

The Basics. My files are structured to be modular whenever possible. Therefore, you can mix and match files as needed, but make sure to play them "in order" - never put Body 2 before Body 1 in a series.

Harry and his Friends are not mine. Jimi Richardson is mine and I quite enjoy her. The Succubus Club Firenzie whirled around and pointed his cross bow at the crashing sound coming swiftly from behind them. The mare at his side raised her longbow and notched an arrow. The two readied to realise their arrows as Jimi stumbled out of the underbrush in a run and skidded to a stop, throwing up her hands as she faced down the arrows. Jimi shook her head slowly. Werewolf teachers, Dementors, and all sorts of half-breeds, why not a demon? Twenty points from Slytherin and a weeks detention! The class went silent, unsure of how to deal with this new, angry Hagrid. The fat Lady opened a sleepy eye. The painting shook her head. Lightening them with a quick charm, she set off, her belongings floating after her. Putting a kettle on for tea, Hagrid had just reached for the tea leaves when a knock on his door made him turn in surprise. Confused over who would possibly be out in this weather, he open the door and stared at Jimi, who stared miserably up at him, shivering and soaked to the bone, her things floating behind her. Can I come in? Turning back around, he pulled out a chair for her and poured her a cup if tea. He deliberately told everyone who I was! I swear he has it out for me! H-he even knows what I used to do! I mean, I was a cashier for a while, when I was thirteen. A stripper Hagrid, and he knows! Why would he tell me he had seen me? Awkwardly, Hagrid patted her shoulder across the table. Bending down to pat Fang he whispered an order to guard the girl. Obediently, the dog went over to the bed, resting his head on her arm, watching her with intense brown eyes as his master slipped out into the storm. I asked that he work Incubus and Succubi into his curriculum early, hoping he could stop a wide spread panic if the students were to find out about Jimi like this. She opened her eyes. I wanna go home. Jimi paled but jutted out her chin stubbornly. They may go as far as to even place a Confoundous charm on you. Studiously she ignored all the wide eyed stares and stage whispers from the surrounding four student tables as she related her story to her head of house. She had no classes until after lunch. Hey Jimi, wait up! The others looked at her, perplexed. On the edges of her vision she was aware of someone at the Hufflepuff table crossing themselves. For the same reason I wandered in the storm for an hour last night with all my stuff. For the same bloody reason your house kicked me out last night! She yelled before turning and storming away, the great Hall staring after her silently. The group spun and rushed over to Hagrid. I thought better of yeh than that. We were talking about going up to where we thought Jimi was after breakfast when we walked in and saw her at the teachers table Richardson was locked out of her dorms, all her belongings set in the corridors because her father, something she had no control over, was a demon; an Incubus. Even now, many of you are flinching back. His father was also an Incubus, his mother a nun, yet none of you draw back in horror at his name. As dangerous as a dementor or a vampire! Are you going to bring them here next!/? How is anyone supposed to feel safe here? As one the others walked over and joined him. Richardson, if your fear is so ingrained, can you trust me? Believe that you are safe at Hogwarts. I just need to talk to you. I have to talk to you! Just the trees, the lake, the biting wind and him. Reaching up to his throat, he deftly undid the emerald clasp on his cloak and let it slip to the ground among the leaves. Ron scowled as Harry nodded and Hermione glared at Draco as he came over. I guessed the first time he came into the infirmary. Inside, another crystal figure rested on a bed of tissue. Hermione held it in awe, examining how the different crystals flowed seamlessly into each other. Is there a note? Please stop avoiding me. I need to talk to you. No one had ever mentioned stewing reptile parts would smell so vile. She turned to see Draco beside her, whispering lowly. Would he ignore her all together? To his surprise, Jimi actually grinned back before beginning to giggle. Grinning back, he also began to chuckle, absurdly pleased with himself. Malfoy, is there a problem? Draco stiffened, but Jimi just nodded, unable to stop laughing. The man seemed surprised. And, what would that be? Snape just stared in confusion along with his class before the rest of the students also began laughing. Now try and control yourself. Everyone she cared about still cared about her. That was enough for the moment. I wrote almost all of this without getting up. My favorite fan and friend. Okay, everyone, this girl right here must have written me at

least ten emails telling me to get off my arse and keep going, so this chapter and the previous one are all for her. I was so pleased when I got your review because I really like your work as well. Thanks for the nice words. An Incubus is a demon who feeds off sexual energy stolen from sleeping women by having intercourse with them. Thanks for the review Leah: I was sorta slow on the next part. Yours get combined just because I want to send up props to your site as well as thank you both for the kind reviews. Percy has graduated, I had to fix that. The twins are graduating this year. Glad you love it. Not many people have said that. Your paitance is greater than mine. There, every review ever!

Chapter 2 : The Succubus Club: Dead Man's Party by Richard Chillot

You can choose to answer questions about your hobbies, background, politics, and more to showcase your personality. On GayMuslimDating, single men seek acceptance and understanding online.

Looking up in confusion, she watched two people breeze by her. Her eyes widened in surprise as she took in their appearance. One, a boy about her age looking more than a bit underfed with wild black hair and round glasses stood there nervously, glancing up at his companion often. It was the man that truly drew her attention though. He was easily at least seven feet tall, and wilder than the proverbial Borneo man. In his hands he held an obscenely pink umbrella. Growing more and more curious, the girl pushed back her own thick black hair and slunk closer, remaining in the shadows of the trash cans. Before her the Giant raised the pink umbrella and counted up and over several bricks before tapping on one, the wall opening before them to reveal a darker alleyway. Wide eyed, she crept even closer, completely unafraid. She had spent her life with weird things happening to her and before her very eyes. A giant, a boy, and a door in the wall seemed no weirder to her young mind than her own glowing amber eyes. Watching the two step forward, Jimi became aware of the wall threatening to close behind them. An apothecary, owls, unicorn horns, broomsticks. A look of undisguised awe crossed her face as she began to stroll around leisurely, ducking happily into a bookstore. Scanning the shelves, the girl removed a heavy book of magical creatures of good and evil. Startled, she whirled to face a clerk, smiling politely at her. Smiling back, she shook her head. Leaning over to pick up the book, she was surprised as the clerk suddenly appeared, almost magically. Jimi shook her head, her voice momentarily missing. The clerk removed a pair of square spectacles and slid them on, looking down at the page the girl pointed to. Gives birth to a child of supernatural capabilities. Merlin, born of the union between an Incubus and a nun A strange new glint lit her eyes as the girl dug deep into her pockets, digging out several wrinkled pound notes of various amount as she headed for a nearby shop. As Jimi stared, wide-eyed, a slight man appeared beside her, his silver eyes bright in the dim shop. Nodding, the man began to take measurements with a tape measure. For a moment, Jimi stood there before bursting into delighted laughter, causing the shop-keeper to turn at the sound of pure happiness she emitted. A blush crept across her face, but did not dampen her smile. The man wasted no time. Nine inches, bendy, mahogany, phoenix feather. Nothing happened, but the shop keeper practically beamed at her. And the wrist motion! Doubts crept through her head as she looked at the steadily growing pile of wand boxes abandoned around her. Perhaps she was mistaken. Maybe she had misinterpreted what she had read. In the end, maybe she was just wasting her time, and his. Very good for powerful spells. A feeling of kinship welled up from deep inside her and she smiled as she gave the wand a wave. A delighted giggle flowed from her as a sweetly scented silvery mist swirled from the wand, encompassing them both. Suddenly her face fell, her happiness draining away as suddenly as it had appeared as she stared down at the wand in her hand. Ollivander began, resting a hand on her shoulder as she continued to stare dejectedly at the wand. Warily she slipped out of the police uniform she wore and noticed something. The groom took my handcuffs. Tonight had been her fourth bachelor party in three days. But something had to pay for her hobby. Tonight was the full moon and it was tonight she could add the final ingredient to the particularly complicated potion she had brewing. Powdered Mandrake for a potion to help with the energy drains that struck her every month. Walking over to the door, Jimi bolted it and began to set out the equipment she needed. In a fire proof shield, hidden under her large desk sat a dented cauldron simmering gently atop a tri-color flame of sliver, gold and scarlet. Dragging a small folding card table from beneath the bed, she moved the cauldron and fire to it, setting her supplies around it. Removing several scrolls of parchment from the drawers of the large desk below the window, Jimi unrolled them, checking the hastily jotted notes she had made in comparison with the spell book in front of her. Turning back to the table she measured out the exact amount of mandrake and added it to the liquid that had been simmering exactly for a month, down to the very minute. Tapping the spoon with her wand, the girl muttered dervisha! Setting the wand down she let the spoon stir thirty times before removing it and plunging her mug into the softly steaming potion. With a sigh, the girl drank it. The pain was instantaneous. Jimi crumpled to the floor in a ball, overturning the table with the

cauldron and potion in an attempt to reach her wand. It seemed to flash as her fingers touched it, but Jimi was never sure. She had slumped into a flaming unconsciousness. Just when he thought he was going to be able to go home early there was a serious possibility of a breach between the wizard and Muggle world. Standing, he rushed out of the office, followed by his son Percy acting as a summer intern, and two young officers. Apperating to the flat where the problem was, he stood outside the locked bedroom door and knocked forcefully. There was a long silence. With a nod to one of the young officers, Arthur stepped back, letting the young man kick in the door. For a brief second, they all just stared. The room was filled blatantly with supplies from Daigon Alley. Books of spells and potions lined the small bookcase and pieces of parchment covered the desk. Weasley was the first to move. Tell them we have a case of Potion poisoning involving Weasley sighed in relief when he successfully located a fluttery pulse in her neck. She was a hospital-like room and her wand was gone. Vaguely footfall registered in her ears, prompting her to keep her eyes lightly slitted as she listened. She should either be a very healthy succubus or a very dead girl. There should be no in between! One was quite young and dressed out in scrubs, confusion marring his brow. The man who had just spoke stood closest to her, his long deep green robes a contrast to his thinning but vividly red hair, half spectacles perched on his thin nose. The last man wore a suit of grey with silver pinstripes that almost perfectly matched his hair. Around his neck was a shockingly plum tie and matching boots with pointed toes adorned his feet. I was home schooled until me madre died. Jimi stared at him until he averted his eyes. Who are you dear? Fudge brow creased in befuddlement. She was a nun until the unfortunate circumstances leading to my conception. A very strong witch from an exceedingly long line of witches who tried to deny their powers. I suppose she tried to protect you from yourself and your history by changing your name and not notifying any authorities. Who was your father Jimi? She suddenly felt very tired. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 3 : The Succubus Club by Andrew Greenberg

The Succubus Club is an iconic nightclub run by vampires in the Classic World of Darkness. Originally the foremost of Chicago 's Elysia, a franchise of the club took its activities on the road in the late s, moving from one American city to another.

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Chapter 4 : Music from the Succubus Club - Wikipedia

Music from the Succubus Club is a music CD released as an accompaniment to the *White Wolf, Inc.* roleplaying game *Vampire: The Masquerade*. Its name is derived from the "Succubus Club", a fictional location (and popular nightclub) in the *World of Darkness*, the setting for the game and others like it.

The club served as the premier meeting place and Elysium of most of the vampires of the greater Chicago area including many of the Kindred of Gary, Indiana. The Club was actually constructed over the haven of the torpid Methuselah Helena, thanks to the efforts of her ghoul, Prias. In a Lupine assault on the Club, a number of Kindred were slain, including Thornhill. The Club reopened not long after under the guidance of the neonate "Portia" — actually a cover identity for Helena herself, who had awakened in . Several years later, an actual neonate took on the identity of Portia and established a mobile Succubus Club in homage to the original. Description The ancient brick warehouse which holds the Succubus Club looms over State Street like a brooding titan, projecting an image of solidity and stability which belies the madness within. Two hulking bouncers stand guard at the double doors, more on the look out for the unstylish than the underage. Among the people cajoling, threatening and even begging for a chance to get inside are punks, gangstas, Yuppies, Blood Dolls, bikers, executives, college students and middle-aged music lovers. They mill around the front of the club, stand in lines which usually stretch down the block and tie up traffic all along the road. The bouncers maintain a strict yet unwritten entrance policy which stresses style more than anything else. The parking lot lacks enough spaces to meet the demand, so cars circling the block on the hunt for a space bog down with the taxis, buses and thru traffic. When open, the Succubus Club is never empty. The regulars provide the club with the cash flow it requires to stay operating, while the weekend rush gives it its substantial operating profit. They only venture into the infamous basement labyrinth on those rare occasions when they seek more dangerous thrills. It is as large as the most clubs in Los Angeles and New York and has a reputation as one of the most unique of the mega clubs. In terms of size the Succubus Club rivals anything on the two coasts, but when it comes to atmosphere the Succubus Club surpasses them all. Extravagant amounts of money were spent in the design of the club, the procurement of the very best in sound equipment, lights and decoration. The Succubus Club is divided into three different areas which act as three completely different nightclubs. There is the punk hangout in the basement, known as the "Labyrinth", a central club located on the main floor and as "Reality," and a large balcony above and overlooking Reality known as "Elysium". The Labyrinth has its own outside entrance in the back of the club and is clearly marked with its own neon sign. A number of signs at the top of the stairs indicate when one enters Elysium, but "Reality" is only a nickname marked by no signs. Originally conceived of as the Succubus, an artist painted "Succubus Club" on the sign in error and clubworkers put it up before Brennon had a chance to correct the error. The name caught on so quickly that Brennon has since been unwilling to change the sign and the name of the Club has passed into legend. The *Masquerade*, and built upon information established in *Chicago by Night*, including information on hotspots of Chicago nightlife. The work describes the Club as the most notorious nightspots in the Chicago Rack. Included are a complete description of the club and six complete one-chapter stories, each story set within the confines of the Club. Included is information on planning a social affair from concept to implementation and aftermath and how to participate in the social structure of the undead within the game universe.

Chapter 5 : Succubus Club - The Wiki of the Succubi - SuccuWiki

The Succubus Club is a *Sourcebook* detailing the most notorious nightspots in the *Chicago Rack*. This book includes not only a complete description of this infamous club, but six complete one-chapter stories, each of them set within its confines.

Chapter 6 : The Succubus club Chapter 6: The Succubus Club, a harry potter fanfic | FanFiction

DOWNLOAD PDF THE SUCCUBUS CLUB

The Damned are solitary monsters, contriving elaborate social situations for themselves to deny the prominence of the Beast. Parties and other social affairs from graceful soirees to brutal Sabbat ritae are the foundation of undead reputation. Hosting such affairs, whether as a pack priest or as a.

Chapter 7 : Muslim dating sweden habibi, Muslim Dating in Sweden

The Succubus Club: Dead Man's Party is a sourcebook for Vampire: The Masquerade. The book details the methods in which Kindred arrange social affairs for others of their kind.

Chapter 8 : The Succubus Club | RPG Item | RPGGeek

The CrÃ¼xshadows - "Deception" (Ravnos) Seraphim Shock - "Prey" (Lasombra) Paralysed Age - "Bloodsucker " (Tzimisce) Wench - "Heart of Darkness" (Followers of Set).

Chapter 9 : The Succubus club Chapter 1: The Succubus club, a harry potter fanfic | FanFiction

Before I get on to my review, let me comment on someone else's. There IS a whole chapter talking solely about the Succubus Club, you know. And if you read that whole chapter, it tells how he kept it around without Kine finding out.