



“Happiness. Simple as a glass of chocolate or tortuous as the heart. Bitter. Sweet. Alive.” Chocolat — *Joanne Harris*,

Quote: I understand you, that you prefer milk. But the bitterness of dark isn't so oppressive, try just a bite. You may enjoy it.

The Kingdom of Sweets today has Mint, Taffy, Licorice, and Cinnamon aplenty- but Chocolate remains the most beloved and most powerful of flavor profiles. The CCoa are the embodiment of that flavor, as well as the changes that have made to it throughout the years. Yet their origins are older than the city and lie in prehistory.

Mythology posits that shortly after the birth of mortals, created from sweet-corn as the mortals were, Quetzalcoatl the feathered serpent brought them a gift. This gift was found in a far-off land of sweet and holy things, and the newly formed mortals were blessed to receive it. The Gift was chocolate, and that far-off land may or may not have been the realm which became San Azúcar. If it was, and none are quite sure, than the indigenous people of that far-off land were the CCoa.

Despite their antediluvian heritage, if it be true, the CCoa have easily transmogrified throughout the centuries, reinterpreting themselves on a scale that covers the globe. Now the CCoa happily exist halfway between old-world mystics and modern-day visionaries. They still have those aeons old reverence for the gift of fruity bitter Cocoa nubs, but also boast milky creamy candies in the new world. They are ancient alchemists from smelting jungles, but also chocolateers from Belgium, Germany, France, and Italy - ultimately any region which has treasured a cultural relationship with chocolate. No matter their origin all inevitably find their way back home.

Appearance: In all forms, the CCoa are sultry figures with unusually dusky and smoky skin, heavy lids and a certain felid cast to their alluring faces. The Mortal form is always attractive, with long lean limbs and quick clever fingers. Regardless of European ancestry in their modern numbers, or traditional South American bloodlines, their skin is deeply tanned. Their Fae forms highlight their dark skin, as it glows a smooth chocolate hue. European CCoa (or Milk



CCoa and Ccoa

While chances are that the CCoa have ancestral ties to Ixcocoa, Aztec Fertility Goddess of chocolate, there are some that can't let it be that easy. They instead focus on the Ccoa. The Ccoa was a primordial weather Deity of the Quechua- Incan people manifested as a cat that urinated storms and cried hail. The CCoa here are slightly felid cat Fae with possible origins in the same neck of the woods. Both are revered and both can be quicker than most mortals, but that is where the similarities end. Some modern Fae scholars can't accept this and continue to search for clues in mythology to consolidate these two disparate concepts. The CCoa for their part, while happy to claim ties to Godhood, absolutely don't accept it. "Hurricane pissing Cats?" Not hardly.

Chocolate) of their Kith are slightly lighter in complexion, with a creamy mocha flesh. Those CCoa from below the equator are darker, a deep walnut umber or rich mahogany. The eyes can be any color, but now play up their Felid appearance. Some whisper of the rare White-Chocolate of their number- strange pale creatures with milky eyes and egg-shell skin, but that has yet to be proven.

Lifestyle: From the moment of Chrysalis, with guide or no, the CCoa seek out passage to San Azúcar. They may not fully know where they are going but understand the importance of getting there.

How they get along with the other residents is slightly reflected in their point of mortal origins. The Traditional Aztec, Mayan, and old world CCoa are a bit more serious and grave, not always bitter, but more refined in their own ways. The New World CCoa can be jovial, whimsical, and affable sorts - a bit sweeter some might say.

All, however, fully comprehend the gravity of their roles- their very essence was a gift from the gods, and must be treasured as such.

Childing CCoa are either hushed and tacturn little waifs, or high spirited rascalions with energy enough for all. Sometimes this lies in Old-world vs. new origins, but not always. It is the foolish scholar who seeks to quantify a CCoa childing.

Wilder CCoa grow easily into their roles. A high aptitude for magic (like a Liger) and a darkly clever minds allow them to pursue their dreams easier than their peers.

Grump CCoa are more extreme examples of who they were in their younger years. If they were sweet and charitable, they only get sweeter and more generous in their greying years. If they were aloof and mysterious, they grow aloofer and more mysterious with every passing day.

Glamour Ways: CCoa regain Glamour whenever mortals sacrifice something for the greater good. This need not be as bloody as some might interpret it. Lent may be the most famous, but putting in an extra hour of housework today to picnic with the kids tomorrow works, or simply a mother giving up last bite of her breakfast bagel to child.

Unleashing: Cantrips cast by the CCoa carry with them the fruity and bitter tang of cocoa nibs on the tongue, a rich smoky perfume in the air, and an unfettered rush of adrenaline that may be caffeine, but it just as well may be encouraging promises of a nicer tomorrow.

Affinity: Nature

Birthrights:

Buzz: Not that the caffiene inherent in their magical make-up has any part, *why of course not*, but each of the CCoa can have Extra actions per turn with the expenditure of Glamour on a one-for-one basis.

Sweet-Bitter-Blessings: The Cocoa identified with the Kith was a gift from the Feathered Serpent. But the CCoa themselves can offer a similar gift to their peers. With the expenditure of one point of Glamour while making a cocoa infused concoction (each CCoa has their own recipe of course) and a successful Wits + Crafts roll (difficulty 8), the CCoa can brew a magical tincture for success.

For a number of hours after, equal to the number of successes on the CCoa's craft roll, the drinker has altered successes on their own rolls. In game terms, all 9's count as 10's, all 10's are doubled, and they are able to ignore any one for the duration of the drink's effects.



Frailties:

Offerings: Not that they are bean-counters (not even cocoa-beans), but an old-world habit still is made manifest in the CCoa. If a CCoa shares their magic tincture, they invariably expect a gift in return. An Offering of a sort.

Such might not be anything overly grand. A hearty thank-you and a firm handshake might be more than enough for the New World CCoa. A promise of a "Solid" later on could serve as a tangible Offerings for the Old World CCoa. The worst of the Unseelie CCoa (and they exist) might require darker fare in their gifts.

Bear in mind that there are no firm mechanics for this. But those who continually borrow with nothing paid back may warrant the CCoa's enmity, and will be hard-pressed to get the tincture in the future.

Melty: The CCoa are gentle folks in their own way, and need cool quiet places to work their wares. Too much action in the background sees them getting irritated and uncomfortable. When they get uncomfortable, they tend to have difficulty performing at their best.

Depending on Old or New World, the CCoa will "Melt" in certain conditions. This might mean a higher difficulty in some rolls. It might mean that the Seelie shift to Unseelie, Unseelie to Thallain if it is busy enough.

- ❖ *Old World CCoa* prefer dark and serene places. Oppressively bright lights and too much noise irritates these poor souls.
- ❖ *New World CCoa* need it cool and serene. Oppressive heat and, again, too much noise irritates them,

Zincheatah, examining a Cocoa pod for freshness, allows for some honest opinions on her fellow Candy-Kingdom residents.

Cinnamon Saracens: They tell of a dry desert, where the very sand is a powdery spread of finely sifted rich cocoa. I might like to go with them someday, if only to see that realm.

Fermet: Though some of the modern CCoa love to work with them, I always feel that they are covertly sniffing out for some secret of mine. Not that I have any, mind. But I suppose that is just their way.

Mint-Jacks: It is far too cold where they work their magics. Though when they do come down to visit, I always make a point to open my doors to them. The magic we can make together is a wonderful sort of alchemy.

Sugar Tacks: As flighty as any of us, but also wonderfully helpful. I am slow to trust, but they have proven themselves time and time again.

Balambob: I remember them from back home. They certainly remember me from the old World. I won't claim them as allies, but I know that in a pinch I might call on one for aid.