

Laws of THE HUNT™

SAVING THE MORTAL WORLD

IN A WORLD TWISTED BY DARK MAGIC AND DESPAIR, SUPERNATURAL CREATURES RULE FROM BEHIND THE SCENES. VAMPIRES PULL STRINGS IN THEIR DEADLY GAMES WHILE WEREWOLVES ROAM THE WOODS. MERE MORTALS ARE PLAYTHINGS AND PUPPETS — UNTIL THEY DECIDE TO FIGHT BACK. SOME PEOPLE KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THEY PLAN TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE, TO SAVE HUMANITY FROM THE TIDY DARKNESS.

BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY

EVEN VAMPIRES FEAR THE INQUISITION, AND THE GOVERNMENT'S SPECIAL AFFAIRS DIVISION OF THE FBI IS AS DANGEROUS AS ANY SUPERNATURAL ENEMY. NOW, IN **LAWS OF THE HUNT**, YOU CAN TAKE UP THE HUNTER'S MANTLE AND DISCOVER THE PERILOUS RAZOR'S EDGE OF A MORTAL ENMESHED IN A SUPERNATURAL WORLD. BRING A NEW ANGLE TO LIVE-ACTION GAMES, WITH MORTAL HUNTERS UPDATED FROM THE **ANTAGONISTS** RULES, AND THE ADDITION OF NEW SORCERY. IT'S TIME TO SAVE HUMANITY.

THE HUNT IS ON





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Sample file

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Laws of the Hunt

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BLOOD ON THE TRACKS: A CAUTIONARY TALE

It always pisses me off when I see Victor ~~licking~~ the evidence. I know he's a ghoul and he needs his fix, but even so, it creeps the hell out of me.

Vic looks up from the bloody footprint, grinning like a bastard. "This is good stuff, Lou. This guy's powerful. Closer to Cain than anyone I've ever met."

"That's great, Vic," I reply, my annoyance coloring my tone. It's raining like hell, meaning that whatever other footprints there had been have long since washed away. All we've got is the one on the porch that Vic's just finished licking clean.

The cops haven't been here yet, which means there's actual evidence to look at, but the setup still sucks. We've got three corpses torn to shreds inside, one bloody footprint out here and not much else to go on. So, of course, Vic is ecstatic about the whole thing.

"Come on, Lou, this is great! We're on the trail of a real heavy-hitter here — and he's wounded! We take this guy down, we've done something kickass." He's literally hopping in his excitement now. Apparently, he thinks it's something wonderful that we're on the trail of an immensely powerful immortal homicidal maniac, as opposed to just the run-of-the-mill immortal homicidal maniacs we usually go after.

Fan-flippin'-tastic.

"Right. Powerful. I'll ask for its autograph before we stake it. Anything else you can tell me?"

Vic pouts. "It's Gangrel, I think. Look at the footprint — you see those marks toward the front of the sole? Those are holes where claws ripped through the rubber — this guy's getting all beastly and yeasty on us. That means he's not too thoroughly in control of himself, though that might be a result of whatever it was that hurt him. Honestly, there shouldn't have been any of his blood in the footprint unless he'd gotten cut as well. Hmm. We can probably expect more killings, not to mention some competition for this guy's hide."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, the other fangdaddies are going to be trying to put him down at the same time we are. They don't like it when one of theirs gets out of control."