

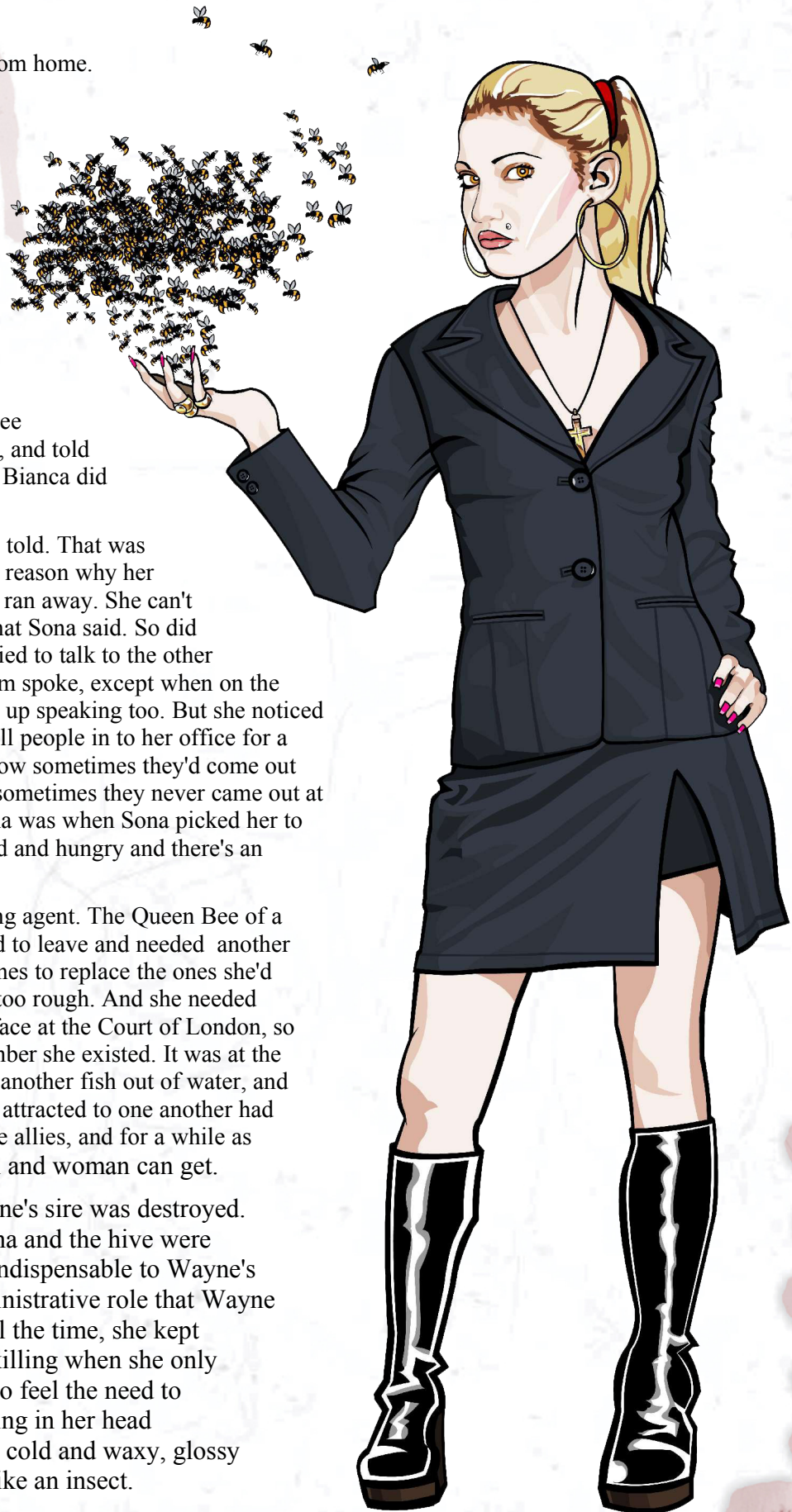
Bianca Crowe

Bianca remembers being far from home. She remembers taking on the night shift at the call centre, making cold calls to people, in the small hours of the night. She never seemed to sell anything. She just asked questions or made statements. The sales script made little sense, grew more nonsensical with each passing night. She asked Sona, the night manager, about it, three times. Sona smiled, every time, and told her to go back to the desk, and Bianca did what she was told.

Bianca *never* did what she was told. That was part of the problem, part of the reason why her dad kicked her out, or why she ran away. She can't remember now. But she did what Sona said. So did the others. To start with, she tried to talk to the other sales advisors. But none of them spoke, except when on the phone. Gradually, Bianca gave up speaking too. But she noticed sometimes how Sona would call people in to her office for a meeting, one each night, and how sometimes they'd come out looking ill and tired, and how sometimes they never came out at all. She only realised what Sona was when Sona picked her to be like her. And now she's dead and hungry and there's an insect living in her head.

Bianca became Sona's recruiting agent. The Queen Bee of a human hive, Sona found it hard to leave and needed another of her kind to draw in new drones to replace the ones she'd sucked dry, or killed by being too rough. And she needed another of her kind to show a face at the Court of London, so that the monsters would remember she existed. It was at the Court that Bianca met Wayne, another fish out of water, and the two, who would have been attracted to one another had they been alive, instead became allies, and for a while as close to friends as a dead man and woman can get.

Bianca was there when Wayne's sire was destroyed. Wayne took her in when Sona and the hive were massacred. Bianca became indispensable to Wayne's operation, taking on an administrative role that Wayne never had a head for. And all the time, she kept making mistakes. She kept killing when she only needed to drink. She began to feel the need to dominate. The insect chittering in her head transformed her, making her cold and waxy, glossy and honey-sweet and hard, like an insect.



There's a new hive mind growing in her head. She looks forward to the day when each of Wayne's henchmen will be her drones, and Wayne's outfit will be her hive, even while another, shrinking part of her psyche screams in horror at becoming what Sona was.

Description: Once she was a passably pretty young woman. Bianca's hair still has the blonde bleach, and she still wears the hoop ear rings and the madonna piercing in her lip, but gradually, she has given up the trashy sports gear she wore in life. Now she wears sober grey suits. Her make-up and hair need to be perfect. The insect won't let her go out if she isn't dressed smartly enough. It's as if her existence depends on it. She doesn't blink. Sometimes she twitches her fingers or her head, like an insect twitches its mandibles or chelae.

Storytelling Hints: There is a tiny fragment of Bianca left inside this cold, self-absorbed monster, somewhere, but the insect mind crawling in her undead brain all too often drowns out the screams of the frightened runaway she once was. Bianca's father, Frank, wouldn't even recognise her now. Bianca recognises no friends. She uses who she uses and that's the end of it. Wayne might have been an exception to that once, but now, while Bianca would pause before selling him out, she'd still do it.

Clan: Ventrue

Bloodline: Melissidae

Covenant: Unaligned

Apparent Age: 19

Embrace: 2004

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Computer (internet) 2, Crafts (make-up and hair) 1, Investigation 1, Medicine 1

Physical Skills: Brawl 1, Drive 2, Larceny 2, Stealth 1, Survival 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy 1, Expression 1, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 1, Socialise (clubbing) 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge (lying) 1

Merits: Contacts (criminal) 1, Haven (size) 1, Resources 1

Willpower: 6

Humanity: 3 (power fetish obsession)

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Wrath

Initiative: 4

Defence: 2

Speed: 9

Health: 7

Blood Potency: 3

Disciplines: Animalism 3, Dominate 3, Auspex 2

Devotions: Small Witness

Vitae/per turn: 12/1

Wayne Thomas

Wayne never knew anything except poverty and violence, all his breathing days. By the time he was twenty, he'd seen both of his brothers killed in gang-related violence. Getting involved with a Yardie outfit, Wayne caught the eye of his boss, who saw in him an uncommon talent for violence, an anger that wouldn't go away, and an eye for the main chance. Wayne's boss, Monty Church, had a lot of enemies. It always used to amuse Monty how the other boys would tell him that he was a dead man – he was already dead. Soon Wayne was a dead man, too, still running the mobs, still pimping the immigrants, running the dope and smacking heads in. After a while, Wayne started getting restless.

The boss man's attempts to bind Wayne more tightly failed, as Wayne, with the help of his companion Bianca and other allies, to whom he was less faithful, managed to engineer his sire's defeat. He drank the older vampire's soul as Monty lay helpless in torpor.

Things started to change for Wayne after that, though. Wayne started to find a conscience he'd not had since he was a child. He started letting people go. He started questioning himself. He's trying to reform. But with Monty gone, it's him and Bianca running the mob. Even as Wayne tries to make himself into a man, the business owns him. There's no way out of this, and Bianca's no help – she's getting more comfortable living the life of a mob mistress every day.

He's in over his head, and he's just starting to realise it.

Storytelling Hints: Wayne hides behind the persona of a cocky, arrogant gangster boy, but in those times when the red fury lets him go and he takes a look at himself, he's scared. He's scared of what he's become. He's scared of his own mob, and he's scared of Bianca, even as he is drawn to her in a way he doesn't understand.

Description: Wayne tries to look the part of the top dog, but he never quite manages it, looking like nothing more or less than a shaven-headed thug in an ill-fitting lounge suit. He's not very good at keeping blood from his clothes. He has a usty smell about him, which comes from sleeping out in his back garden, under the earth.

Clan: Gangrel

Covenant: Unaligned

Apparent Age: 22

Embrace: 2003

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

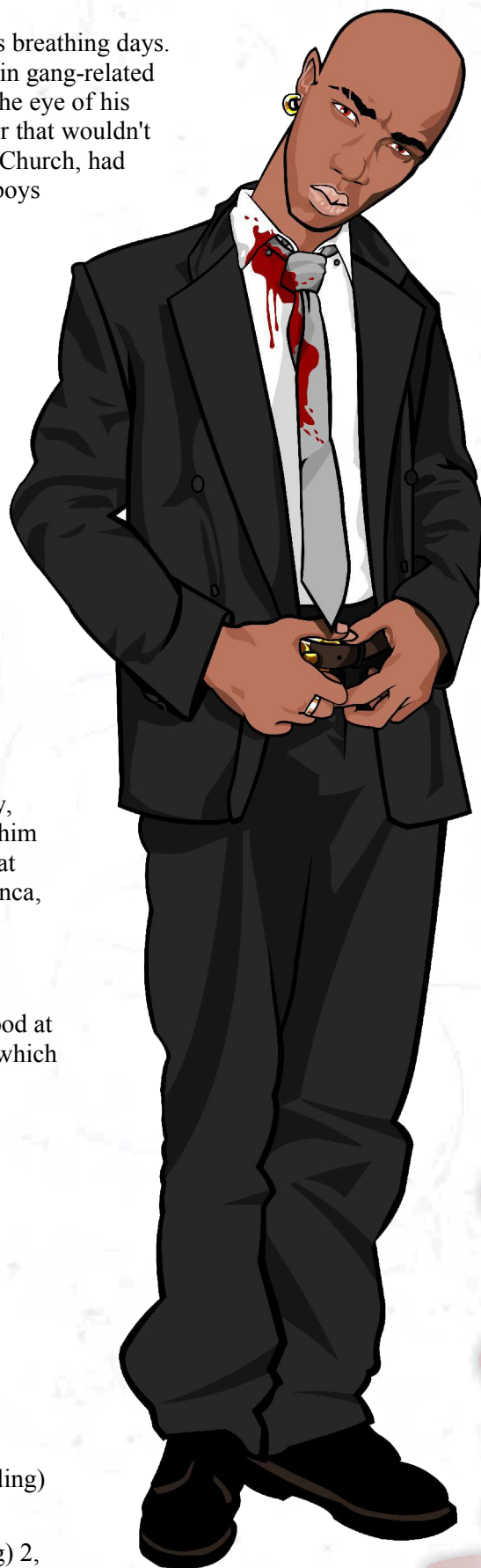
Physical Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Crafts (mechanic) 3, Investigation 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl (beatdowns) 3, Drive (joyriding) 2, Firearms 1, Larceny 2, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Animal Ken 1, Empathy 1, Intimidation (bullying) 2, Persuasion 2, Socialise 2, Streetwise 2



Merits: Allies (criminal) 1, Common Sense, Direction Sense, Haven (size) 1, Herd 1, Resources 3, Retainers 4 (a number of mobsters and a blood bound Ventrue neonate named Marvin), Status (criminal) 2, Strong Back

Willpower: 5

Humanity: 5

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Pride

Initiative: 5

Defence: 2

Speed: 10

Health: 9 (10 with Resilience)

Blood Potency: 2

Disciplines: Animalism 2, Protean 2 (can meld with earth and worked stone), Resilience 1

Vitae/per turn: 11/1

Weapons/Attacks:

<i>Type</i>	<i>Damage</i>	<i>Dice Pool</i>
Butterfly Knife	1L	5
Shooter	2L	5

