



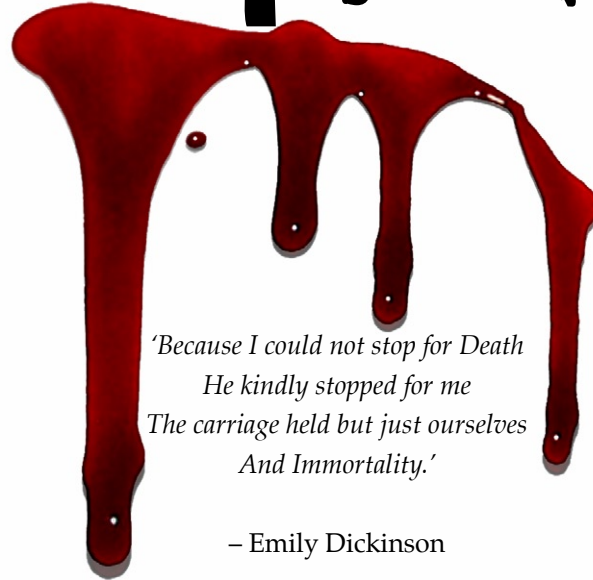
A SUPPLEMENT OF UNDEAD NPCs FOR VAMPIRE THE REQUIEM BY RÖMA NÂIM

The Unquiet Dead

WORLD OF DARKNESS STORYTELLING SYSTEM

~ VAMPIRE THE REQUIEM ~

The Unquiet Dead



*'Because I could not stop for Death
He kindly stopped for me
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.'*

– Emily Dickinson

A supplement of undead NPCs for Vampire the Requiem. Art, writing and design by

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JIMMY 'BLAKJACK' O'NEIL

THE STREET ENFORCER

Clan: Ventrue

Covenant: Invictus

Concept: Ghetto Hound

Demeanor : Intimidating

Age: Late Teens

Embrace: 1987

Virtue: Fortitude - You hate what you were, you hate what you are. But never let anyone ever change you.

Vice: Wrath - The need to preserve your reputation and a secret self loathing make you quick to rile.

Quote: 'Time to bleed bitch!'

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Composure 2, Presence 3, Manipulation 2, Resolve 3

Skills: Investigation 2, Law 1, Politics 1, Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Drive 3, Firearms 2, Stealth 2, Weapons (Machete) 3, Animal Ken (Dogs) 3, Intimidation 3, Streetwise (Blackmarket) 3, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Stunt Driver, Contacts (Criminal) 2, Haven (Group) 1, Mentor (Sire) 1, Retainers (Dogs) 3, Resources 2, Status (Kindred) 2, Status (Invictus) 1

Traits: Humanity 4, Willpower 5, Size 5, Defence 3, Initiative 5, Speed 11, Health 8, Blood Potence 1, Bloodpool 10, Vitae/turn 1

Disciplines: Animalism 2, Resilience 1

In life you were a vicious kid. Growing up on the city streets was tough, sure. But you already had a mean streak before your grandpa's daily 'beating lessons' and having parents who were slaves to the crack pipe had sunk in. You enjoyed inflicting pain, and while that gained you fear, it also made you enemies. Your fate was written in the stars, as well as juvenile records and social worker reports a mile long, and it wasn't long until you were brutally inducted into a local gang. You are a result of a failure in the system, a failure of bad parenting, a failure of



poor education and ingrained poverty that stretches back over three generations. You are a failure. And while your warped ego and sense of ghetto pride would never let you admit it, subconsciously you know it. In your own small-minded way you thought you could change your destiny through violence, sought to inflict fear to gain respect, while always telling yourself you were doing it for survival, or as you put it 'taking care of b'iness'. In truth you gave up on life. That's why you didn't miss it when it was taken away from you.

Your sire's coterie where making moves on the local gangs you ran crack for, and while you weren't a major player, you were connected, vicious and most importantly *efficient*, all the things a Ventrue sire could have wanted in a child. You didn't even flinch when you watched your old crew go down in a hail of AK rounds. You were part of a new family now, were bound to the street vows, cash and crimson will of your sire, and fuck anyone who gets in your way. Sure, you're still the same; you still sleep through the day, still ride your bike through neighborhoods police have all but given up to the drug dealers, still have the same three pit bulls which follow you wherever you go. But now you're one of the undead. You're part of a network that leads all the way up to the Prince himself, and your dogs are hell hounds you can command to tear your enemies to shreds with nothing more than a snarl.

You're a well know face on the street for the Prince now. You've grown into the position of a brutal ghetto hound, and while you don't get on with the idea of the Prince's ruling court particularly well, you have on a few notable occasions taken on the role of court Herald. You still have close ties to your sire's coterie. You share blood and are all family, a House in the making. That's why they trusted you to accept the duty as Herald. They're planning to take down the Prince and need your inside track on the Prince's moves and closest people. Your playing a dangerous game, but one that might make you a high roller in the city some day. How long it takes for you to learn that it's not the envious position its cracked up to be you will find out soon... If you survive the coming coup.

VICTOR 'MEMORY' KLEIN

THE ARCHIVER

Clan: Mekhet - Mnemosyne

Covenant: Carthian

Concept: Undercity Harpy

Demeanor: Pensive

Age: Mid Forties

Embrace: 1956

Derangements: Fixation

Virtue: Hope - Your memory is everything, it shows that things were not always so bad, it shows they may get better.

Vice: Sloth - Don't try to be a success, you may fail, and you know that feeling all too well.

Quote: *Why do you want to know?*

Attributes: *Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Composure 4, Presence 2, Manipulation 3, Resolve 4*

Skills: *Academics (Geography, History) 4, Investigation (Research) 3, Law 2, Occult 2, Politics 3, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Larceny 1, Stealth 1, Animal Ken 1, Empathy 3, Expression 3, Persuasion 2, Socialize 1, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3*

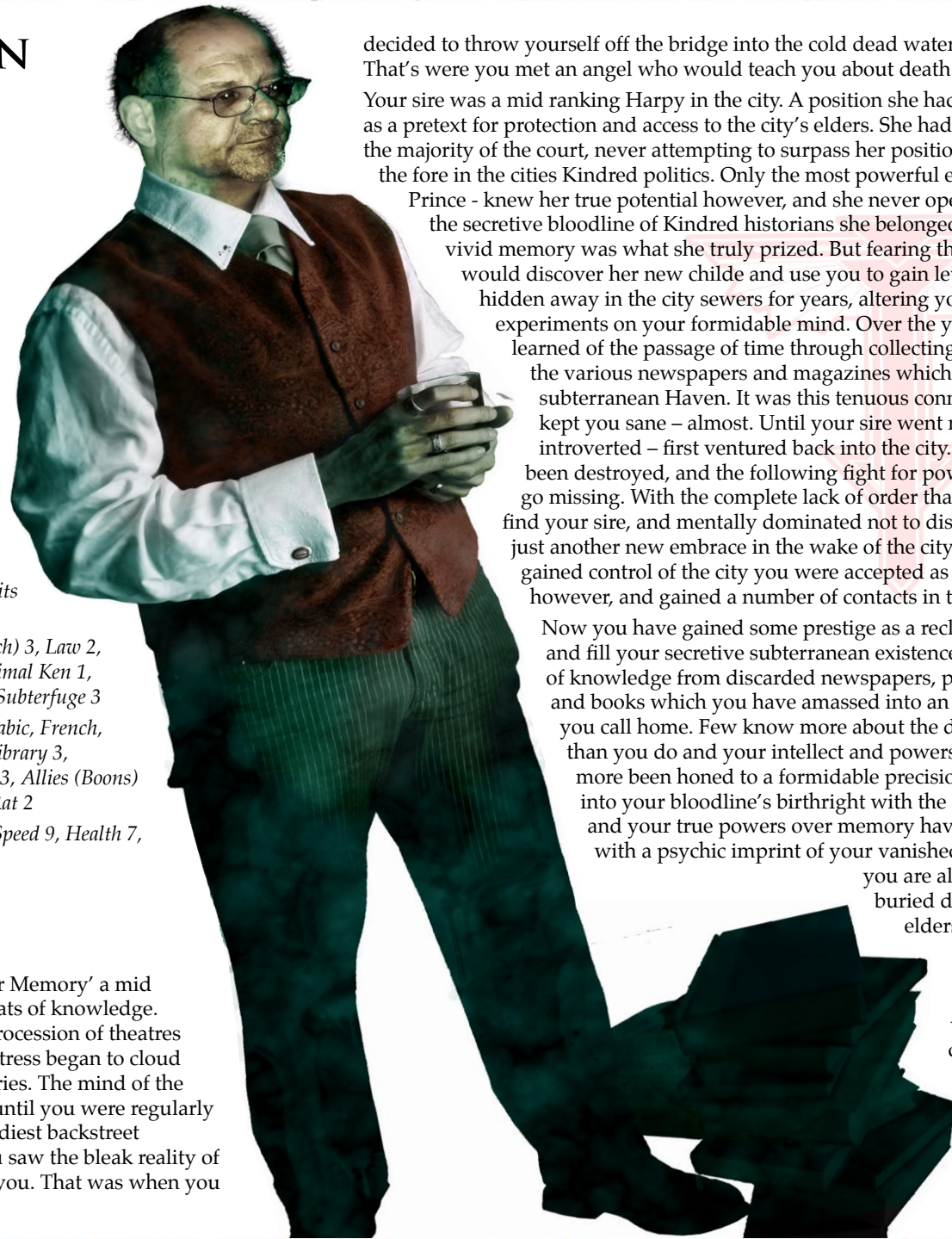
Merits: *Eidetic Memory, Encyclopedic Knowledge, Language (Arabic, French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, Latin, Polish, Slavic, Spanish), Library 3, Meditative Mind, Contacts (Harpies, Academic, Media) 3, Haven 3, Allies (Boons) 3, Resources 1, Status (Kindred) 2, Status (Carthian) 1, *Tunnel Rat 2*

Traits: *Humanity 6, Willpower 8, Size 5, Defence 2, Initiative 6, Speed 9, Health 7, Blood Potence 2, Bloodpool 11, Vitae/turn 1*

Disciplines: *Auspex 4, Obfuscate 3*

** p.54 World of Darkness: Chicago*

In the old music hall days of the city, you were known as 'Mr Memory' a mid billing stage act who was once famous for your incredible feats of knowledge. Your act did well for a time, but playing to a never ending procession of theatres across the country took its toll over the years, as booze and stress began to cloud your judgement and obscure your once incorruptible memories. The mind of the 'Marvellous Maestro of Memory' steadily began to unravel until you were regularly booed off stage and dropped from the billing of even the seediest backstreet cabarets. With your reputation lost and your life in ruins you saw the bleak reality of a slow spiralling descent into oblivion stretching out before you. That was when you



decided to throw yourself off the bridge into the cold dead waters of the river one wintry night. That's where you met an angel who would teach you about death and the true nature of memory. Your sire was a mid ranking Harpy in the city. A position she had studiously maintained merely as a pretext for protection and access to the city's elders. She had remained below the radar of the majority of the court, never attempting to surpass her position and bring herself clearly to the fore in the city's Kindred politics. Only the most powerful elders in the city - including the Prince - knew her true potential however, and she never openly discussed her connection to the secretive bloodline of Kindred historians she belonged to. Your innate and startlingly vivid memory was what she truly prized. But fearing the city's Kindred elders would discover her new child and use you to gain leverage over her she kept you hidden away in the city sewers for years, altering your memories and committing experiments on your formidable mind. Over the years of your incarceration you learned of the passage of time through collecting and committing to memory the various newspapers and magazines which found their way down to your subterranean Haven. It was this tenuous connection to the world above that kept you sane - almost. Until your sire went missing, and you - now highly introverted - first ventured back into the city. The Prince was believed to have been destroyed, and the following fight for power had seen many Kindred go missing. With the complete lack of order that had followed you could not find your sire, and mentally dominated not to disclose who she was, you became just another new embrace in the wake of the city's troubles. When a new Prince gained control of the city you were accepted as a reclusive font of knowledge however, and gained a number of contacts in the city's court.

Now you have gained some prestige as a reclusive Harpy of the Undercity, and fill your secretive subterranean existence with collecting a vast amount of knowledge from discarded newspapers, photographs, magazines, maps and books which you have amassed into an archaic subterranean library you call home. Few know more about the diverse secrets the city holds than you do and your intellect and powers of recollection have once more been honed to a formidable precision. You have recently come into your bloodline's birthright with the strengthening of the blood and your true powers over memory have begun to awaken... along with a psychic imprint of your vanished sire who speaks to you when you are alone and stolen memories she buried deep within your psyche from elders who now hold the city in their twisted control. Whether these memories will be a curse to your undead soul or a blessing you will use for your own gain, the city shall soon find out.

EVELYN 'WARD' EDWARDS

THE WATCHER

Clan: Mekhet - Khaibit

Covenant: Circle of the Crone

Concept: Shadow Hunter

Demeanor: Sad

Age: Mid Teens

Embrace: 1986

Derangements: Vocalization

Virtue: Hope - Your work is never ending, but you know in your heart it will become easier

Vice: Lust - The shadows have become intoxicating and you've begun to crave their touch

Quote: *We must send them back where they came from... All of them.*

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Composure 3, Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Resolve 3

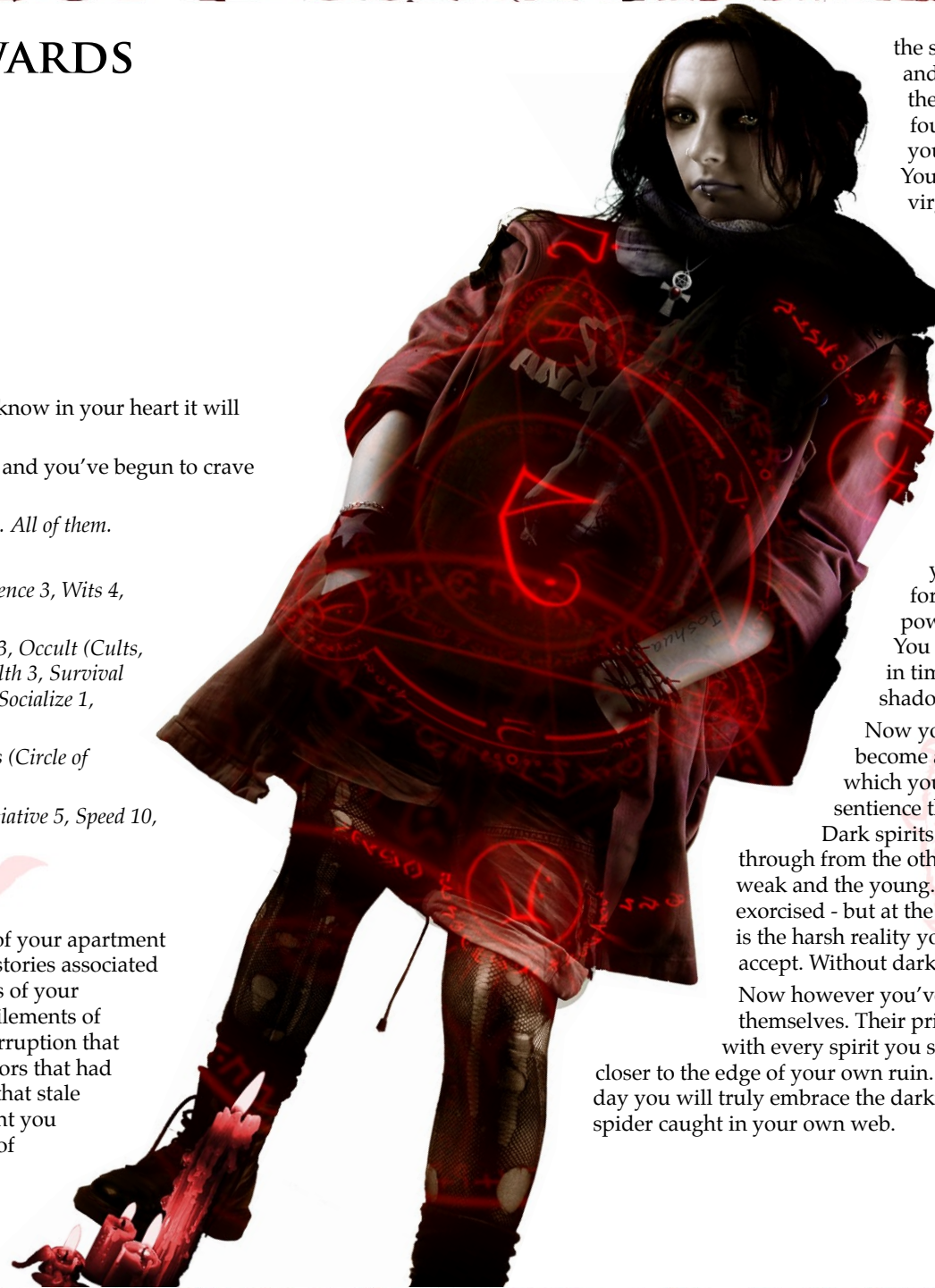
Skills: Academics 1, Craft 1, Medicine 2, Investigation 3, Occult (Cults, Spirits, Ghosts) 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Firearms 1, Stealth 3, Survival 2, Weapons 2, Animal Ken 2, Empathy 2, Persuasion 2, Socialize 1, Intimidation 1, Streetwise (Rumors) 3, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Danger Sense, Mentor (Sire) 3, Haven 1, Status (Circle of the Crone) 2

Traits: Humanity 6, Willpower 6, Size 5, Defence 3, Initiative 5, Speed 10, Health 7, Blood Potence 1, Bloodpool 10, Vitae/turn 1

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 1, Cruac 2

You knew where the rickety stairs to the basement of your apartment block really led. You had heard all of the terrifying stories associated with the grim pipe-laden passages and boiler rooms of your apartment block. The abductions, the cages, the defilements of innocent flesh, the bodies. The lingering smell of corruption that oozed from the bare brick walls and iron riveted doors that had soaked up the screams and the blood. The smell of that stale clammy air that seemed to cling to your skin brought you no fear though. You could never shake the wonder of the darkness that existed five floors below your parents apartment. It fascinated you. The shadowy spaces few people were privileged to see,



the skeletal latticeworks of grime-smearred steel and concrete, the dirt and grease that got into the pores, the metallic dust and dead skin that found its way under your fingernails. It excited you. It was an unexplored world of shadows. You never feared the unknown. You lost your virginity in its shadows, thin dress pulled up over willing thighs, body pressed up against cold stone, hair caught in the cobwebs of long dead spiders. That's when Joshua was conceived. That's where you laid him to rest after the miscarriage. The furnace flames made him clean. His tiny charred remains were never found. Nor were yours. The shadows took you there in the flickering light. They made you look into the blackness within and without and starved you of life in an orgy of blood.

Crimson tears woke you to the hunger. Tears which shared your loss as they stole your life. Your mother in darkness taught you - forced you - to accept your nature. The beast was powerful. The beast was wise. The beast was pure. You learned to revel in your undead nature and in time your mother introduced you to the circle of shadows which you have come to belong.

Now you are a fly in an intricate web. In time you will become a spider to be rightly feared. But the shadows which you love hold darker secrets. They are host to a sentience that must be tempered, watched, controlled.

Dark spirits exist in the shadows that forever long to push through from the other side. In the past they had taken over the weak and the young. Each one had to be found. Each one had to be exorcised - but at the cost of the innocents they had corrupted. This is the harsh reality you've had to face, this is the task you've had to accept. Without dark acts, the darkness itself would grow deeper.

Now however you've begun to long for the touch of the shadows themselves. Their primal darkness has become intoxicating, and with every spirit you send back to the darkness, you have come closer to the edge of your own ruin. One day you will let them corrupt you. One day you will truly embrace the darkness and become a plague to your own kind. A spider caught in your own web.

SOPHIA

THE KEEPER OF THE SWARM

Clan: Gangrel -

Covenant: Circle of the Crone

Concept: Sewer Terror

Demeanor: Deceiving

Age: Early 20's

Embrace: Mid 1400's

Derangements: Paranoia, Agoraphobia

Virtue: Prudence - That which was human was careful and patient. All that remains now is the beast

Vice: Sloth - Let your minions do your work, make your childer enact your will. Your age commands it.

Quote: *Feed on their flesh, leave no bones...*

Attributes: *Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 5, Composure 2, Presence 3, Manipulation 4, Resolve 4*

Skills: *Medicine 1, Investigation 3, Occult 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Stealth (Sewers) 4, Survival (Sewers) 5, Weapons 2, Animal Ken (Rats) 5, Intimidation 4, Persuasion 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 3*

Merits: *Danger Senses, Iron Stamina 3, Allies (Brood of Childer) 4, Haven 4, Herd (Homeless) 3, Retainers (Ghouled Rat Swarms) 5, Retainers (Ghouled Homeless) 3, Striking Looks 4, *Swarm Mind, **Tunnel Rat 3*

Traits: *Humanity 1, Willpower (due to embracing childer) 2, Size 5, Defence 5, Initiative 7, Speed 15, Health 10, Blood Potence 5, Bloodpool 14, Vitae/turn 2*

Disciplines: *Animalism 5, Celerity 2, Cruac 3, Majesty 3, Nightmare 2, Obfuscate 5, Potence 2, Protean 4, Resilience 5*

** p.114 Gangrel Savage and Macabre, ** p.54 World of Darkness: Chicago*

Sophia can feed and heal her ghouled rat swarm by letting it fully enter her cadaver and spending one blood point per lethal or bashing wound. Her swollen belly visibly writhes when the swarm is inside her and it can be disgorged in one turn.

Once upon a time you were innocent. Life stole that and in its place gave you a mask of lies. You were born to the blood in Constantinople, a whore to a bloodline of sewer-born fur and claws from the east. No one knew how many abortions you had blessed to the waters of the undercity before your embrace. Your firm young body was soft and fertile, an alluring yet already diseased cadaver before death ever took you into her embrace.

When she came, it was to the sound of skittering claws and screeching calls as a mass of writhing



bodies washed over you in the darkness. A thousand eyes witnessed your embrace, and when you awoke you gorged on a tide of vermin that had made you one of their own. From the swarm came your mother wrapped in the corruption of her line; warped, hideous, bestial. She was the monstrosity you would become, an implacable brood mother to the legion of the swarm. Then your mother forced you to the barrens of the city. Harried you with her countless feral minions.

Taught you the lessons of pain and loss, none more shocking than the swift corruption of your beauty. Enlightened you to the power of sacrifice and showed you how to hide yourself from sight. Aboard a ship bound westward you survived her banishment spreading disease as you fed. Like your sire before, you fed your first brood of scurrying minions on that maiden voyage to watch over and protect you as you slept interred in its swollen bowels. Through the gates to the West you passed on into lands ruled by fear and inquisition. Inexperienced you faced destruction and were hunted for your corruption of the herd to be forced out once more leaving a string of diseased childer in your wake. Hearts blood, birth and death became your cycle, and eventually the blood called you to sleep as the weeping sores of plague and pestilence washed over the land and souls fell like barley in the reaping. Centuries passed before the moon would meet your eyes once more.

Awoken to waters heavy with the acrid taste of industry you were hunted in the bloody aftermath of your rebirth. Forced to run the gauntlet of survival in your weakened state.

Bereft of blood-bound minions to call upon for aid you stole aboard a ship once more. Now metal hulled vessels plied the waves in a harsh world of clashing empires until eventually you came to the city under a cloak of shadows. There in the darkness of the Undercity you have hidden away in secret for decades cultivating minions and regaining your strength. You have felt the overwhelming urge to embrace new childer wash over you with the strengthening of your blood and now your brood has begun to infest the sewers you call home with your countless minions. The mortal herd who walk above are ignorant to your passing, but the Kindred who rule the city have begun to suspect your presence. Soon they will come seeking answers. Soon they will come bringing death. The unholy brood mother that was Sophia however is tired of running. That part of you that was human has been lost over the centuries. Your instincts have devolved to a bestial cunning, your body a warped cadaver with a fertile womb that writhes with your swarming minions, and those who find the girl with the swollen womb and weeping sores in the sewers will almost certainly meet their end by the fur, claw and fangs of the monster that you have become.

SHEM CANNAN

SEER OF THE SCORCHED EYE

Clan: Mekhet

Covenant: Lancea Sanctum

Concept: Heretical Prophet

Demeanor: Evangelical

Age: Unidentifiable.

Embrace: Early 1920's

Derangements: Depression

Virtue: Faith - Gods speaks to you - Pain, fear and destruction are nothing to his will.

Vice: Sloth - Be ever vigilant of this weaknesses and never let it better you.

Quote: *Look into the light...*

Attributes: *Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5, Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Composure 4, Presence 3, Manipulation 2, Resolve 5*

Skills: *Academics (Religion, Astrology) 3, Medicine 3, Politics 2, Athletics 3, Brawl (Grapple) 4, Firearms 1, Survival 3, Weapons (Stake) 3, Empathy 1, Intimidation 1, Persuasion (Indoctrination) 3, Streetwise (Homeless) 2, Subterfuge 2*

Merits: *Meditative Mind, Language (Hebrew), Iron Stamina 3, Allies (Cult) 3, Haven 3, Herd (Religious sinners) 3, Retainer 5, Status (Lancea Sanctum) 3*

Traits: *Humanity 5, Willpower 9, Size 5, Defence 2, Initiative 6, Speed 10, Health 9, Blood Potence 2, Bloodpool 11, Vitae/turn 1*

Disciplines: *Auspex 4, Celerity 1, Obfuscate 3, Potence 2, Resilience 4*

You were a well educated vagrant misfit prone to severe bouts of depression. The negativity of your own thoughts, cultivated by an ingrained inability to accept failure or change caused you to question everything and run away from making decisions. You never felt part of society. You had few friends and cut yourself off from your family and their tight knit community mostly from shame as much as anything. You found solace in the bottle from where you slowly watched yourself spiral into despair and become just another one of the vagrant masses. For years you lived life on the streets, until one night you met a ragged stranger who seemed to understand your experiences and forced you to face your demons. You talked for hours, and come the dawn the



stranger made you see (and more importantly accept) your own responsibility for the chains of fear you had bound yourself up in. Fear of failure, fear of death, fear of life, fear of fear itself. In your heart you found you already knew these things, what you lacked was the strength of will to accept them and the motivation to change. The stranger gave you that chance.

Tearing away the mask of humanity that concealed its true visage it revealed the cracked charred skin and hollow eyes of the monster it truly was. White fangs in a ragged breach of scorched flesh spoke their ultimatum as it held you in a vice-like grip by the throat; 'Accept change or die. Succeed in life or it would be taken from you. Come winter you would be judged.'

In all honesty you did try to change, but the power of your demons were too strong. Even though you knew your weaknesses you felt impotent to do anything about them. As the winter nights drew in you became paranoid to those that knew you on the street, said the shadows were watching and even went to the police for fear of your life. Then you disappeared.

Your sire was a member of a heretical Mekhet shadow faction within the Lancea Sanctum known as the Apostles of the Light who believed they were granted divine visions from God by gazing into the rays of the sun at dawn and heightening their senses as their undead flesh turned to ash. Their cult relied upon trusted ghoul servitors bound to their masters to help in these dawn ceremonies by protecting their regents before they met final death and afterwards by finding vessels and aiding the nightly business of their blinded masters. Such was the need of your sire. As heretical visionaries down through the millennia they had attempted to secretly influence the Spear in their domains from the revelations they received. But the true origins of the faction were actually as a cast-off Mekhet cult associated with pagan rites closer to the beliefs of the Circle of the Crone which had spread from the cradle of civilization in the Middle East and Egypt in ancient nights.

In time you were embraced by your sire to become a true Apostle of the Light, and now you have secretly worked your way up the ranks of the city's Sanctified to become a figure of some note and influence. You have made plans to bring the heresy out of the shadows and now work to become a prophet of the Spear as its leader. You have numerous obstacles in your path however, but you know that faith must be tested. One night soon you shall achieve your ascension and unveil the true light of God's will upon the Damned.

BRA'ER RABBIT

FRANK, HARVEY,

THE SEVEN FOOT FUCK-BUNNY

Clan: Nosferatu

Covenant: Unbound

Concept: Unspeaking Nomadic Terror

Demeanor: Terrifying

Age: Unknown

Embrace: Unknown

Derangements: Fixation

Virtue: Hope - This will all end one day...This will all end one day...This will all end one day...

Vice: Wrath - Take the lives of undead murderers. Take pleasure in it. They have done it to themselves.

Quote: *Heavy breathing followed by a sickening chuckle and the wet sound of tearing flesh*

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4, Intelligence 1, Wits 4, Composure 4, Presence 4, Manipulation 3, Resolve 5

Skills: Craft 2, Investigation 2, Medicine 2, Occult 3, Athletics 3, Brawl (Claw) 4, Larceny 4, Stealth 4, Survival (Barrens) 4, Animal Ken 3, Empathy 3, Expression 2, Intimidation (Sick Chuckle) 5, Streetwise 3

Merits: Brawling Dodge, Giant, Iron Stamina 2, Strong Back, Status (Kindred) 4, Status (Nosferatu) 3

Traits: Humanity 2, Willpower 9, Size 6, Defence 2, Initiative 6, Speed 12, Health 10, Blood Potence 3, Bloodpool 12, Vitae/turn 1

Disciplines: Nightmare 5, Potence 4, Obfuscate 3, Protean 3, Resilience 3

It started as a rumor. Most thought it was a bad joke cooked up by some Carthian lick who'd overdosed on too many suck junkies bad acid trips. Others said it was a story spread by wild eyed Invictus sires to keep errant childer in check. Some say it was once an elder of the Crone who strayed to close to their beast, or the unwanted offspring of some unknown Dragon who had refused to acknowledge their unholy creation. Some nomadic preachers in the Spear even call it 'The hand of a vengeful God' sent to instill fear in the unbeating hearts of the damned. However it started, the tale spread like wildfire and became an undead myth that grew, in time becoming a trail of vengeance and destruction that left only ash and the fractured minds of it's survivors in it's wake.



It began in an orphanage. A slow child with uncommon strength and a limited ability to empathise with others. The groping caress of priestly hands on innocent flesh and the guilt and tears for it to end. Solitary prayers whispered into the night, eyes and hands clenched tight willing the words not to go unheard. The key in the lock. The turning handle. His shadow coming closer in the dark. The growing crescendo of white noise and pain. Fear. Screams. His blood on your hands... Freedom... Unknown memories flooding back to waking flesh. The children of dreams and nightmare. New friends. The Covey.

Years flash by - anger, fear, sex, love. Her smile and voice. Acceptance. Bliss. The ever looming threat of discovery. Running. A chase. Capture. Her screams. Undead mouths filled with her blood, singing hymns to their own black souls. A broken voice chanting unholy words as a terrifying face, vile and warped bites deep and drinks the sweet nectar of your enchanted life away. Terror. Blackness. Blood. False life filling your soul. A boundless anger, an unquenchable thirst, a murderous hate that claws away your sanity. Hate. The suit she had made for you. The love in her heart as she sang with each stitch of thread. Her smile, her laughter, her warmth and light... Her cold dead corpse slumped naked against the wall. Skull crushed and violated for no other reason than hatred of life. Anger. Flames fill the room. The scent of gas in unbreathing lungs. The need for it to end once more... to lay down and burn with the rest of the dead. The want for it to end. The beast screaming in your ears and clawing at your chest to be set free. The red haze, the burning, the blackness - Vengeance.

All of them must die. All those who kill with impunity must pay. For them, for her, for you. Go through the motions, be as human as you can be to yourself, it hides how far you've really fallen. Behind the hideous mask of your own form, behind the persona of the psychotic killer you've become, you are still a child. A seven foot child of undead muscle and bone wrapped in a gore spattered rabbit suit who can shatter minds with your thoughts and tear undead flesh limb from limb.

REMI 'LE BEAU'

CONSPIRING WHOREMASTER

Clan: Nosferatu

Covenant: Invictus

Concept: Scheming Childe

Demeanor: Sleazy

Age: Mid 30s.

Embrace: 1977

Virtue: Fortitude – Stick to the plan and you'll get everything you deserve that's coming your way...

Vice: Sloth – Why risk yourself if some other chump can do it for you?

Quote: *Waddaya need?*

Attributes: *Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Composure 2, Presence 3, Manipulation 3, Resolve 3*

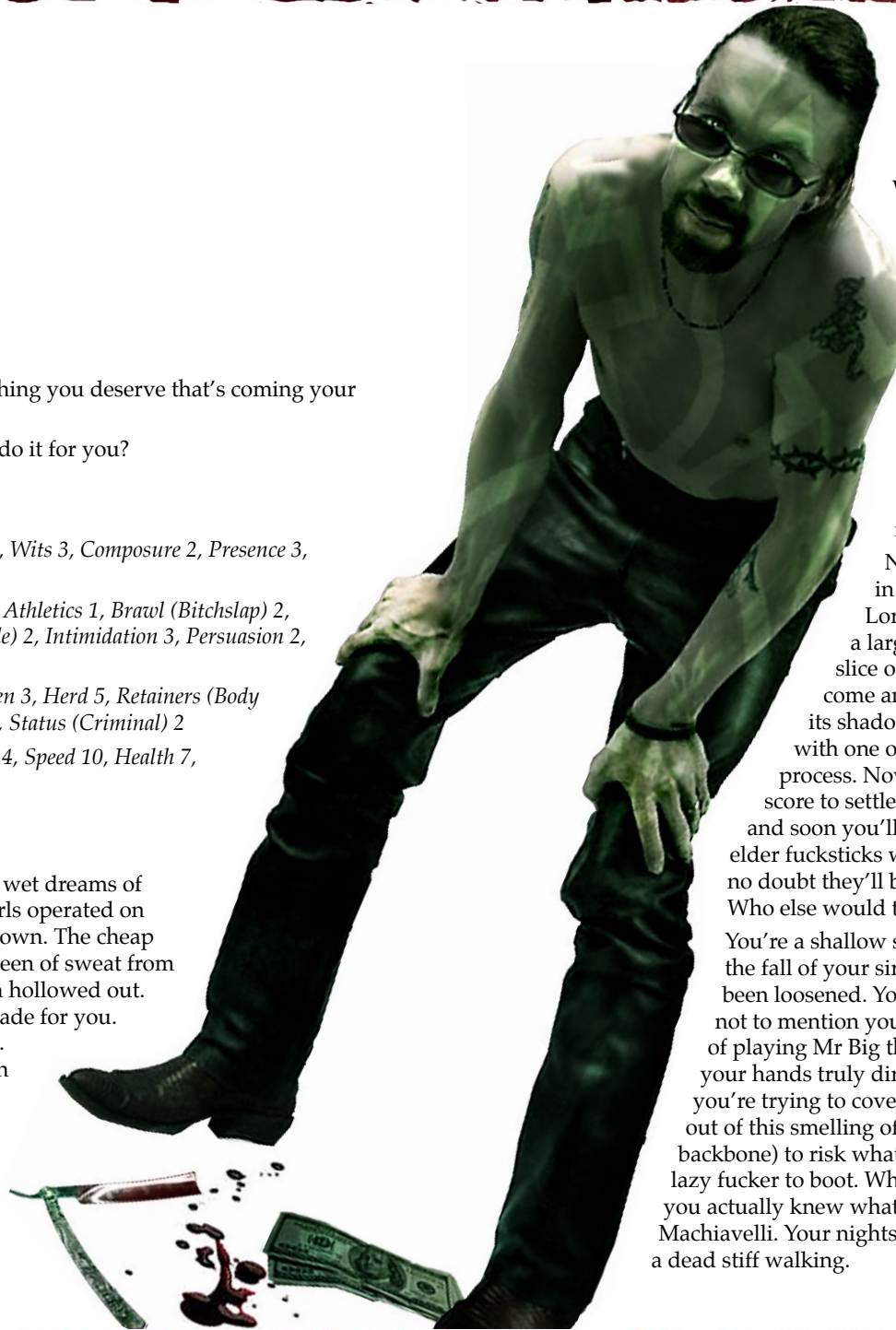
Skills: *Craft 1, Investigation 3, Law 1, Medicine 2, Politics 1, Athletics 1, Brawl (Bitchslap) 2, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Larceny 2, Stealth 2, Weapons (Razorblade) 2, Intimidation 3, Persuasion 2, Socialize 2, Streetwise (Blackmarket) 4, Subterfuge 2*

Merits: *Allies (Clients) 3, Barfly, Contacts (Criminal) 3, Haven 3, Herd 5, Retainers (Body Guard) 3, Resources 3, Status (Kindred) 2, Status (Invictus) 1, Status (Criminal) 2*

Traits: *Humanity 4, Willpower 5, Size 5, Defence 2, Initiative 4, Speed 10, Health 7, Blood Potence 1, Bloodpool 10, Vitae/turn 1*

Disciplines: *Nightmare 2, Potence 2, Obfuscate 2*

In your breathing days you were a small-time pimp with wet dreams of playing at Mr Big. Your emaciated herd of gaunt faced girls operated on the lowest rung of the streets in the seediest parts of old town. The cheap perfumed and blotchy skinned, hair still slick with the sheen of sweat from the last trick they'd pulled. Each night you watched them hollowed out. Each night you lived like a parasite on the money they made for you. You weren't big, or tough. You didn't need to be physical. You just knew how to instill the fear of God in them when you needed to. One notable time you had to teach one a lesson you splashed a bottle of acid in her face and threw her down three flights of stairs for good measure. She never walked straight again, but you kept her around as a reminder to the others. A message written in badly healed bones and facial scar tissue that would never heal - 'Do not fuck with Remi le Beau.'



Your Sire was a John with a taste for the fouler things in life. He got a kick out of degradation. Had a hard-on to dominate and control, and positively breathed again when he corrupted living flesh with his own brand of depravity. It wasn't long until he decided to stop paying for it. It wasn't long until he saw it as a resource, and then as a going concern to be harvested and protected. You became his bitch. Your mind and body fucked in a multitude of ways before you were bound to his blood and taught the true meaning of strength and fear. Dosed on shit more powerful than crack cocaine he made you slide naked over broken glass to catch every drop of the bitter red junk that flowed from his undead veins. Until the night he realized you were more use to him undead and you emerged naked and screaming into the night as one of the Kindred.

Now nearly a decade later, your sire's gone up in the world. He's become a Kingpin to a local Lord. He's even been granted permission to keep a large club slash blood den in the city for a healthy slice of the action in boons and blood. A lot of people come and go, and many of the city's undead frequent its shadows. You've made a lot of contacts now, even with one or two elders, and earned a few favours in the process. Now you senses the time is right. You've got a score to settle. You plan to take over your sire's operation, and soon you'll call in those old scores. Who those inscrutable elder fucksticks will get to clear their debts is yet to be seen, but no doubt they'll be fresh from the morgue and new to the night. Who else would they get to do their dirty work for them?

You're a shallow self-centred scheming bastard. You could handle the fall of your sire by yourself now that his crimson leash has been loosened. You have the contacts and wherewithal to do it, not to mention you know how the business works. You still dream of playing Mr Big though, and this is your first attempt at getting your hands truly dirty in the machinations of the damned. As ever you're trying to cover all of the angles whilst appearing to come out of this smelling of roses. You really don't have the experience (or backbone) to risk what it takes to do it directly though, and you're a lazy fucker to boot. What your looking for is culpable deniability - if you actually knew what in the hell that meant. In reality you're no Machiavelli. Your nights are numbered. You just don't realize that you're a dead stiff walking.