

Name: Selene
Age: 31
Height: 6'0"
Weight: 143 lbs.
Gender: Female
Sexuality: Bisexual
Species: Human

Appearance:

Standing at an even six feet in height, Selene is tall for most women. Complimenting this stature is a build that possesses neither unsightly breadth nor frail slenderness, giving her a frame of middling proportion. She lacks any impressively definitive strength, having only the muscle size and tone of a woman who is used to walking long distances and lifting light objects on a regular basis. She's far from athletic in musculature, though her activities have given her a slim, trim figure that, while she hesitates to admit even to herself, she is proud of.

Her waist is narrow enough to accent the curves of her hips and shapely legs, and her breasts are full and perky enough to fill whatever clothing she deigns to wear to an eye-attracting degree, sitting on her chest with the mass of large C-cups. Hanging down to the middle of her back, her hair is straight and pitch black, given to shining sleekly in whatever light is available. When not working, she wears it loose, letting it hang around her shoulders, but when in whatever lab she has access to, it's tied back in a tight bun to keep it from being damaged by the chemicals that she works with on a regular basis.

Her long-lashed eyes are a cool, mellow blue, and look out from an elegantly-featured face. The angles of her alluring visage and narrow nose lend her a regal, imperious appearance, like that of a queen. And, though capable of looking hard and severe, her lips and eyes appear almost always on the edge of wonder and happiness, a trait that was not always the case.

Her limbs are long, slender, and shapely, and the practiced smoothness of her stride can sometimes, due to the concealing robes she most often wears, make it look like she glides across the ground. Between her legs is a dainty, thin-lipped feminine sex that is prone to wetness when excited, producing fluid enough to slick her thighs and run down her legs if left unattended.

Selene's dress is as simple as it is utilitarian. She most frequently garbs herself in robes of thick, sturdy cloth that is nearly always a muted grey color, though she sometimes wears white. When working with her compounds and reagents, she also wears a thick leather apron to keep any aggressive chemicals off of her skin. Otherwise she can be found wearing simple, unornamented and usually colorless shirts and skirts, with little to set her apart from others aside from her sensual allure. On her feet is almost always a pair of sturdy boots that she made herself out of carefully prepared alligator hide that reach nearly to her knees, and, when working, she usually wears sturdy leather gloves to protect her nimble, willowy fingers. Selene will never, under any circumstance, wear black.

Biography:

Unlike many of the colleagues and servants that she has been around during her career as an alchemist, she remembers most of her life prior to her servitude. She was born to a low-class family who made their livings as cobblers. She was taken to her family's profession, and was soon being taught the trade that she practiced with her father. She was happy with the simplicity of her childhood, and her parents and younger sister were all the friends she needed.

This relative happiness wasn't meant to be, however. One evening, after her family had bedded down for the night, her home was attacked by a pair of shadowy figures intent on capturing them for unknown purposes. Her parents were roused, and they resisted, only to be struck down in front of her. The last thing she remembers of that night was seeing her sister beaten unconscious before being rendered so herself.

She awoke in a musty dungeon chained to the wall with a group of other young men and women. To her relief, her sister was next to her, but it was short-lived. When her captors strode into the filthy pen where they were being kept, they pulled her still-unconscious sister from the group. Either to send an unspoken message, or just for the euphoria of taking a life, her captors cut her sister's throat.

Having little time to mourn the loss of everything she knew, she immediately began her servitude. She was beaten and broken; she was forced to forget what she knew, and she slaved for years, growing slowly numb to the torments inflicted on her. It was only the grace of one of her masters, a burly alligator morph, that saved her from eventual slaughter. She proved curious, and rather than beat it out of her, her master encouraged it, fueled it. She had a natural born talent for alchemy.

In secret, she was trained, and her skills were honed to a razor's edge. Only then did her master showcase her to his colleagues. She was proven worthy, and in a show of impossible graciousness that her master was loathe to let her forget, she was uplifted from the dirt to take the position of those who had been her tormentors.

She worked, ignoring all else, devoting her saved life to giving aid to others. She bent her back to new tasks, and she quickly became one of the most skilled alchemists in the service of her new masters. So great were her abilities and so reliable was her work that she was given responsibility. She was given slaves to oversee, and she developed a soft spot for one in particular. When she was given the task of leaving to spread their work to parts abroad while continuing to support their main goals, she jumped at the opportunity.

She sacrificed much to ensure the slave that had caught her eye was given to her, and when her pleas were heard she was nothing but overjoyed. When she journeyed far into the mountains to secret herself away and begin the construction of a new sanctuary for her colleagues to call home, it was with nothing but unbridled enthusiasm. It had been worth what she had given up. She loved her little slave, and would have gladly paid any price to gain ownership over her. That however, left her with a deficiency of appropriate service.

The slave she had brought with her, though, surely reciprocated her feelings, and leapt at the chance to be of help. She used her abilities, and not a small amount of the reagents she had brought with her, to remake the petite woman she had been given into a proper tool. Size and strength for service, natural weapons for defense, and... appropriate equipment for pleasure were what she gave her slave, and her slave gave her love and peace of mind in return.

She existed like this for a long time. She was tasked primarily with the production of eversteel, an incredibly durable alchemical substance, and she was very skilled at its creation. Even this, however, didn't stop her from trying to broaden the horizons of her abilities. Wandering travelers that posed a threat to her discovery were captured and experimented on in order for her to expand her skills, but were released after having their memories compromised.

This however, began to grate on her. She was only acting in service of people. She saw to people's needs. She cared for even those that were forced to be imprisoned for her safety and theirs alike. In spite of her kind words and gracious hospitality to those who were little but tools

for her to test her various concoctions on, they looked at her with nothing but plain hatred in their eyes, and she couldn't rationalize their feelings with what she understood.

Slowly, however, and only with the help of the woman she could no longer think of as her property, she realized her mistakes. Her understanding of the world collapsed around her. She saw the outcome of her actions, taken for so long with the heartfelt desire to help people, as truly horrid and despicable. She shattered, and it was only the woman she was certain she loved being there to pick up the pieces of her broken psyche that saved her from a spiraling depression that would have likely ended in her suicide.

Immediately, with her love's urging, she rededicated her life to, rather than helping those people who she had really been enabling to harm others for as long as she could remember, stymying those who had bludgeoned and raped their worldview into her. Passion was fueled by rage, and she now knows she can take no other actions than those she has set for herself. Her first act of rebellion was ridding the world of her old master, who she now wears as a pair of stylish boots she made herself using the skills she had been learning as a young lady.

With her love, the source of her motivation, at her side, she pits herself against the world that spawned her, knowing that there is little else she can do to make up for the tortures she has inflicted on those that didn't deserve it.

Personality:

As a rule, Selene is detached emotionally from those around her. She has trouble empathizing with people, and finds social interaction awkward most of the time. External humor often escapes her, and sarcasm is met with seriousness. She has had few opportunities in her life to practice social skills, so her deficiencies are not fully to blame on her. Her vastly altered code of ethics leaves her to doubt and feel crippling guilt for many of the decisions she has made during her life, and she now hesitates to take action without considering the ramifications of her choices. The only person with whom these rules are flexible is Luna. She depends on Luna for moral support, and Luna is the only creature with whom she has been able to establish an emotional connection. It is only around Luna and Luna alone that she feels she can be herself. When she's relaxed, she prone to laughter, and as time goes on, she branches into experimental mirth and merriment, anything to make Luna smile. (Which is an easy task.) Considering Luna's own lack of social experience, conversation between them, and thus Selene's mood and outlook, are prone to varying wildly very quickly, from tears to joy in moments, or vice versa. She speaks stiffly and regularly, and only deviates from this during high-emotion situations.