

Zburător

"You haven't been bit, until a Dragon does it."

Emperor Mage- Tamora Pierce

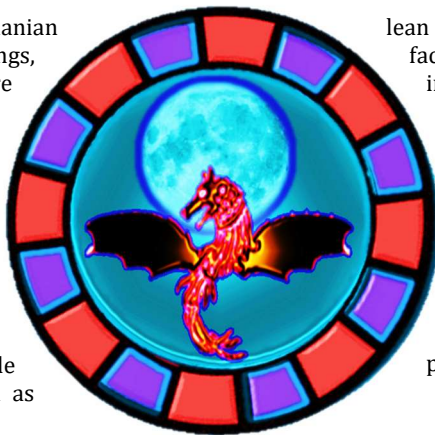
Quote: Excuse miss, I understand you are representing the opposing team, and I respect the anger towards our- I mean *my*, armies. Could we perhaps talk about it over a drink? You pick the place of course...

It is easy to point at the Zburător of Romanian antiquity and scream 'dragon.' Their large batwings, long flaming tail, and deep growling voice; all are signs of their draconic heritage. Their wolfish heads may throw some off, but when an outsider sees emblems of the Vântoase (Fae) leering on war banners and battle-standards, there is no question of who and what is being gawked at. Yet to simply call a Zburător a dragon is to dismiss them.

The Zburători are an old family, perhaps older and more dangerous than any other Transylvanian Vălvă (Kith). They are usually male (but not always) and the old stories pain them as more incubus than anything. With their ability to shape-shift, Incubus is a more appropriate designation than others. It must be stressed that they probably share some Infernal ties, though this doesn't make them Baubau (Thallain) by any means. Though calling them Sanziene (Seelie) might be a bit of a stretch.

In those old stories, they would lure young virgin brides away from their marriage bed. The modern tales have much the same endings. The Zburător are notorious flirts, damn near the devils that everyone thinks of them. Regardless of the good they do for their Fae communities, and how often they save the day, waylaying certain battle with disarming smiles, their Iarnă (Unseelie) nature will eventually win out and their carnal hunger will take over.

Appearance: In all Scoarță, (Mien) the Zburător are tall, smiling, and rakish figures (including the few females of the family) and posilutely dripping with sex appeal. The Om Scoarță (Mortal Mien) is long-limbed with thick cords of



lean muscle, and a devilishly wanton face that whispers of things best done in the bedroom. The Feeric Scoarță (Fae Mien) is much the same, though the body is now covered with dark fur, the head is that of a flaming-eyed leering wolf, large batwings sprout from the shoulder and a long-forked tail cracks seductively.

Lifestyle: Modern times and places have launched the Zburători from devil-dragon-wolf feared by townsfolk to sought-after spies and attachés cherished by the Vântoase. They are well-suited to militancy if need be, as their quick wits- and some might say 'damn-near-smarmy' honeyed voices, allow for more diplomacy when violence is to be avoided. This works well for all involved. However, it should be stressed that they are what they are - Iarnă with hellish charms and wolfish smiles all. It is all too easy for them to get distracted, and stories of Wolf-headed Incubuses are still whispered across the Land.

Prunc Zburător are thankfully rare, as the youngest of them are unsurprisingly creepy. No one wants a nine-year old leering and licking their lips lasciviously.

Nebun Zburător come into their own with all the grace that master seducers need to succeed. Though they may not be as attractive as some, their charm and smolder are enough to successfully woo a paramour.



Bătrân Zburător have been there, done them, and came back with a smile. Many have found ways to evade the warfront, despite being hounded by others, and can retire to some place with a sizable population of their favorite “Likes.”

Glamour Ways: Zburător Refuel their De Basm with the love and attention of paramours, whether male or female or other, whenever someone heaps flirty words or come-hither eyes upon these dragonesque beasties, their magicks are refueled.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Zburător are rife with odors of burnt wood, wet ashes, and just a whiff of brimstone. There is hot and heavy humidity that hangs in the air, and somewhere is the whooshing of mighty wings. With multiple successes on some cantrips, that long crooked and forked tail bursts into red fire – though it causes no harm to anyone or anything, it is still creepy to see.

Affinity: Prop

Birthrights:

Incubus (*Coșmar*): The Zburătors are the face of a strong Transylvanian Dreaming but are especially infamous in that the face can look like anyone. For a point of De Basm spent, and a successful Charisma + Performance or Subterfuge roll (diff 8) the Zburător can take on the appearance of anyone they have seen. If proper time and attention is spent studying a particular individual, the difficulty can be lowered to a 7 or even 6..

Shooting Star (*Stea Căzătoare*): The Zburătors can fly, each one has a large set of bat-like (or draconic if you prefer) wings that can propel them through the air at incredible speeds, usually at least 3 times their running speed. Yet for a point of Glamour spent while flying, this speed can increase exponentially, launching them across the countryside at dizzying speeds- as the old stories tell it “like a shooting star.”

In game terms, if flying for at least 3 turns unhindered to build up proper speed, spending a point of De Basm, and then rolling Dexterity. Each success on that roll is a turn in which their flying speed is tripled again and again. Thus, if they score 3 points on the dexterity roll, the first round they would go 3 times their running speed, the second round 9x, and their third round 27x... and so on and so on.

Keep in mind, that there is still a cap. They cannot go any faster than they have dots in Stamina. To go that speed causes them to burst into flame on their wings, gaining lethal damage at a rate of one per turn.

While this makes for a quick getaway, it takes at least 1 round, per success to slow down enough to land when traveling this speed. Those frequent flyers amongst their family should be careful.

Frailties:

I want it that way (*Vreau Asa*): As has been stressed, the Zburătors, for all the good they do, are forever the hallmarks of a near-hellish hunger. The Incubus folklore surrounding their mythology is a testament to that hunger and will always find a means. That means might be dinner and a movie for the more Sanziene-striving of their number, more carnal ties for the happily Iarnă. Every Zburător has a certain type that strikes their fancy. Red heads, Sassy-strong-willed types, Virgin Bride-to-be on their wedding nights. At any time that the Zburător sees someone that strikes their fancy *that way*- demands a willpower roll difficulty 8 to avoid. A success means that they can schmooze on their own time, a failure means that they make their move. A botch means that they give in to the worst of their hungers... Storytellers and Players should take great care in creating just who and the type is, and what “That Way” might mean.

Military Might (*Putere Militară*): The speedy flight to and from the battlements, the master spy ability to shapeshift into any and everyone, there is a reason that the Zburătors are on certain war-banners and battle-standards. That doesn't mean that the Zburătors choose that life, rather that such life will invariably try to keep them stuck in the game. Regardless of whether a Zburător is a pacifist, a lover not a fighter, or even retired from the life, others will consistently try to drag them back onto the war field. There are no hard and fast rules for this frailty, but a Zburător will always be reminded of it.

Dmitri, eyes and smile a blazing, offers a glass of fine red wine and a listening ear. When it his turn to speak, he offers honeyed words concerning his Vălvă compatriots.

Căpcăun: It would be easy to dismiss them as simple lesser... us I guess. The dog heads without wings and all. Though I wouldn't do so. They are strong and fierce, more-so than any of us. They should be feared and respected as such.

Chuhaister: We all need enemies, yes? Well then, it is good that we have such good enemies to take our attention and keep us on our toes. We could do far worse, yes?

Dinsele: Oh, how jealous they get when we pursue their ladies.

Fext: If they weren't the generals, then we would be. Thank God that they are.

Illyes-: Beautiful ladies, all glittering and lovely. If only there were more of them, I might get my fill.

Keshalyi: Ah, the wonderful, wonderful princesses, as wild and free as any of our number, but still worthy of chasing down their phone number. The joke, however, is on us. They don't have a phone.

Loçolico: Magnificently, wondrously, and darkly human, perhaps the only one of our esteemed number who can match us point for point. I always look both ways when I know one is close.

Sárkány: Too many outsiders consider them the good dragons, and me a bad demon. I can understand the confusion. They are good, after all, and I am horribly, horribly naughty.