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“Think back to those first nights as Caine wanders the Land of Nod! Once upon a time, our Dark Father was mortal, just like any of us. He was a farmer, tending the land and growing fruits and vegetables. He understood the cycle of life, day turning into night, summer to winter. He was deeply enmeshed in the world of the living.

When God transformed him into the first and greatest of his Dark Angels, do you think he explained himself? Sat down with Caine to have discourse on what was needed and expected?

No!

Caine was left to roam, and suddenly in his eyes the Land of Nod had changed. It was no longer a land of change, life, and growth. No, it was a land of darkness, death, and decay. Yet in those first nights of his blessed state, the Dark Father didn’t succumb to despair. He grasped the meaning of his newfound existence. He knew what was asked of him!

We must be like the Dark Father in the Land of Nod! Even though the answers are hidden from us, even though we must find our own purpose, we are still here for a reason! And that reason will give us strength to resist the Hunger inside us!”

— BYRON ROCHA
CHURCH OF CAINE PRIEST

You’ve leafed through *Vampire: The Masquerade*. Perhaps you’ve experimented with making a few characters or run a session or two as the Storyteller. The next step is to run a chronicle. That’s where this book comes in. *The Crimson Gutter* is an introductory chronicle designed to get your characters on the streets.

The events of the chronicle showcase a young coterie coming to their own in a divided city. At the start, they’re clueless nobodies barely able to survive night to night. By the end, they have made their reputation in at least one of the factions fighting over the city’s feeding grounds.

Your Story

This chronicle—as written down in this book—is not intended to tell a single, coherent story. Rather, it’s a toolbox containing supporting characters, locations, and scenes you can mesh together into a chronicle of your own. It all comes together in the action of roleplaying!

For this reason, the goal here has been to present easily customizable options and alternatives so the chronicle can react to what the players’ characters are doing. After all, they’re the main characters of this story. Everything they do should matter.

The chronicle is composed of stories, each meant to provide roughly a single session of play, although duration may vary greatly depending on your storytelling style and how your players approach the action. As the characters make choices, some story options open up to them, while others are discarded.

There are four chapters of stories. The starting point is the story path First Steps (see p. 51). It details the initial experiences of the characters as they try to adjust to their new existence in the city and meet some of the Kindred for the first time. The depredations of a wight, a vampire lost to the Beast, grant the coterie an opportunity to distinguish themselves.

As they get a better idea of who’s who among the local Kindred, the characters find out about the two great sects, the Anarchs and the Camarilla. They were not Embraced into either sect but both offer the chance to join. Each sect has its own chapter and storyline, showcasing the Anarchs’ commitment to freedom and the Camarilla’s reliance on tradition and authority.

While the characters consider their options, a third choice emerges: The Church of Caine, the subject of the fourth and last story chapter. The Church is not a sect and numbers both Anarch and Camarilla Kindred among its members, but it has a modicum of power in the domain and could possibly shelter the characters against more powerful enemies. The Church can also offer truths, or at least tales, that help make sense of a Kindred’s existence.

In practice, the stories will intersect in play, combining with scenes from the characters’ nightly existence. In a single session, you might play a feeding scene, a scene where the characters interact with a Touchstone, the opening of one story and the conclusion of another. The interests and goals of the players and their characters will guide the action.

This means that especially more experienced Storytellers can just raid this book for spare parts. We present a series of roughly single session stories you can use in sequence or independently of each other, fitting them into your own chronicle with whatever adjustments you feel necessary. The material in this book is designed to be modular, ready to be torn apart and remixed.

Similarly, the supporting characters and locations presented here can be renamed and repurposed to fit the specifics of the game you’re storytelling.

CONTENT WARNING

Vampire: The Masquerade is a game of personal and political horror where you portray a blood-sucking monster in a world that resembles the real world. You should tailor this chronicle to your group’s preferences to bring about that good discomfort that people enjoy from the horror genre. In addition to themes inherent in *Vampire* such as blood, bodily fluids and deception, you might need to consider elements such as mention of drug and alcohol use, questionable consent, kidnapping, self-harm, gun violence, human trafficking and torture, not to mention violent death and outright murder

Please take time to discuss these topics with your group and adjust the story as appropriate using the Advice for Considerate Play section in *Vampire*, p. 421.

“I’ve heard that line before, about Anarchs prowling the gutters.

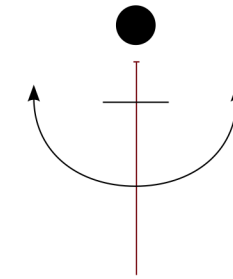
What those greedy twits don’t tell you is that you don’t get to be a lord of the night when you join the Camarilla.

No, you’ll be some entitled, privileged little shit’s personal servant for all eternity.

At least with us, you can have dignity.

And a chance to fuck with those who think they can fuck with you.”

— BO CUNNINGHAM
ANARCH TROUBLEMAKER



CHAPTER ONE

waking up in THE GUTTER

“Last night, I saw a beautiful girl passed out on the sidewalk outside a nightclub. She had been so drunk, she’d needed to sit down on the curb to sober up. Only she’d fallen asleep, vulnerable in her pretty little dress.

What do you think I did? It’s not so often that the night provides a victim, perfectly set up to slake your thirst. Do you think I drank from her?

Oh no.

It’s no fun when it’s easy like that.

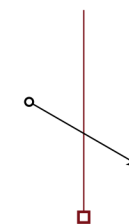
The legacy of Caine is the legacy of a hunter.

We must hunt, stalk, keep our instincts sharp. If we don’t, we’ll find ourselves hunted in turn.

I left the girl lying there, a freebie for the next lick to come along.

Later, I found a policeman who provided a good, satisfying chase. Even fought back, which was nice.”

—AN TRAN
AN ANARCH AND A MEMBER
OF THE CHURCH OF CAINE





Jerri Voss

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

ANARCHS (The Night Forum)
and THE CHURCH OF CAINE

12TH Generation Malkavian Neonate

In another city, Jerri Voss helped their Anarch Movement topple the local Camarilla. They brought both metaphorical and practical vision, while their comrades brought the blades. Later on, they watched their ideal society implode in the face of reality and had to flee to this city as the Ivory Tower retook power.

Jerri remains dedicated to the Anarch cause, but they're burnt out. Every night, the idea of abandoning traditional Kindred society and fleeing to the Church of Caine feels more inviting.

- **Difficulties:** 4/2
- **Blood Potency:** 2
- **Humanity:** 5
- **Standard Dice Pools:** Physical 5, Social 4, Mental 3, Disciplines 5
- **Secondary Attributes:** Health 5, Willpower 5
- **Exceptional Dice Pools:** Athletics 7, Insight 8, Investigation 6
- **Disciplines:** Dominate 3 (Compel, Dementation, Submerged Directive), Auspex 2 (Heightened Senses, Premonition), Obfuscate 1 (Cloak of Shadows)

Appearance: Jerri has a chubby frame, tawny-beige skin, and amber eyes. Their dyed silver hair is kept in a pixie cut.

In Play: Jerri's a natural devil's advocate. They confront a player's character's ideals, picking their worldview apart in search of contradictions or unforeseen consequences. They know how to get under anyone's skin, and characters that withstand their withering critiques might pick up a few tips.

Locations: Jerri's on a first name basis with the bartenders at Pink Slips. On bad nights, they attend service at Saint Januarius Catholic Church.

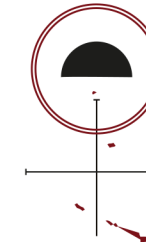
As a Sire: Jerri might sire a childe out of panic or as a favor to a close mortal contact. If so, they bring their childe up to speed, providing them with a list of convenient places to hunt, then give them a wide berth.

Betrayal: Sometimes Jerri is wrong. They play their role as the devil's advocate, picking apart the plans of others, and then those bastards succeed anyway. That's difficult for Jerri. They have become cynical and they don't like it when others actually manage to get somewhere. When that happens, they may start a quiet campaign of sabotage.



CHAPTER TWO

FIRST STEPS



“They make it sound so fancy, those Camarilla weasels, when they talk about the Embrace. Let me tell you what it really is.

It’s pain. It’s the feeling of looking your friends and family in the eyes and seeing only disgust and fear. They cringe away, whimpering, unable to comprehend what has happened to you. Deep inside, the Beast gnawing at your soul rejoices in their abject terror.

I lost everything. I was mortal, with a life. I became something resembling an animal, prowling the streets and alleys, slinking into the sewers to escape the sun.

The ignorance. The Hunger. Not knowing what had happened or why. What I had become.

Many of us falter when we take our first steps as creatures of the Blood. The loss of a mortal life is immeasurable. It’s a blessing, the necessary start of our journey as Caine’s Angels, but how many of us are able to perceive that in the moment?

Especially if we’re Nosferatu?

The answers are out there; you have to survive long enough to find them.”

— AN TRAN
A CHURCH OF CAINE NOSFERATU





CHAPTER THREE

the free and
THE BOLD

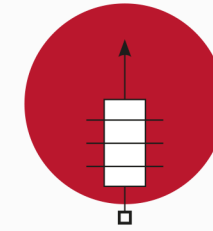
“I don’t know much, but I do know you need someone to look out for you if you’re going to survive. I had the Camarilla on my ass before I even became a... Before my Embrace. I just didn’t know it. They were going to kill me, and I never found out why!”

I guess they still do, but now I’m in the Anarchs. My gang protects me, and that’s worth more than anything.”

— BRYCE GARBER,
CLANLESS ANARCH

Now that the players’ characters understand a little about their nature as Kindred, they need to pick a side. In the following stories, it should become clear that there are powerful forces in the city they live in, none of which are content to leave them alone. The great sects vie not just for domain and power but for the hearts and minds of all Kindred. You can run the stories in Chapters Three, Four, and Five concurrently or even interleaved with stories from Chapter Two. The final shape of events is determined by events in your chronicle.

Both the Camarilla and the Anarchs need new members. Each new coterie brings their domain and hunting grounds with them as they join, and with that the city, piece by piece. If the players’ characters want a peaceful existence, they are out of luck. While picking the Camarilla or the Anarchs is to make an enemy of the other, trying to remain neutral just makes enemies of them both.



CHAPTER FOUR

The Aristocracy OF THE NIGHT

“I used to believe that the audience makes a performance sing. In rehearsals, the actors feel dull, limp, dead-eyed. On the stage, awash in the attention of a live audience, they’re electrified. They give of themselves when there’s someone to receive that gift.

I’m not alive anymore. I’m one of the undead, and God willing will remain so for decades and centuries to come. All of the audiences who have seen my work will have died, the memories of their experiences expiring with them.

What use is creating work for mortals whose existence is only temporary? What’s the point of grasping for immortality in art when you know you’re immortal in the flesh?

These are the kinds of questions I’m now free to ask. The Embrace granted me that freedom, but it wasn’t just a matter of the Blood. Being in the Camarilla also became important.

I used to dream of a patron, a wealthy supporter like those who funded the great works of the Renaissance artists. In the Camarilla, I have found something better. I’ve joined an immortal society who’ll witness my genius, whatever form it takes. I don’t have to create stories for the stage when I can stage them in the lives and unives of our less fortunate mortal servants and Kindred.

The meaning I grant to someone who’s existence I reshape is more valuable than any gift!”

– MARK FLOROS
CAMARILLA MEMBER
AND FORMER PLAYWRIGHT