



Fat Goblin Games

Traveler's Guide to Hell



PATHFINDER
ROLEPLAYING GAME COMPATIBLE

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Based in South Carolina, USA, Fat Goblin Games was founded in 2011 to create Pathfinder Roleplaying Game compatible products. With a focus on high quality production values and providing a creative environment for our writers, Fat Goblin Games has quickly become a recognized force in the world of third party publishers.

With hundreds of support books, visual aids, campaign settings, and quality stock art, Fat Goblin Games continues to provide exciting content and fantastic worlds in which gamers can immerse themselves.

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Hell on Vathak

USING HELL IN YOUR SHADOWS OVER VATHAK CAMPAIGN

While it's not uncommon for people to use the phrase "demon" or "devil" in the lands of Vathak (the setting for *Fat Goblin Game's Shadows over Vathak* campaign world), they more often are referring to the Spawn of the Old Ones. The influence of both Heaven and Hell aren't the same as most *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game settings*, but once you read and understand this text you might understand why. The setting of this book IS the Hell of the world the continent of Vathak is on. If you travel deep enough into the Filth Reaches, you will come across the worm-like Hellmouths. Or, you can travel deeper (assuming you survive the Old Ones near the surface) and come across all manor of worlds as an endless abyss of interconnected pocket domains and wind through the depths of the Underdark on a spiral path to Hell. Hell exists then as both an alternate plane and coexistent to that of Vathak. But Ashmedai and his legions have long since turned a fairly blind eye to the "surface" for reasons that will be explored in some greater depth in the forthcoming *Shadows over Vathak GameMaster's Guide*.

Introduction

It was nearly a century ago that my sorcerous powers awoke within me, the result of less-than-savory dealings with infernal forces on the part of my ancestors, deals brokered for knowledge and power in the only currency known to fiends: souls. Our family was touched with the powers of Hell many generations ago, and the infernal taint was strong within me; power literally flowed through my veins, sweet, crimson nectar that unlocked potential I had never imagined lay within me. I delved into diabolic study, absorbing tome after tome of knowledge, seeking to gain a greater understanding of the power within my veins. As my understanding grew, I discovered a talent for conjuration: with the spilling of my blood, I could evoke creatures far beyond the power of normal conjurers at my level of knowledge, terrible creatures to do my bidding and destroy my foes. This, I saw, was the key to power beyond my wildest dreams. I would follow in the steps of my ancestors and barter my very soul to unlock the true secrets of blood magic.

I exceeded all expectations, even my own. I grew to heights of power even I had not dared to think possible for a mere mortal; nations bent to my will, dragons kneeled before me, even gods lent ear to my counsel. Yet despite it all, I am still bound to that ancient pact which I swore all those decades ago. Forbidden by contract from seeking immortality, my time is nearing its end, and soon, my diabolical master will lay claim to my immortal soul. Who knows what foul plans he has for me in the lightless depths of his infernal tower? Perhaps he will make a fiend of me; surely a soul of my caliber would make a mighty general. Or maybe he intends to barter me to another fiend, for favors, prestige, or something of even greater value. Maybe he will simply consume my soul to increase his own might. Only Acharai knows, and he has no intention of sharing his plans with me. All that I know is that my end is nigh, and I have left behind nothing. For all my power, my legacy will die with me, for I have spawned no progeny to carry on my name, I have built no empires with my might: for all my dedication to knowledge and power, I always sought both for their own sake, with no true end in sight.

For this reason, I have penned this tome. It is my hope that in this, I may be remembered beyond my time, for ages to come. What you hold now is the definitive work on the infernal realm, a thorough and complete guide to Hell itself: That woeful realm that sits at the heart of our world, that forbidding place where mortals dare not tread. Perhaps some noble hero will use the information herein to gain an advantage on his diabolical foes, or maybe some would-be diabolist will follow in my footsteps, using the knowledge in this codex to find power, perhaps to use it for some greater purpose than I did. Regardless of your intentions, all the secrets of Hell, from its mightiest lords to its lowliest damned, now rest in your fingertips. Beware: this power is not meant for the faint of heart, nor the meek of spirit. Whatever your path, tread it carefully, lest the power you hold consume you utterly.

Zagan the Bloodwitch, Walker of the Pit

Chapter 1 - The Pit

The journey to Hell was arduous indeed; for I resolved to travel there without the aid of transportation magic, so as to provide a guide for those who lack my level of mastery over the arcane. The vast caverns that twist throughout the crust of the world all wind down to the center eventually, and after months, just over a year of travel, I arrived at the mouth of Hell.

At the heart of the planet, a vast cavern stands, and there in its center hovers Hell, a tiny planet, the size of a small moon, rotating within our world. It spins opposite to our world, and I must admit, its appearance surprised me. The ocean of magma below was expected, fed by flows that fell from the roof of the cave, as were the diabolical fortresses guarding the cavern's entrances. What I hadn't expected was the lush, varied terrain of the world. I had expected blasted wastelands, fire and brimstone, and while these were plenty, there were also forests, jungles, rivers and oceans, tundra and plains. The vegetation had a strange color, hues of purple and red and black, but it was otherwise much like our own world, with landscapes transitioning into one another in strange, unnatural ways. From the lip of the cave, I could see deserts alongside tundra, and frozen poles surrounded by seas of bubbling lava.

Though I have thus far journeyed without the use of magic, I am sorry to say that reaching Hell's surface seems impossible without magic for those who are not naturally gifted with flight. As it rotates opposite to the world above, permanent bridges are an impossibility, and while the fortresses have linked portals to the surface of Hell, convincing them to allow me to use one was a Sisyphean task. In the end, I merely teleported to the surface of the world, eager to explore its strange, alien beauty.

Zagan the Bloodwitch



WORLDS WITHIN WORLDS

Hell is a very strange place in the cosmos; it is separated from the world not by magic and portals, not by dimensional barriers, but by miles; thousands of miles of stone. Deep underground, in the hollow core of the world, a tiny planet, the size of a small moon, hovers in a vast cavern. This is the Kingdom of Sin, known by many names, but most commonly called Hell. Hell is constantly lit with a bright, red-orange glow, due to massive rivers of magma that pour from above, falling into an immeasurably vast ocean of lava below. The surface of this miniature world has a wide variety of environments and landscapes, much like the mortal world above the surface; there are jungles and there are mountains, there are frozen poles and blasted deserts, there are verdant fields and barren wastes. Yet unlike the world

above, these are juxtaposed in strange, impossible ways; oceans of lava do not melt the icy poles, and deserts run right alongside jungles and tundra.

Hell rotates in the opposite direction of the planet within which it resides, and it hovers perfectly in the center of the world's hollow core. Huge magma flows fall from the roof of the cavern, pooling below Hell in a massive ocean of lava. This flaming ocean are home to lava and fire elementals of various sizes, as well as other, stranger things, which even devils are hesitant to deal with. For this reason, this inhospitable sea is unexplored and typically avoided.

Reaching Hell is an arduous task for several reasons, the first of which is its prodigious depth. Hell is at the center of the world, and while there are tunnels that stretch all the way to the Pit, they are thousands of miles long, and to trek that far down is an expedition of



months. These caverns are not uninhabited, and the further down one goes, the stranger and more dangerous the creatures within become; this vast, dark network of tunnels is the primary obstacle to someone that wishes to reach the Hell.

The second hurdle is Hell's unique position in the world's core. While it is the size of a moon, the cavern it hovers in is significantly larger, and there is a huge distance between the planet itself and any of the entrances to the core. Due to Hell's rotation, permanent bridges or stairways are impossible, but there are multiple ways to reach it. On the core's inner shell, there is a ring of rock, jutting from the wall. This ring is about a mile wide, and there are semi-permanent encampments along it, stationed at the entrance caverns. These light fortifications are stationed with Devils, Damned souls, and enslaved creatures, and act as a first line of defense in the event of an unwanted intrusion. A few of these infernal forts have portals to Hell's surface; though where they deposit travelers is impossible to know before using them. Flight or teleportation are the easiest ways to get to Hell's surface.

There is one other way to reach Hell, without building or finding portals, or learning potent magic; though most stumble across it inadvertently. Hellmouths are a species of gigantic, carnivorous worms with a cunning natural camouflage. They burrow through the earth, boring into natural caverns, where they wait with their mouths wide open. In this position, they are nearly indistinguishable from the cave around them. Hapless creatures wander into their maws, and stumble upon a terrible fate: the Hellmouth's stomach is an extra-planar gateway to Hell, and it draws sustenance from the arcane energy released when their portals are used. Further, magic exists that allows a creature to use a Hellmouth's portal as an exit, emerging from the creature's mouth. This, combined with their incredible size, makes them ideal as infernal transports; they tunnel up under an enemy's walls and fortifications, and legions of infernal shock troops pour out of their mouths.

Getting to Hell is quite a difficult task; but it's hardly the worst part. Surviving once you're there... that's the tricky bit.

Hell's surface hosts varied, almost impossible ecosystems; frigid poles surrounded by oceans of lava, rainforests that run alongside tundra, fertile fields that suddenly give way to blasted deserts. The dim, red light that bathes Hell from the magma all around gives the


world's surface an alien appearance, resulting in flora and fauna with unnatural colorations, shades of purple, red, blue, and black; even the iconic red skin of many devils is a result of an environment flush with deep, red light. The surface of Hell is divided into seven realms, each overseen by one of six arch-fiends and Ashmedai, the lord of Hell.

In each of these realms, unspeakable torments are visited upon the Damned, those pitiable mortals who led lives of wickedness and sin, and are now cursed to an eternity of punishment. Each realm holds those who were ruled by a particular vice, and all of the sins punished here fall into one of seven categories, which can be broadly interpreted to include all manner of evil: treachery, avarice, hubris, gluttony, violence, despair, and apostasy. The damned souls in Hell are immortal, after a fashion; they are able to die, and do not heal from the terrible wounds inflicted on them, but death offers only the briefest respite, as they will spontaneously resurrect within an hour, allowing their punishment to continue.

COCIOR: REALM OF TREACHERY

The frigid winds of this place chill to the very bones. I pity the creatures that are trapped here without magic to protect them; surely a mortal would be slain in mere seconds by this blasphemous winter.

The south pole of Hell is home to a large continent, much of which is covered in ice; Cocior, the Realm of Treachery. Here, treacherous souls are condemned for eternity, those who betrayed honored guests, family, friends, and loved ones. At the center of this icy realm is Acharai's tower, the seat from which he rules over Cocior. Rising from the top of the tower is a massive cyclone, a raging tempest that sweeps up the souls of schemers and liars, whipping them to and fro in ceaseless turmoil, as their deception swept up their victims in life. Winged devils stalk this never-ending storm, using the damned for target practice with bows and spells, or plucking them from the wind with wicked claws for a savage feast.



Not all of Cocior is encased in ice; the outskirts of the realm are grassy tundra, with rolling hills that form a natural barricade around the kingdom; between the hills and the ocean, Cocior is a difficult realm to reach without flight or magic. Here among these hills, those that betrayed their king and country are punished; traitors are crucified atop the hills, nailed to wooden crosses and left to rot in the blistering cold. Their entrails are open to the freezing wind, and feasted upon hungrily by devils and fiendish animals; they grow back constantly, ensuring the pain never ends.

The most wicked of traitors, those who betrayed friends and loved ones, are taken by Acharai himself. These unfortunate, accursed souls are taken into his dark tower, never to be seen again; none know what fate befalls these souls, but it is believed they are the victims of terrible magical experiments.

This bleak realm is home to many dark and terrible fiends, most of whom are the results of Acharai's ter-

rible experiments. His ever-growing power over blood magic led to the creation of the Demiplane of Blood, a formless, endless ocean of blood, populated by devils and elementals. Blood Elementals, drawn from this foul plane, roam the tundra of Cocior, greedily siphoning blood from helpless victims. Sangroma are numerous in this bleak kingdom, and occasionally pluck damned souls from their crosses to use in brutal sacrifices and experiments, before returning them to their eternal punishment. Acharai's tower is defended by legions of ice and blood golems, created by the Archduke's magic; these constructs are intelligent, and far more powerful than normal examples of their kind. Any creature that dares approach the tower without permission will find itself quickly torn asunder by these staunch guardians. Those who can secure an audience with Acharai, however, will find his tower filled with knowledge from every age of history; scarcely a single tome is missing from his near-infinite collection.





BELECOR: REALM OF AVARICE

Never have I tasted anything as sweet as the fruit of this realm. Intoxicating, dripping with sugary juices; I could linger here forever, were it not for the constant screams that echo on the wind and spoil my appetite.

The kingdom of Belecór is a lush, fertile plain of rolling hills and fruitful flora; beautiful purples and reds cover the landscape, like a velvet field of flowers and fruits. Yet while this realm is beautiful at first glance, a closer inspection reveals a kingdom of pain. The grasses here are strong as iron and razor sharp, cutting and stabbing deep into the flesh of those that walk upon them. Every plant is thick with thorns and tangling vines, hiding their fruits deep within the bladed mess. Rivers of blood flow through the realm, their acrid, putrid stench hanging heavy in the air.

The damned of Belecór are those who were ruled by avarice in life; spendthrifts and misers alike, greedy souls who could never be satisfied with what they had. Those who held too tightly to their wealth are submerged in the Lake of Molten Gold, a vast body near the realm's heart, beside its master's palace. Those who squandered their wealth, hoarding possessions and lavishing themselves with gaudy accoutrements must toil forever in the fields; they flay the skin from their arms as they reach into the vines to harvest the fruit within, their feet are reduced to pulp as they walk naked through the field. Nettle Fiends, cruel, stinging devils, oversee the endless harvests, whipping and encouraging the exhausted damned to work ever harder.

The fruit of Belecór is a prized commodity; most is greedily hoarded by Baalzebul, and what little passes through his fingers is sold by him for exorbitant prices. Only the exceptionally brave or foolish attempt to steal the fruits for themselves, for the Lord of Greed is swift and merciless in his punishments of those that cross him.

KORIDAI: REALM OF HUBRIS

When I laid eyes on those imposing peaks and jagged rocks, I thanked my lucky stars I did not have to climb to reach the Black Fortress.

The mountainous region of Koridai rests at the center of one of Hell's three continents, bordered by Belecór, Gibbar, and Ahjra. The stony, unforgiving terrain of Koridai hosts the most varied ecosystem in Hell, ranging from constant winter to its north and south, to lush tropics along the border with Gibbar, and hostile sandstorms that constantly buffet the border of Ahjra. Koridai's mountains are jagged things of granite, rising up like serrated fangs that gnash at the sky. Deep crevices and sharp formations make climbing the mountains extremely dangerous, as even a minor misstep can sever a wayward limb.

Here in Koridai, the prideful are punished, those who forsook their duties and allowed the suffering of others for their own stubborn pride. Unlike the other realms, however, punishment is not varied in degrees; all are punished equally in Koridai. The damned here toil ceaselessly in the mines, overseen by cruel hounds that rip and tear any who slack in their work. The mines provide endless supplies of a material known simply as Black Iron. This special metal is born from the tortured souls of Hell, and is found only within Koridai; for this reason, its ruler, Malfia, is in charge of supplying the armies of Hell. Consequently, her own army is the mightiest in Hell. It is this store of precious metal that has attracted the hungry eye of Baalzebul, and has led to open war between Belecór and Koridai. Thus far, Ashmedai has allowed the conflict to continue, though he imposes a temporary truce whenever he has need of one of the two nations.

The Forbidden Fruit of Belecór are powerful, magical items with strange and sought-after abilities. They are considered minor artifacts, as they cannot be created by normal means; the only way to acquire the fruit is from Belecór directly. Those that have these fruits sell them for incredible prices, or else keep them for themselves. The exact effects of the fruit are detailed in Tools of Hell, a later chapter of this book.

Black Iron is a special material, formed from the psychic anguish of the souls trapped in hell and given weight by their sins. It has unique properties, and is further detailed in the Tools of Hell.

GIBRAR: REALM OF GLUTTONY

Those tiger-like fiends are the most perverse creatures I have ever encountered, and their lust is matched only by their hunger.

Gibbar is a lush, tropical jungle that stretches half a continent, bordering Koridai and Belector. Its southern end borders the magma sea, and the entire region is drenched by near-constant storms of blood. The flora here is beautiful and varied, but like all of Hell, it is dangerous and hostile. While the terrain itself is no danger, unlike Belector and Koridai, many of the plants here are sentient and crave living flesh. Among them are giant flytraps, assassin vines, and the deadly Pariah Flower.

Here, amid the fertile and fruitful rainforest, the gluttonous are punished for the appetites that ruled them in life. Food, drugs, sex; whatever they desired, they allowed their hungers to control them, letting others suffer and forsaking their duties so they could feed their own appetites. Those punished here were non-violent, but may have still caused untold pain; for example, the king who sleeps with newly-wed virgins in his kingdom on the first night of their wedding is a rapist in all but name, but he does not need violence to feed his appetite, and so he is bound here, rather than Ahjra.

The damned of Gibbar wander aimlessly through the woods, hunted endlessly by its inhabitants. As damned souls, they cannot truly die, and always rise again to continue their endless torment. While any creature may prey on any soul, certain inhabitants prefer the taste and sport of certain victims. Ravisher devils, taking after their master, have a host of perverse desires as well as a ceaseless hunger, and delight in inflicting terrible violations upon their prey, usually those who matched their perversions in life, before devouring them alive. A number of hallucinogenic plants take sadistic pleasure in tormenting addicts with nightmarish visions while they slowly digest them. Of course, hellcats and hell hounds stalk the forest as well, hungrily devouring any fat, slovenly souls they encounter.

For all its horrors, Gibbar is an alchemist's trove, hosting countless species of plants, including indigenous life that can be found nowhere else in the universe. Those willing to risk the journey and face the predators within can find reagents for the most powerful of elixirs here.

AHJRA: REALM OF VIOLENCE

Intense, merciless heat and endless screams of agony. Surely this is what most men picture when they think of Hell.

Covering half a continent, the desert realm of Ahjra is perhaps its most terrible, most inhospitable place. Its black sand is obsidian dust, powdered glass that grinds in the eyes and flays the flesh as it's whipped around by relentless winds. The heat of this realm is incredible, owing to great caverns of magma beneath the surface that warm the sand, blistering the skin of those miserable creatures that are condemned here.

But these creatures are not deserving of pity, for the damned of Ahjra are among Hell's most despicable residents. Here, the violent are punished; those who killed their fellow man, who abused and tortured them, who raped and broke them. Those who took pleasure in the pain of others, or those who simply gave in to rage and hatred are bound here for eternity, to suffer at the hands of the most uniquely cruel of devils.

Those who "merely" murdered their fellows suffer the least of punishments; bound in heavy chains, they are cursed to walk the desert endlessly, their skin flayed by glassy sands, their bodies blistered by the heat, their limbs broken by the weight of the chains. Many of these damned souls drag themselves about with bloody fingers, their legs long since worn to uselessness. Rapists and torturers, as well as serial murderers, are the playthings of Kharala and its Flesh Devils. Within its moving palace, Kharala enacts excruciating experiments, devising more and more creative methods of torture. Those who escape the archfiend's notice are tended to by legions of flesh and chain devils, who gleefully pull their victims' souls apart.

The most grotesque, if not the most painful, of punishments are given to cannibals; those who ate sentient life, not because it was required to survive, but for perverse pleasure, or for spiteful cruelty. These miserable souls are transformed into putrid maggots, and infest the flesh of the other beings damned here. They are cursed with a relentless hunger for flesh, yet all that they eat turns to ash in their mouths, and they are never satisfied.

Kharala possesses a variety of magical tools and constantly devises new spells, the better to aid in its tortures; if one possesses the fortitude to face it, much knowledge can be gained from this realm.

NEIR: REALM OF DESPAIR

Gods, the stench of this place.

Upon Hell's third continent, the last two realms lie. Neir, the Realm of Despair, is the larger of the two, consisting of about two thirds of the continent. This realm is a tarry swamp, a dismal mire that surrounds the final realm of Dis in a natural barrier. The black tar that fills the marsh is a powerful acid, corroding the flesh and bone of creatures trapped within.

Here are punished the slothful, those who gave in to ennui and despair. Not all suicides are damned to hell; those who took their lives for a cause, or to avoid horrific torture, even those who killed themselves rather than die at an enemy's hands may be spared punishment, but those who gave into despair, who killed themselves rather than face imprisonment, who died rather than face their lives are dragged into the mire, where they are hanged from the trees, their feet dangling in the swamp. Heavy stones hang from their ankles, keeping their feet submerged, where they burn and bubble for eternity. Others fare much worse, however; those who succumbed to ennui, and let others suffer for their own laziness, as well as those who allowed suffering through inaction, are submerged wholly in the bog, only their heads rising above the surface.

Diabolical insects lurk in the swamp, feeding on the poor souls that dangle from the trees. Within the muck, acidic eels and serpents swim, biting at those who drown and struggle, and nibbling at the toes of suicides. This realm has little to offer travelers, for the damned

cannot speak for their agony, and its master is loath to give audience to travelers. Yet despite this, it is not completely devoid of worth, for it is here that the Vault of Ashmedai is kept, hidden below the acidic sludge. His personal vault, filled with ancient artifacts, is buried beneath the marsh, where it is guarded vigilantly by Neir's ruler, Ashmedai's own son Belphegor.

DIS: REALM OF APOSTASY

Such a splendid city. Ah, to have known of such a place in my youth.

The smallest of Hell's realms, Dis lies at the center of Neir, surrounded on all sides by the bubbling swamp. A massive, sprawling city, the size of a country, Dis is the home of Hell's ruler, Ashmedai, and a thriving black market. Its buildings are forged of Black Iron, and great care has been taken to strike a perfect balance between inviting and intimidating. Gone are the endless fires, the screams of the damned, the rain of blood. While the metal buildings are strong and firm, and their spiked architecture is imposing, the city presents itself more as a place of law and order than a place of punishment and pain.

This realm is the most hospitable to visitors, as Ashmedai has issued a strict decree that visitors to Hell may not be harmed within Dis so long as they do not violate its laws. Even those that violate a law are merely issued a warning upon their first offense, a striking display of mercy from the Lord of Hell. Of course, there is a pragmatic reason for such leniency: there is much value in this city, and visitors from all around the universe bring much wealth and power with them here. Of course, some merchants here deal in mundane coin; but the primary trade is in souls, and horrible fiends of all descriptions come here, as well as mortal spellcasters, seeking powerful relics or trapped souls. Even some good outsiders have been known to show their faces here, hoping to barter for the release of a particularly powerful or righteous soul that has been captured; this marketplace is their best chance at seeing these souls freed peacefully, for a deal made in the marketplace is always honored.

Of course, there is horror here, as always, below the surface. Literally, in fact, as the caverns beneath the city

are home to apostates: those who blasphemed the gods and turned their back on the divine. Those who refused to worship any god, who cursed the gods or even falsely declared themselves prophets and equals to the gods, are tossed into the furnaces below. There they are burned forever, their psychic agony providing fuel to the machines and infrastructure of Dis.

FEATURES OF HELL

Aside from these unique, specific realms, Hell has a number of features found all across its surface.

- **Oceans of Blood:** The Ocean of Hell is filled with blood, as are its lakes and rivers and streams. When it rains, blood falls from the skies, not water. These sources of blood are constantly boiling, giving off an acrid stench and crimson steam.
- **Flesh Pits:** The Flesh Pits of Hell are unholy constructions designed to expand the numbers of fiends. There is a single Flesh Pit installed in each Realm. These devices, inventions of Kharala, are Black Iron wells dug about a hundred feet deep into the ground. They are filled halfway with a filthy sludge made from a mixture of blood, excrement, and mud. At the bottom of the pit, and lining the walls of the lower half, are massive blades, which spin constantly to mix the sludge and shred whatever is put inside. Living sacrifices, stolen from the mortal planes or taken from the ranks of devil worshiping cults, are thrown into the pits, where they are sucked down by the

vortex and torn apart by the blades. As mortals are sacrificed by the pits, they accumulate negative energy; the psychic weight of hatred and pain. In time, this necrotic, emotional energy gives rise to new, powerful fiends. While most high-ranking fiends, such as Knights and Dukes, are normal devils that rose in power over time, the creatures that are occasionally brought forth by the Flesh Pits are born with incredible power, and are usually made knights almost immediately. In addition to their power, they are generally mad, their minds consisting of the tattered remnants of the hateful, agonizing deaths that their mortal components endured. As an added benefit (to the devils, at least), Flesh Pits birth Lemures at a steady rate, with each pit belching out two or three a day.

- **Eyes of Acharai:** These massive, black orbs are found all throughout Hell. Measuring fifty feet around and made of an unknown metal, these mysterious orbs float about a foot off of the ground, and are impossible to move, damage, or destroy. They have some connection to Acharai, but only he and Moloch know their true purpose: they are a defense system, put in place in case of an invasion by one of the Celestial planes. When activated, the Orbs unleash goutts of pure hellfire at any creature within thirty yards that is not a native of Hell. In addition, they function as focus points for Acharai's scrying, allowing him to see through them as though they were his own eyes.





Chapter Z

Hierarchy of the Pit

The surface of Hell is divided into seven distinct territories, each lorded over by a powerful fiend. Oddly enough, the ruler of Hell has taken the smallest of these realms for himself, leaving his subordinates to manage most of Hell's day-to-day activities. These seven lords of Hell are collectively known as the Archfiends. The six Archdukes serve directly under Ashmedai, the King of Hell; beneath them are countless lesser nobles and knights; these royals are effectively demigods, each with a small spark of divinity and the ability to empower mortal worshippers with divine magic.

Though there is much tension between the Archdukes, they rarely resort to open conflict, preferring instead to scheme against their fellows and enact intricate plans centuries in the making. This barely restrained tension is most visible when one looks to the lesser nobility, as knights and lords that serve different Archdukes often march to war with one another over matters of honor, or else engage in singular duels. These small-scale conflicts between provinces of Hell are generally overlooked, but Ashmedai frowns upon all-out war between his realms... Usually.

Zagan the Bloodwitch

FEUDAL SINS

The kingdom of Hell is a feudal society, broken into many territories, each of which is overseen by an individual noble fiend. Clusters of territories are overseen by dukes, who answer to the powerful Archdukes that hold sway over vast regions of Hell. Above them all is the Lord of Hell, God-King Ashmedai.

ARCHDUKES

Name	Domains	Favored Weapon
Ashmedai	Evil, Law, Fire, Darkness, War	Whip
Acharai	Law, Magic, Earth	Quarterstaff
Baalzebul	Nobility, Evil, Trickery (Greed)	Scythe
Malfia	War, Law, Glory	Longsword
Belial	Trickery, Law, Charm (Lust)	Rapier
Kharala	Charm (Lust), Destruction (Torture), Evil (Kyton)	Spiked Chain
Belphegor	Darkness, Death, Madness (Nightmare)	Unarmed Strike

ASHMEDAI

I was utterly shocked when I encountered the Lord of Hell; not least of all because he actually deigned to grant me audience. Despite the initial surprise of meeting him at all, it was his appearance that truly floored me; I was expecting some great and terrible fiend, yet the creature before me seemed like a mere man, if with a few fiendish features. Nevertheless, I could feel the raw power of the being before me, and I approached the subject of his appearance with extreme caution. I was pleasantly surprised to find he was more than willing to share his story with me.

Titles: God-King Ashmedai, the Lord of Hell, the First Apostate

Domains: Evil, Law, Fire, Darkness, War

Favored Weapon: Whip

Unholy Symbol: A black crown, wreathed in fire

Ages ago, when only the eldest of gods watched over the world, there was a woman. Born a slave, she had worked since she could walk. Her master was cruel, always demanding more of his slaves than they could provide, and savagely beating those who could not meet his demands. In time, the woman came to bear a child, but as it grew in her belly, her master afforded her no rest. Indeed, he only seemed to work her harder when her pregnancy became apparent. At last, the woman could not face the work any longer, and she collapsed in the field, dead as stone.

A boy was pulled from her womb, miraculously alive, but badly deformed by the strain placed upon his mother. Called only, "Hunchback," the boy knew only servitude from birth. Yet unlike his mother, he did not resign himself to his fate. Even from a young age, a fire burned in his heart, and he yearned to be free. Time and time again, the child attempted to escape, and time and time again he was brutally punished. By his twelfth year, the master had had enough, and resolved to finally give the boy the freedom he sought.

He had the child dragged into the woods and chopped off his hands and feet, leaving him alone to die in the dark forest. But he would not surrender. The child crawled on bloody stumps, trudging through dirt and mud, all the while cursing the Heavens and the gods that had forsaken him. He swore and screamed and raged as he dragged himself through the underbrush, until his throat was too raw to cry, and his limbs too weak to carry him. He lay there in the woods, silently damning the gods as he finally accepted his fate.

But fate is a fickle thing, and another force had been watching the boy with great interest. A kind old man approached from the darkness between the trees, his face hidden beneath a wide hood, his arms ending in a tangle of squamous tentacles. He spoke of the boy's struggle, of his heroic resolve to be free, of his stubborn refusal to die. Above all else, his staunch defiance of the gods, his bravery in cursing their names had impressed the old man. He offered the boy a deal: he would grant the child the power to be free, the power to never be a slave again, to take whatever he wanted. In exchange, he would be granted a kingdom, and he would rule over that kingdom until the end of time. He would answer to no-one, only, he must keep the kingdom mighty and stable, and ensure that mortal souls would flow through the realm like water. The boy agreed, and in an act that would shape the views and practices of his kingdom to come, he splashed his blood upon the first Infernal Contract.

The Hunchback was no more. The contract erupted in fire, which spread quickly and consumed the boy utterly. From the ashes arose a god: Ashmedai, the First Apostate.

Ashmedai is a strange god, for he certainly doesn't look the part. He appears as a mostly ordinary young man, one certainly no older than thirty, with straight, dark hair, and light brown skin. His eyes are a bright green, and his smile is as disarming as they come. He is no larger than any normal man, and certainly seems no stronger than average. But his infernal nature is betrayed by his appearance, for two elegant horns rise from his temples; thin, graceful

things that curl backwards like those of an ibex, but much shorter, being around half a foot in length. From his back sprouts a long, serpentine tail, about five feet in length, which ends with the head of an asp, its venom potent enough to dissolve flesh in seconds. He is dressed always in the attire of royalty; fine velvet and silk, with a crown of Black Iron atop his head, and black boots polished to a shine. He is rarely seen without these boots or his gloves, for beneath them only bones remain of his hands and feet, a holdover from the atrocious wounds inflicted upon him before his ascension.

Though he is the King of Hell, Ashmedai is not the cruel, petty tyrant one might expect. He carries himself with pride and grace, and holds himself to a strict moral code. In Ashmedai's eyes, might makes right, and who has more might than a god? The weak exist to serve the strong; yes, it is true that he has his power because of a contract, but he earned the offer in the first place through his steadfast refusal to die and his unbreakable spirit. Those who are not willing to fight for their freedom do not deserve it, and those that cannot hold it will lose it. Those too weak to change the world must suffer under its laws, and those too cowardly to stand up for their rights will see them taken from them. Despite this, Ashmedai is not especially cruel, and many who deal with him would describe him as pleasant, if a bit harsh. He has little time for those who do not interest him, and those who are disrespectful quickly find themselves imprisoned in one of Hell's many torture chambers, if not smote outright.

Power and beauty are attractive to all, and Ashmedai has both in spades. It is rather uncommon for a woman to capture Ashmedai's affections, but those that do, whether for their beauty, their strength, or both, will find he is a difficult suitor to resist. He has much wealth and luxury to offer, and few can resist the temptation of a royal station. He fawns over his lovers, affording them every luxury deserving of his station, and the same is true for his daughters. He has a dozen children in all; four sons and eight daughters. His sons are powerful in their own right, being the progeny of a god, but they are not coddled; from birth they must earn their way in the world, achieving his respect only when they show the strength that carried him to godhood. Though he is hard on his sons, those who harm them find that the wrath of a god is terrible indeed. As for his daughters, many fiends joke (when they are certain he cannot hear) that

the princesses are the true rulers of Hell, for he bends to their every whim, showering them with gifts and servants from throughout the universe.

Ashmedai rules over Dis, the capitol city of Hell, and maintains it as neutral ground for visitors from other planes. Many evil creatures gather here to trade in souls and mysterious relics, but it is not uncommon to see good-aligned outsiders here as well, hoping to barter for the release of innocent or powerful souls, or seeking to parley for a temporary truce with the forces of Hell.

Finally, it is worth noting that Ashmedai is often considered the First Devil, as he created the first of these fiends as servants. The Pit Fiends were the very first, meant to invoke an image of godlike strength and majesty, and to inspire fear in their foes. All devils venerate Ashmedai not only as their king, but as their father, as they owe their existence to the God-King. Any creature that respects or admires devils or the structure of Hell is likely to worship Ashmedai, and his doctrine of Might makes Right appeals to many. He is a patron of soldiers and kings, lending his blessing to strict hierarchies and caste-based governments. Conversely, he is also viewed by the downtrodden as a god of rebellion, for it was his refusal of the gods that led to his own ascension, and he lays his blessing upon any who take what they want, as long as they have the strength to hold it.



ARCHDUKE ACHARAI

Ah, what can be said about my Master? Acharai is the originator of blood magic, the creator of the first Infernal Contract, and a being of incredible power. My meeting with him was surprisingly pleasant; the tea was quite nice, and I felt rather like I was visiting a grandparent I hadn't seen in years. Still, he kept his face hidden all the time, and the few glimpses I caught beneath his hood left a chill in my soul that may never leave me.

Titles: The Grandfather of Vice, the Blood Lord, the Schemer

Domains: Law, Magic, Earth

Favored Weapon: Quarterstaff

Unholy Symbol: An eye wrapped in tentacles

Archduke Acharai is a mystery to all but himself; and it is possible even he does not know what he truly is. Regardless, two things are known for certain: He is not a Devil, for they came after Ashmedai, and he is beyond even a God. It was Ashmedai that approached the Hunchback in the woods, and offered the first Infernal Contract, the start of Blood Magic. In an instant, seemingly on a whim, Acharai created a god from a mortal. In the eons since, he has never repeated this feat, and none have attempted to replicate it; this unique feat has cemented him in the minds of every god as something to be approached with extreme caution, for even they know not where his power comes from, nor can they remember a time when he did not exist.

Acharai has always been, lurking silently in the shadows of time, offering quiet counsel to gods and mortals alike. Despite his incredible power, he has always remained content to serve, offering advice and power in exchange for obedience, souls, or even more mundane treasures at times. In fact, so amicable is this fiend, that he even allows himself to be called to the material plane, manifesting an extension of his will to deal with even apprentice spellcasters that can uncover the incantations to contact him. He is friendly and affable, treating every creature he speaks with like a dear grandchild; even going so far as to prepare tea and snacks for those that visit him directly in his home. Unlike devils, his contracts are always fair and transparent, clearly spelling out the benefits and drawbacks of dealing with him and explicitly stating his price. While his agendas remain hidden, he has no interest in deception, caring only about receiving what he is due.

The only known goal of this mysterious creature is the acquisition of knowledge, and to his end he has constructed a colossal tower in the center of Cocior. Within its halls is an endless library, containing copies of countless books from every era of history. Scrolls, artwork, songs; pieces of cultures lost for eons can be found here, and visitors are more than welcome, as long as they have something to contribute. Included within the library is a copy of every infernal contract ever signed, including the full terms binding the two parties. In addition to his quest for knowledge, Acharai has a constant desire for souls, which inspired his initial contract with Ashmedai. As the God-King rules over Hell, Acharai lords over Cocior, and lays claim to the souls of traitors. While many are excess and suffer in the frigid plains of his realm, Acharai plucks a few from the tundra to drag into the depths of his tower, where he performs mysterious experiments to unknown ends.

Acharai's appearance is strange, to say the least. Standing around eight feet tall, he is usually hunched over a gnarled, wooden cane, bringing him to about seven feet in height. His black robes are long, trailing on the floor behind him and hiding his feet and legs; based on his footprints, it is assumed he has hooves. The sleeves of his robes do not hold arms and hands, but tentacles, a mass of nearly two dozen emerge from the end of each sleeve; sinuous and thin, but incredibly strong, their rubbery flesh is inky-blue. He wears a wide hood, which is always drawn up, hiding his face in impenetrable shadow, giving the appearance of an empty robe. Still, at the right angle, one can occasionally catch



the briefest glimpse underneath the hood. All creatures that have seen underneath offer different descriptions, leaving many to wonder if he even has a true face, or if he is some kind of shapeshifter; some have seen a mass of tentacles, still others a buzzard, and still others a kindly old man with a long, grey beard.

Acharai is a patron to wizards and clerics alike; anyone who seeks magical secrets and knowledge above all else. Specializing in the most ancient of lore, Acharai

has access to secrets even older than some deities, and is known for making lifelong deals in exchange for souls or a stake of all knowledge gathered. His amiable nature and fairness endears him to creatures that would otherwise be hesitant to deal with devils, and he has far more worshipers than most fiends.



ARCHDUKE BAALZEBUL

Baalzebul was my first encounter with an Archfiend that truly terrified me. His three heads stared into my soul, and constantly bore a look of incredible hunger. Every moment I spoke with him, I feared he might devour me alive. I was glad to be out of there as quickly as I could.

Titles: The Devourer, the Avaricious, the Hungry

Domains: Nobility, Evil, Trickery (Greed)

Favored Weapon: Scythe

Unholy Symbol: A dragon devouring its tail in a loop with a crow perched atop its head, and a human hand in the center of the loop.

The Archduke Baalzebul is one of the most intimidating Archfiends to look upon, and the least human in appearance. Resembling a massive snake, nearly two hundred feet in length, his scales are foot-thick stone plates, and his tail ends in a scything blade. Emerging from the other end are three heads; one of a black dragon, one of an elderly human man, and one of a diseased crow. The three have vastly different personalities, as the dragon is haughty and proud, and the crow is cowardly and cautious. The human, in the center, is humble and wise, seeking to balance the other two and guide the three in action. All share a single trait, however: their greed. The only thing that matters to Baalzebul is sating his greed, and he is never satisfied. He adores all things that shine, and lays claim to any precious metals he can find, coiling around them and rolling through his wealth. His vaults are constantly being expanded, and he sleeps in a different one each day, swimming gleefully through mountains of treasure.

His magical items number beyond counting, and many have come to Belecór hoping to purchase or trade for something within his vaults; but his prices are always outrageous, and he always seeks to reclaim his treasure immediately, usually through assassins. Despite his ceaseless greed and demonic appearance, he is as ordered as any devil, and delights in contracts which grant incredible wealth, only to force the signees to surrender it all to him. His laws are draconian, imposing strict punishment for any transgression, especially those involving theft. Baalzebul abhors theft, and inflicts unholy tortures upon those that steal, whether from him or from others. Of course, it isn't stealing if they are already dead; but that's another matter altogether, and those sorts of people go to Kharala anyway.

Baalzebul is as gluttonous as he is greedy, and is almost always eating. He delights in foods which no other creature can possess, and hungrily devours creatures that are on the verge of extinction, unique items and artifacts, and of course, the forbidden fruits of his realm. These fruits are almost exclusively eaten by Baalzebul, and are the only treasure he is ever willing to part with. In extreme circumstances, Baalzebul will offer a fruit to a creature that has sincerely pleased him as a reward. Sometimes, someone manages to steal one of these fruits, and these stolen treasures have immeasurably high prices.

The Archduke is a creature of greed, and operates within the structure of law; for this reason, he has a vested interest in maintaining the status quo. This has led to a bitter rivalry with Malfia, the very first female Archfiend. In addition, her realm is the only place in Hell that contains mines of Black Iron, a metal that is found nowhere else in the universe. Obviously, Baalzebul will not tolerate another creature having treasure that he cannot possess, and his dukes and knights often march on Koridai, seeking to capture it for their master. In recent centuries, this has escalated to all-out war between Koridai and Belecór. Ashmedai does not enjoy this, but he knows that the war keeps Baalzebul's attention away from his own vault, and allowing this to continue is much less troublesome than attempting to control Baalzebul's avarice. However, when Ashmedai has need of one or both of the nations, he enforces a strict truce until his business is complete.

Baalzebul is worshipped by bankers, tax collectors, and greedy magistrates, as well as the impoverished who hope his blessing will turn their fortunes around. Baalzebul's temples are also banks, and lend money at exorbitant rates.

ARCHDUCHESS MALFIA

A woman. That was unexpected. From all I had seen and learned within this realm, women were rather strictly oppressed, offered little freedom and seen more as property than as creatures. Even the more powerful female fiends could hope, at best, to be a consort to a male fiend, even if he was the weaker of the two. Yet this woman, so humble in appearance, has carved her way to the top of the food chain. Her strength and determination are admirable, as is her beauty.

Titles: The Maw of Terror, the Last Blade, the First Fear

Domains: War, Law, Glory (Honor)

Favored Weapon: Longsword

Unholy Symbol: A red crown resting on the hilt of a bloodstained longsword

Archduchess Malfia rules her domain with dignity, grace, and poise, always maintaining a polite, demure composure; a feat made all the more impressive by the environment in which she has risen to power. Hell is a patriarchy, wherein males are viewed as strictly superior to females; female fiends are expected to mind their place, and remain quiet unless addressed. Yet in this realm of rampant, unabashed misogyny, Malfia has risen to a rank that most fiends dare not even dream of. The first, and only, Archduchess, Malfia earned her position through centuries of planning. She cultivated friendships with more powerful and respected fiends, proved herself on the battlefield time and time again, and showed herself to be a masterful assassin. Favor after favor was called in throughout the centuries, and slowly, but surely, she gathered an army under her banner, turning the subjects of her former master against him. She laid siege to the castle of the former Archduke Nizir, conquering it in a single night. When she faced her former lord in single combat, she slew him in seconds and devoured his essence, ensuring he would never return to reclaim his throne.

Malfia possesses a unique talent, which proved invaluable in her rise to power: the ability to devour the immortal essence of other outsiders. This act destroys the being utterly, such that nothing, even the intervention of a deity, can return them to life. It is this ability that has earned her the title, "The Maw of Terror," as even the mightiest of fiends fears defeat at her hands. Those who most severely displease Ashmedai are sentenced to execution by Malfia, who ensures they will never fail him again. Malfia is a master of mental magic, and delights in infiltrating the minds of her victims, exposing them to their deepest, darkest fears and watching as they fall,

helpless and screaming, to the floor. She prefers battle to be a slow process, drawing out the suffering of her enemies before finishing them off with her wicked blade, *Oblivion's Kiss*. The blade was forged using a fraction of her own essence, giving it incredible magical properties, potent enough to slay even a god. For this reason, and her past conquests, Ashmedai watches her carefully. At the moment, she is not powerful enough to challenge him, and he could destroy her in an instant; but he has seen enough creatures fall by her hand to know that may not always be the case.

Malfia appears as an elven female, with long, pointed ears, crimson skin, and raven black hair. Her eyes are black, with irises that shine the color of gold. Four wings sprout from her back, and she possesses a long, elegant, and powerful tail. She is typically found wearing finery befitting royalty; elegant dresses and elaborate, but tasteful jewelry, with a simple tiara; but when she expects battle, her armor is lightweight, but practical, made from the hide of Nizir himself. She prefers to avoid open conflict, instead assassinating her foes or sending her servants to do the deed for her. Unlike some of her contemporaries, Malfia does not spend her time lounging, drinking in the pleasures of royalty; she is always monitoring the political environment of Hell, and she keeps a close eye on her fellow Archfiends. Even now, she schemes and plots, always forming new alliances; some whisper that she may be after the throne of Ashmedai himself.

Within Malfia's mountainous realm of Koridai, the misogyny of Hell gives way to a nation based in merit; any fiend can rise in the ranks of her army and nobility

if they have the strength, cunning, and skill to do so. Intellect and grace are Malfia's most prized attributes, and those that display them are quick to earn her favor. Fiends are careful to watch their tongue when speaking to Malfia; regardless of their personal feelings, only another Archfiend can get away with belittling her based on her gender; and even they might suffer for it in time. Koridai is the home to Black Iron, a powerful metal found nowhere else, which has formed the backbone of

her armies. This material arms and armors her soldiers, and forms the walls of her mighty citadels. It is mined by the prideful damned trapped in her realm, who endlessly draw it from replenishing veins in the mountains.

Malfia is worshipped by knights and warriors, those who hold honor and pride above all other things. She is also the matron of oppressed women, giving them strength to rise against their oppressors. Despite her cruelty in battle, she otherwise leans more towards law than evil, and will even support good causes as a matter of honor or to tear down misogynistic power structures.



ARCHDUKE BELIAL

Such a beautiful creature. I had mistaken him for an angel at first; of course, the harem of actual angels didn't help matters any. I can see how he seduced them all; they could be forgiven for believing him to be one of them. I'm not sure how long we were talking, he... His voice was hypnotic... Where are my pants?

Titles: The Seducer, the Deceiver, the Wishcrafter, the Lord of Lust

Domains: Trickery, Law, Charm (Lust)

Favored Weapon: Rapier

Unholy Symbol: A pair of smiling, red lips, licked with a silver tongue

Archduke Belial is the most subtle of the Archfiends; a cunning politician and legalist; he is the supreme judge of Hell, overseeing all legal disputes among fiends. Though Acharai's vaults hold the countless blood contracts between devils and mortals, Belial is the fiend most often found there, perusing the endless lists of the damned. He delights in legal entanglement, and his favorite torments are those of ennui, trapping the damned in endless lines and bureaucracies, slowly stripping them of all joy. He has held his position well for centuries, as all those who would oppose his rule are bogged down by his tedious legal shenanigans and his droning, hypnotic speeches.

But Belial has another side, seen only by mortals and those other beings he wishes to bring under his power. Belial's silver tongue has seduced kings and paupers, mages and paladins alike. Belial delights in corrupting others through his persuasive arguments; he derives the greatest pleasure from those he has deceived so thoroughly they believe they've come to him of their own volition, that the thoughts and ideas he planted in their heads are entirely their own.

Belial appears as an angelic figure, a fine counterpart to his closest ally, Malfia. He stands around 7 feet tall, with metallic, silver skin and sparkling, golden eyes. His blonde hair reaches his shoulders, and is neat and straight at all times. Four wings rise from his back, bright white and shining like snow in the sunset. Only his forked, serpentine tongue reveals his true nature. His tongue is silver, and drips with a terrible poison; it is able to stretch up to fifteen feet, and its venom induces a terrible lethargy in its victims, bringing them to their knees. Belial never wears armor, relying on the sheer

force of his charisma to turn blades aside, and his unparalleled dexterity to avoid spells and arrows. His chest is always exposed, revealing sculpted muscles, and he is never without a shining, toothy grin.

Belial is a hedonist in every sense of the word, indulging in countless sexual conquests, lavish feasts, and copious amounts of alcohol and mind-altering substances, which he allows to affect him. He uses his angelic appearance to great effect, and takes extreme delight in corrupting angels and other celestial beings. He has a harem of such creatures, fallen to sin, who gleefully sate their master's every desire within the pleasure-halls of his palace. Belial has sired countless children, and they populate his army and lead his cults on the material plane.

Belial and Malfia have an amicable relationship; while he is no exception to Hell's misogyny, he is not as overt about it as most fiends. While he prefers to see females keeping to their "proper place," he is fully aware that all systems change with time, and this is a system which has held for eons; it cannot possibly last much longer, and he views Malfia as only the first of the inevitable rush of female fiends that will begin to rise in the ranks of Hell. He suspects Malfia may have her eyes on the throne, and has formed a strong friendship with her, in the hopes that he will keep his position should her eventual coup prove successful. Their kingdoms have enjoyed a strong alliance for nearly two centuries now, and the two consummate that alliance whenever they get the chance. Despite this, Malfia is not as "open" as Belial, and his other dalliances often serve to anger her (and he does love seeing her angry); though she knows they don't really mean anything to him. Of course, she suspects the

same is true of his relationship with her, but in truth, Belial does care for Malfia, and rumors stir that he will one day wed the warrior-duchess.

Belial's infernal realm is known as Gibbar, a thick, humid forest filled with prowling hellhounds and infernal cats that stalk and feed upon the helpless damned that reside there. His marble castle is trimmed with silver and gold; ornate fountains line the halls, and Belial keeps plenty of attractive creatures of both genders on hand, both for his own pleasure and to reward those fiends who earn his favor.

As a subject of worship, Belial is perhaps the most common after Ashmedai himself. He has a number of small temples erected in his name, and many of his worshipers aren't evil, but simply seekers of pleasure. Indeed, while he delights in corruption, Belial holds respect for those who put their own pleasures and desires above all else. If one's own pleasures and desires happen to include a willing partner and tender lovemaking, then so be it. He is worshipped by any creature that seeks pleasure above all else, from wealthy hedonists to moral hedonists who view pleasure as the ultimate Good.



ARCHDUKE KHARALA

Gods. Hell is a place of torture and punishment, but nothing, nothing could have prepared me for this. The creature I spoke with revolted me to my core, as if my very soul was sickened by the sight of it. The screams that came from its palace haunt me still, for I could not tell screams of pleasure from those of pain.

Titles: The Punisher, the Moaning Agony, the Whip and Rose

Domains: Charm (Lust), Destruction (Torture), Evil (Kyton)

Favored Weapon: Spiked Chain

Unholy Symbol: A rose, its thorns dripping with blood, wrapped in a spiked chain

Kharala is a fiend of ceaseless, hedonistic pleasure, whose passions rival and surpass even Belial's. While the Seducer is a hedonist in every sense of the word, the Punisher's tastes are purely carnal in nature. A creature of insatiable lust, Kharala is always hungry for more; more pleasure, more pain, more, more, and more. Kharala keeps a vast, ever-changing harem of fiends, damned souls, and other, stranger things to satisfy his constantly changing desires. Those damned that reside within the flaming desert of Ahjra are either the most pitiable or the most enviable; for within that desert of smoldering glass, where obsidian powder is constantly whipped to and fro in an unholy sirocco, the souls Kharala has claimed are tortured in brutal, ever more creative ways.

Long ago, Kharala grew bored of simple pleasure, having experienced the absolute pinnacle of ecstasy throughout the centuries. He became restless; if there were no more pleasures to be had, then what was the purpose in life? Why did he even exist? It was then that Kharala turned to pain, and found rapture. Now the fiend constantly strives to further blur the line between pleasure and pain, for now only in pain can he find the new heights of pleasure he seeks, and tests his extensive, unholy experiments on the souls trapped in his realm. Kharala claims the souls of the violent, those who rape and murder their ways through life, and inflicts the most horrific of tortures upon them all.

Kharala resembles an elf, or at least he did once. His skin is white as marble, and he wears no clothing. Instead, leather straps wrap around his body, nailed into place, causing thick, tarry blood to ooze from between the strips. Wherever his blood falls, an imp is born, uniquely

deformed and hungry for punishment. The archfiend is followed everywhere by a swarm of these creatures, who claw hungrily at their master's flesh, supping on his blood and impaling themselves on his spikes. Spiked chains hang from hundreds of piercings in his flesh, and serve as vicious weapons which tear his foes apart.

Kharala's relationship with the other Archfiends is tenuous at best, as they all find him highly unnerving, and none wish to be in his presence for longer than necessary. Kharala seeks out mortals who have grown bored and seek new experiences, offering them unrivaled pleasure in exchange for their souls. Kharala's servants and cultists in the mortal world seek out new converts, bringing them either by choice or against their will, and spending hours in gruesome, grotesque ceremonies, violent orgies, and eventually living sacrifice.

His palace in Ahjra is a massive sphinx, one of the eldest of its species. This miserable creature was hollowed out by Kharala, kept alive by his cruel magic. His beating heart serves as the fiend's bedchamber, and Kharala's imps greedily feed on its regenerating flesh. The creature is held in place by thick, spiked chains, and its screams echo endlessly through the desert, able to be heard for miles around.

Kharala is a terrifying creature to most, and few sane creatures worship him. Nevertheless, he offers unspeakable heights of pleasure to those willing to endure unholy pain, and he is sought out by those hedonists who, like him, have grown jaded to simple pleasures. Torturers venerate him, seeking inspiration from his cruelty; and some especially desperate souls turn to him to be relieved of their own pain, hoping that in his worship, their afflictions may be turned to blessings of pleasure.

ARCHDUKE BELPHEGOR

My meeting with Belphegor was dreadfully dull. The archfiend couldn't be bothered to awaken, or even to communicate with me directly. He spoke telepathically to his fiendish servants, who then relayed his words to me. I was glad to be out of there quickly; the palace smelled worse than the bog.

Titles: The Sleeper

Domains: Darkness, Death, Madness (Nightmare)

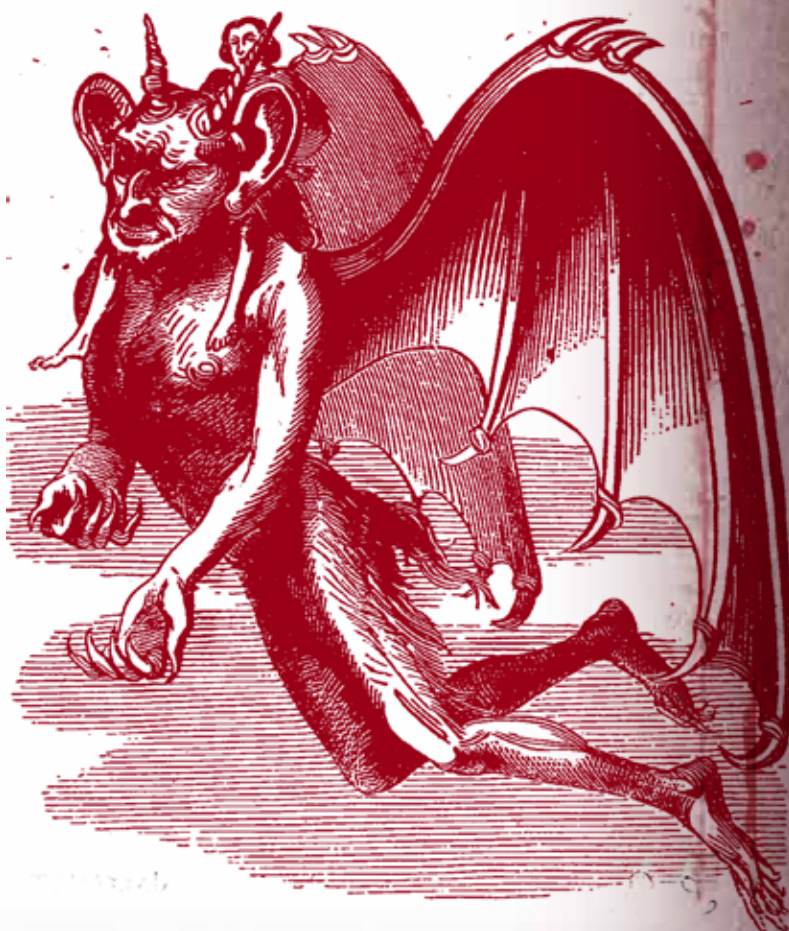
Favored Weapon: Unarmed Strike

Unholy Symbol: A closed eye, surrounded by a dozen open eyes

A son of Ashmedai, this supremely lazy fiend has nonetheless managed to claim dominion over Neir, the realm of Despair. Resembling an obscenely corpulent, beardless dwarf with jet black skin, Belphegor's head is topped with a dozen horns, each baring a dozen eyes. These eyes are always open, always scanning for danger, and loose blasts of destructive hellfire at his foes. This lord is almost always asleep, and speaks telepathically to those near him as he dreams. Too fat to move on his own power and unable to fly, he is always seated in an ivory palanquin, which is borne by four especially powerful pit fiends. On the rare occasions he wakes up, he brings unspeakable magical power to bear.

Belphegor is content to sleep most of the time, waking only when he grows hungry or bored. On these occasions, he hosts lavish feasts and demands entertainment from strange and exotic performers. Those that fail to entertain him are destroyed, but those that succeed are richly rewarded with power and prestige. Belphegor is somewhat petty, owing mostly to his laziness; he views most tasks as beneath his stature, and usually sends underlings to handle anything that comes up. Even when meeting with other Archfiends, he often just sends a proxy, unless Ashmedai will be present. Despite his laziness, Belphegor has a strange connection with flies, which allows him to see the world through their eyes over any distance; for this reason he is an impeccable spy, and has provided Ashmedai with critical information many times. Furthermore, while he sleeps, Belphegor is immediately aware of any creature speaking his name, and spies upon these creatures from the dream world.

Belphegor isn't a particularly well-known subject of worship, as he has little to offer most people. However, those who seek to travel through dreams often beseech him for protection or guidance, as do those who wish to spy on others. Cultists of pestilent gods also venerate him at times as a lesser or secondary figure due to his connection to flies.



The lesser Nobility

Beneath the mighty Archfiends are Knights of Hell, more commonly called Archknights. These lesser nobles range in power; some are barely stronger than ordinary devils, and others rival the Archfiends for raw power. There are dozens, if not hundreds of knights; far too many to list here. Instead, three of the more powerful Knights will be listed below; these beings are effectively demigods, and while they are beyond the power of most mortals, they would be reasonable for a high-level campaign's final battle. As demigod-like beings, these Knights are able to grant spells to their followers, though they have only two domains.

Statistics and abilities for these three creatures are discussed in *Beasts of Hell*, as well as the Archknight subtype.

AMON, THE WRATHFUL

This fiend's monstrous appearance and unsubtle habits on the battlefield bely his truly brilliant mind; he is easily Hell's most respected commander, and though he typically leads from the front lines, he owes every victory to his cunning strategies as much as his own might.

Domains: War (Blood), Glory (Honor)

Favored Weapon: Longsword and Steel Shields

Unholy Symbol: A wolf's skull, burning from inside; typically emblazoned on a shield

Amon is one of the most feared and respected knights of Hell. Embracing Law before Evil, Amon is guided by a deep, personal sense of honor and discipline, and expects the same from his followers. He commands three legions of fiends, each numbering at 1,200 bodies. Among these fiends are flying forces, ground troops, and infernal cavalry; all of his soldiers drill constantly, and they are among the best trained and most fearsome fighters in Hell's Army. He is strict, draconian even in his laws; but they are fair, and those that adhere to them will enjoy the closest thing to a good life one can expect in Hell. He does not unjustly punish or harm his soldiers, and is swift to bring his wrath upon those in his command that abuse their power.

It is Amon's belief that Devils are the supreme race in the universe, and it is their destiny to conquer all others. He does not hate other races and beings; rather, he pities them, for they must live their lives apart from the perfect, ordered rule of Hell. Corruption and abuse of power enrage Amon, and he has drawn the ire of fellow Knights and even Dukes for his constant meddling. Amon's rage is legendary, and he is quick to smite those who displease him, preferring to do battle and tear them apart in person.

Amon adores combat, and prefers to lead his army from the front. Amon is one of the largest beings in Hell, towering even above pit fiends and the Archdukes at nearly fifty feet tall. He is a wolf of tremendous size, though in place of the typical, furry tail, he has the tail of a snake; long, flexible, and strong enough to crush steel. His eyes are solid, glittering gold in color, and he is able to breathe a cone of roaring fire. Amon possesses one of the most potent breath weapons known, as its flames

TABLE: ARCHKNIGHTS

Name	Domains	Favored Weapon
Amon	War (Blood), Glory (Honor)	Longsword and Steel Shield
Neberius	Darkness (Loss), Luck (Fate)	Shortbow
Berith	Artifice, Magic (Arcane)	Unarmed Strike

burn with the hellish power of his ceaseless rage, and are capable of consuming even infernal flesh.

Amon's mortal followers are often knights themselves, devoting themselves to dark masters in his name. Clerics of Amon are skilled warriors and healers both, battling on the front line even as they protect and restore their allies as they fall. Amon welcomes any worshiper that serves honor above all else, and grants them great boons on the battlefield.

NEBERIUS THE FALSE

Neberius has certainly earned her title. She is conniving, scheming, and brutally cunning; every one of her servants is bound to her through infernal contract, even her fiendish followers owe her their souls.

Domains: Darkness (Loss), Luck (Fate)

Favored Weapon: Shortbow

Unholy Symbol: A raven in flight, with an eye in its beak

Neberius the False is a masterful spy, a queen of deception, and a cruel tormentor. She delights in dealing with mortals, and has a particular knack for turning even the most benign desires on their heads. While most Infernal contracts give the devil an advantage, Neberius loves to leave mortals thinking they got the best of her, only to snatch the rug out from under their feet.

Neberius is a personification of Loss, and this colors her unholy contracts. She most commonly appears to those who have suffered great loss; often of property, station, or honor, but her favorite victims are those who have lost loved ones. Her contracts restore that which was lost, only to snatch it away again, even more cruelly than before. In fact, more often than not, she caused the initial loss to begin with; transforming herself to ruin someone's reputation or even murdering a loved one.

Neberius appears as a raven the size of a bear, with three heads. Each head speaks at once, with a different voice; the cacophony produced is confusing and painful, serving to discombobulate her foes. She leads his armies from above, calling out orders as she flies overhead, chattering endlessly to sow chaos and confusion in the enemy's ranks.

Her servants are often unwilling, forced into service after going through one of her horrific deals. Willing servants are often also contracted to her; though they

have yet to taste the sting of her betrayal. Rest assured; nobody goes unharmed in her service for long.

BERITH, THE TRANSMUTER

Berith is one of the most cooperative and forthcoming fiends I've encountered. He was quite eager to contribute to my work, believing he'd finally be taken seriously as an expert on all things magical and alchemical. I must admit, he was far more knowledgeable than I on the subject of transmutation, but lord he droned on and on.

Domains: Artifice, Magic (Arcane)

Favored Weapon: Unarmed Strike

Unholy Symbol: Three burning eyes with slit pupils, arranged in a triangle

Berith is one of the most mysterious lords of Hell, a being of potent magical power that fancies itself a lord of Alchemy and magical transmutation. Its touch is able to transmute base metals to gold, flesh to stone, and far, far more. Of course, its touch can undo any transformations it has performed. Its contracts are often matters of wealth; though particularly desperate souls seek it out for healing and medicine. Berith knows the cures to every poison and disease, even those that cannot be cured, and will share this knowledge at a high price.

Berith's form resembles that of a centaur, though it possesses the body of an elephant rather than of a horse. In place of its head, a huge, human body rises, with four powerful arms and skin the purplish-green color of a fresh bruise. Berith is bald, save for his long, ash-grey beard, and he has three, burning red eyes arranged in a triangle.

Berith is also known as the "Wing-Taker," and has earned a dreadful reputation among the forces of Heaven. Known for charging past its own forces, Berith has engaged entire legions of angels in single combat, and delights in ripping their wings from their still-living bodies, collecting them for some perverse purpose. All told, Berith has killed over a thousand angels itself, with no outside assistance.

Servants of Berith are often alchemists or Transmuters, invoking his name for inspiration in their work. They delight in flesh-warping experiments, and are often obsessed with accumulating wealth.

Chapter 3

Tools of Hell

Kharala was... distressingly pleased to meet me. Fortunately, he had little interest in practicing his foul arts on me. Unfortunately, he was most eager to demonstrate his perversions, that I might provide his mortal followers with detailed descriptions and illustrations of the... pleasures that await them.

The tools that Kharala brought forth were numerous, and many I had never seen before. Needles, blades, and vices I recognized, but still other, stranger things were counted among them, things with cranks and levers and gears, with purposes I still shudder to imagine. Yet this experience was not without value to me; after Acharai, Kharala is the most well-versed fiend of Hell in the arts of Blood Magic, and he taught me many things I had not thought to try before... Perhaps this creature isn't as horrible as people say.

Perhaps I have lost my mind.

Zagan, the Bloodwitch

This section of the book details all of the various tools of Hell and its armies; magic, items, and weapons, as well as those feats that may be possessed by devils and their servants. Below are a number of new options for spellcasters and martial characters, as well as any character looking to add a touch of the fiendish to their backstory, without going full Tiefling.

SPECIAL MATERIALS

Black Iron: Black Iron is a very special material, unique to Hell. The countless eons of pain and suffering in Hell have suffused the air with a palpable sense of depression, anger, and suffering, and this psychic outrage seeps into the ground, where it taints stores of iron deep below the crust of Hell. Mined by damned slaves in Koridai, Black Iron is the favored material for the arms and armor of Hell, and it fetches a high price on the rare occasions that it is found on the material plane.

Black Iron is unnaturally dense, and so weapons and armor made from it have their weight increased by 25% (rounded up). Due to this increased density, Bludgeoning weapons made from Black Iron deal damage as though they were one size category larger, and armor made from it has its Armor Bonus increased by one; though the Armor Check Penalty also increases by one. In addition, Black Iron Armor increases its wearer's CMD by 1 if Light, 2 if Medium, and 3 if Heavy; this is a Circumstance bonus.

TABLE: MAGIC ITEMS

Name	Price
Omen of Vengeance	2,500
Eye of Sin	8,000
Mirror of the Black Gate	16,000
Forbidden Fruit of Belecór	--
Angelbone Aegis	--

Black Iron, when properly worked, can be sharpened to a frankly absurd degree, and once forged will never lose its edge. This precise sharpness is a boon against armored foes, as bladed weapons of Black Iron can leave armor in tatters. Whenever a Slashing or Piercing weapon made of Black Iron scores a successful critical hit, the target's worn armor (if any) gains the Broken condition. A second critical hit destroys the armor. This ability only functions if the attack roll was a natural 20.

Weapons made of Black Iron are treated as Adamantine for the purpose of overcoming hardness and DR.

Black Iron has Hardness 20 and 40 hp/inch of thickness.

Cost: +5,000 (Light Armor), +10,000 (Medium Armor), +15,000 (Heavy Armor), +5,000 (Weapon), Ammunition (+100/Missile).

MAGIC ITEMS

OMEN OF VENGEANCE

Price 2,500 gp; **Slot** neck; **Aura** moderate conjuration; **CL** 11th; **Weight** 1 lb.

This fine, iron chain has a strange pendant hanging from it; a chunk of adamantine, small enough to fit in the hand and carved into the likeness of a raven in flight. 3/ day, when its wearer is damaged by a melee or ranged attack or spell, he may activate the amulet as an immediate action, causing the pendant to animate and detach from the necklace. It grows rapidly, transforming into a Fiendish Raven, with the following changes: its Strength is 12, its bite deals 1d6 damage, and it has a +4 bonus to its Natural armor and 15 hit points. The raven acts on the initiative of the creature that damaged the wearer and acts before that creature; it attacks that creature immediately and exclusively until it is destroyed or the

creature is slain. The raven retains its metallic construction and has DR 10/-. When the raven is destroyed, the figurine reappears one the end of the chain.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 1,250 gp

Craft Wondrous Item, a piece of adamantine worth 100gp, *animate objects*

EYE OF SIN

Price 8,000 gp; **Slot** headband; **Aura** faint transmutation; **CL** 5th; **Weight** 0.5 lbs.

This polished, marble sphere has been intricately, lovingly carved into the lifelike likeness of a devil's eye. When a creature places it against their forehead and speaks the command word, the eye passes seamlessly through their flesh and slots itself into their forehead as a third eye, which closes with stone lids. By speaking another command word, the eye opens, granting the wearer the *See in Darkness* universal monster ability. In addition, as a Standard action, while the eye is open, the wearer may fire a beam of hellfire; treat this as a ranged touch attack with a range of 60 feet which deals 5d6 fire damage, half of which comes from unholy power and is not subject to resistance or immunity. The eye may be opened for 5 minutes per day; these minutes need not be consecutive but must be used in 1-minute increments.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 4,000 gp

Craft Wondrous Item, *darkness, scorching ray*

MIRROR OF THE BLACK GATE

Price 16,000 gp; **Slot** none; **Aura** strong illusion and necromancy; **CL** 18th; **Weight** 1 lb.

This silver hand mirror has a face of polished obsidian, behind which one can just barely make out the flickering of a darkling fire. As a standard action, the wielder can hold the mirror up towards a creature, attempting to make them glimpse their own reflection. The target must make a Reflex save (DC 23) to avoid meeting their own gaze. If they fail, they are struck with 2d4 negative levels as the mirror drains away a piece of their soul. 1d3 rounds later, the mirror shatters and a *Simulacrum* of the victim appears (the mirror is rendered useless by this). The simulacrum has a copy of every item the victim was

carrying and has all spells known/prepared that the victim does; however any item it carries vanishes 1 round after it leaves the simulacrum's person. Once the simulacrum appears, it attempts to destroy the original by any means necessary. It will ignore all other threats and targets, and will not obey orders given to it; it exists only to kill its original. Once the original has fallen, the simulacrum and all of its gear vanish in 2d6 rounds; until then it will obey the commands of the one who held the mirror.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 8,000 gp

Craft Wondrous Item, *simulacrum*, *energy drain*

FORBIDDEN FRUIT OF BELECOR

Slot none; **Aura** overwhelming enchantment and evocation; **CL** 20th; **Weight** 1 lb.

These fruits resemble peaches, though they are much larger, the size of a grapefruit. Their skin is a deep, crimson red with regal, purple swirls. The flesh of these fruits is blood-red and sickeningly sweet, with a sharp bite like red wine. The fruit never rots or withers; once ripened it remains fresh and edible forever more.

Eating this forbidden fruit has a number of potent effects, which make it an incredibly valuable commodity. Up to three creatures may share a single fruit and benefit from its effects. A creature that eats at least a third of a fruit permanently gains the ability to cast a single 1st level spell from the Sorcerer/Wizard spell list, chosen by the player and the GM together, 3/day as a spell-like ability, and a 2nd level spell, chosen the same way, 1/day as a spell-like ability. In addition to these effects, the creature permanently gains 1 additional hit point and skill point per hit die, and a +1 bonus to their natural armor class.

While the effects of the fruit are powerful, the true power lies in its pit. A creature that presses the pit against their chest will see it meld into their flesh, passing through skin and bone with ease. Within moments, it will consume and replace their heart, replacing their blood with thick, viscous juice. The creature becomes immune to disease, poison, and bleed effects and gains DR 1/- as their thick blood blunts assaults (unlike normal instances of DR, this stacks with any DR they may possess). In addition, this altered blood is a boon to blood mages; any spell the creature casts with the [Blood] descriptor is cast as though their caster level was two higher.

DESTRUCTION

The fruit can be destroyed normally, but the pit must be eaten by a good-aligned outsider to be destroyed

ANGELBONE AEGIS

Slot shield; **Aura** overwhelming abjuration and necromancy; **CL** 24th; **Weight** 7 lbs.

Caiaphas, Kuppai, Ha-Koph. These names forever live in infamy among the hosts of Heaven; for they belong to the greatest traitors the celestial host has ever known. The three angels were smiths, masters of the forge, whose weapons were forged of the very light of the sun itself, whose armor was a bulwark against which no darkness could stand. Yet for all their prestige and skill, for all their honor and purity, seeds of contempt were sown in their hearts. They thought themselves the greatest smiths in all of creation, greater than any mortal, greater than any god; and they desired nothing more than to prove it. Each set out to forge their masterpiece, items which would elevate them to divinity, items which would forever prove their worth to the universe. There would be three in total: a sword that blazed with light so pure, no demonic flesh could withstand its touch; a shield which could withstand the deepest fires of hell, which could turn aside even Ashmedai's unholy magic; armor mighty enough to shatter even the foulest of daemonic claws.

But something went wrong. As the three strived to create their works, they found that no materials could suit them, nothing proved worthy to forge the weapons that would make them legends for eons to come. Then Caiaphas made a terrible discovery. He found the perfect material for his shield, a material which no fiend could pierce, which could turn aside the mightiest of spells. The shield which was to be a bastion of hope and light, an aegis for all creatures of righteousness was no more, its vision twisted in his mind as he turned to the very creatures he stood against, so blinded by his hubris that he thought nothing of what he did as he enlisted devils to capture his angelic kin. From their shattered bones and the ancient core of Hell itself, the mightiest shield in creation was forged, cooled in the flesh pits of Kharala: the Angelbone Aegis.

This shield is comprised of the bleached, white bones of angels, held together and framed with adamantite

and reinforced with mithral banding. Its form is simple, but designed to evoke terror as well as awe with its sharp, angular surface, the three spikes in its front, and the jagged, saw-like edges around it. This unholy relic functions as a +5 *good outsider defiant spiked adamantine heavy shield of heavy fortification*. In addition, its wielder is constantly under the effects of *lesser globe of invulnerability*, rendering them immune to spells of 3rd level or lower, and *magic circle against good*, both with a radius of 20 feet. Finally, as a Standard action, the wielder of the shield can brace themselves against an incoming spell. The next time a hostile spell is cast on the wielder before his next turn, the spell is reflected onto the caster, as though the wielder were under the effect of *spell turning*. This has no effect on spells that do not target individual creatures. If more than one creature is targeted and the spell is reflected, only the caster is affected. The shield can reflect spells in this manner 3/day.

DESTRUCTION

There is only one way to destroy this unholy relic: it and its brothers, collectively known as *The Bane of Heaven*, must be gathered together at the highest peak of Heaven. There, an angel must don the armor, the shield, and the sword, and plunge the weapon into the heart of another angel; both of which must have at least 20 hit die. This will shatter the three relics, and kill both angels. The sword, *Archon's Bane*, is in the possession of a mighty demon of the abyss. The armor, *The Armor of the Void*, has been lost for eons, last seen on the Plane of Negative Energy.

FEATS

RUNIC SCARS

Whether by your own hand or that of a cruel master, Blood Magic has left its mark on your flesh.

As a Swift action, you may deal 5 points of piercing or slashing damage to yourself to gain Spell Resistance equal to 11 + your Hit Die for a number of rounds equal to your Constitution modifier. You may lower this Spell Resistance for one round as an Immediate action. You may use this ability 1/day, plus 1/day for every 3 hit die you possess.

RED NECTAR

Wine of the vein, sweeter on your tongue than the purest honey.

Prerequisite: Must have drunk the blood of a sentient creature.

Whenever you drink the blood of a sentient creature, you gain a number of temporary hit points equal to the creature's Hit Die. These hit points last for 1 hour/Hit Die you possess, or until lost, and do not stack. In order to benefit from this ability, the blood drunk must come from feeding on another creature by using the Blood Drain ability, or by drinking at least half a cup of blood (enough to fill a small vial) as a standard action.

FIENDISH LEGACY

The fire of the pit runs through your veins. Though its influence is faint, it will grow with your power. Beware, lest it consume you utterly.

Special: This feat may only be selected at 1st level.

Your unholy blood calls out to the least of devilkind, who are eager to serve you, hoping to curry favor should you rise to power. At first, these minor fiends approach you only in animal form, serving as spies and messengers. Once per day, you may mentally call out to one of these creatures as a full-round action. 1d4 rounds later, a Rat, Bat, or black Cat will arrive to serve you; this creature is treated as a normal member of its species, except it has an intelligence of 12, a weak Lawful Evil aura, and can speak Infernal and one language you know. When the creature appears, you may command it to deliver a message for you, as the spell *Animal Messenger*, or to spy on an area within one mile. The animal will go to where it is commanded and return after one hour, reporting all that it has seen.

At 7th level, a more powerful fiend arrives, pledging itself to your service. You gain Improved Familiar as a bonus feat, even if you do not meet the prerequisites. You must select an Imp as your familiar. This familiar functions as though you were a wizard of a level equal to your Hit Die. In addition, the imp receives a number of bonus hit points equal to your Charisma score. If you have an existing familiar, the Imp replaces it.



TONGUE OF VICE

Your unholy forbears are adept liars, and their skills of deceit are manifest in you. You weave lies with the mastery of an ancient fiend, your honeyed tongue twisting men's hearts around your fingers.

Prerequisite: Fiendish Legacy

You receive a +2 bonus on Diplomacy and Bluff checks to improve a creature's attitude, tell a lie, or convince a creature of a course of action. In addition, whenever you cast a spell of the Charm or Compulsion school on one or more creatures, any targets that fail their save are completely unaware that a spell was cast.



SINFUL FLESH

Your skin, impossibly soft. Your eyes, blindingly bright. Your lips, warm as sunlight. No creature can resist your charms; with but a sensuous caress, you light a fire in the stoutest hearts.

Prerequisite: Fiendish Legacy

Whenever you touch a creature while casting a spell of the Charm or Compulsion school on them, you receive a +2 bonus on the save DC of that spell. The touch must be received willingly, not delivered as part of an attack (a kiss, a hug, a stroke of the cheek, etc.).

TORTURER'S ECSTASY

Pain. It is the lifeblood of Hell, the exquisite art of devils, the nectar upon which your infernal kin sup. The screams of your foes are like a chorus of angels to your hellish ears, and you are invigorated by the varied melodies.

Prerequisite: Fiendish Legacy

You do not receive a penalty when dealing nonlethal damage with a lethal weapon. In addition, whenever you reduce a creature to zero or fewer hit points, or cause a creature to fall unconscious by dealing nonlethal damage, you gain temporary hit points equal to that creature's Hit Die. These hit points last for one minute or until lost, whichever comes first.

FIREBRAND

Hell's own fire beats in your chest, flows through your veins, and engulfs your soul. Fire is your nature, it is your father and your mother; and woe to those who gain your ire, for fire will turn against them with furious anger.

Prerequisite: Fiendish Legacy

You gain Fire Resistance equal to your Hit Die. At level 15, this becomes immunity to Fire. In addition, whenever you cast a spell with the Fire descriptor, an amount of damage equal to your caster level comes from unholy power and is not subject to resistance or immunity. Finally, whenever you are reduced to 0 or fewer hit points, a wave of hellfire bursts from your body, incinerating those around you. All enemies within 30 feet take 1d4 Fire damage per level (reflex save halves, Con-Based). Half of this damage comes from unholy power and is not subject to resistance or immunity.

ARBITER OF SIN

To uphold the law is your nature; at least when it furthers your ends. You have a head for legal shenanigans and are a master at abusing loopholes while punishing others for doing the same. Your will and intellect stamp out chaos wherever it breeds, paving the way for more laws that you may use for your own means.

Prerequisite: Fiendish Legacy

You receive a +2 bonus to saving throws and armor class against spells and spell-like abilities with the Chaotic descriptor, as well as those cast by creatures with the Chaotic subtype and all melee and ranged attacks from creatures with the Chaotic subtype. You receive a +2 bonus on Diplomacy checks made against creatures of Lawful alignment, as well as another +2 on such checks made against creatures whose professions revolve around enforcement or arbitration of the law (judges, guards, etc.). At 5th level, you gain the ability to cast *Order's Wrath* once per day as a spell-like ability. At 12th level, you gain the ability to cast *Dictum* once per day. Your caster level for these abilities is equal to your Hit Die (Save DC is Charisma based).

DIABOLIST'S BOND

You are a learned scholar of Hell, a master at summoning and commanding its infernal creatures. Such is your skill that you have developed a connection to the fiends that empowers you when they answer your call.

Prerequisite: Lawful Evil Alignment, Spell Focus (Conjuration), Ability to cast *Summon Monster*

As long as you have at least one creature with the Devil subtype under your control from the spell *Summon Monster*, you receive a +2 bonus to your Charisma and Constitution, as well as a +1 profane bonus to your armor class.

TOUCH OF PROFANITY

Through profane ablutions, you have received a foul gift from the barons of Hell: a touch which swallows a victim's inner light, leaving only putrid darkness.

Prerequisite: Evil Alignment.

You gain a melee touch attack, useable at will. When you use your touch attack against a creature of Good alignment, that creature loses hit points equal to your

Hit Die, and you regain lost hit points equal to that amount (up to your maximum hit points). In addition, the victim must make a Fortitude save (DC 10 + $\frac{1}{2}$ your level + your Charisma modifier) or be sickened for 1 round. If you use this ability on an outsider with the Good subtype, the amount of damage dealt is doubled, though you still only heal a number of hit points equal to your hit die; in addition, the creature is nauseated for one round on a failed save.

SPELLS

AURA OF PAIN

School evocation [pain]; **Level** Antipaladin 2, Bloodrager 2, Cleric 3, Sorcerer/Wizard 3

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range personal

Targets self

Duration 1 minute/level

Saving Throw none; **Spell Resistance** yes

This spell causes the caster to emanate an aura that wracks nearby creatures with incredible pain, reducing their ability to fight and making prolonged encounters extremely dangerous. Enemies that begin their turn within 30 feet of the caster must make a Fortitude save or be sickened until the beginning of their next turn. In addition, any creature that fails its Fortitude save takes 1d4 points of Nonlethal damage; this damage ignores DR. Once a creature makes a successful save against this spell, they receive a noncumulative +2 bonus on future saving throws against that casting of this spell.

LIDLESS EYE

School conjuration [evil, lawful]; **Level** , Cleric 2, Sorcerer/Wizard 2, Summoner 2

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M (a preserved humanoid eyeball)

Range close (25 feet + 5 feet/2 levels)

Targets 1 five foot square, plus 1 five foot square/4 levels beyond 3rd

Duration 1 round/level

NEW DESCRIPTOR: [BLOOD]

The [Blood] descriptor refers to spells which create, affect, or use blood in some way. While these spells vary in their effects, they do share one thing in common: Blood magic is unsettling to behold, and even more so to be affected by. Enemies of the caster which are affected by a spell with the [Blood] descriptor are shaken for the spell's duration on a failed saving throw (If a spell requires more than one saving throw, targets are shaken if either save is failed). If the spell does not allow a saving throw, the creature must make a Will saving throw to avoid the Shaken condition. If the spell has a duration of Instantaneous, the creature is shaken for 1d4 rounds. Evil Outsiders are not subjected to this effect.

When casting a spell with the [Blood] descriptor, a spellcaster must deal 1 point of slashing or piercing damage to herself with a manufactured or natural weapon; this is part of the spell's somatic component (Spells that require this sacrifice cannot be cast with the Still Spell Metamagic feat). Some spells require more sacrifice or none; this is noted in their descriptions.

Not all creatures are capable of using blood magic; only creatures that actually have blood can utilize this form of spellcasting. In other words, creatures that are immune to bleed effects cannot use spells with the [Blood] descriptor; this includes undead, constructs, elementals, oozes, and so forth. There is one notable exception, however: such creatures that are either made of blood or need blood to survive, such as blood golems and vampires, can use these spells normally.

Finally, the following spells from Paizo products have the [Blood] descriptor: *Adhesive Blood*, *Blood Armor*, *Blood Biography*, *Blood Blaze*, *Blood Boil*, *Blood Crow Strike*, *Blood in the Water*, *Blood Money*, *Blood of the Martyr*, *Blood Rage*, *Blood Scent*, *Blood Sentinel*, *Blood Transcription*, *Bloodsworn Retribution*, *Bloody Arrows*, *Bloody Claws*, *Boiling Blood*, *Caustic Blood*, *Half-Blood Extraction*, *Touch of Bloodletting*, and *Transmute Blood to Acid*.

Saving Throw none; Spell Resistance yes

This unholy spell creates a small, stable, one-way portal to Hell in the form of a beast-like eye composed of pure Hellfire, which launches bolts of infernal flame at your foes. When you cast this spell, the eye appears in a square you designate within 60 feet. Each round on your turn, the eye will automatically make a ranged touch attack against the nearest enemy creature within range, its attack bonus is equal to your Caster Level plus your spellcasting modifier (Int for Arcanists and Wizards, Wis for Clerics, Cha for Oracles, Sorcerers, and Summoners). This attack deals 2d6 + your caster level (Maximum +5) fire damage and has a range of 120 feet. Half of the damage from this attack comes from unholy power and is not subject to resistance or immunity; this damage still counts as Fire for the purpose of weakness. The eye gazes unerringly upon your foes, and cannot be fooled by invisibility or concealment; the eye can target foes regardless of concealment, though cover will stop its attacks as normal (The eye will not attempt to target a foe that has total cover). You may conjure one additional eye for every four caster levels beyond 3rd (two at 7th, three at 11th, four at 15th, and five at 19th).

GREATER LIDLESS EYE

School conjuration [evil, lawful]; **Level** Cleric 5, Sorcerer/Wizard 5, Summoner 5

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M (a preserved humanoid eyeball)

Range close (25 feet + 5 feet/2 levels)

Targets 1 five foot square, plus 1 five foot square/4 levels beyond 3rd

Duration 1 round/level

Saving Throw none; **Spell Resistance** yes

This spell functions as Lidless Eye, with the following differences. The damage is increased to 4d8 + Caster level (Maximum +10). When the eye's attack strikes a creature, the bolt of hellfire detonates, dealing damage to all creatures within 10 feet of the target (Reflex save halves). Alternately, this spell can be used to summon a spectral, purple eye into the ethereal plane. This version of the spell does not detonate, but performs an incorporeal touch attack, allowing it to ignore cover and strike incorporeal targets normally. If the spectral eye targets a

corporeal creature, it deals half damage. This spell summons one additional eye for every three levels beyond 8th (two at 11th, three at 14th, four at 17th, and five at 20th).

BLACK TWIN

School illusion [shadow]; **Level** Antipaladin 2, Bloodrager 2, Cleric 3, Sorcerer/Wizard 3

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range personal

Targets self

Duration 1 round/level or until discharged

Saving Throw none; **Spell Resistance** yes

This spell wraps the caster in a sheath of darkness, creating a shadowy, partially real doppelganger of shadow that overlaps him and mirrors him with a brief delay. For the duration of the spell, whenever the caster performs a non-spell melee or ranged attack, the twin performs the same attack against the same target, using the same attack roll with a -3 penalty. If the shadow's attack is successful, it deals half damage. The twin's attack deals all the same damage types as the initial attack, but does not carry any other special effects (such as dazing if the initial attack dazed), however if the initial attack had any additional effects that require a saving throw, the DC of that saving throw is increased by 2 if the shadow's attack is successful. This spell does not function in sunlight or complete darkness.

BLESSING OF PAIN

School abjuration [blood]; **Level** Antipaladin 1, Cleric 1

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range personal

Targets self

Duration 1 round/level or until discharged

Saving Throw none; **Spell Resistance** yes

This spell marks the caster with the symbol of their unholy faith, granting them a boon as their blood is spilled. The spell begins with a single charge, and every ten points of hit point damage dealt to the caster accumulates one charge, causing the mark to burn brighter,

to a maximum of one charge per caster level. Whenever a creature successfully strikes the caster with a melee attack, that creature takes two points of damage for each charge accumulated before that attack. As a Swift action, the caster may discharge the spell, causing it to explode with energy; all other creatures within 10 feet of the caster take three points of damage for each charge accumulated.

CLAWS OF ACHARAI

School transmutation [blood, evil]; **Level** Antipaladin 1, Cleric 1, Sorcerer/Wizard 1, Summoner 1

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range personal

Targets self

Duration 2 hours/level (maximum 24 hours)

Saving Throw none (harmless); **Spell Resistance** yes

This spell is a favorite of blood mages, as it allows them to forgo ritual daggers, keeping their hands free for other tasks. When this spell is cast, blood oozes from beneath the caster's fingernails, wrapping around their fingertips and forming magically-enhanced claws. This spell grants the caster two claw attacks as primary natural attacks that deal damage appropriate to his size. In addition, the claws count as Magic and Evil for the purpose of overcoming DR. As a standard action, the caster can rake his own flesh with the claws, dealing up to 1 point of damage to himself per caster level to grant the claws a +1 enhancement bonus for every 4 hit points sacrificed in this way. This enhancement bonus lasts for a number of rounds equal to the highest of the caster's Int, Wis, or Cha modifiers.

CURSED LIFE

School necromancy; **Level** Cleric 3, Sorcerer/Wizard 3, Summoner 3

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M (a dried humanoid finger)

Range personal

Targets self

Duration 1 hour/level or until discharged

Saving Throw none (harmless); **Spell Resistance** yes

This spell conjures a sheath of Negative energy to shield the caster against harm, functioning as a potent bulwark, which detonates when shattered. The caster receives 1d6 + Caster level (Maximum +8) Temporary Hit Points, which last for one hour per level, or until lost. When the last temporary hit point is lost to damage (But not when it fades due to time), the spell detonates, dealing 1d6 Damage per two caster levels (Maximum 10d6) to all living creatures within 60 feet (Reflex save halves). Undead creatures in the area are healed for the same amount.

FLYSTRIKE

School conjuration (summoning) [evil]; **Level** Cleric 4, Sorcerer/Wizard 4, Summoner 4

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range touch

Targets creature touched

Duration special (see text)

Saving Throw Fortitude partial; (see text) **Spell Resistance** yes

This unholy spell infests its victim with a gigantic, ravenous maggot in their abdomen, which begins consuming their flesh as it burrows to the surface, before bursting free in a gruesome display. Each round, the victim must make a Fortitude save or take one point of Con damage as the maggot begins devouring their internal organs and burrowing towards freedom. The creature starts the size of a human thumb, but grows rapidly as it makes its way out: after 2d3 rounds, the maggot bursts out of the victim's body, now transformed into a monstrous fly. Treat this creature as a Giant Fly (Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 2) with the Fiendish template, and a number of additional hit dice equal to the amount of Con damage taken by the target over the course of the spell. Each time the Fly bites a creature, it casts this spell on that creature as a free action as a spell-like ability with a caster level equal to its hit dice. The fly is treated as a summoned creature, but remains until slain; the caster has no control over the vermin, but it will focus its efforts on killing its host until they are slain or another creature attacks it.

RAIN OF BLOOD

School evocation [blood]; **Level** Cleric 2, Druid 2, Ranger 2

Casting Time one round

Components V, S

Range 300 foot radius, centered on caster

Targets everything within range

Duration 1 round/level

Saving Throw none; **Spell Resistance** no

This spell is a mainstay in the arsenals of holy martyrs, infernal summoners, and even some druidic circles with a flair for the dramatic. This spell darkens the sky overhead, causing a storm of blood to rain down over the area. Each round that the spell persists, creatures that are hostile to the caster take 1 point of damage for every two caster levels the caster possesses, while creatures that are not hostile to the caster are healed by the same amount (this cannot raise a creature above its maximum hit points). The spell's area is a 300-foot cylinder, one mile high. The spell must have line of effect from the top of the spell to affect a creature (a roof, a tent, or even an umbrella would protect a creature from its effects).

SANGUINE CANNON

School evocation [blood]; **Level** Antipaladin 1, Bloodrager 1, Sorcerer/Wizard 2, Summoner 2

Casting Time 1 full-round action

Components V, S, M (a thimbleful of blood)

Range 60 feet

Targets one creature within range

Duration instantaneous

Saving Throw Fortitude partial (see below); **Spell Resistance** no

With a dark incantation, the caster imbibes a small amount of blood, then regurgitates a stream of boiling blood at high pressure, vomiting it at a single, unfortunate victim. The caster must make a ranged touch attack to hit. If successful, the target takes 1d6 damage/two levels, and half as much Fire damage (Round down). In addition, the target must make a Fortitude save or be sickened for 1 round and knocked prone.

GREATER SANGUINE CANNON

School evocation [blood]; **Level** Antipaladin 3, Bloodrager 3, Sorcerer/Wizard 5, Summoner 5

Casting Time 1 full-round action

Components V, S, M (a thimbleful of blood)

Range 60 foot line

Targets all creatures in range

Duration instantaneous

Saving Throw Reflex and Fortitude partial (see below); **Spell Resistance** no

This much more powerful version of the Sanguine Cannon spell causes the caster to vomit forth a veritable storm of blood, a monstrous wave that bowls over everything in its path. All creatures within the 60 foot line take 1d8 damage per level, plus half as much Fire damage (Rounded down, Reflex save halves the total damage). In addition, all creatures damaged by the effect must make a Fortitude save or be nauseated for 2 rounds. Creatures that succeed on the Fortitude save are instead sickened for 2 rounds. A creature that succeeds on its reflex save receives a +1 bonus to its Fortitude save. Finally, any creature that fails its Fortitude save is knocked prone.

SANGUINE GATEWAY

School conjuration [blood]; **Level** Antipaladin 2, Bloodrager 2, Cleric 2, Sorcerer/Wizard 4, Summoner 4

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range personal

Target self

Duration 1 round/level

Saving Throw none (harmless); **Spell Resistance** no

With this spell, the caster uses their own blood to empower their conjurations, strengthening the bond between themselves and their summoned creatures. In order to cast this spell, the caster must be holding a manufactured weapon that deals slashing or piercing damage, or have a natural weapon that deals slashing or piercing damage. As this spell is cast, the caster uses their weapon to deal up to one point of damage to

themselves per hit die possessed by the caster. For the duration of the spell, any creatures summoned by the caster remain for one additional round for every two hit points sacrificed in this way. In addition, summoned creatures gain a +1 profane bonus to an ability score of the caster's choice for every 4 hit points sacrificed in this way (the caster chooses which ability score to grant this bonus to when summoning the creature, and all creatures summoned by a single spell must receive the same bonus). Also, summoned creatures gain +1 hit point per hit die for every 6 hit points sacrificed by the caster. Finally, when the caster sacrifices at least 10 hit points in this way, he may designate a single creature summoned during the duration to be the subject of a *Shield Other* spell, reducing the damage taken by the caster by half, and dealing the reduced damage to the creature.



SANGUINE BLAST

School evocation [blood]; **Level** Bloodrager 2, Cleric 3, Sorcerer/Wizard 3, Summoner 3

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range long (400 + 40 ft./level)

Area 20 ft.-radius spread

Duration instantaneous

Saving Throw Reflex and Fortitude partial (see below); **Spell Resistance** no

With this spell, the caster slashes her palm, dealing 3 points of slashing or piercing damage to herself, then thrusts it forward, launching a bolt of corrosive, boiling blood at a target location in range. This spell deals 2 Acid damage/level (Max 30 at level 15) and half as much Fire damage (Round down) to all creatures in the area of effect (Reflex save halves). In addition, affected creatures must make a Fortitude save or be sickened for 1 round.

BLOOD SPRAY

School evocation [blood]; **Level** Bloodrager 1, Cleric 1, Sorcerer/Wizard 1, Summoner 1

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range 15 feet

Area 15 foot cone

Duration instantaneous

Saving Throw Fortitude partial (See Below); **Spell Resistance** no

This spell releases a gory spray from the caster's palm, covering foes in their own ichor. Affected creatures must make a Fortitude save or be sickened and blinded for 1d6 rounds. If an effected creature is already sickened, they are instead nauseated for the duration. If an effected creature is already nauseated, they are instead knocked unconscious for the duration.

HEART-RENDING LEGION

School conjuration [blood, lawful, evil]; **Level** Cleric 9, Sorcerer/Wizard 9

Casting Time 1 full-round action

Components V, S

Range 60 feet

Area 60 foot burst centered on you

Duration instantaneous

Saving Throw Fortitude negates; **Spell Resistance** no

This unholy spell is the Blood Mage's most powerful weapon, tearing their foes very hearts asunder and using the ensuing life-force to call upon powerful allies from the depths of Hell. All living enemies in range must make a Fortitude save or take 20d8 points of damage as their hearts (or equivalent organ) rupture in their chests. Each creature with at least 12 HD slain by this effect explodes in a gory burst as a Sangroma erupts from the corpse, Called from the darkest levels of Hell. The Sangroma serve the caster loyally, remaining for 1 round, plus one round for each creature slain by this effect before vanishing back to Hell.

RUDDY FEAST

School enchantment [blood, compulsion]; **Level** Cleric 3, Sorcerer/Wizard 3

Casting Time 1 minute

Components V, S, M (ingredients for a fine meal, worth at least 50 gp)

Range personal

Duration 1 hour, then 1 day/level

Saving Throw Fortitude negates; **Spell Resistance** no

This spell allows a caster to ensorcell a meal with a few drops of their own blood, enslaving the wills of those that eat it. In order to cast this spell, the caster must prepare a fine meal, whose ingredients cost no less than 50 gp; during the course of preparation, the caster recites the incantation and pricks his finger, adding their blood to the meal. The meal must be eaten, to completion, within one hour or the magic is lost. Once a living creature consumes the entire course, they must make a Fortitude save or be enthralled by the caster, as *Dominate Person*, for one day per level. If alcohol is consumed with the meal, the subject receives a -2 penalty on their save, as their body has more trouble processing two poisons at once. A caster may only have one being enthralled by this spell at a time (A caster may still use *Dominate Person* to enthrall others as normal, but only one person can be effected by a particular caster's *Ruddy Feast* at a time); if he enthralles another, the first spell immediately ends.

BLOODWINE

School conjuration [blood, creation]; **Level** Cleric 0, Sorcerer/Wizard 0

Casting Time 1 minute

Components V, S, F (a specially prepared goblet, see below)

Range personal

Target a held goblet

Duration instantaneous

Saving Throw none (harmless); **Spell Resistance** no

With this spell, the caster cuts his palm and spills a few drops of blood into a prepared goblet. Miraculously, the vessel then fills to its brim with blood, fresh, steaming, and ready for drinking. For most, this spell isn't particularly useful, but it can serve a purpose in rituals and the like: for all intents and purposes, this Bloodwine counts as freshly spilled Human blood. It can be used in rituals that require it, vampires can gain sustenance from it, etc. In order to use this spell, the caster must first prepare a goblet; it can be made of silver, gold, or cold iron, but must cost no less than 100 gp, as it must be carefully crafted with ornate runic symbols and studded with small, precious gems in precise patterns. The goblet must then be submerged fully in a pool of freshly spilled human blood for no less than 7 hours. Due to the difficulty in procuring such a goblet and the dubious necessity of such a spell, most casters will find this spell useless; however, a ready supply of fresh blood is quite useful for mad cultists, as well as for those undead that require blood to survive.

FOUL SIPHON

School evocation [blood]; **Level** Cleric 6, Sorcerer/Wizard 6

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range close (25 feet + 5/two caster levels)

Target one living creature

Duration instantaneous, then until dispelled or discharged (see below)

Saving Throw Fortitude negates; **Spell Resistance** yes

Unlike most blood magic, this spell does not require the caster to damage herself when she uses it. Instead, she intones a foul invocation and rips the blood from her target, siphoning it across the air and absorbing it to heal her wounds. If the target fails its saving throw, it takes 1d8 damage/level (maximum 20d8) as blood is ripped out of its body, being forcefully vomited from their mouth in a great gout that surges forth to coat the caster. The caster then begins to absorb the blood soaking their flesh, using the vital force to heal their own wounds: she immediately heals 2d8 hit points and then gains Fast Healing 5. At the beginning of her turn, each round, she heals 5 hit points as normal for Fast Healing; once this spell heals the caster an amount of hit points equal to the damage dealt to the target, it ends as the last of the blood is drawn in.

BLOOD PUPPET

School enchantment [blood]; **Level** Cleric 7, Sorcerer/Wizard 7

Casting Time 1 round

Components V, S

Range close (25 feet + 5/two caster levels)

Target one living creature

Duration 1 round/level

Saving Throw Fortitude negates; **Spell Resistance** yes

With this spell, the caster impales herself through the palm, dealing 5 damage to herself. This unholy invocation wrests control of a victim's body, temporarily granting the caster control of their unfortunate opponent. This functions as the spell *Dominare Monster*, except as noted above. This spell has no effect against creatures immune to bleed damage, with the exception of creatures comprised of blood or those that require blood to live, such as vampires. The creature does not receive an additional save if they are commanded to perform an action that is vehemently against their nature, though you still cannot command them to take their own life.

GELUGON'S GRIP

School transmutation [blood]; **Level** Cleric 8, Sorcerer/Wizard 8

Casting Time 1 round



Components V, S

Range 60 feet

Target one living creature/Level

Duration concentration (max 1 round/level)

Saving Throw Fortitude negates; **Spell Resistance** yes

This horrifying spell freezes your foes' hearts in their chests, dealing tremendous internal damage and possibly killing them outright. On a failed Fortitude save, a

target receives 10 points of Cold damage/level and is exhausted for 6d6 rounds. A creature that makes its initial save still takes Cold damage equal to your Caster Level + 2d6, and is exhausted for 2d6 rounds. A creature that fails its saving throw must make another saving throw on each round that you concentrate or its heart freezes completely in its chest, killing it outright. This spell has no effect on creatures that have no hearts or are immune to critical hits. Creatures that are immune to Cold damage are immune to the effects of this spell.



Chapter 4

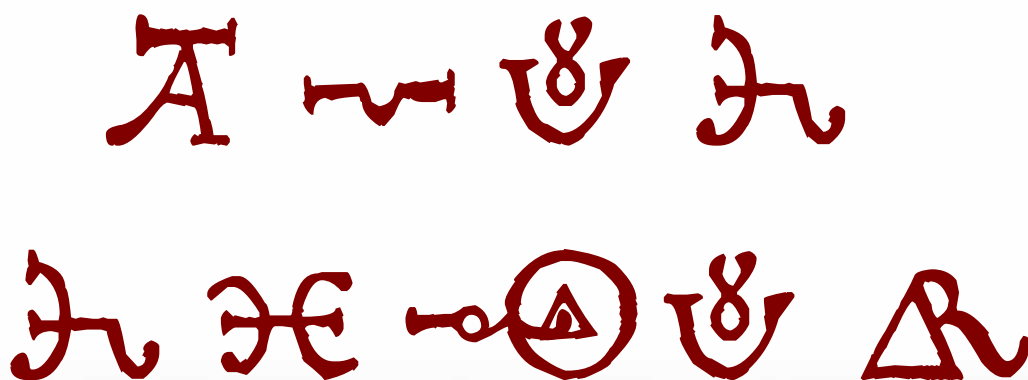
Classes of Hell

My journey through the Pit confirmed the stories; the legions of Hell were not a horde, but an army, disciplined and strong. Its soldiers are well-trained, each a master of its own art of war. I have seen masters of every weapon, of every magical school, of strange, esoteric techniques I never conceived before. The devils are endlessly creative in the development of new ways to slaughter those that oppose them, and though they are loathe to share these techniques with outsiders, I was able to glean a few secrets.

The military techniques of Hell have leaked into the mortal world in the unlikeliest of places as the knowledge trickles down from the highest chains of command. A devil teaches a mortal servant, and in time they teach their allies and minions, and so on, until the knowledge has spread with no recollection of its origin. But I do not believe one can be totally ignorant: the powers granted by these disciplines are fiendish and dark; surely no fool could fall into these practices without at least some inkling of what they were doing? Certainly I knew what I was getting into; how could anyone not?

-Zagan, the Bloodwitch

Presented below are several archetypes for the various classes in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game*, as well as a new sorcerer bloodline and a prestige class, the blood knight. These archetypes offer new, infernal options of power for the classes in question, allowing them to draw upon the magic and tactics of Hell to provide abilities far beyond what others of their kind will come to know.



CONTRACTOR (WIZARD ARCHETYPE)

The Contractor is a wizard who has mastered the original form of Blood Magic, created by Devils eons ago: the art of the Infernal Contract. Like the Devils themselves, the Contractor is able to create contracts that mystically bind the souls and intertwine the fates of the signatories, bonding them to his service. His early work is simple, as he makes contracts with the lesser fiends of Hell; but in time he learns to bind ever-greater fiends, and even other mortals with his unholy contracts.

Summoner's Contract (Su): At 1st level, the Contractor forms an esoteric contract with the very essence of Hell itself; in a sense, he binds himself to Hell, forming a powerful connection to the infernal realm. Whenever he casts a spell that summons one or more Devils, he receives temporary Hit Points equal to the total Hit Dice of all Devils summoned by that ability. These Temporary Hit Points last for 10 minutes or until lost. In addition, any creature he summons that has the Devil subtype, or any Fiendish animal he summons, remains for one minute per level, rather than one round per level. Finally, once per day, he may use a Summon Monster spell to summon a Devil or a Fiendish animal as a Standard action; he may only summon a single creature with this ability. This replaces Arcane School.

Familiar Pact (Su): At 1st level, the Contractor binds one of the least of Devilkind, an Imp, to himself as his familiar. At first, the devil is forced into a weaker, animal form to facilitate the bond, but in time, it will grow into its full power, augmented further by the magic that binds it. At 1st level, the Contractor selects a Familiar, as a Wizard (He cannot have a Bonded Object). This functions like a normal familiar, except it has the Fiendish template as well. This initial Familiar must be a Rat, Raven, Snake, Scorpion, or Cat. At 7th level, the familiar comes into its full power; the Contractor gains Improved Familiar as a bonus feat, and must immediately select an Imp to replace his Fiendish animal familiar. The Contractor's Imp familiar functions as normal, with the following exceptions: its maximum Hit Points are equal to its master's, and the Contractor benefits from a constant *shield other* effect, meaning half of the damage dealt to the Contractor is prevented and dealt to the Familiar

instead. In addition, at 7th level, the Imp gains some limited access to its master's Spellcasting ability. Each day, when the Contractor prepares his spells, his familiar may prepare a single spell that his Master has in his spellbook and is able to cast. Once that day, the Familiar can cast that spell as if he was a wizard with a CL equal to his master's. At 12th and 17th level, the Familiar can prepare an additional spell this way. This replaces Arcane Bond.

Mortal Binding (Su): At 5th level, the Contractor gains the ability to create infernal contracts that can bind mortal beings to his will, in exchange for goods or services. Creating an infernal contract costs 500 gp per Hit Die of the creature to be bound, plus 24 hours of meditation, incantations, and penning the intense legal language of Hell. Once the contract is complete, the Contractor must infuse it with a bit of his own vital essence, spilling his blood on the page. This act causes one point of Constitution damage to the Contractor, which cannot be healed while the Contract is in place; thus a Contractor can only have so many mortals bound at once. Once a contract is complete and infused with blood, it is ready to be presented to the chosen mortal. Once that mortal signs his or her name in their own blood, they are forever bound by the contract.

A contract can offer anything it is within the Contractor's power to grant, in exchange for anything it is within the signatory's power to grant. Most commonly, the signatory is bound to serve the Contractor as a loyal, unquestioning slave for a specified amount of time, or possibly until death. Once a creature signs an infernal contract, he and the Contractor are bound by it, and must adhere to its tenants at all times. Unlike the more potent contracts penned by Devils, there is no magical compulsion to obey; but should either party break the contract, 2d4 Accuser Devils will arrive within 3 rounds to slaughter the offending party. If these accuser devils are repelled, 3d6 will arrive sometime within the next seven years to exact revenge and drag the offender to Hell (when exactly they arrive is arbitrary; they wait until the target least expects them).

While a Contractor has a creature bound by an Infernal contract, both creatures receive several benefits beyond what is described in the contract. Both receive a +1 bonus on attack and damage rolls, Armor Class, and Saving Throws, as well as all Skill Checks. These bonuses do not stack if the contractor makes multiple contracts. This replaces the bonus feat gained at 5th level.

Infernal Binding (Su): At 10th level, the Contractor learns to pen contracts that can bind infernal beings. The Contractor creates an Infernal Contract using the same rules as those described under Mortal Binding, except the intended recipient of the contract is a certain species of Devil (or a specific devil). The Contractor must call the fiend to the mortal realm with a Planar Binding spell, as one normally would to bind a fiend. Once the fiend is in place, the magic of the Infernal Contract grants the Contractor a +2 bonus on the opposed Charisma check to compel the fiend to complete a service for the Contractor. Should the Contractor convince the fiend to sign, both parties are magically bound to the full and complete terms of the contract. Should either attempt to break the tenets of the contract, they will be magically compelled to follow through, as though under the effects of *Dominate Monster*, which will continue until the service is complete. Should either party find a way to actually break the contract (such as breaking the Dominate effect), they will draw the attention (and ire) of powerful fiends, who are loathe to see a contract broken. The exact effects are up to the GM; but the devils that will be sent after the offending party will be significantly stronger than Accuser Devils. This replaces the bonus feat gained at 10th level.

DARK CHANTER (CLERIC ARCHETYPE)

Those who dedicate themselves to religious service of Hell are a strange, fearsome lot. Dressed in dark robes, they perform profane ablutions to please their infernal masters, chanting endlessly in the guttural, droning language of Hell. Their foul chants bring infernal power, strengthening the dark creatures they call to their side, while scourging the souls of creatures dedicated to righteousness.

Black Benediction (Su): At 1st level, the Dark Chanter learns the unholy language of Hell, and as he uses the dark tongue to praise his masters, he wears down the sanity and will of those around him. He gains Infernal as a bonus language. The Chanter gains a number of rounds of Benediction per day equal to 4 + his Charisma modifier at 1st level. At each level thereafter, he gains 2 additional rounds per day. As a free action, the Dark Chanter may spend a round of Benediction to chant in

his Infernal tongue to empower Devils in his immediate area. Each round that he is chanting, all Devils, friend or foe, within 60 feet receive the following bonuses:

+1 to Attack and Damage Rolls

+1 to AC

+1 to Saving Throws

Fast Healing 1 (Increases Fast Healing/Regeneration by 1 if the devil already has Fast Healing/Regeneration).

In addition, Outsiders with the Good or Chaos subtypes receive the opposite effect (-1 to Attack and Damage rolls, AC, Saving Throws, and reduce Fast Healing/Regeneration by 1 to a minimum of Fast Healing/Regeneration 0). At 5th level and every 5 levels thereafter, the bonuses offered by Black Benediction are increased by 1, to a maximum of 5 at level 20.



Diminished Spellcasting: A Dark Chanter receives one less spell of each level he can cast per day. If this reduces his spells per day of a certain level to 0, he only receives his Domain spell and any bonus spells from a high Wisdom modifier for that level.

Infernal Admiration (Ex): The Dark Chanter's constant praise and adoration endears him to fiends, making dealings with them easier. He receives a bonus to diplomacy checks made against Devils equal to half his level (minimum +1). In addition, when binding a Devil, he receives a +2 bonus on the opposed Charisma check. Finally, whenever he summons a Devil with a Summon Monster spell, the devil remains for one minute per level, rather than one round/level; however, only one Summon Monster spell may benefit from this increased duration at a time.

HALO HUNTER (RANGER ARCHETYPE)

The forces of Hell have many enemies, but their most hated are the celestial races, the incarnations of Good. These holy outsiders are the bane of Devilkind, and they are more despised by the legions of the Pit than any other being. For this reason, some of Hell's mortal servants seek to curry favor with their diabolic masters by dedicating themselves to hunting down and slaughtering these beings. Halo Hunters are cruel, merciless, and ruthless in their pursuit of celestial beings, and are experts in bringing them down.

Angel Killer: The Halo Hunter is dedicated to slaying Celestials and their holy servants, a task he undertakes with wicked glee and murderous precision. He must take Outsider (Good) as his Favored Enemy at first level. He does not gain additional favored enemies as he progresses in level, though his favored enemy bonus against angels increases as normal at 5th, 10th, 15th, and 20th levels. This alters the Favored Enemy class feature.

Bane of Angels (Su): The Halo Hunter's hatred of Celestials is beyond measure, his wrath a potent venom that coats his weapons, turning them into vicious tools against celestial beings. At 3rd level, any weapon he wields is treated as Evil aligned for the purpose of by-

passing DR. At 8th level, any weapon he wields is treated as having the *Good Outsider Bane* property as long as he wields it, and for one round after it leaves his grasp. At 13th level, any weapon he wields is also treated as having the *Unholy* property as long as he wields it, and for one round after it leaves his grasp. Finally, at 18th level, whenever he confirms a critical hit against an Outsider with the Good subtype, he gains a number of temporary hit points equal to that Outsider's Hit Die. These temporary hit points last for ten minutes. This replaces the Favored Terrain gained at 3rd, 8th, 13th, and 18th levels.

Infernal Bond (Su): At 4th level, the Halo Hunter forms a bond with a lesser fiend, which serves him as a loyal companion. Unlike fiends in similar positions, a Halo Hunter's companion is usually happy to serve, as the position grants it constant opportunities to oppose its greatest foes. This functions as *Summon Monster III* with the following changes: The creature summoned must be a Devil, Kyton, or Hell Hound, the hunter may only summon one creature in this way, and its duration is Permanent; in addition the companion is able to summon other devils and teleport as normal for its species. If the Hunter's companion is dismissed, slain, or banished, he may call a new one 24 hours later. At 6th level, and every two levels thereafter, this functions as a spell one level higher (*Summon Monster IV* at 6th, V at 8th, etc.). A Halo Hunter's fiendish companion shares his Favored Enemy bonuses; in addition, any manufactured or natural weapons it wields benefit from his Bane of Angels ability. At level 10 his companion gains the Advanced template. At level 15 it gains spell resistance equal to 15 + the Hunter's level. This replaces Hunter's Bond. (If no applicable creatures are available at a particular level of *Summon Monster*, Templates may be applied to a lower-level creature, with GM permission).

Infernal Stride (Su): At 7th level, once per day, the Hunter can teleport to any location he can see and has line of effect to, as per *Dimension Door*. Any creature within 10 feet of his destination takes 1d6 points of Fire Damage/level, Reflex Save halves (DC 10 + 1/2 level + Wis Modifier). The Hunter may call his companion to his side as part of this Swift action; the fiend arrives adjacent to him at his destination. At 12th and 17th level, he may use this ability one additional time per day. This replaces Woodland Stride.

Halo Hunter Spells: The Halo Hunter replaces all *Summon Nature's Ally* spells with *Summon Monster* spells of the same level. This alters the Ranger's spell list.

BLACK RIDER (CAVALIER ARCHETYPE)

Hell's cavalry, the Black Riders, are horrors to behold on or off of the battlefield. They bear messages for fiendish lords, and wave proudly the banners of Hell, riding down their foes atop infernal steeds. Expert lancers and mounted archers, the Black Riders are a force to be reckoned with, their mere presence inspiring terror that can break even the most steadfast ranks of soldiers.

Infernal Steed: A Black Rider does not ride on a mortal steed, but on a creature pulled from Hell's own stock. His mount gains the Fiendish template at 1st level. At 5th level it loses the Fiendish template and instead gains the Half-Fiend template (its effective CR is equal to its Hit Dice). At 12th level, its natural weapons deal an additional 1d4 points of Fire damage, and it gains the Smoke special ability (See Nightmare, Pathfinder Bestiary). This alters and otherwise functions as the Cavalier's mount class feature.

Order: A Black Rider must select the Order of the Pit or the Order of Black Iron (Detailed below). This modifies the Cavalier's Order class feature.

Bow and Lance: The Black Rider is a master of mounted warfare, trained to make every arrow count and to drive his lance through even the strongest armor. He receives Mounted Combat and Mounted Archery as bonus feats at 1st level, even if he doesn't meet the prerequisites. As long as the Cavalier is mounted, he and his mount receive a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls, and his mount receives a +10 Profane bonus to all of its movement speeds. These bonuses increase by +1/+10 at 7th, 12th, and 17th level.

In addition, at 2nd level, and every four levels thereafter, he may select one of the following feats as a bonus feat:

Far Shot, Focused Shot, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rapid Shot, Ride-By Attack, Trick Riding,

Deadly Aim.

At 6th level he adds the following feats to the list of bonus feats he may choose from:

Crossbow Mastery, Improved Precise Shot, Parting Shot, Point-Blank Master, Manyshot, Mounted Shield, Spirited Charge.

Finally at 10th level he adds the following feats:

Mounted Skirmisher, Unseat, Pinpoint Targeting, Shot on the Run.

This replaces Tactician, Greater Tactician, Master Tactician, and the normal Cavalier Bonus Feats.

Dread Banner (Ex): The sight of the Black Rider's banner is not an inspiring one. Its infernal iconography strikes fear into the hearts of lesser men, weakening their resolve. At 5th level, as long as the Rider's banner is clearly visible, enemies within 60 feet receive a -2 penalty on saving throws versus Fear effects and a -1 penalty to their Armor class. At 10th level, and every 5 levels after, these penalties increase by one. At 14th level, affected enemies receive a -2 penalty on all Saving Throws, in addition to the extra penalty against Fear Effects. As a standard action, a Rider of 14th level or higher may wave his banner through the air to make an Intimidate check against all enemies within 100 feet with a +2 bonus. This replaces Banner and Greater Banner. The penalties provided by Dread Banner are Mind-Affecting Fear Effects, and do not effect creatures immune to fear.

ORDER OF THE PIT (CAVALIER ORDER)

Cavaliers of the Order of the Pit are dedicated to the cause of Hell, serving their infernal masters with wicked glee and immeasurable malice. They strive always to further the cause of Hell, striking down innocence and righteousness wherever they meet it. Their only goal is to further the cause of Hell, and impose its draconian laws wherever they can.

Special: A Cavalier of the Order of the Pit must be Lawful Neutral, Lawful Evil, or Neutral Evil.

Edicts: A cavalier of the Order of the Pit must always strive to further the cause of Hell. They may do kind, good, even righteous things; but only when such things would be more beneficial to the cause of Hell than a

more malicious approach, or even ignoring a situation entirely. They must seek to impose law and order in lawless lands, punish lawbreakers to the fullest extent of their power, and uphold and observe the laws of whatever land they are in (except when those laws include the banning of devil-worship).

Challenge: Whenever the Cavalier issues a challenge, he receives a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls against the target of his Challenge as long as they are suffering from a Fear effect. This bonus increases by +1 for every 4 levels the Cavalier possesses (to a maximum of +5 at 16th level). When he initiates a challenge against a creature, he may make an Intimidate check against that creature as a Free Action.

Skills: The Cavalier adds Knowledge (Religion) and Knowledge (Planes) to his list of class skills. Whenever he makes an Intimidate check to demoralize an opponent, he receives a bonus equal to half his class level if he is mounted and wearing Heavy armor.

Order Abilities:

Infernal Command (Su): At 2nd level, once per day, the Rider can bark an order in the black speech of Hell, compelling a foe to obey. This functions as the spell *Command*, except it is a Swift action and a mind-affecting Fear effect, rather than a language dependent effect. The DC is Charisma based. The Rider may use this ability 2/day at 8th level, 3/day at 14th level, and 4/day at 20th level.

Weapons of the Pit (Su): At 8th level, the fires of Hell infuse the Rider's weapons, turning them into potent weapons against his foes. Any weapon he wields is treated as Lawful and Evil for the purpose of bypassing DR. They also gain the *Flaming* property. In addition, he may cause any weapon he wields to gain the *Unholy* or *Axiomatic* (one at a time) property for one round as a free action. He may use this ability for a number of rounds per day equal to half his Class level (rounded down). These rounds need not be consecutive, but they must be used in one-round increments.

Blood of the Pit (Su): At 15th level, the blood of fiends courses through the rider's veins. He receives a +1 bonus on all Saving throws, Resist Fire and Acid 10, and grows a set of horns that grant him a Gore attack, which deals damage appropriate to his size. His mount receives these benefits as well.

ORDER OF BLACK IRON (CAVALIER ORDER)

Cavaliers of the Order of Black Iron are mounted juggernauts, unstoppable walls of unholy steel, marching forward for their infernal masters. They show no fear, no hesitation, and no mercy. These fearsome soldiers are not called upon lightly, for each has taken an oath, sworn in blood and fire, to take no prisoners, to give no quarter. When the Order of Black Iron marches, no foe is left alive.

Special: A Cavalier of the Order of Black Iron must be Lawful Neutral, Lawful Evil, or Neutral Evil.

Edicts: A Cavalier of the Order of Black Iron must show no mercy in battle. He does not take prisoners, nor will he allow his comrades to do so. If a foe must be interrogated, it will be done on the spot, immediately after the battle, and the captive will be executed as soon as the questioning is through. The Cavalier may never deal nonlethal damage with a lethal weapon, and must ensure all foes are dead after a conflict. The only exception to these edicts are in situations of magical compulsion; if a foe is being forced to fight, the Cavalier may deal non-lethal damage or otherwise show mercy, but only if their foe would not be hostile without magical compulsion.

Challenge: Whenever the Cavalier issues a challenge, he receives a +1 bonus to his Armor class and all saving throws against attacks, spells, and spell-like or supernatural abilities from the target of his challenge. These bonuses increase by +1 for every 5 levels of Cavalier, to a maximum of +5 at 20th level. In addition, the Cavalier does not take a -2 penalty to his Armor Class against attacks from other creatures when a challenge is issued, though he does take a -2 penalty on attack rolls against creatures other than the target of his challenge.

Skills: The Cavalier adds Knowledge (Religion) and Knowledge (Planes) to his list of class skills. Whenever he successfully Intimidates a creature, he gains a +1 Insight bonus to his Armor Class against attacks from that creature for as long as it remains demoralized.

Order Abilities:

Wall of Iron (Ex): At 2nd level, the Cavalier has learned to get the most out of the armor he wears, increasing its protection tremendously. He increases the Armor bonus of any armor he

wears by +1. In addition, as long as he is wearing Heavy Armor, he gains DR/Adamantine equal to half its Armor bonus (rounded down, to a maximum of half his Cavalier level). If he is wearing Adamantine heavy armor, this is DR/+, and stacks with the DR normally granted by Adamantine armor. These benefits extend to any barding worn by the Cavalier's Mount.

Infernal Armor (Su): At 8th level, the Cavalier's armor is infused with the black fires of Hell, granting him magical protection. Any armor he wears is treated as having the Light Fortification magical armor property. At 13th level this increases to Medium Fortification, and to Greater Fortification at 18th level. In addition, as long as he is wearing Heavy Armor, he gains Fire Resistance equal to his Cavalier Level and Spell Resistance equal to his Cavalier Level + 11. He may lower this Spell Resistance for 1 round as an Immediate action. These benefits extend to any barding worn by the Cavalier's Mount.

Black Juggernaut (Su): At 15th level, the Cavalier and his Mount can transform into an unstoppable engine of power and fury. As long as the Cavalier is mounted and he and his mount are both wearing Heavy Armor/Barding, he may activate this ability 1/Day as a Full-Round action. The Cavalier and his Mount merge into a single entity, effectively transforming into a huge-sized Centaur (he still counts as mounted for the purpose of feats and class features). While in this form, the Cavalier uses his mount's movement speeds with a +20 bonus, and has access to his own natural and manufactured weapon attacks, as well as his mount's natural attacks. His DR increases to 20/+, and any weapon he wields in this form is treated as having an enhancement bonus 2 higher than normal. This form lasts for a number of rounds equal to the Cavalier's Constitution modifier.

FIENDLASH (MAGUS ARCHETYPE)

The arcane and martial arts are usually seen as disparate entities, unable to be enjoined; but those that seek to disprove this axiom are many, and they walk many paths to do so. One such path is a dark, fiery one, a path which leads to despair,

madness, and pain for the one who walks it and all around them; but it leads also to power, raw and pure. It is a tempting path, one which requires the strictest of discipline and the most steadfast of wills. It is the path of the Fiendlash.

Weapon and Armor Proficiencies: The Fiendlash is proficient with the Whip. This alters the Magus Weapon and armor proficiencies.

Lord of the Lash (Ex): At 1st level, the Fiendlash gains Whip Mastery and Improved Whip Mastery as bonus feats, even if he doesn't meet the prerequisites. In addition, he threatens an area with his Whip out to its full reach.

Hellfire Lash (Su): At 1st level, the Fiendlash learns to channel the fires of Hell through a mundane whip, scourging his foes with this lash of unholy flame. Whenever the Fiendlash spends a point from his Arcane Pool to enhance a whip he is holding, he may choose to transform it into a Hellfire Lash. A Hellfire Lash is made of flame, which converts all weapon damage dealt by it into Fire damage. In addition, as the Fiendlash grows in power, the hellish fire of his whip is able to flow with a mind of its own, passing through the seams of armor and around shields. At 5th level, whenever he spends a point from his Arcane Pool to manifest a Hellfire Lash, he may spend two additional points to allow it to ignore shield and armor bonuses to AC for a number of rounds equal to twice his Magus Level. This modifies the Magus' ability to enhance a weapon with his Arcane Pool.

Infernal Heat (Su): At 3rd level, the Fiendlash learns to channel deeper, hotter fires from the depths of Hell, allowing it to burn through Fire resistance, and even immunity. Whenever the Fiendlash deals Fire damage with his Hellfire Lash, an Arcana, or a spell he casts, half of the damage comes from Unholy power and is not subject to resistance or immunity. At 12th level, all of the damage comes from Unholy power, allowing him to bypass resistance and immunity entirely. In either case, the damage is still considered fire damage for the purpose of Weakness. This replaces the Fiendlash's Magus Arcana gained at 3rd level.



Fiendlash Arcana: The following Magus Arcana may only be selected by a Fiendlash.

Hellfire Arrow (Su): The Fiendlash is able to channel hellfire into a concentrated bolt, granting him a potent ranged option. This ability is a ranged touch attack, made as a standard action, which deals 4d6 points of Fire damage + his Int modifier. At 10th level, the damage increases to 8d6. At 18th level it increases to 12d6. This attack has a range of 100 ft. In addition, the Magus may spend points from his Arcane Pool to increase the arrow's power; every two points spent as part of the attack action increase the damage by 1d6.

Crack of Thunder (Su): A Fiendlash with this Arcana cracks his Hellfire Lash with such force that the crack can deafen his foes. Whenever the Fiendlash confirms a critical hit against a target with his Hellfire Lash, that target must make a Fortitude save or be permanently Deafened and be Dazed for one round. On a successful save, they are deafened for 1d2 rounds and are not dazed.

TONGUE OF SIN (BARD ARCHETYPE)

Many bards have a reputation for honeyed words and seductive natures, but there are some who take it a step further, drawing upon infernal magic to augment their charms. These bards, called Tongues of Sin, are master manipulators who delight in tempting others to fulfill their base desires, and to serve the Tongue's needs.

Honey Tongue (Ex): The Tongue of Sin is a master of diplomacy and deception, capable of seducing even the staunchest of hearts. He receives a bonus equal to half his level on Diplomacy and Bluff checks made to lie, improve a character's attitude, or suggest a course of action. He also receives this bonus on Sense Motive checks to discern when he is being lied to. These bonuses apply to Perform checks made to replace Diplomacy, Bluff, and Sense Motive checks through Versatile Performance as well. This replaces Bardic Knowledge.

Sinner's Kiss (Su): The Tongue specializes in magic that tugs on the heartstrings, turning desire into servitude. At 2nd level, His spells of the Charm and Compulsion subschools receive a +1 bonus to their Save DC's, as do his Language-Dependent spells (A spell that fits both criteria only receives a +1 bonus). Furthermore, whenever he touches a creature that is or could be attracted to him, the next Charm or Compulsion spell he casts on that target within the next 10 minutes receives a +1 bonus to the save DC; but only if the being willingly receives his touch (a caress of the hand or a kiss on the cheek would be acceptable; a punch in the gut would not). This penalty also applies to the saving throw against his *Fascinate* and *Suggestion* bardic performances, if he touches a target while performing. This replaces Well-Versed.

Silver Tongue (Ex): At 5th level, the Tongue of Sin improves in his already considerable skills of deception. He may take 10 on Diplomacy, Bluff, and Sense Motive checks to lie, improve a character's attitude, discern when he is being lied to, or suggest a course of action, even when he normally could not. In addition, once per day, he may take 20 on such a check as a Standard action. He may use this ability one additional time per day



for every 6 levels possessed beyond 5th, to a maximum of 3/day at 17th level. This ability also applies to Perform checks made to replace the above checks through Versatile Performance. This replaces Lore Master.

INFERNAL CHEMIST (ALCHEMIST ARCHETYPE)

Alchemists are an eccentric lot at the best of times; even the most benevolent are addled by the strange fumes and chemicals they work with on a daily basis. So what then can be said for those who pursue darker, yet stranger paths; those maverick chemists that delve into unholy formulae and twisted experimentation? These infernal chemists are rightly feared, for even the most collected bears the unmistakable gleam of madness in his eyes.

Fiendflesh Elixir (Su): At 1st level, the Infernal Chemist has perfected an elixir using a small amount of fiendish blood; perhaps bartered from some black market or directly from a lesser fiend. Regardless of how he acquired it, drinking it gives him some of the powers of a Devil, though at the cost of his sanity. When the Infernal Chemist drinks his elixir, he receives a +2 bonus to his Natural Armor, as well as DR 2/Silver, Resistance 5 to Acid, Cold, and Fire, and Immunity to Poison. In addition, while under the effects of the Fiendflesh Elixir, his bombs deal an additional amount of damage equal to half his class level (minimum 1), divided as he chooses between all creatures affected by the bomb. However, while he is under these effects, he receives a -2 penalty to his Wisdom, and an additional -1 penalty to his Will saving throws. During this time, his flesh twists to a fiendish visage; he receives a -8 penalty to diplomacy checks with non-devils, but a +4 bonus to intimidate checks against non-devils. These effects last for 10 minutes per level. At 10th level, the Natural Armor bonus increases to +4, the DR increases to 5/Silver and Good, and the Resistances increase to 10. At 15th level they increase to +6, DR 10/Silver and Good, and Immunity to Fire and Acid.

If a creature that isn't an Infernal Chemist drinks a Fiendflesh Elixir, it is affected as if it were a non-alchemist drinking an alchemist's Mutagen; the Infernal Chemist is affected the same way if he drinks an Alchemist's Mutagen. This replaces Mutagen.

Ichor of the Pit (Su): At 5th level, the Infernal Chemist performs an infusion of devil blood, granting himself some of their strange healing powers. He gains Fast Healing 1. At 12th level this increases to Fast Healing 2. At 19th level this increases to Fast Healing 3. This replaces Poison Use and Poison Resistance.

PIT WARDEN (DRUID ARCHETYPE)

Even the twisted landscapes of Hell have their guardians, their stewards and protectors. These dark druids sometimes seek disciples on the material plane, mortals they can teach their secrets to, and so form unholy cults deep within forests and hidden caverns. These cultists, these Pit Wardens, seek to corrupt the natural world of the material plane, turning it into a black mirror of Hell's own landscape.

Infernal Bond (Su): This ability functions as the Druid's Nature Bond class feature with the following exceptions: If the druid chooses to pick a domain, he must select from the Darkness, Evil, Law, or Fire domains. In addition, he gains the Alignment Channel feat as a bonus feat, even if he doesn't meet the prerequisites (He must select Good or Evil). He may channel energy as a Cleric of his Druid level, but only to heal Evil outsiders or harm Good outsiders.

Alternately, if he selects an animal companion, that creature is touched by the essence of Hell. At 1st level, it gains the Fiendish template. At 10th level, it loses the Fiendish template and instead gains the Half-Fiend template, using its HD in place of its CR.

This alters and otherwise functions as Nature Bond.

Diminished Spellcasting: The Pit Warden has one less spell per day of each level than a basic druid. If this reduces his spells per day of a particular level to zero, he only receives spells per day of that level afforded to him by his Wisdom score.

Blighted Allies (Su): The Pit Warden's connection to Hell's landscape twists the beings he summons, granting them fiendish power. At 2nd level, whenever the Pit Warden summons one or more animals with *Summon*

Nature's Ally, they gain the Fiendish template. In addition, whenever he summons exactly one of the following creatures with *Summon Nature's Ally*, it gains the Half-Fiend template:

Summon Nature's Ally IV: satyr, griffon

Summon Nature's Ally V: cyclops, ettin, manticores

Summon Nature's Ally VI: hill giant, stone giant

Summon Nature's Ally VII: fire giant, frost giant, roc

Summon Nature's Ally VIII: cloud giant

Summon Nature's Ally IX: storm giant

This replaces Woodland Stride

Fiend-Kin (Su): Beginning at 4th level, the Pit Warden's bond with Hell strengthens, allowing her summoned fiends to remain longer. Whenever she summons a creature with the Fiendish or Half-Fiend template, it remains for one additional round, plus one round for every four levels of Pit Warden she possesses beyond fourth (to a maximum of 5 additional rounds at 20th level). This replaces Resist Nature's Lure.

NEMESIS (INQUISITOR ARCHETYPE)

For Archduchess Malfia, the rise to power was brutal and difficult, fraught with peril and the threat of betrayal on all sides. There were few among Hell's servants that she could trust, that she could rely on, and so she was forced to look elsewhere for her earliest recruits. In the mortal world, she sought those women who were downtrodden, oppressed, but unwilling to surrender, those that fought for equality in regimes where they were denied opportunities handed to their male counterparts. Upon these women she bestowed power, that they might rise up and punish her enemies, to make them suffer in her name, and spread her power and influence in the mortal world. Upon these women she bestowed a name: Nemesis.

Special: Must be female.

Class Skills: Disguise and Stealth are not class skills for a Nemesis.

Torturer's Gaze (Ex): The Nemesis is a practiced torturer; while most do not take joy in their unholy work, they will not hesitate to use the most terrible tools at their disposal should they deem it necessary, and those who they question can see this horrible willingness in their eyes; to lie to such a terrible creature is difficult, and to resist his interrogations even more so. The Inquisitor gains an Insight bonus to Intimidate and Sense Motive checks equal to his Wisdom modifier (minimum 1). In addition, he may make an Intimidate check to demoralize an opponent as a Swift action. This modifies and otherwise works as Stern Gaze.

Hellbrand (Su): The Nemesis can mark a target for divine retribution with a searing brand, causing incredible pain and strengthening blows that rain upon that creature. Using this ability consumes a use of Judgment. When this ability is used, the Nemesis targets a creature within 60 feet, marking them with a brand that deals 1d4 points of Fire damage, plus one per class level. The Nemesis may choose to apply this as nonlethal damage. A successful Will save (DC 10 + ½ level + Wisdom modifier) halves the damage. The mark remains for one minute per inquisitor level or until the Nemesis marks a new target. As long as the brand persists, whenever the creature takes a variable amount of damage, it takes one additional point of damage per die (for example, a greatsword dealing 2d6 damage would deal two additional points of damage). In addition, creatures gain a +1 bonus on attack rolls against the target, as well as Caster Level checks to penetrate its Spell Resistance. The bonuses to Attack rolls and CL checks increase by 1 for every five levels of Nemesis (to a maximum of +5 at 20th level). While this ability consumes a use of judgment, it is not itself a judgment; the Nemesis may activate Judgment while this ability is active. This replaces the Destruction and Justice Judgments; the Nemesis cannot use those judgments.

Torturer's Skill (Ex): Whenever the Nemesis chooses to deal nonlethal damage, he gets a +2 bonus on damage rolls. In addition, he receives no penalty when using a lethal weapon to deal nonlethal damage. This replaces Monster Lore.

ARMIGER (SUMMONER ARCHETYPE)

Like all armies, the forces of hell have many essential roles; commander, infantry, cavalry, etc. But perhaps none is as crucial as the Armiger. The herald and standard-bearer of any infernal legion, the Armiger bolsters his allies with powerful and ancient magic. While the secrets of armiger magic were once closely guarded, in time they have leaked from Hell's vaults, and now these battlefield commanders can be found in armies throughout the cosmos, turning the tide of battle with their spectral banners.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Armigers are proficient in all simple and martial weapons, light and medium armor, and shields (but not tower shields). An armiger using a shield or wearing light or medium armor does not incur the usual chance for arcane spell failure when casting Summoner spells.

Standard (Su): The primary ability of an Armiger is the ability to conjure a ghostly standard, planting it in space to bolster his allies. The standard is an idealized thought-form, a metaphysical representation of his ideals, of everything that he believes his army stands for. It is born of the Armiger's own soul, and it is this mystical connection that gives it power. Summoning a Standard is a full-round action that does not provoke attacks of opportunity. The Standard is a medium-sized ethereal object with hardness 10 and 5 Hit Points per Armiger level, plus 5 hit points for every two levels in other classes. Despite its ethereal nature, the Standard can be seen clearly on the material plane, as a ghostly, faintly-colored flag, oriflamme, or other form of heraldry. On the Ethereal plane it is vibrant, colorful, and radiates a visible aura of magical power.

Once summoned, the Standard appears on solid ground on a square within 30 feet of the Armiger and cannot be moved from its square by any force whatsoever, including teleportation magic. As a Move action that provokes attacks of opportunity, the Armiger may command his Standard to move to a new square within 30 feet of him; it teleports to the chosen square instantly. As an Ethereal object, the Standard can occupy a square that a material creature is in. The Standard remains until

it is dismissed by the Armiger (A free action). An Armiger may only have one Standard manifested at a time.

When the Armiger's Standard is summoned, it radiates an aura of the Armiger's choosing, to a radius of 10 feet, plus five feet for every level of Armiger beyond first (to a maximum of 105 feet at level 20). All allies within this radius receive the benefit of the Standard's Aura. An Armiger may change the Standard's Aura with a Swift action that does not provoke attacks of opportunity. The Armiger may choose from any of the following auras:

Charge: Affected creatures receive a +1 bonus on attack and damage rolls, +1 for every 5 levels of Armiger (max +5 at level 20). Any ally that begins a charge attack from an affected square receives this bonus on the charge attack as well.

Phalanx: Affected creatures receive a +1 bonus to their Armor Class, +1 for every 5 levels of Armiger (Max +5 at level 20).

Resistance: Affected creatures receive a +1 bonus on all saving throws, +1 for every 6 levels of Armiger (Max +4 at level 18).

Spell Turning: Affected creatures gain Spell Resistance equal to 5 + Armiger level.

Concealment: Affected creatures receive concealment (20% miss chance).

Arcane Might: Affected creatures receive a +1 bonus on Caster Level checks and Concentration checks, +1 for every 5 levels of Armiger (Max +5 at level 20).

Watchman: Affected creatures receive a +1 bonus on Perception checks and gain Low-Light Vision. This bonus increases by +1 for every 3 levels of Armiger (Max +7 at level 20). At level 8 this grants Darkvision 60 feet. At level 15 it grants Darkvision 120 feet.

Fortify: Affected creatures receive Light Fortification (25% chance to turn a Sneak attack or Critical hit into a normal hit). At 8th level this becomes Moderate Fortification (50% chance) and at level 15 this becomes Greater Fortification (75% chance).

This replaces Eidolon.



Rallying Standard (Su): At 2nd level, the Armiger is immune to Fear while he is within his Standard's Aura. All other allies receive a +2 bonus to all saving throws against Fear while benefitting from his Standard's Aura. This replaces Bond Senses.

Dual Standard (Su): Beginning at 4th level, the Armiger is able to manifest two standards at once, allowing him to apply the effects of different auras across the battlefield. He is now able to summon his Standard with a standard action that does not provoke attacks of opportunity; he may summon two at once with a full-round action that provokes attacks of opportunity. Each must appear within 30 feet of the Armiger. While he has two banners manifested, the radius of each one's aura is reduced by 10 feet. Each Banner may have the same aura or two different auras active; if they overlap, the effects of identical auras do not stack. This replaces Shield Ally.

Standard Surge (Su): At 6th level, once per day the Armiger may cause his standards to surge with power as a Move action, doubling the radius of their auras for a number of rounds equal to his Charisma modifier (minimum 1). This replaces Maker's Call.

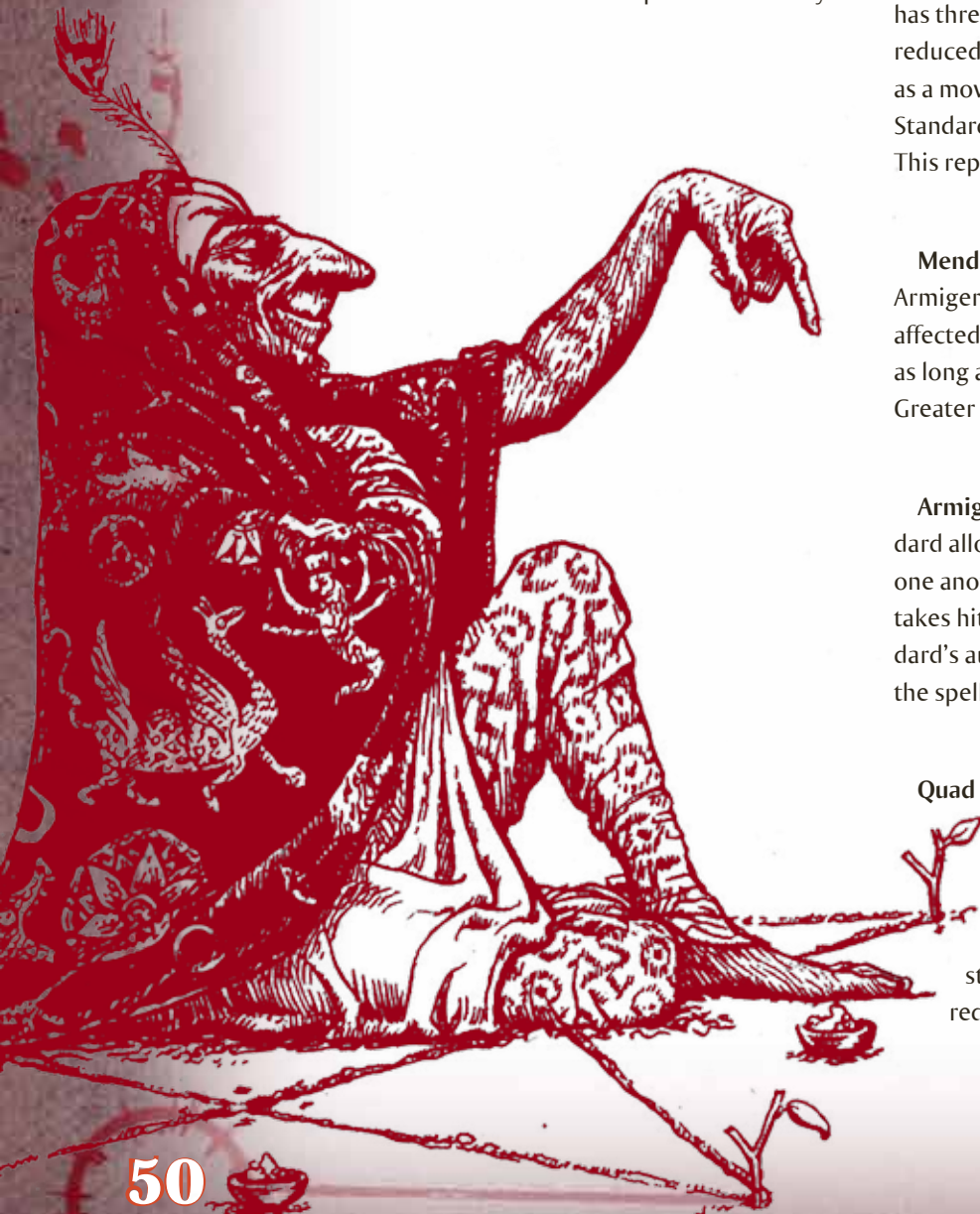
Regroup (Su): At 8th level, the Armiger may use the power of his banners to summon his allies together, uniting them from across the battlefield. Once per day, they Armiger may spend a Standard action to teleport all willing allies within the radius of any of his standards to his side. Each ally appears in a square of their choosing adjacent to the Armiger or the closest available safe square if none are adjacent to him. This replaces Transposition.

Triple Standard (Su): At 10th level, the Armiger may have three Standards manifested at once. While he has three Standards manifested, the radius of each is reduced by 15 feet. He may now manifest his Standard as a move action; he may manifest two with a single Standard action, or all three with a Full-Round action. This replaces Aspect.

Mending Standard (Su): At 12th level, the power of the Armiger's banner mends the wounds of his allies. Allies affected by the Armiger's standard gain Fast Healing 3 as long as they remain within the aura. This replaces Greater Shield Ally.

Armiger's Bond (Su): At 14th level, the Armiger's standard allows his allies to sacrifice themselves to protect one another. Whenever an ally within a Standard's aura takes hit point damage, any other ally within a Standard's aura may choose to take half of that damage, as the spell *Shield Other*. This replaces Life Bond.

Quad Banner (Su): At 16th level, the Armiger may manifest 4 standards at once. He may manifest a single standard as a Swift action, two as a Move action, three as a Standard action and all four as a Full-Round action. When he has four standards manifested, each has its aura's range reduced by 20 feet. This replaces Merge Forms.



Liberating Banner (Su): At 18th level, the Armiger's banner prevents his allies from being constrained by their foes. Allies within a Standard's Aura benefit at all times from *Freedom of Movement*.

True Armiger (Su): At 20th level the Armiger has mastered the use of his Standards. He may manifest up to four Standards with a single move action, and he may switch any of their active auras with a single Swift action. In addition, the radius of his Standards' auras is not reduced when he has more than one manifested at once.

SANGUINE (SORCERER BLOODLINE)

Magic is in your blood. It flows through your veins, pulses with every beat of your heart, courses just beneath your flesh. Generations ago, your family made a deal with a dark fiend, signed away their soul to a devil of the Pit, and that infernal taint has lain dormant in you since the moment of your birth, an evil seed germinating in your soul. Now the power awakens, and a natural inclination for blood magic has stirred within you.

Class Skill: Knowledge (Planes)

Bonus Spells: *Blood Spray* (3rd), *Sanguine Cannon* (5th), *Sanguine Blast* (7th), *Sanguine Gateway* (9th), *Greater Sanguine Cannon* (11th), *Foul Siphon* (13th), *Blood Puppet* (15th), *Gelugon's Grip* (17th), *Heart-Rending Legion* (19th)

Bonus Feats: Runic Scars*, Red Nectar*, Toughness, Spell Focus (Conjuration or Evocation), Greater Spell Focus (Conjuration or Evocation), Diabolist's Bond

Bloodline Arcana: Whenever you take damage while casting a spell, subtract your sorcerer level from the damage taken for the purpose of determining the DC of the concentration check. In addition, you gain a +1 bonus to your Caster Level when casting spells with the [Blood] descriptor.

Bloodline Powers: Magic flows through your veins, allowing you to turn your very blood into a weapon against your foes.

Blood Casting (Su): At 1st level, you gain the ability to spill your own blood in order to empower your magic. As you cast a spell, you may damage yourself with any slashing or piercing weapon, taking damage equal to twice the level of the spell; doing this increases the casting time to a full-round action if it is normally less. A spell cast in this way treats your caster level as two higher for all variable effects related to caster level; in addition, this can increase a spell beyond its maximum power (for example, a 15th level sorcerer casting *Fireball* in this way would be able to produce a 17d6 fireball). You may use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Charisma modifier.

Blood Siphon (Su): At 3rd level, your blood magic draws upon the blood of your foes to heal your wounds. Whenever one or more foes are dealt hit point damage by a spell you cast with the [Blood] descriptor, you heal one hit point for every four hit points of damage dealt. Once per day, you may increase this to one hit point for every two hit points of damage dealt. You gain an additional use of this ability per day at 6th level, 9th, 12th, 15th, and 18th.

Blood Oath (Su): At 9th level, you can spill your own blood in a mystic oath of vengeance that greatly increases your power against a specific target for a short time. As a Standard action, you may damage yourself with a slashing or piercing weapon, taking up to 1 point of damage per sorcerer level. When you use this ability, you designate a single target within 60 feet as the subject of your vengeance; for every two points of damage you dealt to yourself, this victim takes an additional point of damage from any damaging spell you cast that effects it. In addition, for every 5 points of damage you dealt to yourself, they receive a -1 penalty on saving throws against spells you cast. These effects last for a number of rounds equal to your Charisma modifier. You may use this ability once per day at 9th level, 2/day at 13th level, and 3/day at 17th level.

Blood Gate (Su): At 15th level, you may use the wounds of the living as a gateway to cross short distances.



As a Standard action, you may make a melee touch attack against an adjacent living creature that is below its maximum hit points. If this touch attack is successful, you may teleport to any square within 100 feet that is adjacent to another living creature that is below its maximum hit points. Both creatures must make a Fortitude save (DC 10 + $\frac{1}{2}$ your Sorcerer level + your Charisma modifier) or be sickened for 2d4 rounds and take 1d4 damage/Sorcerer level. You may use this ability once per day. If either creature is suffering from a Bleed effect, they receive a -2 penalty on their saving throw. This ability does not require line of effect to the second creature.

One with the Blood (Su): At 20th level, your power reaches its zenith, and your command over blood is absolute. You become immune to bleed effects, poison, and disease, and gain Fast Healing 5. In addition, any time you take hit point damage while casting a spell, you reduce the damage taken by twice your Sorcerer level for the purpose of determining the DC of concentration checks. You also receive a +4 bonus on saving throws against spells with the [Blood] descriptor. Finally, you may use your Blood Gate ability at will.

PRESTIGE CLASS: BLOOD KNIGHT

The call of the battlefield is strong indeed, luring men and women from all walks of life to seek glory and fame, riches and power in combat. But there are a rare few who seek battle for another reason altogether, who fight not for glory or wealth, but for the thrill of battle itself. The salty spray of a foe's blood, the give of flesh sliced by a perfectly placed sword stroke; these are the things the Blood Knight lives for. They need no reason to fight, for the fight is its own purpose, a state of glory and wealth all its own. Some slake their thirst for blood on the innocent, decimating towns and leaving crimson oceans in their wake, others find honorable pursuits as great leaders, mighty champions each an army unto himself. Regardless of their path, Blood Knights revel in the shedding of blood, and they learn to use their own to fuel dark rages that heighten their power tremendously... but at great cost.

The Blood Knight prestige class is a powerful boon to Blackguards and Rangers of a darker bent; though they sacrifice later class features and some of their spellcasting power, the raw physical might they achieve offsets the loss. Inquisitors may find something of use in the class as well, as could fighters, though they would need at least one level of a divine spellcasting class to qualify.

Role: The Blood Knight is a fighter, and though any warrior may potentially benefit from the class, characters who wield two-handed weapons in melee will find the greatest boon, as the class is primarily geared towards them. Multi-classed Fighter/Clerics, Antipaladins, and Rangers of the Two-Handed Weapon style are the most common Blood Knights, though Inquisitors are not unheard of. Barbarian priests are also powerful additions to the class, combining large hit die with berserking rage that goes perfectly with the bloody frenzy of the blood knight.

Alignment: Though not necessarily evil, the power that fuels a Blood Knight is definitely dark, and it carries a sinister bent that lends most Blood Knights towards crueler, viler tendencies. However, the powers of a Blood Knight may be used honorably or savagely, whether serving as a mercenary, a general, or a mindless force of death. Blood Knights can be any non-good alignment. Lawful Blood



TABLE: BLOOD KNIGHT

Level	BAB	Fort	Ref	Will	Special	Spells Per Day
1	+1	+2	+0	+0	Blood Strike	--
2	+2	+2	+1	+1	Blood Cloak	+1 Level of Existing Class
3	+3	+3	+1	+1	Cleaver's Wrath	+1 Level of Existing Class
4	+4	+3	+1	+1	Bonus Feat, Crimson Resilience +1	+1 Level of Existing Class
5	+5	+3	+2	+2	Blood Feast	--
6	+6	+4	+2	+2	Savage Rending	+1 Level of Existing Class
7	+7	+4	+2	+2	Blessing of Blood	+1 Level of Existing Class
8	+8	+4	+3	+3	Bonus Feat	+1 Level of Existing Class
9	+9	+5	+3	+3	Crimson Resilience +2	--
10	+10	+5	+3	+3	Blood Reaver	+1 Level of Existing Class

Knights will often seek worthy foes to challenge, while Chaotic ones will wet their blade on any opponent with the barest provocation. Neutral Blood Knights tend to be calm, their path one of philosophy as they find enlightenment on the battlefield, while Evil Blood Knights are monsters through and through, cleaving through innocent and guilty alike with tenacious glee.

Hit Die: d12

REQUIREMENTS

To qualify to become a Blood Knight, a character must fulfill all of the following criteria:

Base Attack Bonus: +5

Feats: Power Attack, Toughness, and either Diehard or Ferocity universal special ability

Spellcasting: Must be able to cast 1st level Divine spells

Class Skills:

The Blood Knight's Class Skills (And the Key Ability Score for each) are as follows: Heal (Wis), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (Religion), and Perception (Wis)

Skill Ranks per Level: 2 + Int modifier

CLASS FEATURES

The following are the class features of the Blood Knight:

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: The Blood Knight gains no proficiencies with any weapons or armor.

Spells per Day: At each level except for first, fifth, and ninth, a Blood Knight gains extra spells per day as if he gained a level in whatever class previously allowed him access to divine spellcasting. He does not, however, gain any other benefit of gaining a level in that class (Such as bonus Hit Die, Domain powers, or Cruelties). If the Blood Knight has more than one class that grants access to divine spellcasting, he must select one at each level.

Blood Strike (Su): At first level, the Blood Knight makes a pact with a greater entity, whether a demon lord, an infernal duke, a god of war, or some other, stranger creature of deific power. By drawing upon this power, the Blood Knight can bring blows to bear with incredible strength at the cost of their own life-force.

Activating Blood Strike is a swift action. Once activated, Blood Strike remains active for one minute, and can be canceled as a free action. While Blood Strike is active, the Blood Knight gains a +2 bonus to strength, and his attacks deal an additional 1d6 points of damage (This damage is not multiplied on a critical hit).

At 5th level, this increases to a +4 bonus to strength and an additional 2d6 points of damage.



At 10th level, this increases to a +6 bonus to strength and an additional 3d6 points of damage.

Each time the Blood Knight makes an attack while Blood Strike is active, he loses ten hit points, whether the attack is successful or not. These hit points are lost after the attack resolves, so a Blood Strike that would kill the Blood Knight still resolves before killing him.

While Blood Strike is active, a Blood Knight cannot benefit from magical healing (including Potions, Wands, Spell-Like Abilities, but not including fast healing or regeneration that the blood knight possesses. Also, the healing offered by the Blood Feast class feature, below, can heal a Blood Knight while Blood Strike is active. Likewise, the spell *Infernal Healing* can still be cast on a Blood Knight while Blood Strike is active to give him Fast Healing).

Blood Strike can be activated once per day at 1st level, twice per day at 4th level, three times per day at 7th level, and four times per day at 10th level.

Blood Cloak (Su): As the Blood Knight learns to better harness the power of his blood, he learns to use it to protect himself from damage when the cost of his power leaves him more vulnerable to enemy attack. Starting at 2nd level, a Blood Knight gains DR/- equal to his class level. This DR/- does not stack with DR from magical sources or armor, but does stack with the DR/- granted by the Barbarian and Bloodrager classes. This DR only applies while Blood Strike is active.

Cleaver's Wrath (Ex): The Blood Knight is a master of large, powerful weapons, the perfect instruments to channel his power and wrath at his opponents. He gains a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls with two-handed weapons (But not one-handed weapons wielded in two hands). This increases to +2 at tenth level.

Bonus Feat (Ex): At 4th level, and again at 8th level, the Blood Knight may select a bonus feat from the following list:

Furious Focus, Deathless Initiate, Deathless Zealot, Deathless Master, Weapon Focus (any two-handed weapon), Cleave, Greater Cleave, Gory Finish, Great Fortitude, Improved Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Improved Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Improved Lightning Reflexes

When selecting a bonus feat from this class feature, a Blood Knight may ignore the racial prerequisite on Deathless Initiate, Deathless Zealot, and Deathless Master. He must still meet all other prerequisites for these and the other feats on this list.

Crimson Resilience (Ex): The constant flow of power and life-force through the Blood Knight strengthens his body, allowing him to better cling to life even as he burns it away to fuel his wrath. From 4th level onwards, he gains one bonus hit point per hit die. From 9th level onward, he instead gains 2 bonus hit points per hit die. These hit points are gained retroactively (They apply to each HD the character has, and all future HD they receive, like the Toughness feat).

Blood Feast (Su): The power of the Blood Knight does not end at his own blood; when in the throes of his wrath, he can draw power from the blood of the fallen, restoring strength to his battered body. Whenever the Blood Knight kills a living enemy while Blood Strike is active (That is, he deals enough damage to kill the foe outright, or performs a coup de grace on a fallen foe), he immediately gains hit points equal to that creature's Hit Die plus ½ its Constitution Score (Rounded down). These hit points cannot bring him above his maximum hit points.

Savage Rending (Ex): The Blood Strike invokes a terrible wrath in its user, and their wicked strikes tear flesh as easily as they shatter steel. If a Blood Knight hits the same opponent twice in a single turn while Blood Strike is active (Blood Strike must be active for both attacks), he deals an additional 3d6 points of damage to that target. A target can only receive this additional damage once per round.

Blessing of Blood (Su): The Blood Knight's body has become accustomed to life-force flowing through it like water through a sieve, and it has developed methods to compensate. The Blood Knight gains fast healing 1 whenever he is below 50% of his maximum hit points. This increases to fast healing 2 whenever he is below 25% of his maximum hit points.

Blood Reaver (Su): At tenth level, the Blood Knight has learned their ultimate technique, the ability to rip the blood from an opponent's body all at once. As a full-round action, the Blood Knight makes a single attack on an opponent. If that attack hits, the opponent takes damage as normal and must make a Fortitude save (DC 17 + the Blood Knight's Wisdom Modifier). If they fail the save, they take d8 damage equal to their hit die (i.e. A creature with 20 HD would take 20d8 damage). A

creature who makes its save instead takes d3 damage equal to their hit die. The Blood Knight may use this ability once per day, and can only use it while Blood Strike is active (The attack that triggers this ability benefits from the extra damage of Blood Strike). The Blood Knight heals a number of hit points equal to the target's HD if the attack hits successfully (this cannot bring him above his maximum HP).

EPILOGUE

My friends, at last, we reach the end of this tome. Herein we have seen profane magic that taints the very blood of its victims and its users, dread creatures so mighty that they shatter the earth with their footsteps, and evils older than the gods themselves. We have seen law in its utmost, its absolute state; rigid, inflexible hierarchy and strict, unyielding discipline. This is the essence of Hell; Evil and Law, brought together in unholy union.

My life has been dedicated to its cause; as I furthered my own power, the might of my lord Acharai grew as well. I swelled his libraries with my own creations, and I sent my fair share of foes screaming to Hell. Even those self-righteous "heroes" who sought to destroy me have been fed to the pit, their "noble" souls now screaming along with the rest of the wretched damned.

Yet only now, in the twilight of my life, do I experience regret. Now, that I have walked the sands of Ahjra, that I have glimpsed the molten pits of Belector, that I have seen the raging fires of Amon, I know a fear like none I have ever felt before. What have I done? A lifetime of power, of prestige, of near-infinite knowledge at my fingertips, and it amounts to nothing; I will be another soul dragged to the pit, to suffer eternally.

Or worse, my master may have another plan for me... Who knows what dreadful experiments I may face under his squamous tentacles, what antediluvian horrors await me within the darkest corners of his secret laboratories? There is no hope for me. I am bound by contract, and even now I feel my end approaching; soon Acharai will claim my soul. I leave this grimoire behind in the custody of a trustworthy man; one of the few I have ever met. Gods willing, some good may come of my wretched life, that some poor fool, hoping to barter his soul to Hell, will find this tome and see the error of his ways before it is too late.

I have been wrong. Let me then stand as an admonition, for none deserve the fate that awaits me. Do not pursue the darkness that lurks within these pages; let them open your eyes and turn you away from the pit.

Do not walk this path.

Zagan, the Bloodwitch

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WANTED

WH'ERE HATH ALL THE GOODE MEN GONE
AND WH'ERE ART ALL THE GODS?
WH'ERE'S THE STREET-WISE H'RCULES
TO FIGHTETH THE RISING ODDS?
ISN'T TH'ERE A WHITE KNIGHT UPON A FI'RY STEED?
LATE AT NIGHT I TOSS AND I TURNETH AND I
DREAMETH OF WHAT I NEED

I NEEDETH A HERO
I'M HOLDING OUT F'OR A HERO 'TIL THE ENDETH OF
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HE'S GOTTA BE STRONG
AND HE'S GOTTA BE FAST
AND HE'S GOTTA BE FRESH FROM THE FIGHTETH

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Traveler's Guide to Hell

It was nearly a century ago that my sorcerous powers awoke within me, the result of less-than-savory dealings with infernal forces on the part of my ancestors, deals brokered for knowledge and power in the only currency known to fiends: souls. Our family was touched with the powers of Hell many generations ago, and the infernal taint was strong within me; power literally flowed through my veins, sweet, crimson nectar that unlocked potential I had never imagined lay within me. I delved into diabolic study, absorbing tome after tome of knowledge, seeking to gain a greater understanding of the power within my veins. As my understanding grew, I discovered a talent for conjuration; with the spilling of my blood, I could evoke creatures far beyond the power of normal conjurers at my level of knowledge, terrible creatures to do my bidding and destroy my foes. This, I saw, was the key to power beyond my wildest dreams. I would follow in the steps of my ancestors and barter my very soul to unlock the true secrets of blood magic.

I exceeded all expectations, even my own. I grew to heights of power even I had not dared to think possible for a mere mortal; nations bent to my will, dragons kneeled before me, even gods lent ear to my counsel. Yet despite it all, I am still bound to that ancient pact which I swore all those decades ago. Forbidden by contract from seeking immortality, my time is nearing its end, and soon, my diabolical master will lay claim to my immortal soul. Who knows what foul plans he has for me in the lightless depths of his infernal tower? Perhaps he will make a fiend of me; surely a soul of my caliber would make a mighty general. Or maybe he intends to barter me to another fiend, for favors, prestige, or something of even greater value. Maybe he will simply consume my soul to increase his own might. Only Acharai knows, and he has no intention of sharing his plans with me. All that I know is that my end is nigh, and I have left behind nothing. For all my power, my legacy will die with me, for I have spawned no progeny to carry on my name, I have built no empires with my might; for all my dedication to knowledge and power, I always sought both for their own sake, with no true end in sight.

For this reason, I have penned this tome. It is my hope that in this, I may be remembered beyond my time, for ages to come. What you hold now is the definitive work on the infernal realm, a thorough and complete guide to Hell itself: That woeful realm that sits at the heart of our world, that forbidding place where mortals dare not tread. Perhaps some noble hero will use the information herein to gain an advantage on his diabolical foes, or maybe some would-be diabolist will follow in my footsteps, using the knowledge in this codex to find power, perhaps to use it for some greater purpose than I did. Regardless of your intentions, all the secrets of Hell, from its mightiest lords to its lowliest damned, now rest in your fingertips. Beware: this power is not meant for the faint of heart, nor the meek of spirit. Whatever your path, tread it carefully, lest the power you hold consume you utterly.

Zagan the Bloodwitch, Walker of the Pit

