



LOST BLOODLINES

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THE JADE-BLOODED

"To invite mortals to the battlefield is to cast pearls before swine. But what else can we do but hope to enlighten the lesser creatures of this world?"

-- Master Thousand-Hands-Cutting

History

Amongst the Deathless Court of Lahmia, there was none so opposite to the sensualist Maatmeses as the narrow-eyed eunuch Harakhte, Chief Justice and High Executioner. Almost seven feet tall and extremely thin, he would shift through the palace not unlike a gigantic spider, hunting out any betrayal or slightest whisper of sedition. His men did likewise in the streets, providing his Queen with all the knowledge of the streets below and hallways within so that she might rule from above.

To the simpering Harakhte, the Elixir of Life was just another tincture, just another drug, for he took so many to preserve his long life and stave off the many depredations of his incredible age. Not even the Queen knew how old he was, and the emasculated, emaciated inquisitor would never speak of it. Some said he had already learnt the secret of immortality on his trips to Cathay and the mystics he met there. Nor does anyone know why he left the city - whether it was just a happy coincidence that he was on a diplomatic mission to the east or whether he had known about the army of Alcadizaar well in advance. Whatever the truth, he did drink of the Elixir, he was spared the terrible fall and even now continues to live out his life in far Cathay, where the spices are richer and the stimulants more exquisite.

He took with him on this journey a dozen of his most skilled courtiers, scribes, investigators, guards and torturers, to whom he also passed the Blood Kiss so they might never leave his service. When they reached Cathay, he sent each to one of its thirteen provinces, to investigate the ruling powers and determine where best to place his strength. However, each of his attendants betrayed him in turn, setting themselves up quickly as the powers behind each provinces' throne. Great wars raged across Cathay, and Harakhte struck down four of his upstart servants himself before the nations fell into anarchy. Eventually, new powers emerged, some ruled openly by the sons of Harkhte, some manipulated from the shadows, and some showing no sign of a vampire's hand: perhaps because they were

dead, perhaps they slept, or perhaps they were simply very good at hiding their presence. War had proved an inefficient way to deal with their enemies, so each began instead to scheme and plot.

To this day, Cathay is riven with internal strife as each remaining Vampire has thousand-year long schemes planned against his enemies. As age has wearied them, the diseases and addictions they inherited from their master has ravaged their bodies, and they require more and more drugs with each passing decade. Their eyes cloud over, their skin grows translucent and their blood has become an ooze of bright green ichor. Thus it is that the few holy people who are permitted to look upon these ancient monarchs know them as the Jade-Blooded.

Society and Outlook

The Jade-Blooded believe in law. Harakte himself crafted a very strict set of laws – with nine hundred strictures – for the city of Lahmia, and he brought it with him to Cathay. These laws are not just about criminal acts, but the proper position and working of every aspect of society. All of his students adhere to it strictly and without deviation for without law, there is nothing. The art comes therefore, in knowing the 900 Strictures so well that one may use them the most to ones advantage, against others. As such, the monarchs often spend decades at a time contemplating the strictures and their meanings.

Law and scholarship are the twin pinnacles of the Jade-Blooded life. Yes, there is pleasure in stimulants, and nobility in tradition, and even glory in victory, but these are momentary distractions, and are worthless if they are achieved at the expense of the primary concerns. Everything has a proper time, place and way, and such things must be observed, even though the rules were designed three millennia ago, and are now often nonsensical or half forgotten. Tradition and history are sacrosanct to the Jade-Blooded, and to ignore anything of the past is to trample on the great history of both Cathay and the Lahmian paradise. Of course, for the monarchs there is no sense in trying to re-claim or re-build that city of the past; the spirit of Lahmia is within them, and they build it anew in their minds each day.

Each of the monarchs however believes that he and only he remembers the true ways of Lahmia, and has the greatest mastery of the 900 Strictures. So it is that they must make war against their brethren to eradicate their sloppy, foolish ways, until only the perfect law remains. It may take a thousand years, or ten thousand,

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but building a tower to heaven is never quick or easy work.

Although as fast and deadly as most of their Vampire cousins, they rarely enter combat themselves – such things are, according to the Strictures, best done by others. If attacked, they prefer to turn into deadly snakes and slither away with little more than a parting bite. When they do fight, they prefer to strike from the darkness with poisoned blades or their own, equally poisonous claws. This poison they draw from their own flesh, for their own blood is toxic. Any who strikes them finds their blade covered in foetid green fluid, and any whom they feed on are struck down by a wasting plague. To even be in their presence is to gag on the foul aroma of thick drugs and rotted flesh, and those who live through the experience remember little more than a clouded, narcotic haze.

This allows the Jade-Blooded to preserve their mysterious, god-like status among their followers, and their ever-loyal servants form a cult around their immortal lives. Each servant would die for his monarch, and will fight fanatically to stop any who would harm him, or act against his wishes. These massive armies of zealous warriors are fleshed out with huge ranks of zombies and wights, giving each Jade-Blooded his own gigantic personal army. And the art of war is their business.

Feeding and Breeding

It is forbidden for the Jade-Blooded to create new vampires, and considered unwise and unhealthy. Who, after all, needs a fresh enemy when there are so many already? However, like everything that is forbidden, it does happen. Over the millennia, their numbers have very slowly but steadily increased. Still, they are the least numerous of all the Bloodlines, ensuring always that their power remains completely within their conclave of perhaps but a score of extremely powerful beings. Those who do not quickly learn to master the Strictures and to watch their backs will be obliterated by their rivals within a few years. A thrall who is not a count after a decade or two is not long for this world.

The Jade-Blooded are typically fed by their faithful cultists, who bring fresh victims as often as possible. Some of the Jade-Blooded have entirely forgotten how to kill, and have their followers hold naked throats up to their mewling mouths, or slit throats with claws rather than fangs and drain the blood directly into their hookahs to mix with their opium and spices. Most victims are drained dry. Those who survive carry what is called by the peasants The Wasting Death, a terrible malady that causes madness,

fever and atrophy, as the flesh dies from the outside in. Considered by the cult to be most blessed indeed, such sufferers are not prevented from stumbling back to their homes to die in agony and terror, unable to speak of the monstrous creature who suckled to them like a hungry baby.

Designs and Stratagems

Besides contemplating the Strictures and destroying their rivals, the Jade-Blooded have no long-term goals. Rather, destroying their rivals is an all-consuming goal, and every decision they make is part of a plan to do just that. To the humans watching, it may seem like a terrible war has begun again, and thousands slaughtered, but to the monarchs in their mountain strongholds, it is but one small move on a chessboard the size of the world, in a game as long as eternity.

Betrayal and deception feed off each other like a dragon eating its own tail, and the play goes on forever. For a mortal to be part of such a game is an honour; for them to know more than a few moves and gain a glimpse of their meaning is a rare privilege that may give their pathetic life a glimmer of meaning. Or perhaps not. The ways of mortals are of little concern to the Jade-Blooded. There is only law, there is only scholarship, and there is only the game.

Statistics

Table 1: Characteristic Generation

Characteristic	Jade-Blooded
Weapon Skill (WS)	2d10+40
Ballistic Skill (BS)	2d10+30
Strength (S)	2d10+50
Toughness (T)	2d10+50
Agility (Ag)	2d10+50
Intelligence (Int)	2d10+50
Will Power (WP)	2d10+60
Fellowship (Fel)	2d10+30
Attacks (A)	2
Wounds (W)	—Roll 1d10 and consult

Table 2: Starting Wounds

Strength Bonus (SB)—Equal to the first digit of Strength—

Toughness Bonus (TB)—Equal to the first digit of Toughness—

Movement (M) 6

Magic (Mag) 1

Insanity Points (IP) 0

Fate Points (FP) 0

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Table 2: Starting Wounds

Roll	Jade-Blooded
1–3	18
4–6	20
7–9	22
10	24

Skills

All Vampires gain the following skills:

Command, Common Knowledge (any one), Dodge Blow, Magical Sense, Perception, Search, Speak Language (any two), Torture.

In addition, Vampires of the Jade-Blooded bloodline gain the following extra skills:

Academic Knowledge (History, Necromancy, any other), Common Knowledge (any three), Channelling, Charm, Command, Concealment, Disguise, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception +10%, Prepare Poison, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any three)

Talents

Jade-Blooded Vampires gain the following Talents:

Dealmaker, Dark Magic, Petty Magic (Arcane), Schemer, Strike to Stun

Traits

Traits are talents that cannot be acquired through careers. Instead, they function as an expression of a particular type of creature or race. Talents from *WFRP* that qualify as traits include Flier, Frightening, Hoverer, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Resistance to Magic, Unsettling, and Undead. All of the new talents described in Old World Bestiary count as traits.

Jade-Blooded Traits

Jade-Blooded gain the following traits: Blood Gift (Blood Drain, Natural Necromancer, Pass For Human, Vampires' Curse, plus any one Jade-Blooded), Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons (Fangs, Claws), Night Vision and Undead. New traits are described in *Night's Dark Masters*. If you are applying the Vampire template to a pre-rolled character, the Jade-Blooded bloodline provides the Pass For Human Blood Gift as well as the base Talents and Traits.

Jade-Blooded Blood Gifts

Table 3: Blood Gifts

Roll	Jade-Blooded
1	Bend Mortal Minds
2	Blood Burst
3	Carrier
4	Dark Majesty
5	Familiar Form
6	Mastery Over Flesh
7	Psychic Drain
8	Unhallowed Soul
9	Walk as the Wind
10	Waterwalker

New Blood Gifts:

Bend Mortal Minds

Although they can command with just a whisper, the Jade-Blooded also have a preternatural power to enthrall enormous crowds. The number of people they can influence with a Charm test is multiplied by ten. This stacks with Public Speaking and Master Orator, so that a Jade Blooded with Master Orator and Bend Mortal Minds can inspire thousands of individuals at once.

Walk as the Wind

You may hover above the ground a distance of up to six feet. You gain the Hoverer Trait. Your movement while hovering is equal to your Movement Characteristic (you may not Run). While Hovering, barriers, water or other deterrents on the ground beneath you have no effect.

Thrall Career

If using the Customization Method, the Jade-Blooded Thrall career provides the following Skills and Talents:

Jade-Blooded Skills: Academic Knowledge (History, Necromancy, one other), Common Knowledge (any three), Channelling, Charm, Command, Concealment, Disguise, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception, Prepare Poison, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Arcane Language (Magick)

Jade-Blooded Talents: Dealmaker, Dark Magic, Petty Magic (Arcane), Schemer, Strike to Stun

Also, because the Jade Blooded need vast armies to remain in power, the minion

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requirements for the Count and Lord trappings should be multiplied by ten. You can, after all, never have enough ninja.

Jade-Blooded Weaknesses

Table 4: Vampire's Curse

Roll	Weakness
01–10	Blindness
11–20	Counting
21–30	Daemonroot and Witchbane
31–40	Gromril
41–50	Ithilmar
51–60	Sticky Rice
61–70	Sunlight
71–80	Tears
81–90	Warpstone
91–00	Running Water

Weaknesses

Like all Vampires, Jade-Blooded are gripped by the Curse, and must roll or choose five Weaknesses. However, they do not suffer from some of those that afflict their western brethren, and have some unique curses of their own.

New Weaknesses

Blindness: Many Jade-Blooded are so rife with corruption and sickness that their eyes have become nothing more than shallow saucers of milky froth. Those trying to hide from their gaze gain +30% to Concealment Tests, and those who pass a Silent Move Test with at least one degree of success are effectively invisible until they must test again.

Sticky Rice: Rice-wine, ginger and a few more eldritch herbs are mixed into rice to make this sticky mixture. When thrown at Vampires it sticks and disorients them. A successful BS test must be made to hit a Vampire with a handful of Sticky Rice; each handful causes the Vampire to suffer a -5% penalty to all tests, up to a maximum of -30%. It takes a Vampire a half-action to brush off a handful's worth of Sticky Rice, and he must make a Willpower Test to take any other action but removing it if he has Sticky Rice stuck to him.

MAHTMASI: THE CARRION CHILDREN

"I am far older than your pathetic empire, and I will remain when it is nothing but dust. And then, as now...my children will feed..."

- overheard by a servant during the night assassination of Caliph Al-Haramba

History

No-one can be sure how many of Queen Neferata's decadent court drank from her Elixir of Life. What is known, however, is that the five First Children who have taught the Old World to fear are far from alone.

At his Queen's court, Maatmeses was known as Vizier and Grand Chancellor. His official duties involved running the Queen's household and managing her treasury. For the most part, Maatmeses did neither, preferring instead to enjoy the great pleasures on offer in the palace, and to garnish often from the royal coffers. He grew very fat and very indolent, yet still somehow managed to maintain his preternatural ability to sneak around and spy on his fellows – and his equally preternatural stamina with the ladies.

It was only with the coming of Vashanesh that his corruption was exposed. Seeing the new warrior arrive and hearing his warnings, Maatmeses did not wait to be found out, and fled immediately. His cowardice and betrayal infuriated the dark Queen and she sent a horde of soldiers out to find him. Lacking allies and maddened by terror of what punishments she could inflict on him, the corpulent Maatmeses ran into the only place he could hide: The Great Desert.

Not even an undead creature can survive that devil's anvil. And in truth, nothing did. Maatmeses collapsed into the sands when madness could drive his body no further. And then the insects came: the dung beetles, and the desert scarabs and the swamp-flies, and they began to devour him. But as he was immortal from the elixir, he could not die. Each day they ate more of his flesh and birthed more spawn from his rotting organs, each day the flesh grew back anew, entwining with the insects that tunnelled through him. Soon, his fat was gone, and the wind and heat stripped what the bugs did not. He became a living corpse, his flesh dried as hard as boiled leather, and his organs as much swarm as man. None could tell where man ended and insect began but together, they found a new strength, and Maatmeses crossed the desert, and found himself in Araby.

Needing allies, he slaughtered a warrior tribe and made them his undead slaves. The best of them he made his Children, and they inherited his decayed form, and his affinity with the great swarm. Great wings on their backs were common, and some made a horrible clicking noise instead of speech. All of them also inherited their master's ability to slink and sneak, but Maatmeses was no longer interested in money. He would take lives, not gold, and revel in decay rather than pleasure, until all the world was as he was. His name was strange to them, but was close to Maht-masa, which means "child of death". And thus the Mahtmasi were born.

Society and Outlook

Unlike almost all other bloodlines, the Mahtmasi maintain very close ties, shunning the individualism of their northern cousins. They live in large tribal units, and work together to achieve the goals of their master. They are also unique in that they are quite happy to sell their services to the highest bidder – as long as they are paid to enact slaughter. The Mahtmasi take particular joy in watching the so-called moral humans pay them vast sums of gold to ensure they kill someone else. They have little use for gold themselves, but they enjoy the vices it encourages in mortals, and keep plenty in their cave lairs to attract thieves and opportunists.

They also do not need gold or silver to drive their destruction – all it does is ensure the direction of their blood-dimmed tide. They are like locusts, moving from place to place, feeding off the living until there are none left, then leaving the dead to rot so they may draw strength from the putrid ichors that arise, and the endless insects that come and infest.

Amongst their tribes there is a chief-like figure, typically the strongest, oldest and most depraved of the group. These and all the tribesmen in turn owe their allegiance to the venerable Maatmeses himself, who still dwells in a cave deep in the desert, with each passing century becoming more and more one with the insect world. Some say he has made a dark pact with the Fly Lord himself; others say he intends to topple that God and take his place.

Lacking any great need (or ability to acquire) the luxuries of life, the Mahtmasi live only for slaughter and combat. They prove their strength and then they revel in the destruction and decay they leave behind. They kill without any thought or plan, and then dance among the dripping entrails, draping themselves in rotten guts, gorging themselves on cockroaches and maggots and taking their sport in the dismembered corpses of the women.

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Then, when they are done, they move on to the next town, or caravan, and then the next, and the next.

Feeding and Breeding

Like the Strigoi, the Mahtmasi have learnt to survive on the blood of creatures and the dead. This gives them an emaciated, bestial appearance but is necessary for their survival in the harsh, empty desert. They never know where their next blood will come from, so they waste none, and take it wherever it can be found. They are certainly not above drinking the blood of their own kind, and do not have the taboo against this that other bloodlines do.

The Mahtmasi rarely breed, as their numbers are limited by their environment, and there are few who desire to join their ranks. Occasionally, however, they will take by force those braver or stronger warriors who tried to resist them, or the proud prince who thought he could dismiss the threat they represent.

Designs and Stratagems

The Mahtmasi are almost exclusively insane, and follow the edict of their insane god-like leader. As such, they have no great plan beyond turning the entire world into a charnel pit, for them to feed in like maggots. The world is their corpse, or it will be soon enough. So far, only the desert has slowed them down in their goal of destroying the entirety of the Arabyan Empire. The petty, squabbling caliphs of the large cities have never produced an amassed army to wipe them out, and these monsters can easily hide in the deep desert or the Lands of the Dead, where no mortal can survive. There they typically remain, preying on smaller villages and lone caravans, devouring unsuspecting travellers and generally making the badlands very bad indeed.

This is not to say, however, that they are unknown in cities. Although they cannot pass for human, with a burnoose and a face-scarf they can slink into the shadows without difficulty. Once inside the cities they can spread their decay and death in more cunning ways, with poisoned blades and stealthy assassinations. Slowly, they remove the city's power-base and cripple the guards, so that they may safely open the gates for the rest of their brethren, all the ready for unrestrained bloodshed. Despite their destructive natures, their prowess at killing remains prized, and foolish princes continue to invite them into their cities to take care of their unassailable enemies.

The combined effect of their city intrigues and their locust like predations on the countryside and trade caravans has had a terrible effect on the

Arabyan Empire. Although they were slow to rise in numbers, in the last millennia they have become a force as destructive to that land as the Chaos marauders are to Kislev, and it is their very presence that led the once glorious Arabyan Empire to collapse into fear, disorder and decadence. Now, only the four great coastal cities remain untouched by the verminous fiends, and the Great Sultan has realised that his entire kingdom is on the brink of destruction, if not already doomed. In desperation, he has sent emissaries to Estalia, Bretonnia, Tilea and the Empire to beg for support, and heroes, to fight the terrible Mahtmasi. Only a fool would go, of course, but the promise of honour and glory makes fools of many men.

Statistics

Table 1: Characteristic Generation

Characteristic	Mahtmasi
Weapon Skill (WS)	2d10+50
Ballistic Skill (BS)	2d10+30
Strength (S)	2d10+40
Toughness (T)	2d10+60
Agility (Ag)	2d10+60
Intelligence (Int)	2d10+30
Will Power (WP)	2d10+40
Fellowship (Fel)	2d10+30
Attacks (A)	2
Wounds (W)	—Roll 1d10 and consult Table 2: Starting Wounds—

Strength Bonus (SB)—Equal to the first digit of Strength—

Toughness Bonus (TB)—Equal to the first digit of Toughness—

Movement (M)	6
Magic (Mag)	1
Insanity Points (IP)	0
Fate Points (FP)	0

Table 2: Starting Wounds

Roll	Mahtmasi
1–3	18
4–6	20
7–9	22
10	24

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Skills

All Vampires gain the following skills:

Command, Common Knowledge (any one), Dodge Blow, Magical Sense, Perception, Search, Speak Language (any two), Torture.

In addition, Vampires of the Mahtmasi bloodline gain the following extra skills:

Academic Knowledge (History, Necromancy, Science), Common Knowledge (any three), Concealment +20%, Disguise, Dodge Blow +10%, Evaluate, Intimidate, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface +10%, Shadowing, Silent Move +10%.

Talents

Mahtmasi Vampires gain the following Talents:

Quick Draw, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Thrown), Strike to Injure

Traits

Traits are talents that cannot be acquired through careers. Instead, they function as an expression of a particular type of creature or race. Talents from *WFRP* that qualify as traits include Flier, Frightening, Hoverer, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Resistance to Magic, Unsettling, and Undead. All of the new talents described in *Old World Bestiary* count as traits.

Mahtmasi Traits

Mahtmasi gain the following traits: Blood Gift (Blood Drain, Natural Necromancer, Vampires' Curse, plus any one Mahtmasi Blood Gift), Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons (Fangs, Claws), Night Vision, Unsettling and Undead. New traits are described in *Night's Dark Masters*. If you are applying the Vampire template to a pre-rolled character, the Mahtmasi bloodline provides the Unsettling Talent as well as the base Talents and Traits.

Thrall Career

If using the Customization Method, the Mahtmasi Thrall career provides the following Skills and Talents:

Mahtmasi Skills: Academic Knowledge (History, Necromancy, Science), Common Knowledge (any three), Concealment, Disguise, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Intimidate, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Shadowing, Silent Move.

Mahtmasi Talents: Alley Cat, Rover, Strike to Injure

Mahtmasi Blood Gifts

Table 3: Blood Gifts

Roll	Mahtmasi
1	Blood-Sated
2	Call Sandstorm
3	Defy the Dawn
4	Domination
5	Dust to Dust
6	Host
7	Iron Sinews
8	Scent Blood
9	Swarm Form
10	Wings

New Blood Gifts:

Call Sandstorm

Once per day, as a full action, you may call forth a great and terrible sandstorm, even from a completely blue and quiet sky. The storm is about one hundred yards in diameter, centred on you. In the swirling sands, visibility is very low: those within it cannot use missile weapons and suffer a -20% to all Perception Tests.

Dust to Dust

Once per day, as a full action, you can reduce your body (and all carried, worn, or held items) to a small cloud of stinging dust. The mist is entirely magical, under your control and does not behave according to nature – it cannot be blocked by doors or windows. While in this state, you gain the Ethereal and Hoverer Traits. Your fly speed is equal to twice your Movement Characteristic. You may attempt to return to your physical form at any time, but only if you are in a desert (out of sight of all buildings and standing, once reformed, on nothing but desert sand). You must also succeed on a Willpower test to be restored. If the test fails, you must wait an hour before trying again. While in dust form, you do not truly exist in the world, and are beyond all but magical effects.

Weaknesses

Like all Vampires, Mahtmasi are gripped by the Curse, and must roll or choose five Weaknesses. However, they do not suffer from some of those that afflict their northern brethren, and have some unique curses of their own.

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Mahtmasi Weaknesses

Table 4: Vampire's Curse

Roll	Weakness
01–10	Barriers
11–20	Cats
21–30	Counting
31–40	Fire
41–50	Ithilmar
51–60	Maidens
61–70	No Reflection
71–80	Religious Symbols
81–90	Silver
91–00	Sunlight

New Weaknesses

Cats: Maatmeses the First was the Grand Vizier and Chancellor to Queen Neferata, and was always terrified that she would one day discover his endless desire to take her money for himself. He became so paranoid he would jump any time he saw a cat, for it could be Bastet, his Queen's loyal pet. His brood have inherited his fear, and must make a Terror Test if they catch sight of such a creature.

Maidens: Maatmeses worshipped the many ladies in his harem, and could never harm them. In Arabyan culture, maidens are similarly worshipped. As such, some Mahtmasi consider it anathema to harm or even inconvenience a young woman. They must make a Hard (-20%) Will Power Test to attack any (pre-menopausal) female, even one attacking them, and an Average (+0%) Will Power test to even conspire against them. Their husbands and beaus are fair game however, and no amount of Disguise will fool a Vampire about a person's gender. Note also that this only applies to human women.