

PATHFINDER[®]

ADVENTURE PATH[™]



Wrath of the
Righteous

THE WORLDWOUND INCURSION

by Amber E. Scott



Anevia Tirabade

Worldwound Border Scout

Anevia begins this adventure with the PCs, trapped below Kenabres. If she survives, she can aid the remaining crusaders in fallen Kenabres in their attack against the demons, allowing her wife Irabeth to join the PCs in their final mission of the adventure.



Aravashnial

Last Riftwarden of Kenabres

Aravashnial is blinded at the start of this adventure, trapped with the PCs below Kenabres. A member of the secret society of Riftwardens, he soon learns he's the last of his order in the city. If he survives, he can provide the PCs with a significant cache of magical gear to aid them.

Horgus Gwerm

Foul-Tempered Kenabres Noble

Horgus Gwerm begins this adventure trapped below Kenabres with the PCs. While his personality is grating and his attitude poor, his resources are significant. If the PCs can endure him (and if he survives), Horgus supplies the crusaders with much-needed food, water, and support.



Irabeth Tirabade

Leader of the Eagle Watch

An unlikely paladin, Irabeth is catapulted into a position of leadership among her order, the Eagle Watch, when Kenabres falls. She can aid the PCs in their adventure, and if she survives, will go on to help them in future struggles as a ruler of the city of Drezen.



Queen Galfrey

Ruler of Mendev

Galfrey is the Queen of Mendev and leader of the crusade effort. She is leading the defense of Mendev's capital, Nerosyan, during this adventure, so it falls to the Eagle Watch and the PCs to keep Kenabres from complete destruction until she can arrive with her armies to aid them.



Sosiel vaenic

Priest of the Eternal Rose

When Kenabres falls, so does the temple of Shelyn in Northgate. Besieged by a clot of abrikandilu demons, the ruined temple is defended by its priests. By the adventure's end, Sosiel is the sole survivor. He joins with the PCs in "Sword of Valor" to aid them in their mission to Drezen.

Aron Kip

Crusader Tactician and Engineer

Aron's roguish skills have served him well in his time with the crusaders. He's spent the past several months at Clydwell Keep south of Kenabres, helping to repair and update its defenses, and is trapped there during the attack. He joins the PCs in "Sword of Valor" as an advisor.




Arueshalae

Risen Succubus of Desna

Just as an angel can fall, so can the rare demon rise. The succubus Arueshalae has seen the light of Desna, but was captured and imprisoned by the lord of Drezen in the dungeons below the citadel. She will soon escape, and will eventually join the PCs in their cause.





ADVENTURE PATH  PART 1 OF 6

THE WORLDWOUND INCURSION



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Advanced Player's Guide

APG

NPC Codex

NPC

Bestiary

B1

Paths of Prestige

POP

Bestiary 2

B2

Ultimate Combat

UC

Bestiary 3

B3

Ultimate Equipment

UE

GameMastery Guide

GMG

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UM

Lords of Chaos, Book of the Damned, Vol. 2 BOTD2

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Let's Get Mythical!

Whew... here we go! “The Adventure Path where you fight the demons of the Worldwound,” has been on my to-do list more or less from the very start of Pathfinder. Alas, there was a problem: an adventure where you go fight a demon lord at the end is difficult to do with just the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*.

That’s one of the primary reasons that *Pathfinder RPG Mythic Adventures* came about: It’s here so we can create campaigns where the PCs go beyond the core and tackle truly legendary quests—save-the-world type stuff. With *Wrath of the Righteous*, we’re finally able to head into the Worldwound and face off against its architects, which include some of the most dangerous and deadly foes we’ve ever published in an Adventure Path.

Also, before I go on, I’d like to call out a big hearty thank you to Jesper Haglund (aka “Kajehase” on the

paizo.com messageboards), who came up with the name for this Adventure Path. Without his input, you wouldn’t be starting up a “Wrath of the Righteous” campaign—you’d be starting a “Demonblight Crusade” campaign. I’m pretty sure you’ll agree that “Wrath of the Righteous” is a *much* better title.

Of course, this adventure wouldn’t exist without its author, Amber E. Scott. Amber’s been one of our go-to authors since before Pathfinder was even born, so I can’t express how glad I am that she agreed to kick off *Wrath of the Righteous*—she really hit this one out of the park!

MAKING FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

Of course, there’s much more to *Wrath of the Righteous* than just fighting demons and getting powerful. We’re also going to be trying out some new stuff here. You can expect us to touch upon some of the rules in *Pathfinder*

RPG *Ultimate Campaign* for mass combat and downtime events alike—your PCs will be periodically leading armies against the forces of the Worldwound, after all, and they'll even help liberate the lost crusader fortress-city of Drezen, wherein they'll have chances to help rebuild the city and take part in other downtime-based events. We'll be exploring other themes as well: in particular, the idea of "sometimes ugly people are the good guys, and sometimes beautiful people are the bad guys," in addition to strong themes of redemption—whether it's the redemption of a person, an entire organization, or even a demon!

One of the biggest things we're doing with *Wrath of the Righteous* is trying to put certain NPCs into "co-starring" roles. You've probably already noticed the inside covers of this book. Inside the front cover we'll be posting updates for the eight most important allies the PCs meet in the campaign, while in the back we'll be doing the same for eight of the more important villains. For the good guys, these details should help you keep track of what the NPCs are up to before they meet the PCs and what they might do after they've met. For the bad guys, these notes can help you if the PCs do something unusual (like attempt to scry on someone) before they meet that villain, but also give you information on what that villain might do if he escapes his fate and avoids being killed by the PCs. More detailed notes on NPC actions will be referenced as appropriate in the adventures in which their roles are most prominent.

In many cases, NPC allies might end up traveling and even adventuring with the PCs. In these cases, you should not reduce the XP the PCs earn. The NPCs themselves should not "rob" experience points from the PCs—the encounters in *Wrath of the Righteous* tend to be tough ones, after all. The rate at which an NPC ally levels up should be determined by in-game events, not by the accumulation of XP, and the inside covers provide advice on what levels NPCs should be beyond their initial levels when first encountered.

STARTING WRATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS

While the PCs don't start this Adventure Path with mythic powers, their characters have mythic potential. Your players should know from the start that this is a mythic campaign. If you would rather run *Wrath of the Righteous* as a standard, non-mythic game, you can do so, but you'll need to make adjustments as you go. In this adventure, since the PCs don't become mythic until after the adventure is over, you can run things without adjustment, but in future volumes, we'll provide a few notes and words of advice to aid you.

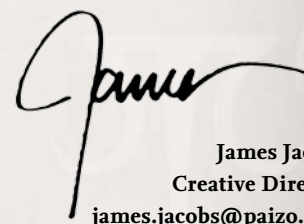
This adventure begins with the PCs trapped in a cavern hundreds of feet below the city of Kenabres, and presents the reason for their situation in the form of a flashback as read-aloud text. If you desire a more traditional beginning in which you allow the PCs to roleplay out their reactions to the initial attack on the city, you can do so, but keep in mind that

on the cover

Wayne Reynolds returns to the Adventure Path with an illustration of Irabeth Tirabade, a paladin suddenly thrust into a key leadership role after disaster strikes Kenabres. And what's a disaster on the Worldwound border without a balor like the Storm King in your city killing your dragons?

the initial attack on Kenabres by the Worldwound involves demons of incredible power, and if the PCs were exposed to it, in all likelihood most or all of them would perish, even if only from falling masonry or fiery explosions. Some of Kenabres's most powerful NPCs, like Terendelev and Lord Hulrun himself, perish in this attack—by sheltering the PCs from these events and presenting them as campaign background, you can ensure your party survives long enough to start the campaign!

It's important to know what equipment the characters have with them when the game starts. You don't want to undermine the shock of the campaign's opening by asking to see exactly what gear they bring with them to the opening ceremonies, but neither should you assume the PCs leave everything at home. While Kenabres is a city, it's also one located on the front lines of one of the Inner Sea's longest-standing wars. No one in Kenabres walks around unarmed, and those who own armor certainly wear it wherever they go. The bulk the people gathered at Clydwell's Plaza are fully geared, so you can assume the PCs are as well. It's fine to assume that each PC has whatever gear is recorded on his character sheet, save for particularly large objects. Note that certain classes also have animal companions, familiars, mounts, or eidolons. You can assume that familiars and other small creatures hid in a master's pocket or under a hat and were otherwise protected via the fortuitous *feather fall* spell, as were the PCs. Purchased mounts with no special bond to the characters spook and flee before their owners fall—at your discretion, the PCs may encounter these mounts again when they reach the surface. The point isn't to rob the PCs of their starting wealth, but to give them the terrifying thrill of stumbling into an adventure unprepared!



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The Worldwound Incursion

PART 1: THE FALL OF KENABRES

PAGE 8

While the PCs attend a ceremony in Kenabres, demons attack. During the onslaught, the ground splits open and the PCs fall into a cavern from which they must escape.

PART 2: LAIR OF THE VILE AND VICIOUS

PAGE 19

Though the PCs near the surface, they must first navigate their way through the lair of depraved mongrelmen who are working with the cult of Baphomet.

PART 3: AMID THE RUINS

PAGE 27

The PCs emerge to find Kenabres in shambles. They escort friends to their homes and clash against the cult of Baphomet before allying with the Eagle Watch crusaders.

PART 4: THE WARDSTONE LEGACY

PAGE 40

The PCs assault the Gray Garrison, and must find and destroy a *wardstone* fragment before the demons use the crusaders' greatest defense against them!

Advancement Track

"The Worldwound Incursion" is designed for four characters and uses the medium XP track.

- 1** The PCs begin this adventure at 1st level.
- 2** The PCs should reach 2nd level at some point early in Part 2.
- 3** The PCs should reach 3rd level as they escape the tunnels and enter devastated Kenabres.
- 4** The PCs should reach 4th level before starting Part 4.
- 5** The PCs should reach 5th level just before or just after destroying the *wardstone* fragment.
- 6** The PCs should be catapulted into 6th level by this adventure's climactic encounter—as part of this, they should also attain their first mythic tier.

Adventure Background

For decades, demons have ruled the Worldwound. Fearsome fiends of every stripe—their mottled skin harder than iron, teeth like serrated blades, and eyes burning with Abyssal flames—roam the ruined lands that were once known as Sarkoris, leaving their mark wherever they go. Four crusades have attempted to cleanse the land, but each seems to meet a worse fate than the last. Were it not for the line of magical *wardstones* along the eastern and southern borders, the demons would have long ago overrun north-central Avistan and beyond.

The Fourth Crusade hasn't really ended as much as petered out, yet some refuse to accept that. Amid crippling shortages and record lows in morale among the crusaders, the Mendevian war effort teeters on the brink of collapse. Though the demonic occupation of the Worldwound is growing, as is corruption among the crusaders, a dwindling minority of paladins and priests maintain that the Fourth Crusade is still vibrant and alive, and that the turning point in the war is only a few days away.

The Fourth Crusade is anything but vibrant, but the crusaders are more right than they know about the approaching turning point in the war. It's just that the turning point is likely destined to favor the Abyss.

One of the greatest weapons arrayed against the crusaders is their own mortal ignorance. The crusaders have long held that it is the inherent disorganization of demonic hordes, coupled with the bolstering wall of the *wardstones*, that keeps the world safe from the Worldwound. Unfortunately, while a leaderless mass of demons is indeed a bickering tangle of chaotic, directionless violence, the demons of the Worldwound are far from leaderless. Deskari and his demon lord allies do not want merely to wipe out their enemies physically. They want to annihilate their very natures; to destroy what gives them hope. They want their enemies to fall to their own base instincts and wallow in the countless sins that will, in the end, consign their souls to the Abyss as grist for new demonic life. Only then does Deskari plan to send out the armies of the Worldwound to crush the rest of Golarion.

The corruption that has grown among various crusading companies, knightly orders, and other organizations involved in the war is in large part an unavoidable result of human nature. But over the decades, it's been subtly nurtured and encouraged by the demons—particularly the secret order of the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth. These cultists of the demon lord Baphomet have infiltrated every major group among the crusaders, working at undermining their morale and corrupting purity from within even as the demon host of the Worldwound relentlessly attacks them from without. For a time, the Templars were content to sow seeds of corruption and lay foundations for rebellion and disorder, but Deskari

has grown impatient. A hundred years after the death of his old nemesis Aroden, Deskari has set his end game in motion, and Baphomet and his cult are hastening to comply by stepping up their acts of corruption and treachery within the ranks.

Deskari's greatest minion is, however, no longer strictly mortal. Areelu Vorlesh, architect of the Worldwound on its Material Plane side, completed her transformation from human to half-succubus soon after the Worldwound opened. Since then, she's focused her efforts on discovering new sources of power for her master. Her greatest discovery was found in a remote location in the Midnight Isles of the Abyss. There, in a cavern below a mostly deserted and forgotten isle called Vazglar, she uncovered a vast deposit of *Nahyndrian crystals*; dark purple crystals that form from the spilled ichor of murdered demon lords. Areelu discovered a method by which several *Nahyndrian crystals* could be liquefied and distilled into an elixir capable of infusing those who drink from it with potent mythic power. This was only the first use she devised for these rare and potent crystals. Working with a hierophant cleric of Baphomet named Hepzamirah and a worm that walks blackfire adept named Xanthir Vang, the three managed to forge a flawless *Nahyndrian crystal* into a single chisel—one that in theory, when struck against a *wardstone*, would destroy the stone in a devastating blast.

Areelu chose the *wardstone* at the city of Kenabres as her target, for it had already been damaged in 4692 AR by Khorramzadeh the Storm King. She brought the balor in on her plan, offering him the honor of using the *Nahyndrian chisel* on the *wardstone*—Khorramzadeh ignored his wounded pride at being treated as a lesser-ranking member of Deskari's armies for the moment, so pleased was he with the prospect of finishing a job he'd started 2 decades ago. If all worked according to her plan, the destruction of the *wardstone* would have an unraveling effect on the others that stood along the Worldwound's border. The armies of the Worldwound began to mass for a great attack to take advantage of the anticipated failure of the magical barrier.

Orchestrating the precision of such a massive attack took time—and while demons do follow orders when their commanders are fearsome and powerful enough, such tasks are still no small undertakings. Today, everything is in place. A massive invasion force, led by the Storm King himself, is prepared to launch its largest attack in more than 20 years, and the people of Kenabres have no inkling that this day may be their last. Of course, there are complications to the plan. The city of Kenabres is still defended by the ancient silver dragon Terendelev, while back in the Worldwound a renegade succubus named Arushalae has discovered the secret of the *Nahyndrian*

crystals and is working to subvert Vorlesh's plan. But it's the presence of a few heroes of mythic destiny, who happen to be in Kenabres during the Storm King's attack, that will prove to be the greatest obstacles of all.

WRATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS CAMPAIGN TRAITS

This Adventure Path assumes your players have selected one of the six Wrath of the Righteous campaign traits presented in the *Wrath of the Righteous Player's Guide* (available online for free at paizo.com) or in the *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Demon Hunter's Handbook*. While these campaign traits help to explain why the PCs are in Kenabres at the start of this adventure and grant a minor mechanical boon, they also serve another purpose—they set up that each PC's personalized source of mythic power is associated with one of six mythic paths. When the PCs' mythic potential is awakened at the end of this adventure, these traits increase in power as well—see the section on Mythic Campaign Traits on page 54 for more details on how these traits grow.

Part 1: The Fall of Kenabres

For several weeks, excitement has been building in Kenabres—Armasse is coming! Traditionally an opportunity for scholars and priests to come together to study the lessons of history from wars past, since Arodus's death, this holy day has become more about training commoners in weaponry, choosing squires, and ordaining new priests. Over time, Armasse has grown to encompass jousting competitions, mock duels, battle reenactments, and other festival events. In Kenabres, the festival (which takes place on 16 Arodus) is eagerly anticipated, for it provides distractions from the horrors of being on the front line of the war. Smiles on faces normally marred by downcast eyes and furrowed brows do wonders for city morale in the weeks leading up to the event.

Armasse is a citywide celebration, but the majority of the event, including its jousting matches and other entertainments, takes place at Clydwell Plaza, just west of the cathedral. It is here that the campaign begins, with the PCs in attendance near the cathedral's facade—they've been lucky enough to get good spots to observe the opening ceremonies at noon. The players should take a few moments to describe their characters to each other and make introductions before moving on to Waking in Darkness below.

WAKING IN DARKNESS

Once the PCs have introduced themselves, pause for a moment for dramatic effect, then tell the PCs that they are suddenly in a dark place. Their heads throb with thunderous headaches. Their ears ring. They're having trouble breathing. After a few moments, the sounds of

rocks clattering, coughing, and moans of pain, as well as the choking smell of dust, become apparent as their senses seem to return, but it remains pitch black. Feeling around in the darkness, the PCs feel rubble all around them, and realize that their bodies are covered in dirt and filth. Despite the general aches and pains, none of the PCs are damaged. If any of the PCs can create a light source (such as by casting a spell or using some equipment they've recorded on their character sheet), they see that they are in a large underground cavern, one wall of which is an enormous mound of rubble. The air is filled with dust, and now and then small rockslides of gravel tumble down the mound. This is area A1, detailed on page 11.

At some point before the PCs begin exploring the area, you should tell the players that as their headaches clear, memories of what just happened flood back. At this point, read aloud or paraphrase the text below. As you do, stop now and then to describe how one player might have scrambled out of the way of a falling statue, or another may have desperately yanked someone out of a suddenly opening crevasse. Remember, the PCs just lived through this event, and even though they don't get to take actions to affect the event's outcome, they were unlikely to be passive observers at the time.

Armasse officially began at noon, with the blessing of the festival by Lord Hulrun himself, ruler of Kenabres. The crowd gathered in Clydwell Plaza quieted as the aged inquisitor took the stage, clad in shining, resplendent armor. He cleared his throat, but just as he was about to speak, a bright light shone from the west, as if the sun were rising from the wrong direction. Hulrun's shadow fell huge and distorted across the cathedral's facade. A moment later, the sound of a thunderous explosion ripped through the air and earth, along with a violent tremor.

To the west, the fortress known as the Kite—the location of Kenabres's *wardstone*—had vanished. In its place, a brilliant plume of red fire, lightning, and smoke erupted into the heavens.

A moment later, a powerful roar accompanied a welcome sight rising from the crowd—Kenabres's greatest guardian, the ancient silver dragon Terendelev, who had until that moment been attending the opening ceremony disguised as a human. Above, another form appeared, as nightmarish as the dragon was breathtaking. A humanoid shape three times the size of any man, with skin coated in fire and lightning, gripped a flaming sword and whip. The creature's identity was immediately obvious: Khorramzadeh, the Storm King of the Worldwound, had come to Kenabres!

As the ground continued to shake and disgorge demons into the streets, the dragon and the balor lord clashed above. The fight was over in a few harrowing moments, as the balor cut deep into Terendelev's body, swooping down to strike the dragon and arresting her charge. A few more blows, and the titanic duo spiraled downward toward the crowd.

The sight of the dragon smashing into the facade of the Cathedral of St. Clydwell is one no witness would ever forget. At that moment, a titanic demon erupted at the far end of the plaza, reducing several buildings to ruins as it smashed into this world. The rift it created shot across the plaza, and this time there was no escape—it opened below your feet, angling away into darkness.

Even as you fell, the dragon noticed your plight. Though she saw death standing over her, she seized this final chance to save a few more souls. After she uttered a few arcane words and stretched out a bleeding talon, you felt her magic take hold of you, slowing your plummet into the darkness as if you were feathers falling into a pit. Yet the fall remained as inexorable, and as you drifted downward into the depths, the last thing you saw was the Storm King standing before the ancient silver dragon, his sword lashing out and cleaving full through her neck. As her severed head fell, the rift above you slammed shut, and the light of the world above was gone.

Terendelev's final act, casting *feather fall* on the PCs just as they fell into one of the rifts opening in the plaza, might seem like a random act of mercy, but in fact the dragon's actions were driven by forces greater even than herself. Although the PCs are not yet the mythic heroes they will become at this adventure's close, they will not perish in a fall into oblivion—their destiny is to become the greatest heroes of the Fifth Crusade!

FELLOW SURVIVORS

As the PCs dust themselves off, take stock of their situation, and perhaps manage to get some light going, they notice that the wall of rubble behind them contains numerous examples of how close they came to death. Here and there, bodies are mixed with the rubble—citizens of Kenabres whom the dragon could not save.

Not all of these victims perished, though. In addition to the PCs, there are three other survivors who were saved by the dragon's *feather fall*. These three NPCs are summarized below—full descriptions of each appear in this adventure's NPC Gallery. Each brings resources and skills useful in surviving the caverns below Kenabres, but each is also wounded or otherwise flawed. Keeping these NPCs alive not only might serve to aid the PCs in this part of the adventure, but could very well result in them forging lasting friendships and alliances that have repercussions throughout the Wrath of the Righteous Adventure Path.

During the rest of this Adventure Path, these and other NPC allies will have insights, comments, or actions that can be triggered by certain encounters. When these occur, they appear near the end of each of the encounters under the heading NPC Reactions.

Anevia Tirabade: Anevia is a semi-retired adventurer who settled in Kenabres after falling in love with a crusader

named Irabeth. Her rogue abilities include certain skills the PCs may need to escape the caverns alive.

Aravashnial: Aravashnial is a Riftwarden, a member of a secretive society that has long opposed the works of the Blackfire Adepts and any others who would use planar portals and gateways to undermine or assault the Material Plane. While his blindness severely limits the utility of his spellcasting, his magic and insights could mean the difference between life and death for the PCs.

Horgus Gworm: Horgus is a wealthy aristocrat from one of the minor noble families of Kenabres. He has a number of superficial cuts and scrapes but is otherwise unharmed.

MAKING FRIENDS

The three NPCs trapped with the PCs are frightened, both by their situation and by the fact that they're trapped with strangers. Until an NPC is made at least friendly, they follow the PCs cautiously and do not take part in combat. A friendly NPC will help the PCs as they can in combat and allow the PCs to lead, while a helpful one will share his or her spells and items with the PCs. A successful Intimidate check can make an NPC friendly for a short time, after which the NPC becomes hostile. A hostile NPC won't attack the PCs, but will try to recruit the other NPCs to his or her side and will eventually abandon the PCs, figuring their chances of survival are better on their own. An NPC who does this does not make it far, and at your discretion, the PCs could encounter them again later and have a chance to rescue them before they're lost or killed. Other methods of making an NPC friendly or helpful exist as indicated in the adventure text.

The Diplomacy DCs to make each NPC friendly are listed below, along with the gifts they give the PCs if they're made helpful.

Anevia Tirabade: Starting attitude indifferent (DC 16). If she becomes helpful, she gives the PCs her alchemical items, agrees to make Disable Device checks upon request, and even risks her life to save a PC in danger.

Aravashnial: Starting attitude indifferent (DC 16). If he becomes helpful, he tells the PCs what spells he has prepared, and agrees to cast them as the PCs see fit. He even uses his *wand of false life* or his potions on the PCs if they are badly wounded, but even if made helpful, Aravashnial doesn't risk his life to save a PC during this part of the adventure unless not saving the PC obviously puts his own life in greater danger.

Horgus Gworm: Starting attitude unfriendly (DC 19). Horgus is insulting and crass, but if made friendly he mostly keeps his acerbic comments to himself. If made helpful, he increases his promised reward if the PCs get him to the surface from 1,000 gp to 2,000 gp, and aids as best he can in combat. Horgus never risks his life to save a PC during this part of the adventure, even if made helpful.

Story Awards: If the PCs make an NPC friendly, they earn 200 XP. If they make an NPC helpful, they earn an additional 400 XP. Each of these awards can be gained once per NPC, for a total award of 1,200 XP if all three NPCs are made helpful.

NPC INTERACTIONS

The three NPCs interact with each other as much as with the PCs—specific examples of this interaction appear in the adventure, but you can use the following notes to guide additional interactions between them or to reveal personality traits and bits of NPC history to the PCs as you wish.

Anevia: Anevia knows Aravashnial recently split up with his lover but doesn't know why—she suspects a disagreement over religion. She doesn't know he belongs to the Riftwardens, and believes him to be a self-interested, wizardly merchant who sometimes helps crusaders by casting spells or identifying items for them. She knows Horgus a bit better. She was recently tasked by the Eagle Watch, the knightly order to which her wife belongs, with breaking into one of Horgus's warehouses to find evidence of collusion with Worldwound forces. Instead, she not only uncovered his records of extensive anonymous donations to the cause, but also of a well-tended but hidden personal shrine to Abadar. She doesn't like his attitude, but respects him enough to keep his anonymous donations and faith secret, even if she doesn't understand why he apparently wants to keep his religious side hidden.

Aravashnial: Aravashnial recognizes Anevia by sight only as the wife of Irabeth, a woman with whom he's had arguments in the past over how much direct aid the Riftwardens should provide the war effort. In a way, he lays the blame for the end of his own relationship with his lover Lylina on Irabeth's convincing argument—when Aravashnial tried to use Irabeth's reasoning on Lylina to convince her to open up Riftwarden resources to the crusaders, the resulting argument ended their relationship. As such, he's relatively curt and terse with Anevia. With Horgus, he is awkward and unusually nonconfrontational—a few months back, Aravashnial developed a theory that some of Kenabres's nobles were funding demonic agendas, and among these nobles was Horgus Gworm. The information proved to be false (provided, unbeknownst to Aravashnial, by a cultist of Baphomet who was looking to sow dissent), and while he apologized publicly and paid him a hefty restitution, he knows the noble resents him and is itching for an excuse for revenge.

Horgus: Horgus knows Aravashnial as a conspiracy theorist, and still rankles at the elf's inclusion of him in a now mostly forgotten theory that several of Kenabres's nobles were secretly funding demonic causes. Horgus is itching to find out something scandalous about the elf that he can take public—and if he can't find something

real, he's increasingly considering making something up. He knows Anevia is the wife of Irabeth, and also that Irabeth sold her father's sword to fund Anevia's physical gender transformation since the noble who bought the sword (a man named Kandro Nyserian) borrowed money from Horgus to make the purchase. (For what purpose, Horgus never learned—he knows only that Kandro is slightly behind on his loan payments.) He suspects Anevia was involved in the robbery of one of his warehouses, likely in an attempt to reclaim the sword, but doesn't know she's actually the one who proved his innocence from the false conspiracy postulated by Aravashnial and that the robbery was in fact a completely unrelated crime.

THE KENABRES UNDERGROUND

The city of Kenabres stands above several layers of underground chambers. Deep below the city, caverns skirting the upper edges of the Darklands realm of Nar-Voth have existed for ages, whereas closer to the surface, old catacombs and sewers riddle the rock. The city's explosive growth during the First Crusade saw the construction of more of these tunnels than would ever see use, and today they're home to outcasts, pariahs, and an unusually large number of mongrelmen.

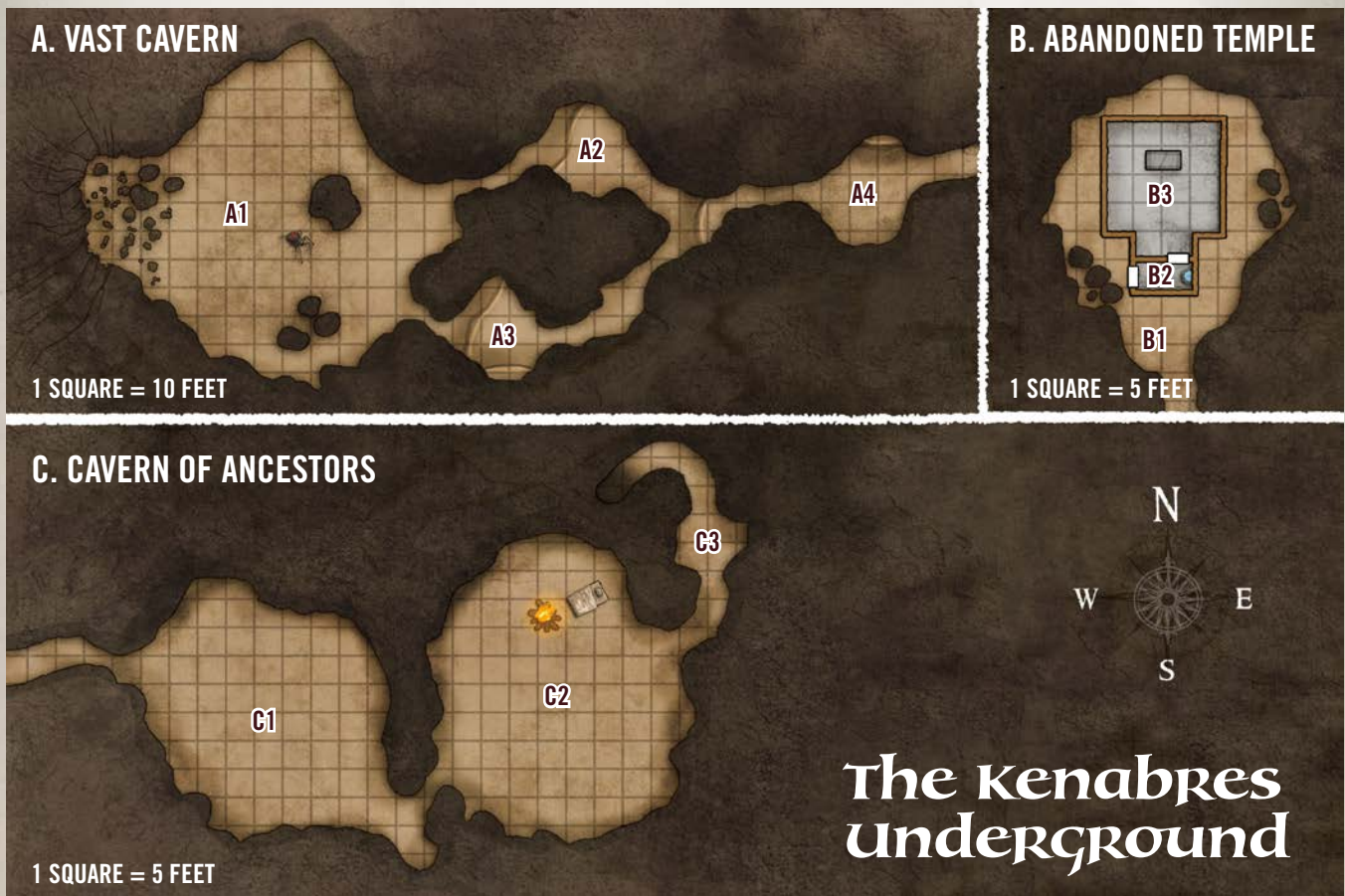
These mongrelmen are the descendants of those who fought in the First Crusade, when the crusaders had little experience in dealing with the unique hazards the Worldwound presented. During the First Crusade, many unknowingly exposed themselves to fell energies and nightmarish radiations. In the years that followed, a shocking number of children born to the crusaders were hideously deformed. Many of these unfortunate innocents were put to death by overzealous inquisitors or even fellow crusaders, but some parents fled underground to raise their children outside of the light of intolerance.

Today, the descendants of these unfortunates are known by various names, such as “mole people,” “pitlings,” “tunnel people,” or most commonly as “mongrels.” They have no name for themselves. Life among the mongrels is short and often brutal, with a generation passing in as little as 20 years. Yet today, no fewer than five distinct tribes dwell in the deep caverns, abandoned sewers, and forgotten crypts of Kenabres, which form a vast underground labyrinth.

While the deep cavern into which the PCs have fallen is 230 feet below ground, there are no easy routes back to the surface. Only one way onward exists, and the PCs will have opportunities to learn of the most direct route back to the surface soon enough.

The entire underground network below Kenabres is not mapped in detail. Instead, the rough locations of these caverns and the tunnels that connect them are shown on the map of Kenabres after the fall (see page 26). Remember that

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if the PCs don't want to leave Anevia or Aravashnial behind, they move at a speed of 15 feet maximum between these encounter areas. Additional routes to the surface (or even down into the Darklands) exist, but these routes are beyond the scope of this adventure.

A1. Vast Cavern (CR 1)

The ceiling and far walls of this vast cavern recede into darkness. On one side, the wall has collapsed in an enormous mound of rubble—here and there the arms or legs of victims who didn't survive the fall protrude. In the back of the cavern, a disturbing shape looms. Nearly the size of a horse, what appears to be an immense black spider crouches silent and still on the ground.

The walls and floor of this cavern have the rough texture of natural stone. The distant squeaks of bats echo broadly, suggesting that this underground space is large and relatively open. Grit and rock dust covers everything. Clumps of stalagmites jut from the ground.

It should soon become obvious to the PCs that the only way onward is into the beckoning darkness. Before they move on, they need to sort things out with their fellow survivors, as detailed below under NPC Reactions, but an

investigation of the “giant spider” is likely the first thing on everyone's mind.

Creature: The spider is a giant black widow, but fortunately for the PCs, the immense vermin is several days dead, as becomes apparent from the smell and condition of the corpse as it's approached. With a successful DC 11 Perception check, the PCs note two disturbing elements—a muffled chewing sound and a bulge wriggling inside of the spider's abdomen. These come from the activities of a pair of giant cave maggots feeding on the corpse. Though the maggots are well fed, any approach within 10 feet of the corpse (or any attempt to damage it) causes them to burst from the body and undulate forward to attack the PCs.

GIANT MAGGOTS (2)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 7 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 124)

Treasure: Even a cursory examination of the wall of rubble reveals something of note—a number of silver scales lie scattered amid the stones, each about the size of a human man's palm. These are *Terendelev's scales*, shed as she died, and each one possesses a unique power, infused by her departing soul. A PC who picks up a scale receives

a flash of insight about the scale's properties, along with an emotional rush of sadness tinged with resolute determination. In all, there are a few magical scales scattered around (see page 65 for details of their powers). The number of scales found here should equal the number of PCs in your group.

NPC Reactions: The other three NPCs are in various stages of shock and pain at this point. Their initial reactions and attitudes to the situation and the PCs are summarized below. This adventure assumes that all three NPCs travel with the PCs, even if they're not made friendly.

Anevia Tirabade: Anevia begins the adventure with 6 hit points and a broken leg. She landed fine, but falling rubble has crushed her leg, breaking the bones in several places. She knows she's hurt and is wary of the strangers around her. She remains calm and quiet where she landed, stoically bearing the pain until she's asked to move—upon taking her first step on the broken leg, she collapses with an agonized cry. With a successful DC 15 Heal check and a few minutes of work, a PC can use splinters of wood and rope from the rubble to fashion a splint for her leg, allowing her to hobble with the aid of an improvised crutch formed from a fallen timber; this automatically makes her attitude friendly. If she's completely healed to full hit points; this automatically makes her attitude helpful, her leg mends enough that she can walk without a crutch, yet until she receives a *regenerate* spell, she won't be able to move at full speed. Even if she's not made helpful, she hobbles along with the PCs as best she can, providing arrow fire support in combat only if she feels the risk of losing one of her arrows is worth the shot.

Aravashnial: Aravashnial starts the adventure with 2 hit points and is blinded. He was dangerously close to the Storm King when the demon landed after grounding the dragon, and just before Aravashnial fell, he took a lash to the face and eyes from the balor's flaming whip. Fortunately for the elf, it was a glancing blow that did not decapitate him—but it did destroy both of his eyes and left his face a mass of horrific burns. As with Anevia, this crippling effect requires a *regenerate* spell to heal. Aravashnial is used to being in a position of power and, despite his injuries, he immediately tries to take command of the group. He demands to know everyone's names and what experience they have battling demons or other fearsome creatures. He instructs the most "able" (in his opinion) PCs—strong warrior types—to explore the cavern while the remainder of the group guards the injured, selecting one PC to be his attendant and "eyes." If she's made friendly, Anevia volunteers for this role, freeing up the PCs. A successful DC 20 Sense Motive check reveals the Riftwarden's insecurities and suggests his desire to feel in control. The PCs can reassure Aravashnial by asking his opinion (even if they have no intention of taking it into account) or by promising to check in with him frequently to take advantage of his experience. As long as

Aravashnial feels he is a contributing member of the group, he supports the PCs' decisions and encourages Anevia and Horgus to do the same. Otherwise he challenges the PCs' authority at every turn. While he may not be able to exert much influence over the group, he can make the trip to the surface much more unpleasant.

Horgus Gworm: Although he is the least injured of the group, Horgus certainly makes the most fuss. Every scrape, every inconvenience is a personal affront to him, and his poor attitude makes him grating to be around—as do his frequent insults to the other NPCs—but in reality, Horgus is a well-read scholar and his knowledge of numerous subjects may well come in handy quite soon.

A2. Abandoned Campsite (CR 1)

This smaller cavern appears to have once served as a campsite or temporary lair. A torn bedroll lies next to the cold remains of a fire. A pile of bones, broken equipment, and rubble lies just past the campsite.

Creatures: The original inhabitant of this cave (a son of the chieftain of the mongrelman settlement of Neathholm) has moved on, his route west forever blocked by the recent collapse in area A1. A pair of giant cockroaches have since made a home in the trash heap. The dog-sized vermin burst from the mound of trash to attack any who pass by.

GIANT COCKROACHES (2)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 8 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 58)

Treasure: The junk in this room may prove extremely valuable to the PCs. A thorough search of the room turns up a torn bedroll, three candle stubs (each can burn for 30 minutes), a bent fishhook, 10 feet of badly frayed hemp rope, and a copper brooch depicting a bat perched on a mushroom—both of the bat's eyes are tiny amethysts. This brooch is worth 200 gp, but could be much more valuable when the PCs reach the mongrelman settlement of Neathholm at area G.

A3. Tantalizing Ledge

A stone ledge juts out at a right angle on the south wall of this cavern, fourteen feet off the ground. The leather strap of a backpack hangs from the edge of the ledge, while above, a narrow fissure yawns up into the dark.

Treasure: A crusader's pack fell into this cavern during the battle on the surface. The rift closed, but not before the pack came to rest on this ledge. A successful DC 20 Climb check is required to scale the slippery rock surface to retrieve the pack. The pack itself is a masterwork backpack^{UE} that

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contains 10 days of trail rations, a flint and steel, a set of caltrops, two flasks of oil, a bundle of 12 arrows, a *potion of cure light wounds*, and a *potion of lesser restoration*.

A4. Small Chamber (CR 1)

Several mounds of rock lie in heaps in this cavern, recently fallen from the walls and ceiling. Now and then, bits of dust settle from cracks in the stone above.

This cave may look unstable, but it weathered the disasters above quite well and is in no real danger of collapse. The true danger lies in one of the chamber's denizens—a pale-scaled cave viper that has been dislodged from its nest and now lies coiled up and cranky amid the stones. The snake is slightly wounded, which (unfortunately for the group) makes it particularly quick to attack any perceived threat.

CAVE VIPER

CR 1

XP 400

Venomous snake (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 255)

hp 13 (currently 9)

B. ABANDONED TEMPLE

After traveling the winding route from area A4 for about 1,900 feet (at a speed of 15 feet through the rough cavern passages, this takes about 25 minutes to navigate), the PCs reach the tunnel's end at a junction. To the north, a 5-foot-wide opening in the wall leads into a cave filled with soft but nasty-looking green light—the tunnel itself continues south beyond this toward area C.

This area was once a small shrine dedicated to Torag, tended by a hermitic priest who chose this location for a place of worship so as to be closer to “the Father of Creation's heart.” Alas, after building the shrine and receiving no sign of gratitude from Torag, the priest lost his faith, cursed his god, and took his own life in spite. This act cursed him to unlife beyond death as a huecuva, and he remains here still, guarding the temple site against intruders even though he has long forgotten why.

B1. Courtyard (CR 1)

A single sizable 20-foot-tall building remains in the center of this 30-foot-high cave, a bunkerlike structure with no windows and walls of worked stone blocks. A 10-foot-long carving of a hammer decorates the building's facade. The ruins of collapsed outbuildings stand to either side.

A successful DC 10 Knowledge (religion) check reveals the symbol on the building as that of Torag. The old stone door leading into the building is stuck, requiring a successful DC 15 Strength check to force open.

Creatures: A pallid giant fly infests these caves—the same species as the maggots in the dead black widow at area A1. This bloated vermin crawls about on the building and attacks anyone who approaches the shrine.

GIANT FLY

CR 1

XP 400

hp 15 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 124)

B2. Antechamber (CR 1)

A stone bench lines the southern wall of this chamber. At the far side of the room, a basin of water sits atop a stone pedestal. A stone door engraved with an image of a hammer stands to the north.

Treasure: The basin contains a 2 doses of holy water.

NPC Reactions: The realization that this building is an abandoned temple to a lawful good deity stirs Anevia's memories of her wife, Irabeth. Anevia grows despondent, but tries to conceal her sudden depression by complaining that her leg is bothering her more than usual and that she needs to rest on the bench for a bit. Horgus Gwerm mutters that Anevia is “slowing them down” and that perhaps the group needs to split up—implying that perhaps it's best to leave her behind and abandon her to her fate. Anevia explodes, saying she's not surprised that a man afraid to acknowledge his own faith wouldn't be moved by a forgotten temple like this, and that to be ashamed of one's faith is as bad as worshiping demons. Horgus is a bit taken aback by her outburst, but then contemptuously remarks on the irony of being chided by someone who (he believes) has been known to consort with thieves. Anevia falls into black, silent anger at this, her eyes narrowing as she draws upon inspiration from her memories of Irabeth to resist escalating the argument.

If the PCs do nothing to defuse this situation, both Anevia and Horgus slip one step toward hostile. If the entire party sides with one of the two, that NPC's attitude doesn't shift, but the other's shifts two steps toward hostile. An NPC made hostile in this event tries to slip off on his or her own soon thereafter. A successful Diplomacy check against the NPC's current attitude (and increasing the DC by 5) prevents one of the NPCs' attitudes from degrading.

Story Award: If the PCs prevent an NPC's attitude from degrading, they earn 200 XP. If they prevent both NPCs' attitudes from degrading, increase this award to 400 XP.

B3. Nave (CR 2)

Broken stone benches line this narrow room. The air is cold and stale, and thick layers of dust cover the floor, benches, and a large altar at the far end of the room.

Creature: The shrine's priest dwells here still, seated on one of the benches facing the altar, his back to the PCs. Close inspection reveals the stocky hooded figure to be a dwarf covered with an equally thick layer of dust. Closer inspection still reveals the horrible truth as the huecuva lurches to life with a shriek. It fights until destroyed, but does not pursue opponents from this room.

HUECUVA

CR 2

XP 600

hp 16 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 150)

Treasure: This shrine was always humble, and little treasure can be found within save for that on the huecuva's body. A pouch on its belt contains two *potions of cure light wounds*, and on one withered hand it wears a knotted gold ring worth 125 gp. The priest's masterwork warhammer lies dusty on the ground, long forgotten.

Development: This shrine can be consecrated—either to Torag or to a new deity—with 8 hours of work cleaning and praying. If the PCs conduct a prayer ritual and succeed at a DC 20 Knowledge (religion) check, they attract the attention of the deity (if the PC worships Torag, he gains a +5 sacred bonus on this check), after which point the party gains the benefits of a *bless* spell for 24 hours. Random monster encounters do not occur in this temple once it's been consecrated.

Story Award: If the PCs consecrate the temple, award them 600 XP.

C. Cavern of Ancestors

The passageway leading south from area **B** continues for about 3,000 feet (at a speed of 15 feet, this takes about 40 minutes to navigate) before ending here after a gradual rise in elevation of 30 feet from area **B**. Tainted First Crusaders whose descendants would become one of the Kenabres mongrel tribes once occupied this cavern. Today, these caves are the home of a misanthropic dwarf named Millorn.

C1. Cavern of Crusaders (CR 1)

Stone figures are carved into the walls of this cavern. Each depicts a different crusader clad in armor and wielding weapons, but their carved stone features contain expressions of sadness.

An examination of the armor portrayed on the statues and successful DC 15 Knowledge (history) check indicates that the soldiers depicted were from the First Crusade. The first generation of mongrels born to this group erected these statues in honor of their parents, but they've long since moved on to other sites.

Creatures: A nest of darkmantles once lived in this chamber, but the dwarf Millorn routinely kills the

darkmantle fledglings for meals, leaving a mated pair here to also serve as guardians for his home. The two darkmantles dwelling amid the room's statues swoop out to immediately attack any foes save for those who look like dwarves—they're deathly afraid of dwarves and won't attack anything that looks like at all like a dwarf.

DARKMANTLES (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 15 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 55)

NPC Reaction: Once he learns about the statues in this room, Aravashnial becomes very intrigued. He shares one of his theories with the PCs if he's at least friendly—an old legend that after the First Crusade a group of crusaders who had become infected with Abyssal energies fled into these caverns to raise their deformed children in peace, and that their descendants live on today in the tunnels below the city. The presence of these statues here gives significant credence to the tale, as the elf assumes they were carved by the children.

C2. Millorn's Palace (CR 2)

A small campfire and a well-used bedroll, along with a few utensils and tools, sits near another cave opening in the far wall of this cavern.

Creatures: At the far end of the cavern, the mad dwarf Millorn maintains his small lair. Originally forced to flee underground to avoid persecution for his research into vile magical traditions, the dwarf has long since become mentally unbalanced from his isolation. He now sees enemies everywhere, and shrieks like a man possessed when the PCs arrive, interpreting them as agents of the crusade come to finally arrest him.

MILLORN

CR 2

XP 600

Male dwarf wizard 3

CE Medium humanoid (dwarf)

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 10, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor)

hp 22 (3d6+9)

Fort +7, **Ref** +2, **Will** +6; +2 vs. poison, spells, and spell-like abilities

Defensive Abilities defensive training, stability

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee dagger +2 (1d4+1/19–20)

Ranged light crossbow +1 (1d8/19–20)

Special Attacks hand of the apprentice (5/day), hatred

Wizard Spells Prepared (CL 3rd; concentration +5)

2nd—*blur*, *levitate*

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1st—*color spray* (DC 13), *mage armor*, *magic missile*
0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 12),
read magic

TACTICS

Before Combat Millorn casts *mage armor* if he hears sounds of combat in area C1.

During Combat Millorn casts *blur* once he spots enemies, then casts spells while attempting to stay out of melee.

Morale If Millorn is reduced to 5 hit points or fewer, he drinks his *potion of cure light wounds* and *potion of invisibility*, casts *levitate*, then flees up through the shaft in area C3—he may appear again, or the PCs might just find his dead body in a future encounter.

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 10, **Con** 16, **Int** 15, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 12 (16 vs. bull rush, 16 vs. trip)

Feats Combat Casting, Great Fortitude, Scribe Scroll

Skills Knowledge (arcana) +8, Knowledge (planes) +8,
Perception +5, Spellcraft +8, Stealth +3

Languages Abyssal, Common, Dwarven, Hallit

SQ arcane bond (dagger), greed, hardy, stonecunning,
weapon familiarity

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*, *potion of invisibility*, *scroll of shocking grasp*, *scroll of resist energy*;

Other Gear dagger, light crossbow with 10 bolts, *cloak of resistance* +1, 8 pp, 7 gp

Treasure: Millorn's meager gear is gathered near his camp, consisting of a ratty bedroll, a small pack filled with dried meat, preserved fruit, and some moldy cheese (6 days of rations), and a chipped 6-inch-tall marble statuette of a humanoid throwing a spear. The statuette is worth 75 gp. In addition to his prepared spells, Millorn's spellbook contains *detect secret doors*, *fog cloud*, *grease*, *invisibility*, *resist energy*, *shocking grasp*, and *silent image*. This book is worth 160 gp.

C3. Route Upward

A steeply inclined tunnel leads upward to the north, its walls lined with numerous nooks, handholds, and dozens of iron pitons that have been driven into the walls long ago.

This shaft leads upward at a steep angle for 60 feet. The cracks, handholds, and pitons—placed here years ago by mongrels—allow for a character to ascend the shaft almost as if a ladder were present.

D. Fallen Guard Post (CR 3)

After climbing for 60 feet, the shaft from area C3 levels out and heads northwest for approximately 2,500 feet (a 30-minute walk at a speed of 15 feet).

The tunnel opens into a large cavern, about seventy feet across. Cylindrical rock formations along the walls arch up to make a domelike chamber, but the walls and floor are riddled with cracks. At the center of the cave, a stone tower that may once have reached the fifty-foot-high ceiling has collapsed onto its side.

Creatures: This stone tower was until recently a mongrel guard post—one of the perimeter defenses maintained by the settlement of Neathholm to the south. The disaster on the surface sent shockwaves rippling through the earth, causing the tower to collapse and killing most of the mongrels who were stationed here. Three mongrels survived, but one of them has been trapped under the rubble.



The surviving two mongrels are desperate to free their fellow. If the PCs reach this area without alerting the mongrels, a successful DC 15 Perception check reveals two of them focusing on slowly and carefully digging through the tower's rubble, wary of causing accidental collapse. Now and then they call out, and a muffled voice in the rubble answers back.

If the PCs approach the guard post, the two mongrels drop into defensive stances but are not aggressive. One of the mongrels is a hunchbacked woman named Dyra, her face so warped by tumors that she's incapable of intelligible speech. The second is a man named Lann, and he does the talking for the two. Lann is a tall, thin creature with a face that melds the features of an attractive elven man, a goat, and a lizardfolk. His oversized fingers end in dull, spadelike talons.

Lann would ordinarily be willing to take his time talking with the PCs, but the fate of his friend Crel, trapped beneath the tower, adds urgency to his negotiations. He greets the PCs in a raspy voice, speaking in strangely accented but quite eloquent Common, and asks their intentions. "If your intentions are ill, we ask you to move on and leave us in peace. If they are good, then perhaps you can help. As you can see, misfortune has befallen us."

The mongrels have cleared away enough rubble away that only one large rock remains wedged in place above the small space in which Crel is trapped. Lifting the rock away requires a successful DC 25 Strength check—something the two mongrels alone cannot accomplish. Up to six people can work together to lift the stone, with one rolling the Strength check and the other five attempting to aid another. Alternatively, the PCs can try to dig Crel out, but this is a perilous task, as Lann points out. An attempt takes 10 more minutes of work, but the digger must make a successful DC 15 Knowledge (engineering) or Profession (miner) check (or a similar skill at the GM's discretion)—failure indicates that the rubble shifts and the stone block crushes Crel, dealing him 3d6+6 points of damage. Fortunately, the rock then becomes much easier to move (Strength DC 16), and if the PCs can move it aside quickly enough, they still might save Crel's life.

CREL, DYRA, AND LANN (3)
CR 1
XP 400 each

Mongrelmen (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 191)

hp 15 each

Lann

NPC Reactions: Anevia treats the mongrels with curiosity and a bit of pity, while Horgus is disgusted by the creatures and advises the PCs not to trust them—until he's at least made friendly, his attitude imparts a –2 penalty on all Diplomacy checks made against mongrels. Aravashnial is intrigued by them and asks many questions about their history, but his questions quickly start to annoy the mongrels, further imparting a –2 penalty on Diplomacy checks unless he's at least friendly (in which case he ceases his questioning once asked to).

Development: If the PCs save Crel's life, the mongrels immediately shift to friendly in attitude. If Crel dies, their attitude remains unfriendly and the PCs will need Diplomacy or other means to secure their aid. Once the mongrels are at least friendly, they agree to escort the PCs on to their settlement, Neathholm, where their chieftain can reward them for saving Crel's life and the PCs can get some rest.

Numerous tunnels lead out from this area—Neathholm chose this cave as a guard post for this exact reason, but the tremors collapsed the tunnel that once led directly to Neathholm. Fortunately, the mongrels know of an alternative route through a tunnel leading to the southwest, and lead the PCs in that direction.

Story Award: If the PCs save Crel's life, award them 400 XP. If the PCs also manage to make the mongrelmen friendly, award them an additional 800 XP.

E. Broken Road (CR 4)

After winding roughly southwest for 1,875 feet (25 minutes of walking at a speed of 15 feet), the tunnel reaches a significant obstacle.

Ahead, a wide chasm splits the tunnel floor. The floating rock dust in the air and the groans as the tunnel walls settle indicate that the tunnel split recently.

The same tremors that brought down the mongrelmen guard post also created this small chasm. If the PCs are accompanied by the mongrels from area D, they express dismay when they see the chasm—there's a way onward on the far side of the chasm to the southeast, but they also have begun to worry that the tremors may have destroyed their home.

The chasm is 10 feet across, 70 feet wide, and 30 feet deep. The tunnel continues on from the chasm's opposite side about 40 feet east of the entrance. Climbing along the edges of the rift is as difficult as climbing down and

then back up, and requires a successful DC 15 Climb check to navigate. With blind and crippled NPCs, however, the obstacle presents an even larger challenge than normal. Using ropes to lower and lift Anevia, Aravashnial, and any PCs unable to attempt the Climb checks is perhaps the easiest method of navigating the rift.

Story Award: The PCs earn 400 XP if no one dies from a fall while crossing the rift.

F. Dead Cultists (CR 4)

The tunnel continues along a mostly southeastern course for about 1,400 feet (just over 18 minutes of walking at a speed of 15 feet) before reaching a circular cavern. If the PCs approach, the mongrels warn them that the cave ahead is one they now rarely use, for it has become the den of a particularly dangerous fungal creature he calls a “spore-cougher.” A PC who succeeds at a DC 15 Knowledge (dungeoneering or nature) check recognizes Lann’s description of the deadly fungus as that of a basidiron. Lann assures the PCs that, with their help, they should be able to defeat the monster and move through its lair—and if they’re lucky, the creature’s out hunting elsewhere.

The tunnel opens into a circular cavern, roughly forty feet in diameter. Thick sheets of fungus grow in the cave, and several tunnels branch off. All of these save one in the north wall lead downward; the northern one leads upward. What appear to be two dead bodies lie on the ground in the middle of the cave, next to a strange heap of rosy green fungus.

The basidiron that dwelled here has been killed recently, but the two men who killed it were slain in the battle—one by the fungus itself, the other in the agonizing few seconds after he struck the death blow to the basidiron only to die himself of the creature’s spores. The mongrels are obviously relieved the “spore-cougher” is dead, and are eager to continue north to Neathholm but are willing to linger long enough for the PCs to investigate the bodies.

Both were cultists of Baphomet, members of the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth who worked for a woman named Hosilla (see area H9). The cultists had been on a scouting mission deeper in the Kenabres caverns when the tremors hit, and were on their way back to area H when they were attacked and killed here.

Treasure: Both men are dressed as crusaders of Iomedae, and each still wears a masterwork chain shirt. One of the dead bodies still carries a *potion of cure light wounds*, while the other has a *scroll of cause fear* in a pouch. Between the two of them, they also carry 129 gp.

Curiously, the crusaders are not armed with the longswords typically wielded by Iomedae’s followers, but instead carry glaives and a spiked gauntlet. Furthermore, the body on which the scroll was found clutches something

tightly in his fist—a small symbol of a brass bull’s head with tiny red gemstone eyes. This is an unholy symbol of Baphomet worth 50 gp. A successful DC 15 Knowledge (religion) check identifies the nature of the symbol.

Development: If the PCs ask their mongrelmen companions about the dead men, they note that they’ve seen others like them in the tunnels before. Lately, their presence in the tunnels has increased. Furthermore, the mongrels say that they have some sort of alliance with a different tribe of mongrels—a *bad* tribe—that lives in a small complex southeast of Neathholm.

NPC Reactions: Once the bodies are identified as Baphomet cultists, Anevia is disgusted and Aravashnial delighted. Both have heard the rumors that the cult of Baphomet, known to some as the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth, had infiltrated various mercenary groups, but proof that at least two had been disguised as Iomedean crusaders is something else entirely. Anevia becomes even more worried for her wife, while Aravashnial argues that they should bring the bodies with them so they can be identified by the church. (In fact, he actually just wants the bodies as proof for yet another of his conspiracy theories.) Horgus doesn’t care one way or another about the bodies.

Story Award: If the PCs discover the truth about the dead crusaders being cultists of Baphomet, award them 400 XP.

G. NEATHHOLM

From area F, the tunnel winds north for about 1,100 feet (about 15 minutes of travel at a speed of 15 feet) before reaching a circular, 20-foot-diameter cavern. Four mongrelmen stand guard here before a large stone door. If the PCs are accompanied by Lann and the others, the guards greet their mongrel companions warmly. While they eye the PCs with suspicion, Lann’s word is good enough to let them all enter the chamber beyond the door. Without Lann, the mongrel guards have an initial attitude of unfriendly toward the strangers, and inform the PCs that “Uplanders aren’t allowed into glorious Neathholm!” The mongrel guards must be made at least friendly before they agree to let the PCs into the cave. If the PCs recovered the brooch from area A2 and show it to the guards, they demand to know where the PCs found it. Regardless of the answer provided, the guards then escort them to Neathholm’s chieftain—for the brooch belonged to one of his sons.

Beyond the stone door lies the settlement of Neathholm.

A small, dark lake ripples in the center of this two-hundred-foot-wide cavern, the walls and ceiling aglow with thick sheets of luminescent fungi. In the center of the lake, over two dozen low stone buildings cluster on a rocky one-hundred-foot-wide island. Lights glow in the windows of the buildings, giving

the settlement an almost welcoming look. Rafts made of mismatched planks of timber bob along the length of a crooked pier at the lake's closest shore.

This adventure assumes the PCs have mongrel escorts when they arrive at Neathholm—if they don't, the nervous citizens retreat to their homes and barricade their doors. Guards arrive soon enough to escort the PCs to the largest building atop the island's low central peak—this is the home of Chief Sull, a bloated and unpleasant-looking but mild-mannered mongrel with one clouded white eye.

Chief Sull listens to Lann's report and thanks the PCs for their attempts, successful or not, to free the trapped mongrelman. He then asks the PCs to explain their presence in the caverns. Once Sull learns the source of the tremors that shook the tunnels and caused so much damage, he grows quite concerned. He and his kind, Sull explains, may be outcasts and freaks in the eyes of uplanders like the PCs, but their ancestors helped drive back the demons in the First Crusade. He wants the demons defeated as much as anyone who lives above, and asks the PCs if they're willing to bring this message to the surface—that the mongrels will stand with the inhabitants of Kenabres to defend the city.

Assuming the PCs agree, Chief Sull nods sagely and goes on to inform the PCs that the nearest route to the surface lies to the south, but this exit is guarded by a tribe of mongrels who do not have the same opinions as those of Neathholm. In fact, this smaller tribe, a group he contemptuously calls "the traitors," have consorted for some time with cultists. Chief Sull has ignored them, but that time has passed. If the PCs agree to destroy the traitors as they make their way back to the surface to bring word of the mongrel's pledge to aid the crusade, Chief Sull promises them aid in the form of a small stash of potions (six *potions of cure light wounds* and three *potions of lesser restoration*). His own soldiers, alas, he cannot spare—he needs them to fan out deeper into the tunnels to gather the other mongrel tribes to Neathholm. Once they receive word that the crusaders above will welcome the crusaders below, the mongrels will be ready to rise up and help take back Kenabres.

The PCs can rest in Neathholm safely for as long as they want, though they undoubtedly want to return to the surface as quickly as possible. The mongrelmen of

Neathholm trade occasionally with other underground races and willingly accept both gold pieces and items in trade if the PCs wish to restock. Once the PCs are ready to move on, Chief Sull escorts them to one of the several doors that mark exits from the cavern in which Neathholm is located—the route beyond this door leads directly to the traitors' den, and past that, to the surface. He wishes the PCs luck in their journey, gives them the potions he promised, and tells them he eagerly awaits word of whether the crusaders wish them to join the battle above. At your option, he may allow Lann to accompany the PCs to the traitors' lair and above as an envoy and guide. He certainly tells the PCs they're welcome to return here if they need to retreat, rest, and recover before making additional assaults on the traitors.

If the PCs have found the bat brooch in area A2 and give it to Chief Sull, his one good eye gets a bit misty; he accepts the gift, explaining that one of his sons left Neathholm after an argument. Chief Sull doesn't expect his son to return, but he treasures the return of

this brooch nonetheless. In thanks for the

brooch's return, he gives the PCs his own +1 *morningstar*, asking only that they use the weapon to split at least one traitor's skull before they reach the surface.

NPC Reactions: Horgus is disgusted by Neathholm and can't be away from the place quickly enough, but Anevia is intrigued by the possibility of recruiting the mongrels to aid the crusade. Aravashnial is delighted to learn that there are entire societies of "mole people" and "pitlings" under the city, but unless the PCs ask him to stop using such phrases, his unintentionally insulting comments impart a -2 penalty on Diplomacy checks made in Neathholm.

Story Award: If the PCs manage to secure Chief Sull's friendship and accept the offer of an alliance, award them 600 XP.

NEATHHOLM

LN Hamlet

Corruption +0; **Crime** -5; **Economy** -2; **Law** +2; **Lore** -1; **Society** -4

Qualities insular

Danger -5

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government overlord

Population 38 (100% mongrelmen)



chief sull

The worldwound incursion

NOTABLE NPCs

Chief Sull (LN male mongrelman ranger 2)

Seer Opoli (LN male mongrelman witch 3)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 200 gp; **Purchase Limit** 1,000 gp; **Spellcasting** 2nd

Minor Items +1 arrows (8), +1 buckler, ring of protection +1, earth elemental gem

Part 2: Lair of the vile and vicious

From the hamlet of Neathholm, the tunnel winds mostly in a southeast direction for about 2,000 feet (26 minutes of travel at a speed of 15 feet). The tunnel narrows down at this point to a 5-foot-wide passageway, the walls carved with picks and chisels. The PCs are now very close to area **H1**—the entrance to the traitors' den.

Unless otherwise noted, doors in the lair are unlocked and rooms are devoid of light sources. The mongrelmen are chaotic evil unless otherwise indicated. If any party members are captured, they are thrown into area **H15**.

H1. Guard Post (CR 3)

Barricades made of heaped loose rocks and wooden boards bisect this cavern. Beyond the barricades, a wooden screen covers the lower half of a tunnel mouth.

Creatures: Two mongrelmen maintain a watch here, keeping an eye out for troublemakers from Neathholm. Once they spot the PCs, they raise alarm by howling and shrieking. Those mongrelmen in area **H2** hear the commotion and raise another alarm, arriving here in 2d4 rounds to aid the fight or start a new fight as the case warrants.

MONGRELMEN TRAITORS (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 15 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 191)

H2. Living Quarters (CR 3)

The lingering smells of cooked meat and rank bodies hang in the air. Ten bedrolls, each piled with coarse blankets and animal furs, surround a fire pit filled with glowing coals. Tanned hides hang stretched on the walls, each crudely painted with scenes of deformed humanoids hunting giant vermin in caves.

Creatures: Of the ten mongrels who live here, a pair is stationed at areas **H1**, **H6**, **H7**, and **H14**. The remaining two are sleeping here. If the alarm is raised, they take 2d4 rounds to wake up and gather their gear—they open the door to the pantry before leaving, so the guardian in that room can come out here to defend the chamber as well. Combat here will alert the cultists in area **H10**.

MONGRELMEN TRAITORS (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 15 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 191)

H3. Pantry (CR 2)

A rack of hooks hangs from the ceiling, cured slabs of meat dangling from them and filling the room with a smoky aroma. A group of barrels appears to hold other preserved foodstuffs.

The meat hanging here is primarily dire rat and mongrel meat—it's all stringy, over-salted, and fairly unappetizing.

Creatures: Wenduag (see area **H4**) managed to befriend a pale-scaled, pink-eyed cave lizard that he uses as a guardian for this room. The lizard, the size of a pony, has no interest in dry or dead meat, and thus leaves the food stores alone. It immediately attacks anything that doesn't look like a mongrel, however, fighting to the death.

CAVE LIZARD

CR 2

XP 600

Monitor lizard (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 194)

hp 22

H4. Common Room (CR 2)

In the southwestern part of this room, stout stone chairs surround a block of larger stone that serves as a table. The table's top strewn with bone dice and cracked clay jugs. Stained canvas pillows rest on the chairs. A copper bowl filled with coals hangs from the ceiling, filling the room with warmth and an orange glow.

A hole in the ground in the southeast corner of the room drops down into area **H6**. A rope ladder hangs down the shaft—the ladder looks rickety, but is quite safe to use.

Creatures: Normally, a few mongrels would be found here, drinking and playing dice, but the recent tremors and other events have the traitors on high alert and none are currently located here save for a blue-skinned creature named Wenduag. This mongrel serves as a sort of guard captain for the traitors. She was once second-in-command, but now that the chieftain's been slain and replaced by the inquisitor Hosilla, Wenduag is keeping her head low until she can figure out what's in store for her. She realizes that killing the PCs and presenting them as trophies will earn her no small favor with the new leader of the tribe.

WENDUAG

CR 2

XP 600

Female mongrelman ranger 1 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 191)

CE Medium monstrous humanoid

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+4 armor, +3 Dex, +2 natural)
hp 23 (3d10+7)

Fort +4, **Ref** +8, **Will** +6

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee club +6 (1d6+3)

Ranged mwk longbow +8 (1d8/x3)

Special Attacks favored enemy (humans +2)

TACTICS

During Combat Wenduag prefers to attack obvious worshipers of good deities, favoring her bow and staying on her feet to prevent full attacks or being surrounded.

Morale Wenduag fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 17, **Con** 15, **Int** 12, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 5

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 19

Feats Point-Blank Shot, Weapon Focus (longbow)

Skills Climb +8, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +6, Perception +9, Sleight of Hand +9, Stealth +12, Survival +9

Languages Hallit, Undercommon

SQ sound mimicry (voices), track +1, wild empathy -2

Combat Gear *potions of cure light wounds* (2), *wand of longstrider* (10 charges); **Other Gear** mwk chain shirt, club, mwk longbow with 20 arrows, obsidian unholy symbol of Baphomet worth 20 gp, 34 gp

H5. Trash Pit (CR 1)

This narrow hallway slopes downward steeply. The walls are stained with foul-smelling streaks of refuse. A mound of rotting garbage lies heaped at the far end of the hallway.

A character who steps into this area must succeed at a DC 5 Climb check to avoid slipping and falling into the garbage. A fall deals no damage, but aggravates the creature the mongrels keep as a trash disposer.

Creature: A giant amoeba lives amid the refuse, feasting on the garbage the mongrels throw down the hallway. The amoeba fights anything that slides down into its rubbish, but does not pursue foes.

GIANT AMOEBAS

CR 1

XP 400

hp 15 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 24)

H6. Lower Guard Post (CR 3)

The air in this cavern smells of damp and mold. Water glistens on the walls, and collects in a stagnant pool along one wall.

Creatures: Two mongrel guards serve here at all times, rotating shifts with the mongrelmen upstairs. If an alarm is raised, the mongrelmen from **H7** arrive in 2 rounds to assist the guards in this room. One mongrel hides behind the barricade on the floor, while the other crouches behind the wooden boxes on the stone shelf and snipes with his crossbow.

The pool of water is only a foot deep, but its waters hide sharp stone points sticking up from the floor. Treat the pool of water as though it contains caltrops.

MONGRELMEN TRAITORS (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 15 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 191)

H7. Meeting Hall (CR 3)

Three copper bowls filled with glowing coals hang from the ceiling of this long, natural cavern. The braziers fill the chamber with warmth and soft orange light. In the center of the chamber stands a block of stone that serves as a table, lined with wooden chairs. An enormous bloodstain, maybe a week old, darkens the stone's surface.



wenduag



H. Mongrel Lair

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

Before he was sacrificed by the tribe's new "leader," the traitor chieftain held court in this room. In fact, it was here that he met with Hosilla when she first approached the tribe with an offer of an alliance with the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth, and here that she sacrificed him and his lovers in order to secure the attention and fearful devotion of the rest of the tribe.

Creatures: Two mongrelmen guards watch over this area. If an alarm is raised in area **H6**, these two mongrelmen alert Hosilla in area **H9** and then rush to join the fight in **H6**.

MONGRELMEN TRAITORS (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 15 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 191)

H8. Kitchen

Old blood stains the floor of this small cavern. Barrels filled with scraps of fur and fat sit against one wall, emitting an foul stench. The two long stone slab tables are covered with skinning tools and piles of freshly butchered meat. Two wooden racks hold drying animal skins.

The mongrels use this chamber to process their food—normally giant rats, fish, giant vermin, and other cave creatures, but a search of the room reveals numerous body parts of other mongrels and even a few human limbs in various stages of butchery.

Treasure: On the southwestern slab, A masterwork dagger that's been used as a cleaver is wedged in between the ribs of a butchered dire rat.

H9. Hosilla's Quarters (CR 3)

A stone pedestal holds a copper brazier aloft in the center of this room. Against the western wall, an enormous pile of animal furs and thick quilts serves as a bed. Sheathed weapons and stone carvings adorn the walls. The eastern half of the room holds a wooden desk, beneath which stands a long, thin iron lockbox.

Creatures: Until recently the home of the mongrel chieftain, this room has been commandeered by an inquisitor of Baphomet named Hosilla. A member of the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth, Hosilla served for many years as an enforcer for Staunton Vhane, a decorated

crusader and commander of the mercenaries known as the Hammers of Heaven. When the truth of Vhane's treason came out, Hosilla managed to slip away into Kenabres's underbelly, remaining in the city after her onetime employer fled for Drezen.

A few weeks ago, she received word from Staunton that Kenabres's days were numbered and that a major attack would soon come—she should seek shelter and wait for further word for when it would be safe to rejoin him at Drezen. Hosilla decided that the tribe of mongrels she used as spies periodically over the year would give her a perfect place to hide out. A few days before the attack, she came here and informed the mongrel traitors that she would be their new leader. She sacrificed the tribe's leader and his lover to get

their attention, and has since bided her time, waiting for her next set of orders from Vhane to arrive.

Hosilla is attended by a devoted tiefling bodyguard named Uziel, a lanky, close-mouthed man with jagged horns and hooved feet. He is paid for his silence and obedience, and is under orders to prevent any enemies from stepping too close his mistress. The paranoid inquisitor assumes anyone other than mongrel traitors are here to assassinate her, and attacks intruders on sight as a result.



Hosilla

HOSILLA

CR 2

XP 600

Female human inquisitor of Baphomet 3

CE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +4; Senses Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 14, flat-footed 16 (+4 armor, +2 deflection, +2 Dex)

hp 21 (3d8+4)

Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 glaive +5 (1d10+2/x3)

Inquisitor Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd; concentration +5)

At will—*detect alignment*

5/day—*touch of evil* (1 rounds)

Inquisitor Spells Known (CL 3rd; concentration +4)

1st (4/day)—*command* (DC 13), *magic weapon*, *shield of faith*, *true strike*

0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *daze* (DC 12), *guidance*, *light*, *resistance*, *virtue*

Domain Evil

TACTICS

Before Combat Hosilla prepares for combat by casting *magic weapon*, *shield of faith*, and *virtue*.

During Combat Hosilla favors attacks against foes who are obviously worshipers of good deities. She uses her *wand of spiritual weapon* at range, but prefers to fight with her glaive. She prefers to attack humans, to make use of her Favored Judgment feat and judgment of destruction ability. Once reduced to 6 or fewer hit points, she switches to judgment of healing.

Morale Hosilla tries to escape if brought below 6 hit points, trying to escape to the surface to make her way out of Kenabres to Drezen. If she escapes, feel free to have her appear again (with a few more levels, of course) as an enemy in the next adventure.

STATISTICS

Str 12, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 15, Cha 13

Base Atk +2; CMB +3; CMD 15

Feats Skill Focus (Perception), Weapon Focus (glaive), Favored Judgment (human)^{UM}, Lookout^{APG}

The Worldwound Incursion

Skills Intimidate +8, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +3, Knowledge (religion) +5, Linguistics +1, Perception +11, Sense Motive +9, Stealth +6, Survival +8

Languages Abyssal, Common, Hallit

SQ cunning initiative, judgment 1/day, monster lore +2, solo tactics, stern gaze, track +1

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of invisibility*, *wand of spiritual weapon* (8 charges), alchemist's fire (2), tanglefoot bag; **Other Gear** chain shirt, mwk glaive, antitoxin, bejeweled book of prayers devoted to Baphomet worth 50 gp, lockbox key, orders from Staunton Vhane, 32 gp

UZIEL

CR 1/2

XP 200

CE male tiefling (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 264)

hp 10

Treasure: The lockbox under the desk is fastened with an average lock (Disable Device DC 25 to pick), but can also be opened with the key carried by Hosilla. The lockbox holds a small leather pouch containing an assortment of semiprecious gemstones (three chips of lapis lazuli worth 10 gp each, two bloodstones worth 50 gp each, a citrine worth 50 gp, and a white pearl worth 100 gp) as well as a *scroll of bear's endurance* and a *scroll of remove disease*. The lockbox also contains long, thin darkwood sword case worth 200 gp.

As mentioned in the orders (see Handout #1), the contents of the long darkwood case is the greatest treasure present. The case is not locked—inside lies a breathtaking longsword—a weapon of obviously superior craftsmanship with a razor-sharp blade that appears to be made of shining gold. The blade is in fact made of cold iron that has been magically infused to make it appear as if it were made of gold—yet this is the least of the weapon's latent powers, for this is *Radiance*, a powerful sword once wielded by Yaniel, one of the Worldwound's most famous heroines. More information about *Radiance*, and how it can be awakened to function as a unique *holy avenger*, appears on page 64.

NPC Reactions: Upon learning of the three Templar safe houses, Anevia is eager to get this information to Irabeth and the Eagle Watch. Aravashnial is particularly intrigued by the mention of the Tower of Estrod being a safe house and would like to either investigate it or learn more about it second hand. Horgus is shocked to find out that Nyserian Manor is a Templar safe house—he tries to cover up his reaction if he learns this, but PCs who succeed at a DC 10 Sense Motive check notice his surprise. If pressed, he admits that he knows Kandro Nyserian, but only if he's currently helpful will he reveal that Horgus borrowed a fair amount of money from Horgus to purchase Irabeth's sword.

HOSILLA,

YOU WILL REMAIN, FOR THE TIME BEING, IN KENABRES, BUT KNOW THIS: THE CITY'S DAYS ARE NUMBERED. SEEK A PLACE OF SAFETY—THE UNDERGROUND DEN OF YOUR MONGREL LACKEYS SHOULD SUFFICE TO KEEP YOU SAFE FROM THE DEVASTATION TO COME. I SHALL ASSUME COMMAND OF DREZEN SHORTLY, AND ONCE VORLESH HAS FINISHED WITH THE WARDSTONE AND KENABRES IS NO LONGER OF INTEREST TO US, YOU ARE TO RETURN TO MY SIDE. EXCELLENT NEWS REGARDING THE SALVAGE OF YANIEL'S SWORD FROM THE MUSEUM AS WELL—BRING IT WITH YOU, FOR I BELIEVE THIS WEAPON COULD BE QUITE USEFUL ONCE WE CORRUPT IT. BEFORE YOU LEAVE FOR DREZEN, STOP BY THE THREE SAFE HOUSES (NYSERIAN MANOR, TOPAZ SOLUTIONS, AND THE TOWER OF ESTROD—THE PASSPHRASE REMAINS "I'VE NEW MATERIAL FOR THE ARCHIVES," FOR NOW) TO ENSURE NO EVIDENCE REMAINS BEHIND.

MAY LORD DESKARI AND LORD BAPHOMET WATCH OVER YOU!

S. V.

HANDOUT #1

Story Award: Award the PCs 800 XP for discovering the location of the Templar safe houses and recovering *Radiance*.

H10. Trophy Hall (CR 3)

The worked stone walls of this large room hold a number of shelves, each of which display the preserved bodies of dire rats, bats, rock vipers, cave lizards, and other creatures that pose in eerie stillness. A pair of bedrolls have been laid out to the southeast.

The tunnel to the north ends at a ladder that leads 10 feet up to area H13.

Creatures: The bedrolls belong to a pair of cultists of Baphomet who accompanied Hosilla into the mongrel lair. These cultists, named Leriell and Narah (one a cultist of Baphomet, the other a cultist of Deskari), are somewhat frustrated with their role as "upstairs guards," and would much rather be downstairs relaxing or perhaps up on the surface reveling in the destruction, yet both are too frightened of their inquisitor mistress to speak up. They are guarding against intruders from the north, and are unlikely to expect trouble from the south, but if a fight breaks out in area H2, they peek through the door to watch, preparing their own defense of this area but not joining in the fight. If the PCs head south to area H4, the cultists follow behind, hoping to attack them with surprise. Once one cultist is slain, the other drops her

weapon and attempts to flee to the surface, abandoning Hosilla to her fate.

CULTISTS (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

Human cleric of Baphomet or Deskari 1/fighter 1

CE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +3; Senses Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 9, flat-footed 13 (+4 armor, -1 Dex)

hp 15 each (2 HD; 1d8+1d10+1)

Fort +4, Ref -1, Will +5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk glaive +5 (1d10+3/x3) or

mwk scythe +4 (2d4+3/x4) or

dagger +3 (1d4+2/19-20)

Ranged dagger +0 (1d4+2/19-20)

Special Attacks channel negative energy 4/day (DC 11, 1d6)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st; concentration +4)

6/day—touch of chaos, touch of evil

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 1st; concentration +4)

1st—*command* (DC 14), *cure light wounds*, *protection from good*^o

0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 13), *guidance*, *light*

D Domain spell; Domains Chaos, Evil

TACTICS

During Combat The cultist casts *protection from good*, then focuses all attacks on obvious paladins or good-aligned priests if possible. She is fond of using *command* on foes who try to stay at range, ordering them to drop their weapons. The cultist casts *cure light wounds* on herself if reduced to fewer than 6 hit points.

Morale Worldwound cultists fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 14, Dex 8, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 17, Cha 12

Base Atk +1; CMB +3; CMD 12

Feats Combat Casting, Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (glaive or scythe)

Skills Climb +6, Knowledge (religion) +6, Perception +5, Stealth +0

Languages Abyssal, Common, Hallit

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*, *scroll of cause*

fear, *scroll of comprehend languages*, unholy water; **Other**

Gear mwk chain shirt, mwk glaive (cultist of Baphomet) or

mwk scythe (cultist of Deskari), dagger, spell component

pouch, unholy symbol, 10 gp

H11. Sluice (CR 2)

A muted roar echoes down the walls of this hallway. Near the eastern end, the worked stone give way to natural cave walls, just before the hall ends at an open shaft. Hanging over the edge of the shaft is a knotted rope—the other end tied to an iron spike driven into the ground

The shaft drops 40 feet down to area **H11b**, one of the underground rivers that flows below Kenabres that the mongrels use as a source of food and water—a PC who succeeds at a DC 5 Climb check can descend to the water below. The river itself extends to the north and south, but the ceiling dips down below the water level in both directions—the chambers that lie beyond in either direction are beyond the scope of this adventure.

cultist of Baphomet

The worldwound incursion

The secret door on the eastern bank of the pool can be spotted with a successful DC 20 Perception check—the mongrels have never noticed this door before.

Creatures: The pool at the base of the waterfall currently contains two albino cave gars. The gars feed on smaller fish that swim into the lake as well as any larger creatures foolish enough to enter their hunting ground.

GARS (2) CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 13 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 128)

H12. Hidden Chamber (CR 2)

The entrance to this small chamber sits a foot above the water level to the west. A thick layer of dust coats the rest of the cavern. Near the far wall sits an old wooden chest covered with dust and cobwebs.

Trap: Though the PCs may suspect spider guardians due to the cobwebs on the chest, the webs were left by mundane spiders that pose no danger. The real threat comes from the old spiked pit still concealed in the floor before the chest.

SPIKED PIT TRAP CR 2

XP 600

Type mechanical; Perception DC 20; Disable Device DC 20

EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset manual

Effect 10-ft.-deep pit (1d6 falling damage); pit spikes (Atk +10 melee, 1d4 spikes per target for 1d4+2 damage each); Reflex DC 20 avoids; multiple targets (all targets in a 10-ft.-square area)

Treasure: This chest was hidden away long ago by a thief who never returned to claim it. Within the chest is a +1 light wooden shield, a ring of climbing, a scroll of identify, a scroll of magic fang, two potion of darkvision, and 250 gp.

H13. Rat Nest (CR 2)

An old iron ladder, bolted into the wall and covered in rust, leads down a hole to the south of this foul-smelling room.

Creatures: The shredded cloth is a nest for three advanced dire rats. Wenduag befriended and left them to guard the surface approach to the lair. The rats viciously attack anyone not accompanied by a mongrel, but otherwise attack only in self defense.

SEWER RATS (3) CR 1/2

XP 200 each

Advanced dire rats (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 232, 294)

hp 7 each

H14. Upper Guard Post (CR 3)

A rusted iron door sits in the center of the eastern wall of this small chamber. A copper brazier hangs from the ceiling above a flimsy wooden table.

Creatures: Two mongrelmen guards take shifts in this room, ready to intercept any intruders that somehow make it past the dretches. If the PCs are captured and dumped in the dretches' arena, these mongrelmen watch the action but do not interfere unless the PCs kill the dretch.

MONGRELMEN TRAITORS (2) CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 15 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 191)

H15. Dretch Maze (CR 4)

This large chamber must have once been a cistern for the sewer system. Walls made of identical stone blocks hold up a lofty ceiling reinforced with elegant stone arches, while the center of the room contains a more recent-looking structure made of brick walls that reach from floor to ceiling.

Creatures: The structure in the center of the room is actually a crude maze, constructed by the mongrels to create a defense against intruders from the surface to their lair. Before Hosilla's arrival, the mongrels kept several bloated sewer rats in the maze to attack intruders, but when Hosilla arrived, she placed a pair of dretch demons here instead. The fact that the mongrel traitors are afraid of these demons is an added bonus to the inquisitor's sense of cruelty. The two dretches prefer to lie in wait in the maze, so they can leap out and ambush foes. They fight to the death.

DRETCHES (2) CR 2

XP 600 each

hp 18 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 60)

H16. The Way Up

The old sewer tunnel here leads about a hundred feet east before connecting to more recent sewers—and more importantly, to the first of several ladders leading up the surface. When the PCs emerge from the tunnels, they find themselves in the southeastern section of Kenabres, approximately at the location marked “H16” on the map on page 26.

Story Award: Award the PCs 600 XP for finally making their way out of the Kenabres underground into the ruined city above. For each of the three NPCs whom they manage to keep alive and help to escape, award them an additional 600 XP, for a total maximum award of 2,400 XP.



Part 3: Amid the Ruins

As the PCs emerge from the sewers, they step into a city vastly different from the one they left at the start of the adventure. Regardless of how long the PCs spent underground, the tremors and demonic attacks have devastated the city, leaving it a smoking, apocalyptic ruin. Deep chasms riddle the city, while the paths of enormous demons have left ruinous trails of rubble extending out from the city's heart. Above, the once-familiar skyline of Kenabres and forever changed—the tower of the Kite and the Cathedral of St. Clydwell having been completely destroyed, while elsewhere plumes of dark smoke still rise from the smoldering remains of burned-down buildings. Fat buzzards wheel above in skies scarred by red smoke and black clouds. The Worldwound has expanded its borders, and now the city of Kenabres is enveloped in it.

The first two parts of this adventure are designed, in part, to delay the PCs' return to the surface so as to give the demons time to wreck the city before moving on. The exact amount of time this takes is left flexible, so that you can easily adapt events to how your game plays out. During the initial attack on the city, when the PCs fell into the caverns below, Kenabres was beset with numerous powerful demons most notably Khorramzadeh the Storm King. The destruction of the Kite and the Cathedral occurred in the first few minutes of the attack, and in the hours that followed, many more buildings fell. Yet as the primary goal of the attack was the destruction of the *wardstone* and the death of the dragon Terendelev, there remained little to keep the more powerful demons here for long. By nightfall of the first day, the more dangerous demons had returned to the depths of the Worldwound to gloat, torment fresh prisoners, and plot their next attacks along the now undefended border. As the PCs explore, they should hear rumors that other border cities have fallen under attack or even have been destroyed. The demon attacks on Mendev, Ustalav, Numeria, and the Realm of the Mammoth Lords increase are detailed in the next adventure.

Before the fall, Kenabres had a population of 12,330. Now, the bulk of those citizens have either fled the city, been taken by demons deep into the Worldwound, or have simply been killed—only 3,400 people remain in the ruined city. The place feels deserted, yet it's never long before the scream of a fresh victim peals through the soot-encrusted streets, indicating that number of survivors has dropped again. Evidence of violence lie everywhere, whether burned buildings, splashes of blood, or dead bodies waiting to be claimed by vultures.

Until the PCs reach Defender's Heart, there are no opportunities to buy or sell gear or to pay for spellcasting. Some of the set encounters can serve as safe places to rest once the dangers there are cleared out, but resting in the ruins themselves could well leave the PCs open to attack

by monsters or cultists. A few barricaded houses still hold citizens who are trying to stay out of sight until the demons leave. Those met on the street are almost always looters or criminals seeking to take advantage of the situation for foolhardy profit—in many cases, these low folk meet their just deserts soon enough, for monsters now rule the streets of Kenabres.

KENABRES RUMORS

As the PCs encounter and rescue citizens, they can learn rumors. A superscript "T" indicates the rumor is true, while an "F" indicates a false rumor.

d20	Rumor
1	Lord Hulrun was killed during the attack and the demons have his body on display! ^T
2	The Storm Lord killed Terendelev, and then had his minions carry her body away into the Worldwound! ^T
3	The Eagle Watch and a few other crusading groups survived the attack, and have set up a fortified camp at Defender's Heart. ^T
4	The Kite's been destroyed, and along with it the <i>wardstone</i> ! The demons are loose! ^T
5	Nerosyan's been completely destroyed by the demons! ^F
6	Some of the crusaders have gone mad—they're causing as much mayhem as the demons! ^F
7	The mole people are rising up from the sewers. They're abducting survivors for food! ^F
8	Queen Galfrey revealed herself as a succubus and fled into the Worldwound—she's the one who betrayed us! ^F
9	Demon cultists have been hiding in the city all along. They have safe houses scattered across Kenabres! ^T
10	Some of the immense demons who ravaged and destroyed the city are still lurking amid the ruins! ^F
11	Deskari himself took part in the attack on the city! ^F
12	The witch Areelu Vorlesh is planning on coming to the city soon to claim it as a trophy! ^T
13	I've seen horrific flies and other giant bugs with human faces eating people in the streets! ^T
14	The waters of the Sellen have become poisonous, and the rest of our drinking water is going to follow soon! ^F
15	Beware! Most of the "survivors" in the city are actually possessed by demons! ^F
16	There seem to be multiple types of demon cultists at large in the city—they're not all worshipers of Deskari. ^T
17	I swear the sun's been rising later and setting earlier each day—soon it'll be forever night! ^F
18	The demon plague has come to Kenabres. We'll all be dead of it within a week! ^F
19	The Mendevian army is heading to Kenabres to save us, but who knows when they'll get here? ^T
20	The demons have opened a portal to the Abyss where the <i>wardstone</i> once stood... and that portal is growing! ^F

KENABRES ENCOUNTERS

d%	Encounter	Avg. CR	Source
01–20	2d4 dire rats	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 232
21–35	1d6 fiendish vultures	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 284, 290
36–45	1d6 tiefling looters	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 264
46–55	1 howler	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 159
56–65	1d6 cultists of Baphomet	4	See page 24
66–70	1d4 demonic giant flies	4	See page 48
71–75	1d4 dretches	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 60
76–80	1d3 abrikandilus	5	See below
81–00	Unique street encounter	Varies	See below

EXPLORING KENABRES

At this point, the adventure becomes a sandbox for the PCs to explore. Their NPC allies each have a request for the PCs, and if they recovered Vhane's orders from Hosilla in area **H9**, they have learned of three locations in the city that might have housed cultists. Eventually, the PCs should learn that the Eagle Watch has fortified Defender's Heart and seek them out, but until then, you can use the encounters and events presented in this chapter to run their explorations of the devastated city.

While the PCs and their NPC allies know the layout of the city of Kenabres, navigating its ruins adds an extra level of difficulty to traveling within the city walls. While on a tactical, combat scale the difficult terrain isn't omnipresent, for local travel treat movement through Kenabres as difficult terrain. As a result, it takes a group traveling at a speed of 15 feet about 10 minutes to travel 750 feet through the ruins (about the equivalent of 1 inch on the nearby map). At a speed of 30 feet, it only takes 5 minutes.

There are a number of set encounter locations presented in this part of the adventure for the PCs to explore—each of these is linked to a quest goal that the PCs might have gained from an NPC or from their own campaign traits. Feel free to add additional set location encounters as you wish, using the "Kenabres Before the Fall" article as a starting place and the set encounters presented later in this part as further inspiration.

In addition to set encounters, the PCs should have numerous random encounters with monsters, obstacles, looters, demons, survivors, and other perils as they explore the city. Each time the PCs travel from one site to another, roll on the Kenabres Encounters table to determine what sort of encounter they have along the way. You can roll additional times if you wish, or if the party's grown tired of these random encounters, roll fewer times or make your own encounter. This adventure assumes that the PCs earn about 5,000 XP from these encounters overall, but you can use more or fewer of them in order to help the PCs earn

enough XP to reach 4th level by the time they're ready to begin Part 4 of this adventure.

UNIQUE STREET ENCOUNTERS

If you roll a unique encounter, pick one of the following to run. Each of these encounters can occur only once. You may wish to place these encounters rather than wait for them to be rolled up randomly. No maps are provided for these encounters, as they can take place anywhere in the city—you can use *Pathfinder Map Pack: Rooftops and Marketplaces*, or a similar product, for combats that take place in the streets of Kenabres.

Besieged Shop (CR 3): "Fine Fittings" is owned by a human couple—**Belthis** and **Nira Loumis** (both NG human expert 2). The two have weathered the destruction of Kenabres well so far, having remained in hiding in their shop subsisting on food stores. Their shop is a combination tailor/clothing store that specializes in particularly fancy clothing, and the shop has recently attracted the attention of a passing demon—an abrikandilu. These rat-faced humanoid demons delight in the destruction of beauty and artwork, and this abrikandilu has found plenty to wreck in this store. If the PCs defeat the demon, the Loumises are very grateful—the demon's left them with little stock to reward the PCs with, but they immediately offer each PC a fine outfit worth 100 gp each as thanks.

ABRIKANDILU

CR 3

XP 800

Pathfinder Campaign Setting: The Worldwound 42

CE Medium outsider (chaotic, demon, evil, extraplanar)

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 10, flat-footed 15 (+5 natural)

hp 32 (5d10+5)

Fort +5, **Ref** +4, **Will** +3

Immune electricity, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10, fire 10

Weaknesses hatred of mirrors

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee bite +7 (1d6+2 plus mutilation), 2 claws +7 (1d4+2)

Ranged improvised weapon +5 (1d6+2)

Special Attacks destructive attacks, mutilation

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th; concentration +6)

3/day—*cause fear* (DC 12), *shatter* (DC 13)

1/day—*summon* (level 1, 1 abrikandilu 50%—already used today)

TACTICS

During Combat The abrikandilu opens combat by hurling knives and bits of broken furniture at the PCs. When it engages in melee, it focuses its attacks on the most attractive PC.

Morale The abrikandilu flees if reduced to fewer than 6 hit points.

The worldwound Incursion



STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 11, **Con** 12, **Int** 6, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +7 (+9 sunder); **CMD** 19 (21 vs. sunder)

Feats Improved Sunder, Iron Will, Power Attack, Throw Anything

Skills Appraise +6, Climb +10, Disable Device +8, Perception +12

Languages Abyssal, Celestial, Draconic; telepathy 100 ft.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Destructive Attacks (Ex) An abrikandilu's natural attacks can threaten and confirm critical hits against objects. In addition, the abrikandilu gains a +5 racial bonus on Strength checks made to break or destroy objects.

Hatred of Mirrors (Ex) An abrikandilu loathes the sight of its own reflection. Using a mirror grants a +5 bonus on Intimidate checks against an abrikandilu. An abrikandilu adjacent to a mirror or attacked by a mirror-carrying creature (at the GM's discretion, some shields could be considered mirrors) must attempt a DC 15 Will save at the start of its turn. If it fails, the abrikandilu must focus all of its actions that round on attempts to destroy the mirror.

Mutilation (Su) An abrikandilu's bite causes hideous, ugly wounds that not only mar beauty but supernaturally

diminish a creature's sense of self-worth. A creature bitten by an abrikandilu must succeed at a DC 13 Fortitude save or take a –1 penalty on all Charisma-based checks. This penalty can stack as high as a –5 penalty with multiple bites and failed saves, and lasts even after the wounds are healed. The penalty reduces by 1 point every 24 hours. This is a curse effect. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Lost Crusaders (CR 4): In front of a ruined shrine to Sarenrae kneels a weeping woman. Surrounding the woman are three human knights in battered armor. Their faces are sooty and grim and their eyes burn with feverish light. One of the knights, a human woman with fresh scars on her face, says to the kneeling woman, "Your sacrifice aids the cause of good." The horrors of the demonic invasion have driven some to the brink of madness. These knights, desperate to drive back the demons, have latched onto an old folktale—that sheathing one's blade in the body of a virgin temporarily transforms the sword into a demon-slaying weapon. They have found a likely candidate and are preparing to carry out their grisly task. The mad knights are eager to finish

their sacrifice, and any attempt to reason with them (their initial attitude is hostile) imparts a –5 penalty on Diplomacy checks. Attacking them is likely the only way to save their victim—as soon as two of the mad knights fall, the others flee. The woman is named Klarah—she was out scavenging for food for her wounded parents (both of whom are hiding in a basement nearby) when the mad knights caught her. She thanks the PCs profusely but has little to offer in reward other than news—she can give the PCs three rumors (none of which should be false rumors). At your discretion, if the PCs didn't find Vhane's orders in area H9, she can point the PCs to one of the Templar safe houses, saying she's seen cultists and tieflings coming and going from the building.

MAD KNIGHTS (6)

CR 1/2

200 XP each

hp 13 each (use stats for a superstitious mercenary, *NPC Codex* 80)

Street Rituals (CR 4): The initial assault on Kenabres was mostly an attack by demons and powerful magic, but now that the more powerful demons have moved on, cultists have come out of the woodwork. The bulk of the cultists in Kenabres at this point are worshipers of Deskari or worshipers of Baphomet. The Deskari cultists tend to congregate in the ruins of Old Kenabres, while the Baphomet cultists can be found in the outer districts of the city. In this encounter, the PCs come upon a group of cultists (their affiliation corresponding to where in the city this encounter takes place) who have captured a survivor that they're preparing to sacrifice in the middle of the street. At your discretion, you can make the victim be an NPC tied to one of the PCs' backstories.

CULTISTS (3)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 15 each (see page 24)

Tormented Survivors (CR 4): The rubble has been cleared away from the street here, and an improvised stage made of several partially destroyed wagons and carts has been erected in the middle of the street. On this stage stand four frightened-looking men and women, each armed with jagged broken weapons and clad in bits and pieces of dented, bloody armor. Two quasits flap about nearby as they work to stage a "play" of sorts comprising battles between their victims. Each of the humans are 1st-level commoners and only have 1 hit point left. Four more dead men and women lie scattered about the cleared area—victims who attempted to run away only to be killed by one of the quasits. If the PCs intervene, the quasits order their intimidated human "actors" to protect them. Terrified and cowed, the poor commoners try their best to fight the PCs. If the PCs can defeat the quasits

without letting any of the commoners die, award them an extra 600 XP.

QUASITS (2)

CR 2

600 XP each

hp 16 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 66)

HOME SWEET HOME

Despite their differences, Anevia, Aravashnial, and Horgus are equally horrified when they behold the true extent of the devastation the demons have wrought upon Kenabres, yet their short time with the PCs has changed them—they bear the shock stoically and with grim determination. All three would prefer to remain with the PCs until they can reach somewhere safe (which turns out to be Defender's Heart). But in the meantime, each has a special favor to ask the PCs.

Anevia: Anevia explains that she and her wife Irabeth share a small home in eastern Kenabres—she asks the PCs to escort her there so she can see not only whether she still has a home, but also whether there's been any word there of her wife's whereabouts.

Aravashnial: Aravashnial is concerned about his fellow Riftwardens, but unless he's helpful, he doesn't reveal this to the PCs—only that he'd like to be brought to Blackwing. (It's at this library that the Riftwardens kept their secret hideout, but as Aravashnial will soon learn, the Riftwardens have fled the city.)

Horgus: Horgus Gwerm demands the PCs take him home before doing anything else—if he's at least friendly, he relents and is patient, but otherwise he throws his hands up in the air in frustration and attempts to make his way home on his own. Whether he survives this journey is up to you, but if he does, his attitude to the PCs should degrade to indifferent at best, and he won't be giving them the reward he promised.

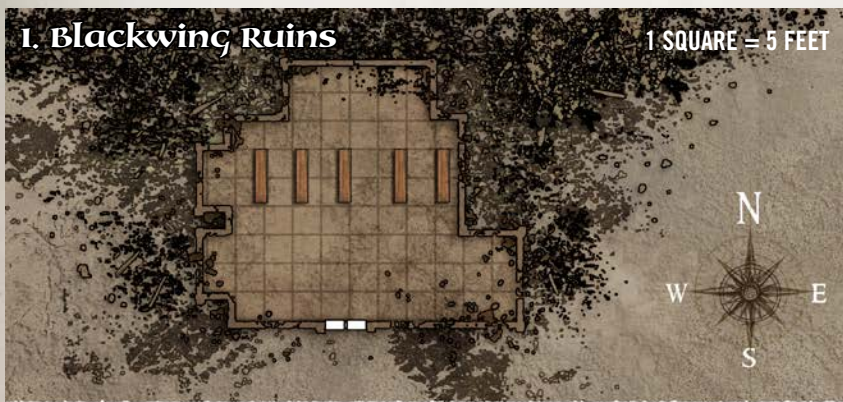
Others: One or more of the PCs may have friends, family, or loved ones in Kenabres. If this is the case, on returning to the surface these PCs may wish to seek their loved ones out. The fate of these NPCs is left to your discretion—they may have fled the city, or perhaps they found refuge in Defender's Heart. Some may even have died or have gone missing. You know your players best, and you should adjust the fates of their families and friends as you feel is appropriate. Feel free to have them appear as prisoners in one of the sites described below, or perhaps they aren't destined to be encountered again until later in the Adventure Path.

I. Blackwing Ruins (CR 4)

The Librarium of the Broken Black Wing—called "Blackwing" to the locals—has a reputation for containing the most complete record of research on demon hunting in the country. The building has also long served as a hidden

The worldwound Incursion

I. Blackwing Ruins



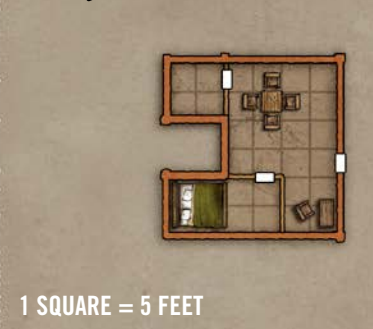
N. Tower of Estrod



L. Topaz Solutions



K. Tirabade Residence



base of operations for the Riftwardens in Kenabres, its stacks and secret chambers containing numerous facilities and resources for this group of spellcasters.

Unfortunately, Blackwing now lies in ruins—all that remains standing is the Librarium's facade and its reinforced great hall. When Aravashnial learns of the building's destruction, he becomes despondent, collapsing to his knees in despair—many of his friends dwelt at Blackwing, after all. The realization that he may well be the only Riftwarden left in Kenabres is hard for him to take, and the elf is essentially nauseated with grief during this entire encounter.

Curiously, the buildings surrounding Blackwing seem not to have been as damaged—it's as though some force singled out Blackwing for destruction. An investigation of the ruined building may well turn up some clues as to why this is the case, but first, the PCs will need to deal with the ruin's current occupant.

Creatures: The majority of Blackwing has crumbled to rubble, with only the main hall still standing, its vaulted ceiling sturdy enough to keep this fragment of the whole intact. A group of five librarians (all human experts 3) are the only survivors of the disaster, and they've spent much of

their time after the fall huddled here in despair. The first person they grew brave enough to open the doors to offer shelter was a man named Chaleb Sazomal, who appeared to be a crusader in distress. Unfortunately, letting him in ended up being one of their worst mistakes.

Chaleb was an opportunistic, self-centered man even before the fall of Kenabres, a man who joined the crusade for the chance to loot old Sarkorian ruins, impress the ladies, and otherwise turn things to his advantage. With Kenabres's fall, Chaleb is certain that the demons are going to win, and he wants to be on the winning side—he's spent the time since the disaster going from building to building, searching for pockets of survivors and any surviving bits of lore to destroy, hoping to build a reputation vile enough to attract the attention of a demonic patron. So far, his antics have caught the attention of two tiefling rogues who have started to follow the cavalier, figuring that if he does get someone's attention, it's best to be there to coast along. Blackwing is but the latest stop on Chaleb's path of villainy.

Chaleb's only been here for an hour by the time the PCs arrive—the front door to the main hall hangs ajar and the brash sound of his voice barking orders to “stack the

damn books better!” peals out from within. He has the five frightened librarians cowed—he’s bound four of them hand and foot in the center of the room, while the fifth, a weeping woman named Fenna, is being forced to make a ring of books stacked around the four. Chaleb intends to burn the books and the librarians within the ring, but is growing frustrated that there aren’t enough books to make a big enough ring. The librarian is not digging up new books from the rubble fast enough, and if the PCs don’t intervene within a few minutes, he kills Fenna, light the books he has on fire, and head off to find a new place to despoil.

If the PCs attack, Fenna does her best to aid in the fight, casting *burning hands* on Chaleb if she gets a chance after she takes a few rounds to free the other prisoners from their bonds. It takes a full-round action to untie or cut a librarian free, but once free, the librarian joins the fight against the evil cavalier. Chaleb’s tiefling flunkies do their best to aid him, but some take advantage of the situation to attempt to slaughter the wizards while the PCs are distracted during the fight. The tieflings fight to the

death as long as Chaleb still stands, but flee as soon as Chaleb is killed or surrenders.

CHALEB SAZOMAL

CR 3

XP 800

Male human cavalier 4 (*Advanced Player’s Guide* 32)

CE Medium humanoid (human)

Init –1; **Senses** Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 9, flat-footed 17 (+7 armor, –1 Dex, +1 shield)

hp 34 (4d10+8)

Fort +6, **Ref** +0, **Will** +4

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +1 *heavy mace* +9 (1d8+5)

Special Attacks cavalier’s charge, challenge (+4, +2, 2/day)

TACTICS

During Combat Chaleb lost his mount during the initial disaster, so he’s forced to fight on foot, something he finds distasteful. He prefers to attack obvious worshipers of Iomedae or other good deities, figuring that each paladin or priest slain is one more triumph to attract a demon’s attention.

Morale Chaleb is, among other things, a coward—he begs for his life if reduced to fewer than 10 hit points, but if taken prisoner, he does his best to escape at the earliest opportunity. If he can take out one of his captors in the process, so much the better.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 8, **Con** 14, **Int** 12, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 17

Feats Dazzling Display, Iron Will, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Bluff), Swap Places^{APG}

Skills Bluff +10, Handle Animal +7, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (local) +5, Perception +5, Ride –1, Sense Motive +8

Languages Common, Hallit

SQ expert trainer +2, mount (currently dead)), order

of the cockatrice (braggart), tactician (1/day, 5 rounds, standard action)

Combat Gear *potions of cure light wounds* (2); **Other Gear** banded mail, light steel shield, +1 *heavy mace*, 29 gp

TIEFLINGS (2)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 10 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 264)

LIBRARIANS (5)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

Cautious mages (*Pathfinder RPG NPC Codex* 178)

hp 9 each



chaleb sazomal

Treasure: A successful DC 20 Perception check reveals that one of the books stacked in the ring surrounding the librarians is a damaged wizard's spellbook. The few legible remaining pages contain the following spells: *alarm*, *dismissal*, *dispel magic*, *magic circle against chaos*, *resist energy*, and *versatile weapon*^{APG}. The spellbook is worth 700 gp. In addition, a parchment *scroll of dimensional lock* is folded up and tucked into the book's pages. While no further treasures remain easily accessible in the surrounding rubble, a successful DC 15 Perception check while looking through the rubble turns up a half-dozen leathery gray strips of what appears at first to be flesh, but that, upon closer examination, looks to be dried worms of some sort about as long as a human finger. A successful DC 15 Knowledge (nature) check reveals the worms are of no known species from the natural world. These worms are fragments left behind by the worm that walks Xanthir Vang, the region's leader for the Blackflame Adepts, who took part in the destruction of Blackwing and stole several of its greatest treasures—these treasures now lie in his own fortress (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path #75: Demon's Heresy*).

Development: Fenna and the other librarians thank the PCs profusely for saving them; they can point out the spellbook to the PCs and give it to them as a reward for the rescue. The librarians can also tell the PCs that Blackwing was destroyed by a horrific abomination—a man made of worms who used magic and enslaved demons to smash the structure down. They suspect that the worm took several treasures from the ruins before he left, but are unsure what specifically he took. They such see no reason to keep the secret that this location was a Riftwarden stronghold, since they know that all the Riftwardens who were stationed here are dead. They do know that the head librarian, a man named Quednys Orlun, was up near the Cathedral of Saint Clydwell at the time of the disaster. They haven't heard from him since, but there's a chance he may still be alive. The librarians would rather remain here for now to guard the remaining books—the main hall is a strong and safe place as long as they don't open the doors for anyone else. Once the PCs make contact with Quednys at Defender's Heart, he takes action to ensure the librarians are relocated there. Until then, this location can become a safe place for the PCs to rest.

NPC Reactions: The librarians recognize Aravashnial, but none of them really ever spoke with the elf before—he was always somewhat standoffish to those he regarded as “the help.” But now, things have changed—the librarians cling to Kenabres's last Riftwarden and beg him to stay with them to protect them. He does so, thanking the PCs for helping him reach this location and promising to aid them in the future as best he can. If his attitude is helpful, he can be convinced to continue his travels with the PCs, but insists that they look for Quednys and for a way to get the librarians to eventual safety.

Story Award: If the PCs escort Aravashnial to this location, award them 800 XP. Each librarian that survives the fight against Chaleb earns the PCs an additional 200 XP.

J. Gwerm Manor

In the middle of all the chaos and destruction, Horgus Gwerm's manor is something of a miracle, for it seems to have escaped without any damage at all. The fact that Horgus has no family and his servants and guards all fled immediately, leaving the manor abandoned, is the primary reason for this—the demons are more interested in demolishing buildings with people in them. In time, if Kenabres isn't saved, the manor will be razed like all the rest, but for now it still stands.

Horgus is somewhat disgusted that his guards and the help have abandoned the manor—even more so when he realizes that they made off with a lot of his valuables. Fortunately for the PCs, his vault remains locked tight, and while he might grumble about it, he stays true to his word to reward them with the gold he promised him earlier in the adventure (1,000 gp, or 2,000 gp if the PCs got him to promise more).

Gwerm thanks the PCs awkwardly once the award is paid, covering his genuine expression of sentiment by offhandedly remarking, “Of course you recognized my importance immediately, but still, you did a most adequate job of getting us safely to the surface. Above average, even.” Even in thanks, Horgus has trouble being nice. He would prefer to remain at his home for now, and provided the PCs eventually prevent Kenabres's total destruction, Horgus weathers the current violence in his well-stocked vault and can continue to be an ally (even if a frustrating one at times) in adventures to come.

Story Award: For escorting Horgus to his manor, award the PCs 800 XP.

K. Tirabade Residence (CR 4)

Anevia is most anxious to return to the modest home she shares with her wife, Irabeth. The house sits in the southern part of the Gate District, and despite Irabeth's standing and success in the Eagle Watch, is a simple three-room affair. Anevia always imagined herself living in a larger home when she “settled down,” but has largely given up arguing with Irabeth to upgrade their home. It's hard to argue with someone who insists on donating the bulk of the rewards and pay she earns to various charitable concerns.

Creature: When the group arrives at Anevia's house, they find the building abandoned but still standing. Anevia calls out for Irabeth, but there's no answer—Irabeth isn't present, but the house is far from abandoned. One of several criminals Irabeth tracked down during her time in the River Kingdoms was a half-orc cultist of Xoveron named Vagorg, a man whose grandiose plans to burn down an entire neighborhood in Tymon were cut short when he was captured by a fellow half-orc. Vagorg tried to

use his shared race to convince the paladin to let him go, but this only furthered her resolve—she delivered him to the authorities and forgot about him.

But Vagorg did not forget about her. He served for several months in a fighting pit before escaping, but by that time Irabeth had left the region. It took Vagorg many more months to track her down, and he's spent nearly a year and a half since coming to Kenabres watching and waiting for the chance to get his revenge. When Kenabres fell, Vagorg realized fate had given him the perfect opportunity—he hopes to catch Anevia alone, murder her, and leave her body in the bed for Irabeth to find. When he found their home to be empty, he settled in here, waiting

patiently for one of the two to return, at which point he plans to enact his vengeance.

Vagorg keeps an *alarm* spell (mental) active at all times, centered on the front door to the residence. If anyone comes within 20 feet of the front door, he's alerted and immediately prepares his ambush as detailed below in his tactics. Since each casting of *alarm* lasts for 10 hours, he has to cast the spell three times a day—assume he's got six 1st level spell slots remaining if the PCs approach the place during the day, but only five remaining if they approach at night. The front door is locked.

VAGORG

CR 4

XP 1,200

Male half-orc sorcerer 5

CE Medium humanoid (human, orc)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 11, flat-footed 18 (+4 armor, +1 Dex, +4 shield)

hp 35 (5d6+15)

Fort +3, **Ref** +2, **Will** +4; +4 vs. sickness, nausea, fatigue, or exhaustion, +2 vs. poison

Defensive Abilities orc ferocity; **Resist** electricity 5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee *ranseur of the gargoyle* +4 (2d4+2/×3)

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 5th; concentration +9)

2nd (5/day)—*bull's strength*, *scorching ray*, *shatter* (DC 16)

1st (7/day)—*alarm*, *cause fear* (DC 15), *mage armor*, *shield*, *summon monster I*

0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *daze* (DC 14), *flare* (DC 14), *ghost sound* (DC 14), *light*, *ray of frost*

Bloodline abyssal

TACTICS

Before Combat When the alarm goes off, Vagorg drinks a *potion of invisibility*, then casts silent *mage armor* and *silent shield* on himself while moving to the southern nook to wait.

During Combat Vagorg waits for Anevia to be in sight before he begins his attack. He casts silent *summon monster I* (it takes a sorcerer 2 rounds to do so) to summon a fiendish fire beetle to attack Anevia—he repeats this action every 2 rounds. Once he's out of 2nd-level spells, he joins the fight, focusing his ranseur attacks on Anevia while screaming in Orc, "Your wife will find your corpse in bed waiting for her!" If the PCs manage to attack him before he's out of 2nd-level spells, he casts *bull's strength* on himself before attacking in return.

Morale Vagorg fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 12, **Con** 14, **Int** 8, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 14

Feats Demonic Obedience (Xoveron)^{80D2}, Eschew Materials, Martial Weapon Proficiency (ranseur), Silent Spell



VAGORG

The worldwound incursion

Skills Intimidate +10, Knowledge (planes) +5, Linguistics +0

Languages Abyssal, Common, Orc

SQ *bloodline arcana* (summoned creatures gain DR 2/good)

Combat Gear *potions of invisibility* (2), *wand of magic missile*

(CL 3rd, 11 charges); **Other Gear** *ransneur of the gargoyle*, 42 gp

Treasure: Hidden in a secret niche in the bedroom (Perception DC 25) is a brief note from Irabeth, telling Anevia that when she returns, she can find Irabeth at Defender's Heart. The note says that the password "Silverstrong" identifies them as friends. In addition, Irabeth left two *potions of cure moderate wounds* and three *potions of invisibility* in the niche to aid her wife's journey to Defender's Heart.

NPC Reaction: Anevia is distressed to find not only her wife not home, but one of her old enemies (she can relate the story of Irabeth and Vagorg's history to the PCs, since her wife told her the story) waiting to get revenge on her. She checks the secret alcove as soon as she can, and gratefully gives the PCs the treasures Irabeth stashed there for her in thanks before asking the PCs for one more favor—to help her reach Defender's Heart.

Story Award: For escorting Anevia home, award the PCs 800 XP.

TRACKING DOWN TEMPLARS

At one point, there were many more cultists of Baphomet in the city of Kenabres. But now, the bulk of the demon cultists still active in the city are made up of worshipers of Deskari. While some of them can be found wandering the ruined city, looking for loot or new prisoners, most of these cultists remain behind the barricade near the Gray Garrison (see Part 4). The Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth have mostly moved on to other settlements in Mendev, Ustalav, and Numeria—their strengths at infiltration and subversion are more useful in areas that haven't yet been destroyed. Yet some still remain. The PCs may have found a list of three Templar safe houses in area H9. While evidence remains at all three locations, only the third, the Tower of Estrod, is still populated by Baphomet cultists. The order in which the PCs investigate these safe houses is irrelevant. If they didn't find the note, or simply don't investigate these sites on their own, the Eagle Watch might ask them to investigate these sites later in the adventure.

The Templars and the cultists of Deskari are not currently working hand in hand—in fact, those among the Templars who remain here in town are hanging back mostly to simply loot and enjoy the devastation. If the PCs fail to defeat the Templar presence in the city, however, the cultists in the Gray Garrison can call upon them for reinforcements, so it's best for the PCs to take out the Templars still active before moving on to Part 4.

L1. Topaz Solutions (CR 4)

A wooden sign above the door bears a carving of a bundle of orange herbs and flowers hovering over a beaker filled with smoking orange liquid. The building's windows are tightly shuttered, but the front door hangs halfway off its hinges.

Topaz Solutions was once a relatively unassuming herbalist's shop that specialized in alchemical equipment and potions. Its proprietor, a Templar wizard named Aigon Topaz, has long since abandoned the shop (although he left a "surprise" for crusaders in the basement). The secret door in the northwest corner is built into the back of a series of shelves containing fake alchemical supplies—a successful DC 20 Perception check reveals the stairs beyond that lead down to area L2.

Creatures: Three looters (members of a recently disbanded mercenary group called the Ash Ravens) squat within the herbalist's shop, using the storefront as a safe haven while they build up the courage to scour the ruined city streets for more ill-gotten plunder. The men know that their looting may attract unfavorable attention, and they try to talk their way out of a fight if they can. If the PCs try to force them to give up their goods, they curse and attack. A looter flees if reduced to fewer than 5 hit points.

LOOTERS (6)

CR 1/2

200 XP each

Brigands (*Pathfinder RPG NPC Codex* 266)

hp 15 each

Treasure: The looters keep their collection of treasure in a large sack. The trove consists of 122 gp, 418 sp, a set of silver cutlery worth 125 gp, a brass goblet worth 15 gp, a portrait of a young man in fancy dress cut from its frame and rolled up worth 55 gp, a flask of acid, a flask of alchemist's fire, two vials of antitoxins, three vials of holy water, three +1 *flaming bolts*, an *elixir of vision*, and a *potion of barkskin* +2.

L2. Basement (CR 5)

The air in this basement is damp and musty-smelling. The walls and floor are packed earth, while dozens of gourds hang from the ceiling beams. A sludge of rotting plant matter covers the floor. Against one wall, a wooden table holds a strange apparatus that looks like a clockwork toy of a snake-bodied, six-armed woman holding a sword in each hand. A tightly corked bottle, filled with what looks like water, sits before the statue. A wooden chest covered with engraved runes stands under the table, and a sinister image of a star surrounding a goat's face is painted on the wall above the table.

This hidden basement is where Topaz crafted poisons for use by the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth.

A successful DC 20 Knowledge (religion) check identifies the image above the crest as one of Baphomet's symbols—one favored by his human worshipers rather than his demonic and monstrous ones. Anyone who approaches within 15 feet of the chest or symbol triggers a *magic mouth* spell that seems to come from the goat's mouth—"Ahh... I hope you are among Iomedae's slaves... I would hate to think of mere peasants wasting such a personal greeting from Lord Baphomet!" As soon as the *magic mouth* finishes its message, the creature in this room comes alive and trap activates.

Creature: As soon as it hears the *magic mouth* activate, the guardian left behind in this room claws its way out of the southernmost heap of vegetation. This malformed vegetable creature is a bloodthirsty mandragora. It attacks obvious worshipers of good deities before any other target, and fights to the death, pursuing foes relentlessly. Note that as a plant, the mandragora is immune to the poison vapors created by the trap.

MANDRAGORA
CR 4
XP 1,200
hp 37 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 185)

Trap: The chest is merely a lure—it was emptied of its valuables by Topaz before he left, save for five holy symbols of Iomedae stacked under a note that reads, "We don't need these anymore, but figured if you survived our surprise, it would be just plain rude to leave behind an empty chest for your troubles!" All five holy symbols have been coated with malyass root paste (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 560)—the contact poison can be noticed with a successful DC 20 Perception check.

Of more immediate concern is the apparatus on the table—this is a clockwork toy set to trigger as soon as the *magic mouth* delivers its message. At this time, the clockwork marilith toy swings down its swords to shatter the bottle, which is a *bilious bottle* (see page 64).

BILIOUS BOTTLE TRAP
CR 1
XP 400
Type magical; **Perception** DC 20; **Disable Device** DC 10

EFFECTS
Trigger spoken word (Baphomet); **Reset** none

Effect 30-foot-diameter cloud of magical vapor (see *bilious bottle* entry on page 64)

Treasure: The marilith statue is a cunningly constructed clockwork that does little more than lunge its arms when a specific word is uttered—in this case, the word "Baphomet." The marilith toy weighs 10 pounds and is worth 250 gp.

M. Nyserian Manor Ruins

What was once surely a stately manor is now nothing more than a pile of rubble and a gouged trough of ruin.

Nyserian Manor was in the path of one of the ulkreths that helped devastate Kenabres—a classic example of the demonic horde not working in complete harmony, for Kandro Nyserian was one of the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth. Positioned in Kenabres's nobility, Kandro was in a unique position to help facilitate Templar logistics, and he kept secret rooms in his basement for Templars who needed a place to hide if their covers were blown. Kandro managed to escape his manor before it was destroyed, but what fate had in store for him was even worse (see page 43). In any event, little remains of this manor to interest the PCs, other than the fact that the ruined manor is certainly no

longer used by the Templars as a safe house. If the PCs learned that Kandro was the man who bought Irabeth's sword, they might try to search through the ruins for it—but the sword, like Kandro himself, is now located in the Gray Garrison (see Part 4).

N1. Tower of Estrod

This sixty-foot-diameter gray stone tower is missing the bulk of its upper floors—some terrific force smashed its upper sections away, creating huge mound of rubble north of the building and leaving the tower now a mere stump with a jagged top.

The Tower of Estrod served Kenabres for decades as library and research laboratory owned by the city, but after its founder's mysterious death 2 years ago, it has secretly served as a Templar of the Ivory Labyrinth safe house. The cultists used the tower's resources to keep track of crusader accomplishments and strengths while appearing to merely be cataloging a history of the war effort. Much of the tower's holdings have been destroyed when the top was smashed away by an ulkreth, but the bottom two floors remain intact, and serve now as a home for the leader of the Kenabres Templars, a man named Faxon.


Mark of Baphomet

The worldwound incursion

The tower's front door is kept locked (Disable Device DC 25)—knocking on the door attracts the attention of the cultists within, but they won't let anyone in unless they speak the passphrase ("I've new material for the archives") is given.

N2. Ground Floor (CR 3)

The ground floor of the tower is now open to the air—a tangle of wooden supports above being all that remains of the building's upper stories. Two rubble-filled pools flank a central walkway that crosses to an open area with a few shelves, a desk and chair, and a flight of stairs leading down.

Creatures: Two cultists of Baphomet stand guard here. Any intruders who don't utter the passphrase are immediately attacked—one of the cultists sacrificing himself to delay the PCs while the other races down to area N3 to warn Faxon. If the PCs give them the proper passphrase, the cultists expect them to be cultists looking for a place to rest—they're each given bedrolls and some nasty food, and told to bunk out anywhere there's room on the floor after reporting in to Faxon below.

CULTISTS OF BAPHOMET (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 15 each (see page 24)

N3. Faxon's Workshop (CR 4)

This semicircular room is empty except for a few bookshelves against the walls and a single desk and chair sit in one corner. A huge set of wood and metal double doors stands in the south wall.

The door to area N4 is kept locked (Disable Device DC 30).

Creatures: The current leader of the Kenabres Templars is a tiefling witch named Faxon, although he only recently came into this role when he discovered his superior was embezzling money from the cult to pay for his addiction to demon's blood. (See the next adventure for rules on this addictive drug.) After he ratted out his superior, Faxon was awarded the role of temporary leader of the Kenabres Templars—a job he only had to manage for a few weeks before the city's fall. Faxon is now merely waiting for word from up high to gather the city's remaining Templars and move on to a new target—he knows something to do with altering the remaining *wardstones* is scheduled to occur soon, and is anticipating the event eagerly.

If the PCs are sent down here by the cultists above to report to Faxon, the witch expects the PCs to give him a list of observations from their patrols, as well as any treasure they've looted—if the PCs do so and manage to Bluff him, he thanks them for their work, promises "Minagho will be sending us on to a fresh city" soon enough, then dismisses

them, expecting them to return upstairs to sleep. If he gets the idea that the PCs aren't actually cultists, he tries not to let on—he sends them all away but asks one of the PCs to stay behind for a personal talk. If the PCs comply, he tries to cast *charm person* on the other PC once they're alone so he can find out whom they really are, then locks that PC in area N4 before heading upstairs to try to capture the others with the cultists' aid.

FAXON

CR 4

XP 1,200

Male tiefling witch (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 264, *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 65)

CE Medium outsider (native)

Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +5



Faxon

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 14, flat-footed 11 (+1 armor, +3 Dex, +1 dodge)
hp 30 (5d6+10)

Fort +3, **Ref** +5, **Will** +5

Resist cold 5, electricity 5, fire 5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee morningstar +1 (1d8-1)

Ranged heavy crossbow +6 (1d10+1/19-20)

Special Attacks hexes (disguise [5 hours], evil eye [-2, 7 rounds], misfortune [1 round])

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 4th, concentration +5)

1/day—*darkness*

Witch Spells Prepared (CL 5th; concentration +9)

3rd—*bestow curse* (DC 17), *vampiric touch*

2nd—*blindness/deafness* (DC 16), *burning gaze*^{APG}, *fog cloud*

1st—*burning hands* (DC 15), *charm person* (DC 15),

command (DC 15), *inflict light wounds* (DC 15)

0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *guidance*, *resistance*, *spark*

Patron Animals

TACTICS

During Combat Faxon opens combat by casting *blindness/deafness* on any obvious healer, and then *bestow curse* on the most heavily armored foe to reduce his Strength score by 6. He follows this up with his other offensive spells and hexes, casting *vampiric touch* once he drops below 20 hit points.

Morale Faxon fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 16, **Con** 13, **Int** 18, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 15

Feats Combat Casting, Combat Expertise, Dodge

Skills Bluff +7, Disguise +5, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (planes) +12, Perception +5, Stealth +10

Languages Abyssal, Aklo, Common, Draconic, Hallit, Infernal, Undercommon

SQ fiendish sorcery, witch's familiar (scorpion named Nox)

Combat Gear *wand of cure moderate wounds* (9 charges);

Other Gear morningstar, heavy crossbow with +1 bolts (12), *bracers of armor* +1, *cloak of resistance* +1, key to area **N4**, key for chest in area **N4**, 29 gp

N4. Shrine to Baphomet

This semicircular room has been outfitted with numerous demonic decorations. The green glass lanterns hanging on the walls give the room an eerie glow. A brazen minotaur head hangs from one wall above an altar covered with wavy-bladed knives and curved bulls' horns, while star-shaped symbols in red decorate other walls. A large wooden chest sits near the west wall.

This room is a shrine to Baphomet—it is still under the effects of an *unhallow* spell (with a *zone of truth* spell tied to it that affects all creatures) cast several months ago by the

previous leader of the local Templars. Faxon is the shrine's current guardian, although he increasingly worries about getting the various rituals and prayers exactly right, since he was never properly trained to serve as a cult leader by his superior. The star-shaped symbols are the same symbol of Baphomet found in area **L2**.

Treasure: The brazen minotaur head on the wall is an active *brazen head* (see page 64).

The wooden chest is locked (Disable Device DC 30)—Faxon carries its key. Within are various items looted from the ruins over the past several days by the cultists, including 2,310 cp, 759 sp, 122 gp, 11 pp, five silver holy symbols of Iomedae worth 25 gp each, a masterwork longsword, two masterwork scimitars, 450 gp in various fine housewares like silverware and table settings, a *wand of bless weapon* (18 charges), and a currently broken *phylactery of faithfulness*.

The chest also contains a sheaf of papers documenting the cultists' movements around the city. These papers not only indicate that the plan to attack Kenabres was several years in the planning, but that there were a large number of Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth involved. This list of names is valuable to the crusaders—it can't help Kenabres at this point, but since several of the names on the list include people operating in other cities, the crusaders will pay 2,000 gp for it in reward.

Finally, there's a short note in immaculate handwriting—a letter from the lilitu Minagho to Faxon (see Handout #2 on page 39). A successful DC 20 Knowledge (local, history, or planes) check identifies Minagho as the demonic ruler of the ruined city of Raliscrad in the Worldwound, and Vorlesh as the woman rumored to have helped open the Worldwound in the first place. The "*Nahyndrian crystal*" is a much more obscure subject—with a successful DC 35 Knowledge (planes) check, the PCs know that *Nahyndrian crystals* are said to be the crystallized fragments of a murdered demon lord's life force, though what use such an object could be put to is unknown.

Story Award: Grant the PCs 1,600 XP if they discover the missive from Minagho and learn more of the cult's plans for Kenabres.

O. DEFENDER'S HEART

The largest inn in Kenabres is Defender's Heart—a stout stone structure that survived the fall of Kenabres with ease. Built to last and largely ignored by the initial demonic attack (which focused much more on Old Kenabres and the riverfront), Defender's Heart was a perfect choice as a place for surviving crusaders and veterans of the war to gather and form a sort of defensive line. The majority of the surviving crusaders now housed here belonged to the Eagle Watch (see page 72), and they have assumed control of the various other leaderless mercenaries while they wait for the Mendevian army to come to the city's aid.

While the inn is owned and run by a one-armed man named **Kimroth Otai** (LG old male human expert 2/ fighter 3), he's largely ceded control of the building to the Eagle Watch—the highest-ranking survivor of which is the half-orc paladin Irabeth Tirabade. Along with a handful of experienced crusaders and city guards, Irabeth has spent the past several days gathering intelligence on the assault, formulating plans to defend the inn against periodic attacks by demons and cultists, and working to keep morale up by promising the Mendevian army is only a few days away from helping to retake Kenabres.

Alert guards are posted at every third window in the large structure, and as such the PCs should approach the barricade with caution—a too-bold approach results in a crossbow bolt fired over their heads and an order to drop their weapons. If the PCs' found Irabeth's note, they can use the password "Silverstrong" to gain entrance. Otherwise they must willingly disarm themselves and agree to be escorted in by armed crusaders. A sincere plea for clemency (and a successful DC 25 Diplomacy check) allows the PCs to enter the camp armed.

If Anevia is with the PCs, the guards recognize her as their commander's wife and automatically grant the party entrance. Anevia lets out a joyful cry as Irabeth appears, quickly coming to greet her once word of her return spreads. The women embrace tenderly before Anevia introduces her wife, Irabeth, to the PCs. Irabeth thanks the party for keeping Anevia safe and swears to assist them in whatever way she can. If Anevia isn't with the PCs, Irabeth is still intrigued by their resilience—more so once she hears their harrowing story.

Irabeth explains that she's now in charge of the Eagle Watch, at least, until the Mendevian army arrives to help reclaim the city. She knows that word got out about the attack, but has also heard that Nerosyan and other cities along the border are facing their own plights—so far, she's relatively certain that none of the other border cities have suffered as great a defeat as Kenabres, but she can confirm that this city's *wardstone* has been destroyed and that as a result, the entire network of *wardstones* has diminished in power to a shadow of its former strength. She thanks Iomedae daily for the inherent disorganization of the enemy, noting that had the demons made as focused an attack on Nerosyan as they did on Kenabres, things would be dire indeed. (She, along with many other crusaders, doesn't realize that the demons are deliberately drawing out the war so as to give the crusaders a more protracted time in which to lose hope and fall into despair and sin.)

Irabeth wants to know all about the PCs' adventures—any additional information they can give her about the nature of the attack on Kenabres is most welcome. When certain topics come up, she has more information for the PCs as well, as detailed below.

Faxon,

You did well to report your superior's mishandling of funds, and I trust that you will continue to serve as loyally in the weeks to come. You need not command the Kenabres Templars for long, for the city is about to die—I only wish I could be there to take part in its murder, for I have fond memories of my Red Morning Massacre. No matter, I suppose, for your mortal kin will all fall soon enough—as I said, Kenabres's days are short. Vorlesh has already left to meet with our Lord's daughter in the Abyss to secure a Nahyndrian crystal of the proper purity, and once she has what she needs, she'll arrive in Kenabres to finish the job and turn the wardstones fully to our use. You will know when she succeeds, I suspect! Praise Lord Baphomet!

Minagho

HANDOUT #2

Mongrels of Neathholm: Irabeth is delighted to learn that the mongrels of Neathholm (people she prefers to call the "First Descendants," out of respect for their original parents), and agrees to send some Eagle Watch knights down to contact Neathholm and work out the alliance. Securing this alliance not only nets the PCs a story award (see below), but it can also help them in their final assault on the Gray Garrison.

Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth: If the PCs mention the Templars and their safe houses, Irabeth becomes very interested. The Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth are, in her opinion, one of the most dangerous elements of the enemy. "They have spies everywhere," she says, "and have apparently been among us for decades. Only recently has proof of their presence been manifesting. I personally managed to root out one of their more powerful members—the leader of a group called the Hammers of Heaven. We all thought of Staunton Vhane as a model crusader, but as far as I was able to discern, he's been working for the demons for decades. There's even evidence he may have been the one to betray Drezen 75 years ago. They knighted me for that discovery, but I'm still not sure why, since he slipped through my fingers and is out there still, causing who knows how much more damage..." Irabeth trails off here for a moment before she shakes her head to clear her thoughts, then informs the PCs that she can reward them for their efforts against the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth (or, if the PCs haven't yet found and explored the

three safe house sites, she offers them a reward if they'll do so). Each safe-house site cleared earns the party a reward of 1,000 gp.

Nahyndrian Crystals: If the PCs have found the letter mentioning *Nahyndrian crystals*, Irabeth looks grave and says, "We've heard mention of these crystals before, and I fear that they're tied to something far worse than what's already happened to Kenabres." She certainly has more to say, but tells the PCs that her friend Quednys can explain things better.

Story Award: For making contact with the Eagle Watch and allying with Irabeth, award the PCs 800 XP. For finalizing the alliance between Neathholm and the crusaders, award the PCs 1,200 XP.

A SAFE HAVEN

Defender's Heart is meant to be a haven for the PCs—a place where they can relax, recover, and resupply. The building is quite large, and the crusaders, merchants, mercenaries, and others who have gathered here number nearly 200. There are only a few rooms still unoccupied in the huge inn, but Irabeth arranges for these to be used by the PCs for as long as they remain in the city. Room and board are provided, and the PCs can store treasure here without fear of it being stolen.

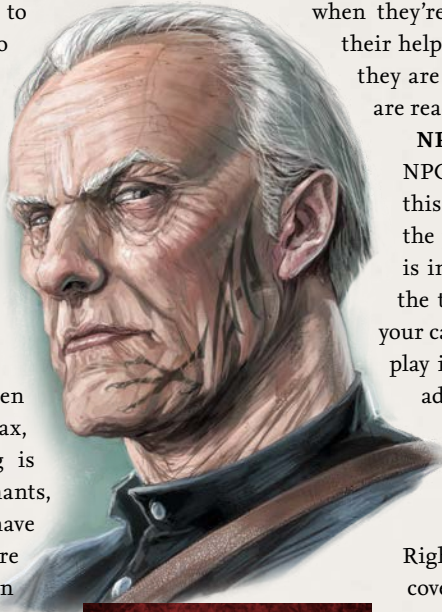
Characters who expect to be able to simply take what they want should soon learn that while times are tough, the Eagle Watch doesn't have the authority to impose martial law over the survivors, and for purposes of keeping up morale among the merchants and other citizens here, they've done their best to avoid wholesale requisitioning of gear. There are enough merchants in the place that the PCs can even sell off their unwanted treasure and purchase new gear and supplies—you can assume that anything costing 100 gp or less is readily available for purchase, and that anything beyond that up to a maximum of 2,500 gp has a 75% chance of being available for sale.

That said, there are many low-level clerics and paladins of Iomedae, Sarenrae, and Torag present, and they provide healing free of charge—any PC who has hit point damage or ability score damage can have that damage healed for free during a stay here.

Everyone in Defender's Heart hopes that the Mendevian army will arrive soon, but as the days have worn on hope starts to fade. In truth, the Mendevian army is making its way north, but it won't arrive for several more days—its arrival should coincide roughly with the point at which

the PCs finish this adventure. There's no official "timer" for when Areelu Vorlesh returns to Kenabres to corrupt the *wardstone* fragment kept in the Gray Garrison, but the players shouldn't be made aware of this. Irabeth encourages the PCs to wrap up any lingering tasks they might have in the city, such as exploring more Templar safe houses or escorting allies to their homes, but lets them know that when they're ready she has something she'd like their help with—an important task she believes they are particularly suited for. When the PCs are ready, continue with Part 4.

NPC Reactions: At this point, the three NPCs who traveled with the PCs throughout this adventure should separate ways with the party—the final part of this adventure is intended to focus on the PCs alone. But the three NPCs should not fade away from your campaign entirely—they can continue to play important roles in all of the upcoming adventures. Notes on how to incorporate Anevia, Horgus, and Aravashnial, as well as Irabeth and even other allies the PCs have yet to meet, will be presented throughout the Wrath of the Righteous Adventure Path, on the inside covers and in the adventures themselves.



Quednys Orlun

PART 4: The Wardstone Legacy

Once the PCs have recovered from their ordeals, Irabeth approaches them with a grim, worried expression. She explains that their arrival at Defender's Heart couldn't have been more timely, and asks them to come meet with a man named Quednys Orlun to find out why.

Quednys Orlun (LG old male human wizard 6) is an aged and angular human with an eagle's talon tattoo on his cheek. Founder and head librarian of Blackwing, Quednys was at the Cathedral when the attack began, and was instrumental in saving several citizens from certain death. He suffered a nearly fatal wound in doing so, but survived after he was brought to Defender's Heart and healed. Since then, Quednys has helped keep order in the inn. He believes that Blackwing was completely destroyed, and is haunted by this fact. If the PCs fill him in on what happened to his library, he is both distraught about not having been there to help himself and grateful that the PCs were there instead. Soon after the meeting with the PCs and Irabeth, he sees to it that any survivors still hiding out there are relocated to Defender's Heart as soon as possible.

Irabeth begins the meeting with the PCs by thanking them again for all they've done so far, and then by making sure they're willing to help the city some more. The entire Wrath of the Righteous Adventure Path assumes the players

The worldwound incursion

are in it to fight demons and save the world, more or less, but this point in the campaign is when the PCs may first realize the role that destiny has in store for them.

Once she's assured of the PCs' righteousness, Irabeth continues—read aloud or paraphrase the following.

"As horrific as recent events have been, we've come to realize that they are, in fact, merely a prelude. The razing of the Kite, the destruction of our wardstone, Terendelev's murder, and the assault on the city were nothing more than opening gambits. The Worldwound is on the march in a more concentrated assault than we've seen since the fall of Drezen. It's fair to say the Lord of the Locust Host is finally making his move. The end of this hundred-year-war is upon us, and it falls to us to ensure victory.

"While the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth were scattered, those who serve the Lord of the Locust Host himself remain concentrated in Old Kenabres. What we've heard from within the barricade they've erected is ominous. The cultists are waiting for something, and based on our own information and what you've managed to recover so far, it sounds like the vile witch Arelu Vorlesh will soon be coming to Kenabres. And it appears that we've determined what she intends to do.

"When the wardstone was destroyed by the Storm King, it exploded and destroyed the Kite. The network along the border failed, but did not fade completely. I believe this is because a significant portion of our wardstone still exists, and that the cultists have taken it to the old garrison in Old Kenabres. From what we've learned, they're hoping to engineer a way to somehow reverse the field generated by the wardstones—essentially, to use our own greatest defense as a devastating weapon.

"The attack on Kenabres had a predictable result: causing the crusade to gather at the border to defend it. Some wonder why the demons haven't attacked in stronger numbers. I believe that Arelu was counting on us massing along the border, and that if she can corrupt the wardstone field, she can strike a devastating blow against us all. In effect, we've lined up for the slaughter.

"Vorlesh is surely seeking some object of great Abyssal power, likely the Nahyndrian crystal mentioned in the missive you recovered, and with it she intends to turn the source of our hope into an unimaginable nightmare. We cannot hope to evacuate everyone from the border—I doubt they would give up the defensive line even if they knew what the enemy planned. But we can still stop this from happening—we just need to have someone infiltrate the Gray Garrison, locate the wardstone fragment, and destroy it."

It is this task that Irabeth hopes the PCs will take upon themselves—if they don't volunteer, she asks them to do so point-blank. All of Kenabres's greatest defenders

perished, fled, or were captured—this final task falls to those few who remain, and of them, the PCs are the best situated to take on the mission. A small, elite force like the PCs can strike at the Gray Garrison, infiltrate it, and deal with the situation—especially if Irabeth and the other surviving mercenaries go on the offensive throughout the city. By doing so, the crusaders will have to abandon their defensive position and will certainly take losses, but luring

the cultists now in control of Old Kenabres out to attack a few dozen sudden uprisings of crusaders will certainly give the PCs the advantage they need to attack the Gray Garrison.

Irabeth doesn't expect the PCs will be able to achieve their goal on the first try—she even suggests they plan for multiple attacks on the Gray Garrison. She and her fellow crusaders will time their own strikes with each of the PCs's attacks, and while the cultists will certainly shore up their defenses between forays, multiple strikes should wear them down. As long as the PCs can destroy the wardstone fragment before Vorlesh's arrival, it will all be worth the risk.

While none know when Vorlesh is scheduled to arrive (and thus it's safe to assume she could show up at any minute), Irabeth tells the PCs that Quednys has the perfect tool for finishing off the wardstone's destruction—a *rod of cancellation* he salvaged from a ruined wizard's shop.

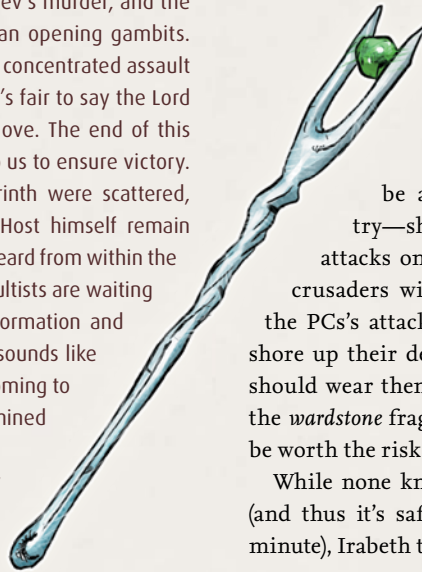
With this item, the PCs should be able

to drain the last vestige of power from the fragment; in so doing, it will completely sever the wardstone's connection remaining connection to the field. Doing so will rob Vorlesh of a crucial chink in the wardstone field's armor and prevent her from using it against the crusaders unless the demons can manage to destroy another wardstone—"Something I don't think is possible in the short term, for the Kenabres stone has suffered numerous attacks over the past several years that made this final destruction possible. Almost," she adds wryly, "as if the demons have been planning for this day from the start." If the PCs suggest simply reclaiming the fragment and keeping it safe, Irabeth sadly shakes her head—she points out the fragment is useless at this point to the crusaders, and as long as it exists it will continue to be a liability. It must be destroyed.

ADDITIONAL AID

Other allies the PCs may have made during the adventure can help as well.

Anevia: If Anevia survived and was reunited with Irabeth, the paladin's relief is enough that she feels confident leaving the orchestration of the distraction attacks to her subordinates—she tells the PCs that she can't ask them to



rod of cancellation

do anything she wouldn't attempt herself, and volunteers to accompany them on the journey. When Anevia finds out about Irabeth's intention to accompany the PCs, she makes them promise to keep her wife safe—she understands that her crippled leg would only hinder their chances.

Aravashnial: If he is at least friendly with the PCs at this point, Aravashnial tells the PCs that he knows of a hidden cache of Riftwarden equipment that can help them in their mission—he wasn't sure the cache survived until recently. The cache includes eight *potions of cure serious wounds*, four *potions of lesser restoration*, 10 +1 *evil outsider bane arrows*, a *chime of opening*, two cold iron weapons (pick types used by PCs), a *wand of magic missiles* (CL 5th, 31 charges), and a *wand of daylight* (24 charges).

Horgus: In perhaps the most unanticipated development, Horgus Gwerin (if he's at least helpful toward the PCs) donates a fair amount of his personal supplies to Defender's Heart. These additional supplies bolster morale enough that the crusaders fight particularly well. This results in the first defense escalation (see below) being delayed, so that the first of the PCs' attempts to destroy the *wardstone* suffers no consequences if the heroes are forced to retreat and try again.

Neathholm: If the PCs have helped secure an alliance with Neathholm, the mongrels provide additional support. Each PC gains the support of a mongrelman ranger (use stats for Wenduag on page 19) who follows his or her orders. Each PC controls this mongrel's actions, but keep in mind that it won't take obviously suicidal actions.

ENTERING OLD KENABRES

The cultists have claimed the heart of Old Kenabres. The walls surrounding this district are normally well patrolled by tieflings and cultists alike, but if the PCs wait for the crusaders to attack, these guardians are spread thin enough that it's a simple matter to enter the district uncontested.

Inside Old Kenabres, random monster encounters are much more common. Normally, there's a 20% chance of an encounter every 30 minutes, but if the PCs wait for the distractions, they should have only one chance at an encounter per attempt to infiltrate the Gray Garrison. Roll on the table on page 28 if an encounter occurs.

P. THE GRAY GARRISON

The Gray Garrison is so-called for its squat, plain gray stone facade. Before the fall, the Gray Garrison served as a museum, tended by several aged curators who kept the structure in working order out of a sense of duty and to honor the past. Once the initial attack on Kenabres was over, the cultists chose it as their base of operations due to its central location and its ease of defense.

The Gray Garrison has two full floors and a partial third floor. Rooms within are lit via *continual flames* placed inside lanterns, as the lack of windows makes the accumulation

of smoke a discomfort. The air quality is stuffy, warm, and uncomfortable, but the cultists hardly notice—air quality in the Worldwound is far worse, after all. Doors are made of stone and can be barred from both sides, but unless otherwise indicated, they cannot be locked.

GARRISON DEFENSE ESCALATIONS

The following encounter areas present the Gray Garrison as it is populated and defended when the PCs first attack. If the PCs attack the garrison without the Eagle Watch and other crusaders running a series of distractions, many more defenders are present—area **P1** is patrolled by twelve cultists, four additional vermlaks, and six howlers. Every other encounter inside the garrison contains twice as many abrikandilus, tieflings, and cultists than listed.

If the PCs retreat to regroup and recover for additional assaults, the garrison's defenses escalate through the following stages as Jeslyn calls in more and more troops to defend the place. You can place the escalation troops as you wish in the garrison—use them to repopulate rooms the PCs previously cleared or augment other chambers as feels logical. The additional troops for Escalation 1 are present the second time the PCs attack the garrison; those in Escalation 2 are there for the third attack, and so on—these additional foes are cumulative, and any from prior escalations who weren't slain remain in subsequent escalations.

Escalation 1: Six tieflings, four dretches, 1 mandragora (from area **L2** if it survives), and Faxon (if he survives)

Escalation 2: Six cultists, six tieflings, four vermlaks, three abrikandilus, and one schir

Escalation 3 and beyond: Six cultists, six tieflings, three abrikandilus, two schirs, and one babau

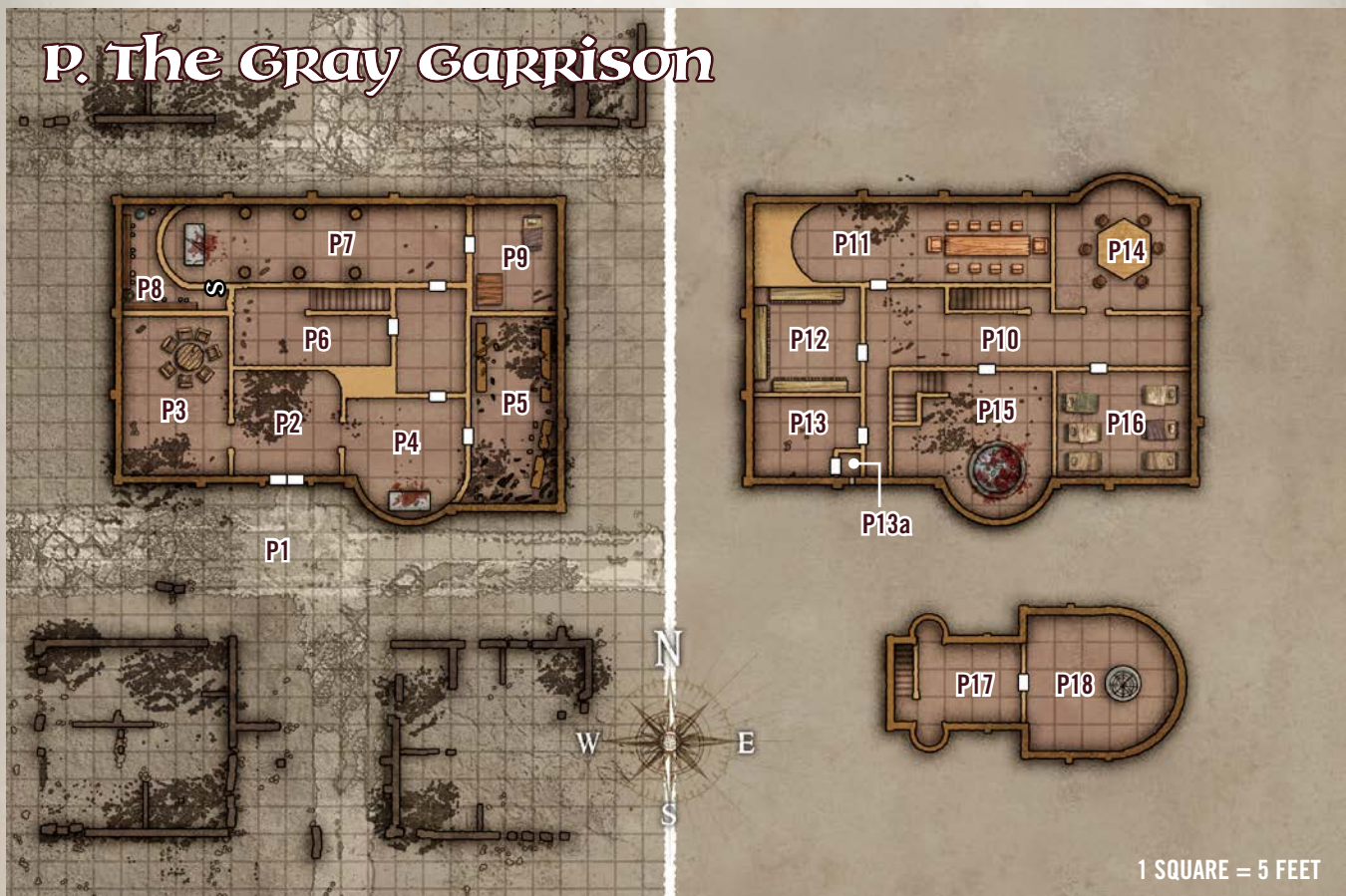
P1. Garrison Courtyard (CR 5)

A large stretch of buckled ground and rubble stretches before the Gray Garrison, an aptly named structure that squats across from the open ground that once stood before the Cathedral of Saint Clydwell. That cathedral is no more—nothing remains but a towering mound of rubble and a deep, jagged rift in the ground.

The PCs may wish to spend some time looking over the cathedral ruins, but nothing of any real value remains there—the demons were quite thorough in their looting of the place. No trace of Terendelev's body remains—the Storm King carried it back with him to his lair in Iz.

The front doors to the Gray Garrison are kept locked (Disable Device DC 30). The only other apparent point of entry is a small shutter on the wall 15 feet above and just to the left of the front doors. Succeeding at a DC 25 Climb check allows a PC to reach the shutter, which leads to area **P13a** but is barred from within (Disable Device DC 30 or break DC 25).

P. The GRAY GARRISON



Creatures: Two hideously obese, naked men armed with scythes guard the Gray Garrison's entrance. Succeeding at DC 15 Knowledge (local or nobility) check is enough to identify one of the men as a rotund version of Kandro Nyserian, while a successful DC 10 Knowledge (local or nobility) check allows the PCs to recognize the other as a bloated version of Lord Hulrun—once the leader of Kenabres!

In fact, both of these men are vermleeks, hideous wormlike demons who can wear dead humanoid bodies almost as if they were armor. In this form, they appear to be living but morbidly corpulent versions of the dead men. As the PCs draw near, the vermleeks grimace in delight and ask if the heroes have come here to turn themselves over to Deskari. Both demons stay at their posts, grinning and watchful, not reacting to any approach until they are either attacked or any intruder approaches within 30 feet.

VERMLEKS (2)

CR 3

XP 800 each

Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lords of Chaos, Book of the Damned, Vol. 2 54

CE Medium outsider (chaotic, demon, evil, extraplanar)

Init -1; **Senses** blindsense 30 ft., darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 9, flat-footed 15 (+3 armor, -1 Dex, +3 natural)

hp 30 (4d10+8)

Fort +8, **Ref** +0, **Will** +5

Defensive Abilities abandon flesh, flesh armor, negative energy affinity; **DR** 5/cold iron or good; **Immune** electricity, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10, fire 10; **SR** 14

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., burrow 20 ft.

Melee scythe +6 (2d4+3/x4) or bite +6 (1d6+3)

Special Attacks inhabit body

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd; concentration+4)

3/day—*mass inflict light wounds* (DC 16), *spider climb*

1/day—*gentle repose*, *summon* (level 2, 1d4 dretches, 50%)

TACTICS

During Combat The vermleeks start by casting *mass inflict light wounds* on the PCs. They repeat this whenever one of them is reduced to fewer than 20 hit points, as the damage heals them. Otherwise, they move in to hack at foes with their scythes. A vermlek abandons its flesh as soon as it can after dropping below 12 hit points—it can no longer attack with its scythe at this point and instead relies on its bite and spell-like abilities.

Morale The vermleeks fight to the death.

Iomedae's Attention

Although the PCs are unlikely to realize this, it's as they enter the Gray Garrison that they truly first come to Iomedae's attention. Their mythic potential, combined with their presence in this despoiled place where her crusaders once worshiped and barracked, has attracted her interest, and as the PCs work their way through the Gray Garrison they have numerous chances to perform acts that please the Inheritor. The religions and beliefs of the PCs are irrelevant in this case—Iomedae knows better than many gods that having multiple faiths and diverse specialties can make a group much stronger. Each time the PCs please Iomedae in the Gray Garrison, they earn a Devotion Point, as indicated in the encounter text. At the end of the adventure, total the Devotion Points the PCs have earned in order to determine how the Inheritor rewards them for their service so far.

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 9, **Con** 14, **Int** 12, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +6 (+10 grapple); **CMD** 15

Feats Deceitful, Great Fortitude

Skills Bluff +10, Disguise +10 (+18 when inhabiting a corpse),
Escape Artist +6 (+14 when not inhabiting a corpse),
Knowledge (religion) +8, Perception +8, Sense Motive +8,
Use Magic Device +8

Languages Abyssal, Common; telepathy 100 ft.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Abandon Flesh (Su) As a swift action, a vermlek can abandon an inhabited body. In so doing, it absorbs much of the body's flesh to heal itself, restoring 2d6+3 hit points.

Flesh Armor (Su) When a vermlek wears a humanoid body, it treats the dead flesh and muscle as armor and gains a +3 armor bonus to its AC.

Inhabit Body (Su) A vermlek can crawl into and control the body of a dead Medium humanoid. This process takes 1d4 rounds for the vermlek to complete, during which it is considered flat-footed. It loses its own burrow speed while inhabiting a body, but gains the ability to wield their scythes.

Story Award: If the PCs return the remains of the two men to Defender's Heart for proper burials, award them 800 XP and 1 Devotion Point per body (see page 54).

P2. Foyer

Along the northern wall of this room, a frieze depicts a line of mounted crusaders crashing over a horde of twisted demons. The crusaders' faces have been obliterated and vile graffiti is carved over the entire scene. Fresh blood stains the floor.

The tiefling guards in area **P3** automatically notice any intruders not taking effort to move quietly.

P3. Meeting Hall (CR 4)

The faces of the portraits that hang on the walls of this room have been slashed. Two marble planters lie smashed in pieces on the ground, and mud streaks across the white stone floor.

Creatures: This meeting hall is occupied by six tieflings passing the time at the table, playing a card game and using severed body parts harvested from human victims as gambling chips. Five tieflings swiftly move to attack intruders in area **P2** if they hear them, while one of them flees to area **P7**, banging on the door to **P6** as he runs by to alert the guards within.

TIEFLINGS (6)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 10 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 264)

P4. Befouled Shrine

A bracket shows where a longsword once hung over a stylized gold sunburst affixed to the south wall. Lines of strange runes are carved into the walls on both sides of the sunburst. Dried blood and excrement have been smeared across the sunburst and a short bench for kneeling that sits on the floor.

A successful DC 12 Knowledge (religion) check identifies this alcove as a shrine to Iomedae where visiting guards knelt and prayed before moving deeper into the garrison. The runes are prayers to Iomedae written in Celestial, however the letters are unusually florid and complex.

When the fortress was built, a secret armory was included. This room contains a clue as to the secret room's method of entry. If a Medium creature kneels before the shrine on the bench, the angle of view creates an optical illusion that can be noticed with a successful DC 15 Perception check. The overly complex letters of the prayers engraved on the wall take the shape of a longsword on which is written, "Let us inherit thine arms, Iomedae." This is the password to open the secret door to area **P8**.

Story Award: The PCs earn 1 Devotion Point for taking a few minutes to clean up the shrine.

P5. Destroyed Museum (CR 5)

This room was once some sort of museum, but its contents have been smashed and scattered across the room—even the shelves have been shattered and torn apart in places. The decapitated bodies of two knights, their armor and bodies broken and mangled, lie in the ruins.

The worldwound Incursion



This room was once used to display memorabilia from the First Crusade, as a successful DC 15 Knowledge (history or religion) check confirms while searching the rubble.

Creatures: The cause of this destruction (and indeed the cause of most of the destruction and vandalism in the Gray Garrison) still lurks here—a pair of ratlike abrikandilu demons. They ignore any cries of alarm on the first assault on the garrison, for the demons are currently enjoying a grisly game of puppetry, using the severed heads of the two dead crusaders to entertain themselves with mock conversations in high-pitched Celestial. If the PCs enter the room, the demons shriek in delight and drop their “puppets” to attack, fighting to the death.

ABRIKANDILUS (2)

CR 3

XP 800 each

hp 32 each (see page 28)

Treasure: The two bodies here belonged a pair of paladins who attempted to retake the Gray Garrison

on their own—they made it this far before being slain, their bodies distracting the abrikandilus for quite some time. One of the paladins’ +1 *adamantine morningstar* lies discarded in the corner of the room—while the abrikandilus couldn’t break this object no matter how hard they tried, they did use it to pulverize the paladins’ bodies and gear, all of which is completely destroyed.

Story Award: Performing a benediction over these bodies or removing them for proper burial earns the PCs 1 Devotion Point.

P6. Stairway (CR 5)

The door to this room is locked and barred from the inside (Disable Device DC 30 or break DC 25)—the tieflings knock on the door three times if they want to be let in.

Along one wall of this long room stands a smashed sideboard. A stone staircase leads upstairs.

Creatures: A single tiefling guard stands guard at the base of the stairs—if he hears anything other than three

of knocks on the door, he orders the three filthy dretches slouching in the center of the room to get up and get ready to attack anyone who comes through the door, then retreats upstairs to join the guards in area **P10**. The dretches fight to the death, pursuing relentlessly even beyond the garrison if necessary.

TIEFLING

CR 1/2

XP 200

hp 10 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 264)

DRETCHES (3)

CR 2

XP 600 each

hp 18 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 60)

P7. Desecrated Temple of Iomedae (CR 4)

Blood and filth smear floor of this long room. Six white stone statues of famous heroes line the hall—each clawed, bloodstained, partially smashed, or otherwise defaced. At the far end of the hall, a raised dais holds an upturned alabaster altar. Sitting atop the upside-down altar is a hideous mass of severed limbs that have been stitched together into a vile monstrous insectoid shape. Before the dais, seven ratty bedrolls have been laid out on the floor.

The secret door to area **P8** is exceptionally well hidden, requiring a successful DC 30 Perception check to notice. If the PCs have accumulated at least 1 Devotion Point, however, the door's outline glows softly once they search the room, reducing the Perception check DC to 12. Anyone standing within 5 feet of the wall who utters the phrase "Let us inherit thine arms, Iomedae" causes the secret door to swing open. Otherwise, it must be opened with a successful DC 30 Disable Device check or smashed down (hardness 8, hp 60, break DC 28).

Creatures: The bedrolls are used by the cultists of Deskari that dwell in the garrison, but only three of them are present (the other four are upstairs in area **P14**). If the cultists have been alerted by a guard from area **P3**, they've called Othirubo in from area **P9** to join them in defending the room; otherwise, the sound of battle here calls the tiefling captain to join the fight in 1d4+2 rounds. The cultists fight to the death.

CULTISTS OF DESKARI (3)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 15 each (see page 24)

Story Award: If the PCs slay the cultists, right the altar, bury the body parts, and clean the shrine (this last task takes about 30 minutes of work if done by hand), they earn 2 Devotion Points.

P8. Hidden Armory

This small chamber is free of dust. A holy symbol of Iomedae hangs unmolested on the wall above a weapon rack filled with swords, crossbows, and spears. Three wooden dummies wear pristine suits of armor. A shelf holds several leather quivers, each stamped with a golden sun. Two silver shields hang from pegs on the wall.

Treasure: This hidden armory was to be used in the event of an enemy attack that required crusaders to force entry and possibly rearm themselves. The weapon rack contains three cold iron longswords, two cold iron shortswords, two heavy crossbows, a composite longbow (+2 Str), a masterwork cold iron heavy mace, two cold iron longswords, 50 cold iron crossbow bolts, 100 cold iron arrows, a +1 *longsword*, 5 +1 *holy arrows*, and an *arrow of evil outsider slaying*.

The armor dummies hold two sets of masterwork chainmail and a +1 *breastplate* emblazoned with Iomedae's holy symbol.

The two heavy steel shields are both marked with the holy symbol of Iomedae. One is a masterwork shield, and the other is a +1 *blinding shield*.

P9. Priest's Chambers (CR 5)

A long table and six chairs have been pushed against the western wall. On the opposite wall, a tapestry depicting a map of Mendev hangs from a silver rod—the tapestry has been slashed several times and splashed with filth. A bedroll sits on the floor, and on the nearby table is an array of alchemical devices and a long wooden sword case wrapped with cords, as if ready for travel.

Creatures: The leader of the tieflings, an alchemist named Othirubo, has chosen this room as his own. He's been spending his time lately trying to devise a formula for a solution that causes a holy symbol steeped within it to become infested with the demon plague such that it infects any who touch it. Succeeding at a DC 20 Craft (alchemy) check is enough to figure out what Othirubo is attempting, and that he's a long, long way from success.

Othirubo has worked for the deformed half-elf Jeslyn for many years, and is quite faithful to the woman—he has, in fact, harbored feelings for her for many of those years, but has never quite worked up the courage to approach her about them.

OTHIRUBO

CR 4

XP 1,200

Male demon-blooded tiefling alchemist 5 (*Pathfinder Player*

Companion: Blood of Fiends 20)

CE Medium outsider (native)

The worldwound incursion

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 14, flat-footed 20 (+3 armor, +1 deflection, +3 Dex, +2 natural, +4 shield)

hp 41 (5d8+15)

Fort +6, **Ref** +7, **Will** +3; ; +4 vs. poison

Resist acid 5, electricity 5, fire 5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee dagger +3 (1d4/19–20)

Ranged bomb +7 (3d6+2 fire)

Special Attacks bomb 7/day (3d6+2 fire and catch fire, DC 14, 10-ft. radius)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th; concentration +6)

1/day—*shatter* (DC 13)

Extracts Prepared (CL 5th)

2nd— *barkskin*, *blur*, *protection from arrows*

1st— *bomber's eye*, *cure light wounds*, *expeditious retreat*, *shield*, *true strike*

TACTICS

Before Combat Othirubo drinks

his mutagen to bolster his Dexterity, then drinks an extract of *barkskin*, *blur*, and *shield*.

During Combat Othirubo uses his bombs in combat, switching to his dagger once he's down to one bomb (he saves this one for escape—see below).

Morale If he drops below 15 hit points, Othirubo uses a smoke bomb to cover his retreat, then flees to area **P18**, knocking three times on the door to area **P6** if the PCs haven't already forced the door open. He drinks elixirs of *expeditious retreat* and *cure light wounds* along the way as he gets the chance.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 17, **Con** 14, **Int** 14, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 17

Feats Brew Potion, Iron Will, Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Throw Anything

Skills Bluff +6, Craft (alchemy) +10, Disable Device +5, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Perception +10, Sleight of Hand +11, Spellcraft +10

Languages Abyssal, Celestial, Common, Hallit

SQ alchemy (alchemy crafting +5, identify potions), mutagen, discoveries (enhance potion 2/day, explosive bomb, smoke bomb), poison use, swift alchemy

Combat Gear *potions of cure light wounds* (2), *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of barkskin*, *potion of invisibility*, *potion of spider climb*; **Other Gear** +1 leather armor, dagger, *ring of protection* +1, portable alchemy kit, four silver holy symbols (two of Iomedae, one of Shelyn, and one of Desna)

Treasure: The alchemical equipment on the table consists of a masterwork alchemy lab, but the contents of the plain-looking sword case are likely of more interest to the PCs, for inside can be found a +1 *evil outsider bane longsword*. This weapon belonged to Irabeth until recently, when she sold it to a nobleman so she could afford a gift for her wife. A small note on a piece of parchment tucked into the case is reproduced on page 49 as Handout #3.

NPC Reaction: Irabeth is shocked to find her father's sword here. She would prefer to wield it herself, but if the PCs ask, she lets one of them wield it instead. Regardless, at the end of the adventure, she lets one of the PCs take it, saying, "I suspect you'll need it more than I at this point."

Story Award: If the PCs defeat Othirubo, they earn 1 Devotion Point.

P10. Upper Landing (CR 4)

The stairs in this wide, debris-littered hallway lead down to area **P6**.

Creatures: The last of the tiefling guards keep watch here—there are six of the tieflings in all, leaning against walls or softly chatting to pass the time unless they hear fighting downstairs. They expect their fellow tiefling from area **P6** to flee up here, at which point they all ready to attack intruders before they can get off the stairs. The tieflings fight noisily to the death, so that the sound of combat alerts every other denizen on the floor. The sound of combat in this area cause the four cultists in area **P14** to come investigate in 1d3 rounds.

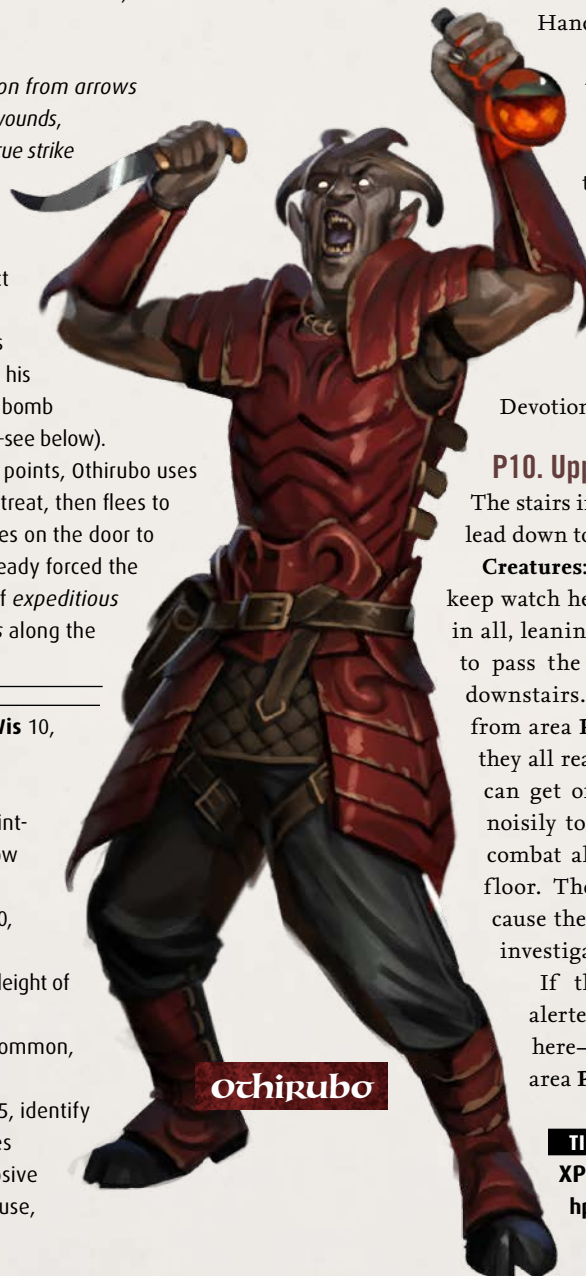
If the tieflings here haven't been alerted, there are only two of them here—the other four are sleeping in area **P16**.

TIEFLINGS (6)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 10 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 264)



Othirubo

P11. Conference Chamber (CR 4)

A long table engraved with a relief map of Mendev stands to the east in this long room. A dozen bodies lie scattered about the room, each bearing a gaping empty hole in the chest.

Creatures: Jeslyn keeps a particularly foul-tempered monster—a peryton—as something of a pet. She's endlessly amused by the peryton's savagery, but because she quickly get annoyed by its constant chattering and the scraping sounds it makes when it rubs its antlers on stone, she's put the monster in here. The peryton is intelligent, but enjoys being treated as a pet by the deformed half-elf, as long as she regularly supplies him with corpses to chew the hearts out of. The tieflings are frightened by the peryton—if the PCs open the door to this room before the tieflings in area **P10** are slain, they become shaken as the monster comes flapping out to attack the PCs.

PERYTON

CR 4

XP 1,200

hp 42 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 207)

P12. Library (CR 4)

Bookshelves line the walls of this small library. Many of the tomes have been torn to shreds, and smoldering piles of ashes fill the room with an acrid stench. One small stack of books on a circular table seem to have escaped destruction.

Creatures: The few valuable works the cultists decided to set aside as loot are now guarded by a schir demon—a man-sized fiend with a goatlike head, patches of filthy fur, and hooved feet. The schir is bored with its duties but afraid to take its boredom out on the remaining books, knowing the punishment it would receive would be significant. It leaps on the opportunity to attack someone—as it does so, it telepathically alerts Jeslyn of the situation.

SCHIR

CR 4

XP 1,200

hp 37 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 74)

Treasure: The surviving six books are history texts, tomes on geography, and tactical manuals. Each is worth 50 gp. The seventh tome is a *manual of war*^{UE}.

P13. Aerie (CR 5)

Several stacked horizontal shelves hold a number of small, straw-lined bird cages. A stack of parchment, three quills, a pot of ink, and a pile of tiny cylindrical objects cover a nearby table, while a small wooden door is in one corner of the room.

From this room, the crusaders sent messages to other cities via carrier pigeons. The pigeons are long gone, but the window through which they were released in area **P13a**, while barred from the inside, could give the PCs an alternative route into (or out of) the garrison.

Creatures: The Worldwound is infested with all manner of demonic vermin—enormous, normally mindless monsters that have become infused with abyssal energies that grant them vile intellects and many of the traits shared by demons. Three of these creatures, demonic giant flies with faces that look all too human save for their deformed rasping maws and tiny half-formed hands on the tip of each spindly leg, dwell in this room. They attack on sight, fighting to the death. As with other telepaths in the garrison, when they attack, they alert Jeslyn of the battle—if the PCs have entered the garrison from area **P13a**, she makes sure that the cultists and tieflings in the building gather in the outer hall to hit the PCs all at once when they emerge into the room.

DEMONIC GIANT FLIES (3)

CR 2

XP 600

Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2 124, *The Worldwound* 53

CE Medium magical beast

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+3 Dex, +2 natural)

hp 20 (2d8+11)

Fort +7, **Ref** +3, **Will** -2

DR 5/cold iron; **Immune** acid, disease, electricity, poison;

Resist cold 10, fire 10

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft., fly 60 ft. (good)

Melee bite +4 (1d6+4 plus disease)

Special Attacks breath weapon (60-ft. line, 2d6 acid damage, Reflex DC 15 half, once every 1d4 rounds)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 2nd; concentration +4)
1/day—*darkness*

TACTICS

During Combat The demonic giant flies buzz over to attack the PCs immediately in melee, casting *darkness* at the start of combat and then focusing their bites on obvious worshipers of good deities. As they attack, they use their telepathic powers to alert Othirubo in area **P9** and Jeslyn in area **P18** of the PCs' arrival and actions, keeping their contacts updated throughout the fight.

Morale The demonic giant flies fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 17, **Con** 18, **Int** 10, **Wis** 7, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 15 (21 vs. trip)

Feats Improved Initiative, Toughness

Skills Acrobatics +8, Climb +16, Fly +12, Perception +7

Languages Abyssal, Celestial, Draconic; telepathy 100 ft.

The Worldwound Incursion

P14. War Room (CR 5)

Stacks of scrolls, books, maps, and more sit atop a large hexagonal table in this room. The walls are painted with detailed maps of Sarkoris, over which features of the Worldwound have been painted.

Creatures: This room was once used by the crusaders as a war room, and it's used now for a similar purpose. A group of four cultists of Deskari stand around the table, slowly sorting through a huge amount of intelligence on Mendevian troop movements, tactics, resources, defenses, and war plans that have been captured throughout Kenabres. The cultists find the work dreary, but they know how important it is, so they're doing their best to get all the information sorted properly so when it's sent on to their masters in the Worldwound, the information within can be interpreted swiftly and efficiently. If the cultists don't move to aid the tiefling guards in the outer room, they can be found here, concentrating on their task. They fight to the death.

CULTISTS OF DESKARI (4)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 15 each (see page 24)

Treasure: The troop movements are incredibly valuable to the Worldwound, and their recovery pleases and relieves the Eagle Watch. Misfiled among the stacks of papers is a single *scroll of restoration*—a PC can locate it with a successful DC 25 Perception check. If the PCs don't get to these papers before the garrison reaches Escalation 2, the bulk of the documents have been bundled and sent away, along with the scroll.

Story Award: Recovering the documents earns the PCs 1 Devotion Point.

P15. Scrying Chamber (CR 4)

The door to this room is locked (Disable Device DC 30)—Jeslyn carries the key, so the PCs must either pick the lock or break the door down to proceed (hardness 8, hp 60, break DC 25).

The southern portion of this room holds a wide alabaster basin filled with bloody entrails. The outside of the basin is carved with images of warriors around a raised sun, holding longswords aloft. A flight of stairs ascends to the west.

Creatures: The crusaders once used this basin as a scrying font, but Jeslyn befouled it with the entrails of the six crusaders she then animated as zombies and set to guard this chamber. The zombies stand around the basin, staring mournfully into it with their bellies open and

LORD STAUNTON,

I BELIEVE YOU WILL FIND THE ENCLOSED WEAPON TO BE A SINGULAR AND FAMILIAR DELIGHT, FOR IT ONCE BELONGED TO YOUR OLD "FRIEND" IRABETH. SHE SOLD IT TO KANDRO NYSERIAN, OF ALL PEOPLE—I'VE NO IDEA WHY. KANDRO'S BEEN SITTING ON IT FOR YEARS—STILL WOULD BE, EXCEPT HIS HOME GOT SMASHED BY AN ULKRETH. SHAME. HE MANAGED TO SAVE THE SWORD AND CAME HERE, BEGGING FOR AN ESCORT NORTH TO DREZEN, DOUBTLESS SO HE COULD GIVE YOU THE SWORD AND WEASEL SOME CASH TO HELP HIM SET UP A NEW HOME. I HOPE YOU DON'T BEGRUDGE A CREATMITY I TOOK—OUR FRIEND NYSERIAN SERVES NOW AS A WARM SUIT FOR A VERMLEK AS PUNISHMENT FOR ONLY REVEALING THE SWORD NOW INSTEAD OF WHEN HE FIRST ACQUIRED IT. I SUSPECT THE BLADE WILL TAKE TO YOUR BROTHER'S TOUCH NICELY!

YOUR LOYAL SERVANT,
OTHIRUBO

HANDOUT #3

gaping—they turn to attack the PCs immediately, but do not pursue from this room.

HUMAN ZOMBIES (6)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 12 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 288)

Development: If the PCs have accumulated at least 4 Devotion Points, empty the basin of its entrails, and then fill it with water, the water glows and shimmers, then gives them a vision of area P18 and Jeslyn studying the *wardstone* fragment. The view then extends out of that room, through area P17 to reveal the fiendish minotaur guard there, and finally down the stairs to show themselves looking into the pool before the waters go blank.

Story Award: Cleaning the scrying pool earns the PCs 1 Devotion Point.

P16. Barracks

Six cots sit in two orderly rows in this room. The bedding has been tossed on the ground, and an iron lockbox lies on its side, empty. A lidless box holds scraps of moldering food, while a pair of large barrels nearby look to be filled with water.

The garrison's soldiers used this room as a barracks, and the tieflings continue to use it as such today. If the PCs have made it this far without raising alarms and without escalating the garrison, they can find four of the tieflings otherwise encountered in area P10 sleeping here.

P17. Hall of First Fatalities (CR 5)

At the top of the spiral stairs, a wide hall stretches for thirty feet before ending in a door. Two alcoves on both sides of the hall hold torches that burn with white light. Each torch illuminates a pedestal, on each of which rests a battered and broken steel helm.

Creatures: Jeslyn's personal bodyguard, a gift to the cult of Deskari from the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth, stands sentinel here—a fearsome fiendish minotaur. The creature is named Deradnu, and its blood-red fur and glowing yellow eyes leave little doubt as to its Abyssal nature. Deradnu is slow-witted, but knows that if he serves Jeslyn well, he'll be given an award—he blows a warning on his *horn of battle clarity* as he sees the PCs, a sound that easily alerts the half-elf oracle in the next room.

DERADNU

CR 5

XP 1,600

Fiendish minotaur (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 206, 294)

hp 45

Treasure: The torches lighting the pedestals are both everburning torches, while the mangled helms on display were, until recently, the helms of the first two crusaders confirmed to have died in the First Crusade. Jeslyn has destroyed both of the helms and then artfully arranged the ruins here.

In addition to the *horn of battle clarity*, Deradnu carries a collection of six ivory figurines in a belt pouch. Each figurine depicts a nude humanoid woman with disturbing animalistic features; they are worth 45 gp each.

Story Award: If the PCs repair both helmets (this requires a *make whole* spell or 8 hours of work in a forge with a successful DC 15 Craft [armor] check), they earn 1 Devotion Point.

P18. Wardstone Chamber (CR 6)

The door to this room is locked (Disable Device DC 30)—Jeslyn carries the key, so the PCs must pick the lock or break the door down to proceed (hardness 8, hp 60, break DC 25).

This circular room's original purpose is unclear, but now it seems to be a trophy hall of some sort. A low stone pedestal sits on the floor in the middle of the chamber under a domed ceiling. Atop the pedestal is an iron, barbed cage—and within the cage sits a chunk of softly glowing white stone.

The object in the cage is the largest surviving fragment of the Kenabres *wardstone*. The cage that enshrines the *wardstone* fragment was created by the lilitu Minagho via a *wish* within hours of the artifact's destruction—the bars are made of steel (hardness 10, hp 60, break DC 25). The

fragment itself weighs 100 pounds, and deals 6d6 points of damage per round to any evil outsider that touches it. For this reason, and because the fragment must remain relatively close to the *wardstone*'s original location for the plan to use the fragment to corrupt the *wardstone* field's effects, Minagho elected to keep the fragment in town, leaving a glabrezu in charge of its defense. Soon after Minagho left, the glabrezu found himself unable to resist the urge to join in the fun of the coming attack on Nerosyan, and shifted the responsibility down to one of his underlings—and so it went a few more times until the safekeeping of the fragment fell to a priestess of Deskari named Jeslyn. This fatal error of shirking responsibility among the demonic host, fortunately, gives the PCs a chance to disrupt their entire plan.

Creature: Jeslyn is morbidly afraid she won't be able to protect the *wardstone*, and if she learns that the PCs have invaded the garrison, she refuses to leave this room. With each escalation in the garrison's defense, she adds a few more demons and cultists to this room to help her protect the stone, but at the same time wants to make sure various other parts of the garrison are protected from intrusion as well. The stress of the whole situation has taken its toll on the woman, and she functions as if sickened for this encounter.

Jeslyn is more than a simple cultist. Her oracular powers granted her a rare gift from Deskari. One was once an attractive half-elf, but exposure to various Abyssal energies have twisted her limbs and afflicted her with her wasting curse, manifesting as a twisted foot and a deformed, insectoid arm. This limb appears ferocious, but she can't make additional unarmed attacks with it or even make fine manipulations of objects—it does allow her, however, to wield two-handed weapons like her scythe.

JESLYN

CR 6

XP 2,400

Female half-elf oracle 7

CE Medium humanoid (elf, human)

Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 15, flat-footed 20 (+6 armor, +3 deflection, +1 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 natural)

hp 80 (7d8+45)

Fort +8, **Ref** +5, **Will** +6; +4 vs. disease, +2 vs. enchantments

Defensive Abilities resist life; **Immune** disease, sickness, sleep

Weaknesses sickened

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *scythe* +9 (2d4+5/×4)

Special Attacks soul siphon 1/day

Oracle Spells Known (CL 7th; concentration +11)

3rd (5/day)—*animate dead*, *bestow curse* (DC 17), *inflict serious wounds* (DC 17), *summon monster III*

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2nd (7/day)—*bull's strength*, *bear's endurance*, *false life*, *hold person* (DC 16), *inflict moderate wounds* (DC 16)
 1st (7/day)—*cause fear* (DC 15), *command* (DC 15), *divine favor*, *inflict light wounds* (DC 15), *obscuring mist*, *sanctuary* (DC 15), *shield of faith*
 0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 14), *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *guidance*, *read magic*, *resistance*, *stabilize*

Mystery bones

TACTICS

Before Combat Jeslyn casts *bull's strength*, *bear's endurance*, *false life*, and *shield of faith* once she fears the PCs are drawing near.

During Combat Jeslyn casts *divine favor* on the first round of combat, then attacks with her scythe. If she's having trouble hitting foes, she abandons the scythe and instead uses her inflict spells. She uses *bestow curse* to lower ability scores against foes—she's particularly fond of reducing Wisdom scores for clerics, but doesn't bother using spells with saving throws against paladins.

Morale Jeslyn fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 13, **Con** 18, **Int** 10, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 23

Feats Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Wondrous Item, Dodge, Martial Weapon Proficiency (scythe), Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Intimidate +13, Knowledge (planes) +9, Knowledge (religion) +9, Linguistics +3, Perception +11

Languages Abyssal, Common, Elven, Hallit, Necril

SQ oracle's curse (wasting), revelations (armor of bones, resist life, soul siphon)

Combat Gear *scroll of dispel magic* (3); **Other Gear** +1 scythe, *amulet of natural armor* +1, *cloak of resistance* +2, keys to areas **P15** and **P18**, 350 gp in onyx gems for *animate dead*, 32 gp

Story Award: If the PCs defeat Jeslyn, award them 1 Devotion Point.

DESTROYING THE WARDSTONE FRAGMENT

To destroy the *wardstone* fragment, a PC needs only to touch the *rod of cancellation* to the stone with a successful touch attack. The fragment itself only has an AC of 5, but it gets a +12 Will save to resist the rod's touch on each successful hit (Will DC 23 to resist being drained of all magical properties). If the PCs have lost the *rod of cancellation*, all is not lost—they can still smash the *wardstone* apart in time, but since the *wardstone* fragment has hardness 25 and 50 hit points, this could well take some ingenuity.

As soon as the PCs manage to destroy the *wardstone*, several things happen over the course of the next few rounds. During these rounds, the PCs receive visions of events from the *wardstone's* "life." The PCs automatically fully comprehend the creatures and events in these images without needing to make Knowledge checks.

Immediately: When the *wardstone* fragment is destroyed, it explodes in a blast of golden light and the sound of an angelic choir. Hundreds of razor-sharp shards of stone spray outward, destroying the cage the fragment was inside and dealing 20d6 points of piercing damage to Jeslyn and any of her allies in the room—the explosion miraculously avoids harming the PCs and their allies.

Round 1: An unexpected side effect of the *wardstone's* destruction occurs. If the holy energies stored in all of the *wardstones* were the waters of a vast lake formed by a dam, then the fragment just destroyed was the plug in that dam holding the waters back. Rather than simply diffusing the *wardstone's* border as the Eagle Watch theorized (and thus removing the border from possible corruption), all of the



Jeslyn

energies of the *wardstones* along the border rush out of the “hole” caused by the final destruction of the last and largest fragment of the Kenabres stone. The energy of all of these simultaneously draining artifacts infuses the PCs (though not Irabeth or any other ally present, nor does the energy harm allies) with incredible power, causing them to glow with golden light. All debilitating conditions and wounds are immediately healed as the PCs are restored in an instant to full health. All expended spells are instantly restored, and all limited use per day abilities recharge. Any dead PCs are restored to life as if by *true resurrection*, but are automatically stunned for a few rounds as the power surging through their bodies overwhelms every sense. Irabeth, if she’s present, frantically tries to help the PCs recover for the next few rounds, but to no avail.

This event does not go unnoticed. All along the border, other *wardstones* flash with golden light as well, momentarily supercharging their effects. Thousands of demons are destroyed by the flash of light, and many more are wounded. The attacks along the borders suddenly cease, and the surviving demons flee back into the depths of the Worldwound, thus they do not witness the *wardstones* fade into total inertness. Although the

defenders rejoice at the unexpected pulse of energy, the fact that their greatest defense has apparently burned itself out is cause for concern—ramifications of this development are explored in the next adventure.

Round 2: Areelu Vorlesh learns of the development via magical links to the Material Plane, and immediately abandons her efforts to secure the perfect *Nahyndrian crystal* to corrupt the *wardstone*. She works quickly to prepare a vengeful strike against the PCs, hoping to corrupt the mythic power they’ve now got within them to somehow salvage part of her plan. The PCs, still stunned, receive a vision of the first *wardstone* being erected in the Kite here in Kenabres in 4639 AR, in a ritual involving the aid of the Hand of the Inheritor—the herald of Iomedae: a golden, winged angel with a halo of small swords around his head. This event happens soon after the Second Crusade begins.

Round 3: In the year 4665 AR, the PCs see a vision of a 20-year-old Hulrun leading the burning of dozens of supposed “witches” in the courtyard of the Kite before the *wardstone*. This event launches the Second Crusade.

Round 4: In the year 4692 AR, the PCs see a vision of Khorramzadeh the Storm King leading a brazen attack on Kenabres. The Storm King manages to strike a resounding blow with his sword against the *wardstone*, which suffers only the tiniest of cracks as the balor’s sword shatters. Khorramzadeh is then attacked and forced to flee when the silver dragon Terendelev nearly kills him—this event launches the Fourth Crusade.

Round 5: In the year 4712 AR, the PCs see a vision of Irabeth chasing a burly dwarven man—Staunton Vhane (leader of the Hammers of Heaven mercenary group) into the courtyard containing the *wardstone*. Both paladins are heavily wounded, and as Staunton backs against the *wardstone*, smoke rises and he screams in pain. He ducks to avoid one of Irabeth’s blows, then manages to smash her knee with his hammer, dropping her to the ground. Staunton seems ready to deliver a death blow, but the sound of approaching soldiers forces him instead to back away and summon a fiendish giant wasp that he swiftly mounts and then flies away to the north, abandoning Kenabres.

Round 6: The PCs see a vision of Minagho, a beautiful demonic woman with a long thin tail, clawed hands, and curling horns protruding from where her eyes should be, placing the *wardstone* fragment in this room and of Jeslyn using a *wish* granted by Minagho to create the cage around it before Minagho teleports away.

Round 7: The PCs see a vision of an event they know will now never happen—Areelu Vorlesh using a deep purple *Nahyndrian crystal* the size of a human’s head to corrupt the fragment, causing the entire border to flash with nauseating mauve fire that devastates the border cities and transforms countless crusaders into half-fiend slaves of the Worldwound. The PCs should realize at this point that the



Wardstone Fragment

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demons' entire plan was to draw as many crusaders to the border to defend it from their attacks, in order to maximize the damage this event would have caused.

Round 8: Areelu activates a device called an *imago lens* in the Abyss that allows her to use a *project image* spell to appear before the PCs. The PCs are no longer stunned. Proceed with Areelu's Vengeance below.

Story Award: Grant the PCs 4,800 XP for destroying the *wardstone* fragment.

AREELU'S VENGEANCE (CR 11)

Areelu Vorlesh's projection from the Abyss via the *imago lens* appears as a somewhat transparent beautiful demonic woman with batlike wings, a horned brow, and glowing red eyes. She regards the still-stunned PCs with a smoldering, furious expression, then says, "This only delays your kind's extinction. But at least I can take steps to hasten your own." If Irabeth is with the PCs, she bravely attempts to charge the image of the powerful witch, but Areelu waves her hand and Irabeth stops dead in her tracks, grasping at her throat as she suddenly seems to be suffocating. The witch seems frustrated when her *mass suffocation* spell fails to affect the PCs, and she says, "The death throes of your *wardstone* seem to be protecting you from my magic. No matter. They cannot protect you from my slaves!"

With this, Areelu spreads wide her arms and a rift tears open in reality. A half-dozen babaus tumble through into the room, and beyond them the PCs catch glimpses of even greater demons preparing to enter—vrock, glabrezus, even a marilith—when suddenly the energy infusing them pulses back outward. The PCs are no longer stunned. In the same moment, the *mass suffocation* spell affecting Irabeth is dispelled—she drops to the ground, unconscious at 0 hit points. As this happens, the powerful energy hits the Abyssal rift and slams it shut—Areelu screams in pain as the magical feedback tears into her body, breaking bones and shredding her wings. An instant later, her projected image vanishes—her connection to the Material Plane has been severed and she has been critically (but not mortally) wounded, and she won't be able to further target the PCs directly for some time, but the six babaus that managed to clamber into the Material Plane before the rift closed remain and immediately attack.

Creatures: The babaus ignore Irabeth and focus their attacks on the PCs. Normally, a group of six of these so-called blood demons against a group of 5th-level PCs would be a devastating and one-sided battle, but for this battle, the PCs remain bolstered by the magical effects surging through their bodies. Each PC gains the following effects during the battle.

- Damage reduction 10/good
- Regeneration 5 (unholy damage or evil spells)
- Resist acid 10 and fire 10

- Each PC glows with bright light that automatically dispels any 3rd-level or lower darkness effect they enter.
- Each PC's attacks are treated as good for the purposes of overcoming damage reduction, and deals +2d6 points of damage against creatures with the evil subtype.
- Once per round as an immediate action, a PC can roll 1d12 and add the result to any d20 roll he just made.

Obviously, this battle should be one the PCs should have little chance of losing—the babaus need to use sneak attacks if they even hope to be able to damage the PCs, and even a PC severely reduced to negative hit points doesn't die, since the babaus have no way to negate the PCs' regeneration. In a worst case scenario, the babaus manage to reduce all of the PCs unconscious and then kill Irabeth before they leave the area to seek out other victims in Kenabres—the PCs should waken soon thereafter with 1 hit point each, still alive but without their ally.

The babaus each attempt to summon more babaus on the first round of combat, then spend the second round likely failing to inconvenience the PCs as they use darkness or foolishly try to dispel the supernatural effect bolstering the PCs (as this effect is not a spell effect, it can't be removed by *dispel magic*). Once the PCs have killed at least four of the babaus, the remaining ones realize they're hopelessly outclassed and attempt to teleport away.

BABAUS (6)

CR 6

XP 2,400

hp 73 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 57)

Treasure: In addition to Jeslyn's remains (despite her likely grisly death, the explosion did not harm her gear), six *wardstone shards* remain, embedded in the walls. These fragments only contain a small fraction of the original *wardstone's* power, but they can still be quite a boon to the PCs.

Development: After the PCs defeat the babaus (or after they are temporarily defeated and waken after the babaus abandon their bodies for new victims elsewhere in Kenabres), the power infusing their bodies fades—yet not completely. Exposure to the combined might of the *wardstones* has awakened the legendary potential within each of them—and from now on, nothing will be the same for the Worldwound's newest mythic heroes!

Story Award: The PCs should earn full XP for this fight, despite the fact that they're unlikely to be significantly challenged by the babaus—this XP award is as much a representation of the boost of power they've just received and their bolstered morale and righteousness as it is experience learned via combat.

In addition, this final encounter grants each PC their first mythic tier. They likely also have gained enough XP to reach 6th level, so take a bit of time at the end of the session

Devotion Point Awards

Iomedae takes note of the PCs as they work their way through the Gray Garrison. Ancient laws and edicts beyond mortal comprehension prevent her, or any of the deities, from taking a direct hand in mortal affairs, even when those affairs are being threatened by a demigod like Deskari, but neither will the Inheritor sit idly by without providing a small boon to those PCs who took time out to honor her fallen garrison.

After the *wardstone* is destroyed, the next time the PCs rest, they have a singular, shared dream in which a scarred but beautiful woman dressed in plate armor visits them and thanks them for their kindness and service before apologizing for the fact that she cannot help them in the future. Yet she can grant them a token of her gratitude, and kisses each dreaming PC on the brow.

When the PCs waken, their Devotion Points are gone—in their place they gain additional rewards, depending on how many points they accumulated overall. Note that these rewards are cumulative; earning 10 or more points grants all four of the following permanent boons.

1–4 Devotion Points: Each PC gains a permanent +2 bonus to a skill of her choice.

5–7 Devotion Points: Each PC gains 5 permanent hit points.

8–9 Devotion Points: Each PC gains a bonus feat of his choice (the PC must qualify as normal for the feat's prerequisites).

10 or more Devotion Points: Each PC gains a +2 increase to an ability score of her choice.

to make sure that your players are comfortable with how *Pathfinder RPG Mythic Adventures* works and the new options it allows. From here on out, the PCs will only grow more and more legendary in power—if you'd rather not include *Mythic Adventures* in your *Wrath of the Righteous* campaign, notes in the following adventures in this Adventure Path will give you advice on how to run the adventure without these rules.

Concluding the Adventure

If the PCs fail to destroy the *wardstone* fragment before Areelu manages to corrupt it, your *Wrath of the Righteous* Adventure Path isn't necessarily over. When the corruption occurs, it causes a blast of Abyssal energy to blanket the border—those who aren't slain outright by this event are likely to be transformed into chaotic evil half-fiends and immediately join the demonic ranks. You can rule that this blast of energy interacts strangely with the PCs' strange destinies, and that this event is in fact what grants them their first mythic tier. In this case, consider also giving each PC a weakness of some sort as well (*Mythic Adventures* 134) to

reflect the fact that their apotheosis was triggered by a force at odds with their souls. In this case, Kenabres and most of the other cities along the border are lost, and it simply becomes even more imperative that the PCs retake Drezen in the next adventure!

"The Worldwound Incursion" assumes this doesn't happen, however, and that the PCs manage to prevent Areelu's plan from taking place. The PCs have managed an incredible victory, in no small part due to the fact that several of the demons have underestimated the mortals—perhaps none more so than Minagho, whose abandonment of the *wardstone* fragment results in a particularly gruesome punishment—she will have a chance to correct her failure later, in "The Midnight Isles."

In the meantime, the PCs finally have a chance to rest and recover. With the pulse of sacred energy along the border having slain so many demons and driven off the others, the incursion of Kenabres ends. The PCs can explore and investigate their new powers, or spend a few well-deserved days to relax with friends. As days wear on, the crusaders likely grow nervous in anticipation of the next of the demonic attacks, as the *wardstones* are no more. Details of what comes next are provided in the next adventure, "Sword of Valor," which begins as Queen Galfrey arrives in war-torn Kenabres to not only present the PCs with medals for their service, but also to request of them an even greater mission. The PCs will be asked to travel into the Worldwound to retake the citadel and city of Drezen to retrieve a powerful artifact of the First Crusade—the banner known as the *Sword of Valor*.

Mythic Campaign Traits

When a PC becomes mythic, his choice of mythic path can enhance his existing campaign trait (see page 8) if he chooses a path associated with that trait. As the Adventure Path continues, additional encounters and events give the PCs a chance to follow up and even resolve some of the outstanding questions about their traits—full details on these encounters are presented in the third adventure, but for your clarification, brief notes on what these developments will entail can be found below.

Chance Encounter (Trickster): The PC gains a +2 trait bonus on Reflex saves. By expending one use of mythic power, the PC can take 20 on an Acrobatics, Bluff, Disguise, Sleight of Hand, or Stealth check without an increase in the time required to make the check. The mysterious woman the PC encountered was in fact a disguised Arueshalae, and her act of saving the PC was the first of her conscious acts toward her redemption. This PC will have a special bond with the redeemed succubus when the party encounters her in the third adventure.

Child of the Crusades (Marshal): The PC gains a +2 trait bonus on Will saves. Whenever he successfully

The worldwound Incursion



saves against a mind-affecting effect from a demon, as an immediate action the PC can expend one use of mythic power to cause the demon to become staggered for a number of rounds equal to the PC's mythic tier. The demon can reduce this effect to 1 round by making a successful Will save ($DC = 10 + \text{the PCs' mythic tier} + \text{the PC's Charisma modifier}$). The PC will learn about a secret cache of gear and weapons his parents left behind in the Worldwound in the third adventure.

Exposed to Awfulness (Guardian): The PC gains +3 hit points per level. When she is reduced to negative hit points by an attack or effect from a demon, as an immediate action the PC can expend one use of mythic power to heal damage equal to $2d6 + \text{twice her mythic tier}$. This healing occurs after the damage is done—if the damage is enough to kill the PC, she cannot activate this ability. The PC will discover the reason her body grew stronger after her exposure to her childhood's demonic attack in the third adventure.

Riftwarden Orphan (Archmage): The PC gains a +4 trait bonus on caster level checks to penetrate a demon's spell resistance. Once per day, he can recharge a charged

magic item by expending one use of mythic power. Doing so adds a number of charges equal to $1d10 + \text{his mythic tier}$ to the item, up to its normal maximum number of charges. The PC will learn what happened to his Riftwarden parents during the third adventure.

Stolen Fury (Champion): The PC gains a +2 trait bonus on Fortitude saves. By expending one use of mythic power as a swift action, she can ignore a single demon's damage reduction for 1 minute, and increases the critical multiplier of any weapon she wields against that demon by 1. The PC will learn the true purpose of the ritual he was exposed to as a child during the third adventure.

Touched by Divinity (Hierophant): The PC can select a second domain granted by his affiliated deity. He can use the 1st-level spells of both domains as spell-like abilities a number of times per day each equal to his mythic tier. By expending one use of mythic power, he may use any of these two domains' spells as a spell-like ability, but may only use spells of a level equal to or less than his mythic tier. The PC will discover that he is the child of the associated deity in the third adventure.

Anevia Tirabade

From her rough origins as a child on the streets, Anevia grew up full of wanderlust and desires to see the world. Her travels took her to strange lands where she saw many wonderful things, but never in her wildest dreams did she imagine she would wind up a paladin's wife.

ANEVIA TIRABADE

CR 2

XP 600

Female human rogue 3

NG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +7; **Senses** Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 11, flat-footed 11 (+3 armor, -2 broken leg, +3 Dex)
hp 17 (3d8)**Fort** +1, **Ref** +6, **Will** +0; +1 vs. traps**Defensive Abilities** evasion, trap sense +1**Weaknesses** broken leg

OFFENSE

Speed 15 ft.**Melee** short sword +3 (1d6+1/19-20)**Ranged** shortbow +5 (1d6/x3)**Special Attacks** sneak attack +2d6**Rogue Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 3rd, concentration +5)

3/day—light

TACTICS

During Combat Even before she broke her leg, Anevia preferred to fight with her bow. Although only four of her arrows survived the fall, Anevia relies on her shortbow for most fights until her leg is healed. Until she can secure at least 10 more arrows, she avoids using Rapid Shot, hoping to make every single shot count. If forced into melee, she does her best to flank with her sword, despite her limited mobility.

Morale Unless she is fighting with a good friend or her wife Irabeth, Anevia flees to seek out a hiding spot to wait out her enemies if she falls below 5 hit points.

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 17, **Con** 10, **Int** 14, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 13**Base Atk** +2; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 16**Feats** Improved Initiative, Point-Blank Shot, Rapid Shot

Skills Acrobatics +5 (+1 when jumping), Climb +3, Diplomacy +7, Disable Device +9, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +8, Knowledge (local) +8, Knowledge (planes) +5, Linguistics +8, Perception +5, Sense Motive +5, Sleight of Hand +9, Stealth +9 (+5 when moving), Swim -3

Languages Common, Hallit, Orc, Shadowtongue**SQ** rogue talents (minor magic), trapfinding +1

Combat Gear alchemist's fire (2), smokestick (3); **Other Gear** +1 leather armor, short sword, shortbow with 4 arrows, silk rope (50 ft.), thieves' tools, 46 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Broken Leg (Ex) Anevia's leg was broken in the fall, and as a result she moves at half speed and cannot run. She also takes a -4 penalty on all skill checks requiring movement (Acrobatics, Climb, many Stealth checks, and Swim) and a -2 penalty to her AC. If the damage she sustained in the fall is healed, the penalty on skill checks is reduced to -2 and the penalty to AC is removed, but completely healing her leg requires a regenerate spell.

Born a man and originally named Anvenn, Anevia grew up on the streets of Nisroch, and witnessed a hundred horrors by age 12. Anvenn's mother worked for a gang of outlaw artists and thieves, an occupation dangerous in any city but especially risky in the back streets of Nisroch. She raised her son with an appreciation of freedom to speak and love of art, while her gang taught young Anvenn how to pick locks and pockets. Although he proved an adept pupil of thievery, Anvenn always felt awkward in his skin and avoided making friends as a result. In art and literature, Anvenn increasingly found himself identifying with strong female figures rather than their male counterparts—and for most of his life Anvenn would carry the conviction that he had been born into the wrong body.

When Anvenn was 12, the Silent Shroud (Nisroch's ruthless lawkeepers) attacked the guild. As the attack commenced, his mother gave him an address to memorize, and told him, "Go there and tell the lady who answers the door that you're a half-wilted rose. I'll meet you there if I can, but if I don't arrive by dawn tomorrow, she will provide for you." Anvenn knew what his mother was saying, for growing up in Nisroch makes one a realist if nothing else. After a parting hug too brief even for tears, Anvenn fled the guild into the city—and he never saw his mother again.

Arriving at the address, the young refugee was taken in by a priestess of Desna named Veeruh, an old friend of Anvenn's mother. She raised him as her daughter for the next 6 years. While the disguise was intended to throw off pursuit, Anvenn (who now went by the name Anevia) discovered that she felt right in this new persona. As she grew older, she longed to experience life outside of Nidal, and when she turned 18 she left Nisroch forever with her foster mother's blessing.

For the next 4 years she made her way north across the continent. She occasionally made contact with temples of Desna on her travels, offering her services as a thief or scout for whatever missions the temple saw fit to send her on. It was on such a mission that she met the woman who would change her life forever.

While wintering in the city of Tymon, Anevia was hired by a Desnan scholar to retrieve several sacred objects from a forgotten shrine in the northwestern River Kingdoms. Unknown to her, though, this “scholar” was in fact a kytan-blooded tiefling spy in service to the Silent Shroud who had been tracking her for years, and the “shrine” she’d been tasked with locating was merely a ruined tower where the agent’s mercenaries were lying in ambush. Anevia was captured, but as fortune would have it, the spy was himself being tracked by a paladin named Irabeth. This half-orc paladin caught up with the mercenaries just as they were preparing to hobble the captured Anevia with a bone saw; she killed the mercenaries and their tiefling leader and rescued Anevia.

In thanks for her rescue, Anevia pledged her skills to Irabeth, but the paladin would have none of it, saying, “You’re welcome to travel with me, but you owe me nothing.” As it worked out, Irabeth was about to return to the city of Kenabres after several years away from home—and by the time the two reached their destination, they’d fallen in love. Anevia had revealed herself to actually be a man to Irabeth, but this didn’t matter to the paladin, who had learned to value a companion’s personality over her appearance. In fact, Irabeth spent a fair amount of her personal wealth (including selling her father’s sword) to fund the purchase of an elixir for Anevia, one that would shift her physical gender to match the rest of her.

Anevia and Irabeth were wedded in the Cathedral of Saint Clydwell soon thereafter. Anevia often marvels at the strange road that led her to this life. She enjoys the prestige she receives as the wife of a member of the Eagle Watch, and assists Irabeth’s work by

volunteering at the Temple of Iomedae. She reads to the sick and helps make bandages and prepare meals. On occasion, the temple asks Anevia to undertake scouting missions along the river and report on activity in the Worldwound. Though Anevia knows her wife worries about her when she agrees to these missions, she loves the feeling of excitement and accomplishment they bring, as well as the fact that they allow her to scratch the itch of wanderlust that surges up within her occasionally.

Anevia is known for her quick wit. Normally a friendly soul, she tends to treat everyone she meets frankly, regardless of their occupation, race, or social standing—a habit that’s made her few allies among some of Kenabres’s less devout or honest citizens. She does her best to hide all traces of the scarred child from Nidal, drawing upon her current happiness to overshadow those evil memories. Anevia tithes to Shelyn and Desna as well as Iomedae, but increasingly considers the Inheritor her patron because she believes Iomedae drew her to Irabeth. Anevia is frightened to be trapped below Kenabres, and while the scared child of Nisroch threatens to emerge, she does her best to stay levelheaded and calm, for in truth she’s more worried about Irabeth and what’s happening on the surface than her own fate.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Anevia is one of the three survivors trapped underground with the PCs at the start of “The Worldwound Incursion,” and is one of eight potential recurring NPC allies in the Wrath of the Righteous Adventure Path. Though her injured leg hampers her ability to travel and fight, Anevia retains her skill with a bow and knows a great deal about Kenabres and the surrounding area, so she can be a valuable resource for PCs who are not local to the city. In addition, all of the time she’s spent on the road has exposed her to a number of unusual

racess and snippets of legends, and she may be able to help the PCs in answering questions relating to dungeoneering and the planes. She can also search for and disable traps and pick locks if the PCs need her to do so. When the PCs finally reach the surface, Anevia’s report of their ability and character does a great deal to inspire Irabeth’s confidence in them.



Aravashnial

A wizard devoted to closing rifts between worlds, Aravashnial bears a deep hatred of demons as a result of his battles in the Worldwound, but his greatest passion is seeing the borders between Golarion and other worlds reinforced.

ARAVASHNIAL
CR 5
XP 1,600

Male elf conjurer 5/Riftwarden 1 (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Paths of Prestige* 46)

CG Medium humanoid (elf)

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10 (+2 Dex)

hp 35 (6 HD; 5d6+1d8+11)

Fort +3, **Ref** +3, **Will** +7; +2 vs. enchantments

Immune sleep

Weaknesses blinded

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk quarterstaff +2 (1d6–1)

Special Attacks counter-summons, favored enemy (evil outsider +2)

Conjurer Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th; concentration +9)

7/day—acid dart (1d6+2 acid)

Conjurer Spells Prepared (CL 5th; concentration +9)

3rd—*heroism*, *magic circle against evil*, *summon monster III*

2nd—*acid arrow*, *levitate*, *resist energy*, *summon monster II*

1st—*mage armor*, *shield*, *sleep* (DC 15), *summon monster I*, *true strike*

0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *arcane mark*, *detect magic*, *flare* (DC 14)

Opposition Schools illusion, necromancy

TACTICS

During Combat Aravashnial is incredibly frustrated at his blindness, and is eager to get back to the surface so he can not only get his sight restored but also aid in the city's defense. His arrogance makes him underestimate the effect his blindness has on his spellcasting, but if made helpful to the party, he casts whatever spells he can on them as requested. He prefers to use *summon monster* in combat, commanding the creatures he summons to "attack the source of that roaring" or using other methods to single out foes without visual cues. He casts *mage armor* and *shield* if he fears that combat is too close, or after he first takes damage.

Morale If brought below 10 hit points, the wizard drops to his knees and begs for mercy if he believes his foe is capable of granting it. Otherwise, he attempts to flee as best he can.

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 14, **Con** 12, **Int** 18, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 13

Feats Craft Wand, Iron Will, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (abjuration), Spell Penetration

Skills Appraise +12, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (history) +12, Knowledge (planes) +12, Perception +7, Sense Motive +5, Spellcraft +12 (+14 to identify magic item properties)

Languages Abyssal, Celestial, Common, Elven, Hallit, Infernal

SQ arcane bond (staff), planar guide (favored enemy), summoner's charm (2 rounds)

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*, *potions of cure moderate wounds* (2), *scroll of dispel magic*, *scrolls of grease* (2), *scroll of web*, *wand of false life* (20 charges);

Other Gear mwk quarterstaff, *cloak of elvenkind*, spell component pouch, 13 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Blinded (Ex) Aravashnial's eyes have been destroyed, permanently blinding him. Restoring his sight requires a *regenerate* spell—*remove blindness/deafness* cannot help him.

Counter-Summon (Su) Aravashnial can ready an action to use a *summon monster* spell as a counterspell, even though the casting time for *summon monster* is 1 full round. When used this way, *summon monster* is treated as though quickened to a swift action via *Quickened Spell*, though its spell level is not increased and it can be used only to counterspell. When used to counterspell, a *summon monster* spell can counter any conjuration (summoning) spell or spell-like ability of its level or lower, including an outsider's summon ability.

Planar Guide (Ex) Aravashnial's studies as a Riftwarden have granted him favored enemy +2 against evil outsiders.

Aravashnial has always been driven to excel. Both of his parents were wizards, and soon after he learned to read and write, his mother and father began teaching him of magic. He was a dutiful son, but as he grew older, his own personality began to assert itself. He chose to specialize in conjuration rather than abjuration (his parents' specialty), much to his family's displeasure. Further, his growing obsession with Tanglebriar began to worry not only his parents, but also his teachers and fellow apprentices—they believe that Aravashnial had been lured to the worship of dark powers, when in fact the opposite was true. Aravashnial felt the stain of Tanglebriar on Kyonin was an affront to his heritage and to magic itself, and hoped

he would be the one to discover a way to send the demon Treerazer back to the Abyss. As his studies progressed, however, he came to the unshakable conclusion that without outside aid, the best Kyonin could hope for in the longstanding conflict against Tanglebriar was merely a continued stalemate. When his apprenticeship ended, he shocked his family by announcing his intention to join the Mendevian Crusade. He would join the crusaders, learn their methods of battling demons, and then some day in the future return with that knowledge to aid his homeland.

Before setting out for Mendev, Aravashnial decided he should first visit other parts of the Inner Sea to continue his studies as a conjurer. As he traveled, he stopped at every large library he came across to conduct research. While exploring the ruined remains of a library in Galt, he came face to face with a young woman doing the same. Aravashnial discovered the woman's name was Lylina and that she was a conjurer like himself. They traveled together out of Galt, but it wasn't until after they'd crossed the border that Lylina told Aravashnial that she was a member of an organization called the Riftwardens. She invited him to accompany her to Mendev and join her organization.

Aravashnial has spent the last 2 years in Mendev working for the Riftwardens. He has undertaken over a dozen missions into the Worldwound, each time emerging with more scars and a new hatred of demons, but also increased knowledge. When not working directly with the Riftwardens on missions, Aravashnial passes the time drafting possible tactics to use against Tanglebriar, so that if he dies on a mission, what he's learned can be sent back home to aid his people. He supports himself by crafting magic items and selling them to shops in the Gates District and by casting spells for hire, but he doesn't own a storefront himself and would disdain a job as a "store clerk."

Humility has never been one of Aravashnial's defining personality traits. Despite his relatively short time in the Riftwardens, he considers himself one of the most knowledgeable Riftwardens in Kenabres. He is well regarded among his fellows as a talented and courageous wizard. After a brief romance, he and Lylina split up over a heated argument about whether or not the Riftwardens should be more open in their support of the crusade—something that Aravashnial has long believed is important, but that Lylina feared would compromise too many secrets the organization has learned about the enemy. She's since moved on, having left Kenabres to work with the Riftwardens in Nerosyan. Aravashnial still harbors bitterness in his heart over their parting, but tells himself he no longer cares for her.

Aravashnial is somewhat of a conspiracy theorist and always has a number of outrageous theories brewing. His latest is that certain groups among the crusaders have been infiltrated by demon cultists, and that their influence has been more damaging to the war effort than actual battles.

As a man used to exploring dangerous areas and taking on ferocious enemies, he would normally be well equipped to journey through these tunnels beneath Kenabres. His blindness has left him at a severe disadvantage, however, and the wizard is deeply shaken. He despises the helplessness he feels and tries to take a strong leadership role in the party. If the PCs can help Aravashnial feel confident in himself despite his blindness, he makes a valuable ally, but if they can't convince him to take a back seat while exploring, he'll get himself killed before he can be much help.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Aravashnial is one of the three survivors trapped beneath the ground with the PCs at the start of this adventure, and one of eight potential recurring NPC allies in this Adventure Path. He brings significant firepower to the PCs' party at the start of this adventure, but on a very limited basis. Even without his spells, though, he has a great deal of arcane knowledge. Once the PCs reach the surface, they may find Aravashnial's encyclopedic knowledge of Kenabres and demons extremely useful.



HORGUS GWERM

A danger-filled youth instilled in Horgus Gwerm the desperate desire to live a safe life. He long ago vowed that lack of money would not be the determining factor in his death, and is fanatically devoted to accumulating wealth so he can purchase more bodyguards and higher fortifications around his manor house.

HORGUS GWERM
CR 2
XP 600

Male human aristocrat 4

LN Medium humanoid (human)

Init -1; **Senses** Perception +2

DEFENSE
AC 9, touch 9, flat-footed 9 (-1 Dex)

hp 18 (4d8)

Fort +2, **Ref** +1, **Will** +5

OFFENSE
Speed 30 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +4 (1d3+1)

TACTICS

During Combat Horgus prefers to avoid combat. If possible, he finds a good place to hide to wait out a fight. Despite his cowardice, Horgus enjoys shouting advice to his companions from the safety of a defensible location. If forced into combat, Horgus demands a rapier—the weapon with which he’s trained the most (although more as a way to show off than to actually fight). Without a rapier, he’s forced to use his fists or whatever weapon he can scavenge.

Morale Horgus flees or surrenders if reduced to fewer than 12 hit points.

STATISTICS
Str 12, **Dex** 9, **Con** 10, **Int** 16, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 13

Feats Alertness, Persuasive, Weapon Focus (rapier)

Skills Appraise +10, Bluff +6, Diplomacy +8, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (geography) +10, Knowledge (local) +10, Knowledge (nobility) +10, Knowledge (religion) +10, Perception +2, Sense Motive +9

Languages Azlanti, Celestial, Common, Hallit

Gear *cloak of resistance* +1, belt pouch, signet ring, noble’s outfit, waterskin (full of fine wine), jade brooch (120 gp), two pearls (100 gp each), silk handkerchief (10 gp), silver amulet (75 gp), 17 pp

Horgus Gwerm was not born a nobleman—or as a Gwerm, for that matter. He was born Darian Wytt to a comfortable but common family in service to a noble estate: the Gwerms of Egede in eastern Mendev. Horgus’s father was the head huntsman and his mother managed the gardens. His family was respected and well treated and paid a handsome wage, but Horgus never considered himself a “servant.”

The Gwerms were an openhanded, generous family who never kept what they could comfortably give away. Darian often played with the real Horgus Gwerm, the scion of the house and a boy his own age. The Gwerms disdained holding themselves above others and never displayed their money ostentatiously. Their house was large, but modestly furnished, and they didn’t maintain their own estate guard beyond a few loyal soldiers.

It was a happy childhood, but everything changed when a band of five babau demons somehow made their way deep into Mendev to attack several of the outlying noble villas in the Egede hinterlands. Word reached the Gwerm estate; in a panic, the family sent the children away with two soldiers as the rest of the inhabitants began packing up the house’s valuables in preparation for temporary relocation to within the city walls. Ten-year-old Darian and Horgus left with the soldiers, frightened but trying to be brave.

But the demons struck more quickly than anyone expected, teleporting into the estate and murdering with abandon. Darian saw the soldiers escorting him torn to shreds by one of the babaus, and he survived only because he ran in a different direction than the real Horgus—the babaus murdered Horgus, then were distracted by closer prey, allowing Darian to escape.

Darian ran as fast and as far as he could, collapsing eventually from exhaustion in a shallow gorge. When he awoke, the frightened child made his way back to the estate, the only home he knew. He found it in smoking ruins, everyone within dead. A few days later, after the babaus had been defeated, crusaders riding from Egede noticed the smoke and rode to the estate. They found Darian in the kitchen and asked his name.

In a moment that changed his life, Darian said, “Horgus Gwerm.” He didn’t mean to lie, exactly. Rather, in his child’s mind he had a vague idea that he might be punished for what had happened—for being alive when Horgus was not. The riders took him with them on their return trip to the front lines in Kenabres, where relatives of the Gwerms lived. None of the Gwerms had met young Horgus in years and were willing to believe this was the young inheritor of their bloodline. The family took in the orphaned Darian, now Horgus, and raised him as their own.

Now well into middle age, Horgus has almost forgotten his true origins and convinced himself that money is the only way to ensure one's safety. If the Egede Gwerms had invested their wealth in high walls and elite guards, they (and by extension, his parents) would be alive today. Horgus adheres strictly to the law, perhaps as compensation for a life built on a lie, and is fanatical about money and power. He haggles over every copper and never pays more than he has to—but when he does purchase something, he goes for quality, never skimping on the important things in life.

The Gworm family's money came from a variety of pursuits, including agriculture and mining. Horgus is one of the largest investors in the Truestone Quarry and owns a percentage of all the profits the quarry generates. Horgus has long nurtured a vicious hatred of demons and wants very much to see the crusades succeed. His faith in Abadar is deeply personal and private, but has only increased over the years, as again and again the defenses of the city of Kenabres seem to hold out against the demons through but the grace of his god. He makes considerable donations to various crusading groups—not merely the temple of Abadar—but prefers to keep these donations quiet because of his belief that charity only invites beggars.

Horgus has grown into an arrogant, acerbic nobleman with inflated sense of his own importance. He's genuinely shocked and offended if others don't recognize his status. His one redeeming quality may be his ruthless honesty. Though his speech is infrequently buffered by tact, Horgus is known for speaking the truth. He keeps his promises and never reneges on a deal. Businessmen in Kenabres go to Horgus only when they have a desperate need as well as a rock-solid business plan that can stand up to the closest scrutiny. Horgus doesn't mind lending money for a good cause, but he is keenly intelligent and requires a great deal of factual evidence before he closes a deal.

Being trapped in the tunnels beneath Kenabres does not sit well with Horgus Gworm. Unarmed, forced to travel with strangers through the darkness, he can only imagine the demonic violence on the surface. He hides his fear and helplessness under an extra layer of arrogant bluster. Horgus is an intelligent man with many years of learning behind him, and he fully expects others to recognize his smarts and experience and follow his every command. It is often difficult for others to get along with Horgus for more than minutes at a time, but he is not an evil human being and deserves as much assistance as any other creature.

Though middle-aged, Horgus does what he can to keep fit by practicing with his rapier, but over the past few years, his sparring sessions have grown few and far between. He is a relatively homely man but is never at a loss for female companionship. Beneath his acerbity he possesses an intelligent mind and keen observational powers which some find fascinating.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Horgus Gworm is one of the three trapped beneath the ground with the PCs at the start of this adventure, and is one of eight potential recurring NPC allies in the Wrath of the Righteous Adventure Path. Although he's an arrogant, self-important nobleman with a grating personality, abandoning him to his fate would be an evil act. The PCs must find a way to put up with Horgus's constant "observations," his instructions on how to do everything from scaling a wall to filling a waterskin better, and his regular lamentations over his fate. Under his armor of bluster, though, Horgus's honesty is true, and if the PCs can get him back to the surface alive, he promises them a great deal of money and support in the future. This is a promise he keeps.



Irabeth Tirabade

Irabeth Tirabade has fought long and hard to be recognized as a force for good, and is proud to be a full-fledged member of the Eagle Watch. After years of facing others' suspicion, she finally gained widespread public acceptance after exposing another paladin's treachery.

IRABETH TIRABADE
CR 4
XP 1,200

Female half-orc paladin of Iomedae 5

LG Medium humanoid (human, orc)

Init -1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +1

Aura courage (10 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 9, flat-footed 21 (+9 armor, -1 Dex, +3 shield)

hp 42 (5d10+10)

Fort +7, **Ref** +4, **Will** +7

Defensive Abilities orc ferocity; **Immune** disease

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee mwk longsword +11 (1d8+4/19-20) or
mwk morningstar +10 (1d8+4)

Ranged heavy crossbow +4 (1d10/19-20)

Special Attacks channel positive energy (DC 14, 3d6), smite
evil 2/day (+2 attack and AC, +5 damage)

Paladin Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th; concentration +7)

At will—detect evil

Paladin Spells Prepared (CL 2nd; concentration +4)

1st—*cure light wounds*, *lesser restoration*

TACTICS

During Combat Irabeth casts *divine favor* on herself and then activates her divine bond. She prefers to charge into battle to engage the enemy she deems most powerful—usually the one in heaviest armor, but she may instead choose one with an openly displayed holy symbol of an evil god. She uses Power Attack until she misses, at which point she attacks normally.

Morale If Irabeth drops to 15 hit points or fewer, she drinks a *potion of cure moderate wounds* and retreats unless she's protecting an ally or an innocent, or if she is on a holy mission. In such cases, Irabeth prefers to fight to the death, although not if doing so would cause greater evils by preventing her from delivering important tactical messages to her superiors.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 8, **Con** 13, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 18

Feats Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (longsword)

Skills Diplomacy +7, Heal +6, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (religion) +5, Linguistics +2, Sense Motive +6

Languages Abyssal, Common, Hallit, Orc

SQ code of conduct, divine bond (weapon +1, 1/day), lay on hands (2d6, 4/day), mercy (shaken)

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of lesser restoration*, holy water (4); **Other Gear** mwk full plate, +1 heavy steel shield, mwk longsword, mwk morningstar, heavy crossbow with 10 bolts, cold iron holy symbol of Iomedae, 7 gp

Irabeth Tirabade grew up on a small farm a few days' ride east from Kenabres, daughter of a retired crusading couple. Her parents were loving and protective, but knew their child would face battles they could not fight for her. They explained to Irabeth that not everyone would understand her heritage and taught her how to firmly but kindly stand up for herself. Occasionally their farm was targeted by vandals and troublemakers looking to harass the family. Irabeth learned from her father—an orc possessed of a near-saintly level of calm and self-restraint—the value of an even temper and the responsibility that comes with physical power as he dealt with such incidents honorably and even-temperedly.

When Irabeth was of age, she told her parents that she had decided not to take over their farm but instead felt a calling to fight for all those who suffered injustices. Her parents, especially her father, were proud of her decision, but they worried for their daughter, as all good parents would.

Irabeth felt uneasy seeking her destiny in Kenabres, a city known for its intolerance of strangers. Instead she journeyed west and south, traveling by river through Ustalav until she came to Lastwall. Irabeth had heard tales of the knights of Lastwall and thought she might find guidance and training there. However, she had not considered the implications of its people spending their lives on the border of Belkzen. The distrust and prejudice she faced in Vigil were greater than any she would have faced in Kenabres, and the first few months were almost enough to crush her spirit. Her strong moral upbringing and the lessons her parents had taught her sustained her, however, and soon Irabeth learned to deal with the insults and aggression she found in the city.

A year after she came to Vigil, Irabeth had still not secured admission to the Crusader War College. While she had become a paladin of Iomedae, final entry into the

knighthood eluded her, and it was with a heavy heart that she realized her race was the cause. Rather than force the issue, she left Lastwall and traveled east, back through Ustalav, until she reached the River Kingdoms. For a time, she served there as a mercenary, enjoying that land's open-mindedness and ample opportunities to bring Iomedae's justice to bandits and scoundrels.

Irabeth made something of a name for herself as someone to whom you could go for justice in the western River Kingdoms, but life on the road had finally begun to wear her down. She decided on one more mission before returning home to her parents, and accepted a bounty to hunt down and bring to justice a tiefling from Nisroch who had been causing problems near Tymon.

The half-orc paladin caught up with the tiefling at a ruined tower, where he and his companions had just captured a frightened young woman. Seeing that the tiefling had produced a bone saw with which to hobble his prisoner, Irabeth didn't pause to issue an arrest—she bellowed and charged into battle, killing the entire band of Nisrochi mercenaries. Little did she know that the prisoner she'd rescued would become the love of her life.

The woman introduced herself as Anevia and pledged her life to Irabeth, who declined the offer. Instead, she told Anevia she was returning home to Kenabres, and invited her along if she was looking for companionship.

Over the course of their journey north, they fell in love. By the time Anevia chose to reveal her secret to Irabeth, the observant half-orc had already known for several days that she was a man—it made no difference to Irabeth, who knew better than to judge a person by appearance alone.

When the two reached Kenabres, they were deeply in love, and that love helped to sustain Irabeth when she learned of a tragedy. After she left home, her parents had reenlisted in the crusades only to end up being among those slaughtered by demons at the notorious Eagle Rock massacre. Only her father's magic sword was recovered. Had Anevia not been there to support Irabeth, the paladin would have certainly stormed off into the Worldwound in a suicidal attempt to slay every demon within.

Instead, Irabeth worked her way through her grief, and she sold the family farm and relocated to a new home in the city itself with Anevia. The night Irabeth proposed to

her lover, she presented her with a gift—a magical elixir that would transform Anevia physically to match the rest of her gender. She never told Anevia that she'd sold her father's sword to pay for the elixir, for doing so brought Irabeth the final bit of closure she'd needed. Her father's legacy allowed her to bring joy to the one she loved more than anything, and that was precisely what she needed to get on with her new life.

Irabeth's discovery of the treachery of Staunton Vhane, at the time a respected mercenary leader, have brought her fame to an extent that she still isn't comfortable with.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Irabeth is one of eight potential recurring NPC allies in the *Wrath of the Righteous* Adventure Path. She takes control of the remaining defenders of Kenabres after the city's fall, and assists the PCs by marshaling her meager forces. With Irabeth's help, the PCs can destroy the *wardstone* fragment before Areelu Vorlesh can use it to corrupt the effects of Mendev's defensive border. If you wish, Irabeth can also accompany the PCs if they require a little extra muscle on their side. Irabeth is devoted to the service of Iomedae,

and she can help guide characters through any moral or ethical quandaries they face.



WRATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS TREASURES


The following unique treasures can be found in “The Worldwound Incursion.” Player-appropriate handouts for the treasures detailed here appear in the *Pathfinder Cards: Wrath of the Righteous Item Cards*.

BILIOUS BOTTLE		PRICE 500 GP
SLOT none	CL 5th	WEIGHT 2 lbs.
AURA faint conjuration		

A *bilious bottle* appears to be a tightly stoppered container of water. It can be thrown as a splash weapon. When a *bilious bottle* is opened or shatters, the foul fluid inside immediately expands into a 30-foot-radius cloud of noxious vapors. These vapors are invisible, but any creature within the area of effect of the cloud must succeed at a DC 14 Fortitude saving throw at the start of its turn or suffer one of the following random effects. The vapors created by a *bilious bottle* dissipate after 1 minute, or automatically if exposed to anything more than a moderate wind. The vapors created by a *bilious bottle* are a poison effect.

d8	Result
1	The subject takes 1d6 points of acid damage.
2	The subject's eyes glow red for 2 hours, during which time it gains darkvision out to 30 feet.
3	The subject takes 1d6 points of fire damage.
4	The subject develops wheezing, labored breathing for 2 hours, which imposes a –2 penalty on Stealth checks.
5	The subject takes 1d6 points of cold damage.
6	The subject develops a persistent nosebleed, taking 1d4 points nonlethal damage every 10 minutes for the next hour.
7	The subject takes 1d6 points of electricity damage.
8	The subject experiences a persistent adrenaline rush. For the next 2 hours, subject receives a +2 bonus on Initiative checks but takes a –2 penalty on Dexterity-based skill checks due to uncontrollable trembling.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 250 GP
Craft Wondrous Item, <i>stinking cloud</i>	

BRAZEN HEAD		PRICE 6,500 GP
SLOT none	CL 5th	WEIGHT 10 lbs.
AURA faint divination (evil) and enchantment (evil)		
 <p>A <i>brazen head</i> is an object sacred to the cult of Baphomet. Most <i>brazen heads</i> appear to be the head of a minotaur, but others in the shape of humans, animals, or multi-faced demons exist.</p>		

When mounted on a wall in an area sacred to Baphomet, the *brazen head* constantly breathes out invisible vapors that fill a 60-foot spread. Any evil creature in this area gains the benefit of a *bless* spell.

When in the area of an *unhallow* spell cast by a worshiper of Baphomet, a *brazen head* can be used once per month to perform an augury. Rumors exist of more powerful *brazen heads* capable of casting *divination* or even *commune*.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 3,250 GP
Craft Wondrous Item, <i>bless</i> , <i>augury</i> , must worship Baphomet	

RADIANCE		LEGENDARY WEAPON
SLOT none	CL 20th	WEIGHT 4 lbs.
AURA strong abjuration		



In 4692 AR, soon after the start of the Fourth Crusade, a paladin of Iomedae and renowned demon slayer named Yaniel spoke out against the Mendevian crusaders, accusing them of negligence and sloth, and claiming these faults were what allowed Khorramzadeh to

invade Kenabres and damage the *wardstone*. Her accusations cut too close to the truth, and in a moment of weakness her superiors threatened to excommunicate her. Instead, she said she would enter the Worldwound and fight the Fourth Crusade on her own, with only her magic sword *Radiance* for company. The church was happy to see Yaniel go, and in the 2 years that followed, she was thought to have been slain. Yet when she returned to Kenabres in 4694 AR, leading a small army of crusaders she'd rescued, both Yaniel and her superiors had changed. For her part, Yaniel had shed her pride and insubordination, and had gained a new appreciation for the difficult decisions leaders are forced to make. And the church leaders had learned that sometimes the truth is exactly what you need to hear. Alas, Yaniel was assassinated before the year was out, slain by the lilitu demon Minagho only a week into her second personal crusade. Her followers managed to return to Kenabres with *Radiance*, but Yaniel's body had been taken. The sword had gone dark after Yaniel's death, its magical powers apparently lost, and so the crusaders elected to place it in the Gray Garrison on display. Yet several months ago it was stolen by the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth, who

Wrath of the Righteous Treasures

plan to soon send the sword north to Drezen for corruption into a weapon of evil.

Radiance was once a powerful weapon, yet since Yaniel's death the blade has become inert. When handled by a paladin, however, the blade suddenly glows with golden light and functions as a +1 cold iron longsword that radiates light as a torch on command. The weapon shifts and changes its form to match the paladin's deity's favored weapon (in the hands of a paladin who doesn't worship a deity, the weapon remains a +1 longsword). Certain events and tasks can awaken *Radiance's* latent powers, eventually transforming it into a full-fledged holy avenger—these events are noted in the following adventures in *Wrath of the Righteous* as they occur.

In addition, *Radiance* is a legendary item (*Pathfinder RPG Mythic Adventures* 169) that bonds with a mythic paladin as soon as it is wielded in combat—in this adventure, *Radiance* bonds if a paladin uses it in the final encounter against Vorlesh's babaus. The weapon has two daily uses of legendary power that recharge each day, but does not currently possess any legendary attributes, for it has yet to be wielded by a mythic paladin. As *Radiance* has its own ability to grow in power, it cannot be given the upgradable legendary item ability.

DESTRUCTION

A paladin must knowingly slay an angel with the blade, at which point the sword can be destroyed normally with damage.

RANSEUR OF THE GARGOYLE		PRICE 4,310 GP
SLOT none	CL 5th	WEIGHT 12 lbs.
AURA faint transmutation		



A ranseur of the gargoyle appears to have a head crafted of obsidian, but is in fact as hard and resilient as steel. This weapon functions as a +1 ranseur that grants a +4 bonus on disarm checks rather than the typical +2 bonus a ranseur grants. Up to 5 times per day

as a swift action, the wielder of a ranseur of the gargoyle can cause its skin to harden for 1 round, gaining a +2 enhancement bonus to its natural armor score.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 2,310 GP
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Craft Magic Arms and Armor, barkskin

TERENDELEV'S SCALES		MINOR ARTIFACT
SLOT none	CL 19th	WEIGHT —
AURA strong (varies)		



These palm-sized silver dragon scales are unique items—essentially minor artifacts resulting from Terendelev's death on the Storm King's blade.

Each of *Terendelev's scales* grants a different power to the person who carries them. The powers

granted do not function at all if more than one scale is carried. The powers of the four scales are listed below—any nonevil creature that handles a scale immediately understands its use.

Cloudwalking: Three times per day as a standard action, a scale can be used to cast *levitate*. A pillar of roiling clouds rises below the levitating object or creature, growing and shrinking with the target's altitude. This pillar is 5 feet in diameter (regardless of the target's size) and provides concealment (20% miss chance) to any creature or object wholly contained within.

Disguise: Three times per day as a standard action, a scale can be used to cast *alter self*. While disguised, the target gains a +4 bonus on all Bluff checks made against evil creatures.

Resistance: Three times per day as a standard action, a scale can be used to cast *resist elements*—but only against electricity or cold.

Sacred Weaponry: Three times per day as a standard action, a scale can be used to cast *align weapon*, but only to make a weapon lawful or good. Unlike a normal *align weapon* spell, this effect can be cast on an unarmed strike or natural weapon.

DESTRUCTION

The Storm King Khorramzadeh can destroy each of *Terendelev's scales* merely by eating it.

WARDSTONE SHARD		MINOR ARTIFACT
SLOT none	CL 20th	WEIGHT 1/2 lb.
AURA Strong abjuration		



When the final fragment of the Kenabres wardstone shatters, a few tiny shards of the stone remain behind. The magic remaining in these fragments is fleeting, usable only once before the shard becomes an inert sliver of stone. As a

standard action, a wardstone shard may be rubbed along a weapon or a suit of armor to transfer the shard's magic to the weapon or armor for 1 day.

Weapon: A weapon enhanced by a wardstone shard gains the evil outsider bane quality, and is treated as being made of cold iron and as a good weapon for the purposes of overcoming a demon's damage reduction. The shard cannot be used to enhance ammunition in this manner, but can be used to enhance a weapon that fires ammunition; doing so causes the weapon to impart these qualities to the ammunition as it is fired.

Armor: A suit of armor enhanced by a wardstone shard gains the spell resistance (13) armor special ability, but only against evil outsiders. Against demons, this spell resistance increases to 17. A nonmagical suit of armor also gains a +1 enhancement bonus as well.

DESTRUCTION

A wardstone shard may be destroyed simply by crushing it—a shard has hardness 16 and 12 hit points.

Kenabres Before the Fall

Since the first days of the worldwound, kenabres has answered the call to action demanded by the coming of the fiends. We opened our gates to refugees despite the danger. We tracked down demons hiding in the guise of men and set them alight with righteous flame. Still, the tide of fiends never ceases. They surge pitilessly toward our shining border, that churning throng of creatures clamoring for virtuous blood. Kenabres is the bulwark behind which we throw our weight. The wardstone is our shield and also our greatest weapon. As long as kenabres stands, we will keep the demons trapped, and our crusaders shall ride forth and put an end to their foul existence."

—Onevere Worin, City Defender of Kenabres

Kenabres Before the Fall

Kenabres is a city of glory, but not one of spotless virtue. The Mendevian Crusaders riding out from the city have slain countless demons, and many of them have been carried back to town on their shields to be interred in the catacombs beneath the Cathedral of Saint Clydwell. However, some of these same crusaders—many of them even immortalized in the Hall of Heroes—spent years hunting supposedly demon-tainted faiths and burning at the stake cultists and innocent Mendevians alike. The frequency and intensity of these pogroms have diminished, but the dark history of Kenabres remains ever-present in the minds of its leaders and many of its citizens.

Kenabres hosts camps of crusaders who have come from all across the continent to battle demons. Though many of these crusaders are pure-hearted and noble of spirit, others are little more than fortune-seeking mercenaries. Still, none can deny the good deeds done by the knights of Kenabres under the direction of their zealous, strategically brilliant leader Hulrun.

HISTORY

Until the First Mendevian Crusade, Kenabres was a small town perched atop a bluff overlooking the West Sellen River. The townsfolk of Kenabres were an industrious, innovative people who constructed a complex system to pump water from the river up to the safety of the town. The townsfolk maintained a fishery and quarry as well, and traded their goods with their neighbors in Sarkoris and up and down the West Sellen.

During the final dark days of Sarkoris, the people of Kenabres saw horrifying sights to the west. Foul, twisted creatures scraped their way across the land. The sky burned green, and plumes of acrid smoke drifted across the new wasteland. Hysterical refugees splashed across the river and sought safety behind the walls of Kenabres. At first these refugees were allowed in unquestioningly. In early 4607 AR, however, a lilitu demon named Minagho entered Kenabres magically disguised as a refugee. Once inside the town's walls, she revealed her true form and slaughtered 62 citizens before vanishing in a cloud of greasy black smoke. After the Red Morning Massacre, as it was called, Kenabres refused entrance to any except those who could demonstrate direst need. Those admitted were forced to undergo protracted and painful tests to demonstrate their mortality. Individuals who fell under suspicion were turned away or executed on the spot.

Over the next decade, Kenabres became known as a safe but suspicious city to stop in when traveling through Mendev. The town swelled from 3,000 people to more than 8,000 due to the constant inflow of refugees, researchers, and adventure-seekers. Many new citizens went to work at Truestone Quarry as the demand for worked stone

KENABRES

LG large city

Corruption +0; **Crime** +1; **Economy** +3; **Law** +4; **Lore** +2; **Society** +3

Qualities holy site (Cathedral of Saint Clydwell), insular, racially intolerant (tieflings), strategic location. war-torn

Danger +10

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government autocracy

Population 12,330 (11,714 humans, 370 halflings, 123 half-elves, 123 other)

NOTABLE NPCs

Hulrun Shappok (LN male old human inquisitor of Iomedae 13)

Nestrin Alodae (LG male venerable human cleric of Iomedae 11)

Terrius Sunnestier (LG male half-elf cleric of Iomedae 9)

Terendelev (LG female ancient silver dragon)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 9,600 gp; **Purchase Limit** 40,000 gp;

Spellcasting 7th

Minor Items 4d4; **Medium Items** 3d4; **Major Items** 2d4

NOTES

War-torn Kenabres has been fighting against the Worldwound for over a century, and this protracted war has affected its economy. (*Increase base value by 10%; decrease purchase limit by 20%*)

soared. Demons, such as hezrous and omoxes, occasionally attacked the water pumps, the life of the city, and the leaders of Kenabres sent out messengers declaring that they would pay a handsome reward to anyone with the skill to build a shield for the pumps. A half-elven stonemason named Sibella Morond came to Kenabres to claim the contract. It took the city almost 3 years to complete her vision, and thousands of tons of stone had to be transported to the river to build the rising columns around the pumps.

The demand for stone didn't end once the pumps were fortified. New districts and city walls rose to house and protect Kenabres's swelling population. In 4622, the Church of Iomedae launched the First Mendevian Crusade, and crusaders and knights poured into Kenabres. More than 2,000 people came to Kenabres in that single year. By the time the Second Mendevian Crusade began in 4638, Kenabres had been established as a launching point for successful crusades. The leaders of Kenabres agreed to house one of the *wardstones* to guard against the demonic hordes pouring from the Worldwound. This act assured Kenabres's role as a strategically vital city, key to the defense of Mendev.

Strangely, Sibella Morond returned to Kenabres that year. She had left with her reward after the pump's defenses were



completed, and hadn't been seen in Mendev in the 18 years since. The leaders of Kenabres asked Morond to construct a fortification to house the *wardstone*. She agreed, and oversaw construction of the *wardstone's* fortress in the Ring District at the base of the center pump's structure. When the construction was complete, Morond presented the city with an oversized stone shield engraved with the city's sigil.

The next 50 years saw Kenabres swell to the size it is today, yet this growth was not always easy. The city's famed prelate, Hulrun Shappok, first gained the trust and admiration of Kenabres' citizens by organizing inquisitions against suspected demon-worshippers and witches. Hulrun and his force of elite witch hunters exposed dozens of cultists and spies—and, it is said, executed many more under suspicion but with no real proof. These events started the Third Crusade—widely accepted as the least effective and most self-destructive of the four crusades. Still, Hulrun roused respect and admiration in the populace as well as fear, and he agreed to guide the city as its prelate in 4682. Though Hulrun was forced to temper his obsessive witch hunts somewhat in his position as prelate, his inner zeal has only recently begun to truly diminish. Looking back on his actions has left him struggling with shame over how these events cast a shadow over Iomedae's church and the crusades for decades to come.

GAZETTEER OF DISTRICTS

Kenabres sprawls across a series of graduated tiers that rise from the plains in the east to a cliff's edge in the west. At the base of the cliff, the West Sellen River roars past. The central and westernmost districts of Kenabres are the oldest, and those radiating out and to the east are the newest, built only in the last hundred years. These entries are in order from the oldest, highest district out to the newer and lower ones.

Old Kenabres: The original town of Kenabres perched on the edge of the cliff, looking down over the West Sellen. Many of those buildings now form the historic central district. The houses here are well constructed from heavy stone, with angled tile roofs and arched windows characteristic of architectural fashions popular hundreds of years ago.

Houses and official administrative buildings—including the courthouse, city hall, and the garrison—make up Old Kenabres. The houses aren't the largest in the city and not always home to the wealthiest citizens, but the oldest families, who can trace their lineage back hundreds of years, live in Old Kenabres. Hulrun Shappok lives here in the Prelate's Manor.

Ring District: The second tier of the city, circling Old Kenabres, was also a part of the original town of Kenabres. More homes and administrative buildings, including the hall of records and the maintenance building for monitoring the water pumps, make up the Ring District. At the district's eastern edge, a steep switchback road

makes the transition between the higher-elevation Ring District and the lower-elevation districts of New Kenabres and the Gate District. The switchback is called Davon's Ramp after the architect and philanthropist who designed and paid for the structure as the town grew to a city. Heavy iron gates safeguard the top and bottom of the switchback. For security, these gates are locked an hour after sunset, and a guard is posted at each. Persons wishing to use the switchback must make their case to the guards and hope their business is deemed important enough. Some citizens have special, expensive passes that allow them to move back and forth without question, and some say that the Wallers (see entry 14) have their own methods of moving beyond the Ring District after curfew.

New Kenabres: New Kenabres was built during the initial flood of refugees after the opening of the Worldwound. Buildings in this mostly residential district are stone, but the walls are thinner than in the older districts, and the houses are built in a more modern style, with flat roofs and square windows. New Kenabres also houses most of the city's warehouses.

The eastern and southeastern sides of New Kenabres hold many of the largest manors in the city. During the construction of New Kenabres, many moneyed families chose to build new homes in the new district, as it offered just as much safety as the old city but without the claustrophobic density.

Gate District: A decade after New Kenabres rose, the Gate District followed. City officials realized that the new housing units wouldn't be enough to support the city's growth, and in response constructed the Gate District—the largest district in Kenabres. The Gate District includes a mix of residential and commercial buildings, as well as wealthy family homes. Temples to Abadar, Sarenrae, Shelyn, and Torag sit alongside smithies, stoneworks, and woodshops. The city's two gates, Northgate and Southgate, lead into this district.

Truestone Quarry: Truestone Quarry lies approximately 10 miles to the east. Caravans arrive weekly to supply Southgate with stone for constructing additional buildings and reinforcing the city defenses. Guards are always in high demand to protect these caravans from coordinated demon attacks, and to ensure the deliveries keep stone flowing into the city.

GAZETTEER OF LOCATIONS

Kenabres's locations are famous to crusaders and citizens.

1. Alodae Amphitheater: Bradra Alodae helped defend Kenabres a century ago when the Worldwound opened. After an injury left her unfit to battle demons, she served as a city adviser. Alodae wrote a half-dozen songs about the Worldwound and the demonic invasion before she died, and the Alodae Amphitheater was named for her upon its

construction. Her grandson, Nestrin Alodae, serves as the current high priest of the local church of Iomedae and the Order of Saint Clydwell.

Alodae Amphitheater stands in Truestone Park. Plays and recitals take place in the amphitheater monthly, if not more often. The citizens of Kenabres, in desperate need of entertainment and distraction, nevertheless prefer to see somber tales of sacrifice and duty. Endings where good triumphs over evil, even at great cost, are always well received. The Chelish playwright **Hatherelm Arir** (NG male human aristocrat 1/bard 8) is widely admired by the citizens of Kenabres for his work *Dawn of the Crusades*.

2. Cathedral of Saint Clydwell: In the heart of the central tier stands the Cathedral of Saint Clydwell. Also called the Grand Temple, the cathedral honors Saint Clydwell, a champion of Iomedae who sacrificed himself to seal a horde of demons within an inescapable prison. The cathedral is a great stone building with a green copper steeple and stained-glass windows portraying the imprisonment of various horrific demons. Wounded warriors are taken to the cathedral to be healed, and the priests of the cathedral perform blessings on crusaders about to venture forth. Although the Temple of Iomedae serves the everyday needs of the people, the cathedral is used for important services and gatherings.

Though Nestrin Alodae is technically head of both the cathedral and the Temple of Iomedae, demon-hunter and priest Eterrius Sunnestier takes on most of the leadership duties at the cathedral. Sunnestier is a more experienced warrior than Alodae and understands firsthand the horrific experience of battling demons.

Adventurers looking to pledge their blades to Iomedae's service choose this cathedral over the temple, as do adventurers wishing to purchase healing items or pay for resurrections.

3. Clydwell Plaza: This open plaza just west of the cathedral served as the town's traditional festival grounds. Now, other areas in the city cater to the common folk, and this plaza primarily serves those living in Old Kenabres. In the city's current dark days, festivals are rare.

4. Crusader Camps: The constant influx of crusaders waiting for a chance to slay demons has created logistical issues in Kenabres. For a time, new inns opened daily to cope with the number of crusaders clamoring for rooms, but many of these "inns" were merely flophouses renting space on the floor for exorbitant amounts. Local law officers had their hands full examining and regulating these inns, and the close proximity of so many crusaders ready to do battle caused fights

and disturbances every night. Eventually, the city declared that all crusaders were required to maintain their own camps outside the city walls, and designated an area against the city wall by Northgate for these camps. The area is now cramped with dozens of tents, small campfires, refuse pits, and horse pens.

Though one would expect crusaders to be able to regulate their own behavior and get along well with their neighbors, the unfortunate truth is that violence and petty crime aren't uncommon. Kenabres guards regularly patrol the camp and encourage the crusaders to settle small disputes before they swell into real problems. **Captain Chun Dawei** (LG male human fighter 7), a Tian soldier who moved to Kenabres more than a decade ago, supervises guard patrols in the crusader camps and handles any major matters personally.

5. Defender's Heart: The largest inn in Kenabres, this business caters to mercenary companies and crusaders coming to the city. Inside this squat stone structure are dozens of rooms for rent, hearty food, and a wide selection of refreshments shipped in from across the Inner Sea. It's owner, **Kimroth Otai** (LG male human expert 2/fighter 3) was a mercenary fighting against the Worldwound until he lost his right arm in a clash with demons. Now he spends his time overseeing his staff and talking wistfully with other, more able-bodied soldiers who spend time in his establishment when back from the front.

6. Hall of Heroes: The people of Kenabres cling to stories of heroism and nobility to give them strength in the darkest of times. The Hall of Heroes immortalizes the most revered champions of Kenabres. Stone statues of laureled heroes line a central hallway. Behind the statues, plaques engraved with names of the dead cover the walls. The families of fallen crusaders often pay the city to display their loved ones' plaques more prominently, and cynical types doubt whether every name in the Hall of Heroes is truly one of a hero.

7. The Kite: An engraved stone kite shield 18 feet long hangs from the end of the centermost artery protruding from the water pump, its curved surface directing the sigil of Kenabres toward the Worldwound. At the city end of the artery, a two-story stone keep houses the *wardstone* that helps keep demons from overrunning the Worldwound's borders. The keep is heavily guarded at all times, with at least one crusader and one priest of Iomedae marshaling the forces within. Locals refer to both the stone shield and the keep as "the Kite."

wardstone

8. Librarium of the Broken Black Wing: Thirty-six years ago, a caravan returning to the city from Truestone Quarry was set upon by a gang of vrock. The caravan might have been outmatched if not for one of the recently hired guards, a wizard named **Quednys Orlun** (LG male old human wizard 6). Orlun had spent years studying demons, and his spellcasting turned the tide of battle in favor of the caravan. After serving as a guardsman for another few years, Orlun founded the Librarium of the Broken Black Wing, pinning one of the preserved vrock wings above the entrance.

The Librarium, often called “Blackwing” by locals, has since become the premier library for demonology and planar travel research in Mendev. In addition to being a library, Blackwing is a museum of demon skulls, talons, and other grotesque trophies. An aged Orlun still oversees the collection of tomes and scrolls and is always keen to acquire new research material for the stacks.

9. Northgate: The northern city gate leads into a residential district dotted with small shops and temples, including the temples to Sarenrae and Shelyn. A large market district known as Northgate Market sits not far past the gates. Vendors hawking textiles, jewelry, housewares, art objects, fresh produce, and handmade furniture gather there. Like all entrances to the city, Northgate is heavily guarded at all times. Visitors to the city can expect to be thoroughly questioned and potentially searched.

10. Southgate: The southern city gate opens out into a residential district that's less prosperous than Northgate. Temples to Abadar and Torag border the main thoroughfare leading from the gate to Southgate Market. Armorers, weaponsmiths, animal trainers, sellers of enchantments, pennant designers, and scribes congregate at Southgate Market. A number of smithies dot Southgate, and the tang of iron and a haze of forge-smoke hang perpetually in the air. **Caelda Halse** (N female aasimar expert 3/fighter 2) holds the reputation as the best swordsmith in the city. Rumor tells that she drips an angelic tear into the molten metal of each blade, imbuing it with special powers against demonic foes.

11. Temple of Iomedae: The Temple of Iomedae is the largest temple in Kenabres except for the Cathedral of Saint Clydwell. Nestrin Alodae oversees the services at the temple, which include blessings, wedding ceremonies, and funeral services for those who pass from natural causes, accidents, or other reasons not related to the crusades. Twice-weekly services call the citizens of Kenabres to prayer.

12. Tower of Estrod: Two decades ago, a historian and researcher named Niuna Estrod came to Kenabres to write a history of the crusades. Estrod constructed a tower of pale gray stone to hold the volumes of history he wrote, as well as other tomes and scrolls acquired from traders and returning crusaders. Ever since Estrod's death from food poisoning 2 years ago, researchers and wizards have occupied the Tower of Estrod for short periods of

time, using it as a temporary library or laboratory. These temporary residents pay a small fee to the city in order to make use of the tower.

13. Truestone Park: The original Truestone Quarry once stood just south of the town of Kenabres, but after less than a year of operation, masons realized it was too close to the cliff's edge. A new quarry site was struck well outside the town, to the east. As Kenabres grew into a city, the old quarry site was transformed into an artificial lake. A local druid known only as **Crocris** (N male half-elf druid 5) keeps the greenery, flowerbeds, and trees surrounding the lake healthy and flourishing.

Truestone Park is a favorite destination for crusaders who return from the front, looking for a place of peace where they can forget the horrors of war with the demons. A monument of granite and rose quartz stands in the park in honor of the victims of the Red Morning Massacre.

14. Waller Slum: A temporary district just outside the original city walls housed the first refugees to arrive in Kenabres. Over the years, a second wall was built to defend this district and the expanding spread of the city. Remnants of the original refugee camp still remain as a narrow slum between the central district and the outer wall of the city, overlooking the river. This slum houses the poorest and most desperate of the citizenry, those who have no option but to live on the edge of the cliff between Kenabres and the Worldwound. Individuals unlucky enough to make their homes in this district are called “Waller” with a mix of derision and pity.

15. Warehouse Square: Kenabres' location is strategically defensible, but makes it difficult to bring cargo into the city via the river—not to mention the fact that it takes a brave group of sailors to wind their way up a river that borders the Worldwound. A massive, winched crane stands in southwestern Kenabres at the end of Warehouse Street, and is used to lift cargo over the city walls. The largest warehouses fill up this yard, leaving plenty of open space to maneuver goods between them. Smaller warehouses sit on the sliver of land between the city walls and the docks, where they hold goods temporarily until they can be lifted up into the city.

Kenabres has access to plenty of fish, fresh water, stone, and some agricultural crops and cattle, but must import lumber, ore, and textiles. The crane is therefore one of the most important structures in the city, and soldiers continually patrol the area. **Julania Nalti** (LN female human expert 2/fighter 2), a former caravan guard, fought in the crusades for several years before winning an appointment to oversee the defense of the crane and warehouses.

16. Water Pumps: Three spiraling contraptions of steel and wood rise from the riverbed up the side of the Kenabres cliffs. Each of the three pumps draws water to a different reservoir: one in Old Kenabres, one under Truestone Park, and one in the north Ring District. Though it costs more to

maintain three reservoirs, it also ensures the safety of the city's water supply if one reservoir becomes compromised.

Each pump is sheathed in a stone column that buttresses a city wall, but can be accessed through cleverly concealed hatches. The hatches are secured with heavy locks and magical wards. Wide stone avenues extend out to each column, buttressed by a series of smaller stone supports. These avenues, called "arteries" by the locals, allow access to the pump mechanism and hold lookout posts.

FACTIONS OF KENABRES

Known as a city of demon slayers and witch hunters, Kenabres is home to dozens of groups and factions. Some of the more important groups operating out of Kenabres are listed below.

Blackfire Adepts: The Blackfire Adepts are circumspect about their goals and activities. On occasion, a zealot dressed in trademark red-and-black robes ventures out across the river to explore the Worldwound, sometimes returning with tales of the furious energy of the planar rift. Those familiar with the group's philosophy believe the Blackfire Adepts desire to see the Worldwound ripped completely open, drawing all of Golarion into the Abyss. The truth is somewhat less dramatic, but not by much—the Blackfire Adepts believe the Worldwound generates a unique, powerful ebon flame they long to tap into. The organization studies the Worldwound not to tear it open, but to siphon its power.

One of the group's shadowy leaders, **Veserda the Owl** (CE female human oracle 6/Blackfire Adept^{POP} 3), is a wizened woman with wispy gray hair. She poses as a devout, middle-class lady with a gift for interpreting dreams. Versada sometimes manipulates crusaders into bringing back samples of plants, tainted earth, or demon bones from the Worldwound under the pretense that she had a vision showing her the items. She promises to cleanse the items to fulfill the will of the righteous gods, then turns them over to her followers to dissect in hopes of unlocking the power of the Worldwound.

Crusaders: The Mendevian Crusades have long drawn volunteers from righteous orders across Golarion. Not all these orders are large, well-established organizations, though. Smaller orders, some consisting of no more than a few dozen knights, arrive in Mendev by the droves. Some of these "orders" are no more than a few friends banded together under a name made up on the spot. However, there are a few well-known orders in Kenabres.

The Everbright Crusaders allow only the most virtuous warriors, who live lives of temperance and restraint, into their ranks. Members scrupulously avoid drinking, gambling, and lying, and take any promises they make seriously. In addition to attending religious services once a week, members spend at least an hour a day in prayer.

Among the crusader camps, the Everbright Crusaders garner respect for their conviction and battle prowess, but their rigidity and superior attitudes tend to alienate others.

Commander Ciar Cobelen (LG male human paladin of Iomedae 10) maintains a humble, good-natured attitude that appeals to others, and is widely regarded among the camps as the most approachable of the Everbright Crusaders.

The Order of the Flaming Lance believes in doing what needs to be done to triumph. They stay within the bounds of law and righteousness—but sometimes only by the narrowest margin. None doubt the fierce conviction of the order's crusaders, but some whisper that the order cares more about vanquishing evil than maintaining their own purity. The crusader **Miammir** (LG female half-elf wizard 7/paladin 3) is known as "The Scholar" for the time she spends at Blackwing researching all she can on demon-fighting tactics.

The Order of the Sunrise Sword is well established in Kenabres. They were once known for the great ballads and odes their members composed about the crusades, but after an incident in which several of their number were possessed by demons, they have altered their focus to exorcism. **Commander Ashus Striegher** (LG male human cleric of Iomedae 9/paladin of Iomedae 2), a somber and soft-spoken Taldan, specializes in recognizing and ending demonic possession.

The Eagle Watch is a group of righteous crusaders who realized that though most of their enemies live in the Worldwound across the river, a great many walk the streets of Kenabres and make their camps north of the city walls. The group was founded by an Eagle Knight who felt that the greater threat to freedom wasn't Andoran's clashes with Cheliax, but rather the Abyssal rift spitting demons into world. Dismayed by the behavior of their brothers and sisters, the Eagle Watch seek to rid the crusaders of corruption and improper vices. Many other crusader groups see the Eagle Watch as a nuisance, and even Hulrun works to keep them marginalized.

Riftwardens: The Librarium of the Broken Black Wing serves as the Riftwardens' base of operations. The secretive order renovated the manor house to contain several small libraries suitable for arcane and divine research, a modest laboratory for alchemy, and a grand meeting hall. Rune-engraved flagstones encircle the house, each rune outlined in flickering, blue-green flame. From their manor, the Riftwardens research the Worldwound's effect on the surrounding land. The organization has sent its own agents into the Worldwound to gather firsthand research, but also pays crusaders to collect information for them.

Though the identity of the Riftwarden leader in Kenabres remains unknown, the spokesperson for the organization is a popular figure in town. **Beltran Ravenken** (CN male human bard 6/Riftwarden^{POP} 3) is a friendly, gregarious man who

remembers names and faces after a single meeting and always knows the latest bit of gossip. Beltran specializes in answering questions without giving any useful information away, and assuaging concerns about the Riftwardens while helping conceal the organization's secretive activities. The Riftwardens have an understandable interest in sealing the Worldwound, but not out of any altruistic desire to save the world. Their more inscrutable beliefs on the importance of sealing planar rifts guide them, and if the chance to seal the Worldwound rose, the Riftwardens would take it no matter what the cost in lives.

Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth: The Cult of Baphomet has a strong but heretofore unsuspected presence in Kenabres. Pledging their lives to the Lord of the Minotaurs, these cultists scheme to subvert the good works of the crusaders in the city. They cause trouble in the crusader camps, instigating fights and egging participants on to greater violence. They spread lies and sow the seeds of fear with voices sweetened by magic. Some have even assumed the roles of holy crusaders and risen in the ranks of other knightly orders, waiting for the moment when their treachery can be used to achieve a most foul end.

The cult maintains hidden strongholds in the city, including the basement of the Tower of Estrod. The current leader of the cult's Kenabres chapter, **Faxon** (CE male tiefling witch 5), assassinated Niuna Estrod before taking over his tower. Faxon claims to be descended from one of Baphomet's favored glabrezu lieutenants, and hides his fiendish heritage when on the streets of Kenabres. Though Faxon is the highest-ranking Templar of the Ivory Labyrinth in Kenabres, he answers to more powerful superiors who communicate with him through coded messages.

Witch Hunters: Prelate Hulrun might be the most notorious witch hunter in Kenabres, but he's hardly the first. In 4622, during the First Crusade, holy warriors streamed into Mendeve, where they encountered Sarkorians practicing their unique druidic faith. The crusaders, goaded by their righteous fervor, mistook the wooden fetishes and rustic rituals for evidence of demonic influence. In that first year, more than 40 natives of the region died at the hands of ardent crusaders.

As the years passed, formalized groups of witch hunters emerged from the disorganized chaos of the First Crusade. These witch hunters were often self-styled, their tactics little more than brutal trial and error. The least bit of "evidence" could mark a target for investigation—a club foot, a thick accent, or even a "suspicious" absence of abnormalities. The witch hunter groups gained reputations for being cruel and arbitrary, although these weren't always deserved. Demons ranged freely over the Worldwound and often spilled into Mendeve. Demonic possession did happen, though not nearly as often as the witch hunters charged. Genuine witch hunters

used divination magic and cautious investigation to draw out and destroy fiends, but they were rare compared to the inflamed inquisitors who burned innocent Mendeveans at the stake.

With the advent of the Fourth Crusade, the Order of Heralds took strong measures to end the bloody witch hunts of Mendeve. The frequency of hunts has dropped substantially, but Prelate Hulrun remains an active and enthusiastic hunter. He maintains a troop of trained witch hunters he dispatches throughout the city to investigate rumors of corruption and possession. The power of the witch hunters isn't absolute, but the sight of their Iomedaeen vestments edged with orange flames makes even the most pure-hearted citizen uneasy. Hulrun's witch hunters are led by the stone-faced **Liotr Hawkblade** (LN male human inquisitor of Iomedae 5), an Ulfen warrior who has served under Hulrun for the last 15 years.



Hulrun



The Prey

PATHFINDER'S JOURNAL: SWEET ICHOR 1 OF 6

Letter received by Venture-Captain Zhanneal of Razmiran,
30th Pharast

My Dearest Lord Zhanneal,

I trust that the pressing affairs which keep you from prosecuting your scheme in person will not find you too occupied to savor news of its advancement. After prolonged trekking along the borders between the realms of man and demon, I have found, if not him whom we ultimately seek, one of his key accomplices. Save for their documentary content, you may now safely disregard the content of my previous missives, detailing as they do a succession of cold trails and false leads.

Calliard is in Aaramor. As therefore, am I—Ba-El Racid, your most determined servant.

Were I an observer of niceties, I would withhold mention of the fact that I have succeeded where your previous factotums have failed: Omansil the Wary, with his endless meanderings in Mendev; Red Peri, his gut gnawed by the worms of Ardis. But, as none know better than you, my lord, Ba-El Racid is not an observer of niceties. My words are as blunt as my fists, my meanings as chiseled as the hardened muscles surfacing my sun-scarred frame. You did not engage me because I respect my place, but because I covet that of the next man's, and will do what is necessary to eclipse him. In this instance, I have broken noses, skulked in gutters, and abased myself in manners I will not here detail—all to find this Calliard, bard and thief.

From a distance I have glimpsed him. To be blunt, the description supplied by your informants must be

considered misinformed at best, and misleading at worst. No effete, trembling sidekick is he. Following him through the narrow, stone-walled streets of dour Aaramor, I watched a man of certain tread, damnably alert, his every movement performed with grim economy. Several times he nearly nosed me out, forcing me to retreat behind some jutting pillar of this enormous fortress. As a seasoned cutthroat snuck up upon him near a bazaar where cloaked and goggled technicians from Starfall traded gears and wires, I observed, ready to intervene. Calliard made a backward flick of his wrist, undetectable to all but me, and the would-be robber shrieked in terror, a six-inch skewer protruding from the center of his eye socket.

From the concealment of a filthy alcove, I watched as he performed a most peculiar act. Calliard waited for the man—barely a boy, as now revealed by the harsh glow of an orange-tinted lamp—to collapse against a wall of crates. Then, the sheer cruelty of his demeanor holding shocked vendors and buyers at bay, he stalked up to his attacker and sniffed him. Placing slim fingers on the boy's bloodstained face, he pinched at it, as if testing the skin for signs of deception. The inspection took but an instant, after which he turned his back on his half-blinded victim, as if nothing had happened. Even after he had passed, the folk of the bazaar ignored the injured thief, leaving him to crawl off, whimpering and alone. They saw no percentage in angering a man who could do that so easily and casually.

Adopting my best moon-face, slumping my shoulders to lessen the intimidation inherent in my height and bulk, I bumped into a nearby stall. The merchant opened a battered metal box, revealing a tangle of glowing rope lengths made from a material I could not identify, offering them to me at a mere ten gold per inch.

"I'm a visitor here, unwise to machine-magics," I told him, with an idiot's shrug. "What use I might put your items to, I cannot fathom."

The vendor, a clean-shaven gnome who wore gears as hair-tassels, sank from avid interest to annoyed boredom.

I hiked a thumb at the passageway Calliard had disappeared into. "But I have been known to pay for an interesting tale to take back home to the Mwangi Expanse. Who was that?"

He squinted at me, weighing my potential worth to him.

"The one with the sticker in his eye? A wastrel and troublemaker. Ghero, I think his name is. He should thank that man for ending his career so fast, while breath still inflates his lungs. Unless the infection gets him. In which case, bad cess."

"I meant the man who put the sticker in his eye."

"Better not to speak of him," the vendor said.

"He's a menace around here?"

The vendor shuddered. "Far from it."

"Then why the reluctance?"

"He hunts what needs hunting." With unmistakable finality, the gnome slammed shut his box of wares. Not wishing to betray more than a casual interest, I wandered off.

Frustration ate at me, if only for an instant. Calliard of Aaramor, this hunter of hunters, gave off anything but the air of a man dependent on the assistance of others. Not even the man who stole from you the Sextant of the Seven Winds. If he had left his confederates behind, failure loomed for me, as surely as it had for Omansil and Red Peri.

The prospect of being lumped in with those laggards spurred me on. If the Aaramorians would not talk, I would take the longer, if riskier, route to an approach. I would find out what Calliard wanted, all the better to dangle it before him.

Over the next days I shadowed him, and saw that he pursued another in turn. In the identity of his quarry, I would learn the nature of his game, why he no longer conformed to the accounts you gathered of him. And in that, I would find my way to our true target.

Following Calliard unseen proved no easy matter, especially for a man of my size. Yet I had one advantage—a man can concentrate either on hunting or avoiding being hunted, but not on both at the same time. So I waited for moments when Calliard's quarry seemed to sense a harrying presence. When Calliard stopped to hide, I advanced. Soon I had learned enough of the man Calliard was after to stalk the prey instead.

The object of the poet's interest surprised me: a stooped old man, who tapped through the fortress's stone corridors with the aid of a gnarled wooden cane. Tufts of white hair haloed his bald and liver-spotted head. A thin line of drool leaked from the right side of his mouth, which twitched as if palsied by a stroke. At first I wondered at Calliard's caution in shadowing this faded old duffer through Aaramor's fog-choked passageways. Yet soon I sensed the alertness beneath the oldster's mask. Just as the city's incessant clang of smiths and weapons training momentarily quieted, I happened to stub my toe on a stone. This mere hint of a sound sufficed to stop the old man cold. He tensed as if ready to defend himself from attack. I gave up the pursuit and eased away, having already learned his place of business.

He maintained a brandy shop at the end of a cramped laneway zigzagging deep into the fortress. The locals readily shared what little they knew of him: recently arrived, gruff, unsociable, yet offering quality goods at generous prices. A barman surmised that he'd soon price his bottles to the sky, as soon as he taught his clientele to desire his finer grade of merchandise. Spelin, the old man called himself.

The next morning I made my way to Spelin's shop, along the way spotting no fewer than three alcoves from which Calliard might spy on the man and his customers. I assumed an oblivious amble and strolled into the shop. From a high stool behind the counter, the old man cocked a caterpillar eyebrow.

"Yes?" he snapped.

Stacked casks filled the shop's musty confines. I made a show of examining them. "You sell brandy?" I asked him.

Spelin drummed on his counter with bony fingers. "What does it look like?"

"It looks like you sell brandy."

"Well then?"



*"Calliard may be human,
but appears lacking in
basic humanity."*

"I expect to be traveling soon. I'm looking for something with kick, that can withstand the rigors of the road." I hoped these sounded like the requirements of a drinking man. As you'll recall, Zhanneal, I have always regarded my body as a sacred tool of my craft, not to be dulled by indulgence.

The old man must have sensed this wobble in my confidence. He hopped from his stool, lifted a hinged leaf in his counter, and came at me, finger wagging. "You wouldn't know a brandy from a port, would you?"

I played the affronted would-be snob. "What sort of shop is this, anyway?"

His eyes, which I imagined as pale and clouded by rheum, burned with a dark fire. "Who sent you?"

I stiffened my spine. "The counterman at the Mammoth's Tusk. I told him he'd served me muck, and he told me if I didn't like it I could go pay the outrageous prices at Spelin's."

He scratched at his tiny right ear. "We're a connoisseur, then, are we?"

"I hesitate to label myself, but can tell rot from the good stuff." I let myself take relish in the role of buffoon.

"Good," he spat. Slipping behind the counter, Spelin opened an unseen spigot and poured a small quantity of brandy into a cracked china cup. He did the same with a second cup, presumably from another spigot.

His grin displayed a near-toothless mouth. "Taste these and tell me which is the fine stuff, and which the sludge."

Settling into the part, I couldn't help but pour it on. "I must object to your tone, my friend."

"In my own shop I may speak as I please." He swept his hand over the two cups. "Perhaps if you demonstrate expertise I will adjust my manners accordingly."

I'd left myself no choice but to quaff his stuff. There had to be a clear difference between good and bad brandy, one I could discern through simple comparison. If not, I would allow him to take pleasure in my foolhardiness. Either way, I would find a way to turn the exchange to the matter of Calliard, and what it was about this toothless man-crone that had so aroused his interest.

The dark brown contents of the first cup filled my mouth and nose with the unpleasant, scorching fumes of heavy drink. I let the liquid play across my tongue. I tasted sugar, and bitterness, and felt numbness course from my palate to my throat...

My knees buckled. Spelin and his counter and casks swirled around me. As I fell, my head hit a hard surface. Consciousness wavered. In my addled state I thought I saw the old man transform—his hairless dome becoming a skull, his eyes disappearing into cavernous sockets, his mouth opening into a maw of needle-sharp teeth. His skin seemed to blacken and twist into a thin, rubbery layer stretched tight over an unlikely skeleton. With impossible

strength, the old man stripped me first of my blades, then of my armor. Threads ripped in the collar of my under-tunic as I was dragged from the shop's front room into a darker chamber. With rough force this stick-thin figure hurled me into a wooden chair. The strength with which the figure tossed me about told me that Spelin's transformation was no hallucination. I now beheld the brandy seller's true form, one that was far from mortal.

I flopped over, only to be held in place by a viselike hand, the surface of its skin greasy. Working quickly, the creature stripped me to the waist. It pulled my arms behind the back of the chair and bound them with a rope or cord. Then the scuttling being tied my ankles in place, too. Awareness ebbed for what might have been a few seconds as the creature disappeared to the front of the shop. I heard a deadbolt slam shut and a tumbler click in a lock.

It returned and advanced on me, a viscous substance dripping from its leathery hide. Droplets of the excrescence landed on the tile floor. They hissed, danced, and resolved into a vapor. The creature cocked its head at me, a skull's grin widening on its skeletal face. "You were sent by the hunter," it said. The voice had altered, dropping into the gravel and glass of what I could only assume to be its natural register.

"The hunter?" I slurred, the toxin dulling my verbal agility.

"You know who I mean." The creature placed a clawed hand on the side of the face. Pain radiated through my cheekbones, up into my forehead and down into my neck. I felt my flesh bubble under its touch, smelled it burn and melt. The creature withdrew its acidic hand. "You are his scout, yes?"

Despite my distress, my goal remained uppermost. I would learn from this monster as it sought to learn from me, and gain knowledge useful to our quest. Then I would somehow effect my escape and slay it. "I am no man's scout," I managed. "But if you tell me more, maybe I can help you."

It jabbed me in the side. I looked down, to my instant regret, and saw its fingers sunk to the second knuckles between two of my ribs. The wound blackened and suppurated. I saw fingers moving under skin and parted muscle, curling around a rib bone. "Foolish human," the creature hissed. "Do not trifle with me."

"Who is it you seek?" I cried.

"The hunter!" It twitched its emaciated frame, and I heard my rib crack and crumble. Blood, dark with poison, gushed into my lap and down my legs.

The creature juddered, withdrawing its hand from my abdominal cavity in another rush of tearing flesh. It whirled, hands groping for an object protruding from the base of its neck. It was a dart, at least four inches long, well buried in a spot the creature couldn't quite reach.

Decorative knobs and whorls covered the dart's brass haft, glowing from within as if imbued with arcane power.

In the doorway, with the enraged creature now facing him, stood Calliard, his sword at the ready.

"Hunter!" the creature wailed. "But the latch..."

Cruel humor danced in the poet's eyes. Though I was not its intended audience, his expression terrified me all the same. "I was already inside."

The creature shuffled backward to take me by the throat, the fingers of its left hand singeing my skin, the claws of its right poised to penetrate my skull. "Back off, or I snuff your lackey!"

Calliard surveyed me without particular curiosity. "Lackey? Never met him."

The creature took its anger out on me, tightening its acidic grip. The reek of liquefying flesh assailed me. I begged my goddess for the mercy of unconsciousness, but this boon was denied to me. "But as a champion of good, you won't stand idly and let him be slain," the creature said.

Calliard smiled. "Good? You mistake my business here, demon."

"Your false confidence won't save you," it said.

"I've harvested your kind before," Calliard replied.

"Then I'll even the odds!" The demon let me go and embarked on an incantation. The air clouded and swirled, and a portal appeared to form. Through it I glimpsed the hazy shape of another demon, identical to this one.

Then the dart sticking from the Spelin-thing's back pulsed with a yellow light that echoed down the creature's shriveled body. The demon fell to its knees, keening. The portal to the Abyss—for that is surely what it was—sealed, preventing its comrade from crossing over.

Calliard rushed at it, and with violent precision directed a sword blow to the back of its head. The demon swiped at him with its claws, a move he anticipated and danced away from. While it was still off balance, he slid off to its side and landed another strike against his foe, this time slashing into the narrow cords of leathery flesh connecting its ribcage to its pelvis. Screaming, the demon skittered back, groping for the hampering dart, and tried another incantation. Again the haft of the dart flashed, sending scourging light through its body. This time, however, the demon's claws caught, and it ripped the weapon free. The dart flashed a third time and then went dull.

"I was hoping you'd do that," said Calliard, and swung his sword into its jaw.

"Your weak magic cannot stand against me!" the demon crowed. Yet even I could tell that the effort of dispatching the had cost it greatly. "I've destroyed your little toy."

"So?" said Calliard, slashing the creature's calf.

The demon, which still had not bothered to rise to a standing position, yowled in glee. "So this!"

The room plunged into utter blackness.

The demon grunted in pain.

"I can see in the dark," said Calliard, amused.

Robbed of sight, I heard a series of grunts and shuffles. Abruptly the darkness dissipated. Calliard, bruised and panting, stood over the demon's limp form.

"Brother, you have saved me!" I exclaimed.

The poet ignored me, instead yanking a dagger from his belt. He plunged it into the demon's neck. Ichor spouted from the wound. Where a moment before, confronting the demon, Calliard had held himself with a terrifying dignity, he now dropped to all fours like a hungry dog. He placed his lips to the blood gouting from the demon's neck and sucked it into his mouth. Only after several minutes did he stop.

"Please, my friend," I said, "release me from my bonds."

"Yes," he said. "Those will do." None too gently, he unwrapped the cords that held me to the chair. Then, instead of inspecting my injuries or inquiring as to my condition, he stumbled to the dead demon and tied its ankles together. Outside, the clatter and clamor of the border fortress-city continued as always, unaffected by any notice of our little scene. He rummaged through his pack, found a grapple, and tied it to the other end of the rope. He threw the hook up onto a rafter, tested its strength, then hauled on it, until the demon hung suspended like so much venison. Blood now rushed again from the opening in its throat. Calliard held a wineskin to catch it as it drained.

I tried to rise but could only slump in the chair. "I see you wield many great and efficacious magics. Might any of them heal me?"

He paid this no mind.

A chill washed through me, followed by nausea. "Please, sir, can that wait?"

He shook his head.

The room spun. "I had a couple of restorative draughts on my person when I came here. If you have no healing you can spare a stranger, please find mine and administer it. I am badly hurt."

"In fact, you're dead, when that poison finishes its work."

Even as he said it, I could feel the truth of his claim coursing through my veins, burning like the damnable brandy. I grimaced. "So healing me would be a waste of magic—is that what you mean?"

His first wineskin bulged full; he switched it for another, losing precious little demon blood between the two.

"You're hooked on that, aren't you?" I asked. "As other men are to drink, or pesh." Given no reply, I continued. "I thought demon blood had to be distilled into something else—something called *mesz*—before it intoxicates. Never have I heard of a man lapping from a demon's throat, like some kind of vampire."

The flow of blood from the demon's neck reduced to a trickle. Calliard reached into his pack for a butcher's knife

and set about flaying the creature's corpse. Each chunk of hard, fleshless skin he squeezed like a rag, freeing droplets of blood, which fell into a copper bowl. When he had finished, he poured the contents of this bowl, the rim of which was equipped with a spout-like protrusion, into another wineskin. He licked his hands, then the bowl.

I could no longer feel my fingers; to move them required effort. Life ebbed from me, and with it, the luxury of careful chess moves. To live, I would have to intrigue this Calliard, who in his addiction showed himself a much more callous man than I had been given reason to expect. I had to make of myself a question in need of an answer. And so I said, "That is not quite true."

This I thought would pique his curiosity, but it did not. And so I went on: "I have heard of one man who does this. The poet Calliard, who runs with a pack of thieves led by a scoundrel named Gad. You are he, aren't you? The one the demons call the hunter."

He didn't even look at me. "What of it?"

"I have come here to find you."

"Then my wish not to be located intensifies."

He lowered what remained of the demon to the floor, reclaiming his grappling hook but leaving behind the rope. Without acknowledging me any further, he departed the room, leaving me to die.

Yet die I did not. After what felt like an eternity, I lapsed into semiconsciousness, my thoughts going toward the River of Souls and my soul's impending trek to the Boneyard for judgment, an experience that I will admit filled me with some regret. In what I took for the beginning steps of that journey, I felt myself lifted, suffused with balm, leaving my final throes behind. My awareness became but a glimmer. I was conveyed through a tunnel of light, down a wall of darkness, and into a green realm, bathed in a cool, pine-scented wind. The orange appearance of dawn I took for the swell of the goddess's kiss.

Only after awaking from slumber hours later did I fumble to a true understanding of these perceptions. I had been rescued by mortals and remained upon this living plane. The tunnel of light was naught but the lantern-lit streets of Aaramor. The well of darkness was but ordinary night. And the green realm revealed itself as a wooded spot not far outside the fortress, where my saviors encamped.

They fed me healing draughts, bitter and leafy, then broth. They left me for a good while before the questions began. Why was I in that place? Had I seen a man named Calliard? Did he speak of his business in Aaramor, or where else he might be headed?

My questioners numbered two. At first, a female halfling, wide-hipped, her round features interrupted by the lines and creases of middle age, did most of the talking. At a remove hovered a slim human, projecting even from a

distance a reassuring poise. When he came closer, I saw what you so perfectly encapsulate as a damnable symmetry. From the stubble of studied perfection dotting his jaw to the easy tumble of words from his throat, he was every inch the paragon of artifice you made him out to be. Were I unprepared, I too might have felt the urge to follow him, to believe whatever he told me, to stumble blindly into any chasms he might point me toward. In short, it did not take me an introduction to realize that I had been borne from the border fortress by the trickster Gad, beacon of falsehood and repeat despoiler of Pathfinder Society vaults. That meant the halfling had to be Vitta, seducer of locks and dismantler of traps, and one of the few confederates to survive unscathed a long association with him.

The quickest way to earn a swindler's trust is to make oneself appear to be a gull and a mark. So I affected a variation on the moony idiocy I had previously adopted against the demon Spelin, and spoke with a near honesty, withholding only your involvement and my awareness of his identity.

"I did see Calliard," I told them, laying out in believably scattered fashion a version of the events recounted above. I let them find connections and conclusions—pretending, for example, that I did not understand the reasons behind Calliard's yen for demon blood. "Does he sell it as a spell component?"

The facts I most needed them to swallow, I made them dig for. "You were seeking Calliard, though?" Vitta asked.

"Yes, yes, for I had heard that he was a hunter of demons beyond equal, and that he might thus be motivated to assist me on a quest."

"A quest?"

"I am a merchant—a broker, you might say—specializing in the acquisition and resale of enchanted objects. No run-of-the-mill gewgaws suit my clients' tastes. Of all the artifacts hidden within Golarion's bosom, they must have only the finest."

Gad leaned forward. "And you know where such an item might be found?"

"Know is a strong word. Let us say 'strongly suspect.'"

"And it's connected to demons?"

"Connected most intimately. But I should explain this only to Calliard. You are his acquaintances, yes?"

"We're looking for him, but he's avoiding us. Maybe if your story is good enough, he'll talk to us for more than a few minutes."

I had him. I could see it in the way he held his shoulders. "Still, I should explain this only to him."

To make a long exchange short, I parted with the tale by dribs and drabs, my feigned reluctance whetting their greed for details. Even then, he got me to the key point sooner than I'd planned. "I seek a crystal, containing a fluid of surpassing magical import. The Bile of Abraxas."

Vitta shifted uneasily. "As in, the demon lord Abraxas? The poison-fanged god of forbidden lore?"

"Yes, Abraxas. In eons past he gifted his servants with a quantity of his vilest ichor. If used to further his schemes, it is a deadly weapon against humanity. But turned against demonkind, it allows us to control and master them."

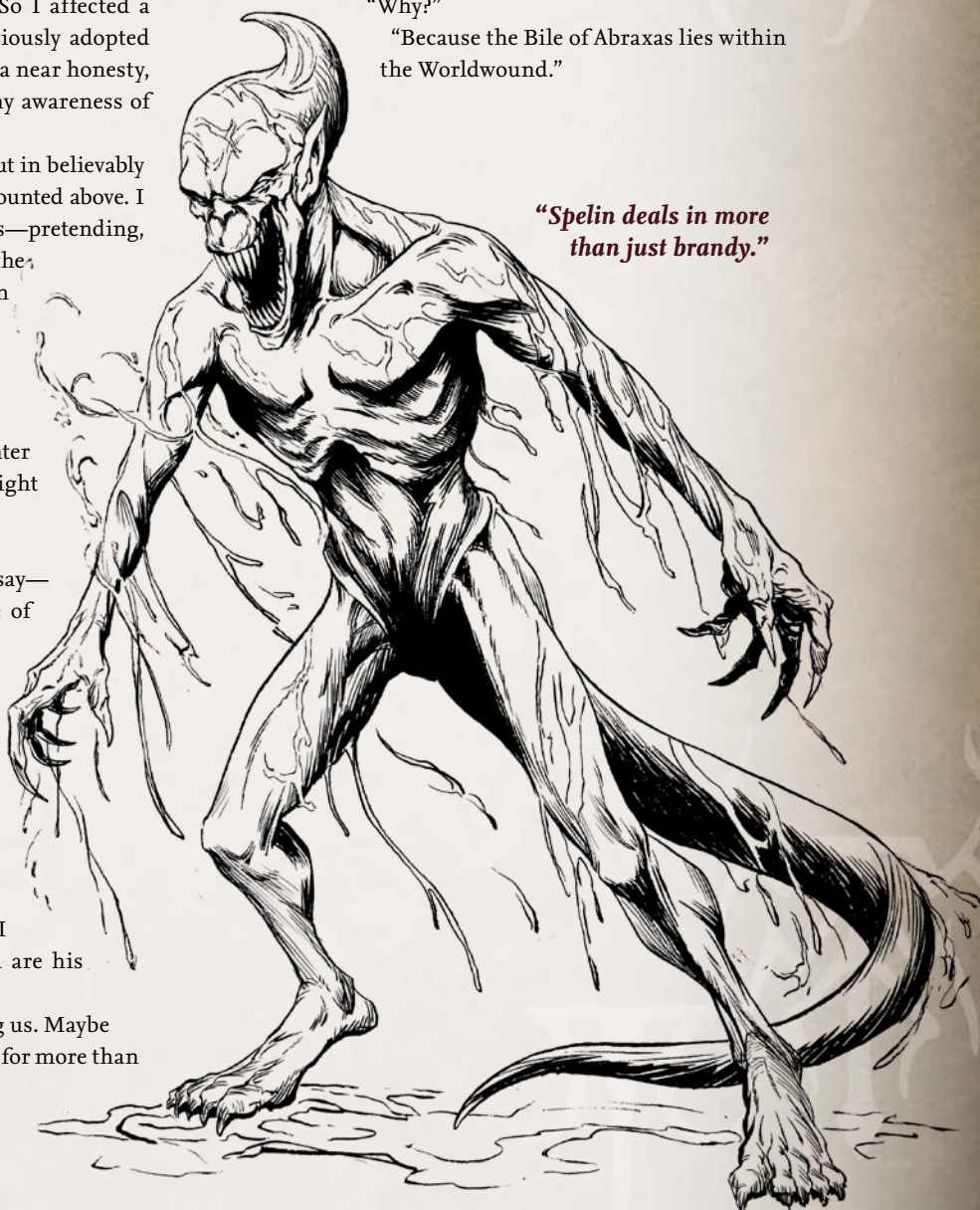
"Could it cure him, do you think?" Vitta asked Gad.

Gad fixed me in the command of his gaze. "And where do you think it is, Ba-El Racid?"

"Ah," I said. "That's why I need a demon hunter."

"Why?"

"Because the Bile of Abraxas lies within the Worldwound."



"Spelin deals in more than just brandy."



Bestiary

We were just getting into our first round of cups and the roast was on the way to the table when the wall of the tavern came down. The whole place erupted in screams and the potbellied stove turned over, setting the drapes alight along with one of the remaining walls. Those damned paladins just ran for the door like everyone else, and we were stuck there trying to get people to safety, put out the fire, and kill that blasted demon before it could tear apart the whole city.

"All I wanted was a drink and a day of rest before we had to go back into the worldwound."

—Marliss Nalathane, explorer

In addition to the usual collection of monsters here, each volume of the Wrath of the Righteous Adventure Path will contain a new demon and a demon lord. This month features a demon obsessed with destroying buildings and other large works and the demon lord Xoveron, plus reclusive humanoids spawned from a druid's curse and a strange beast that can smell the sins and virtues of other creatures.

The random encounter table on the right features a number of typical threats the PCs can expect to encounter in the tunnels and sewers of Kenabres. During the course of the adventure, they have a 35% chance of a random encounter every hour they spend below the city.

DEMON LORDS

The Wrath of the Righteous Adventure Path presents a new demon lord in each volume's bestiary. These creatures are always unique creatures ranging in power from CR 26 to CR 30. Additional demon lords (Dagon, Kostchtchie, and Pazuzu) appear in *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 4*. The following rules apply to all demon lords—refer back here or to *Bestiary 4* as needed in upcoming volumes when we present statistics for Shax, Sifkesh, Noctacula, Baphomet, and Deskari.

Demon Lord Traits: A demon lord is a powerful, unique demon that rules a layer of the Abyss. All demon lords are chaotic evil outsiders that are, at a minimum, CR 26 in power. Unless otherwise noted in a demon lord's entry, demon lords have a particular suite of traits as summarized here.

- **Regeneration (Ex)** Only epic and good damage, good and mythic damage, or damage from a creature of equal or greater power (such as an archdevil, deity, demon lord, or protean lord) interrupts a demon lord's regeneration.
- Immunity to ability damage and drain, charm and compulsion effects, death effects, energy drain, and petrification.
- Resistance to acid 30, cold 30, and fire 30.
- **Abyssal Resurrection (Ex)** A demon lord rules an Abyssal realm, a vast world that not only serves as its home but provides it with power. If a demon lord is slain, its body rapidly melts into corruption (leaving behind any gear it held or carried), its soul returns to a hidden location within its realm, and it is immediately restored to life (as *true resurrection*) at that location. Once this occurs, a demon lord cannot use this ability until a full year has passed. A demon lord realizes it is vulnerable during this time and usually doesn't risk further battles for the remainder of that year, relying on the defenses of its realm and its legions of minions to protect it. A demon lord who is slain again during this year or is killed by unusual methods (such as by a true deity or an artifact created for this purpose) is slain forever—its remains

ENCOUNTERS BENEATH KENABRES

d%	Result	Avg. CR	Source
01–05	1 darkmantle	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 55
06–19	1d6 dire rats	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 232
20–31	1 bat swarm	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 30
32–37	1 cave fisher	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 41
38–50	1d6 giant cockroaches	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 58
51–63	1 giant black widow spider	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 256
64–69	1d8 giant maggots	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 124
70–77	1d4 dire bats	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 30
78–88	1d6 giant flies	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 124
89–100	1 venomous snake swarm	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 249

appear somewhere deep in the Abyss among those or other dead demon lords from the ages. A demon lord who does not control a domain does not gain this ability.

- **Frightful Presence (Su)** A demon lord can activate its frightful presence as a free action as part of any attack, spell-like ability, or special attack, or by speaking aloud.
- **Summon Demons (Sp)** Three times per day as a swift action, a demon lord can summon any demon or combination of demons whose total combined CR is 20 or lower. This otherwise works like the summon universal monster rule, with a 100% chance of success. This counts as a 9th-level spell effect.
- Telepathy 300 feet.
- A demon lord's natural weapons, as well as any weapons it wields, are treated as chaotic, epic, and evil for the purpose of overcoming damage reduction.
- A demon lord can grant spells to its worshipers as if it were a deity. A demon lord's domains are Chaos, Evil, and two other domains relevant to its theme and interests. Like a deity, a demon lord has a favored weapon.

ABYSSAL REALMS

A demon lord gains additional powers while in its realm, as presented below—the statistics presented for each demon lord do not include these adjustments.

- Use of the following spell-like abilities at will—*demand*, *discern location*, *fabricate*, *major creation*, and *polymorph any object* (when used on objects or creatures native to the realm, the duration factor increases by 6).
- Use of the following spell-like abilities once per day—*binding*, *miracle* (limited to physical effects that manipulate its realm or to effects in line with its areas of concern).
- **Heightened Awareness (Ex)** The demon lord gains a +10 insight bonus on Perception checks and Initiative checks.
- **Mythic:** All of the demon lord's spell-like abilities function as the mythic versions of those spells as applicable. The demon lord gains the mythic power and surge universal mythic monster abilities (see *Pathfinder RPG Mythic Adventures* 226). A demon lord gains a d12 surge die.

Demon, ulkreth

This towering monstrosity is clad in cracked boulders, jagged shards of rock, spars of crooked metal, and shredded steel. Four immense arms end in rocky fists, and bony wings protrude from its back.

ULKRETH

CR 15



XP 51,200

CE Gargantuan outsider (chaotic, demon, evil, extraplanar)

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., tremorsense 60 ft.; **Perception** +30

DEFENSE

AC 30, touch 6, flat-footed 30 (+24 natural, -4 size)

hp 229 (17d10+136)

Fort +18, **Ref** +5, **Will** +12

Defensive Abilities rock catching; **DR** 10/cold iron and good;

Immune electricity, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10, fire 10

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., climb 20 ft., fly 50 ft. (clumsy)

Melee gore +23 (2d8+10 plus 1d6 piercing), 4 slams +24 (2d6+10/19-20 plus 1d6 piercing)

Ranged 4 rocks +14 (3d6+10)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft.

Special Attacks boulder barrage, ground pounder, punch through, rend (2 slams, 6d6+15), rock throwing (120 ft.), trample (3d6+10, DC 28), wrecker

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 15th; concentration +17)

At will—*greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *shatter* (DC 14)

3/day—*move earth*

1/day—*earthquake*, *summon* (level 5, 1 ulkreth or 1 omoz 40%)

STATISTICS

Str 30, **Dex** 11, **Con** 26, **Int** 7, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +17; **CMB** +31 (+35 overrun, +35 sunder); **CMD** 43 (45 vs. overrun, 45 vs. sunder)

Feats Charge Through^{APG}, Greater Overrun, Greater Sunder, Improved Critical (slams), Improved Overrun, Improved Sunder, Power Attack, Sundering Strike^{APG}, Weapon Focus (slams)

Skills Climb +28, Intimidate +22, Knowledge (engineering) +18, Perception +30, Swim +23; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Perception

Languages Abyssal, Celestial, Draconic

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Abyss)

Organization solitary or crew (2-4 ulkreths)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Boulder Barrage (Ex) An ulkreth can hurl up to four rocks as a full-round action or two rocks as a standard action. If rocks are available (as when the ulkreth uses its ground pounder ability to create rubble) it can pick up a single rock as a swift action, two rocks as a move action, or four rocks as a full-round action. If an ulkreth has a rock in each hand, it cannot use its rock catching ability.

Ground Pounder (Ex)

As a standard action, an ulkreth can strike the ground with its powerful fists, turning the area within a 10-foot radius into dense rubble (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 412).

Any creatures in this area at the time must succeed



at a DC 26 Reflex save or fall prone. An ulkreth's movement is not slowed by the rubble it creates.

Punch Through (Ex) An ulkreth can use a full-attack action to make its gore and slam attacks against the same opponent. The ulkreth then totals the damage from all hits before applying any damage reduction or hardness.

Wrecker (Su) An ulkreth's rend special attack deals double damage to objects.

Ulkreths are among the mightiest servants of the demon lord Xoveron, the Horned Prince of gargoyles and lord of ruination. They exist solely to destroy, carrying out his will of devastation to cities and civilization throughout the planes, tearing down monuments and buildings in the name of their unholy patron. Ulkreths are 25 feet tall and weigh 10 tons.

ECOLOGY

Ulkreth demons form from the souls of mortals who spread wanton destruction and vandalism, burning and tearing down what others have labored long to build up. Small-scale vandals do not earn damnation for simple graffiti and petty breakage; ulkreths arise from those who devoted their lives to bringing ruin forge their own chain of condemnation with every new act of malicious deconstruction. Some do so by targeting grand works of art, stately monuments, cathedrals, libraries, and historical edifices, destroying not just physical structures but also the artistic and cultural legacy of their own people, or of other cultures living among them. These targets are singled out for defacement as a sign of the vandal's hate. The pinnacle of vandalism, however, is attained by those who not only cause damage to property but also murder via their sabotage—collapsing mines and trapping miners to die choking in the dark; breaching dams and dikes to unleash deadly floodwaters that wreak devastation; or bombing, burning, or otherwise destroying homes, businesses, and other gathering places. Whether done as an anarchic political statement, for revenge upon those who owned the buildings, or for pure psychotic joy at watching the world crumble, these are the blackest-hearted vandals of all.

The level of destruction perpetrated by mortals in life is important to their lord Xoveron because while his will is bent on the ruination of every civilization, tearing down the literal and figurative structures that hold society together, he is still only a minor demon lord. His power is insufficient to endow every servant with great abilities. Lesser vandals simply do not rate a major investment of his lordly power, and if made into demons at all, may be consigned to eternity as mere dretches, or as fiendish gargoyles rather than actual demons. It is only those whose acts of destruction are truly heinous that inspire him to transform them into ulkreths.

Ulkreth demons are unusual, however, in that they can also be formed not from one soul but from many, especially in the case of gangs that once worked together as mortals in their acts of destruction. These joint-souled ulkreths are, if anything, even more savage and destructive than their fellows, as the different soul fragments bound together struggle for mastery, trying to show their dominance by wreaking greater mayhem than their rivals.

Ulkreths do not need to eat or drink, but they enjoy chewing and swallowing powdered stone and shattered glass, twisted metal and splintered wood. They consume the detritus of their destruction as a ritual of satisfaction after their rampages. Some say they gain sustenance from these shattered remains and claim that if ulkreths are prevented from destroying for too long, they can actually waste away and die of starvation, though planar scholars know that outsiders don't need to eat to live. Ulkreths cannot reproduce biologically and are propagated only by the transformation of new souls into ulkreths.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Most ulkreths inhabit the endless ruins of Ghahazi, the hearth of their master Xoveron. There they tend groves of fiendish treants that wait amidst the ruins, crumbling foundation stones with their defiled roots even as they stand ready to batter and smash at the ulkreths' command. Flights of fiendish gargoyles wheel constantly overhead, making aeries of the shattered spires of the Horned Prince's city and flocking ahead of the ulkreths when they march. Xoveron often barter the service of his ulkreths with other demon lords or their generals, especially in siege situations where demonic teleportation is of no avail and defenses must be breached with naked strength. Ulkreths may be kept back as artillery, but they chafe under efforts to suppress their urges to sunder and smash and have often been known to abandon their orders and wade directly into a fray or smash down gates and walls with their bare fists.

On the Material Plane, the cultists of Xoveron and his gargoyle minions stand sentinel against the encroachment of civilization, ready to foil its ambitious reach towards eternity. When his minions report cities growing too great, too lovely, or too proud, Xoveron tempts mortals with a gluttonous hunger for power and a jealous pride and rage toward their fellows that drives them to call forth a ulkreth demon. Mortal gargoyles can sense the presence of one of their master's favored servants and flock to its side to swoop hooting and screeching overhead as the wrecker commences a reign of terror. Of course, ulkreths are notoriously indiscriminate about their destruction, and those summoning them must be very careful not to become casualties of the ulkreth's rampage.



Demon Lord, Xoveron

This hulking, four-armed, four-headed, sting-tailed gargoyle stands as tall as a house.

XOVERON

CR 27



XP 3,276,800

CE Huge outsider

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., *detect good*, *detect law*, *true seeing*; Perception +55

Aura frightful presence (120 ft., DC 35), *unholy aura* (DC 27)

DEFENSE

AC 45, touch 30, flat-footed 39 (+4 deflection, +6 Dex, +15 natural, +12 profane, -2 size)

hp 643 (33d10+462); regeneration 30 (mythic or deific)

Fort +36, **Ref** +23, **Will** +33

Defensive Abilities Abyssal resurrection, *freedom of movement*; **DR** 20/cold iron, good, and epic; **Immune** ability damage and drain, acid, charm and compulsion effects, death effects, electricity, level drain, petrification, poison; **Resist** cold 30, fire 30; **SR** 38

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft., fly 80 ft. (good)

Melee 4 claws +48 (1d8+17/19-20), 4 bites +48 (2d6+17/19-20), sting +48 (1d8+17/19-20 plus poison)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.

Special Attacks devastating blow, feed, poison, rend (2 claws, 2d8+25), roar, shatter petrification, shockwave

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 27th; concentration +36)

Constant—*detect good*, *detect law*, *freedom of movement*, *true seeing*, *unholy aura* (DC 27)

At will—*astral projection*, *blasphemy* (DC 26), *desecrate*, *flesh to stone* (DC 25), *greater dispel magic*, *greater teleport*, *shapechange*, *stone shape*, *telekinesis* (DC 24), *unhallow*, *unholy blight* (DC 23)

3/day—*earthquake*, *quicken flesh to stone* (DC 25), *reverse gravity*, *symbol of weakness* (DC 26)

1/day—*implosion* (DC 28), *imprisonment* (DC 28), *time stop*

STATISTICS

Str 44, **Dex** 23, **Con** 38, **Int** 24, **Wis** 32, **Cha** 28

Base Atk +33; **CMB** +52 (+56 bull rush, +56 sunder); **CMD** 86 (88 vs. bull rush, 88 vs. sunder)

Feats Awesome Blow, Bleeding Critical, Craft Construct, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Wondrous Item, Critical Focus, Greater Bull Rush, Greater Sunder, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (claw, bite, sting), Improved Lightning Reflexes, Improved Sunder, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*flesh to stone*)

Skills Acrobatics +39 (+47 when jumping), Disable Device +42, Fly +42, Intimidate +45, Knowledge (arcana) +40, Knowledge (religion) +40, Knowledge (engineering) +43, Knowledge (planes) +43, Perception +55, Sense Motive +47, Spellcraft +43, Stealth +34, Use Magic Device +42; **Racial**

Modifiers +8 Perception

Languages Abyssal, Celestial, Common, Draconic, Terran; telepathy 300 ft.

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Ghahazi, Abyss)

Organization solitary (unique)

Treasure triple

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Devastating Blow (Su) As a standard action, Xoveron can bring all four of his claws to bear upon a single target. If this attack hits, he deals 8d8+68 points of bludgeoning damage. If the target is a creature, it must make a successful DC 43 Fortitude save or be knocked prone and staggered for 1d4 rounds. If the target is an object, the attack ignores all hardness possessed by the object. The save DC is Strength-based.

Feed (Su) Xoveron can consume the corpse of a Large or smaller creature that has been dead no longer than a day as a full-round action. Doing so destroys the creature's body and leaves its gear scattered on the ground. All armor and gear worn in the body slot must make a successful DC 43 Fortitude save to avoid becoming broken by this swift and violent consumption. When Xoveron feeds on a creature, he immediately learns all of that creature's memories and knowledge. In addition, he gains the effects of a *heal* spell and a *haste* spell (both at CL 27th). The save DC is Strength-based.

Poison (Ex) Sting—injury; *save* Fort DC 40; *frequency* 1/round for 6 rounds; *effect* 1d6 Dexterity drain; *cure* 3 consecutive saves. If a creature's Dexterity is drained to 0, the creature is immediately petrified. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Roar (Su) Xoveron can unleash a devastating roar as a standard action once per hour. When he roars, all creatures and unattended objects within 60 feet take 30d10 points of sonic damage and become stunned for 1d6 rounds. Xoveron does not take this damage, and he can exclude any number of creatures or objects from this effect as he wills. A successful DC 40 Reflex save halves the damage and negates the stun effect. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Shatter Petrification (Su) Xoveron can strike a petrified creature with any one of his natural weapon attacks to cause it to shatter. The petrified creature can resist this with a successful DC 43 Fortitude save. If the creature fails to resist, the blow smashes it apart into an explosion of razor sharp stone fragments. Any creature within 10 feet of a shattering petrified creature takes 10d6 points of piercing and slashing damage from these flying fragments of once-living flesh (Reflex DC 43 half). Xoveron is never damaged by these flying shards of stone. The save DC is Strength-based.

Shockwave (Su) When Xoveron makes a charge attack while flying and lands at the end of the charge, the force of his landing creates a powerful shockwave. All creatures standing on the ground within 30 feet of Xoveron when he lands at the end of a charge attack must make a successful DC 40 Reflex save to avoid being knocked prone by the force of the impact. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Xoveron, the Horned Prince, is the demon lord of gargoyles, gluttony, and ruins. It is said that he can look out through the eyes of all stone gargoyles perched on roofs throughout the world, watching and waiting for cities to fall, that he might visit and feed on those left behind. Xoveron himself towers at a height of 25 feet, with a wingspan of just over 50 feet. When the Horned Prince moves, the sound of stone grinding on stone can be heard, as if the demon lord himself were composed not of flesh but of some unholy stone come to demonic life.

Xoveron is often accompanied by numerous vrolikai and ulkreth demons (see page 82). Gargoyles of tremendous size often serve at the Horned Prince's whim, as do monsters with a reputation for hunger and gluttony, such as purple worms or man-eating animals. His realm on the Abyss is an immense, ruined city called Ghahazi, said to have been constructed over the eons by the Horned Prince, who plucked decaying districts and crumbling structures from dead cities across countless worlds.

XOVERON'S CULT

Xoveron is traditionally worshiped by gargoyles, although as the Age of Lost Omens has drawn on, his worship among humanoids has been increasing steadily, particularly among bandits, brigands, gluttons, and those who dwell in blasted, apocalyptic regions such

as the Worldwound and the Sodden Lands. In such regions, the landscapes of ruined cities and devastated skylines appeal to those who worship the Horned Prince; his cultists raise temples to their demonic patron there in caverns, on ruined rooftops, or within the skeletal frames of partially collapsed cathedrals to gods whose faith and worship alike have moved on. Defenestration is far and away the favored method of sacrifice for his cult.

In addition to gargoyles, the cult is particularly fond of and even subservient to the nabasu demons. Often, a cult of Xoveron seeks out a newly "born" nabasu and offers itself to the demon. Usually this means the demon takes a few of the cultists to feed on and demands the survivors seek out more victims on a regular basis, but in some cases the ravenous newborn nabasu simply consumes the entire cult. To the fanatic of Xoveron, though, such a fate is worth dying for.

Xoveron's unholy symbol is a five-horned gray gargoyle skull that's missing its lower jaw. His favored weapon is the ranseur. He grants access to the domains of Chaos, Earth, Evil, and Strength, and to the subdomains of Caves, Demon, Entropy, and Ferocity. Entropy is a subdomain of Chaos, and is detailed on page 15 of *Pathfinder Player Companion: Blood of Fiends*.



Herne

Seemingly one with the forest, this tall man is dressed in the browns and greens of a woodsman and sports a pair of stag's antlers upon his brow.

HERNE

CR 6



XP 2,400

CN Medium monstrous humanoid

Init +3 (+5 in forests); **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 13, flat-footed 17 (+3 armor, +3 Dex, +4 natural)

hp 68 (8d10+24)

Fort +5, **Ref** +9, **Will** +9

Defensive Abilities defy the gods; **DR** 10/magic; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee sickle +12/+7 (1d6+4) and gore +7 (1d6+2)

Ranged mwk composite longbow +13/+8 (1d8+4/x3)

Special Attacks powerful charge (gore, 2d6+6)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th; concentration +10)

Constant—*Speak with animals*

3/day—*faerie fire*, *longstrider*

1/day—*freedom of movement*

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 17, **Con** 16, **Int** 11, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 25

Feats Deadly Aim, Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Weapon Focus (composite longbow)

Skills Handle Animal +8, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (geography) +6 (+8 in forests), Perception +14 (+16 in forests), Ride +6, Stealth +12 (+14 in forests), Survival +12 (+14 in forests); **Racial Modifiers** +2 Knowledge (geography) in forests, +2 Perception in forests, +2 Stealth in forests, +2 Survival in forests

Languages Common, Sylvan; *Speak with animals*

SQ favored terrain (forest +2), martial training, swift tracking

Other Gear mwk composite longbow

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate forests

Organization solitary, pair, or band (3–6)

Treasure standard (sickle, masterwork composite longbow [Str +4] with 20 arrows, wooden armor^{APG}, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Defy the Gods (Su) Herne gain a +2 bonus on saving throws against divine spells and the spell-like and supernatural abilities of divine spellcasters and outsiders summoned or called by a divine spellcaster.

Favored Terrain (Ex) A herne gains a +2 bonus on initiative checks and Knowledge (geography), Perception, Stealth, and Survival skill checks when it is in forest terrain. A herne traveling through forest terrain normally leaves no trail and cannot be tracked (though he can leave a trail if he so chooses).

Martial Training (Ex) A herne is proficient with all simple and martial weapons and with light armor, medium armor, and shields (except tower shields).

Swift Tracker (Ex) A herne can move at its normal speed while using Survival to follow tracks without taking the normal –5 penalty. A herne takes only a –10 penalty (instead of the normal –20) when moving up to twice its normal speed while tracking.

For nearly a century, the Estrovian Forest has been haunted by stag-horned woodfolk known as hernes. From Egede to Lackthroat, stories are told of these mysterious beings. Some believe them to be the ghosts of hunters betrayed; others say they are fey spirits who guard the woods; and still other believe them to be fiends summoned by worshipers of the Old Faith. While none of these stories are true, they all contain a kernel of truth.

Hernes superficially resemble the humans from whom they descend, save for the many-pointed antlers which project from their brows. Though they are creatures of flesh and blood, hernes are infused with the spirit of the wild hunt. For the most part, hernes live as humble woodfolk, reaping the bounty of the forest by their own hands. Yet they are also protectors of the forest, hunting those who abuse it or dare to claim ownership of its reaches. When hernes' anger is roused, they become the avenging spirits the stories make them out to be.

Hernes tend to be tall and lean. Males stand 6 feet tall or taller—with their antlers adding another foot or so—and weigh around 190 pounds. Female hernes are slightly shorter and lighter, and their antlers are smaller, with fewer points.

ECOLOGY

The race of hernes has existed for less than 90 years. The first of their kind was Herne Vilhaur, a crusader from Andoran. Wounded by a stag and left for dead by his erstwhile companions, Herne was taken by the druids of the Estrovian Forest. They promised to mend his mortal wounds with their ancient magic, and in a way they did. They hanged him from a mighty oak, and placed on his brow the antlers of the sacred stag that Herne had killed. Then they called down the “curse of the winterthorn” upon Herne, restoring his vitality but tying him forever to the spirits of the forest.

The druids intended to use the transformed Herne as an instrument of vengeance against their enemies. Instead, he turned upon them. Stripped of his humanity, the reborn Herne thought only of vengeance against the allies who had abandoned him and the druids who had made him a monster. Unable or unwilling to leave the forest, he claimed it as his domain. He haunted it till the end of his days, hunting both animals and humanoids who dared to enter the woods. Herne did not kill all he chased; some

he allowed to join his band. Recreating the ritual that transformed him, Herne called antlers from the heads of his new companions, thereby passing the curse of the winterthorn on to them.

Even after the original Herne's passing, his progeny continued his legacy, even taking his name for their race. Hernes breed true, and most of those who now live were born with the curse rather than having it placed upon them. The hernes live off the bounty of the forest and protect it from those they deem unworthy of its gifts.

Save for superficial details, the ritual by which a human can be turned into a herne appears to have been lost with the death of Herne himself. Yet whenever followers of the Old Faith or notorious bandits disappear, rumor quickly spreads that they have not died, but been brought into the fold of Herne's band.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Hernes are relatively few in number considering the vastness of the Estrovian Forest. Though quite capable of living alone for long stretches of time, hernes are not antisocial, and they meet regularly with others of their kind to pass along news and trade crafted goods. They stay together in groups only with a purpose, however, whether it's to raise a family or to hunt a great beast. The largest population of hernes can be found near the tree known as Herne's Oak—the tree from which Vilhaur was hanged, and under which his body is buried (along with, according to legend, a trove of funerary offerings).

Like the druids before them, hernes are followers of the old ways, both in practical matters and in spirituality. As hunter-gatherers, hernes raise no crops, and have domesticated only animals useful for hunting—dogs, horses, and owls. Though they thrill at the chase, hernes never take more than they need. They build few structures. Most live in hidden caves that run beneath the Estrovian Forest. Hernes are most active at night; people living on the edge of the Estrovian Forest often attribute strange noises from the woods to the hernes' midnight hunts.

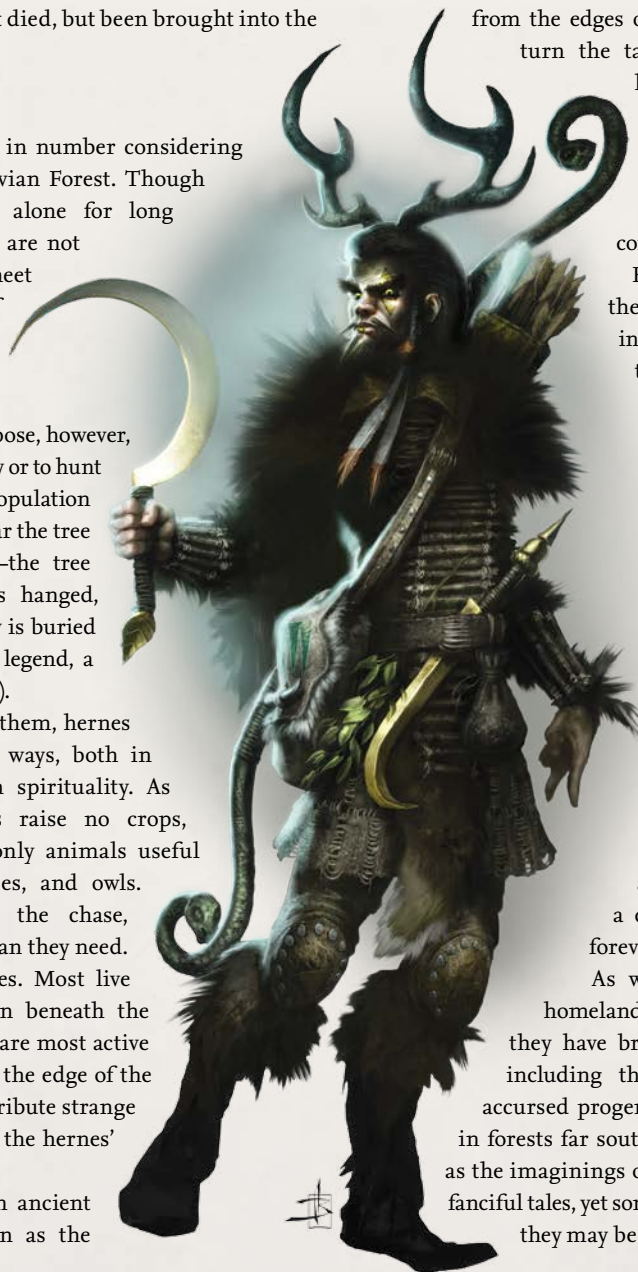
The hernes practice an ancient form of druidism known as the

Green Faith. This religion was once the dominant religion of the northern reaches of Avistan. Over the centuries, however, it has been replaced by the worship of the gods of the Inner Sea region. The arrival of the crusaders, many of whom worship their own regional deities, has only accelerated the decline of the old ways. The hernes thus consider themselves protectors not just of the forest, but also of the spirits which reside there.

Hernes value self-sufficiency, and reject most useless hierarchies. They especially despise those who claim rulership by noble blood. This hatred is reinforced by tales of the druids' persecution by Mendevian rulers, and of the duplicity of the original Herne's so-called noble allies. While common folk may be allowed to hunt and gather from the edges of the forest, hernes are quick to turn the tables on the extravagant hunts hosted by the Mendevian elite and their crusader allies. In a few instances, hernes have even given advice and aid to brave outlaws in their fights against corrupt nobles.

Hernes take full advantage of their supernatural reputation when interacting with other humanoids—they know threats are more menacing when issued from the mouth of a deathless servant of nature. Though hernes are not fey creatures and not deathless, most humanoids can't deny the creatures' supernatural nature. Though many hernes remain cold to other humanoids, some invite the dispossessed to join their bands. Those who accept the herne's offer cannot return to the life they once knew. To the superstitious folk of Mendev, swearing allegiance to a herne is tantamount to signing a deal with a devil; such folk are forever beyond the pale.

As warriors have returned to their homelands from the Mendevian Crusades, they have brought with them many stories, including that of Herne Vilhaur and his accursed progeny. Reported sightings of hernes in forests far south of Mendev are easy to dismiss as the imaginings of those who have fallen for these fanciful tales, yet some who know of the hernes suspect they may be expanding their territory.



Sin Seeker

This strange flying creature is the size of a house cat and has tender pink skin and the stubbed features of a pig. Its porcine face is eyeless and its nose never stops sniffing at the air.

SIN SEEKER

CR 2



XP 600

N Tiny magical beast

Init +2; **Senses** blindsight 50 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +9

Aura honesty (10 ft., DC 13)

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +2 size)

hp 16 (3d10)

Fort +3, **Ref** +5, **Will** +3

Immune gaze attacks, visual effects and illusions, attacks that rely on sight

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., fly 50 ft. (average)

Melee bite +3 (1d3–2)

Space 2-1/2 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd; concentration +5; save DCs are Wisdom-based)
 Constant—*detect alignment*
 At will—*comprehend languages*
 3/day—*confess*^{APG} (DC 14), *zone of truth* (DC 14)
 1/day—*follow aura*^{APG}, *seek thoughts*^{APG} (DC 15)

STATISTICS

Str 7, **Dex** 15, **Con** 10, **Int** 12, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 11

Feats Alertness, Skill Focus (Sense Motive)

Skills Fly +10, Perception +9, Sense Motive +10, Survival +5

Languages Common; telepathy 30 ft.

ECOLOGY

Environment any urban

Organization solitary

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aura of Honesty (Su) Sin seekers radiate an aura of honesty out to 10 feet. All creatures in the area take a –2 penalty on Bluff, Sleight of Hand, and Escape Artist checks. Creatures that succeed at a DC 13 Will save resist the effects of this aura, though they must attempt a new saving throw each time they use one of the listed skills in the area. This is a mind-affecting effect and the save DC is Wisdom-based.

Detect Alignment (Sp) At will, a sin seeker can use *detect chaos*, *detect evil*, *detect good*, or *detect law*. Only one of these can be active at any given time.

Believed to have been bred centuries ago by zealous priests and inquisitors, sin seekers are living creatures with a supernatural ability to detect the scent of varying degrees of morality. Originally small forest swine known

for their acute senses of smell, these unfortunate creatures were subjected to a magical mutation similar in practice to fleshwarping. The priests' goal was to use these new creations to sniff out the supporters of rival faiths, identifying them by their hidden sins.

In the centuries following their initial creation, various sects throughout Golarion maintained small sin seeker breeding programs. Many of these were aimed at culling impious members from the ranks of the clergy, though many evil sects used sin seekers as torture and interrogation aids. Today, small populations of sin seekers still survive in monasteries throughout Golarion, and adventurers of all alignments continue to keep them as familiars. Sin seekers are usually about 12 to 18 inches long, with a 2-foot wingspan. They weigh between 3 and 5 pounds.

ECOLOGY

Centuries of selective breeding have improved the sin seekers' magical abilities, granting them the ability to sense other creatures' motives and alignments. They are capable of instantly sensing whether a creature is good or evil, and they also have a knack for tracking creatures by their auras. Once in close contact with a creature, sin seekers have a host of tools for discerning whether that creature is lying or manipulating information. In addition to the aura of honesty that surrounds them, each seeker has a small arsenal of spell-like abilities that help it glean the truth from weak-willed creatures.

Though graced with an above-average intelligence, sin seekers are poor at handling logistics and practicalities. They make excellent judges of character, and easily pick up on subtle social cues that could indicate dishonesty. While sin seekers are able to draw distinctions between various motives, they have no inherent alignment, and don't place moral judgments on the information they gather. Like bloodhounds sniffing for a trail, sin seekers happily delve for information without regard for what it means. This moral ambivalence makes them equally useful for benevolent or malicious purposes.

Sin seekers lack any natural instincts and rely entirely on reciprocal relationships with larger creatures for protection and sustenance. Sin seekers are omnivores who can survive on almost any kind of food, though they are healthiest when fed a vegetable-heavy diet. They can eat anything, but they're poor at regulating their own nutrition—if left to their own devices, sin seekers gorge themselves to the point of nausea, especially when offered rich, fatty foods. While they acclimate quickly to new cultures and eating habits, they are susceptible to unfamiliar diseases and poisons.

Though sin seekers can be found throughout Golarion, they are best suited for the moderate climates of the Inner

Sea region, northern Casmaron, and coastal Tian Xia. While their small frames are well padded by a layer of fat, they are mostly hairless and lack sufficient body mass to survive frigid temperatures for long. They fare no better in extreme heat, as they easily become dehydrated and are vulnerable to sunburn. Luckily, their susceptibility to the elements is counterbalanced by their suitability for indoor living. Despite their porcine aspect, they live cleanly, and can easily be trained to use lavatories. They have an inherent respect for personal space and are happiest when provided with a small nesting area to call their own. Sin seekers are quiet living companions, except during mating season, during which time they utter grotesque, mewling cries. In all, sin seekers are finicky creatures who require more upkeep than most animals, though their unique skill set makes them worth the extra effort.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Sin seekers are wholly domestic creatures incapable of surviving long in the wild. Like any domestic animal, sin seekers are acclimated to humanoid contact, and integrate well into humanoid cultures. Though slightly repulsive in appearance, they are affectionate creatures with good social skills. Unfortunately, their inability to properly defend themselves and inability to regulate their eating make them high-maintenance travel companions, especially when contrasted with self-sufficient familiars like cats, monkeys, and rodents. Sin seekers are easy prey, and their sightlessness makes them especially vulnerable to quick predators such as hawks, wolves, and foxes. Sin seeker familiars require constant guardianship and physical protection.

The difficulty of keeping such delicate creatures alive and healthy has often proven worth the trouble for religious sects throughout Golarion. While each sect breeds its sin seekers with different magical abilities, they all use the creatures as lie detectors and moral litmus tests. Clergy from good-aligned sects, like those that worship Iomedae or Sarenrae, often use sin seekers as penitential aids. These sects see sin seekers as living reminders of the priests' shortcomings and often use them to witness ritual oaths. Evil sects, like those that worship Norgorber or Asmodeus, often use sin seekers as interrogation and inquisitional instruments. Such sects combine the use of sin seekers with traditional torture techniques to persecute nonbelievers or to weed out seditious forces within their ranks.

Once trained, sin seekers make excellent familiars, and form strong bonds with their keepers. They are both affectionate and loyal, and quickly adopt their keepers'



personalities. Their high intelligence and lie-detecting abilities make them favored familiars of detectives, interrogators, and negotiators. Sin seekers' ability to track creatures by following their auras make them popular among rangers, paladins, and inquisitors who specialize in tracking evil creatures. Unfortunately, while sin seekers are incredibly useful, their auras of honesty and repulsive appearances can sometimes be a hindrance to adventuring parties. Charismatic rogues and bards find the creatures both off-putting and inconvenient. Any character of 5th level or higher with the Improved Familiar feat may take a sin seeker as a familiar.

VARIANT SIN SEEKERS

While the description above represents the most common variant of sin seekers, some sects breed the creatures with abilities that more closely align with their religious aims. Sin seekers from good-aligned temples often have the ability to cast *protection from evil* instead of *confess*^{APG}. Congregations that revile the undead sometimes breed their seekers to cast *detect undead* instead of *zone of truth*, or *speak with dead* instead of *comprehend languages*. Evil sects, meanwhile, sometimes breed into their sin seekers the ability to cast *interrogation*^{UM} instead of *seek thoughts*^{APG}, or *touch of idiocy* instead of *comprehend languages*.

At War with the Abyss!

Spoiler Warning! On these pages you'll find the background and outline for the Wrath of the Righteous Adventure Path. If you intend to play in this campaign, be warned! These pages spoil the plot for the upcoming adventures as thoroughly as possible.

From humble beginnings, the PCs find great power and use it to fight back against a demonic invasion from the Worldwound. Prepare for battle! The Fifth Crusade is about to begin!

GMs can find more information and tools to aid in running their Wrath of the Righteous campaigns in the following resources: *Pathfinder RPG Mythic Adventures*; *Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Campaign*; *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: The Worldwound*; *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Demons Revisited*; *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lords of Chaos*, *Book of the Damned*, Vol. 2; *Pathfinder Player Companion: Champions of Purity*; *Pathfinder Player Companion: Demon Hunter's Handbook*; *Pathfinder Player Companion: Mythic Origins*; *Pathfinder Cards: Wrath of the Righteous Item Cards*; *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Wrath of the Righteous Map Folio*; and the *Wrath of the Righteous Player's Guide*, the latter of which is available as a free PDF download at paizo.com.



Once the PCs ascend into the city, they find the place an apocalyptic ruin. Escorting friends to their homes, following up on clues found in the caverns below to further fight against the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth, and rescuing citizens from demons and cultists alike occupy the PCs for a time, but eventually they meet up with a ragtag group of crusaders known as the Eagle Watch—the city's last organized defenders.

From the Eagle Watch, the PCs learn that the cult intends to use a fragment from the *wardstone* to work a terrible evil upon the entire Worldwound border. The PCs must infiltrate a ruined fort held by the cultists and fully disable the *wardstone* fragment before the cultists can use its potent magic against the crusaders, but as they do so, the artifact's power funnels into the PCs and triggers their apotheosis into fully mythic heroes!

The worldwound incursion

By Amber E. Scott

Pathfinder Adventure Path #73, Levels 1–5

As the campaign begins, the PCs are in the city of Kenabres attending the yearly celebration of Armasse. Yet before the ceremony begins, the unthinkable occurs as Kenabres's *wardstone* is destroyed in a massive explosion. The balor lord Khorramzadeh the Storm King leads an attack on the city after this brazen opening offensive, slaying the city's greatest defender—the silver dragon Terendelev—in the opening minutes of the attack. As she dies, however, the dragon manages a final act of mercy, ensuring the PCs and a few others survive an otherwise deadly fall into a sudden rift in the ground and land safely in the forgotten caverns deep below the city.

The PCs and three NPCs begin the adventure in these caves, battered and bruised, and must work together to make their way back up to the surface. They encounter tribes of mongrel descendants of the First Crusade as they explore the caves. One of these mongrel tribes has fallen in with the cult of the demon lord Baphomet and his fanatic Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth, and the PCs must defeat them if they hope to escape the dark.

Sword of valor

By Neil Spicer

Pathfinder Adventure Path #74, Levels 6–8, Mythic Tiers 1–2
After saving the day in Kenabres, the PCs are mythic heroes and everyone knows it. Queen Galfrey of Mendev finally comes to the city's aid and personally rewards the PCs for their courageous acts, then asks them to undertake an even more dangerous mission. With demon attacks increasing, the Fifth Crusade is under way—and reports from the field indicate that it could be the last crusade.

Something must be done to bolster the crusaders' morale and establish a beachhead behind enemy lines, and recovering the city and citadel of Drezen and the potent magical banner known as the *Sword of Valor* lost within those walls is just the thing to do this. The marilith Aponavicius has abandoned Drezen to her lesser minions so as to join the war effort, and Queen Galfrey knows the time to act is now. She puts the PCs in charge of a small army with orders to march north and reclaim both the city and the lost artifact for the glory of the Fifth Crusade! Upon arriving at Drezen, the PCs use their army to retake the ruined town before laying siege to Citadel Drezen itself. While exploring the castle, the PCs learn that the demons have been using powerful components called *Nahyndrian*

crystals from the Abyss to bolster their magic and power. They also find evidence of a demonic traitor—a possibly redeemed succubus who may possess critical intelligence about the enemy. The current leader of Citadel Drezen is the antipaladin Staunton Vhane, himself a traitor to the crusade. In order to win the day, the PCs must defeat this sinister villain.

Demon's Heresy

By Jim Groves

Pathfinder Adventure Path #75, Levels 9–11, Mythic Tiers 3–4
With the demons of the Worldwound focusing most of their interests toward more southerly targets, the PCs can hold and even expand the reach of the newly reclaimed Drezen. Eventually, the PCs must leave their new base of operations to take part in a number of missions into the wilds of the Worldwound itself—rescuing lost crusaders, gathering crucial wartime intelligence, and tracking down the redeemed succubus Arueshalae. All this builds up to a final confrontation and invasion of the primary fortress of the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth. In this deadly dungeon, the PCs face off against not only the leader of the Templars in the region, but also a powerful worm that walks agent of the demon lord Deskari: a Blackfire Adept named Xanthir Vang. But defeating the Templars here only cuts off the cult's hand; in order to stop the cult of Baphomet from supplying the Worldwound with *Nahyndrian* crystals, they must undertake a dangerous quest indeed—they must travel to the Abyss itself!

The Midnight Isles

By James Jacobs and Greg A. Vaughan

Pathfinder Adventure Path #76, Levels 12–14, Mythic Tiers 5–6
Among the discoveries in the previous adventure is the location of a sort of processing center where freshly gathered *Nahyndrian* crystals are brought from the Abyss to the Material Plane—here, the crystals are transformed into the vile elixirs that have been giving the demons the ability to transform themselves into mythic creatures and invoke devastating works of magic against the crusaders. If the PCs can disrupt this processing center, they'll strike a blow against the demon armies—but if they can close the portal to the Abyssal realm of the Midnight Isles within the complex, that blow will be crippling.

There's only one catch: to close this portal, the PCs must first travel through the portal into the Abyss itself. Once there, closing the portal is only the first part of a larger job—they must discover where the cult is harvesting their *Nahyndrian* crystals and shut down that entire operation, robbing the whole Worldwound of this mythic resource.

In the Abyss, the PCs must explore the Midnight Isles and discover what they can about the source of these powerful crystals. After a tense encounter with the demon lord Noctacula herself (who seems particularly vexed that the cult of Baphomet is mining crystals in her realm), the PCs learn the crystals are distilled essences of dead demon lords and that they form at the hearts of each of the Midnight Isles. The PCs travel to the distant island where the Templars have been mining the crystals and defeat the true leader of the cult—a fiend who happens to be one of Baphomet's own daughters. Upon her death, Baphomet rages, gloating that he has captured Iomedae's herald and that he intends to corrupt this icon of goodness in revenge!

Herald of the Ivory Labyrinth

By Wolfgang Baur

Pathfinder Adventure Path #77, Levels 15–17, Mythic Tiers 7–8

An encounter with Iomedae sends the PCs into another Abyssal realm—Baphomet's Ivory Labyrinth, a sprawling maze the size of an entire world. There, they must seek out a legendary prison where Baphomet is torturing and corrupting Iomedae's herald.

During the harrowing exploration of the prison, the PCs must use all of their mythic might. But as they reach their goal, they find they are too late—Iomedae's herald has become Baphomet's slave. The PCs must defeat this fresh new horror, only to be thrown into direct conflict with Baphomet himself. If the PCs can survive this fight, one of their own could well ascend into the role of Iomedae's new herald!

City of Locusts

By Richard Pett

Pathfinder Adventure Path #78, Levels 18–20, Mythic Tiers 9–10

Returning to Golarion, the PCs find that their successes have forced Deskari's forces to accelerate their final attack. After defending Drezen from the armies of the marilith Aponavicius, the PCs begin their final quest—closing the Worldwound portal! To prepare for this legendary quest, they must first travel to Iz, defeat the balor lord who rules there, and continue on to the ruined prison tower of Threshold where the first portal to the Abyss opened over a century ago. Once again they must travel to the Abyss to finish this task, but this time their efforts are opposed by Areele Vorlesh—the mythic half-fiend who created the Worldwound in the first place—and her patron Deskari, demon lord of the locust host. Can the PCs survive, seal the Worldwound closed, and slay a demon lord in the heart of his seat of power?



THE SWORD OF VALOR

By Neil Spicer

The Wrath of the Righteous Adventure Path continues with “Sword of Valor,” by RPG Superstar Neil Spicer. The PCs, now mythic heroes invested with righteous power, are poised to become the greatest heroes of the war effort against the demons—provided they can survive their first mission. The citadel-city of Drezen was once the pride of the crusaders, a symbol of their triumph against the Worldwound in the First Crusade. Yet this triumph was short-lived, for when a massive horde of demons attacked, they shattered Drezen’s defenses and captured the fortress and the crusaders’ symbol of power—the Sword of Valor. Can the PCs and an allied team of specialists lead an army north to reclaim Drezen and recover the Sword of Valor, or are they marching their friends and followers into certain death?

LOST RELICS OF THE CRUSADES

By Ron Lundeen

Discover artifacts and magical gear brought into the Worldwound by crusaders and then lost. Uncover their origins and powers in this magic-packed article!

WAGES OF SIN

By Jason Nelson

Open a fearsome chest of tools that demons use to tempt mortals to the side of murder and madness. This article presents new mechanics such as demonic grafts, new drugs, and new Abyssal spells.

AND MORE!

The search for Calliard the demon-hunter continues in “Sweet Ichor,” the new Pathfinder’s Journal from Robin D. Laws! Plus, discover new demonic threats and other monsters in the Pathfinder Bestiary.

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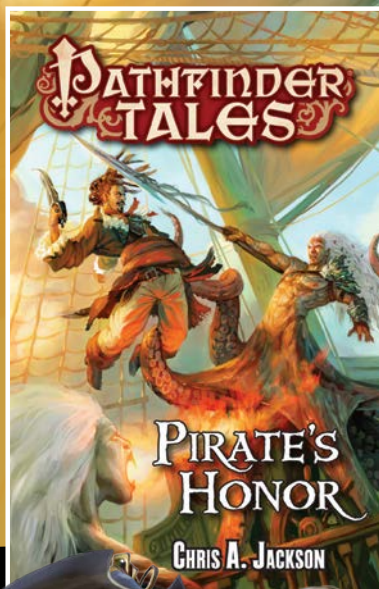
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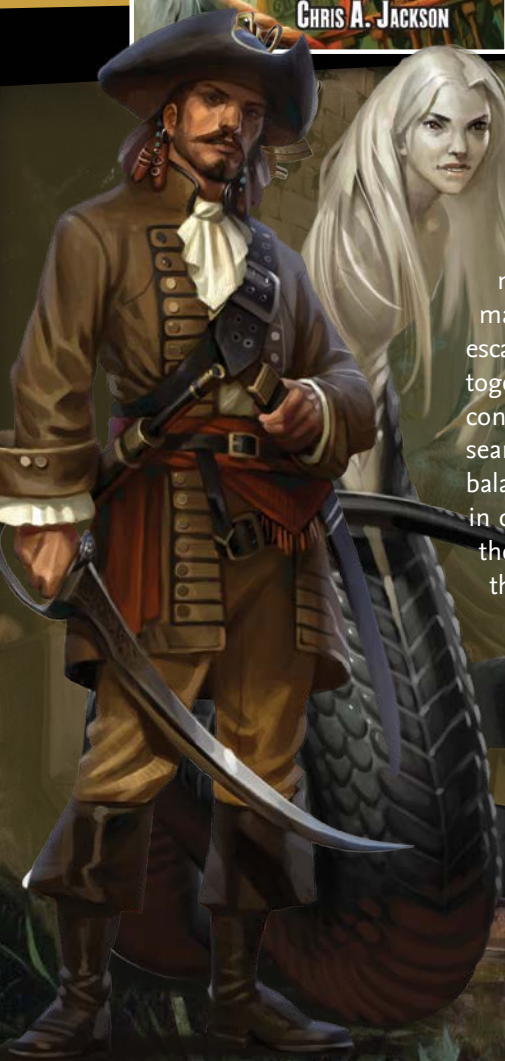
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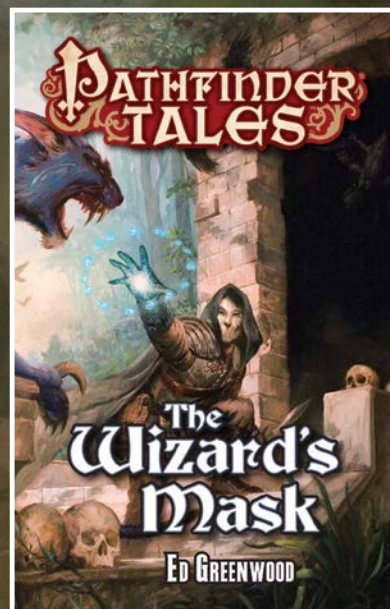
A pirate captain of the Inner Sea, Torius Vin makes a living raiding wealthy merchant ships with his crew of loyal buccaneers. Few things matter more to Captain Torius than ill-gotten gold—but one of those is Celeste, his beautiful snake-bodied navigator. When a crafty courtesan offers the pirate crew a chance at the heist of a lifetime, it's time for both man and naga to hoist the black flag and lead the *Stargazer's* crew to fame and fortune. But will stealing the legendary Star of Thumen chart the corsairs a course to untold riches—or send them all to a watery grave?

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Khorramzadeh

Demonic Ruler of Iz

Khorramzadeh the Storm King is something of a newcomer to the Worldwound. He made a dramatic entrance to the war in 4692 AR by attacking Kenabres, and after he returns to finish that job at this adventure's start, he shifts his attention south to Nerosyan.



Areelu vorlesh

Architect of the Worldwound

No one is more to blame for the Worldwound than Areelu Vorlesh. She is currently on the island of Colyphyr amid the Midnight Isles of the Abyss, seeking the perfect crystal to aid in the corruption of the last fragment of the ruined *wardstone* of Kenabres.

Nurah Dendiwhar

Deceitful Worldwound Historian

Nurah has served the crusade as a historian and researcher for years, while all the time truly serving the Templars of the Ivory Labyrinth. She arrives in Kenabres with Galfrey's army at the adventure's end, and will join the PCs soon, secretly working to betray them.



Staunton Vhane

Traitorous Warden of Drezen

Exposed as a vile, black-hearted antipaladin by Irabeth, Staunton Vhane fled to the city of Drezen with his loyal followers. He's been placed in charge of the city while its marilith ruler is aiding in the war effort, and will confront the PCs in person in "Sword of Valor."



Xanthir vang

Master of the Blackfire Adepts

A nightmarish worm that walks, Xanthir leads the Worldwound contingent of the vile Blackfire Adepts. He takes part in the initial attack on Kenabres, personally leading the destruction of the city's Riftwardens and aiding in the creation of the chisel used to destroy the *wardstone*.



Minagho

Demonic Ruler of Raliscrad

A demon of temptation known as a lilitu, Minagho rules the ruined city of Raliscrad. When she fails to protect the *wardstone* fragment in this adventure, she falls out of favor with Baphomet, and seeks to regain his support in "The Midnight Isles" by directly opposing the PCs.

Hepzamirah

Daughter of Baphomet

Scion of the demon lord Baphomet, the half-fiend nephilim Hepzamirah currently runs a secret mining operation under the Abyssal island of Colyphyr, providing the cult with the *Nahyndrian crystals* needed to imbue mythic power into select demons of the Worldwound.



Deskari

Lord of the Locust Host

With the destruction of the *wardstones*, the introduction of mythic power from the *Nahyndrian crystals* harvested from the Midnight Isles, and the aid of his numerous minions, Deskari hopes to soon expand his influence far beyond the Worldwound's current border.



The Beginning of the End!

For more than a hundred years, the demon-infested Worldwound has warred against humanity, its Abyssal armies clashing with crusaders, barbarians, mercenaries, and heroes along the border of lost Sarkoris. But when one of the magical wardstones that helps hedge the demons into their savage realm is sabotaged, the crusader city of Kenabres is attacked and devastated by the demonic hordes. Can a small band of heroes destined for mythic greatness survive long enough to hold back the forces of chaos and evil until help arrives, or will they become the latest in a long line of victims slaughtered by Deskari, the demon lord of the Locust Host?

This volume of Pathfinder Adventure Path launches the Wrath of the Righteous Adventure Path and includes:

- “The Worldwound Incursion,” a Pathfinder RPG adventure for 1st-level characters, by Amber E. Scott.
- A gazetteer of the crusader city of Kenabres on the border of the Worldwound, by Amber E. Scott.
- The search for an infamous demon hunter in the Pathfinder’s Journal, by Robin D. Laws.
- A complete outline of the Wrath of the Righteous campaign.
- Four new monsters, by James Jacobs, Jason Nelson, David Schwartz, and Jerome Virnich.



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