

Les Dames De Cerf Blanche



"The Ones who are going into the woods are mother and daughter.

The mother is singing and the daughter sighs.

'Why are you sighing, my daughter?'

'I have great anger in me and I hardly dare tell you. I am a girl by day and a white doe by night. The hunters are after me the barons and the princes, and my brother Renaud, he is even worse.' " The Great Encyclopedia of Fairies – *Pierre Dubois*.

Quote: No, No, Please. Tell me the joke about the *girl with a nice rack* again. I thought it so clever when I first heard it when I was just a girl. Have you heard the one about the magic Doe who trampled the dipshit misogynist hunter to death? No? Remind me to tell you later. *It's very very funny.*

The Dames de Cerf Blanche are cursed with paradox. In turn they are perhaps the most companionable and courtly of all the Fabian. They are also the wildest, wandering the wilds in a way that only the harshest of rustic Fae understand. They are beautifully poised and full of stately grace, but also maddeningly reckless and hard to catch when tearing through the French countryside.

You see, the Dames de Cerf Blanche- the White Deer Ladies, are deer-changers meant to exist in both worlds. That of the wild's harmony, and that of the court's polishes. They are on par with any Pooka in terms of animal abandon but relish the subtle intrigues to astound the stuffiest of Sidhe politickers. They are loved by all, with a long list of friends, family, and former paramours the envy of any Sidhe romantic; yet they will also be coldly murdered.

Due to a curse, a Geasa, or simply because every French story that tells of them, tells of it happening... the Dames will be slaughtered by a loved one. Be it a sweet-heart out hunting who spies a white-hart, a brother's mis-shot arrow, or even a former flame jealous of the Dames attention. The Dame will die, and there is nothing that anyone can do. This doesn't slow the Beauteous Dames de Cerf Blanche however. They still live both their lives as well as they are able and provide a service to all Fabian as perhaps the most beloved of the many French Fe'e Queens.

Appearance: In Dignité Fer (Mortal Mien), the Dames appear as tall and statuesque beauties, exotic in every sense of the word. They are long limbed with tight cords of muscles, and a grace that isn't easily matched by even the staunchest of Sidhe. Their skin, which comes in all tones, glows with an inner fire. Their faces are regal, with a hint of mischief in their bright honey-colored eyes. In Dignité Lutin (Fae Mien), they appear much like

the same, save that their eyes glow a honey-amber, and their skin tone becomes of what it was. The Pale-skinned of them grow even paler, like porcelain, and the dark-skinned of them glow a rich mahogany. Small freckles will appear across their faces, and their hair will turn white shot through with streaks of gold, regardless of hair color in mortal mien. They also have another form. That of a large doe, gleaming white with flecks of shimmering silver shot through the hide, complete with golden hooves and a large rack of velvet covered antlers, but gleaming ivory and gold in the light.

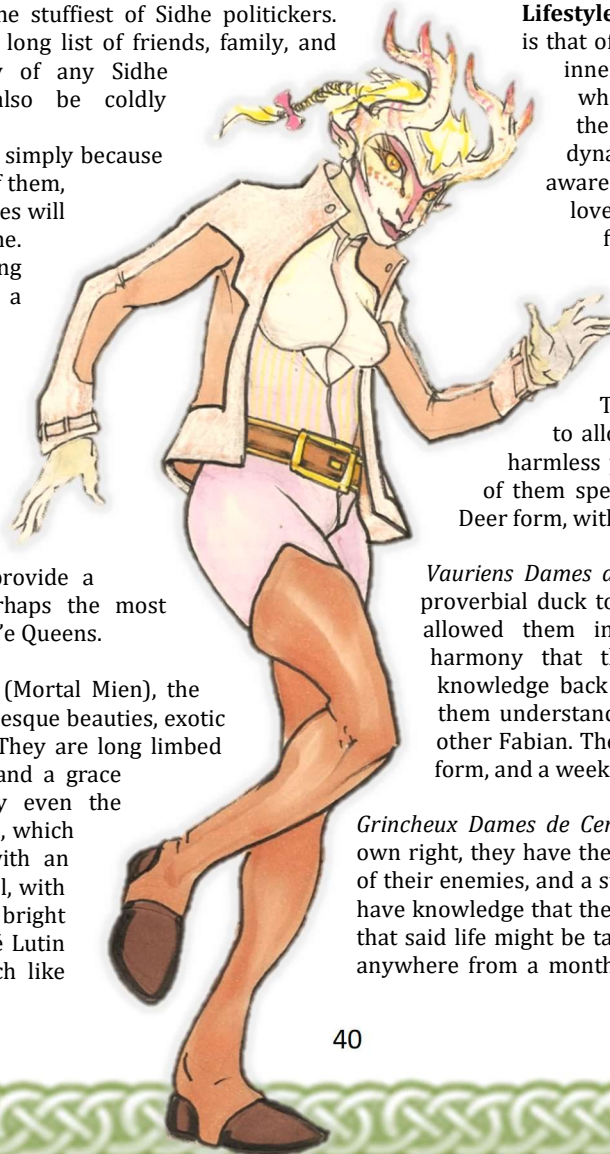
Lifestyles: The Dames have two lifestyles. One is that of a courtly princess of gentle mien, but inner strength. The other is that of a great white hart, that gallops gracefully through the wild places. Grace is the only joining dynamic in both lives. The Dames also are aware that they are destined to be killed by a loved one, and as such keep all paramours, friends, and even close-knit family members at a distance, which hurts them to no end.

Gamins Dames de Cerf Blanche are kind and delicate little princesses.

They have a wild streak, but not enough to allow for misbehavior. Light hi-jinks and harmless pranks are the worst they offer. Many of them spend a day in Fae form, and a night in Deer form, with twilight and dawn for rest.

Vauriens Dames de Cerf Blanche take to court like the proverbial duck to water. Their time as a wild Doe has allowed them insight into the natural justice and harmony that the wild provides. They bring this knowledge back to the courts with them and awards them understanding far surpassing even elders of the other Fabian. They tend to spend a week or two in Doe form, and a week or two in Fae form.

Grincheux Dames de Cerf Blanche are stately queens in their own right, they have the admiration of their peers, the respect of their enemies, and a string of lovers in their wake. They also have knowledge that they are lucky to be alive, and knowledge that said life might be taken away at any moment. Most spend anywhere from a month to whole seasons in either form. No



few prefer to engage in the colder months with Fae skin, and the spring and summer in Doe form.

Glamour Ways: Les Dames de Cerf Blanche regain Éclat both in the wild, and when enmeshed in the dances of regality (See Birthright below). There remains a caveat however: When gaining from the wild, she must be in Deer form – When Absorbing from the hubbub of genteel refinements, she must be in Fae form (Much like the Sidhe).

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the Dames de Cerf Blanche are accompanied by genteel harpsichord music, the tinkling of chimes, and a play of glowing white and gold lights that twinkle across the scene. Some may also smell roasting meats, much to the dismay of the poor gentle ladies.

Affinity: Scene

Birthrights:

Feast of All Types (*Fête de Tous Types*): The White Deer Ladies are creatures of both the wild courts of nature, and the regal courts of the Fée Gallantry. They can gain Éclat from both these areas as well. They are privy to absorbing Éclat from unspoiled wild places just like the Gallain families of the Nunnehi. They can also gain Éclat from awe-struck mortals caught up in the numerous festivals and dances that are thrown by the French Fae aristocracy. The only caveat is that the White Deer Lady must be in proper skin to allow for Éclat accrual.

Soft Graces (*Grâces Molles*): The White Deer Ladies are blessed with the most beloved aspects of both their worlds, and as such are gifted with graces far surpassing the most chivalrous of Sidhe. They gain an extra three dots in social attributes at character creation. These can be allocated in any way that the player sees fit. In addition, she also gains extra Dexterity based on her seeming — Gamins gain 1 one point of Dexterity, Vauriens gain 2, and Grincheaux 3. In Deer form they gain yet another 2 points.

Deer Skin (*Peau de Daim*): The true telling of the Dame's Fabian, is in her ability to transform into a glorious ivory and gold Doe. It costs 1 point of Éclat to do so, and she can't do so in front of others (not even in front of other Dames de Cerf Blanche). While in this form, her attributes all stay the same, save for still yet more extra Dexterity. In her deer skin, she gains 2 extra dots in Dexterity, allowing for insanely adroit feats of physical prowess. In addition, she grows antlers that cause Str+3 damage to head-butt.

Frailties:

Both Worlds (*Les Deux Mondes*): Les Dames may enjoy both her worlds immensely, but she can't stay in any one of them for too long. She must balance her time in the world of courtly intrigue for the same amount of time that she spends in the wild, and vice-versa. If she spends too much time in one, then her skin begins to itch, she grows irritable, and her mind wanders to that other world that she loves so very much. In game terms, for every day out of balance to her skins raises the difficulty of all rolls by one. After the first week, she begins to

accrue *Mettre aux Fers* (Banality) at a rate of one per day. She can stave off such accrual with a successful willpower roll, difficulty of seeming – yet it gets harder and harder with age. (Gamins roll willpower at a difficulty of 8, Vauriens difficulty 9, and Grincheaux 10). Once the Dames can get back to her balanced world, everything returns to normal within the first day.

Hearts Hurt (*Douleur de Coeur*): The old adage reads that we are always hurt by the ones we love. For the Dames, this is doubly so. Despite their warm personalities, great beauty, overwhelming charm, supernatural grace, and a million other praises heaped upon them; Les Dames de Cerf Blanche will invariably be killed. They know this. Whether or not their would-be killer knows this is conjecture, as is when, where, how, or why. Inevitably, the poor Dames de Cerf Blanche will be hunted and killed by a loved one. Most will be eaten.

This is akin to both the *Hunted Flaw*, and the *Dark Fate flaw* as found in *Changeling*. While the mechanics and crunch of these flaws may not always come into play, the knowledge of it is always at play in the Dames mind. This is perhaps why they Feel they have to get away from it all every now and again.

Of course every Dame tries to circumnavigate this in her own way. There have been adventures in the Deep Dreaming to get away of course, or Quests for that one treasure that might change Fate. All these quests are proven moot once the Deer are shot and stuffed and mounted or caught and stewed....

Princesse Amélie – Antoinette de Nord-Pas-de-Calais, smiles warmly while she regales you with tales of her favorite Fabian.

Barbegazi: So much fun: If only they were a little more clement... in temperature, mind, not demeanor.

Dormettes: Our dear little dreamers, most overlook them as nothing save dreamers. But then of course, as dreamers they serve the greatest roles.

Dracae: Maddeningly jealous of us, they hate us more than anyone. For this, we have absolutely nothing to fear from them.

Fée' Verte: Good times to be had by all. Whether or not we should admit to such is another question.

Duphon: I will not speak over much of the Eagle-owl Ladies. They are capable of great beauty to rival us all. Yet they are capable of even greater acts that too few of us would be willing to undertake – myself included.

Feu Follet: I like to think I have a fair head for diplomacy. The Swamp-Ladies far exceed us in that department.

Foireaux: Cute. *Very cute*. But a distraction.

Korrigan: Broken. All too many of us Fabian exist in two worlds. They know this more than any of us.

Lorialet: Like the Dormettes they are dreamers. But unlike the Dormettes, they can't wake up.

Margotine: Dear little sisters. They are perhaps the most precious of us, and as such need protection more than most.

Portune: For every one of us Queens (and there are many of us in the Fée') there should be one of the good and gentle Kings. They are honest, wise, and above all else, kind-hearted – The best of us.

VargoMora: In the Kingdom of Beautiful Amber dwell the Charmuzelles, the Wolf-Shirt Grandmothers. I respect them and fear them and understand them in a way that no other can appreciate. I will say no more.

Fuchs: They wish. And they are just clever enough to wish in such a way that I mistrust them totally.

Waawaashkeshi Kwe: In the New World I have sisters. I have yet to meet with them. I have yet to talk to them. I don't know what our relationship means. But I know that we would be fast friends.