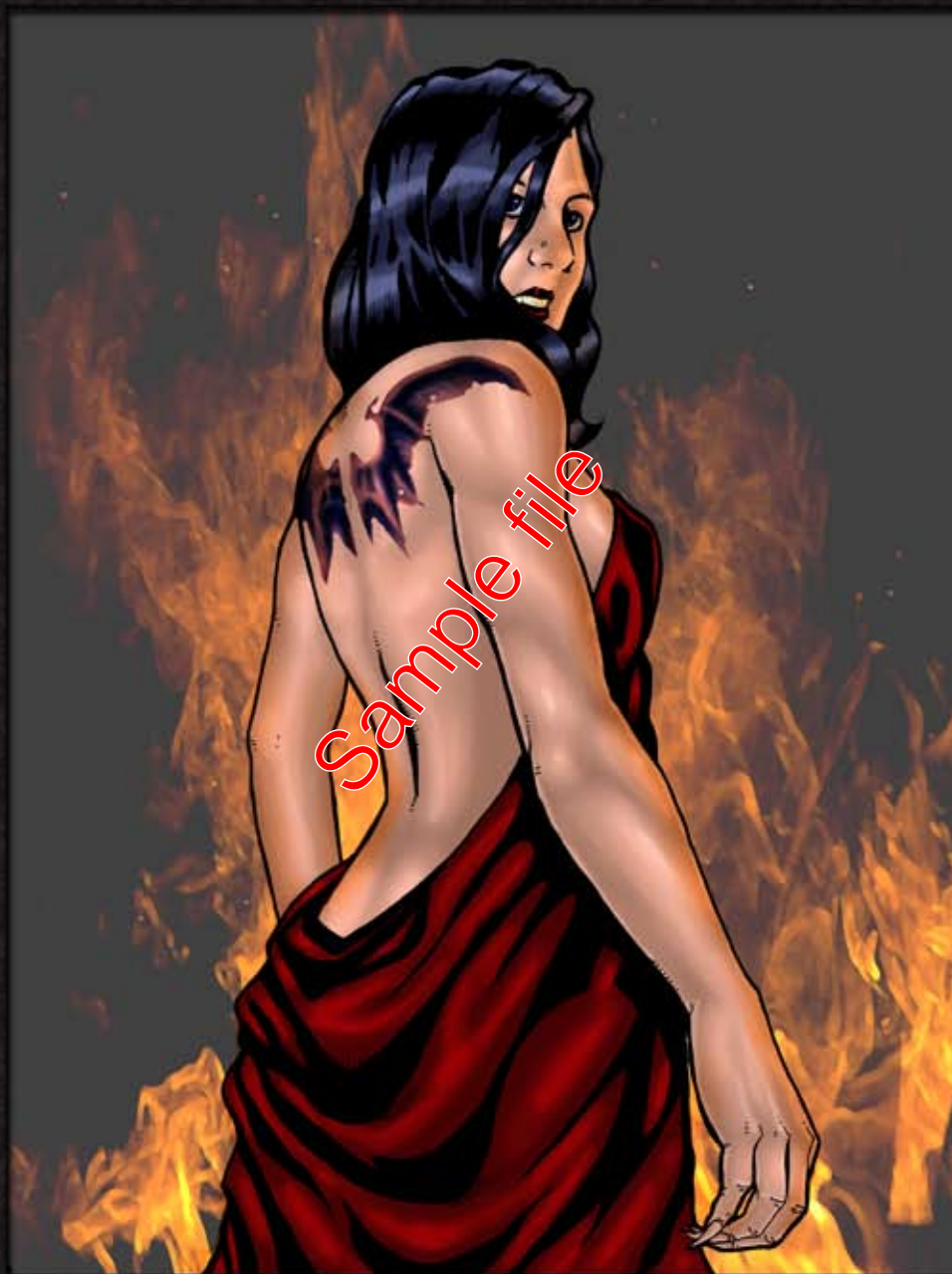


INSTANT ANTAGONISTS



Selfish Succubus
written by Jess Hartley

INSTANT ANTAGONISTS

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What Are Instant Antagonists?

INSTANT ANTAGONISTS are systemless creatures or beings designed for use in modern supernatural/horror games. Many will be supernatural in nature; some will be (at least nominally) human. Some are truly evil, others simply selfish or immoral, others may be victims themselves. Despite the name, whether an Antagonist is used against players' characters or not is completely up to the individual running the game. Some characters may befriend, or eventually ally with the Antagonists - whether this is to their ultimate advantage or not is up to you.

All Antagonists, however, are designed to bring an element of danger, mystery and intrigue into your game.

Each Antagonist File focuses on a single, unique creature, offering descriptions of their appearance, mannerisms, and powers in order to allow those who are organizing a game to stat the Antagonist up appropriately for their chosen setting.

Also offered are a selection of at least three possible origin stories for this particular Antagonist, to give the game organizer a variety of options about how this creature fits into their existing game setting.

As well, each Antagonist File offers at least a half-dozen fleshed out story hooks specifically focusing on the featured Antagonist. Game organizers can choose the one that best fits their current game scenario to incorporate the offered Antagonist for a one-shot appearance, or use more than one to allow the Antagonist a more recurring role in their game.



Instant Antagonists are the brainchild of Matt McElroy, author, publisher and creator of the award-winning horror website, [Flames Rising](#), and Jess Hartley, award winning RPG author, editor and game creator.

Look for the entire series at <http://flamesrising.rpgnow.com/>!

Falling For Her

* * * * *

“Call it a birth defect,” she’d said, the first night they’d been together. He’d not stopped to ask more, too hungry for what she offered. And in the morning, she was gone.

Every night, he tried to ask her about it, that raw-tipped stub at the base of her spine. It seemed somehow important that he ask. But, although he knew everything else about her, every time he raised that topic she managed to change it, so swiftly and gracefully that it was the next morning before he realized he’d once again been distracted.

He knew she lived in the city, that she’d always lived in the city, and that she hated being out during the day. The sun hurt her eyes, she’d said, and anyway, she preferred the night life. She was an ultra-strict vegan, she’d claimed, so many dietary restrictions for “philosophical reasons” that she never ate anything anyone else cooked. Hell, in the weeks they’d been... was dating the right word? In the weeks they’d been together, he’d never seen her eat anything at all, although she drank whiskey like it was water when they were out at the clubs.

He looked down at her now, sprawled face down in decadent repose, the hotel’s Egyptian cotton sheet wrapped around her like some Roman Empress’ toga. She wasn’t sleeping, although her eyes were closed. He’d never really caught her sleeping, although after a particularly vigorous night of dancing and... other activities... she

sometimes drowsed like she was now. He could see it, twitching there under the sheet. It reminded him of a stub-tailed cat he’d had as a child, a sadistic little predator who would remain stock-still, except for that tail twitch, as it watched a rodent-intruder edge ever nearer to its doom.

He knew how those rats must have felt, now.

He didn’t buy the “birth defect” answer any more.

Maybe he hadn’t all along, but she was just too difficult to argue with, too difficult to think around, at least too think of anything other than getting her back somewhere alone. But now, body spent, mind still whirling, the pieces just didn’t fit. Every time he saw her, the stub was raw at the tip, as if never healed. As if it couldn’t heal. As if it had been freshly cut... As if something had been hacked off, just hours before. And by the end of the evening, it had always grown... longer, slim and whip-like. What the hell kind of birth-defect was a tail that tried to grow back overnight?

The sun was beginning to filter in through the floor-length lace curtains, slowly illuminating the elegant hotel room she’d encouraged him to book for them that night. He’d spent every cent he’d earned on her in the last few months, every penny and more. He’d cleared his savings, cashed in his 401-K, ran up his

credit cards, then applied for more and maxed them out as well. This was it, his last splurge, and he knew it. She knew it too.

