

Gustave

Overview

Overview



Gustave — just Gustave — claims to have been shat out of a whore on a cobbled back alley street in gay old Paris. From there he says that he clawed his way out of poverty, fighting addiction, pimps and ruffians along the way, until he found his true calling: music.

Gustave is the drummer for Riot Squad.

Basics

Basics

Name

Gustave

Player

Pooka

Chronicle

Baltimore After Dark

Nature
Anarchist
Demeanor
Creep Show
Concept
Beauty turned the Beast
Clan
Nosferatu
Generation
12th
Sire
Asshole

Attributes

Attributes

Physical
p
Strength
Vicious
11110
Dexterity

11100
Stamina

11100
Social
T
Charisma

11000
Manipulation

11100
Appearance

00000
Mental

S
Perception

11100
Intelligence

11100
Wits

11100

Abilities

Abilities

Talents
p
Alertness

11000
Athletics

00000
Awareness

10000
Brawl
Dirty Fighting
11110
Empathy

10000
Expression

00000
Intimidation

11100
Leadership

00000
Streetwise

10000
Subterfuge

10000

00000
Skills
s
Animal Ken

00000
Crafts

10000
Drive

10000
Etiquette

00000
Firearms

00000
Larceny

10000
Melee

10000
Performance
Drums

11110
Stealth

11000
Survival

00000

00000
Knowledge
t
Academics

00000
Computers

00000
Finance

10000
Investigation

00000
Law

00000
Medicine

00000
Occult

10000
Politics

10000
Science

00000
Technology

00000
Astrology

11000

Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines
Animalism*

10000
Obfuscate*

11100
Potence*

11000

00000

00000

00000
Backgrounds
Generation
12th
10000
Fame

10000
Resources

11100
Retainer
Ghoul: Rémi (Rat)
10000

00000

00000
Virtues
Conscience

11000

Self-Control

11110
Courage

11111

Humanity/Path
11111 10000
Path
Humanity
Bearing

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

Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit
Type
Cost

Languages: French, English, Japanese

Flaw
Type
Bonus
Uncommon Vitae Preference
Specific
2pt

Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual
Level

Path

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total

15 XP

Spent

13 XP

Notes

FREEBIES (15 + 2 Flaws)

7 - Potence 0→1
7 - Animalism 0→1
2 - Courage 4→5
1 - Willpower 5→6

EXPERIENCE

8 - Intelligence 2→3
5 - Potence 1→2

Derangements

Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies

Contacts

Fame

Gustave is the drummer for Riot Squad.

Herd

Influence

Mentor

Resources

Apart from the... modest... amount of money he makes as part of Riot Squad, Gustave was smart enough to squirrel away and invest some of his sugar daddy money from when he was a mortal, giving him a comfortable lifestyle.

Retainers

Ghoul: Rémi (Rat; Ghouls and Revnants pg. 175)

Attributes: Strength 1, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2, Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Abilities: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Stealth 3

Disciplines: Celerity 1

Willpower: 3

Health Levels: OK, -1, -5, Inc.

Armor Rating: 0 (1 soak dice total)

Attack: Bite for 1 die

Blood Pool: 2 Max (1/4 Maintenance)

Status

Other

Uncommon Vitae Preference: Gustave can only feed from 'pretty' men (Appearance 3+).

Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)

Feeding Grounds

Havens

Equipment (Owned)

Drum kit

Vehicles

Other

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To

Rating

Bound To
Rating

Description

Description

Age
38
Apparent Age
20
D.O.B.
1986
R.I.P.
2006
Hair
White
Eyes
Glowing Amethyst
Race
Deathly Pale
Nationality
Canadian
Height
5'10"



A skeletal frame

covered in too-pale, desiccated skin. He lost the tip of his nose somewhere, after a party he thinks, but cannot really remember. Amethyst eyes that almost seem to glow, and stringy white hair. He looks

like he wears too much eye shadow, but they are unnaturally just that way. Sometimes he cuts marks into his skin and rubs black ink into the wounds until they heal the next night; sometimes he pieces random parts of his body just for fun. His tongue is overly long, easily three times the length of a normal person's.

History

History

If you ask him, Gustave will tell you he was born in Paris, or Bordeaux, or Nice. He will back up his statements with a propensity to speak exclusively in French, a penchant for fruity smelling Parisian cigarettes, and an asshole attitude worthy of the snootiest of waiters in from the City of Lights. About the only thing remotely true about any of this is that he is French, well, French Canadian. He was born in Montreal; he was a beautiful baby and he grew into a stunning young man.

Gustave was vain, ambitious, selfish. He fancied himself an actor, or a dancer, or a celebrity with no discernible talent. He made his way to New York the moment he turned eighteen and never looked back. He got work, and if being introduced to the casting couch got him parts, so be it. He wasn't a proud person. But he was an asshole. A vain one at that. And judgemental.

One night he was out clubbing and a nice guy approached him. Nice, but unattractive. Oh he wasn't a troll or anything, but certainly not up to Gustave's standards. He didn't just turn the man down, he humiliated him. The fuckboys and the glittertwinks all laughed. Gustave smiled smugly as the nice guy slinked off. But there was one person who did not join in on the reverie.

A monster had been lurking in the club that night, a monster who took umbrage with how the pretty boy named Gustave treated the nice guy. The monster followed Gustave home and decided that the young man who was beautiful on the outside, was ugly as sin on the inside, deserved to be punished. He embraced Gustave that night.

Gustave's sire stayed with him long enough to explain his fate, all while his undead body twisted and contorted itself. He was transformed into a hideous creature, all that ugliness inside of him manifest outwardly. His sire left not too long after - oh he showed Gustave the basics, laughing at him through it all. He was then left alone.

Gustave contemplated walking into daylight on more than one occasion during this time. For some reason he didn't. He eventually found a place to vent his frustrations pounding drums for an Anarch band called Riot Squad. It remains to be seen if he is an Anarch at heart, or just a selfish prick.