



BOSTON  
BY NIGHT

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# Boston by Night

A sourcebook for **Vampire: The Masquerade – Swansong** and the  
**Vampire: The Masquerade TTRPG**.

**Author:** Matthew Dawkins

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# What is Vampire: The Masquerade?

There are monsters out there. Real monsters. Ours is a World of Darkness, and behind closed doors and the sounds of muffled screams, staring you right in the eyes over an office desk, over drinks at an exclusive bar, or over the body of the person they just drained of blood, you'll find real monsters.

**In Vampire: The Masquerade,** you play one of these monsters. As a vampire — known as Kindred to others of your kind — you hide yourself among mortals, wearing your family,

your friends, your job, your social status like a false skin to disguise what you truly are: a blood-drinking predator. You might fool yourself into believing you're moral by feeding only from lovers or criminals. You might try to form real attachments with the mortals in your unlife. You might even masquerade as a caring partner with a night shift and an odd dietary disorder... But the truth is, you'll never go out in daytime, you'll never eat another solid meal, you'll never produce living offspring, you'll

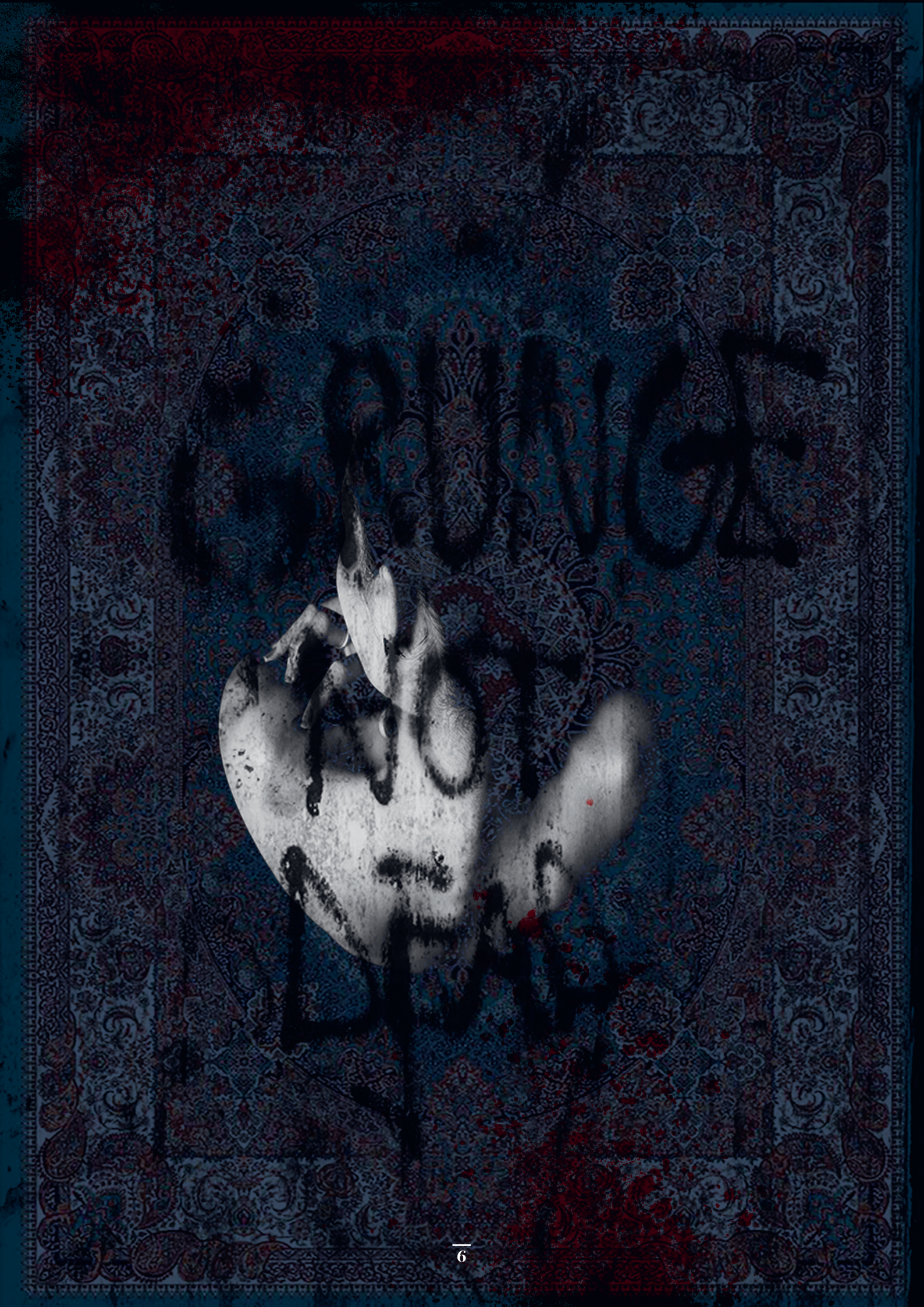
never age, and you'll always need blood.

And so, you, as a vampire, must find your own company. Some come together as coteries — groups of vampires who share common interest, territory, feeding habits, or mutual enemies. Others align for sectarian, political, or philosophical reasons, forging alliances with vampires of similar persuasion, and making enemies of those on the other side of the line. Meanwhile, some Kindred organize by clan — their family of Blood

— the sire who drained them and made them into an undead monster, the childer they create in turn, their brothers, sisters, and distant kin connected via invisible strings of vitae, the Blood stagnant but potent in their veins.

Whether you try to hide among the living or climb the slick ladder of Kindred hierarchy, or focus on your development of vampiric gifts — your Disciplines — and become the monster you know yourself to be, the decision is between you and the Beast within you.







# What is Vampire: The Masquerade — Swansong?

Welcome to the world of the narrative RPG. Developed by a passionate and experienced studio in the form of Big Bad Wolf, **Vampire: The Masquerade — Swansong** is a game of social drama and high stakes, peaks and plummets of emotion, and presents a gripping story set in the World of Darkness.

**Swansong** is a consequences-based game, where the players are presented with choices with sometimes subtle, other times devastating consequences. Behind the game's surface plot hides a mystery, waiting for

the players to connect the dots and realise the depths of the conspiracy at Swansong's core.

**In Vampire: The Masquerade — Swansong**, the player takes on the roles of three vampires — Galeb, Leysha, and Emem — within the domain of Boston. Each vampire belongs to a different clan of the elite Kindred sect known as the Camarilla, and each has their own personal motivations for participating in the story. As you play each protagonist, you confront their pasts, their ambitions, and the dreadful truth of what lengths the vampires of Boston will go

to in the name of influence and the all-important Masquerade — the global conspiracy that hide the undead from the mortal world.

**Swansong** explores a setting already established in **Vampire: The Masquerade**, now presented for the first time in the game's present edition. The events in this game will affect the world beyond Boston and New England, and depending on the players' actions, might see to the downfall or the ascendance of their domain, their Prince, and their own status.

# What is Boston by Night?

This book provides details, mysteries, and tales beyond what's presented in **Vampire: The Masquerade — Swansong**, acting as both a companion to the **Swansong** experience and a sourcebook for the **Vampire** storytelling game.

**Boston by Night** contains insight into the Kindred history of Boston and New England, exploring the domain's past and the important figures who helped

shape the domain in which we play tonight. It also provides detail of some of the intriguing characters within the setting, including who you play as in **Swansong**, and who you might encounter. Further, **Boston by Night** provides an array of plot ideas for Storytellers looking to start chronicles in this domain, and Loreshets for players wanting to tie their characters to the events of **Swansong** and the book's eponymous location.

Despite its name, **Boston by Night** content can be extracted, manipulated, or skinned, renamed, and repurposed for your own games regardless of their setting. This book acts as a toolbox of enthralling lore and fun mechanics for Storytellers and players to use as they see fit. Every section has potential stories layered within it, and is closed with a handful of story hooks for Storytellers to use.



# What's Past is Prologue

Vampires may be unaging, but they're not fixed in amber. When vampire Princes fall, and the eldest of Kindred start disappearing all around the globe, these events cause ripples. Ripples swiftly turn to waves. These waves crash into every city and roll over every vampire, changing everything and destroying much, as bloodlines collapse, ambitious Kindred stake their claims on vacated cities, and vampires use upheaval as a method to humiliate, ruin, or assassinate their rivals.

In New England, the elders are all gone. Kindred in this corner of the United States are left without the hoary, tyrant masters of old, leaving spots for well-placed, clutching vampires to seize power. What's more, the monstrous death cult known as the Sabbat — a shadowed army of fanatical vampires believed to practice cannibalism and terrible blood rites — disappeared from New England seemingly overnight.

With each change, ripples expand, they become waves,

and everything falls or adapts to survive the outcome.

To understand why Boston and New England are as they are tonight, one might benefit from looking back at the domain's past events and figures of prominence. This domain has rarely experienced peaceful, harmonious existence, with one threat or other clawing at its edges while precarious Princes struggle to balance atop their crooked and broken thrones.



**Story Hook: The Absentee** —

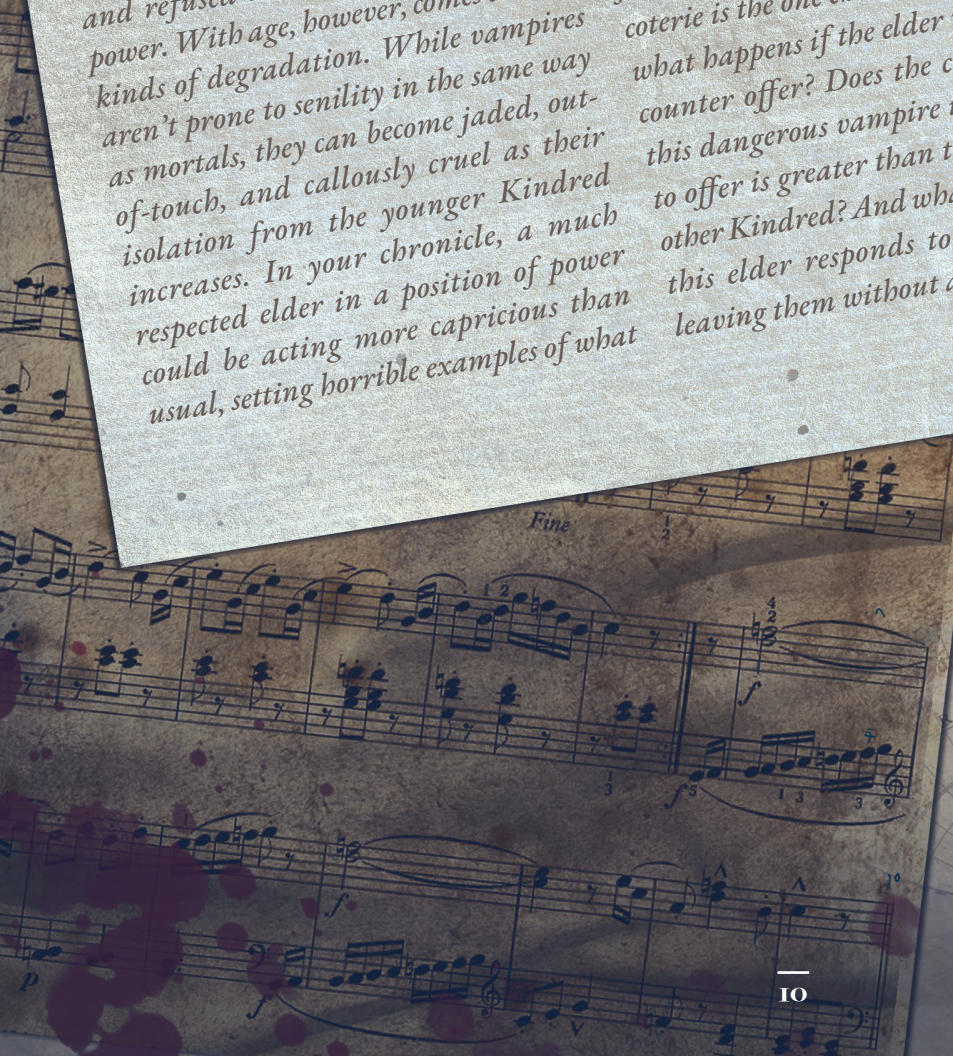
A power vacuum always facilitates high intrigue. In your chronicle, it needn't be the Sabbat who disappeared from the domain; it could be any influential figure, cult, sect, or even an entire clan's presence. A story hook like this works particularly well after this group has been established as enemies, rivals, or even allies of


the protagonists, as it provides the characters with an investment into their whereabouts, what happened to make them leave, and what will become of their people, territory, and possessions. Tying such a story hook to the Beckoning, where many vampires of age disappeared overnight, is a way of introducing this plot element from Vampire to a group of new players.


**STORY HOOK:  
THE DECAYING PRINCE** —

Princes, Primogen, and elders of all stripes have clung on to influence with desperation and greed since the first vampire claimed praxis in a domain and refused to relinquish the reins of power. With age, however, comes various kinds of degradation. While vampires aren't prone to senility in the same way as mortals, they can become jaded, out-of-touch, and callously cruel as their isolation from the younger Kindred increases. In your chronicle, a much respected elder in a position of power could be acting more capricious than usual, setting horrible examples of what

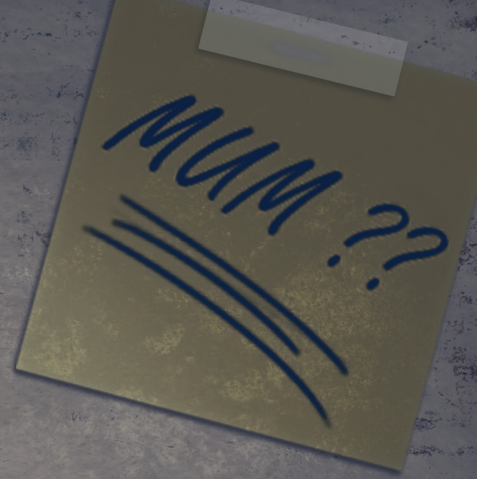
happens to those who cross her, all while behaving in an anachronistic, or even alien fashion due to their impressive age. Eventually, the city's Kindred might decide it's time to put this vampire down for good, and the player characters' coterie is the one chosen for the task. But what happens if the elder makes them a counter offer? Does the coterie support this dangerous vampire if what she has to offer is greater than that of the city's other Kindred? And what happens when this elder responds to the Beckoning, leaving them without a patron?



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# Six States at War

**M**aine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut make up the American region known as New England. Its northeastern position, its long coastline (only Vermont doesn't touch the ocean), and historic significance make it a sought-after domain among kine and Kindred alike. Naturally, when something or somewhere is desired by many, conflict arises.

So it is with New England.

Revolt in Boston ignited the fuse that led to the American War of Independence, but New England was a source of anarchy and strife for more than just mortals. As far back as the 18th century, fierce packs of werewolves — known to the colonist Kindred as “Lupines” — bit and tore at any vampire bastion in the area, isolating vampires to their towns and cities like castaways on islands in an unstoppably tempestuous sea. The severe winter time became one of extreme famine for vampires in the region, forcing many to cannibalism or the sleep of torpor, as the kine population rarely surged outside spring or summer. The Sabbat routinely sent war packs to terrorize and subjugate Kindred throughout

this pocket of the thirteen colonies-turned-United States, on more than one occasion utterly gutting Vermont of its Camarilla and Anarch populations.

The onslaught of monsters and inhospitable environment improved little until the 19th century reached its end. The Sabbat, who long held a cruel gauntlet over any Kindred daring to cleave to another sect — or even more dangerous, to independence — found themselves in a defensive war against invaders from across the ocean. British Kindred under the yoke of the Camarilla Prince of London, the god-emperor Mithras, arrived, but not as allies to the few Camarilla in New England; they came to seize the territories for their master a century after they'd fallen from mortal Britain's grip.

What followed was a three-way war between the New England Camarilla, the Sabbat, and the British Camarilla, the latter of which was led by a coterie known as the Triad. While no side definitively won the war, by the 20th century the respective sides had carved out domains and buried themselves deep, with borders rarely shifting.



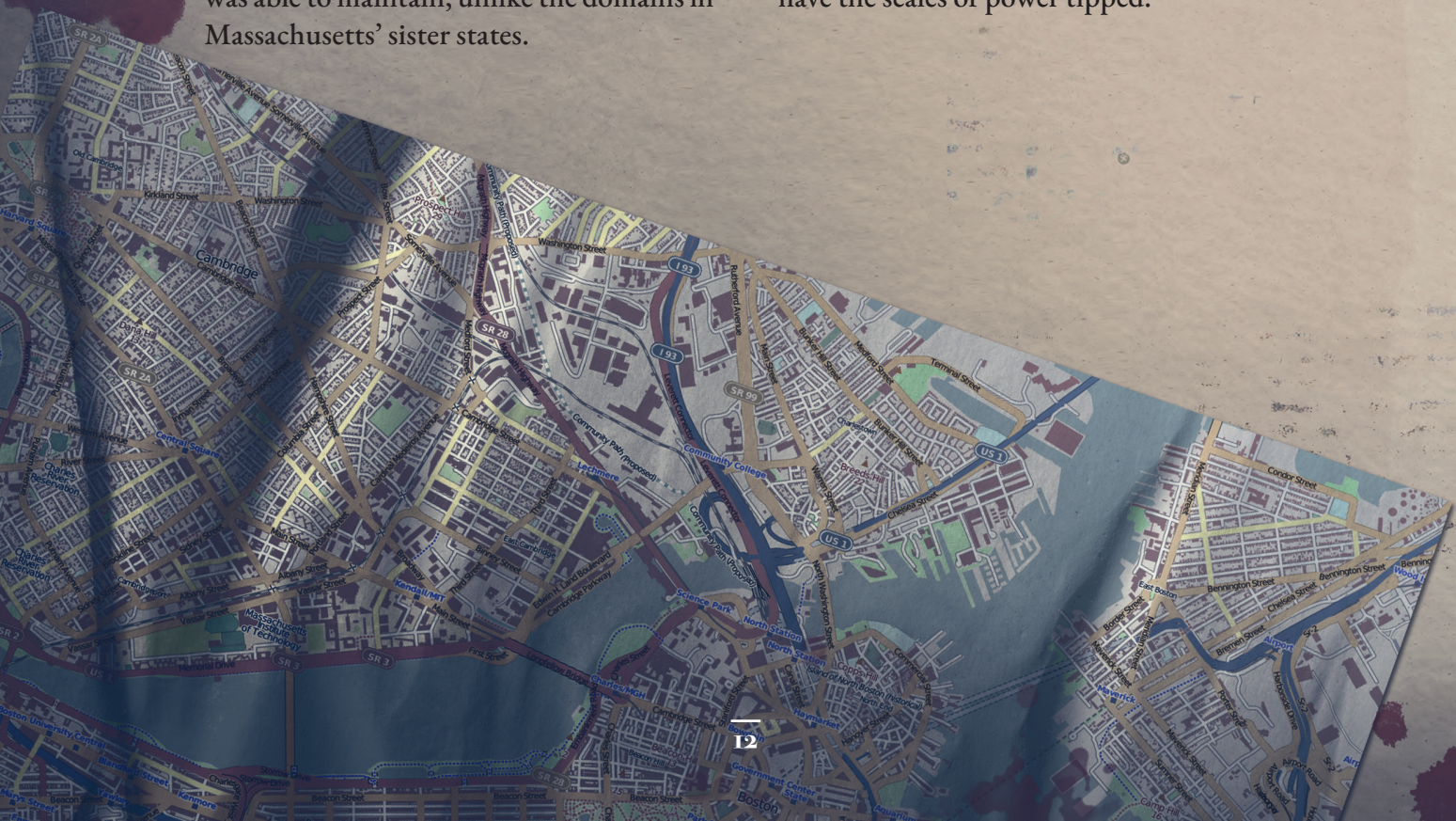
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Open fighting in the streets, the docks, and more rarely, the forests and mountains (still the Lupines' province), had become a bygone activity only the Sabbat favored. Now, warfare was a matter conducted via assassinations, economic persecution, property sabotage, and exploiting or threatening an enemy's mortal associates.

The primary Lord of the British Triad was a vampire under the epithet of "Pendragon," and for much of the 19th century, Pendragon focused his war efforts on Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, much to the joy of the notoriously combative Sabbat in those states. The New England Sabbat — known as the Crimson Tide — met Pendragon's challenge with a combination of brutality and adroit subtlety. Massachusetts fell to the Triad early, with the Malkavian Prince of Boston — one Quentin King — becoming one of Pendragon's puppets. While the thought of a puppet state under foreign rule pleased few New England Kindred, few could deny the relative peace Boston was able to maintain, unlike the domains in Massachusetts' sister states.

The New England Camarilla never existed in great numbers (in large part due to Sabbat abductions, murders, and raids on poorly protected domains), leading to their existence as two underground movements: the Kindred of Liberty in Massachusetts, who through sabotage and politicking attempted to undermine and oust Quentin King and his Triad supporters; and a coterie named the Gemini League in New Haven, Connecticut, who through a combination of Ventrue financing and Tremere rituals protected their domain, but increasingly isolated themselves. Behind all of them, a large coterie previously known as the Web (believed to be an exclusively Nosferatu affair, though they never declared their numbers and membership) spied on their peers and enemies. To this night, few could make an informed guess as to the network allegiances and objectives, though some believe they were an oversized Anarch gang looking to set every faction against the other for as long as it kept everyone beyond itself weak.

The wars raged on, and only in recent years have the scales of power tipped.



### **Story Hook: Fresh Blood —**

It's rare for a vampire hierarchy to retain its stability when a sizable force arrives fresh in the domain, all unified against the resident Kindred. Many Princes rule via the "divide and conquer" method, which does little to help when united attackers seek to destabilize or overrun a domain. Such was the case with Boston and New England with the arrival of the Triad, and the same might occur in your stories. Consider the kinds of Kindred arriving. Are they invaders? Are they spies? Maybe they're migrants fleeing a catastrophe in the next domain over. How do your protagonists deal with this influx of new vitae, especially when it comes time to feeding, preserving the Masquerade, and doling out territory? Consider the stories from the real world's headlines, where aggressive neighbors annex lands and kill the people in them, where desperate refugees arrive seeking sanctuary, only to find cold welcomes, or a people willing to drive them back into the sea. One new Kindred arriving in Elysium is a curiosity, and among some vampires, could even become a cause célèbre. Ten new Kindred arriving is a crisis.

### **Story Hook: The Changing Map —**

Though the information in *Boston by Night* largely pertains to Boston and New England, it doesn't need to do so in your chronicle. Any of the events in this book can be moved to take place in your domain. Characters can be uprooted, plots and secrets can now be the plots and secrets of the Kindred your player characters regularly encounter in Elysium. Consider what fits well with your story. If your domain is on the coast, for instance, you can pull the events of the Triad's arrival and have it take place in your story, at any time. This works especially well if your game takes place in a domain that was once under the colonial dominion of another country or political regime, as vampires may still act in service to such a mortal legacy. If your domain is deep in the mountains or forests surrounding it, consider the threat Lupines might pose to travel to and from the area. Rather than having them simply as random threats, waiting to bushwhack vampires unlucky enough to take a wrong turn, give them control over the private airports, the train station, and docks, making vampires have to choose between travelling by land and risking car breakdown or police stop, or braving the possibility of Second Inquisition scrutiny by travelling via a commercial airline, accessed through a major airport. *Boston by Night* presents many ideas, but don't feel limited to seeing them in and around Boston.

# The Reign of Prince Quentin

King's century and a half reign over Boston is considered remarkable among the Kindred who know of it. By rights, this puppet Prince with his talk of being "King Arthur reborn" should have been ousted in the early nights of his rule, yet he persevered with a combination of fanatical and clandestine support, as well as being aided by the wars surrounding his domain, as they kept his potential enemies weak. The Arthurian clung to power, and the Kindred in his domain enjoyed an uneasy peace under an unstable, yet conservative praxis.

King's most fervent support came in the form of his "questing knights." Some were childer he Embraced, others flocked to Boston to kneel before him and offer their services and fealty. Blood scholars theorize a collective delusion imposed by an elder of Clan Malkavian, for reasons unknown, but the result was a Prince who was referred to as "the Arthurian" and a willingly Blood Bound coterie known collectively as "the knights." Some Kindred knew these knights as Lancelot, Sagamore, Galahad, Gawain, Percival, and Lamorak, though

they were not all men, nor were they all British (and the Kindred outside of Quentin's set referred to them by far less impressive names, such as Praxis, Pro Bono, Cum Laude, Sine Die, Dine Qua Non, and Probus). King, for that matter, was a New York police inspector in his mortal days, but that mattered little to the devoted coterie.

The Arthurian and his knights attempted to bring an air of pageantry and pomp to Boston, including tourneys in Elysium involving the blatant use of powers that frequently violated the Masquerade. Their presence kept morale high, in the sense that Boston was a novel domain with an eccentric rulership always worthy of gossip, which only avoided the attention of Camarilla Justicars due to the chaos in neighboring cities and states. Quentin King was, by most Camarilla standards, more a Keeper of Elysium than effective Prince. Without a rival offering something better, and with the support of his coterie and his more clandestine backers, he adhered to praxis.

King's more discreet support came in the form of an elder

from his clan, named Biltmore. Unlike the knights, this vampire was British, and represented one third of the invading Triad, with Pendragon (a Brujah, despite the eponymous Arthurian connection and many suppositions as to his manipulation or lineage ties to Quentin King) and the crushed-faced Nosferatu Stanford Warwick forming its remaining leadership. It was through Biltmore and his Redcoats — largely mortal retainers and fierce ghouls, but with some Kindred among their number — that the Mithraist Triad enforced their hegemony through Boston. Pendragon focused on leading his war, nominally against the Sabbat, but destroying any Kindred in his path. In one notable part of the campaign, Pendragon's ghouls successfully salted the earth in every major cemetery in New Hampshire through use of Blood rituals, thus entombing all sleeping Sabbat, who used the cemeteries as a matter of habit. Meanwhile, Warwick established the Web throughout New England. Quentin King, for his part, was aware of the Triad's activities, but was too weak and prone to fits of mania to do anything about it. Even if he could have interfered with

the Mithraists' ambitions, he lacked the wisdom and allies to form an alternative.

With his domain pulled between rival forces and his sitting upon a fragile throne, it took until the late 20th century for Quentin King to start imposing his will, such as it was. Biltmore's Redcoats were established as the domain's enforcers, the Web was so deeply embedded as to be unseen by this point, and the Sabbat were a rare presence in Boston with Pendragon's forever-war raging. To demonstrate his praxis, King made a choice that would alter the balance of power in his domain: he invited the Giovanni — now part of the Hecata — to act as a fully acknowledged Camarilla clan within his domain. They'd held a presence there for many years through their cadet family, the Milliners, but King was determined to extend a formal hand and offer to the Giovanni in the interest of gaining allies who weren't attempting to control him. This was, in King's mind, his way of exerting independence from the pathological knights and Biltmore's grip.

It was a plan that went horribly wrong.

## STORY HOOK: THE ELITE —

Quentin King (arguably) benefited from an entourage of fanatically loyal vampires. While his so-called knights occasionally left the domain to embark on quests of their own (or their master's) design, he always held a handful close to his side, and therefore resisted dozens of assassination attempts over the course of a century. As far as anyone knows, Quentin King's no longer a player on the Boston stage, but some of his knights — his elite bodyguard, rarely taken seriously outside King's company — stuck around in Boston long after King's absence, and have only recently faded into the background. The lasting presence of the knights and how much influence they impose over the night-to-night running of the domain is a hot topic at Elysium, with many wondering if King was their puppet, or if they served him as claimed. These vampires would be rich sources of information and defense if given a new target to whom they could pledge fealty. Without their King Arthur, their existences lack meaning. Sirs "Pro Bono," "Cum Laude," and "Sine Die" have recently been confirmed as meeting final death, but that still leaves several of their number unaccounted for. Encountering one of the fallen knights could be an opportunity, or it could be the equivalent of kicking a wasp nest. The Blood Bond warps the mind of the drinker, and these knights were addicted to Quentin King's vitae for a long, long time.





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### Story Hook: Puppet Strings —

Kindred orchestrating plots and pulling the levers of powers from the shadows is an expected part of vampiric nature. But how will the player characters feel when they realize they've been manipulated across several stories, or even chronicles? The player characters shouldn't be left with nowhere to turn, as the feeling of being puppeteered can leave a bad taste. Rather, if you decide to run a story where the characters' moves have been pushed in a direction by a vampire like Biltmore or perhaps the Web coterie, immediately equip the protagonists with a way of striking back, if even only in a minor way. Now the arc of the chronicle changes, as the players focus on their former manipulator. Characters such as Biltmore and Pendragon are likely gone from New England now, due to the Beckoning, but with some elders finding ways of subverting it, it's possible one could still be operating the Triad from behind the scenes, though it's now simply referred to as "the British Camarilla." The British Camarilla still exist in the Boston of the present nights, so someone is trying to take the domain, and it's very likely they'll use some of the same tactics as their predecessors, including the enlisting of enforcers, and pushing their subjects without their knowing. Once, these enforcers were known as "the Redcoats." These nights, they go by all manner of epithets. Their present British Camarilla leader is a mystery.



# King's Gambit

The libertine Andreas Giovanni and his clanmates, the cautious Stephano Giovanni and the ambitious Jason Milliner, seized the opportunity to exert influence in Boston. They'd been given territory, feeding rights, a say in the domain's war with the Sabbat, and a vote in the (admittedly ineffectual) city council. What's more, they had what so many of the other clans in the domain lacked: unity. Clans aren't factions at the best of times, but the proto-Hecata always displayed remarkable capability for acting as a coordinated unit.


Taking advantage of Quentin King's weakness, Andreas invited increasing numbers of his

clanmates to Boston and began establishing it as a necromantic bastion in the United States. Ceremonies took place in historic buildings, invoking old ghosts, capitalizing on the city's spirit of revolution. The Famiglia Giovanni found their position stronger than in any other U.S. domain, with the Milliners as their front-of-house financiers and money launderers, while Andreas, Stephano, and others worked tirelessly to further their family's agenda.

As the Necromancers' plan proceeded, Quentin King openly despaired. He brought these mercenaries into the fold to serve him; not to sabotage his domain. In an infamous event

at the turn of the 21st century, he declared in Elysium that he would abandon his role and voluntarily adopt an unlife of exile. It's possible he expected his statement would provoke sympathy, or calls for him to remain, but the Giovanni present mocked, the American Camarilla in attendance recognized an opportunity for one of their own to ascend to power, the Redcoats blistered at the unexpected move, and the Prince's knights ran King through with their ceremonial wooden swords.

Assault on a Prince in Elysium is not an unknown maneuver in Kindred society, despite the assumption of peace and neu-



trality in such locations. The mirth, outrage, and hunger for influence abruptly ceased with the knights' attack on their Prince, however. Nobody — not even the knights, it seemed — could explain why they did what they did, but his honor guard-turned-betrayers quickly ferried King's paralyzed body from Elysium, leaving the domain in a brief period of disarray.

While Boston's Kindred recognized Quentin King's return one short week later, few were aware of what transpired during his disappearance. For the first time in over a century, King was introduced to Biltmore, who explained to the

Arthurian that the knights were in his thrall, and had long been mentally conditioned to stake the Prince if he did something stupid and chaotic, like trying to flee his responsibilities. King couldn't understand how Biltmore's conditioning somehow superseded his Blood Bond with the knights, but Biltmore was less than forthcoming with the details. The elder Malkavian instead advised King to be a good boy, retake his throne, and allow the Redcoats to run the domain through him as they'd done since the British Camarilla arrived. The knights were there for "his protection," but the next time King did something foolish, he'd have more to

worry about than a brief period of impalement.

Bereft, realizing his faithful bodyguards were — knowingly or unknowingly — actually his captors, Quentin King returned to power. He watched as the Hecata powerbase grew, driving the Kindred of Liberty further underground. This American Camarilla subject found themselves forced to violence against Andreas Giovanni's family, and the New England war moved from three fronts — Sabbat, American Camarilla, and British Camarilla — to include a fourth — the Necromancers.



The conflict between each group took differing forms as the new century dawned. The Sabbat had been embroiled in a continent-wide war with the Camarilla and Anarchs, and just as the Sword of Caine in New York and Atlanta had to form new strategies to combat their enemies, the New England Crimson Tide did likewise. The Sabbat with interest and influence in Boston commenced campaigns of mass Embraces in the villages and smaller communities outside the city, sending rampaging, blood-starved fledglings into the domain as shock troops, while the experienced Crimson Tide Cainites abducted Camarilla ghouls and put them through rapid indoctrination, combining the forced intake of vitae with a

hothouse of mental domination. Through these methods, the Sabbat successfully struck Camarilla vampires in their daysleep, their ghouls turned into rogue agents. By the time any hypnosis or vitae-fuelled loyalty wore off, in the cases where it did, the retainers were without their domitors, and many — in an act the Sabbat didn't intend, but greatly appreciated — then assaulted other Camarilla Kindred in efforts to access more of the precious vitae they required.

The American Camarilla acted with less unity, but no less aggression. Frustrated at the British presence in New England, some vampires among the Kindred of Liberty sold — and in some cases,

just gave — information to the Sabbat regarding Redcoat safehouses. The Kindred of Liberty also assassinated some of Pendragon's agents in Boston, unknowingly pushing King closer to the freedom he sought. This move sent shockwaves through the domain, as Camarilla fought Camarilla despite the Sabbat assault, but it was swiftly forgotten as the British redoubled their efforts to control the Arthurian. What the American Camarilla did achieve was, at least for a time, open communication between the Kindred of Liberty and the long-isolated Gemini League. Though it wasn't to last, the two worked together to protect themselves, hunkering down to weather the fallout of the war above.



For their part, the British Camarilla again campaigned against their enemies in a coordinated, effective manner, increasing the numbers of mortals and ghouls in their service so as not to be reliant on night-time assaults. They used the Web to discover nuggets of information regarding their enemies, subjects, and collaborators, waging a war of information where the Sabbat and American Camarilla increasingly leaned on violence. The Triad's intention was to blackmail and humiliate their opponents, rather than running the expensive risk of destruction. It wasn't through fear of loss or an attachment to humanity that they acted this way, but due to the knowledge that spilled vitae draws Sabbat like flies to a puddle of excrement.

Finally, the Famiglia Giovanni and Milliners at their side scoured every battle site for precious vampire remains and the tormented wraiths of dead servants. Their vulture-like practices were however a happy result of war rather than a means to secure the domain of Boston. Ghosts were helpful for reconnaissance and tormenting victims, but the Clan of Death's preferred method was financial and legal. Through the Milliners, vampires who opposed them found their havens and belongings suddenly subject to tax inspection or marked for repossession. Their mortal associates were threatened with debts and court summons, as the Kindred found businesses in their name bought out at

pennies on the dollar. Suddenly, the law was interested in this vampire's fake ID, or their haven being registered in the name of someone long dead. The Hecata played a dangerous game with the Masquerade, putting every vampire in Boston on edge.

The 21st century war for Boston had turned dirty, and once again, there was no clear victor in sight. That is, until the event known as the New England Gehenna.

## Story Hook: Mercenaries —

Sect and family loyalty only goes so far, and relying on one too much can highlight its foundational cracks. Most vampires remain true to their sect only for as long as it benefits them, or their coterie, to do so. Sometimes, vampires of the Court must seek outside help in the form of independent Kindred, sometimes called Autarkis, who work for the highest bidder and leave or betray their employer when the checks start bouncing. With mercenaries, you know where their loyalty begins and ends. In your chronicle, perhaps a vampire always seen as vulnerable and without allies appears in court with hired help at his side, all of a sudden wanting to make a play for power. Maybe, you want to tell a story where vampire mercs have an axe to grind against a former employer who left them unpaid, and they require the player characters' assistance to get close to their target. Perhaps the player characters can play the role of mercenaries, traveling from one domain to the next, working for the highest bidder. Mercenaries can shift power in domains just through their presence — the Gangrel, Banu Haqim, Ravnos, and Hecata are known for occupying such roles — but time has shown they can't all be relied upon to stay true to their contracts. As with mortal soldiers of fortune, some switch sides if the price is right, while others abandon the battlefield entirely if the odds are against them.

## Story Hook: The Taxman —

The most mundane threats are sometimes the most threatening. Bringing Vampire back to the realm of mortal horror is a strong path for any tale to follow, especially when the landlord, the taxman, or the repo men show up to evict a mortal associate, or even the players' vampires. Dealing with these kinds of mortal agencies the first time might be a simple enough task: sway the landlady and persuade her you've already paid the bill; Blood Bond someone at the tax office so your account stays topped up; have the repo men on your payroll. But eventually, the bills stack up, and the debt collectors keep knocking. Are these mortals in the thrall of a vampire looking to make your existence an unliving hell, or are they just doing their jobs? Bringing the stories down to this level of mundanity is a good example of how vampiric powers can't solve every issue.



Never trust  
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# The New England Gehenna

**G**ehenna is an apocalyptic event, foretold for centuries by Kindred with a penchant for such doomsaying. The Gehenna that arrived in New England was far from Armageddon, but created chaotic fractures throughout the region, from which the Kindred of Boston and beyond have yet to recover.

The first sign was the Sabbat's disappearance. Around the world, the Sabbat were vacating their ancient strongholds on what was dubbed in some places, "the Gehenna Crusade." This was the purpose for which the sect was built, according to some, and the time had finally come for the murderers and monsters of the Sword of Caine to take their fight to the eldest of Kindred. The exodus was sporadic, hitting different domains at different points, but New England was one of the first American regions to keenly feel the Sabbat's sudden absence.

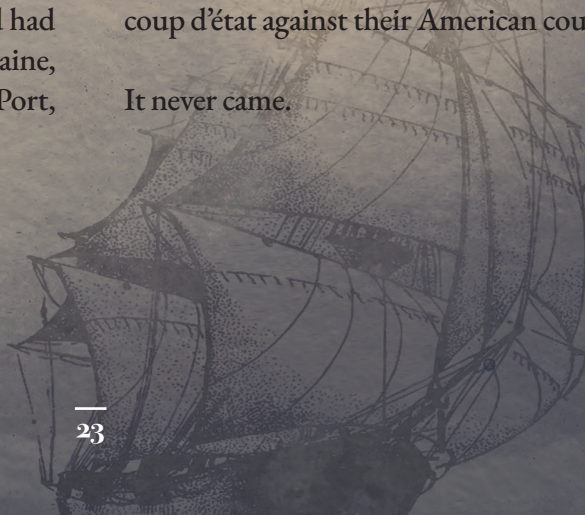
At first, the Triad, American Camarilla, and Hecata all suspected each other of having dealt a crippling blow to the most homicidal of New England's Kindred factions. Word hadn't traveled that this same phenomenon was taking place in cities around the world. The war fell into an uneasy ceasefire as each competing side shared tidbits of intelligence, culminating in the Breakers Truce, where each group sent three representatives to plead their case, and ignorance to the Sabbat's vanishing. Working together, albeit uneasily, they discovered the Sabbat of New England had carved a bloody swathe through Portland, Maine, and taken over two ships in the Portland Port,

before departing the American East Coast. The sheer volume of Sabbat in attendance could have spelled a massacre, but it appeared they were keen only to abduct the food they'd need for the journey, before abandoning New England.

The remaining vampires in New England were unhappy to not know why the Sabbat had flown the coop, but they celebrated the sect's absence nonetheless. Their revelry lasted two nights, the New England Truce ending almost as soon as it was agreed upon, as old enmities flared and the war was rejoined.

The New England Gehenna wasn't over. Within months of the Crimson Tide's departure, the British Camarilla began acting erratically. Redcoats stopped hearing from their masters. Quentin King's knights were sometimes absent from court, and when they were there, they appeared confused. Pendragon's armed assault against his enemies — now having been pursued for over a century — abruptly ceased. Much as with the Sabbat's disappearance, the remaining Kindred viewed the entire event with a sense of apprehension. Surely, the same thing couldn't happen twice? Word spread that Pendragon's tactics had changed, and recognizing the destabilizing effects from the Crimson Tide's absence, he decided to emulate it with his elite coteries, and put his enemies on unsteady terrain. Everyone prepared for Pendragon's British Camarilla to spring from the shadows with a coup d'état against their American cousins.

It never came.



The event known as “the Beckoning,” had gripped Pendragon, Biltmore, and other elders around the world, and much as the Gehenna Crusade made its march toward destiny, as did many of those vampires who felt their ancestors’ summons. The Redcoats were left without leaders, and now, the Kindred of Liberty and Gemini League — depleted of old, potent vampires — took advantage of the chaos without any kind of investigative truce to allow the Redcoats to gain their bearings.

The British Camarilla were not eliminated. The Web remained intact, with some believing its master Warwick found a method of staving off the Beckoning (popular rumor had him staking his sire and grandsire and retaining them in his haven beneath Boston), and there was talk of others allied to the British hiding in isolation, or forming small coterie across New England. Nevertheless, as a force, they were neutralized.

For a brief moment in vampire terms — a few months, at most — King held praxis over Boston without the British Camarilla manipulating him. He only held it for that long because the Kindred of Liberty and Gemini League were busy scouring the domain for Hecata and still, in some cases, waiting for the other shoe to drop with Pendragon returning, or the Sabbat invading from the south with thralls or leaderless packs. King’s free reign was unremarkable, except for its contribution toward strengthening the Masquerade in New England. His goal, which he communicated eloquently to the few subjects who listened, was to fabricate mortal reasons for the carnage in Maine surrounding the Sabbat’s exit via Portland, and to diminish the visibility of Kindred in positions of influence. Despite his faults, King achieved what he set out to do, and in doing so weakened the Hecata’s leverage over high profile vampires, as they took their

names off property deeds, company boards, and in the extremely overt cases (most common among the Brujah and Toreador artistic types), started performing via mortal proxies. He was on borrowed time, however, with the Kindred of Liberty never forgetting his role as the British Camarilla’s puppet.

Quentin King disappeared, just like his masters. Whether this was due to the Beckoning reaching his ears, Biltmore’s threat against his free will coming to fruition, or the Kindred of Liberty finally snuffing him out, none can say. One night he was in court; the next, he wasn’t. 2014 spelled the end of Quentin King’s surprisingly lengthy praxis.

By the time King’s reign ended, the only meaningful warring factions were the American Camarilla and the Hecata, the latter of which losing their taste for the conflict when the British Camarilla broke down. The Famiglia Giovanni had undergone their own internal problems in the preceding decade, with Andreas hollowed out after a necromantic ceremony gone horribly wrong, and the clan undergoing significant strife in its home domain of Venice. With King’s removal of Kindred from Milliner grasps, the Hecata stepped back from the conflict entirely, leaving the Milliners in Boston to maintain their financial affairs and diplomatic negotiations, but dropping their council vote and all Giovanni-held territories, as the clan reduced to a handful of influential members in the domain. They still observe and subtly manipulate from the fringes, but have no desire to determine the outcome of the next plays for power.

The New England Gehenna was a multi-part, segmented apocalypse. Within the course of a decade, the status quo had completely changed, with the American Camarilla ascendant by virtue of its youth and its members’ dogged tenacity.



## Story Hook: The Missing Ships —

Two cargo ships don't just go missing without a news story to cover their departure, and such was the case with the *Crimson Tide's* theft of two vessels during the *Gebenna Crusade's* opening migration. At the time, vampires like *Quentin King* and well-placed media influencers in the *British and American Camarilla* tried to manufacture a story about Islamic fundamentalists (as they were very much all over the news, at the time) seizing the vessels, and this worked to a degree, until the FBI got involved and discovered no evidence of *Al-Qaeda* or *Daesh* being involved. The ships were tracked to the Atlantic Ocean, on a course for Morocco, and were boarded by the U.S. Navy within a week following their leaving Portland. Details after that point were vague. People who had lost relatives to the hijackings were told they were already dead, or died in the firefight to retake the vessels. Thankfully, for the *Masquerade*, no news reports, blogs, or even conspiracy theorists supposed vampires were involved. Distinct mysteries exist for the *Kindred* and the *kine*, surrounding the two ships. For the vampires, what became of the *Crimson Tide* on board the two ships, and did the Navy find evidence of their existence? For the mortals, it was never confirmed who hijacked the ships, being attributed to "independent terrorists" who remained unnamed for the reason of national security. Therefore, *kine* still flock to Portland to ask questions surrounding the case of the hijacked vessels, with many a documentary filmed to cover the mysterious events surrounding their disappearance.

## Story Hook: Vacated Territories —

Few *Kindred* realize what a golden opportunity Boston and wider New England represent tonight. The region benefits from little hunter scrutiny, a new model court, and a lot of vacated havens and feeding grounds. When powerful *Kindred* vanished overnight, the remaining vampires didn't rush in to plug the gap. In some cases, they held off out of loyalty or fear to the absent *Kindred* (and for that reason, some spaces on the map remain untaken). In other cases, nobody knew for sure who held what under *Quentin King*, and with him gone, nobody's likely to find out for fear of treading on toes. New England's century and more of hostility led to empty territories all over the six states comprising the region. Providing a newly arrived coterie makes few waves, and works in concert with the new *Prince* (formerly of the *Kindred of Liberty*) or the *Hartford Tremere* (formerly of the *Gemini League*), the place could become a haven in both senses of the word.

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EMERGENCY: Call Ceryn

# Boston's Empty Throne

King's throne wasn't going to remain empty for long, but the Kindred of Liberty were determined to organize the Boston Kindred differently than before. The council under King was a form of Duma with no meaningful say over the domain. This would change. A hasty

## *Berel Underwood* —

One of the most influential, wealthy, and longstanding Ventrue in the city kept hold of the seat for his clan. A former Primogen under King, Underwood seamlessly shifted loyalty to the new Prince when she took power.

## *Hilda MacAndrews* —

A backroom-dealing, widely connected Diva with a background in artistry, unusually academic and discreet for a member of her clan, seized her place. MacAndrews took the initiative and receives the respect of all culture-addicts and creative types for her power grab.

power grab occurred among Boston's vampires, not for praxis, but for positions on the Primogen Council. Some members retained the positions they held previously, under King, while others ascended to new seats of power.

## *Jara Drory* —

Once occupying a dual-identity within the Kindred of Liberty and British Camarilla, and one of the few dissenting voices as Primogen during King's reign, the widely unpopular Jara never lost her seat on the council, despite all questions surrounding her loyalty.

## *Richard Dunham* —

Another Kindred who served as Primogen under Quentin King, but avoided much of the backlash against the British Camarilla due to his reclusive behavior, Dunham represents the domain's thinkers and planners on the council.

As far as the council were concerned, they had no need for additional Primogen. Some Malkavians of Boston protested their lack of representation in court (Dunham had always been a quiet voice, representing his faction of theorists more than a family of blood, and they were used to King speaking for their clan too), resulting in the council's first statement, to which Prince Iversen acceded, once she'd taken power: Malkavians would never again be permitted praxis in New England. Rightly or wrongly, King's chaotic reign and his chief manipulator, Biltmore, were castigated post-departure not for their actions, but for being Malkavians. The sharp slap on the wrist for questioning the council sent a clear message: the new order wasn't going to be as weak or forgiving as the last.

The lack of a Prince was telling, in Boston, and reflected an unstable domain. Either nobody wanted the throne because of the mess King left behind, or nobody was bold enough to be the first to step up, only to get struck down by their rivals.

The neonates of Boston expected Berel, Hilda, or Richard to take praxis as some of the eldest Kindred remaining in the domain, or at least, the eldest vampires anyone knew about. The three refused the poisoned chalice however, passing it between themselves with various reasons for their declining the role. Richard cited his clan, justly, due to the council's ruling on Malkavians. Hilda leaned on her unfamiliarity with domain governance, always having performed best out of sight. Berel had a harder time persuading anyone he was unfit, until he reasoned in court that "the Anarchs would reignite old wars were a Kindred like myself to assume power." Nobody wanted a return to the way things were.

The three Primogen instead conspired to manipulate another vampire into the role of Prince, ideally someone young, who could act as the lightning rod should disaster ever come crashing down again. In doing so, they secured their own power without taking on risk or constraint. The three, proving themselves the most influential vampires on the council, selected Hazel Iversen of Clan Ventrue. She wasn't their first choice: initially Underwood offered the position to his sire, Galeb Bazory, known as "the Diamond." Berel was surprised when Galeb refused, having been certain his sire would take the throne and be grateful to his childe for the offer. On the contrary, Bazory rebuked the offer harshly in the middle of Elysium, telling Underwood exactly what he thought of the role and his childe, before declaring his desire to leave town ahead of a new reign of chaos.

Hazel Iversen, domain Seneschal and new perfect puppet, assumed the throne. Nobody tried to take her down, or not openly. In fact, Iversen saw this opportunity coming and made efforts to hamstring potential opponents to power, though they were few. As soon as the Ventrue took praxis, she supported two new Primogen — Delsin Coates, a Gangrel fanatically loyal to her and more than capable of acting as her warlord and line to the council, and Dajan Siaka, a friend of the Salem Chantry and diplomat who reaches from Boston to other New England Kindred, as the occult representative for Boston and domains beyond — and began her rule. Primogen tend to exist as a balance against a Prince's power, so many of the existing council view these "appointees" as weak puppets more than true peers.

Of course, the new Boston Primogen found, to their frustration, that as soon as you put someone in the seat of power, they start using it.

## STORY HOOK: I NEED A VOICE —

*It's tough being a Kindred with no voice in the city court. In such cases, vampires might nominally align with Kindred of other factions so one Primogen speaks for multiple lines, or find a Primogen who represents their interests rather than the Blood. While most spies and information brokers seeking territory, the right to Embrace, or reprieve from the Prince's punishment go to Jara Drory, any Kindred on the outside of the domain, or who have newly arrived, commonly use Dajan Siaka as their mouthpiece (for the price he sets). Richard Dunham finds himself representing vampires making their way from the British Camarilla to the Boston Camarilla. Finding a vampire to speak for you in court is an important story element. Few Primogen offer their services for free out of some nebulous "Blood duty," and expect something in return for vouching. The Camarilla is a layered hierarchy, and vampires don't automatically have access to the Prince, or even the Primogen, without performing favors for the Kindred above their heads first. Despite their name, Boston's Kindred of Liberty were no different in this regard, and the more nebulously titled Boston Camarilla, who emerged from the Kindred of Liberty's broken up coterie, aren't in the habit of giving charity to fledglings.*

## The Red Salon

**I**f the Kindred of Boston were expecting a quiet Prince without drive, they didn't know Iversen as well as they thought. Prince Iversen immediately took to examining weaknesses in her domain, and she identified Boston's major vulnerability as its Kindred population. This was no surprise, but when competing against a city with a rapid response police force, a surfeit of privately owned cameras in stores, houses, clubs, and vehicles, and a vast difference between the densely packed city center and an incredibly sparse suburbia, it equaled a problem: the mortals would realize they were being hunted. The lessons from domains such as Vienna and London, both of which were hit hard in the Second Inquisition (though some question how much of that was Kindred-directed, especially in the case of Vienna), were fast learned.

## STORY HOOK: DUPLICITOUS DEALINGS —

*Not all Primogen have their faction's best interests at heart. Indeed, some of them may not serve the Traditions, only looking out for their personal gain or working for some outside interest to destabilize the city. Boston's a strange domain with its Primogen Council consisting of former enemies, former loyalists, and new arrivals, meaning few have truly stood the test of loyalty and time. Despite their supposed united front, the Primogen are always pecking at each other for greater influence, with*

*Berel, Hilda, and Richard the eldest and most dominant. This leaves a lot of room for the lesser Primogen to hire the services of an ambitious coterie to dig up dirt on their rival council members, or for the greater Primogen to do the same in efforts to secure their positions. This kind of investigation could lead to all manner of revelations, from loyalties to another faction, such as Hartford Chantry, the Edinburgh Mithraists, or the British Camarilla.*



Prince Iversen's first domain-wide action as Prince, kept from the wider court during its establishment, was establishment of the Red Salon with the aid of Clan Malkavian's Dr. Richard Dunham. In Iversen's case, she recognized the Circulatory System's efforts in Chicago and the Midwest, and agreed that blood trafficking was the way to sustain a domain. Rather than relying on haphazard "meals on wheels" coming in at a premium cost, it was Richard Dunham who instead proposed the establishment of a blood farm, of sorts, in Boston. Ever since the 1950s he'd been experimenting with inducing resonance in his vessels, introducing his prey to chemical cocktails to significantly amplify their emotions before selling them on. He told Iversen about this, and suggested they pool resources and research to help fuel the Boston Kindred.

When Iversen learned about Dunham's experiments, she agreed to give him the means to carry out his research and negotiate an alliance with the Hartford Chantry to gain the assistance of the Warlocks for blood and resonance preservation. She realized the opportunity Dunham's work presented for Boston: maintained properties of "enhanced" blood, available in a contained form, cornered an aspect of the blood market and made for a unique boon within her domain.

Iversen's first suggestion was to sacrifice the surplus of city neonates who'd come flooding in once the war ended, but the Primogen firmly shut her instruction down. Dunham proposed an amended initiative, more palatable to the city's Kindred, to shepherd the "invisibles" from cities outside Boston, as well as those within the domain, to a low-key bar he'd invested in some time ago, built in a warehouse in the Boston Docks. Utilizing the city's firm Nosferatu base for information and underground trafficking,

Iversen's coterie corralled homeless people (of which Boston has over 20,000, but Iversen suggested taking the homeless from other domains first), migrants, sex workers, orphans, independent gangsters, psychiatric outpatients, departures from VA hospitals, and so on. Doing so meant no more hunting for a meal in an alley, no more breaking into a house to feed on a sleeping victim, and no more risk of being caught.

Iversen and Dunham's Red Salon was a VIP supermarket for vampires, and buying into the conspiracy to gain access to it is a way of agreeing to their methods. The bar was spruced up, advertised to Kindred, and then put behind a firm invitation-only list.

Iversen dreams that over time, the Red Salon human trafficking network will criss-cross the entire country. She's concerned it'll come into conflict with the Circulatory System, and is divided on whether to sabotage the competition or attempt to work alongside them. Where the Circulatory System delivers gourmet meals, or so they claim, the Red Salon allows you to dine as if in a restaurant on your chosen kine. The two could see each other as rivals, though they've yet to openly conflict, due to how exposure could kill their businesses and lead to the destruction of hundreds of Kindred.

The Red Salon production line is designed to extract as much blood as possible from each subject in a very short period of time. The subjects are kept asleep and on antibiotics to help them withstand their journeys, repeated draining, and deeply unpleasant living conditions.

Though to call it living would be a lie, and to claim they always remain sedated would also be untrue. Some vampires like to feed from a meal with a little kick.

## Story Hook: The Prince's Plans —

*Hazel Iversen has many ideas regarding how her domain might improve for her, for the Camarilla, and latterly, for her subjects. Many of these ideas are cruel or callous to the kine, though she sees things through a pragmatic lens, and survival is the be-all end-all in her mind. If an idea might preserve Boston and keep the Inquisition's eyes averted, she's prepared to listen to it. An ambitious coterie might seek an audience with Prince Iversen to present an idea to her, which she might invest in or dismiss, and then steal. Having Iversen as a backer on a project would be greatly beneficial in Kindred society, though to the vampires who find the idea of the Red Salon (and Iversen's other initiatives) wholly gross and unethical, being seen as an Iversen pawn is a good way of gaining a target on your forehead. Sadly, having the Prince steal one of your ideas doesn't provide much opportunity. There's no recourse to complain, and if the idea goes well, she's likely to want the plan's originators silenced. If one can find the middle ground of initiating a plan in Boston, taking it far enough that Iversen can't claim it as her own, and then gaining her support (and ideally, the support of other Kindred too), it could result in a coterie in a very fortuitous position when it comes to Boons and alliances.*

## The Ambitious Advisor

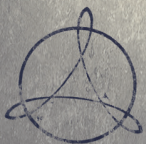
**B**erel Underwood is closely involved in the running of the Red Salon. Ever since its setup, Underwood has understood the long-term benefits of these flesh and blood factories, and he's been disappointed since the start that the vampires have focused only on the blood, when the flesh is just as profitable.

Underwood received permission from the Prince to explore ways of making the operation lucrative. Dunham doesn't care much about Berel's activities, as long as it doesn't limit his research and that it remains untraceable.

## STORY HOOK: ESCAPING THE SALON —

*To be a mortal in one of the Red Salons is an utterly miserable existence, but what if one of them were to escape, and the first person they run into is one of the player characters' mortal associates, or even a player character themselves? The victim is likely babbling, confused, dehydrated, and possibly near death, but they'll communicate enough to make the cops go looking in the*

*direction of where they were found. And if they don't reach the cops, the Prince is definitely going to have loyal servants search for them, and hire a coterie or two to do the same. One of those coteries could be that of the player characters, putting them in an awkward position if one of their mortal friends, or if they're giving this escapee sanctuary.*



## Story Hook: Dr. Moreau —

The experiments taking place in Boston go beyond the base, personal horror of many Vampire games. Therefore, Storytellers should be cautious introducing this horror, on its industrial scale, to new groups ahead of them bedding into the game's core themes. However, digging into a conspiracy that starts with simply ferrying a few homeless mortals to Berel Underwood, one of them then appearing as a missing person on a milk carton, another vampire contact raising suspicions about Underwood's activities, the coterie then discovering the Red Salon, makes for a conspiracy arc that can run for an entire chronicle or more. Be cautious to not make vampires like these into cackling mad scientists. They're not. They're however steadily becoming divorced from their Humanity, seeing their subjects as assets instead of people, and they have ambitions. It's cruel, but in their minds, it's cruelty that serves a purpose. Additionally, just because their experiments might sound far-fetched, it's more interesting to present the troubling possibility that Dunham is onto something. Perhaps a scientist in contact for the coterie examines Dunham's research and, astonished, admits to amplify resonance, in the form of a serum he's named TrajaX. In the interests of progress, this contact may even switch sides to aid the pioneering Primogen, betraying the coterie.

## STORY HOOK: THE LEAK —

The vast majority of scientists follow a code of ethics. One MIT student working in a Dunham-funded laboratory is new to the job and given her first flesh sample for testing. She thinks it's going to be a pig's trotter, but gets a lump of flesh very much resembling a human calf muscle. "No big deal," she thinks. It was probably donated for medical testing through appropriate channels. But no, she can't find records tying this human tissue to any

hospital or morgue, and there's no identifier to say it's human, despite the fact it clearly is. This student shares her findings with her friends at a bar in downtown Boston that night, and though they laugh it off, gossip spreads, and suddenly, Dunham needs help in cleaning up operations. This is where an ambitious coterie enters the scene, to locate the leak, plug it, and ensure experiments can get back on track without loose-lipped kine ruining things.







# Factions

Hazel Iversen has been Boston's Prince for under a decade, and already the domain's seen remarkable changes. They can't all be laid at the Prince's feet, but she takes credit for the good ones, all the same.

Iversen's a popular Prince compared to her predecessor, but factionalism continues unabated even with the New England wars ending. The Camarilla breaks into lines of allegiance, with the Kindred of Liberty and Gemini League now gone, roughly replaced by the Boston Camarilla and Hartford Chantry. The Triad no longer lead the British Camarilla (or if they do, they're doing so from a place of great secrecy), and the Redcoats disintegrated as a force. The Web muted in the post-SchreckNET debacle, vampire society getting rid of

any internet-based networks, and other Kindred within the sect follow their unique brands of elitism, which they claim is to the betterment of the domain. Multiple clashing Anarch packs represent the sect, but do so courting different philosophies and no unity. Outside forces still desire Boston, New Haven, Worcester, and Providence, and believe Iversen's brief tenure as Prince is one ripe for toppling. Meanwhile, mortal hunters wait, studying the domain for signs of Kindred activity.

Boston and New England *feel* safe for the first time in over 100 years, but they're on the edge of a precipice. The illusion of safety is just that. All the domain needs is one little push to send everything crashing down.

## *The Boston Camarilla*

The Boston Camarilla took over where the Kindred of Liberty broke apart. As the Kindred of Liberty's successor, they're New England's oldest Camarilla faction, originally consisting of Native Americans and those who wanted to break free from the British, but now co-opted by Prince Iversen as a flag with which to rally all Kindred in her domain. The word "Camarilla" is used seldomly in Boston, with younger vampires citing "the Bostonians" and "the Cam," while those stuck in the past still refer to "the Coals" as their sect, when it's relevant.

## *The Prince*

Prince Iversen's position seems stable to the average Boston Kindred. She rules with elegance, hosts exquisite *soirées*, appears even-handed, and routinely takes counsel from the city's Primogen. In reality, however, her reign is built on a house of cards. The Primogen routinely jockey for more influence over her, the domain, or each other, and her far-reaching goals involving the Red Salon, sacrificing fledglings up for diablerie to satisfy hungers and lessen the feeding stress on the Boston population, her plot to annex Worcester as part of the Boston domain by bending or breaking its current rulers to defer in all things to Boston, and the goal of unification under the Boston Camarilla banner, all place her on precarious ground.

Iversen believes she earned her position and success, and listens to her advisors carefully, especially Richard, Hilda, and Berel. She plans to consolidate her support, to guarantee her praxis lasts for decades, or centuries, rather than a handful of forgettable years. To do that requires making common cause with Anarchs and fledglings, which is one of the places where her relative youth as a vampire assists her.

## *The Primogen*

The Primogen Council could help stabilize the domain, or could act as Boston's quick burning fuse. While they give nominal voice to Boston's Kindred, they're selective over who they listen to and advocate for, and are largely bound up with their own aspirations. Their desire to listen to neonate coteries who want the right to Embrace, or who wish to risk the Masquerade to force a mortal into thralldom, are far beneath their spheres of interest.

The council has greater purpose and grip on the domain than in Quentin King's time, but now that they have the power, without external foes threatening the city they fixate on their own localized concerns. It's arguably a good problem to have, except respected Primogen such as Hilda MacAndrews and Berel Underwood work to enrich themselves at the potential expense of the Masquerade. Richard "call me Richard" Dunham spends his time courting the city's Malkavians with one hand while expanding his laboratory experiments with another. Meanwhile, Jara Drory — a silent contributor to Dunham's research — attempts to fix her image due to her reputation as a former Triad agent.

In the background, Dajan Siaka and Delsin Coates do their best to respond to the city's more administrative demands, enforcing the Traditions where required, representing their sides and the Prince to the best of their ability, but they remain overshadowed by their more ambitious counterparts. Siaka's personal attachments to Salem and Coates's single-minded devotion to the Prince only impede matters.

## *The Wild Cards*

At least three of New England's vampires may enable Iversen's plans for New England to come to fruition, or cut it off at the knees, and send the six states into anarchy.

Leysha, childe of Richard Dunham, is the first. Something of an oracle, or seen as such among many of the domain's Kindred, this Malkavian served Quentin King as a seer and prophesied to Hazel Iversen that her praxis would end in a terrible explosion, and soon. Prince Iversen's scared of Leysha, but also enchanted with the idea of premonitions that might aid her reign.

The second is Galeb Bazory, one of the eldest vampires remaining in New England following the Triad's departure. A Ventrue lacking the pride of most members in that clan, Galeb was encouraged to take the role of Prince by his childe Berel Underwood, and harshly declined. Despite Galeb's overt self-removal from city politics following Quentin King's disappearance, many among the Boston Camarilla retell the tales of Bazory's industriousness and vicious nature, and wait for the moment this potent vampire regains his spark of ambition. With some Boston Kindred unhappy to serve such a young Prince, Bazory seizing praxis would be a great improvement to their moods, and in their view, their city's status. He's demonstrated no desire for such a role, however.

The third is Emem Louis, errant childe of Hilda MacAndrews and until recently, a subject of Quentin King's strain of brutality. During King's reign, Emem often fell afoul of King's capricious nature, and that of his knights, who took their ire out on Emem for wrongs both real and imagined, from Masquerade breaches to violations of court etiquette, from being the reincarnation of the Arthurian Morgana to slaying several of King's knights. Though she's on amicable terms with many Kindred in the domain — her closest confidante being Journey Atkins, the city's Keeper of Elysium — Emem feels her Beast raging within at all times, and knows it won't be long before it explodes into action.

**Notable Kindred:** Hazel Iversen, Jara Drory, Hilda MacAndrews, Dajan Siaka, Delsin Coates, Berel Underwood, Richard Dunham, Galeb Bazory, Emem Louis, Leysha, Journey Atkins, many more.

### Spoiler Warning

The following coterie chart details some of the relationships within **Vampire: The Masquerade — Swansong**. Avoid this chart if you want every relationship in the game to come as a surprise to you, as the chart contains clues as to characters' true feelings and motivations.

*EMINENTLY SUITABLE  
BUSINESS PARTNER*

*A SHAME ON OUR LINE*

**HILDA MACANDREWS**

*I NEVER ASKED  
FOR THIS*

*WE HAVE AN AGREEABLE  
RELATIONSHIP*

*MY MOST SUCCESSFUL  
EXPERIMENT*

**EMEM**

**RICHARD DUNHAM**

*NECESSARY EVIL*

*SHE'S HIDING SOMETHIN*

*DON'T GET TOO  
COMFORTABLE...*

**LEYSHA**

*I'LL BE SAD TO  
SEE HER GO*

*MY MAGIC EIGHT-BALL*

**HAZE**

*I ADMIRE HER CREATIVITY*

*BETTER HER THAN ME*

**GALEB BAZORY**

*OLD AND WISE...  
AND DANGEROUS*

*SHE KEEPS THE MONEY FLOWING*

*WHY DOESN'T  
HE JUST TAKE IT?!*

*DOES CLAN LOYALTY  
MEAN NOTHING?*

**BEREL UNDERWOOD**

*DOES HE PERFORM  
TRICKS AS WELL?*

**DELS**

*FAR TOO HIGH ON HIMSELF*

*IRRELEVANT*

*NARROW-MINDED*

*MY ANCHOR*

*EVERYTHING I'VE  
COME TO LOATHE*

*SHE BACKED THE WRONG HORSE*

*ANYONE WHO TAKES THE CROWN DESERVES THE THORNS*

**M LOUIS**

*TOO INTERESTED IN MY PAST*

**JARA DRORY**

*I NEED TO EARN HER TRUST*

*ONCE A REDCOAT, ALWAYS A REDCOAT*

*SUITABLE FOR HANDLING ADMINISTRATA*

*HAS FORGOTTEN WHAT IT MEANS TO BE NOSFERATU*

*I CAN BE MYSELF AROUND HER*

**EL IVERSEN**

*MY PATRON AND TASKMASTER*

**KAIUS LETO**

*EASY TO PLEASE*

*WHAT DOES HE KNOW?*

*THE KEY TO UNIFICATION*

*A VALUABLE COMMODITY*

**DAJAN SIAKA**

*SHE THINKS SHE KNOWS WHAT POWER IS*

*MY BEST FRIEND*

*MY LOVE, MY QUEEN*

*I KNOW HOW IT FEELS*

**IN COATES**

*WILLINGLY SHACKLED MEANS WILLINGLY FOOLISH*

# The Hartford Ch

These nights, the major center of Tremere activity in New England is Hartford, Connecticut.

Since their inception, the Gemini League were a reclusive coterie led by fiscally-minded Blue Blood and studious Warlocks of New Haven and Hartford, Connecticut, named after the Gemini Club in which they formed. Even now, the Hartford Chantry — as its chief successor — attempts to keep its affairs discrete from the rest of the American — and in particular, the Boston — Camarilla.

The Hartford Chantry may appear weak next to the Boston Camarilla, but shrewd decisions keeps the coterie going. Their Regent Deneb Osborne outlasted the Triad and most of the eldest Kindred of Liberty, so he has good cause to feel smug. Though Osborne's Warlocks have been roundly mocked for their paranoia regarding the Web, they've been revitalized through their endurance, and now target the Kindred who spent so long belittling them, with Hilda MacAndrews and her offspring Emem Louis at the top of their list.

The Warlocks would be content to remain quietly successful in Connecticut, but Hazel Iversen —



# Chantry

independent of her Primogen — has invited them to send representatives to Boston and take a seat to counsel the city advisors. Having only recently learned of this, the Boston Primogen are outraged. They are the Boston Camarilla. These newcomers are cockroaches who managed to withstand a blast; not respectable Kindred, and especially not equals.

The Hartford Chantry cautiously approaches the offer, having swiftly discovered this is part of Iversen's play to unite all Boston's Kindred, and spread this plan to New England. The Chantry don't want any leadership other than their own, but they're content to play nice in efforts to pay off their debt to the Boston Camarilla, all the while keeping their eyes open for old enemies spies. They've reached out to the Tremere Primogen, Dajan Siaka, in efforts to create a secure passage of information between the cities.

**Notable Kindred:** Deneb Osborne (Regent), Lynn Vance, Maddox Samuels, Graham Flemming, Janis Wakefield, Clyde Moses, Mildred Woods, Everett Green, Upton Rowlands, Jeremy Skelton, several other Ventrue and Tremere of Connecticut.



*ALWAYS PLOTTING,  
ALWAYS SNIPING*

*WINDBAG-IN-CHIEF*

**HILDA MACANDREWS**

*CONNECTICUT NEEDS  
AN ENEMA RELATIONSHIP*

*BRINGS NOTHING  
TO THE TABLE*

**UPTON ROW**

**JOHN REISS  
(DISAPPEARED)**

*MY SIRE TOLD ME  
THIS GUY'S A JOKE*

*I'M GOING TO HAVE SO  
MUCH FUN WITH YOU...*

**EMEM**

*OWES US BIG TIME*

*I'M SURE WE CAN  
DO BUSINESS*

*AV*

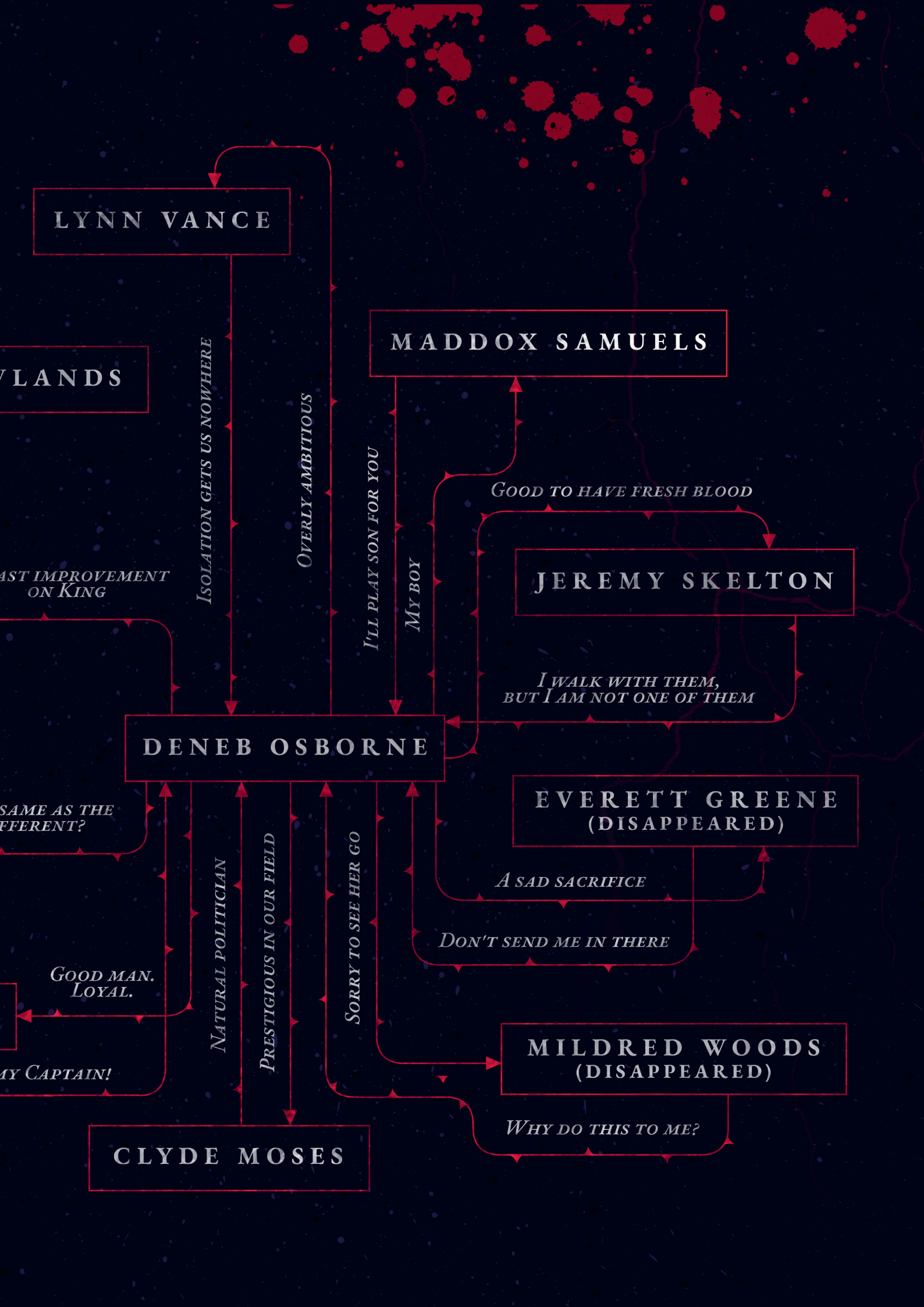
**HAZEL IVERSEN**

*ARE THEY THE  
LEAGUE? DI*

**GRAHAM FLEMMING**

*O, CAPTAIN, M*





LYNN VANCE

LANDS

MADDOX SAMUELS

FAST IMPROVEMENT  
ON KING

ISOLATION GETS US NOWHERE

OVERLY AMBITIOUS

I'LL PLAY SON FOR YOU

MY BOY

GOOD TO HAVE FRESH BLOOD

JEREMY SKELTON

I WALK WITH THEM,  
BUT I AM NOT ONE OF THEM

DENEBO OSBORNE

SAME AS THE  
DIFFERENT?

EVERETT GREENE  
(DISAPPEARED)

A SAD SACRIFICE

DON'T SEND ME IN THERE

GOOD MAN.  
LOYAL.

NATURAL POLITICIAN

PRESTIGIOUS IN OUR FIELD

SORRY TO SEE HER GO

MILDRED WOODS  
(DISAPPEARED)

WHY DO THIS TO ME?

MY CAPTAIN!

CLYDE MOSES



# The Patriots

**W**ith the century-long hostilities between New England's sects and factions, the Anarch Movement has always been a background concern, acting as a drip tray for those Kindred whose coterie cast them out, whose sires spurn them, or vampires who find themselves alone in the region without a Mawla or an ally. The Anarchs of New England have always struggled to unify, with the brief periods of joint cause disrupted when they discover they're being manipulated by the Triad, the K.O.L., or the Web. Discovery of this kind breeds suspicion and paranoia, and eventual infighting among the Anarchs who don't split off and form new coterie.

It's only since the wars died down and Prince Iversen took the throne that the Anarchs have started meeting and discussing their plans for the domains of New England, led by the self-titled Baron Randall Thane. They're helped by Iversen's intention to bring all New England Kindred under her banner, as it means there's less open hostility toward their Movement, but several Anarchs want to take advantage of the opening, Thane included.

Collectively, New England's Anarch coterie are known as "the Patriots," but individually three prominent Anarch coterie jockey for primacy. None are yet seen as a threat to Iversen or the Boston Camarilla. Prior to Iversen's praxis, all New England Anarchs existed as a loose underbelly of Anarchs called "the SRs," or socialist revolutionaries, who occasionally reared their heads to extol the virtues of communal feeding areas, cooperation on the subject of the Masquerade, but independence from any Prince-ordained laws or Sheriff-delivered punishments. The SRs' only achievement was assassinating three of Quentin King's Sheriffs and one of his knights with bombs, until the position of Sheriff was dropped in Boston (and then Hazel reinstated the role with her ascension to praxis).

Many Anarchs of the SRs reformed as the Dead Ferals — a biker gang led by a Gangrel named Saule — who are still predisposed toward explosive revolution, and Cerys's Militiamen, who act as Randall Thane's honor guard. Beyond them, a vampire named Rafa leads a

small group of Anarch hackers with a "Massachusetts First" attitude. In the opening nights of Iversen's rise, the Patriots coterie collective removed one of King's few remaining allies from Worcester. They installed themselves as an advisory council for the city's Kindred, nominating Thane as Baron. In normal times, such an action would provoke reprisals, but war weary and hoping for a new day under Iversen, the Kindred of Massachusetts shrugged and waited to see how the Patriots' leadership played out.

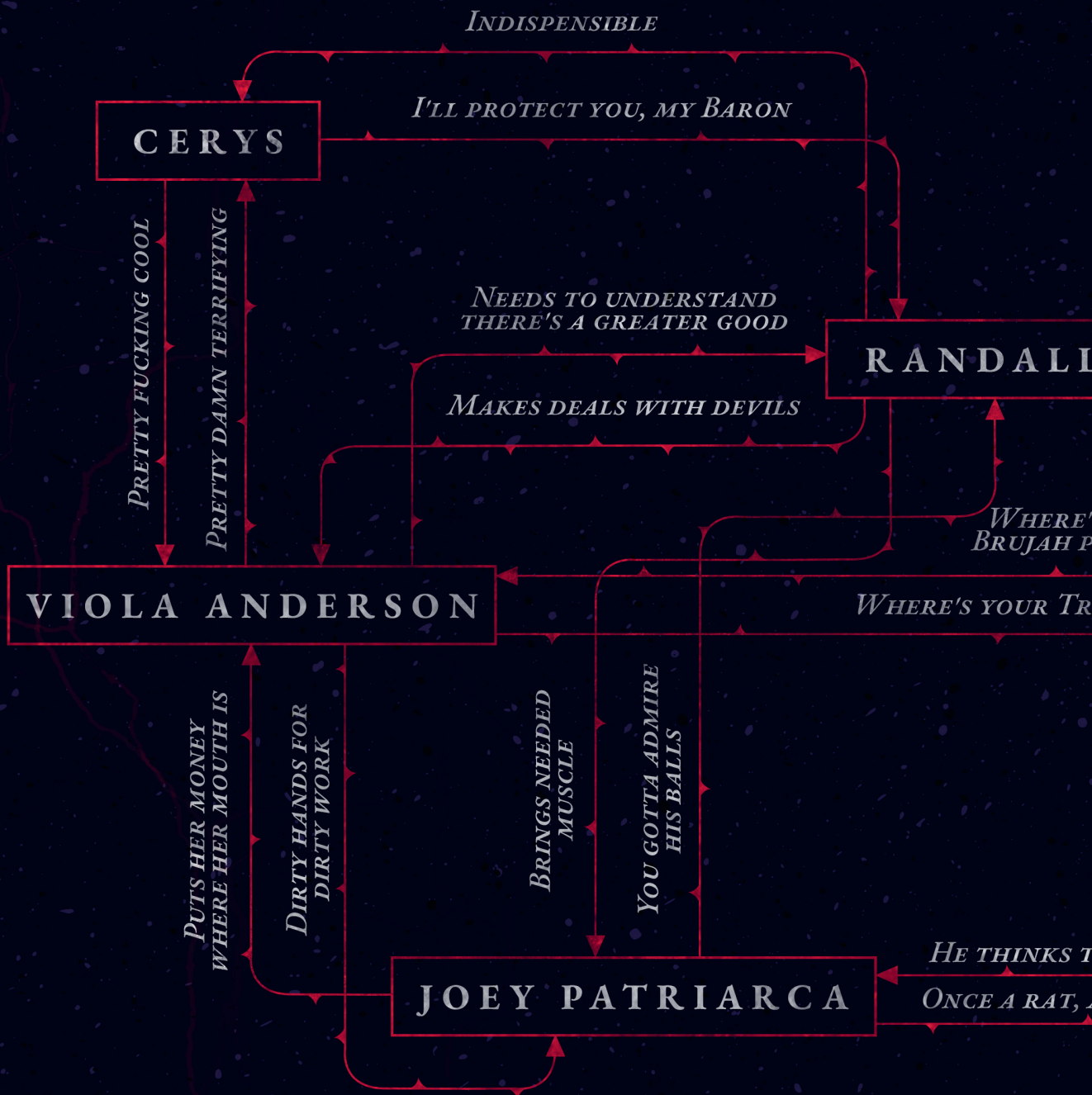
The Patriots have long advocated for an end to callous hunting through the streets and picking up vessels in nightclubs, considering the tradition selfish and harmful to other Kindred in the domain. The Patriots instead advocate for what they call "a feeding trough," at which all Kindred — no matter their station — can feed without fear or harm. The Patriots therefore cautiously back Iversen's play for the Red Salon, as a result.

These nights, the Patriots expect any Kindred who make their havens in Worcester to seek their counsel. They don't believe in the imposition of law, but abide by "the Worcester Contract," which says:

- I will not impose my will over any other Kindred.
- All my feeding will take place indoors, ideally in a place the Patriots deem preferable.
- I will take up arms in the event of external takeover of our domain.
- I will encourage diplomacy, negotiation, and compromise in the event of internal antisocial behavior.

Though it could be argued the Worcester Contract is just another set of laws, the Patriots never directly punish vampires who breach the contract. Instead, they expect the Kindred in domain to regulate themselves, which to date, has proven to be a successful (if sometimes petty or excessive) method of domain governance.

**Notable Kindred:** Randall Thane (social idealist), Viola Anderson (cold pragmatist and Iversen's contact), Saule (violent revolutionary), Rafa (hacktivist), Cerys (bodyguard), Joey Patriarca (New England gangster), Yong-Sung (Camarilla defector).



CERYYS

*INDISPENSIBLE*

*I'LL PROTECT YOU, MY BARON*

*PRETTY FUCKING COOL*

*PRETTY DAMN TERRIFYING*

*NEEDS TO UNDERSTAND  
THERE'S A GREATER GOOD*

RANDALI

*MAKES DEALS WITH DEVILS*

*WHERE'S  
BRUJAH P*

VIOLA ANDERSON

*WHERE'S YOUR TR*

*PUTS HER MONEY  
WHERE HER MOUTH IS*

*DIRTY HANDS FOR  
DIRTY WORK*

*BRINGS NEEDED  
MUSCLE*

*YOU GOTTA ADMIRE  
HIS BALLS*

JOEY PATRIARCA

*HE THINKS T  
ONCE A RAT, A*

*THERE'S A BIGGER PICTURE  
THAN YOUR STREET POLITICS*

*I DON'T GET YOU*

**RAFA**

*HAS NO SCOPE OF WHAT I'LL  
DO FOR MASSACHUSETTS*

*A TICKING TIME BOMB*

**L THANE**

*IS YOUR  
MISSION?*

*EMERE RESERVE?*

*MUCH-NEEDED FIRE*

*YOU CAN'T FIGHT A WAR  
FROM BEHIND A DESK*

**SAULE**

*EVERYONE DESERVES A  
SECOND CHANCE*

*I KILLED HIS SIRE*

*SHE DREW ME TO  
THE ANARCHS*

*BETRAY US AND  
I'LL SHOVE A GRENADE  
UP YOUR ASS*

*THIS IS A GAME  
ALWAYS A RAT*

**YONG-SUNG**

# Other Factions and Coterie

New England's a broad region, and plenty of Kindred refuse to subscribe to any of its sectarian politicking. Indeed, many have existed in the region for several lifetimes, keeping themselves aloof from the wars and philosophical debates consuming Boston and its neighboring cities. Some of these smaller groups and powerful individuals have the capacity to sway situations to the advantage of one player or another, if they lend their weight to a cause. Independently, they're curiosities. As kingmakers, they're each a potential danger.

**Hunters of the Second Inquisition:** Not a coterie, naturally, but a presence throughout America in the form of FIRSTLIGHT and to a lesser extent, the Entity, along with fringe divisions of government agencies and localized paramilitary cells of hunters, the Second Inquisition is here and it's not going away.

The Special Affairs Division arrived in Boston in 2016, occupying a disused, Cold War-era base on Long Island. They swiftly discovered proof of supernatural activity throughout New England, including werewolves and vampires, and due to the severity of the infestation called upon consultants in the Society of St. Leopold to establish a large-scale elimination operation.

The mortals who know of blankbodies aren't naive. All it'll take is one Kindred getting sloppy, word getting out from the Red Salon, or a vengeful vampire trying (as many have tried before) to use the Inquisition as a cudgel against their enemies, for the Special Affairs Division to fix its beams on the Boston Kindred. In fact, they're already planning a clandestine mission titled Operation Swansong...

**The Knights:** Quentin King may be gone, but some of his knights remain. Lacking a

king to protect and the direct manipulations of Biltmore (who, while possibly active and alert, unlike his fellow Triad members, is no longer in New England), they rove around New England looking for portents they can tie to their Arthurian delusions and skirt the line of falling into wightdom as they embark upon pointless "quests" to keep themselves from frenzying.

These Kindred are sad examples of what happens when a vampire's been held in thrall for decades, or even centuries, and all of a sudden the cord between slave and master snaps. It's possible they could be rehabilitated and reintegrated into Kindred society, but they were never truly a part of it, and it's more likely Iversen will quietly command their destruction should she hear of them wandering the region. Of course, if the knights do find a new Arthur, they could become valuable bodyguards and hired killers.

**The Circulatory System:** Newly aware of Prince Iversen's and Richard Dunham's Red Salon enterprise, the Circulatory System has dispatched agents throughout New England to locate and disrupt the threat to their prized market. They're not so foolish as to want to expose any Red Salons to the mortal gaze (increased scrutiny isn't good for anyone in the blood trafficking industry), but they're content to sabotage and make the business more costly than it is beneficial.

A coterie without allies might find themselves approached by Circulatory System agents, offering them a chance for quick money and all the blood dolls they can eat, if they can perform some undercover work. Doing so would make an enemy of the Kindred of Liberty, however.

**The Triad:** To vampires Embraced within the last 30

years, the British Camarilla influence on New England, exerted through a coterie known as the Triad, was an anachronism representing something historic and best forgotten. The American people had moved on from a desire for rule from a far-off monarch, so the American Kindred should do likewise. For vampires Embraced over 30 years ago, however, the Triad stood for aggression, dominance, and imposition of will. To many, especially those raised in the traditions of Clans Ventrue, Lasombra, Tzimisce, and Tremere, the Triad holds great appeal, especially when compared to Iversen's apparently open-minded, unity-driven praxis.

Further, the Triad's fighting coterie — the Redcoats — still exist with largely the same membership. They pledged allegiance to the new Prince, forswore old loyalties, and now abide by Prince Iversen's rule. But, few of them would

argue against a return to the old ways, and many nightly plan Iversen's Final Death and a return to a war-footing for all of New England.

Despite this, no Triad resuscitation has taken place to date as far as is known, with Iversen's Kindred warily eyeing all coterie for signs of disloyalty to the Boston Camarilla.

**The Web:** A coterie formed for the express purpose of information gathering, scrutinizing, and implementing, the Web was one of the most flexible of the Triad's weapons during the New England wars. Perhaps its greatest asset was how commonly it was believed to be an Anarch enterprise. Its head — the Nosferatu Stanford Warwick — was an unknown on the political scene until he took Providence, Rhode Island as his domain, and even then his attachment to the Web was one of New England's best kept secrets.

**W**arwick's style was to send forth loyal spies, all Nosferatu, in what he called "web strands." Four strands stretched across New England in different directions, with each strand picking up other Nosferatu for the cause. As far as most Nosferatu knew, they were part of a spy network opposing the Sabbat. The truth was the Web was a force of misrule designed to oppose anyone not aligned to the Triad. Through Warwick's agents, the Web sold intelligence to the American Camarilla, the Sabbat, the few Anarch enterprises of note in the region, the Hecata, and even outliers among the proto-Ministry and few Ravnos holdouts in the region. They constantly tipped scales when one side appeared dominant in the war, to keep every enemy weak

while the Triad benefited from permanently reliable intelligence.

Warwick vanished along with the other members of the Triad and most other elders in New England, but Providence soon gained a new Prince in the form of one of his childer and Web spy, Kurt Densch. With the Triad disintegrated, Densch led the Web as a formal Anarch concern. The few spies who knew the Web was a Triad operation don't know if Densch was wilfully redirecting the Web, or whether he always believed it was an Anarch coterie, but affiliations changed overnight without fuss.

In turn, Densch vanished. Kindred in the Web are even now investigating whether he went to ground to better run his secretive coterie, or whether he was "Beckoned" like so many other vampires.



# Boston

The pride of New England, of Massachusetts, and one might argue, one of the brightest jewels in the Camarilla crown, Boston stands tall as a city for mortals and a domain for Kindred. Boston is rich with commerce, tourists, politics, and finance. It looks out onto the Atlantic, bears a rich history for the entire nation, and sees copious traffic passing through it. Its architecture and city design stands out among other cities of its size, and it houses some of the finest seats of learning in the nation.

Boston is the heart of **Vampire: The Masquerade — Swansong**, the home of our protagonists, and a domain thick with potential stories and encounters. The below sites in Boston are but a small collection of places a coterie might explore or find introduction to, in this great city.

**The African Meeting House:** The oldest Black church in the United States stands in Boston, once being a place for segregated peoples to come together in worship. These nights, it exists as a museum like so many of the other historic buildings in Boston, but the African Meeting House (sometimes known as the First African Baptist Church or Belknap Street Church) has a deep cultural value to many of Boston's Black

community, including Kindred from Black communities. Anarchs in Boston sometimes use the Meeting House for its original purpose or worship, or to pass conspiratorial messages back and forth to each other in a location lacking Camarilla scrutiny.

**The Black Rattlers:** Some of the most sought-after lounge clubs around Boston, numbering three in total (but likely to expand in number, due to their popularity), these nightspots fall under the control of the Toreador Emem. She makes good on her claims to book only delightfully curated jazz women and DJs from around the world, making the Black Rattlers places of pilgrimage for any fans of a fusion of house, downtempo and jazz.

Emem forbids hunting in her clubs, but there's talk of an underground line of rule-breaking Kindred who use the Black Rattlers as their preferred feeding grounds, due just to the music quality and the sheer number of people who visit and then leave Boston in the days that follow. The Black Rattlers venue has a friendly rivalry with Iversen's preferred club, the Grand.



## Combat Zone:

In downtown Boston, centered on Washington Street, you'd have once found the Combat Zone. The area was a haven of adult entertainment, sex work, bathhouses, and more depraved activities, before the city renovated the area, removing or relocating its more questionable businesses. For *Kindred*, however, the Combat Zone never went away. Just because the Hayden Building's porn theater and bathhouse was changed into luxury apartments, doesn't mean vampires don't use those apartments for hookups with blood dolls and to literally pit ghouls against each other in combat sports. The veneer changed, but the content remained the same. Iversen's concerned the Combat Zone will draw mortal police attention, but Berel Underwood's assuaged her, to date, ensuring police commissioners and politicians enjoy the Combat Zone's offerings and filming them in the process.

## Faneuil Hall:

Faneuil Hall was built in the 18th century as a market hall co-opted for public meetings, colonists protesting British taxes, and by the mid-19th century, anti-slavery rallies. It's a building with great historical significance to many *Kindred* and kine, with the few vampires present in New England at that time sometimes spending hours basking in its history, remembering an earlier time with nostalgia, guilt, or loathing. Faneuil Hill still plays host to markets that spill out into the streets, day and night, and is often used as a place for *Kindred* to conduct business in front of witnesses.



## Fenway Park:

Fenway Park is beloved by baseball fans all over, but it's the New Englanders and Red Sox fans who make up the crowds. Ever since 1912, Fenway Park has hosted baseball games, and while some cities build larger stadiums, Boston has clung to Fenway. Kindred aren't made of stone, and a vampire who loves baseball in life will probably go on to love it in unlife. This includes Delsin Coates, who insists on hiring an exclusive box for him and anyone he wants to impress or placate. Unofficially, the grounds are Coates's territory.

## The Grand:

Boston has no lack of nightclubs and bars, but the domain's Kindred see the Grand as a special kind of venue. It has a Vegas atmosphere, with an excessive number of bulbs illuminating the club in iridescent colors. A regal glass staircase leads down the dance floor. The furniture's all of gold, leather, and velvet. VIP lounges exist for people who book and pay in advance. Celebrity DJs come in weekly to work the turntables. There's little the Grand can't offer. Almost as if catering for Kindred, the Grand's website states "It's your time to live, so hang on for dear life." Iversen uses the club as her personal court for leisure activities, and unless specifically given permission, none but her are allowed to feed on the premises. Historic punishments for doing so have been harsh indeed.



## Harvard University:

One of the world's leading academic centers, filled with museums, stores, buildings of historic interest, and of course, students. Hilda MacAndrews often holds court in the Fogg Art Museum due to her love of Italian early-Renaissance art. Meanwhile, Jara Drory used to spend much of her time in the Botanical Museum, inviting fledglings there as she stalks

around, hood up to conceal her smashed and splintered appearance. Drory once claimed she was responsible for the crafting of Harvard's immaculate 3,000+ glass flowers and plants, which she stated she made during an extended period of meditation. Nobody has been able to refute the claim, as the process behind their creation has never been copied.



## MIT:

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was built in the 19th century, and since its establishment has played an important role in the study and development of sciences, engineering, mathematics, and technology. Many of its graduated students have gone on

to win awards, create lasting inventions and pioneering drugs, and even go into space. For most Kindred, it's just another university, but for Richard Dunham, it's a recruiting ground for aspiring scientists prepared to get their hands dirty with his questionable experiments.

## Museum of Fine Arts and the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum:

These two museums contain a hugely impressive collection of impressionist paintings, fine arts from Iran, East Asia, Greece, and Egypt, original Rembrandts and Vermeers, a Venetian-style palace, and even a glass-encased building for contemporary art. Boston's thriving art scene uses these museums as its hub, and the domain's Kindred lose themselves in the wonder of both. During Quentin King's reign, Quentin once forbade his subjects from ever stepping foot in either museum, claiming to do so was to insult the glorious art on display.

The revolt from Bostonian Kindred was so loud that King rapidly overturned his decree, and declared the Museum of Fine Arts a permanent Elysium. While Journey Atkins — the domain's Keeper of Elysium — prefers hosting parties in privately owned buildings, penthouse apartments, and clubs firmly within a vampire's control, the Primogen insist on still using these museums as their personal meeting grounds. This is despite rumors of the Web having infiltrated both, with at least three curators in thrall to the Nosferatu.

## Quincy Market:

One of Boston's most hotly frequented market complexes, popular among residents and tourists, Quincy Market doubles as a neutral meeting ground for Kindred of the Boston domain. The

Kindred of Liberty were formally (and amicably) dissolved in Quincy Market, the Boston Camarilla emerging in its place as the vampires who agreed to the change went their separate ways.

## The T:

Boston's subway system is officially named the Massachusetts Bay Transport Authority subways, but the locals call it "the T." Despite being regarded as a subway, the vast majority of the system is above ground, therefore avoiding some of the underground undead population problems experienced in domains such as New York and London. The T has its faults, with stoppages every day, delays, and a trend of minor crimes, but for the most part, it's considered one of the better run transit systems in the U.S. Security cameras monitor everywhere, and

a permanent police force remains present at all the major stations. For this reason, Kindred rarely feed on the T, any Lasombra in the domain avoid it entirely due to the way they interfere with technology at advanced age and potency, and it's something of a safe haven for mortals to escape into. Though there are tales of one of the Web's Strands using the T as an information trafficking system, utilizing graffiti and mortal messengers riding the train from one line to the next, neither King nor Iversen have been able to root out any such spies.



# Kindred of Boston

New England contains a broad plethora of Kindred, too many to list in this book. Here we present the unique biographies and traits for four of the primary characters in **Vampire: The Masquerade — Swansong**.





# Galeb Bazory

**Epitaph:** The Jaded King

**Quote:** “I would see the back of this city and all Kindred. I would.  
Just give me a reason.”

**Clan:** Ventrue

**Embraced:** 1745 (Born 1710)

**Mortal Days:** The Sultan’s Bastard



Asking questions about my sire isn't always wise. He's a... private individual. Prone to periods of brooding silence and cold stares. Believe me, I know. Nevertheless, here you are, and so I'll share the history of the great disappointment that is Galeb Bazory.

My sire hasn't always been known by that name, of course. When he was born in Constantinople, in 1710, his

mother and father named him Şehzade Süleyman. His young life was one formed in a gilded cage, as his mother Jeannette de Bazory — a concubine to Sultan Ahmed III of the Ottoman Empire — was kept well, but cloistered, by her master, or so Galeb told me. My sire knew only palaces and the harem of women who acted as his aunts and sisters, always receiving care, always treated as a son by the palace's people.

Jeannette, however, was no fool. She knew enough about history to know a Sultan's bastards would meet violent ends as soon as a legitimate heir arrived. Though she feared she'd never see her son again, once he reached his teenage years she and the other women of the palace convinced him to secrete himself onto a ship bound for Europe. He protested — this was his home, his family, and his life — but his mother insisted, as mothers do. Jeannette's suspicions were tragically correct. Soon after Galeb's departure, Jeannette de Bazory was dead, his young, and beloved brother Mustafa missing. Galeb believed (and may still believe to this night) that his mother died of grief, but my research tells me she was murdered. The Janissaries who would silence bastards would silence their mothers as well, it appears. A prudent course, if you ask me.

Galeb Bazory's voyage into maturity had only just begun. When the ship's captain decided Galeb was a good worker, he adopted him into his family and renamed him. Now a part of a new family, but still longing for home, Galeb adopted a detached persona (a demeanor he carries today, I can assure you, no matter how much I try to get a rise from him) as he toiled diligently and attempted to ignore the barbs aimed at his mixed heritage. His aloof demeanor set him in good stead in the halls of trade, where he and his father crisply negotiated their way into the diamond business, sailing between the dominions that would become Canada, and Antwerp, over the course of several years. His sailing family gained riches beyond their imaginings, and a barony, but Galeb always felt the pull back to Constantinople. Wealth meant little to the young man who missed his mother, and didn't yet know her fate.



*It was in 1740 that my sire encountered a navigator and vampire named Jean Baptiste Tavernier. This Tavernier was a vampire of Clan Ventrue, and he watched, admired, and groomed the man who would come to Embrace me at a later time. Within five years, Tavernier gifted the Embrace to Galeb, promising immortality, riches untold, and a new family closer than any mortal kin. Tavernier wanted Galeb focusing on reclaiming (or at least, controlling) the throne that should have been his, in Constantinople. He, however, wasn't prepared for Bazory's hasty departure in one of the family's ships. His adopted family and his sire mourned, confused at why Galeb had left them. Though Galeb retained a patchwork correspondence with Tavernier, it was fair to say his unwillingness to embrace that which made him Ventrue — a destiny to rule — only made his departure more hurtful.*

*Trust me, Kindred; when you come to know my sire, you'll realize abandonment is part of his M.O.*

### *Kindred Nights: Bitter Disappointment*

*Galeb's unlife took him from North Africa, to Europe, and again to North America, and in the midst of these travels encountered my father in... oh, 1806. James Underwood was a key player in the refined sugar trade — more cutthroat than it sounds — and his business was on its backside due to the Napoleonic Wars, embargo on America, and so on. I've long assumed Galeb took an interest in him because he saw a possibility for profit, but I wonder how much of his attraction to my father was due to the adventurous appeal of a grand smuggling operation breaking the ennui of his existence. I was born in 1807, and yes, I know this story isn't mine, but I play a central role. After my father's death, Galeb transferred his affections and patronage to me. When I asked him to enter business with me at the age of 26 (to the best of my recollection — it was some time ago), he agreed.*

*I suspect his sense of honor prevented him departing his newly adopted family (and yes, if you identify a trend of adopting and abandoning new families, you're getting to know my sire), but with his sire Tavernier's agreement (the two had kept sporadic contact) he agreed to settle in the New World permanently, while Tavernier pursued diamond mining interests in South Africa. A story for another night, perhaps.*

*I was... am... more talented than my father. More prepared to do*

*what needs to be done for the good of the business and the bottom line. When I questioned his unaging nature, he answered me frankly, with the truth. I jumped at the chance for the Embrace, but my soon-to-be sire was reluctant. He'd never sired a childe before, and put the decision off until 1869. I grew impatient, so when it happened — and it happened quickly — I immediately set to using my new gifts to take my family's business to new heights, crushing the opposition and anyone who stood in my path. Galeb... was unimpressed.*

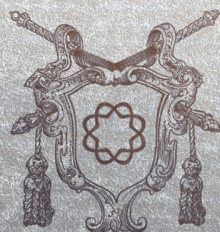


*He wanted a cautious, studious childe; not an ambitious son of a bitch (God rest my mother's soul) like me. When he discovered my involvement in plots stretching all the way down the East Coast, as early as ten years into my unlife, he grew disenchanted and — you know how this goes — distanced himself from me.*

*Would you believe, this vampire — Galeb Bazory — would claim in court that he'd created a monster, a threat to all Kindred, when referring to me? Quentin King actually believed him, and offered my sire the role of domain executioner, which he accepted with the hope I'd one day fall to the headsman's block, where he could correct his mistakes with "legal acceptance." Galeb would hunt down anyone who threatened Boston, never becoming one of those fool knights (I couldn't have lived that down), but acting as one of King's most deadly instruments. And you know, Galeb enjoyed his bloody work. For all his assumed destiny to rule, his inherited nobility, his business savvy, his personal power, he was most comfortable following the commands of another, wielding the axe or the gun even when the person instructing him was an oaf like Quentin King. He'd found his harmony.*

*Of course, his blade never found me. I was too smart, by half.*

*For all Galeb's successes in international business, imports, exports, the diamond and ruby trade, the recognition he received from courts across the western world, and his skill at murdering others, he longed for a mortal life to which he could never return. He was recognized as one of the few reliable patrons to neonates, and counsels for elders, in our domain of Boston, but outside of his executioner role, he remained aloof from politics. When King fell, I backed him for Prince, hoping*



*to heal the rift between us (or at least, get him off my back). Galeb declined, calling it "a poisoned gift" (which held some truth), but then threw in with the newly elevated Hazel Iversen, offering himself as an advisor, albeit at a distance from night-to-night affairs. Oh, Iversen was elated, but I looked like a total imbecile for his public rebuttal of my offer.*

*Galeb is a disillusioned Kindred. He sees himself as a monster, but a more controlled monster than most. When he has an ambition, he's determined and sharp, but when he lacks one, he wonders at what he could have achieved if only he returned to Constantinople earlier, if only he'd found love as a living being, and if only he'd aspired to political position, he might have an eternal purpose. I understand he recently made a young mortal from MIT into his ghoul, perhaps grooming her as another possible childe, but in my honest opinion, were he to do so, she'd find herself facing an eternity of disapproval combined with an absence of any kind of mentorship.*

*The Beckoning can't come soon enough for my sire. He would be best off following the Call and leaving my domain and our unlives for good.*

**- B. Underwood**

**Sire:** Jean Baptiste Tavernier

**Ambition:** I will find a purpose for my existence in the earth

**Convictions:** Never permit another to engage in

**Touchstones:** Sara Chandler, employee in Galeb's s... who he raised from the street to corpo

**Humanity:** 5

**Generation:** 10th

**Blood Potency:** 4

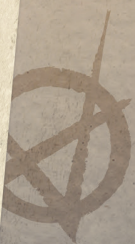


*ce or bury myself*

*wanton cruelty*

*shipping business*

*rate success*







# Emem Louis

**Epitaph:** The Eternal Survivor

**Quote:** “This city’s rot goes all the way to its heart. I’ve seen it and tasted it.”

**Clan:** Toreador

**Embraced:** 1929 (Born 1901)

**Mortal Days:** Poverty and Opportunity

*How best to describe my friend, Emem? I guess one must go back to the start to know the person, but I didn't know her way back then. All I can share are the stories she's told me; my reasons for loving and worshiping this goddess of a woman.*

*You know, growing up in poverty comes with its share of challenges. Growing up Black and in poverty, in early 20th century Harlem, tightly molds a person or breaks them down. Emem came out of that mold tough, smart, and gifted. So many of her peers did not, and she's never forgotten their names or faces. I guess she learned how to make do with little, succeed without the aid of the Man, and stand up for herself and her people. It was that, or break.*

*For all of Harlem's cultural brilliance and vibrant community, it was a zone segregated from the rest of the city. Yeah, other minorities made their presences known, especially those arriving in New York with no place to stay. Yeah, white dilettantes visited looking for an "exotic" evening, knowing they were a ticket away from going back home. But for Emem, Harlem was her life. Black, proud, and defiant in the face of persecution, she became known in the community as a headstrong young woman, following in her mother's and grandmother's footsteps as a girl who'd take shit from nobody and give her being to her community. Her father Mayson was a musician by night and window washer by day, but his talent never found any real success in the States. Her mother Clara was a singer when not caring for her four children. Life was, in a word, tough.*

*Let's take a tangent here, because while I think that if you cut Emem, she'd bleed Harlem, it was mixing Harlem into a cocktail with Paris*

*that turned her into the amazing performer she became. She didn't end up in France by accident: her father joined the Harlem Hellfighters in 1917 and participated in the liberation of France soon after. He joined a jazz band that became a phenomenal success after the war ended, because you know, not much of his kind of music made its way to Paris before the war. Pathé Studios — you've heard of them, right? — recorded an album with him as one of the performers, and buoyed with success, he brought his family over to Paris to turn his musical talents into a full-time gig.*

*This tale isn't all about the successes of Emem's father. Something Emem's always said to me is "a man's quicker to steal a woman's achievements than make his own" and don't start thinking she only came into her own because of Mayson Louis's jazz records. No, at 17 years old, Emem was already auditioning as a dancer for the exclusive, renowned, Folies Bergères, and though it took grit, by the time she turned 21 years old she was a headline act, touring Europe and dancing to packed houses.*

*Emem was an ambitious woman and punched above the weight class society gave her. As a talented singer and dancer, she wanted to go where the big money was, and drink champagne with the stars. She had no problems taking a white man's money if it went back home, and took shit from nobody, developing a reputation as a fiery celebrity, and channeling that energy into her burlesque performances. She saw ever capital worth visiting in Europe, and rubbed shoulders with muckety mucks all over the continent. The abuse she had to endure was obscene, but she kept her head high, attracting the attention of the Divas.*



One night following a show, in December 1923, a woman stopped her outside her dressing room at the Vienna Carltheater. She was pale white, she said little, and bore a severe look. Emem tried to get past, but the woman stopped her again. Emem tried to excuse herself, politely, but once more, the white woman blocked her path. Emem raised her voice, and her fists. Finally, the obstruction broke. The woman's harsh appearance melted into a generous, compassionate smile with an angelic peal of laughter. She explained she wanted to know how much fight Emem had in her, and that she'd been watching her shows for some time with great admiration. She invited Emem to a drink at a nearby bar. Emem declined, on account of her skin and the lateness of the hour. The woman insisted: "There's nobody at my bars who will deny you, Emem. And if they try, I'll rip their fucking tongues out."

The two women laughed, Emem thinking what Hilda MacAndrews said was a dark joke; Hilda thinking she'd do exactly that if someone got between her and her childe-to-be. The two spent the nights that followed in bars exchanging stories about their lives and their art, their passions and their struggles. Hilda was cultured, charismatic, and politically engaged in the strengthening suffragette movie sweeping the world, as well as an artistic community encompassing women and people of all cultures. Emem fell under her spell and gave into the irresistible attraction I can confirm Hilda wields even tonight. A passionate relationship formed, and the two became inseparable.

A beautiful romance, I'm sure you'll agree.

### Kindred Nights: The Ordeal

In the years that followed, Hilda acted as Emem's patron, lover, confidante, and colleague, and ultimately, her sire. She adored Emem's talents and watched her perform every night. Emem's greatest fear, when entering undeath, was she'd lose her attachment to her family, but Hilda reassured her: "You can always send them money, write them letters, and stop by once every few months at night-time." It was a kind thing to say, but as Emem's popularity in the Kindred scene grew, she became closer to her sire and more distant from her own people. To this night, I believe it's Emem's single greatest regret.

Having made their havens in Vienna since their meeting at the Carltheater, Emem and Hilda left Austria in 1934 for Paris, then Bordeaux, before fleeing the Nazis and taking refuge in Boston in the early 1940s. Quentin King was reluctant to take in these two refugee Kindred, but didn't take long to develop affection for Emem's flamboyant nature. He demanded she perform at one of the domain tourneys, even inviting representatives from the Kindred of Liberty to show off his "new queen." King's knights, ever by his side, watched Emem's performance closely while Hilda applauded, Quentin cheered, and hostilities between the two opposing forces cooled in the face of such a delightful entertainer. Though they were rare to conspire, the knights must have shared their thoughts with each other that night, each believing this Toreador snake was Morgana, and she would bring Camelot low if permitted to remain, or I don't know what else these madmen were thinking. They must have suspected she'd bewitched their Arthur, and so hatched a plot.



Package to: (V)  
24 Valley Ln,  
03960

B

I don't know much more than that, and that Emem went missing for a few nights... After that, Emem attitude changed entirely, entering depression for close to a year, where even I couldn't reach her. When she came back, she claimed she did not fit in Boston court anymore, and ended up hating it, and even splitting up with Hilda. The two would occasionally exchange curt words and brief glances across Elysium, but neither could forgive the other for something I've never dared to ask. Emem distanced herself with the court, making a new haven in the Anarch-influenced suburbs. It was there that she came up with her next venture: the Black Rattlers.

Away from the court, with only myself as her regular visitor, Emem spent her time renovating a small theater, transforming it into the first Black Rattlers, named in homage to her father's Great War battalion. The success of her first nightclub, into which she poured the fortune she'd accumulated for close to a century, brought renewal to the surrounding neighborhood and attention from Boston's youth. Outsider Kindred visited the Black Rattler as one of the coolest nightspots in Boston outside Quentin King's purview. Success followed success for Emem as she expanded the number of Black Rattlers around Boston to three — typically a silly idea for a single nightclub franchise, but Boston's a large city and its youth population ever growing. For we Kindred, Emem had created in ten years a zone of "peace" where fledglings and thin-bloods could sit together and listen to the finest jazz in the early evening, and move into house, dance,

and more once the midnight bell tolled.

It was in the years leading up to Quentin King's disappearance that I first introduced Emem to Hazel Iversen. I won't deny, I felt a little jealous at the ease by which Iversen charmed my friend, but the two shared a history of being second-guessed, underappreciated, and underestimated. When Iversen claimed the city, everyone expected Emem to return to Elysium, but she sticks to her own clubs. She's still never attended Iversen's court.

I can only imagine how that must stick in Prince Iversen's craw. She must be aware of the Black Rattlers' popularity among young vampires, but here's Emem, refusing to join in with the Prince's grand unity experiment. Will their mutual appreciation supersede their rivalry for popularity? I suppose time will tell.

I count myself as one of Emem's closest friends, but wonder at the state of her mind. She must be wrestling with whether she wishes to remain in this domain that rejected her and that she now hates and despises, or whether moving on will bring her more peace of mind.

I know I'll be by her side no matter what.

- Journey Atkins

Stupid  
masswards  
one for  
stupid people



*Sire: Hilda MacAndrews*

*Ambition: I need to decide whether forgiveness is a better course than vengeance*

*Convictions: Whenever someone breaks me down, I must break them in turn*

*Touchstones: Dolores Harris, great-niece, teacher, and Black Lives Matter activist*

*Humanity: 7*

*Generation: 12th*

*Blood Potency: 3*





# Hazel Iversen

**Epitaph:** The New Prince

**Quote:** "We all survived the madness so we might thrive under order."

**Clan:** Ventrue

**Embraced:** 1941 (Born 1901)

**Mortal Days:** Headed for Greatness

*Usurper. Snake. Traitor. I recite the names by which I know thee, Hazel Iversen, and find I could make God weep were He to hear me. Alas, none can, where I am now — not even God Almighty — but still I think of you, your story, and your supplanting of my praxis.*

*Would it be a double or triple negative to say I very much doubt there have been few occasions where Hazel Iversen felt she couldn't succeed?*

*Whatever the case, she's always been ambitious and proud.*

*As a daughter of immigrants arriving in the United States in the early 20th century, she should have been on the back foot. Instead, she thrived within the Scandinavian migrant community of my city, and even as a child was helping her parents in their work at the Port of Boston.*

*As a student, she should have struggled to communicate, as the majority of her community spoke a mix of Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish. Instead, she adapted where her parents struggled, and learned English rapidly, and fluently. Oh yes, I was aware of her from an early age. She was always prophesized to ascend to some kind of greatness...*

*As a young woman in the 1920s, she should have never got into Harvard. Yet, she did so, and excelled in finance and economics, advising her father on investments in local property and industry, and rarely making a poor guess. Her family even weathered the Great Depression through her canny ability of knowing when to buy and sell, and identifying the industries robust enough to survive that terrible period.*

*Hazel Iversen had no time for personal relationships outside of her own family. She was dedicated to investing her own money in high-risk, high-growth markets, and performed incredibly well, her eyes always fixed on the newspapers, a phone always to her ear as she instructed brokers to buy and sell. The excitement. The thrill of the deal. Playing with dollars as if they were marbles to be rolled for her enjoyment... A language I've never understood.*



*In case  
emergenc*

Her rocketing ascent as one of Boston's female success stories came to a sudden halt when her father died. She suspected he was murdered by rival investors, or at least, they commissioned the hit. But the police and legal system of which I was once a part were always unkind to immigrants not of their own tribe, and concluded it was a simple accident: a metal crate had toppled in one of his warehouses, and crushed his skull.

At 38 years old, she was thrust to the head of the Iversen empire. Risk was Hazel's specialty, and without allies, she knew her time at the top would be short. Although reluctant, she agreed to meet with a group of financial magnates to ease the tense situation between her family business and theirs. The meeting seemed to go well, with the fat cats encouraging her to meet one of the most influential silent partners behind multiple Boston investment firms at his mansion, that night. Uneasy, but determined, she did just that.

After she'd arrived, made her way through the mansion's darkened corridors, and was left alone with this intriguing man, she realized she recognized him from her studies at university: Nathan Appleton, a New England textile tycoon, and supposedly dead, at that. He began talking quickly and without emotion, in a tone that expected no response. She understood certain words, while others simply meant nothing to her: "Kindred," "Ventrue," "the Masters..." He approached, and she found she could no longer move, her eyes following his face as he studied her wrists, her legs, her neck. She wanted to scream, but no sound emerged as she was being drained and received the Embrace.

Appleton felt no need to explain his actions, and Hazel's bloody tears appeared to disgust him. The men she met earlier took her away and left her dazed and abandoned on the front steps of the mansion.

### Kindred Nights: Making a Name

The nights and months following Iversen's Embrace were desperate affairs. She struggled to grasp her undead state, her vampiric needs, and her new strengths and vulnerabilities. She cut ties with her family, not wishing to endanger them further, and dedicated her nightly pursuits purely to a world she understood: speculation, finance, and managing her investment bank.

Hazel's undead peers didn't go easy on her. She wasn't given the respect that occasionally comes with her clan, because Appleton had never presented her to me in court! He intended only to destroy her pride. In response, Iversen worked harder than others to make a name for herself in my extravagant court. The greatest court in North America. Her determination and ability to resolve conflicts (which were, I imagine, ruses to manipulate others) and her investment advice served the court well, and with time, she became an unofficial Seneschal, distinct from each warring faction and apparently concerned only with the enrichment of every Kindred who paid her in cash, favors, and respect.

Three decades after her Embrace, Iversen had made enough contacts at court to request — and have granted — a Blood Hunt against her sire. She showed evidence to me that Appleton was trading with the Triad. Not wanting to expose my own loyalties, I was obliged to condemn him. Hazel and her henchpeople seized Nathan Appleton at his haven and once he was overpowered, she took her time with him. Methodically, painfully, she decapitated him with her father's saber, on the same Persian rug where she'd had the Embrace forced upon her. She spared his bodyguard's unlife, making this Gangrel — Delsin Coates — her shadow in years to come.

Have a n  
day, ho



*I admired her poetic sense of justice, and to be fair, I always thought Appleton a weasel of the lowest order.*

*The Beckoning took Iversen utterly by surprise, as it did most of us. Spying an opportunity in my unnatural absence, she seized the title of Prince and was unnerved to find the Primogen Council supporting her claim. She'd suspected a fight, rival claimants to the throne, and had arrayed her ghouls and mortal servants to protect her in such a situation. There were few, and those who tried were easily put down. Power came to her easily, which I can say from experience, implies a hidden hand at work.*

*Prince Iversen's pride in taking praxis didn't last forever. Problems and opponents emerged in the successive years. She tirelessly demanded the respect owed to her, and brutally removed heads, launched Blood Hunts, and manipulated Kindred opinion from the shadows. Wanting to ensure the Primogen Council was working in her favor, she courted Delsin Coates, Jara Drory, and Dajan Siaka, so the older Underwood, MacAndrews, and Dunham wouldn't have all the power.*

*She also restored order to Boston, curtailing Embraces for a time, and launching a new initiative to purge fledglings — especially among the Anarchs. Though the policy was unpopular and short-lived, dozens of new vampires were rendered to ash.*

*Hazel now pursues research on feeding my people without attracting the hunters of the Second Inquisition's attention. The fall of London was a warning, so she's attempting to unify all Kindred in New England — starting with bringing in Hartford's Tremere — to prevent such an event befalling their domain. To celebrate their intended collaboration, she's requested Journey, my domain's Keeper of Elysium, arrange a party for the most important courtiers to meet and forge a deal.*

*It's a new night for Boston, I'm told. It's just tragic I won't be there to see it.*

**Q. K.**









# Leysha

**Epitaph:** Doomsaying Prodigy

**Quote:** “Set me free and let me in.”

**Clan:** Malkavian

**Embraced:** 1939 (Born 1911)

**Mortal Days:** Locked In

Doctor's log. Biography of the patient I call "Leysba." For your ears only.

The patient known as Leysba is my most curious experiment. Her past is largely an unknown; a broken pie of interesting flavors and questionable content. Note that down; I shall use that metaphor to describe more things in future.

What is known? Leysba is from France. Lyon, specifically. I, Dr. Richard Dunham, am her psychiatrist and always have been. I saved Leysba and... we'll call them Patient H... from the war in 1939, and used my favor with Mr. King, a cousin, to seek safe harbor in Boston.

The rest is naught but light and shadow. Leysba knows names, stories, and thoughts of those around her without knowing exactly how or why. She remembers Mr. King and his legendary obsessions. This is understandable, given their time together. What makes less sense, logically, is how she knows Ms. Iversen so well, and why she thinks of her fondly.

Leysba's visions are a complex mix of present, past, and future, requiring more analysis than I alone can provide. She's shown a real desire to fight her gift so she can care for Patient H, but needless to say, this doesn't serve Ms. Iversen's plans. Ms. Iversen would prefer Leysba was used in her current capacity, to master fate and bolster her own ambitions.

Hmm. She's making noise again. Log terminated, for now.

Dr. Dunham

*Sire: Richard Dunham*

*Ambition: I need to decide whether forgiveness is a better course than vengeance*

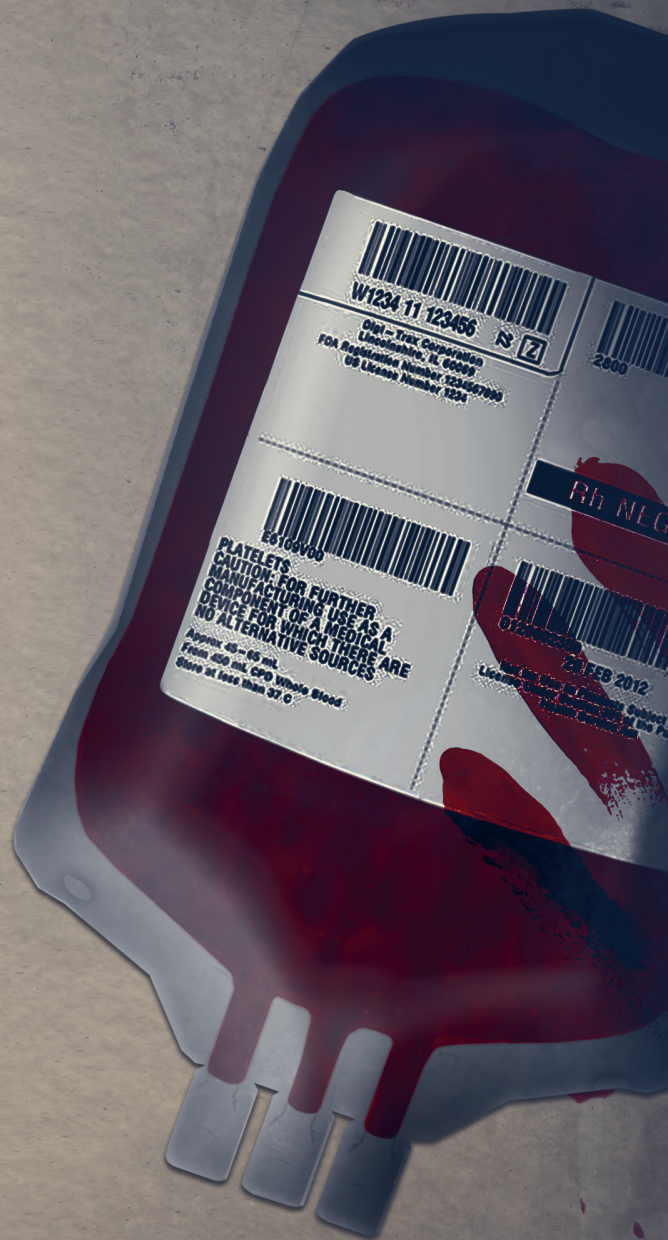
*Convictions: Always listen to Richard*

*Touchstones: Halsey, Leysha's child*

*Humanity: 6*

*Generation: 12th*


*Good Potency: 3*







# Loresheets



Loresheets add distinct and often dramatic background elements to a character, expanding their past with events or relationships that can grant unique boons and abilities. The Loresheets found here tie characters to factions and characters in the New England region, to root characters in **Vampire history**.

## The Hartford Chantry

The dominant Kindred in Hartford and New Haven were the Gemini League, an elected consortium predominantly consisting of Ventrue and Tremere, who manage the domains of Connecticut, engage in the cryptic passwords, handshakes, and rituals of mortal secret societies, and wish for nothing more than splendid isolation away from the Kindred politicking of “lesser vampires.” When dragged into events beyond their realm, they respond with ferocity and frustration. In these nights, the Gemini League’s natural successor is the Hartford Chantry, though links between the Tremere of Hartford and Ventrue of New Haven remain strong.





### • **Arcane Authority:**

Once per story, you may select an object, and tell the Storyteller you want to discover if it was constructed through mundane or sorcerous means. You gain three bonus dice to an Intelligence + Occult roll to determine the object's makings, with a critical success conveying exactly the manner of sorcery involved (if present). Revealing this knowledge can of course make this item highly sought-after, such as by an Enemy or Adversary.

### •• **Cryptic Politics:**

Once per session, during a social conflict you are a part of or observing, you gain two bonus dice in an attempt to determine whether one of the participants is a member of a mortal secret society, such as the Freemasons, Rosicrucians, or Skull and Bones Club. Revealing this information at the wrong moment could put a target on yours, or the target's back. You need to know of the society to identify it, otherwise your roll just tells you the participant/s belong to a society with coded gestures and cryptic sayings.

### ••• On The Square:

You benefit from a four-dot Ally from a secret society, such as the Knights Templar or a tradition of mages. However, to maintain this alliance you must attend a meeting with this ally at least once per story, and provide the society with one dot of Resources (deducted from your Resources for the

remainder of, or at the start of the next story) in the form of an arcane artifact or intelligence. This Lore also provides you with token membership in this society, though if you wish to join fully, it requires a greater expenditure and should be handled under the Backgrounds of Contacts and Influence.

### •••• The Chantry:

You may use the Hartford Chantry as a three dot Haven with access to the library, which in turn reduces the cost of learning new Blood Sorcery Rituals *to new Blood*

*Sorcery Ritual* ×3 (-1). In order to maintain this benefit, you must be a member in good standing of your faction. This benefit applies regardless of your clan.




## ••••• Mr. President:

You've been elected to a position of authority in your faction, conveying four dots of Status in all domains within New England (or wherever your faction is present), and a two dot Retainer of complete loyalty. You gain a two dice bonus on attempts to use Intimidation, Leadership, and Persuasion-related rolls

on anyone in the financial industry of New England (or appropriate locality), and all subordinate members of the faction. In order to maintain this Lore, you must court votes from other vampires in your faction and not embarrass the faction. If you are seen to frenzy, your position is stripped immediately.

# The Boston Camarilla

F



The Kindred of Liberty fought a long series of wars against the British Camarilla, the Sabbat, and the Hecata, and whether through skill or just being the last faction standing, they survived. They dissolved in recent nights, abandoning their factional name and becoming the Boston Camarilla, though many “coals” still cling to the memory of the K.O.L. Now they govern Boston and intend to reach beyond the domain, absorbing the other cities of New England into their widening praxis. They do not suffer attempts to manipulate them or take what they’ve spent so long trying to capture.

## • Comrades in Arms:

You're strengthened when alongside your comrades. Once per story, when announcing your identity as a member of your faction among your fellow factioneers, you may add three dice to a Resolve, Composure, or Willpower-based roll.

## •• Sic Semper Tyranis:

The Kindred of Liberty fought against tyrants and foreign invaders for over a century (despite themselves being, in large part, foreign invaders). Once per story, after identifying by sight an enemy of your coterie, you may make a staking maneuver in combat without the traditional -2 called shot penalty. You must have a staking device on you to fulfill this Lore.

## •••• Unification:

You just have a way of drawing people to the negotiating table. Once per story, you can send out invitations to courts in up to four neighboring domains, and expect them to send a high-ranking representative to your domain for a sit-down, even if they don't like or respect you. You must succeed on a Manipulation + Etiquette roll when crafting this invitation, with Difficulty 6 succeeding in attracting a Herald, Difficulty 7 attracting a Primogen, and Difficulty 8 attracting

a Prince or Baron. Additionally, once they're in your presence, you gain a once per story two dice bonus to an attempt at diplomacy or negotiation with this group, even if what you're selling is bunk. On the flipside of this Lore, if you fail in your negotiations with any of the attendees, the same individual won't return to your domain, and could become your Adversary (variable dot rating, depending on the individual) as if you offended them.



### ••• Heart is Where the Home Is:

Your territory (agree with the Storyteller beforehand over what location constitutes your territory) is vitally important to you, as are the people who live there. You have a Conviction as follows: Suffer no crimes against the people of my territory. This Lore enables you to enact violent reprisals against violators of this Conviction without fear of accumulating Stains. As well

as a Touchstone character you must name and choose who lives on your territory, you gain a two dot Contact from persons on your territory (who may also be your Touchstone). This Lore also creates a one or two dot Adversary, in the form of an intruder's domitor, sire, or coterie-mate, if you destroy them just for stepping on your turf.



### •••• Levers and Pulleys:

You benefit from a three dot Retainer in the midst of the domain's political backroom dealings, both mortal and undead, who regularly supplies you with information as a two dot Contact. However, this individual needs to be kept sweet — or they might reveal your identity as their master — and

secure — as they'll divulge a lot of information about you, if they're caught ratting people out. At any time, you can pull this individual from their position and just keep them as a three dot Retainer, providing you keep supplying them with cash, vitae, or whatever their need happens to be.

Boston by Night is a micro sourcebook for Vampire: The Masquerade  
— Swansong and the Vampire: The Masquerade TTRPG.  
Boston by Night was written by Matthew Dawkins.

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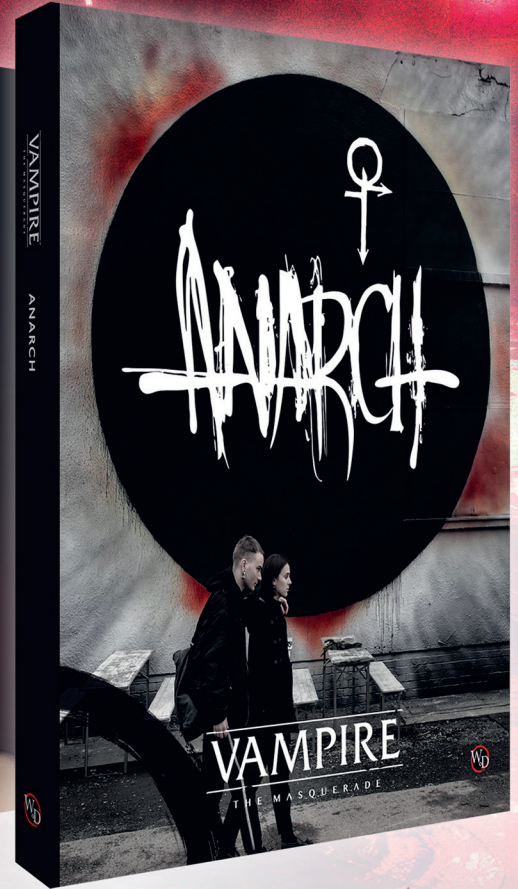
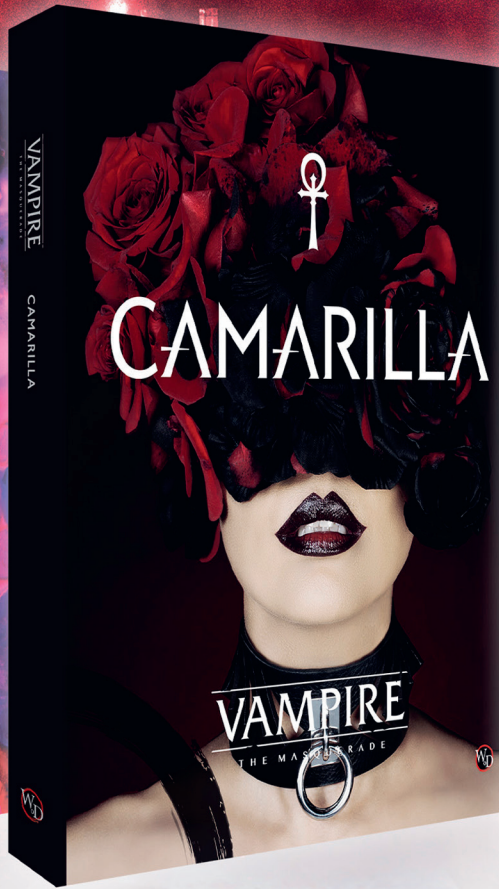
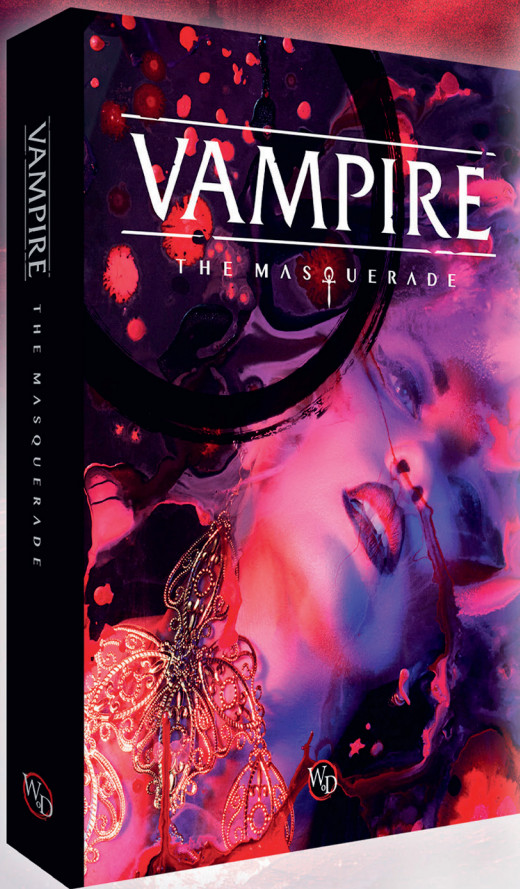
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