

# Deniska Cirillo

Deniska Cirillo is a [player character](#) played by [Aria](#).

Deniska Cirillo	
	
Art by: Lily_Marlene	
Species & Gender:	Male <a href="#">Shukaren Daur (Sub-Species)</a>
Date of Birth:	Age 21 <a href="#">Year 764</a>
Organization:	<a href="#">Kingdom of Neshaten</a>
Occupation:	<a href="#">Field Operator</a>
Rank:	<a href="#">Operator</a>
Current Placement:	<a href="#">Neshaten Division 5</a>

## Physical Description

- Height: 4'11"
- Weight: 90lb
- Hair: Hazelnut brown hair kept in a ponytail down to his mid back. Side bangs down to his chin,

front bangs trimmed just above his eyebrows. Shaved facial hair.

- Fur:
  - Same hazelnut brown color, no tip color difference
- Eyes: Pale green
- Other:
  - Several scars on his body from training and missions. His face has been relatively spared from anything major.



Art by [@Cargodin](#)

## Personality

- Brave, but lacks a sense of self preservation. Has often been scolded for being too daring.
- Quick-witted, usually calm and calculating. However if people are in danger, he's in favor of immediate action instead of waiting for backup.

- Kind, willing to give more than he receives. Sends a portion of his paycheck to his mother. His kindness can be taken advantage of if he's not careful.
- Tries to understand why someone would do something bad. He feels everyone has a reason and that solving the problem at the root is ideal.
- Likes to be efficient.
- Willingness to disobey orders in extreme circumstances if there's threat to innocent life.
- His mind often feels dragged down with a sense of depression and worthlessness. He doesn't find much pleasure in personal activities like reading or movies. He finds self worth and satisfaction in his ability to improve the lives of others. He needs to learn to love himself.
- Unsure how to handle himself in social situations. He doesn't have a strong sense of self, so he'll often rather talk about other people instead of himself.
- His living space is sparsely decorated. His bookshelf only contains handbooks, guides, and law books.
- His lowered sense is his sense of taste, which makes him like foods with strong flavors, like spicy foods and black [Coffee](#).
- **Goal:** To protect families and innocent people from cruelties of the world.
- **Likes:** Making other people happy or helping them out.
- **Dislikes:** Alcohol, being dependent on other people.
- **Orientation:** Unsure. He hasn't had the time or willingness to pursue this part of himself.
- **Pronouns:** His/him

## Social Connections

- Deniska Elio - Younger brother, deceased
- Rudouva Vezio - Friend ([RP](#))

## History

### Childhood

Life started well for Cirillo, who grew up with his mother, father, and younger brother Elio. His father had a decent paying job in the city with his mother staying at home to raise them. Cirillo and Elio were inseparable growing up. They'd mostly play games together during the day or help each other with schoolwork. When they played outside, Cirillo would often do risky things first, like climbing trees or jumping over gaps between large rocks. Elio would hesitate and Cirillo would convince him, sometimes successful, sometimes not. He tried to balance pushing his brother to live and have fun, but only what he believed Elio could do.

Back at home, their mom occasionally played with them as well when she had a break. Even their father would play with them in the evenings as a way to relax after work. In hindsight, this was a very idealistic point in his life.

## Fire

One fateful day in late summer, early fall, when that summer heat continued to linger, that peaceful life was shattered. Cirillo and Elio, 8 and 6, were playing on the second floor of their house when they smelled smoke from below. Cirillo went to go check, only to find the stairs blocked off by a roaring blaze. The stairs did not have much of an opening from the side, trapping them upstairs. Thinking quickly, Cirillo grabbed Elio by the hand and pulled him to the window.

"We've got to jump!" Cirillo told him, throwing the window open. He kicked out the screen and after glancing at the ground, jumped out without a moment's hesitation. He let out a small yelp as he hit the ground, the distance a bit far for a comfortable landing.

"Alright, your turn!" he shouted back, but Elio just stared down at him, startled by his brother's yelp. Smoke had begun to seep through the window below them. "It's not that bad Elio, please! We don't have time!"

"I-I can't..." Elio said, slinking down and his ears drooping. "Go get help, I'll wait here..."

"There's no time!" Cirillo shouted, scaring Elio a bit. *I just need him to move, I can apologize later.* "It's okay, it's just a little farther than normal. You'll be fine, you know you can trust me!" He smiled despite the urgency and tension he felt in his body.

After a moment, Elio nodded and reached for the ledge. At that moment, the floor creaked and caved in. Elio lost his footing and dangled by a single hand.

"Cirillo, I-" was all Elio could shout before his grip gave way and he fell into the fire.

Cirillo froze. A feeling of disbelief. *This is a dream. These things don't happen. They... just don't.* After a hazy few seconds, he snapped out of it and rushed to the front door. The metal knob seared his hand. He tried ramming the door with his shoulder. After a few tries, he felt a firm hand on his shoulder, but he didn't care. He rammed the door another time before a second hand pulled him back. He realized then the fire department had just arrived and they were trying to get inside. He desperately wanted to help, but there was nothing he could do. Inaction caused thoughts to fill his head and he felt sick. A nearby medic patched up his hand, but he didn't feel anything anyway. He just felt numb. *I shouldn't have jumped first. I should have focused on him. I could have done something. Why did I... Why didn't I...*

Later as the house just stood as a pile of smoldering cinder, they found the cause was a stove that was left on by their father. Their father couldn't take the guilt of it. He began drinking heavily to cope, losing his job in the process. His mother took up a job herself to pay the bills, leaving Cirillo to either sit in the quiet house with the empty shell of his father or to wander. He tried walking through the woods where they used to play, but he couldn't find joy in it anymore.

A few months later, Cirillo's parents separated and his mother took custody of him. Now their house was completely quiet. His mother tried to take care of him, but between her job and raising him, she was always tired. Cirillo grew a sense of guilt and wanted to do what he could. He finally decided, against his mother's wishes, that he'd join the Youth Corps. That way she wouldn't have to provide for him and maybe he could find a sense of purpose.

## Youth Corps

Basic training was tough, but it didn't leave Cirillo much time to get lost in his head. He had to prove himself capable and an asset to the Corps entering at age 9, so he tried extra hard and pushed himself until his body nearly collapsed. Due to his quick wit and bravery, he was recommended to pursue the [Neshaten Agent](#) occupation. The thrill of risking his life behind enemy lines gave him a mental rush. That sense of urgency, of danger, of importance, relieved the numbness he had felt since the fire.

One emotion proved to be more powerful than that. Much later on a mission when he was 14, he found the enemy had taken a small family as hostages when at a port for travel. After reporting the information to his team, he was told to fall back. But he couldn't take his gaze away from the young children being threatened with a gun.

"I don't think the hostages will be kept alive long enough for a rescue," Cirillo lied, readying his pistol. "I'm going in," he said, ignoring the resulting shouts over the radio for him to fall back. There were four enemies. The family had been taken into a maintenance room of the building where they could be more easily watched. Peering through the vent, he noticed large water pipes on the side of the wall near a few of the enemies.

With a plan of action ready, he fired a few shots at the pipes, blowing them open and blasting water at two of the enemies. He then quickly punched out the vent opening and fired at the other two, downing them with a couple chest shots each. He jumped out of the vent and aimed at the remaining two. The soaked enemies recovered, pulling out their weapons. Cirillo managed to down a third before his bullets ran out. He stared down the last enemy, not a trace of fear in his body. If he died here, as long as it was enough of a distraction to save the family, that would have been enough for him. He reached for his knife, but a few shots from behind him downed the last enemy. The rescue squad had burst in after hearing his commotion and had saved his life.

He was severely reprimanded that day, with talks of demotion. However, what he remembered more that day was the family coming by personally to thank him. The happiness and awe of the younger brother reminded him of Elio; Cirillo could barely hold back his tears. Their daughter kept her distance more and smiled nervously, reminding him that his job was one that sometimes required cruelty to fight cruelty. It was a burden he readily accepted for a result such as this. Their father had even bought him a very nice bottle of spirits as thanks. He never drank it because of his father, but he kept it with him unopened as a memento of the occasion.

At his discipline hearing, he was chewed out for ignoring orders and determining what was the best course of action on his own. His independent action could have made things much worse and that he needed to work as a squad and not put his squadmates in danger. One of the members at the hearing approached him afterwards however, introducing himself as from the Division of Public Safety. He recommended Cirillo checkout out the Division because they could use someone with his sense of selflessness, bravery, and quick decision making that would be "wasted in the military." This man believed that, while teamwork and obeying command was important, there was more room for individual determinations and actions. He also mentioned that serving domestically would give him the ability to rescue citizens and to keep their lives safe rather than just killing enemy soldiers.

It didn't take Cirillo long to decide and at age 15, he joined the Division of Public Safety.

## **Division of Public Safety**

Cirillo spent the next 6 years at the Division. Here he learned to work as a team with his fellow officers, but he found that unlike military operations, events and crimes would spring up and he'd have to use his own judgement to solve them quickly. His skill let him grow in the ranks over time, but he would often be told by his superiors to tone down the heroics since it would give his partners a heart attack whenever he sprinted away. Overall, he enjoyed this job and the ability to be near those he protected.

One day, he received a message about being selected for a new organization, Division 5. Seeing this as the next level in his career and a greater ability to help others, he agreed to an interview for the position.

## **Skills Learned**

### **Technology Operation**

Knows advanced computer infiltration techniques required as an Agent while he was in the Youth Corps, both computer forensics of captured computers and live network penetration.

### **Knowledge**

As a member of the Division of Public Safety, has a strong knowledge of the law and history of the nation. Not well-versed in the humanities.

### **Diplomacy**

Not every criminal or distressed person needs to be hurt. Cirillo has been trained in deescalation of situations to avoid unneeded bloodshed.

### **Covert**

Experience with infiltration and espionage as an Agent, including eavesdropping and assassinations.

### **Combat**

Has learned proficient usage of firearms, swords, and other military equipment during his time in the Youth Corps and Division of Public Safety. Has a stronger tendency to use his pistol, but will use other weapons if it fits the situation better.

## Inventory & Finance

This operator has the following items:

- [Shukara Covert SMG](#)
  - 4 x [6mm AP Needle](#) magazines
- [Sharp - Needler Pistol](#)
  - 3 x [3 mm AP Needle](#) magazines
- [Operator Tactical Dress](#)
  - 3 days of rations
  - 1 one-man swag
- Fine bottle of spirits, vintage year 745. Unopened.

## OOC Information

In the case Aria becomes inactive:

- Can this character be used as an NPC by a GM or FM? Yes
- Can this character be [adopted](#) after I've been gone for a year? Yes

Character Data	
Character Name	Deniska Cirillo
Character Owner	<a href="#">Aria</a>
Character Status	Active Player Character
Current Location	<a href="#">Nesha System</a>

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