

Amir Mansour

Your name is Amir Mansour, and you've been a vampire for over twenty years. The son of a wealthy Paris family, your route into a wealthy elite always seemed a done deal, something you never had to question. You studied, fucked around, had the kind of fun a young wealthy person can have, and caught the attention of a vampire who wanted to Embrace someone who fit the right social profile and was young enough to stay pretty through the ages. Since then, you followed your sire to Berlin in 1993.

Your life has been remade, but one constant remains: Your family has kept you in a cocoon. Yet now the blood in your veins sings for violent release and you know the story the Camarilla told you is not all there is to being a vampire. You wanted to see the brutalities the city has to offer beyond the polite environs of the Elysium. There's something more, something meaningful out there. You have carried on an unlife of privilege and power for as long as you have been inside the Camarilla. You have been pretty low on the Cam-ladder, but it's a lot better than being a fucking anarch and have no rights to power, no rights to feed and no control of your future. You have kicked downwards and licked ass upwards for most of your undead existence.

Your darkest secret is that even though you revel in your freedom and power as one of the lords of the night, you are a slave. A few years or decades ago you met a homeless, powerless kindred hunting the clubs of Friedrichsheim - André - he was a dirty disgusting bottom-feeder but there was something about him. The way he didn't give a shit. The way he never changed. The way his vitae (blood) spoke to you. When he offered you a sip you were too curious to say no. The second time you gorged yourself on the sweetest, most intoxicating blood you've ever tasted. The third you almost attacked him to get to the blood. Over the last years you have fed from André at least once a year. This means you are blood-bonded to him. It's an obsession. Like a really bad love-affair (and sometimes you think that is what it is) that refuses to end. You can't hurt André or leave him to die. You want to keep him for yourself and you're prone to attacks of mad jealousy. If someone else knew you were bound to the filthy old Malkavian Primogen your position would be compromised and you would be shamed. Try to keep your secret, but when push comes to shove helping your Regent is more important than saving face.

You know that André usually resides at the Golden Gate Club and that he has a panic room in the cellar and that the password is 1493.

Coterie: You do know that Bruno is still bonded to Andre and convinced the Coterie to keep Andre from him.

You do know that Amelina is an Anchillae and one of the princes (Wilhelm Waldburg) childer and thus Ventrue. You do as well know that she sired Nicholas.

Being part of „Die Penner“ hasn't been bad to you. It did offer a chance for status, influence and power. On top Amelina didn't perceive you as a threat and rather appeared to be helpful towards your eventual ascension to Ancillae. Even though you are really wary of her apparent lack of humanity.

The worst thing you did to an Anarch: You made Kenny Bohler your personal slave for a decade (oh the early 00's). You told him it was an infraction of the Tradition of Domain. He made his Haven in a neighborhood that belonged to „Die Penner“. Maybe it was true, maybe not. How would he know?

You graciously let Kenny live if he agreed to serve you for a year. You did and enjoyed it, as you retaliated on him for the chains your Sire had set upon you previously.

It was the most degrading year of Kennys life. You do know the new haven Kenny has, mostly because you told him were he has to be as a finishing touch to Kennys servitude.

Blood: You are a Toreador, childe to Antoinette Kellmann a cineast of renown.

Your sire had you close by her side for 20 years, than she grew distant and released you from her direct grasp, you haven't seen her for at least 2 years.

You sired Bruno. Who, at the time you found him, looked like an energetic, creative and well connected clubber. Offering the bite has proven to be a mistake, Bruno appeared to have lost his creative verve, had trouble controlling his impulses and proved to be an embarrassment within the Toreador who considered him less than a poseur.

Bruno: You have had the idea to convince André to blood bond Bruno to create a common thing (addiction) that could repair the relationship between you and your childe. It went backfired hard. Bruno got jealous and even more erratic, more impulsive. You decided to break Brunos bond by asking Amelina to set him on a cold turkey, denying Bruno Andrés blood, she agreed.

Motive: You feel truly, deeply in love with André and wouldn't leave him alone if you had to die for it. Next to André your priorities are with yourself and your survival. Though the coterie has been useful so far.

Mortal Identity: Amir Mansour, night nurse at the „Ästhetic Berlin“. You're next shift is tomorrow. You do the most basic aspects of the nurse job in medical terms and are rather responsible for desk work.

Cover Identities: Aydin Baram, a Turkish surgeon practicing in Tiergarten. Complete with papers and documents. Bruno helped you to the identity with some shady contacts of his.

Bashir Mahmoud, a Syrian refugee. Completed with papers and documents. Amelina helped you to the papers via her influence over a refugee home. Given the fact that you know that the Camarilla, including your Sire, has links to Pegida and Amelina isn't the most human of kindred it did raise some concerns, yet the cover is something handy.

Hunting Ground: „Ästhetic Berlin“ where you have access to blood-and-fat refuse from liposuction. It's a resort in times of need where you just couldn't find a decent victim and a somewhat embarrassing kind of feeding. Like most kindred would prefer rats to this kind of blood.

Haven: You've got an employee quarter nearby. It is small, yet has a solid cellar, is nicely furnished and is safe.

Camarilla Cities: Paris is held by Prince Villon and has a strong Ashirra presence. Thanks to your previous presence and your Sire Antoinette you are reasonably sure that you would gain acceptance. Yet the Paris court has grown as xenophobic and elitist that your coterie members might be killed on sight, unless they have something valuable to offer to the prince or the Ashirra. According to your knowledge London has fallen.

Camarilla Ties: You are aware of the main Elysium at the club „Raumklang“. Which is a place well known among the kindred of Berlin, Camarilla as well as Anarchs.

You do as well know that the Toreador got a somewhat secret backup elysium (to organize, be undisturbed, in case of emergencies) called „minimal Bar“ roughly six blocks from „Raumklang“ to the North.

You've got the phone address of your Sire and you are aware of her last haven (a lavishly renovated Altbau near the minimal Bar).