



SHE BLEEDS

Elizabeth Chaipraditkul

LAMENTATIONS
of the
FLAME PRINCESS

SHE BLEEDS

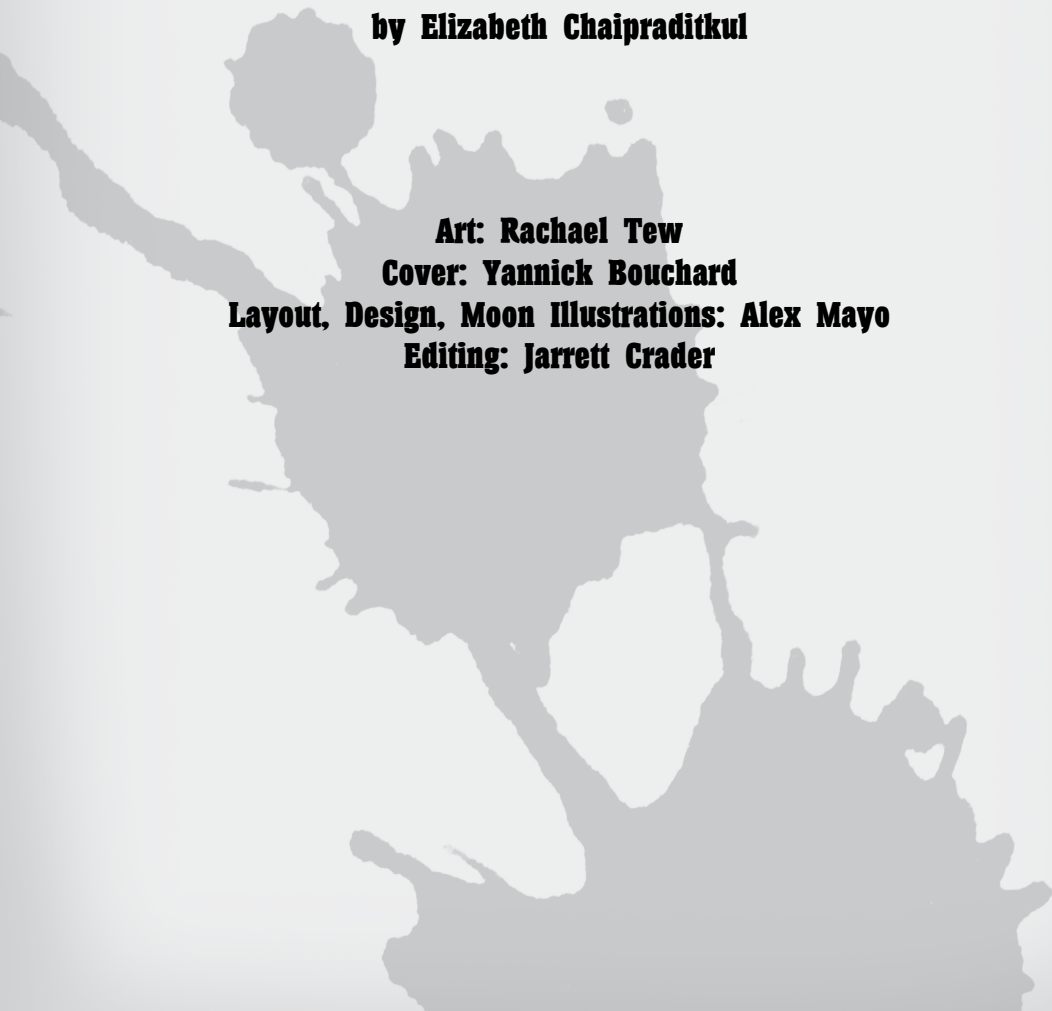
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Welcome Stranger

I'm glad it's you.

There's nothing you can do now. Accept or perish. Glorious life or vainglorious death. It is in your hands to decide, and decide you must.

Do not wade slowly into the blood; seize the power that has been gifted to you. She doesn't like weak women.

Within this book you will find everything you need to survive your first blood, and every blood thereafter. You are only an Initiate, and there is much you must learn, but after the first cycle you are Blooded. Only then will you finally understand Her message, and this book will be of little use to you. Keep it, cherish it, for my voice is now a guide to you as you will be for many others.

Find other souls to take the blood so She may seep into this world.



The Ritual

The ritual begins on the first full moon after your infection. Survive and become a member of the Blooded, a select group of women graced with the honour of carrying Her throughout this world. Men will find this process most difficult, but I promise if you embrace these changes She will reward you. Women, whether born with the blood or not, may this journey bless the darkest parts of you, the dirty, the bound, and the locked. Live no longer as a hollow beast; rise and embrace Her glory.

I. Full Moon



Your breasts swell and you feel a sweet tenderness run through every fibre of your body. It is preparing to host Her, so do not fight. Succumb to the pain and revel in the gentle corruption.

Now is the time to prepare for her coming.

Drink the saliva of a young woman and an old, by gentle kiss or by force, then pleasure yourself beneath the stars. When you climax, speak Her name, the one itching at the small of your back, pulling through your cheeks, crawling from your throat.

She is with you, and She protects you.



Choose:

By gentle kiss: Until the next moon phase your saliva heals. Consume the dead flesh around a wound, and keep it down, lest you anger Her, then lick the wound close.

Eat the dead flesh from around a wound. Make a saving throw versus Paralyzation. On a success the target regains 1d6 hp. On a failure your character heaves up the rotten flesh and is paralyzed for 1d8 rounds, during which time She punishes your weakness by giving you a miniscule preview of the constant pain She experiences. It flays each nerve, boils blood, and stabs underneath your fingernails. Until this cycle is complete you dream of Her pain every night, and any time you make any roll there is a 1 in 20 chance it will fail and you will be paralyzed for 1 round.

By force: Until the next moon phase your saliva is poisonous. Licking a weapon causes it to do an additional 1d3 damage for 1d6 rounds. At the end of 1d6 rounds the weapon is useless as the poison will have corroded it beyond the point of repair. Referees may call for a combat roll if you wish your character to spit her poison onto someone. On a successful hit it

does 1d3 damage for 1d6 rounds as
it bores into the target.



If you were born with a phallus
you will notice a tenderness spread
from its stem to tip. A black halo
surrounds its base and basic bodily
functions cause illness, vomiting,
and cold sweats. This is a test you
must pass.



II. Waxing Gibbous



*Your form swells and the pain deepens.
Touch is electric, smells more earthy, your
appetite unquenchable.*

All food you consume tastes of delicious copper and makes you crave more. Take small bites of your lover, do not break skin, but understand what it is to sink your teeth into live flesh. It will be their time soon, so feed them well, wash their flesh, and consider what you'll consume first.

Cut yourself beneath the stars and sup upon your own blood. Experience the power coursing through your veins. Notice Her thin, hair-like children wriggling through your bloodstream, swimming through your cells. Cherish each one, let not one drop of your blood go to waste.



A drink of blood: By cutting yourself and drinking your own blood, you store power to damage your enemies at later time. How terribly

you harm yourself and how much power you use is up to you. If you do *id3* damage, you'll unleash the same, and so on. At any time during this phase of the moon you may unleash the power you've stored onto someone else. Your wound re-opens (and has a 1 in 6 chance of re-damaging you) and blood slithers from you and wraps around your opponent, strangling them and pouring into their every orifice.



If you were born with a phallus, it is now black and wilted, hanging useless between your legs. It is dead. You are made whole. Your reward comes with the next moon.

III. First Quarter



Blood rushes from within, slipping through your labia, and running down your legs. Fatigue sets in, your body aches, but now is not the time for inaction. Nay, push through the weakness and serve Her.

Crouch over the earth, under the stars, and let your blood run onto the ground. Watch Her children, who live within you, slither into the dirt and plant themselves deep in the earth. Water your garden with blood.

Fed and planted, Her children sprout in the moonlight. Delicate skin clovers sprout from your skin, pushing towards the cosmos. Pluck a clover carefully, pick the best child, and swallow it whole.



Choose:

Two petals, like lids, an eye closed to the world: She assures you the world is not as terrible as it seems. Her child wicks away the pain in your heart, warms it, cares for it. You

gain +2 on all saving throws until the next phase of the moon. However, each time you enter combat, roll 1d10. On a 10 you refuse to fight - there is no need, the situation is not so dire. She is with you.

Three petals a star, fallen to earth: You feel the bitter cold of where She lives. The empty vacuum within haunts and entices, but Her child is a small ember of light burrowing beneath your skin. Until the next phase of the moon, you may pluck a fleshy leaf growing from your skin and place it on someone else. Planted upon another, not blessed with the cold of space like you are, it does 1d4 damage per turn until it is ripped out, dealing an additional 1d4 damage. During this time the cold emptiness within you is revealed and you draw all attacks from your opponents.

Four petals for luck, dirty and broken: She lives within sacrifice and pain. It is Her home, both

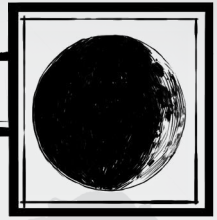
bitter and sweet. Her child grants you Her blessings and curses. Until the next phase of the moon, any time you roll the highest die face on any of your rolls, the roll fails no matter what, and if it is a roll on a random chart, the Referee may use the worst outcome at their discretion. If your roll is the lowest die face, the effects of your roll succeed no matter what, and if it is a roll on a random chart, the Referee uses the best outcome at their discretion.



By now your phallus has fallen off, revealing your vagina beneath. Your breasts are full and your features softened. You understand now, don't you? Go forth, and serve Her, sister.



IV. Waxing Crescent



Her child lives within you, under your flesh, between your veins. Spiralling strands of flesh weave between your hairs, sprouting from the small of your knee, edging underneath your nails, gently swaying in the wind. Feel their tender warmth. Squeeze them in your hands and hear them release Her muffled cries.

You and Her child are slowly becoming one and the same; it feels what you feel, it knows what you know.



Until the next moon, each time your roll a 1 on a d20 roll, make a saving throw versus Paralyzation or fall to the ground, laughing or screaming (depending upon your choice below) for the next 3 rounds if you are in combat or the next 10 minutes if you are out of combat.

Choose:

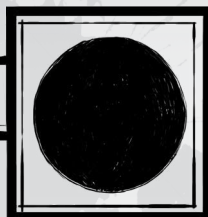
I know joy: The child knows your joy. A laugh lives in your gut, light and beautiful. Happiness isn't something to be kept, but shared

with the world.

Choose one target with a 30' range. Your joyous laugh heals the soul and strengthens the resolve of others. You may use this ability during someone else's turn, and if you do, skip your next turn. The target automatically succeeds at a saving throw. You may use this ability once until the next phase of the moon.

I know pain: The child feels your pain. There is a deep, guttural scream building within you; it must be released so the pain may subside. Your voice rips through anyone within 30' of you. It pounds at their psyches as they hear their own voice echoed back, dying and in pain. Everyone except for you must make a saving throw versus Magic or fall to the ground in pain until the end of your next turn, during which time they are only able to shriek at the top of their lungs and claw at their ears, trying to rip the horrid sound from their skulls. You may use this ability once until the next phase of the moon.

V. New Moon



No matter where you are, you hear Her song of screams.

You bleed and your vagina aches. It feels as if it would rip itself from your body if it was not connected by flesh and sinew. You know what must be done.

Bury a body beneath wet soil and see how Her avatar crawls from your pores and into this world. It will help you. It pulls you from the ground, licks blood from your cunt. It wishes to please you, but you may reject it. She does not take what is not freely given.



Choose:

Reject the Avatar's advances: Long silken strands of flesh slither from the Avatar of Hunger's head, caressing the curves of its body. They shiver over the round of its breasts, circle its areolas, sleep in the hollow of its belly button, and stream down its legs. Rivulets of blood from its vagina pool on the floor, leaving a crimson trail behind it as it walks, its tendrils dragging behind it as a long flowing cape.

The Avatar of Hunger carries but a fraction of Her energy into this world. She is pleased to enter the world for a time, but hungry for the blood denied to Her.

The Avatar of Hunger: Armour 12, Move 60', 4 Hit Dice, 20hp, blood lash 1d3, Morale 4.

Until the next phase of the moon, the Avatar travels with you and assists you on your adventures. Each night it has one of the following random abilities:

1 When a creature dies in the Avatar's presence, its tendrils slither towards the corpse, sink into the first available hole, and drink its blood. The creature then reanimates under the Avatar's control, connected to its body by the tendrils. The creature has the same statistics as it did when living its first life, and when it dies falls lifeless to the ground. The tendrils can extend an infinite distance, but if they are deaved from the animated creature, the creature dies. The Avatar may only perform this action once.

2 The Avatar's vaginal blood is a corrosive poison. Embrace the Avatar with care and it will willingly bathe your weapons in its blood. Every weapon treated with the blood does an additional 1d6 damage for 1d4 rounds and is rendered useless at the end of combat.

3 The Avatar may make a combat roll to attach itself to a character. Once it is attached it cannot be removed unless it takes damage. While attached to a character, it deals 1d6 damage per turn. If the character is attacked while the Avatar is attached both parties take half damage.

4 The Avatar attaches itself to you, wearing you like a fine fur coat. While the Avatar wears you, you may not wear armour, but there is a 1 in 4 chance every attack that hits you is automatically healed as the hungry Avatar laps up the spilt blood and closes the wound.

Revel in the Avatar's pleasure: Your body shivers in excruciating pain and your mind is pulled from your body, transported to another place and time. Only you and pain exist in this space, and the only pitiful balm for the pain is screaming in agony. Your voice is the only thing that is real, that you own, a hoarse cry into the vast nothingness.

When you return the Avatar of Contentment is before you, wiping your blood from its lips, licking each finger clean. You now understand the pleasure She gains from the pain.

The Avatar appears deep ruby red from the pulsing blood running beneath its skin. Standing near it, you feel a pleasant warmth and smell the earthy blood between its legs. Thousands of tendrils fall from its head and wrap around its body, humming, shivering, waiting for something.



The Avatar of Contentment: Armour 12, Move 60', 4 Hit Dice, 20hp, no attacks, Morale 4. May cast Charm Person, Sleep, and Change Self once per lunar cycle.

Until the next phase of the moon the Avatar travels with you and assists you on your adventures. Each night it has one of the following random abilities:

- 1 The Avatar may cast one of its spells twice.

The Avatar's touch transports one target to the place beyond time and space you experienced. It takes the target out of combat/reality for 1d4 rounds. During this time it is impossible to hit or even look at the

- 2 target's body as it flickers in and out of existence. Directly looking at the target transports you to the same location for the same duration. When the target fully returns to this existence it has half of its remaining hit points.

- 3 The Avatar may exhale a deliciously toxic cloud of blood, which crawls into a target's lungs and chokes them from the inside. Range 20'. Every character in range, aside from the Avatar, must make a saving throw versus Breath or suffer 1d6 damage.

- 4 At night the Avatar lays with you and sings Her songs. Your night is warm, restless, and incomprehensible. Tasting forbidden knowledge opens your mind to infinite possibilities—you gain 1 level. You must never think back on this night; forget it and the lyrics you heard or fall into Her realm forever. (This random choice is only available once per moon cycle to give your mind time to recover.)



Whether you have the Avatar of Hunger or Contentment:

If the Avatar is damaged in any way it takes 1d6 hit points of blood from you to fully heal itself at the start of the next day.

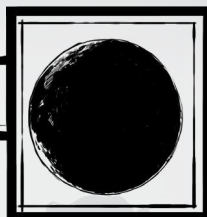
The Avatar's Morale does not represent how cowardly it is, but how much it enjoys your presence, and is willing to fight with you. When the Avatar reaches 0 Morale it leaves this plane, returning to Her.

The Avatar 1 point of Morale each time you or your party members: kill a woman, kill a child, take

something by brutal force, or feel badly about self image. Also, it loses 2 Morale if you refuse to let it drink your blood to heal its wounds as described above.

For every six months your Blood-ed character brings the Avatar into the world, the Avatar gains a Hit Die. The Avatar of Contentment learns a new spell each half year in this order: *Phantasmal Force*, *Hold Person*, *Suggestion*, and *Dimension Door*. The Avatar of Hunger's Blood Lash is more powerful each half year, moving to a d4, then a d6, then a d8, and capping at a d10.

VI. Waxing Crescent



You have survived what many have not. You are strong, proud, the blood no longer a curse, but rather a gift. The weakness you felt early in the lunar cycles has faded and is replaced with a voracious appetite for all the pleasurable things in life—food, sex, and blood. How strange the waxing and waning of mood and appetite as the moon travels through the heavens. You now crave the blood you produce.

Slip your fingers into your vulva and taste yourself. Know yourself. Notice Her children slithering through the blood, gnash a blood clot between your teeth, drink deep of the wisdom of the blood.

The Avatar is still with you and it demands attention. Lay it to rest in the ground, water the ground with your blood, and send it home to Her.



The gift the Avatar leaves you with is based on how your actions please her.

0 Morale: You are too weak to house Her gifts alone, deal with your failure. She leaves your character with no gifts.

1 Morale: You just managed to keep the Avatar with you for this time. She isn't displeased with you, She's indifferent. Her gift is minimal power over your own blood. The first time are damaged each combat, roll 1d8. On an 8 you gain an additional Hit Die, on a 1 you lose a Hit Die until the end of combat - perhaps if you survive you'll prove yourself next cycle.

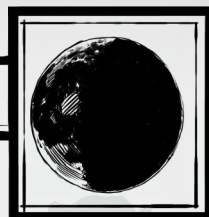
2 Morale: You made some mistakes, but mistakes can be forgiven. She embraces you before She leaves. Her gift is moderate control over your own blood. If you land the killing blow on an enemy, heal 1d4 damage to yourself or an ally as Her blood mingles with your vanquished foe, drinking in its power.

3 *Morale:* One mistake, things happen. The Avatar is pleased with its mother's servant. Her gift is greater control over your own blood. Pick an enemy. You and the enemy are linked via a great blood leash. Any damage it takes, you heal - but spells cast on it or saving throws it fails, you suffer too.

4 *Morale:* When you die you deserve to be with Her. May Her screams embrace you, always. You need no gift, you have mastered your power this moon. Pick one ability you manifested during this cycle plus one ability from Morale 1 to 3. You may use them until the next phase of the moon.



VII. Last Quarter



The blood flow wanes betwixt your legs. Physically you are stronger than ever, but mentally broken. Now is a time for self care, a time to prove to Her you are not a fragile, broken thing.

Each night, drink your fill of blood. Store this blood within you for the next cycle of the moon and your sacrifice to her. Revel under the vast heavens and please her with your exuberance.



Choose:

Drink blood: Drink blood each night no more, no less. No effects.

Drink blood and bathe in it: Drink blood and wash your skin in blood each night. You gain a cumulative 1 Hit Die each night until the end of this phase, but there is a 1 in 4 chance that instead lose 1 Hit Die.

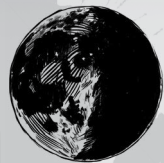
Drink blood, bathe in it, and dance under the stars: Leap, wriggle, contort to the screams you hear upon the

wind each night.

Embrace what rage is left in you and push it into the world through your skin. As with blood and bathe, above. Also, your character may change class (to a different class of an equivalent level) for this phase of the moon. However, there is a 1 in 4 chance at the start of each combat you are taken by the dance and instead of fighting you frolic in the blood of the battlefield.

Drink blood, bathe in it, dance under the stars, and scream Her name into the darkness: At the end of the dance scream Her name unto the heavens. As with blood, bathe and dance, above. Also, you pass out for 1d4 hours. You may ask your Referee one question, which they must answer truthfully, but with the truth as She would see it.

VIII. Waning Gibbous



This is your time. She has loosened Her bloody grip upon you and you know the truth of Her power. Accept this power and you are now a member of the Blooded; we welcome you, sister. Reject this power and kill yourself. So much wasted potential.



What is She?

She inhabits the place in space and time known as sacrifice. There is no form, there is only experience and pain. Entering Her realm means the abandoning of the self to pain and agony. It would be easy to say this is a beyond terrible experience, but entering the realm also imparts an impossible understanding of the brutality, sensuality, and necessity of pain and sacrifice. When the first mortal entered Her realm, She found our world. The only part She understood of the mortal was the blood between her legs. It was the only thing that survived in a place of nothing and pain. Since then, She enters the world through Initiates/Blooded worthy of Her time and bearing Her pain. She wants and needs nothing, because She already is and therefore Her only motivation in this world is experience. All Her experiences are lived through the emotions of Her followers and in this way She can comprehend mortals and play at wearing their one dimensional emotions. The one thing She understands most is blood, for everything She feels and knows is blood.

When Her Avatar takes shape it forms a creature born of Her concept of what mortal women may be. She has no need for shapes, and so allows darkness to form flesh.

Infection

The Seduction

She never chooses an Initiate at random - the character was meant to be infected and infect others - she is important. When She picks which character to infect, the character's lust blood becomes insatiable until she gives in to the entity. She finds a character when they are at their lowest, offering them solace from their pain and wonderful power:

- ☞ If a character is horrified at human nature - She sings to her.
- ☞ If a character doubts her actions - She calls to her.
- ☞ If a character loses a piece of her sanity - She screams to her.

The Trial

Once the character has heard Her, She comes to the character three times - each time based on the same 'in' She had above. During that time, the character may choose to make a saving throw versus Magic to ignore Her. Each time the character succeeds, nothing happens, and each time the character fails she involuntarily cuts herself for 1d3 damage.

The Infection

After Her three calls, if the character failed the majority of her saving throws (or didn't resist Her call) she is infected and must start the cycle.

To start the cycle, She bids her Initiate to perform a task. Roll 1d8 (or as a Referee pick from the list below):

- 1 She is stabbed thrice. A memory given to entity each time - once of a caretaker, once of a lover, once of a deep abiding rage.
She gazes longingly upon the female figure and its lines and curves.
- 2 A bloody nose for three nights - a nightmare of the coveted woman drowning in her own blood.
She slaughters a man. Blood touches lips and from the hollow wound of
- 3 rage the character drinks deep from a righteous kill.
She dimaxes in the throes of passion. The character's body shudders
- 4 with the last gasps of passion and blood flows from her genitals and after she laps it from her lover's body.
She encounters a birth or the remnants of one. She consumes a part of
- 5 the birth - placenta, umbilical cord, or the like - blood slithers down her body, and is absorbed by her stomach.
She notices a wound isn't healing. Delicate translucent tendrils knit be-
- 6 tween the wound's flesh, holding it open so blood flows freely. For three nights she licks the wound clean.
She defeats three foes. A part of them is taken in secret and consumed
- 7 with gleeful exuberance.
She meets a past or potential lover. The lover's flesh no longer whets
- 8 her appetite as she binds their limbs and pricks them eight times with a needle, drinking their blood.

The Ritual

On the next full moon after an Initiate is infected she must perform the ritual during each new phase of the moon. After the first cycle, the Initiate is 'Blooded' and fully in Her grasp. The Blooded continues the ritual for the rest of her life. The only time the character is free from the ritual is during the waning gibbous moon. During this time she may choose to stop performing the ritual by killing herself and severing her tie to Her. The ritual both takes from the Initiate and gives back—the entity is cruel, but loving.

The entity is neither good nor evil and the ritual is neither good nor evil. It is up to the character how they interpret what they must do and who they must sacrifice. Human affairs are inconsequential to Her plan and mortality is placed on the ritual by the person performing it.

The abilities granted by the ritual can be used in combat and are not considered spells (unless expressly stated). The Initiate/Blooded is free to use the abilities as long as she meets the prerequisites. The abilities take an entire turn to use, but she may still use the ability if she has taken damage in combat.

The Transformation

To be clear - the ritual gives any character who performs it female sex organs and a period totally controlled by the phases of the moon, which imparts awesome period power. This change is irreversible—once She has Her tendrils in you She refuses to let go. Women who already have female sex organs stop menstruating normally and instead only menstruate as the ritual describes (also gaining access to said magical power).

People born with male sex organs first have their male organs shrivel, die, and fall off, revealing a vagina underneath. They grow breasts and are considered for all intents and purposes physically female. It's up to the character what gender they choose to identify with after the transformation, despite the text implying it is female.

After the first full ritual, the character is considered fertile, able to procreate with anyone she wishes. The Blooded chooses to bring life into the world and may choose if she is impregnated or not. If she chooses to become pregnant, roll **1d100** to see the result.

1-20 The child isn't viable and the mother loses it during the next full moon.

21-99 The child is a ravenous amalgamation of translucent tendrils covered in coagulated blood. It crawls from its mother in its third trimester and obeys only her commands. The amalgamation is considered a level **1** Specialist with its **4** additional Skill Points as such: **+1** Climb, **+1** Sleight of Hand, **+2** Stealth. When the amalgamation kills any enemy it drains it of its blood and grows **5** inches. When it drains three bodies it gains a level, then six bodies (**+1** Level), and so on. When the child dies, it crawls to its birth mother, dissolving into a pool of blood, absorbing into her skin, finally at rest.

100 The child is viable. Born through the blood, bearing all her mother's earthly experiences and all the blessings She offers, the child grows at an alarming speed. Within a year the child reaches sexual maturity and performs her ritual for the first time, obtaining all the powers blessed to her mother. The older the child becomes, the more translucent her skin, the darker her eyes, the blacker her blood.

A Practical Ritualist

If a character is infected and becomes Blooded, playing through the entire ritual and becoming a vessel for Her, she'll have to upkeep the ritual every new phase of the moon. It is a lot of work to continue playing through the ritual each and every game during a new phase of the moon and may even detract from other players fun if the focus is solely on the ritual. Instead, track the moon and be sensible.

Track the Moon: Technically, the moon is only 'full' a night (or more specifically an instant), but the power She gives waxes and wanes with how the moon presents itself - therefore, while characters may only see a full moon one night, the abilities She gives last for three. A full cycle of the moon counts in game as 30 days.

Full Moon	- 4 days
Waxing Gibbous	- 4 days
First Quarter	- 3 days
Waxing Crescent	- 4 days
New Moon	- 4 days
Waxing Crescent	- 4 days
Last Quarter	- 3 days
Waning Gibbous	- 4 days

If you don't keep track of the passage of time in your game, have your player roll 1d8 and see what phase of the moon it is at the start of a session:

1	Full Moon	- 4 days
2	Waxing Gibbous	- 4 days
3	First Quarter	- 3 days
4	Waxing Crescent	- 4 days
5	New Moon	- 4 days
6	Waxing Crescent	- 4 days
7	Last Quarter	- 3 days
8	Waning Gibbous	- 4 days

Be Sensible: Then, follow the ritual as required. If it doesn't make the game more dramatic or more interesting, the ritual happens off screen as long as the character commits to her actions. Referees: remember, if the Blooded stays in one place for too long people are likely to notice what is happening at some point. So, unless she is going to turn an entire village, which would please the other worldly entity greatly, there will be problems.

End

When I was asked to create this supplement for GenCon I knew this was the direction I wanted to take this piece—menstruation. No monthly event in my life has made me feel more weak or, at times, more powerful. There's something integrally beautiful about menstruation and something terrifyingly brutal—much like being a woman—much like playing Lamentations.

Writing a piece about periods is tricky. This isn't a supplement with a universal experience for every woman. Every period is different, every woman is different, and not all women have a period. Instead I decided to focus the concept to something otherworldly, but real: to translate the monthly monster in a horrifyingly (and hopefully) seductive way to add some fun to your game.

She Bleeds should leave you empowered, pained, seduced, and confused—because gaming should be fun. Women, men, and everyone other should embrace the dark, dirty little parts of themselves, and tease some joy out of things that disgust and tempt us.

So, have fun with Her, because She'll be having fun with you.

*Lots of love & blood,
Liz*

SHE BLEEDS

*She Bleeds is a gaming supplement for **Lamentations of the Flame Princess**, offering characters unique abilities if they engage with an otherworldly entity. This is not an adventure, but a supplement adding new character features. Therefore, this supplement most likely requires an adventure and most certainly needs at least one adventurer who is seduced into making questionable choices in exchange for the weird.*

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