

Catch up

Damien had told him. Yes he had. Obviously, that hadn't been enough to prepare Wilhelm. But now the words rang true in his head; this girl sure was hard to keep up with. Her - presumably - accidental travel to the Umbra had baffled Wilhelm for days. Sure, he knew that she had gone into the spiritual world but the Umbra is a big place. Finding her would be a nightmare. Especially since his tasks now were taking place in, quite literally, two different worlds. But at least he knew that *they* wouldn't find her in the Umbra so he left her there for the time being...

Goddamn it. Wilhelm looks away for two seconds and she manages to slip away. *Again.* The last he knew of her she had been in some kind of city with her group; her coterie. But for some reason unbeknownst to Wilhelm she had left them behind. *Goddamn it.* Wilhelm was not quite done with his task in San Francisco, but her venture into the unknown had forced him to hurry it up. *"This girl will give me a heart attack one of these days..."*

"How the *fuck* did she end-up being chased by goddamn shadow beasts?!" Wilhelm yelled at the rows of ancient relics, statues and paintings. The sound of his voice echoed throughout the empty museum. *Oh shit.* Wilhelm had been so alarmed by his discovery he forgot for a second that he was trying to be stealthy. It was maybe not optimal to start having a freaking breakdown in the middle of one of the strongest havens in San Francisco. "Who goes there?" A calm voice answered him. "My friend, don't be shy!" *"Fuck. It's one thing to make your presence known; it is another to attract the attention of Fredrick, fucking Trello."* In one sweeping motion Wilhelm took the black orb on the pedestal and slipped through the wall behind it. Seconds after he heard the old man enter the room. *"I suppose it wasn't too smart to let her wander on her own after all..."* Wilhelm thought as he escaped through the streets of Oakland with a bunch of angry kindred looking for a thief matching his description...

"Piss! She's gotten into deep shit now..." Wilhelm had finally completed his task in San Francisco. But he was now faced with another issue. Wilhelm rested his head against the cold wall behind him. "Excuse me sir." Wilhelm looked at the feral kindred that sat beside the door.

"Could you perhaps loosen these shackles a bit, they are irritating the skin on my wrists." The man scoffed. "Be quite, Señor Mendoza will deal with you shortly" Wilhelm sighed. "*Maybe it is time to leave...*" he thought to himself. He had not met Ramone Mendoza in-person, but he had been described as Wilhelms' direct opposite: an extremely large man with a taste of violence only paralleled by his absolute disinterest in all things spiritual. "I guess I'll check up on the girl!" Wilhelm exclaimed to the room as he phased through the shackles and left in the only conceivable way possible; through the wall.

"I do not know how Damien managed to follow you for so many years" Wilhelm sat atop a tree as he spoke to the girl. She was startled by his sudden appearance, but as she recognized Wilhelm she calmed down a bit. A very tiny bit. "For god sake, I have *actual* powers to track people and *still* I struggled" Wilhelm flashed a smile as he jumped down from the tree. "We have a lot to talk about Victoria." Wilhelm looked deep into her eyes. "Let me tell you a story..."

"A long, long time ago there was a coterie of powerful kindred who came to the new world. They proclaimed themselves to be a family. A horrendously dysfunctional family... Let me put it like this; you probably trust your worst enemy more than these people trusted each other. Nonetheless, with knowledge from the future they somehow managed to take complete control of the continent we now call South America. The changing breeds did not approve of this; neither did the local kindred population. Hell not even the humans approved! But it did not matter. They had no say in it, because the kindred seemed all-powerful. Their rule would have been absolute if not for their deep-rooted mistrust of each other. One of them, a kindred known as the Warlord wanted to create power to oppose the others.

The Warlord had brought a dark secret - a secret yet to be uncovered to this day - to the new World which caused the birth of Huanca. Huanca was the childe of both the warlord and the spirits. Not quite spirit, not quite kindred. This man, a spitting image of the warlord, set out to destroy the family for their crimes against the natural order. With a powerful spiritual blood magic known as Zemgolos he gathered many to his cause. A civil war broke out in the domain of the Warlord. Quick side note; I was actual involved in this civil war, first I was fighting on the warlords side, but at the end I had joined the side of our savior Huanca.

The civil war raged for so long that the rest of the family took notice. With a cause to gather around, the familys' founders came together once more to fight this threat. You see, Huanca had one flaw. He was a direct descendent of the Warlord himself. The Saint and the Scholar came together with the Warlord to perform a ritual. This ritual was meant to kill Huanca and all his followers, but something went wrong. Instead of killing him, the ritual only managed to put Huanca into a deep sleep-like state, not quite torpor, but close enough. Unable to kill him, they locked him into an iron coffin. An oblong metal box if you will. They placed several spells on the coffin to make sure that if Huanca were to wake up again the very ground he stood on would crumble and burn, a devastating disaster that would eliminate everything within miles. In case the coffin was opened a beacon would lead the Family to Huanca, so that they could take care of him..

Damien and I recently took up Huanca's legacy once again. We mean to destroy the family. We mean to liberate the world of their rule.. Or rather I do. Damien means to destroy them so that he can keep you safe, whatever the hell that means.

In order to do this we require several things, one of which is the soul of Huanca. So I stole his coffin and met with Damien in the USA. There I... I merged the soul of Huanca with my own. So I guess I am Huanca now? I have not yet fully awakened my potential. This will only happen when I collect several key objects; most of which are now in my possession.

Damien tasked me to watch over you while he went to the Umbra. He means to bring back the Mokelé, one of the oldest and deadliest enemies of the family. To do this he must face his past. Hopefully this will give us strength that Huanca lacked.

I will now take an executive decision without the approval of Damien. He wants to keep you sheltered and safe, but I've gathered through watching you that it would be a waste to do so. Therefore, may I propose that you join our cause? I'll let you think about it, but know this: it is dangerous. Far more dangerous than any of the things you faced so far in your life."

A crossroad appeared before the girl. She could continue to look for her sire on her own, or she could join his cause. After hours of silence contemplation she came to a decision..