Vampire: The Masquerade
Gangrel

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Welcome to the World of Darkness.

It is a reflection of our own world, but the shadows are deeper, the cities are more corrupt, and monsters walk unseen among the masses. These are the Kindred: vampires, locked in an endless, secret war of manipulation and ambition called the Jyhad. While the ''high clans'' spend their nights in Elysium playing games of status, wealth, and politics, they are all just dressing up the same fundamental truth: every vampire is a creature driven by the Beast.

You are not here to play courtroom politics.

Tonight, the blood of Ennoia flows in your veins. You are Gangrel. Known as the Clan of the Beast, the Gangrel are nomads, shapeshifters, and above all, survivors. Where other Kindred try to hide their inner monster behind humanitas and polite society, you know how to harness it. Whether you walk with the Camarilla, howl with the Sabbat, or claim the independence of the Autarkis, your true loyalty is to your own freedom and the thrill of the hunt.

Because the Gangrel are defined by their ability to endure, their blood has adapted to nearly every environment on Earth. You might be one of the traditional **Country Gangrel**, roaming the wilderness, plains, and forgotten backroads far from the reach of the Princes, running with the wolves. You could be a **City Gangrel**, a breed that traded the forests for the urban sprawl, stalking the streets and underground tunnels. You might even be one of the reclusive **Mariners**, making your haven in the pitch-black depths of the ocean where the sun can never reach.

Or, perhaps you belong to even more unique offshoots - strange, half-forgotten bloodlines shaped by ancient history and pagan magic.

You will spend the next ten years in these dark nights. To help you survive what is to come, here's **1000 CP**

Spend them well. The sun has just set, and the night is waiting.



Sect Allegiance

While bloodline determines your instincts, Sect determines where you stand in the nightly war for the world. Choose one of the three paths below:

The Camarilla

For centuries, Clan Gangrel served as the scouts, enforcers, and border hounds of the Ivory Tower, until Justicar Xaviar finally grew disgusted with the lies of the Inner Circle and walked out in 1999. If you remain with the Camarilla, you are either a traditionalist prior to the walkout or one of the rare loyalists who stayed behind, like Warlord Karsh. The polite clans may look down their noses at your feral ways in Elysium, yet Princes pay handsomely in territory and boons for a reliable predator who can keep the Anarchs and Lupines away from their borders.

The Sabbat

Why pretend to be human when you were made to rule the night? Within the Sword of Caine, Gangrel are respected as some of the deadliest pack warriors and trackers in existence. Free from the stifling hypocrisy of the Masquerade, you run with a fanatical pack bound together by the blood of the Vaulderie. Your nights are a relentless crusade of fire and claws against the tyranny of the Elders and the coming of Gehenna, where status is won not through polite parlor games, but through courage on the front lines.

Autarkis / Independent

Most Gangrel care nothing for the gilded cages of Princes or the fanatical sermons of Sabbat priests. Following Xaviar's departure (or simply your own solitary nature), you walk the night as an Autarkis, answering to no master save your own Beast. Perhaps you ride with the Anarchs when your interests align, or perhaps you keep entirely to the deep wilderness and open highways where sect politics mean nothing. While you lack the safety net of a larger faction, your time, your territory, and your blood belong to you alone, provided your claws are sharp enough to defend them.

Time and Location

You may freely choose your starting era and location, or roll 1d7 to gain [+200]

1. Los Angeles, California (October 2004, Vampire: The Masquerade - Bloodlines)

Welcome to the Anarch Free State - or what's left of it. Prince Sebastian LaCroix is desperately trying to force the Camarilla's iron boot onto a city that despises him. The Kuei-jin, led by Ming Xiao, are expanding their influence in Los Angeles from their stronghold in Chinatown, the Sabbat under Andrei are turning abandoned hotels into grotesque havens filled with their twisted experiments, and Baron Nines Rodriguez is holding Downtown together by sheer grit. Meanwhile, your clanmate Beckett has just arrived in town to investigate the Elizabeth Dane and the Ankaran Sarcophagus. You awaken in a seedy Santa Monica motel room just as the city's nightly struggle for power is about to start.

2. Europe (1942, The Second World War)

Europe is locked in total war, and for most city-bound Kindred, it is a nightmare. Daytime bombing raids tear the roofs off urban havens and expose sleeping elders to the sun, while martial law, rationing, and military checkpoints make city hunting harder than ever. For a Gangrel, however, the war offers rare freedom. While other clans panic in the cities, you can sleep safely beneath the soil with Earth Meld far from the bombs, and hunt along the darkened country roads, forest frontlines, and trenches where stray soldiers and refugees are easy prey and no one notices another missing body.

3. The Onon River, Northeast Asia (1206, The Dark Ages)

Along the banks of the Onon River, the warring tribes of the steppe have finally been united under a single banner. Genghis Khan is arranging his vast army for the conquests to come, organizing his horsemen into the horde that will soon shake the world. As night falls over the endless sea of felt tents and campfires, the Anda ride into the camps - nomadic Gangrel warlords and night-scouts drawn to the Khan's ambition. There are no stone castles here, and no Masquerade; the nights belong to horse, bow, claw, and fang as the horde prepares to march.

5. The High Seas (2011, Modern Nights)

Over seventy percent of the earth is covered in water, yet almost every Cainite crowds onto dry land to fight over the same cramped city blocks. You begin far from shore, either aboard a passing freighter, on an isolated offshore oil rig, or resting inside a sunken wreck deep beneath the waves. This is the hunting ground of the Mariners, the rare aquatic offshoot of Clan Gangrel. Out here, Princes and Archbishops have no reach, and deep enough beneath the surface, the sun cannot touch you. You survive by draining the blood of sharks and other marine life, or by boarding passing vessels along the shipping lanes, sharing the dark water only with the ocean's predators and the occasional territorial wereshark.

6. Scandinavia (850, The Viking Age)

The Golden Age of the Norsemen is in full swing. Christianity has reached the northern kingdoms, but the old gods still hold sway over most of their people, and the northern fjords remain steeped in pagan tradition. Here, the Einherjar do not hide from mortals behind a Masquerade; they sit openly at the high tables of great mead-halls, revered as the chosen warriors of Odin, while his Valkyries select worthy champions to join their ranks. Every season, fleets of dragon-ships sail across the sea to raid the wealthy monasteries and river cities of Britain, Ireland, and Francia. Whether you stay in the snowbound north to contend with the Get of Fenris or sail west with the raiders to plunder the domains of southern Cainites, the nights belong to the bold.

7. Free Choice (Any Era / Any Location)

Perhaps you wish to walk Victorian London in 1888, roam the American Frontier during the Gold Rush, stand in Enoch before the Deluge, or step into the nights of the 2010s as the Beckoning calls the Elders to the Middle East. The choice is yours.

Origins: Bloodlines of Ennoia

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

Country Gangrel

You belong to the main branch of Clan Gangrel - the wandering outlanders who have roamed the wild places of the world since the nights of the First City. While other clans crowd into cities to fight over mortal institutions, you prefer the open road, the deep woods, and the quiet fringes where a vampire can exist without the constant backstabbing of Elysium. Whether you live as a solitary drifter, a scholar hunting down Cainite history like Beckett, or a rugged scout guarding the borders of a domain, you embody the resilient, independent heart of the clan.

In-Clan Disciplines: Animalism, Fortitude, Protean.

City Gangrel

Emerging from the ranks of the Sabbat during the twentieth century, the City Gangrel abandoned the wilderness to adapt entirely to the modern metropolis. In the cramped streets and alleyways of the inner city, the slow endurance of your rural kin mattered less than speed and stealth. Your blood evolved accordingly, trading Fortitude and Animalism for Celerity and Obfuscate. You are an urban hunter through and through, staking your claim in abandoned tenements, subway tunnels, and industrial districts where human prey is abundant, and cover is never more than a corner away.

In-Clan Disciplines: Celerity, Obfuscate, Protean.

The Mariner (Aquatic Gangrel)

Numbering fewer than a hundred across the entire globe, the Mariners are an offshoot so rare that most Kindred consider them a rumor. Embraced beneath the waves, you have left dry land behind to claim the world's oceans, harbors, and deep-sea trenches as your territory. While land-bound vampires crowd together onshore, you enjoy true solitude in the dark water, sleeping in sunken wrecks or melding into the sea floor. You sustain yourself on the blood of sharks and large marine life, surfacing only when you choose to board passing ships or hunt along coastal docks.

In-Clan Disciplines: Animalism, Fortitude, Protean.

The Anda

Descended from the fifth-generation Methuselah Dobrul the Brave, the Anda were the nomadic Gangrel of the Eurasian steppes who rode alongside the Mongol hordes. Though western Kindred believe your bloodline was wiped out in the fourteenth century after long wars against the Tzimisce and the Wan Kuei, your lineage endures. Unlike solitary western Gangrel, you come from a tradition of mounted raiders, scouts, and pack warlords who despise stone walls and settled cities. However, unless overcome through perks, your blood carries the old curse of the steppe: you cannot remain in one place for more than three days without growing restless and penalized until you move on.

In-Clan Disciplines: Animalism, Fortitude, Protean.

The Einherjar

During the Viking Age, the Gangrel of Scandinavia saw no reason to hide in the dark like beaten dogs. Following the example of the Methuselah who called himself Odin, your bloodline sat openly in the great mead-halls of the Norsemen, taking the names of the Einherjar and the Valkyries. You view the Beast not as a shameful curse, but as a warrior's fury meant to be unleashed on the battlefield. Whether sailing on coastal raids in the Dark Ages or carrying the old ways into the modern nights, you prize martial strength, glory, and the blood-stained wisdom of the runes.

In-Clan Disciplines: Animalism, Fortitude, Protean.

The Mystic (Ahrimanes / Lhiannan)

The blood of Clan Gangrel has always adapted readily to magic and the spirit world, giving rise to rare shamanic bloodlines. You belong to one of these mystic traditions: either the Ahrimanes, a fierce sisterhood of outcasts who commune with elemental nature spirits to wield the Discipline of Spiritus, or the Lhiannan, the territorial forest druids reviled by the rest of the clan for binding a dark wilderness spirit into their vitae to master the runic curses of Ogham. Instead of relying purely on fang and claw, you walk the boundary between Cainite and spirit-worker, calling upon the old powers of the wild to guard your domain. However, unless overcome through perks, both bloodlines carry a heavy curse in addition to the mark of the Beast: an Ahrimanes' blood is inert, leaving her unable to create ghouls, blood bonds, or childer, while a Lhiannan unsettlingly repels mortals, weakens when far from her home forest, and permanently loses a step of her own Generation every time she Embraces.

In-Clan Disciplines: Animalism, Presence, plus access to Spiritus or Ogham.



Generation

Every step closer to Caine beyond the 7th Generation grants a massive increase to your baseline physical and mental attributes even without rousing your Disciplines - with a 6th Generation Elder being twice as strong, fast, and sharp as a 7th Generation Kindred, a 4th Generation Methuselah being ten times stronger, and a 3rd Generation Antediluvian possessing over fifty times their power.

10th Generation [+600]

Far removed from Caine, your blood is thin by the standards of the ancients, though still respectable among modern neonates and ancillae. You are limited to normal five-dot caps in your Disciplines, and can only draw upon a modest reserve of vitae to heal or empower yourself each moment.

7th Generation [Free]

You possess the potent blood of an Elder, breaking past the limits that bind lesser Kindred. Your attributes and Disciplines can reach the sixth level, granting you access to true Elder powers. Furthermore, your deep reserve of vitae allows you to channel multiple points of blood at once to rapidly mend wounds or surge your strength.

6th Generation [200]

The thick vitae of a true Elder runs through your veins. Standing far above the common rabble of the night, your physical and mental traits surpass mortal limits, and you can develop Elder Disciplines up to the seventh level. Your vast blood reserves allow you to heal catastrophic wounds in seconds.

4th Generation [600]

You are a Methuselah, descended from one of the Antediluvians and separated from Caine by only three steps. Your blood is among the most potent in existence, surpassed only by that of the Antediluvians themselves. You can develop your Disciplines to superhuman heights, reaching as high as nine dots.

3rd Generation [2000]

You are an Antediluvian, an equal to Ennoia herself and only two steps removed from Caine. You are less a vampire than a force of nature walking the earth. Your capabilities transcend normal limits entirely, granting you access to tenth-level Disciplines capable of affecting the entire planet.

Disciplines

You receive a **+300 CP** Stipend exclusively for this section.

Your Origin grants you 3 dots in each of your three In-Clan Disciplines for **Free**.
Raising an In-Clan Discipline to 5 dots (Mastery) costs **100 CP** per Discipline.
Raising an In-Clan Discipline to Elder Mastery (6-7 dots) costs **200 CP** per Discipline. (Requires 7th Generation or lower).
Raising an In-Clan Discipline to Methuselah Mastery (8-9 dots) costs 4**00 CP** (Requires 4th Generation or lower).
Raising an In-Clan Discipline to Plot level (10 dots) costs **800 CP** (Requires 3rd Generation).

Purchasing Out-of-Clan Disciplines costs **100 CP** for the first 3 dots, and follows double the price of In-Clan rates for higher tiers.

Note that for any Discipline raised above 5 dots, you are not limited solely to the powers listed below; you may also devise and create your own custom powers appropriate to that Discipline's theme and tier.

The Core Gangrel Disciplines

Animalism

• Feral Whispers
By locking eyes with a beast, you forge an empathic link to converse with it and issue commands. While simpler creatures like insects or fish are too primitive to reach, mammals, birds, and reptiles will obey orders (such as spying, tracking, or guarding) so long as it isn't suicidal.

•• Beckoning
You cry out in the voice of a specific animal species, mystically summoning those within earshot to your side. Your call can target an entire local species, a specific subgroup, or a single individual beast you have seen before. Answering creatures arrive favorably disposed and ready to listen to you.

••• Quell the Beast
Through touch or eye contact, you subdue the inner Beast of a human or animal by terrifying or soothing their spirit. This quenches all fierce emotions like fury or fear, leaving the mortal apathetic and docile. You can also use the soothing approach to calm a vampire out of frenzy.

•••• Subsume the Spirit
Locking gazes with an animal lets you possess its body while your own lies motionless. You can travel any distance, use mental Disciplines through the beast, and venture out in daylight - though your body sympathetically suffers any harm the animal takes, and its feral instincts linger in your mind afterward.

••••• Drawing Out the Beast
You release your own feral urges into a visible mortal or vampire, forcing them into an immediate, savage frenzy that mirrors your own mannerisms. You must remain nearby until their rage subsides or kill the host to reclaim your Beast; otherwise, you are left lethargic and stripped of your drive.

••••• • Animal Succulence
Your deeper understanding of lesser prey allows you to draw twice as much nourishment from the blood of mundane animals. While this lets an elder go much longer without human or Kindred vitae, relying on it steadily heightens your underlying hunger whenever you finally encounter human or vampiric prey.

••••• • Shared Soul
By touching an animal, you immerse your mind completely in its thoughts and emotions to extract specific memories or achieve mutual understanding. While useful for investigation and spiritual insight, bonding too deeply risks entangling your souls, leaving you with the creature's mannerisms and habits.

••••• • Species Speech
Expanding upon Feral Whispers, you can enter psychic communion with every animal of a single species in your immediate vicinity at once. Often paired with Beckoning, this allows you to issue commands to an entire gathered pack, flock, or swarm simultaneously.

••••• •• Conquer the Beast
Achieving profound mastery over your inner predator, you can summon and direct your own frenzies at will. When you unleash your rage (or wrestle control over an involuntary frenzy), you retain the clarity to choose your targets while still ignoring wound pain, fear of fire, and mental domination.

••••• ••• Taunt the Caged Beast
With a mere touch, your Beast reaches out to threaten and enrage the inner predator of another being. This forces the victim into an immediate, uncontrollable frenzy, and is potent enough to drive even ordinary humans (who are normally incapable of frenzy) into a murderous berserker rage.

••••• •••• Unchain the Beast
By locking eyes with an enemy, you turn their own violent impulses against them in physical form. The victim's inner Beast literally tears them apart from the inside out, causing invisible claws and fangs to spontaneously rip their flesh into a fountain of blood and gore.

Celerity

• to ••••• Basic Celerity
Celerity grants astonishing supernatural speed. Passively, each dot heightens your physical grace, reflexes, and coordination. By rousing your blood, you accelerate into a blur, performing multiple full-speed physical actions, movements, and attacks in the span of a single heartbeat before ordinary opponents can even react.

••••• • Projectile
Ordinarily, weapons fired or thrown during a burst of speed travel no faster than normal. With Projectile, you transfer a portion of your own preternatural velocity directly into any object you throw, fire, or launch, causing even a simple throwing knife to strike with devastating impact.

••••• •• Flower of Death
By focusing your blood into your combat reflexes, you apply the full measure of your supernatural speed to every close-quarters attack you make. Even while taking multiple extra actions in a single moment, every unarmed strike or melee weapon swing lands with vastly increased accuracy and lethal force.

••••• ••• Zephyr
Channeling intense concentration into pure movement, you accelerate until you are little more than a barely visible blur. Though it is difficult to attack while maintaining this blinding pace, you move fast enough to run across the surface of water, up sheer walls, and even across ceilings.

Obfuscate

• Cloak of Shadows
By stepping into a shadowed place or behind basic cover (such as a doorway, bush, or alley), you ease yourself out of normal sight, deluding observers into overlooking your presence. So long as you remain silent, motionless, and out of direct lighting, virtually no one without heightened supernatural senses will notice you. However, this concealment immediately vanishes the moment you move, attack, or fall under direct light or concentrated scrutiny.

•• Unseen Presence
You can walk about freely while remaining completely unseen, concealing your body, your clothes, and small carried items. Shadows seem to shift around you, and bystanders unconsciously avert their gazes and step out of your path as you pass. Because you retain your physical substance, careless noises or bumping into someone can still betray your position, and violent actions like attacking or smashing a window will immediately shatter the illusion for everyone nearby.

••• Mask of a Thousand Faces
Rather than hiding from sight, you manipulate the perception of observers so they see a face and form different from your own. You can project an invented visage or copy the appearance of a specific person you have seen, though fooling someone's close friends still requires knowing how they act. At high mastery, this illusion alters not only your features, but also your voice, mannerisms, apparent age, sex, and overall build.

•••• Vanish from the Mind’s Eye
You can fade from plain view in an instant, disappearing even while standing directly in front of someone looking right at you. Depending on your success, you either blur into a disturbing, ghostly shape or vanish from sight altogether. The shock of watching someone disappear into thin air often causes mortals to panic or freeze in confusion, and weak-willed witnesses may completely wipe the memory of your presence from their minds.

••••• Cloak the Gathering
You can extend your concealing abilities to cover a group of companions standing near you, sharing any single Obfuscate power you know with your retinue at once. This allows you to lead an entire pack unseen through a guarded area or disguise their faces simultaneously. If one of your companions makes a mistake and betrays their presence, only they are exposed, though if you reveal yourself, the illusion falls from everyone.

••••• • Conceal
You can mask an inanimate object of personal significance (along with everything inside it) up to the size of a house. Passersby will unconsciously walk around a hidden building without acknowledging the detour. When used on a vehicle you are driving, traffic naturally flows out of your way to avoid collisions, and even if a police radar catches your speed, the officer will feel disinclined to pursue the phantom reading.

••••• • Mind Blank

Extending the deceptive fog of Obfuscate inward to shield your own thoughts, you can shrug off telepathic contact and easily withstand invasive probes of your mind. Anyone attempting to read your surface thoughts or delve into your memories through supernatural means finds your mind obscured by a thick mental haze, making it exceptionally difficult to establish contact at all and severely limiting what little they can glean even if they succeed.

••••• • Soul Mask

Beyond hiding your physical body, you can permanently mask the true nature of your soul from supernatural sight. You may choose to project a specific, fabricated aura of whatever colors and emotional shades you desire (provided you know what auras look like) or appear to have no aura whatsoever. This defense remains active passively at all times, making it invaluable for elders wishing to hide their vampiric nature or the black stains of diablerie.

••••• •• Cache

Ordinarily, Obfuscate requires you to remain within a short distance of whatever or whomever you are hiding. With Cache, you can anchor an active concealment power in place and walk away to attend to business elsewhere. So long as you remain within several miles of the target, the person or object stays safely hidden until the next sunrise, unless a concealed individual does something to expose themselves in your absence.

••••• •• Veil of Blissful Ignorance

With a touch, you force an unwilling victim out of the notice of everyone around them for anywhere from a few moments to an entire night. The target may not even realize what you have done, only that everyone suddenly acts as if they do not exist. Curiously, the victim cannot break this isolation even through violence; if they attack someone, bystanders will blame the nearest visible person instead.

••••• ••• Old Friend

A specialized variation of Mask of a Thousand Faces, this power probes a single victim's subconscious to cloak you in the likeness of the person they trust above all others. Rather than inspiring fear or awe, you appear as a confidant to whom the target feels comfortable spilling their deepest secrets. If that trusted figure is long dead, the victim will later remember your conversation as a dream or ghostly visitation.

••••• •••• Create Name

By spending hours in quiet meditation over several nights, you construct a completely new identity - impersonating a real person or inventing a fictional persona from scratch. Once finished, you can step into this identity instantly at any time. Your face, voice, aura, personality, and even your surface thoughts change to match the persona so thoroughly that only the highest elder senses (or catching you lacking a practical skill your disguise should know) can pierce it.

Presence

• Awe

By channeling your blood into your charisma, you draw the attention and affection of those around you - from a single listener to an entire auditorium or mob. Regardless of what you say, the hearts of those affected lean heavily toward your point of view, making them eager to agree with you. Danger or leaving the area breaks the fascination, though witnesses will fondly remember how they felt in your presence when they meet you again.

•• Dread Gaze
Focusing the predatory menace of your vampiric nature (bared fangs and claws while glaring with malice), you project unbearable terror into a single victim. A mild success cows your target and hinders their actions, while a strong display sends even stalwart foes fleeing in blind panic, clawing at the walls to escape if cornered. With sustained focus, you can break a victim's nerve completely until they curl up on the ground weeping.

••• Entrancement
You bend the emotions of an individual, filling them with a deep, artificial devotion that makes them your willing servant for anywhere from an hour to a full year. Because they serve out of perceived love rather than having their minds erased, entranced minions retain their full creativity, initiative, and personality - though once the effect eventually wears off, dealing with a formerly devoted servant who realizes they were used can prove troublesome.

•••• Summon
You send an emotional call across any distance in the physical world to any person, mortal or supernatural, whom you have ever met. Without necessarily knowing why, the target intuitively knows how to find you (even if you move) and travels to your side as quickly as their resources allow. While they will not throw themselves into suicidal danger on the way, at high mastery they will drop everything and overcome fierce obstacles to reach you before dawn.

••••• Majesty
Augmenting your supernatural bearing a thousandfold, you become paralyzingly beautiful or terrifyingly grand, inspiring universal respect, devotion, and fear in everyone present. So formidable is your presence that raising a voice or a weapon against you becomes nearly unthinkable. Only the most courageous individuals can force themselves to act contrary to your wishes, while anyone who fails to muster that nerve aborts their action and humbles themselves before you.

••••• • Love
As a potent alternative to the traditional blood bond, you project an overwhelming emotional attachment onto a victim that simulates the effects of being blood-bound to you for the duration of a scene. While under this influence, the target feels as deeply devoted to you as a thrall and struggles to oppose you socially, allowing you to command their loyalty without needing them to drink your blood three times.

••••• • Paralyzing Glance
Honing Dread Gaze to a terrifying extreme, you need only lock eyes with a victim to freeze them in place with sheer horror. Rather than physical paralysis, the target's mind is so overwhelmed by terror that they collapse into a whimpering, catatonic state: curling into a fetal position and gibbering incoherently for anywhere from a few moments to a week or more, unless a direct threat to their life shocks them into action.

••••• • Spark of Rage
With minimal effort, you shorten tempers and bring old grudges and irritations to a sudden boiling point among those around you, affecting anywhere from two people to an entire crowd. Mortgages of patience snap, turning quiet disagreements into violent brawls on the spot, and any other vampires caught within your influence are pushed to the brink of an immediate frenzy unless they exert great willpower to hold their Beasts back.

••••• •• Cooperation

Knowing how difficult it is to make fractious Kindred work together, you can project a fragile spirit of camaraderie over a group or an entire room. While active, everyone under your influence becomes noticeably more trusting, agreeable, and willing to make cooperative plans with one another. Old social friction fades into the background, and vampires within the group find it much easier to shrug off insults without flying into a frenzy.

••••• ••• Ironclad Command

Your force of personality has grown so overwhelming that your emotional influence is nearly impossible to shake off. Ordinary mortals can no longer muster the willpower to resist your Presence powers at all, while supernatural beings must exert truly heroic mental effort just to temporarily push through your aura - and should their resolve falter in the attempt, they become twice as susceptible to your emotional manipulation for the rest of the night.

••••• •••• Pulse of the City

Attuning yourself to a city you know personally, you can control the emotional climate of the entire metropolis (even while lying asleep in torpor). Passively, the city's residents subtly mirror your own mood; actively, you can broadcast a specific emotion into the minds of every person in the region for up to a week, affecting locals (and even citizens currently traveling elsewhere) far more deeply than passing visitors.

Protean

• Eyes of the Beast

You call your inner Beast to the surface of your gaze, causing your eyes to glow an unsettling crimson. While active, you can see with complete clarity in pitch darkness, noticing fine details in lightless caves or basements without needing any light source. However, the eerie red glow is unmistakable and disturbs most mortals unless you take steps to hide your eyes behind sunglasses or a hood.

•• Feral Claws

Your fingernails (and toenails, if you wish) lengthen into wickedly sharp, bestial claws, while some Gangrel modify this power to grow vicious tusks instead. These talons provide a firm grip for climbing and carve effortlessly through flesh, stone, and metal alike. Because the Beast is prominent within them, they inflict grievous, aggravated wounds that other immortals and supernatural creatures cannot easily shrug off.

••• Earth Meld

You sink directly into bare soil, transmuting your body and possessions to bond with the earth for safe shelter from the sun. While interred, you rest in a transitional state between flesh and the astral plane, making you very difficult to detect or dig up, as the soil around you packs as hard as stone. Disturbing the ground immediately expels you back to the surface in a blinding spray of dirt.

•••• Shape of the Beast

You transform into an imposing animal (traditionally a wolf or a bat, though Gangrel often shift into creatures suited to their homeland, such as jackals or giant urban rats). You retain your own mind and access to most Disciplines while gaining the animal's natural strengths: a wolf's double running speed, heightened senses, and lethal jaws, or a bat's flight, keen hearing, and elusive size.

••••• Mist Form

Your body disperses into a hazy cloud of mist entirely under your control. You float at a brisk pace, slipping effortlessly under doors, through screens, and down narrow pipes. Even hurricane-force winds cannot disperse you, though strong gusts may blow you off course. While in this state, you cannot attack physically, but you are completely immune to mundane physical weapons and suffer less harm from fire and sunlight.

••••• • Earth Control

While melded with the ground, you are no longer confined to the spot where you sank. You can propel yourself through earth, sand, or fine gravel at half your walking speed, swimming through the soil as if it were water to travel unobtrusively or maneuver in combat. Though you cannot see underground, you possess a supernatural awareness of your surroundings for 50 meters, blocked only by rock, water, or cement.

••••• • Flesh of Marble

Though your skin and muscles still look and feel completely normal, you transform your flesh into a substance akin to flexible stone. While active, the force of all physical attacks made against you (whether from fists, claws, blades, bullets, or explosions) is cut in half, and your hardened hands can parry melee weapons directly as if you were holding a blade of your own.

••••• •• Restore the Mortal Visage

Known only among Gangrel elders who still walk the halls of politics or mortal society, this power temporarily returns your appearance to what it was just before your Embrace. For a scene, every bestial mark, physical mutation, and social flaw accumulated from centuries of frenzies vanishes completely - though if your concentration slips while invoking the change, your Beast will mark you with a brand-new animal feature instead.

••••• •• Shape of the Beast's Wrath

You shift into a towering, monstrous hybrid of your own body and your favored animal, growing half again as tall and tripling in weight. This war-form grants immense physical strength, speed, stamina, heightened senses, and devastating claws and jaws. However, the transformation strips away your ability to communicate beyond terrifying roars and brings your Beast dangerously close to the surface, making frenzy much harder to resist.

••••• •• Spectral Body

A potent evolution of Mist Form, this power renders your body completely insubstantial while retaining your normal, visible appearance. You can walk through solid walls, ignore gravity to rise or sink through floors at walking speed, and let bullets and blades pass harmlessly through you while doubling your resistance to fire and sunlight. Though you cannot touch the physical world, you remain able to speak and use non-physical Disciplines.

••••• ••• Purify the Impaled Beast

A secret behind the survival of many Gangrel elders during the Inquisition and the Anarch Revolt, this power violently expels all foreign objects and substances from your body. Even while paralyzed by a wooden stake through your heart, you can force your flesh to purge dirt, bullets, and impaling weapons at will, hurling them outward with enough force to injure bystanders - or leave a stake resting harmlessly in your ribs as a ruse.

••••• •••• Inward Focus

Known only to Gangrel Methuselahs, this power shows no outward sign, instead honing the internal workings of your undead body to superhuman efficiency. By burning rapidly through your blood reserves, you move with blinding speed to take multiple extra actions at once, strike with bone-shattering force, and halve all injuries that manage to bypass your toughness - all of which stacks with Shape of the Beast's Wrath and your other physical Disciplines.

Ogham

• Consecration of Esus

By carving the symbol of Esus into a tree and hanging a blood-fed mortal sacrifice from its branches to bleed in a spiral across the ground, you awaken the surrounding plant life. The foliage slumbers indefinitely until a mortal or non-Lhiannan vampire trespasses. Once triggered, roots, grass, and branches violently spring to life, entangling intruders to halve their speed, interfere with their actions, and batter them with bludgeoning strikes.

•• Woad of Teutates

After feeding a mortal warrior psychedelic mushrooms, you paint their body in blood-mixed woad with the knotted serpent of Teutates, consecrate them with your vitae, and decapitate them. The markings freeze like hoarfrost with a flickering blue sheen, and so long as you carry the warrior's severed head during the scene, war-spirits infuse your frame. You completely ignore all penalties from injury and add significant lethal force to every attack you land. Furthermore, the first time you are harmed in battle, the spirits blunt the blow (downgrading aggravated wounds to lethal, turning lethal cuts into mere bruises, and ignoring bashing impacts entirely) while fortifying your mind against the terror of Rotschreck.

••• Mhallacht of the Cyoeraeth

You bind a mortal loved one of your enemy to a dolmen, carving your target's name across their skin in Ogham before releasing them. Shrouded in blinding fog, the screaming victim tirelessly hunts your enemy down and dies of fright the moment the target sees their carved name. For a full day, the cursed target is struck mute, physically weakened, hindered in using magic or Disciplines, and unable to rouse their blood.

•••• Woad of Taranis

Over three nights, you construct a towering Wicker Man, consecrate it with your blood, and burn a mortal sacrifice inside to collect the ashes. Mixing these ashes with woad to paint the wheel-symbol of Taranis onto your chest sears the mark into your flesh with a clap of thunder. While painfully scarring you, the sigil grants complete immunity to Rotschreck and allows your body to endure fire and sunlight like ordinary wounds.

••••• Thirst of Donn

By sacrificing one or more mortals upon a dolmen, you awaken the ability to drain the lifeblood of the earth itself for the rest of the night. Though your presence withers nearby plants, you can drink the spiritual energy of the ground around you to rapidly replenish both your blood and your mental resolve - leaving small tracts of land barren and lifeless for an entire year with every draught you take.

••••• • Inscribe the Forgotten Names

Reversing your relationship with the spirit-shard in your blood, you dominate the ancient entity to force out the forgotten names of mythical beings - many as powerful as Methuselahs. After spending half an hour sweating blood to sate the shard's hunger, you invoke a name to summon the creature to your vicinity and speak with it. However, this grants no control over what you call forth, leaving you to appease the dangerous entity yourself lest it take offense at being summoned.

Spiritus

• Aid from Spirits

Everything in the world, whether natural or man-made, possesses an indwelling spirit. By touching an object and channeling your blood, you rouse the item's spirit and compel it to aid you, significantly improving the tool or weapon's performance in your hands for six hours. Even if the spirit objects to your manipulation, it is bound to obey your commands across a single decisive effort or multiple smaller actions.

•• Summon Spirit Beast

You call upon the spirit of an animal native to the local region, drawing it into physical form to serve you for anywhere from a few moments to a full week. Slightly more intelligent than a mundane beast, the spirit follows your simple telepathic commands according to its nature (aggressive predators will gladly fight for you, while curious creatures will trail and spy on targets), simply turning incorporeal again if its body is defeated.

••• Aspect of the Beast

By drawing a piece of a local spirit animal into yourself, you temporarily claim its natural gifts without losing your human form. Depending on the native creatures of the region, you might borrow the strength of a bear, the double running speed of a stag, the camouflage of a chameleon, a falcon's keen sight, a beaver's ability to bite through almost any substance, a hound's tracking nose, or a serpent's lethal venom.

•••• Beastly Hunger

The unseen world is teeming with minor spirits, and you have learned to prey upon them just as you prey upon the blood of the living. By reaching out with your force of will, you snatch a nearby spirit and consume its essence whole to immediately restore your own flagging mental resolve and willpower. Though this act permanently destroys the consumed spirit, no spiritual repercussions have ever been recorded from the feast.

••••• The Wild Beast

Drawing upon a mythic bond with the great cats that pulled Freyja's chariot, you transform into a lithe, monstrous feline hybrid for several hours each night. Dropping into a predatory crouch with slitted pupils and vicious claws, your strength, agility, and stamina surge while your sight, hearing, and smell sharpen even in pitch darkness. Though your monstrous visage terrifies animals and mortals alike, your fangs and claws rend enemies with devastating force.

••••• • The Spirit Beast

You merge your body and mind completely with an indigenous spirit animal, becoming a unified being for as long as you wish. Though your thoughts grow more primal, you become completely immune to sunlight and can remain active throughout the day. Co-inhabiting with a spirit allows you to turn corporeal or incorporeal at will, travel freely through the spirit Umbra, and still wield your physical and shamanic Disciplines until you choose to separate.

Fortitude

• to ••••• Basic Fortitude

While all Kindred are sturdier than mortals, Fortitude grants a level of physical resilience that lets you shrug off bone-shattering impacts and agonizing trauma as mere flesh wounds. Each dot passively reinforces your body against bashing and lethal injuries. More importantly, Fortitude is the only defense that allows a vampire to resist the deadliest aggravated damage - including werewolf claws, vampire fangs, magical blasts, fire, and even direct sunlight.

••••• • Personal Armor

By spending blood to infuse your skin with preternatural hardness, you turn your own body into an anvil that breaks your enemies' weapons. Whenever an attack strikes you and fails to overcome your resilience, the mundane blade, club, or weapon used to hit you shatters on impact. Even unarmed attackers are punished, suffering the exact same force and damage they inflict upon you whenever their fists strike your hardened flesh.

••••• •• Shared Strength

By pressing a drop of your blood onto another being's forehead, you lend a portion of your own monstrous vitality to them for a time, ranging from a few moments to a full year. So long as the visible bloodstain remains on their brow, the recipient (whether willing or not) enjoys the full protective benefits of your Fortitude up to the amount of blood you invested, though you may revoke this gift at any instant.

••••• ••• Adamantine

A perfected, elder evolution of Personal Armor, this power hardens your undead flesh until it is practically unbreakable. Just as with its lesser counterpart, mundane weapons shatter into pieces upon striking your skin, and unarmed attackers bruise and break their own limbs against your body - save that whenever a weapon breaks against you, you suffer no damage whatsoever from the blow.



General Perks

Child of Caine [Free / Mandatory]

The Embrace has claimed you, stopping your heart and awakening you as one of the Kindred. As an undead predator, you are completely immortal and immune to aging, disease, suffocation, and mundane poisons. Because your organs no longer function, you easily shrug off gunfire and bludgeoning trauma that would kill a mortal. You sustain yourself by drinking blood through the Kiss - a bite that floods living prey with helpless euphoria so they do not struggle. By rousing the vitae stored in your veins, you can mend severe wounds in moments, surge your physical strength, speed, and stamina to superhuman levels, or flush your skin with warmth to pass for human. Your blood also holds the power to bind and create. Feeding your vitae to a mortal or animal turns them into an ageless ghoul gifted with a fraction of your strength and Disciplines. Anyone, mortal or vampire, who drinks your blood on three separate nights falls under a Blood Bond, binding them to you with obsessive, unbreakable devotion. Furthermore, by draining a mortal dry and feeding them your blood, you can pass on the Embrace to sire childer of your own. However, you also carry the curses of Caine and Ennoia. Unless overcome through perks, direct sunlight burns your flesh to ash, fire inflicts grievous aggravated wounds that trigger the panic of Rotschreck, and a wooden stake through the heart paralyzes you completely. Within your soul lurks the Beast, pushing you toward Frenzy when starved or provoked - and as a Gangrel, succumbing to Frenzy marks your body with animalistic traits. After this Jump, your vampiric physiology becomes an alt-form you can shift into or out of at will.

Trial by Abandonment [100]

Gangrel sires do not coddle their childer with lessons or safe havens; by clan tradition, a fledgling is Embraced and immediately abandoned in the dark to survive on their own until they prove worthy of their blood. You have passed through that harsh rite, giving you all the instincts and practical skills needed to start from nothing and make it through the night alone. You never need a mentor to explain how your body or powers work. Whenever you acquire a new supernatural state, biology, or ability, you instinctively grasp its basic rules, how to feed and sustain yourself, and what fatal weaknesses you must avoid - sparing you from dying to the rising sun or starving out of ignorance. Furthermore, you know how to stay alive when you are a newcomer at the bottom of the food chain. Even when dropped into unfamiliar territory with no resources, allies, or local knowledge, you have a sharp knack for keeping a low profile, hunting cleanly without alerting local authorities or territorial elders, and building a stable existence entirely through your own grit.

One with the Pack [100]

Ordinarily, the unnatural presence of a vampire sets mundane animals on edge, causing dogs to snarl, horses to bolt, and wildlife to flee before a Cainite even draws near. You carry no such taint. To the creatures of the world, you smell and feel like a natural part of the ecosystem. Guard dogs will not bark as you pass and wild animals treat you without fear, allowing you to walk into a den of wolves and be accepted as one of their own without using a drop of Animalism. This harmony also allows you to leave the human world behind whenever it suits you. When you shift into an animal form, you can remain in that shape indefinitely (even while sleeping through the day) without ever being forced back into your human body at sunset. You can live comfortably as an animal for months or even years at a time, hunting with wild packs and sleeping in the brush without suffering any discomfort or risking your human memories and intelligence fading into animal instinct.

Practical Trade [100/200]

Even the most solitary predator had a mortal life before the Embrace, or has picked up practical skills over the decades to avoid relying on other clans. By taking this perk, you may choose a single mundane skill, trade, or academic field - such as computers, blacksmithing, mechanics, medicine, or finance. For **100 CP**, you possess a solid, professional working knowledge of that craft, giving you all the training needed to make a living, maintain your own equipment, and handle tough jobs without needing to pay an outsider for help. For an additional **100 CP (200 CP total)**, you become a true, world-class expert in your chosen field. A master blacksmith could forge blades of unmatched balance and durability at a simple forge, while a computer expert could breach encrypted government databases or Nosferatu networks without leaving a trace. You may purchase this perk multiple times to learn additional skills.

Wanderer's Heart [200]

For most elders, the passing centuries become a trap of their own making. Locked in vampiric stasis, their minds grow rigid and detached from the living world, succumbing to a crushing ennui that eventually drives them into the long sleep of torpor. Because you walk the open road rather than shutting yourself away in a dusty haven, that stagnation never touches you. You retain a grounded connection to your humanity and the world around you, remaining completely immune to the boredom, apathy, and world-weariness of immortality. Even after thousands of years, the night never loses its edge, and you can still take genuine pleasure in discovery, companionship, and the simple thrill of being alive. Just as your spirit stays sharp, your mind never gets stuck in the past. While other ancients mourn fallen empires and struggle to understand the modern world, you adapt to new eras as naturally as someone born into them. Changing cultures, shifting social norms, and brand-new technologies come easily to you, allowing you to trade a medieval sword and horse for a computer and a motorcycle without ever feeling like a relic out of time.

Controlled Metamorphosis [200/400]

The Curse of Caine sits uniquely upon Clan Gangrel: whenever a child of Ennoia succumbs to Frenzy, the Beast leaves its physical mark upon their flesh, twisting their features with cat-like eyes, patches of coarse fur, pointed ears, or a vestigial tail. For **200 CP**, you possess complete aesthetic control over how these animalistic traits manifest. Rather than leaving you monstrous or disfigured, any marks you gain from the Beast appear in ways that are striking, exotic, or easily hidden beneath clothing, ensuring your curse never leaves you crippled or grotesque. For **400 CP**, you have mastered the Clan Curse entirely, turning your lineage's weakness into an advantage. You never gain unwanted physical marks or bestial derangements from Frenzy unless you actively choose to manifest them. Furthermore, any animal traits you do choose to keep grant permanent, stackable minor enhancements to your capabilities (such as sharper senses, greater speed, or tougher natural armor) without ever penalizing your social grace or threatening your standing with the Masquerade.

Iron Mind [200]

Over the course of centuries, even the sharpest elders begin to lose their past to the fog of time and torpor, slowly forgetting old skills, faces, and the mortal lives they once lived. Your mind never fades. You possess a flawless eidetic memory capable of holding thousands of years of experiences without ever growing crowded or overwhelmed. You can recall every trail you have ever walked, every scent you have tracked, every story heard around a Gather fire, and every book you have read down to the smallest detail. Alongside your memory, your mental resolve is fortified against outside control. Your Willpower is far stronger than normal and recovers at twice the usual rate, giving you a deep well of determination to draw upon in tough situations. Because your mind is so firmly anchored, you are heavily resistant to mental domination, emotional manipulation, and fear - and no power, including Elder Dominate, can ever alter, cloud, or erase your memories against your will.

Walking Out [200]

In 1999, Justicar Xaviar grew disgusted with the actions of the Inner Circle, stood up before the elders, and simply walked out of the Camarilla - taking most of Clan Gangrel with him without a single Prince or Archon daring to stop him. You carry that same untouchable independence. Whenever you belong to any organization, sect, or faction (even groups that normally punish desertion with death, such as the Sabbat or criminal syndicates), you can sever your ties and walk away cleanly at any time. No matter what oaths you swore, how high your rank, or how many secrets you know, your former superiors will simply let you go without branding you a traitor, calling a blood hunt, or retaliating against you. Better still, you do not have to leave alone: any allies, subordinates, or packmates who wish to follow your lead can walk out beside you under the exact same protection. Of course, this grace only covers your departure; should you later attack your former faction or ally with their enemies, you will face the consequences as normal.

Lean Blood [200]

Out in the barrens or in the middle of a drawn-out fight, fresh prey is not always within reach, and a vampire who burns through their blood reserves too quickly will not survive the night. Your undead body has adapted to get the most out of every drop of vitae in your veins. Whenever you spend blood to activate your Disciplines, surge your physical attributes, or mend your injuries, your efficiency is doubled. Powers that require a heavy expenditure of blood now cost only half as much to use, while abilities that normally cost a single point of blood can be used twice before draining a point from your reserves.This efficiency applies to your regeneration as well: every point of blood you spend knits together twice as much bashing, lethal, or aggravated damage as it would for other Kindred. You can weather prolonged battles, use your powers freely, and go much longer between hunts without ever running dry. In future worlds, this same efficiency applies to any other internal energy reserves you use to fuel your powers.

Primal Synthesis [400]

Over the course of their long unlives, Gangrel elders naturally learn how to merge their Disciplines through experience, blending the powers of their blood to achieve incredible effects without needing scholarly formulas. Guided by that same intuition and instinct, you are now capable of merging different abilities that share the same source into unified techniques. For a Cainite, this allows you to easily combine separate Disciplines into new powers. For example, you could merge Protean with Animalism to ward your flesh against the predators of the wild, protecting yourself from the bites, claws, and slashes of any creature of the natural world (including a werewolf). Alternatively, you could blend those same two Disciplines to meld your body directly into a living creature just as you would the earth, resting safely inside the animal to hide from the sunlight while it carries you across the land. Notice that this doesn't mean you can't naturally merge Disciplines without this perk; it simply makes the process fifty times easier. With practice, you can develop new combinations of your Disciplines through trial and instinct, and in future worlds, this knack applies to any other abilities you possess so long as they draw from the same underlying source.

Drinking the Heart’s Blood [400]

In the courts of the Camarilla, the Amaranth is treated as the ultimate taboo, yet out in the wilderness and the warzones, an older law rules: the weak are meat, and the strong do eat. Should you commit Diablerie, you face none of the traditional drawbacks. Consuming a soul causes no loss to your Humanity, and it leaves no telltale black veins in your aura to betray your crime to Auspex users. More importantly, there is zero risk of a powerful victim’s consciousness overwhelming your mind or possessing your body from within (sorry, Mithras). Your Beast simply consumes their spirit whole, leaving no trace of their ego behind. In doing so, you cleanly and permanently assimilate their Generation, their peak memories, and their innate Disciplines or supernatural powers, claiming their strength entirely as your own.

Urban Ninja [400]

Most Gangrel do not rely on the mental illusions of Obfuscate to hide; instead, they master the patient, physical stealth of an ambush predator. You possess exceptional skill at moving unseen and unheard through any environment. Whether you are stalking through dense forest underbrush or prowling down a dark city street, you make no sound as you move and instinctively use shadows, terrain, and natural cover to slip past watchful guards without ever being spotted. This mastery also ensures you leave no trail behind. You naturally keep downwind of your quarry so your scent never betrays you to animals or shapeshifters, and you know how to move without leaving tracks for hunters to follow. Furthermore, because your stealth relies on genuine skill rather than a mental trick, supernatural senses like Auspex cannot automatically pierce your concealment, and security cameras cannot catch what stays out of their sightlines - leaving you completely hidden until the moment you strike.

Path of the Feral Heart [400]

To deny the Beast is to deny nature itself. Vampires are the ultimate hunters, and the urge within your blood is not a curse to be caged, but an expression of natural predatory instinct. By accepting this role (by not reveling in cruelty nor hesitating to feed), you become completely immune to degenerating into a mindless wight. Your soul and humanity remain stable, healthy, and free of derangements that plague vampires so long as you abide by the laws of the wild: following your instincts, avoiding needless cruelty, and only killing when survival demands it. Embracing this nature also sharpens your mind for hunting and survival. You develop an acute danger sense that warns you of ambushes and hazards before they strike, paired with a predator's cunning for tracking quarry and outmaneuvering enemies in the field. Ordinary animals instinctively recognize you as something higher in the food chain, causing them to submit to your presence without the need for Animalism.

And because you do not fight your Beast, you retain full control over your faculties when it rises. During a Frenzy, your intelligence remains intact, allowing you to wield weapons and use all your Disciplines normally while channeling your rage. Similarly, Rotschreck no longer causes you to cower or flee in blind panic; when confronted with lethal fire or sunlight, you retreat to cover with clear-headed efficiency. This mastery also extends to other transformations and supernatural instincts you acquire in future worlds.

Wisdom of the Gather [600]

For most Kindred, growing stronger is a slow and frustrating process. Because city-bound vampires spend their nights hiding in safe havens and playing cautious parlor games, it often takes them decades of repetition just to advance a single step in their Disciplines or sharpen their skills. You do not share their stagnation; you grow through the crucible of the hunt, the road, and real-world experience. Every fight you survive, dangerous quarry you track down, and harsh night you endure actively fuels your development. You learn from your mistakes on the fly and turn practical experience directly into lasting strength, allowing you to master in a few short months what takes cautious elders half a century to achieve. Better still, your growth is never bottlenecked by a lack of formal instruction. So long as you keep pushing yourself in the field and testing your limits against worthy challenges, you can unlock new techniques, and higher levels of your Disciplines entirely on your own through pure instinct and trial by fire. When you do choose to seek out a mentor, you never have to beg or sell your freedom to learn. Whether you are trading tales around the fire at a Gather or crossing paths with a solitary ancient in the wilds, Gangrel elders recognize your grit and treat you as worthy kin - gladly teaching you their hard-won techniques and elder secrets in exchange for a simple favor or a good story, without ever trying to trap you in a Blood Bond.

Gods of the Old World [600]

While the Ventrue and Toreador pride themselves on ruling from behind mortal thrones, a surprising number of the ancient Cainites who openly ruled humanity as living gods were Gangrel. From Odin and his Valkyries in the frozen North, to Mictlantecuhtli in the temples of the Maya, to Ereshkigal in the underworld of Mesopotamia, your clan knows how to wear the mask of divinity. You have a natural gift for wrapping your vampiric nature in the trappings of myth and religion. When you display your powers openly before mortals (sinking into the earth, shifting into monstrous beasts, or calling down swarms of animals), witnesses do not see a Masquerade-breaking parasite. Instead, they are struck by religious awe, rationalizing your abilities as divine miracles or visions of an ancient god made flesh. This makes it effortless to gather a devoted priesthood or cult around yourself without needing Presence or Dominate. Your followers view giving you their blood as a sacred offering, and will fiercely guard your resting place during the day while keeping your existence a closely guarded secret from outside hunters and authorities.



Country Gangrel Perks

Born to the Wild [100]

Leave the gilded cages of Elysium to the softer clans; your blood belongs to the untamed dark beyond the city lights. To you, the wilderness is not an exile, but your natural hunting ground. You could be dropped naked into the freezing Alaskan tundra, the Sahara desert, or the deepest reaches of the Amazon rainforest and thrive effortlessly. No matter how harsh or unfamiliar the terrain, your instincts keep you oriented. You always know true north, the exact time remaining until sunrise down to the second, and where to find secure shelter from the day and abundant prey. Additionally, life in the wild has honed one of your physical senses to a supernatural degree, even without the use of Disciplines. You may choose to have eyesight as sharp as an eagle's, hearing keen enough to catch a heartbeat through thick brush, or a sense of smell to rival a bloodhound, allowing you to recognize individuals by scent alone and track a days-old trail through heavy rain.

Inquisitive Beast [200]

Who says a Gangrel has to be an illiterate brute? Like the Noddist scholar Beckett, you combine rugged survivalism with the sharp mind of an archaeologist, historian, and relic hunter. You have a rare talent for tracking down magical artifacts, lost tombs, and forgotten lore. Dead languages come to you with intuitive ease, and when piecing together clues from old texts or oral legends, you can separate historical truth from religious propaganda at a glance to figure out where ancient treasures have gone. Once you are on the trail, you can catch the literal, lingering ''scent'' of magic and potent artifacts, allowing you to hunt down mystical items across a city or wilderness just as you would living prey. Because you pursue history rather than turf, the factions of the night view you as a useful, neutral independent. So long as you avoid picking fights with their courts, Camarilla Princes, Sabbat Archbishops, and Anarch Barons will tolerate your presence in their domains. Rather than executing you for trespassing, they are far more likely to hire you to recover lost relics or investigate occult mysteries, granting you the freedom to roam safely across faction lines.

Alpha of the Barrens [400]

Gangrel care nothing for Elysium or the empty titles of Princes; they measure worth under the open moon at the Gather, where status is earned through deeds and the telling of tales. You are a master of this custom. When you speak around the fire, you know how to weave your hunts and battles into captivating stories that command the attention of elders and neonates alike, spreading your reputation across the clan. Yet your influence goes far beyond words. Among stubborn loners who bow to no one (such as fellow Gangrel, Anarchs, and other independent outcasts), your bearing and actions allow you to rally them into a cohesive, loyal hunting pack and keep volatile tempers in line, earning their obedience without ever needing Presence or Dominate. Once the hunt begins, that authority translates into effortless teamwork. When you work together with your pack, they move as a natural extension of your lead. You have no need to shout orders or give away your position in the dark; those at your side instinctively read your body language and pace, falling into rhythm with your strikes to cut off escapes, cover your blind spots, and bring down dangerous quarry as a single, unified force.

Blood of the First Mother [600]

Legend holds that Ennoia, the mother of Clan Gangrel, nursed from the beasts of the wild before she ever tasted human prey, wearing the shape of every creature under the moon. That primordial versatility has awakened in your veins. Once you have tasted the blood of any mundane animal, its shape is permanently yours to assume at will. Even more impressively, you are not restricted to taking a creature's form as nature made it. Whenever you use Protean (or any other form of shapeshifting), you can freely merge features from any of the animals in your repertoire - such as adding venom glands or gills to your bat form, or giving a wolf the armored hide of a crocodile. Furthermore, you are free from the curse that binds older vampires to human herds. Animal blood is twice as nourishing to you as it is to other Kindred, allowing you to sustain yourself at full strength on wildlife alone no matter how old you grow or how low your Generation drops.

City Gangrel Perks

Concrete Jungle [100]

While your rural cousins read tracks in the mud, you read the pulse of the streets. To you, a metropolis is a living ecosystem, and it takes you no time at all to learn how it breathes. Within a week of arriving in any city, you can intuitively map out its entire underworld simply by prowling the night. You quickly piece together where gang turf and Kindred domains begin and end, the timing of police patrols, the blind spots in security camera grids, and which back-alley doors lead to black market dealers or easy prey. You are so attuned to the rhythm of the pavement that you can immediately tell when a neighborhood's atmosphere goes quiet, warning you moments before a police raid or a rival pack's ambush strikes. Knowing the city this intimately also makes it effortless to move through and survive within it. Every rusted fire escape, service stairwell, and forgotten subway tunnel is an open road to you. You can scale sheer brickwork, slip past locked grates, and navigate pitch-black sewer mazes at a full sprint without ever hitting a dead end, ensuring you always have a clean escape route and an undisturbed bolt-hole waiting before sunrise.

Urban Meld [200]

For a Gangrel who hunts in the heart of a metropolis, fresh dirt is a rare luxury when dawn approaches. You have pushed Earth Meld past its traditional limits, adapting one of your clan's most useful abilities to the realities of the urban sprawl. Instead of requiring natural soil to go to ground, you can meld into any solid surface large enough to hold your body. Whether you are dropping straight through an asphalt street, sinking into a reinforced concrete floor, or slipping sideways into a brick alley wall, the city's masonry accepts you just like soft earth. Furthermore, shedding your human frame opens your spatial perception. Whenever you undergo a physical transformation (whether melding into concrete, dissolving into mist, or shifting into an animal shape), you maintain a supernatural, 360-degree field of visual awareness around yourself. While this vision is still bounded by the natural range and clarity of your normal eyesight (and won't let you see through pitch darkness without another gift), it completely strips attackers of their blind spots. No hunter can flank your animal shape, sneak behind your mist, or catch you unaware as you slip free of the pavement.

Unseen Butcher [400]

Within the Sabbat, City Gangrel are widely feared as the sect's deadliest close-quarters eliminators, and you are the pinnacle of the breed. Where other Kindred treat their Disciplines as separate tools, you have honed Celerity, Obfuscate, and Protean into a single, unified fighting style. First, your bursts of supernatural speed never disrupt the focus required to remain unseen, allowing you to weave through the middle of an armed patrol at a blur. More importantly, violence no longer automatically shatters your concealment. Striking from stealth does not break your Obfuscate so long as your target is killed or incapacitated before they can cry out. Paired with an instinctive knack for silencing prey on the first blow (crushing windpipes and breaking necks) before a sound can escape) you can tear through an entire room of guards like an invisible blender, dropping enemies one after another without a single person realizing what is happening until the last body hits the floor.

Primordial Flux [600]

In the oldest nights, the children of Ennoia were no more bound to a single, rigid shape than the wind or the shifting earth, wearing flesh, mist, and stone as one seamless skin. That ancient fluidity has awakened in your blood. Normally, powers of evasion and transformation force a vampire to slow down; Earth Meld leaves you immobile beneath the ground, and Mist Form reduces you to a sluggish drift. You have removed these limitations entirely, allowing your full speed to carry over into every state you assume. When melded into stone or dissolved into mist, you can travel through solid walls, floors, and narrow pipes at your full running speed, including any boosts from Celerity. Additionally, changing forms no longer costs you time or momentum. You can shift between human, beast, mist, and stone instantly in the middle of a sprint. In a fight, this fluidity makes you nearly impossible to pin down: you can dissolve into vapor for a split second to let a shotgun blast pass harmlessly through your chest, dive straight into a concrete floor without losing stride, and erupt from the wall behind your attacker with your claws already swinging.

Aquatic Gangrel Perks

Crushing Depths [100]

Most Kindred view the open ocean as a cold, crushing grave, but you were Embraced beneath the waves, and the sea is your natural element. Your undead body has adapted completely to the harsh realities of the deep. You are entirely immune to freezing temperatures and the immense, bone-crushing water pressure of the abyssal trenches. Where land-bound vampires move clumsily when submerged, you swim as naturally and swiftly as a seal, cutting through heavy swells without effort or drag. Darkness is no obstacle beneath the waves, either. You possess a permanent variation of Eyes of the Beast specifically adapted to murky water, requiring no blood or conscious effort to maintain. Even in silt-choked harbors or the pitch-black miles at the bottom of the sea, your vision remains completely clear. Paired with your sight is a natural sense for water currents and sonar echoes, allowing you to feel the subtle displacement of approaching vessels or swimming prey long before they draw near.

Sunless Depths [200]

The deep ocean is the one place on Earth where the sun never reaches, and down in the dark, the curse of Caine loses its grip. While land-bound Kindred are forced into helpless slumber every dawn, the abyss shields you from the call of torpor. So long as you are submerged deep enough that sunlight cannot penetrate the water, you do not feel the sluggish pull of daytime sleep, allowing you to remain fully awake and active during daylight hours beneath the waves. Yet the ocean is vast, and with so few Mariners in existence, losing contact with your kind in the open sea is an easy mistake to make. Your blood remedies this through a natural resonance that carries through the water. Whenever you are submerged, you can instinctively sense the direction and distance of other Mariners (as well as your own packmates) across the sea, ensuring you are never separated from your pack no matter how far the currents carry you.

Warden of the Shoals [400]

Land-bound Kindred often struggle to use Animalism on cold-blooded sea life, finding the primitive minds of fish too simple and alien to grasp. You suffer no such disconnect. Your Beast speaks the language of the ocean's creatures as naturally as a terrestrial Gangrel commands a wolf. Through your Animalism, you can communicate with and command marine life of every kind - from vast, shifting schools of small fish and deep-sea eels to great white sharks and other predators of the reef and trench. Additionally, when you feed your vitae to aquatic predators to make them ghouls, they grow noticeably larger, tougher, and more cunning than their mundane kin. Fiercely territorial and bound to your will, these monstrous retainers will tirelessly patrol the waters around your haven, ambushing intruders and guarding your resting place without needing constant supervision.

Sea-forged [600]

While surface Kindred think themselves tough for surviving a shotgun blast, your undead frame was forged in the lightless miles at the bottom of the world. A body engineered to casually withstand eight tons of pressure per square inch in the deep sea is nearly unbreakable once it rises to the surface. Your body has completely adapted to a higher level of endurance: high-caliber bullets flatten against your skin, blades chip on your bones, and heavy impacts fail to knock you back. This crushing strength applies to your grip as well, allowing you to crumple steel bulkheads and tear open locked hatches with your bare hands.

Furthermore, because your undead flesh is perpetually cold from a life spent beneath the waves, you are heavily resistant to fire. Even on dry land, flames struggle to catch on your body, halving all damage you take from heat and burning and giving you resistance to Rotschreck. The Beast still recognizes fire as a threat, but its terror no longer overwhelms you so easily.

The Anda Perks

Born in the Saddle [100]

On the open plains of the steppe, a hunter on foot is slow prey. The Anda lived, hunted, and waged war on horseback, and that instinct runs in your blood whether you are riding a steppe stallion or a heavy motorcycle in the modern nights. You are an expert rider and mounted combatant who is nearly impossible to unseat. Even when tearing across broken ground at a full gallop or top speed, you can guide your mount with your knees alone and fire bows or firearms with pinpoint accuracy. You have also mastered the ancient Anda technique of Meld with the Steed, solving the greatest weakness of a mounted vampire. Whenever you use Earth Meld to sink into the ground at dawn, any horse or mount you are touching is drawn down into the soil alongside you, resting safely out of sight until nightfall. This protection holds true in battle as well: so long as you are in the saddle, your mount shares the full benefits of your Fortitude and Potence, allowing it to shrug off damage and allowing it to shrug off damage and carry you through obstacles that would cripple an ordinary horse.

Sworn by the Blood [200]

In the tongue of the steppe, the word ‘’anda’’ means "blood-brother." While Western Kindred use their vitae as a leash to enslave one another through the Blood Bond, you have discovered how to use it to forge genuine brotherhood among equals. By mixing a single drop of your blood with that of a willing ally (whether mortal or Cainite) and swearing an oath of loyalty, you establish a lasting bond free of mental slavery. Neither party is forced into unnatural obsession or servitude; your free will remains entirely your own. Once this oath is sealed, you are never truly cut off from your blood-brothers on the open road. You can instinctively sense each other’s direction and physical condition across miles of territory, knowing immediately if a sworn ally is wounded or in danger. Furthermore, the trust between you acts as a shield against outside manipulation. Both you and those bound to you gain a strong resistance against any outside Dominate, Presence, or Blood Bond attempts meant to force you to betray or turn against one another.

Wind from the East [400]

During the Dark Ages, the Anda rode at the vanguard of the Mongol conquests, fighting brutal border wars against the Tzimisce warlords of Eastern Europe and the Wan Kuei of Asia. You carry the hard-won resilience of those campaigns in your blood. Having survived the worst weapons of both fronts, your undead flesh has grown exceptionally stubborn. You possess a strong resistance against any hostile attempt to warp your body or harm you through esoteric means - whether it is the flesh-crafting of Vicissitude, the rituals of blood sorcery, or eastern chi techniques. Those centuries of conquest also taught your bloodline how to bring down elders who hide behind stone walls and armed retainers. In combat, you have a sharp eye for breaking entrenched defenses. Simply by observing an enemy patrol, a battle line, or a fortified haven, you can quickly spot the weakest link in their formation or security, showing you exactly where to strike to shatter their defense.

Khan of the Eternal Sky [600]

While the Anda rode in the shadow of the Mongol conquests, only a rare few possessed the vision and iron will to build an empire of their own. You possess the full competence, charisma, and strategic genius of Genghis Khan himself, alongside complete mastery of the skills that made him the greatest conqueror in history. In the saddle or on foot, you are a peerless archer, horseman, and close-quarters fighter. Off the battlefield, you are a master tactician, logistician, and judge of character who knows how to adapt quickly to unfamiliar siegecraft or foreign technologies, and how to unite independent loners and rival packs into a single, disciplined force. Walking this path also frees you from the traditional Anda bloodline curse, allowing you to remain in one place or rule over a settled city for as long as you wish without growing restless or weakened. Furthermore, you carry an uncanny luck whenever you set out to build an army or war-pack from scratch. Even if you start as a solitary outcast with nothing to your name, circumstances will consistently bring capable fighters, loyal outriders, and hidden talents across your path, giving you the right opportunities to recruit and forge them into a formidable military force in record time.

The Einherjar Perks

Nordic Radiance [100]

While Christian Cainites of the Dark Ages skulked in damp crypts as pale, corpselike parasites, the Einherjar sat openly at the high tables of the Norsemen as the radiant chosen of Odin and Freyja. You possess a permanent, effortless Blush of Life that costs no blood to maintain. Your skin is always warm to the touch, your chest rises and falls with steady breath, your heart beats when needed, and you can taste and consume mortal food and strong drink (like mead and ale) without ever growing sick, though only blood truly sustains you.More than simply passing for human, this lifelike vitality grants you a striking, heroic beauty. You carry the rugged, magnetic allure of a figure stepped straight out of a Norse saga, free of the corpse-pallor that betrays other Kindred and drawing admiring eyes whether you are walking into a Viking longhouse or a modern nightclub.

True Berserker [200]

In the old sagas, the Norsemen spoke of the battle-fury that was Odin's gift to brave men, turning warriors into unstoppable beasts on the field of slaughter. You are a true berserker, and that ancient fury runs thick in your veins. Whenever you take damage in a fight (or by deliberately hurting yourself before a clash), you can channel that pain to enter a heightened berserker state. While this fury is active, your physical strength is tripled, and your endurance is doubled, allowing you to strike with bone-shattering force and weather punishment that would drop lesser Kindred. Pain loses all hold over your body; you suffer no hindrance or slowing from your injuries, continuing to fight at your full speed and power until a wound physically destroys a limb or completely cripples you.

Wolf-Friend of the North [400]

For almost every other vampire in the world, crossing paths with a Lupine means an immediate fight to the death. Yet in the lands of the Norsemen, where Kindred and shapeshifter alike respected courage and the warrior's code, rare exceptions were forged in blood and honor. Due to your heroic nature, you have achieved what most Cainites cannot even fathom: genuine friendship with werewolves, specifically the fierce warriors of the Get of Fenris. Perhaps you stood beside them in a bitter blood feud, sheltered their kin during a time of outlawry, or simply proved yourself a champion worthy of respect in single combat. Because of this bond, you maintain a cordial relationship with one or more Lupines in whatever region you travel through. Not only will they refrain from attacking you on sight, but you can also trade stories by their fires, cross freely through their hunting grounds, and even call upon them for aid when facing a worthy enemy. This mark of honor carries a scent that other werewolf tribes recognize as well; even when you encounter Lupines who are not of the Get of Fenris, they are far more likely to simply ignore your presence and leave you be rather than reacting with blind hostility.

Runecarver [600]

According to the sagas, Odin himself hung for nine days upon the windy branches of the World Tree, pierced by his own spear, to achieve knowledge of the runes - and ever since, he has shared their secrets through divine revelation with those bold enough to seek them. That ancient wisdom has awakened within you, granting you mastery over the Norse blood-art of Runelore. By carving runes into wood, bone, stone, or metal and staining the fresh grooves with your own vitae, you can craft a wide variety of practical enchantments that endure for as long as the mark remains unbroken. You can inscribe axes, spears, or modern blades so they cut supernatural creatures as cleanly as your own Protean claws, or etch protection-marks into armor and shields to help turn aside bullets and fangs. Around your territory, you can carve ward-stones that whisper a warning to your mind the moment trespassers cross your boundary, or wear a blood-stained runic charm against your chest that steadies your nerves against the primal fear of fire. It takes at least six hours to fully enchant an artifact, and it drains much of your vitae.

The Mystic (Ahrimanes / Lhiannan) Perks

Spirit-Chosen [100]

Traditionally, shamanic bloodlines like the Ahrimanes and the circles of the Lhiannan are closed to men, bound by strict matriarchal oaths and the old rituals that created them. You are an exception to those rules. The spirits of the wild care little for mortal biology or arbitrary taboos, judging you by your actions and your connection to the land. Regardless of your gender or background, you can belong to these bloodlines and are welcomed into other gender-restricted covens, tribal societies, or insular mystic traditions without prejudice, provided you respect their ways. This connection also grants you the natural sight of a shaman. While most Kindred are blind to the invisible world around them, you can peer across the Gauntlet whenever you focus your senses, allowing you to see and speak with local nature spirits, animal totems, and restless ghosts. Because you walk the old paths, the spirits of the wild do not recoil from your undead state, treating you as a natural predator of the night with whom they are willing to parley and trade local rumors.

Blood on the Altar [200]

To the rest of Clan Gangrel, the Lhiannan are hated pariahs and betrayers who bound themselves to a dark, hungry forest spirit in exchange for forbidden power. That same grim bargain runs in your blood, teaching you that the spirits of the wild do not answer empty words - they demand blood spilled upon stone and root. By offering a living or undead sacrifice as part of your spirit magic, you can channel the victim's stolen vitality directly into your working, increasing the raw strength, duration, or reach of a spell by up to three times its normal limit. Alternatively, you can dedicate a sacrifice to the old druidic art of divination. By stabbing the victim, you call forth true omens of the future - manifesting as patterns in the pooling blood. While these signs are always genuine and never lie, the spirits do not speak in plain words, leaving it up to your own intuition to interpret what the omens mean.

Unfettered Lineage [400]

The shamanic offshoots of Clan Gangrel normally carry heavy flaws in their vitae. An Ahrimanes' blood is inert; while it resists the ties of bondage from others, it leaves them unable to create blood bonds or ghouls, and the modern bloodline is unable to create childer at all. Meanwhile, the Lhiannan are chained to their sacred groves (growing weak whenever they travel far from their home forests) and are cursed to divide the spirit within their blood every time they sire progeny, permanently weakening their own Generation while carrying an unsettling presence around mortals. You are completely free of these defects. You can roam as far from your territory as you wish without penalty, walk among mortals unnoticed, and freely create ghouls, forge blood bonds, and Embrace childer without ever dividing your spirit or weakening your Generation. Because your vitae is potent and undivided, it passes on far more of your strength when shared with others. Any childer you Embrace, or mortal kine you turn into ghouls, automatically inherit a portion of the Disciplines you have purchased here, awakening with an immediate, working grasp of your powers (including shamanic arts like Spiritus and Ogham) without needing years of separate instruction.

Founder of the Blood [600]

More than any other clan, the blood of Ennoia is malleable when touched by the spirit world. Just as Muricia bound elemental spirits to her veins to birth the Ahrimanes, and an ancient forest spirit merged with Cainite vitae to create the Lhiannan, you possess the shamanic mastery required to forge an entirely new bloodline of your own. By undertaking a grand ritual that requires at least five years of preparation, spirit-binding, and blood offerings, you can permanently alter your vitae (or that of a willing Cainite) to create a new offshoot of Clan Gangrel. Through the ritual, you choose the bloodline's three In-Clan Disciplines (either selecting from existing powers or forging a new shamanic Discipline comparable to Spiritus or Ogham) alongside minor innate adaptations suited to a specific terrain. However, no Cainite bloodline is born without a price: to anchor the ritual, you must also bind a new clan flaw or spiritual taboo into the bloodline to replace or sit alongside the mark of the Beast, though as the ritual's architect, you may choose the exact nature of this weakness to suit your designs. Any childe Embraced into your new offshoot will naturally inherit its Disciplines, traits, and flaws, and in future worlds, you may use this ritual to create sub-races or magical lineages from any species you possess.

Items

You have a **300 CP** stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Locations may be imported or recreated in future jumps as Warehouse attachments, if you wish. Items destroyed or lost restore themselves in three days. Origins receive their **100 CP** item for free, and a 50% discount on all other items of their Origin.

Drifter's Vehicle [50/100]

In the modern nights, many Gangrel have traded forest trails for the open highway, roaming the barrens and interstates between domains on two wheels. You may freely choose its style - whether a heavy outlaw chopper, a battered touring cruiser, or a rugged off-road dirt bike. Built for a nomad's unlife, this machine never runs out of fuel, never requires maintenance, and tears across muddy backwoods trails and rocky ground just as smoothly as paved city streets. Its plates always pass police scrutiny without leaving a paper trail back to you, and its engine can quiet down to a low purr whenever you want to slip into a domain unnoticed. For an additional **50 CP (100 CP total)**, you may instead choose any four-wheeled vehicle - such as a classic muscle car, a lifted 4x4 pickup truck, or a heavy panel van. Alongside all the benefits above, its tires never puncture, its frame is reinforced to ram through roadblocks without stalling, and its rear cabin or trunk is completely lightproofed so you can safely sleep inside it during the day. If the vehicle is ever wrecked, stolen, or left behind, it will reappear intact near your resting place at the next sunset.

Nomad's Fortune [200]

Even a predator who cares little for mortal society knows that money makes surviving the night much easier. You possess a personal fortune worth one million dollars, or its exact equivalent in gold, silver, and trade goods in earlier eras. You may access this wealth however you prefer - whether stored in a heavy chest of coins and bills inside your haven, or carried on untraceable bank cards while on the road. Your money is completely invisible to outside scrutiny: mortal authorities will never question where it came from, and rival Kindred (even financial masters like the Ventrue) can never track your purchases, trace your accounts, or freeze your assets. Furthermore, whatever you spend is steadily recovered through hidden investments or forgotten caches, replenishing your full million-dollar fortune at the start of every year.

Amulet of the Midnight Sun [200]

Set with a dark, polished stone that gleams like a wolf's eye in the dark, this ancient amulet hangs cool against your chest. Ordinarily, the Curse of Caine drags every vampire into a heavy, death-like sleep the moment dawn breaks, leaving them sluggish and nearly helpless during the day even when sheltered in pitch-black havens. Wearing this amulet lifts that weight from your blood. While it does not protect your flesh from burning in direct sunlight, it completely banishes the pull of daytime slumber. So long as you stay out of the sun's rays, you can remain fully awake and active from dawn until dusk without feeling tired, sluggish, or weakened. You retain full access to your physical strength, reflexes, and Disciplines throughout the day, allowing you to work in your haven, travel through underground tunnels, or ambush other Kindred while they lie asleep.

Blood Gourd [200]

Fitted with a leather strap and a carved stopper, this travel gourd ensures that no kill ever goes to waste on the road. Whenever you feed while your blood pool is already full, any excess blood you draw is drawn straight into the vessel rather than being lost. It has an expanded interior that holds the blood volume of up to ten adult mortals, keeping the blood warm and completely fresh without ever clotting, spoiling, or drying out. The gourd's real value is how it condenses what you put inside. Over time, it refines and concentrates the stored blood to match your age and vampiric potency. Instead of forcing an older vampire to drink gallons of thin mortal blood to feel properly nourished, the vessel compresses the lifeblood of multiple mortals into a few concentrated mouthfuls that match your own Generation. Taking a quick drink lets you restore spent blood in the middle of a fight, fueling your Disciplines without having to stop and hunt down fresh prey.

Country Gangrel Items

Marrow-Bound Talisman [100]

Strung on braided sinew, this talisman of carved animal bones and predator teeth rests warm against your chest. Hollowed out and prepared with old rites, the marrow inside serves as an extra reservoir for your vitae. It holds a small reserve of up to five liters of blood, refilling itself naturally whenever you drain prey without taking away from your own nourishment. Beyond storing blood, the talisman acts as a focus for your Beast. So long as you wear it, the effective range of all your Animalism powers is tripled: carrying your Beckoning calls three times farther across the wilderness or city streets, and allowing you to use powers like Feral Whispers or Quell the Beast from triple the normal distance.

The Noddist's Satchel [200]

This worn leather messenger bag conceals an expanded interior that easily holds the volume of a trunk while remaining light and flat. Everything inside is completely shielded from water, fire, and physical damage. It comes stocked with journals about Noddist lore, maps marking known Lupine territories, knowledge of local Cainite lineages and an evolving set of academic credentials and excavation permits that will pass scrutiny at any museum, university, or dig site in the world. Crucially, the bag contains an antique brass compass etched with Enochian symbols. When held while focusing on a piece of Cainite history, a lost artifact, or a local mystery, the needle subtly pulls toward the nearest physical clue, hidden cache, or relevant site in your current region, ensuring your investigations always start on a warm trail.

Ghouled Pack [400/600]

You are accompanied by a feral retinue of half a dozen timber wolves, hunting hounds, or hawks. Fed on your vitae, these creatures are noticeably larger, smarter, and fiercer than their mundane kin - possessing the equivalent of one dot of Potence and two dots of Fortitude, never aging, and remaining completely loyal to you without draining your personal blood reserves to maintain their ghoul status. They obey your unspoken instincts, tirelessly patrol the perimeter of your camp or haven by day while you sleep, and hunt at your flanks by night without ever breaking stealth. Should any member of your pack be killed, a new, fully ghouled replacement will wander out of the wild to join you a week later. For an extra 200 CP, you can increase this number to two dozen animals.

Untamed Sanctuary [600/800]

A sprawling tract of pristine wilderness (be it a misty mountain valley, a deep boreal pine forest, or a swampy bayou) measuring roughly twenty-five kilometers across. Legally deeded to you through a maze of historical trusts, this territory is completely untouched by industrial pollution or human development. The soil here is exceptionally receptive to Earth Meld, naturally rejuvenating your vitae while you sleep through the day. Uninvited mortal trespassers quickly find themselves disoriented by thick banks of fog and natural dead ends that turn them back toward the border, while the wildlife within naturally thrives and multiplies to provide a never-ending herd of prey. For an additional **200 CP**, this sanctuary is a true lost world and wonder of nature, populated by thriving populations of prehistoric and extinct creatures (such as dire wolves, cave bears and saber-toothed cats) whose rich, ancient blood is yours to hunt, taste for Protean, or bind as ghouls.

City Gangrel Items

Gangrel's Wardrobe [100]

A rugged wardrobe of dark streetwear built for an urban predator, centered around a heavy leather jacket or trench coat, reinforced jeans, and sturdy combat boots. Though the outfit looks like ordinary street clothes (that change based on the era), the fabric is lined with lightweight Kevlar weave that helps turn aside blades and small-arms fire without restricting your movement. The soles of the boots are designed to muffle the sound of your footsteps across pavement, gravel, and creaking floors, while the interior of the coat and jeans features a multitude of cleverly concealed pockets that keep your knives, handguns, and small gear completely hidden from casual observation and pat-downs.

Hit-Pack Arsenal [200]

A heavy canvas duffel bag stocked with a lethal assortment of untraceable urban weaponry and infiltration tools. Despite the amount of steel and ordnance packed inside, the bag is unnaturaly light on your shoulder, feeling no heavier than an empty backpack even when you are sprinting across rooftops. Inside, you will find suppressed handguns, suppressed submachine guns, sawed-off shotguns, lengths of steel garrote wire, a set of professional lockpicks, fragmentation grenades, and ready-made Molotov cocktails for dealing with other Kindred. Every firearm has had its serial numbers and ballistic markings completely scrubbed so nothing can ever be tied back to you, and no matter how much ammunition or hardware you burn through in a night, the bag automatically restocks itself to full capacity every evening at sunset.

The Street Syndicate [400]

You are the unseen boss of a fierce, fanatically loyal syndicate consisting of one hundred hardened mortal criminals and a dozen ghouled enforcers who hold an iron grip over several contiguous city blocks. These are not reckless street punks or amateurs; they are disciplined, professional career soldiers and racketeers who will never betray you, talk to the authorities, or turn against you even under supernatural coercion. Operating out of chop shops, dive bars, and tenements, they run all the smuggling, extortion, and street rackets in the territory - guarding your haven by day and funneling a steady stream of untraceable cash and willing prey straight to your door. Should rival Kindred, hunters, or war-packs ever push into your turf, your blocks become a lethal warzone for the invaders. Your crew knows every blind corner, rooftop sightline, and ambush point in the neighborhood, allowing them to box enemies into kill-zones and gun down intruders with coordinated precision. Any members of your crew who are killed in the line of duty are automatically replaced within a week by fresh, equally capable recruits.

Shroud of the Unremembered [600]

Woven from the cured skin of a dozen forgotten murder victims, this cloak makes you the ultimate ghost. Ordinarily, Obfuscate only clouds the minds of living observers, leaving a vampire completely visible to electronic eyes. While wearing this shroud, however, your Obfuscate powers fool technology too - rendering you completely invisible to security cameras, thermal sensors, motion detectors, and laser grids. Furthermore, by wrapping the shroud around yourself while standing in a dark alley or unlit room, you can dissolve into the city shadows and immediately step out of another patch of darkness up to a kilometer away. You do not need direct line of sight to your destination, as you can instinctively sense open pockets of shadow within range before you step through. Because this travel bypasses physical space entirely, it makes no sound, leaves no scent trail for hounds or trackers to follow, and allows you to slip straight past sealed vault doors, barred windows, or hunter cordons in a single step.

Aquatic Gangrel Items

Atlas of the Sunken World [100]

While Mariners can guide themselves intuitively beneath the waves, it is always good to have a reliable reference when crossing unfamiliar waters. Housed in a scroll-case attached to a utility belt that shifts with your body, this waterproof chart updates itself automatically to map the world's oceans in complete detail. Unrolling the map reveals the exact locations of every significant shipwreck, the submerged ruins of ancient civilizations, deep hydrothermal vents, underwater caverns, and rich fishing grounds teeming with marine life for easy feeding. Just as importantly, the chart marks the hazards of the deep to ensure your safe transit beneath the surface: it continuously tracks shifting ocean currents, surface maritime patrol routes, active military sonar installations and surveillance networks, and the known hunting territories of the Rokea (weresharks), allowing you to slip around danger before you are ever detected.

Harvester's Belt of the Deep [200]

Since steel rusts and gunpowder ruins in the deep sea, Mariners learn to fashion their tools from the ocean itself. This heavy leather belt is hung with bone vials and woven pouches containing a self-replenishing supply of specialized, vitae-treated materials harvested from the trenches.

Within the pouches are weighted nets woven from abyssal kelp, tough enough to entangle a thrashing shark or hold down a rival vampire without tearing. The vials hold concentrated deep-sea cephalopod ink that works on land or underwater: shattering one releases a pitch-black cloud that blocks sight, smothers scent trails, and blinds thermal sensors for a clean vanish. Finally, a case of stonefish and cone-snail spines provides a potent, blood-thickening toxin; coating a blade or your Feral Claws with the venom causes the blood of any living or undead victim you cut to sluggishly coagulate: paralyzing mortals in seconds and preventing other Kindred from spending vitae to heal or use Disciplines for several moments.

Sunken Spanish Galleon [400]

Resting undisturbed on the seabed in the dark waters off the coast, this centuries-old Spanish treasure galleon serves as a discreet, natural haven for a Mariner. Coral and kelp have grown over its weathered oak timbers, hiding it from surface sonar and salvage divers alike, while its sealed lower cabins provide a secure, lightless place to rest away from the currents. Like any deep-sea reef, the wreck naturally attracts an abundance of large marine life, ensuring you always have a steady supply of prey swimming right outside your hull. Furthermore, locked inside the captain's strongroom are chests packed with Spanish gold doubloons, gold bars, and jeweled artifacts that slowly replenish after three months, giving you a fortune to sell off whenever you choose to walk on dry land.

Heart of the Kraken [600]

Pulled from the sunless bottom of the Mariana Trench, this fist-sized, petrified organ looks like dark stone, yet beats with a slow, cold pulse whenever you hold it or wear it against your chest. This ancient magical artifact grants you direct control over water, even when you are on dry land miles away from the sea. At will, you can conjure water from nothing or command any liquid around you with the precision of a limb. In battle, you can fire highly pressurized bursts of water capable of slicing cleanly through steel doors, body armor, and bone, or unleash crashing waves that batter enemies off their feet. You can also shape water into whipping tendrils to grapple targets from afar, form dense shields of water that stop incoming bullets, or trap an opponent's head inside a sphere of water to drown mortals and keep rival Kindred from speaking. While you are submerged in the ocean, this control grows even stronger, allowing you to create localized whirlpools and powerful currents that drag boats and swimmers down into the dark.

The Anda Items

Steed of the Steppe [100]

To an Anda, a mount is more than mere transport; it is the other half of your soul. You possess a loyal steed: a tough, well-bred Mongolian stallion, and you may freely customize its appearance whenever you wish. Your mount loves you unconditionally, never spooks in battle or around other predators, and no matter where you are, if you whistle or call for it, it will soon come galloping in the night to reach your side. Better yet, your mount has no cap on how much it can grow from your blood. You can feed your vitae to it, and the more blood you give it over time, the stronger, faster, and tougher it permanently becomes. With enough time and blood, your steed can grow as strong and resilient as you are - shrugging off gunfire and blades while trampling enemies beneath its hooves.

Bow of the Steppe Warlord [200]

A mastercrafted horn-and-sinew recurve bow accompanied by an infinite quiver of standard and whistling arrows that never runs dry. The bow possesses an immense draw weight that would snap mortal shoulders, firing arrows with enough velocity to pierce heavy steel plate and pin armored knights straight to trees. Furthermore, the weapon adapts to your body: as you grow stronger over time, the draw weight and power of the bow increase to match your new strength, ensuring you never outgrow it. Alongside armor-piercing broadheads, you can pull whistling arrows from the quiver at will. Whistling arrows fired from this bow shriek with a terrifying wail as they fly, sending enemy cavalry and mounts into a blind panic and shaking the nerve of mortal soldiers before your riders even close in.

Armory of the Horde [400]

A nomad warlord needs weapons to outfit their riders without relying on the smiths of settled cities. Taking the form of a heavy, iron-bound supply wagon or felt tent in historical eras (or an armored semi-trailer in the modern nights) this mobile armory follows your camp wherever you travel and contains enough masterwork weapons and armor to fully equip up to a hundred mounted warriors.
Inside, you will find racks of heavy Mongol lamellar armor, iron helmets, curved sabers, lances, and composite bows, alongside modern equivalents like Kevlar riding gear, assault rifles, shotguns, and plentiful ammunition if you are in the modern nights. Every weapon and suit of armor inside is of exceptional quality, never rusts or jams on the road, and automatically repairs or replaces itself inside the racks at sunset if lost or broken in battle. Furthermore, the armory includes a stock of siege and raiding supplies (such as black-powder firepots, grappling hooks, and heavy breach-charges) built for tearing down the walls of entrenched havens.

War-Belt of the Steppe [600]

Forged from heavy plaques of meteoric iron and gold, this war-belt makes you an unstoppable force in the field. While wearing it, you and your mount cannot be slowed, pinned, or stopped by physical or supernatural means. It magnifies your momentum as you move, letting you perform incredible feats like riding straight through brick walls, steel barricades, and shield-walls without losing speed, shattering obstacles on impact. Furthermore, once per night, you can strike the buckle in battle to call forth a dozen spectral steppe horsemen woven from shadow and blood. These phantom riders fight alongside you for a few minutes, charging at your flanks to trample foes and loose volleys of armor-piercing arrows. Because they are not of the living world, the riders are completely invincible while manifested: blades, bullets, fire, and magic pass harmlessly through their ghostly frames without slowing their charge, ensuring nothing can stop their onslaught before they fade back into the night.

The Einherjar Items

Rune-Carved Throwing Axe [100]

A light Norse axe forged from dark steel. Deeply etched into the flat of the blade and stained with ancient vitae are the elder runes Fehu (possessions) and Ehwaz (movement), binding the weapon permanently to its owner's hand and giving it unnatural speed in flight. While balanced well enough to cleave through shields and bone in close combat, the axe's true magic awakens when hurled at a target. The moment it leaves your fingers, the rune of movement causes the axe to accelerate sharply through the air, striking with far greater velocity and armor-piercing force than a normal throw could ever achieve. Immediately after it hits its mark (or if you call it back mid-flight) the rune of possession pulls the weapon spinning back through the air to land cleanly and safely in your waiting grip.

Dragon-Ship of the Einherjar [200]

A magnificent Viking longship crafted from ancient oak, topped with a snarling dragon figurehead and lined with round shields along its gunwales. Carved from stem to stern with blood-stained runes of speed and warding, the vessel slices effortlessly through raging sea storms, thick pack ice, and shallow inland rivers alike. It travels at twice the speed of a mundane ship and requires neither wind, oarsmen, nor fuel to sail, responding directly to your mental command so you can pilot it alone or with a full raiding party. Below the planks lies a spacious, rune-sealed hold built to serve as a mobile haven on the water. The chamber completely blocks every ray of the sun while you rest and conceals the entire vessel from both mortal coast guards and supernatural scrying, allowing you to sail up to coastal domains anywhere in the world, strike in the dark, and vanish back into the northern mists before dawn.

Great Hall of the Einherjar [400]

A monumental wooden feast-hall built from massive timber pillars, carved with intricate knotwork depicting the deeds of Odin and Freyja. Situated atop a craggy cliff overlooking northern fjords, its heavy roof shingles are sealed tight with pitch and moss, completely blocking out all sunlight while still allowing the smoke from the great central hearths to escape. You do not rule this hall alone. It comes populated by a fiercely loyal clan of one hundred mortal shieldmaidens, blacksmiths, and hardened hearth-guards who revere you as a living god-ancestor. They tend the hall, forge weapons, willingly offer their blood at the high table during nightly feasts, and stand watch with axes and spears to fiercely defend the gates against any intruder while you slumber through the day. In future worlds, this hall and its surrounding fjord can be placed in any northern or coastal wilderness you choose.

The Blood-Horn of the All-High [600]

Bound in heavy gold and carved with ancient runes along its curved length, this gigantic aurochs drinking horn was once the greatest treasure of the Methuselah Odin, kept at the high table of his hall to feast his chosen warriors. Whenever the horn is filled with ale or mead and a single drop of mortal blood is added to it, all the drink within is instantly changed into fresh, nourishing blood, allowing you to slake your thirst or feed an entire hall without ever needing to hunt. Its true power, however, awakens when you add a drop of vampiric vitae instead: if a single drop of vitae is mixed into the ale or mead, the entire draught transforms into the pure vitae of the one who shed the drop - allowing you to multiply your own blood to feed a war-pack of ghouls, or stretch a single drop of stolen elder blood into a feast.

The Mystic (Ahrimanes / Lhiannan) Items

Pouch of Woad and Sacred Herbs [100]

Hanging from your belt is a leather pouch that never runs out of the rare, strange ingredients required for witchcraft, Ogham, and spirit works. Reaching inside always yields whatever ritual components you need - including fresh mistletoe, psychedelic mushrooms, graveyard soil, animal bones, and nightshade. The most prized item within the pouch, however, is a stoppered clay pot of thick blue woad pigment mixed with ancient vitae that refills itself each night. Before a hunt or battle, you can spend a few moments painting your face and skin with this woad. Once applied, the markings gleam faintly in the dark, hardening your skin with the protection of light armor while making your Presence and Dread Gaze twice as terrifying to anyone who looks upon your painted face.

The Stag's Snare [200]

The old spirits of the forest have no love for those who desecrate the wild or prey upon the helpless. Situated at the edge of your territory is a cursed, mist-shrouded trail marked by ancient stone cairns that acts as a supernatural trap for the wicked. Whenever violent criminals, rapists, murderers, or corrupt predators travel anywhere within kilometers of your domain, the shifting mists and phantom trails of the snare subtly lure them off the road and straight into a natural pit or holding cellar beneath your haven. Every week, you will find a fresh handful of the worst mortal offenders trapped and waiting for you - people whose crimes are so vile that sacrificing them on your altars or draining their blood never stains your conscience or lowers your Humanity. Because they wandered off the grid on their own while following the mist, no police investigation or missing-persons report will ever lead back to your territory, giving you a steady, guilt-free supply of warriors and offerings for your Ogham rites.

The Wicker Guardian [400]

Standing silent vigil outside your haven or sanctum is a terrifying, three-meters-tall effigy woven from thick willow branches, thorny vines, and polished animal skulls stained with blood. Though it appears to be nothing more than a grim pagan monument to casual eyes, a fierce wilderness spirit is bound inside its wooden frame, awakening the moment an uninvited intruder approaches or whenever you call it to battle. Moving with unnatural speed and creaking timber, the effigy fights with the raw physical strength and savagery of a full-grown werewolf, tearing armored men and rival Kindred apart with claws of iron-hard oak and antlers. Worse still for your enemies, the construct is nearly impossible to put down: its woven vines and branches knit back together as fast as they are cut or blasted apart, regenerating from damage just like a werewolf - and should it ever be completely burned to ash, it regrows from the soil outside your haven at the next sunset.

Heart-Tree of the Sacred Grove [600]

This ancient, gnarled oak sapling smells faintly of iron and old earth. When planted within a natural wilderness domain that you claim (such as a forest, mountain valley, or swamp) the sapling grows overnight into a massive oak and extends its roots invisibly to the borders of your territory. Because its roots require untamed soil, it cannot be planted in a city or beneath paved urban streets. Any natural domain bound by these roots is permanently claimed, turning the land and its wildlife into a personal property you can carry into future Jumps. Linked to this root network, you immediately know the moment uninvited strangers enter your domain and where they are. Furthermore, the tree can defend your grove directly. At your command, iron-hard roots erupt from the soil to drag a target back to the oak. These roots can overpower and bind an enemy as powerful as an ancient vampire elder, keeping them helplessly sealed inside the trunk for as long as the tree remains intact.

Companions

Recruit Anyone [Free]

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

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

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

Emilio [Free]

"I finished pressing your coat and sweeping that Sabbat pack's ashes off the porch, Master. Also, since today marks another year of loyal service... were we still thinking about maybe doing the Embrace tonight? No? Okay, I'll go wash the car."

Mild-mannered, slightly chubby, and usually dressed in a sweater vest, Emilio has been working as a mortal familiar for years. He isn't even blood-bound or ghouled; he puts up with the thankless chores, body disposal, and late-night errands purely because he grew up obsessed with vampire movies and desperately wants to be turned into a creature of the night. Despite constantly getting strung along with vague promises that he'll be Embraced "eventually," he keeps your haven running, pays your mortal bills, and lures in prey without complaint.The irony is that Emilio is actually a distant descendant of the legendary vampire hunter Abraham Van Helsing. Even though the bloodline is heavily diluted, he still inherited the family's hunting instincts. The moment a hostile vampire threatens him or his master, his body acts on pure muscle memory, turning a polite guy in a cardigan into a lethal vampire killer who can stake and decapitate experienced Kindred with household tools. As a result, Emilio spends half his time quietly killing the assassins sent after your haven, mostly because you can't turn him into a vampire if you're dead.

Raven [50]

"I looped the security cams on 5th, wiped your face from the police database, and left two bags of O-negative warming in the kitchen. Also, you're out of energy drinks, and if you forget to give me my blood-fix tonight, I'm changing the Wi-Fi password."

Pale, sarcastic, and dressed in oversized band hoodies, silver chokers, and platform boots, Raven is a twenty-something goth hacker who stumbled across you feeding in an abandoned subway station. Instead of running away screaming, she thought meeting a real vampire was the coolest thing she had ever seen and immediately talked you into making her your ghoul. Fueled by your vitae and a steady diet of caffeine and loud industrial music, Raven serves as your eyes and hands during the daylight hours. Operating out of a dark basement lit by half a dozen computer monitors, she can breach encrypted government networks, snoop through Nosferatu servers, drain the bank accounts of rival Kindred, and scrub your Masquerade breaches off the internet before the Sheriff even wakes up. She isn't a frontline fighter, and she will relentlessly mock you whenever you act like an out-of-touch elder around modern tech, but she is fiercely loyal and always makes sure your haven is safe while you sleep.

Roxi "Jinx" Valentine [50]

"Ooh, was that guy the Prince's Sheriff? My bad, puddin'! He looked at you funny, so I kinda-sorta ripped his throat out! ...Wait, don't be mad! Look, I kept his cool coat for you!"

Sporting dyed twin-tails, torn fishnets, and a blood-splattered leather jacket, Roxi is a completely unhinged 7th Generation City Gangrel. Formerly the terror of a Sabbat war-pack, she took one look at you, decided you were her soulmate, and slaughtered her own packmates so the two of you could run away together. In combat, she is a giggling, acrobatic whirlwind of Celerity, Obfuscate, and Protean. She vanishes into thin air only to drop onto enemies from above, carving rivals into ribbons with her Feral Claws, cracking skulls with a heavy baseball bat, or wildly spraying dual submachine guns across the room.The catch? She has zero impulse control, gets fiercely jealous when others flirt with you, and treats the Masquerade like a joke. Left unsupervised, she will happily burn down an Elysium just to see you smile. If you can handle the collateral damage, Roxi is a ride-or-die partner who will gleefully butcher anyone who crosses you.

Garrick [50]

"Look, pal, I don't know who the hell 'Caine' is, and I don't care about your fancy Prince. All I know is my head hurts, I'm out of cigars, and the next guy who tries to put a stake in my chest is leaving here in pieces."

Short, broad-shouldered, and built like a brick wall, Garrick is a gruff 6th Generation Country Gangrel who recently clawed his way out of the frozen Canadian dirt after decades in torpor. He has zero memories of his past, his sire, or the centuries he lived before going under - only a battered leather jacket, a pair of worn dog tags, and a hair-trigger temper. Centuries of frenzies have left him half-feral, giving him wolfish sideburns, pointed ears, and a bloodhound's sense of smell. Due to a unique mutation of his Elder Fortitude and Protean, his entire skeleton has hardened into a substance as dense and unbreakable as solid adamantine. Blades shatter against his ribs, bullets flatten on his skull, and he cannot be dismembered or decapitated. Though he acts like a grumpy loner who just wants to be left alone with a cheap cigar, he has a fierce protective streak for the underdog. Keep him pointed at the bad guys, and this unkillable berserker will gladly watch your back while he pieces his missing memories together.

Elias [50]

"Do you fear the dark water, Jumper? You should. The sea is a cruel, fickle mistress. I gave her my soul, my centuries, and my devotion... and when she betrayed me, I carved out the only part of me left that could still feel it."

Draped in a salt-crusted 18th-century captain's coat, Elias is a brooding, theatrical 6th Generation Mariner Elder. Centuries ago, he fell passionately in love with an ancient, untamable spirit of the deep ocean. When she broke her vows and abandoned him to the lonely abyss, his grief triggered a catastrophic Frenzy that permanently warped his body with the marks of the sea: a mass of writhing octopus tentacles hangs from his jaw like a beard, barnacles crust his skin, and his left hand has mutated into a massive, armor-crushing crab claw. Unable to bear his heartbreak, Elias used a forbidden blood-rite to literally cut his own undead heart from his ribs and lock it inside a heavy iron chest. Because his ribcage is empty, wooden stakes driven into his chest do nothing to paralyze him, and locking away his heart has left him completely immune to emotional manipulation, Presence, and fear. In battle, he shrugs off heavy gunfire with Fortitude, cuts enemies down with a broadsword, and summons monstrous sea predators from the depths. He is a capable sailor, swordsman, and summoner of sea creatures, but don't expect him to be particularly pleasant company. Elias is bitter, spiteful, and prone to long-winded speeches about the sea. Still, he's had centuries to learn a thing or two, and he's not one to abandon a shipmate.

Kadan [50]

"By locking their haven doors and building walls around their cities, the Princes are challenging our strength. Well... I'm here. Let's go break them."

Towering, broad-shouldered, and draped in heavy wolf pelts, Kadan is a ruthless 6th Generation Anda warlord with permanent Beast marks that have turned the whites of his eyes pitch-black around glowing yellow pupils. Centuries ago, he led a massive nomadic horde across the Great Wall to conquer China and bring the Kuei-jin courts to their knees. He came within inches of seizing the Imperial capital before a catastrophic mountain avalanche buried his entire army in the snow, and a desperate barrage of black-powder rockets forced him into centuries of torpor.

Now awake in the modern nights, Kadan is a terrifying mix of brute force and ambush predator. Despite his massive frame, he moves in complete silence and can scale sheer brick walls and skyscrapers with his bare hands. In battle, he swings a heavy, wave-bladed iron broadsword with enough raw strength to cleave straight through stone pillars and engine blocks, while his loyal, ghouled saker falcon circles high overhead to spot enemy patrols and blind guards before he strikes. Kadan refuses to mourn his lost horde or skulk in the dark; to him, every fortified Camarilla domain is just another wall begging to be torn down, and he rides at your side for the sheer satisfaction of watching arrogant rulers kneel in the rubble of their own palaces.

The Colts [50]

"Driver picks the music. Now grab the machetes and the fake FBI badges, little brother - looks like we've got a Sabbat nest to clear before sunrise."

Roaming the American backroads in a roaring, pristine 1967 black muscle car, Luke and Eli Colt are 7th Generation Country Gangrel brothers with a very unusual unlife. Raised from childhood by their obsessive hunter father to track down things that go bump in the night, the brothers refused to let a little thing like getting Embraced stop them from carrying on the family business: saving people and hunting monsters. Luke, the older brother in a worn leather jacket, is a wisecracking brawler who blasts classic rock cassettes, treats his car like a sacred relic, and prefers solving problems with Feral Claws and a sawed-off shotgun loaded with incendiary shells. Eli, the taller, flannel-wearing younger brother, is the brains of the duo: an obsessive occult scholar who uses his laptop and their father's leather journal to identify obscure ghosts, Lupines, and bloodlines from a single clue, while keeping a dozen fake federal agent IDs ready to fool local cops.The brothers bicker constantly and are borderline codependent, having thrown themselves into the fire for each other more times than they can count. Hop into the backseat of their car, however, and you will have two relentless road-warriors who know how to kill almost anything in the World of Darkness.

The Relic Hunter [50]

"Setites. Why did it have to be Setites? Look, that tablet belongs in a museum, not some blood-cult basement - now grab the idol and start running before the ceiling comes down!"

Henry was a tenured archaeology professor in the 1930s before a botched excavation in Cairo left him Embraced as a 7th Generation Country Gangrel. Now he spends his nights teaching history classes at local universities to fund his real passion: raiding lost tombs and keeping dangerous artifacts out of the wrong hands. Because he travels the world in a leather jacket and a fedora hunting down relics, almost every vampire he meets mistakes him for Beckett at first glance - a mix-up that drives Henry up the wall, since he thinks Beckett is a pretentious nerd who talks too much.Unlike elders who rely on claws and majesty, Henry fights with dirty boxing, a heavy revolver, and an old bullwhip he uses to disarm enemies or swing across gaps. He rarely has a real plan when breaking into a ruin, relying on Fortitude and dumb luck to survive collapsing ceilings and ancient traps. The only thing that truly shakes him is snakes; he has a severe phobia of reptiles, which makes his frequent run-ins with the Followers of Set a problem. Still, if you need someone to read a dead language or steal a relic while refusing to leave his hat behind, Henry is ready to go.

Mercer [50]

"They keep sending Archons and bounty hunters out to bring me in. Funny thing is, the moment the lights go out, they're the ones screaming in the dark."

Muscular, shaved-headed, and speaking in a low, gravelly rasp, Mercer is a 7th Generation City Gangrel who has survived more active Blood Hunts than almost anyone alive. A permanent quirk of his Protean has given his eyes a metallic silver shine that lets him see in total darkness as clearly as midday, though bright electric lights irritate them enough that he wears dark welding goggles whenever he walks the streets.

Mercer is a survivalist and an escape artist first and foremost. No hunter black-site or warded Camarilla cell has ever managed to hold him for long. In combat, he likes to cut the power and hunt his pursuers in the pitch black, using Obfuscate to vanish into the shadows and Celerity to strike from behind with a pair of curved fighting blades or his Feral Claws before anyone can react. Despite his cold reputation, he has a soft spot for vicious animals and a quiet code that keeps him from preying on the helpless. He cares nothing for Princes or causes, preferring to travel with someone who knows how to handle themselves when things go bad.

Maura [50]

"Wait, you actually intend to help this pathetic neonate for free? No boons? No blood? Truly, traveling with you is an endless lesson in charity and poor judgment."

Draped in dark leather, red silk, and a mantle of black crow feathers, Maura is a 7th Generation Mystic Gangrel of the Ahrimanes bloodline. She was Embraced and raised in a remote swamp by a ruthless Methuselah rumored to diablerize and steal the bodies of her own childer whenever her old form wears out. Having spent centuries isolated from the sects, Maura views Camarilla politics with biting sarcasm and treats mortals as little more than cattle and blood sacrifices for her altars.

She is a master of Protean, Animalism, Presence, and the magic of Spiritus. In battle, she shifts seamlessly between a giant spider, a wolf, and her human shape while calling upon bound nature spirits and channeling the strength of wild beasts to tear her enemies apart. She travels with you to stay out of her sire’s reach and hunt down forgotten Cainite relics. Because her mother taught her that every relationship between immortals ends in a Blood Bond or a knife in the back, Maura is fiercely guarded and quick to mock any sign of softness - though the longer you treat her as a true equal, the harder she fights to make sure nothing happens to you.

Nikos [50]

"Do not mistake my silence for weakness. Keep your voice down, watch your footing, and stay behind my shield."

Towering, heavily muscled, and sporting a thick beard over ash-white skin marked with a red tattoo, Nikos is a 6th Generation Einherjar Elder with a bloody past. Originally Embraced in ancient Greece, he spent his youth as a brutal enforcer until his sire tricked him into killing his own mortal family. In a blind Frenzy, he tore his sire and the entire ruling court of Athens apart, before walking north into Scandinavia to live quietly in the snowbound woods and learn to control his inner Beast.

Nikos is a physical powerhouse who combines Fortitude, Protean, and Animalism with out-of-clan Potence. Rather than losing himself to Frenzy, he keeps a tight leash on his rage and channels it into overwhelming physical force. He fights with a heavy battleaxe etched with frost-runes that flies back to his hand when thrown. Gruff, stoic, and speaking only when necessary, he despises Princes who use younger Kindred as pawns, and travels with you to make sure you never repeat the mistakes of his past.

Royce [50]

"The Nosferatu think they own the underground just 'cause they know how to turn invisible. Down in the flooded drains, though, hiding don't mean much when I feel you walking through the water."

Formerly an illegal bare-knuckle boxer and mob enforcer, Royce is an 8th Generation Gangrel whose Clan Curse has been pushed to its physical extreme. Decades of brutal frenzies have mutated his skin into thick, overlapping green-gray reptilian scutes, broadened his jaw into a mouth of serrated teeth, and bulked his frame up to the size of an armored truck. Too monstrous to walk the streets above, he claimed the forgotten storm drains and flooded runoff culverts beneath a coastal metropolis as his territory.

Unlike the Nosferatu, Royce doesn't use the mental trickery of Obfuscate to hide. Instead, he pairs Protean, Fortitude, and Animalism with an ambush predator's patience: lurking submerged in murky runoff water to grab unsuspecting Camarilla Scourges or trespassers by the ankle and drag them under for a death roll, while his scaly hide shrugs off pipe bombs and point-blank shotgun blasts. Shunned as a freak by polite Kindred, Royce only asks for a quiet place to rest, plenty of prey, and a partner who doesn't judge him by his scales.

Gideon [50]

"I don't care if it's a sleeping Methuselah, a Rokea elder, or the devil himself at the bottom of that trench. It took my ship and my leg in 1851, and I am going to put this iron through its heart."

Gaunt, weather-beaten, and walking with the heavy thud of a petrified whalebone peg-leg, Captain Gideon is a 7th Generation Mariner driven by a single-minded obsession. In the 19th century, his whaling vessel was smashed apart by a colossal, pale horror from the abyssal trenches that sheared off his leg at the knee just before a passing Mariner Embraced him in the dark water. Because the Embrace locked his body in that crippled state, Gideon fitted his stump with a spar of fossilized whalebone and has spent over a hundred years scouring the Atlantic depths for revenge.

Unlike most Mariners who sleep quietly on the seabed, Gideon is always on the hunt. Mastering Animalism, Fortitude, and Protean, he interrogates deep-sea predators, monitors naval sonar readings, and boards offshore oil rigs looking for clues about the monstrosity sleeping in the trench. In a fight, he hurls a heavy iron harpoon chained to his wrist to reel enemies straight into his Feral Claws, and he will gladly sail or swim at your side so long as you help him hunt down his white whale.

Dr. Evelyn Thorne [50]

"That Ventrue developer thinks he can bulldoze four hundred years of old-growth oak for a strip mall? Cute. Help me drag him up into the branches - the trees are hungry tonight."

Dressed in stained corduroy and dark combat gear with tangled red hair and a faint, moss-tinted undertone to her skin, Dr. Evelyn Thorne is a 7th Generation Mystic of the Lhiannan bloodline. In her mortal days, she was a radical botanist and eco-terrorist. Her life changed the night she broke into a quarantined oak grove slated for corporate logging, woke the ancient vampire sleeping beneath the roots, and came out bound to an angry wilderness spirit.Most Lhiannan hide in the deep woods, but Evelyn refuses to play defense. Operating out of overgrown city parks and botanical gardens, she wages a one-woman war on timber companies and Ventrue real-estate moguls. She cultivates lethal hemlock and nightshade in her greenhouses to coat her claws and poison city reservoirs, while using the blood-magic of Ogham to turn any wooded lot into a slaughterhouse - hanging corrupt executives from rune-carved trees to awaken the surrounding roots and branches into crushing entire SWAT teams. If you don't mind her valuing rare plants far more than human lives, Evelyn will gladly help you.

Séraphine [50]

"You come all this way through the dark water looking for answers, cher? Sit down. Let me cast the crab shells and see what the river spirits say you're willing to pay."

Living in a candle-lit cypress shack deep in the Louisiana bayou, Séraphine is a 7th Generation Mystic of the Ahrimanes bloodline. With long dreadlocks, tattered dresses stained with swamp mud, and a melodic Creole lilt, she is equal parts playful and unsettling. She rarely gives a straight answer when a riddle will do, often stepping right into your personal space to trace your palm or laugh at jokes only she and the spirits understand. Séraphine has spent over a century using Spiritus to bargain with the wild spirits of the swamp. The local alligators, cottonmouths, and water-spirits bring her every whispered rumor along the coast, meaning she knows the secret havens and dirty laundry of almost every Elder in the region. When trouble finds her, she calls upon the strength and venom of swamp predators to drag enemies under the murky water. Coax her out of her bayou with the promise of strange new places, and she will make sure the spirits are always on your side.

Halvar [50]

"Go on, take a free swing at my neck! I'm not even rousing my blood yet. If you die before I have to use both hands, I'm gonna be real disappointed!"

Towering over two meters tall with a jagged scar down his face, an eyepatch, and a wild grin, Halvar is a 6th Generation Einherjar who lives exclusively for the thrill of combat. Centuries of growing too strong left him bored out of his mind, so he goes out of his way to handicap himself: he braids small iron bells into his spiky hair so enemies can hear him coming, swings one-handed, and refuses to use his Disciplines until someone actually makes him bleed.

Even holding back, Halvar is a monster who laughs off gunfire just to enjoy the fight. He wields a massive, notched greatsword forged from meteoric iron and ancient blood-runes that can cleave straight through engine blocks and heavy armor. When he finally meets a werewolf or Elder strong enough to push him into a corner, he rouses his Elder blood and grips his hilt with both hands - turning the street into a slaughterhouse. He has a terrible sense of direction and gets lost walking down a straight hallway, so he gladly tags along with whoever promises to lead him to the next big brawl.

Nyx [50]

"Brooding on a gargoyle in the rain? Fuck that! I'm immortal, I'm hot, and the night is young - I'm going to the club to find somebody worth biting, and if some uptight Sheriff interrupts me before I finish, I'm shoving my boot up his ass!"

Blonde, loudmouthed, and strutting around in red clubwear and stilettos, Nyx is a 7th Generation City Gangrel with zero filter and even less shame. She ditched her nagging Sabbat priest and her sweets-obsessed goth pack-sister because they kept getting in the way of her real passion: partying and filling out the 1,000-person scorecard she keeps on her phone. Equipped with a permanent Blush of Life and bottomless stamina, she spends her nights chasing down every hot prospect in the city - and dragging her favorites back to your haven so the two of you can share a meal. At home, she is a shameless slob who lounges around in lacy underwear and drives a customized pink off-road truck like a maniac. The second an enemy ruins her hookup, however, she turns into an acrobatic blur of Celerity and Feral Claws - pulling a heavy silver pistol from her waistband to blow rivals away just so she can get back to bed. She sticks with you because you never lecture her, can actually keep up with her appetite, and make every night a blast.

Scenarios

Bloodlines

Los Angeles, October 2004. An illegal Embrace in a cheap motel room lands you staked and dragged before Prince Sebastian LaCroix. After watching your sire get beheaded on stage, only an interruption from Anarch leader Nines Rodriguez convinces the Prince to spare your life and use you as an expendable errand runner instead.

Dumped in Santa Monica, you are caught in the middle of a powder keg. The Elizabeth Dane has just drifted into port carrying the ancient Ankaran Sarcophagus, and the Camarilla, Anarchs, Sabbat, and Kuei-jin are ready to go to war over what sleeps inside. Everyone in L.A. thinks you're a disposable pawn who won't last the week. Prove them wrong.

Your Objective

You must take the place of the Fledgling and play through the events of Vampire: The Masquerade - Bloodlines. For the duration of this scenario, your Generation and the Generation of any companion is locked to the 10th Generation, meaning you and them cannot raise any of your Generations and Disciplines to the sixth dot or higher until the scenario is complete.

You will have to undertake every major mission the Fledgling did across Santa Monica, Downtown, Hollywood, and Chinatown - from blowing up the Sabbat warehouse and investigating the Elizabeth Dane to tracking down the Nosferatu warrens, killing Andrei in the Hallowbrook Hotel, and dealing with Ming Xiao and LaCroix at the end. While you must go through each of these missions, how you handle them and which ending you choose is entirely up to you.

The Rewards

If you survive the fight over the Ankaran Sarcophagus and make it to the end of the story, you will receive two rewards:

Reward 1: Los Angeles (Item)

You gain the entire city of Los Angeles as a property that you can bring with you into future jumps. This includes Santa Monica, Downtown, Hollywood, Chinatown, and all the surrounding districts, along with its millions of residents, nightclubs, businesses, and local Kindred. Depending on how you ended the story, the city is either under your direct rule or treats you as an untouchable independent who can do as they please.

Reward 2: Gift of the Cabbie (Perk)

After the final confrontation at Venture Tower, the mysterious Cabbie who drove you around the city leaves you with a parting gift that removes all of your vampiric limits. First, your Generation is no longer fixed: instead of needing to commit Diablerie to grow stronger, your blood naturally thickens and lowers its Generation over time as you gain experience and survive the nights. Second, all caps on your Disciplines and Attributes are permanently gone. No matter what Generation you are, there is no limit to how high your Disciplines can grow, allowing you to push your powers past the sixth dot, past the tenth dot, and endlessly beyond.

Golconda

Most Kindred believe there are only two ways a vampire's story can end: burning to ash in the sun, or degenerating into a mindless wight ruled entirely by the Beast. Yet whispered rumors speak of a third path. Known as Golconda, it is a state of spiritual balance where a vampire reconciles their human soul with their inner predator, freeing themselves from the worst of Caine's curses without giving up the power of their blood.

Your Objective

You must walk the road to Golconda entirely through your own resolve. No mentor or secret society can hand this state to you; you must earn it by mastering yourself in an unforgiving world. To achieve this state, you must spend ten uninterrupted years living actively in the night while maintaining complete harmony between your humanity and your Beast. During those ten years, you cannot hide away in torpor or isolation, yet you must never once lose control to Frenzy or Rotschreck, never commit Diablerie, and never kill an innocent mortal, no matter what happens or how hard your enemies push you. Should you slip even once, your count resets and you must begin the ten years anew. Once you have proven your discipline across a full decade, you must retreat into the wilderness alone to undergo the Suspire - a grueling spiritual trial inside your own mind where you confront your darkest impulses and bring your soul and your Beast into permanent balance.

The Rewards

If you pass the Suspire and achieve what almost every vampire in history has failed to reach, you will claim two rewards:

Reward 1: Transcendence of the Curse (Perk)

You have achieved Golconda, permanently freeing yourself from every weakness of the vampiric state while keeping all of its strength. The sun is no longer your enemy; you can walk out under midday sunlight without burning or feeling the pull of daytime sleep. Fire harms you no worse than a mortal, stakes can no longer paralyze your heart, and you will never again suffer from Frenzy, Rotschreck, or unwanted animal marks from your Clan Curse. Your hunger fades to a quiet whisper, requiring only a few drops of blood once a month to keep your reserves full, and your blood is freed from the limits of Generation - allowing you to advance any Discipline up to the tenth dot through meditation and practice. In future jumps, this inner balance automatically purges the innate weaknesses, curses, or mental corruption of any other supernatural race you acquire.

Reward 2: Sanctuary of the Still Heart (Item)

Hidden high in a quiet mountain valley is a secluded stone retreat and surrounding wilderness preserve that belongs to you, following you into future jumps. Completely invisible to mortal authorities, satellites, and supernatural scrying, this sanctuary is an untouchable neutral ground where no hostile force can set foot without your permission, and where no violence can be committed against you or your guests. More importantly, the entire valley radiates the same enlightenment you unlocked within yourself. Anyone who rests within its borders is filled with a deep, lasting inner peace and completely shielded from their own inner demons - silencing the Beast in vampires, calming the Rage of werewolves, and halting any form of mental or spiritual decay. Spending time in the sanctuary cures visitors of all derangements, mental illnesses, psychological trauma, Blood Bonds, mind control, and spiritual corruption, restoring their minds and souls to perfect health. If you allow another vampire or cursed being to live and meditate within the valley for a year, the sanctuary will even guide them to achieve their own state of Golconda, freeing them from their racial curses just as you freed yourself.

Drawbacks

Supplement Mode [Free]

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

Your World of Darkness [Free]

The World of Darkness is full of different splats, editions, and contradictory lore. With this option, you can freely choose what is canon in your jump and what is not, from entire book versions like V20 and V5 to other supernatural game lines like Mage: The Ascension and Werewolf: The Apocalypse. If you prefer a purely vampiric setting where you don't have to worry about Pentex Banes risking your life in the wilds or N.W.O. mages hunting down reality deviants, you can scale back or remove the other splats entirely. Conversely, if you want the full, chaotic breadth of the setting (or wish to mix and match your favorite lore and mechanics from across different editions) the night is yours to shape.

Skin of the Beast [+100]

The line between Cainite and animal has blurred so deeply within your blood that your human body now feels like an unnatural, ill-fitting cage. You vastly prefer to live in your animal shape(s), finding the sensation of clothing, the effort of human speech, and the act of walking on two legs clumsy and deeply irritating. Whenever you are forced to wear your human skin to bargain with other Kindred or blend into mortal society, you feel restless and out of place, constantly itching to shed the disguise. Unless a situation strictly demands a human face and voice, you will spend almost all of your nights shifted into beast form, gladly slipping back into fur, scales, or feathers the very moment your business with the two-legged world is done

The Long Night [From +100 to +600]

Ten years is barely the blink of an eye to an immortal. You may freely customize the exact length of your stay, adding as many years as you wish or choosing a specific historical date for your jump to end. Your reward scales with the extra time you endure: **+100 CP** for at least 10 years, **+200 CP** for 50 years, **+300 CP** for 100 years, **+400 CP** for 500 years, or **+500 CP** for 1,000+ years - allowing you to start in the Viking Age and live 1,150 years straight into the Modern Nights. For **+600 CP**, you must endure at least 5,000 years, walking from the ancient world to the modern era.

Mangy Stray [+100]

To the self-proclaimed "High Clans" of the night, a Gangrel will always be an uncivilized animal tracked in from the woods. No matter how well you dress, how much wealth you accumulate, or how polite your manners are, pretentious elders among the Ventrue, Toreador, Tremere, and Lasombra will always look down their noses at you. In Elysium and court politics, your words carry half as much weight, and arrogant Kindred will go out of their way to insult, dismiss, or scapegoat you whenever something goes wrong in their domain.

Scent of the Predator [+100]

Even when you keep your fangs hidden, the living world can feel the unnatural monster lurking beneath your skin. Mundane animals are instinctively terrified or hostile toward you: dogs bark and snarl when you walk down the street, horses bolt as you draw near, and wildlife flees your presence unless forced to obey through Animalism. Mortals feel this unease as well, finding your gaze deeply unsettling and crossing the street just to avoid walking past you in the dark.

Twice-Cursed Blood [+100 to +600]

Every lineage of Kindred carries its own upsides and downsides, yet you must be something new entirely - possessing the gifts of a single bloodline while bearing the curses of two, or perhaps even more. For each **+100 CP** you take from this drawback (up to a maximum of **+600 CP**), your vitae is afflicted with the traditional Clan Curse of another Cainite clan or bloodline alongside your own. You might share the rarefied palate of the Ventrue and find yourself unable to stomach the blood of anyone outside a specific type of mortal, inflict agony instead of euphoria with your bite like the Giovanni, or need to sleep surrounded by two handfuls of your homeland's soil like the Tzimisce. Whether you cast no reflection like the Lasombra, freeze in fascination before beauty like the Toreador, or carry the monstrous physical deformity of the Nosferatu, Caine's curses weigh heavily upon your blood.

Caged Animal Syndrome [+100]

The wild blood of Ennoia rebels against walls and ceilings. You suffer from an intense, claustrophobic dread whenever you are trapped in small, confined indoor spaces - such as elevators, windowless concrete basements, cramped crawlspaces, or sterile modern apartments. Spending more than an hour inside such places fills you with an overwhelming urge to claw your way outside, imposing a nagging distraction on your mental focus and nudging your Beast closer to panic.

Territorial Snarl [+100]

Gangrel are solitary by design, but your possessive instincts are turned up to an unbearable degree. You instinctively view any haven, camp, or alleyway you occupy as your sovereign hunting ground. When uninvited strangers, rival Kindred, or mortal trespassers enter your self-declared perimeter without showing proper deference, your fur bristles and your fangs drop. You must expend conscious effort to avoid snarling, posturing, and picking violent turf brawls over minor boundary disputes.

Tall Tales at the Gather [+100/+200]

For a clan of loners, you just cannot miss a family reunion. For **+100 CP**, whenever word reaches you of a nearby Gather, you are compelled to attend. So long as you can physically make the journey in time, you have to drop whatever you are doing and travel out to the meeting ground to sit by the fire with your kin. For **+200 CP**, you are also a shameless, compulsive liar once the storytelling starts. Gangrel earn respect by sharing their deeds, and you cannot stop yourself from wildly inflating your boasts with zero evidence to back them up. Whether you claim you strangled three werewolves at once or made a Justicar beg for mercy, your clanmates will easily smell your bullshit - earning you constant mockery, a terrible reputation, and plenty of annoyed elders challenging you to back up your big mouth with your claws.

Wrath of the Wilds [+200]

You carry a burning, fanatical hatred for civilization's encroachment upon the natural world, and you cannot look the other way when the wilderness is desecrated. In the modern nights, this drives you to wage a relentless campaign of eco-terrorism, while in earlier eras you are a bloody scourge upon any settlement that pushes too far into the wilds. Whenever you encounter humans or city-bound Kindred carving up untamed land - whether it is feudal lords clearing ancient forests for mines and stone castles, or modern corporations setting up logging camps, offshore oil rigs, and real-estate developments - you are compelled to violently destroy their work. From sabotaging heavy machinery and burning down frontier outposts to slaughtering work crews and greedy developers in the dark, your crusade constantly puts you in the crosshairs of mortal authorities and furious city elders whose domains and investments you keep reducing to ash.

Feral Tongue [+200]

Whether due to a warped mutation from a past Frenzy or the Beast's hold over your mind, you have completely lost the ability to speak. No matter what form you wear, human words will not leave your throat;

you can only vocalize through bestial grunts, low growls, and vicious snarls, forcing you to rely on gestures, writing, or raw intimidation to get your point across.

Thrill of the Chase [+200]

Your Beast is a true predator that refuses to be satisfied by easy meat. You gain no nourishment whatsoever from stored blood, willing vessels, sleeping mortals, or victims caught completely unawares from ambush. For blood to slake your thirst, it must be seasoned with the hot adrenaline of a genuine hunt. Before you can feed on any prey, they must first realize that something dangerous is stalking them and be driven to flee for their life, forcing you to physically chase them down through the dark before you can sink your fangs into their throat. While this is simple enough out in the untamed wilds, hunting in a city means you can never feed quietly in a dark alley without first spooking your quarry into a panicked run through the streets.

Wait, Vampires Are Real? [+200]

The Masquerade worked all too well on you. For the duration of this jump, all of your meta-knowledge regarding the World of Darkness - its secret history, its factions, its characters, and its rules - is completely locked away. You awaken on your first night in a shallow ditch or a dark alleyway right after being Embraced and abandoned by your sire, with a stopped heart and a raging thirst in your throat. You have no idea what you are, how your new body or powers work, or what the fuck is going on. Until you piece the truth together through trial, error, and whatever other creatures of the night you stumble across, you are just a confused fledgling trying to survive in the dark without knowing the rules of the game.

Hollywood Syndrome [+200]

You watched far too many cheesy vampire movies before your Embrace (or bought into every superstitious peasant tale in earlier eras), and now you are completely convinced that all the classic folklore myths about vampires apply to you. Worse still, whether through a bizarre quirk of your blood or sheer psychosomatic delusion, those myths actually work on you. The smell of raw garlic makes you gag and watering-eyed, ordinary religious symbols make you flinch and recoil even when held by someone without a drop of True Faith, and you cannot cross running water unless you are high above it on a bridge or sealed inside a vehicle. Most annoyingly of all, you physically cannot step across the threshold of a private home unless a resident invites you inside first. If other Kindred ever figure out why you are hesitating on a stranger's porch or running away from an Italian restaurant, they will never stop laughing at you.

Echoes of the Amaranth [+200/400]

In the wilds, the strong eat the weak, but your last meal refuses to stay down. For **+200 CP**, you committed Diablerie shortly before this jump, and the spiritual stain refuses to fade. Thick, pitch-black veins permanently streak your aura, immediately betraying your crime to anyone with Auspex or supernatural sight and making you a reviled pariah in any Camarilla court or civilized domain. For +**400 CP,** you bit off far more than you could chew and drained a powerful elder whose soul was too stubborn to be digested. Their consciousness still lurks inside your vitae like a spiteful passenger, constantly whispering in the back of your mind and bleeding their old habits into your behavior. Worse still, whenever you are severely wounded, starved, or pushed toward Frenzy or torpor, this ancient spirit will actively try to wrestle control of your body away from you, forcing you into a grueling battle of willpower just to keep possession of your own flesh.

Relic of an Older Age [+200]

Whether you spent too many centuries sleeping beneath the dirt or simply belong to the wild, the modern world feels completely alien to you. You struggle to wrap your head around anything more advanced than a nineteenth-century firearm or a simple combustion engine. Computers, smartphones, security systems, and modern bureaucracy confuse and frustrate you, and delicate electronics have an annoying habit of glitching or breaking whenever you try to operate them yourself.

Unruly Blood [+200]
You simply do not have a clean, reliable grasp on your own supernatural powers. Whenever you rouse your vitae or call upon your Disciplines, the result never hits the mark cleanly, swinging between a good bit less or far more than you actually intended. A simple Beckoning call might bring a single mangy stray to your side instead of a pack, or flood the entire block with every howling dog and pigeon within three kilometers. Trying to nudge a guard out of your way with Dread Gaze might fizzle into an awkward glare or send him crashing through a window in screaming hysteria, just as a careful tap of vampiric strength might fail to budge a stuck lock or rip the entire door straight off its hinges. Did you get your dice from a shady back alleyway?

Unbridled Metamorphosis [+200]
The Curse of Ennoia sits heavily upon your flesh. You begin the jump with several glaring, permanent animal mutations (such as patches of coarse fur, bestial ears, slitted eyes, or crooked talons) that make passing for human difficult without heavy clothing or Obfuscate. Worse still, every time you succumb to Frenzy during this jump, your Beast will mark your body with a new, overtly monstrous physical trait or feral derangement.

Ravenous Vitae [+200]
The hunger in your veins is a bottomless pit. Your undead body burns through blood at twice the normal rate, forcing you to spend extra vitae just to wake up each sunset, mend your wounds, or rouse your Disciplines. Furthermore, your Beast refuses to be satisfied by lesser prey: the blood of mundane animals provides you no nourishment whatsoever, forcing you to hunt human kine (or other Kindred) every single night lest starvation drive you into a frenzy.

Sire’s Leash [+200]
Most Gangrel sires abandon their childer to the wild, but yours decided you were too useful to let go. Whether it is a domineering Gangrel ancient, a tyrannical Camarilla Prince, or a fanatical Sabbat Archbishop, a powerful superior holds a heavy debt or political leash over your head. Rather than leaving you to the freedom of the open road, they treat you as their personal border hound and enforcer, regularly interrupting your own plans whenever a crisis brews in their domain. Whenever they call, you are expected to drop everything and handle their dirtiest, most thankless errands - from sweeping Lupines and rival packs off their borders to investigating occult horrors they are too cautious to face themselves.

Power Loss [+200]
All your out-of-jump powers, perks, and abilities are disabled for the duration of this jump.

Item Loss [+200]
Your Warehouse and your out-of-jump items are disabled during the duration of this jump. This also applies to any imported items.

Hair-Trigger Beast [+200]
While other Kindred only feel their inner monster stir during moments of starvation or mortal peril, yours is always awake and straining at the leash. Your self-control is dangerously thin, to the point where minor insults, sudden loud noises, the scent of spilled blood in the air, or the mere sight of an open flame are enough to push you to the brink of an immediate Frenzy or Rotschreck. Because holding your Beast back requires twice as much willpower as normal, any brush with Elysium or polite society becomes a grueling test of patience. Enduring the backhanded barbs of smug elders at court, or simply walking through a crowded mortal club where strangers jostle past you in the dark, will constantly set your blood boiling and force you to fight your own instincts just to keep from lashing out.

Inquisition's Crosshairs [+400]

Kindred love to tell themselves that mortals are helpless sheep, but you have learned what happens when the flock picks up torches and rifles. You are at the top of the kill-list for the world's deadliest vampire hunters - whether they are crusaders of the Shadow Inquisition in earlier eras, warrior-monks of the Society of Leopold, or government black-ops teams from the Second Inquisition. These are not superstitious amateurs, but organized professionals who know every weakness of your blood. Armed with incendiary rounds, explosives, heavy surveillance, and the occasional operative blessed with True Faith, hunter cells will relentlessly track you across the map. Every messy kill or careless trail brings them closer, forcing you to constantly watch your back against fiery ambushes by night and daytime breach-and-burn squads looking to dig you out of the dirt while the sun is high.

Methuselah's Thirst [+400]

Your blood has grown too cold and ancient to be sustained by the weak lifeblood of cattle. Neither mundane animals nor human mortals provide you any nourishment when you feed upon them, no matter what perks or items you possess. Only the thick, potent vitae of other vampires (or powerful supernatural creatures such as werewolves) can slake your thirst and refill your blood pool, forcing you to become a dreaded predator of your own kind just to survive the night.

Mark of the Trophy [+600]

Through some past atrocity or political betrayal, your name has been carved onto the Camarilla's dreaded Red List - or marked for extermination by the Sabbat's Black Hand. You have no safe harbor in Kindred society, as every Prince, Baron, and Archbishop knows your face and the massive bounty of status and elder boons resting on your head. Wherever you travel, ruthless Archons, Justicar strike teams, and glory-seeking war-packs will relentlessly pursue you across the globe hoping to claim your ashes as a trophy. The only way to end this hunt early is through overwhelming bloodshed: if you slaughter enough of the elite hunters and vampires sent to claim your head, the ruling elders will eventually realize that pursuing you costs far more blood than it is worth, forcing them to quietly rescind the order and leave you alone.

Lupine Vendetta [+600]

For most Gangrel, crossing paths with a werewolf is a rare hazard of the wild, but for you, it is a relentless nightly war. You have earned the undying hatred of the Garou (or the Rokea weresharks, if you dwell beneath the waves) who view your very existence as an unforgivable blight upon Gaia. Your blood carries a potent taint of the Wyrm that local shapeshifters can catch on the wind from kilometers away, ensuring you can never slip through their hunting grounds unnoticed. Packs will periodically track you down and attempt to kill you, especially if you spend too long in one territory. They won't necessarily pursue you to the ends of the earth, but you can expect trouble whenever you settle somewhere with an active shapeshifter presence. Even your havens and ghouls are at risk if you fail to keep them hidden.

Ancient Nemesis [+600]

You have made a mortal enemy of a true god of the night. A terrifying 4th Generation Methuselah (such as an ancient Tzimisce Voivode, a waking Einherjar warlord, a vengeful Ahrimanes matriarch, or an elder Kuei-jin Bodhisattva) holds a personal, centuries-old blood feud against you. Armed with ninth-dot Disciplines, legions of minions or ghouled monstrosities, and vast mortal influence, this ancient horror will spend the entire decade tirelessly hunting you, tearing down your havens, and turning the world around you into ashes until one of you is permanently dead.

Gehenna's Dawn [+800]

The Final Nights are no longer a distant prophecy - they are happening right now. Throughout your stay, the signs of Gehenna rapidly escalate across the globe. The Red Star Wormwood blazes in the night sky, the Beckoning drags elders into madness and cannibalistic wars, and the Masquerade begins to fracture under the weight of global chaos. In the final years of your jump, the Antediluvians themselves will stir from torpor to devour their progeny, and you will have to survive a world going up in flames as Ennoia's hunger shakes the very earth beneath your feet.

Ending



Your time in the World of Darkness has come to an end, and you have proven yourself a true survivor of the night. As the final dawn approaches, any drawbacks you took fade away into the mist, leaving you with one last choice to make:

Claim Your Territory (Stay)

Perhaps you have grown fond of the thrill of these dark nights, carved out a domain worth keeping, or found a pack you refuse to leave behind. You choose to end your chain here and make the World of Darkness your permanent home, roaming its wilds and cities as an immortal predator for the rest of eternity.

The Homeward Trail (Go Home)

Even the longest hunt eventually leads back to where it all began. You choose to end your journey and return to your original Earth, bringing everything you have gained across your chain (along with any companions who wish to follow your lead) back to the world you once knew.

The Open Road (Move On)

A true Gangrel never stays in one place forever. With new horizons calling your name, you pack your gear, leave these nights behind, and walk out into the dark toward your next Jump.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition.

The companions are Guillermo Dela Cruz from What We Do in the Shadows, Harley Quinn, Wolverine, Davy Jones, Shan Yu from Mulan, the Winchester Brothers, Riddick, Morrigan from Dragon Age, Kratos, Killer Croc, Ahab, Poison Ivy, Tia Dalma, Kenpachi Zaraki and Panty from Panty and Stocking