





# Zephyr Zeal

## THE LION AND THE UNICORN

PRONOUNS  
he/him

AGE  
25

HEIGHT  
7'4 | 6'1 glamoured

OCCUPATION  
C&C FFA Agent

“It’s easy, just get back up whenever the wind blows you down! The wind stops eventually, but you won’t!”

OFFPRINT

ORIGIN

STRENGTH

14

DEXTERITY

13

INTELLIGENCE

10

HEALTH

11

[LINK to GURPS SHEET](#)

# PERSONALITY

Passionate	Enthusiastic	Charismatic	Loyal
Bold	People-Pleaser	Stubborn	Anxious
Foolish	Insecure	Brash	Cowardly

The kind of person Zephyr *thinks* he is versus who he actually may be is rather different. He dreams of himself as a brave, unwavering soul despite the cowardice he can't shake—he defaults to running from his problems rather quickly and it's a habit that is hard to break. At the very least, from first impressions alone he'll keep up this confident facade, as he's first to head into danger despite his racing, anxious heartbeat. He's prone to masking his fear as best as he can by persistently asserting himself, keen on the idea of 'faking it until you make it.'

For someone like Zephyr, there may never be a destination to that journey. He loves the adventure, and enjoys being relatively free-spirited. To him, as long as he's recognized for his merit and subsequently praised, he'll do anything or be anyone that best fills the role people need. The thing he wants above all else is to help people, as it fosters a warmth in his heart that he cherishes.

He tries his absolute best to present himself as a level-headed, objectively cool individual but it's rather evident that he definitely tries a little *too* hard at times. Zephyr will typically break his 'badass' persona if he feels like he's making someone upset, quick to try and cheer up any weary soul along his path. He's incredibly helpful (and equally foolish) and will do his best to turn around any situation if simply told to.

Zephyr is the life of the party, and brings a zap of energy wherever he goes. Though he's guilty of desiring praise he can ultimately revel in, nothing is more important to him than ensuring everyone is having a good time. He'll even laugh a little too loud at an objectively bad joke, not out of insincerity but because he'll probably *actually* find it somehow funny.

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## HISTORY

**TL;DR** - Zephyr was a black knight offprint with his bestie Leonas, and after highschool they started a scheme to illegally gamble on Zephyr winning mundie horse races. Leonas set Zephyr up to take the fall and get caught, and after time in rehab he was released, and took the time to try and legally change his offprint status to being a unicorn offprint in the hope that this would give him motivation for a clean slate and fresh start.

He found out through the grapevine that Leonas was betting on nascar races instead, and to try and get back at him Zephyr started to race cars, too, in the hopes of winning or catching him in the act. After only a couple of years of doing this, he reached a point of

**catharsis and decided to utilise his skills better by joining the FFA instead of chasing a ghost. As a rookie in the FFA, he's now here to help the cast!**

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Zephyr always wanted to be a knightly steed. He was fed tales of grandeur when he was a kid, oftentimes from his father – Morning Glory – who had a tendency to pass down what he had heard from his own dad and so forth. He knew the legends of vagabond knights rather well, oftentimes able to recount just about anything. He spent plenty of days with his head buried in books as a colt, escaping to a fantastical realm that he'd never personally know. He wanted to dream, holding onto the hope that maybe someday he'd be a hero, too. He was designated a black knight offprint from a young age by his parents, and for the longest time he held the utmost pride in it.

He was a bright-eyed student, eager even if he was at times misguided. He thrived in learning, quick to ask questions even if they weren't the most profound. He of course adored racing alongside track, and throughout his schooling he was a persistent presence for the varsity team. Though, he was also incredibly easy to bully due to just how gentle he was; he was withdrawn and kind, and easily gullible towards most banter. It wasn't until it became a constant reminder from people that his racing dreams would never come true that he hoped to prove them wrong.

It was around this time that he started to have someone stand up for him whenever he was bullied, someone that thoroughly believed him every step of the way: *Leonas*. He was a lion offprint– hailed from some fancy, noble family that Zephyr only vaguely knew.

Leonas quickly became his best friend and his worst influence.

During highschool, Zephyr started to skip class and smoke with Leonas, discarding much of his previous worries everytime Leonas convinced him it'd make him 'cooler'. He wanted that. He figured coolness and heroism was subjective, as long as he was admired somewhere along the way. As they grew older, Zephyr and Leonas became inseparable, for better or worse.

Leonas was first to suggest the idea of gambling on horse races. He proposed the concept to Zephyr, promising him that it'd be a win-win for both of them– Zephyr would get his dream of being adored, he'd be able to race to his heart's content, and Leonas would be able to reap the reward of betting on his wins.

Leonas knew the potential Zephyr had, as well as the malleability he had to reach anything Leonas set his eyes on. One thing led to another, and after a decade's worth of fostered friendship the two of them were finally in for the long haul as partners in crime. ...Granted, Zephyr didn't exactly realise the legal ramifications for everything. At least not at first.

Per Leonas' advice, his glamour was 'off the books' – bought illegally by some dubious secondhand trade – this way it was more or less untrackable in Leonas' eyes, and Zephyr was able to slip his way into entering as a dark horse in various derbies. Due to being a fresh, mysterious new contender it was never expected that he'd win – and he almost always did. He was able to outperform mundie horses due to his own ability to implement strategy, as well as follow Leonas' unrelenting lead. One of the things that came first with the influx of money was the various doses of pixie dust that Zephyr constantly bought to stay on top. Leonas insisted at times that Zephyr needed that tiny extra boost from the pixie dust to win, so it kept him relatively hooked. It was something he hesitated with at first before finally embracing the wins and satisfying results it brought. After a while, he considered it essential to his performance.

Due to how rare Zephyr's losses were – and the rate in which he was climbing the ladder –

enough eyes began to gather on him that it was only a matter of time until the FFA found out. Leonas knew this.

When push came to shove, Leonas found a way to worm out of trouble by using Zephyr as bait to buy himself time to flee. Providing an anonymous tip to the FFA's hotline from a burner phone, he set Zephyr up to be caught. Zephyr's world came crashing down in a matter of seconds. He's a bit foggy on how it all happened, but he vividly remembers waking up in the FFA building after his arrest. He spent the next two months (and a few extra days) in rehabilitation thereafter. One of the worst parts for him throughout this period was having to adjust from constantly running and going as fast as he could to simply standing still. He was pacing and antsy, especially so when he went through withdrawal soon after, deprived of the pixie dust he had used prior to stay on top of his game. He was a mess, at least at first. It took a lot of time for him to finally cool down and adjust to a healthier pace.

Throughout his time in rehab, he held a lot less scorn towards the FFA than he anticipated. Instead, for the longest time he accepted his fate and the repercussions for his actions. He had no reason to act out or be resilient, sincerely performing the best that he could. He was kind, and took care to remember the names of everyone that helped him, perhaps to one day apologise if he hadn't done so enough already. Though a few C&C officers would joke around that he flew a little too close to the sun, they seemed impressed by his merit. Beneath everything, he still was a talented athlete. It was hard to deny, and especially harder to forget.

When he was finally released – alongside the elaborate party and decorations that had been set up for him on his final day, with plenty of fruit pizza abound – he took time to get back on his feet. One of the first things he did was take time to officiate a change of his offprint, shifting instead to be legally recognized as what he otherwise genetically was: a unicorn. He figured that a more universally admired and serene fable was the perfect motivating factor to do better than he had, especially so as he had lived up exactly to the roguish black knight title before. He wanted to separate himself from his past as much as possible. ...But of course, despite his best efforts it still continued to haunt him.

When he finally got a clean image for himself and a humble little job as a car washer, he heard through the grapevine of where Leonas had ended up: ditching horse racing for *race cars* instead. It was nearly comical just how hard it seemed for Leonas to let go of gambling, but Zephyr wasn't one to judge– especially so when he took the soonest opportunity to chase after him.

If there was one thing he wanted more than anything it was to prove himself as the best, especially so if he could rub it in Leonas' face. Revenge had never tasted so sweet, and quickly race cars became a calling like he'd never known before. He took to it quickly, as if fueled by a spirit beyond scorn alone; like he needed to prove to himself that he could not only be an amazing racer by himself but that he could finally *beat* Leonas at his own game. History repeated itself, and Zephyr soon found himself in the heart of racing once again. This time, at least, he was doing it as honorably as he could...considering the extenuating circumstances.

He continued to race for a few years, even though he never felt like he was getting any closer to facing Leonas again. Zephyr was a fast learner, adept at matching the horsepower of a car to his own; familiar with the rumbling engine like it was his own steel heart. But, even with his best foot forward and clean tactics, he couldn't keep up with someone who didn't mind playing dirty to win. It was like he was chasing his own tail at some point, circling for ages until he finally realised he was stuck. He wasn't going to gain anything from this. He wasn't going to find fulfillment once he finally got to the top of this

hill. It took time to realise this before he finally stopped, stepping down one day as this acclaimed driver who simply took a break he never entirely returned from. He used this time to revisit an older avenue instead.

Though initially it felt akin to him trudging back to the FFA with his tail between his legs, he was eventually able to take all of it in stride. He held his head high, and he reassessed his values on what was truly right; not what Leonas thought– it was never what Leonas thought. Instead, he held himself to his own truths and ideals to be able to finally do the right thing both for himself and others. He always wanted to help people, he had just been running in the wrong direction for the longest time.

After a few anxious phone calls and interviews, and some time further after that, he was given the opportunity to finally turn everything around and do his best helping under the FFA's guidance. He was practically stomping a hole into the ground from how much he was circling excitedly when he got the news– even if it was still a long climb upwards from there.

He was ushered in by the C&C in particular, of whom saw the untapped potential Zephyr still had; all it took was a bit of polish, and plenty of training. Though some likely saw it as an extreme test of merit, Zephyr took most of the training in stride like he was gleefully enjoying a new summer camp. He almost always asked for new tasks, to the humor of those in charge. He was the sort who would gladly try and fight those twice his size, or constantly run himself ragged doing the same obstacle course over and over 'for a new record'. There were points where his seriousness was questioned, but he had an incredibly heartfelt sincerity to his work that was simply demonstrated through treating it with eagerness. When it came time for him to effectively graduate from being a trainee to a green recruit, he paraded like a showpony.

He holds his rookie station with the utmost pride! Though he's only been amongst the ranks of FFA agents for a short period of time (perhaps a few months at best), he's done everything he can to make a positive name for himself. Currently, he operates under the C&C branch and has put his athletic talents to great use by being excellent in high speed pursuits – both on hoof and by car. Maybe someday he'd be able to catch Leonas too, but somehow being part of a cause like this helped put that thought to the furthest reach of his mind. He's happy here.

The entire concept of people being summoned in as honorary FFA members has thrilled him to no end! He's more than eager to help assist those affected by the anomalous mind-based murmurings, and constantly seems to talk their ears off both about himself and about their predicament. "How cool!" He'd constantly say, "Well now you'll always have a friend!" He'd then correct, "Er, either through me *or* the voice inside your head!"

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## RELATIONSHIPS

1

**MORNING GLORY**  
Black Knight Offprint

His father, who he dearly adores. He grew up wanting to be him, though he has more so accepted his role as a unicorn instead.

2

**LEONAS**

Lion Offprint

His childhood best friend, and his partner in crime for some time. They did everything together, and Zephyr more or less believed Leonas with everything, too. Even up to the point where Leonas abandoned him. As far as Zephyr knows, Leonas is still on the run.

3

**AZALEA**

Unicorn Offprint

His mom! A sweet, well-meaning unicorn mama who raised Zephyr with a gentle hand. She always exercised tremendous patience with Zephyr's insatiable energy.



“I’m thoroughly convinced I outran a shooting star once but genuinely no one believes me!”

## TRIVIA

LIKES	DISLIKES
He likes cars. This is basically his entire personality trait. You’d know this within 10 seconds of meeting him. He loves Nascar, and allegedly is/was a Nascar Driver...at one point.	Thunderstorms. ...Because they mess with his WiFi, of course! What? He’s not scared of thunder! ...Who told you that?
He thinks Hot Wheels and Transformers are incredibly badass. ...He may or may not have a collection of their toys.	Zephyr isn’t a big coffee guy. He takes little sips of it and grimaces, but he’ll still chug it



	for the caffeine. Energy drinks are a different story.
He's a gamer. He is a sweaty gamer. Besides obviously racing games, he plays a lot of multiplayer games at the highest FPS his computer can afford.	He hates meat, and he's a little wary of carnivores. But, he's getting better about it!

- I. Zephyr has a need for speed. He loves going fast, he loves running and he loves driving cars; he's good at both tremendously...especially compared to other tasks. He has rarely ever lost a race, either by hoof or wheel.
- II. He considers the idea of grazing on grass beneath him, preferring food to be offered to him either on a silver platter or a flat, open palm. However, when in the presence of an absolutely immaculate garden he may get carried away and feast on everything in his proximity.
- III. Zephyr is incredibly skittish and loud, sudden noises easily spook him. He's quick to run or kick whatever is near him, typically only apologising in the latter situation if it is especially warranted.
- IV. He currently owns a 2022 black Ferrari, with the horse emblem modified to include a horn. (It seems like he used a sharpie to add this detail himself.) Prior to this, he used to race with a 2017 Ford Mustang.
- V. The Nascar jacket he wears in his glamoured form is rather large on him, tailored to be oversized. Though most see it as nothing more than a quirky preference, it's because his mundie attire was made primarily with his true form in mind!
- VI. In terms of horse lore, Zephyr describes himself as being a "20 hands tall tobiano thoroughbred" but by technicality he's a unicorn. His party trick is his horn very dimly glows sometimes, which also gave him the nickname 'rudolph' in school. (...He was bullied a lot.)
- VII. Though he used to glamour as a full-fledged horse in the past, nowadays he glammers as a human! He seems to awkwardly laugh whenever people ask him why he doesn't do the former anymore, typically saying it's a long story...that, and he loves being a human! For the most part. ...Zephyr's old mundie racehorse name was 'Glory Steal'. Zephyr Zeal Glory Steal. Yeah.

## RP INFORMATION

NAME	Mal
PRONOUNS	she/her
TIMEZONE	EST



If I ever forget to reply within a few days, hit me up! I love reminders. It also shows me that you're just as excited about this as I am! : ] Please never be shy about it. I forget a LOT.

I have very limited triggers / hard No's, but they are more or less common sense and won't be openly listed unless it becomes necessary.

CREDIT for base © [niko](#)  
Helle drew the cute little chibi of Zephyr's old glamourised form : ]

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