Daniel Krazinski

Overview

Overview



World-class thief, playboy, Ravnos

Danny is quite an interesting lad. Born in Split, Croatia to a Polish woman and a wealthy businessman, he had quite a good life as a youngster. He was rather mischievous but also quite kind. He was Embraced during World War 2. Along with his sire, he had started a (very profitable) crusade against the Nazi's by stealing dozens of paintings, books and artifacts of religous importance back from them. In the aftermath of the war, he broadened his horizons and rose to fame as one of the best Kindred thieves alive.

Basics

Basics

Name
Daniel Krazinski

Player
AdvancedIdiot
Chronicle
Baltimore After Dark
Nature
Bon Vivant
Demeanor
Gallant
Concept
Charming Thief
Clan
Ravnos
Generation
11th
Sire
Renee Dupont

Attributes

Attributes

Physical
s
Strength

11100
Dexterity

11100
Stamina

11000
Social
p
Charisma
Smooth talker
11110
Manipulation
Conjurer of "Facts"
11110

Appearance

11100
Mental
t
Perception

11100
Intelligence

11000
Wits

11000

Abilities

Abilities

Talents
p
Alertness

11100
Athletics

11000
Awareness

11100
Brawl

10000
Empathy

00000
Expression

10000
Intimidation

00000
Leadership

00000
Streetwise

00000
Subterfuge

11100

00000
Skills
s
Animal Ken

00000
Crafts

00000
Drive

00000
Etiquette

10000
Firearms

00000
Larceny

11100
Melee

00000
Performance

11000
Stealth

11100
Survival

00000

00000
Knowledge
t
Academics

11000
Computers

00000
Finance

00000
Investigation

11000
Law

00000
Medicine

00000
Occult

00000
Politics

10000
Science

00000
Technology

00000

00000

Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines
Chimerstry*

11000
Fortitude*

11000
Obfuscate*

10000
Presence

10000
Celerity

10000

00000
Backgrounds
Domain

11100
Generation

11000
Resources

11110
Herd

10000

00000

00000
Virtues
Conscience

11100
Self-Control

11100
Courage

11110

Humanity
11111 10000
Path

Bearing

Willpower
11110 00000
00000 00000
Blood Pool
11111 11111
10000 00000
Blood/Turn
1

Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit
Type
Cost
Enchanting Voice
Physical
2pt
Rep
Social
1pt

Rising Star
Social
3pt
Prestigious Sire
Social
1pt
Elysium Regular
Social
1pt
Protege
Social
1pt
Flaw
Type
Bonus
Deep Sleeper
Mental
1pt
Phobia (Spiders)
Mental
2pt
Tic
Physical
1pt
Vulnerability to Silver
Physical
2pt
Impatient
Mental
1pt

Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual
Level

Path

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total

35
Spent
35
Notes
Freebies spent on 3 dots of resources and 1 dot of generation, 1 dot of Charisma and 1 dot of Perception and the third point of Rising Star.

XP:
Obfuscate 1st dot = 10 xp
Celerity 1st dot = 10 xp
Presence 1st dot = 10 xp
Chimerstry 2nd dot = 5 xp

Derangements

Clan Weakness: Gambling

Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies
N/A
Contacts
N/A
Fame
N/A
Herd
A Serbian family who have been friends to Clan Ravnos for generations.
Influence
N/A
Mentor
N/A
Resources
All his wealth is derived from his past gigs, from heists, burglaries, and plain old robberies.
Retainers

N/A
Status
TBD
Other
His Domain is located in between Otterbein and the Inner Harbor, specifically on Light Street.

Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)
Phone, Wallet, Sunglasses, Necklace with a Werewolf tooth
Feeding Grounds
The area around Light Street
Havens
Penthouse in the 414 LightStreet building
Equipment (Owned)

Vehicles
Chevorlet Camaro ZL1 2017 (Black)
Other

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To
Rating

Bound To

Rating

Description

Description

Age
100
Apparent Age
23
D.O.B.
28. 03. 1922.
R.I.P.
10. 1. 1942.
Hair
Dark Brown
Eyes
Brown
Race
Caucasian
Nationality
Croatian
Height
193 cm (6'3)
Build
Fit and slender
Gender
Male
Face Claim
Ben Barnes
The only fair way to describe Daniel is to say he is handsome. That's it. He dresses in a myriad of ways, so he can be seen in a suit equally likely as a set of trousers and a hoodie. He is build like an

athlete, although he believes that's mostly due to genetics more than any sort of actual fitness. Considering he's somewhat tall. some consider him intimidating at first, but as they meet him, they realize he is not an actual threat. At least not a physical threat.
He keeps his hair well-kept and wavy. Ever since he left the Army he has kept it at a medium length.

History

History

Daniel is quite an interesting fellow.

Born on the 28th of March, in the year 1920, the quite young Daniel Perović was born to Ivan Krazinski, an accountant for a firm in Split and the beautiful Sannja who came from a wealthy Polish family. They were content with the life they had, especially with a child joining the family now. As there were no complications with the birth of Danny, Sandra and he were discharged from the hospital fairly quickly, in about a week. After that, she took care of him as properly as she could, seeing as she was completely new to the fascinating thing that was motherhood.

With her maternity leave, Sandra devoted 70% of her time for her family, something she did with little to no regrets. As Danny slowly, but surely grew up, they decided to hire a nanny, so that Sandra could return to work, maybe not in full force, but nonetheless, it worked. The young baby behaved well around his nanny and she never had any major issues with the baby. As months turned into a year, his first official birthday was celebrated, with him not quite understanding he had to blow the candles, and he slept halfway into his birthday song. No matter, the parents were happy beyond belief, even if Danny wasn't. At roughly 18 months, the baby started to crawl quicker and even have the strength to climb small obstacles, a fun little event for any parent. By the age of 3, he started walking straight and almost had the ultimate and exotic technique of running finished.

At age four, he could already speak quite a few words, though most of it being the basics: Mom, Dad, Bathroom, Bored, Hungry etc. Though Sanja and Ivan tried for a while, Danny's willingness to learn was sporadic, to say the least. He was always off in his world thinking about who knows what and about who knows who. Nonetheless, they tried to teach him the ABC's as early as possible, if for anything, then to brag. On his 5th birthday, he twisted his ankle riding a tricycle. As such, he spent his special and unique fifth birthday at the hospital, not far from where he was born in fact. Thankfully, this time he understood that his job was to blow the fire on the candles, and so he did. Everyone congratulated him on a job well done. By the time he was supposed to turn six, the legendary children's character, Winnie the Pooh, had his first debut ever. As such, Timothy Jones, Danny's father, grabbed a copy of the children's book and gifted it to Daniel, and the adorable little bear addicted to honey would become Danny's favorite imaginary friend. Every child had one, and Danny's was undoubtedly Winnie the fucking Pooh. As such, soon enough, a lot of his toys were Winnie the Pooh related. As far as toys go, that was certainly quite an interesting choice, a yellow bear who loved

honey. Oh, the ingenuity of man, a thing Danny sorely missed, almost as much as his childhood.

As he got older, bit by bit, he also had to start going to school. Though kindergarten was nice, Danny's next dangerous mission was undoubtedly the school system of Yugoslavia. As everyone in first grade was obviously still children, Danny had no trouble making friends, of any variety. They all shared toys and played fun little games at the schoolyard together. Oh, if the young Daniel only knew what would've been in store for him later, he'd never leave the school and his childhood friends. At age eight, the young boy couldn't be stopped. As he got older, he got more and more energy, to the point that his parents could barely even keep up with him, further solidifying to them that he was indeed growing up. As such, certain liberties were taken, and he started hanging out more with kids his age, so the parents of the neighborhood could have at least a little while to rest, after all. As for school, as a second grader, someone would've thought Daniel a genius...as long as you didn't mention he was 8 and in fricking 2nd grade. By all means, he was just a big toddler as of now. Though, as it usually ends up being, he did get a little teased by his parents on whether or not he liked any girls, as is seemingly the tradition with parents, or perhaps even a bigger curse than Vampirism is. No matter the case, Daniel didn't have any lady friends, per say, as he was only a freaking eight year old child. At age 9, it did become clear that their young Daniel was gifted, one way or another. The future seemed bright for the young boy.

For his tenth birthday, Daniel had hoped for something special, and he was most certainly pleased. He got to go to California for a whole week! If Disneyland existed by then, Daniel would've most definitely been there, though unfortunately, the amusement park would open far, far too late for the young boy. Though, by all means, he did enjoy his travels around the beautiful state of California, a place he had never been before. His parents took him there and they all had a laugh around the state. They stayed in Los Angeles for a few days (where, coincidentally, they would have been met by a coterie of Vampires that decided to feed on the tourists, though they obviously forgot such a thing had ever happened...). Daniel did, by all means, enjoy the trip and he treasured it deeply, one day hoping to maybe even live on the West Coast. As for his 11th birthday, the boy acted less and less like a child and more like someone approaching the years of a teenager. He'd wish to stay outside more, socialize more with kids his age, and just generally had fun that way, something that was relatively new to his parents, though they fully approved of it, seeing as nature was taking its course. By the age of 12, Daniel's academic success was large enough to allow him to skip a few grades, should he choose to. Despite the suggestion, his parents decided to keep him in the grade he was to socialize with kids his age, but hire a tutor on the side to teach him more advanced techniques and subjects. And that's how it worked, and Daniel was pleased with that, still being with his friends, but actually being challenged a bit now. That seemed ideal for the boy, at least for the time being.

Ah, the dramatic birthday that was the 13th birthday. The official beginning of a teenager's social life. And so it was, Danny started growing quite taller and gaining a faint amount of muscle, nothing dramatic, but still noticeable on the young and skinny child, their parents had known up to that point, after all. It was just about that time that he first started having romantic interests in girls, though too shy to actually do anything about it. Though the term of a nerd didn't exist back in the 1930's, he was still socially inept, to say the least. Though, through time he'd try to fix that error as best he could.

And that he did, with fairly major success, gaining a reasonable amount of friends relatively quickly. Such was fate, it would seem, at least. As he got older, he did get interested in sports, deciding to start with basketball and seeing where that took him. As for extracurricular activities, he signed up on the debate team as well as drama club, if for anything then for pure fun. At 14, the growth spurts were starting to become more and more apparent as his voice started ever so slowly deepening and facial hair very slowly popped up. On the other end of the spectrum, however, was his height. He started growing taller and taller, ending up to be 6 feet tall at 14, which certainly made him seem funny. Thankfully enough, along with his height, thanks to the fact that he started practicing basketball more and more vigorously, he was starting to gain a reasonable amount of muscle. Again, he wasn't Superman, but he looked less and less like the strongest muscle he had was his brain. For his 15th birthday, he had his first official kiss from a girl named Ema Josipović and it's one of the things Daniel remembers the best from before his unlife, considering it a very, very good memory.

By the time he was 16, things started heating up in Europe, with a possible war on the way. Yugoslavia, however, had little to do with that, and as such, so did Daniel, who's social life just started to bloom. He was gaining popularity in high school as the smart romantic lad who always had a few tricks up his sleeve whenever he needed them, always being a tricky guy to fool and you'd need to be foolish to try and trick him. As such, he found that... a certain vibe was entertaining to the ladies, so he'd intrigue them all with the mysterious behavior and then become a nice ladies man once they got acquainted, at least that was the general routine. By 17, he had quite the reputation as a proper trickster, but also a genius, getting significantly high grades and proper education. Though he tried, basketball wasn't for him anymore and he ended up experimenting with baseball, a typical American sport, a great one, at least Danny thought as such. As his general education was soon to come to a close, Daniel and his parents started to discuss what his (and therefore their) move should be. It took time to agree, but the general consensus was to go to the one and only University of Belgrade. A college where Daniel might be tested and have some sort of proper education for a proper job in the fairly distant future. At least, that was the agreed upon plan, only fate would show and provide what would truly happen, after all. At the glorious and infamous age of 18, Daniel was done with high school. It was done. He was done. Now, he was off to bigger and better things. With the next thing obvious, his next so-called mission was college. And so it went. Daniel moved to Belgrade to go to college, because unsurprisingly he did get into the famous Ivy League college through sheer tenacity and hardheadedness.

After a full semester in college, Danny had to admit he was challenged by the college and it's well-made academic institution. He had made a fair number of friends, even having the occasional romantic relationship once or twice, but with both being short-term, Danny didn't find much success in that area, at least. Now, as for the rest, he wasn't a fucking genius but he wasn't half bad either, that much was clear by his grades. Most of his professors were pleasantly pleased, as was he. Frankly, while not the greatest student, his tenacity and impulses and instinct brought him this far and he had no intention of stopping now. As his parents were also pleased, he tried to visit them as frequently as possible, which thankfully wasn't too difficult. Just as he was supposed to start the next semester, the worst possible thing happened. Europe had gone to war, with Germany at the center of it, as it was only a decade earlier. Daniel, was truthfully, horrified and disgusted by the notions that the Nazis and

the so-called Axis were attempting to violently apply to the world. Though he believed soon enough that Yugoslavia would be forced to intervene in the upcoming tragedy. As such, he kept reading up on the events and misadventures of the Nazi regime of the so-called Fuhrer Adolf Hitler. It wouldn't take long until he and many other good souls would need to go off and fight in this war of possibly global proportions. And so it was, as Yugoslavia went into war, Daniel enlisted into the Partisans, at least temporarily ignoring his education for the betterment of the world (at least in his eyes, that is). He was scared, but he was also confident in himself and his fellow soldiers that they'd survive.

As weeks turned into months, the war seemed eternal to Daniel, a battle which would last an eternity. Thankfully, there had been some victories for the Allies, almost as much as their losses... almost, that is. Daniel had the luck of not being injured as of yet. However, he was soon to be shipped for the next event which would've been known as Operation Bolero, a build-up of United States and Allied forces in preparation for any Allied reinforcements and forces to come later on. Though it was successful in general, there was a small catch. A poor soldier who had been shot in the leg whilst saving a nominal amount of his platoon. Daniel Krazinski risked his life to get 10-15 people to safety for a tactical retreat, in turn being captured by Nazi German forces and almost becoming a POW. If it hadn't been for his damaged leg, he would've been hauled into a concentration camp where he'd live out all his days. Instead, he was grabbed off by a group of Nazi soldiers who decided to torture the young Daniel before pawing him off as a POW or killing him. But no... his courageous feat and effectively defeat was seen by someone... or rather... something. The Germans had had cases of soldiers disappearing among the forests and such. Most believed it was desertion at first, until they found dozens of bodies, dead for days. The beast or... even worse... person that killed these poor men was never found and would always stop killing for a rather significant while. That same being, at the most silent part of night, had infiltrated the (to Danny's eyes) dark dungeon that Daniel had found himself in. Being tied to a bed in a closed room, all he could hear were gunshots, screams and the sound of bones breaking and then... a silence. A silence that almost felt infinite. And then, the opening of his door... locked... it was locked. As such, the door was kicked down with a single kick, no small feat, in Daniel's eyes at least. And then... a mysterious figure... just one. No guns on him, no grenades or soldiers behind him. Just one... man? Daniel was confused, scared and relieved all at the same time. Begging him to help him get out of here, Daniel quickly understood that whoever this was, didn't understand English, he was French. He didn't understand the language as much as he'd like, but he did understand his name. Renée. The rest was gibberish to him, but his name was Renée Dupont, that much he could figure out, thankfully. Though he would've preferred to be able to understand him more, he simply couldn't. For a short moment, the good sir that was his savior left the room, bringing a bloodied German soldier, who was alive, though not conscious, into the room. Then, he attempted to tell Daniel something, sighing at the lack of understanding due to the language barrier. Then, he pointed at his teeth as rather suddenly, fucking fangs appeared, frightening Daniel as he somewhat understood what was happening. Not being able to help it, he yelled "DRACULA!". The "vampire" seemingly knows the name and is at least mildly pissed off. And then... then it happened. The crazy "vampire" grabbed the young man and bit his neck. The feeling he felt... It was nothing short of incredible. It didn't last long, but for a moment he felt... complete. Like he'd been made complete by the bite of this... vampire. For a short moment, Danny had forgotten his fears and troubles. He just felt... calmness. And then... nothing. Sheer nothingness. He felt... empty... he felt like he was dying. The last thing he could see before

closing his eyes was Renée biting himself, letting his blood drop. Then he opened Daniel's mouth as some of his disgusting blood entered his mouth. But… but the blood wasn't disgusting. It was… amazing. He felt even better than from the Kiss only moments before. He felt rejuvenated. Like a demigod, even. He felt amazing, to every degree. Almost immediately, the wound in his leg healed and he… he could walk. But then… such an immense feeling of hunger. He felt prepared to throw around everything and eat himself if he had to. He was so hungry. And then… Renée pointed to the sole surviving Nazi soldier of the group that captured Daniel. With such ferocity and pure beastial energy, Daniel jumped at the German at speed she couldn't even comprehend and then, he did the same thing Renée did, biting him and literally sucking the blood out of him, so naturally as well, even though Daniel had no idea what he was doing or why he was doing. It just felt… right… no matter how wrong it was. The ecstasy… the euphoria. It was nothing like Daniel ever experienced then. He had smoked and drank prior to this, but it was nothing like this. This was pure ecstasy. He savored every bit of the… blood. He knew it was disgusting, but it did not feel as such, at least not to Daniel. Not right now. And then… Renée magically could speak English. It would seem the monster had been pretending to not know English in hopes of needing to explain things as little as possible in hopes of not hurting Daniel, but now that the process was possible, he had done everything he needed. As such, he smirked and explained to Daniel what he was, what Renée made Danny be, why he did it and who he works with and why. He explained it all. It was… horrifying and amazing at the same time. Danny couldn't find himself believing everything the man told him. It was… beyond anything Daniel ever imagined. Vampires, Werewolves, Magic, Fairies… it all existed… but it was far darker than the child stories he knew about such things. They were living (or more commonly unliving) beings capable of feats far more powerful than humans. But they were still… human. More or less, at least that's how Renée described it to Daniel. Explaining to him that the Nazis would've killed him for what he had done, was the only true way to save him, though the cost would be major. Renée explained that his sacrifice was honorable and brave, and he deserved unlife, though the cost would've been that he was now a vampire, a predator of the night and, as far as the human world should know… dead. Fully dead, at that. Though a sad and difficult thing for Daniel to understand and accept that he was supposed to adapt to something like this… it was so… different, to say the least.

And so, the beginning of Daniel Krazinski, the new vampire, also known as Cainites or Kindred, had begun and he was now a part of a whole different world. A world of darkness and shadows. Supposedly a member of the clan Ravnos, his "Sire" Renée stood by with Danny for a couple of weeks and months, tutoring Daniel in the ways of Ravnos and the Vampire, explaining their weaknesses and their plethora of strengths, they were numerous after all. He even learned some fascinating new techniques that are known as Disciplines in Kindred society. Enhancing his speed, strength and endurance to degrees Daniel thought genuinely impossible. Unfortunately, at certain things, Renée and Daniel seemed to disagree. Be it killing innocent (or what Daniel deemed innocent at least, though that was quite subjective, with Daniel's humanity still relatively intact), who deserved punishment, and what was the difference between murder and killing those who deserved it. It got to the point that a relatively major impact between the two ripped the relationship between the two apart, although they still respected each other. As they went their separate ways, coincidentally, the war was at an end, with the Allies being the seeming victors. As such, Daniel used the opportunity to move to the United Kingdom, a land where he might find some peace as a Kindred as well as some

fellow Vampires. And so it was. He joined up with the Vampiric society in Birmingham, a fairly sprawling and large city, with more than a modest amount of crime as well. He attempted his best to be a sort of vigilante/crime-fighter so as to provide some semblance of justice in his current Cursed form. However as months turned into years, and the official third year of Daniel being a vampire was coming, Daniel realized that the world of Crime and World of Vampires was far more connected than he'd prefer, as such, he had little wish to socialize with other Vampires, as a significant amount of them would be criminals either after or during their mortals lives, and stayed that way as Cainites. As such, Daniel found more fun socializing with the nightlife and clubbing people as the war came to a close. Due to the fact that the war was over and the Allies were victorious, morale was very high, and as such the nightlife of Birmingham was quite, quite vivid and energetic, so Daniel was so rarely bored during the nights. He had groups of humans he could party with and a steady amount of humans to feed upon. Life was good. Night after night, Daniel was living the best life a Vampire could, keeping the Beast away and keeping himself true to his own Humanity. As such, he had no reason to use his Vampiric powers too much, thus not using up much of his blood, so even then, his hunger was still an issue, but not a total crisis, which kept Daniel motivated to try and keep his life like that. Attempting to educate himself as much as he could, with going to night school in various subjects he found himself interested in, he kept up to date and that was his plan. Party, fuck, learn, feed and sleep. More or less in that order. And he was content with that kind of life… for a long while, he would be.

It was after his 28th birthday that Daniel understood that he would age no more, resembling himself perfectly as he was prior to being Embraced. His body would stay the same for all eternity, or almost eternity, at least. By the time he'd been in Birmingham by now, he'd gain a modicum of respect by the other groups of Kindred and Cainites in the city, as he'd shown to be quite charismatic and (at least in his eyes) interesting, and as such his influence ever so slowly grew as he'd make a friend out of just about any friendly Kindred out there. As for sect relations, he couldn't truthfully identify with any of the sects, all of them seeming far too extreme for his tastes, though he ended up identifying the most with the Camarilla of Birmingham. Even then, Anarch Kindred didn't ignore him nor disrespect him, he just wasn't particularly invested in that social circle, is all. Though he had his fair share of issues with some Kindred, more often than not he'd be able to calm down any bad blood before it'd be regretted by both sides. However, one particular night a pack of 4 or so Sabbat members bumped into the Birmingham Elysium, jacked up on whatever the Sword of Cain does in their weird ass rituals and tried to both literally and figuratively burn the place down. It was thanks to Daniel and a group of another few Kindred that the Sabbat were taken care of. Almost losing his unlife, Daniel showed two things. One of which was that his skills from the military had not dispersed, at all. The second being that he was one crazy motherfucker. And that was certainly true… few things scared him, except fire, spiders and women. Everything else, he could handle. Everything else was quite literally very manageable.

As time went on, he would explore the United Kingdom, ending up in Manchester, the Brujah-controlled princedom, connected with Liverpool. That was undoubtedly the place where he got his smooth and sly humor, living with such a major amount of Brujah, warriors in their own rights, but also a somewhat charismatic bunch, they lacked the political issues London was riddled with, and as such, Daniel had no intention of going to London, as Ventrue, Tremere, Sabbat and Anarchs have been fighting over it for literal decades. While Birmingham was quite a peaceful place, tightly organized by

the Prince and his Primogen, Liverpool and Manchester were total opposites, being fairly brutal. It wouldn't be rare for Daniel's unlife to be questioned on a monthly basis by some attacks from Kindred in some form. There, he learned of a coterie of Gangrel that had somehow been able to make somewhat peace with the Garou, better known to Danny as the Werewolves of legend. Of course, if vampires exist, why wouldn't werewolves, that should have been obvious to Daniel immediately. It was, by all means, an interesting few years living in Liverpool as the society, both Kindred and not, were different than that of Birmingham, where he had spent a significant amount of time living. Even then, he had a blast here, with him learning quite a bit of information, something about the brutality of the Brujah and that they weren't always anarchist brutalists, but were scholars and intellectuals,and a lot about Kindred society as a whole, what the Sabbat, Anarchs, Camarilla all actually were, some minor part of the legend of Caine, and the Antediluvians and what-not. It certainly was… interesting, to say the least. If life was a book, unlife would be the fucking Bible, considering how expansive it was. Truly, though there were many flaws with it, there were also some good. Not much, but some nonetheless.

His next stop after Liverpool and Manchester? It was undoubtedly York. Boy, York was the greatest of all the places he had moved to up to that point. The Yorkshire territory was beautiful, with such harmony between the Ventrue prince and his primogen, and effectively all of the clans would be able to coexist together. It was certainly something. Hell, everyone was able to settle their differences there and live a quiet life, or at least the Kindred equivalent. Their lives were never quiet, but here, it had a facsimile of it. It was genuinely one of the places where unlife could truly thrive the same way life does. Daniel spent a better part of 3 years in York and the subsequent area, raising his influence, though he cared little for it. His interest was a place to settle, at least until he got bored. Such was the way of Ravnos, he quickly understood. They always… always moved. Much like the Roma they seemingly followed at a time long ago, they would traverse the Earth for as long as they could, never finding any true place for them. Perhaps that was the curse of every Kindred. The inability to find somewhere to stay for eternity. Either way, Danny was many things, but he wasn't a thinker. He was a talker. A rather good one at that, if we were to be honest with each other. York was a good place for Daniel, he spent a long while there and he gained experience and knowledge from the Kindred society there, learning that despite how antisocial some Kindred are, they can still all live socially and in harmony.

Next up on the road? Daniel's biggest decision to date. Daniel was going across the pond. Well, to the United States at least. . He was, by mortal standards at least, 39 now. His parents had to be in their sixties or something. Either way, no matter how much he wanted to meet them, he couldn't truthfully identify himself to them, not like this. It would destroy the Masquerade, a quite sacred part of Kindred society. As such, Daniel's next stop was the place he swore to go at least once in his life. Los Angeles, the city, apparently somewhat of a sanctuary for Anarchs during this time, considered to be an Anarch Free state in America, a term that was new to Daniel, but it was suggested by some of the Kindred he had met on the road. So, in 1959, Daniel packed his bags and set a course to California, where he'd remain for quite a while. Despite being quite chaotic to find his place in between the coteries that called themselves gangs and skeleton crews of the Sabbat, it was difficult for the first few months, but luckily, Daniel prevailed somehow, staying low long enough for all of the dust to settle and officially be

a citizen of LA, by Kindred society, that is. Now, he was free to do everything. With all of his knowledge, expertise and stories even Gangrel were stumped regarding stories to tell to beat him. A person who had seen just about all Kindred society had to offer. The Good, the Bad, the Ugly, the Stupid and the Weird. He'd been a witness to it all. As such, he fit in as a young veteran in the ranks of LA Kindred, as well as a general Veteran Indie Kindred, something he'd been for over a decade now.

By age 42, he had been in LA for quite a while. While there, he had learned to gain a slightly more effective approach to combat. He wasn't a fighter by any means. He was quick, sure but he wasn't that good with a gun or something. He was a Ravnos. He was supposed to be good at 3 things. Running, hiding and tricking people. And goddamn was he good at them. Advancing himself in Chimerstry, a magical way Ravnos could create illusions, Daniel didn't have to be confrontational to end confrontations. His favorite move? Creating fire and terrifying Kindred that weren't aware it was an illusion, and playing it off as Thaumaturgy. With that settled, he had few times to run and hide, with both his silver tongue and his hands doing the work for him. He made quite the Kindred of himself, handling trouble in most forms. He even learned how to not scare off animals, something most Kindred had trouble with. He could communicate with their inner Beasts, and a connection could be formed between the Beasts. Truly, an interesting talent, but nonetheless a weird one. But none of those skills would've prepared for the stupid mission he signed up for. The outskirts of LA were being terrorized by the Garou, known enemies of the Kindred, and unlike the Gangrel of the UK he met in Liverpool, the Garou here did not accept any sort of peace between the two races, considering Kindred monstrosities, which Danny kinda had to agree they were, at least in some form, they all were. A group of brave 30 or so Kindred, Daniel being one of them, had been selected by the Prince of LA to attempt and exterminate the pack of Garou attacking the Urban Kingdom of the Cainites. It was a bloodshed, by all means. The Garou mercilessly tore down the bodies of a bunch of Kindred, and on the other hand, the Kindred gunned down every Lupine motherfucker they could see, both of out fear and rage, two quite nasty emotions. Along with a group of two 7th generation Kindred, Daniel and them successfully took down a juvenile Garou, or at least the equivalent of a juvenile, Daniel neither knew or cared about their aging process. Though the lives of many were lost, the Kindred proved resilient, taking down 5 werewolves one by one, with the multitude of numbers they had, successfully protecting their home.

By the year 1965, Daniel had enjoyed the quiet life in Hollywood. He partied every day. It was just the rise of westerns and the likes, so Hollywood as a whole started to boom into the film industry. Far more than it had prior to then. As for his dating life, a young Brujah Kindred by the name of Angelica Grey had entered a relationship with the Kindred, a pretty solid one. Both attempted not to start a blood bond with the other, as it would be more trouble than to just be cautious and being honest love was frankly more interesting, the relationship was iffy from the start and soon plummeted. No matter, Daniel still had quite the booming love life with mortals, having a one-night stand every week or so, truly, if he was a billionaire, he'd fully sell the whole playboy act. Unfortunately, he didn't have a billion bucks, but he sure was persuasive, that was for sure. Living in the streets of Los Angeles at times like these was certainly fun. From TV, Gangs (both Kindred and not) and the women, Daniel had a whole lot of fun in California as of now. Getting a quick buck here and there, socializing with the hot shots of every barony, he was content with what his life, or should I say unlife, had to offer for him here. It was

paradise… sort of. As far as paradise exist for immortal blood drinkers, Daniel thought to himself.

1969, Danny had been a resident of LA's streets for quite a while now, harnessing quite a substantial amount of popularity with his Anarchs. If anything, they liked him for his Charisma and his sheer stubbornness in a fight, prepared to fight over just about anything. The Werewolf tooth around his neck seemed to support that claim quite, quite well. Using his brains more than his brawn, thankfully, though Los Angeles taught him that sometimes fists speak louder than words, he truly did make a place for himself here, that was clear. As the years went on, he still kept around California. Even into a new decade, the glorious 1970's, he still kept in the same area, something he hadn't done yet since his Embrace. Staying in one place, while being immortal seemed counter-intuitive to him. It almost felt wrong. Maybe not wrong, but odd. As such, in 1971, he set his sights for the lovely state of Nevada, where he'd get quite the nasty vice. In Las fucking Vegas, Danny lived the good life, like a proper playboy. In a city that was only truly alive in the night, both Kindred and mortals would have a gigantic blast, that much was clear. And such was the case with Danny. The casinos provided infinite fun for Daniel. From gambling, women, fights, discussions, drugs… Everything was a blast. He had spent so many years, drugs and downright lethal fights seemed like candy and play-fighting to him, at this point. He himself wasn't the biggest fan or either, but he had accepted that it was a somewhat normal part of the world now, nothing alike when he was still young, in spirit.

1972-1975, quite the time for Danny. Vegas was still the place for him, with gambling seemingly something he was talented in… or Lady Luck had a crush on him. Knowing himself, the latter was probably true, not the former. Or at least that was what he liked to believe, the young Ravnos. Even though youth was subjective to someone who was effectively immortal, Danny thought to himself. He'd always stay this young, now how much that would impact his health Danny was not certain. How could he be certain in anything. Everything was different. The world was different. He was different. All of it. None of it made sense, in all honesty. Very little of it did, and the times it did were short and far between each. No matter any of that, it was a fact that he could not think about such things now. All he could do was feed and have fun. Whole lot of fun! That Daniel didn't have any problems with, he seemingly never did. Sleeping, drinking, feeding and fucking his way through night through night, that the best way Danny knew to live right now, or should he say not live? Whichever the case, Danny had started to make a name for himself in Vegas as well. The daring Ravnos with no allies, and hundreds of friends. Such was the legacy of this young Kindred. It was a damn good one, too. Although, that was, once again, in Danny's eyes, at least. After all, feeding on the blood of innocent victims isn't exactly the most luxurious behavior.

1976-1979, we are getting into the Modern Age no, eh? With the Cold War at an end, politically, the world was at peace. In the real world, though? It was just starting to heat up. Anarchs, Camarilla, Sabbat. Everyone was constantly fighting, killing, destroying each other over the stupidest time. It was at this time that Daniel had decided to remove himself from the ranks of any Sect, deciding to go at it alone with his Ravnos brethren might've been smarter, if not also safer. Though a shame, it didn't change much for his typical routine. He still slept, fucked, fed, and slept again. In that order, as well. That was roughly the best way it worked for him, at least in his head, that is. As such, he had quite some fun, bringing a girl… or someone else into his bed and showing them the door with them all

flustered. Such was the way he lived. If he wasn't in bed, he was in the casinos betting hard and good. If he had learned anything, it had been how to properly gamble. At the cost of that, there was also the fact that he started becoming addicted to the energy he would receive from gambling, resembling that of feeding off of someone, at least somewhat to him. Poker sure was more exciting when it felt like your unlife depended on it. Daniel Jones truly was happy with that life, no matter how cruel, difficult and confusing it might have been at certain times. As a 54-year old in a 24 year old's body, Daniel had more experience in certain things than most. It was also at that time he decided to convert to the Camarilla, who surprisingly accepted him with open arms seeing as he was quite famous.

And finally, in the last decade he has moved to Baltimore, a smaller city than what he usually considers acceptable, but nonetheless a place with a heavy Kindred influence.

Revision #17
Created 26 June 2022 16:00:37 by Daniel
Updated 19 May 2025 21:43:58 by Pooka