



CHARACTER SHEET

BASIC INFORMATION		IMAGE
NAME	Cethin Betzalel	
NICKNAME	Ceth, the Blood Prince, Shadow	
BIRTH DATE & PLACE	4/23/479, Athens	
OCCUPATION	Head of the Betzalel family	
ORIENTATION	?	
RELATIONSHIP	Difficult	
FAMILY/ALLIES	Cassandra Betzalel- Object of torture	
		PB NAME (MUST BE A REAL PERSON):

STRENGTHS	WEAKNESSES
Leadership, manipulation, weaponry, craftsmanship, eidetic memory (after siring), agility/dexterity	Voices, ideology, lack of humanity, lack of empathy for humans, possessive, fanatical, power-hungry, narcissistic, hyper-focus, ruthlessly ambitious.
LIKES	DISLIKES
Toying with people Terrorizing a fresh person Drinking blood from something powerful	Human sympathizers Werewolves Human food
NATURAL TALENTS	LEARNED SKILLS

To repress emotions
Commanding
Survival instincts
Perceptiveness

Complete mastery over shadow - this includes stealth, teleportation and weaving.
Able to use shadow to spy within 10 yards of his position
Able to turn self into shadow
Use of shadow and darkness increase aptitude for physical skills by distracting opponent
Compulsion: able to compel the supernatural as well as mortals with little effort

ADDITIONAL IMAGES:



RACE INFORMATION

VAMPIRES:

The Betzalel Family	X	Clan Mordekai		Anastasios		Going it alone	
Who sired you? Are they here? - Ibrahim Betzalel-				What year were you turned into a vampire? - 490			

Exsanguinated	
<i>If you picked a family, how long have you been with that family? How do you get along with the other members? - Cethin has been Betzalel since 490. He is unknown to the younger members, terrifying to the older.</i>	
<i>If you picked a family, which two skills are you picking? - Listed above.</i>	
<i>If you're choosing no family, could you be persuaded into one? How? - In one.</i>	
<i>What is your goal as a vampire in this SL? - To cause general havoc. Create a vampire Utopia. Conquer and enslave weaker supernaturals and humans.</i>	

THE MEATY BITS

In the next section, we learn a whole lot about you - very important information, to see if you'll be a good fit with the rest of our writers and the story we're creating. Don't worry, we won't delve too deeply into your darkest secrets. Just a little probing. But you'll like it. Please fill out every section to be approved. Thanks!

CHARACTER BIOGRAPHY:

Cethin was born in Athens in 479, the year of the fall of the Roman Empire. His father was a commander of the Athen's army, and his mother was a slave turned into a citizen at the behest of his father's whims. He had one sister. Raised in Athens, it was a harsh time after the fall of the empire. He fought in the wars of Athens, trying to establish the greatness of the Empire. from the age of twelve, earning renown until the age of Eighteen. At eighteen, Athens fell. And so did his family and his sister.

With the last remaining of the Roman empire fallen, he was wandering on his own. Bitter and jaded from the war, with years of trauma and history corrupting him, he took a role as a bandit. And in his travels, he met a man. Ibrahim Betazel. A man who offered solace, and many promises if he became the prodigy. So he became a prodigy. For two years, he traveled with his sire, becoming powerful, taking to the arts of vampirism with some unnatural skill and natural luck. Cetin, quickly growing more powerful than his sire wished, exsanguinated Ibrahim when he tried to groom a new heir to rival his own powers.

And so he began his hunting. He hunted and exsanguinated any old vampire who held more power than him, hoping to grow ever more powerful. He traveled alone, with humans and vampires, to be conquered and enslaved. If so desire, drunken form and turned into a puppet. While this all went on, he gathered his strength in the shadows, forging himself in the image of the most powerful vampire alive. His merciless bloodshed led him to drink from many as he could find, taking their power for his own and growing in power himself. From Europe to Rome to Transylvania, he lost a thousand years of traveling, terrorizing, and remaining in the shadows. Any time there was a war, he was a revenant on the battleground, finding any excuse to cause the misery of humans and to further his own power and to strengthen himself. In solitude, he made no allies, as everyone was an excuse to gain more power or further his own standing.

And in his travels, he met one powerful enough to challenge him, one to capture his attention. Chloe Anastasios. Their romance was far from the storybook romance. They had a falling out, a reignition, fought, and came together for hundreds of years. He considered her a toy while having feelings in his own deluded way. She ended up at the brunt of his abuse many times, and while over the years, he grew madder, he never lost the ability to feel. With the belief that all should bow to his whims, humans were cattle, and that he was the most important person on the planet, it was easy for him to commit unspeakable atrocities.

But, in Venice, she had installed herself on a council. A council that advocated for protecting the humans. Their tensions never grew higher. She did now bow to his whims. There was no amount of fucking and fighting that could solve the gap that came between them. Non Reconcilable. And then, he heard of a rumor. A rumor of a girl. He kidnapped her in spite, possessive, wanting to strip away the thing Chloe loves the most, considering they would never reconcile again. He took this girl to the highlands of Scotland, groomed her to his whim, turned her into an image of her, and instilled his own philosophy onto her, far from the philosophy of the one with intentions of siring him. Isolation took root, keeping her close and never allowing her free of his icy grip. He allowed no suitors, no lovers, as he turned her into the spitting image of what he wanted her to be.

Chloe tried to recapture her prodigy several times and failed.

Cethin grew a fondness for her like he had a fondness for her few others before, and fear of her slipping into the hand of Chloe, he sired her out of spite at twenty. To finally cement her belonged to him. It was the first time he touched her.

He was not alone anymore.

The cold and aloof showed a bit of affection. After affections came to the brutality that he'd denied her so far. He tried his hardest to turn her into the monster he wanted her to be through the lessons that he had learned himself. With her by his side, they were no longer alone. They conquered the village where he'd raised her, turned her to his whim. Conquering and enslaving, they were on the right path to creating the perfect vampire utopia. Hunters found out about their dream and shattered it. He sent Cassandra away to

London to forge and expand their family with promises of returning in ten years.

In her absence, he received a mysterious offer. A powerful woman with knowledge of voodoo and blood magic, offering him more power than he'd ever had. So he came to her sanctuary. And he did the last step for his power that few would willingly do; Torpor.

So he slept.

And he slept.

Awoken by whispers, a cry to come to London. He left the sanctuary with the woman alive. To come to her. It was time to build their sanctuary.

WRITING SAMPLE:

He awoke to a knock on the door, and a letter sliding underneath it. His heart stilled. Is that what he had been waiting for?

Tensions had been rising for several months. The Parliamentarians had grown bolder, more fierce in their actions. It was not until one day to the next that a minor scuffle broke out between them and the Royalists or an outright battle. Several nobles even were caught and killed by the Royalists, or that was his sneaking suspicion.

He'd expected a letter like this for some time. The day they would run. Flee off to France or some other corner of the globe, and wage a campaign against the Parliamentarians from safety. As always, he slept with his sword next to him, a candle lit, and a flintlock nearby for easy access. On the letter was the beloved hand of the one who he would follow to the edge of the globe. With it, simple words, wasting no time.

To Thomasin.

From there, climbing out of the white pajama under leggings that clung to long legs, he rushed to his wardrobe, pulling on a dark overcoat, a pair of breeches, and a pair of nice leather shoes. Urgency filled him in, making each action seem like it was too long and every second wasted breath. The plan was that she would ride ahead of him in the night, and he would use his own ship and make his way to France. It would be much riskier if they went together, and like usual, he had no arguments to offer to her plan. He grabbed his flintlock and his captain's hat in case it got hot on the way over.

To the dirty docks of London, he went. He kept a ship reserved, stocked with his men at the ready. He would've liked nothing more than to accompany her. To travel in the night, make sure she was safe, and chase her through the Atlantic. This way was the way more prudent, and he heeded her orders as usual.

It was a quiet morning on the dock (for the docks), the calls of seagulls filling the air. The hustle and bustle of some of the merchant sloops that had the reason to wake up too damn early in the morning (which he hated) and their chatter didn't bring the usual comfort. All he felt was a slight shaking in his hand. Would her ship go down? Be intercepted? For so long, serving her had been his sole purpose. He didn't know what he would do if he lost his purpose.

He walked to his own sloop, not the grandest of warships, but it was his. It was about ten feet wide and ten feet deep. A perfect vessel for a speedy and quick retreat. Walking below deck, he was relieved to see all the men were present, and that none had spent a night of getting drunk on his dime.

"Oi, you fuckin' bastards! Up and at 'em! Fast, fast, towards France!." He shouted.

He could speak with any sailor, but it was not his default speech. He was usually levelheaded, with a softer tone, and a more peaceful look in his eyes. One would be foolish to underestimate the man. There was iron in him, like the iron that hung to the side of his flat, tanned stomach. He did a routine sweep before stepping out open again, taking in the light of the half-risen London sun, which added a perfect golden glimmer to the water. He saw someone running off the deck. A parliamentary implant? Edison pulled the flintlock from underneath his jacket and pulled the trigger. All his time training with the gun paid. The boy fell dead to the ground, entering the throes of death with a twitch. Edison couldn't risk it. He wouldn't risk one crew member running off and telling the Parliamentarians where they were going, as that would put her at risk, too.

"Fast, fast!" He shouted.

And then the crew flooded out onto the deck, more awake by the sound of the gunshot. Threatening the crew with a deserter being shot was a good way to light a fire under their ass and to put them into overdrive.

From the quarter-deck, they flooded. He sat still and looked as like a machine; the Mizzen was unfurled, the mainmast, and then the foremast. The boy climbing up to the crow's nest was as fast as any rat. Thankfully, he'd been with the crew for long enough to trust they would move with experience, with minor oversight.

With that, he entered his cabin, and shut the door, climbing into bed and knocking out, fast, fast. What he dreamed of was a reoccurring one, one he'd had many times.

Woken from his pleasant dreams; disturbed by a knock on the door, the gruff first mate entered. Tall as any giant, with a beard down to his knees, he was Edison's right-hand man, as Edison was the queens. He'd hired the man straight from an old, renowned crew. Edison sprung through the bed, eyes on the man who entered.

“Customs. We’re ‘ere, Cap’n,” the first mate, Dickens, said. ”Fuckin’ French. Wonder how much it’ll cost.” spat Edison. He waved away his first mate.

Pulling on his hat that had fallen off while he slept, Edison straightened up and preened, stretching, before inspecting himself in the mirror. He didn’t mind making the French wait.

He finally arrived at the Grand French estate, as noble and as pompous as any estate in England itself, shaking his head at the excess before riding to the stables and tying his horse. With the horse tied, he headed straight to the entrance. A servant, prepared for his arrival, awaited him. He led him through the halls of the old manor, straight to the queen’s chamber. The servant knocked on her chamber door and made off.

Edison kneeled; awaiting his queen. He had no time to prepare to look better, so he looked rough. Two days of stubble clung to his face, adding even more grittiness. The captain hat that sat on his head looked like it had seen better, and the grey overcoat and breeches looked neutral. Familiar blue eyes, full of warmth. His long hair was matted, as if he hadn’t brushed in the morning.

THE WRITER:
Hi. What would you like us to call you?. - Grave
Pronouns, we’ve got ‘em. We’d like to respect yours. What are they? - He
How long have you been writing? Where did you get your start? - Forever
What is your favorite genre to write? - Gritty realism!

