

DESTINY AMBROSE

Name: Destiny Ambrose

Character Type: Immortal

Age: 452

Apparent Age: 28

Nature and Demeanor: Sadist/Manipulator

Appearance: Black Hair, Brown Eyes, very pale

complexion. Built like a dancer.

Quote: Does it hurt yet? Let me try a little more salt then.



History:

My name is Destiny.

Well, it is now. My teacher thought that it went along nicely with his, and I had to agree with him. They did sound pretty good together too. No one needs to know what it was before I became Immortal. That sorry time of my life is long since past, and all the losers I was around are just so much dust in the wind.

I'm more than 450 years old. I was born in Venice. My mother was a whore, and I was raised in the brothel that owned her. I didn't ever know which of the whore's she was. I started working in the brothel when I was still shy of puberty. Some of the clients liked them young, and I would do if they couldn't find a little boy too.

Needless to say my life sucked.

Somehow I managed to stay alive, and healthy for several years. Now, I know it was because of what I am. I served in the cesspool for eight years, until I decided that I had taken enough and killed a client. I took all that was in his purse, plus the coins I had been squirreling away, his fancy sword and dagger, dressed in his fancy clothes, and crawled out through one of the windows to the stable where I stole his horse. They made quite a ruckus about it when they found his body I heard later. I had gelded him good and clean.

Having never ridden a horse in my life the going was rough at first, but I quickly got the hang of it. Not quickly enough though because it only took five hours for the Doges' men to catch up to me on my way to Rome. I know why the hell was I going south, when I could have lost myself north in France? I don't know, but I wasn't exactly educated back then. Hell I couldn't even read or write. They drug me back to Venice biting and screaming the whole way. The priest that traveled with them decided that I was possessed by the devil, an evil succubus, that must be destroyed at all cost. The trial lasted all of fifteen minutes. They all just stood there drooling over the thought of getting to watch me hang or burn. The Doge decided in his grand wisdom that I should be turned over to the church since I was obviously a

demon from hell, and must be made to confess my sins. Funny but none of them ever asked me to confess. I told myself that this would be the last time I killed anyone important to the local ruler. It was a bad move on my part.

As they drug me from the square in chains I saw the man with the scar over his eye. He was looking straight at me, and not the same way as the others with lust to see my body flayed apart or worse. He was looking at me like I was something more than a condemned criminal. Then the bastard smiled at me and tipped his hat. I spat at him in contempt. I was so mad that I would have spit at anyone. Then I didn't see the sun again for a very long time.

The tortures they used on me were exquisite. Somehow, they always knew when to stop before they killed me. I was weak though, and wanted very badly to die. They kept asking me to confess that Satan had made me do what I did, and I wouldn't. I kept telling them that what I did I did for myself because I wanted to kill the worthless bastard pig. They were of course unconvinced because I kept healing from my wounds at an alarming rate. I told them that God was healing me because he new that I had done the right thing.

One night, or at least I thought it was night, I heard the door of my cell open. My stomach, empty for days if not weeks, lurched and I felt the urge to throw up. I peaked through my swollen eyes and saw the scarred man from the crowd. "Come to get another view of me," I hissed from between my bloodied and torn lips.

"You are a mess aren't you? Lucky for you, you died early on," he chuckled taking a key to the manacles on my wrists and ankles.

"What are you doing?" I asked unwilling to believe that he had come to set me free. "Is this another trick to make me confess that I'm a witch?"

The man smirked and laughed pulling me to my feet the broken bones in them grating against each other making me gasp in pain. "Oh, you're no witch. A murdering whore yes, but you're no witch." Outside we heard the noise of several guards approaching. "Come on then, if you want to live." He held out his hand.

I looked at it for what seemed like an eternity. "Why should I trust you?"

"Because I'm just like you."