

LET THE STREETS RUN RED

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Debts Repaid

Ramrod walked across the crowded dance floor. Strobe lights flashed images of writhing serpents on the thick, purple fog around him. A heavy bass riff shook the walls, but it was the erratic symphony of the dancers' heartbeats that tempted him to join them. Instead, he kept his eyes forward and let muscle memory guide him towards the VIP lounge. There was no time to feed. He was far from the safety of a place like the Succubus Club. The Reptile House was an Indianapolis nightclub, one of the many temples where the Anarch majority came to worship.

Ramrod nodded to the guard at the front of the lounge. "I'm here to see Pascal."

The guard let him pass. A man clad only in a white towel motioned Ramrod to sit at his table.

"Good to see you, Randy." The man searched Ramrod's face for any sign of reaction to his mortal name.

Ramrod nodded with no expression.

Pascal shook his head and smiled.

"Once again, you've taken away one of my

joys." He looked around. "Where's the rest of them? A little bird told me you even have a new childe. I don't get to see her?"

"Nadine's outside, with Dread," Ramrod said. "They're keeping an eye out. It's not like your buddies could do anything to us, but better safe than sorry."

Pascal laughed. "Have you told her about the last one yet? About what happened to Jackie?"

Ramrod scowled.

"There it is!" Pascal slapped his knee. "That's the reaction I've been dying to see!"

"Yeah, you got me." Ramrod looked back to the entrance. Where the hell was Tyrus?

"Oh! And while I think about it... have you ever told her why you took her in? About what the Lupines did to your legs? Surely, by now, you've said some—"

A man sailed through the air and crashed into the table next to them. It was the guard at the entrance. He yelled something to Pascal through a shattered, bleeding mouth. Ramrod

couldn't understand his words.

"My apologies, Winslow," Pascal said to the guard, "But it seems that *my father* has finally decided to join us."

Tyrus stomped to the table. "It's been a while."

"I thought you'd be angrier." Pascal helped the guard to his feet. "The brave Camarilla soldier comes face to face with his wayward childe in a Ministry shrine, tosses his beloved ghoulish toy...just to say 'hi?'"

"I wanted you both in the same place," Tyrus said. "I know the rest of the pack comes to see you every couple of months. I don't know why. I don't care. But this time, I needed to come along. I'd have brought Lester, too, but he's busy."

Ramrod looked at Tyrus. The biker cast his eyes to the floor, an expression he never expected to see from his sire. The tone of regret in his voice scared him.

"I'm no good with goodbyes," Tyrus said to his progeny. "But I'm going to die, and it'll be real soon."

The Wolf Pack didn't want to stop in Gary. As far as Ramrod knew, no one wants to stop in Gary. But the detour into Indiana wasted time and fuel. They should have started the trip from Chicago, and the journey to Seattle needed as few stops as possible. So, they filled up at a mom-and-pop gas station just within the city. An elderly man, alert and awake, manned the register. While Tyrus and Dread argued over a map and Nadine inflated her tires, Ramrod watched the man talk on the phone. He saw the man counting the four of them through the store window.

As the Pack finished up, a faded blue sedan drove up to the station. Its driver pressed down hard on the horn. The noise echoed across the empty lot.

Tyrus looked up. "The hell?"

Ramrod breathed a sigh of relief. That was the vampire he knew, not the sad, morose man who swore him to secrecy in the VIP lounge.

"I'll talk to 'em, boss." Ramrod approached the car, wrench in hand.

The driver stepped out. "I think you're lost, friend."

"Nah," Ramrod said. "Just passing through."

"That's what all of Jackson's scouts say."

The passengers in the car giggled. Unlike the driver, they didn't bother to hide their pallid skin and hungry gaze.

Ramrod chuckled. "I don't know what Juggler or whoever told you about us, but let's make a deal. You leave right now, we go back to Chicago and you can tell your buddies that you met the Wolf Pack and lived."

The passengers laughed even harder.

"Juggler's gone," the driver said, "Modius too. This is Evelyn's city now. And you're gonna come with us, and you'll tell her why you're sneaking around on our hunting grounds. So get your friends to follow our car, or..."

She opened her jacket to show

off her sawed-off shotgun. "Got it?"

Ramrod heard the rest of the Pack start up their motorcycles. He tightened his grip on the wrench.

"Don't be stupid," the driver said. "You don't want to start shit here."

"I've got somewhere to be." Ramrod swung the wrench at the driver's head.

In an instant, the driver was gone, and the wrench struck the driver seat's window. It lodged in the glass. Ramrod pulled at it, and hot waves of pain ran up his arm. For a moment, his mind flashed to the first time he felt that pain, when the Lupines mangled him decades ago.

Ramrod stumbled back, holding his now limp arm. The driver readied her shotgun. Before she fired, Nadine shot her in the chest. The other passengers climbed out of the car, weapons in hand.

She grabbed Ramrod and pulled him back to his bike. "Come on, let's go!"

The Pack fled the station, speeding through a hail of gunfire.

As the driver pulled herself back up, she yelled to them, "Cowards! We've got eyes on you! You can't run forever!"

Ramrod hoped once they got to Chicago, things would get easier. The mission Tyrus described earlier that night was simple. They'd pick up Darius, one of Prince Jackson's childer, and escort him to Seattle. There, the Ventrue would meet the city's Camarilla and the Pack could partake in some of the nightlife. It was practically a paid vacation.

That was before Tyrus told him that he believed one of Ben Galura's predictions, and before the Wolf Pack knew they were being hunted. Their stalker was hard to spot, save for his gray, bloodshot eyes. It was one of Gary's Anarchs, they knew that for sure, but his intense gaze and dogged persistence reminded Nadine of her brother's assassin. Once she said that, Tyrus started calling him "the eagle."

Now, as Tyrus held a man by his shirt collar in Darius' living room, Ramrod realized that the night would only get worse.

"I'm going to ask you again. Who are you, and..." Tyrus held up a letter, a threat printed on computer paper. "What the hell is this letter?"

The man kept silent. Tyrus punched him. The man's hat fell to the floor, revealing his face to the light.

Darius' eyes widened. "Dad?"

"Darius." He refused to look at his son. "They know about everything. I would have just asked you for the money, but I had to follow their instructions or...you can't leave town. If you pay every month, they can keep silent. But if you're off in Seattle, they'll expose you. They'll expose me."

Tyrus slammed him into a wall. The impact left a dent coated in blood. He let him go, and the man crumpled to the floor, unconscious. Darius rushed to him.

"He'll live," Tyrus said to Darius. "We're being followed. Sunrise's in a few hours, and we have to be on the interstate before the eagle catches up with us."

Darius stood up. "Kevin said I had nothing to worry about. That I'd be safe."

Tyrus glared at Ramrod. "You might've been," he said to Darius, "But the plan's changed."

"Hey!" Ramrod snarled. "If I hadn't done something, his dad would've convinced him to stay by the time we got here. Don't put this on me."

"You picked a fight with the Anarchs."

"Oh, that's bad now?" Ramrod smirked. "Or what, were they supposed to kill you? Is that it?"

"I told you to keep quiet," Tyrus growled. "For their sake."

"Tyrus?" Dread asked. "What's Ramrod talking about?"

"Galura's vision," Tyrus answered. "The eagle's going to finish the job."

Ramrod slammed his fist against the door. "Tyrus, nobody's fucking dying tonight!"

A shot rang out from outside the apartment. The kitchen window

shattered, and a high caliber bullet whizzed over Tyrus's head, destroying the lightbulb above him.

Darius dove to the floor, crawled to the door, and opened it. A second

shot hit the door's railing, and he shielded his face from the blast. He entered the hallway, and gestured the Pack to follow.

The roads weren't safe. The fastest route to the interstate was blocked by a fleet of police, called in after a bomb threat. Their assailant ambushed them as they took an alternate route, following their bikes in a white van that sped faster than its size let on. He pursued them into narrow country roads, surrounded by cornfields.

As Ramrod pushed his motorcycle to the limit, he imagined himself on the racing circuits he conquered in life. The van behind them was just another racer, an upstart that needed to learn who ruled the track.

Nadine's voice over his helmet headset shook him from his fantasy. "We can't shake him."

"We can do this!" Ramrod said.

"No." Dread's voice was firm. "He's tailed us for an hour. We can't keep this up."

Tyrus said, "Follow me."

At full speed, Tyrus swerved his bike to the side of the road and leaped into the cornfields. Nadine and Dread followed suit. Ramrod hesitated. Through the rear view mirror, he saw the van turn toward the

cornfield. He swore under his breath and banked into the field.

A sudden turn like this destroyed him once. If it wasn't for Tyrus' Embrace, he would have never ridden a bike again. Now, his entire body burned with pain as he hit the ground, every sensation from the Lupines' claws and bites resurfacing. Behind him, he heard the assassin race into the cornfield.

Tyrus said, "Dread, Nadine, circle around with Darius and get back to the bikes. Ramrod, you're with me. We're dogpiling him."

Ramrod pulled a tire iron from his jacket. "Hell yeah."

Tyrus found the would-be assassin first, and slammed his forearm into his neck. The grey-eyed gunman steadied himself and blasted Tyrus' stomach and chest with three pistol shots. He hit the ground, and saw the man pull out a large, tactical knife from a holster.

"Short rematch." Tyrus closed his eyes.

Before the man could decapitate him, Ramrod ambushed the Anarch and bashed him with the tire iron.

The man shook his head, and shouldered Ramrod at full force, pinning him down.

Ramrod tried to swing his tire iron, but the assailant was too fast. He grabbed the rod mid-arc and pulled it from him. With great force, he stabbed the tire iron through Ramrod's chest, deep into the earth.

"Tyrus! Get back to the others!" Ramrod yelled.

There was a moment of silence. The wind carried voices of a group of people somewhere deeper in the field, chanting praises to a blood-hungry god.

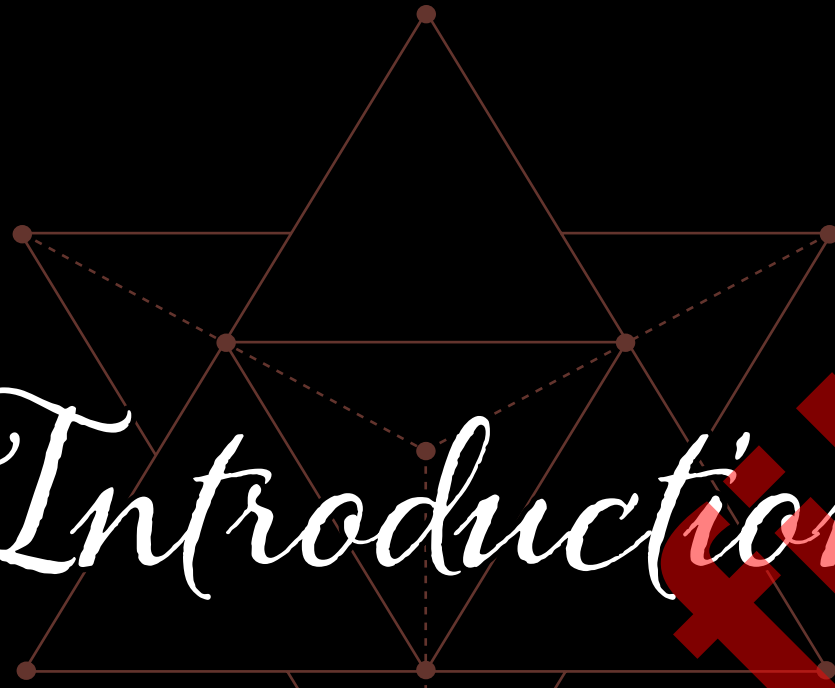
"Thank you." That was all Tyrus said, and he was gone.

Ramrod could still move, but the tire iron was wedged so deep that he couldn't get up. He wanted to laugh. After all those years, he only got a simple show of thanks. Then again, Tyrus saved his life with just as little fanfare. Perhaps it was all full circle.

"Fuck fate," Ramrod said to the man, "and fuck you."

The man carved off his head.





Introduction

"Being Prince has its stresses and its perks. Don't forget though, little one: I feed just like you. I feel that burn too. No crown gonna diminish that."

— Kevin Jackson, Prince of Chicago

Tales of vampires range from the stirringly romantic to the unrepentantly horrific. Sometimes both distinct themes appear in the same novel, film, or game with which you're engaging. One thing is certain: in stories of vampires, blood flows. Sometimes it serves as a fuel for the desire, other times a vampire or a hunter spills it in malice. People scream, in pleasure and in pain. People die, some tragically young, others long past their time.

Stories of vampires might encompass any number of themes, moods, and genres. In *Let the Streets Run Red*, you are presented with four chronicles, each containing a different tone, setting, and complexity. While the first chronicle keeps a coterie local, grounded in the world of mortals and human loss, the fourth incorporates the heated politics between Princes and the sects of the Camarilla and Anarchs.

Every story varies, but they're all about vampires. Your vampires.

Guiding You Through the Night

If you are a first-time Storyteller, *Let the Streets Run Red* will serve you well. Each of the four chronicles contained within are complete stories following an arc suitable for brand new characters.

If you are an established Storyteller, *Let the Streets Run Red* serves as excellent inspiration for your own stories, or should you wish to run a chronicle with minimal preparation, this book has you covered.

A Storyteller doesn't have to follow the chronicles in this book to the letter, use every character presented, or even incorporate the Loreshoots and ready-made characters into their game. Protagonists will always go off the beaten track, create their own leads, and pick fights with

the wrong SPCs. Let that happen, and allow the content in this book to inspire the chronicles you then go on to tell.

While there are crossover elements linking this book to *Chicago by Night* and *The Chicago Folios*, you can use this book without either of its two companions. Each book is capable of standing alone, serving a different purpose, and assisting any Storyteller or player in telling fantastic stories about vampires.

Blood will Flow

The content in the following chapters of *Let the Streets Run Red* can be used straight from the book or adapted for any other chronicle of *Vampire: The Masquerade* you choose to run or participate in. We invite you to lift or adjust any of the material in this book, whether it be an encounter, a character, or just a concept from one of the chronicles, and make it your own. This book encourages you to use it as you see fit for *Vampire: The Masquerade*.

Debts Repaid

The Wolf Pack, Gangrel Archons and Prince Jackson's marauders, explore Chicago and its surrounding domains in this introductory fiction.

Introduction

Soon you will be leaving this place.

Power Prey

The first of our stories is set in Chicago and asks the question: what would a vampire do to protect their Touchstones? The antagonists here are mortal, and they refuse to play by Kindred rules.

The Dying Fields

Our second story introduces the coterie to rural Illinois, folk horror, and a bizarre community of kine and Kindred bogeymen who love to prey on lost and weary travelers out on the road.

Innocence in Blood

The third story in this book takes our player characters on a journey from the police state domain of Milwaukee to the cultist-run domain of Indianapolis, all in search of an errant child split between philosophies and sects.

GENERAL DIFFICULTIES

Some minor characters in this book have what are referred to in their stat blocks as General Difficulties. These come in the form of two numbers divided by a stroke, such as 4/3 or 5/2. The first number is the Difficulty the players have to beat if ever opposing this character in an area they excel. The second number is the Difficulty whenever players oppose this SPC in an area in which they are mediocre or poor. Though each of these characters comes with traits too, for those who want to use Attributes and Skills to determine Difficulties, for those who prefer a simpler method, the General Difficulties have you covered.

kee to the cultist-run domain of Indianapolis, all in search of an errant child split between philosophies and sects.

Rusted Jungle

The fourth story introduces the domain of Gary, Indiana, as the coterie of player characters are instructed to investigate and potentially destroy the Barony of the Steel City, or work for it and usher in a new (or perhaps old) rule over Chicago.

Kindred Biographies

All key vampires introduced in *Let the Streets Run Red* are included in this chapter, each with their own biography detailing their mortal days and Kindred nights, along with aims, relationships, and powerbases. Every character has traits and can be used as supporting characters and antagonists in your games.

Loresheets

This chapter contains new Loresheets for player characters to choose, allowing them to connect their characters to interesting vampires, historic moments, local sects, and the occult aspects of Chicago and the surrounding domains.

Ready-Made Characters

Nine deep and inspiring characters with backgrounds, ambitions, stats, and character sheets are included in this chapter, perfect for any chronicle of *Vampire: The Masquerade*.

A Cocktail of Blood and Other Fluids

The best thing any Storyteller can do ahead of running a pre-written story across multiple sessions is find ways to hook the players' characters into upcoming events. Without doing so, stories can sometimes feel like hollow "missions" with little direction, but as we don't prescribe player character Touchstones, Allies, Contacts, and other mortal associates — not to mention their Kindred ties — the Storytellers must do this part of the lifting with their players to ensure everyone feels the hook. Of the upcoming stories, *Power Prey* heavily builds this investment into the plot, but we strongly encourage the Storyteller to review *The Dying Fields*, *Innocence in Blood*, and *Rusted Jungle* ahead of time to create meaningful links that can serve as direction for players to follow and emotional beats that might make them act within or react to the story's arc.

Each story presented in this book is freely customizable, and we encourage Storytellers to replace characters with those appearing in other books such as *Chicago by Night*, *The Chicago Folios*, and *Cults of the Blood Gods*, especially if player characters have already developed relationships and enmities with those SPCs. As an example, Thomas Ewell from *Chicago by Night* is a character who could replace Walter Nash from the *Power Prey* story in this book with minimal difficulty. Both are loathsome vampires, albeit for different reasons. Likewise, if the players participated in the *Vampire: The Masquerade* playtest scenario, *Rusted Veins*, feel free to reintroduce characters from that story, such as Snowman and Malort, as replacements for characters in *Rusted Jungle*, also set in Gary.

A key thing for Storytellers to keep in mind is the kind of direction their players enjoy. *Power Prey* is a fairly simple mystery with a linear progression, whereas *The Dying Fields* allows them to explore a new setting and meet new characters, tying elements together to weave a story. If your players are more inclined to follow the Storyteller's lead, *Power Prey* or *Rusted Jungle* are more supportive in terms of narrative direction than the toolbox stories of *The Dying Fields* and *Innocence in Blood*. Moving any of these stories to locations the players know better is easy to achieve, as the *Dying Fields* can take place in any rural community, whereas *Innocence in Blood* could be set primarily in Chicago (if the Storyteller were to harden Kevin Jackson's dedication to the Traditions or see him supplanted by a character like Alan Sovereign or, God forbid, Nathaniel Bordruff), with Indianapolis replaced with any other domain the player characters haven't visited.

Storytellers should always keep in mind that players may head off the beaten track and push the boundaries of a pre-written story. This is a good thing in a story such as *The Dying Fields*, where the characters could do this only to discover the Goblin Roads loop back to Willerton, but may test the limits of an antagonist in a story like *Power Prey*, where the blackmailer Redwood will up the ante if the protagonists ignore his threats. In the case of players not following the breadcrumbs or engaging with the plot, never be afraid of asking the players, at the end of your session, "what would you like to see happen next?" Take their lead and see how you can tie it back into the written plot, or, if necessary, how their actions might tangle with events in the other stories.

Everything in this book is a guideline, and it's no failure on the Storyteller's part if the players set fire to Redwood's house in *Power Prey* instead of venturing inside, or kill Mark Decker the first time they meet him. Tailor the stories to fit the players and everyone will enjoy a rewarding roleplaying experience.





Power Prey

*"The kine pose many threats, and not just because they have the sun on their side.
They can get under your skin and erode your foundations."*

— Gabriella, *Nosferatu Hound of Chicago*

The constant reminder of a finite existence pushes and motivates a person to pursue goals. The prospect of infinity opens the world at your feet and provides enough time to attain greatness, but an eternity to idly prevaricate or indulge in base pleasures. Kine and Kindred alike seek to climb the social ladder and implant their footprints solidly into the surface of society. But what happens when the ladder is turned upside down and the bottom of the hierarchy suddenly threatens the top? What happens when the hunter becomes the hunted? And most importantly: What extremes will the prey go to when they have power over their predators?

Introduction

Power Prey is a **Vampire: The Masquerade** story influenced by the inversion of hierarchy within vampire society. Characters in **Power Prey** will see the bottom and top of the societal ladder and ask themselves what they are willing to give up of their Touchstones and Humanity to maintain status and fight their enemies.

Players required: 3-5

Duration: 10-12 hours

Story Breakdown

Storytellers, keep this to yourselves.

The story starts in the months before the player characters become involved, when a conspiracy theorist named Paul Sterry — whose pseudonym is “Redwood” — discovered enough evidence about vampires to start defending himself from their possible attacks. He reached out to a paramilitary hunter group known as Night’s Cross for assistance, frequenting their bar in River West to gain their trust. On some occasions, he even brought his daughter Michelle along.

A vampire named Walter Nash started attending the same hunter bar as Redwood, mainly for the thrill of standing among his enemies, but he gained a predatory desire for Redwood’s daughter, as he had for many young women before her. Without Redwood’s knowledge, Nash and Michelle met up one night and the vampire drained her to the point where she was left in a coma. This was not Nash’s first victim left in such a condition.

Redwood put two and two together and sought to ruin Nash’s existence. Rather than merely killing the Ventrue, he accumulated evidence of Nash’s misdeeds and extorted information from him regarding Kindred society, the Beast, and other knowledge both real and

fictional, created by Nash. Redwood only ever approached Nash via letter, call, or discreet message. Thus, the vampire never connected his blackmailer to the father of the girl he sent to hospital.

By the time the PCs enter the story, an increasingly manic and fixated Redwood has blackmailed several Kindred around Chicago. The Storyteller is free to name any vampires in this book or **Chicago by Night**, but it's advised they choose loner Kindred, as Redwood doesn't want the full weight of Chicago's vampires coming down on him. He now targets the PCs' coterie for similar extortion, moving on from his need for knowledge to money, property, businesses, and anything he feels will ruin the vampires' existences. He cares little for the gains, and more for what the Kindred have to lose.

As the PCs fall victim to blackmail, a Mawla or Primogen points them in the direction of Walter Nash, who seeks assistance to free him from a bind (his own blackmail, though he doesn't advertise it). Nobody of status would assist a vampire like him, so he finds himself attempting to enlist the coterie in a scheme that serves both their purposes: investigate, locate, and destroy the blackmailers.

The trail takes the PCs through Redwood's various layers of security: Darkhour Protection, who record blackmail footage for him; his website, which is only a front for his true knowledge; Honored Drinks, the hunter bar Redwood frequents; and likely more leads besides, all eventually pointing to Redwood himself.

In the final act, the player characters take the investigation to Redwood's home. There, they confront the tragedy of what vampires do to frail human lives, and the mania of a man obsessed with causing all vampires great pain. The PCs will need to overcome physical, mental, and moral hurdles, including hunters, Redwood's pet ghoul, traps, and the

blackmailer's often-inaccurate knowledge of vampires, before confronting Redwood himself and deciding what to do with him.

Character Advice

Although *Power Prey* looks into the hierarchy of the Chicago Camarilla, players will not necessarily have to create vampires affiliated with the Camarilla. Characters from all sects and clans can engage with *Power Prey*, and the story offers different outcomes and results depending on the approach the players take.

Camarilla

The Camarilla is built on a foundation of and within a rigid system of traditions. For it to function, knowing your place within the system is alpha and omega. Playing *Power Prey* from the viewpoint of the Camarilla, putting a stick in the wheel of power and changing the matrix from one extreme to another, is a good opportunity to explore what happens when a rigorous foundation suddenly changes.

Anarchs

With their constant expansion of territories into Camarilla grounds, the Anarchs are growing stronger than ever in these nights. Where can they gain more fuel for their fire? How can they use the Camarilla to their own benefit without giving any-

thing back? The Anarchs want to dive into whatever intrigues they can to dent the oppressive, elitist sect. They can feel the rush of control washing over them after decades and this sets their motivation alight.

Prologue

In this story, the prologue does not take place within the group. Instead, every member of the coterie has their own individual introduction scene. This gives the Storyteller an opportunity to get to know their players' styles, set the tone of the game, and give each player a good introduction to the character they created. The prologue can take place at any time or any place and should be individualized to each character and their Touchstone. Therefore, the Storyteller must do a bit of preparation before the first game. Use this section as inspiration.

During the prologue, each PC is contacted by the Touchstone aware of their vampire existence. They inform the characters they were just blackmailed into providing a service or material goods, or else the blackmailer would reveal the PC's secrets to the world. They all mention they have 48 hours to provide what the blackmailer requested, or they suffer consequences. How the Touchstones inform the characters is up to the Storyteller, but can be anything from a text, phone call, or in person. Each scene should be personalized for each PC; therefore, the Storyteller needs to be aware who the Touchstones

IMPORTANT!

In this story, players have to create at least one Touchstone per character, aware of their vampire existence. This can be anyone from a grandparent to a spouse or a colleague, but they must have at least one Touchstone they confide in and trust with their deepest and darkest secret. Players could create Touchstones for each other's characters, to provide an interesting mix of personalities in play. Importantly, each Touchstone bar at least one is subject to blackmail. This later enables the blackmail-free Touchstone to fall to the antagonist's plans.



are and what role they play in the character's life. How the blackmailing took place is up to the Storyteller, but there must be at least one face-to-face encounter with the perpetrator. These examples can be used as inspiration for the Storyteller to go through each scene with her players. It is crucial to the plot the Storyteller chooses more than one Touchstone as a victim. One Touchstone must also seemingly be safe and not have been blackmailed.

In order to keep players involved in these traditionally one-on-one roleplay scenes, consider whether other players can play the Touchstones with a little Storyteller briefing. The Sibling scene is the only obligatory scene, as it later allows for the characters to investigate a crime scene important to the story.

Critical Hook: The Sibling

The player character receives a late call from his sister. It is odd, since she usually always goes to bed early in order to wake up and get to work at the other end of town. After picking up, it takes a while before she says anything. The PC hears only rapid breathing and a distressed whimper in the first seconds of the call. Before long, she finally speaks up in a tone of voice the PC has not heard since they were teenagers.

"I... Just had the scariest thing happen to me in my entire life. After work, I always take my bike to the basement, you know? But after I parked it, the light went out, and I had to pick up some laundry from the basement too, so I went over to turn the light back on. When I reached for it, I swear to fucking god, someone's hand was already on it."

She goes quiet for a moment, as if mustering strength to proceed.

"There was this guy there. He was standing right at the entrance. He said he knew you, that... that he knew everything about what you do, and he would let the whole world know if I didn't do what he said. He... he threatened me. And I didn't do anything. I couldn't. I froze up. I didn't want you to get hurt. He said he would come back in a day and finish what he started and as long as I didn't tell anyone, he wouldn't hurt you. He punched me in the face! Oh my God, it really hurts. But I grabbed out at him, and I yanked something off his clothes. I was still reeling. God, I'm such a mess. But he got away. He ran past me and out the door."

A successful Charisma + Investigation (Difficulty 3) provides the PC with a physical description of the attacker: The top half of his face was covered by a black hoodie, matching his black jeans. He was a large white male in his mid-thirties. His big, rough, strong hands felt like he'd

been doing manual labor for some time. Tattoos peeked through at the sleeve of his hoodie, but the Touchstone cannot remember what they looked like. She also doesn't know what came off in her hand, since she dropped it and hasn't returned to the basement since.

The Spouse

Upon returning home to his home in the suburbs, the player character drops their key in the steel bowl on the desk in the hallway, quietly enough to not wake the kids. It's 3am, and they know Charlotte will still be awake in the bedroom. She never was good at sleeping alone, so they always make sure to feed quickly in order to return home to her.

But tonight, there's something wrong. The player character can feel it. They hurry to the bedroom, where they find Charlotte shaking, curled up into a fetal position. She is grasping her phone in one hand and a kitchen knife in the other and whirls to her feet when the PC enters. What could have frightened the PC's brave wife so badly? They rush forward and remove the weapon from her hand, right before pulling her close in a hug.

"We have to move. We can't stay here anymore. They know what you are. They know everything. They left voicemails. They saw you drinking from someone the other day, they say they filmed you. We have to get away," she sobs.

With a successful Charisma + Insight (Difficulty 2) the PC can calm their spouse and gain information about the call: someone left two voicemails, one right after the other. The blackmailer used a voice distorter in each. A successful Intelligence + Investigation (Difficulty 3) reveals the likelihood of the caller being a woman. The messages are short and explain the couple needs

to give up 25% of their income from their company from now on and transfer it through wire at the end of every month, or the blackmailer will tell the PC's children's school and wife's customers about the vampire's pattern of attacking innocents at nighttime.

The Grandparent

A message ticks in on the player character's phone right before she lies down for the day after an intense night of hunting. As she looks at the display, she sees the name of her grandfather pop up. It's early morning and her grandparents are both early risers, so she decides to put her phone down until she awakes for the next night. She wakes up to five messages:

"Good morning, sweetheart. Grandpa and I are heading to the park today and picking up Jerod's heart medication afterwards. We love you."

"Oh, and grandpa will call Richard today in regard to those donor blood bags. We don't want you running around outside so late anymore. We're here for you."

"Hi sweetie, I bet you are still sleeping. Do you owe money to a woman? Grandpa just got a message from a strange lady who told us she would tell the world about your secret if we didn't find \$50,000 before tomorrow. Please call me when you see this."

"Pick up your phone, please."

"We need to talk."

Upon further investigation, the PC finds out when the calls took place, their duration, and the woman wants the money wire transferred in less than 48 hours. With a successful Intelligence + Technology roll (Difficulty 2), she can conclude the phone number is for a burner phone which is no longer in service.

The Best Friend

The player character and Meghan have been friends ever since kindergarten and have gone through many highs and lows together. The PC was there when Meghan kicked her heroin addiction and visited her every day at the hospital. Meghan saw the PC die and wake up again after she was Embraced by an ex-boyfriend years ago. They share everything, and Meghan even assists the player character in luring young men into her trap in order for her to survive.

Getting ready for another night on the town, Meghan turns up the volume on her laptop and sings along to a pop song blasting through its speakers. The PC curls her hair with a flat-iron, flinging questions across the room about Meghan's good-for-nothing boyfriend, but no answer returns. When the player character checks the mirror to see what's distracting Meghan, she sees her friend frozen in place, still bent over the laptop on the desk.

The PC goes to check out the laptop, open on an email. Meghan keeps scrolling through the same email:

"We know about your friend's dark secrets and about her victims. We know everything. We have gone through your computer several times and through your Twitter DMs. Everything is logged. We know you are a very popular social media influencer. We want full access to your accounts and for you to only post what we approve within 48 hours. If you refuse, the whole world will see this."

Four pictures are attached to the email, two of which are of the PC walking into a ritzy apartment building with a guy from whom she fed. The next is of the same guy with fang marks in his throat found later that evening, sleeping on a bench in the city park.

The PC can use a Manipulation + Insight (Difficulty 2) to calm Meghan down and not get her to respond to the email immediately without thinking. She can also roll Intelligence + Technology (Difficulty 3) to try to track down an IP address from the email. However, the email can only be tracked to the USA.

The Colleague

The harbor always meant business to the PC, even before he was Embraced. Back then, he used to arrive on his scooter for his night shift at the Fish & Gills warehouse, where he made sure the fresh fish arriving in the morning was put directly on display for customers at the early morning market. Now, he arrives in a Rolls Royce as the owner of the company. He made his way to the top with hard work and determination... and a bit of discipline, but his father always told him to use whatever tools possible to get what he wanted. One thing is certain, and it is the player character would never have made it this far without his personal assistant Neil. Neil doesn't just suck up to him like so many other of his employees but tells him the truth as best as he sees it.

Without fail, Neil has always been the first at the office for the night shift, has the PC's bagged blood ready, schedules his day, and makes sure the morning meeting has refreshments for the rest of the staff. But this evening is different. Neil is not there. He didn't call in sick or late. Even yesterday's paperwork is undone and still laid out on his desk. The PC knows something must have happened. As he searches through the papers on his desk, he stumbles upon a piece that seems to previously have been crumbled together and then straightened. The edges are still rugged, and the handwriting seems fast and desperate:

THE THREAT

What one character finds threatening to their interests another might consider a misdirected attempt at intimidation. As Storyteller, you can aim one of these blackmail attempts at something a character cares about, and another at something a character doesn't, just to mix things up. Therefore, consider how one character might value wealth or anonymity, while another considers family and social standing their important assets.

"Meet me at the Challenger Park fountain at midnight or the whole world will know."

A picture attached with a paperclip reveals a chat log between the player character and a previous employee he told about his vampirism. This was early on in the PC's career and a few weeks after his Embrace. Neil always covered up for him and made sure no one knew about the PC's indiscretion.

The player character heads to the park and finds Neil sitting on a park bench. His shirt is wrinkled around the neck and cuffs, and his rumpled hair looks like he might have just woken up. He cradles one arm delicately. Neil springs up from his seated position when he sees the PC, and quickly walks over to him, desperately apologetic: "I'm so sorry for not being at my post this morning."

He pauses.

"Sir, I'm afraid we have a problem at our hands. There must be individuals out there who know about your... darker sides. They want the company. They want what you've spent decades building. Or else... or else, they say they'll prove to the world what we did to your victim's body, all those months ago..."

With a successful Charisma + Manipulation roll (Difficulty 3) the PC is able to get a description of the situation and the individual meeting Neil in the park. Neil describes a teenager in a black hoodie, with no markings on it. She was white, had a high-pitched voice, and was nervous. She told Neil to hand over confidential papers about the company. When

Neil refused, she pushed him into the bushes, where Neil broke his arm. She told Neil they had 48 hours to hand over the ownership for the company, then fled.

The Fate of Touchstones

The PCs now have the opportunity to take measures to protect their Touchstones in order for them to remain unharmed. Let this be up to the players' own initiative. If they do not take measures to protect their Touchstones, there will be consequences further into the story. The Touchstones can be kept at a safe location, taught how to use a weapon, be guarded by allies, or have the local police keep them under protection, though this takes some influence on the vampire's part.

Teaching a mortal how to use a weapon at short notice might take a successful Intelligence + Firearms or Intelligence + Melee (Difficulty 4). Convincing the local police to take care of the Touchstone might take the use of contacts, Disciplines such as Presence or Dominate, or a successful Manipulation + Intimidation or Manipulation + Persuasion (Difficulty 5), depending on how the PC approaches them. The PCs can promise boons to their fellow Kindred to keep the Touchstones safe in a haven until further notice. If, by their own initiative, the players decide to protect their Touchstones, help them figure a realistic way for their characters to do so.