

SWAG-DEMONS

Slap game Julio Franco, chuck Norris, Texas Ranger/ Ice on my finger; look like I slap-boxed a penguin.

-Riff Raff

Quote: It's Lit, Scro, no sweat- I'm Goalz!

To receive the maddening dictates of high Fashion, or to be a true part of haute couture's ever-changing paradigm requires an invitation to a party that few are aware of, and even fewer are privileged enough to pursue. Only the jettiest of the set can enter these realms without blanching at their own lack of high-culture. It takes taste, foresight, and a staggering amount of hubris. In a word? Swag. Thus the origin of the Swag-Demons is one born of a strange necessity. They are born of the Common mortal's desire to be all the things that the common man could never be.

The Swag-Demons wield a special power among Changeling courts. They decide what's popular and what's not, as well as how long these new rules of faddish engagements are implemented. Their very presence among other Fae can render something once thought essential as blasé at best, puerile and gauche at worst. Even worst, those unfortunate few that once chose such essentials could be labeled as pariahs.

While not necessarily infernal as the Demon half of their epitaph infers, others who wish to keep abreast of the dizzying lifestyles of the Swag-Demons may yet still feel as if they have entered the demesne of Devils. Some may call this affixation on popular culture banal, yet the ever-changing and morphing nature of such vogue concepts ensures an eternal stream of Glamour for those who can wield its fickle power.

Appearance: The Swag-Demon in varies from moment, but whatever the mortal style at the time, one can rest assured that the Swag Demon is their reinterpreting it or criticizing it. Their Mortal Mien is attractive and stylish. Their Fae Mien the same (with a dash of Fae Panache to improve upon it of course). However, in Fae Mien Their bodies have taken on pleasing attributes the envy of most any Sidhe. Their skin takes on an opalescent and golden sheen glittering iridescent

in direct sunlight Even the skin of darker-toned Swag-Demons reveals a prismatic array of tones, glittering off of alluring obsidian flesh. A pair of great gilded horns jut up from their brow, and their teeth (nee' their grill) nails and eyes shine with a metallic patina that is reminiscent of gold. Their wicked forked tails are also usually visible, swinging lazily behind Them. More important than all of this, however, is that the appearance is that much cooler than yours.

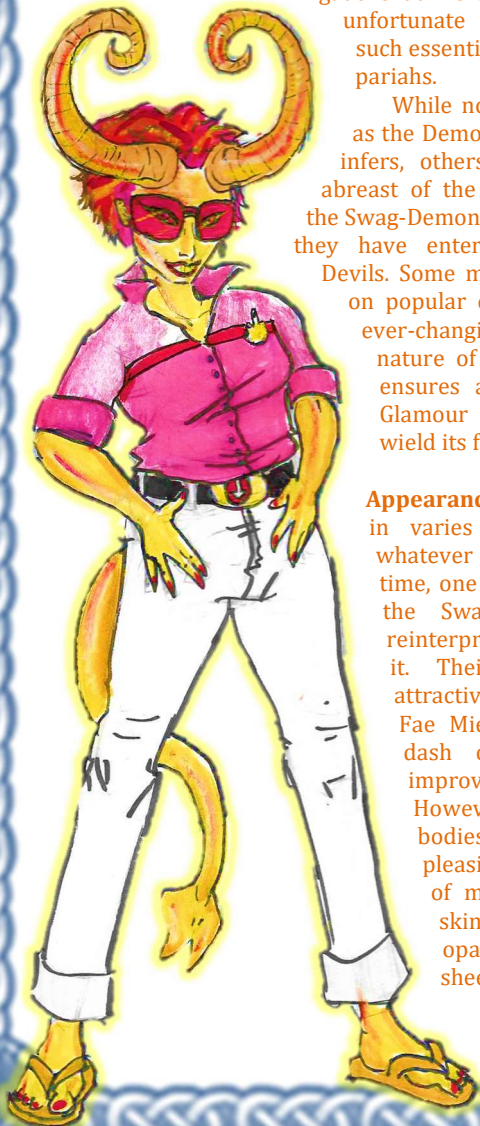
Lifestyle: Fashionista philanthropist, or gutter bred crunk-core trip-hopper; the Swag-Demons hail from all walks of life, mattering only so much as the walk is that much more important than their fellows. A mobile Kith, a few may cede themselves to a local freehold for a while. Yet the majority sees such domesticity as so 2000 and late. It's far more satisfying to have others come to you. As such, they fill a certain niche that once belonged to wise women and hermit sages living apart from the hustle and bustle of mediocre renaissance lifestyles. Others are welcome to visit (as long as they meet vogueish criterions set forth by their Swag-Demon host). This visitation is usually in the form of debauched parties. Also of special mention, all Swag-Demons are named DJ.

Childing Swag-Demons are entitled pretentious, affected little - shits. "No, if it's not Voss, it's not water, and I won't drink!" Some small few might even grow out of this.

Wilder Swag-Demons live up to their title with a penchant for hedonistic rage and champagne fueled events, bacchanal rites held aboard private jets, or shadow wars fought in the media and in the gutter - where the victor is the one with the most bling.

Grump Swag-Demons reinvent themselves and present themselves as hidden gurus of style. Like vapor-wave Willy Wonkas, or gutter-punk *Oncel* Scrooges, they squirrel themselves in their hidden manses waiting to be rediscovered.

Glamour Ways: Swag-Demons refuel their Glamour whenever there is a gathering of trend-minded mortals milling about in pursuit of something new and different. Millennial bars with micro-brew mead taste-testing, slam poetry sessions with bad poetry and worse coffee, any place that might offer something to a select select -few, the Swag-Demons can refuel their magic.



Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Swag-Demons are accompanied by the smell of expensive wine and spices, a patina of golden light that surrounds everything, and the heavy-hearted sentiments of not-belonging – *Never Belonging*.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights

“Fa‘Staxz”: By some ungodly treatise set up in the annals of the antediluvian dreaming history, all Swag-Demons have money at their disposal. Enough so that they needn’t worry about working. EVER. Most receive it shortly after their chrysalis. An unknown relative dies and leaves a hefty inheritance. Or they might win a lottery that they didn’t know that they played. Fate has a way of providing. All Swag-Demons gain a Resources Back-ground rating of two at character creation and can easily get more if they want.

“Theyz Ery’body Bae”: To a one of them, the Swag-Demons are attractive. Even if they’re not, they have a magnetism that draws people in. At character Creation, they gain a number of free dots of Appearance dependent on seeming. Childings begin with 3 free dots of Appearance, Wilders with 2, and Grumps 1.

‘Setz deez Trendz”: The Swag-Demons can dub concepts, items, or even other people as desirable or anathema. The Seelie may use this to encourage others to eat healthier. While Unseelie may use those to encourage the ingestion of mercury as a dietary supplement. The seeming of the Swag-Demon dictates how many times this ability can be used per month. Grumps can use this ability 3 times per month. Wilders can use it 2 times per month. Childings can use it only 1 time.

To enact this birthright, the Swag-Demon rolls Charisma + Performance: difficulty of 7. The Number of successes dictates how wide’ spread the new fad rages, (one success might mean the neighborhood starts eating better, while 5 or more is a nation-wide health-craze).

Frailty:

“U Can’tz Swagger no Swagger”: IN the unfortunate event of two Swag-Demons crossing each other’s path, a *Swag-Off* is inevitable. A Swag-Off consists of a series of jibes and japes at each other’s expense: preening, peacocking, and acting non-committal about the whole affair are crucial, and outsiders may never even realize the significance of the ensuing battle.

The winner of such a battle gains a smugger expression, while the loser suffers a +2 difficulty to all rolls for the next lunar cycle (or until they can come back and re-Swag the other Swag-Demon in another Swag-Off).

“Nerd”: Every Swag Demon has a secret obsession that they keep hidden, (i.e. a love of D&D 4th ed. [hah, lozer], a troll-doll collection, a bootleg copy of “SPICE-WORLD – The Spice Girls Movie,”) It is a guilty pleasure that would ruin their reputation should it be brought to light.

Under no condition can it be revealed, and a Swag Demon cannot use his **‘Setz deez Trendz”** Birthright to make it look cool. If any outsider does ascertain the obsession, then the Swag-Demon must make a willpower roll difficulty 10 to remain blasé’ about the whole thing.

A success means he appears nonchalant A Failure mans a permanent point of Banality, and a new obsession must be sought out in secret. Should a Swag-Demon ever botch this roll, then he runs the risk of becoming an Autumn Person. Only the aid of a whole motley of other Swag-Demons rushing to the helpless victim Swag-Demon’s Aid can (and we know that means a bunch of Swag-Offs) can coax him back to full Swag-Demon elitness.

DJ Spastic-Hawk licks her grill, looks up from that tic-tac, rocs dem Mom-Jeans, and spits mad- Fire about American Fam-yoh.

€ats*Wit-Hats: Dig that compensating Hat, Puss-Puss. Yolo, m-i-rite? Mad-Swag 4-life.

Ch<abhler\$itii: No Swag for cookie nerds.

F0rt -un1: Loving long time- only n-so-far as I can-can get them bits-bits. And no bitcoins, m-i-rite?

Cun - Phaece: Selective triggers? How-now Mad-Cow? Judge each according to his own merits. *Stay-lit country-boyzzz.*

Ju. Nk-Tooth: Trailer-Chic, know what I’m saying? Get my orthodontists on speed-dyl, cuz, get a grill, get laid, get lit...

Ra-me@n: Cup-O-Noodle is drape. Truffle & Crab Manicotti S *straight* loot. In-between isn’t bupkus. I feel that this is where the majority of the Kith is to be found. In between.

\$lender-Men: All they need is one picture in ^OMS, focus, skee-skee, though. Then they might get some.

\$t@r-Child.reN: NO! I REFUSE TO GIVE THEM SWAG! IT’S NOT FAIR FOR THEM TO BE PRETTIER THAN ME!

Other \$wag-Demons: No Swag.

W-W-I-F-A-T-Man: Ah, yeah-They got that limp-limp swinging long, yolo- Just Keep dancing fam-fam.