

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 ambused 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.

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