The Room of Cycles Renewed

Death, Rebirth, Sex, Revelry, Cannibalism, Wolves, Renunciation (as in: The House of…)
899 Words

Everything is wheels turning within wheels, from the turning of planets and galaxies to business trends and art movements. To remove oneself from a cycle by choice is in defiance of the cosmos itself and it punishes these crimes in a thousand little ways. One of them is a travelling party-cum-cult that murders the childless.

Most Rooms of Renunciation operate through gateways into natural otherspaces, though others have appeared in the form of intriguing books, mysterious caravans or forcibly downloaded virtual reality games. The Room of Cycles Renewed appears as an outdoor party, it's next location revealed from friend-of-a-friend chains of rumour that arise out of nowhere. Classic hootenanies in the woods outside of town attract the young, broke and bored with the promise of free booze, drugs and sex.

It's always music from boomboxes, beer out of coolers and grocery store food cooked over a bonfire, the kind of stuff you can throw together for not much money, but there's also always good drugs, great times and at least thirty three hot young things ready for a triple-x-throwdown out on the edge of the firelight. If all of this is bait then the sex is the bit with the hook inside.

Out of the thirty-three agents of the house, at least one of them invariably manages to score with a suitable target for the room, a person of childbearing age who has sworn off the sacred duty of all of humankind to bear children and continue nature's cycle. The barren and the homosexual are safe, so long as they have not chosen to close themselves to adoption or similar arrangements in the future.

As the target leaves, so too do a few agents of the room, donning masks made from the faces of wolves and leaving in pursuit. Ideally the plan is to catch the target as they stumble home alone or wait at a bus station, but sometimes they're forced to sabotage their target's ride home or even break into their home to gag 'em and bag 'em.

The captives are taken to a second location, where the after party begins. Another bonfire, more intoxicants and music out of a boombox again. The agents of the room dance wildly and work themselves up as the fire burns ever hotter. At the climax of the music, the captives are brought forth one by one to have their throats slit by the agent they slept with earlier that night. A morsel of meat is carved out for each agent, cooked around the fire and eaten, with the wolf-masked hunters getting the choicest cuts. As the remains of the corpses are burned in the fire, the agents who successfully wooed a target cast themselves into the pyre, with the remaining agents turning their backs and walking off into the early morning, evaporating with the morning dew.

The next time the room manifests, the agents who burned themselves have been replaced with their fully-grown children, born of their drunken hookup turned ritual murder-suicide, ready to party down and ensure the cycle of rebirth is continued.

Typical Agent
Personality: A good mix of fun and vivacious, brooding and mysterious and relaxed stoner types. A little something for anyone who's not too square to attend a nighttime blowout.

Obsession: (Party Animal) The joy of living and revelry.

Wound Threshold: 50. They're vulnerable to the usual human frailties like bullets and cyanide. If one agent is killed typically the next rebirth ritual produces a set of twins to make up the numbers to thirty-three.

Party Animal 50% Substitutes for Connect, Substitutes for Lie, Substitutes for Fitness
Predator 50% Substitutes for Pursuit, Substitutes for Struggle, Substitutes for Secrecy

Appearance: Though they retain a strong resemblance to their ritual "parents", their clothing, ethnicity and mannerisms adapt to be relatively plausible for whatever neck of the woods they show up in through the power of the room. Most agents appear to be at least sixteen and rarely over thirty.

Possessions: Between them, a lot of gear for their parties, generally all of it portable. A few hits of locally popular drugs. Sometimes a portable games console or a guitar to strum moodily. Most carry condoms to assure their partners, since actual conception is unnecessary for the rebirth ritual.
When they go hunting, they prefer to bring down their targets without weapons to ensure the victims survive until the ritual, though threatening them with knives or even a small pistol is fair game. A team always brings rope or handcuffs with them, though occasionally one will be given a can of pepper spray or a taser to bring down tougher prey.

Using The Room of Cycles Renewed

-One of the PCs gets a call from a panicked friend, saying something about wolf-masked whackos who've run their uber off the road. Can they find them in time to rescue them from the final ritual?
-A spontaneous party is a good place for characters to mingle and meet, and they have a way of drawing the local occult underground elements in, drawn by synchronicity and the kind of good time often denied to social misfits.
-If you're in need of your own human sacrifice, what better place to snag one than a group of people who'll be gone the next morning and will be replaced by the largesse of the Statosphere? Just watch out for their thirty-two friends of course.