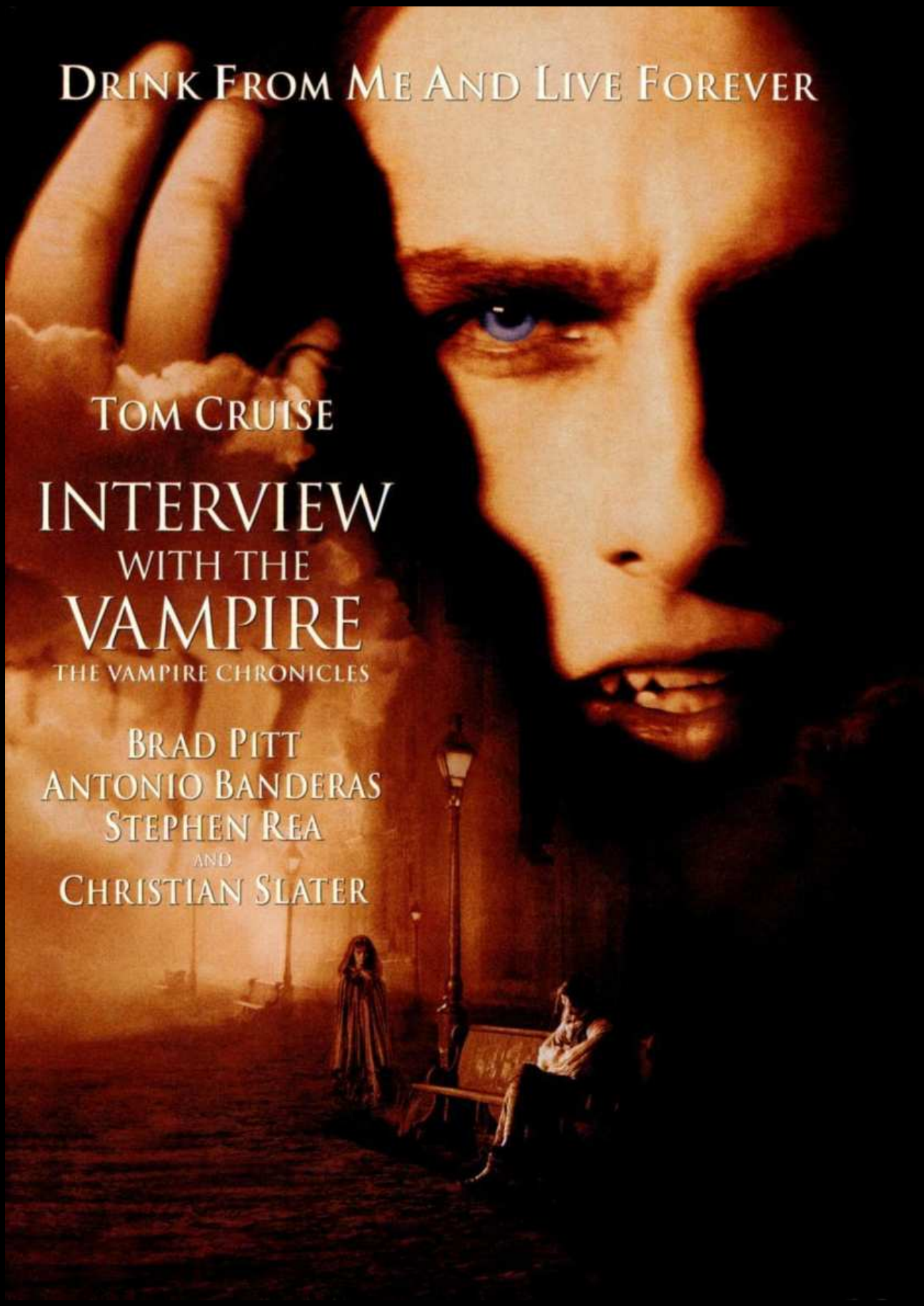

DRINK FROM ME AND LIVE FOREVER
TOM CRUISE
INTERVIEW
WITH THE
VAMPIRE
THE VAMPIRE CHRONICLES
BRAD PITT
ANTONIO BANDERAS
STEPHEN REA
AND
CHRISTIAN SLATER

Interview With The Vampire

Version 1.1 by SpazzWave



There are monsters in this world. Not the sort mortals like to imagine, with snarling faces and mindless cruelty lurking beneath beds or inside dark forests. The real monsters are beautiful. They speak softly. They wear silk, quote poetry, play the piano with immortal hands, and smile as though they have personally outlived every tragedy humanity has ever feared. And they are hungry.

This is the world of Interview with the Vampire, a world where vampires hide behind beauty and charm, all while feeding on humanity from the shadows. These are not feral monsters lurking in castles. They are immortals who move through high society, art, music, and modern cities as easily as they once moved through royal courts and candlelit salons.

But immortality has not made them wise. Most vampires are deeply emotional, obsessive, lonely, and unstable creatures who carry centuries of resentment, desire, and regret with them. Ancient grudges last forever. Love affairs become toxic over decades. Entire covens collapse because immortal predators are often just as petty and self-destructive as humans. And despite all their elegance, all vampires eventually learn the same thing: hunger never truly goes away.

You will spend the next ten years in this world of beautiful monsters, endless nights, and immortal hunger. Whether you become a creature worthy of the old legends or just another broken predator clinging desperately to eternity is entirely up to you.

You start with **1000 CP**. Spend it wisely.
Eternity is very difficult to survive unprepared.

Origins

Any origin can be taken as a Drop-in.

The Fledgling

Age - Between 18 and 30.

You are newly made. The hunger is still raw, still surprising in its intensity, still capable of overwhelming everything else you are if you are not careful, and you are learning, slowly and with difficulty, how to be careful. The world you knew as a mortal is still close enough to touch, still present in the way you move through rooms and the things you instinctively reach for, and that proximity is both your greatest comfort and your greatest liability. You remember what it was to be human. You have not yet decided how you feel about no longer being one.

Your maker is out there somewhere. Whether they are a presence in your life or an absence, whether the bond between you is one of devotion or resentment or something too complicated to name cleanly, you carry their mark in your blood and in the particular way you were brought across. Every vampire is shaped by their making. You are still early enough in your existence to feel the shape of it clearly: the gravity of whoever chose to do this to you, or for you, pressing on everything you are becoming.

The other vampires around you are ancient by comparison. They have mastered things you are still struggling with, carry certainties you have not yet earned, and regard you with varying degrees of patience. Some will see in you a student. Some will see a liability. Some will see something worth protecting, or something worth using, which in this world are not always different things. You have eternity ahead of you. What you make of it starts now.

The Maker [200]

Age - Between 100 and 150.

You have done the most consequential thing one vampire can do to another. You have made something. Reached into the dying dark at the end of a mortal life and pulled something through with you, reshaped it, handed it your blood and your nature, and sent it into the world wearing the permanent mark of your choosing. Whatever that fledgling becomes - whatever they do, whatever they suffer, whatever they inflict on the world around them - will carry your fingerprints on it for as long as they exist.

This is not a responsibility that everyone who makes a vampire understands in advance. Some do it deliberately, with care, having chosen the recipient across years of observation. Some do it impulsively, in a moment of hunger or loneliness or something that resembles love in the dark and looks more complicated in the light. Some do it as an act of power, because the ability to create is also the ability to own, and there are vampires who have never examined the difference. Whatever your reason, the deed is done. You are a maker now, which means you are responsible in ways that the newly made will spend decades either embracing or resisting.

The bond runs both ways. You will feel them the way you feel a room you have furnished yourself: aware of every object, alert to every change. And they will feel you, whether they want to or not, in the pull of whatever you represent to them.

Parent. Captor. Teacher. God. The relationship between maker and made has been all of these things, sometimes simultaneously, in the long history of what you are.

The Child [+100]

Age - less than 12.

You were made before you were old enough to understand what was being made. Whatever decision brought you across - whether it was grief, or impulse, or a genuine if misguided attempt at love - it was not yours. The choice happened to you, the way most of the significant things in your existence have happened to you, and you have been living with the consequences ever since.

Your body will not age. This is the central, immovable fact of your existence, the one that colors everything else. The world will look at you and see a child, will speak to you and treat you accordingly, will make assumptions about what you are capable of understanding and feeling, and will decide that they have never once been inaccurate. You have been alive long enough to know things that would make most adults look away. You have felt things that the body you inhabit was never designed to contain. The gap between what you appear to be and what you actually are is the defining condition of your existence, and you have had a great deal of time to develop a complicated relationship with it.

You are not what they made you to be. You have made sure of that. Whatever they intended when they brought you across - whatever manageable, convenient, perpetually childlike thing they imagined they were creating - you became something else entirely.

Ancient [200]

Age - Between 400 and 2000.

You remember things that no longer exist. Languages that have not been spoken aloud in centuries. Cities that the earth swallowed so completely that modern scholars debate whether they were ever real. The faces of people who have been dust for so long that even their descendants' descendants are dust now. You carry all of it, every era you have survived, every version of the world you have watched rise and collapse, in a memory that does not fade and does not soften with time the way mortal memory mercifully does.

You are old. Not in the way that word is used loosely to mean experienced, or weathered, or tired. Old in the way that makes younger vampires go quiet when you enter a room, that makes mortals feel something they cannot name when you look at them too long, that makes the very air around you feel slightly heavier with the weight of everything you have accumulated simply by continuing to exist.

The world has changed around you many times. It is changing again now, faster than it has ever changed before, and you are watching it with the particular patience of something that has seen enough cycles to know that speed is not the same thing as progress. You have outlasted empires. You have outlasted everyone you have ever loved. You are still here, which is either the greatest thing about you or the most terrible, depending entirely on the night and the mood and how long it has been since you last allowed yourself to feel the full weight of what it has cost.

Locations

New Orleans, 1791:

Where the story starts. A hot, dirty colonial city full of plantations, disease, and old-world superstition. Slavery is the backbone of society, and death is common enough that nobody really talks about it much. Lestat has just arrived here and is on his way to meet Louis, kicking off everything that follows.

Paris, 1860s:

A glamorous, crowded city where vampires blend into high society through art, theatre, and performance. The Théâtre des Vampires operates openly, staging nightly shows where people are killed for real as part of the act and as feeding.

San Francisco, 1973:

Everything has changed here compared to older eras. Electricity, technology, and modern communication are now fully part of daily life. In the middle of it, a journalist is interviewing Louis, recording his account of centuries of life through a series of taped conversations in a cold apartment.

California, 2002 (Queen of the Damned):

A modern, media-driven world of music, fame, and constant visibility. Lestat has re-emerged here as a rock star, turning himself into a public figure and exposing himself as a vampire through interviews, concerts, and attention he can no longer fully control. His rise draws the notice of older vampires, forcing them to respond as secrecy starts to crack under the pressure of modern fame and mass media.

New Orleans, 1910 (Interview With The Vampire TV Series):

A Southern city in transition, where old-world structures are still present but beginning to break down. Jazz is starting to emerge, segregation shapes daily life, and modernization is slowly changing how the city functions. Somewhere in the city, Louis de Pointe du Lac is about to meet Lestat de Lioncourt for the first time.

General Perks

The Immortal Flesh [Free]

The dark gift is not subtle. The moment death leaves you, and vampirism takes its place, the world becomes painfully, gloriously alive in a way no mortal body was ever designed to experience. Hearts become thunder in your ears. Blood becomes perfume. Night itself opens before your eyes like a second world hidden inside the first. And your body, no longer restrained by the fragile limitations of humanity, transforms into something terrifyingly superior. You are strong enough to lift a horse without effort, fast enough to vanish from a room before the eye can complete the motion of tracking you, and entirely exempt from the slow biological deterioration that ends every mortal life. You can see with perfect clarity in complete darkness, hear a heartbeat across a crowded ballroom, and detect scents so subtle that no human nose would register their existence. Your bite, when you feed, causes far less pain than it should. Your body is forever fixed in the state it possessed at the moment of your rebirth. And, at last, as the centuries pass and your blood matures, stranger abilities may begin to awaken within you. The dark gifts of older vampires (telepathy, the ability of flight, and other strange, unnatural powers) will slowly develop with age and experience. Post-jump, this can become an alt-form if you wish.

Immaculate By Design [Free]

Being a vampire is a notoriously messy business. Be it hunting, feeding, sleeping in ruined places, or simply surviving centuries of violence and desperation, none of it allows a vampire to remain elegant for you. Luckily, you live above such mundane filth. You possess a strange and almost supernatural cleanliness that preserves your appearance regardless of circumstance. Blood stains vanish from your clothing the moment attention slips away from them, dirt and grime refuse to cling to your skin for long, and even your hair settles itself perfectly, no matter the weather, struggle, or violence you have endured. Most impressively, unpleasant scents are incapable of touching you, and your clothes always remain immaculate, no matter what happens.

A Child of Every Century [100]

Many vampires survive the years, but are killed by the decades. They ossify. They become trapped in the culture, fashion, and technology of the era they were born in, eventually becoming confused, petrified relics who cannot navigate the modern world. You will never suffer this stagnation. You possess an absolute cultural fluidity. No matter how much time passes, you seamlessly adapt to new eras, instantly understanding shifting societal norms, evolving slang, and new technologies as easily as someone born into them. A vampire from the 1700s might stare at a computer in helpless terror, but you will master the internet, modern finance, and contemporary culture without a second thought. You will never be a relic; you will always belong to the present.

The Library of Years [100]

They say time erodes all things, especially memory. Be it a century of grief, a millennium of faces, the weight of so many bygone eras, it should crush a mind, blurring faces into an indistinct mess and turning poignant sorrows into dull, forgotten aches. Not for you. You possess a truly eidetic memory, but one refined for immortality. You can recall any moment from your long life with perfect clarity, from the exact shade of a lover's eyes, the precise words of a forgotten promise, to the layout of a city that has long since turned to dust. Crucially, you are not haunted by this: your mind perfectly compartmentalizes any memory you wish, allowing you to carry thousands of years of memories without losing your grip in the present moment.

An Appetite That Never Dulls [100]

Vampires are creatures of appetite, but appetite is a strange and malleable thing. After enough years, enough desperation, enough nights spent surviving on whatever the world was willing to offer, you learned a valuable truth: pleasure has very little to do with quality and everything to do with perception. You possess the extraordinary ability to draw genuine pleasure and satisfaction from nearly anything you experience, no matter if it's dulled by repetition or age. Cheap clothes can feel like silk against your skin. The blood of rats, stray dogs, or other miserable meals can taste as rich and satisfying as a feast. The taste of a woman can feel as pleasurable as when you lost your virginity. Eternity itself - that long, grinding, relentless accumulation of centuries that hollows most vampires out long before it kills them - will never lose its savor for you. Whatever the world decides to become next, there will always be something for you to be worth wanting.

Magnetic Fate [100]

Immortals are few, the world is vast, and the centuries are long, yet the same faces always seem to find each other again. Whenever you form a deep bond with someone - whether it is profound love, burning hatred, or the complicated space between the two - the universe will bend to ensure your stories intersect again. You could part ways in 18th-century Paris, only to coincidentally run into them in a crowded bar in 1980s Miami. No matter how much time passes, no matter how deeply they hide, you will inevitably cross paths with the people who matter most to your story. You are never truly alone in the dark.

Sanctuary of the Damned [100]

The world is a dangerous place for a creature of the night, especially when traveling. Finding a safe place to hide before the sun rises is a constant, grinding anxiety for most nomads. You, however, possess quite the instinct for sanctuary. No matter what city, country, or era you find yourself in, you will always be able to locate a perfectly safe, secure location to rest within minutes. It might be an abandoned crypt, a perfectly shielded basement, or a luxury hotel whose staff is easily bribed. Furthermore, once you claim a place as your temporary haven, it naturally deflects the attention of mortals, authorities, and rival predators, ensuring you can sleep the day away in absolute peace.

Patron Saint of the Damned Arts [100]

Art is humanity's attempt to capture a fleeting moment and make it immortal. For you, this is not an attempt; it is an instinct. You possess a transcendent talent for the arts, be it painting, music, writing, or theater. You can compose a sonata that makes ancient vampires weep with a nostalgia they thought long-dead, write a novel that perfectly captures the ennui of a thousand years, or paint a portrait that reveals the subject’s soul more clearly than their own reflection. In fact, even if you were to awaken in the modern era after sleeping for centuries, you would find yourself adapting to new artistic movements and mediums with terrifying speed. Who knows, you might even find yourself fronting a metal band someday.

The Art of the Little Drink [100]

The greatest trap of the vampire's existence is the final heartbeat. When a mortal is drained, the euphoric, rushing sound of their dying heart is a siren song that causes even the most disciplined immortals to lose themselves in the ecstasy of the kill. You, however, possess absolute, ironclad self-control over your predatory nature. No matter how starving, enraged, or lost in the pleasure of the feed you are, you can always stop exactly when you wish to. You can effortlessly take the "little drink" (feeding just enough to sustain yourself) without ever accidentally crossing the line into murder. Furthermore, victims you spare in this way recover remarkably fast, waking the next evening feeling only a hazy, romantic lethargy, allowing you to feed on the same mortal companions for decades without ever doing them permanent harm.

An Unending Patronage [200]

The practicalities of an eternal existence are often brutally mundane. Wealth, in particular, is a tool one cannot do without. Luckily for you, you will never have to worry about it. You are a magnet for immense, "old" money that seems to generate itself from forgotten accounts, ancient investments coming to fruition, and treasures you don't even remember hiding. You will always have the resources to afford the finest clothes, the most lavish homes, and the quiet bribes needed to make problems disappear. This fortune is self-sustaining and discreet, never drawing the attention of tax agencies or investigators. It is simply there, a constant and reliable foundation upon which to build your immortal life, allowing you to focus on more... existential concerns.

The Master of the Endless Wait [200]

The greatest enemy of an immortal is not the sun, nor the stake, nor the hunter. It is the crushing, inescapable weight of time. Eternity is a very long time to be alive, and most immortals eventually shatter under the sheer boredom of it, throwing themselves into the fire simply to feel something, or going mad from the relentless ticking of the centuries. You, however, have conquered time. You possess an absolute immunity to boredom and an infinite, fathomless patience. You could sit perfectly still in a darkened room for fifty years, simply listening to the dust settle, and emerge feeling as though only a quiet afternoon had passed. You can wait out the lifespans of your enemies, endure centuries of isolation, or simply bury yourself beneath the earth and let entire eras pass you by, all without your mind ever degrading, fracturing, or crying out for stimulation. To you, eternity is not a prison. It is simply a very large, very quiet room.

The Architecture of a Ghost [200]

Immortality is not just about surviving the sun and the stake. It is about surviving the paperwork. To live forever is to watch the world transform from kingdoms of loose records and corruptible parish clerks into digital panopticons that remember everything and forgive nothing - and to do so without ever once being caught in the transition. Most vampires find this the dullest and most grinding aspect of an eternal existence. You have always found it oddly satisfying. You possess an unparalleled genius for forging documents, manipulating legal systems, and constructing completely airtight new identities in any era. Whether it is an eighteenth-century parish record or a twenty-first-century biometric database, you know exactly which palms to grease, which loopholes to exploit, and which forms to file to invent a person out of thin air. Estates and fortunes may pass seamlessly from your “father” to yourself across generations without attracting meaningful suspicion, while taxes, investigations, audits, and inheritance disputes somehow always resolve in your favor or lose momentum before becoming dangerous.

They say that in this world, nothing is certain but death and taxes. You have defeated one already. The other, it turns out, was simply a matter of paperwork.

An Ear For The Damned [200]

So you want me to tell you the story of my life.

Some stories were never meant to be told. Secrets buried under centuries of grief, guilt, and silence. And yet, somehow, they find their way to you. You possess a journalist's rarest gift: not the nose for a story, but the gravity of one. People sit across from you and bare their souls, confessing sins they have never spoken aloud, recounting lives they swore to take to the grave. The deeply guarded lower their defenses, the traumatized find the words they never could, and those who have kept their darkest secrets for longer than memory find themselves unable to stop the telling. Even a two-hundred-year-old vampire, who has survived precisely by never trusting anyone, will find himself sitting across from you in a rented room, telling you everything.

You are, in the end, simply someone worth confessing to.

Dark Gifts and Strange Powers [300, Free for Maker and Ancient]

Vampirism is not merely immortality of the flesh. The true divide between mortal and vampire lies in the dark gifts: the impossible powers that allow immortals to move through humanity like gods wearing human skin. You possess one of the most feared of these gifts: telepathy. With focus, you may invade the mind of a mortal completely, reading their thoughts, emotions, memories, fears, and desires in mere moments. Entire lives unfold before you in flashes: childhood traumas, hidden loves, buried shame, private fantasies, every secret they hoped would die unheard. And if you wish to do so, you may use this power on vampires as well - though they are considerably harder to read than mortals (depending on the power of your blood), especially those older than yourself. But this dark gift is not the only power a vampire develops, for there exists another power: the power of flight. By surrendering yourself to the strange instincts of your immortal body, you may rise effortlessly into the air and move through the night at speeds equal to the full extent of your physical movement, crossing cities in hours and vanishing into the darkness before mortals can fully comprehend what they have seen. To lesser vampires, this gift is often viewed with awe, envy, or outright reverence, for there are few things more terrifying than a predator no wall can keep out and no distance can escape from.

A Kiss Sweet Enough to Bleed For [400]

Vampires have always understood something humanity desperately tries to pretend is not true: fascination is often far more powerful than fear. The greatest predators do not force themselves upon mortals, kicking and screaming. They seduce, enthrall, and linger in the mind so completely that their victims begin mistaking hunger for romance and violation for intimacy. A skilled vampire can drain a mortal in such a way that, by morning, the victim is not traumatized but hopelessly in love. You are such a vampire, as whenever you must take from someone, be it draining their blood, stealing their wealth, or pulling deep secrets from their mind, you can do so in a way that feels intoxicating to them. The experience becomes strangely dreamlike to them, wrapped in the emotional haze of romance, catharsis, fascination, or private longing instead of fear. A mortal drained of blood may awaken believing they experienced an intense romantic encounter. Someone manipulated into surrendering devastating secrets may rationalize it as finally feeling understood. A ruined aristocrat may remember the destruction of his fortune less as theft and more as willingly indulging someone impossibly captivating. Most importantly, people rarely see themselves as victims afterward. They explain away the encounter, protect the memory of it, and sometimes even seek to repeat it. After all, there are many ways to feed on a person. You simply learned how to make them grateful for it.

The First Blood [600]

Among vampires, there are old stories whispered with equal parts reverence and terror. Tales of a progenitor so ancient and so far removed from common immortals that the weaknesses defining vampirism simply did not apply to them. A creature for whom sunlight was no more harmful than moonlight, whose hunger was a choice rather than a necessity, and whose existence resembled a dark god far more than any recognizable predator. Something of that blood runs through you, as you will find out that any racial flaws or inherent weaknesses of your race are gone. A vampire could walk openly beneath the midday sun without discomfort and live without ever being controlled by his hunger. With this, the only thing a vampire would have left to fear is another vampire.

The Fledgling Perks

Perks for Fledglings are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Ageless Beauty of a Human Heart [100, 200 for Others]

You are beautiful. Ten thousand people could be gathered in one room, and every eye would find you first, would stay on you longest, would remember you last. But it is not mere appearance that draws people in. It is the emotion behind your eyes, the sincerity in your voice, and the quiet melancholy that seems to cling to you even in happier moments. Such is the intensity of your feelings that whatever you feel, other people feel it too. And because of this, even inhuman creatures that have not felt anything in centuries will find themselves feeling again in your presence. Things that have long since buried their humanity will find it surfacing, uncomfortably and uninvited, when they look at you too long. It's a wonder if such beauty was ever meant for this world at all.

A Diet of Lesser Things [200]

Hunger is the bane of all living creatures. It gnaws at the mind, erodes restraint, and turns desperation into cruelty with frightening ease. Vampires know this especially well, but mortals are hardly exempt from it. You, however, have been freed from the worst of hunger's tyranny. No matter your nature, you are capable of surviving on remarkably little. Be it the thin blood of rats, birds, and stray animals, you can be sustained on little without diminishing of strength and sanity. More importantly, hunger will never truly erode your morality. Whatever terrible thing you become, it will never be because you had no other choice.

The Damnation He Could Not Complete [400]

Immortality is not kind to the human heart. The decades do their work quietly and without mercy: grief accumulates past the point any mind was built to carry it, loss becomes so routine it stops registering, and the self that once cared about things, that once loved and mourned and held onto its own principles like something worth protecting, simply erodes. Most who walk this road long enough arrive, eventually, at something that only resembles a person from a distance. That will not happen to you. No matter how many decades accumulate, how many you love die, or how many times the world you knew is buried under the one that replaced it, you will never lose what makes you yourself. Your morality will remain yours, your will to live will not falter, and your capacity to love will not atrophy. You will grieve. You will suffer. But you will do it as yourself, fully and completely, for as long as you live. And that, perhaps, is the greatest thing eternity could ever take from a monster and fail to take from you.

The Weight of a Living Heart [600]

Most vampires grow stronger with age. It is simply the nature of what they are: centuries of accumulated power, discipline refined to an edge, the hunger mastered and weaponized. You are something different. Your emotions empower you, making you stronger and faster the more deeply you feel. Rage, grief, love, desperation, guilt, terror - every powerful emotion that a human can feel courses through your undead body like fire through dry wood, pushing you beyond your normal limits. Such is your strength that even older vampires, who have spent centuries accumulating power, will find themselves outmatched by you in those moments. After all, age may create powerful monsters, but none can compare to a monster that still remembers what it means to have a human heart.

The Maker Perks

Perks for Makers are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Aristocratic Predator [100, 200 for Others]

You were made for the finest things in this world, and the finest things in this world seem to know it. You possess flawless manners, impeccable fashion sense, and the sort of effortless grace that makes every room feel like a stage prepared in advance for your arrival. Music comes to you instinctively, particularly the piano and other classical instruments, and you know exactly how to command attention with a smile, a sharp remark, or the simple act of crossing a room. More importantly, you belong to the world of wealth, nobility, and old power completely, as invitations and introductions seem to arrange themselves around you for the privilege of your presence.

The Gravity of a Beautiful Monster [200]

Mortals are given decades, if they are fortunate, to learn what people are. As a vampire, you have the privilege of centuries, and they taught you every subtle art of fascination, seduction, and emotional manipulation that governs the human heart. You know what a person wants to hear before they have finished speaking. You know which fears to press and which desires to flatter and precisely how much of yourself to reveal to make someone feel trusted, chosen, and dangerously close to something they cannot name. You can seduce the devoted and unsettle the fearless. Truly, there are few people alive who can look at you for long without eventually wanting something from you, even if they are no longer entirely certain whether that desire is born from love, fear, or desire.

Too Wicked to Die [400]

Few things in this world can kill a vampire. Fewer things can kill you. Your will to survive is nothing short of demonic, an ugly and stubborn refusal to let go that persists no matter the damage inflicted upon you. So long as your brain is not completely destroyed, you simply will not die permanently. Fire may consume you, blades may butcher you, starvation may reduce you to a shriveled corpse, but some hateful fragment of your existence will always remain behind, clinging viciously to life. And given sustenance, that fragment will reverse any injury completely, as though you had never been hurt at all.

The Red Covenant [600]

Blood is not merely sustenance. It is memory and power and the deepest form of intimacy that a vampire is capable of. And you have learned, or perhaps simply always known, how to use it as a vessel for something more. When you choose to share your blood, you can choose to share more of yourself. Your gifts, your perks, even your race - all of it flows through your blood and into whoever receives it. A mortal who drinks will find themselves remade. A vampire who drinks will find themselves elevated. Whatever you are, whatever centuries or circumstances or dark fortune made you into, you can pass it to another in a single deliberate act. Of course, such things are not easily undone, and you should be very careful about deciding who deserves to carry a piece of you forever.

The Child Perks

Perks for Children are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Porcelain Doll [100, 200 for Others]

There is nothing more disarming in this world than a child in distress. Centuries of human instinct have hardwired people to look at something small and young and frightened and feel, before any thought occurs, the overwhelming need to help it. It is a wonder why you have never once felt guilty about abusing it so completely. It doesn't matter if you are with a knife in hand, completely bathed in blood, and near a corpse; the first thing anyone who finds you will do is rush to your side, assume the very worst has been done to you, and begin looking frantically for someone else to blame. Such is your innocence that even the most hardened and suspicious of minds will hesitate to point the finger at you, will talk themselves out of the obvious conclusion, and will find any other explanation before they find the correct one. Of course, there is never anyone else to blame. But by the time that becomes apparent, you are already gone, or already innocent again in all the ways that matter.

A Genius Mind in a China Doll [200]

They gave you eternity in a child's body and assumed, somewhere in the back of their minds, that a child's limitations would follow. That the mind housed in something so small would grow only so far, and reach only so high. They were wrong about that. Your mind is of genius intellect, capable of absorbing and mastering knowledge with a speed that borders on the obscene. What would take mortals years takes you weeks, as you easily master languages, sciences, and complex arts without suffering fatigue, frustration, or the slow erosion of enthusiasm that defeats humans long before they reach mastery. With time, something you have in abundance, there is no field of knowledge you cannot conquer and no discipline too vast or too complex to eventually bend to your understanding.

A Prodigy of Vengeance [400]

You did not ask for any of this. You did not ask to be made into what you are, and did not ask for the eternity that was decided for you before you were old enough to understand what was being taken. But if immortality has taught you anything, it is that the only comfort worth having is the ability to hurt the people responsible for your suffering back. You have a genius for finding weaknesses in things that believe themselves to have none, from the most fortified mortal kings to the most arrogant of immortals. You could devise a meal to poison a vampire, find the single lever that topples a king, and whisper the one secret that causes an entire coven to destroy itself from within. Be it by manipulating their habits against them, exploiting their arrogance, or simply being patient enough to wait for the one moment they stop paying attention, even the most powerful beings could be brought down by small, careful hands. And you had a long time to practice being patient.

Closed Doors of the Mind [600]

To be a child vampire is to exist at the very bottom of an immortal hierarchy. Smaller, younger, newly made, forever trapped in a form the ancient and powerful instinctively dismiss. Your sire is older than you, stronger than you, and almost certainly possesses dark gifts you cannot yet understand, let alone defend against. The expectation is simple: the elder reaches into your mind, and you obey. You do not. Through iron discipline, sharpened instinct, or some strange and unnatural quirk of your existence, you possess an absolute resistance against the supernatural powers of other vampires and similar beings. Telepathy slides harmlessly across your thoughts, and whatever other dark gifts a vampire may develop, they simply cannot force themselves upon you unless you willingly permit it. To ancient vampires accustomed to reaching into any mind they please, this can be deeply unsettling. After all, immortality breeds arrogance, and few things disturb the truly powerful more than discovering there is finally someone they cannot simply reach into and control.

The Ancient Perks

Perks for Ancients are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Aura of Antiquity [100, 200 for Others]

There are some beings who feel old in a way that has nothing to do with appearance. Be it a stillness in the eyes, a weight behind every word, or even the quiet sense that they have seen civilizations rise and collapse without ever seeming particularly surprised by either, there is something about them that the world instinctively recognizes as ancient. You possess that same presence, as no matter how youthful or unassuming you may appear physically, others instinctively sense immense age and authority in you. Mortals find themselves lowering their voices around you, deferring without quite understanding why, while younger supernatural beings experience a far more primal reaction: unease. This aura naturally commands respect, caution, and obedience, particularly among creatures that value age, lineage, or supernatural seniority. Even arrogant immortals will think twice before casually dismissing you, while fledglings and lesser predators may instinctively fall into submissive behavior without realizing they are doing so. More importantly, this presence deepens with actual age: the older you truly become, the heavier your aura grows, until centuries begin to settle over you like a crown no one can quite stop themselves from noticing.

The Debt of the Blood [200]

When most vampires feed and move on, they leave behind a memory their victims will spend the rest of their lives trying to make sense of. The humans you feed from remember you completely, and in remembering you, they find something has changed in the remembering. Any person you feed from becomes irrevocably loyal to you as they develop a sensation not unlike conviction that they cannot remember forming but cannot imagine being without. They will keep your secrets without being asked. They will turn away people looking for you. They will find reasons to place themselves near you, to be useful to you, to remain within the orbit of whatever you are to them now. Almost like you never really let go when you pulled your teeth free.

A Standing Ovation for the Monster [400]

Why hide in the shadows when the spotlight is so much safer? You possess an extraordinary talent for disguising the supernatural, the horrific, and the outright impossible as mere performance, spectacle, or eccentric artistry. So long as there is even the slightest plausible context for people to interpret what they are seeing as entertainment, staged illusion, or deliberate theatrics, they will instinctively choose that explanation over the truth. You could drain a man dry on a stage before hundreds of witnesses and be rewarded with applause for the “special effects.” You could display supernatural strength in the middle of a crowded theater and leave people debating how the wires were hidden. Even obvious displays of vampirism, violence, or dark gifts become strangely easy to dismiss when wrapped in charisma, confidence, and presentation. The secret, after all, is that people desperately want to be entertained. So why not give them what they want?

Coven Leader [600]

Vampires are hierarchical creatures. Without structure, without someone at the top whose judgment is final and whose authority is absolute, they would tear each other apart within a generation - all because they are too powerful, too proud, too accustomed to taking what they want to share space peacefully with their own kind. This is why every coven, every court, every gathering of the undead that has lasted longer than a decade has found someone to place at its center and defer to. That someone is you. You possess a magnetic and undeniable authority over your own kind. Be it vampires, monsters, creatures that have spent centuries answering to no one and surviving precisely because of it, all of them look at you and instinctively recognize someone meant to stand above them. Your presence alone carries the weight of command, making even arrogant immortals think twice before challenging you openly, while younger or lesser creatures fall into obedience almost without realizing they are doing it. Additionally, all your followers believe in you, and this belief hardens into fanaticism: they will enforce your laws upon each other without supervision, protect your interests as though they were their own, execute your enemies, and carry out your will with terrifying devotion.

Items

You have a 300 CP stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Locations may be imported or recreated in future jumps as Warehouse attachments, if you wish. Items destroyed or lost restore themselves in three days. Items scale to your size. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here.

A Fine Coffin [Free]

Rest is the only true escape from eternity, and you shall do it in absolute comfort. You possess an exquisitely crafted coffin that guarantees a profound, undisturbed night's sleep. It can be customized to your exact preferences, be it traditional polished mahogany lined with red velvet, an ancient stone sarcophagus, or a sleek, modern steel lockbox. When closed from the inside, the box becomes immovable, resistant to damage (it would take high-grade explosives to even dent it), and entirely repulsive to pests, vermin, and the casual curiosity of gravediggers. Furthermore, sleeping in this coffin accelerates your undead healing, purging poisons, and restoring your vitality in a fraction of the time it would normally take.

Wardrobe [Free]

A magnificent antique wardrobe that contains a complete and perfect collection of clothing, accessories, and footwear appropriate for any occasion. More impressively, the wardrobe's contents shift and update with the times. If you were born in the 18th century, it would be filled with brocade coats and silk stockings. Wake up in the 1980s, and it will have leather jackets and band t-shirts. The clothes are always of the highest quality, fit you perfectly, and will magically repair or clean themselves if left in the wardrobe overnight.

The Conglomerate [600]

Fangs and dark gifts are the weapons of a vampire who is still thinking small. True power lies in boardrooms. You are the sole, undisputed owner of a massive modern company of your choosing (be it Apple, a global media empire, a shipping monopoly, etc.). If you are placed in a historical era, it adapts perfectly, becoming something like the East India Trading Company or a banking monopoly. This grants you almost limitless global wealth, terrifying political influence, and the power to suppress media coverage of your habits or to ruin your rivals. Additionally, your employees are discreet, competent, and utterly loyal to the company's continued success, though very few realize they ultimately work for an immortal predator.

Throne of The Old King [600]

This is a throne with a millennia-old petrified vampire sitting on it. Drinking some of the ancient's blood can notably enhance a vampire's powers as if they were a century older, and the petrified ancient will regenerate it in a month or so. Draining the ancient to death will increase a vampire's age and power by five millennia, and also give them a breadth of dark gifts as if they were the originator of a lineage of vampires, but the king will remain dead till the next jump. No matter what happens, the petrified ancient will not wake up to plague the world.

The Fledgling Items

The Devoted Scribe [100]

Every immortal eventually develops the same terrible fear: that one night they will realize centuries have passed and nobody truly remembers who they were anymore. Fortunately, you possess someone deeply committed to ensuring that never happens. You are accompanied by a completely devoted, highly intelligent mortal companion. They are a brilliant interviewer and journalist who seeks out your stories. They will record your history, challenge your perspectives, and keep you tethered to the world of the living. They can also seamlessly manage your daytime affairs and are quite competent. They can be imported as a companion for free.

Traveling Ticket [200]

One eventually discovers that fleeing a city before sunrise becomes significantly less stressful when one travels first class. This simple, elegant piece of parchment or card alters itself to be a permanent, first-class ticket for any mundane mode of transportation in the world. Be it a steamship across the Atlantic, a luxury train across Europe, or a private jet in the modern day, presenting this guarantees you immediate boarding, absolute privacy, and, most importantly, no questions asked about the heavy, suspicious, coffin being loaded into the cargo hold.

The Grim Harvest [400]

Even the most melancholic and gentle of souls can be driven to absolute, blinding vengeance. When your patience finally fractures and the time for weeping ends, you possess the perfect tool for your wrath: a heavy, brutal scythe designed for mass slaughter. Such a terrifying, vicious weapon has a unique characteristic: wounds inflicted by this blade simply do not heal. It completely bypasses all forms of supernatural regeneration, meaning this scythe can permanently execute even the most ancient and resilient of vampires. Despite its unwieldy size, the weapon is perfectly attuned to you: no matter how wild your rampage becomes or how clumsily you swing, you will never accidentally cut or injure yourself with its blade.

Abattoir [600]

To feed without murder is the great struggle of the humane vampire. Luckily, civilization has a solution for that. You are the sole owner of a highly successful animal processing facility. In the modern era, it is a massive, state-of-the-art slaughterhouse; if you find yourself in the past, it adapts into a sprawling, wealthy cattle ranch or plantation. Not only does this establishment produce a massive amount of meat to sell (generating immense legal wealth), but it also seamlessly and secretly produces a limitless supply of fresh, warm animal blood to keep a "vegetarian" vampire perfectly fed. The operation is also discreet enough that no employee or government agency notices anything wrong. After all, eternity is significantly easier to endure when one can feed without adding another corpse to the pile.

The Maker Items

Instrument [100]

A predator of your caliber appreciates the finer things. You possess an instrument of your choosing (like a grand piano, a Stradivarius violin, or even an electric guitar) that is entirely indestructible. It never goes out of tune, plays with perfect acoustic resonance regardless of the environment, and possesses a subtle, hypnotic quality. When you play it, mortals are easily entranced, their minds becoming pliant, calm, and highly susceptible to your charms and suggestions.

The Devil's Carriage [200]

Why fear the coming dawn when you can simply outrun it in style? You own a vehicle, which can take the form of an elegant horse-drawn carriage in the past, or a sleek, pitch-black luxury car (like a Rolls-Royce) in the modern era. Its windows are completely blacked out, rendering the interior totally immune to sunlight. It moves silently, handles perfectly, requires no fuel (and the horses don't tire), and possesses a supernatural knack for avoiding traffic, roadblocks, and the attention of law enforcement, allowing you to flee a city or cross a country in total secrecy.

The Beautiful Companion [400]

This mortal is the person you have been waiting for your whole life. Their personality is a perfect, magnetic complement to your own, and their every action leaves you utterly fascinated. They possess an unbreakable spirit, a brilliant mind, and a beauty that transcends the mundane. They are drawn to you with an intensity that borders on obsession, seeing the magnificent monster beneath the mask and loving it without reservation. Should you choose to give them the Dark Gift, their potential is limitless; they are destined to become one of the most powerful and captivating vampires to ever exist, a true equal to stand beside you for all eternity. They can be imported as a companion for free.

The Garden of Earthly Delights [600]

A vampire's hunger is deeply intertwined with pleasure, and this establishment exists to cater to both. You are the owner of a phenomenally wealthy, highly exclusive brothel and entertainment club. It is staffed by a breathtaking array of men and women from every corner of the globe, offering a stunning diversity of ethnicities, aesthetics, and talents. The workers here are well-compensated, completely loyal, and discreet to a fault. For you, it is the ultimate feeding ground: the mortals here will willingly offer their blood to you, treating the bite as an exquisite fetish rather than an act of predation. It generates a massive amount of legal income, serves as a flawless front for your nocturnal activities, and gives you a kingdom of pleasure to retreat to when eternity feels too cold.

The Child Items

Hidden Scissors [100]
A pair of scissors (or small daggers) perfectly sized for a child's hands. These blades are supernaturally concealable; no matter how lightly you are dressed, they cannot be found by pat-downs, metal detectors, or supernatural senses until the exact moment you draw them. Furthermore, they are impossibly sharp, capable of effortlessly slicing through vampire flesh.

The Surrogate Protector [200]
A child vampire is deeply vulnerable without a protector, so the universe has provided you with one. You are accompanied by a fiercely devoted adult companion (mortal or newly turned vampire, much like Madeleine). Their maternal/paternal instinct toward you is supernaturally reinforced; they will gladly throw themselves into the fire, lie to authorities, or fight ancient monsters to keep you safe. They ask for nothing but your company, providing the unconditional love and physical protection you were denied. They can be imported as a companion for free.

Workshop [400]
For immortals with too much time and too many grudges, intellectual curiosity has a habit of becoming something far more dangerous. Whether concealed beneath an opera house, hidden behind the walls of an ancient estate, or buried deep beneath a modern city, this workshop contains everything necessary to pursue both scientific inquiry and darker ambitions in complete privacy. Surgical instruments, rare compounds, poisons, and other specialized tools are all maintained in pristine condition and replenish themselves over time as needed. Here, one may safely experiment with the limits of vampirism, be in the pursuit of medical and scientific understanding, or in the far more practical effort of discovering exactly what can kill a creature that believes itself immortal.

The Endless Library [600]
A mind that has eternity to fill requires resources equal to the task. This is a library that contains an incredible amount of books that update according to the era you are in. Simply think of a subject (from Renaissance alchemy to modern particle physics, ancient vampire lore to political theory) and the relevant books will appear on its shelves, written in a language you can understand. It is the ultimate tool for a mind that has eternity to learn, especially those imprisoned inside a small body.

The Ancient Items

Relics of a Lost Age [100]

You have lived a very long time, and you kept souvenirs. You possess a private gallery filled with perfectly preserved artifacts from your original era, be it intact Roman statues, pristine Egyptian sarcophagi, lost plays from the Renaissance, or jewelry from fallen empires. These items are legally authenticated, making them worth hundreds of millions on the mortal market, but they also serve as a profound comfort, reminding you of the world you were born into when the modern era becomes too loud. Should you ever choose to sell or part with one of these treasures, the collection will restore itself over time, ensuring the gallery is never truly diminished, no matter how many relics leave your possession.

The Subterranean Crypts [200]

You are the master of a vast, sprawling catacomb that naturally weaves itself beneath whatever city you currently occupy. Similar to the catacombs of Paris, it is a labyrinth of bones, darkness, and hidden chambers. It is entirely unmappable by mortals or rival predators. Within, there are dozens of perfectly safe, sun-proof alcoves, allowing you to house an entire coven of vampires securely beneath the earth, safe from the torches and the sun.

The Subservient Coven [400]

A master without servants is merely a wanderer. You are accompanied by a deeply loyal coven of vampire minions who hang on your every word. Their age scales directly to yours: they will always be exactly one-tenth of your total age (if you are 1000 years old, they are 100 years old). They act as your enforcers, your spies, and your lethal hands, ensuring that your will is carried out across the city without you ever having to leave the comfort of your sanctuary. This coven will replenish its numbers over time should they fall in your service.

The Theatre of the Macabre [600]

Why hunt in the alleys when the prey will buy a ticket to see you? You own a grand, majestic establishment that serves as the ultimate stage for the undead. By default, it takes the shape of a magnificent Gothic theater (much like the Theatre des Vampires in Paris), though it can adapt to become a high-end underground nightclub or a massive art exhibit. Mortals flock here in droves, completely unaware that the extravagant "special effects," "illusions," and "performances" taking place are entirely real. It serves as a fortress for your coven, a source of incredible wealth, and an endless, self-replenishing hunting ground where mortals literally applaud as they are consumed.

Companions

Recruit Anyone [Free]

Anyone you want to recruit in this world is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

Create/Import [50 CP for 1, 200 CP for 8]

You can create new Companions or import existing Companions. They get an Origin, with all freebies and discounts, along with 600 CP to spend. They do not get Item Stipends. You can also import any companion you bought here for a CP stipend. Alternatively, if you want, you can import all your companions for free, but they will only get their freebie perks from their origin.

Claudia [50]

Turning a child into a vampire is generally considered a catastrophic mistake, morally, emotionally, and logistically. Claudia is living proof of this, and she knows it better than anyone. Frozen forever in the body of a young girl, she has spent years cultivating the kind of intelligence, bitterness, and emotional precision that only immortality and resentment can truly produce. She is charming when she wants to be, affectionate when she feels safe enough to allow it, and absolutely vicious when she does not. Despite appearances, she is not fragile. Claudia learns quickly, adapts frighteningly well, and possesses the peculiar ability to make adults underestimate her exactly long enough for that decision to become unfortunate. She enjoys beautiful clothes, sharp conversation, and collecting little luxuries with obsessive care, perhaps because eternity feels easier to survive when surrounded by beautiful things. Treat her right; she deserves it.

Lestat [50]

Some vampires survive eternity quietly. Lestat de Lioncourt has spent centuries proving, repeatedly and often theatrically, that he considers this a complete waste of immortality. He is beautiful, arrogant, impulsive, emotionally exhausting, and possessed of the sort of overwhelming personal presence that makes rooms feel smaller when he enters them. Most vampires who know him well fluctuate constantly between wanting to kiss him, strangle him, or leave the continent entirely for their own peace of mind. Unfortunately, he is also genuinely extraordinary. He is intensely loyal to those he truly loves, though his idea of affection often arrives wrapped inside manipulation, melodrama, expensive gifts, emotional crises, and occasional acts of breathtaking violence. He will encourage your worst impulses, defend you viciously against genuine threats, and become deeply offended if anyone else is allowed to criticize you before he does. Lestat has decided you are fascinating, which is either the beginning of a beautiful immortal relationship or a disaster of historic proportions. Usually both.

Louis [50]

Most vampires, given eternity, find something to do with it. Lestat found performance. Others found power, or knowledge, or the particular cold comfort of simply stopping caring. Louis found guilt, which is either a tremendous waste of immortality or the most human thing anyone has ever done with it, depending on your perspective. Louis has spent centuries trying to reconcile the fact that he is, simultaneously, a thoughtful and compassionate man and a predator who survives by feeding on other human beings, and the effort has shaped nearly every part of who he became afterward. He is intelligent, emotionally perceptive, and possessed of an emotional intensity that makes even simple conversations feel strangely intimate. People tell him things they did not intend to share. Vampires speak more honestly around him than they usually allow themselves to, while mortals instinctively trust him despite the quiet danger that seems to follow him everywhere. He listens carefully, judges himself far more harshly than he judges others, and carries loneliness with the sort of exhausted grace only immortality can produce. He has been alone in the way that only the immortal can be alone, surrounded by centuries of people who came and went while he remained, and he is tired of it in a way that he would never say out loud, but that shows in everything he does. He will stay with you for as long as you will have him. Longer, probably.



Drawbacks

Supplement Mode [Free]
This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your CP will be separated between both jumps, and taking drawbacks in the supplement will affect the entire universe you are jumping to, but only give points for the supplement. You also have the choice of fusing both universes.

Canon Replacement [Free]
You can replace any canon character you wish as long as they are connected to your origin.

Crossover Toggle [Free]
Why settle for one world of vampires when countless others are waiting to be lived in?
You can choose to take anything you bought here and go into another fictional setting that features vampires.

Ancient One [Free]
The world is old, and you do not have to arrive at the end of it. If you wish, you may begin this jump at any point in human history, from the earliest days of Egyptian civilization onward, placing yourself wherever in the timeline suits your intentions. Ancient Rome, medieval Europe, the Renaissance, the World Wars, yesterday - the choice is yours.

Classical Education [Variable (+50 CP per weakness package selected)]
The myths surrounding vampires have never been entirely consistent, but they have been persistent. Over centuries, humanity has refined its fears into a catalogue of weaknesses: ritualized symbols of what monsters should fear. You may purchase any of the following weakness packages, each one adding a number of genuine and exploitable vulnerabilities to your existence.

- Stake through the heart (paralyzes you completely) / Silver (burns) / Garlic (causes intense discomfort
- Holy Water (burns) / Running Water (you cannot cross it / Fire (significantly more lethal to you, will take months to regenerate)
- Religious Symbols (weakens your abilities, burns you) / Needs to be Invited (cannot enter owned homes without an invitation)
- Consecrated Ground (cannot move through it) / Exposure to faith or prayer (weakens you)
- Counting compulsions (it forces you to count) / Sleep in native soil (Can’t sleep or rest without soil from your homeland)

Extended Stay [+100]
You can extend your time in the jump by ten years with this option. It can be taken multiple times, but you can only get **200 CP** total from it.

The Scent of Death [+100]

You carry a constant, unmistakable aura of death. It is not visible, but it is immediately felt by those around you, like a pressure in the air that signals something fundamentally wrong nearby. Animals react to you with immediate fear or aggression, refusing to approach and often fleeing in your presence. Children instinctively become distressed or unsettled in your vicinity, even without understanding why. Mortals, while unable to identify the cause, consistently report discomfort, unease, or a sense of cold dread when you are near. This will make blending in a constant and largely unsuccessful exercise, as your presence repeatedly undermines attempts at normal social interaction and draws attention even when you are actively trying to remain unnoticed.

The Devil's Bargain [+100]

Waking up as a vampire with no maker to guide you is, it turns out, an extraordinarily dangerous way to begin an immortal existence. You do not know what you are capable of, you do not know what will kill you, and you do not know the rules - and there are rules, rules ancient and non-negotiable, that many, if not all vampires follow. Luckily, there is a benefactor: someone older, wiser, and possessed of everything you need and apparently willing to share it. The problem is that their help is never free, and every piece of information comes with a price attached. Knowledge will be rationed, withheld, or reframed depending on your compliance, and the gaps in your understanding are treated as bargaining chips. You will be corrected when it benefits them, misled when it serves them, and only fully informed when obedience has been sufficiently demonstrated. In time, you may learn enough to function without them, but by the time that happens, they will have made themselves so thoroughly necessary to your existence that independence will feel less like freedom and more like amputation.

The Herd is Wary [+100]

The local mortal populace seems to possess an innate, paranoid survival instinct, as if some collective evolutionary trauma has permanently purged them of the capacity to be horror movie victims. People do not walk alone, especially after dark; the "buddy system" is a legally or socially enforced reality where everyone travels in packs of three or more, heavily armed with flashlights, defensive tools, and hyper-vigilance. This means isolating a victim, hunting for sustenance, or cornering a target without drawing the immediate, aggressive attention of their friends, family, or the local police will require immense planning, intricate staging, and exhausting effort on your part. Even if you don't need to hunt mortals, their suffocating caution means urban stealth is a nightmare, bystanders are constantly reporting "suspicious behavior," and your nights will be loud, bright, and frustratingly difficult.

Bureaucratic Nightmare [+100]

Immortality requires an endless paper trail, but you are completely, hopelessly inept at managing it. You are incredibly bad with finances, legal documentation, and banking. Maintaining modern fake IDs, setting up shell corporations, and managing investments are entirely beyond your capabilities. This makes it incredibly hard for you to accumulate wealth, buy secure property, or maintain a credible cover identity in the mortal world. You'll likely end up a squatter in abandoned buildings rather than a lord of a penthouse.

Outdated Sensibilities [+200]

The world has moved on. You have not. Whatever era produced you has left its mark so thoroughly and so permanently that no amount of subsequent centuries has managed to fully dislodge it. You find modern technology not merely unfamiliar but genuinely baffling: the devices that contemporary mortals operate without thought require from you a concentrated effort that you find undignified and frequently unsuccessful. Modern slang arrives to your ears as something between a foreign language and a personal affront. Contemporary moral frameworks, the ones that have quietly replaced everything you were raised to consider self-evident, strike you as by turns incomprehensible and insulting, and you have never been particularly good at concealing that reaction. Blending in with mortals is a constant, grinding exercise in frustration for you.

A Diet of Poodles and Rats [+200]

Whether out of crippling moral guilt or a strange physiological quirk, you cannot stomach human blood. You are restricted to feeding on animals. Not only does this taste foul to a vampire's refined palate, but it also leaves you constantly hungry, physically weaker than your peers, and the laughingstock of any vampire who discovers your secret.

The Death Sleep [+200]

The sun doesn't just burn you; its very rising forces you into a comatose state. From the moment the sun breaches the horizon until it sets, you are indistinguishable from a corpse. You cannot be awoken by noise, pain, or danger. If someone finds your coffin during the day, you are completely at their mercy.

Power Loss [+200]

All your out-of-jump powers, perks, and abilities are disabled for the duration of this jump.

Wrong Species [+400]

Uh oh. It looks like you have arrived in a world of vampires and tragedy as a completely ordinary mortal human being with no fangs, no supernatural abilities, and a lifespan that everyone around you would consider charmingly brief. The good news is that humans navigate this world every day. The bad news is that most of them do it by not knowing what is out there, and you do not have that option anymore.

The Ego of a Brat Without The Grace of a Prince [+400]

You have inherited the worst of Lestat de Lioncourt and none of the charm that made it survivable. You are loud, boastful, and possessed of an absolute conviction in your own invincibility that no amount of contrary evidence has ever managed to dislodge. Subtlety is optional at best and actively boring at worst. If there is a rule, especially an ancient or widely respected one, you will feel a strong and persistent urge to break it purely to see what happens. As you can imagine, this makes you a constant and enthusiastic source of attention, and you will make enemies the way other people make acquaintances: casually, frequently, and without fully appreciating what you have done until the consequences are already standing in the doorway.

The Blood Debt [+400]

You have committed the one act vampire society does not forgive: the killing of another vampire. Whether by accident, necessity, or arrogance, the result is the same: you are now marked for death. The Théâtre des Vampires (or an equivalent dominant coven in your starting era) will organize coordinated hunts carried out by experienced, vindictive vampires who treat your destruction as both duty and art. There is only one way this ends. Either you destroy the coven that issued the sentence - every last member, completely and permanently - or they destroy you. Good luck.

Toxic Co-Dependency [+400]

You are permanently bound to a companion you cannot stand to be without. The relationship is deeply volatile, unhealthy, and emotionally destructive, defined by resentment on both sides and an inability to truly separate, no matter how much damage is done. They will routinely sabotage your plans, interfere in your relationships, destroy property, and create escalating chaos in your life, often driven by jealousy, insecurity, or sheer spite. Their actions will frequently put you in danger or force you into difficult, costly situations. Despite this, you cannot bring yourself to leave them. You will always return, always forgive, and always pull them back from the consequences of their behavior, even when every rational part of you recognizes that you should not.

An Open Secret [+400]

The Masquerade is utterly lost on you. No matter what precautions you take, what aliases you use, or how carefully you hide the bodies, you can never maintain the secret of your true nature for long. Whether everyone you interact with reacts with torches and pitchforks, extreme religious worship, or by calling heavily armed government agents to your doorstep, the result is always the same: exposure, chaos, and the urgent necessity of being somewhere else before the situation finishes deteriorating. You will be forced to abandon your sanctuaries, your hard-earned assets, and any carefully cultivated alliances, burning your identities to the ground and fleeing to a new territory just to start the exhausting process all over again. A solution to this is living in the wilderness, far from the mortals who inevitably unravel you - but then the hunger will not be far behind, and the wilderness has never been particularly good at satisfying it. There is no clean answer here. Only the next city, the next name, the next careful construction of a life that will last exactly as long as it lasts, and not a night longer.

The Louis Conundrum [+400]

You are a vampire with the inconvenient misfortune of still thinking like a decent person. Your morality did not erode with the transformation, did not soften with time, and shows no signs of reaching any kind of workable accommodation with what you have become. Every time you feed, the guilt arrives immediately and completely: not as background noise but as the full, specific, devastating weight of what you have just done to a person who did not deserve it. Animal blood will not sustain you, as that mercy has been closed to you entirely. You will spend the next ten years agonizing over what you are. The guilt can be surpassed: other vampires have managed it, and so, on the better nights, might you. But it will not come easily, and it will not come quickly, and every step toward peace will feel like a betrayal of something you are not entirely willing to betray. You will feed, and suffer, and survive, and somewhere in the long, difficult middle of these ten years, you may find a way to carry what you are without being destroyed by it.

Ennui of the Immortals [+600]

Immortality has not made you stronger so much as it has worn you down in ways no mortal was built to understand. You suffer from a profound, persistent sense of boredom and emotional exhaustion, as though every possible experience has already been lived through or will inevitably lead to the same hollow outcome. The passage of time feels heavy and repetitive, motivation is rare and fragile, and even simple action requires deliberate effort. Every night, you must find something - anything - worth continuing for, or risk deliberately going into the sun for your death.

The Queen is Awake [+600]

There are legends, passed in whispers between the oldest of the old, of something that existed before the bloodlines and the covenants and every careful hierarchy the undead have spent millennia constructing. A progenitor. The first. Something so ancient and so fundamental to what every vampire is that its continued existence is less a fact of history than a condition of reality itself. The legends are true. And she is awake. Akasha, Queen of the Damned, mother of all vampires and sovereign of nothing so modest as a coven or a territory, has opened her eyes for the first time in millennia and found the world insufficiently organized to her satisfaction. She has no interest in the careful politics of vampire society, no concept of restraint, and no morality that would be recognizable as such to anything currently living. What she has is hunger on a scale that makes ordinary vampirism look like temperance, and a power so absolute that the vampires who have spent centuries considering themselves ancient feel, in her presence, like fledglings. She plans to devour humanity until the population has been reduced to whatever number she considers a sustainable food source, and then she will devour most of the vampires too, because the competition has never interested her. What remains will be a world shaped entirely around her appetites, which are considerable and show no signs of having limits. She will not be reasoned with, and someone has to stop her before there is nothing left worth stopping her for. That someone, it appears, is you. Good luck, jumper.

Ending



The End of the Road

Ten years have passed, somehow. Perhaps they vanished in a blur of hunger, violence, and endless nights, or perhaps every single year dragged behind you like a coffin being pulled through mud. Regardless, your time here has come to an end, and a final choice now waits before you.

Stay

You may stay in this world permanently, continuing your existence exactly as you are now. Immortality stretches ahead of you without limit, along with everything that comes attached to it: the hunger, the beauty, the loneliness, the violence, and the people you chose to keep beside you.

Go Forward

The night is not over yet. You may leave this world behind and continue onward to your next Jump, carrying everything you have gained here with you into whatever comes next.

Return to Earth

You may abandon immortality entirely and return to Earth. Your time in this world will remain as a memory, along with whatever lessons, regrets, and attachments you carried out of it. Whether you view those memories as a gift or a curse is entirely your decision.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition.
v 1.1 - Small fixes.