

MAYFIELD “THE EARTH” BAINES

No one ever seems to know quite how to respond when a hulking, blue-eyed blonde giant, decked out in bling, approaches and says, “Yo yo dawg, wussup?”

Sometimes, while they're nonplussed, Mayfield grabs them and puts on the bite.

Those who get to know The Earth a little better seem to think that he genuinely doesn't get how odd the idea of a homeboy/farm boy crossbreed is. He buys the same CDs, resides in the same south-side ghetto, pays cover to hear the same DJs spin, wears the same clothes... why would he ever think he's not keepin' it real?

He notices the curious stares, of course he does, but if he doesn't write it off as a reaction to his size (which he's been getting all his life), half the time he assumes it's because he's wearing a Cubs shirt or hat. (Cubs fans in Sox territory are a rarity.)

It's a curious blind spot, because The Earth is not generally naïve. C'mon. He was a football star, at a Big Ten college. That alone exposed him to double standards, hypocrisy and corruption roughly equivalent to a year in the U.S. Senate. He knows how the game works and he knows that acting dumb can actually be the same as playing smart. But Mayfield is still an outsider, and in a way he always has been. His extraordinary size is just one part of it. Being pretty fly for a white guy is another part. As for the Embrace? Vampires are the biggest outsiders of them all.

So he's Invictus, and a very junior grade Sheriff, and he can operate in that milieu (if not exactly thrive). But at the same time he's down with Lupines (if not nearly as cozy as he lets some of his fellow Kindred believe) and working the meaner streets where you'd expect Carthians. Outside even that, he's a rural lad at heart.

Is it any wonder Mayfield's willing to hire out to the highest bidder? He doesn't fit in anywhere, so he's equally comfortable (if you can call it that) everywhere.

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Mayfield got his nickname when he was a lineman on the football team for Davenport West high school in Iowa. Maybe he was exposed to too many hormones on the family hog farm (his younger sister did have breasts and pubic hair at age 9), but Mayfield grew and grew. By the time he was a freshman at Iowa State, he was 7'2" and 273 lbs. That was 1984, and that was the year he got Embraced by a nomad coterie that felt a desperate need for some muscle to back off a Lupine pack that was harrying them.

Mayfield didn't know what the hell he'd gotten himself into, and had no idea why it was stupid to negotiate with Lupines. So he negotiated with the Lupines, sold out his sire and the rest of the nomads to them, and then got the hell out of there to someplace no one would recognize him. The nearest really huge city was Chicago.

The Invictus finally admitted him after a decade of turning up their noses at “the nomad freak” but the rapport he'd developed with Lupines (which mostly consists of not being scared shitless of them), along with his growing ability to throw his weight around, got him a place as a junior Hound for the court. It's well known that he'll freelance as a heavy, too.

GOAL: A LITTLE FARM

In his heart, Earth isn't a city boy. He likes fields and nature and trees and streams and all that other non-bleeding shit that most vampires ignore. (He will miss hip-hop when he moves out, but you can get that off satellite TV, right?) His dream is to find a

farm out by a small town, or maybe buy a bed-and-breakfast, and be the only vampire around – being on the bottom of the Invictus ladder has given him enough lackey experience to last him the rest of eternity.

He's not unaware of the problems of being a solo vampire in the middle of nowhere and a small, contained population. But unlike most Kindred, he's looking for solutions to those challenges, instead of withdrawing from them.

WHAT HE'S GOT

First and foremost, he's a badass. He's no Solomon Birch, but he has the advantage of very much looking the part. Often his hulking presence and reputation are enough to settle matters before they start. He's got some minor contacts among the Lupines, too. The pack that let him live stays in intermittent contact, though they aren't locals. Through them he has wary contact with other local Lupines, an avenue of communication that is rarely used, but which both groups are glad to have.

He's also got some of the benefits of being an Invictus officer – access to money, mortal influence, a decent place to crash.

WHAT HE NEEDS

He'd like freedom from his Invictus obligations – or, ideally, some scheme to transform them into an obligation to watch some small town out in the sticks.

He needs money to buy his dream retirement farm and he's only about a quarter of the way there. He'll also need someone to run it during the day, a ghoul or at least a blood addict. Unfortunately for him, there don't seem to be a lot of people with Ag degrees in the blood fetish underground.

Most of all, he needs someone to teach him hiding and intrusion techniques, because the “sleep bandit” approach seems to be the best feed method for his plans.

PROJECT: SAVING DANA BARRON

Dana Barron is the subject of a death sentence in Chicago, but is proving embarrassingly hard to apprehend. A ghoul with twenty years' experience in the Kindred community, she finally snapped and killed her notoriously abusive domitor. Many within the Invictus were glad to see the bastard turn to ash (especially since they couldn't do it themselves without risking Maxwell's ire), but it just won't do to let ghouls get ideas above their station. Nevertheless, between her knowledge of Kindred tells (like mirrors) and weaknesses (like daylight) and her plain old ability to recognize many vampires on sight, she's been able to stay hidden for six months now. Human proxies have been sent after her by day, but no one's naïve enough to be surprised if they have some sympathy for her plight. She's also presumed to be sheltered by one (or more) of her dead domitor's rivals, either as a reward or because she's blackmailing the Kindred by agreeing to cover up some involvement.

The Earth wants to find her first, not so that he can get a gold star from his asshole bosses, but so that he can offer her a deal: She gets the hell out of town and sets up shop in some obscure town, establishing a presence. He visits periodically to keep the edge of her addiction off, and she becomes his experienced thrall out on the farm. Unfortunately for Earth, finding her is going to be more than a one-man job. He might look inside the Invictus for help, but more likely he wants someone outside the food chain, so that he can keep things mum. In return, he's got both the carrot and the stick to offer. The stick is the threat of a horrible whuppin'. The carrot is the promise of a whuppin' for someone else.

Clan: Daeva
Covenant: Invictus
Embrace: 1982
Apparent Age: 19

Mental Attributes:
Intelligence 2
Wits 3
Resolve 2

Physical Attributes:
Strength 4
Dexterity 3
Stamina 2

Social Attributes:
Presence 2
Manipulation 2
Composure 2

Mental Skills:
Academics 2
Computer 1
Politics (Invictus) 1

Physical Skills:
Athletics 4,
Brawl (Tackle) 4
Drive 2
Firearms 1.

Social Skills:
Animal Ken
(Farm Animals) 1
Intimidation
(Physical Awe) 3
Socialize
(Yo, Word Up) 1
Streetwise 1
Subterfuge 2

Merits:
Giant 4
Fast Reflexes 1
Contacts 2
Resources 2

Status:
Invictus 1
Haven 2

Willpower: 4
Humanity: 7
Virtue: Hope
Vice: Sloth

Health: 8
Initiative: 6
8 with Celerity
Defense: 3
5 with Celerity
Speed: 12
Blood Potency: 1

Disciplines:
Celerity 2
Vigor 2

Vital/ per Turn: 10/1