Tysahlia (Tysa)

**Concept:**

An elf whose village was destroyed by one of the three warring factions of Seilon. Trained by an assassin, she now returns to her land in order to hunt down those who destroyed her home.

**Character Demographic:**

Age: 38 Gender: Female

Race: Elf Nationality: Seilonian

Occupation: Assassin Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

**Backstory:**

True-blooded elves are really hard to find. Unlike other races, elves had a difficult time adjusting when the sun disappeared and most of them vanished from Asra. However, there are pockets of true-blooded elves that still lives on in hiding and Tysa’s village is one of them. While her village is well hidden, the recent turmoil between three rising factions in Seilon soon reached her home. During a scouting mission by the Barbarian faction in an attempt to expand their borders, a group of barbarians discovered the village and captured it for their own purpose. Most of her village either perished or scattered aimlessly into the wild. Enraged, Tysa vowed to kill those who destroyed her home. Luckily for her, the barbarians had a particular sigil that was tattooed to their body so she began her hunt for these members. However, she didn’t have the strength nor the resolve to carry out her revenge, which nearly cost her life. She was saved by an assassin who took her in and trained in the art of assassination.

Years later, tales of a mysterious assassin in Gengu arose. No one knows who this person is, but everyone knows of her by the name, Shadow Wind.

**Story:**

The moon hangs low on the horizon. Its dim light hardly illuminates anything along the city street. Deep nigh has fallen over the small town and most of the inhabitants have retired for the night. However, within the quietness, a particular building is ablaze with life. The Roadhog isn’t a particularly fancy pub, nor is it the cleanliest, but it is the only source of night life in an otherwise bland town. Within the darkness, a petit hooded woman stride deliberately towards the pub. Upon pushing open the double doors, the muffled din of merriment within burst forth and echoes through the empty street. The hooded stranger stood just inside the doorway, stunned. However, it wasn’t the noise or the sudden shift in lighting that stopped the mysterious figure, rather the appalling smell of alcohol, sweat, and strangely fragrant meals. Unsure of how to proceeds, the figure sways back and forth unsure of whether to continue further inward or leave entirely. Her ambivalence began to garner some attention from some of the guest nearby. Unable to handle the pressure of the glares, the figure turns around to leave when a slender hand reached out and grasp her arm. The stranger let out a muffle gasp at this sudden contact and tries to resist, but the grasp was firm.

“Awww, leaving so soon? …hic… Come, come, sit with me. I’m dying for some companionship.”

The voice belongs to a drunken woman sitting at a stall near the entrance. Because of the way the stall was set up, she was completely hidden from where the stranger stood other than the arm. Unable to resist, the stranger had no choice but to accompany the drunk. Sitting opposite of the woman, the stranger cautiously peaks out from under her hood to see what kind of person she is with. However, what she saw completely took her breadth away. Even in a drunken stupor, the woman was the most beautiful woman the stranger has ever seen. She has a dark maroon hair that reaches her shoulder, piercing brown eyes, and marble white skin that makes her seem almost like a sculpture. However, what stood out the most was the ostentatious red dress she wore. It was a strapless red dress that seem to defy gravity as it clings to her voluptuous breast. The flowed all the way to her ankles and has a long slit on the left side that reveals her naked thighs. No matter how she looked at it, the dress was meant to attract attention from the men. And now that the stranger has a better view of the pub, there are indeed quite a few pair of eyes sneakily focused on her. Not like she notices considered how drunk she is. Or perhaps she does and is expertly hiding the fact.

“Now, now. What is a cute little girl like you doing in a place like this?” she says while wearing a smirk.

Shocked that her identity is revealed, the stranger pulls her hood further down, covering her entire face.

“Awww, a self-conscious type aren’t you? Oh, but don’t worry sweetie, I won’t rat you out. So, relax…hic…I just want someone to talk with while I kill some time.

She gives the girl a sly wink. The girl is unsure on how to interpret her wink, but ultimately relaxes her grip on her hood. The woman gives a kind smile.

“Now that’s a good girl. The name’s Sheera. It lovely to meet you.”

The woman reaches out her hand for a shake. The hood stranger fidgets uncomfortably in her seat. She has never met a woman like her and doesn’t know how to react to her words. After a long pause, she finally responds to the woman.

“Tysa…my name….Tysa.”

Her voice was so soft, it was barely audible in the cacophony of the tavern. Despite the noise, the buxom woman seems to hear her just fine. However, since Sheera’s handshake was unreciprocated, she draws her hand back somewhat disappointed.

“Hmm, what does someone so young possibly want out of a dirty joint like this?”

Sheera said this to herself, but her unnaturally sharp gaze towards Tysa despite being drunk, feels as if she is interrogating Tysa. Unable to bear with her stare, Tysa meekly spoke out.

“I’m….looking for someone.”

Sheera’s face lit up like a housewife that got her hands on some juicy gossip. She brings her face close to Tysa causing Tysa to recoil back.

“Oooooh, looking for someone? Here of all places? Interesting… hic… perhaps you and I are looking for the same thing…if you know what I mean. You see, I’m looking for someone too. He’s the one with the tricorn.”

She nods her head towards a table near the stairs to the second floor. A group of muscular men with wicked looking faces were huddle around a circular table and seemingly exchanging money for some suspicious looking goods. As Sheera pointed out, there was a man wearing a tricorn and a nasty gash across his left eye.