Fiona Rann



Dramatized Story

Fiona Rann wasn’t born. She *happened*.
In the moment Gabriella Versi, lost in a trauma-induced nightmare, spilled blood that wasn’t real—but felt real—something in the Void stirred. That act, soaked in sorrow and unspoken guilt, tore a hole in the fabric between self and shadow. From it, Fiona emerged. A whisper given shape. A dream that didn’t end.

She has never met Gabriella, yet she *knows* her—feels her in every heartbeat, every flicker of instinct. Gabriella is her sun and her sorrow. Her other half. Her missing name. Fiona doesn’t fully understand who she is, or why she exists, but she speaks of Gabriella with a kind of reverent affection—wistful and aching. Not hate. Not envy. *Love*, in a way only a reflection can feel for its source.

Reality, for Fiona, is more suggestion than certainty. She drifts through moments with dreamlike confusion, guided by sensation and emotion more than logic. Her speech is fragmented, whimsical, sometimes haunting. One second she’s muttering riddles about bones that remember warmth, the next she’s laughing at shadows only she can see.

And always, *Kobal* is there.

The Demon Jester.
Her companion? Her tormentor? Her imagination? She never explains.
“Ask Kobal,” she’ll say when questioned, eyes gleaming with mischief. Or, “Kobal told me this would happen,” before plunging her sword into a corrupted beast’s heart. He’s the devil in her circus, the laughter in her void.

Her weapon is a broken dream bound in steel, glowing with the same red grief that birthed her. Her wings—corrupted and frayed—beat to the rhythm of another world’s heartbeat. She fights like

someone dancing through a memory she doesn’t want to wake from.

Fiona Rann is not Gabriella’s enemy.
She is her shadow, her echo, her sorrow-made-sweet.
She waits in the dark, not to strike—but to understand.
To *meet her*.
To feel whole.
To ask why she was born.

And maybe… to see if Gabriella remembers her, too.

> **“When the Whelps scream, I listen. When they whisper, I act. When they laugh... I run.”**
> *—when asked about her connection to the void*

Overview

When Gabriella was lost in the trauma in the aftermath of her battle with Apoldyon and the slaughter of her father's tribe, she lost herself to the livestream and another being born of her trauma, and a reflection of herself was born from the pent up energy lleft over by her dive into the livestream as the Winter wolf. Fiona is that reflection.

Once born she was left in Mericydia but during their stay she did run into Star Chariot who at the time was wrestling with his own trauma as his use of vampire blood to match Gabriella in battle was having its toll. During their interactions he invited her to their homes and that intrigued her, plus... the man's friend "Gabriella" had a draw to her.

> **“I remember a hand. Warm. Small. Mine? Hers? ...I keep forgetting which parts were ever real.”**
> *—in a rare quiet moment, staring into a mirror that reflects nothing*
>
> ***“It’s not madness if the Whelps agree. It’s a consensus.”***
> *—explaining her "decision-making process"*

Likes

- **Warm hands**
  "*I like when people have warm hands. It feels... borrowed. Like someone else's memory of safety.*"
- **Rain hitting stained glass**
  "*Each drop is a story trying to get in. I listen.*"

- **Naming her Whelps**
  "*This one's called Thimble. The next one? You'll meet them when you're ready.*"
- **Finding things she didn’t know she lost**
  "*Oh. That feeling again. Like I misplaced myself, and found someone better.*"

Dislikes

- **Being called a copy**
  "*I am not a copy. I am an echo—louder, sharper, more honest than the scream that made me.*"
- **Mirrors that reflect her properly**
  "*If I wanted to see myself clearly, I’d ask the Whelps to lie to me.*"
- **Silence with no meaning**
  "*Some silences hum with truth. Others are just... empty. I don’t like the empty ones.*"
- **The smell of mint**
  "*Too clean. Like someone scrubbing away a sin they liked.*"
- The feeling of Fire
  "*The sudden warmth isn't real to me; its empty.*"

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