

Aiel

An avatar of Kane Aie, of House Aie

Age: 21

Personality:

- Outgoing
- Adventurous
- Independent
- Confident
- Optimistic
- Rash
- Proud
- Undisciplined

-Specific Weakness:

- Speaks bluntly and often without thinking, often getting herself in trouble.
- Excessive pride makes for few close friends.

-Quirks:

- Horrified at the thought of getting her hair cut. Whenever a trim is necessary, she first downs a few pints of ale.
- Often looks at her own nails when speaking to others.

Physical Appearance:

- Very long auburn hair, often tied up or braided for functionality.
- Tall, fit body. Oval face and narrow dark eyes.
- Dresses in leather armor for a balance of flexibility and defense. Still has a fondness for black and red despite not being a member of the Order.
- The top of a leather-braided necklace peeks out from under her collar, but the inscribed pendant attached to it remains hidden. She doesn't take it off even for bathing.

Fighting Style:

- Aggressive and up-close-and-personal. Favors a balance of agility and brute strength, and often employs some degree of gymnast techniques to avoid and also confuse opponents.

Background Story:

Born into the responsibilities and expectations of being an avatar of House Aie, Aiel charged down the path typical of any exceptionally talented young avatar. Dedicated to her physical training, she would often emerge from her daily sparring sessions bruised but victorious. Residing among the top of her class and unusually skilled in spear combat where her peers heavily favored swords, her teachers would bet against each other over just how soon it would be until she would officially announce her application to join the

Order. Joining the Order would provide her with the freedom of owning her own property and allow her the opportunity to advance to ranks of high command. Aiel dreamed of doing just that and climbing the ladder to something above guard duty. But it wasn't in the stars.

One night, she and her civilian partner, Milana, were assaulted on the streets of Enry, cornered in an alleyway by a rowdy group of inebriate men. As the situation escalated, Aiel was left with no other option but to call upon the fire that laced through her avatar blood. She set the men and their clothing ablaze like fresh torches. The man who had been restraining Milana became nothing more than a charred husk of flesh. Aiel had watched the transformation: crackling snaps, shrill screams, and the twisting of acrid fumes. Even the cobblestone ground was scorched by her fury. When Aiel finally called the pulsating energy from the inferno back into her body, she noticed Milana crouched on the ground, arms to her chest. Upon closer inspection, the flesh of Milana's arms were a twisted red, pooling with puss and dressed with thin, peeling flakes of skin. When the girl fell into a state of unconsciousness, Aiel carried her to a nearby chapel overlooked by an avatar of House Vin. The avatar reassured Aiel that Milana would live, but that her scars would never fully vanish. Horrified at her lack of control over her power and driven by tremendous guilt, Aiel absconded the city in the middle of the night.

She became adamant that she would leave her avatar status behind and create a new life for herself, one where she could learn to hone and control her powers through intensive studies at a peculiar institution nestled within the breathtaking mountains of Danal. Now, Aiel wields her fire like an extension of her own body, able to manipulate it nearly as well as she can her spear.