

# Teumessian Foxes

**"You're never gonna get me - You're never gonna get me - You're never gonna get me - I'm the crimson ghost"**  
Crimson Ghost- Misfits

**Quote:** Nice! Are these the new Peerless Model 730C Super-lite Aluminum Handcuffs? And they come in gun-metal? You Boys in Blue are getting mighty Boujee, aren't you? *Very Nice...* Oh wait, what's that over there?

The Teumessian fox was a Vulpid created by the Gods to punish the mortal realm. It was a monster, as big in body as it was in appetite. This monster would not, could not, ever be caught by any means. Eventually the only course of action was to send the magical hound Laelaps, who without fail caught its quarry. The eternal race began with the two mystical entities doomed to a perpetual cycle of chase and flee. Zeus, upon realizing the futility of this struggle, placed the two of them in the sky.

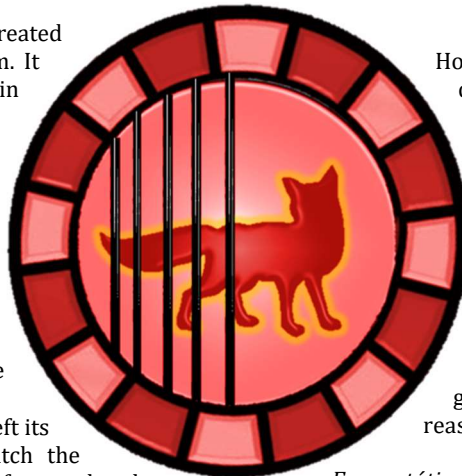
But not before the Teumessian Fox left its mark in the world. Nothing could catch the Teumessian Fox, especially the bonds of parenthood. In his (her?) destructive wake, they left many an unprecedented motley of Foxy children. Today, many in the Dreaming world still yet carry this blood-line. The Teumessian Fylí (Kith) is a tribe of Fox Fae with a destructive bent and predilection for escaping confines.

To these ends, the Foxes offer the most to the Fae of Cloud Cuckoo Land. Need something to disappear from a carefully guarded vault? Keep up with the Fox for one week and they'll think about it. Need a quick way out of town without raising any suspicions? Make nice with the Teumessian and brink him some good beef-jerky... The Teumessian Foxes have a lot to offer their fellow Neráidais (Changelings) if the price is right...

**Appearance:** It is important to note that the Teumessian Foxes don't have the Metamfiesi (Mien) the same as the other Neráidais due to their no-mists frailty. Though they do have the two forms available to all the Vulpecula Tribes (Fox-Fae). When in the Andros Metamfiesi (Mortal Mien) or equivalent there-of they appear as a large (upwards of 7 feet tall) folk with reddish wavy hair, large green eyes, and a smiling mouth full of sharpish teeth. In Stríngla (Fox) Metamfiesi form, they appear as large reddish foxes, easily as large as a large dog and those same bright green eyes. They also have a third Metamfiesi, a Red-furred, fox-headed, bipedal monstrosity that puts one in mind of the wolf-form of the Changing Breeds.

**Lifestyle:** The life of a Teumessian is one of constant movement. Some choose to hover around certain areas of the world, flitting from small city to small city in regular schedules, but they will never settle down in any one place. Some outsiders know these schedules well enough to try to keep pace with the Foxes on their regular rounds. During these mutual travels is the best time to seek the Teumessian's aid.

**Change:** It costs one point of Megaleío (Glamour) for a Teumessian to transform from a fox to a mortal or back again.



However, in Vulpid form, the traits are different than most Fox Fae foxes, as they gain a +1 to all physical stats. The Teumessian also has a hybrid form, which costs another point of Megaleío to assume, that gains Strength +2, Dexterity +3, Stamina +2 in Vulpid form. They absolutely love to do so in front of mortals.

*Ápeiros (also known as Kits) Teumessian* are obnoxiously cute little bastards. They get into all manner of hi-jinks, but for some reason, never seem to get caught...

*Epanastátis (also known as Nick for boys, or Nickis for girls) Teumessian* have already made a bucket-list, and start ASAP...

*Sofós (also known as Grey-Whiskers) Teumessians* have been everywhere, done everyone, and are now wondering just where to lay low until the one inescapable things comes for them...

**Glamour Ways:** Teumessian regain Megaleío when mortals around them bask in the freedom and wonders of being outside. Children running free at the beach, old folks on their Harleys, any instance where someone is allowed to stretch and bask in the open air refuels the Magics.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips (also known as Shenanigans) cast by the Teumessian are accompanied by a quickness of breath, an ache in the legs as if from exertion, and an awe-inspiring sense of freedom and excitement...

**Affinity:** Prop

**Birthright:**

**Unbindable (Aparámilli):** No chains, no bars, no manacles, or rope can bind the Teumessian. In a dreaming backed mandate, circumstances work out to ensure the freedom of these Vulpid vagabonds. It takes a point of Megaleío, but circumstances inevitably arise. It might be as subtle as a legal loophole an unknown lawyer offers up to get them out of jail within the hour. OR it might be so blatant that the shackles on their wrist simply rust and fall away. Regardless, The Teumessian gets off scott-free...

**Built by the Gods (Pou Chtístike Apó Tous Theóús):** The Teumessian are a large family, not in numbers, but in size. Their father was created to be an engine of destructive retribution by Zeus himself, and this is reflected in their build.

At character creation, each fox gets 3 extra dots of physical attributes, to be allocated in any way that makes sense.

#### Frailties:

**No Mists (*Choris Omícli*):** The Gi Pragmatikí (Autumn World) has certain fail-safes built in to maintain balance between the world of men and the world of the Neráidais. One of these fail-safes is the mists, a force that causes mortals to forget their interaction with any creature of the Dreaming... Teumessians, however, can't even be bound by that. If a mortal sees a Teumessian fox cast a cantrip, they'll remember exactly what happened. If they see a Teumessian transform from a mortal into a fox, they'll remember that too.

**Restless (*Anísychos*):** The life of the Teumessian is one on the run. They are forever leaping and bounding towards their next adventure, and to that end can't be bothered to stay in one place for too long. In fact, this is a dreaming enforced dictum... a fox can only spend a finite number of nights (equal to their stamina) in any one place before they must get up and move on. Failure means a point of Apopniktikós (Banality) is coming their way...

**Ajax Fotopolos, master thief, Free runner for hire and all around bad-ass, catches his breath for a moment, and relates the ins and outs of his favorite Fylí...**

**Automata:** 'Beep Beep Boop, I'm making waffles...' Nice guys I guess if a tad caught up in the tedium of it all. Still, I guess someone has to.

**Cyanocephali:** He couldn't get Momma then, he can't get her now... Oh wait, you didn't know?

**Graeae:** You want to know what will get us? Old Age. The Only thing in the world we can't escape. For that alone you should fear the Grey-Ladies.

**Kéntauros:** If you can get them out of their chairs, the chases are indescribably ecstatic, yet horribly short-lived. They always have to go back to their little tight seats... a shame really.

**Maenads:** ... no comment. I have my reasons.

**Melissae:** Their gardens are prisons, their responsibilities are prison walls, and those flowers are golden bars that lock them in.

**Nymphaeaa:** They're still out there, in-between and hiding and doing just fine without any of our interference. That is a good thing.

**Onocentaur:** I understand, all too well. The thing of it is, I can do something about it.

**Strix:** The power to cut loose and fly away should be their greatest strength – but instead they choose to help out with local politics and give scathing prophecies to a group that doesn't want to hear it. They chose this life; they can deal with it.

**Keteas:** Hah. If only I could hold my breath for that long, we could have some dang dark adventures down there... I'm a little jelly...

**Gynaíka Lýkos:** Don't smile, Don't ask, just run... We may not be caught, but we can certainly get our asses handed to us. These dark-furred wolf-ladies are the ones to do it.

