

# Ronald Stump: Hunter or Prey

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# Characters and their motivations / plans

# Neutral - Malkav

Tortured by millenia sustaining the madness network, malkav is as much a force of nature as he was when he lived. His current state is ambiguous, he has no real allies or enemies but can pull on the threads of the madness network to influence a malkavian here and there.

He believes he "owns" the madness network and does not like that there are kindred attempting to use it without being of his kine as he now see's it as a gift he bestowed on his desedants. As such his goal is as simple as destroying the cult for daring to touch the madness of his mind.

As for why he chose a vampire not of his kine to perform this task for him, well theres a certain irony to it

# Bad - Credence Callahan

- Main Enemy
- Destruction of the Camarilla and its denunciation as a government that goes against the very nature of kindred
- A kindred is a pinnacle in the development of life and death, a superior being. We must still live in the shadows but we are built for predation

Characters and their motivations / plans

# Elias The Hunter

- Human
- Destruction of the Camarilla
- Being used by the cult to capture subjects
- They have his daughter

# Chapter 0 - prologue

You awake in the early hours of the night. Not a sound can be heard, not even your own breathing after all... you are dead.

By all accounts it should be like any other night, but for some reason you cant quite put your finger on you feel uneasy, everything seems... wrong somehow...

Yesterday you returned from collecting Kate Nightshade from the exceptionally excentric Nightshade family, when you got back home you followed your routine as usual. Everything was fine but now that you awake, you aren't so certain of that.

The player may now explore and interact with the enviroment to determine the source of their unease, perception checks are allowed and will lead them outside. If they choose to explore the house you can scatter some strange items around. whenever they find an item, give them a headache:

- A tuft of fur
- drops of unexplained blood
- moved items
- missing hunting trophy

Outside:

Its clear to you now what has set you on edge, the thick smell of iron hangs in the air. Its clearly drifting from somewhere within the woods.

Player pursues the smell

As you follow the smell you notice a fractured antler on the ground at the base of a tree, this isn't neccessarily irregular so you pay it no mind.

Player continues on

Squeezing through a dense thicket, the forest seems to grow darker, and an eerie silence envelops your surroundings. The broken antler you initially dismissed now takes on a more unsettling significance. Each step reveals a new anomaly, a scattering of feathers, a desiccated wing, and the remnants of a bird's nest. The air becomes heavy with an otherworldly tension, and you can't shake the feeling that you're bieng watched.

Player continues on

As you press on, the trail leads you to a small clearing bathed in an unnatural, pale light. In the center stands an ancient, gnarled tree with twisted roots and strange symbols are carved into its

bark. The clearing is adorned with peculiar artifacts: a collection of antlers arranged in a circular pattern, a mosaic of feathers arranged like a bizarre tapestry, and odd-shaped stones arranged in a cryptic formation. A thin mist hangs on the bottom of the clearing. The air becomes charged with an enigmatic energy as you approach the heart of the clearing, entering a mist that seems to distort reality. It's as if the boundary between the natural and supernatural worlds has blurred.

Player move closer

As you move, you notice movement in front of the tree, a sinister transformation takes hold of the once-random collection of animal parts. The antlers, feathers, and bones begin to writhe and contort, melding into a grotesque and nightmarish entity. Its form is a grotesque amalgamation of feral limbs, twisted horns, and leathery wings, casting an unsettling shadow across the clearing. The air seems to grow thick with malevolence as the creature fixes its unsettling gaze upon you. Empty eye sockets, devoid of any recognizable emotion, lock onto your presence, It simply stares. The ground beneath it seems to decay, and a sickly odor permeates the air.

The creature extends a grotesque appendage, a cluster of twisted vines and skeletal fragments. The tormented whispers in the air reach a haunting crescendo, echoing through the ages. When done, you realise its pointing at you.

Blood trickles from its eye sockets as it opens its maw, an unrecognisable screech fills the air and you begin to experience an intense headache. It is a communication that transcends words, delving into the depths of primordial understanding. Images flash into your mind painting a grim picture of forbidden rituals, forgotten masters, eventually settling on the image of a very old kinred.

As you view them they turn to you and smile. "Welcome, to my madness" he says, the headache peaks and you lose consiousness, "Find the heretics, they won't have gone far."

# Chapter 1 - Was that a dream?

You awake in the early hours of the night. Not a sound can be heard, not even your own breathing after all... you are dead. Wait just a minute, didn't you already awaken like this earlier?

Allow the player to investigate their house and do whatever they feel is necessary to progress.

- The player begins to notice the same clues as they found in their dreams
- Eventually they are led to the same clearing
- They are ambushed by the cult, the cult does not want them dead just captured (COMBAT)
- Allow the players to fight and eventually overwhelm them, potentially with a party-wide migraine

As your consciousness tentatively returns, the air is dense a noxious cocktail of chemicals that assaults the senses. The surroundings gradually materialize into a nightmare. The cold, sterile surfaces of the room are alien and unforgiving, and the rusty iron bars of a cage loom ominously nearby. The cold, hard floor beneath is a harsh contrast to the damp chill in the air. As your awareness solidifies, the realization sets in, this is no ordinary awakening. A distant, dissonant hum echoes through the corridors, mingling with the muffled cries and moans of unknown origin. A subtle drip-drip of something unseen echoes in the background, creating a symphony of the macabre. Attempting to move reveals the presence of restraints, cold metal against the skin, biting into wrists and ankles. Peering through the rusty bars, the room unveils its secrets, a grotesque menagerie of deformed creatures, the failed experiments of deranged minds. Lab coat-clad figures move in the shadows, their faces obscured by the half-light, carry an air of malevolence. Unholy laughter and the clattering of instruments punctuate the oppressive silence, painting a haunting picture of the diabolical activities that transpire beyond the cage. In this place the line between nightmare and reality blur.

Allow the player to investigate their surroundings.

The creaking of a heavy, iron-clad door heralds the arrival of what seems to be a doctor doctor, his face remains obscured, hidden in the depths of darkness, while an unsettling air of confidence emanates from each deliberate step. "Ah, you've finally awakened," the doctor intones, the words dripping with a perverse sense of satisfaction.

Allow the player to investigate and talk to the doctor, his motivations are the following:

- Experimentation on the "beautiful" biology of his fellow kindred
- The mysteries of the more mystical disciplines



- Serving his sire in honor of the gift he gave of subjects and everlasting time to experiment on them
- You are not yet my toy (Interrupt the dialogue with a character introduction "Thats enough, get out of here")

Enter new character Elias the Hunter

- Doesn't like working with the cult
- Offers the proposition of "help us not the camarilla"
- If you wont help us, the doctor probably has another use for you
- Can possibly be talked into helping for the promise of help

Either Elias helps them escape or leaves them to find their own way out.