimming to the boats in the distance with her brother trailing not far behind.

it must have been an eternity before someone finally came, && even then it was not her brother. her father stood before her, all of his divinity giving way to an ounce of strength within her. he broke her chains easily, but he did not look at her as freed her from this prison. only then did her brother come. he, unlike their father, watched her directly. he spoke easily, informing her that her crimes to colchis were unforgivable. the people demanded her head, but as she was a goddess, nothing of the sort would become of her — helios would never allow any attempt to be made against his own blood.

instead, aeetes had proposed another idea. circe would be banished to an island far away, forced to never again interact with the mortals that she had hurt. she was to never again step foot in colchis, or suffer the wrath of helios himself. as the death of the king, && the death of his heir had come to pass so closely in time, aeetes had become the new king.

his word was law && so circe went, vowing to never return unless it was to seek her revenge against her brother, whom had dealt her the most cruel of betrayals.

aeetes had been right about the island of aeaea. there was not a single mortal in sight, && circe would have spent her years in solitude ——— that is, if it wasn't for the nymphs that resided themselves on the island. they welcomed the witch with open arms, && when she told her story they assured her that she would have a place, truly, in their home.

years passed in the company && comfort of the nymphs. circe made do with what she had, && she did not miss the life that she had been forced to abandon. the nymphs protected her, && in turn circe would gladly do the same. she grew her powers of sorcery, && when some mortal had the misfortune of stumbling upon her home, she would transform them into animals for her && her nymphs to do as they pleased. food, or pets, it did not matter. circe did not care for the very mortals that had gladly cast her out of her once home.

THE MIDDLE.

years came, years went. the newly turned god, glaucus, in his desperation to make a nymph by the name of scylla fall for him, came to circe in hopes that he might find a potion to remedy the beauty's negative feelings for him && to allow her to see him for the love of her life that he believed himself to be.

maybe it came from thinking herself unloved, undesirable, but circe — ever the fool — fell for the new god himself. she asked for his love, as she would freely give her own to him, but he did not want it. in her anger, circe cursed the new god && promised that he would never know the love of scylla. that very night, as the nymph bathed in her favorite pool, circe slipped into the water one of her most potent of potions. not for glaucus to woo her, no ; but for her to turn into a creature so hideous, so monstrous, it put all of circe's previous creations to shame.

after, circe would come to regret it, but what was done could not be undone.

more than ever, circe's reputation spread throughout the land. people gave name to the monster that inhabited an island that welcomed visitors, but never returned them — who's anger was unthinkable, && who one should never scorn. the dread goddess, they called her. it was fitting enough.

not all suffered at her hand, but most were not fortunate. one such exception came one day, many years after she had been banished to live in this land. his name was odysseus, && circe saw in him something that she did not witness in other men.

maybe she was a fool to do so, but she fell in love.

as much as she came to love the hero, however, circe was not a fool. he was a mortal, a man, && he had a family waiting for him back in his home. she provided safety for him && his men. when the time came for them to depart, she gave them the knowledge she possessed which would help them on their journey still to come.

however, it was this visit that convinced circe to do what she had been afraid to do before. she called to her father, the sun, && asked that he bring forth none other than her brother.

VERSES.



VERSE 001.

set in **modern times.** the goddess circe lives on. she still owns ☞☞ inhabits the island of aeaea, no longer alone. her island offers itself as a *refugee* to women who seek protection from men's *cruelty*, though only in secret. after all, this particular goddess does not like the attention that mortal eyes bring.



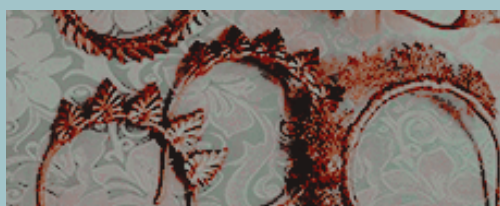
VERSE 002.

set in **ancient times,** when the gods have yet to be forgotten. follows the information in the bio.



VERSE 003.

set in the **dc universe.** long ago, a scorned && angry goddess made a deal with one more powerful than herself. *hekate* offered circe all of the power in the world, in exchange for vengeance. now, years later, she is known as none other than *wonder woman's* enemy. not canon compliant, circe *will* strangle ares with her bare hands.



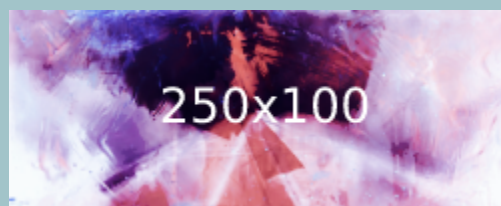
VERSE 004.

set in **madeline miller's** novel, *circe*. will only be used upon request && very rarely.



VERSE 005.

within the **percy jackson** universe, more information to come after actually reading the books rip.



VERSE 006.

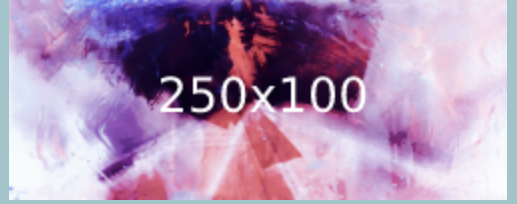




VERSE 007.



VERSE 008.



VERSE 008.

