

Denver Sinclair

Name: Denver Sinclair

Age: 145

Apparent Age: 30 something

Birthday: July 4, 1860

Place: Atlanta, Georgia

Embrace: August 13, 1894

Sire: Lady Yang Zi, Blood Bound

Clan: Ventrue

Generation: 9

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Survivor

Profession: Drug smuggler, con man, scoundrel and gambler.

Appearance: 6'1", brown hair, blue eyes

Personality: A mixture of Mal from Firefly and Sawyer from Lost. Charming as all hell, pretty, but shouldn't be trusted. He's on no side, but his own.

Lifestyle: It all depends on whether he's made the "big score" or not before the start of any game. His resources vary between 1 and 4, depending on a dice roll. He might make a big deal, and then lose the money gambling. He is blood bound to his sire, owns a small tea house where his herd works. He lives below the tea house when he's broke and nice hotels when he's not.

Feeding Restriction: Having been embraced in SF Chinatown, Denver is restricted to the blood of Asian people.



History:

I was born on the 4th of July a year before the War Between the States on my daddy's plantation. I don't recall much of life before the war came to us. I know from my mother's stories that my daddy went off to war, and never did come back. We lost everything over the stretch of the war, our land, our money and everything else of value that the Sinclair's ever had. My grandparents passed away from sickness and starvation forcing my momma to take what she could, and leave the South. With me bundled up in what little she had left, she found her way across the country to San Francisco where she hoped to make a new life for herself. Apparently my daddy had a brother there who had offered to take care of us.

It wasn't until we arrived in San Francisco, and I'd gotten older before I found out why Uncle Justin wasn't marrying my momma. He'd been thrown out of the family for falling in love with one of the slaves on the plantation, and had taken her and as much money as he could to cross country. He and his mistress ran a gambling house and brothel in the city. My momma was forced to work for them. At first she did laundry and other menial tasks, but when that didn't make enough money to shelter us both, she turned to selling her body in my uncle bordello.

So there I was, born with a silver spoon in my mouth, and turning to a life of crime and corruption to try to make a better life for myself and my momma. I started working for my

uncle as soon as I was old enough to run messages through the city; I mingled with all the rest of the lowlife and underworld like a natural born street rat. I learned to speak Chinese and Spanish to talk to the immigrants that worked in the city. My mother died of consumption when I was 14, so I decided to take a job on a clipper ship where I learned the fine art of the smuggler bringing opium, guns, illegal immigrants, and whatever brought in the gold back and forth across the pacific between Hong Kong and San Francisco.



By the time I was 24, I'd earned enough money to finance my own ship. My Uncle allowed me to buy one of his. It wasn't to help me; it was to make sure I was beholden to him for even more money. I just could never get enough gold to pay off my loan or my mother's debts. I knew what my uncle did to people who crossed him. I'd broken a few legs to get his point across to debtors myself, so knew I'd have to be very sneaky to escape his clutches or kill the bastard and his sons.

I began a secret operation of my own. Taking a cut of the opium from my uncle's cargos, and selling it to the dens in Chinatown, by that time the US had outlawed opium smoking, but only the whites paid attention. There was still plenty of money to be made by selling to the Chinese. With my connections, I was able to get a portion of opium on every run my ship, the Black Orchid, made, no matter what official cargo my uncle thought I was carrying. I joined a cartel run by an incredibly beautiful Chinese girl named, Yang Zi.

Lady Zi ran a nice place. I was surprised how nice it was considering she didn't have a man to help her handle things, just lots of big china men who would rather break you in two as look at you. As beautiful as she was, I knew her type. She was as heartless as my uncle, and twice as mean if you crossed her. I took a liking to her, and she took one to me. For awhile there, I was making money hand over fist with her; we even managed to run a few deals that got rid of a big chunk of my debt.

I was finally rid of the ties to my uncle just about the time the old bastard got himself killed in his own parlor. I've always had a feeling that his mistress' son did it, since he wasn't treated much better than I was as compared to his wife's actual children. Travis got a raw deal, and if he's the one that killed Uncle Justin, who can blame him. My cousin's Pete and Albert never got a chance to dig their claws into me, and for that I'm damned thankful to Travis. Shame they hung him for it though.

I was thinking my ship had finally come in. I was going to be able to do a few more runs, then marry my girl, and live happily ever after. I was going to take Emma, and we were going to head up North to Seattle. Open a



nice restaurant or hotel where we could grow old together. Problem is that never did happen.

As always, my luck went bad. First there was a storm, and I lost the Orchid at sea. Lady Zi was all sweetness and light until she found out that I'd lost over a ton of high grade British opium, to say nothing of some special statue that she had me transporting from Hong Kong for her. I still get chills when I think of her dragging those long, sharp nails down my cheek, so sharp that I was bleeding without even feeling the cuts. She purred at me, and told me I had a week to pay her back, or she'd be taking out my debt in my blood.

Tried going to my cousins, but since I'd spoken at Travis' trial they told me I was a traitor to the family. I broke into their mansion one night, stole some silver, but I just couldn't get a winning hand. When I tried hopping a steamer to Alaska, figuring I'd just disappear with the rest of the garbage looking to get rich, Lady Zi's boys caught me, and dragged me back to her. That's when I found out that she literally meant that I'd be paying her in my blood. She had them tie me to her bed, and had her way with me. Wasn't so bad at first, but then I felt her teeth tear into my throat. But in the end I suppose there are worse things than dying between the legs of beautiful woman like Lady Zi.



There's waking up hungry and lost, wandering the streets of Chinatown until you manage to grab some whore, and drink your fill of her rich, hot blood. There's racing back to your apartment to find that scare your girl so bad that she takes off running, and before you can catch her she's been broken so badly beneath the wheels of some Nob Hill banker's carriage that all you can recognize is the color of her hair and the smell of her soap.

I lost everything when I lost my ship. I belonged to Lady Zi now. I still do. She takes a cut of everything I do. She liked my idea of moving North, and brought her operation to Seattle after opium because illegal. We started to move other drugs then, weapons and illegals into the country, just like we were before only now I was trapped on land. Can't exactly captain a ship if you're stuck below deck all day, now can you?

She cuts me some slack now and again. Only makes me take blood from her a couple of times a month, and says I'm closer to working off my marker. Someday I'll be free. I just have to make one big score, and that should be enough.



Lady Yang Zi, Ventrue, 9th Generation: born 1650 in Hong Kong. Was embraced by a Portuguese Ventrue, and taken to America as his pet. She took a long time to get rid of him, and made an empire of her own in San Francisco.

She now runs a large part of the Seattle underground. I leave it up to you to decide how much influence she has.



Niki Lee, Lacey Wong, and Cera Chow: the three girls who run the Black Orchid apothecary and tea shop in Seattle's Chinatown. The three girls are Denver's current herd. He's hoping to get permission to make them his ghouls in the future, and would very much like to embrace one of them.



Dr. Jordan Chen: Jordan is Denver's ghoul. He graduated top of his class at Seattle Pacific University, and then had a full scholarship to University of Washington, Seattle school of medicine. Lady Zi has no idea that her pet, Denver, has a pet of his own. Jordan has been Denver's ghoul for over 10 years, and so far they have been lucky enough to keep his existence a secret from Denver's Sire.

Jordan and Denver are more business partners than master and slave. While Denver handles the business end of their pharmaceutical business, Jordan comes up with the product although Jordan is much better at managing his funds than Denver is.

Nature and Demeanor

Conniver

What's the sense of working hard when you can get something for nothing? Why drudge when, just by talking, you can get what you want? You always try to find the easy way out, the fast track to success and wealth. Some people might call what you do swindling or even outright theft, but you know that you only do what everyone else does; you just do it better. Additionally, it's a game, and you get great pleasure out of outwitting

someone. Connivers play many roles, so you may be a thief, a swindler, a street waif, an entrepreneur, a con man or just a finagler.

- Regain Willpower whenever you are able to get your way by tricking another person into doing as you wish.

Survivor

No matter what, you always manage to survive. You can endure, pull through, recover from, outlast and outlive nearly any circumstance. When the going gets tough, you get going. You never say die, and never give up - never. Nothing angers you as much as a person who doesn't struggle to make things better, or who surrenders to the nameless forces of the universe.

- Regain Willpower whenever you survive a difficult situation through your own cunning and perseverance.

Merits & Flaws:

Magic Resistance: (2 pt Merit)

You have an inherent resistance to the rituals of the Tremere and the spells of the mages of other creeds and orders. Although you may never learn the Discipline of Thaumaturgy, the difficulties of all such spells and rituals are two greater when directed at you. Note: this includes all spells, beneficial and malign alike!

Friend to the Underground: (3 pt Merit)

You are able to travel the tunnels beneath the city with the skill of a Nosferatu, able to escape into the darkness whenever you need to.

Bound: (2 pt Flaw)

You are blood bound to another Kindred. You can normally operate of your own free will unless she has ordered you to do something.

Repelled by Crosses: (3 pt Flaw)

You are repelled by the sight of ordinary crosses (just as if they were holy). Kindred who were of the Church prior to their Embrace are the ones most likely to possess this Flaw; they perceive that their new form is a judgment from God.

Contacts:

Yuri – 2 dots Contact

Alexis – 3 dots Ally

Kyoka Matsui – 1 dot Casual Contact

Fei Shun – 2 dots Casual Contact