

Vincent - The black sheep of the white court,

Template: White court vampire.

Hgh concept: White court dirty worker.

Trouble: White court black sheep.

Background: Where did you come from?

To be frank I don't really know. I know that I'm the result of an unholy union between a white court lady and a black court cur, but that is where it ends. Who, why, how? No clue, but knowing the white court it was probably because of politics, if my mother was the one set up or if she was the one setting someone up... Maybe it was a real romance. I don't think I'll ever know, I don't even know their names or if they're still alive.

What I do know is that I'm not from Baltimore, I distinctly remember strange people taking me away, and I remember not liking the woman that was put in charge of me, and her not liking me in return. Her name is Tanya, I never learned her last name, not that I care much. Haven't seen or talked to her in years. She used to own an underground strip joint out near Rosedale. It didn't have a name, but was always called the pink by the regulars. I got my first dirty job there when I was 15, making sure to keep the unwanted out. Most didn't take a kid seriously, but my inhuman strength was one of my first powers to develop and I could easily overpower a grown man at that age. She taught me everything I know about being a vampire, which isn't a lot. I bet there are mortals running around there who has a better clue than I. I have to eat, and I'm not human, that's about it. The rest, like how to incite an emotion, how to tap into my other powers, I figured it out myself.

Relationships? Don't make me laugh, I have more in common with my dad's people than the bastards I live with now. Most of them won't even look me in the eye and treats me like I'm infected with something. If not, they act like I owe them something for simply being allowed to live.

Aspect: Kept in the dark.

Rising conflict: What shaped you?

Aside from genetics? I guess the whole court had a few fingers in my "shaping". They love drama, and to scheme. Every day you had to figure out who was your enemy and who was your friend. Yesterday was in the past, unless someone held a grudge, tomorrow was always a battlefield. Tanya used to give me enough information for me to not make an ass of myself (her), but the rest I had to do on my own. At 18 I left the pink and was employed by various members of the court to do the things that they deemed beneath them. Anything that a lowlife like me could do was never beneath me. I've hauled more skeletons out of more wardrobes than you can imagine, they always paid well. Money was never a problem. Spending it on the other hand...

I was never allowed to roam freely, even if I was out on a job I always had a set route and time. I never had to ask what would happen if I didn't show up. Anyway, I had a pile of money locked away in a bank and nothing to spend it on. Thought about running away alot, but I knew so little about the world that I never really dared to.

The one thing that made me turn against the court openly happened after one of my jobs. An assassination. Simple job, a mortal had angered this asshole Matthew, and he wanted the guy taken care off. I sneaked in, scared the living shit out of him and drained his mind until

his body gave up. No, it wasn't my first kill, that happened years before. Anyway. I got the body into my car and drove down to sparrows point to dump him into the ocean with a pair of cement boots. I roll the car all the way up to the water and lift the guy out when I'm blinded by a bright light and some fucktard yelling through a megaphone. Before I had a chance to bullshit them the lead started to fly and I dove straight into the water. Lucky for me, I had been careful. The car was the victim's, I wore gloves and a hat, they never got a good look at my face and I can hold my breath for aeons. By the time they started to dredge the bay I was long gone. The paper said that the police had received an anonymous tip about the murder. Only one guy except me and the victim knew about it. Matthew.

Aspect: Stabbed in the back.

The story: What was your first adventure?

My first? Can't remember, if you want that kind of stuff you're talking to the wrong kind of guy. I can tell you about one I'll remember for a while though.

Mid-winter, snowy as all hell. There had been a mysterious death in the "family" and some of the big ones were really scared. Rumour had it that it had been a moon-crazed loup-garou. Big, nasty fuckers that can take a ton of damage and send it all back in a neat little package with your face on it. Thing is, no loup-garou in Baltimore, we make sure of it. So someone tracked the damn thing and found out that someone had cursed a mortal, that bloody curse was back in full force. Guess who they sent to deal with it, go on.

I wasn't scared of the curse itself. My "little friend" could deal with that, no problem, but a full blown loup-garou would be a problem. I was in luck though. The wizard was easy enough to deal with, but the full moon emerged at the worst possible moment, and the monster was just about to rip me to threads when another wizard and his apprentice kicked down the door like a superhero and his prepubescent sidekick. They took one look at the scene before them and started weaving some kind of magic. I don't know what they did, but whatever it was, it made it possible for us to take out the loup garou.

Some time later, over a pizza, I found out that the wizard had gotten a lot of heat from the court because of it, apparently i had been sent to die, we've been friends ever since.

Aspect: Reckless.

Guest star: Whose path have you crossed?

Well, once I was walking down the road, minding my own business when the wall beside me exploded into a million pieces and a demon from the seven hells emerged, bruised and bloody. Normally I'd keep walking and not make eye contact, but that was out of the question here. The demon didn't only trash the place, it apparently thought it would be a brilliant idea to have a whole bloody school bus full of kids as a mid-chase snack. I placed a few shots around the beast's eyes to blind it long enough for the bus to drive away, and of course it got pissed off at me instead, can you believe my luck?

Long story short, That friendly neighbourhood wizard Jonathan Thorne came running like a bat out of hell, to deal with the beast. At the same time a fairy of the summer court, one that I would later get to know as Latisha, appeared to put the demon down for good. We shared a look that said that high fives were for nerd and walked away.

Aspect: Protector

Guest star redux: Who else's path have you crossed?

Well, I've helped out once more. That fairy Latisha, She went after a wizard that had crossed the line and had to be killed (apparently, wizards and fairies kills their own more than vampires does, and we're still the monsters). While Latisha engaged the wizard in battle I took the sneaky option and planted explosives all around them. I was supposed to wait for a signal to detonate, but got bored and blew the whole place up. The wizard was taken by complete surprise and almost died. Latisha, made of much sturdier materials, was barely phased and finished the job only a second later.
Aspect: I make this look good.

Skills:

Great (+4)

Athletics, Guns.

Good (+3)

Alertness, Intimidation.

Fair (+2)

Deceit, Discipline, Endurance.

Average (+1)

Conviction, Driving, Presence, investigation, Stealth