

Welcome, Jumper. Perhaps you have heard of the World of Darkness, where the Kindred of Caine scheme even as Gehenna closes in, where the Mages have awoken fragments of power and try to hoard as much of it as possible. It is here where the remaining Fae struggle against Banality and where the Garou struggle to hold off the coming Apocalypse for just a day more.

Indeed, it is a world on the brink of destruction, where the Fera, those meant to protect Gaia, have faltered in their duties for a myriad of reasons. And it is also the world where you are going for the foreseeable future.

Here, take these 1000 Beast Tokens. You will use these to brave the Modern Nights and the coming Apocalypse. But before you go, a question for you to ponder over.

All Fera have Raged for one reason or another, often bringing ruin to all. My question is thus: When will You Rage?

Drawbacks 2
Time 8
Fera Species 10
Breed 20
General Perks 21
Ajaba Perks 25
Ananasi Perks 25
Apis Perks 26
Bastet Perks 26
Camazotz Perks 27
Corax Perks 27
Grondr Perks 27
Gurahl Perks 28
Garou Perks 28
Kitsune Perks 28
Mokolé Perks 29
Nagah Perks 29
Nuwisha Perks 30
Ratkin Perks 30
Rokea Perks 32
Items 34
Totems 34
Companions 35
Scenarios 38
End Point 39
Notes 40

Drawbacks

Supplement Mode
(+0 BT)
You do not wish to brave the dangers of the Modern Nights? I understand. You create your build here and continue on to the next world, taking everything with you from here, including drawbacks.

Thou Art I
(+0 BT)
Perhaps you wish to mantle another? You may take the role of a figure of some importance for the duration of your time here, as long as your choices match theirs.

A Different Course
(+0 BT)
Perhaps you would prefer a different timeline? Perhaps one of the other Triat became the true threat, perhaps one of the other Fera tribes caused the War of Rage. Maybe instead of the White Howlers, it was another Garou tribe who were corrupted by the Wyrm. Whatever alteration you can think of, as long as it does not change the core principles of the world, is yours to decide.

Drop-In Scenario
(+0 / +100 BT)
So you wish to remain unburdened? As you wish. You receive no memories or connections; you are a ghost in the wind. Ah, but perhaps your greed gets the better of you? Then I offer this bargain: You will lose all of your memories for the duration of your stay. A full new start. Yet, seeing as losing one's memories can lead to a sudden possession by a Bane or being mind-controlled by a foe, you will still receive a grace period until you do something to draw attention to yourself. After that, it is up to you to survive.

Time Extension
(+100 BT)
A decade can pass by in the blink of an eye if one is not careful. Should you wish to spend more time in these Modern Nights, then I shall extend it for 10 years each time this is taken. Though I will only compensate you 10 times, after that, you will merely do so for your own amusement. Bar the Rokea, all Fera would be lucky to reach a century in lifespan, if their endless war against the Wyrm and the Weaver does not claim them first. Your Companions will

receive the exact same amount of BT. They're stuck with you for this whole time, *so they deserve some compensation*.

No Partial Transformation

(+100 BT)

Many Fera are able to partially shift their forms to incorporate features from other forms, such as creating a larynx in bestial forms to talk, or forming a muzzle in Glabro form. Unfortunately, your control is not fine enough for that, meaning you lack a useful tool from your arsenal.

Slip Sideways

(+100 BT)

Depending on your race, you are either lacking in control or have discovered the trick to enter the Umbra…if only very clumsily. Whenever you feel nervous and are near reflective surfaces, you have a risk of shifting into the Umbra, requiring you to use your Gnosis to enter and then traverse back. Thankfully, this can be overcome with regular training and experience.

Not Quite Right

(+100/200/300 BT)

Perhaps you are a Metis, or you have suffered an unfortunate encounter with one of the agents of the Wyrm. Nonetheless, your forms are mutated in some ways. For **100 BT**, these mutations are minor. Perhaps you always have pointed teeth in Homid form, perhaps your nails are claws instead. For **200 BT,** however, these mutations are far more noticeable. Perhaps you have full-on horns growing from your head, maybe you have a non-standard set of eyes, maybe your Homid form is simply a slightly prettier version of your Glabro form. The latter will no doubt make interactions with commonfolk harder, should you desire to uphold the Veil. But for **300 BT**, you are downright horrid to look at, your Homid form barely looking human, and your remaining forms looking just as deformed. Best remain in the shadows and out of sight.

Banned Transformation

(+100/200/300/400/500/600 BT)

Due to some strange circumstances, your ability to transform is inhibited while under a specific trigger. For **100 BT,** this can be something minor, such as hearing a specific kind of music. For **200 BT**, this could be the result of being near wolfsbane. For **300 BT**, you would need to spend some of your Rage to transform. For **400 BT**, it could be the presence of something lethal, such as

Silver, being near you. For **500 BT**, it could be a certain time period, such as a day or a night. For **600 BT**, it could require the moon to be visible to let you transform.

Fertile Essence

(+200 BT, Incompatible with **Metis**)

Some Mokole are filled to the brim with the energies of the Wyld, to the point where even being near them can cause people to become pregnant with children resembling the poor Fera. Your life essence is so strong that should anyone drink from the same cup as you, bathe in the same pool with you, or even handle clothes or utensils used by you, there is a good chance that their next child will look like you, instead of their partner. So strong is this that even sterile and barren individuals may end up pregnant because of this. Not only does this flaw make socializing with others rather awkward, but it will more than likely end up with the destruction of several relationships, and possible attacks from angry spouses.

Sterile

(+200 BT)

All Metis are born sterile, and now, even if you are not one, so are you. Indeed, your kin will look upon you with pity, and should you belong to one of the more militant and ruthless Fera, you may be treated as lesser and as far more expendable. After all, if you cannot contribute future numbers to the war, then you are only useful for battle and little else.

Musk

(+200 BT)

You, Jumper, smell. Horridly, in fact. At least by human standards. Though the Fera themselves care little for your smell, bar it making you far easier to track down, humans find your smell unpleasant, and no matter how well you bathe, you will not get rid of this smell until your time is up. Certainly, some will find your smell pleasant, but they are a minority indeed.

Lost Warehouse

(+200 BT)

Were you expecting to sweep through the world with your artefacts? Unfortunately, that won't happen. Your connection to your warehouse has been severed for the duration of your stay here, cutting you off from all items and artifacts you may have collected over your journey.

Strange Magic

(+200 BT)

You lose access to all outside powers, magics, and any perks that can be understood as supernatural. You must learn the local ways if you wish to thrive here. Alternatively, you may retain your powers, but subject them to the Consensus, where being observed by a mundane human will lead to your powers failing, if not in a Paradox being created. In this case, your magics, be they native or foreign, are always under the rules forced upon the Mages of this world. Even in the Umbra, your powers are still subject to the Consensus and Paradoxes, with the Incarna and Gaia herself taking issue should you possess enough power.

A Lost Pack

(+200 BT)

Perhaps you were hoping to swarm the forces of the Wyrm with the army of companions and followers you've amassed? Unfortunately, it would seem they have been sent elsewhere for the duration of your stay. You may recruit locals, but those from the outside will not gaze upon Gaia on this journey.

Pack Mentality

(+200 BT)

Fera tend to gather into groups, or Packs, to better aid Gaia and fight her foes. Unfortunately for you, not only do you suffer a minor decrease in your abilities when not with at least one member of your designated Pack, but you also struggle with decision-making without your Pack being around. Rather awkward, should you be the Pack Leader.

Ooh, Shiny!

(+200/400 BT)

Corvids love shiny objects and regularly steal them for their nests. Many Corax share in this condition, and now so do you. For **200 BT**, you are always tempted to snatch anything even remotely shiny, requiring a distraction or a showcase of Willpower to stop the attempt. For **400 BT,** however, there is no stopping you from getting that shiny. Be it through manipulation or simply shanking the previous owner, you will have your shinies, all of them.

Tonic Immobility

(+400 BT)

A trait shown by most sharks is their habit of falling asleep the moment they are flipped on their backs, with this feature very rarely seen among the Rokea and now… you. Should you be flipped on your back, or indeed lie on it yourself, you will fall asleep instantly and cannot wake up until you are upright once again. This will make naps and sex perhaps just a smidge more difficult.

Uncontrollable Lust

(+400 BT)

…Are you perhaps a Rokea? That is about the only reasonable explanation I have for exhibiting this… unfortunate trait. Whenever you are on dry land, you find yourself in a constant state of arousal and desire to breed when in the presence of someone you find sexually attractive. Your mind will be distracted and susceptible to lust as long as you remain on land. Should you enter a Frenzy, then only the struggles of your companions stop you from ravaging your target.

Stone Blind

(+400 BT)

A rare condition seen among the Mokole, Stone Blindness renders them unable to see or process things made of pure stone, to the point where they cannot comprehend that they have just stumbled upon a rock. The Blind are able to register things that are a mixture of rocks and other materials, but cannot quite tell what the thing in question really is. For one reason or another, you have inherited this unfortunate condition and will likely need the help of your Pack to survive in more stone-heavy environments.

Rage

(+400 BT)

All Fera have some amount of Rage within them, but you take it to an excess. While not quite on the level of a frothing beast, your temper is such that even a wrong glance will set you loose. Not only do things get easily violent with you, but your single-mindedness in defeating your foes may lead you into traps or result in a lot of collateral damage over something ultimately pointless.

Touched By The Weaver

(+400 BT)

One of the Triat, the Weaver's duty was to bring order and function to the creations of the Wyld before they'd be destroyed by the Wyrm in an endless cycle of creation and destruction. It is no longer so, with the Weaver desiring

to bring forth stagnation, where its perfect order cannot be disrupted. And in you, it has found a new agent. Indeed, the Weaver holds a steady influence over you, driving you to help humanity advance further along, while also destroying or converting any Fera you come across. Your mind feels far more detached and logical while under the Weaver's control, and breaking free sounds very illogical indeed. Your connection to the Spirits and Umbra is all but severed, though you do have a far better understanding of humans and their ways.

Touched By The Wyld

(+400 BT)

The Wyld is the part of the Triat that embodies chaos and creation. Ironically enough, the Wyld is the weakest of the Triat, the constant encroachment of its siblings slowly smothering it out. You have all but fallen to the Wyld yourself, seeing all that has been built as sacrilege and debasement of Mother Gaia. While certainly there is more than a little truth to that, the Wyld influences you to tear it all down, rendering you near-feral in mind. Though the Spirits show you increased favor, interactions with humans are all but guaranteed to end in their slaughter.

Touched By The Wyrm

(+400 BT)

Once, the Wyrm upheld its duty of orderly destruction before the Weaver imprisoned it. This isolation drove the Wyrm mad, and ever since then, it has desired nothing more than to corrupt and destroy all of creation. You have come under its influence and have been forced into aiding it in this foul mission. Your sanity begins to fray as you corrupt the minds and bodies of those around you, no doubt your own body slowly warping as well.

A Metis Child

(+400 BT, Incompatible with **Metis**)

It would seem that in a moment of passion, you committed one of the taboos of most Fera societies: You and another of your kind had a child together. Your partner has long since disappeared, leaving you with this small and somewhat deformed baby to look after. No matter which Fera species you are, all will treat you with disgust if not outright hostility for breaking one of, if not THE, greatest of rules. You must ensure your child survives until the end of your time here, with their fertility and deformities being cured once the jump ends, should they wish it so.

First Team Target

(+400 BT)

The Fera as a whole have powerful enemies, the megacorporation known as Pentex chief amongst them. Now the corporation seems to have deemed you a threat in need of eliminating post haste. They will send First Teams after you, groups of both humans and fomori geared and trained to kill lycanthropes, with their tactics evolving over time to counter you to the best of their abilities. Any Teams wiped will be replaced in quick succession and will, in time, come to include even some of the Mockery Breeds if you prove troublesome enough.

Harano/Hauglosk

(+400/800 BT)

Harano, the state of endless gloom and depression, the act of weeping for that which is yet to be lost. Hauglosk, a zealous state of mind demanding the recipient to do anything to alleviate Gaia's suffering right now, even if it means charging into the Wyrm's lair alone. Both are states of mind found within Garou and, no doubt, other Fera. For **400 BT**, you suffer from either state of mind, while for **800 BT,** you suffer from both and have a habit of switching between these two states of mind on a dime.

Last Of My Kind

(+600 BT)

…How did this happen? It would seem you are the only Fera of your particular breed remaining; the rest of your kind are dead due to one reason or another. Your kinfolk, if you have any remaining, are counted in the dozens, and that number will keep steadily declining unless you do something about it. Should you not manage to turn things around, then you can consider your breed effectively extinct, the knowledge accumulated lost, and the war for Gaia even more desperate.

The Apocalypse-

(+600 BT)

-Is here. There are no more subtle signs, no warning, nothing. Gaia's death screams fill your mind as the Wyrm begins its final push to end Gaia and all life as we know it. You do not know where or when, but you have at best days, perhaps a week, before things become truly apocalyptic. Forget saving Gaia; keeping yourself alive through this entire mess will be a challenge alone.

The Lost Beast

(+600 BT)

…Gaia preserve us, what manner of torture did you endure to end up like this? You've lost your connection to your beast half, losing all of your Gnosis, and are unable to take on forms other than Homid. Reconnecting with your beast will require an epic adventure that will take you to your absolute limits, and even then, the chances of you dying before being restored are very high indeed.

Bittersown's Wrath

(+600 BT)

The boogieman of the Garou, the First Ronin, the First Metis, Bittersown. There are many names for he who was born malformed and cast his lot in with the Wyrm. His form is that of a hairless Crinos, his teeth and claws silver, his body carved with magical tattoos that reflect the names and legends of all Garou he has slain. And now, Dear jumper, he is coming for you. Empowered by the Wyrm, he will hunt you down wherever you may go, his prowess always matching yours. Strike him down, and he will rise again, smarter to your tricks. It is only when **The Apocalypse** comes, or when your time here comes to an end, that you will be able to slay him for good. Until then, watch the shadows.

Kinfolk

(+600 BT, Incompatible with **Metis**)

Pardon me, it would seem this has been all a big mix-up. You aren't one of the Fera, but instead one of the kinfolk for your chosen Fera. What this means is that you, either a human or one of their beastkin, are immune to the Delirium and cannot assume any form other than your Breed form for the duration of your jump. This also means that you cannot access the more powerful Gifts out there, and your position in Fera society is rarely that of an equal, usually treated as breeding stock and nothing more.

Time

The Era of Insects - 359 Million to 299 Million BCE

This is an alien time, when the only Fera that existed were the Rokea in the sea and the myriad of insect Fera on land. The Weaver has begun its plan to bring perfect order to reality, with most of the insect Fera joining her in this mad plan. A series of battles are waged between them and the Ananasi, a conflict fought in secrecy called the Insect Wars, which saw the total extermination of all Fera loyal to the Weaver, who noticed the deaths of her children only after the deed had been done.

The Age of Kings - 150 Million BCE

It is a time of wonders, a time of mighty Dragon Kings and dinosaurs. No other mammals exist beyond the Ratkin, who, alongside the Corax, serve the Mokolé, who are the undisputed rulers of this time. The Rokea roam the seas as vigilant protectors, while the Ananasi lurk in the shadows. A time of prosperity, perhaps, but also a time of oppression, for the Mokolé themselves began to fall into tyranny and war.

The Wonder Work - 65 Million Years BCE

No doubt you have read of this time, when the age of dinosaurs came to an end. In truth, it was the Wyrm, now fully corrupted and called the Dissolver by the Mokolé, who brought the era of the Dragon Kings to an end. For the Mokolé, this was when they became but a relic of a time long gone, while Gaia began to favor her mammalian children instead.

The Savage Age - 1.750 Million to 5000 BCE

It is the earliest days of men, the days of cavemen, and the earliest civilizations. It is a time of brutality, of savagery. The Wyrm has yet to wreak anywhere near the damage it will in the millennia to come, while the Weaver has adopted mankind as her children. The Fera retain their duties yet, though small cracks begin to form, and the Impergium, the active culling of humanity

and the origin of the Delirium, would come into effect by the tail end of this time, along with the first War of Rage.

The War of Shame - 12000 BCE

To most Fera, this period is known as the Savage Age. But to the Beast Courts of the Far East, it is called the Fourth Age and would be marked by its own tragedies, including the War of Shame, where the primordial ancestors of the Kuei Jin, the Wan Xian, manipulated the Fera of these lands into a terrible war, with the Wan Xian eventually devolving into the Kuei Jin and the Fera forming the Hengeyokai, or the Beast Courts, in the aftermath. Among the casualties of the war were several Fera, including the Okuma, the eastern branch of the Gurahl.

The Dark Ages - 600 to 1200 CE

The Medieval Times, the era of human kings, knights, courtly drama, and romance. The Fera are scattered, many having been slain in the War of Rage, though the Americas have been spared from it for the most part. Both the Weaver and the Wyrm tighten their grasp on Gaia as the dreaded Flaying Plague ravages across Europe and decimates Garou numbers in the hundreds.

The Second War of Rage - 1600 CE

Europe has discovered the American continent, and many expeditions have been sent out to plunder and colonize it. It is around this time that the European Fera finally come into contact and conflict with their American brethren, leading to the death of the Camazotz and the fall of the Bat to the Wyrm. Around this time is also when the Croatan tribe of Garou will make the ultimate sacrifice in sealing away the Eater-of-Souls and preventing the Apocalypse from occurring.

The Wyld West - 1800 CE

What many call the Wild West was a Wyld time indeed. The Second War of Rage is waged across America, even as the gauntlet has weakened in certain parts of the continent, with ordinary people simply able to wander into the Umbra. The powerful Bane, called the Storm Eater, rampages at this time, its

destruction and corruption spreading far. While all of this is going on, the War of Tears is waged in Australia, where the European Garou wipe out the Bunyip tribe under the manipulation of a Black Spiral Dancer known as Mara the Scream. Bunyip the Spirit would henceforth always reject and kill Garou on sight as revenge for the death of its people.

Modern Nights - 1910 to Present

What many would consider the “modern” time, Modern Nights is when the Wyrm and the Weaver have all but choked out the Wyld and nearly killed Gaia. The Apocalypse looms over the horizon, and the general state of all Fera raises severe doubts as to whether it can even be prevented or Gaia saved. It is their darkest hour, and, more than ever, the Fera and Gaia herself need a hero.

Fera Species

Which clade of Fera are you?

Ajaba - Werehyena

Though a small population of Garou exists in Africa, it is the Ajaba who have assumed the Garou’s duty as warriors here. Mirroring their animal counterparts, the Ajaba are, or rather were, a matriarchal society. You see, the Simba Bastet known as Black Tooth committed a terrible massacre upon the Ajaba in the 1980s, reducing their numbers massively, throwing much of their culture into flux as a side result. Unlike most Fera, all Ajaba Metis are born as hermaphrodites and are seen as an equalizer among their numbers.



Ananasi - Werespider

Supposedly tracing their origins to Queen Ananasa, a powerful spirit created by the Weaver, the Ananasi are an anomaly to all. They lack Rage in any measure, instead feeding upon the blood of the living. Their Queen, though captured by the Wyrm, still communicates with them and urges them to serve the Triat, not as they are, but as they were. To most of the other Fera, the Ananasi were mostly wiped out during the War of Rage, and the spiderfolk prefer it that way.



Apis - Wereaurochs

(Must take **Last Of My Kind**)

You… are a sight for sore eyes indeed. The Apis were once known as the matchmakers of Gaia, who helped both Fera and men alike. They were among the casualties of the first War of Rage, alongside most of the Camazotz and the Grondr. That you have reappeared now is an omen, good or bad, none can say. You lack kinfolk of any kind, the human side having interbred with other Fera, and your animal side either hunted to extinction or bred and domesticated, diluting the Changing Seed to the point of irrelevance.



Bastet - Werecat

One of the more varied of the Changing Breeds, the Bastet were made by Gaia to uncover secrets and gather knowledge whenever possible. They bear several tribes, each one claiming a different wild cat as their kin. Be you a Bagheera (Wereleopard), Balam (Werejaguar), Bubasti (Werekyphur), Khan (Weretiger), Pumonca (Werecougar), Qualmi (Werelynx), Simba (Werelion), or a Swara (Werecheetah), you are considered one of the most numerous of the Fera…Which still isn't saying much during the Modern Nights. If you start during the **Savage Age**, you may be a Khara instead, one of the weresabertooths. In later times, you must take **Last Of My Kind** if you wish to be a Khara.



Camazotz - Werebat

Another of the Lost Breeds, the Camazotz were created as counterparts to the Corax, meant to act as messengers in places too warm for the corvid. Their numbers were decimated in Europe during the War of Rage, while their South American kin survived until the 1600s, when the Shadow Lords wiped them out, fully driving Bat, the Camazotz's loving creator, into the embrace of the Wyrm, dooming the Camazotz of Australia to a slow death. The Camazotz used a special ritual to make more of their kind, which became inert once Bat fell. You must take **Last Of My Kind** if you start during the **Second War of Rage** or later. The only ways to recreate the ritual are either by redeeming Bat or finding another bat spirit to act as your patron.



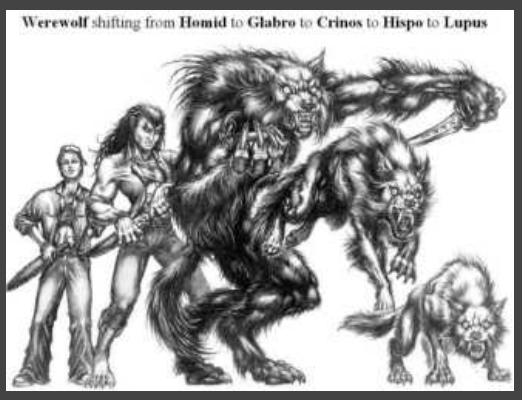
Corax - Wereraven

The counterpart to the Camazotz, the Corax act as messengers in places too cold for bats and are among the most numerous of the Fera in Modern Nights. They retain good relations with the Garou, having served as messengers for them during the War of Rage, and even the other Fera treat them with some respect for their services. The Corax reproduce by conducting the Rite of the Fetish Egg, which creates a spiritual “egg” and attaches itself to either a raven or a human child, which then must be kept intact until the First Change occurs. Uniquely, instead of being connected to Luna (The Moon), the Corax are instead tied to Helios (The Sun), their Gifts reflecting this status.



Garou - Werewolf

The most widespread, though not the most numerous, Fera are the Garou, whom you can find on any continent in differing numbers. Once the protectors of Gaia, arrogance saw the Garou wipe out many Fera and take over their duties, arguably partially causing the decline we now see in the world. Garou are not particularly trusted by the other Fera, save the Hakken of the Beast Courts, who regularly work with other Hengeyokai and see their western cousins as astray and rather foolish. You may start out as either Ronin (Clanless) or as part of one of the myriad extant Garou tribes found during Modern Nights. Should you wish to be a Black Spiral Dancer, whose Crinos forms have bat-themed features due to Bat serving as one of their main Totems, then you must take **Touched By The Wyrm**; becoming a White Howler, a Croatan, or a Bunyip, whose kin were the Thylacanine, or Tasmanian Tigers, requires you to take **Last of My Kind**, if taken after their original destruction or corruption in the White Howler’s case.



Grondr - Wereboar

The last of the Lost Breeds, the Grondr were known as Gaia's cleaners, whose task it was to cleanse corruption from the world wherever they'd find it. They were hunted to extinction due to the belief that they were Wyrm-corrupted. Their human kinfolk were enslaved, and their animal kinfolk hunted and tamed. And as a final insult, many of the Grondr fell to the Wyrm and were transformed into the grotesque Skull Pigs. Should you start at any point beyond the **Savage Age**, then you must take **Last Of My Kind**. Though the presence of your boar-kin, even if in far lesser stature than those of old, means the Grondr can still make a comeback with the least amount of effort.



Gurahl - Werebear

Despite their menacing forms, especially their mighty Crinos, the Gurahl are, first and foremost, healers and protectors of nature. So great is the mastery of some over their Gifts that they are able to bring back the recently deceased, which is why the Garou hunted them down for refusing to share it. Between the first War of Rage and the Wyld West, when the Storm Eater began its rampage, it was generally thought the Gurahl were all wiped out. But in truth, they had merely entered a deep slumber and have awoken now in these dire times. The Gurahl are split into four tribes: Forest Walkers (Black bears), Ice Stalkers (Polar bears), Mountain Guardians (Grizzly Bears), and River Keepers (Brown Bears). Once upon a time, there was a fifth tribe called the Okuma, who counted the moon bears, sun bears, and the giant pandas as

kinfolk. The Okuma were wiped out during the **War of Shame,** and you must take **Last Of My Kind** should you wish to be one in later days.



Kitsune - Werefox

The youngest of the Changing Breeds, the Kitsune are found almost exclusively in the Far East, or the Middle Kingdoms, as those lands are also known. Tricksters and magicians, the Kitsune often serve as court wizards, advisors, or even assassins if required. Kitsune have low birth rates as the pregnancy is supernaturally painful, the pain shared empathetically by both parents, and oftentimes results in the death of the non-kitsune parent. Though cases where it is the Kitsune parent or both dying are not rare. And should both parents beat the odds, then death usually comes to a close relative or friend. Should you begin earlier than **The War of Shame**, then you must take **Last Of My Kind**, for you are, in truth, the only one of your kind for the foreseeable future.



Mokolé - Werecrocodile

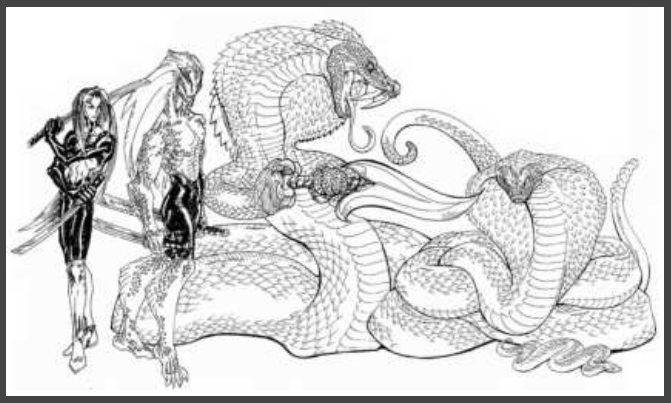
One of the oldest Fera breeds still alive, the Mokolé once ruled earth as mighty Lizard Kings in the age of the dinosaurs. Since the **Wonder Work,** however, they have been considered relics and have been in decline.

Uniquely to the Mokolé, their Crinos form, or Arcid as they call it, is not based on their beastial form, but is instead dreamt as infants and then assumed when the First Change occurs, meaning each Arcid is vastly different in appearance and strengths. Through the use of the Mnesis, the Mokolé are able to dream and remember the distant past, a fitting tool for the archivists of Gaia. Should you start during the **Age of Kings**, then you lack a Homid form, but instead have a Drachid form, a humanoid reptile capable of using complex tools. If you take **Last Of My Kind**, then you may be one of the Ao, the turtleshifters who disappeared a long time ago for reasons unknown. The Mokolé do not have metis, for any such unions result in the child being stillborn, and their ghost, known as the Innocent, will haunt their parents from henceforth.



Nagah - Weresnake

The executioners of Gaia, the Nagah were created to keep the other Fera in line, and be it by fangs filled with venom or weapons of swift judgment, they did their duty for millennia, before they were mostly wiped out during the War of Rage, leading most of the remaining Fera to believe them fully extinct. In truth, this has only aided them in their mission, now able to move far more freely and enact even swifter justice. The Nagah lack tribes, but their animalkin are all venomous serpents, preferably the large ones such as cobras and vipers. It should be noted that Naga lose their hearing when transforming into their Kali Dahaka (Near-Snake) and Vasuki (Snake) forms, but are instead able to detect vibrations on the ground like normal snakes.



Nuwisha - Werecoyote

The teachers of Gaia, the Nuwisha were created to teach the Fera several lessons in both matters of life and spirit, though just as their Totem, Old Man Coyote, they prefer to trick people into learning, especially the stubborn Garou, who nearly wiped the Nuwisha out during the War of Rage. Curious tricksters, the Nuwisha rarely remain in one place for long, be it due to wanderlust or because their “students” caught up to their act and are angrily chasing after them.



Ratkin - Wererat

Once upon a time, it was the Ratkin who kept human civilization in check by devouring their food and spreading diseases far and wide. The Garou usurped them of this role and nearly drove the Ratkin to extinction. Now, the Ratkin are insane, having delved deeply into the Wyld and seeing mankind as a blight to be wiped out as quickly as possible. By numbers alone, the Ratkin outnumber all other Fera. Due to their beliefs, there are very few Homid Ratkin, for they are often wiped out on sight.



Rokea - Wereshark

Depending on whom you ask, the Rokea are either the oldest or the second oldest Fera to have ever been created. Their mandate has always been the protection of the seas, a task they have taken to with zeal, to the point where they disregard most things on land and often even hunt down those who choose to live on land, calling them Betweeners. Uniquely among the Fera, the Rokea cease to age once they reach their physical maturity, but their dangerous lives mean there are few, if any, Rokea that have lived since the dawn of their kind.



Henshi - New Breed

You… are unknown. Perhaps you are Gaia's final attempt at a Fera, perhaps you are one of the countless Fera wiped out during the countless wars fought

by your cousins. Nonetheless, you are something completely unique. You gain access to the **Custom Fera Supplement**, where you can create your new Breed, along with receiving a Discount on 2 100 BT, 2 200 BT, 1 400 BT and 1 600 BT Perks from any Perk Tree of your choice.



Breed

The Form in which a Fera was born in is known as their Breedform, with which they are the most comfortable with and to which they tend to default to when unconscious.

Homid

The Human form. You grew up amongst humans, likely unaware of your heritage until your First Change. Though your connection to the Spirits and Umbra is the weakest among the three Breeds, your understanding of men is second to none.

Metis

(Forbidden for **Mokolé**, **Gurahl, Camazotz, Corax, Nuwisha, Rokea**)
Seen as blasphemy and a warning from Gaia, the Metis are born in their Crinos forms with a myriad of deformities to show their ill-heritage. Despite their deformity, the Metis are perhaps the perfect balance between the Homid and the Lupus forms, being great combatants and being able to see multiple perspectives on matters. You must take some level of **Not Quite Right** and **Sterile**.

Lupus

Bearing many names, the Lupus, or Beast-form, are a slowly vanishing thing in Modern Nights, over-hunting, habitat loss, and pollution all taking their toll. The closest to Spirits and the Umbra, the Lupus reach their First Change the fastest among the three breeds, but are often quite baffled by human concepts, most finding even something as simple as moving on two legs to be alien and perhaps even wrong.



General Perks

Therianthropic Skin (Free)

It can be extremely confusing to go from bipedal to quadrupedal, to say nothing of suddenly growing wings or having multiple spider legs. This perk makes it so you are capable of instantly adapting to whatever form your body takes. Never again will you have to embarrass yourself by forgetting that you can't fly without your wings or climb walls outside your spider form.

Gift of Spirits (Free)

The Gifts of the Fera are either innate to their nature or received from their patrons and other spirits they deal with. To ensure you don't lose access to such gifts, you will find from now on that there exists a spirit world equal to the Umbra in every world you go to in the future.

They will be filled with various spirits representing objects, animals, and even abstract concepts that you can make deals with to gain abilities and other boons. Just like the Umbra of the Modern Nights, these worlds will be full of different sub-realms with their own wonders and dangers. By default, these realms are separated by a copy of the Gauntlet, with only you able to interact with the Spirits and them being unable to affect the living world and vice versa.

You may change how this works if you wish, though be aware that you cannot get rid of the Chimerage, the mindset of give and take, from the Spirits. Any bargains made require both participants to uphold their ends no matter what, even if things get difficult.

Delirium

(100 BT)

Not all Crinos forms inflict full Delirium, or any at all for that matter. Kitsune, for example, do not produce it, for they were not created when the Impergium was in effect, but only long after. With this, not only do the Fera whose Delirium was weak or non-existent gain it, but you may now choose to inflict it in any of your forms, alongside whether it will affect all mundane humans, including those being possessed, or just select targets. How said targets react is still a mystery until it happens, but at least now you have ensured one of your most important tools is usable no matter the situation.

Fair Glabro

(100 BT)

The near-man form possessed by most Fera is considered rather rough-looking, if not downright hideous and nightmare-inducing. With this perk, however, your appearance across the board has jumped. Your Homid form is considered on par with the best of models; your Glabro form, while still rougher, looks far closer to a rugged mountain man than a feral savage. Even your Crinos and remaining forms are considered more attractive than they were before.

Between Men And Beasts

(100 BT)

The Fera must be able to understand both humans and beasts to bring forth balance. And when the time comes to continue their lineage, they must be willing to do it with either side. Not only do you have an empathetic sense when dealing with humans or animals, but you are also able to mate with humans, along with your animal kin, or any closely related species on the latter side. This also allows you to flip a switch inside your mind that removes any hesitation or disgust you may find in mating with animals. Why, you could even come to prefer it in time.

More Pups

(100 BT, Free for **Ajaba**, **Ratkin**)

The number of Fera has always been somewhat low, not only due to a low number of births, but also because not all children born from Fera are ones themselves, but are rather born as Kinfolk of either breed instead. With this, that changes for you, as not only are you able to dictate how many children are born per pregnancy, by default two, but you can also determine their initial looks and personality, but most importantly, this allows you to determine if any of them inherit the Changing Blood. Within a few years, you could rebuild even the most downsized Fera groups single-handedly.

Pictogram Comprehension

(100 BT)

The Fera utilize glyphs, a type of pictogram made by carving, to communicate and identify several locations and targets. While some of them are almost self-explanatory, some of them can be quite confusing for an outsider. Thankfully, you are not one of them, for not only do you understand this primitive yet complex way of communicating, you quickly learn other types of pictograms and can even infuse some of your Gnosis in them to create weak magical effects.

Common Sense

(200 BT)

It is unfortunate how rare it is for any of the Fera to actually think things through with a clear head, instead of just letting their instincts and Rage drive them forward. Thankfully, that is not the case for you. You are now able to think things in a calm manner, even in the heat of battle and full of Rage, without biases getting in the way. You will not rush into a slaughter because of your pride, nor will you immediately believe any accusations of an ally being Wyrm corrupted without at least consulting the accused party first.

Calm Heart

(200 BT)

Most Fera are susceptible to their Rage, resulting in them committing mistakes their descendants will still suffer for a millennia later. You, however, have far tighter control over your Rage. Yes, you still feel it to an extent, but not nearly as strongly as before. Whatever Frenzy state you may enter, you can calm yourself down at a moment’s notice. You are in control and not your Rage, now and ever on.

Partial Transformation

(200 BT)

The myriad of forms possessed by the Fera offers them multiple tools for a variety of situations. But sometimes you do not need the body of a Hispo, merely its claws. And sometimes you need a human larynx to speak in Bjornen form. This is where Partial Transformation comes into play. By concentrating, one is able to manifest features from their other forms in their current one. You are far more skilled than most, requiring just a bit of Will to cause these changes.

Notable Heritage

(200 BT)

Yours is a bloodline well-renowned in either Fera or human society, stretching back generations of great men and women who've achieved great deeds indeed. Not only does this mean you start out in a higher position on the social ladder here and in future worlds, but this also grants you a connection with important people or beings. Perhaps you are one of the Silver Fangs, your blood giving you a connection to a long dynasty and access to a list of retainers, maybe even a chance at claiming the throne of your family? Nonetheless, this guarantees you will always be related to a notable/important bloodline in whichever world you enter, granting you access to their abilities. You also have a faint aura of importance about you, the kind people take note of and become interested in helping and recruiting.

Spirit Magnet

(200 BT)

The Fera are not only beings of flesh, but also of spirit. They deal with the beings of the Umbra as often as they do with the material beings. Not only can the spirits offer guidance, but many will grant Gifts and patronage to those worthy of them. Not only do you have an easier time attracting Spirits to your location or finding them yourself, but all Spirits regard you more favorably. Even the most corrupt of Wyrm-Spirits would like to corrupt you, rather than destroy you, if possible. And making bargains with these Spirits requires far less from your side, meaning no contract will become truly impossible to uphold.

Step-Sideways

(200 BT, **Bastet**, **Gurahl**, **Mokolé**, **Nagah**, **Rokea** only)

Not all Fera are able to traverse through the Gauntlet into the Umbra, like the Garou can, for example. You are one of the few exceptions, able to traverse

through the Gauntlet like the Garou, by using reflecting surfaces or deep meditation. How you achieved this is a mystery, perhaps best left to the annals of history.

Firearms Training

(200 BT)

Since the Wyld West, firearms have become more and more relevant in human society, to the point where even many of the Fera have adopted their usage. You are a competent marksman, able to shoot distant birds from the sky with a rifle, and you know how to handle most types of firearms from the 1800s up to modern day. This also includes the basic understanding of how to use more traditional ranged weapons, such as bows and slingshots, even if they are far rarer by the time of the Modern Nights.

Melee Training

(200 BT)

Though the prominence of firearms has lessened the usage of melee weapons during the Modern Nights, it does not mean that people do not occasionally use the odd tool or knife to bludgeon one another from time to time. You have a general understanding and training for the usage of melee weapons, be it baseball bats, hammers, axes, knives, or even the odd sword. You are by no means an expert with any of them, but you know which part to use for poking and slashing. You'll be a right danger against your average thugs and even some First Teams.

Savage Instincts

(200 BT)

And yet, all weapons are creations of the Weaver, meant to cage and order the act of violence into these soulless tools. Which is why Gaia gave you your body, a work of art compared to the frail human ones, to serve as the only weapon you need. You have received training in several martial arts, enough to give even the big names a momentary pause. This directly translates over to your other forms, where your claws and fangs are incorporated to create a truly devastating fighting style.

Who We Leave Behind

(200 BT)

The life of a Fera is violent and short, which often requires them to leave their children with their Kinfolk parents to learn and grow in peace. In these situations, it is paramount to know if your partner is suitable for such, or if you

must take your child elsewhere to be protected and raised, should you be unable to do so yourself. Any children you leave behind, be it of your own will, being unaware entirely, or out of duty, are bound to have decent lives, always landing on their feet if tragedy strikes. Should they possess the Changing Blood and are about to go through the First Change, or another similar change, then they will quickly find or be found by someone who will teach them thoroughly. It might even be you, yourself, should you be in the area around this time.

Metamorph

(400 BT)

Even though shapeshifting is part of their nature, all Fera must use their Will themselves to change, with the process taking several seconds between states. Not so much for you, who can assume any of your forms, be it one of those gained here or any alt-forms gained in the future, at a moment's notice, shifting within the blink of an eye. This also ensures your change cannot be interrupted, while also providing your clothes the chance to either stretch to fit your new frame or be absorbed into your new form before reappearing when you change back. And should you lose consciousness, you may decide which form you revert to instead of being forced into your Breed form.

Silver Tolerance

(400 BT)

The dreaded Silver, the bane of most Fera and often used by those who hunt them. Its touch burns on contact and pierces through even the thickest of hides. You seem to be one of the few able to tolerate both it, along with Gold, in the case of a few Fera, without being immediately weakened or slain by it. This tolerance will extend to other weaknesses in the future. One of the Kindred could walk for a few seconds in the sun before they begin to burn up, for example.

Untameable

(400 BT)

There are many ways that a foe might control the mind of a Fera, be it the Domination of the Kindred, or some of the Gifts devised by the Fera themselves. You are free of these, however, your spirit untameable. Your mind cannot be dominated to do anything against your will, and your emotions cannot be manipulated either. Your mind is wild and free.

Alpha Breeder

(400 BT, Discounted with **More Pups**, Free with **The Herald of Gaia**)
Be it the sight of your bright eyes, your luscious fur, or the way sunlight reflects off your scales, but something marks you as different, better, from your fellow Fera. Indeed, you are Gaia's last-ditch effort at rebuilding her children's numbers back up before the Apocalypse comes to a head. How? Why, by breeding, of course! Your presence causes Fera and Kinfolk of your preferred gender(s) to see you as an attractive and good mate, while outsiders feel discouraged from pursuing the targets of your interest, even if they do not always intellectually understand why. Not only is your fertility far greater than before, but your children have a 75% chance of being born bearing the Changing Seed. With the exception of the child gained from **Metis Child**, all Metis you fathered/mothered by you are born neither malformed nor sterile, ensuring they too may contribute fully to Gaia's cause. Ah, and this also removes any side effects caused by incest, so…Unleash your inner Alabaman if you so like.

The Gift of Change
(400 BT, Discounted with **The Herald of Gaia**)
Yet breeding is not always enough to grow the Fera numbers. Among the Garou are those known as Skin Dancers, Kinfolk who have skinned five Garou and become one themselves, earning the eternal hatred and fear of the Fera in the process. You have come upon a Rite far less gruesome and far more accepting, compared to the butchery used by the Skin Dancers. This Rite requires the blood of a Fera willingly given and a non-Fera, be they Kinfolk or mundane, to ingest said blood, with them feeling ill and nauseous for three moons, after which they will go through the First Change as newly awakened Fera. The blood ingested determines the type of Fera, with the transformed going through small physical changes to reflect their donors, be it a change in eye, hair, or skin color, or perhaps a subtle change to their facial features.

The Herald of Gaia
(600 BT, Capstone Booster)
Your mother needed a herald in this coming Apocalypse, someone to unite her warring children. And in you, she has found just that. Mightier in stature in all forms compared to your contemporaries, you possess an aura that tells all to Listen to what you have to say, along with believing it fullheartedly. If you tell people the Apocalypse is here, and you need action Yesterday, even the most stubborn of Garou will listen, even if very reluctantly. If you recite to a

gathering of Garou the immense laundry list of fuckups they have made over the years, bluntly tell them that the coming Apocalypse is largely *their fault*, and they will sit down, shut up, and listen to Mr. Herald of Gaia when he says *stop own-goaling, you* ***stupid FUCKING mutts***… then they will howl, they will whine, they will rage and rant and bitch and moan, but they'll do it. In addition to this, you have gained immunity to not only your racial weaknesses, including the Yava of the Ajaba and the Bastet, but also to the foul effects of the Wyrm. Balefire will still burn as normal, but your body will not suffer mutations or corruptions because of it. Any Bane foolish enough to try to possess you will find themselves locked out. As a final boon, your physical and spiritual abilities have skyrocketed, with you now able to even take on one of the feared Methuselah and having a fair chance of coming out as the victor, to say nothing of your chances against your fellow Fera.

Ajaba Perks

(Discounted for **Ajaba**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

Savannah Walkers

(100 BT)

Africa is not known for its hospitality, and the Ajaba have adapted to this harsh land. You are able to tolerate immense heat for days at a time, while at the same time the long grass of the savannah offers you protection from any predators and prey, with you seemingly blending into the surroundings. Useful for when you must hunt a gazelle or when you must hide from a raging Simba.

Just My Biology, You Know?

(100 BT)

The Ajaba Metis are famous for being mostly composed of hermaphrodites and female Hyenas for having a pseudo-penis through which they urinate and give birth. Neither are treated as strange among their own kin, with you bearing a similar perception among most people. Be it an extra set of genitalia, being born as the product of incest, choosing another gender from your birth one, or another such out-of-your-control birth effect, you will never be judged for it, even by the most conservative and isolated of communities.

A Deadly Bite

(200 BT)

Technically, all hyenas have a bite force strong enough to amputate an elephant, if they'd only get their teeth around the large feet. In Homid form, you have the bite force of a common Hyena, able to crush bones and turn them into powder. In your other forms, your bite force gains a proportional increase, with your Crinos form able to kill tougher Banes, Fomori, and other Fera with a single bite. This also ensures your teeth are always healthy and will never chip, crack, or break while biting something.

Laughter Before The Disaster

(200 BT)

It is well-known that Hyenas are able to laugh, or at least make a noise similar to it. But instead of amusement, the Hyenas laugh during a hunt, the sound acting as a warning and judgment upon their prey, filling an antelope's heart with dread as it flees from a Hyena pack. During battles or hunts, your laughter, something that comes rather easily after taking this, inspires terror in your enemies, with this effect strengthening when your allies, who feel compelled to also laugh with you, join in. Gather a large enough force and your foes might just desert the moment the laughter begins, with even the coldest and arrogant of commanders ordering an immediate retreat.

The Matriarch

(400 BT)

Before Blacktooth's massacre, the Ajaba mirrored their animal kin in that their society was female-dominant, with males often seen as lesser outside of the Midnight Auspice. Seeing as it took Blacktooth exploiting the Yava of the Ajaba, there is a fair argument that this system genuinely worked out. You may designate whichever gender you are as the more dominant and superior within your group, with people acting accordingly and with little complaint, often going out of their way to follow your commands with extreme care and fervor. In future worlds, you may decide if any society actively follows a similar command structure, with people either being genderbent to match this new status quo or being treated as anomalies in the system.

From Ashes

(600 BT)

Blacktooth left your people a proper mess, most of your numbers and kinfolk slaughtered, the surviving Ajaba driven out of Africa, while their Kinfolk are held hostage within the continent by a magical barrier. Yet, though weakest they've ever been, the Ajaba survive. As long as you remain alive and mostly functional (i.e., your body is still mostly intact), even if your entire kingdom was

wiped out and you were left a penniless pauper, your foes tend to leave you alive and in a pathetic state before turning their attentions elsewhere. After that, you will discover chances to slowly rebuild your power base and one day be able to retake what you have lost.

[Boosted]: Whoever laid you low no doubt has made a lot of enemies. How convenient, then, that these enemies always tend to find you, offering their help for free in exchange for bringing down your mutual foe. How these alliances end, if you go your separate ways, or by uniting into a new ruling group like Kisasi did with the Ahadi, is up to you.



Ananasi Perks

(Discounted for **Ananasi**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

Web-Slinger
(100 BT)
What is a spider, even an Ananasi, without their web? A rare and likely dead one. Thankfully, you are not one of those rare cases, now able to create and shoot webs strong enough to hold a Gurahl in Crinos form in place for days at a time. I wouldn't recommend you try to swing with these anywhere but in a forest full of large trees.

All Of Me
(100 BT)
The Crawlerling form is, instead of a singular spider, a swarm of them. As long as enough of them survive, the Ananasi can continue as normal, even if sufficient destruction of them may cause the loss of memories, skills, and mass in other forms. While the last one still requires you to consume other spiders to recuperate, you do not need to worry about the former two, for as long as one spider from your Crawlerling form or another swarm - or clone - ability is intact, you will reform back with your memories and skill perfectly intact.

Venomous
(200 BT)

Some Ananasi retain their venom sacs even in Homid form, with this now including you. You may now infuse your bites and scratches with venom, and can utilize venom-based Gifts and abilities in Homid form.

Gender-Morph

(200 BT)

A useful trick some of the Ananasi have showcased is the ability to change their genders while in their Crawlerling form, certainly useful when one is being pursued, if nothing else. Indeed, by assuming the Crawlerling form (or equivalent, if you are a non-Ananasi taking this out of Origin), you are able to change your gender once you assume Homid form again. Your scent changes, along with minor details of your appearance, easily throwing most Garou from your trail. You are not able to radically change things about your appearance, you will still share similar features with your other form, enough to be mistaken for siblings.

Aspects of the Triat

(400 BT)

The Ananasi bear three Aspects about them, instead of Auspice or Tribes, with each one focused on one of the Triat. The logical and calculating Tenere for the Weaver, the destructive and destabilizing Hatar for the Wyrm, and finally the creative and dynamic Kumoti for the Wyld. Each represents the Triat as they are meant to be and not what they are. Now you are able to switch between these three states at will. Become a Tenere, and you become an able administrator, more than capable of keeping everything under your control through words alone. Become Hatar, and you become aware of how to destroy nearly anything, bar the Triat and Incarna themselves. Should you become a Kumoti, then you become one of the most creative and inventive people alive, making the likes of Leonardo Da Vinci look like dumb schoolboys in comparison.

Betrayal? No, Balancing the Scales

(600 BT)

The Ananasi were created to help keep the Triat in balance, a task made harder due to the Madness of the Weaver, the Corruption of the Wyrm, and the Weakening of the Wyld. Nonetheless, the Ananasi hold steadfast in their duties, even when it requires them to play multiple sides for the greater good of the Triat. As long as your actions are justified, caught betrayal will rarely result in anything but your former allies grumbling and blacklisting you for a time, before eventually cooling their tempers enough for you to approach them

at some point in the future. Meanwhile, anyone you defect to will not treat you like an active threat, merely keeping you at arm's length to keep their most intimate secrets hidden from you.

[Boosted]: Can you truly blame the wind for blowing? This is the attitude taken by most when it comes to you, everyone fully aware that you are likely to betray them in the future, but still very eager to have you on their side for however long it is. And slinking back will be met with an exasperated, "That time of the year again?" and a casual welcome. All of this assuming, of course, that the betrayal was done in the name of the Triat and protecting Gaia. Betraying groups for selfish reasons will see you blacklisted and hunted as normal. In future jumps, 'Protecting Gaia' will be replaced with appropriate setting-local equivalents ('King and Country', 'National Security', 'the sake of the Village', et cetera.



Apis Perks

(Discounted for **Apis**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

Smell Of Blood

(100 BT)

The Gift known as Scent of Changing Blood allows an Apis to determine if a human or animal carries the Changing Blood, along with what sort. Your nose, however, does a bit more. By sniffing the blood of man or beast, you can determine their blood relations to anyone you know of, if they carry the Changing Blood, if they have any potential as mages or other magic practitioners, along with their general health.

The Bull-Father

(100 BT)

The Apis encouraged other Fera and even mundane humans to breed, desiring to ensure the future generations were safe and secure. Yet all of these children meant more than a few were left as orphans, which led to many Apis adopting them as their wards, proving themselves some of the best

parents among the Fera. While you may not have any children of your own yet, rest assured that you would be more than worthy of the title, knowing how to raise them just right and ensuring even the most mistreated of Metis will grow up to be a stable and happy member of Fera society.

The Legacy of Bos

(200 BT)

Bos was once the progenitor of all other bovines, a mighty spirit capable of cracking the earth with a mighty stomp and laying waste to armies with a simple charge. Yet by the end of the Savage Age, he was gone, the last of his essence either dying with the last of the Bos Acutifrons or merging with the Bull and the Aurochs. It is from one of these two that you have manifested a fraction of the power once wielded by Bos, now stronger and filled with more stamina than any of your contemporaries. In Homid form, expect to break concrete with a single hit, and in Crinos form, it wouldn't be impossible to tear the limbs off of another Crinos-formed Fera. Your children will inherit this trait and, if you so desire, will have their Bos forms begin to resemble the Bos Acutifrons more and more with each generation. Who knows, perhaps this way you will bring back an entirely extinct breed of bull?

The Legend of the Minotaur

(200 BT)

When one thinks of monsters, one of the first that comes to mind is the Minotaur, who was possibly the last Apis on Gaia, who was driven to madness at discovering the fate of his people. Like the poor Minotaur, your actions and appearances remain within the collective memory of people, ensuring legends of your deeds are still spoken of millennia after you've come and gone.

The Horned Farmer

(400 BT)

Despite their fame for aiding in the matters of breeding and fertility, the Apis focused just as heavily on agriculture, with the Apis of the Savage Age teaching humans much in these practices, which is why, in part, Bulls and Cows are seen as signs of fertility and good harvests. When it comes to matters of agriculture, you have no equals. Able to turn a mostly barren landscape into a fruitful garden, almost on par with that of Eden itself, where all manner of crops can grow. Not only do you know how to tend to plants and livestock of any kind, even if the latter does make you slightly uneasy, you are also an excellent teacher when it comes to these matters, able to teach cavemen how to farm and then spread these lessons ever further.

The Wyld-Life

(600 BT)

Yet to the Apis, the most important part of their Mandate was ensuring all couples produced healthy and calm offspring, while discouraging pairings that would lead to less desirable traits, such as hot-headedness or irritability. You are able to see the compatibility of all people, along with the likely traits their children will inherit, with any couple. To aid you in ensuring good births take place, you are perhaps one of the, if not the, best matchmakers on the planet, able to persuade nervous lovers to go for it, or to dissuade a bad matchup from happening. You are even able to get the couples into the “proper mood” for optimal breeding. How? By letting out a low moo that gently vibrates in their bones and begins to build up arousal, it gets the woman to ovulate. You may disable this should the couple not be interested in the act.

[Boosted]: Yet sometimes you need something extra to ensure life spreads and adapts properly. Which is why, by infusing a bit of the Wyld into whichever couple is going to breed, including yourself, you may cause traits and mutations desired by you to appear in the ensuing children, with you able to remove this at will when you desire.



Bastet Perks

(Discounted for **Bastet**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

On Your Feet

(100 BT)

While the claims of cats being able to always land on their feet and surviving are… suspect at best, it isn’t completely out of the question for one of the

Bastet to exhibit this feature, be it due to Gaia's influence or the Collective Consciousness of Mankind making it so. Each time you fall, you are able to adjust your angle so you land on your feet, with this halving the damage taken on impact. Dropping down from an apartment building will sting far less now.

Melanism

(100 BT)

Just like their animal counterparts, melanism, an excess in dark pigmentation, is also common among the Bastet, with the Bagheera and the Balam having the largest amount of them, reflecting their leopard and jaguar kin, respectively. For the duration of your time here, your non-Homid forms have this condition, rendering your fur black. While showcasing your fur, you are far harder to detect when hiding in the dark. After this jump, you may disable and enable the melanism part as you wish.

Silent Hunter

(200 BT)

Cats are ambush hunters, their bodies built for bursts of speed and precise strikes. Your footsteps are totally silent, allowing you to sneak very effectively. Just as well, your instincts have been honed so you are always aware of your surroundings and know exactly when and where to strike your foe and/or prey.

The Eyes of Gaia

(200 BT)

The Bastet were created in part to seek out the secrets of those who opposed Gaia, and though some have strayed from this path for a variety of reasons, many still hold up their Mandate the best they can. Your eyesight is one of the best, able to see in pitch-black darkness as well as on a bright day. But more importantly, you are able to sniff out and discover secrets wherever they may be, with people making mistakes that grant you easier access to said secrets and information.

The Pryio

(400 BT)

Instead of an Auspice, each Bastet has a Pryio, a subtle indicator of their true nature determined by when they went through their First Change, that being Daylight, Twilight, and Night, though there have been cases of a Bastet switching these due to a severe life change. You are now able to switch between these three aspects, receiving different boosts for each. Daylight makes you a better warrior, along with a law-maker, while also making it so

that telling someone the truth actually makes them believe you. Twilight increases your magical competence and power, while also making you an expert problem/puzzle solver. Night makes you a deadly assassin and rogue, while also projecting an aura of “Do-Not-Disturb” at people around you, something most will respect on instinct alone.

Fae-Bargain

(600 BT)

The rarest among the Bastet tribes are the Ceilican, a tribe with close ties to the Fay, to the point where many were enslaved by the mercurial beings. As of the Modern Nights, many Ceilican have been slain or corrupted into the horrid Hellcats, but some yet roam the world, spreading mischief wherever they go. Perhaps you are one of these hidden cats, for you exhibit several of their features. You are able to partially sustain yourself through Glamour, lessening your need for food by feeding on the creativity of mundane folk. You know much of the Fae, their traditions, and even their magics, even if you are by no means a master. This also grants you a particular mastery over bladed weapons, the Ceilican’s preference for the stylistic rubbing off on you.

[Boosted]: Yet despite their bond, the Ceilican are not Fae, but Fera. But you, you are more than that. You are Fae, on par with those True Fae that once wandered the world before traveling to the Dreaming. Age has little meaning to you, needing only Glamour to exist and live. Your control over Fae magic is a thing to behold, with even the various Courts taking notice, especially if you do so during Modern Nights. At will, you are able to travel between Gaia and the Dreaming, the specific realm where the Fae reside. Though in this world you do bear a slight weakness to Cold Iron, this weakness leaves you once the Jump ends.



Camazotz Perks

(Discounted for **Camazotz**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

Silent Flight

(100 BT)

Though in truth bats do produce sounds when flying, they are quite faint, and most humans are unable to hear them. You, however, do have truly silent flight, much like an owl. As long as you fly with your own wings, be they leathery, feathered, or mere bones, you are as silent as the night you inhabit.

A Shunned Outcast

(100 BT)

Due to their connection to Bat and general appearance, the Camazotz were often treated as outsiders by the other Fera, though the Camazotz themselves rarely cared about this treatment due to the love and acceptance of their Totem, Bat. You are immune to insults and derogatory remarks, knowing full well who and what you are. This also helps you build up bonds quickly with other outcasts, striking up strong friendships shockingly quickly.

Shadows Hide Me

(200 BT)

As creatures of the night, the Camazotz often served as spies against the other Fera and the forces of the Wyrm. As long as you remain silent and still within darkness, you cannot be perceived; even if someone were to walk into you, they would instead pass through with no harm or discomfort for either side. And you are able to travel to the Umbra through shadows, along with other realms associated with darkness and even death.

Thousand Wings

(200 BT)

Sometimes you need to swarm your enemies in small bites, instead of inflicting one massive one. Be it through birth or by learning the Gift Thousand Wings, you are able to turn into a cloud of normal, if perhaps smaller, versions of your Beast form. Your mind puppets these smaller bodies perfectly, and as long as one of them survives, so do you, even if you must recuperate before assuming again if it was badly damaged previously.

Dual-Aspects

(400 BT)

Before his final fall to the Wyrm, the Bat's mind had fractured in two after most of his beloved children were slaughtered by the Garou. One side stayed loyal to Gaia, while the other joined the Wyrm. In emulation of this, you are able to separate yourself into two opposing aspects, with both sides receiving a 50 % boost to their capabilities. Perhaps you have two magic Aspects, where one casts healing spells strong enough to resurrect the dead, while the other rains down giant meteors at their foes. You may switch these aspects every other night when the sun has just set, during the hour of the bat.

Blood-Magic

(600 BT)

One of the last nails in the Camazotz's coffin was the discovery that they used Blood Magic, which many of the Garou saw as another sign of their fall to the Wyrm. You understand this to be nothing but further Garou prejudice, for you wield this magic and have not, presumably at least, fallen to the Wyrm. Through the usage of blood, be it your own or that of others, you are able to cast a myriad of spells and rituals, including the ritual needed to turn bats and humans into more Camazotz. Though, depending on your time period, this may no longer work, in case Bat has fallen to the Wyrm already. If you use this ritual as a non-Camazotz, then you will instead convert the target into whatever type of Fera you are.

[Boosted]: Now your blood magic, be it learnt here or from other worlds, has received an increase in potency and a decrease in casting cost. At the same time, the potency of your magic can no longer be dulled or stolen. Even if a spell would require the presence of a patron, you may still cast it even if said patron has disappeared, died, or severed your bond. Now, even if Bat has fallen to the Wyrm, you are still able to enact the ritual to bring about more Camazotz.



Corax Perks

(Discounted for **Corax**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

Blabber-Mouth

(100 BT)
If anything can be said about the Corax, it's that they rarely shut up willingly. Be it to share their secrets, fill a quiet space, or to drive the people around them mad, the Corax have perfected the art of talking. You'll never run out of words to say, able to go on for hours on end, even if you must take a breath every now and again to avoid fainting. Fill up runtime on a video, drive your foes to insanity with random facts about carjacking. The sky, and your mind, are the limit.

A Friendly Face
(100 BT)
On the other hand, talking alone gets tiresome, and sometimes you need to get people to open up and spill the beans. Thankfully, you give off the aura of an affable person and are a master at coaxing even the most introverted and withdrawn person from their shells. Making friends for you will be a matter of speaking a few kind words, with the other person handling the rest.

Voice Mimicry
(200 BT)
Corvids, crows especially, are among the few bird species able to mimic both human speech and other sounds rather accurately, much to the amusement, bafflement, and slight horror of humans across the globe. You, too, have learnt this talent, able to mimic sounds you've heard to a great degree, enough to confuse the wife of fifty years as to whether it's her husband or you speaking.

A Coin's True Worth
(200 BT)
Most Corax suffer from an obsession with shiny things, which, while certainly a challenge in many civilized encounters, has also trained the eye of many to tell what these objects are, in fact, worth. With a glance, you can tell how much a pile of gold coins is actually worth, if they are actual gold, how pure they are, and if they would be a fine addition to your collection. You are also able to deduce the change in worth should you melt it down and make it into something new, or combine it with something else for an increase in worth.

Eye-Drinking
(400 BT)
A special gift from Raven, the Corax are able to drink from the eyes of the dead to see the last thing they saw, with the right eye showing positive things, while the left eye shows the negative. Normally, Corax are only able to drink

from one of the eyes. But in the case of a few lucky ones, they are able to drink from both eyes. Like these Corax, you are able to drink from both eyes to figure out why, how, and by whom that man got gunned down and what the likely after effects will be.

Messengers & Spies
(600 BT)
Gaia's Mandate was simple for the Corax: to serve as her ears and to spread information to the rest of her children where the Camazotz could not fly. You seem to stumble on important information at least once a week, with the info often revealed by accident. And on the flip side, when you work to deliver messages or information of any kind to another, you find yourself with a gut instinct guiding you to your destination, along with your stamina and endurance lasting for far longer than before.

[Boosted]: You make the Bastet look like bumbling fools, such is your mastery over gathering information and secrets, to the point these seem to drop in your lap on a daily basis. Important documents are left lying about in the open for you to riffle through, a damning conversation is held under the bus stop you are resting on, and so on. And when you work to deliver messages or information, not only do you seemingly never tire, but your speed doubles for the duration of your journey, your instinct now sharp enough to always tell exactly where your receiver is.



Garou Perks

(Discounted for **Garou**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

Warrior True
(100 BT)
Fighting is in the Garou's blood, with almost all of them living and dying in their endless war against the Wyrm. Your reflexes are honed, able to react at a

moment's notice to any movement or gut feeling. When it comes to combat, perhaps it is your Wolf guiding your instincts, but you always seem to learn and master combat and weapons at a fast rate.

Here We Come

(100 BT)

One of the unfortunate things about the Garou is their tendency to quarrel and wipe out other Fera to make room for themselves, though this does also showcase their ability to adapt. No matter the environment, you are able to slowly adapt to it, your body responding in subtle ways to ease you into any changes in temperature and moisture. From growing longer and thicker hair, to ensuring your stomach can handle rotting or raw meat, and even increasing your immune system against mundane diseases found in the area.

Hostile Takeover

(200 BT)

Many of the lands inhabited by the current Garou did not originally belong to them, having been taken from other Fera and Garou, usually by force. The same has applied to other things, such as Gifts and even Kinfolk. Yet, other than a bitter enmity from the other Fera, the Garou have gotten off relatively lightly, all things considered. Just like the myriad of Garou before you, you are able to conquer and take from others by force with little consequence. Certainly, your foes will resent you until the end of time, but their rage is impotent and their retaliations feeble. You still have their Caerns for your Tribe to inhabit, you still have stolen their Gifts and are using them to the full extent. You even have their women bouncing on your cock, screaming about your kind being superior. You took it, now you own it. Simple as that.

Eh, Close Enough

(200 BT)

Despite what their general appearances would have you think, the Garou are able to breed with more than just wolves, with a small group of Garou known as the Singing Dogs in Indonesia breeding with the titular wild dogs, while the extinct Bunyip bred with the marsupial Thylaconines and the Kucha Ekundu of Africa have bred with the African Wild Dogs, with it heavily suspected that all three had their spirits altered by the Mokole to allow for this change. You are able to reproduce with creatures that share major features with you, or are at

least distantly related to you. So in the case of a wolf, you'd be able to breed with other canines. You have also learned the ritual to alter the spirits of other Fera for a similar result.

Dance The Black Spiral

(400 BT)

Once, the White Howlers were considered one of the bravest Garou tribes, until, in their pride, they charged into the Black Spiral Labyrinth to slay the Wyrm. Those who survived were corrupted, becoming the Black Spiral Dancers who have since spread across the entire globe, becoming a foul infestation wherever you go. Mayhaps you Danced the Spiral yourself, or mayhaps you have simply been blessed by Wyrm, for your foes tend to ignore you until it is too late and you have built your forces and power bases to the point it is all but impossible to root you out in an effective manner. It's not that they cannot see you as a threat; it is just that you are considered a far lesser threat compared to others. Finally, you are able to corrupt others with a type of madness by making them go through a ritual similar to Dancing the Spiral, which leaves the victim's mind in a more insane condition, but also makes them stronger and absolutely loyal to you and your goals, whatever they may be. If used on animals, you will instead create monsters such as the Skull Pigs to do your bidding.

The Redeemer

(600 BT)

Much of the blame for the state of Gaia during the Modern Nights can be placed on the Garou, whose arrogance and entitlement led to them wiping out several of their Fera kin and even oppressing their fellow Garou to the point of wiping out the Bunyip over a fragile lie. Yet, unlike most of your brethren, you have understood the grave sins you've committed and have endeavored to be better. If you truly try to change and admit to your misdeeds, then those you have wronged, or feel that way at least, are willing to give you one chance to prove yourself a changed person. How hard this redemption is will depend upon your crimes. Here, the long list of crimes committed by the Garou, even longer if you are a Black Spiral Dancer, will mean you have a difficult road ahead of you. But the fact that the road even exists at all is a miracle enough.

[Boosted]: Yet, you are but one of many. Thousands of Garou spread across the globe, among whom at least a few are sure to feel the same as you do about your past. You have a knack for finding those who also desire redemption, and by gathering together, they also gain the benefit of this perk,

ensuring that at least some of the Garou are willing to try and redeem themselves.



Grondr Perks

(Discounted for **Grondr**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

A Good Taste

(100 BT)

As one could have figured, Bane does not taste that pleasant, the corruption and pollution clinging to them leading to a cocktail foul enough to leave lesser Fera puking their guts out. You are able to eat just about anything organic or spiritual, with all of it always tasting good, if varied, depending on the thing(s) being eaten.

An Innocent Boar

(100 BT)

In large part, it was the unwillingness of other Fera to believe the Grondr's story that led to their eventual demise, their pleas and explanations falling upon deaf and untrusting ears. However, for you, this is very unlikely to happen, as you seem to have an aura of trustworthiness about you. Allowing people to actually believe you when telling the truth, no matter how outlandish it may be. As long as you are not caught committing foul acts, you may be assured that anyone blaming you for being Wyrm-corrupted will be treated like fools and perhaps become suspects themselves.

Destruction of Property

(200 BT)
Perhaps on some instinctual, if not factual, level, the Grondr knew the Weaver was in part responsible for the corruption that festered upon Gaia, for their attacks always struck the hardest against its creations. Your attacks are especially devastating against inanimate objects and structures, able to tear down entire buildings by yourself in Crinos form.

Nose For Corruption
(200 BT)
It was your kind's mandate to find the Wyrm's corruption wherever it hid, and to do that, many Grondr utilized their powerful snouts to track Wyrm-corruption. Your nose is able to smell out impurities and corruption of all kinds with a simple sniff. From the garbage carelessly thrown on the lawn to the Fomori hiding in plain sight, you are able to perfectly pinpoint where these impurities are located. This also allows you to filter out certain scents, so you aren't constantly disgusted by the smell of the dirty sewer your quarry ran into.

Spirit Eater
(400 BT)
The thing that sealed the Grondr's fate was the revelation of their Rite that allowed them to consume Banes and use their powers while they were purified within the Grondr. You have come upon this Rite and are able to consume spirits of any kind, though Evil spirits are far easier to capture and consume overall. Then, as they are slowly digested in your belly, you are able to utilize their abilities without fear of being corrupted or influenced. When the spirit has been purified, you may release it back into the Umbra, losing access to the powers it granted. Despite what the Garou claimed, consuming Banes did not and cannot corrupt you.

Font of Purification
(600 BT)
Yet even then, mere violence cannot see you to the end. You cannot simply destroy all sources of corruption; sometimes, you must be far more gentle, kinder. Your mere presence slowly removes corruption, both physical and spiritual, from the area and people around you. Poisoned soil becomes fertile again, the curse of an evil ring begins to lift from a person's shoulders, and even a possessed Fera can be brought back from the brink. Certainly, it will take a while depending upon the strength of the corruption/curse in question, but be assured that even if you were to leave before complete purification has

happened, whatever has been done will stick and cannot be corrupted by the original source again.

[Boosted]: Now your purification acts at a far faster and stronger rate, to the point where some of the younger generations of Kindred, up to their 10th, really, could be freed from their curse if they stood next to you for a few minutes.



Gurahl Perks

(Discounted for **Gurahl**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

A Good Night's Sleep
(100 BT)
All Gurahl love to take naps when things are calm, and you are their envy. Not only is your slumber always pleasant and healing, but you regenerate your Gnosis and other mystical energy while sleeping.

True Mates
(100 BT)
In a rare turn of events, the Gurahl do not find mates on their own, but rather enact the Rite of True Mating to find their perfect partner, with whom they will proceed to have offspring. The moment you decide it is time for you to find romance and a more permanent partner, you may activate this Perk, and it will begin to show you how compatible you are with other people, perhaps even leading towards your perfect partner. Should you practice polygamy and look for multiple partners, then repeated use of this Perk may optionally find additional partners that will perfectly mesh not only with you but with your existing lovers. Let the polycule grow!

A Forager's Lot

(200 BT)
Bears are not picky eaters, willing to hunt prey, scavenge corpses, and even consume berries, mushrooms, and other such things when times are tough. You are always able to forage for food to keep yourself fed. Be it a convenient carcass of a recently dead reindeer, perhaps someone forgot their burger meal out in the open, or perhaps you've simply stumbled upon a bush full of tasty and safe-to-eat berries. When you are in need, Gaia will provide in her subtle ways.

Healers, Not Warriors
(200 BT)
If you take one look at their Crinos forms, you might think the Gurahl to be one of Gaia's deadliest warriors. But in truth, the Gurahl were created as healers first and foremost, with their Gifts, Rites, and general disposition reflecting this. You are a skilled healer, able to heal diseases and injuries with the best of them. Though you understand the basics of "modern" medicine, you specialize in the usage of more traditional means and the use of mystical powers in the process.

Strong Enough To Be Gentle
(400 BT)
The Gurahl were meant to be the protectors of Gaia, of life itself. Due to their near-extinction, they faltered in this duty, and those who yet roam the Modern Nights are desperately doing what little they can with what little strength they have. You gain a boost to your prowess when you strive to protect something; the more specific the thing you protect is, the larger this boost. Swear to protect all of Gaia, and your strength sees a minor increase. Swearing to protect a specific person or river would allow you to wipe out entire Caerns by your lonesome as long as it is in the service of actually protecting your charge. This also makes it so you are able to empathize with others. You know your strength and, unlike the Garou, are strong enough to remain gentle with others.

A Cure For What Ails Ye
(600 BT)
It may have been the Grondr who removed corruption from the land and the Apis who ensured plants and animals bred and grew correctly, but it was the Gurahl who were meant to keep the land hale enough to support life and to ensure a boar didn't die of an injury. Not only have your healing abilities become some of the best, both by the standards of the Savage Age and those

of Modern Nights as well, but you are also able to assess the nature of injuries and damage suffered by the land and the living, along with what is needed to heal it and how long it will take. Perhaps most impressive, you have learned the Gift that saw the near-extinction of the Gurahl in the first place: Gaia's Breath, which allows you to sacrifice a bit of your Gnosis and Willpower to resurrect a recently deceased living being, though this may be used only once per person and is very taxing on you.

[Boosted]: At least, that was you, several years ago. Now you are far more experienced and powerful. In weeks, you help heal a land from the scars of war, grow a forest back in a night after a massive fire, and grow entire limbs and organs back with a glance and a gesture. Suffice to say, your mastery of Gaia's Breath is such that you no longer find it taxing and are able to use it multiple times on a target, each time bringing them back whole and hearty, even if you require most of their corpse to still be mostly intact.



Kitsune Perks

(Discounted for **Kitsune**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

The Saucy Vixen
(100 BT)
Though perhaps not the most glamorous of positions, some Kitsune have served as Geisha and Courtesans, oftentimes seducing their targets for an easier kill or for information. Your every move oozes sensuality; innocent gestures become full of temptation. Given proper make-up and suitable clothing, you could seduce even the most stone-hearted and deeply in-love men and women into your bed, then gently prying information out of them, without your lover even realizing this.

Court Etiquette

(100 BT)
Most Kitsune spend their days within the Beastcourts, or the lesser courts of men, requiring them to have at least some understanding of the ways of nobility, the do's and don't's if you will. You could quite easily fit within any nobility, your understanding of subtle gestures and glances so great that you could hold an entire conversation without any words whatsoever.

Slacking Is In My Blood
(200 BT)
The Kitsune have no defined purpose beyond defending the Emerald Mother, another name for Gaia, thanks in large part to Bai Mianxi weaseling her way out of anything too binding. You do not wish to be burdened by extra responsibilities beyond the bare minimum, and, on some level, the people doing the promoting and task assigning know this. Whatever organisation you are a part of, you will not expect nor be given any duties beyond the bare minimum, though this also means you won't be promoted unless you actually put in the work and disable this Perk.

Safe-Births
(200 BT)
Perhaps the most tragic thing about the Kitsune is that their pregnancy cycle is so painful that it often leads to the death of at least one of the parents in the process. Yet there is something about you that ensures that no pregnancy either you or your partner goes through is either painful or deadly, with the child born healthy and safe. In fact, the process of giving birth is quite pleasurable! This also ensures that any Metis born to you are born neither sterile nor deformed, except for the one gained from the **Metis Child** drawback, but the chances of you breeding true are a measly 10%.

Court Advisor
(400 BT)
One of the duties the Kitsune usually adopted was that of court wizards and advisors within mortal courts. You could certainly serve in such a position; your insight into matters of rulership is among the best, and your words sound rather convincing to the point where even the most insane of tyrants would stop for a moment to consider them. And, as long as you aren't caught in the act, you'll always succeed in assassinating any rulers or nobles you find disagreeable.

Fox Magic

(600 BT)
A rather curious phenomenon seen only among the Bastet and the Kitsune is their ability to learn and wield what human Mages call “hedge-magic”, Sorcery used by Sorcerers. You have also grasped some of this magic, over time you will be able to mimic Gifts and Rites of other Fera and learn spells related to Illusions and Fire rather quickly.

[Boosted]: You have grown nine full tails, a feat only achieved by the first Kitsune herself, Bai Mianxi. Your magical potential rivals some of the most powerful Mages around, able to fool entire armies of Garou with your illusions alone.



Mokolé Perks

(Discounted for **Mokolé**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

Made For The Water
(100 BT)
Though the Rokea are the only ones properly made for an aquatic lifestyle, the fact most Mokolé Streams include crocodilians and monitor lizards means that a large number of Mokolé are just as competent swimmers as they are walkers. Even if your Suchid form is not that of either of the previously mentioned families, your swimming speed is increased to match the speed of modern-day crocodilians, along with increasing the damage dealt while within water.

Man-Shape
(100 BT)
The Archid form was first and foremost created for slaughter, and it does this task perfectly. However, it isn’t good for much else, at least for most Mokolé,

as there are a select few whose Archid forms are rather humanoid, if still the size of a Garou in Crinos form. You are able to turn your Archid, or other Crinos forms, into a far more humanoid-looking form, with which you may interact with the world in a far more delicate manner, even if the sight of your skin/scales/feathers does still cause Delirium as normal. You may use this for other non-humanoid forms in the future and may reverse this effect at will.

Good Memory

(200 BT)

Your kind were created to memorise all there is. And while the Mnesis does aid you in this endeavor greatly, your own mind isn't all that bad either, able to remember anything you've learnt or heard with perfect clarity. And speaking of the Mnesis, your connection to it is very strong, with you able to dream and remember all the way back to the ancient days of the Lizard Kings, their triumphs and failures.

Drachid

(200 BT)

The long-lost "original" humanoid form of the Mokolé, the Drachid form is a humanoid-shaped lizard that stands on two legs with delicate fingers and opposable thumbs. Not only does this make you a unique case after the **Wonder Work**, but this form also boosts your intelligence and creativity by a significant amount, turning even the dumbest of hillbillies into a top-tier high school graduate. This new form induces Delirium in humans, its close enough resemblance to the Archid form causing a panic reaction in the human brain.

Mnetic

(400 BT)

Many Mokolé know that the memories within the Mnesis can be altered and changed, yet continue to trust them regardless. Then there are the Mnetics, or the Eaters-of-Secrets, who actively alter and erase these memories, along with learning how to do it with history within the physical world as well. You are able to manipulate the Mnesis to your desires, one memory at a time, changing it to fit your purposes, be it to fool your fellow Mokolé into thinking there are enemies everywhere, or that yes, there was indeed a cult of bunnygirl worshippers during the Savage Age. As well, you know how to effectively edit, erase, and alter historical records, then convince people of your proper "truth".

The Kings of Old

(600 BT)
Though the Garou may hold most dominion of all Fera and the Simba style themselves as the true kings of all, it was the Mokolé who truly held dominion over Gaia in ages past, and in you a spark of this former dominion shines once again. In your mind are the basic blueprints for the wondrous technology of the ancient Dragon Kings, technology which humankind has yet to even approach in might. More than that, your presence feels far more royal than, say, a Silver Fang of a long line of kings could ever compare to, and it demands respect from others, even if only the weakest of wills kneel in your presence. And in your presence, the world itself seems to remember what it once was. Over decades, you may begin to terraform the world to a more primordial state, the climate, plants, soil, and even animals changing to match these changes. Be it the cold of the Cenozoic, the dry Triassic, or even the swampy Carboniferous, you may bring forth a mirror of the old into this new and dying age.

[Boosted]: Expect some of the Mokolé to flock under your banner, for you are a Dragon King come again. Your scales shine a brilliant metallic color of your choice, a mark of your royalty. Your presence leaves everyone, even lesser kings, kneeling and looking in awe. Your terraforming ability is now counted in years, a decade seeing a good chunk of Africa turned into a primordial jungle full of ancient reptiles, Dinosaurs once again roaming the land, with you as the monarch of these ancient lands.



Nagah Perks

(Discounted for **Nagah**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

Fluid Movement

(100 BT)
Snakes are by nature very fluid beings, seemingly able to fit through even the smallest of cracks. You showcase this in all forms, even your Balaram form,

your movements precise and fluid, so that, even if you were old and overweight, you could pass for a decent ballerina dancer.

Infrared Vision
(100 BT)
It isn't uncommon for some Nagah to have inherited the ability to sense heat sources like certain species of snakes, with their Vasuki forms oftentimes being one of said species. Like them, you are able to sense heat sources up to 50 feet, or about 15 meters, away from you. Curiously, you seem to be able to do this even in your Balaram, or human, form.

Deathdealer
(200 BT)
Your kind were created to be the judges, those who have to slay even close friends and family if they falter. To combat the obvious psychological problems this may cause, you are able to shut down your own emotions as you commit your duty, then switch them back on and process them in a slow manner. This also comes with an instinctual knowledge of where to strike to guarantee the quickest and fastest kill.

Spitting Cobra
(200 BT)
Some Nagah's Vasuki form, or Beast form, is that of a spitting cobra or another cobra able to spit their venom, which allows them to showcase this ability themselves. You may spit venom in any form besides the Balaram, or the Human form, even if you are not a Nagah yourself. This poison does minimal, if any, damage to spirits of any kind. Should you be a Nagah, you may choose to take on a spitter snake as your Vasuki form. Should you not be a Nagah, then you may give your other forms snake features to showcase their ability to spit poison.

The Executioners
(400 BT)
Though the Nagah were always seen as the enforcers of the Fera, it was only after their near-extinction during the War of Rage that they adopted their more secretive ways, even if their main goal of keeping Fera in line and slaying them when corruption takes them still remains. Your attacks are deadly

against Lycanthropes of any kind, acting as if your weapons/claws/teeth are laced with silver, gold, or some other just as deadly. Just as well, you are just as dangerous against corrupt/possessed beings, to the point where a Garou being possessed by a Bane, then a simple bite would be enough to have it writhing on the ground from pain equivalent to being thrown into the sun, and death all but guaranteed, even if you didn't slay the poor fool yourself.

Law-Maker

(600 BT)

Each of the Fera follows a distinct and clear code. Known to some as the Littany, or the Sacred Laws, this series of rules determines the shape and conduct of each Fera society, with the Nagah themselves holding their own above all else and enforcing it over other Fera to terrible effect. You are able to designate a set of rules for your subjects and followers to follow. By following these laws, your people grow more loyal towards you, and their power grows a minuscule amount each time they follow these laws to the letter. Breaking them willingly, for you cannot fault the unknowing and unwilling of such an act, incurs penalties, starting from a slight loss of might and ramping up until their bodies are withering and their minds breaking, with the only way to reverse things being to seek you out and plead for forgiveness. You may then set these lawbreakers a punishment or a number of penances they must complete, with the completion removing the detrimental effects they have suffered, even if recovery will take a long while.

[Boosted]: Yet yours are not the only people around. No, they are one of many who are disorganized and warring endlessly against one another. When you run into these groups, you are able to do one of two things. You may send a few operatives, whose competence is boosted the further away from your laws the target civilization is, and then have them either subtly influence the society or its leading figures, to mold their laws to reflect and benefit yours, effectively turning them into your pawns. On the other hand, you may send out assassins, whose competence rises just as your operatives do, to slay leaders and allow your people to swoop in and restructure the now-confused society to suit your desires, effectively absorbing them into your hegemony. Both cases cause minimal fuss among the populace, with only the most foolish showing any resentment or resistance, which makes it easy to round them up and deal with them.



Nuwisha Perks

(Discounted for **Nuwisha**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

Jovial Attitude
(100 BT)
As Old Man Coyote himself, many of the Nuwisha treat life with little seriousness and with good cheer. You are hard, almost impossible, to get down trodden, always seeing a bright side to things, and able to laugh even at certain death.

Pants? Damn The Pants!
(100 BT)
Not all Nuwisha are exactly all there in the head. Like a certain Scrapper, you may or may not have their distaste for pants. Now, normally this would lead to you facing public backlash and criminal charges, but thanks to this perk, you are safe. You could go streaking around town buck naked, and no one would care one bit. Well, people might take a look or two, but they won't treat you any differently… At least as long as you do not try to do anything else inappropriate.

Who?! What?! Where?!
(200 BT)
Far as most of the Garou, and indeed other Fera and mankind in general, are aware, the Nuwisha were either exterminated during the Wars of Rage or never existed in the first place. You may, at will, have your Delirium, should

you have it, cause disbelief instead of terror in humans, with them refusing to believe a Werecoyote actually even existed and effectively turning you invisible for them. More than that, you are perhaps one of the sneakiest bastards around, able to sneak into a room full of humans and get out without anyone noticing…. As long as you keep your hands to yourself at least, then it's a question of your own skills.

A Humiliating Lesson

(200 BT)

The Nuwisha were created to be teachers for the remaining Fera, with them often defaulting to using pranks and jokes, the kind that are rarely amusing, or even safe, really, to the recipient. After interacting with a person, you are able to ascertain if they need to learn something, along with how to indirectly teach it to them through mischief. The more humiliated the target is, the more and better they learn whatever you intend to teach them. This also gives you a five-minute warning before your target arrives, giving you enough time to slink into the night, laughing all the while.

Bitter-Grins

(400 BT)

Yet even some of the Nuwisha can break under the coming Apocalypse. Known as the Nokhomi among their own kind, these Nuwisha are convinced that the Apocalypse is one massive prank made by the Wyrm and that anything but total surrender is pointless. Maybe you aren't one of these downtrodden few, but you have learned something important: How to inflict similar psychological damage to your foes. The more victories you gain and the more cunning and mischievous you are during these victories, the more convinced any of your current, or even future, foes are that you cannot be beaten, because you've obviously planned everything out already, so why bother fighting? While the more strong-willed are immune to this and are able to rally some of their followers, many will either lay down their arms and refuse to fight you, or maybe they will even downright join with your side, the winning side in their opinions.

Can't Cage Me

(600 BT)

Nuwisha are slippery things, hard to predict and harder to hold down, such is their spirit. You embody this freedom, for whatever tries to shackle you, be it chains of pure silver or spells of stasis, will slowly begin to fail, ensuring you will escape by the week's end. This also makes it far easier for you to traverse

through the Gauntlet and, indeed, to other planes, requiring far less Gnosis and Willpower to travel.

[Boosted]: Good luck to anyone who tries to capture you, for you are simply uncatchable. Spells meant to hold you in place slide right off with no effect, while bindings and shackles seem to loosen around your limbs in minutes, allowing for a quick getaway within the hour. And while you still require some effort should you wish to travel to other planes, you treat the Gauntlet as if it weren't there and are able to travel to and from through it at will, without a need for Gnosis or Willpower.



Ratkin Perks

(Discounted for **Ratkin**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

Pestilence? Nonsense!
(100 BT)
Despite their dishevelled and sickly appearances, the Ratkin rarely, if ever, get actually sick, outside of supernaturally created diseases, and even then they have a good resistance against such calamities. Your immune system is robust enough that no disease, be it mundane or supernatural, can affect you, with this robustness being inherited by your descendants.

Gauntlet Runner
(100 BT)
Normally, the Ratkin are only able to Step Sideways when no one is looking at them, with even a single human able to lock them on this side of the world. You, however, are an anomaly, now able to enter the Umbra even inside a room full of observing humans.

Down With The Weaver

(200 BT)

Like all Ratkin, you too have been exposed to the Wyld in large amounts, and you especially have come to hate the Weaver and all of her creations. In your heart beats a distaste for all manner of technology, to the point where it has begun to manifest itself as a beneficial thing. Your attacks deal twice the damage to all technology, with this boost increasing the more advanced the technology is. Biting a wooden club will have your teeth sink in a bit further, while punching a state-of-the-art spaceship would see the entire thing suffer massive damage.

The Bardtastic Return

(200 BT)

The Bards were the fifth aspect among the Ratkin and were lost when the Garou began to exterminate Ratkin en masse. Not anymore, however, with you around. Having been exterminated long before the Ratkin's fall to the Wyld, your mind has become rather robust against mental influences, able to endure for weeks in the Black Spiral Labyrinth before cracking. But it is your way with words that sets you apart, able to raise the spirits and morale of your comrades by reciting a tale of their ancestor's triumph, or demoralising foes by singing of a similar encounter. Your kind were known as the diplomats among the Ratkin for a reason after all.

Mad Destroyer

(400 BT)

Be it due to Wyld-induced insanity or a genuine grudge against the Weaver, most Ratkin desire to see mankind brought to ruin. Some take it so far as to ally with the Wyrm, being labeled as Mad Destroyers. Like these even crazier Ratkin, you have intimate knowledge of the creation of plagues and diseases, able to brew the likes of the Bubonic Plague in days. Should you have contracted a disease in the past, you may recreate it and make it even stronger with little effort. You may release these plagues through different vectors or activate an aura that spreads one of them passively, while also being able to determine who is immune and who is vulnerable at will.

Re-Thinking Life

(600 BT)

Once, the Ratkin held a key duty in protecting Gaia from the Weaver and mankind until the Garou slaughtered many of them and usurped their Mandate. They never recovered from that, remaining bitter even after a millennium and sinking deeper and deeper into the Wyld and Madness in a

destructive spiral. But you, perhaps in a moment of lucidity, have taken a moment to look back on everything and ask a simple question: What the hell are you doing? And in asking this question, you have forever freed yourself from any mental maladies and control, be they innate or externally inflicted. Along with this, you are always able to take a step back to review your steps and see if you've strayed, with vague ideas as to how to course-correct back to your original goal.

[Boosted]: But it's not just you who needs to rethink things, it's your entire Breed. In your presence, mental afflictions and controls of all kinds begin to fail and heal up, with a Pack of five Ratkin regaining their sanity in a few days' time. And be it those you've healed, or your children, are all able to spread this effect further. Five becomes twenty-five, twenty-five a hundred, and on it goes until your entire kind has been purged of insanity and Wyld-corruption.



Rokea Perks

(Discounted for **Rokea**, with 100 BT Perks being free)

Ageless Protector
(100 BT)
The Rokea are rather unique from their Fera kin in a myriad of ways; most peculiar is the fact that they cease to age once they reach physical maturity, remaining in such a state until a violent death. For the duration of this jump, you are biologically immortal, with time not touching you once you reach maturity. In future worlds, you may choose to activate and deactivate this as you see fit, your aging ceasing and continuing from where you left it off, and resetting each time you begin a new Jump.

Swim Sideways
(100 BT)

A rather useful trick possessed by some of the Rokea is their ability to traverse to the Umbra while in water proper, swimming through the Gauntlet with no problems. Just like them, you are able to traverse to the Umbra, or a local equivalent, when swimming in an ocean or a sea.

Kunspawn

(200 BT)

The Rokea often call themselves Kunspawn in honor of Kun, or more widely known as the Wyld, and are well known for upholding their duties to the best of their abilities. One of the most important of them is to Spawn, with each Rokea bearing at least one offspring during their long lives and then actually teaching said spawn once they've gone through their First Change. When it comes to child-rearing and teaching, you could be considered one of the best in the field, able to wrangle a group of rowdy ADHD-riddled children and turn each of them into a competent force of whatever you need from them. This also ensures that once your pupils/children have swam from the nest, they will retain fond memories of you and will seek to emulate your methods to the best of their abilities.

Betweener

(200 BT)

To most Rokea, the very idea of anyone willingly living on land, or the Unsea as the Rokea call it, and hunt any who actually live there willingly, claiming they have abandoned their duties in full. You may not be one of these Betweeners, but you certainly have their spirit, being more than willing to brave the unknown and, when it comes to foreign cultures, you adapt extremely quickly to your new situation.

Balefire Shark

(400 BT)

In the 50s, a group of Rokea was caught in a nuclear blast. While most died during the blast itself or later from the injuries, few swore allegiance to the Wyrm in exchange for the pain to end. These Balefire Sharks have become regular pests around nuclear sites, swimming in the polluted waters and sometimes even cracking reactors to pollute the immediate area. You bear some of the features held by these insane Rokea, mainly your tolerance to Radiation and Balefire, and your ability to move and thrive even in polluted water without issues. You even know how to create Balefire of your own to a destructive effect.

Tides of Change

(600 BT)

The Rokea have remained stagnant in their duty to the sea over everything else, to the point where they actively hunt those who try to adapt and become different. You have seen all of this and decided: No more. From now on, you are able to recognise and see the rot of stagnation, a sign of the Weaver no doubt, along with having vague ideas as to how to remove it from whatever society or group you find yourself a part of, these ideas being slowly adopted by others of your group as your change spreads further.

[Boosted]: And with each person you gain under your banner of change, the faster and more thorough it becomes, a society as old as the Rokea changing in months if you manage to convince at least half of their entire population. So great is this change that nations and groups with any relations will also start to change to reflect your ideas.



Items

For this section only, you receive a stipend of 400 BT.

The Cut of Your Jib

(Free)

We can't have you running about buck-ass naked, can we? Here, a set of clothing fit for your time period, whatever it may be. They clean themselves a few minutes after you take them off, repair any damage taken while you sleep or rest, and will always fit whatever frame or form you have, alternatively being absorbed should you find the idea of a Crinos wearing a sunhat, shorts, and sunglasses too dumb.

A Small Sanctuary

(100 BT)

Be it a small cave during the Savage Age, a remote cottage during the Dark Ages, or indeed a small apartment at the end of the Modern Nights, all Fera need somewhere to rest their heads and hide from an ever-encroaching world.

No matter the time period, this sanctuary of yours is not luxurious, nor particularly large, able to fit a group of four humans or your particular animal kin comfortably, or your Crinos form with some discomfort. What it lacks in opulence, it makes up for in security, as the small size and sheer mundanity of it ensure it is hard to find by anyone but the most determined of seekers.

Harmony Flute

(100 BT)

A hickory flute with songbird feathers decorating it, this instrument holds the Spirit of either a bird-spirit, a spirit of calm, peace, or water. When played, it releases music that invokes peaceful emotions in listeners, harkening back to the days when the world was whole. Those who lack Rage are pacified, though they are still able to defend themselves if attacked, while those who do possess Rage will have it lessened for the duration of the song.

Mirrorshades

(100 BT)

A pair of mirrored sunglasses in your preferred design, which hold a Glass Elemental within them. Upon activating these, they create a reflective surface inside the glass and allow you to Step Sideways, with the Gauntlet considered weaker when doing so.

Magpie's Swag

(100/200 BT)

A bag of a design of your choice, which contains the spirit of either a magpie or a marsupial. For **100 BT**, it is able to hold up to three times the usual items within the container, though you are unable to store complex Weaver creations such as guns or laptops, unless they are broken and useless. For **200 BT,** however, you upgrade this into a Spider's Satchel and are able to store the previously banned items with no issues.

A Fetish

(100/200/300/400/500 BT)

Most Fera utilize Fetishes, items, and artifacts that house a Spirit that grants said item magical effects. From a dagger that burns with Balefire, to a car that travels with the swiftness of the wind, there are few things a Fetish cannot be or cannot do. For **100 BT**, you receive a single Fetish of your choice, whose effects are limited to a single Dot. The more you pay, the higher the Dots on the Artifact, up to making a Five Dot item, something that will one day become, or already is, legendary to Fera and non-Fera alike. You may

purchase this multiple times, each time receiving a new Fetish. You may import a suitable item as a stand-in.

Boom-Stick

(200 BT)

Firearms are the premier weapon of humans and an increasing number of Fera, despite the clear signs of the Weaver and the Wyrm they bear in form and function. This firearm of your choice, no more powerful than a light machinegun, bears some markings of your choice, which reveal its hidden function; It's fucking dangerous against Banes, Fomori, and other creatures of the Wyrm and of corruption in general, the bullets seemingly burning through flesh and essence, able to reduce even something like the Totems of Strength or Urge Wyrms into steaming piles of spirit-sludge with enough rounds.

Klaive

(200 BT, Discounted for **Garou**)

A ceremonial weapon wielded by the Garou, Klaives are often swords or daggers designed to be used in either Homid, Glabro, or Crinos forms and are usually made of Silver, which requires Kinfolk to forge and maintain for rather obvious reasons. This is a normal Klaive, mostly. It is made mostly of silver, with some gold mixed in to create electrum, meaning this blade (of your preferred design or import) is just as deadly against those sworn to Luna as it is against those sworn to Helios, with the resulting mixture being spiritually potent enough to wound both despite, or perhaps because of, its alloyed nature.

Moon Bridge

(200 BT)

A Gift of Luna's, Moon Bridges are used by Garou and other Fera alike to instantaneously travel between locations, be they on earth or in the Umbra. Each Moon Bridge lost is considered a terrible setback, and they are protected just as fiercely as any Caern. You have gained one of these Bridges and learned the Gift necessary to create more of them. By designating two different locations, you create a Bridge between them, with your only limitations being that they must exist within the same universe and timeline, at least until you have gained your Spark.

Cup of the Alicorn

(200 BT)

A cup made from the horn of a Unicorn, a vanishingly rare thing these days, containing either the spirit of healing, the spirit of a snake, or a bear. Any harmful substances poured into the cup, be it poisons or even alcohol, should you wish it so, are neutralized and made safe to drink. By pouring some of your Gnosis into the cup, you are even able to recognize the poison used, making it easy to track down who gave it and where it came from.

Chameleon Skin

(200 BT)

Either a belt or a headband of your design, this item is created from the skin of an animal other than a Chameleon, for the spirit of the lizard in question prefers variety. By channeling your Gnosis, you are able to blend in with your surroundings, much like a chameleon is depicted in popular culture.

An Untouched Reservation

(400 BT, Discounted with **Herald of Gaia**)

Come the Modern Nights, most of the Wyld has been tamed or destroyed, leaving little room for the Fera and their animal Kinfolk to roam in peace. It is then that reservations like this come into play. Untouched by the forces of the Weaver and that of the Wyrm, these places offer a look into a Gaia unspoiled, and now you have private ownership over one of these sanctuaries of the Wyld. Be it a large forest full of deer, boars, wolves, and bears, a humid swamp full of reptiles, or a coral reef off the coast, this reservation is legally treated as yours and is a perfect spot should you desire to retire from the tiring works of men. It is also ideal for your animal, and perhaps your more feral human, kinfolk to live, with there already being a sizable enough population roaming about.

Caern

(400 BT)

Considered holy places by the Fera, Caerns are spots where the Gauntlet between Gaia and Umbra runs thin, therefore also being lush with Gnosis. Each Caern is protected and fought over by the Fera, especially the ever-expanding Garou. You have come to the ownership/guardianship of one of these holy sites, with you able to replenish your Gnosis and other mystical forces here simply by resting and meditating within its confines. How the Caern looks, if it contains any structures, or is an untouched wilderness, is up to you. The Caern is protected at all times by a small group of about a dozen Fera of your current breed, each one loyal to an almost fanatical degree and

willing to die for you, or for the Caern. Each one slain will be replaced by the next moonrise.

Totems

Though not all Fera claim Totems, enough do that it is almost expected. Should you lack a Pack, then this Totem is your personal one. Should you belong to a Pack, then you may consider this Totem your patron. You receive 1 Totem for free, and can purchase more for 100 BT per Totem.

[Cockroach, The Totem of Wisdom]
The ultimate survivor, Cockroach cares very little about things beyond the survival of her and her kin, including any Packs that take her as patron. Her Gifts generally focus on the manipulation of technology, and this affinity may indicate her leanings towards the Weaver. In exchange for her patronage, she demands her followers never kill a cockroach, including some of the less insane Samsa, whom she hopes to one day turn against the Wyrm.

[Frog, Totem of Respect and Wisdom]
A totem representing change, Frog has seen many seasons come and go, including the death of the Croata, who were among her favourites back in the day. Her Gifts focus on communing with the classic elements, along with understanding the hearts of the people. Her patronage comes with a cost, as all who are bound to her suffer a slight decrease in abilities during winter. Lately, she has begun to wonder if the twisted Anura could be redeemed into proper Fera someday.

[Rhino, Totem of War]
Whereas the Lion is arrogant and showy, the Rhino is calm and thoughtful, carefully thinking about each move before committing to anything. Her Gifts

center around calming oneself and others around them, while also enhancing their strength. Her only demand is that all who follow her must aid her children wherever they are found. In recent times, she has begun to send out Packs to kidnap newborn Kerasi, in the hopes that they may be cleansed of the Wyrm's corruption.

[Monkey, Totem of Cunning]

Monkey is… Monkey, her form ever shifting between her myriad of descendants at a moment's notice. She prizes cunning and decisive action over all, enhancing the speed and patience of all who enter into a contract with her. She demands that her followers always save any primates they come across, including the newly created Yeren, whom she desires to turn into pure Fera with more to them than mere greed.

[Bat, Totem of Strength/Wisdom]

Depending on your time here, Bat either serves as the Totem of Wisdom, or she has fallen to the Wyrm and serves as a Totem of Strength instead. Characterized by her love for her children, Bat cares deeply for all who serve under her. In exchange for sharpening the senses of her followers and teaching them Gifts related to blood and shadows, she asks you to help cultivate swarms of her bestial children, then living and eating by their side whenever possible.

[Green Dragon, Totem of Strength/War]

A spirit that has roamed Gaia and the Umbra since at least the early Savage Age, the Green Dragon was once known for her harsh warrior nature, and she served as a frequent patron to the White Howlers, before their fall also led to her corruption by the Wyrm, becoming a Totem of Strength instead. No matter her corruption status, all of her followers gain the ability to breathe fire and will either have their Wills reinforced beyond their normal limits or increase the tenacity of their bodies. No matter her status, the Green Dragon does not tolerate cowardice and is quick to take back her Gifts from anyone who shows such behavior.

[Kelpie, Totem of Cunning]

Another Totem favored by the White Howlers, she avoided the fate of corruption, but her essence has weakened greatly since those days, to the point where she is on the brink of death and treats those few willing to follow her as lifelines. Fitting for a being connected to water, she allows her followers to breathe underwater, therefore stopping them from drowning, along with

making them more beautiful to look at. She tasks her followers to cleanse any natural waterways they come across, along with requiring them to bathe in fresh natural water at least once a month.

[Falcon, Totem of Respect]
The Totem of the Silver Fang Garou, Falcon is one of the mightiest and proudest beings that roam the skies, and she knows it. Valuing courage and honor, she enhances the leadership and willpower of those who follow her, along with raising their standing among the Garou. But she is a harsh mistress who demands her followers never tarnish their Honor, lest they be required to right the wrong, or even redeem themselves by slaying many servants of the Wyrm.

[Grandfather Thunder, Totem of Respect]
Thunder is one of the oldest elements in the world, and Grandfather Thunder is old indeed. The patron of the Shadow Lords, he approves of gathering power and dominating those weaker than himself. His gifts focus on enhancing his followers' willpower and intimidation, ensuring they are never weak, especially when they invoke his name. Proud as he is, the Grandfather demands his followers give their foes and friends no more respect than they truly deserve.

[Pegasus, Totem of Respect]
Having first taken flight during the days of Ancient Greece, Pegasus has devoted her life to the protection of the weak and mistrusted. Especially women, who have often been counted as both. Her gifts center around air and travel, while also bolstering her followers with more Willpower. Yet she also demands that her followers help any females of any species when they are in need.

[Stag, Totem of Respect]
Older than the Garou, it is often claimed that Stag taught these Werewolves the ways of the wild and may have played a crucial part in ending the Impergium. He increases the willpower and survival abilities of his followers, along with raising their standing among the Fianna and the Fae. Yet, perhaps in part due to his connection to the Wild Hunt, Stag requires his followers to always aid the Fae, Changelings, and their kin.

[Bear, Totem of War]

Reclusive even to her favored Fera, the Gurahl Bear is a reclusive spirit. And seeking her favor is seen as shameful among the Garou, due to their part in slaughtering many Gurahl in the past. Her gifts are on the simpler side, focusing on enhancing the strength of her followers, along with teaching the healing Gift Mother's Touch and allowing them to hibernate up to three months without a need for food or water. All the Bear asks of her followers is that they never raise a hand against the Hengeyokai, the scars of losing the Okuma still fresh on her mind, and she dreads the thought of losing more children in such a manner.

[Clashing Boom-Boom, Totem of War]

Certainly one of the youngest Totems, Clashing Boom-Boom appears as a stealth bomber, and her presence is felt in all machines of war. Her gifts enhance the knowledge of her followers when it comes to matters of weaponry and war, along with enhancing their weapons themselves, guns especially. She encourages her followers to both name and customize all of their weapons, and demands she only be called upon to disperse justice, lest her myriad of weapons be turned against her summoners instead.

[Ananasa, The Spider Totem]

The creator and patron of the Ananasi, Ananasa dedicates herself to maintaining the Triat even within her prison. Her gifts focus upon empowering the minds of her followers, even granting some non-Ananasi, or Ovid as she calls them, spider-like abilities. Her rules are simple yet harsh, requiring all of her followers to follow her laws and aid the Ananasi, with her rather quickly abandoning any Ovid who fails at either.

[Mu-ru-bul Tu-ru-dun the Bunyip, Totem of Respect]

Since the fall of the Bunyip tribe, none have seen this Totem, who used to rarely appear by the water and gaze up at the moon with sorrow. Her form a mixture of fur, flippers, and scales, the Bunyip teaches her followers several gifts for a myriad of purposes. She only asks her followers to honor her by drowning at least one enemy in fresh water each year.

[Other Totem]

Perhaps you have made a contract with another Spirit unmentioned here? There are millions of Spirits across the World of Darkness, even during Modern Nights. Each Spirit grants boons and benefits to their followers, but there is always some kind of a drawback to their contracts.



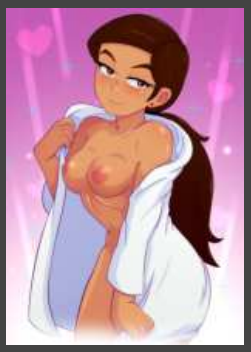
Companions

Import/Create Companion
(50 BT)
Each purchase allows you to either import or create a companion. They get 600 BT to use for perks and items. Best to have at least one friend during these Final Nights.

Canon Meet-Up
(Free)
Purchasing this guarantees you will meet up with one canon character on good terms. If you can convince them to join up, you can take them with you as a companion.

The Pack
(100 BT, One Free for all)
Most Fera prefer to travel in groups known as Packs, and you are no different. You are joined by four Fera, by default of your own group but changeable at will, all of whom are very attractive and loyal, willing to charge into the Black Spiral Labyrinth with you if asked. You may purchase this up to three more times; each purchase allows you to purchase four more members to join your Pack.

Marilyn Hopper, The Sensational Hunter
(100 BT)
There are few who dare to venture into Modern Nights in search of the beasts that lurk in the dark. Marilyn is one of these few, hailing from a rather long line of hunters dating back to the early 1800s when her family immigrated to the States from India. Her first interaction with the supernatural came when a Fomori almost killed her as a young girl, before a beast slew the monster. That beast was you, in your near-beast form, and you quickly disappeared into the woods, leaving her to be found by her angry father. Ever since, she's been obsessed, tracking any sightings of a beast bearing any manner of resemblance to you. And, even if you do not initiate any contact, she is only weeks away from finally tracking you down. Why? Because every hero deserves a kiss on the cheek, and yours is decades past its due.



Zhyzhak
(+100 BT, Free with **Touched By The Wyrm**)

Insanity is nothing new for the Black Spiral Dancers, with Zhyzhak herself suffering from klazomania, which comes and goes as it wishes. Yet lately, she has become more focused, more zealous, for the Wyrm has shown her visions of a perfect mate for her: You. She has devoted herself fully to seducing and corrupting you to the cause of the Wyrm, stopping at nothing to see you fall into her embrace. Considered the strongest Garou alive, Zhyzhak will prove herself a challenge to even the strongest of warriors, her taking any violence as your version of foreplay, which, if her BDSM inspired outfit was not a clear enough indication, she is very much a fan of.



Matches, The Cockroach

(+100 BT, Free with **Touched By The Wyrm**, or with **Cockroach** Totem)

You are not quite sure who had the worst scare, you at the sight of a massive 8-foot-tall cockroach, or the cockroach at the sight of someone new. Paranoid to the extreme, it took you hours to calm down Matches and convince her that you were a friend and not a threat. Preferring her Homid form of a dishevelled yet very busty woman, the Samsa is highly paranoid about everything, especially around fire of any kind, partially because of her Pyrophobia. In a deep panic, she will assume her Ungeziefer form and dash off rapidly, drowning you in apologies and self-deprecation once she musters the courage to return. Still, despite her fractured mind, Matches, a rather ironic name in hindsight, does enjoy graffiti, her few truly lucid moments with you happening when you two go out tagging Pentex buildings with your insignia.



Erika, The Frog

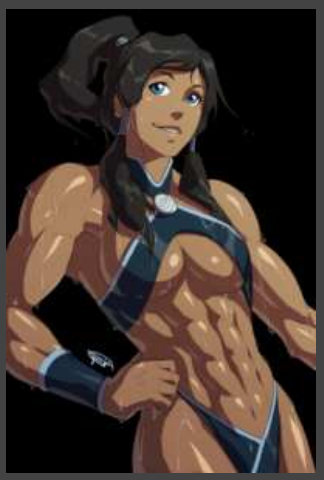
(+100 BT, Free with **Touched By The Wyrm**, or with **Frog** Totem)

Tales had reached your ears of a sewer supposedly being haunted by a sewer monster, so in a fit of curiosity, you went and investigated, inevitably meeting Erika, who had made one of the larger cross-sections her home. Rather filthy and noticeably overweight, Erika is by no means a traditional beauty, and she's quite fine with that. Her pastimes include watching TV (Both the TV and cable gained through illegal means) and downing several beers at the same time. She's taken to inviting you whenever she can, enjoying just watching bad TV, and bantering over whatever you watch. She even has a beach chair that is almost completely clean, ain't she nice? Of course, whenever there is an intruder, be it a nosy Garou or some Pentex goons, the Anura makes it a point to always drown them in sewage water for the sin of daring to interrupt her time with her "bestie".



Stomping-Thunder, The Rhino

(+100 BT, Free with **Touched By The Wyrm**, or with **Rhino** Totem)
It isn't every day that a Spirit tracks you down, but track you down, Rhino did indeed, and led you to a curious sight: A young rhino calf yet…not. It quickly became clear that this calf was, in fact, a Kerasi. Yet instead of a brutish monster, you found a lost and confused baby in need of guidance. So, with Rhino's blessing, you took the calf in and raised her as your own. Now Stomping-Thunder is nearing her adolescence. Thanks in part to your guidance and Rhino's blessing, she has been able to assume Homid form, becoming a butch young woman dressed in bright flower-themed clothing. She has a fascination with plants, her room decorated with several plant pots and pictures of different types of flora. Despite her cheerful demeanor, she suffers from bouts of intense emotion, which have forced you to reinforce your residence and have taught her several ways to tame the Rage inside her. It is your and Rhino's hope that the girls you've come to see as your daughter may be the salvation the Kerasi need.



Midna Kessler, The Monkey
(+100 BT, Free with **Touched By The Wyrm**, or with **Monkey** Totem)
The successful owner of several nightclubs, the Yeren known as Midna is well-renowned for her expensive taste and ruthless corporate mindset. She has usurped at least one city from the Kindred, keeping the former Princess as her pet and dressed in BDSM gear. And lately, you've received several invites to one of her clubs, where she constantly tries to buy your loyalty, hoping to gain you as her loyal bodyguard and boy-toy. Her tastes include expensive dresses or suits, depending on her mood and day, and drinking expensive rums of varying qualities.



The Manslayer

(100 BT, Free for **Garou**)

For the longest time, it was unknown what exactly the Manslayer was, beyond a serial killer exclusively targeting men. Now, we have an answer in the form of this dishevelled woman whose eyes burn with an endless desire for revenge. She has no name to share, having cast it away a long time ago, and she will not say a word, for her tongue was ripped out a long time ago. She has come to see you as Pack, even if you were a man yourself, and will protect you to the best of her abilities. Despite her fearsome prowess in combat, it is clear her mind is wrapped in much trauma, and what she truly needs is a caring shoulder, a steady hand, and someone willing to actually help her conquer and surpass the tragedies she has endured over the years. Until such a time, however, do not expect her to relent in her endless crusade against men she has deemed foul.



Tamara Tvaricich, The Queen of Crescent Moon

(100 BT, Free for **Garou**)

The young queen of the Russian Silver Fang house Crescent Moon, Tamara has proven herself a competent leader and a mighty Theurge even as her people struggled to survive under the Shadow Curtain of Baba Yaga. Now the Methuselah lies dead, and her people rest a bit easier, meaning Tamara herself can take a moment to breathe. Well, that was the original plan, until she found you and became rather captivated. Placing a trusted advisor in charge, she has joined your Pack as a permanent addition, wishing to learn more of you and perhaps grow even stronger together, her dream to one day take you as her king and you two ruling over Crescent Moon until you are both old and grey.



Karla Jensen, The Lost Pigglett

(100 BT, Free for **Grondr**)

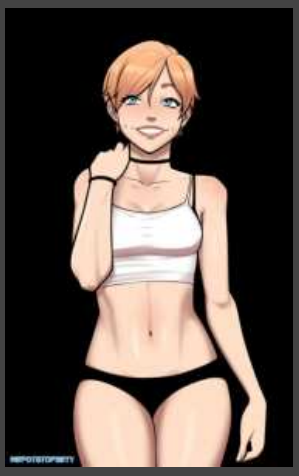
The First Change can occur at any point in life, often happening around the teenage years for humans. There are cases, however, where the Change occurs at a far earlier or later point. In Karla's case, the Change occurred at the young age of four due to a Bane possessing one of the pigs on her family's farm. The Fomori-Pig slew her family, and it was only thanks to your timely arrival that the young Grondr, whose oldest ancestors once served as Kin to the Wereboars, survived, even if her mind was left permanently scarred. Rendered mute by the experience, Karla has clung to you ever since as a parental figure, fearing the day you might die as her family did.



Mittens, The Wyrm Hog

(100 BT, Free for **Grondr**, Barred for **Garou**)

You came upon a curious sight one night: A large pig was chasing two Fomori, with the latter acting as if a hungry maw was closing in. It wasn't far off, as the pig proceeded to devour both in moments, then burping out foul-looking smoke. That's how you met Mittens, one of the last Grondr. Having been young when her family fled into the Deep Umbra, Mittens knows little of the Modern Nights, bar that the Wyrm is stronger than ever, her kinfolk have for the most part disappeared, and that no Garou can be trusted. So it is that you have struck a quick friendship with this spunky young woman, whose distrust for the Garou is only second to her sense of smell, which is able to pinpoint Wyrm-corruption half a state away.



Four Winds, The Mentor In Ice

(100 BT, Free for **Gurahl**)

Once, she was a queen in her domain, a mighty ruler over lands far and wide. Then came Pentex, and all was taken from her. Her Ursine mind struggled to comprehend the destruction of her home for oil of all things, but in her

wanderings, she came to learn much from the Spirits of the Umbra. Now she is old, grizzled, and wise. And she has seen in you a chance to pass on her legacy and to aid Gaia in her war against the Wyrm and the Weaver. She acts like your mentor, guiding and aiding you in the hopes of you reaching your full potential. At times, she is harsh, but at other times, she is kind, like a grandmother you never knew.



Akakabuto, The Tyrant of Õu

(100 BT, Free for **Gurahl**)

There once was a fifth Gurahl tribe that existed with the Hengeyokai, the Okuma. They were wiped out during the War of Shame, with many thinking the Tribe was permanently destroyed. This would be true, until a Brown Bear with a distinctive red-patch of fur running from her head down to her back, went through her First Change and brought the Okuma back in some capacity. Yet, Akakabuto is no savior, nor a hero. Her right eye blinded by a rifle shot, she is half-insane and thinks herself the rightful ruler of Japan, having taken over much of the Õu mountains and terrorising the villagers and tourists with her army of bear Kinfolk, some of them having gone through their First Change as well. She has allied herself with you, thinking it her best chance to take over more territory and perhaps even laying waste to the Hengeyokai, who have proven themselves a thorn in her side for years, even if she leaves the butchered and defiled corpses of various Sentai for their comrades to find at the borders of her ever-expanding realm.



Jeanne Bison, The Apis Out Of Time

(100 BT, Free for **Apis**)

A lot of things can change in just the blink of an eye. One moment you are calmly grazing on some grass, the next you are buried under an avalanche and wake up thousands of years later to a world where your kin have been rendered mostly extinct, and Gaia herself is slowly dying from poisons and corruption. That is the reality the woman now calling herself Jeanne Bison has woken up to, and it is only thanks to your help that the last known Apis has been able to somewhat adapt, now serving as a game warden at a reservation housing some of the last American Bisons, among the closest things she has to kin currently. Perhaps if she were to find a Mokolé willing to conduct a ritual similar to the Bunyip, the Apis may indeed make a comeback in the days to come.



Merna Man-Eater, The Terror of Greece

(100 BT, Free for **Apis**)

It is well known among the Fera that the last known Apis inspired the myths of the Minotaur. What they do not know is that there were multiple Apis who were all driven mad with grief from the fate of their kin, with Merna herself being one of those, having terrorized much of ancient Greece, before returning to the

Umbra and only recently remerging in Modern Nights. Her hatred burns bright, not for Fera, but for humans, whom she sees as ultimately responsible for the fate of her people. She does not hesitate to turn violent when humans disrespect her, many a redneck meeting an end by her hands and then ending up as her meal for the day. You have a long way ahead of you, should you wish to help her overcome these demons of hers.



Shenzi, The Matriarch Of Graves

(100 BT, Free for **Ajaba**)

If there ever was a name cursed by the Ajaba, it would be Shenzi, for it was her clan that revealed the Yava of their kind to Black Tooth, who went on to use them against the rest of the Ajaba. In return, Shenzi was promised a place on Black Tooth's side as his main enforcer, a promise which turned out to be a lie and led to her clan being wiped out to prove the Yava actually worked. Now she haunts one of the Near-Umbra realms known as the Graveyards, where the souls of her clan torment her for her failures. Seeing a chance at revenge, even if not outright redemption, she has thrown her lot in with you, hoping to plant Black Tooth's head on a pike. Should she make it through this, she wouldn't mind your help in rebuilding her clan. Last time she doomed them, maybe with you as her mate, things will go differently?



Kisasi, The Ahadi Founder
(100 BT, Free for **Ajaba**)
Perhaps the most legendary of the Ajaba of Modern Nights, Kisasi is one of the core leaders of the Ahadi, a group of Fera whose goal is to cast down the tyrannical Black Tooth and restore order to Africa proper. You were one of the few who heeded her call to arms and unity. In those days, you saw a determined young woman forge an army of Fera hailing from different Breeds and knew there'd be someone worthy of actually serving. Thanks in part to your more strange origin, you have risen to become one of her advisors alongside the Silent Strider Walks-with-Might, and she often confides in you when in need of emotional support and advice.



Courtney Harper, The Split Spiderling

(100 BT, Free for **Ananasi**)

It began when the exsanguinated corpse of Mrs. Harper was discovered by her husband, along with the disappearance of her daughter, Courtney. Then reports came in of the homeless being found in similar states, leading you to investigate the matter. Instead of one of the Kindred, you discovered Courtney, her form and face haggard, and her mind split in two. One half, the Ananasi, is detached and only concerned with keeping itself fed, while the other half, the Human, is horrified by all of this and has done her best to limit the casualties left in the wake of her bestial side. In your presence, these two halves seem to find some calm and peace with one another, though there will come a time when either side must prove itself dominant, a choice which you will no doubt play a part in.



Victoir Divíšek, The Contessa of Prague

(100 BT, Free for **Ananasi**)

On the surface, Victoir Divíšek is the famed warden of a high-security prison and an unfortunate widow after the sudden passing of her husband of three years. Dig deeper, however, and you will quickly realize that this Ananasi is anything but spotless, having poisoned her husband to gain access to his wealth, which she used to start her prison. The prisoners within are regularly brainwashed, forced into revealing any caches of valuables they have, then turned into sleeper agents for her to use when needed. She is cutthroat, and even the Kindred fear the long reach of fangs, which is why she and the Camarilla have a tentative peace between them. Seeing her chance to expand her control further, she has granted you her patronage, extending her vast

wealth and contacts for your usage. She does expect some of the profits as compensation, of course.



Tuulitar Kaksijalka, The Sami Warrior

(100 BT, Free for **Bastet**)

Supposedly hailing from the bloodline of Finland's greatest Mage in history, Väinämöinen, Tuulitar and her kin have dedicated their lives to fighting the schemes of the Malkavian Methuselah, Louhi, at all costs. Known as Tuuli to her friends, this Qualmi once traversed to Russia to aid the Garou in defeating the infamous Nosferatu, Baba Yaga, her gleaning much info on how to combat other Methuselah from this conflict. You two met during the aftermath and she quickly deduced that your jumper nature would be a valuable asset in destroying Louhi for good. She has since stuck to you like glue, ensuring you keep improving and growing in might, so that one day Northern Europe can finally be free of Louhi and her madness.



M’rissa Manycolor, The Appalachian Wonder

(100 BT, Free for **Bastet**)

You met M’rissa while attending the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, where you and the young half-Cherokean half-Scotch-Irish woman really hit it off due to your taste in music. Things turned slightly awkward when you two met in your Beast forms, quickly identifying each other. But talking things out smoothed things over, and you learned of her ambition to one day reclaim land where Bastet may roam freely, a beautiful dream which you support. M’rissa believes the best way to do this is by gaining the help of some Garou, a decision made hard by her own fear of the Breed. You might have something to say about it as well. M’rissa’s last name comes from her long tawny hair that has hints of brown and red, which are far easier to spot in her other forms, where these are prominent in her “spots” (ears, nose, paws, and tail).



Michelle Teixeira, The Speaker of the Bat

(100 BT, Free for **Camazotz**)

Hailing from a small village in Brazil, Michelle once thought her life would be nothing but marrying her high school boyfriend, opening a bakery, and dying when old and grey, surrounded by an army’s worth of descendants. Those dreams were smashed when she and her boyfriend were captured by Pentex for some experiments. While her boyfriend was painfully possessed by a Bane and turned into a Fomori, she was unaffected, a kindly voice speaking in her mind and banishing the Bane attempting to possess her. This voice, a small fragment of Bat yet uncorrupted, aided her in fleeing and avoiding any First Teams sent to track her down. Now they have tracked you down, for Bat has deduced you may aid them in a monumental task: the redemption of her greater whole and the return of Camazotz. Michelle herself, while sympathetic to Bat and willing to help the Spirit in her task, is more interested in you and her hunting down the Fomori that was once her boyfriend, and putting the monster down for good.



Cindy Midnight, The Australian Boxer

(100 BT, Free for **Camazotz**)

Cindy had always known something was off about herself, but it wasn't until her home was forcefully bought and then razed for some farm land, turned into a poppy farm of all things, that the truth revealed itself as her form warped into that of a man-sized bat. 5 feet tall, the young Camazotz has made it her mission to wipe out any poppy farms she finds, when she isn't spending time fighting in a boxing ring, hunting Cane Toads, spear fishing, or practicing Yoinking, something she saw a human from Florida do once and has been copying him ever since. At some point, the young woman recruited you into her crusade, and despite her gruff exterior, she is rather tentative with you, patching you up after brawls, giving directions to both you and people who are lost, and even cooking great meals if she likes you enough. Get on her bad side, however, and she will beat you black and blue, then dump your unconscious body in a dark alley or the Outback.



Jackdaw, the Pirate of the Baltics

(100 BT, Free for **Corax**)

No one, including Jackdaw herself, has figured out how exactly the Corax has been able to run a successful pirate operation in the Baltic Sea, one of the calmest seas on Gaia, without being caught. Leading a crew of like-minded Corax and kinfolk, Jackdaw uses a small yacht stolen from a Swedish millionaire as her vessel, her crew often targeting either cruise liners or cargo ships, the passengers unaware of thefts until it is too late. Jackdaw saw you during one of these heists and took an instant liking to you, snatching you up during a commotion. Though you are given free rein to roam the lands freely, Jackdaw expects you to call her once a week and send monthly tributes of shiny things back her way.



Raven Corvus, The Queencrow of High School

(100 BT, Free for **Corax**)

Hailing from a long line of occultists and, as of fifty years ago, of Corax, Raven has done her best to curse her parents for naming her so… obvious. Despite her heritage and name all but demanding she become a goth, Raven has decided otherwise. You won't catch her acting like a bimbo or anything, but she prefers cute things over dark and depressing things, and she has become something of a social butterfly, a small army of friends and acquaintances ready to gather and spread rumors at a moment's notice. You and this young Kinfolk stumbled on one another in a local fast food restaurant, where the two of you bonded over burgers about bad naming senses and the benefits of

having a lot of friends. You left the encounter with her phone number and access to a surprisingly competent network of informants.



Bai Mianxi, The White-Faced One

(100 BT, Free for **Kitsune**)

The First Kitsune, The Original Nine-Tailed Fox, The-, you get the idea. Bai Mianxi is, in a word, a trickster. In a few words, she has a cunning mind and will use it to slink out of anything even remotely too bothersome for her liking. Usually, at least, for you seem to have caught her attention and… affections. Oh no. Having decided she and Prince Inari need a break, Bai Mianxi has decided to hitch herself to you instead. Expect a lot of pranks, jokes, and mischief as this nine-tailed vixen drives you insane with frustration and smugly shakes her shapely behind at you, just begging you to pin her down and discipline her.



Mitsuri Kobayashi, The Idol Maker

(100 BT, Free for **Kitsune**)

Go back a few years, and you'd have seen Mitsuri's face and name on every billboard from Kyõto to Tokugawa, the young idol shining brightly to the downtrodden and worn-down populace. After the birth of her daughter and the death of her mate, Mitsuri has largely retired from public life, now devoting her time to running a company dedicated to training idols just like her, beacons in the night to combat the corruption of the Wyrm. You are one of her trusted contacts, often called to either guard one of her idols from the forces of the Wyrm, or, in a rare few cases, asked to help them deal with heat and arousal, both of the idols and Mitsuri's own.



Roars Like Thunder, The Terror of the Amazon

(100 BT, Free for **Mokolé**)

Tall, lanky, and beautiful, Roars Like Thunder has lived over a century in the Amazon, allying herself with the local Black Furies, even being initiated among their ranks and considered a Philodox for her wise nature. Though preferring to solve things through peaceful means, she has proven herself a deadly foe of the Wyrm and Pentex in the Amazon War, her Archid form, a reptilian bird reminiscent of a mixture of a Pterosaur and an Argentavis, the doom of many foes. Seeing an opportunity to gather more allies to aid in the protection of her home, Thunder has allied herself with you. While she does expect you to aid her and her allies in driving out Pentex from the Amazon, she offers her considerable knowledge and experience in return… Along with her body, should you need a bit more convincing. It has been a while since she last lay with a partner.



Ruby, The Mistress of Swamps
(100 BT, Free for **Mokolé**)
A Suchid-born, Ruby sees the swamps of Haiti as her home and domain, defending them fiercely from men and other Fera alike. Obsessed with keeping outsiders and intruders out, Ruby has taken to summoning and binding both Ghosts and Spirits alike to defend her domain, with many either willingly submitting or breaking under her tender mercies. You seem to be one of the few whom she actually tolerates and, dare I say it, likes. The Spirits grant you passage in her domain, and her considerable mastery over her Gnosis is offered with little grumbling. She does demand monthly tribute, often in the form of either rubies or female servants to tend to her and her domain. She occasionally allows you to lie and breed with one of these servants, seeing it as a reward for your loyal service.



Shiva, The Herald of Samsara

(100 BT, Free for **Nagah**)

Whoever the Nagah known as Shiva was is unknown, having cast aside her previous identity to fully act as the physical embodiment of the Incarna known as Shiva, the destroyer and creator. Wielding a pair of blades enhanced to cut both flesh and spirit, Shiva ensures all are slain and judged in death, for she wields a powerful Gift taught by her namesake that allows her to weigh the Karma of a soul, then either sending it into the Umbra, forcing it to reincarnate, or to obliterate it outright in the case of the truly foul cases. Now she travels by your side, judging your foes just as harshly as she does you, though you've noted her standards are very lax by any measurements when it comes to things she allows you to get away with, as long as it does not aid the Wyrm or Weaver in any form.



Jessica Heartwell, The Cow-Rattler

(100 BT, Free for **Nagah**)

Some say there are no more cowboys, but no one said anything about cowgirls. One look at Jessica and you'll think she walked out of an old dime novel, stetson and revolver included. Despite her choice of attire and general demeanor, Jessica speaks with a very soft and sophisticated British accent, a contrast that often catches people off guard, long enough for her to shoot them dead or pump them full of venom. You ran into her one cloudy night when she drove by in a truck full of stolen cattle. Through a series of events too chaotic to explain, you ended up helping her sell the cows to a Sept of Garou, with the night ending in her riding you like a buffalo. She's kept you close by ever since, too invested in her "Big Bronco" to let you get away.



Coyote Laughs-At-Luna, The Blessed Coyote
(100 BT, Free for **Nuwisha**)
The hero of the Nuwisha, the one who saved her kind from being exterminated during the Second War of Rage. Laughs-At-Luna is one of the few Nuwisha to have received a blessing from Coyote directly, in her case, being able to hear the Wyrm's thoughts and conversing with Coyote on how to best react. How is she here, in Modern Nights? The Coyote works in mysterious ways… In other words, no one knows; she only smirks smugly when asked. Now she has all but adopted you as her friend, usually appearing in her Latrani form when around humans, forcing you to claim her as a curious half-coyote mongrel dog. She sometimes surprises you in the bedroom, clad in nothing but a collar and holding the leash suggestively. How much of this is her having fun and her subtly trying to teach/tell you something is still a mystery.



Nuxray, The Magnificent Magician

(100 BT, Free for **Nuwisha**)

Magicians, those who mimic true magic through sleight of hand, are perhaps some of the greatest tricksters among the Dreamers. Therefore, one of the greatest pranks would be to prank these masters of deception and get away with it. Such is the mindset of this masked woman, her stage name a thing of awe and rage among magicians across the globe. You see, she often performs tricks that are seemingly impossible to achieve, with her daring magicians to come and figure out how she does them, with the humans unaware she utilizes her Gifts during her tricks. Through a convoluted series of events, she has recruited you as her bodyguard and manager, her arranging shows in whichever town, village, or city you head towards, and you being expected to keep her human “colleagues” from throttling her in impotent rage.



Sally Heartlay, The Erotic Rodent

(100 BT, Free for **Ratkin**)

Internet famous for her many, many productions, the Ratkin known as Sally is well known for her rough adult entertainment involving both men and women. Unlike many of her kin, Sally actually likes humans, to a degree. She sees them as fun pets and toys, her utilising a Gift to implant subliminal messages into the minds of those she wishes to fuck again. You have the, perhaps dubious, honor of receiving the friendship of this smoky-looking woman. Whenever you visit her house, on the wealthier side of the city she lives in, neither she nor her lovers, who are always women when you visit, wear much

in the way of clothing, Sally's way of testing your will and tempting you into letting your inner beast loose.



Stoneclaw, The Killer in Venice

(100 BT, Free for **Ratkin**)

Venice, the City of Canals, a destination sought by millions and a city that houses a sizable rodent population. Among these rodents rose a particularly fierce and large individual, known as Stoneclaw. Since her First Change, she has hated all humans and desires nothing but the deaths of as many as possible. Yet she knows humans have numbers and technology on their side, so she chooses her victims carefully, striking out unseen and with brutal swiftness, so that none see her passing. You discovered her one day in Rodens form and unknowingly adopted the Ratkin as your pet. Strangely, she has come to rather enjoy this arrangement, her returning to your apartment after a productive night with you none the wiser. She has grown even larger under your care, and she has made it a habit to cuddle with you when possible. Yet, as the months roll by, a thought passes her mind more often, "What happens when you find out the truth?" The answer fills her with dread unimagined.



Barnacle Lil, The Biggest Catch

(100 BT, Free for **Rokea**)

Hailing from the Waters Down Under, Lil is sought after by many fishermen for her size, the surprisingly beautiful Rokea finding all of the attention very flattering. No one has been able to catch her, though, despite many efforts to the contrary. Until now, at least, though it can be argued she let herself be caught, all but jumping into your boat and asking if you'd like to hunt together with her. Though the ways of humans still leave her confused, this Brightwater has decided that becoming a Betweener isn't such a bad thing, as long as she can be with you.



Hanako Tachikawa, The Fisherwoman

(100 BT, Free for **Rokea**)

One of the Same-Bitõ of the Beast Courts, Hanako was taught from a young age that the other Rokea were to be feared and avoided at all costs, for her narrow-minded cousins would kill her on sight. These tales almost came true when, upon her visiting a beach in Sri Lanka, she was almost killed by three Rokea, were it not for your intervention and aid. Shaken slightly, she has nonetheless hardened her resolve and, under your tutelage, begun to truly master her Gifts. She hunts down any Rokea hunting Betweeners like her, showing them no mercy whatsoever. When not hunting, however, she prefers to spend her time near you, drawing the environment, people, and animals in a notebook, with several pages dedicated to replicating your likeness in vast detail.



Scenarios

<u>Taming the Spiral Bitch</u>

(Requires **Zhyzhak** Companion)

Zhyzhak, a Legend among the modern Black Spiral Dancers, considered by some as the strongest Garou in the Breed's existence. And for the last few months, she has made it her mission to chase after you like a bitch in heat, demanding you submit to her and join the Dancers as her personal breeding toy.

Suffice to say, you refuse to submit to an inbred Mutt like her, especially as she'll force you to Dance the Spiral, as it were, and drive you just as insane as herself.

For this Scenario, you cannot kill her, nor can you just pin her down and make her submit through rough fucking, as if her revealing BDSM attire wasn't a clue enough, Zhyzhak will only enjoy it even more and will put up a proper fight.

No, you will have to do something truly insane and unthinkable; you will have to seduce and court Zhyzhak through more traditional means. Gifts, dates, a confession out of a cheesy romance novel, the entire thing must look and feel like something one of the Seelie Fae would find absolutely delightful.

It won't be easy, obviously, Zhyzhak is insane and heavily corrupted by the Wyrm. But by appealing to her human heart, small and shrunken it may be, you have a good chance of actually slowly redeeming one of the Wyrm's greatest champions away from the corrupted being.

And once you've tamed most of the madness within her and look at her naked and blushing form on your bed… Well, you can treat her roughly then, a surprising masochistic streak awakening after your first tryst.

When Zhyzhak has been thoroughly purged from the Wyrm's corruption, you receive the following:

[I Can Fix Her, Seriously]

"Don't stick your dick in crazy" is a phrase once uttered by a Tibetan Monk when visiting Bangkok. Unfortunately, many have ignored this advice, often to disastrous results. You wait for a while before taking that step, as you've learned how to heal the minds of the deranged and insane by courting them,

showing them kindness and love, not the physical but emotional kind, cracks and shards putting themselves back together as your courtship continues, until they are mentally sound once more. This can also, at your discretion, awaken a masochistic streak in these women once the matter of sex comes up.

[Cassandra, The Purified Howler]
(Replaces **Zhyzhak** Companion)
For the first time in forever, really, the woman once known as Zhyzhak can think clearly, her mind now free of the Wyrm's madness and corruption, which reflects in the pure white fur of her other forms. Indeed, through love and purification, a White Howler walks the surface of Gaia once more. Thinking back on her actions, the now-named Cassandra can only shake her head in slight embarrassment and shame, especially at her choice of attire. Among her favorite activities is the simple act of walking along a calm lake, preferably on a clear moonlit night.

Refining The Four

(Requires **Matches, The Cockroach, Erika, The Frog, Stomping-Thunder, The Rhino, Midna Kessler, The Monkey**, Companions)

As the name implies, the Mockery Breeds were created in mockery of the Fera and Gaia, an attempt by the agents of the Wyrm to corrupt another facet of life for their foul goals.

Yet it is clear that most of these Mockery Breeds, excluding the mindless War Wolves, do function like other Fera for the most part, as you have witnessed through your connection to Matches, Erika, Stomping-Thunder, and Midna.

And now, **Cockroach**, **Frog**, **Rhino,** and **Monkey** have appeared and asked you in a task of the utmost importance for the survival of Gaia; Help the four Spirits in refining your four friends, and through them the rest of their Breeds, into Fera proper, so they may aid you and the rest in the war for Gaia.

Naturally, it is easier said than done; Matches will need to rebuild her sanity and conquer her fears. Erika will need to motivate herself into changing for the better, instead of lazing away in her little corner of the world. Midna will perhaps prove the hardest, for her greed and need for power will not allow her

to accept that she needs to change in any way. Even Stomping-Thunder, the easiest to refine, will have to work through her Rage, which is unnaturally high even for a Fera.

But a calm head, sympathetic ear, and wise advice can, and will, see you through. Once you've helped each of the women work through most of their issues, you are brought to the site of an abandoned Caern, where the Spirits and the women shall go through the Rite of Transformation.

This is bound to attract the agents of the Wyrm, who will attempt to stop the Rite from succeeding. As the Spirits and your friends are consumed by the Rite, it is up to you to protect them until, in a flash of light, it is completed, and what enemies are left flee in fright.

It is not just these four women that have changed, however, as the myriad of other Mockery Breeds go through a painful change where those too consumed by the Wyrm are quickly slain, while the rest are purified of corruption and turned into proper members of these new Changing Breeds and feel a compulsion to gather up at the abandoned Caern.

You'll have to help these new Fera get accustomed to their new existences and their Mandates, which you aided your friends in choosing before the Rite began.

When you've helped solidify whopping four new Fera Breeds on Gaia's side, you receive the following:

[The Caern of Transformation]
The Caern where the Rite was completed has become active once more, now treated and protected as a holy site by the four Fera breeds. Not only does it serve as a great base of operations, but you are able to transform any curses here into something far more beneficial. Were you to discover a Bat spirit and bring one of the weaker Kindred here, perhaps you would be able to create a new type of Fera similar to, but not quite the same as, the Camazotz once were.

[The Alliance of Four]
The group consisting of the Yeren, Samsa, Kerasi, and Anurana. Banding together not only due to their shared origin, but also as protection should the other Fera or Pentex come knocking with ill intent. At the same time, they

have, led by your friends, thrown their lots behind you in full, deciding to join you on your adventures across your Chain. Speaking of, your friends have all found themselves enhanced both physically and mentally, their flaws tempered, and a burning love burning in their hearts.

The Abominant

Abominations, Fera who have been Embraced by one of the Kindred and instead of dying, have awoken anew as a Vampire themselves.

Feared and loathed by both sides, most Abominations are driven mad by their transformations, losing their ability to regain Gnosis, if not losing all Gnosis outright. They are still able to learn the Gifts of the Wyrm and learn Disciplines like any other Kindred would.

Yet they are well feared, for an Abomination that retains their mind and masters their new gifts is sure to become one of the most fearsome creatures that go bump in the night.

Through a no doubt incident of massive tragedy, you have become one of these Abominations, losing your Gnosis and ability to learn any new Gifts beyond those of the Wyrm. Sunlight becomes anathema to you, and most of the Fera and Kindred will treat you as a monster and something to be destroyed on sight.

You have but one goal: Survive. Make it until the end of your time here without meeting your final death, while also keeping your Ego high enough so your inner Beast will not go on a rampage.

When your time here comes to an end, and you yet remain among the unliving, you receive the following:

[The Abominant]

Your curse seems to shift as you leave the World of Darkness behind you. You regain your Gnosis and the ability to recover it, while also ensuring your Beast remains calm enough that you are able to learn the Gifts of non-Wyrm spirits. You are one of the undead now, with all that entails, including access to the Disciplines of whichever Clan embraced you. Perhaps the most worrying of all, your Vitae has become fertile, allowing you to Embrace other mortals and

spread the curse of Caine further. Finally, direct sunlight is no longer an instant death sentence, though it does begin to weaken you the longer you are exposed to it.

A Beast Went Down To Los Angeles

Los Angeles, the city of Angels. A melting pot of fashion, culture, movies… and Vampires. Though the Garou have some small holdings around the city, most of it is firmly under the control of the Kindred.

It is a time of change for the region. Rumors surge of an Anteduvilian being discovered by mortals, a power struggle between the Camarilla, the Anarchs, and the Sabbat rages on the streets, disguised as a gang war to the mortal eyes.

At the same time, some of the Kuei-Jin have arrived in Chinatown and are looking to take over from the Kindred. Several Hunters, including an Inquisitor of all things, have arrived in the city, seeking to eradicate these impure beings in the name of whatever Creed they hold.

Arrive in this city, riding in a taxi and having a small conversation with your driver, who stinks of the Wyrm, yet has been nothing but polite and, most importantly, non-malicious.

You get off in Santa Monica, the driver bidding you good luck. Now then, this city comes alive at night, and there is much to see. Where will you start first?

Out With The Camarilla

For the longest time, Los Angeles was firmly Anarch territory. It is only in recent years, after the Kuei-Jin dealt a devastating defeat to the Anarchs, that the Camarilla has begun to muscle into the city.

Led by a Ventrue known as Sebastian LaCroix, the Camarilla controls much of Santa Monica through its Baron, a Malkavian named Therese Voerman. The Camarilla also holds a part of Downtown from the Ventrue Tower, a rather obvious sign to those in the know.

Though outwardly appearing strong, the Camarilla's hold on the city is tenuous at best, the presence of the Anarchs, the Sabbat, and the Kuei-Jin making it nearly impossible to fully control the entire region.

Your job, as it were, is to drive out the Camarilla and subjugate any Kindred and Ghouls that remain behind.

LaCroix is an arrogant fop, confident in his cunning and, if necessary, the strength of his Sherif, rumored to be a Nagloper from Africa.

However, the Prince is merely one piece on the board. Dealing with Voerman, be it by killing her, allowing her other personality, Jeanette, to take over, or subjugating both personalities, should be the first of your goals, for that way you gain control over Santa Monica and deny the Camarilla an important part of the city.

Your second objective should be to deal with the Nosferatu, the malformed Kindred, providing a vital service to the Camarilla as spies and informants. Your path will lead you to the sewers, where you must decide if you offer these outcasts a chance to join your side, or wipe them out and be done with it.

Your third and final objective is to deal with the Tremere, a clan of Kindred who were once mortal Mages and have kept their ability to utilize Blood Magic. Their leader, Maximilian Strauss, is an old Kindred, perhaps one of the original members of the Clan, and very powerful, so any interactions, be they friendly or hostile, should be done with caution.

Once these three pillars have been toppled, you will have to charge into Ventrue Tower, take down the Sheriff, and confront LaCroix in his office, where the Ventrue will try to bluster, threaten, and even beg you to spare him. But he is a snake by nature, and unlike the Nagah, his is a word that cannot be trusted, so dust him and sever whatever control the Camarilla had over Los Angeles.

For kicking the Camarilla out of the city and dusting the SOB LaCroix, you receive the following:

[These Are My Lands]
The Camarilla, and truthfully most of the creatures wandering the Modern Nights, are opportunistic parasites who'll muscle into any territory if they notice

a moment of weakness. Well, they'll do that to any territory besides yours, for all of your territories and properties exclude an air of danger, a warning to any who try to take it from you, the rightful owner. Any who try, always the most arrogant and foolish of people, will meet misfortune after misfortune the longer they insist on pursuing their goals of taking what's yours. These misfortunes, from their people deserting and defecting all the way to being labeled an extremist and marked for death, will only cease once the interloper has abandoned any ideas of conquest and run away with their tails between their legs.

[The Nosferatu Conclave]
Depending on your actions, the Nosferatu of Los Angeles now number in the hundreds, or in the low tens. Those who remain, strangely enough, all women for some reason, have sworn themselves to you as spies and information gatherers, with their network rivaling that of the Corax themselves. Their Curse seems to have warped somewhat due to you taking them over, their deformities warping to resemble your beast-half, still looking noticeably inhuman, but in a far more exotic and aesthetically pleasing manner. Perhaps they are a new Bloodline in the making?

[Secrets of the Tremere]
Found within the study of a very dead Strauss, this set of books details the many secrets and traditions of the Tremere clan, along with their knowledge gained as human mages, back when they were mortals and part of the Order of Hermes. Tightly protected, you may learn the myriad of powers the clan has wielded, including the creation of the Gargoyles, possibly refining it into something less inhumane, and mayhaps even, after serious studies, usurping a Bloodline like the Tremere themselves did centuries ago.

[Tourette, The Joy-Toy of Santa Monica]
The two halves of the Voerman Twins fused together into something new: Tourette. Holding the seriousness and business-savvy cutthroatness of Therese, along with the sensuality and imagination of Jeanette, Tourette uses these traits to good effect in enforcing your rule over Santa Monica. And when she isn't busy plotting the demise or conversion of your enemies, Tourette often dances on a strip pole in your, formerly Therese's, private office, tempting you to try and get her undead womb pregnant in a frenzied rut.

<u>The Revenge of the Hengeyōkai</u>

It was in large part thanks to the ancestors of the Kuei-Jin that the Fera of the Middle Kingdom waged the War of Shame, with the Kuei-Jin Ancestors, the Wan Xian, utilising the chaos that ensued to empower themselves further and were reborn as the Kuei-Jin of Modern Nights.

A bitter hatred has lingered ever since between the two groups, which is partially why you have arrived in the City of Angels. You have been contracted by one of the Beast Courts to eliminate Ming Xiao, the leader of the Kuei-Jin in the city.

Ming is arrogant, to the point where she sees all non-Kuei-Jin as lesser and non-threats. Seeing as her people's influence has been restricted to Chinatown, this puts her beliefs to question. Not to mention, most of her fellow Kuei-Jin do not look favorably on her, be it due to her personality, lack of progress, or something else. Meaning, with the exception of the Chang Brothers, Ming's only true allies are the non-Kuei-Jin humans that serve her people.

Her only agent outside of Chinatown, far as anyone is aware of at the very least, is a man simply known as the Cathayan, who has been sent out to spy on the Kindred of Santa Monica. Deal with him post haste, before he can tell Ming of your arrival.

Entering Chinatown, you meet a relatively young Kuei-Jin named Kalliyan, who has grown disillusioned with Ming Xiao and seeks her defeat. And with the aid of Kalliyan, you are able to infiltrate the Golden Temple.

Yet, for all of her lack of people skills, Ming Xiao is still a capable fighter, not to mention the Chang Brothers will also aid their mistress in fighting you.

In the end, however, all will meet their match eventually, and with the defeat of Ming Xiao, you shatter the Kuei-Jin's leadership and ease the debt they owe to the Hengeyōkai just slightly.

For defeating the Kuei-Jin and delivering some payback for the War of Shame, you receive the following:

[The Secrets of Chi]

Chi, or as the Fera know it, Gnosis, is the primary fuel and source of power for the Kuei-Jin, who gain it by drinking the blood of mortals, much like the Kindred do. After your brief war against the Kuei-Jin, your control over Gnosis and other mystical sources of energy has grown, able to utilize Gifts with far less Gnosis needed, along with being able to create abilities that mimic those of the Kuei-Jin. And, in far more nefarious news, you are now able to drain the Chi of mortals, increasing your own Gnosis in the process.

[Chinatown]

Despite their short stay, the Kuei-Jin have a noticeable population within Chinatown and, in defeating Ming Xiao, those remaining have sworn themselves to you instead. They are led by Kalliyan, whom you assigned as the new Baron of the region, trusting her to uphold your mandates to the best of her abilities. Now if only she'd stop sending you photos of her and some of the more toned Kuei-Jin clad in skimpy clothes, at least during official business.

[Ming Xiao, The Piggy-Jin]

Despite her arrogant demeanor, Ming Xiao is still a beautiful woman, and slaying her was such a waste. Instead, you decided she needed to be humbled and taught a lesson. Clad in nothing but a collar and forced to crawl on all fours, you have taken Ming as your slave-pet and keep her nearby whenever you are indoors. So far, she has resisted the humiliation, though her obvious arousal whenever you decide to rut her tells you that she will one day break, and you are going to enjoy every moment as it approaches.

<u>Anarchy No More</u>

Anarchs, those who resent the Camarilla and their iron-tight control, were the original rulers of Los Angeles before the Kuei-Jin came and handily dealt them a bloody defeat, taking over Chinatown and allowing the Camarilla to muscle in.

The Anarchs hold Hollywood in a tight-ish grip, with the area's Baron, a Toreador named Isaac Abrams, finding the Camarilla to be very distasteful.

Though mostly a group of rebels and disenfranchised people, under the leadership of the Brujah Nines, the Anarchs have started to become more focused and centralized.

And it is with Nines that you must begin. Cut off the head of this serpent, and it will begin to die. Beware, however, for Nines is dangerous and has in the past slain his fair share of Fera, mostly Garou, so do not expect an easy fight.

Once he has faced his Final Death, the Anarchs will, befitting their name, fall into anarchy. With many either scattering to the winds or fighting one another for control.

The only one that truly has a good chance of uniting the Anarchs again is Isaac. Based out of Hollywood, you will have a hard time tracking the Kindred down on your own. So instead, you will have to track down one of his Childe, Velvet Velour, a Toreador working as a stripper in club Vesuvius.

Be it through seduction or intimidation, you gain Isaac's location from Velvet and could, in theory, use her to arrange a meeting between you two, making it far easier to deal with him.

Whatever means you used, by defeating Isaac, you snuff out the remaining embers of resistance held by the Anarchs, forcing them to scatter to the four winds.

For breaking the Anarchs in Los Angeles and fully taking over from them, you receive the following:

[Would You Just Shut Up!]
Anarchs are defined by their strong beliefs, often to the point of delusion and refusal to accept facts to the contrary, and often appear in areas where the Camarilla has a strong grip as a way to counter the tyranny they see. You, however, are an expert in quelling and preventing these kinds of movements from gaining any momentum. You are able to spot and point out any fallacies, lies, or simple misinformation in any claims, your rebuttal often leaving your opponent speechless as you proceed to tear their entire argument and worldview apart. People do not riot over any of your choices or policies, with groups often approaching you peacefully to outright beg for changes which, if you do implement, often result in said groups becoming some of your most fervent followers.

[Vesuvius]
The Nightclub run by Velvet Velour has come under your control after seducing the Toreador. The club itself is a perfect source of revenue, along

with a good spot to gather intel from shady figures and drunk patrons. Velvet and her girls, Bambi, Misti, Cindi, Nikki, and Candi, are all eager to “entertain” you, be it a private dance or something far more intimate. All for free, of course, as you are the one who keeps the lights on and all of them fed after all.

[Damsel, The Echo of Anarchy]

Before you took over, Damsel could be described as passionate and, quite frankly, a massive bitch yapping about anyone and everything that supposedly looked at her wrong. Now, she is still both of those, but instead of ranting about ideals she has no true comprehension of, Damsel instead fights for your cause. Apparently, you shattering the Anarchs also sent her into a downward spiral that ended with her concluding you are the only way to bring true freedom to the Kindred, a task she takes to with seriousness bordering on madness as her clothes take on the color of your personal sigil and the closet in her room becomes something close to a religious shrine dedicated to you.

Time For A Sabbatical

Once, the Sabbat may have been a more noble group, rebels who rejected the Antediluvians and their kin, along with the Camarilla and the Masquerade in general.

Now those days are gone, and the Sabbat are often used as examples of Kindred who have forsaken their Humanity entirely. Bearing a role similar to the Black Spiral Dancers, the Sabbat sow chaos and destruction wherever they appear, with a group of them having wormed their way into Los Angeles.

Though scattered across the city, their main base of operations is located in the sewers of Hollywood, where their Archbishop, a vicious Tzimisce named Andre, creates monstrous horrors from the flesh and blood of both Kindred and Kine alike.

Disrupting Sabbat operations wherever you go, you must head down to Hollywood and fight through Andre’s monsters until you arrive in his lair, a monstrous place full of furniture made of still-living beings and other horrors.

Andre himself, inhuman in form, will prove a proper challenge, his centuries of life granting him much experience and power. You do not fight him alone,

however, for he will summon his creations to his aid, and his Zulo shape is more than a match for a Crinos form if caught unaware.

Upon granting Andre his final death, you shatter the Sabbat's leadership in the city, though further hunting parties are suggested, for the Sabbat are like ravenous vermin if left unchecked.

For driving away the scourge that is the Sabbat and putting Andrei to the dirt, you receive the following:

[They Dead Yet?]

The Sabbat are like a cancer; if not removed quickly, it is near-impossible to get them out of a location without drastic measures. You, though, know how to decapitate the serpent and ensure it does not return as a hydra. Kill or convert a leader, their followers quickly either submit or scatter to the four winds, frightened to ever pick up the mantle of their fallen leader or avenge them, bar the most fanatical of their lot, who will futilely attempt to rebuild and regroup what forces remain. The higher on the totem pole your target is, the larger the destruction. Slay the leader of the entire Garou Nation, and the Nation will shatter in the coming days as news of your deed spreads to Caerns and Septs across the globe.

<u>Thin Of Blood</u>

A curious phenomenon among the Kindred is that the higher one's Generation is, the weaker their abilities and curse become, to the point where anything beyond the 13th Generation is often seen as Thin Bloods, too pathetic to be proper Kindred but too powerful to be mere Kine.

They are seen as a sign of Gehenna and are treated at best with disdain, or exterminated at worst. As it so happens, a group of Thin Bloods is situated at the Santa Monica Beach, where they have been driven to by a larger Kindred society.

Lost, confused, and a threat to both the Masquerade and the Veil, these five are a threat to both the supernatural at large, along with themselves.

Since the Kindred do not seem particularly interested in doing anything about it, it falls to you to either eliminate these Thin Bloods or recruit them and give them a purpose beyond remaining as beach bums.

Though one thing you should know, one of the Thin Bloods, a stuttering man named Julius, has made a foolish decision of leaking some information about the Kindred to a Hollywood director, so as to take Vampire movies to the next level. For obvious reasons, this is a massive threat to the Masquerade and the Veil itself, for if normal people realize Vampires are real, what stops other creatures from being real too?

Julius must go, and you will have to deal with the movie director as well.

For saving a bunch of lost folk from possible Dusting and ensuring Julius' idiocy does not break the Veil, you receive the following:

[Thin-Blood Alchemy]
A Discipline only seen among the Thin Bloods, Blood Alchemy allows them to mix their blood alongside other ingredients to either mimic the Disciplines of other Clans, or to create something entirely new effects instead. Through some quirk or trick, you've learned this strange art for yourself, able to substitute your own blood in place of Thin Blood. Perhaps it isn't the most powerful of arts, but in these end of days, every little bit helps.

[The Thin Bloods of Santa Monica]
A small flock has gathered around you, each one lost, confused, and desperate for guidance. From the Australian Surfer E, the kind-hearted Lily, the cryptic and foresighted Rosa, the naive and scared Copper, even the foolish Julius, if you decided to spare him, instead of putting him down or exiling him from Los Angeles proper.

<u>Clubbing The Night Away</u>
Perhaps in part thanks to the heavy Kindred population, Los Angeles has no shortage of nightclubs for people to mingle and spend their hard-earned cash to forget the cruel reality of their lives, even for a single night.

Not only are they a very profitable business venture, but these clubs also serve as prime spots for information gathering and as covers for less legal activities.

Your job is to gain ownership over at least one of the many nightclubs that operate in the city and then keep hold of it until you have fulfilled your task here.

One of the more popular ones in Downtown, Confession, is run by a rather buxom young woman named Venus Dare, who has run into some trouble with the Russian Mafia of all groups. By helping her, you could quite easily become her partner in running the establishment, along with earning her gratitude.

For taking over the nightlife of Los Angeles, you receive the following:

[The Club Network]
Each of the major Nightclubs of Los Angeles, including **Vesuvius,** should you have taken down the Anarchs, falls under your control and generates a steady source of income, and each of the girls working here will be glad to offer you a private show if only you ask.

[Venus Dare, The Beat Priestess]
The buxom owner of Confession, a church turned into a nightclub, has become rather besotted with you after your help in dealing with the Mafia. Friendly and charming, she can easily get even the hardest of hearts to confess their deepest of sins without judgment. And your relationship is… complicated, for Venus has much experience in the arts of BDSM, which she will be happy to teach you, be it as either the mistress or the slave.

<u>Downfall of Leopold</u>
No doubt you have heard of the Inquisition, the secret organisation of the Catholic Church that hunts everything supernatural.

By Modern Nights, the organization has officially been disbanded. Unofficially, the group now operates as the Society of Leopold, and they still continue their supposed “Holy” crusade against the creatures of the night.

The group has a small monastery at the edge of the city, which is full of Hunters and is led by an Inquisitor named Grünfeld Bach, whose hatred for the Kindred, especially, is second to none.

Need it truly be said why leaving a group of Hunters near a major site of supernatural activity is a bad idea? Deal with the monastery and its occupants, with the way they talk of their holy mission, you'd think they were eager to meet their God in person.

For bringing down a branch of the hated Society of Leopold, you receive the following:

[Your Faith Is Weak]

True Faith is one of the scariest things found among Humans, something that only the truly devout wield with deadly efficiency against the supernatural. Many, if not all, of the Hunters within the monastery wielded this dread power, no doubt granting you many a scar, and still you triumphed. And in your triumph, you have found yourself immune to that which derives power from Faith, be it the prayers of a congregation, the Smite of a Paladin, or the invocations of a Cleric; they all slide past you without effect. And upon noticing their power has no effect, their own Faith will falter and eventually fail, leading to them losing a major part of their power. This does not unfortunately work on Incarna or higher beings, their power simply too strong to compare to the mere dregs wielded by Mortals.

[The Monastery]

What better way to ensure your foes cannot regain ground than by taking over their forts? Indeed, the Monastery these Inquisitors once used has fallen under your control; its remote nature and fortified build an ideal location for a base of operations, be it to ward off an invasion or to plan out the conquest of the remaining regions of the city.

[Chastity, The Hunter of Sin]

As Velvet herself said, Chastity's name was a dead giveaway to her true profession aside from being a stripper. When word came that you were assaulting the Monastery, the young woman rushed in to avenge her fallen comrades. Yet the sight of her comrades, all slain to the last, cast doubt upon her mind, weakening her Faith to the point where you easily defeated and enslaved her. Now, weeks later, Chastity has remade herself entirely. Clad in a savage outfit evoking your Crinos form, she hunts down your foes in the shadows, slaughtering men and converting women to her new faith based around you. Such is her devotion that she has begun to write a holy book of sorts, full of your deeds and teachings, with her eagerly accepting any input you may have.

A Hunter Far From Home

Revenge is a powerful yet destructive thing, with it often leaving more collateral than the avenger ever thought they'd cause.

A young woman named Yukie Ogami has arrived in Chinatown, hunting a particular Same-Bito named Zygaena, whom Yukie mistakenly calls a Hengeyokai, showing her general lack of knowledge on the finer details of the supernatural world.

Swearing revenge after Zygaena slew her master, Yukie has dedicated her entire life to this one task, and though very skilled, is likely walking to her doom.

While letting a Hunter remove themselves from the census is usually a good thing, you find yourself entangled in this endeavor due to the fact Zygaena threatens the Veil with his mere presence and must be dealt with post haste.

Though no doubt very suspicious of a Fera, no doubt seen as another Hengeyokai in her mind, Yukie is somewhat aware that she alone cannot face Zygaena, and together you must slay the mad Same-Bito.

For putting down a mad Fera and avenging Yukie's master, you receive the following:

[Yukie Ogami, A Disciple of Fera]

With her vengeance achieved, Yukie felt lost and confused, having dedicated her entire life to the mission of avenging her master at the expense of everything else. Perhaps in a moment of pity, you've taken the young woman under your wing as her new mentor and parental figure. Curious to discover the wider world of the Fera and with a desperate need to please you to the best of her abilities, Yukie has begun to soak up knowledge about Fera societies at an astonishing rate. Though her true calling still seems to be as a Hunter, she could quite easily serve as a diplomat or assistant to you when dealing with your fellow Changing Breeds.

Laid To Rest

Ocean House Hotel, once promised to be the grandest hotel in Santa Monica, before a series of tragedies during its opening week saw it close prematurely after a family was murdered and the hotel itself burned down.

In truth, a husband named Ed became obsessed with a particular necklace of his wife, becoming ever more consumed by the idea she was cheating on him, until he one day snapped and murdered his wife and two children, before setting the hotel on fire and killing himself.

It has been forty years since that tragedy, and yet the family's ghosts still linger in the now restored hotel, set to be reopened in the coming months.

You are a Fera; your entire existence is in part tied to dealing with Spirits. Head on over there and free their souls and cast Ed's still murderous Spirit down to Malfeas where it belongs.

For bringing closure to a genuine tragedy, you receive the following:

[Ocean House Hotel]
Through some legal hoops and a bit of backroom dealings, the now ghost-free hotel has come under your management. Even if you were to leave it alone, it is bound to attract wealthy customers far and wide, granting you a great source of revenue. At night, when Luna shines brightly in the sky, you will find that any Rites, Spells, or other means of contacting and summoning the dead will be far easier to do.

<u>A Fledgling Out Of Water</u>
Soon after arriving in Santa Monica, you stumble upon a freshly turned Kindred, her entire world upended and her life turned into a chaotic mess.

In need of guidance, she is quick to latch onto you as a friend/mentor of sorts, and you must aid her in surviving the coming storm.

She could prove herself a very valuable ally in taking down the major Kindred factions of Los Angeles, her connections fragile or non-existent. Besides, having a 10th Generation Kindred on your side is not a bad deal by any means.

For ensuring this Fledgling makes it through the shitstorm over Los Angeles unscathed, you receive the following:

[The Fledgling]

Belonging to a Clan of your choice, though a Toreador by default, the Fledgling has abandoned much of her old identity, seeking to emulate you to the best of her abilities, as she is convinced that only in doing so can she truly thrive in the Modern Nights. Bearing enormous potential, the Fledgling has made it her mission to remain as close to you as possible, both to remain near her precious mentor and so she can aid you in any battles you face in the future.

[Samantha and Heather, The Fledgling Ghouls]

When confronted by Samantha, the Fledgling panicked and tricked her into drinking some of the Fledgling's blood, turning a devoted friend into a devoted Ghoul. With Heather, the Fledgling aided her in a moment of compassion, unknowingly turning the young redhead into a Ghoul. Devoted and at all times worried for their mistress's well-being, some of the Fledgling's love towards you has bled into her Ghouls, for they often flirt and pose in suggestive ways when you are near them.

<u>Uniting The Packs</u>

Perhaps this is why you truly came here. Despite being mostly held by the Kindred, Los Angeles does hold a decent population of Garou hailing from a myriad of tribes, mainly from the Glass Walkers, Black Furies, Get of Fenris, Bone Walkers, Shadow Lords, and a few surviving Uktena.

You are here to bring them in line and must have dominion over each of the Caerns, Septs, and Packs operating in the area by the end of your time here.

Though scattered across the city, perhaps the easiest way to find them is by heading to Griffith Park, where a lone Garou has made his dwelling near the Observatory there. Best smack his head a few times for threatening the Veil so blatantly while interrogating him.

For uniting the Garou of Los Angeles, you receive the following:

[The Sept of Angels]

As it turns out, the male Garou and Kinfolk of the region had been slain due to an unknown plague released by the Wyrm, leaving only the women behind to rebuild. Their furs turning a warm shade of blonde due to the plague, these women have mostly forsaken their former Tribes and have been desperately trying to keep their numbers up and their territories safe. Now that you have arrived, they expect you to aid them in repopulating this new, fledgling Tribe of theirs, a task which you will certainly get to with gusto, yes?

For conquering all that Los Angeles has to offer, you receive the following:

[Los Angeles, The City of Angels]
Is it the genuine city, or a mere copy you receive at the end of your time here? Who knows, really. But you do control the night of this city and, with a bit of effort and politicking, you may control the day of it too. Always populated, mostly by mundane humans, the city's architecture and population may shift to reflect whatever world it is imported to, unless you wish to have the people of the early 2000s face off against the medieval savagery of the Lands Between, for example.

<u>Unity</u>
(Requires either **Savage Age**, **Dark Ages**, **Wyld West**, or **Modern Nights**)
As has been seen with the Beast Courts in the Middle Kingdoms and the Ahadi in Africa, the Fera are most dangerous and powerful when working together. How unfortunate, then, that most Fera would rather growl and maul one another than ever consider joining together for anything, even to save their beloved mother and creator.

This will not do, not anymore. The Apocalypse is here, and you have better things to do than watch idiots fight one another instead of the intended foes.

You have two paths before you: Unite the Fera under your banner by force, or unite them using your words instead. Either way, you must have all non-Wyrm corrupted Fera under your banner by the time your time here comes to an end.

By My Rage

Who are you kidding? The Fera are far too stubborn to listen to your words. You must use violence instead, forcing them to submit to your rule.

Should you have a **Pack** or otherwise have the backing of a group of Fera, this will become far easier, but even alone, you can do this, even if at a slower pace.

You must challenge Fera packs, groups, and tribes for dominance, with those you defeat forced into your army, each body gained meaning one more soldier ready for when the time comes to face the Apocalypse.

As your group grows, as enemies fall and your infamy reaches the ears of distant chieftains and Totems, the Fera will begin to unite, only against you, for certainly you have been corrupted by the Wyrm to be conquering Fera.

From the valiant Silver Fang king Jonas Albrecht to the imperious and savage Simba Black Tooth, there will be many a Fera champion who arises to oppose you. Slay them, or recruit them at sword point; either way, they are threats that need to be dealt with to ensure the Fera are firmly united under your banner.

When it appears you've united all of the Fera, the forces of the Wyrm will finally mobilize, having realized the danger united Fera represents. It will be Apocalyptic, but their retaliation will include many of the Black Spiral Dancers, several Pentex First Teams, Banes, Fomori, and other dark Spirits.

To the Wyrm and its forces, this is their time to strike. But to you, this is a perfect moment to test your forces and to sharpen their claws and experience against their true enemies.

When the Wyrm's army has been dealt with and your Fera army tested in combat, you receive the following:

[Jumper the Conqueror]

Like Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, and Napoleon Bonaparte, you have proven yourself a conqueror of lands and men. You are able to release an aura that cows the weak and tempers the strong, all able to feel the violence you are willing to unleash when you deem it needed. When you conquer any group by force, you are able to quickly mold them into extensions of your existing forces in a matter of days, with any resistance or reluctance quickly

tempered out. As you achieve more and more victories, your forces and people in general grow more loyal, eventually beginning to treat you as an Incarna-on-Gaia, equally important as her, Luna, and Helios. And, should you feel violence is not the answer, you have found you can conquer people and forces by roughly fucking the enemy commanders/rulers, leaving them exhausted and thoroughly converted to your beliefs, their people accepting the change in leadership, and more than a few hoping for a turn with you.

[The Fera Army]

Containing the Fera of your time, the Changing Breeds have adapted their ideologies and cultures to fit their new positions as your army, committing any task you assign them and quite glad to unleash their Rage upon any who stand in your way. Though most still hold on to their old Mandates, many are slowly phasing them out in favor of taking up the ones dictated by you instead.

With My Words

What would be the point in choosing violence? That is how things devolved to such a dire state in the first place, after all.

No, you must not let your Rage control you. Instead, you'll have to do the one thing most Fera seem almost allergic to: Use your words and actual diplomacy to bring about a united Fera people.

Your best bet will be with the Ahadi in Africa, who've united to bring down the tyrannical Simba Black Tooth. Once you've gained their aid, another ally to gain would be the Hengeyokai, or the Beast Courts, of the Middle Kingdoms, or Asia, as they were in many ways the blueprint for your plan, even if their inter-Fera relations are complex and full of politics no one really has time for in these trying times.

When the two largest organisations of Fera have been recruited, your real task begins: the wrangling of the rest of the Fera under your banner, without resorting to Garou levels of violence.

Most of the Fera are scattered, either by low numbers or due to loner natures. Ironically enough, the Garou may be the easiest to find, but the hardest to deal with. Some tribes, such as the Children of Gaia, Silent Striders, and Stargazers, may welcome the invitation warmly, while other clans, such as the

Get of Fenris, the Red Talons, and Silver Fangs, will become offended for a myriad of reasons, and the remaining clans stand somewhere in the middle on the issue.

Not to mention recruiting the Garou too early may give the other Fera the wrong image, considering their own messy histories with the Garou.

On top of all this, you will have to deal with the agents of the Wyrm and the Weaver, both trying to sabotage your efforts, recognising what a united front of Fera could mean for their plans.

All of this will culminate in the final meeting, where representatives from each major Garou group and Tribe are gathered for the final procedures, when a group of Wyrmish assassins will attack, not only seeking to slay anyone they can, but also to sow dissent and chaos among the groups.

Not only must you slay these assassins before anyone important is slain, you must also ensure the proceedings end with all Fera groups agreeing to a permanent peace and joining as a major organization.

When the ink has dried and the Fera Nation has been formed, you receive the following:

[Jumper the Negotiator]
You have a tongue of silver and the patience of a saint, for how else can you explain the colossal feat of wrangling all Fera under one organization without a massive body count? Having done this once already, you have become adept at getting different people, especially ones in conflict with one another, to the negotiating table and then not only agreeing to peace and unity, but also molding them into a cohesive whole with no major internal conflicts blooming to disturb the unity you've built. Your people become devoted, happily aiding you in keeping your realm(s) stable and venerating you as Gaia's chosen. And, if words alone are proving ineffective, you are able to seduce your political rivals and, put bluntly, fuck your ideals of peace and co-existence into them, their peoples quickly adopting these new policies with little complaint.

[The Fera Nation]
Not since perhaps the earliest of days have the Fera held such unity as before, the various Breeds working together in harmony for the first time in forever, ensuring your vision of a unified Fera is fulfilled. The Fera work

together, their Mandates combining to effectively do what alone they have struggled for ages to achieve: major Wyrm-nests and Hives purified of their occupants and corruption, several polluted landmarks cleaned of any damages, and even Pentex itself seeing noticeable losses in profit.

The Apocalypse

(Requires the completion of **Unity** first)

The Apocalypse, the End of Days, The Final Battle. Many names for an event that will decide the fate of Gaia, and all life that resides upon her. You have seen the signs, the Triat out of balance, the Red Star in the sky. The Apocalypse is not approaching; it is here, and you have no more time to prepare.

It will begin with two groups of Fera, unknown and unpredictable, going dark. Then, you hear a heartstopping revelation: The Perfect Metis, a fabled and feared prophecy, has been born.

In the months that follow, the Metis rapidly ages until adolescence. As they do so, the forces of the Wyrm and the Weaver go on the offensive, targeting Fera, Kinfolk, and any who stand in their way in equal measure.

On your end, another blow comes when the missing Fera groups reveal themselves, one corrupted by the Weaver, the other by the Wyrm, with both utilizing their intimate knowledge of the Fera Army/Nation to sow as much chaos and discord as possible.

The conflict escalates further when Mages, Vampires, Fae, and Gaia know what else is also drawn in, many throwing their lot in with one of the Triat, or, in the case of a rare few, allying with you.

Entire regions and nations are wiped out and reduced to nothing as the Wyrm’s agents release plagues and nuclear bombs upon the Weaver’s cities and children.

Cities and towns become spiritually dead as the Weaver’s control intensifies and the Gauntlet begins to tighten around Gaia, her children's mere presence now enforcing this stagnant order en masse.

The wild places of the earth are no safer, for the Wyld receives a massive surge in power, with many deep forests and oceans resembling places such as the Dreaming. Where creations and evolution happen at a manic phase set to a random whim, people growing and sprouting new appendages if they ever enter one of these deep places, or are burned by Wyld Fyre.

Finally, the Metis, now fully grown, comes to you. Their presence has noticeably changed, and you soon realize why; The Metis is possessed by a fragment of the Wyrm, the part that represents the Balance side, a side once thought fully lost until now.

The Metis urges you to help it defeat the Triat, to force them back into performing their former roles, and to restore the Balance once more. To do this, they declare you need an essential ally: Queen Ananasa, the daughter of the Weaver, the creator of the Ananasi, and a prisoner of the corrupted side of the Wyrm.

Freeing Ananasa would mean charging deep into the Umbra, past the Black Spiral Labyrinth, and into the Wyrm's lair within Malfeas. A near-suicidal effort, but seeing as all of creation is slowly being undone, you have little choice.

Staging a rescue plan that in pre-apocalypse times would have marked you a legendary hero by succeeding, you must rescue Ananasa from the Wyrm's clutches, the Metis aiding you and absorbing some of the Wyrm's essence within themselves.

Once Ananasa has been freed and you regroup back in Gaia, the Metis reveals the final part of the plan; The current Triat are in such a mess that restoring them will require their essences being trapped within three living vessels, each one housing one of the Triat.

The Metis would house the Wyrm, thanks to them already housing the Balance Wyrm. Ananasa, being the daughter of the Weaver, would house the Weaver in its entirety. And finally, you, the Jumper. A being of chaos, of impossible creation and potential, would hold the Wyld itself.

Perhaps in the older days, this would sound like heresy or insanity. In these final days, however, it might be just insane enough to work.

Each of you must traverse to the Shenti realms of each of the Triat within the Deep Umbra. The first of these, Malfeas, you have already once traversed, but the Wyrm's forces have fortified it to the point that a direct assault will be all but impossible, not to mention time-consuming, a resource you simply do not have to waste.

Instead, you must head to Mexico City, where the Underbelly of the Wyrm, a powerful Black Spiral Dancer hive, stands. The Gauntlet runs thin here, thin enough to allow you direct access to Malfeas.

Be it through infiltration or head-on assault, once you've returned to Malfeas, you must aid the Metis in conducting a Rite that has them absorb the Wyrm's essence into themselves fully. No doubt the corrupted Wyrm will grow distressed as it grows weaker, and it will throw all it has at you to stop the Rite, from the mightiest of Banes to the lowliest of Black Spirals. Protect the Metis until the Rite is done, and most of Malfeas falls quiet when the Rite is completed.

Those corrupted by the Wyrm that yet live will feel as whatever strength, power, and corruption it had granted desert them, with most dying in the process, while a select few remain alive, purified but weakened.

With the Wyrm neutralized, the Weaver and the Wyld begin to compete over claiming the Destroyer's former territory on Earth and in the Umbra. While the remaining Triat battle for dominance, you must deal with the Weaver next, for it is the more dangerous of the two. To gain entry to the Shenti realm of Autochthonia, you must utilize the Pattern Web, a creation of the Weaver supposedly upholding all of creation, to enter.

With the aid of Ananasa, you traverse this Web without the Stagnation inherent in it stopping you, though the myriad of Weaver spirits will slow you down regardless, until you arrive in Autochthonia.

What you did with the Metis and Malfeas, you must do here, in this land of rigid order and stagnant shapes, with Ananasa. Sealing the Weaver's essence within her through the Rite, while fending off the Weaver's forces, including the Technocracy, a group of Mages who have dedicated themselves fully to the ideal of controlling the world through their "One World, One Truth, One Order" dogma.

Yet, these Mages find their powers weakening as more of the Weaver is sealed away, eventually leaving them powerless and weak, completely at the mercy of one of the “beasts” they so abhorred.

With the Weaver sealed, the Gauntlet between earth and the Umbra weakens to the point where spirits and mundane humans, those yet left standing in the midst of this chaos, are able to interact for the first time in millennia.

You must act with haste, for by sealing away the Weaver and the Wyrm, the Wyld has seen its chance and is spreading quickly across the globe, bringing with it uncontrollable chaos and creation.

Due to the Gauntlet weakening and the Wyld gaining influence, entrance to the Shenti realm of Flux is rather easy to discover. Yet it is traversing said realm that proves difficult, for pure Wyld energy permeates it in its entirety.

The Metis and Ananasa shall protect you while you enact the Rite to absorb the Wyld into yourself. Wyld spirits, fallen Ratkin, Red Talons, and Black Furies will do their best to fight through your allies to stop the Rite from completion, and the very realm itself will lash out in a manic fashion as the Rite continues, until all falls silent.

Flux will fall into silence upon the Rite’s completion. It is not peaceful, but rather anticipating, the Realm and what remains of the Wyld’s forces recognising you as its new avatar, for the Wyld can never be truly tamed like the Weaver may have originally desired, only tempered.

Things on Gaia and in the Umbra, calm down, for the forces that drove its destruction have been contained. But your task is not done quite yet.

You, Ananasa, and the Metis must make a pilgrimage to an Umbral Realm that none have laid their eyes on: Summer Country, the home of Gaia. Indeed, you must meet the great mother, the creator of the Fera, and receive her blessing as the new Triat.

The Umbra proves itself very calm and straightforward as you travel, the myriad of realms, Spirits, and Incarna alike giving you passage.

What awaits you three in Summer Country will be a small and weakened realm, one teetering on fading away entirely. Wisps of its former glory and beauty remain, yes, but it is obviously close to fading away entirely.

You will find Gaia, kneeling before a small sapling, the mark of a new age. Giving you a smile of motherly love, Gaia speaks to you, and in the conversation that follows, you three must convince her to give her blessing.

And then, you return to earth, all three of you. As Helios rises to the sky, shining light upon a wounded but healing world, you know that now the worst is over and the healing can begin.

For surviving the Apocalypse and bringing about a new chapter in Gaia's history, you receive the following:

[The Wyld]

You are the Wyld, the Wyld is you. A simple claim over a complicated matter. You represent Chaos, Life, Creation, Potential, and your powers reflect this. Your mere presence kickstarts life, returning it to barren lands and worlds in centuries if you do not actively interfere, with the time cut down drastically when you get personally involved. You may shape Wyld energy to bring about natural phenomena on a whim, create or alter life in a myriad of ways. Bring about the birth of new Fera, alter humans so they now grow wings strong enough to let them fly, your imagination is the limit in truth. And, should you wish, your presence can also begin to degrade dimensional barriers such as the Gauntlet, along with turning people into Wylder versions of themselves, eventually turning feral should you not be careful. You may turn this off and reverse any changes you've made at will.

[Flux]

Your own little Realm within the Umbra, Flux contains pure Wyld energy and is where most Wyld Spirits are born. You may use this energy as further fuel for your abilities, while all of the Spirits treat you as a God, willing to do anything you command of them. It serves as a home, a retreat for when the bustle of the Modern Nights becomes too much. And it also serves as a fortress that few are willing to even try to assault, for the very Realm itself will turn hostile at their intrusion.

[Ananasa, The Weaver]

Much has changed for Ananasa in a short span of time, her orderly nature finding it all troublesome to deal with, but enduring so the Balance can be restored. Possessing much of the power once wielded by her mother, the queen of the Ananasi finds herself at a loss. Certainly, the Balance must be maintained, but how rigidly it should be done is the question, as she'd rather not see a repeat of what came previously. She often looks to you for guidance, balancing the scales in response to your actions, and justifying most of your acts as necessary.

[Metis, The Wyrm]

Who the Metis is depends upon you. Be they a butch woman, a tender man, or something else entirely, one thing remains constant no matter what: their willingness to go the distance to protect their loved ones. They uphold the Balance as the Wyrm to the best of their abilities, reforming much of Malfeas and the Banes into beings of a less corrupt nature, beings of destruction without being malicious, more interested in doing their task than causing unnecessary destruction. They see you as the leader of this new Triat and, with a few exceptions, will default to any plan or decision you may have.

[Gaia, The World That Is]

Earth has seen far better days. Many countries have been left inhospitable for the foreseeable future, be it due to nuclear waste, plagues, hostile monsters or wildlife, cultists remaining loyal to the original Triat, or something else entirely. Yet, it is finally healing, if extremely slowly. Should you have remained insular and focused on only the Fera, then you would find your kind is the most numerous kind of sapient being left at the end of it all, with even the human population heavily reduced from their heyday, not to mention your fellow supernatural creatures. How you go about rebuilding everything is up to you, but know that Gaia, the spirit, is once again actively watching and aiding you in the process. An entrance to Summer Country has appeared in your Warehouse, allowing you to go and visit her whenever you wish.

The Wyld West

It is the 18th Century, the Victorian Era, and the Industrial Revolution. It is a time of tragedy, progress, and upheaval, when the Croatan and, in time, the Bunyip are wiped extinct, the Wendigo and the Uktena lose much of their lands to the Wyrmcomers, and it is in these days that the Gurahl make their reemergence after supposedly being wiped out during the War of Rage.

The Gauntlet runs thin in the Wyld West, so thin in parts that normal humans are able to stumble into the Umbra by accident. This is in part because of a powerful Bane known as the Storm Eater, who rampages through the lands.

You arrive here in the early days, when the Croatan still live, and the Europeans have yet to conquer all of the West. You will receive little preptime before your first objective reveals itself: The saving of the Croatan.

For you see, due to the Wyrmcomers, or the Europeans, one of the aspects of the Wyrm known as the Eater-of-Souls is about to break from its bindings and bring about the Apocalypse. The Croatan, knowing the consequences would be catastrophic, plan to conduct a ritual that will seal the Wyrm-Aspect, but will result in the deaths of the entire Tribe, along with their ancestor spirits.

You must recruit whom you can to ease the burden of the ritual, even if only enough to spare small parts of the Tribe. Joining you is a jovial old woman known as Manyskins, a Nuwisha you quickly come to find. It is up to you two to rally Garou and other Fera to aid the Croatans in sealing back the Eater-of-Souls.

Once the Wyrm-Aspect is sealed and the survival of the Croatan guaranteed, your Pack grows by one as Eaten-By-Fear, a Lupus Philodox, of the saved Croatan joins you in gratitude for helping her Tribe. It is in her joining that your true journey begins, for now you must deal with the Storm Eater and a secret society of humans known as the **Enlightened Society of the Weeping Moon**, who worship the Wyrm as the Moon.

Dealing with the latter will require finesse and cunning, for they have rooted themselves deep in human society, and simply Raging will do you no good, though thankfully, they've yet to spread outside the West. Perhaps the Iron Riders, those who will one day be known as the Glass Walkers, can prove themselves useful allies?

Dealing with the Storm Eater is another beast entirely, requiring you to recruit several allies beyond Old Gal Manyskins and Eaten-By-Fear.

First of your growing Pack is a young Metis named Almatsa. Cast out of the Uktena for her status as a Metis, the young woman has latched onto you like a savior after you nursed her to health and eagerly aids you on this quest.

The second of your pack is a Wendigo woman named Moonchaser. A Theurge, she is surprisingly calm for her Tribe and deals more in the matters of Spirits than in war. It is because of this that she has tracked you down, seeing you as one of the best chances at defeating the Storm Eater.

The final member of your Pack, at least intended, is a contradiction to say the least. A Get of Fenris woman named Inge Torsdatter, a curious soul who prefers to dress in fine clothes and browse the local markets. Despite this, she has seen an opportunity for an adventure and joined you in saving the Wyld West from the Storm Eater.

As you work on defeating the Storm-Born, half-spirits born from the Storm Eater, you run into the Two Moons pack, led by Isaiah Morningkill, who seek to defeat the powerful Bane themselves. They could prove themselves as powerful allies in this endeavor.

Nonetheless, once the Storm Eater has been defeated, the last problem arises down in the land of Mexico, where a noticeable Black Spiral Dancer presence has made itself known.

Led by the Ahroun **Harzomatuili**, the Dancers have begun to consolidate their presence on this new continent and will, if left to fester, become an infestation too powerful to remove by the time of the Modern Nights.

As you and your Pack explore this region, your numbers grow as you recruit new members to your ranks.

Skins-The-Foolish, a Balam Bastet, is a woman with a severe hatred towards the Spanish and their descendants. Seeing as your mission is to defeat Harzomatuili and his Sept of still mostly hispanic Garou, she has seen fit to join you, even if she does take potshots at any signs of “weakness” she sees in any of your behavior.

Janey Pickman, a Gangrel of the 8th Generation. In normal circumstances, your kinds would be tearing each other apart on sight, but times like these make for strange bedfellows. Quite literally, as you and Janey ended up sleeping together before her undead nature, hidden by the sun-tanned skin leftover from her mortal days, came to light. Nonetheless, she has joined up with your group to aid in the defeat of the Dancers, hoping it will raise her standing in the Boot Hill gang.

Finally is the Xibalba Mummy named Malinche. Once, she hated the Fera with a burning passion, until her efforts led to the Conquistadors conquering much of South America, and she saw the slaughter of her people en masse. While not the most pleased with working with a vampire, a sentiment shared by many in your pack, Malinche has deemed the Dancers too dire a danger to be left on their own, and so she joins your Pack under mild protests.

When Harzomatuili and his Sept have been wiped out, and the Wyld West is a marginally safer place, you receive the following:

[Desperado of the Wyld West]

Cowboys and Desperados, the legends of the Old West that would be told for generations to come. Due to your actions, even if the Veil has distorted some of them for the general public, you have ensured your names are remembered along with the likes of Billy the Kid, Doc Holiday, and Calamity Jane. You are one of the fastest and deadliest quick drawers, having seemingly been born with a gun in your hand. Alongside this, your deeds carry far and wide in here and in future worlds, ensuring your likeness and legend are well known even in lands where you have never walked yourself.

[Gifts of the Storm]

Certain Wyld and Weaver Spirits developed Gifts entirely unique to the Wyld West that all but disappeared once the Storm Umbra came to an end. You have learned these powerful gifts, now able to use the **Song of the Storm** to alter the world around you, release a mighty **Wyldstorm** from within the Penumbra to destroy your enemies with a storm unmatched, or perhaps you

wish to **Quell the Storm** and bring order to Wyld Spirits and Umbral Storms. Each of the gifts mentioned is considered 5 Dots, and any other Gifts you've learnt are equally devastating and powerful.

[Thunderbird, Totem of Respect]

The guardian of storms uncorrupted by the Wyrm, Thunderbird granted your Pack her patronage after you aided the Croatans, and she has yet to regret her decision. Her Patronage has granted all of your Pack members increased intimidation and lessened your needs for surviving out in the wilderness. You may call for her to strike your foes with a bolt of lightning once a week, and her presence alone bolsters your willpower past its normal limit. The Pumonca and the Wendigo sense your contract and will treat you far more friendly compared to others. All Thunderbird asks is that you never flee from combat and always strike at corruption wherever it can be found.

[The Heroes of the Wyld West]

Closer to a strange found family, your Pack decided this adventure of yours wasn't enough and has strong-armed you into taking them with you. **Old Gal Manyskins**, a cross between a jovial grandmother and funny Aunt. **Eaten-By-Fear**, eager and attentive middle sister. **Almatsa**, devoted and love-struck little sister, desiring to become your mate in spite of her Metis status. **Moonchaser**, the calm and wise older sister. **Inge**, a refined cousin with an interest in a proper courtship later down the line. **Skins-The-Foolish**, a grumpy aunt with a begrudging care for the rest of the Pack. **Janey**, the hotshot girlfriend with an interest in deepening her bond with this new family. **Malinche**, an orphan of sorts taken in by a group of misfits and is in denial of how nice it feels to be a part of this family. You are not a perfect team by any means, but then again, no family is.

<u>The Green Tyranny</u>

Unknown to all modern, and even most of the ancient Fera, is the period known as the Green Tyranny, when the spirits roamed Gaia freely upon Pangea and where the greatest threat to her was not the Triat, still unified and harmonious, but sentient plants, known as the Vasha-lai, amalgamations of individual plant spirits who sought strangle the very life from Gaia on their quest for domination.

To combat this threat, Gaia created one of the earliest of Fera, the synapsid Kor, who were made first and foremost as warriors and defenders of Gaia.

In time, the Kor, wielding their mighty Crinos forms, were able to defeat the Green Tyranny and, while not peaceful by any means, Gaia was brought back from the brink of ruin, with the Kor, the early Ananasi, and the Rokea all keeping her safe from threats.

The Kor themselves would meet their doom during the Permian Extinction, otherwise known as the Great Dying, where 97% of all life on Gaia was wiped out by the Wyrm, one of its earliest signs of corruption.

Though tragic, your tale does not bring you to the end of the Kor, but instead to the beginning.

It is the early days of the Green Tyranny's assault on Gaia, and she has only just created the first of the Kor, you.

You must fight back the Green Tyranny as Gaia continues to create more of your kind, with you expected to lead and mold this society into worthy warriors against the Tyranny, along with ensuring your kind make it to the other side by breeding with the synapsids of these days, from the gorgonopsids to the dimetrodon and everything in between.

Your aging will be extended until the Tyranny has been slain and your people stabilized in population and culture. You will not be able to access your other Fera form, nor do you have a Homid form, due to the lack of humans or any of the animals seen during the Modern Nights; instead, treat your Crinos form as your Breed form for the duration of the Scenario. You gain access to them once you have finished this Scenario.

For bringing about the end of the Green Tyranny and helping the Kor form a civilization of their own, you receive the following:

[Kor, The Changing Breed]
On top of your already existing Fera species, you have now also gained the Kor and their three forms as your own. Your Crinos for this is a bipedal and slightly hunched Synapsid, who, with a straight back, stands at about three meters. Your other two forms are the gorgonopsid Gallin and the dimetrodon Yarvo. You do not enter the Umbra like the Garou, having existed long before

the Gauntlet ever existed. Instead, you manifest the Gauntlet before you and tear your way through that way.

[The Bane of the Green]
Your experiences during this ancient conflict have left you with a wellspring of knowledge on how to deal with plants and plant-like creatures. Your attacks deal twice the damage to these creatures, while you take only a fraction of the damage they deal in return, allowing you to slay Cacti-Dragons singlehandedly.

[Kor, The Old Breed]
You weren't going to just leave your people behind, after all of the blood you've shed for and alongside them. Numbering in the hundreds of thousands, the Kor would be considered cavemen by the standards of Modern Nights, but what they lack in technology, they more than make up for with warrior prowess and spiritual connection. How their society has been otherwise shaped by your actions and deeds is, quite frankly, up to you.

End Point

The time has come to say goodbye to this world and move on to the next one. Unless you wish to stay?

Onwards To New Adventures: You continue to your next jump, leaving behind a changed world as a changed person.

Here Is My Caern: You've fought long and hard for Gaia and wish to only rest and enjoy some peace with your friends and Pack, with your chain ending in a satisfying conclusion.

Country Roads, Take Me Home: You find this Jumping to be an exhausting endeavor and prefer to return to your original home, ending your chain.

Notes

- All companions can have their genders flipped if you prefer, and all backstories given are more as a narrative idea and can be changed at your leisure. The same applies to those gained from Scenarios.
- While I didn't go into intimate detail in the Apocalypse Scenario on just how bad things truly get, I envision Earth looking a lot as it does in something like Command & Conquer: Tiberium Wars, or Trench Crusade, with large parts of the globe uninhabitable, or full of nightmarish monsters that no longer hide in the shadows. The Scenario is meant to show how the Earth is, put bluntly, absolutely fucked up during the conflict.
- The Herald of Gaia basically makes you a 6-7 Dot being at baseline.
- The Fera breeds redeemed during Refining the Four Scenario are counted in the Unity scenario, should you have completed the former first.
- The pictures for the companions are more for the faces and body types, though I tried to match them up with mostly accurate clothing.
- Dot ratings:
    - 1 Dot: Poor
    - 2 Dots: Average
    - 3 Dots: Good
    - 4 Dots: Exceptional
    - 5 Dots: Outstanding
    - 6+ Dots: Legendary

The Fera Forms:

Breed	Near Human	Warform	Near Beast	Beast
Ajaba	Anthros	Crinos	Crocas	Hyaenid
Ananasi	*	Lilian	Pithus	Crawlerling (Swarm of Spiders)
Apis	*	Crinos	*	Aurochs
Bastet	Sokto	Crinos	Chatro	Feline
Camazotz	Apterous	Crinos	Megachiroptera	Microchiroptera (A swarm of bats, learnt through a Gift)
Corax	*	Crinos	*	Corvid
Garou	Glabro	Crinos	Hispo	Lupus
Grondr	Aperius	Crinos	Daeodon	Scrofa
Gurahl	Arthren	Crinos	Bjornen	Ursus
Kitsune	Sambuhenge	Koto	Juko	Kyubi
Mokolé	*	Archid	*	Suchid
Nagah	Silkaram	Azhi Dahaka	Kali Dahaka	Vasuki
Nuwisha	Tsitsu	Manabozho	Sendeh	Latrani
Ratkin	*	Crinos	*	Rodens
Rokea	Glabrus	Gladius	Chasmus	Swimming Jaws