

BLOOD CALLS TO BLOOD

Ever since his Embrace, Duce Carter has been a firebrand among the Kindred of Chicago, fanning the flames of revolution against the city's Prince and its hidebound elders. But when Chicago's Carthians turn their backs on Duce in the wake of a brutal assassination attempt, the only person he can turn to for help is none other than Persephone Moore, the Prince's only child. Is Persephone the friend she claims to be, or is she an agent of the shadowy forces who are out to destroy Carter?

Vampire: Blood In, Blood Out is the second in a series of novels based on the wildly successful Vampire: The Requiem and World of Darkness horror settings.

"The atmosphere of [Soulban's prose] cannot be praised enough... [His] writing is truly alive."

—Brand Robins, RPGnet

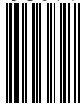
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Duce slipped the key into the metal door. The door opened, revealing a corridor with hallways branching off to the sides and a table with a lockbox and pile of white packets. A gunman in the corridor, an ex-linebacker with an Uzi, looked surprised, his mouth opening slowly to yell a warning to someone in a room behind him. That was all Duce needed to see.

He raced past the gunman—muscle fibers pulled steel-wire taut and stitched against his skin—and clotheslined the man under the chin. Bones snapped like brittle twigs. He turned to see the man hitting the ground, the pain only just registering on his face.

Duce raced to the open door in the corridor, where the vacant glow of a television emanated. One man, nothing Rastafarian about his Vietnamese features, was in the process of standing up from a rocking chair, pulling an Ithaca shotgun. Terror flowed like molasses across his face.

Between one heartbeat and the next Duce was at the chair, grabbing the man by the front of his shirt. One push sent him flying backwards into the bedroom wall. Before the ganger could hit the floor, Duce grabbed him again and rebounded him into the wall a second time for good measure, leaving a deep dent in the sheet rock and a trail of blood as the body slid to the floor.

“Uh-uh, bitch...”

Duce turned toward the voice—

“...this is my house.”

—and found himself looking at a well-built, shirtless man with light black skin. Gang tats covered his arms, and a full beard and natty dreads spilled out over a black headband. The Skorpion submachine gun in man’s hands erupted in a staccato roar, punching a line of bullet holes across Duce’s chest and right shoulder.

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Blood In, Blood Out



Lucien Soulban

Sample file

Vampire
THE REQUIEM



Vampire

THE REQUIEM

Prince Maxwell Clarke rules the Kindred of Chicago with a stern but steady hand, balancing the interests of the city's diverse population against the dictates of Kindred law and the ancient Traditions. Recent events in neighboring Cicero (where a newly Embraced vampire endangered the Kindred's law of secrecy by attacking his family and later a police officer) have increased tensions between several of the vampiric *covenants* in the city, with the aristocratic *Invictus* and their allies, the *Lancea Sanctum*, contending with unrest from the populist *Carthians*. The Carthians, who ruled the city until a disastrous turn of events in the late 1800s, have since chafed under the authoritarian rule of the *Invictus*, and their Prefect, Duce Carter, must walk a fine line between calls for revolution within his own ranks and the need to preserve the peace in the city. Things are equally difficult for the Prince, as his only progeny, Persephone Moore, has displayed a rebellious streak of her own. Her frequent flirtations with the Carthians have been a source of embarrassment for Maxwell and a constant irritant among the *Invictus*, who view the Carthians as a mob of troublemakers that must be dealt with by any means necessary. To make matters worse, Solomon Birch, the Prince's most senior advisor and the head of the *Lancea Sanctum*, views Persephone as an abomination against the laws of his covenant, and his feud against her has already resulted in bloodshed between the two. This has only served to drive Persephone further from the Prince and into the orbit of the Carthians.

The Danse Macabre continues.

This is dedicated to my parents and my sister, who supported me at my best and at my worst with equal love. This is for Jean Carrieres, who never stopped believing in my abilities, and never let me doubt myself. And this is for Richard Dansky, who always supported my efforts with encouraging words and a wise eye.

Sample file