

PATHFINDER[®]

ADVENTURE PATH  PART 6 OF 6



Council of Thieves

THE TWICE-DAMNED PRINCE

by Brian Cortijo and James Jacobs

THE CITY OF WESTCROWN

Cader Boneyard

Thesing's Tower

Sunset Gate

Verennie's Lair

Ghivel's Townhouse

Corna Barracks

Skarx's Prison

Blacknape Hideout

Slave Barge Dock

Taranik House

Rolan's Shop

The Arodennama

Shrine of Aroden (safe house)

Vira Ciucci

The Gargling Gargoyle

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ADVENTURE PATH PART 6 of 6



Council of Thieves
THE
TWICE-DAMNED
PRINCE

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"The Twice-Damned Prince" is a *Pathfinder Adventure Path* scenario designed for four 11th-level characters. By the end of this adventure, characters should reach 13th level. This adventure is compliant with the Open Game License (OGL) and is suitable for use with the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game* or the 3.5 edition of the world's oldest fantasy roleplaying game. The OGL can be found on page 92 of this product.

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Epic Win

It's been noted more than once that, when given a public forum like a *Pathfinder* editorial, I have a tendency to treat it like a diary or a confessional—a podium from which to publicly air my dirty gaming laundry. Seeing no reason to break with tradition, I figured I might as well bring up another one:

My name is James Sutter, and I have never played in an epic-level game.

In fact, I've never even played in a *high*-level game. My knowledge of prestige classes is strictly academic. As far as I can recall at the moment, the highest-level character I've ever played only made it to 7th level before the GM, Jason Bulmahn, took him out in a blaze of glory. Actually, since I needed to drop out of the game for scheduling reasons, Jason and I secretly arranged in advance for that session's villain to be especially deadly and focus his attacks on me, the better to give me a worthy death scene. The unfeigned howls of despair from the other party members as I

sacrificed myself to save the rest of them made it one of the most fun sessions I've ever played, and is one of the reasons I remain a fan of character death.

As a GM, I've had a bit more experience with the upper end of things, with my highest-level game taking a party of seven characters (down from the original nine) up through 15th level in the *Savage Tide* Adventure Path, finishing up with an epic firefight featuring an aspect of Demogorgon and numerous broadside laser barrages from a squadron of lantern archons.

All of which is to say that my personal experience with high- and epic-level play is nil, nada, and squat. Sure, I've developed and edited high-level adventures—dozens of them. I've built prestige classes and high-level monsters, and helped ensure they were balanced. But somehow I've never dived in and tried playing with the big toys myself. As I suspect is the case with many folks hiding such holes in their experience, the reasons for this are many and varied.

Foreword

First and foremost, I *like* low-level games. There's an element of danger that's only found at the lowest levels that I feel adds to the game's realism. The knowledge that Farmer Dan's cow could stomp me flat if it wanted to makes it all the more astounding when I slay the vicious beasts plaguing the city. Adventure types that are invalidated by magic or require a lot more GM footwork at high level—the cyptic puzzle, the murder mystery, the overland journey—are still totally viable when all your character has is a rusty sword and a prayer. And my favorite adventure type growing up, the gang-driven turf war not unlike the Council of Thieves Adventure Path, always lent itself well to parties starting out on the ground floor.

Of course, there's a simpler, more logistical reason why the vast majority of my games have been low level. For the first seven or so years of my gaming life, roleplaying was something that happened exclusively during summer vacation. Once June hit, everyone in my social group rolled up characters (mine usually a bit eccentric, such as the urban ranger detective or the teetotaler dwarf) and hit the tables. We would game every day we could assemble—a formidable challenge in my suburb, and one that regularly forced me to hitch a ride on a shuttle bus for disabled senior citizens. Once there, we would play with single-minded fervor until we lapsed into junk food comas or went heat-crazy and ran screaming for the pool. Yet despite our dedication, characters somehow never seemed to hit double digits before school resumed and crushed our aspiring heroes.

These days, school isn't so much of an impediment, and I no longer have to beg for a ride to the gaming space. But that love of low-level play is still deeply entrenched, and it remains to be seen what it'll take to bring me into the high-level sandbox with the rest of the big kids. Will it be Jason's revisions to the high-level rules in the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game, which everyone (meaning Jason) keeps telling me make them more fun, balanced, and easy to run? Will it be James Jacobs's Sandpoint campaign, in which the mysterious minions of Pazuzu continually make my character question his sanity, pointing toward an eventual meeting with the King of the Wind Demons himself? Or will it be a public shaming by Publisher Erik Mona when he realizes I've merely been smiling and nodding during discussions of high-level rules issues? Only time will tell.

Go To Hell

If you don't share my irrational fear of the big leagues, however, then this volume of *Pathfinder* has you covered. Sure, "The Twice-Damned Prince" wraps up the Council of Thieves Adventure Path—but that's only if you want it to. If you're instead looking to keep going, there are a number of options. The portal to Hell, for instance—does it get closed down at the end of this adventure? Or does it remain open, imperiling the entire city and forcing

the PCs to take the battle for Westcrown to the Pit itself, exploring its twisted and landscapes and even more twisted residents? And even if the party doesn't decide to visit the realm of eternal damnation, Hell might still come to them. Remember, Ecaradian is still Mammon's son, in a manner of speaking, and the Lord of the Third is not known for his forgetfulness. From here on out, the eye of one of the most nefarious beings on the planes will be squarely on the PCs, and who knows when the Grasping One might decide to add them to his hoard?

Fortunately for you, the Mammon article on page 64 outlines everything you need to know about the master of Erebus and his cultists, and this month's Bestiary offers new fiends straight from the Pit, as well as other high-level heavies ready to take your players to task. It's a party in Westcrown, and all the hordes of Hell are invited.

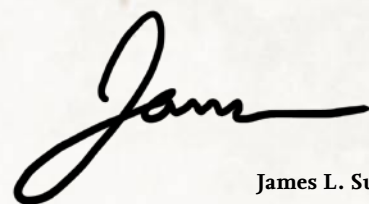
Advanced Classes

But now that I've laid out some of the ways you can continue the adventure, maybe you *are* ready to start over, to bust yourself back to first level and start fresh with a brand-new character. If so, it's my great pleasure to inform you that your options have just expanded.

Releasing next August at Gen Con Indy, the Pathfinder RPG's *Advanced Player's Guide* presents you with no less than six new base classes: the cavalier, witch, summoner, oracle, inquisitor, and alchemist. Will you hunt monsters as an inquisitor, or build your own monstrous companion from scratch with the summoner? Will you glimpse the future with the oracle, or shoot yourself full of strange potions and unleash your inner beast as a twitchy, strung-out alchemist? With the *Advanced Player's Guide*, you can create unique characters never before possible.

So why am I telling you about the new classes now, when there are still months left before the book's release? Because thanks to the wonders of playtesting, you don't have to wait! As I write this, all six classes in their first-draft playtest forms are available on paizo.com as free PDF downloads, allowing you to preview the classes and try them out in your own game months before their official release.

Maybe I'll even try out one of the new classes myself, in Jacobs's Sandpoint game. After all, my current character, Kirin the Heretic, just hit 4th level. He must be pretty close to retirement...



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The Twice-Damned Prince

Farrdian and Chammady Droveng now rule the Council of Thieves. Despite the constant meddling of Westcrown's newest heroes, the complex series of plans the Droveng siblings hatched to seize control of the guild have borne fruit. The Bastards of Erebus were defeated, yet their rampages served to distract eyes from what the Drovengs were setting into motion. An attempt to secure the aid of the imprisoned pit fiend Liebdağa failed, yet the resulting destruction and the mayor's flight from Westcrown threw the government into chaos as surely as an assault by a powerful devil could have. And while their vampiric ally Ilnerik is now destroyed and the shadows he commanded have been banished from Westcrown's nights, his destruction bought the siblings the time they needed to set things in motion. Starting with their grandfather's murder, the siblings launched a series of assassinations and assaults on the structure of society designed to plunge Westcrown into anarchy—an engineered chaos that they will use to establish a new order over the city and impress upon the House of Thrune their right to rule.

Unless they can be stopped.

The Twice-Damned Prince

Advancement Track

Characters should be 11th level when they begin “The Twice-Damned Prince.” By the time they are ready to tackle the encounters in Parego Regiconia or directly confront the Drovenges, they should be 12th level—they should reach 13th level by the adventure’s end.



ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

The Council of Thieves has existed in Westcrown’s shadow for nearly 425 years. Born from the violence of a brutal criminal war that nearly tore Westcrown apart, the Council became an increasingly destructive presence in Westcrown as the years melted into decades. By 4469, the council practically ruled Westcrown from behind the scenes, and the city’s citizens lived in constant fear of accidentally incurring the Council’s wrath. The then ruler of Cheliox, Queen Koradinna, saw that the citizens of the capitol were suffering, but knew that an all-out war against the Council would simply drown that suffering in bloodshed. And certainly there was something to be said for a self-governing guild of thieves as opposed to what Westcrown had before the Council’s rise—constantly feuding gangs of ruffians and thugs. And so the queen hit upon an ingenious solution. She met with the Council’s leaders and worked out a series of secret payments and hushed deals with the criminal organization. As long as the Council kept its crimes subtle, hidden, and relatively nonviolent, and as long as they paid the appropriate fines to the government’s coffers, they would be allowed to continue to exist without persecution. A number of scapegoats, criminals who had fallen from the guild’s good graces, were offered up by the Council and publicly executed, and the queen announced that the Council was no more.

Although many believe that the Council of Thieves was eradicated during this purge, it was in fact at this point that the guild finally came into its own. It continued to spread its influence in the years following Koradinna’s Accord, maintaining polite if not friendly relationships with the city’s nobility and always seeking to prevent more violent crimes from staining the city streets. Yet while muggings, murders, rapes, and the like dwindled from the public eye, extortion and other white-collar crimes continued unabated. Until the death of Aroden.

The Chelish Civil War was a strange time for the Council. It no longer had to contend with the laws and strictures of a central government, but neither was it necessarily equipped to prosper in times of such upheaval and violence. So the Council laid low for 3 decades, and when the House of Thrune seized control, it was quick to re-establish its presence in the city. Yet those 30 years of civil war changed the hearts and souls of every man, woman, and child in Cheliox—and the members of the Council were not exempt from these changes. Whereas before its members had respected tradition and the pursuit of gentlemanly

crime, the postwar Council members found themselves dwelling in a city that was but a shadow of its former glory. The government was no longer an enemy but active competition.

This new incarnation of the Council of Thieves has, over the past several decades, followed a slow descent into anarchy and disrespect for its roots as a result, despite continued attempts by the Council’s elderly members to maintain their traditions in the face of younger members eager for a change. In many ways, Councilman Vassindio Drovenga (the youngest man to be elevated to a position of command within the Council at the age of 23 in 4647 AR) was the last traditionalist—the final member of the Council’s “old guard.” Vassindio rose swiftly through the ranks, and while the Council never actually had one single “leader,” by the time his son Sidonai was born 7 years later in 4654 AR, Vassindio was as close as one could be to this vaunted role.

Vassindio did much to maintain tradition within the Council through a mix of fear and power. Quick to reward success among the guild’s members, he was even swifter to punish transgressions—no matter how frustrated the younger generations grew with the Council’s ways, the fear of the “old man’s justice” kept things in line. At no time was the power of Vassindio’s justice more obvious than in 4687 AR, when it became clear that his own son had brought shame on the family name by trafficking with the Mother of Flies in order to engineer a devils spawn child—a misguided attempt to sire a son that the House of Thrune could not help but respect. When Vassindio learned of this foolish plan, he murdered his son’s wife and house staff and sent his son into exile—rumors that Vassindio sent assassins after his son to ensure that he never reached his new home in exile (accurate, as it turns out) did much to bolster the old man’s power over the Council.

Yet at the crux of these events, Vassindio, for all of his ruthlessness and impartiality, made one mistake that sealed not only his fate but the fate of the entire Council. He let his grandson and granddaughter live.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

“The Twice-Damned Prince” begins with the players returning to a Westcrown on the verge of change. The recent events in Westcrown have not gone unnoticed by the House of Thrune, and as this adventure begins, General Vourne, commander of the Chelish imperial fleet, prepares to sail his navy downriver from Egorian

Mammon's Involvement

Although the events building in the Council of Thieves Adventure Path are very much the results of Ecarrdian and Chammady Drovenge's lust for power, the original genesis of the situation now facing Westcrown can be traced back to their father's foolish bargain with Mammon to produce a sire truly worthy of the House of Thrune's respect.

Mammon is unusual, even for an archdevil. He has no true body except the vast treasures held in Hell's vaults on Erebus, yet even the infinite wealth of Hell is not enough for Mammon. He is incomplete—a vital part of his spirit exists somewhere still, lost in the Maelstrom of the Great Beyond, and Mammon never fully turns away from his quest to find this missing fragment no matter how pressing and consuming the duties of being Hell's treasurer might become.

When Sidonai Drovenge offered his soul in exchange for a devilish scion, Mammon saw an opportunity. He would grant this wish, but in the bargain would gain the forfeiture of one soul for his own use as a powerful agent to seek out his missing fragment—this agent to be the soul of the scion's closest living and beloved kin and guardian. In so doing, Mammon would gain a powerful agent on the Material Plane (Sidonai's own son Ecarrdian) and another in what he hoped would be the soul of Ecarrdian's father. When Sidonai perished before Ecarrdian could reach his full potential, though, his sister Chammady unknowingly became the doomed soul.

Mammon wants Ecarrdian to gain control of Westcrown, for in so doing he furthers the secret plans that Lord Asmodeus has for all of Cheliah, but more importantly to Mammon, he wants the soul of Ecarrdian's powerful guardian and kin—a soul tempered and groomed to become the archdevil's latest agent in his secret quest to reunite his own existence. See the article on Mammon that starts on page 62 for more details on this archdevil.

to crush the rebellion and bring the city back under the heel of the empire. If he arrives to find the Droveniges already in charge and bringing things under control, Thrune will gladly cede rule of the city to the Council of Thieves—only if the PCs can defeat the Council and help restore peace can they hope to prevent Westcrown from losing its history and soul.

As a number of assassinations and disasters strike, throwing the city government and the Hellknights of the Rack into turmoil, the PCs must seek out members of the cowering nobility to establish the legal right to oppose the Council and set things in order. Once these rights are secured, they must set to solving the disasters and mayhem unleashed upon the city by the Council of Thieves—stopping arsonists, defeating assassins, destroying the rise of an army of undead in the ruined

Rego Cader, and working to loosen the Council's hold over the city's heart—Parego Regicono. Finally, the city set right again, they must confront the Drovenge siblings atop Westcrown's greatest landmark, the Arodennama, where they'll have a chance to defeat the Council of Thieves, and, just perhaps, forge a bright future for a city that has known only oppression and despair for the past hundred years.

PART ONE: CHILDREN OF WESTCROWN

This adventure can begin as soon after the previous one ends as you wish, although you shouldn't delay too long before kicking off this adventure, since the Droveniges won't necessarily wait long to institute the final stages of their plans. After exploring Walcourt, defeating Ilnerik, and recovering the infernal contract between Mammon and Sidonai Drovenge, the PCs are likely eager to take the fight directly to the Drovenge siblings. You should stage the beginning of this adventure to occur as soon as the PCs make the decision to move ahead with such plans, preferably soon after they leave Walcourt and the central island of Parego Regicono. At this point, all chaos erupts in the city. The Hellknights and dottari seem to suddenly be at war. Fires and riots and looting spread through southern Westcrown, while rumors of devils and undead spread through the northern city and force many to cower in their homes.

The events and encounters in this adventure need not occur in any set order—this adventure assumes that the PCs first visit the Children of Westcrown, where Janiven and Arael give them a rundown of the various problem areas that need tending—the PCs are heroes now, and the Children of Westcrown expect them to step in to make things right. Tackling the various problems facing Westcrown will be easier if the PCs can secure the aid of the city's nobles, the dottari, and the Hellknights, so this adventure assumes that the PCs tackle these problems first before moving on to deal with the numerous other situations that have arisen in the beleaguered city.

GETTING ORGANIZED

After defeating Ilnerik and restoring safe nights to Westcrown, the PCs should emerge to find things in the city have quickly gone from bad to worse. This adventure assumes the PCs return to the Children of Westcrown safe house to meet with their allies, but no matter where they go, things get bad with shocking speed. The sound of fighting echoes through the streets, periodically mixed with the roar of an outraged crowd. Smoke plumes up as buildings burn, and it becomes increasingly common to see well-dressed men and women running through the

The Twice-Damned Prince

streets and alleys, sometimes clutching looted goods, sometimes beaten, bloodied, and panicked. You can even have the PCs encounter a band of thieves or a few devils (perhaps the hellcat cavalry in area S, or a band of lemures slopping through the streets looking for victims to add to the barge in area R) to impress upon them that something major has happened. Any attempt to interrogate passersby on the street should result in a mix of fact and rumor, some of which is fantastically off-base—you can use these rumors to steer the PCs toward any of the encounter areas presented later in this adventure. If the PCs decide to immediately set out to right wrongs, move ahead to the later chapters in this adventure. Eventually, Janiven and Arael contact the PCs and ask them to come to the safe house to report to the Children of Westcrown what they've learned and, they hope, to lead Westcrown through these dark days. By now, the PCs are the city's best chance for heroes.

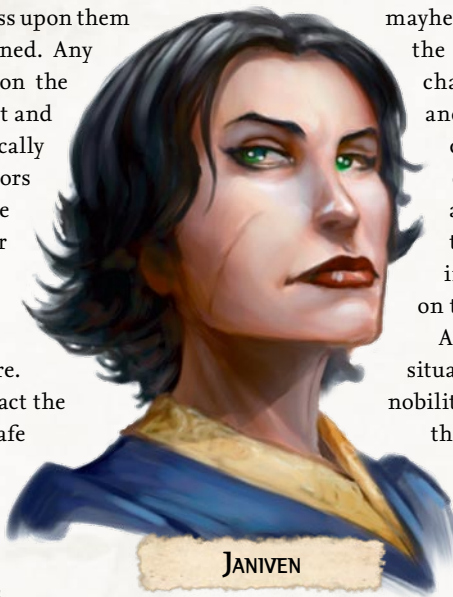
If the PCs pay a visit to the Children of Westcrown, they find all of their allies gathered there under one roof, anxious to hear about the PCs' success in Walcourt and Hagwood, and even more eager to find out how the PCs are going to save Westcrown from the Council of Thieves. A map of the Shrine of Aroden safe house appears on page 25.

At this meeting, Janiven and Arael listen intently to the PCs, then volunteer the most important bits of rumors and news that they've been able to gather. It seems obvious now what the Council of Thieves wants, and why the coup in that organization took place—the new leaders want to control Westcrown, and the chaos and anarchy are likely their way of “softening things up” for a power play. Discovering how the Council intends to wrest control of Westcrown is important, but the following goals are for now more pressing—certainly, in dealing with these situations, clues as to the Council's actual plans will be revealed.

Rumors that General Vourne of Egorian has heard of the unrest in Westcrown are particularly troubling. It'll take him a while to get organized, but it's really just a matter of time before he and the Imperial Navy sail down the Adivian River to institute martial law over Westcrown under the orders of House Thrune. While this would likely result in a restoration of peace, General Vourne is not a subtle man. Many innocents would perish and many businesses and families would be lost. Westcrown's been lucky over the past 70 years in

that the government hasn't been too oppressive—if the general arrives to find the city incapable of governing itself, Westcrown will not be a pleasant place to live for a long time to come. The most important goal, therefore, should be to get the riots and looting and mayhem under control—indeed, this is likely the Council's plan: let things spiral into chaos, then step in to re-establish order and convince Vourne that the Council has control. There's no doubt that Thrune doesn't care who rules Westcrown, so long as they do so without causing a fuss, and this would give the Council of Thieves an incredibly successful and powerful grip on the city's future.

Arael and Janiven suggest tackling the situation by first securing the aid of the nobility, then the Hellknights, before they turn their attention to other matters in the city, but the exact order in which the PCs wish to proceed is up to them.



JANIVEN

FAME POINTS

During the course of the Council of Thieves Adventure Path, the PCs have had numerous chances to gain (and in some cases, lose) Fame Points. In this adventure, those Fame Points pay off, and are an integral mechanic not only for determining how well the PCs can sway the opinions of Westcrown's citizens, but how much Westcrown respects them and is willing to trust that they're here to make things better.

Once you begin this adventure, announce to the players the total number of Fame Points they've earned. You might want to give them a number of tokens to represent these points, like poker chips or dice or cards, since the PCs will be spending their Fame Points as “currency” during this adventure.

As soon as you announce the party's Fame Point total, have each player record on their character sheet their “Fame check.” At various points during this adventure, players will need to make Fame checks to determine the success of their leadership ability in impressing nobles, convincing Hellknights to join their cause, keeping a neighborhood from relapsing back into chaos, and so on. In most cases and at the GM's option, a PC can substitute a Diplomacy check or even a Bluff or Intimidate check in place of a Fame check, but the DCs for Fame checks tend to be relatively high, so using Diplomacy or similar skills is often not a viable solution.

A Fame check is a d20 roll modified by the *initial* amount of Fame Points the party possesses at the start of this adventure, plus the specific character's Charisma modifier. A character with the Leadership feat gains a +4 bonus on Fame checks.

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Mini-Quests

As you read through this adventure, you'll note that most of the locations are not presented in the standard format with read-aloud text and sections detailing creatures, traps, and the like. This is because most of the sites featured in this adventure are relatively small and dynamic—there aren't really any dungeon crawls in "The Twice-Damned Prince."

Fame Check = 1d20 + party's initial Fame Point Total + Charisma modifier + Leadership modifier

Spending Fame Points: A player can spend Fame Points from the party's total pool during the adventure, either to immediately reroll the result of a Fame check or as investments to earn rewards or deny the Council of Thieves access to resources. During the adventure, these opportunities to spend Fame Points are mentioned in the text. Spending Fame Points does not impact a character's actual Fame check, since Fame checks are figured only using the initial amount of Fame Points the PCs have earned before the start of this adventure.

It costs 1 Fame Point to reroll a Fame check. A Fame check reroll can be purchased in this manner any number of times and as long as there's at least 1 Fame Point to spend.

All Fame Point expenditures, be they to purchase Fame check re-rolls or made during the course of play, must be unanimously approved by all players at the table. This reflects the fact that, in game, their characters must work together and cooperate if they are to have any hope of rescuing Westcrown from its fate.

THUGS AND THIEVES

During the course of this adventure, the PCs are likely to encounter situations involving clashes with rank-and-file members of the Council of Thieves. Statistics for low-, middle-, and high-ranking members of the Council are presented below.

CUTPURSE CR 1

XP 400

Human rogue 2

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +6; **Senses** Perception +4

DEFENSE

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

hp 15 (2d8+6)

Fort +2, Ref +5, Will -1

Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk rapier +3 (1d6+1/18-20)

Ranged hand crossbow +3 (1d4/19-20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6

STATISTICS

Str 13, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 10

Base Atk +1; CMB +2; CMD 14

Feats Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +6, Appraise +6, Bluff +5, Climb +5, Disable Device +6, Knowledge (local) +6, Perception +4, Sense Motive +4, Sleight of Hand +7, Stealth +6

Languages Common, Infernal

SQ rogue talent (finesse rogue), trapfinding

Gear studded leather, masterwork rapier, hand crossbow with 20 bolts, 25 gp

THIEF CR 3

XP 800

Human rogue 4

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +8; **Senses** Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 15, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +4 Dex, +1 dodge)

hp 30 (4d8+12)

Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +0

Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk rapier +9 (1d6+1/18-20)

Ranged mwk hand crossbow +8 (1d4/19-20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +2d6

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +3; CMB +4; CMD 19

Feats Deadly Aim, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (rapier)

Skills Acrobatics +11, Appraise +7, Bluff +8, Climb +8, Disable Device +11, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (local) +7, Perception +8, Sleight of Hand +11, Stealth +11

Languages Common

SQ rogue talents (combat trick, finesse rogue), trapfinding

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*; **Other Gear** +1 studded leather, masterwork rapier, masterwork hand crossbow with 10 bolts, stolen coins and jewelry worth 300 gp

COUNCIL CAPTAIN CR 10

XP 9,600

Human rogue 8/assassin 3

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +8; **Senses** Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 15 (+5 armor, +4 Dex)

hp 79 (11d8+30)

Fort +5, Ref +12, Will +3; +1 vs. poison

The Twice-Damned Prince

Defensive Abilities evasion, improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +2

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 short sword +11/+6 (1d6+3)

Ranged +1 composite short bow +14/+9 (1d6+3/x3)

Special Attacks death attack (DC 14), sneak attack +6d6 plus 6 bleed

Rogue Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th)

3/day—ghost sound (DC 11)

2/day—obscuring mist

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 24

Feats Combat Reflexes, Deadly Aim, Improved Initiative, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rapid Shot, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (short bow)

Skills Acrobatics +18, Climb +16, Disable Device +18, Disguise +13, Knowledge (local) +14, Perception +14, Sense Motive +14, Sleight of Hand +18, Stealth +18

Languages Common, Infernal

SQ poison use, rogue talents (bleeding attack, major magic [obscuring mist], minor magic [ghost sound], weapon training), trapfinding

Combat Gear blue whinnis (4 doses); **Other Gear** +2 studded leather, +1 short sword, +1 composite short bow (+2 Str) with 20 arrows and 2 human slaying arrows

PART TWO: A FEUD AMONG NOBLES

Westcrown has 12 major noble families and over two dozen minor ones—and nowhere else does the power held by the Council of Thieves shine more brightly, for of the 12 major families, eight have direct links to the criminal organization. Of these eight, four (the Drovenges, the Oberigos, the Salisfers, and the Diosos) had patriarchs or matriarchs who also sat on the Council of Thieves. These families, shocked and betrayed and terrified that the Council's plans are not done with them, have closed their vira gates and withdrawn completely from contact with society. The other great families have reacted the same way—all of the great viras on Parego Regicona are thus cut off from easy contact. The only one of the 12 great families to have a vira on the mainland was House Arvanxi, now destroyed and disgraced. The Arvanxi name was already in decline after one of their most popular daughters scandalized the family by abandoning its fortunes and relocating to the city of Korvosa to become a queen—and in Westcrown its fortunes of late have leaned entirely on the city's corpulent mayor. Aberian Arvanxi's cowardly flight from Westcrown was the first blow to the city's noble infrastructure, and the recent assassination of the leaders of the eight houses involved

with the Council of Thieves has all but finished the job of driving the nobles into hiding.

Selecting which family to approach to turn this cowardice and fear around, to most efficiently rekindle the aristocracy's pride in their city and convince them to take up the physical, moral, and spiritual defense of the city, is not an easy task. With all of the other problems facing Westcrown, visiting each of Westcrown's three dozen and some viras is not an efficient use of the PCs' resources and time—far better to select a family whose standing and power is such that they could be recruited by the PCs to serve as agents to bring the rest of the nobility in line.

A successful DC 25 Knowledge (nobility) check (or the PCs asking for Janiven's advice) reveals an obvious choice—or two linked choices, as the case may be: the Mhartis family and the Ciucci family, nobles both beholden to Arvanxi, yet bitter rivals for the attention of the now-departed mayor. If the PCs can get these two families to set aside their feud and work together to rally the city's aristocracy, the precedent will go a long way toward earning the support of them all.

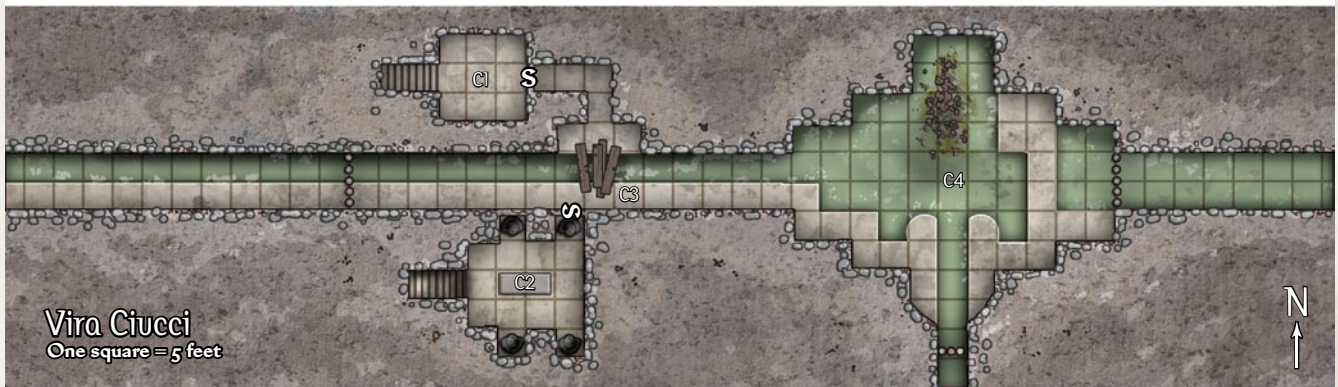
The Mhartis Family: In the days before the infernal syndrome, a vampire began to prey upon the Mhartis nobles as a result. They were already in dire shape when Aberian's Folly exploded, and now that Duxotar Iltus Mhartis, Aberian's nephew and the high warden of the city guard, has been assassinated, the Mhartis family is adrift and in peril of self-destructing. So great is their need and desperation that they've been forced to swallow their pride and move into an unoccupied wing of the Ciucci family vira. Yet as long as the Mhartis family remains active, however beat down, they hold the only real key to rallying the fractured dottari.

The Ciucci Family: Whereas the Mhartises and the Rasdovians (the third family beholden to the Arvanxis) have long enjoyed the honor of a vira next door to the Arvanxi manor, the Ciuccis have traditionally been the low family on the totem pole. Although the family's interests in Westcrown's theater scene and other entertainments have long kept them in Arvanxi's favor, they've simply never been able to achieve the successes (both socially and monetarily) that the other two families have realized. In fact, for the past few decades, they've had to supplement their coffers by letting out part of their vira for others to dwell in—typically visiting dignitaries, nobles, or acting troupes.

VIRA CIUCCI

The PCs' goal at Vira Ciucci should be to contact the members of the two noble families living within, help them get over their feud and work together, and then recruit them to spread the word among the rest of Westcrown's aristocracy, freeing the PCs up for tasks better suited to

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their skills (like fighting undead, devils, and thieves). To a certain extent, of course, this adventure's selection of these two families as the key nobles to recruit is arbitrary—if in your game the PCs have developed relationships with other noble families, it might be more interesting to substitute those families in place of either the Mhartises or the Ciuccis.

Vira Ciucci is located not far from Aberian's Folly and the Children of Westcrown's safe house—the structure is about halfway between those two sites, in fact, along the relatively heavily traveled Finch Street. The building itself is a roughly symmetrical two-story manor, although closer inspection reveals that the southern half of the building seems, perhaps, to be in better repair—it is this half of the building that the Ciuccis dwell in, while the northern half is the section they let out to renters and long-term visitors. The current inhabitants of the north side are, of course, the Mhartises.

This early in the adventure, the mayhem filling the streets of Westcrown is still building. The PCs shouldn't run into any full-fledged riots or packs of looters or thieves, but the feeling as they move through the city should be one of expectant peril—those they pass on the street are increasingly frightened-looking citizens

fleeing for home, or tough-looking drunks or thugs waiting for the storm to break. The conspicuous lack of dottari agents or Hellknights patrolling the streets is, perhaps, the most subtle indication that something is about to explode in Westcrown.

TWO PROBLEMS

The Ciuccis and the Mhartises, unfortunately, have problems of their own that need solutions before they'll agree to set aside their feud to aid the PCs. The nobles have done a relatively good job keeping these problems hidden from the public, but once the PCs pay visits to each side of Vira Ciucci, they swiftly learn that all is not well in the manor. As the PCs have free reign on how to solve them, the two problems and their most likely solutions are summarized below.

Mhartis Rebellion: With Iltus Mhartis's assassination, this family has been thrown into turmoil. Worse, the Council of Thieves has infiltrated the ranks of the family's personal guard, taken all the surviving Mhartises hostage, and stands ready to kill the rest of the family if the Drovenges give orders to do so. The PCs can discover this hidden hostage situation either by finding the imprisoned Mhartises in their bedrooms or by discovering that the "guards" in the house

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are, in fact, thieves. Slaying the thieves stationed here rescues the Mhartises and secures their gratitude.

Mad Ol' Guxer: Guxer, the patriarch of the Ciuccis, is mad, driven so by the torments of what he believes to be his daughter, Delilee. In fact, "Delilee" is a sadistic doppelganger who infiltrated the Ciucci house a few weeks ago and has been toying with Guxer to see how long a human mind can remain intact and safe from madness before snapping. The doppelganger particularly enjoys stoking the fires of the feud, and after discovering that the Mhartis family has been put under siege has started to toy with the idea of offering her services to the Council of Thieves. By exposing (and probably slaying) the doppelganger and curing Guxer's madness, the PCs can gain the Ciuccis' gratitude.

THE MHARTISES

The Mhartis family has had a rough time lately. Several members of their staff and family recently vanished (victims of a vampire named Jerusen), and they've been forced to abandon their home due to damage it suffered from the infernal syndrome. Then, more recently, their most successful member was assassinated in a manner that seems to indicate the involvement of the Hellknights. Finally, the surviving members of the family have become prisoners in their own temporary home, held hostage by agents of the Council of Thieves.

The current members of the Mhartis family include the following. All four are gagged and bound with rope in area A12.

Ganefini Mhartis (LN male human aristocrat 3): Ganefini is the Mhartis patriarch, a broken man who can barely gather enough energy to weep at the death of his son and the situation he finds his family in now. At 60 years old, he looks 80 with his stringy, thin white hair and deep wrinkles and worry lines. He is likely to think the PCs are Council agents sent to torment him with false hopes for some time even after they free him.

Lonosete Mhartis (LN female human aristocrat 3): Whereas Ganefini is downcast and defeated, Lonosete, his wife, is a huge and shrill woman whose outrage at her family's situation is only slightly higher than her outrage at her husband having given up. She wrestles and tugs at her bindings and froths around her double gag of rope and rag, and upon rescue her shrill demands that the PCs immediately "set things right" might do her more harm than good.

Lodros Mhartis (LN male human aristocrat 2/fighter 4): The elder Mhartis son, Lodros, bides his time quietly. Very much aware of the fact that he will likely become the new dottari leader if he can be rescued, he conserves his energy and waits for rescue or a chance to escape. Of the Mhartises, he is the most level-headed and the only one

Gathering Information

The PCs can make either a Diplomacy check or a Knowledge (nobility) check to learn the following about the situation in Vira Ciucci.

DC 12: This result reveals Vira Ciucci's address on Finch Street, and that the Ciuccis have long used half their manor as a source of additional income to house visiting nobles or acting troupes. Their current guests are the displaced Mhartis family. This is unusual, since the two families, while both beholden to the Arvanxi family, have long been feuding.

DC 16: The Mhartises have strong ties to the city guard, and tend to be the most impressed by and friendly to those who have military backgrounds. The Ciuccis are notorious lovers of the theater, and have the most respect for musicians, singers, and actors.

DC 24: Many of the older noble villas have secret entrances from below via the sewers—having an "escape route" was a popular addition to most noble houses during the Chelish Civil War. The closest sewer tunnel entrance to Vira Ciucci is via an old, disused entrance in an alley across the street—no one's really looked around in the sewers below recently, though, and anything could have moved in down there in the meantime.

who can be trusted to not overreact at the situation. His one flaw is his overwhelming fear of heights.

Recinni Mhartis (CN male human aristocrat 1): At 14 years of age, Recinni is the "baby" of the family—a condition he hates. His rebellious attitude rises from a perception that he is ignored by his parents except when he gets into trouble, and that they still treat him as a child. His misguided attempt to offer to join the Council when the thieves took the family hostage only got him mocked by the thieves and shameful glances from his family. Subdued and depressed, Recinni might try to escape into the city at the first chance he gets, eager to make a new life for himself rather than endure life with a family who he fears no longer wants him.

THE COUNCIL AGENTS

There are a total of 17 Council agents posing as dottari guards in Vira Ciucci's north wing. Of these, 12 are lowly cutpurses and four are full-fledged thieves. Their captain is a woman named Cervesi. As house guards normally don't wear their full suits of armor, these rogues have taken steps to disguise their leather armor under Mhartis tabards and garb—any character who has a familiarity with the dottari or who specifically examines one of the disguised rogues for clues can attempt a Perception check to notice something suspicious about the "guard." See the "Locations in Vira Ciucci North" sidebar on page 15 for the rogues' initial positions in the manor.

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The Council agents do their best to intercept the PCs, explaining that the Mhartises are in mourning for the loss of their son and are not accepting visitors for the time being. They attempt to stall, asking the PCs to come back later, after things in Westcrown are less tumultuous. If the PCs persist, the “guards” ask the PCs to please wait in the office (area **A2**) while the house guard commander attempts to arrange a meeting with Ganefini Mhartis. If the PCs comply, it’s about a 2-minute wait until Cervesi sneaks into area **A15** above, pulls aside the rug covering the hole in the floor, and drops in a glass vial of nightmare vapor as a thief locks the door to **A2** from outside. Allow the PCs Perception checks against the rogues in order to act on a surprise round, otherwise the nightmare vapor fills the room and all trapped within must make a DC 20 Fortitude save each round to avoid taking 1 point of Wisdom damage and being confused. Nightmare vapor is described on page 560 of the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*. The rogues hope that in their confusion the PCs will soften themselves up for easy pickings—all the Council agents in the building gather in area **A1** to attack the PCs 6 rounds later when they unlock the door to let them out.

Of course, chances are good that the PCs will see through the deception before it comes to this point. If confronted, a rogue tries to Bluff the PCs, claiming that things have been awkward since the assassination and nervously asking the PCs to return in a few days when, hopefully, things will have settled down. If the PCs comply with this, they return to find that the Council has upgraded the defenses here—all cutpurses are now thieves, and all thieves are now Council captains.

If the PCs attack, the agents raise an alarm and engage in hit-and-run tactics as they attempt a fighting retreat up to the second floor. The thieves try to lure the PCs into one of the several traps they’ve placed throughout the building, eventually making a stand in area **A11**. They fight to the death.

CERVESI CR 10

XP 9,600

Council captain (see page 10)

hp 79

THIEVES (4) CR 3

XP 800 each

hp 30 each (see page 10)

CUTPURSES (12) CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 15 each (see page 10)

Traps: The Council agents have rigged a number of devious traps they call “ankleslashers” at every point

in the vira marked with a “T.” An ankleslasher consists of a tripwire that has a 75% chance of being triggered whenever someone moves through the marked square. When triggered, a length of razor-sharp metal coated with poison springs out of a cleverly hidden casing flush against the floorboards along the wall, sweeping across that square to strike at the person who triggered the trap.

ANKLESLASHER

CR 7

XP 3,200 each

Type mechanical; Perception DC 25; Disable Device DC 25

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; Reset manual

Effect Atk +14 melee (2d6+3 plus poison); giant wasp poison (save Fort DC 18; frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect 1d2 Dex; cure 1 save)

GUXER CIUCCI AND THE DOPPELGANGER

Although the Ciucci family, until recently, was relatively prosperous, the cruel torments of a sadistic doppelganger named Zevanxus have winnowed the actual Ciuccis down to one desperate man named Guxer. As recently as a few weeks ago, Guxer lived with his wife Cecelly, his daughter Delilee, and his brother Arten. (Guxer has four other younger siblings as well, although they live in smaller manors elsewhere in Westcrown.) Unfortunately, at about the point when the PCs were exploring Delvehaven (this adventure assumes about 2 months prior, but this span of time is likely different in your game), his daughter Delilee, who had been getting into an increasingly dangerous night-life and running with scandalous groups, caught the attention of Zevanxus.

The sadistic doppelganger seduced her, learned all about her family, and then murdered her the first night Delilee brought the monster home. The unfortunate woman’s body still remains on the grounds, hidden in the vaults in area **C2**. Zevanxus then assumed Delilee’s appearance and position in the household, and over the next several weeks engaged in a number of subtle but increasingly destructive actions designed to wear away at Guxer’s sanity, the breaking point of which is the doppelganger’s fascination. She periodically assumes the form of one of the servants to sow dissent among the others by spreading rumors that Guxer had reduced pay, whispering that loved ones had been unfaithful, or seducing others and then gleefully watching the awkwardness that bloomed when the actual servant, unaware of the event, treated the one they’d “seduced” no differently than before. Yet her most destructive deceptions she saves for the Ciuccis themselves.

She seduced her “uncle” and used the act to blackmail him into robbing Guxer, only to betray his robbery and accuse him of raping her to her “father,” forcing Arten

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into disgraced exile and shattering Guxer's faith in his brother. A few days later, posing as Arten, Zevanxus stole into the master bedroom and murdered Guxer's wife Cecelly, allowing the horrified man to catch a glimpse of his "brother" escaping the scene of the crime covered with blood. Now, with Arten a wanted fugitive and Cecelly dead, Zevanxus is eating away at Guxer's remaining shreds of sanity by periodically visiting him in Cecelly's form to love him and then repudiate him for allowing Arten to kill her. At other times, Zevanxus masquerades as Arten and skulks around the area for Guxer or the servants to catch glimpses of. As a result, Guxer is convinced that his wife's ghost is haunting him and that his brother is plotting his death.

All of this dissent and deception builds toward a singular goal—Zevanxus is curious about the human mind's ability to withstand madness. It won't be much longer before the doppelganger's torments end in triumph with Guxer's suicide—unless the PCs can intervene.

Interacting with the Help: There are three servants working for Guxer at this point: **Berlanda** (LN female human expert 2) the cook, **Hortan** (LN male human expert 2) the butler, and **Amalee** (LN female human commoner 2) the housecleaner. The servants are relatively quiet and nervous, and avoid contact with the PCs if possible—only Hortan approaches them if the PCs visit, and he tries to convince the PCs that the master is sick and that they should come back later. The servants are so confused after several weeks of Zevanxus playing with their emotions that they no longer really trust anyone and have grown increasingly paranoid—a DC 20 Sense Motive is enough to pick up on their shapeless fears, but if the PCs pry, they find only a tangled mess of infidelities, cruel gossip, and worries about the impending loss of their jobs. The two most intriguing elements PCs can extract from talking to the help are the facts that they've seen Arten Ciucci skulking around the place and that their employer seems to be convinced that he's been receiving nightly visits from his murdered wife. The servants are meek and nervous and easily cowed—securing permission to enter the house and speak with the master requires only a DC 15 Diplomacy or Fame check, or a successful Bluff or Intimidate check, in which case Hortan escorts the PCs up to the door to area **B12** to try to coax Guxer into a conversation.

Interacting with Guxer: Guxer spends most of his time these days on the upper floor of his home—and most of that behind a locked door in his bedroom where he hides from his brother and waits for the momentarily passionate and ultimately shameful visits from the ghost of his wife, slowly nurturing plans for his suicide. He emerges from his room only once per day to creep downstairs and gather food from the kitchen that he then brings back up to his room to eat. Nervous and jumpy, he tries to avoid contact with anyone else—the help included. The PCs' first

Locations in Vira Ciucci North

The thieves have locked all of the doors in this wing of the vira—it's a DC 20 Disable Device check to open the locked doors, something that each of the thieves can take 10 and accomplish as a full-round action. Locations in Vira Ciucci in which the Mhartises live are as follows.

- A1. Entrance Hall:** Four cutpurses and two thieves stand guard here at all times.
- A2. Office:** Used to meet with visiting dignitaries. A hole has been cut in the ceiling to connect to area **A15**, but is covered from above with a rug—it's a DC 30 Perception check to notice the tiny hole from this side.
- A3. Cloak Room:** Used to store visitors' cloaks and other accessories. Currently empty.
- A4. Armor Display:** Seven masterwork breastplates (all dottari uniforms) stand on display here.
- A5. Study:** A quaint study with several overstuffed chairs and a small (and empty) bar.
- A6. Privy:** Unlike the southern wing (which relies on chamber pots), this wing features a privy.
- A7. Servants' Quarters:** Five bunks rest here for servants—all are well made. The thieves take turns, sleeping in shifts.
- A8. Dining Hall:** A long dining table stands here, along with four more cutpurses standing guard.
- A9. Kitchen:** This kitchen is empty and doesn't seem to have been used in a few days.
- A10. Pantry:** Food, firewood, and water is stored on the shelves here.
- A11. Upstairs Lounge:** Four cutpurses and two thieves stand guard here.
- A12. Storeroom:** All four surviving Mhartises are held prisoner here.
- A13. Bath:** A well-appointed bath chamber.
- A14. Library:** A cozy library; the books are universally about military history and warfare.
- A15. Recinni's Bedroom:** This room is well lived in and somewhat filthy, with some spoiled food sitting on the nightstand. A 2-inch-diameter hole has been cut in the floor here to allow access to area **A2** below; the hole is kept covered with a rug (DC 30 Perception to discover).
- A16. Lodros's Bedroom:** This room is clean and proper, decorated almost like a soldier's bunker.
- A17. Master Bedroom:** Cervesi has taken this room as her own.

conversation with Guxer is likely to be carried out through his locked door—Guxer is paranoid that his brother is still out to get him, and that if he leaves his room for any length of time he'll miss a visit from his wife's ghost. He's all but forgotten that his "daughter" is still alive. As long as Guxer's madness continues, he certainly won't agree to

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help the PCs or to set aside his family's long-standing feud with the Mhartises. Guxer is a middle-aged man, bald and sporting an outlandish mustache. He's been wearing and sleeping in his rumpled padded armor for a long time, and it smells quite rank as a result.

Interacting with "Delilee": As soon as Zevanxus learns that the PCs have become involved, she realizes that they represent a very real opportunity for her to "upgrade" her power and status—after all, capturing one of the PCs and turning him or her over to the Council of Thieves would be an all but assured way to catch the organization's attention and receive a large reward. When first contacted, Zevanxus maintains the facade of Delilee, taking on the role of a frightened young woman who's been spending much of her time hiding in her room, worrying about her father and grieving for her mother. If the PCs don't unveil the truth about Delilee on their first visit to Vira Ciucci, feel free to use the doppelganger to begin infiltrating their lives, perhaps by posing as other Children of Westcrown. In Delilee's form, Zevanxus appears as an attractive redheaded woman of about 18 years of age—she often wears a distinctive perfume that smells of lilacs, and her room is almost overwhelming with the scent.

The Missing Brother: Arten Ciucci (NG male human aristocrat 3) has fled Chelias entirely, despondent at being seduced by his niece and then being framed for his sister-in-law's murder. He's currently lying low in Varisia in the city of Magnimar, living off his dwindling savings in a flophouse under the Irespan. PCs who contact him or observe him via magic find a broken shell of a man who wants only to forget his shameful life's ending in Westcrown.

GUXER		CR 5
XP 1,600		
Male middle-aged human fighter 2/aristocrat 6		
LN Medium humanoid (human)		
Init +0; Senses Perception –1		
DEFENSE		
AC 13, touch 10, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor)		
hp 60 (8 HD; 2d10+6d8+22)		
Fort +9, Ref +2, Will +2; +1 vs. fear		
Weaknesses paranoia		
OFFENSE		
Speed 30 ft.		
Melee +1 rapier +10/+5 (1d6+3/18–20)		
TACTICS		
During Combat Guxer is dejected and depressed, and only fights in self-defense or if he suspects that someone is in league with his brother. In this case, he fights with his rapier while tears of anger stream down his cheeks.		
Morale Guxer feels increasingly that he has little reason to live—if a fight begins, he fights to the death.		

STATISTICS
Str 14, Dex 11, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 9, Cha 17
Base Atk +6; CMB +8; CMD 18
Feats Cleave, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Persuasive, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Weapon Focus (rapier)
Skills Appraise +7, Diplomacy +12, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (nobility) +11, Ride +11
Languages Common
SQ bravery +1
Gear +2 padded armor, +1 rapier
SPECIAL ABILITIES
Paranoia (Ex) Guxer's paranoia imparts a –4 penalty on Charisma-based skill checks and Will saves, and he cannot receive benefit from or attempt the aid another action nor can he willingly accept aid (including healing) from another creature unless he makes a DC 17 Will save—otherwise he fights tooth and nail to prevent the "aid" (which he perceives as a threat). <i>Lesser restoration</i> has no effect on curing Guxer's paranoia, but <i>restoration</i> reduces the strength so that the nobleman can function relatively normally (enough so that he can treat with the PCs and forge alliances, at least). <i>Greater restoration</i> , <i>heal</i> , <i>limited wish</i> , <i>miracle</i> , or <i>wish</i> immediately cure Guxer completely of his insanity, though he remains depressed and confused by recent events.

ZEVANXUS (AKA DELILEE)	CR 11
XP 9,600	
Female doppelganger rogue 8 (<i>Pathfinder RPG Bestiary</i> 89)	
N Medium monstrous humanoid	
Init +4; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +16	
DEFENSE	
AC 23, touch 16, flat-footed 18 (+1 deflection, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +4 natural, +3 shield)	
hp 102 (12 HD; 4d10+8d8+44)	
Fort +9, Ref +14, Will +7	
Defensive Abilities evasion, improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +2; Immune charm, sleep	
OFFENSE	
Speed 30 ft.	
Melee 2 claws +14 (1d8+4)	
Special Attacks sneak attack +4d6 plus slow reactions	
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 18th; concentration +21) At Will— <i>detect thoughts</i> (DC 15)	
TACTICS	
During Combat If her disguise is found out, Zevanxus assumes her true form to attack with her claws, relying on Improved Feint in order to maximize her sneak attack opportunities.	
Morale Zevanxus abandons her experiment on Guxer if reduced to fewer than 30 hit points, attempting to escape into the crowded streets, nurse her wounds, and perhaps plot vengeance against the PCs.	
STATISTICS	
Str 18, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 17	

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Base Atk +10; **CMB** +14; **CMD** 30

Feats Combat Expertise, Deceitful, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Feint, Mobility, Toughness

Skills Bluff +22, Diplomacy +18, Disable Device +19, Disguise +22, Knowledge (local) +13, Perception +16, Sense Motive +16, Stealth +19, Use Magic Device +18

Languages Common

SQ change shape (*alter self*), mimicry, perfect copy, rogue talents (combat trick, slow reactions, stand up, surprise attack), trapfinding

Gear +2 buckler, ring of protection +1

BENEATH THE MANOR

The secret passageway on the second floor of Vira Ciucci is not the only hidden connection between the two separate wings of the manor—they are connected below by additional secret tunnels that provide access to a shared sewer tunnel that runs under the building. These areas contain additional clues that exploring PCs can discover to aid them in unraveling the situations in both wings of the manor, and also provide an alternate and relatively stealthy way to enter either house. More importantly, a nearby ancient cistern is the lair of a dangerous monstrosity that has long lived in secret below the manor, a danger not only to those who would use the sewers as a secret entrance to the house but a potential peril even after the PCs secure the support of the two noble families.

The locations under the manor are summarized below.

C1. Mhartis Wine Cellar: Once quite well stocked by the Mhartises, the wine cellar is now empty. It's a DC 30 Perception check to notice the secret door in the eastern wall of this room.

C2. Ciucci Crypt: The ashes of many generations of Ciuccis sit on the shelves here. A DC 25 Perception check reveals that the smell of rot seems to be coming from the central sarcophagus. It's a DC 20 Strength check to open the stone coffin—within, the long-dead remains of a forgotten patriarch lie below the far more recent (and putrescent) remains of Delilee Ciucci. The secret door to the north can be found with a DC 25 Perception check—when it is opened, the entire shelf of ash-filled urns swings open like a door.

C3. Sewer: All three grates into this area are old constructions put in place when Vira Ciucci was built, in an attempt to limit access from below to the manor. For more details on Westcrown's sewer system, see page 15 of *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #25.

C4. Varnnall's Cistern: This large cistern contains a huge mound of filth, the lair of a foul otyugh called Varnnall.

VARPNALL (CR 11)

The heap of garbage is the home of a particularly odious monster—a plaguebearer otyugh named Varnnall. This

Locations in Vira Ciucci South

The locations in Vira Ciucci in which the Ciuccis live are as follows.

- B1. Ballroom:** This spacious room serves as an entrance hall, ballroom, and stage for the presentation of private performances.
- B2. Cloakroom:** Used to store visitors' cloaks and other accessories. Currently empty.
- B3. Green Room:** Used by guest entertainers to prepare for performances.
- B4. Servants' Quarters:** This room contains three bunks used by the Ciuccis' three servants (all human commoners 2).
- B5. Kitchen:** A cramped but well-stocked kitchen. The hallway to the east serves as a pantry, its north wall thick with shelves.
- B6. Dining Room:** A large banquet table sits here.
- B7. Upstairs Lounge:** Numerous paintings of famous Wiscranian entertainers hang on the walls here, including a brand-new painting of the PC who played Larazod during "The Sixfold Trial." This painting is worth 250 gp.
- B8. Bath:** A well-appointed bath chamber.
- B9. Study:** Several shelves here contain books, though not enough to serve as a full-fledged library.
- B10. Empty Bedroom:** This room, once used by Arten Ciucci, is now empty.
- B11. Delilee's Bedroom:** This room is used by the doppelganger Zevanxus when she poses as Delilee. A DC 30 Perception check reveals a small bag far under the bed that contains several keepsakes—trophyies collected from victims. These include Arten's masterwork dagger (the weapon Zevanxus used to murder Cecelly) and Cecelly's wedding ring (a gold and ruby ring worth 800 gp).
- B12. Master Bedroom:** This room is used by Guxer Ciucci. He keeps the room clean and arranged as if his dead wife were still alive, down to setting out a nightly cup of water on her side of the bed and washing her clothes and laying them out each morning for her to wear.
- B13. Secret Passage:** It's a DC 25 Perception check to notice any of these secret doors. Only Guxer and his false daughter Delilee know about the existence of these doors.

disgusting creature has dwelt in this hidden cistern for decades, content to wallow and float and flop, eating what the thick current brings its way. The diseases that fill its body give the otyugh a strange feeling of companionship, and it thinks of itself, in a way, as a collector of inflammations, boils, poxes, and mucus. While

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disgusting, Varpnall isn't actually evil—he has no desire to spread his sickness around the city, and understands that doing so would only bring about investigations and enraged adventurers.

Yet Varpnall is far from a peaceful creature. Whenever anything living enters his lair (a rare enough occurrence that the otyugh can remember the 17 times it's happened), the otyugh bursts out of its filthy nest and roars a challenge, demanding “delicious or shiny tribute for the King of Scabs and Boils!” Varpnall's self-inflated sense of ego is shockingly powerful—he knows that he could spawn a thousand plagues in Westcrown if he so desired, even if he doesn't really want to take such a drastic step. If given a delicious dead body to add to his larder or any amount of shiny treasure worth at least 1,000 gp, the otyugh gracefully accepts the tribute and allows the visitors to pass through his cistern. He may even deign to speak to them—PCs who take this route can learn from the otyugh that thieves have infiltrated one of the houses above (he's not sure which one, though; only that they gave him several delicious guards to take care of and haven't bothered him since). He also knows about a tricky, too-clean woman who smells scary and angry (if pressed, the otyugh expands on this and compares the woman with the smell of stinky colorful plants—flowers); the woman's scent is enough to make the otyugh nervous, and he never stopped her passage through his cistern, but is intrigued by how she gets “all melty and bendy” when she squeezes through the bars to the south

or east to move into other parts of the dungeon. This is, of course, the doppelganger Zevanxus using the sewers to travel unseen to and from the manor house.

For all of his calm, though, Varpnall brooks no intrusion on his filth pile—anyone he catches touching it or walking on it is immediately attacked.

VARPNALL

CR 11

XP 12,800

Male advanced plague bearer otyugh (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 223, *Advanced Bestiary* 194)

N Huge aberration

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent; **Perception** +17

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 9, flat-footed 21 (+1 Dex, +13 natural, –2 size)

hp 159 (11d8+110)

Fort +12, **Ref** +4, **Will** +10

Immune disease

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee bite +16 (2d8+10 plus disease), 2 tentacles +14 (2d6+5 plus disease and grab)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.

Special Attacks constrict (tentacle, 2d6+5), disease cloud, diseased, diseased flesh

TACTICS

During Combat Varpnall is quick to anger, but not quick to attack.

If he has to move to attack a foe, he uses Vital Strike with his bite attack, then proceeds with standard full attacks on following rounds.

Morale Varpnall surrenders if brought below 30 hp, waving his tentacles in fear and staggering back into a corner as he begs for mercy. He'll give up all of his treasure if necessary to purchase his life from the PCs.

STATISTICS

Str 30, **Dex** 12, **Con** 28, **Int** 9, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +20; **CMD** 31

Feats Improved Initiative, Multiattack, Toughness, Vital Strike, Improved Natural Attack (bite, tentacles)

Skills Escape Artist +15, **Perception** +17, **Stealth** +7 (+15 in lair)

Languages Common, Infernal

SQ carrier, quick incubation

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Carrier (Ex) Although he is immune to the debilitating effects of disease, Varpnall can still carry infections and continues to do so regardless of magical healing.

Diseased (Ex) Varpnall is swimming in

VARPNALL



The Twice-Damned Prince

pestilence. His attacks, breath, and flesh all carry disease. Any time Varnall strikes a foe with his bite or a tentacle, he exposes the victim to two diseases: filth fever and leprosy. The creature struck must make two DC 24 Fortitude saves, one against each disease, to resist infection. These diseases function similarly to those of the same name listed on page 557 of the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*. The save DCs for all of these diseases is Constitution-based.

Disease Cloud (Ex) Varnall's diseased breath fills an invisible 30-foot-radius cloud around him. All breathing creatures in this area must make two DC 24 Fortitude saves to avoid contracting bubonic plague and mindfire.

Diseased Flesh (Ex) Any creature that uses a bite attack against Varnall or consumes any of the otyugh's flesh is exposed to blinding sickness. A DC 24 Fortitude save negates the infection.

Quick Incubation (Su) Any diseases inflicted by Varnall have no onset time—the first effects of the diseases manifest immediately.

RECRUITING THE NOBLES

The situation in Vira Ciucci is presented as a set of problems with no specifically required solution—the PCs can approach this situation and solve it in any way they wish. The easiest way to solve the problems in the manor is to slay the thieves and rescue the Mhartises to the north, and to expose the doppelganger's true nature to Guxer to the south and then cure him of his paranoia. Nothing can cure Guxer of his grief when he learns his daughter is dead, but this grief is mollified somewhat by the knowledge that his surviving family (in particular his brother) are not the traitors he had believed they were.

Once the individual situations are resolved, the PCs need to arrange for a meeting between Guxer and Ganefini—but as the two families don't trust each other, the PCs must make a DC 40 Fame check in order to convince the two to meet, shake hands, and put aside their differences. Failure to do so does not mean that the PCs can't recruit these nobles, but it does mean they need to spend more of their Fame Points to cement the deal and secure their cooperation.

Once they ask the nobles to aid them in spreading the word among the city's aristocracy that the PCs are here to help and that they need to lead by example in helping to bring Westcrown under control, the PCs must spend 5 Fame Points in order to secure the deal. This cost rises to 10 Fame Points if the PCs are unable to get the two families to make peace. Upon spending these points, word that the PCs have the support of the city's aristocracy grants them a +4 circumstance bonus on all Charisma-based skill checks and Fame checks made for the remainder of this adventure, and helps to determine their overall success at the adventure's end.

If the PCs don't seal the deal by spending the appropriate amount of Fame Points, they do not gain the bonus to

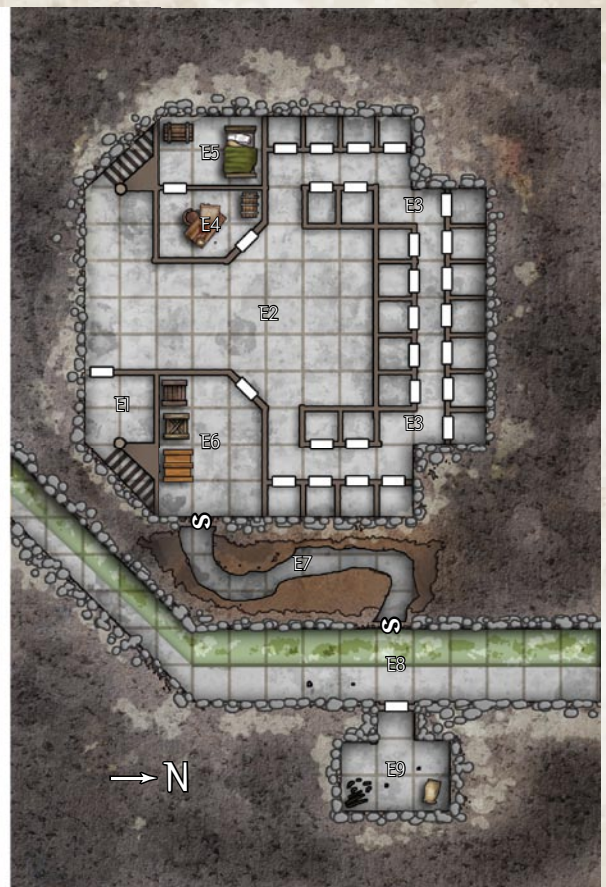
Charisma and Fame checks but the alliance still counts as part of the victory condition at the end of the adventure. However, failure to seal the deal with a Fame Point expenditure means that the Council of Thieves doesn't view the PCs as particularly protective of the nobles—as a result, they make more assassination attempts, abductions, and other attacks against nobles for the remainder of the adventure, possibly forcing the PCs to intervene several times to aid their allies as you see fit.

PART THREE: COURTING THE HELLKNIGHTS

Order has been disturbed in Westcrown, and none see that truth more clearly than the Hellknights. At Citadel Rivad, debates have raged on how best to deal with the situation, and the apparent failing of the dottari to keep things in control. Some have pushed for the utter razing of the city, while others have counseled their leaders to use a more gentle hand. As this adventure begins, the Hellknights are hit with something even more disruptive—an actual schism within their ranks. That this schism was engineered by the Council of Thieves does nothing to diminish its potent repercussions.

While the leaders of the Order of the Rack hope that the assassination of dottari leader Iltus Mhartis wasn't courtesy of one of their own, the simple truth is that they can't prove it yet. When the accusations rise, Citadel Rivad shuts its gates by order of Lictor Richemar Alamansor, who immediately begins an inquisition of those Hellknights sealed within the citadel to ensure that all within remain loyal and trustworthy. Once this procedure is finished, the Order plans on bringing Hellknights still in the field back to Citadel Rivad for their own reckonings to ensure that they do not truthfully have traitors in their midst.

Unfortunately, this draconian measure has resulted in precisely what the Council was hoping for—a schism within the ranks of the Order of the Rack. The Hellknights “stranded” in Westcrown in Taranik House, cut off from support and supplies from their Citadel, swiftly succumbed to infighting and bickering, all inspired by one Ara Verennie, a powerful signifer of Taranik House. Signifer Verennie saw that the Council of Thieves was making a power play and believed that they would swiftly seize control of Westcrown—and furthermore, that by allying the Hellknights to the Council, order could be returned to the city. Yet Paralictor Gonville Chard, the ranking Hellknight at Taranik House, saw this proposed allegiance with the Council as treachery to Citadel Rivad, and called Signifer Verennie a traitor. A brief but violent fight broke out in the grand hall of Taranik House as a result, and while Verennie and a



dozen of her loyal Hellknights escaped, the whole event left Chard and his loyalists understaffed and shaken.

The details of this schism have been mostly suppressed so far—they are not common knowledge, and Paralictor Chard very much wants to capture the traitorous signifier and her followers before word spreads.

MEETING THE HELLKNIGHTS

Taranik House is located in Parego Spera, close to the junction of Rego Scripa, Rego Pena, and Rego Sacero. A single-story stone building, Taranik House is nonetheless intimidating in its squat and imposing presence—part castle, part bunker, part icon of the Order of the Rack. While the Hellknights are not actively patrolling the streets currently, their reputation has not vanished, and the mayhem and anarchy the PCs encounter elsewhere in Westcrown are not present within two blocks of Taranik House. A pair of Hellknights stands guard before the building's front gates, briskly informing anyone who approaches that Taranik House is closed while the paralictor and his aides plan for the city's defense. A DC 20 Sense Motive check is enough to notice that the Hellknights seem a bit too quick to explain why Taranik House is closed.

If the PCs request an audience with the paralictor or comment on the fact that there are no Hellknights helping to reestablish order on the streets, the guards bristle. At this point, have the PCs attempt a DC 45 Fame check (if they've already gained the support of the city's aristocracy, the PCs gain a +10 circumstance bonus on this check, as the Hellknights have heard of their work). With a success, the Hellknights relent and one of them volunteers to escort the PCs into House Taranik to speak to the paralictor. Otherwise, the PCs need to use magic, force, or stealth if they want to make their way inside the building. More likely, the PCs simply turn their attention to any one of a number of other problems facing Westcrown—in this case, as the PCs work to restore order, Paralictor Chard takes note. After the PCs have successfully made 5 Fame checks for whatever reason, they are contacted by a messenger and informed that Paralictor Chard wishes to speak to them at Taranik House immediately.

HELLKNIGHT

CR 5

XP 1,600

Human fighter 5/Hellknight 1 (*Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #27 66)

LN Medium humanoid (human)

The Twice-Damned Prince

Init +1; Senses Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 11, flat-footed 19 (+9 armor, +1 Dex)

hp 62 (6d10+29)

Fort +10, Ref +2, Will +4; +1 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +1

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +1 longsword +12/+7 (1d8+7/19–20)

Ranged mwk composite longbow +8/+3 (1d8+3/x3)

Special Attacks smite chaos 1/day (+1 attack, damage, and AC), weapon training (heavy blades +1)

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

At will—*detect chaos*

TACTICS

During Combat If a chaotic target is obvious, a Hellknight generally attacks it instead of other targets. Hellknights work together to flank foes and support each other, favoring melee combat over ranged if a choice is possible.

Morale Hellknights fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 16, Dex 12, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 13, Cha 10

Base Atk +5; CMB +8; CMD 19

Feats Cleave, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword)

Skills Intimidate +9, Perception +10

Languages Common

SQ aura of law, armor training 1

Gear full plate, +1 longsword, masterwork composite longbow (+3 Str) with 20 arrows

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aura of Law (Ex) The power of a Hellknight's aura of law (see the *detect law* spell) is equal to his Hellknight level.

Detect Chaos (Sp) At will, a Hellknight can use *detect chaos*, as the spell, in the same manner as a paladin using her *detect evil* ability.

Smite Chaos (Su) As a swift action once per day, a Hellknight can smite chaos. This grants the Hellknight a bonus to hit a chaotic target equal to his Wisdom modifier (if any) and adds his Hellknight level to all damage rolls against chaotic targets. If the target is an outsider with the chaotic subtype, a chaotic-aligned aberration, or a fey creature, the bonus to damage increases to 2 points of damage per class level the Hellknight possesses. Regardless of the target, smite chaos attacks automatically bypass any DR the chaotic creature might possess. In addition, while smite chaos is in effect, the Hellknight gains a deflection bonus equal to his Wisdom modifier (if any) to his AC against attacks made by the target of the smite. The smite effect remains until the target is dead or the next time the Hellknight rests and regains the use of this ability.

MEETING THE PARALICTOR

When the PCs secure an audience with the paralictor, they are ushered inside by silent Hellknights who escort them

Locations in Taranik House

Taranik House is a cold, sterile place with mostly blank stone walls and polished stone floors—the only decorations are banners here and there depicting the symbols of the Order of the Rack. All doors are made of iron and can be locked (Disable Device DC 30); each Hellknight carries a key that can open any door in the building.

D1. Entrance: The primary entrance to House Taranik. Two Hellknights stand guard here at all times.

D2. Hall of Judgment: A large hall used by the Hellknights to meet with supplicants, run trials, and perform other public meetings.

D3. Office: A small room Paralictor Chard uses to meet with Hellknights or important visitors. The Paralictor himself does not live in Taranik House, but does spend much of his time in this room.

D4. Storage: A storeroom for food, water, and supplies. Taranik House maintains no kitchen staff, and the Hellknights are tasked with using these supplies to prepare their own meals as needed.

D5. Mess Hall: This room serves dual duty as a kitchen and mess hall for the Hellknights to prepare and eat their meals.

D6. Barracks: Six double bunk beds here provide sleeping quarters for Taranik's standing complement of 12 Hellknights. At any one time, 1d6 Hellknights are resting here.

D7. Sparring Rooms: Both of these chambers serve as guard posts and sparring rooms for the Hellknights. There are generally two Hellknights in each of these rooms.

directly to area **D2**, where Paralictor Chard waits to speak with them from his rostrum (since there are likely too many PCs to fit in his office in area **D3**). Chard says nothing as the PCs come before him, instead regarding them with cold gray eyes. He looks as though he has not removed his elaborate armor for days, and his eyes are sunken from lack of sleep, but he does not seem weak or exhausted. While the danger facing Westcrown is great, Chard is more concerned with the matters directly confronting his order. He is eager to find proof that the assassination of Mhartis was not a Hellknight plot, but more eager to track down the "heretics" and put them to the sword—particularly Signifer Verennie. What frustrates him most, though, are his latest orders from Citadel Rivad—he is to "Hold Taranik and not leave it unguarded until these dangers are past." In other words, he has been forbidden to leave the building by his commander. Chard interprets these orders as both a threat and punishment for allowing things to progress as far as they have, and feels relatively powerless to address the situation. He would like to send

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his Hellknights out to handle things, but he's not sure he can trust them now that so many have sided with Signifer Verennie's heretics.

All of these frustrations can be seen in the man's expression as he silently sizes the PCs up. After a few moments of silence, he orders the other Hellknights from the hall, desiring to speak to the PCs alone.

"Westcrown is dying. And you... you have taken the law into your own hands and solved problems with methods that I can hardly condone, yet still you have risen to become heroes of this dying city. I won't begin to claim that I understand how this could have happened, but you are obviously important to saving Westcrown from the chaos that has engulfed it. Either that, or you are the cause of it all. Tell me, what do you see as the solution to this madness?"

Chard is honestly curious to find out what the PCs think the solution is. He knows that the Council of Thieves has become more active, but the true extent of how dangerous they've become has escaped his knowledge. This is the PCs' chance to show the Hellknight that it's safe to let them do their thing and oppose the Council, and that the Hellknights do Westcrown no favors by bickering or opposing the PCs or hiding in Taranik House and waiting for things to blow over.

When the PCs are done, Chard explains to them what has happened recently—the closing of Citadel Rivad, the schism, and the flight of Signifer Verennie and her heretics from his command. If these Hellknights could break with tradition, who is Chard to claim that no Hellknight was involved in the Mhartis assassination?

In short, Chard is all but ready to throw his support and the few remaining Hellknights in Westcrown still loyal to him behind the PCs—they have but to ask for his support and make a DC 30 Fame check to get him to ally with their cause.



PARALICTOR GONVILLE CHARD

PARALICTOR GONVILLE CHARD CR 8

XP 4,800

Male human ranger 7/Hellknight 2 (*Pathfinder*

Adventure Path volume #27 66)

LN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +0 (+2 urban); Senses Perception +13 (+15 urban)

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 10, flat-footed 20 (+10 armor)

hp 74 (9 HD; 9d10+25)

Fort +9, Ref +7, Will +7

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +1 longsword +15/+10 (1d8+7/19–20)

Ranged +1 composite longbow +15/+10 (1d8/x3)

Special Attacks favored enemy (human +4, native outsider +2), hunter's bond (companions), smite chaos 1/day (+1 attack and AC, +2 damage)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 2nd; concentration +4)

At will—*detect chaos*, *discern lies*

Spells Prepared (CL 4th; concentration +5)

1st—*longstrider*, *resist energy*

TACTICS

During Combat Gonville Chard fights with his longsword in both hands. When fighting those he deems criminals (and not mindless or ravaging monsters) he takes care to strike for nonlethal damage on his final blows so that he can capture the criminal alive for trial rather than accidentally kill him.

Morale Gonville Chard fights to the death.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +9; CMB +13; CMD 23

The Twice-Damned Prince

Locations Under Taranik House

Taranik House's dungeon is used to hold prisoners, to periodically interrogate and torture particularly stubborn criminals, and as an armory.

- E1. Guardroom:** Two Hellknights are usually posted here.
- E2. Marshaling Area:** This large room is used for sparring, Hellknight meetings, and prisoner processing. Two Hellknights are posted here as guards—they periodically patrol the cell block.
- E3. Cellblock:** The Hellknights use these cells to detain minor criminals like pickpockets, drunkards, and the like. Serious prisoners are traditionally either handed over to the dottari or sent on to Citadel Rivad. Feel free to place whatever prisoners you want in these cells.
- E4. Office:** A small office used for prison- and armory-related issues.
- E5. Armorer's Quarters:** Taranik House's previous armorer and jailor, Aritil Sevarn, once dwelt here, but he has joined the heretics and left the position vacant. This room is empty as a result.
- E6. Armory:** This chamber contains extra weapons and armor for Taranik House. Currently the armory holds 3 suits of Hellknight full plate, two +2 longswords, four masterwork composite longbows, and 200 arrows.
- E7. Secret Tunnel:** It's a DC 30 Perception check to notice the secret doors at either end of this secret escape tunnel. A set of wooden planks sit next to the northeastern door—these planks are used to form a temporary bridge across the sewer channel beyond.
- E8. Sewer:** This is a typical Westcrown sewer tunnel.
- E9. Undercover Goblin:** This small room is the lair of a single (and strangely calm) sewer goblin named **Jinkoo** (LN goblin warrior 1). This unusual creature wears homemade Hellknight armor and carries a large horn on his belt. Jinkoo is fed and paid to serve as an unobtrusive guard for the hidden entrance to Taranik House, and considers himself a Hellknight as a result. If he sees anyone unusual coming or going from the secret door, he blows his horn loudly and then runs for his life—the horn is loud enough that guards in area **E2** can hear it.

Feats Endurance, Heavy Armor Proficiency, Iron Will, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Two-Weapon Defense, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (longbow), Weapon Focus (longsword)

Skills Diplomacy +11, Intimidate +14, Knowledge (local) +8, Knowledge (nobility) +3, Linguistics +0, Perception +13 (+15 urban), Ride +4

Languages Common, Infernal

SQ aura of law, favored terrain (urban) +2, hellknight armor 1, track +3, wild empathy +9, woodland stride

Gear +1 full plate, +1 longsword, +1 composite longbow with 20 arrows, cloak of resistance +1

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Discern Lies (Sp) When Gonville use his *detect chaos* ability on a target, he can determine if that creature is lying. This effect functions similarly to *discern lies*, but he can detect multiple lies from multiple creatures through one use of *detect chaos*. In addition, he must be able to hear and understand what a creature within the area of effect is saying to discern lies.

Hellknight Armor (Ex) Gonville's armor is specially made full plate that displays his power and status in the Hellknight Order of the Rack. His armor check penalty in this armor is 1 less than normal and his maximum Dexterity bonus to AC is increased by 1.

RECRUITING THE HELLKNIGHTS

Once he and the PCs reach an understanding, Chard thanks them with a nod and promises to turn his attention

to organizing patrols of Hellknights to help establish order in the streets. He also agrees to give them a tour of Taranik House if they ask, including the secret tunnel at area **E7** (introducing them to the goblin guard Jinkoo at this point as well). He does request the PCs keep an eye out for wherever the Hellknight heretics who survived the schism are now hiding—or more importantly, to find out where Signifer Verennie has holed up. If she can be apprehended and brought to justice, Chard promises the PCs a significant reward from Citadel Rivad's treasury (he initially offers 3,000 gp but is willing to go as high as 10,000 gp).

If the PCs wish to make public their affiliation with the Hellknights, they can do so by spending 5 Fame Points. If they spend 10 Fame Points, Chard agrees to “loan” the PCs a pair of Hellknights to aid them in whatever task they need. If they do not make this alliance public, then the Hellknight siege is more deadly and dangerous when it occurs.

PART FOUR: CITY OF DISCORD

Thus far, the players have (hopefully) been gathering allies to their side with the intention of rallying them against the Council of Thieves. Yet the Drovenges and their minions do not stay idle during this time. The next three parts of this adventure present the ramifications

Popularity

At this point in the adventure, you should take a moment to take stock of the potential allies the PCs have gained, depending on their performance in this adventure and the ones that have come before. At the end of the adventure, the number of allies the PCs have recruited and the number of mini-quests they've successfully completed help determine how General Vourne and the House of Thrune react to the situation they find in Westcrown. You can quantify the PCs' level of success by keeping track of Popularity Points (PP). Award the PCs 2 PP if they recruit one of the noble families in Part Two, or 4 PP if they recruit both. Award them 3 PP if they form an alliance with the Hellknights. As they complete the mini-quests in this part and the next two parts of the adventure, award them additional PP—1 point per successfully completed quest.

and repercussions of the Council of Thieves' attempts to spread chaos and anarchy through the streets until the point when Ecarrdian can unveil himself as the savior of Westcrown.

F. ASSAULT ON THE SAFE HOUSE (CR 13)

This mini-quest should occur at some point when the PCs are at their safe house—the Council sends a group of assassins to kill the PCs and their allies, and the PCs must defeat them.

Setup: Eventually, the Council of Thieves grows frustrated and tired of the PCs' attempts to oppose them. When you feel that the time is right (preferably at a point when all the PCs are at the safe house at the same time), the Council of Thieves launches an assault on the Shrine of Aroden in an attempt to bring the PCs and the Children of Westcrown down.

Map: The Shrine of Aroden map presented here should be altered as you see fit if you've already established a different look and feel for the safe house. Ceilings are 8 feet high and doors are of strong wood. They can be locked—it's a DC 20 Disable Device check to pick these locks.

F1. Chapel: This is the central chapel of the shrine, and where the Children of Westcrown usually meet. The pews are padded and comfortable—many of the Children have used them to sleep on at times past. To the north stands a pulpit, and above that a rickety choir balcony that has become unstable—every round someone moves on this balcony, there's a 20% chance the whole thing collapses. Alternatively, a character can make a DC 22 Strength check as a standard action to cause the balcony to collapse. Anyone on or under it when it collapses takes 4d6 points of damage (DC 15 Reflex half). The statue to the northeast is an old wooden statue of Aroden.

F2. Closets: These are small closets for cloaks and boots.

F3. Office: This was once used by the pastor of the church for official business, now shared by Janiven and Arael as an office to plan and meet with single guests or allies.

F4. Storage: This room contains food, water, and other supplies, including 6 *potions of cure light wounds*, 3 *potions of lesser restoration*, a *scroll of neutralize poison*, and a *scroll of restoration*.

F5. Dining Room: The large table in this room is the most likely place for Janiven and Arael to meet with the PCs whenever they need to discuss matters at hand.

F6. Lounge: This is a smaller room for relaxing and conversation.

F7. Storage: This room holds lots of crates of old religious robes, candles, altar cloths, brooms, and other equipment once used by the priesthood. There is nothing of interest here, although the crates would make excellent ambush points.

F8. Bedchamber: Once used by the pastor, this room is now used by both Arael and Janiven as a private study and bedroom, depending on which of the two are “on duty” at the safe house (they're generally not both at the same time).

F9. Kitchen: A large brick oven and several shelves of food preparation tools make this a cozy and functional kitchen.

F10. Gardening Supplies: Rakes, hoes, shovels, barrels of water, and other supplies for the garden are kept here.

F11. Garden: This overgrown garden features two run-down sheds and lots of overgrown plants—perfect for hiding and ambushing intruders.

F12. Sewer Entrance: This sewer entrance leads to the sewers the PCs fled through in “The Bastards of Erebus.” This could make a handy escape route if the PCs are in danger of being overwhelmed by the assassins.

Creatures: The Council of Thieves devotes a pair of Council captains and a dozen thieves to this assault. They prefer to attack in the middle of the night if possible, and time their attack at a point when they know (or at least believe) all of the PCs are inside. When you run this encounter, go around the table to determine what each PC is doing and where in the shrine they're located. Feel free to place Arael, Janiven, or other Children of Westcrown here as well—many of them are likely to have sought shelter in area F1 because their own homes are in parts of Westcrown threatened by riots and the like.

The thieves focus the majority of their attacks on the PCs, knowing them to be the most dangerous foes within, but aren't above grabbing one of the lower-level Children of Westcrown to use as a hostage or shield. Their entrance into the shrine can come at any of the numerous doors into the building—the windows have all been boarded up. Once the PCs realize they're under

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The Safe House



The Gargling Gargoyle



Blacknape Hideout



Rolan's Shop

attack and raise the alarm, the thieves quickly move to consolidate their numbers so that they can work together to maximize flanking. The thieves retreat if both Council captains are slain.

COUNCIL CAPTAINS (2) CR 10

XP 9,600 each

hp 79 each (see page 10)

THIEVES (12) CR 3

XP 800 each

hp 30 each (see page 10)

Failure: If the Council defeats the PCs, the adventure doesn't have to end. Instead, the captured PCs are brought to area Q, where they are separated from their gear and await interrogation, judgment, and likely execution from the Drovenges. See that area for details on how to handle the PCs' capture.

Victory: If the PCs defeat the assassination attempt, by either slaying all the thieves or driving them off, they likely suffer additional attempts on their lives as you see fit. If, however, the PCs spend 4 Fame Points, word of their strength spreads and the Council of Thieves no longer

makes assassination attempts on them, adopting a more defensive pose against the PCs.

G. THE HELLKNIGHT SIEGE (CR 13)

Taranik House is under attack by the Council of Thieves! Someone needs to rescue the Hellknights from the thieves laying siege to their headquarters.

Setup: If the PCs have already met the strange goblin sewer guard Jinkoo, the best way to alert them to this mini-quest is to have Jinkoo show up at the safe house or a PC's home, breathless, wide-eyed, and covered with filth and blood. The goblin frantically reports that thieves have laid siege to Taranik House, and even worse, they've forced Jinkoo to flee from his home, leaving his homemade Hellknight helmet behind! Alternatively, the PCs can learn of this siege from rumors on the street—the area around Taranik House remains relatively calm and protected from the anarchy, but what appear to be Hellknight guards have erected barriers on the streets surrounding the house. Sounds of fighting and combat were overheard by some of the neighbors, but the guards aren't letting anyone in or out of the barricaded area. If the PCs magically contact Paralicor Chard, he can confirm that the Council of Thieves has laid siege to Taranik House—the Hellknights

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have control of the upper floor, but the thieves rule the basement and the surrounding alleys. He only has a few Hellknights left with him, and as those on patrol return, they're being picked off one by one. He needs the PCs to come help retake Taranik House, and if he thinks it'll help, he vows to increase any reward he's already promised them by double if they can aid him.

Map: Taranik House is detailed on page 20.

Creatures: Several Hellknights have been slain, and their stripped bodies now lie in various cells at area E3. Paralictor Chard and three Hellknights survive, but only have direct control over areas D6 and E1—the thieves control the rest. Chard himself stays in area D6 with one of his Hellknights, while the other two maintain a post in area E1—all of them are fatigued from lack of sleep and suffer from 3d6 points of damage. The bodies of four thieves, two Council captains, and one Hellknight heretic stacked as a barricade in front of the door from area D6 to D2 provide proof that the besieged Hellknights have taken as well as they've given.

The besiegers consist of a group of a dozen thieves, three Council captains, and four Hellknight heretics—Hellknights who once served at Taranik House but were part of Signifer Verennie's failed coup. The four Hellknight heretics stand guard out on the street, turning away all intruders and maintaining the facade long enough, they hope, for the thieves within to break the siege. Four thieves and a Council captain hide in the alleys surrounding the building, while another four thieves and a Council captain lie patiently in wait, hiding in area D2 and waiting for any of the last Hellknights to emerge. The final group of four thieves and a Council captain are hiding in area E2. The thieves do not know about the secret passageway in area E7.

At this point, the thieves are patiently waiting for the Hellknights to grow weak from lack of food—they're enjoying the siege and the periodic opportunity to take down a foolish Hellknight who tries to sneak out of either area D6 or E1. Yet as soon as they realize they're being attacked, the thieves call out quickly for reinforcements, and those in other areas (including the four heretics outside) come as soon as they can. Of course, the sound of battle and alarm is enough to call Paralictor Chard and his three Hellknights to battle as well. The resulting battle for Taranik House should be a desperate one with Chard's forces and the PCs working to meet up and then turn their forces against the thieves—but of course, the exact way the battle will play out in your game depends primarily on how the PCs decide to handle the situation.

COUNCIL CAPTAINS (3)

CR 10

XP 9,600 each

hp 79 each (see page 10)

THIEVES (12)

CR 3

XP 800 each

hp 30 each (see page 10)

HELLKNIGHT HERETICS (4)

CR 5

XP 1,600 each

hp 62 each (see page 20)

PARALICTOR CHARD

CR 8

XP 4,800

hp 74 (64 currently, see page 22)

LOYAL HELLKNIGHTS (3)

CR 5

XP 1,600 each

hp 62 each (52 currently, see page 20)

Failure: If the Council manages to slay Chard and gain control of Taranik house, the PCs lose any bonuses they may have gained for allying with the Hellknights, including the 3 PP they received for the same.

Victory: The Council's siege of Taranik House is a long shot—once they're defeated here, they do not attempt to move against the Hellknights again, despite any urgings from the heretics who have joined forces with them.

H. NEW RECRUITS (CR 11)

Gangs of thugs who wear black scarves about their necks and lower faces are prowling the streets, kidnapping children and forcing parents to pay ransoms they can barely afford or to commit various acts of anarchy. Someone should find their base of operations and shut them down. If the son or daughter of a minor NPC allied to the PCs gets abducted, that NPC likely beseeches the PCs for aid rather than agree to the thugs' demands.

Setup: Just as when the Drovenga siblings started their plans and encouraged the growth and activities of numerous groups of bandits, they've recently hired a number of thugs and other criminals to form new gangs of troublemakers to help spread anarchy through the city. The Drovengas plan on using these gangs to eventually rebuild their own numbers, as the coup and the war against the PCs has been chipping away at their resources of thieves. Perhaps the most accomplished and promising of these gangs so far is a group called the Blacknapes.

The Blacknapes currently consist of a group of burly thugs released from a dottari jail by Chammady several days ago. Delighted with their newfound freedom and gainful employment, the eight thugs have been dividing their time between carousing, gambling, and planning their next abduction. Their favorite targets are children and the elderly—victims who are easy to snatch and keep confined, and who are particularly well suited for forcing ransoms and "favors" out of desperate family members.

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Map (page 25): While word of the Blacknapes and their reprehensible tactics for extorting money and favors spreads, no one seems to agree on where these thugs are based. Their hideout is in fact located on one of the smaller docking islands in the river between Rego Scripa and Rego Lania. Divination magic can certainly reveal the location of this hideout (but remember that running water blocks *locate creature* spells!), as can a bit of old-fashioned investigation of local witnesses in regions near where one of the Blacknapes have abducted a victim. With a successful DC 30 Fame check, the PCs' reputation precedes them as they ask around and a number of nervous witnesses describe how they saw several men wearing black scarves around their lower face and neck brazenly pull a shrieking old man from his home in the middle of the day, bundle him down the street to a pier, load him into a rowboat, and head out toward the docking island known as Midpier.

Midpier itself is all but deserted—normally, the docking islands are bustling with activity as merchants and ferries ply their trades between Parego Regicona and the mainland. The fact that the island is mostly empty of activity should be unsettling, but it also makes it fairly obvious where the Blacknapes' hideout is after a few dozen minutes of exploration, as there's only one set of buildings with smoke rising from chimneys, and those buildings happen to be the same ones with a small cloud of seagulls flocking around fresh garbage.

H1. Boardwalk: The wood here is old and soggy—Stealth checks suffer a –4 penalty here. Two Blacknapes patrol this area every half hour before returning to area H3, unless they're preparing for an exchange, in which case six of the thugs mill about the area, ready for a fight.

H2. Exchange Office: This boathouse is where the Blacknapes make their exchanges—abducted victims are returned for ransom or after other family members have agreed to cause trouble of another sort on the mainland. During an exchange, two Blacknapes wait here to meet with their "customer." The abducted victims aren't brought out of area H6 until the Blacknapes are satisfied with the payments though.

H3. Common Room: When no exchanges are upcoming, 1d3+1 Blacknapes can be found here, gambling, drinking, and otherwise carousing.

H4. Barracks: Any Blacknapes who aren't elsewhere can be found here, sleeping it off in one of these double bunks.

H5. Holding Cells: These alcoves are all equipped with plenty of rope and mounds of filthy rags for bedding—abducted victims are kept here, tied and gagged.

H6. Storage: Food, water, and other supplies are kept here, along with all the money the Blacknapes have collected so far.

Creatures: The eight Blacknapes are loud and boisterous—they're enjoying their newfound freedom

and the anarchy in the streets. Only when they're expecting an exchange of goods and services for an abduction victim do they set aside their entertainments and grow a bit more observant.

BLACKNAPEs (8)

CR 5

XP 1,600

Human fighter 4/rogue 2

CE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; Senses Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 12, flat-footed 16 (+4 armor, +1 Dex, +1 dodge, +2 shield)

hp 53 (6 HD; 4d10+2d8+22)

Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +2; +1 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +1, evasion

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +9 (1d3+5)

Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6

TACTICS

During Combat The Blacknapes have long histories of fisticuffs, and prefer this as their primary weapon. They'll gang up on foes to enable sneak attacks, and are fond of grappling enemies and holding them down while other thugs punch and kick them into submission.

Morale A Blacknape is a coward at heart, and flees if reduced to 20 hit points or less.

STATISTICS

Str 16, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8

Base Atk +5; CMB +8 (+10 grapple); CMD 20 (22 vs. grapple)

Feats Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Grapple, Improved Unarmed Strike, Toughness, Weapon Focus (unarmed strike), Weapon Specialization (unarmed strike)

Skills Intimidate +8, Perception +10, Profession (sailor) +10, Sleight of Hand +10, Swim +12

Languages Common

SQ rogue talent (combat trick), trapfinding, armor training 1

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds* (2), oil of taggit (3 doses); **Other Gear** +1 studded leather, +1 buckler

Treasure: Area H6 contains several large sacks of loot taken from desperate families—most of this treasure is in the form of silverware, jewelry, and other valuable heirlooms. In all, there's 2,600 gp of loot here. In addition, one of the gold and pearl necklaces is in fact a *necklace of adaptation*.

Failure: If the PCs fail to break up the Blacknapes, the fates of those abducted by the thieves are grim indeed. As word spreads of the PCs' failure, they'll lose 1d6 Fame Points.

Victory: If the PCs break up the Blacknapes, word spreads that the heroes are "cracking down" and the number of gangs in Westcrown begins diminishing. If the PCs take

pains to return the stolen loot to the rightful owners, they gain an additional Popularity Point above and beyond the point they'd normally gain for finishing this mini-quest.

I. PLAYING WITH FIRE (CR 11)

A string of suspicious fires have been reported in Rego Pena—whispers of arson are growing, along with rumors of rogue fire elementals. Someone should patrol the afflicted areas and try to find out what's going on.

Setup: This encounter doesn't take place anywhere in particular—the fires themselves are being spread purposefully by barbed devils brought to Westcrown by one of the Drovenges' more dangerous allies—a barbed devil cleric named Melavengian. Every day, there's a 35% chance that a new barbed devil shows up somewhere in Rego Pena to light a new fire—per the Drovenges' desire, Melavengian always instructs the devil he summons to

select a building, pier, or other target that is unlikely to spread flames once set afire. The Drovenges want enough of Westcrown to survive for them to have something to rule when all is said and done, after all.

A character who takes the time to interview survivors of previous fires should find that over half of those interviewed claim to have spotted a fiend in the flames of the burning building, capering and cackling and encouraging the fire's spread.

Map: There is no specific map of this location, as the site chosen by the summoned devil should be different every time the creature strikes. You can use the maps of any building or location from this adventure to resolve this encounter, as you wish. Perhaps the barbed devil strikes at the PCs directly by trying to burn down the Shrine of Aroden.

Creatures: The barbed devil uses *produce flame* and *scorching ray* to start its fires, then generally hangs about nearby to enjoy the fire and watch things burn. When it starts a fire, word spreads fairly quickly as people panic and plumes of smoke rise into the air. Chances are excellent that the PCs aren't in the area when the fire begins, so that by the time they hear the alarm and arrive, the conflagration should be well underway. As they start to help fight the fire, though, the watching barbed devil realizes who they are (Melavengian warns all of the devils he summons about the PCs, and eager to earn praise, he lurches out of the shadows or the flames to attack the PCs. Once the summoned devil attacks, it fights to the death, vanishing in a cloud of black smoke as it is slain.

Rules for fighting fires and dealing with burning buildings appear on page 59.

BARBED DEVIL

CR 11

XP 12,800

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hp 138

Failure: If the PCs fail to save the burning building, or are forced to retreat from the barbed devil's attack, Melavengian continues to send his summoned devils out to burn buildings and the like every day he's able to do so.

Victory: If the PCs manage to save the burning building from being completely destroyed and defeat the barbed devil, they can spend 3 Fame Points to have word of their actions spread far and wide. Melavengian hears, and decides to cease antagonizing the city with summoned devils as a result, preferring to keep the option for summoning aid handy at all times should the PCs ever turn their attentions to him.

J. A NOBLE LURE (CR 14)

Nobleman Armon Rosala is convinced assassins are out to get him, and he's looking to hire protection. Alternatively,



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the PCs could learn of the assassination plot from a “hit list” looted from the body of a Council assassin. In either case, Armon can usually be found at an upscale tavern called the Gargling Gargoyle on the docks along northeastern Rego Sacero.

Setup: The setup for this mini-quest varies, depending on how the PCs learn of it.

If Armon contacts the PCs for protection, his request comes in the form of a folded parchment delivered to one of the PCs’ allies—they should receive this parchment on one of their visits to the Shrine of Aroden or another point of contact with an ally. The parchment is brief, containing the message: “Heroes of Westcrown—my life is in danger! If you would meet me as soon as possible at the Gargling Gargoyle, I would very much like to hire your protective services. I await you in the Manticore room.” The note is signed “Armon Rosala.”

If instead the PCs intercept an assassination order, perhaps looted off the body of a Council captain among those who attacked the Shrine of Aroden in encounter **F**, the note instead reads: “The Rosala scion takes every meal in the Manticore room of the Gargling Gargoyle at precisely an hour before sundown—poisoning is too subtle. Send a more impressive message to his parents with your blades after you deal with the upstart Children of Westcrown.”

In either case, a DC 20 Knowledge (nobility) check reveals Armon Rosala to be the elder son of one of Westcrown’s more prominent noble families—one with many contacts and kin in Egorian. Earning the gratitude of such a family can only help in the long run.

Unfortunately, this is in reality nothing more than another trap by the Council of Thieves, an attempt to end the PCs’ lives in a public place to demonstrate the Council’s power—“Armon Rosala” does in fact take his meals at the Gargling Gargoyle, but he is unaware that he is merely being used as bait to lure the PCs into a trap. If the PCs think to contact him to arrange another meeting, they stand a good chance of discovering the deception—but if they follow the request and come to the tavern, they find themselves in great danger.

Map (page 25): The Gargling Gargoyle is an old tavern, but one that is well loved by Westcrown’s nobility. Known for its seafood and its monster-themed private rooms (each featuring a taxidermic example of the monster the room is named after), the Gargling Gargoyle is a popular watering hole. The tavern gets its namesake for the large stone gargoyle that looms over the front entrance, its mouth and split tongue cleverly designed to siphon rainfall off to either side of the front stoop to provide a dry area even on the wettest days.

J1. Common Room: This common room is always packed, even in these troubling times, as the nobles and well-to-do

merchants take comfort in the familiar trappings and the building’s solid stone walls.

J2. Pantry: Food stores and water are kept here.

J3. Taproom: Several kegs of ale and racks of wine are stored here.

J4. Private Rooms: For 5 gp each, these chambers can be secured for an entire evening’s meal and celebration. **J4a** features an embalmed owlbear, **J4b** a manticore, and **J4c** a chimera.

J5. Back Door: This door is always kept locked (Disable Device DC 30).

J6. Storeroom: Extra chairs, firewood, tools, and other necessities are kept here.

J7. Office: This room is used by the tavern’s proprietor to handle business-related work.

J8. Deran’s Room: The tavern keeper, **Deran Vesken** (LN male human expert 4) lives here.

Creatures: When the PCs arrive, have them all make DC 40 Fame checks. If any PC is successful, the nobles immediately recognize them and raise glasses in welcome, cheering in delight at the visit. If the PCs have already secured the aristocracy’s aid in Part Two, this friendly welcome is automatic. If the PCs ask about Armon, they are directed to area **J4b**, where they find the nobleman and three of his guests halfway through their meal. Armon is delighted to receive a visit from the heroes and eager to use this unexpected visit to show off to his friends, but if the PCs ask him about assassins and the like, he is honestly confused and surprised.

Unknown to the patrons, Council assassins disguised as nobles lie in wait, and begin studying different PCs in preparation for death attacks as soon as the party arrives. Their signal is a dropped glass—the sound of the glass shattering causes the three assassins (placed at various points around the tavern) to draw their weapons and move to attack the PCs with their death attacks.

What the assassins might not have predicted, though, is the outrage of the nobles at such a tactic. If the PCs were recognized and greeted friendly, the attack fills the nobles with rage and they rise up to aid the PCs, wielding improvised clubs and knives. The unexpected uprising can give the PCs an edge over their would-be killers.

COUNCIL CAPTAINS (4)

CR 10

XP 9,600 each

hp 79 each (see page 10)

OUTRAGED NOBLES (10)

CR 4

XP 1,200 each

Male human aristocrat 6

LN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +0; Senses Perception +9

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DEFENSE

AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 11 (+1 deflection)

hp 21 each (6d8–6)

Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee dagger +3 (1d4–1/19–20) or club +3 (1d6–1)

TACTICS

During Combat While not particularly skilled, the outraged nobles can certainly help the PCs set up flanking opportunities or get in the way of assassins. They can also use the aid another action to aid a PC's attack roll or AC.

Morale While outraged at the attack, the nobles are not particularly brave. They drop their weapons as soon as they take any damage and attempt to flee.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +4; CMB +3; CMD 14

Feats Deceitful, Great Fortitude, Persuasive, Skill Focus (Bluff)

Skills Appraise +10, Bluff +17, Diplomacy +14, Disguise +0, Intimidate +0, Knowledge (local) +10, Knowledge (nobility) +10, Perception +9, Ride +9

Languages Common, Infernal, Osiriani

Gear dagger, ring of protection +1

Failure: If the PCs fail at this mini-quest, they're likely dead. If they manage to escape, they can expect further and more brazen assassination attempts in the future.

Victory: If the PCs defeat the assassins, the nobles cheer—especially if no nobles were slain. Rounds of drinks are provided by the house and the PCs are invited to stay well into the night to celebrate. If the PCs accept this offer and spend 2 Fame Points, they find themselves even more adored by the nobility, and gain 1 additional Popularity Point over and above what they would normally gain for completing this mini-quest.

K. ROLAN THE TINKERER (CR 10)

A brilliant but eccentric inventor named Rolan has gone off the deep end. He's barricaded the streets around his shop on Gull Street in central Rego Pena, and his magical automatons have apparently grown violent. Someone needs to go in there and clear the barricades and see about getting Rolan to calm down, since Gull Street is a major thoroughfare.

Setup: The PCs can hear about Rolan and his unusual barricade from the Children of Westcrown, anyone they rescue from other mini-quests, or idle gossip in the street. Rolan is one of the few troublemakers in Westcrown not directly affiliated with the Council of Thieves, but certainly represents what the Council hopes to see more of.

Map (page 25): The buildings in the area are wooden and part of an old section of town—not quite slums, but certainly not the nicest neighborhood.

K1. The Barricaded Street: The streets around Rolan's shop are blocked off with mounds of rubble and trash—it's a DC 10 Climb check to clamber over one of these barriers. The street inside the barricade is remarkably clean and patrolled by five of Rolan's "toys." The front door to Rolan's shop hangs open, and Rolan spends much of his time sitting on the front steps watching his creations lumber about the area.

K2. Shopfront: Rolan's shop specialized in toys and puzzles, all of which are quite ingeniously made. Many of them are now broken—testament to Rolan's madness. One of his animated objects stands guard in the curtained alcove leading to area K4.

K3. Workroom: This is where Rolan invents and builds his devices and toys. One of his automatons stands guard here.

K4. Bedroom: This is an incredibly clean combination bedroom and study. Rolan takes his meals here.

K5. Closet: This is a privy and an additional storage area. The eighth animated object stands guard here, ready to emerge to aid Rolan as needed with meals and cleaning.

Creatures: Rolan is a remarkably clean dwarf, but a glint of obsessive madness glitters in his eyes (one of which is usually hidden by a lens that functions as *goggles of minute seeing*). He spends his daylight hours sitting on his front steps tinkering with smaller versions of the automatons that lumber and whirl in the streets before him—vaguely humanoid constructs of whirring gears, clanking levers, and whirling blades. They look something like beardless dwarves, but with heads that protrude from barrel-shaped bodies without the benefit of a neck and long arms tipped with great iron pincers that can flip aside to allow smaller, more manipulative hands to slide into place. The smaller wind-up versions of these toys are among Rolan's best sellers. The larger ones he created with *scrolls of animated object* and *permanency*—he hoped to sell them to the city to serve as cleaners in the sewers, but as the sewers are already relatively well automated and engineered (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #25), the city didn't play along.

Since this disappointment, Rolan has grown increasingly bitter and introverted. His customers noticed and business plummeted. The anarchy that grips Westcrown has finally pushed Rolan over the edge—he now hopes to use his "toys" to clean up the entire city, and is working on inventing more powerful versions that he'll use as a police force to reestablish law in Westcrown. Fortunately for Westcrown, Rolan's drive is easily distracted, and so far all he's gotten around to policing are the streets directly around his shop.

Normally, Rolan would never consider attacking anyone; he is a peaceful and introspective being, content

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to live with his creations. Yet he is convinced (quite wrongly) that his automatons are necessary to defend the city from the legions of Hell, and has unleashed them on the streets. Whenever Rolan sleeps, his constructs tend to cause problems with their limited capacity to follow orders, wandering a bit far from his home to gather more material to build their barricades regardless of who it belongs to. Rolan certainly thinks his minions are helping the city, and any suggestion to the contrary is enough to fuel his anger and compel him to order his toys to “remove these dunderpates from my sight!”

ROLAN CR 7 XP 3,200

Male dwarf expert 9

CN Medium humanoid (dwarf)

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

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 11, flat-footed 12 (+2 armor, +1 Dex)

hp 67 (9d8+27)

Fort +8, **Ref** +4, **Will** +6; +2 vs. poison, spells, and spell-like abilities

Defensive Abilities defensive training

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee mwk club +7/+1 (1d6)

Ranged mwk light crossbow +8 (1d8/19–20)

Special Attacks hatred

TACTICS

During Combat Once combat begins, Rolan orders his toys to attack his foes while he hangs back to support the constructs with his crossbow, firing at the nearest enemy. He switches to his club only if he has no other option.

Morale Once three or more of his toys have been destroyed, Rolan becomes aggressive in combat, pursuing his foes with a psychotic fervor. If all of his constructs are defeated, he drops his weapon and falls to his knees in tears—as long as any of his constructs remain functional, he fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 12, **Con** 16, **Int** 13, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 17 (21 vs. bull rush or trip)

Feats Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Magical Aptitude, Master Craftsman, Skill Focus (Use Magic Device)

Skills Appraise +13 (+15 nonmagical metals or gemstones), Craft (weaponsmithing) +13, Disable Device +18, Knowledge (arcana) +13, Knowledge (engineering) +13, Profession (tinkerer) +12, Spellcraft +15, Use Magic Device +19

Languages Azlanti, Common, Dwarven

Gear +1 padded armor, masterwork club, masterwork light crossbow with 20 bolts, goggles of minute seeing

ROLAN'S TOYS (8) CR 3

XP 800 each

Metal animated objects (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 14)

N Medium construct

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception –5

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 10, flat-footed 16 (+6 natural)

hp 36 (3d10+20)

Fort +1, **Ref** +1, **Will** –4

Defensive Abilities hardness 10; **Immune** construct traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., swim 30 ft.

Melee slam +5 (1d6+3 plus grab)

TACTICS

During Combat These constructs follow Rolan's shouted commands, but aren't very good about following them for long, as they often switch targets to attack the last foe who struck them.

Morale Roland's toys fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 10, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 1, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 15

Skills Swim +10



ROLAN

Treasure: A lockbox under Rolan's bed in area **K4** (DC 30 Disable Device) contains not only Rolan's savings of 320 pp but two *scrolls of animate object* and three *scrolls of permanency*.

Failure: If the PCs fail to reopen the street, word spreads and the number of lunatics that come out of the woodworks increases. In this event, feel free to have the PCs faced with more encounters like this one—but defeating these additional encounters should not provide additional Popularity Points.

Victory: If the PCs manage to restore order to the area without killing Rolan, award them one additional PP over and above the one they'd earn for completing this quest. If the PCs cure Rolan of his madness and spend 2 Fame Points, they can convince Rolan to begin working on repairing and upgrading his remaining animated objects to provide some additional aid for the PCs—1d4 days later, he presents the PCs with two animated objects for them to use as they see fit in restoring order to Westcrown. These animated objects have the same stats as his toys, but gain the Advanced Creature simple template (see page 294 of the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary*)—he also gives one of the PCs a large flashy amulet shaped like a silver gear, worth 200 gp. A character who openly wears this amulet can give the animated objects simple commands—if the constructs see multiple versions of the same amulet, conflicting commanders must make opposed Charisma checks. The construct follows the orders of whoever wins that check.

PART FIVE: CITY OF DEATH

In the ruins of Rego Cader, where even before the people of Westcrown feared to linger, the anarchy and madness has taken a decidedly different turn from the mayhem of riots and thievery—here, the Council of Thieves has turned to undead allies to build a hideous army. Only the unexpected destruction of their vampiric ally Ilnerik kept this army of the dead from being organized enough to provide a threat outside of the ruined sector's walls, but enough significant undead leaders remain that, given time, could become a truly significant peril.

The PCs should hear plenty of rumors of how the dead stalk the streets of Rego Cader during this adventure—they need but to journey to this section of town to prove the rumors fact. After nightfall is, of course, when the undead are at their most numerous and most active, but the dead walk even by day.

The PCs can have as many encounters with wandering zombies, wights, ghouls, mohrgs, and other undead as you wish—some of these monsters can even stagger into the still-populated areas of Rego Crua or Rego Scripa. This chapter presents the four epicenters of undead activity in the ruins. Each has its own introduction and

hook to attract the PCs, and only when all four of these mini-quests are completed will Westcrown truly be free of Ilnerik Sivanshin's undead legacy.

L WALKING HUNGER (CR 11)

A notorious local legend rises from her grave to serve as a commander and leader among the undead. By defeating the devourer Irimeian, the PCs can sever the connection between the undead of Rego Cader and the Council of Thieves.

Setup: Irimeian has made no secret of her base of operations—rumors hold that the heart of the undead legions are focused most heavily around Rego Cader's Sunset Gate, once one of Westcrown's primary entrances but now little more than a ruin haunted by the dead. If these rumors aren't enough to spur the PCs to investigate, they could learn from a captured thief or correspondence from a Council captain that "Irimeian requires another shipment of fresh bodies if her undead army is to be strong enough to be of use for Ecarrdian's moment of glory—perhaps sending the bodies of these so-called heroes to Sunset Gate would appease her for a time? Just make sure you carry the black flag when you approach!"

Map: Sunset Gate consists of a large gatehouse over a wide road. The road itself passes under the gatehouse, and is fitted with a pair of wood and iron portcullises that rise up on both sides of the gatehouse. Since Aroden's death, though, these gates have remained lowered and are now rusted in place.

L1. Sunset Yard: The approach to Sunset Gate offers little in the way of cover. While the undead do not maintain an obvious guard here in the yard, the approach of any living creature that fails to openly display a black flag (used by Council agents to announce their approach) is an invitation to an attack from the undead posted inside the structure.

L2. Southern Wall: The city wall here is in relatively good condition; the wall itself is 15 feet high.

L3. Northern Wall: The wall here is also 15 feet high, but the stairs leading up to it are unstable. A Medium or larger creature that uses the stairs causes them to collapse, taking a total of 4d6 points of damage from the fall and the crumbling rubble (Reflex DC 15 half).

L4. Marshaling Room: Once used by the city guard to muster defenses to deploy on the wall, this large empty room is now where Irimeian "stores" her undead minions. Six of her fast zombies stand guard here, each armed with a heavy crossbow and 20 bolts. They move to fire upon any creatures that they notice approaching as they stand guard at the arrow slits.

L5. Archer's Walk: Five more fast zombies armed with heavy crossbows stand guard here, each manning one of the arrow slits in this hall.

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L6. Southeast Winchroom: An immense winch takes up the northwest half of this room, its ancient chains and ropes strung along the roof and completely incapable of raising the southeast gate. Two fast zombies with crossbows stand guard here.

L7. Northwest Winchroom: Similar to area L6, save no zombies stand guard here.

L8. Guard Post: A pair of fast zombies guard the arrow slit in the southern wall here.

L9. Armory: Once used to store weapons for use on the wall, this room is now empty. It could be used to house prisoners.

L10. Keeper's Quarters: Once the quarters of Sunset Gate's commander, this room is now the lair of the devourer Irimeian. The room is a grisly laboratory of necromantic projects, with body parts stacked and sorted along the walls and an open area in the middle of the room where new zombies can be raised. If the PCs manage to infiltrate the gatehouse without alerting the zombies guarding it, they find Irimeian in this chamber engaged in necromantic research as she

works to discover a way to make even more powerful zombie minions.

Creatures: A century and a half ago, a woman named Irimeian walked the streets of Westcrown. Some say she was a babbling, half-mad witch, others that she was a calculating and brilliant wizard. All tales, however, agree that she was the worst kind of villain, so foul as to lure away visitors to the city while pretending to offer them directions, then overpower them and consume their flesh. Whatever the truth of the tale, Irimeian has returned to her one-time home, called back to stalk the city's streets by foul magic and bargains sealed between Chammady and the barbed devil cleric Melavengian.

The devourer's charge is to create an army of the dead. So far, the devourer has managed to do much of this work by recruiting the aid of two other undead monsters who dwell in the nearby ruins—monsters whom, in life, the PCs knew as enemies. Irimeian reacts to intruders with impatient anger, but upon realizing those intruders are the PCs, she does her best to capture their bodies (not necessarily alive) as raw materials for her necromantic research.

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IRIMEIAN

CR 11

XP 12,800

Devourer (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 82)

hp 133

Gear rod of thunder and lightning

FAST ZOMBIES (15)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 12 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 288–289)

Failure: If the PCs fail to defeat Irimeian on their first attempt, the devourer contacts the Council of Thieves and secures additional aid—the next time the PCs attack, she's added a pair of skeletal champion Council captains to her army as personal bodyguards and perhaps a few mohrgs to replace any fallen zombies.

Victory: If Irimeian is slain, the undead of Rego Cader quickly lose their focus. Undead are no longer encountered in other parts of the city, and the undead in the other three mini-quests lose the ability to request additional resources from the devourer should the PCs fail to defeat one of them.

M. BASTARDS OF DEATH (CR 12)

The defeat of the Bastards of Erebus marked the first great victory of the PCs. Realizing this, the Drovenges, working with Irimeian and the devil Melavengian, arranged for the reanimation of the tiefling Palaveen as a mohrg, and have promised him an opportunity to have his revenge on the PCs once the Council is in control of Westcrown.

Setup: Young starlet Calseinica Nymmis (who might have become a romantic interest of a PC) comes to her former costars with a tearful request. Her family mausoleum is located in the Cader Boneyard, and yesterday her pigheaded father went up to the vault to retrieve a family heirloom—a bastard sword—that had been buried with one of her ancestors. With everything going to hell in Westcrown, Calseinica's father Kalder realized that they might need to flee the city, and that if they were going to leave, he “sure as hell wasn't going to leave grandpa's magic sword behind for some grave robber to loot!” Calseinica worries that something may have happened to him, as he hasn't returned—she desperately wants the PCs to investigate and, if her father has been killed, at least recover his body for proper burial.

If Palaveen's body was utterly destroyed or is otherwise inaccessible, feel free to make this mohrg from another enemy the PCs defeated in a previous adventure.

Map: The Cader Boneyard hasn't seen a lot of use in the last 100 years, although it was once one of Westcrown's largest cemeteries. Today, much of the large expanse has become overgrown with weeds and trees, with ancient gravestones protruding here and there from the grass and the odd mausoleum breaking up the scene. The graveyard is nestled in the crumbling crook of the ruined wall along the northernmost reaches of Rego Cader, and the fact that

something vile is afoot in the area should be immediately obvious. Many of the graves have been dug up, and the smell of death and corruption seems particularly strong. Anyone who follows this scent comes to a particularly well-preserved stone crypt about a hundred feet from the city wall.

M1. Nymmis Mausoleum Entrance: The Nymmis family name is engraved over the entrance to this stone building. The double doors hang ajar, and the hideous stench of putrescence wafts from within.

M2. Violated Graves: A DC 20 Perception check is enough to note that the freshly dug soil on these graves seems to wriggle—hiding just below the surface of each of these graves is a fast zombie. They burst out to attack foes that come within 10 feet of the graves, shrieking and moaning loudly enough to alert the mohrgs inside the vault.

M3. Nymmis Vault: Two stone statues of Abadar stand guard in this vault. The source of the stench of death in here is obvious—the mangled bodies of numerous homeless and unfortunate victims, dragged back here alive and tormented by the mohrgs to satisfy their unholy urge to kill. Stone sarcophagi stand on biers to the north and south. Alas, Kalder Nymmis's body is among the mutilated remains.

M4. Crypts: Each of these crypts contains two stone sarcophagi—Nymmis tradition was that a body lies in a crypt here until displaced by fresher dead, whereupon the bones and remains of the displaced body are ground up and stored in urns in the central crypt. Crypts **M4a**, **M4b**, and **M4c** each contain one of the three mohrgs, reanimated tieflings who were once members of the Bastards of Erebus.

M5. Central Crypt: Urns filled with ashes and powdered bone line the walls of this crypt. The undead creature who was once Palaveen—now an advanced mohrg—dwells in this crypt.

Creatures: The four mohrgs that dwell in here emerge every night to prowl Rego Cader, seeking out places where the unfortunate and the homeless hide. As the adventure goes on, the mohrgs grow bold and begin to extend their harvests into the more civilized areas, resulting in an increasing number of reports of “horned skeletons with nasty long tongues” spreading through the city.

The mohrgs have only a rudimentary memory of their lives as Bastards, but as soon as they see the PCs they hiss and shriek in anger. They attack at once, pursuing the PCs relentlessly until slain.

PALAVEEN

CR 9

XP 6,400

Advanced mohrg

hp 119 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 208, 294)

MOHRGS (3)

CR 8

XP 4,800 each

hp 91 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 208)

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FAST ZOMBIES (5)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 12 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 288–289)

Treasure: Area **M4d** contains the sword Kalder Nymmis wanted to retrieve—the weapon lies inside of the northern sarcophagus, and is a +3 *defending bastard sword*.

Failure: If the PCs fail to defeat the mohrgs, the creatures grow even bolder and launch an attack on the city, killing dozens of citizens and inflicting a sudden plague of fast zombies on the town. Furthermore, if the mohrgs aren't slain before the end of the adventure, they join Ecarrdian at the Vacant Throne in the final battle.

Victory: If the mohrgs are defeated and Kalder's body is recovered, a tearful Calseinica allows one of the PCs to wield her ancestral weapon as thanks—though she won't agree to let the PCs sell it off.

N. THE ACTOR'S ENCORE (CR 12)

The Bastards of Erebus aren't the only undead legacies waiting to get vengeance on the PCs, nor are they the most dangerous. Thesing Umbero Ulvauno, the insufferable actor who served as a foil for the PCs in the first two adventures, recently fell victim to Ilnerik Sivanshin. Now a free-willed vampire, he has been creating vampiric minions of his own to aid him in realizing his plans for the PCs.

Setup: After *The Six Trials of Larazod's* curtain call at the Nightshade Theater, Thesing Umbero Ulvauno had something of a temper tantrum. He stormed out of the playhouse, forfeiting his share of the proceeds, and over the next several weeks spiraled deeper and deeper into a fit of self-loathing and depression brought on by his being soundly upstaged by such “non-actors” as the PCs. The PCs' growing fame in Westcrown only intensified Thesing's mood, and he began to hatch plans of revenge. Yet he knew that he would never be able to stand up against the PCs as he was—and so Thesing fell in with all manner of doubtful characters, eventually coming to the attention of the vampire Ilnerik Sivanshin.

Ilnerik approved of Thesing's burning need for revenge, and saw in him the seed of a perfect weapon to use against the PCs. Ilnerik took Thesing under his wing and transformed him into a vampire, then set him up in an abandoned tower at the northern end of Rego Cader with orders to remain hidden until the time was right to strike.

With Ilnerik's death, though, Thesing has gained his free will. As this adventure progresses, the bitter actor, now trained in the ways of murder and treachery and possessing the strength of the undead, is free to work his vengeance. He has gathered three vampiric thralls to his side, but his next conquest will be someone close to the PCs.

How Thesing sets his plan into motion is up to you. He could ambush one of the Children of Westcrown, perhaps

even Janiven or Arael, and use the abduction to lure the PCs to his lair. He could seek out one of the PCs' relations or lovers and do the same, or even ambush one of the PCs themselves. If in such an ambush he is forced to flee back to his lair, the PCs may need to resort to divination magic to track him down.

Map (page 33): Thesing has claimed an abandoned guard tower in the northernmost portion of Rego Cader as his new lair. The stone tower is in relatively good shape, standing 30 feet high but with a slight list to the north, as if over the past 100 years the ground below had slowly been giving way to its weight. Ceilings within average 9 feet in height, with wooden supports holding the upper floors together. All windows have been bricked up, leaving the interior cold, dark, and stuffy.

N1. Entrance: The front door to the tower is not locked, but it is stuck tight—it's a DC 24 Strength check to wrench it open. If the PCs pursue Thesing here after he abducts another PC or allied NPC, though, this door has already been wrenched open by the vampire and hangs ajar.

N2. Office: Once used by the guard tower's commander to meet with concerned citizens, this dusty, clammy office is now in ruins. If you wish, having the PCs encounter a swarm of rats or bats in this room can help foreshadow the vampire's presence.

N3. Dining Quarters: As with the floor below, this combination kitchen and dining room is damp, moldy, and abandoned.

N4. Bedroom: Once the bedroom of the commanding officer, this room has been cleaned up by Thesing to the best of his abilities. While it's still dark and damp, the furniture is mostly new and clean. If he's abducted a PC or NPC, that victim is here, either dominated or gagged and bound, with vampire bites on the neck or inner thigh but not quite yet dead. Thesing uses the victim as a lure, and is likely to be in the room hiding, hoping to catch the PCs by surprise.

N5. Basement: Old crates of rusted and ruined weapons and armor sit here. Several have been pushed aside to reveal a cave hole in the east wall.

N6. Underground Pool: This sloshing pool of water is connected to the river via a 5-foot-wide underwater tunnel—once an escape route from the tower, the tunnel has been flooded by a recent subsidence. Thesing is unaware that the tunnel connects to the river.

N7. Spawn Coffins: Thesing has transformed three of his victims into vampire spawn so far. During the day they sleep here. At night, they prowl the caves and can be encountered anywhere you desire.

N8. Thesing's Lair: Thesing's coffin lies against the northern wall of this damp, dripping cavern.

Creatures: Thesing should be expecting the PCs, but he's still a vampire. If they come to attack him during

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the day, they find him and his minions resting in their coffins. An attack on his lair at night is a much more dangerous option, but if he's abducted a PC or a close ally, the heroes may not have a choice—for Thesing will turn anyone he's captured into a vampire if they are not rescued by dawn.

THESING THE VAMPIRE

CR 11

XP 12,800

Male human vampire rogue 7/expert 3 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 270)

CE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +25

DEFENSE

AC 31, touch 15, flat-footed 27 (+5 armor, +1 deflection, +3 Dex, +1 dodge, +7 natural, +4 shield)

hp 102 (10d8+50); fast healing 5

Fort +8, **Ref** +12, **Will** +8

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, evasion, trap sense +2, uncanny dodge; **DR** 10/magic and silver; **Immune** undead traits; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10

Weaknesses vampire weaknesses



THESING THE VAMPIRE

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +3 rapier +15/+10 (1d6+7/18–20), slam +6 (1d4+4 plus energy drain)

Special Attacks blood drain, children of the night, create spawn, dominate (DC 19), energy drain (2 levels, DC 19), sneak attack +4d6

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th; concentration +8)

3/day—bleed (DC 14)

2/day—shield

TACTICS

Before Combat Thesing casts *shield* on himself before entering combat.

During Combat Thesing attacks with his rapier in one hand and a secondary attack with his slam. He makes full uses of his stealth and the ability to become gaseous to flee combat and go into hiding every few rounds, only to spring out of the shadows to sneak attack a victim over and over.

Morale If reduced to 0 hp, Thesing becomes gaseous and flees to area N8. If confronted there, the vampire fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 17, **Con** —, **Int** 13, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 26

Feats Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Skill Focus (Perform [act]), Skill Focus (Perform [sing]), Spring Attack, Toughness, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (rapier)

Skills Bluff +25, Disguise +17, Intimidate +17, Knowledge (local) +14, Knowledge (nobility) +14, Linguistics +5, Perception +25, Perform (act) +23, Perform (sing) +23, Ride +15, Sense Motive +0, Stealth +23

Languages Common, Infernal

SQ change shape (dire bat or wolf, *beast shape II*), gaseous form, rogue talents (major magic [*shield*], minor magic [*bleed*], weapon training), shadowless, spider climb, trapfinding

Gear +1 chain shirt, amulet of natural armor +1, belt of incredible dexterity +2, cloak of resistance +1, ring of protection +1

VAMPIRE SPAWN (3)

CR 4

XP 1,200 each

Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 271

CE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 11, flat-footed 4 (+1 Dex, +4 natural)

hp 30 each (4d8+12); fast healing 2

Fort +3, **Ref** +2, **Will** +5

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +2; **DR** 5/silver;

Immune undead traits; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10

Weaknesses resurrection vulnerability, vampire weaknesses

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

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Melee slam +4 (1d4+1 plus energy drain)

Special Attacks blood drain, dominate (DC 14), energy drain (1 level, DC 14)

TACTICS

During Combat Eager to slay the PCs, the vampire spawn focus their attacks on the same foe, hoping to overwhelm enemies one at a time with energy drains.

Morale The vampire spawn fight until destroyed.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 15

Feats Improved Initiative, Toughness

Skills Intimidate +9, Knowledge (local) +7, Perception +11, Stealth +16

Languages Common

SQ gaseous form, shadowless, spider climb

Failure: If the PCs fail to rescue the NPC or PC, Thesing transforms his victim into a full-fledged vampire under his control within the hour. The next night, he sends this newest vampire out to capture another PC or NPC, continuing the process until he is finally destroyed.

Victory: If Thesing is slain, the PCs finally and truly end Ilnerik Sivanshin's legacy and free Westcrown from its vampiric predators.

O. THE HERETIC'S GHOST (CR 12)

Signifer Ara Verennie's attempted coup of Taranik House did not go well, and now she's gone into hiding somewhere in northern Westcrown, where she has become the newest addition to Rego Cader's army of the dead.

Setup: Paralictor Chard's greatest worry at this time is that the heretical Signifer Verennie is out there somewhere, building an army to challenge Taranik House again. Worse, her continued freedom is a constant insult to all that the Hellknights represent. Chard offers the PCs a reward (see page 23) if they can find out where Verennie is hiding out and bring her to justice. Alternatively, the PCs could learn about Signifer Verennie's hideout after defeating the Hellknight heretics in area P, especially if she's possessing one of the Hellknights at the time or they're tailing a group of heretics to see why they make their weekly visits to Rego Cader.

Map (page 33): Verennie's lair, a two-story wooden house with a small garden, is located on the coast of central Rego Cader. Her choice of this house was more or less random, but her presence in the place has begun to infuse the building with a latent sense of malignancy. The house itself is relatively dilapidated, although still stable enough to stand up to exploration. Once the home of a successful merchant family, the house has fallen from an ostentatious display of wealth to a rotting and ruined memento of a past era. No doors are locked in the house, but they creak loudly when opened. Dust lies thick in the

air and on most surfaces, but periodically whirls up into small vortices despite the lack of any breeze. Guttural moans and clicking sounds echo through the empty rooms now and then, all harmless but unnerving manifestations of the ghost's presence.

01. Entry: A flight of stairs leads to the upper floor here. The floor of this room bears the signs of many armored boot prints—when the heretics come to receive new orders from their undead mistress, they venture no further into her den than this room.

02. Garden: Overgrown with weeds and tangled with blackberry vines, this garden is enclosed by a crumbling 6-foot-high brick wall.

03. Kitchen: A dust-filled fireplace sits in the northeast corner of this dreary kitchen; a meat cleaver lies embedded in a chopping block on a table to the south.

04. Dining Room: Three high-backed chairs sit around a table set for dinner, the silverware sharp and unusually polished, the food (a turkey, potatoes, and bread) strangely fresh-looking. Anyone who eats the food quickly finds it to be foul and rotting (a manifestation of the ghost's presence), and must make a DC 21 Fortitude save or become nauseated for 10 minutes.

05. Study: A roll-top desk and chair sit against the north wall here, with old books and dusty, poorly stuffed animals stacked along the south and west walls.

06. Servant's Bedroom: A large but simply furnished bedroom for a maid or cook.

07. Master Bedroom: This bedroom's once fine decor is moldy and rotten now. A large, fresh bloodstain mars the ceiling in the southeast corner above a set of bookshelves, evidence of the foul ritual in area O10 above.

08. Storage: Firewood, linen, cleaning tools, and other household supplies are kept here under a thick layer of dust.

09. Closet: A trap door in the ceiling here opens into the attic.

O10. Attic: This attic is filled with crates, firewood, furniture, and other clutter, although at the far end of the room stands a strange statue cobbled together from a large collection of gold coins, jewelry, gemstones, and art, using a suit of Hellknight armor as a base. A DC 30 Knowledge (religion) check identifies the statue as sacred to Mammon. Crumpled on the floor just north of the statue is Signifer Verennie's rotting body, the +2 *human bane dagger* she used to end her own life still buried deep in her neck.

Creatures: Unfortunately, Signifer Verennie is no longer a mere mortal, for after she and her followers fled into hiding, she performed a blasphemous suicide ritual to attract the attention of the archdevil Mammon, whom she has correctly identified as having a keen interest in the events playing out in Westcrown (although her theories for why Mammon is interested in the city are wrong). In return for her life and loyalty, she has been allowed to live on after death as a ghost.

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While the now-undead signifer believes she is acting of her own free will and following her own plans, she has in fact merely become one more of Mammon's tools for claiming control of Westcrown by proxy.

Signifer Verennie only leaves her home one night each week, during which she possesses one of her Hellknight followers and revels in the joys and debauchery of life without following the strictures of Hellknight tradition. Her followers look forward to these opportunities to experience life amid the excesses that can be had for allies of the Council of Thieves, and spend the rest of the week eagerly trying to earn Signifer Verennie's favor by opposing Paralicor Chard's attempts to reestablish order.

As a ghost, Ara can move through the walls of her lair with ease. She can sense disturbances in each room of her home as if viewing them through *clairaudience/clairvoyance*, and as soon as she notices the PCs entering, she casts her preparatory spells and moves to attack them as detailed in her tactics.



ARA VERENNIE

ARA VERENNIE

CR 12

XP 19,200

Female human ghost sorcerer 11 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 144)

LE Medium undead (augmented humanoid, incorporeal)

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 27, touch 19, flat-footed 24 (+4 armor, +6 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +4 shield)

hp 126 (11d6+88)

Fort +9, **Ref** +5, **Will** +8; +4 vs. poison

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, incorporeal, rejuvenation; **Immune** undead traits; **Resist** fire 10

OFFENSE

Speed fly 30 ft. (perfect)

Melee corrupting touch +5 (12d6; DC 21)

Special Attacks corrupting gaze (DC 21), malevolence (DC 21), telekinesis (DC 21)

Bloodline Spell-Like Abilities (CL 11th; concentration +17)

7/day—corrupting touch

1/day—hellfire (DC 19)

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 11th; concentration +17)

5th (5/day)—*dismissal*, *dominate person* (DC 19), *summon monster V*

4th (7/day)—*charm monster* (DC 20), *dimension door*, *summon monster IV*, *wall of fire*

3rd (7/day)—*dispel magic*, *fireball* (DC 17), *fly*, *stinking cloud* (DC 19), *suggestion* (DC 17)

2nd (8/day)—*acid arrow*, *glitterdust* (DC 18), *invisibility*, *scorching ray*, *summon monster II*, *web* (DC 18)

1st (8/day)—*charm person* (DC 17), *grease* (DC 17), *mage armor*, *magic missile*, *protection from good*, *shield*

0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *ghost sound* (DC 14), *light*, *mage hand*, *message*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic*

Bloodline infernal

TACTICS

Before Combat Ara casts *mage armor*, *shield*, *protection from good*, and *invisibility* as soon as she realizes someone intrudes upon her lair.

During Combat Ara doesn't engage the PCs directly at first. She remains invisible and uses her summoning spells to summon numerous Medium earth elementals that look like skeletal Hellknights to attack the PCs. She attempts to use malevolence on the most attractive PC if she can arrange to be alone in a room with that character—if successful, she poses as the PC for as long as possible to learn what she can about the PCs before reporting to Chammady in hopes of being granted leave to take her hijacked body through the *well of many worlds* to experience Hell. If discovered, she prefers to use her spells and corrupting gaze at range, using her flight to stay out of melee.

Morale Ara fights until destroyed, but unless the dagger is removed

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from her body and her remains are returned to Paralictor Chard, she rejuvenates in 2d4 days and resumes her blasphemies.

STATISTICS

Str —, **Dex** 14, **Con** —, **Int** 14, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 22

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 24

Feats Augment Summoning, Combat Casting, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Dodge, Eschew Materials, Extend Spell, Greater Spell Focus (conjunction), Spell Focus (conjunction), Toughness

Skills Bluff +20, Fly +17, Intimidate +20, Knowledge (arcana) +16, Knowledge (planes) +9, Perception +9, Spellcraft +16, Stealth +10

Languages Common, Infernal

SQ bloodline arcana

Treasure: In addition to the +2 *human bane dagger* lodged in Ara's body, the treasure that she used to build her shrine to Mammon is worth a combined total of 4,500 gp.

Failure: If the PCs fail to destroy Ara, her focus shifts to tracking them down and slaying them for their temerity in disrupting her work. She can use malevolence to possess any number of hosts to make multiple attacks on the PCs over and over until she is finally put to rest.

Victory: If the PCs bring Ara's remains to Paralictor Chard and Taranik House, her ghost is laid to rest as her remains are set aside for proper censure and castigation at Citadel Rivad. Chard pays the PCs the promised reward for their part in the matter and champions their good work in the adventure's epilogue, aiding in gaining Citadel Rivad's support for the PCs when General Vourne finally arrives in town.

PART SIX: CITY OF DAMNATION

Whereas riots and looters and gangs of thieves plague Parego Spera and the dead walk in Parego Dospera, it is in Parego Regicona that the Council of Thieves are at their most powerful. Here, patrols of thieves openly and brazenly walk the streets, demanding regular tithes from frightened nobles too cowed to exit their homes. An increasing number of devils (primarily lemures and bearded devils) frolic in the streets, delighting in the harvest of misery and impatiently waiting to support the Drovenges when they make their bid for control.

Word of these conditions should reach the PCs' ears soon after they begin to focus their efforts on other parts of town, but at some point before they actually visit the islands of Parego Regicona, they should receive a visit from a bedraggled and nervous-looking **Eterian Oberiegeo** (LE human male rogue 6). Until recently one of the leaders of the Council of Thieves, Eterian has likely met the PCs several times already—probably most recently under Walcourt, where he was rescued from imminent death (or worse) at the hands of Ilnerik Sivanshin. Eterian has called in several

favors and spent much money among the aristocracy to ensure his surviving family are safe and hidden away, but he knows that if the Drovenges seize control of Westcrown, his family's days are numbered. He emerges from hiding to contact the PCs, thanking them again for rescuing him and warning them that the Drovenges plan to seize control of Westcrown soon.

Eterian knows the PCs are opposing the Drovenges, and he's come to offer some free advice. He warns them against directly opposing either Chammady or Ecarrdian, at least at first, and certainly not while the Drovenges have the full support of the Council of Thieves behind them. Clearing up numerous situations on the mainland and getting the aid of the aristocracy, the dottari, and the Hellknights will certainly help, but even more important is handling the developing situation on Parego Regicona. Eterian tells the PCs that there are three "hotbeds" of infernal activity there, and in addition a group of Hellknight defectors have allied with the Council. If the PCs can disrupt these four sites, they'll effectively disrupt much of the support the thieves are planning on using to aid in their power bid. More importantly, these four important sites are the most likely places to contain clues as to the locations of wherever Chammady and Ecarrdian Drovenge are holed up, waiting for the right moment to seize control. Defeating both of the Drovenges will cripple the Council of Thieves and throw them into chaos—perhaps not forever, but certainly long enough for someone (perhaps the PCs?) to step in and establish order in Westcrown again. Eterian can also drive home the fact that General Vourne is doubtless on his way downriver with his navy, and that if he finds Westcrown in the state it's in, he'll just institute martial law and turn the city into a police state.

Eterian is eager to get back into hiding and help protect his family, and will not agree to aid the PCs—use him to focus their attentions on the four key encounters in Parego Regicona.

P. HELL'S DEFECTORS (CR 12)

After they fled Taranik House, the Hellknight heretics (including Aritil Sevarn, once Taranik House's armory commander) sought out the Council of Thieves and pledged allegiance to that group. Their current base of operations is in an abandoned dottari barracks on the northwest shore of Rego Corna.

Setup: Eterian can give the PCs the location of these barracks, and furthermore can tell them that a secret door in the barracks opens into a tunnel that leads through the city wall—this could be an excellent stealthy way for the PCs to sneak into Parego Regicona if they can secure control of the barracks without raising an alarm by letting any of the Hellknights escape to warn their allies.

Map (page 41): The barracks is a squat stone building that hugs the city wall and perches at the river's edge. Doors are of strong wood, reinforced with iron, and are generally kept locked (Disable Device DC 30); all of the Hellknights stationed within have keys.

P1. Front Door: A well-worn track leads from the front door of the barracks along the side of the wall for about 600 feet to one of the gates in the wall. The gate itself is just barely out of sight of this building.

P2. Visitor's Lounge: Visitors to the barracks were greeted here—the room is now little more than a thoroughway for traffic.

P3. Forge: Once used by the guards to build and upkeep armor and weapons, this room has been converted into a common room for the Hellknights. At any one time, 1d6+1 of them are here playing cards on anvils, drinking, or boasting.

P4. Delivery Piers: These two piers were used to deliver supplies or allow access to the mainland.

P5. Armory: Spare weapons and armor were once kept here, but now the room is empty. The Hellknights might use this room as a temporary prison if they catch any PCs.

P6. Officer's Quarters: Aritil Sevarn, although he is no more powerful than the other Hellknights, is the ranking officer of the heretics when Signifer Verennie isn't around; he's claimed this room as his own and spends most of his time drunk.

P7. Secret Door: This door can be discovered with a DC 30 Perception check—it opens into a short tunnel that passes through the city wall, allowing access to the interior of Parego Regicon. The Hellknights do not know of this door's presence.

P8. Common Room: Numerous bedrolls are spread on the floor here—the large number of Hellknights staying here has forced them to adopt this room as supplementary barracks. At any one time, 1d4 Hellknights are resting here.

P9. Barracks: Any Hellknights of the 12 stationed here not found in areas **P3**, **P6**, and **P8** are resting in one of these two rooms.

Creatures: The Hellknight heretics stationed here spend most of their day biding their time and waiting for the Drovenges to give the order to gather their resources and aid in claiming the city. In all, there are 26 Hellknight heretics, but nearly half of these are involved elsewhere at any one point so that the PCs will only face a dozen of the heretics on their visit. These Hellknights fight ferociously to defend the building, but once six fall in battle, the remaining heretics try to flee into the city to area **T** to inform Chammady of their failure. Canny PCs can use this to learn her location.

Note that one day each week, one of the Hellknights gives up his body for their ghostly leader to use to

cavort in the streets of Parego Regicon. If the PCs arrive on one of these days, they'll find the remaining Hellknights drunk and carousing here, enjoying their day of freedom. Treat drunk Hellknights as if they were both sickened and staggered. In this case, the possessed Hellknight is likely to return before the PCs leave the area, presenting them with perhaps an unexpectedly dangerous battle.

HELLKNIGHT HERETICS (12)

CR 5

XP 1,600 each

hp 62 each (see page 20)

Failure: If the PCs attack the barracks but fail to rout or defeat the Hellknights, all remaining Hellknights in the city (up to 26) consolidate here, ready to defend against further attacks.

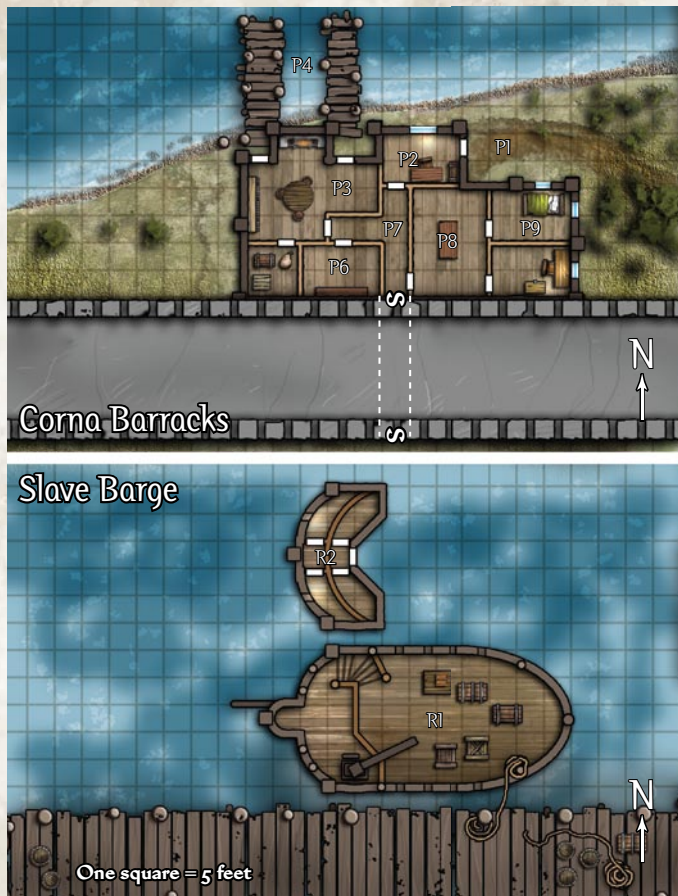
Victory: If the PCs defeat all of the Hellknights, they have about 24 hours before anyone notices—during this time, they can use this building as a base of operations. If any Hellknights escape, though, they try to retake the barracks at some later point unless the PCs spend 4 Fame Points to impress upon the fleeing Hellknights the futility of such an action (in which case the remaining Hellknights abandon their calling and fade into the city's underworld as petty thugs).

Q. SKARX'S PRISON (CR 12)

Although the Council of Thieves eventually hopes to have its own extensive jail to hold prisoners, for the time being its prisoner-containment options are somewhat scattered. Some prisoners end up under what amounts to "house arrest" while others are chained or put in stockades in public venues. For special prisoners, though, the Council has entrusted one of its own—a snake-tongued tiefling monk named Skarx. If the PCs or any of their close allies are captured, they end up victims of this sinister creature in a small stone building at the heart of Rego Corna.

Setup: If the PCs were captured by the Council at the end of "Mother of Flies," the Drovenge siblings know better than to show up to directly confront or mock the PCs. Likewise, if the PCs are captured alive by any of the Council agents during this adventure, the Drovenges keep their distance. The PCs are stripped naked and their gear is placed in a *portable hole* that is then sent on to Chammady for safekeeping, while the PCs themselves are tightly bound and placed under Skarx's care in area **Q6**. In this scenario, the PCs need to escape their prison and, presumably, make their way to the relative safety of the Children of Westcrown safe house—there should be enough information in this volume to aid a GM in running a desperate venture such as this, but the

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assumption this adventure makes is that the PCs are not, in fact, Skarx's prisoners.

More likely, an important NPC whom the PCs have come to trust and rely on is captured by the Council and sent to Skarx. This could be one of the members of the Children of Westcrown, a relative of one of the PCs, or some other important NPC with whom they've allied. Word of the NPC's capture and imprisonment in an abandoned canal-side dottari bunker in Rego Corna should reach the PCs by an NPC ally they and the captured character share in common.

Map (page 41): Skarx's prison is a small stone guardhouse along the central canal in Rego Corna. The walls are of reinforced masonry, and doors are iron and locked (Disable Device DC 35). There are no windows in the building at all.

Q1. Main Entrance: One of Skarx's imp friends (Naxess) perches invisibly over the front door here. If he sees anyone acting suspicious, he throws his *bead of force* at the intruder to alert the prison's guards and remove the intruders' element of surprise.

Q2. Interrogation Room: This room contains a well-used, well-maintained stretching rack for use on prisoners. A barrel nearby contains all manner of torture implements. A pair of double bunks along the west wall provide a place

for the four thieves stationed here to sleep—at any one time, two of them are located here.

Q3. Skarx's Quarters: The tiefling Skarx lives in this room, an austere chamber with a single reed mat and a small incense burner. She is located here, likely meditating or perhaps frolicking with one of the guards, unless the prison is on alert or she's conducting an interrogation in Q2.

Q4. Loading Dock: The pier overlooking the canal here contains several barrels and crates of supplies like food and water. Skarx's other imp friend (Vexess) lurks here invisibly, and uses her *bead of force* in the same way as Naxess in area Q1.

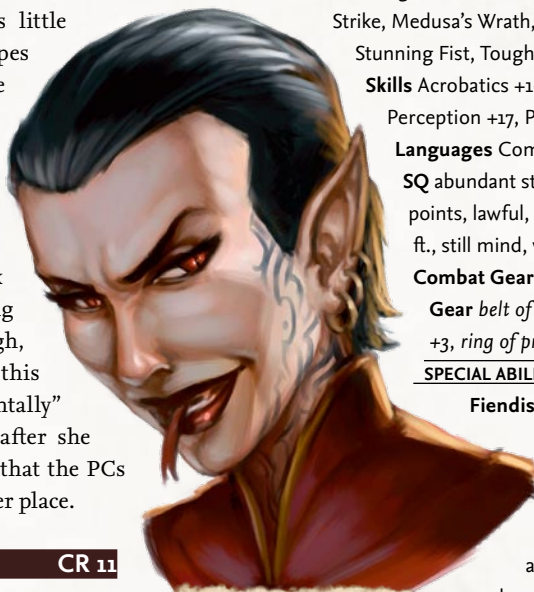
Q5. Guard Room: The two thieves not relaxing in area Q2 are always found here on guard duty—typically sitting at a wobbly table playing cards.

Q6. Prison: This barren room has been fitted with wall-mounted masterwork manacles, and is where prisoners are kept.

Creatures: Skarx Veskandi knows little of her heritage—she only knows that she was raised by a group of Asmodean monks in a small monastery on Lostmast Cape in southern Cheliah. Her snake-like eyes, pointed ears, and forked tongue mark her fiendish heritage, and she often wears a

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veil in public to hide this fact. She first came to the attention of the Council of Thieves after a vision of a “towering golden man standing astride a smoking city” compelled her to seek out Ecarrdian. Despite Chammady’s suspicions, Ecarrdian welcomed Skarx into the Council and kept her secret from the rest of the organization—Skarx played a key role in the assassination of many Council leaders, and while she’s now serving as little more than a jail keeper, she hopes to win Ecarrdian’s love and rule Westcrown at his side as queen. She’s kept her plans and desires secret so far, primarily because she doesn’t want to make her move while Ecarrdian’s sister holds so much of his trust. Skarx does know that Chammady is lying low at Ghivel’s townhouse, though, and if she gets a chance to reveal this information to the PCs “accidentally” (perhaps in return for her life after she surrenders), she does so, hoping that the PCs will be able to put her “rival” in her place.



SKARX VESKANDI

SKARX VESKANDI

CR 11

XP 12,800

Female tiefling monk 12 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 264)

LE Medium outsider (native)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +17

DEFENSE

AC 28, touch 21, flat-footed 23 (+3 armor, +1 deflection, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 monk, +4 natural, +2 Wis)

hp 114 (12d8+60)

Fort +11, **Ref** +12, **Will** +10; +2 vs. enchantment

Defensive Abilities improved evasion; **Immune** disease, poison;

Resist cold 5, electricity 5, fire 5

OFFENSE

Speed 70 ft., fly 60 ft. (good)

Melee unarmed strike +13/+8 (2d6+2) or
flurry of blows +14/+14/+9/+9/+4 (2d6+2)

Special Attacks flurry of blows, stunning fist (12/day, DC 18, fatigued, sickened, staggered)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th; concentration +10)
1/day—*fog cloud*

TACTICS

Before Combat Skarx drinks both of her potions before combat begins if she has a chance.

During Combat Skarx does her best to maintain mobility in combat, using Spring Attack and Vital Strike to hit enemies while staying out of melee herself.

Morale If reduced to 30 hp or less, Skarx surrenders and begs for her life, offering Chammady’s location in return for her freedom. If the PCs strike this deal and release

her as she begs, she flees to Ecarrdian’s side and could be encountered at the Vacant Throne. If confronted there, she fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 18, **Con** 16, **Int** 10, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +9; **CMB** +14; **CMD** 30

Feats Dodge, Fiendish Heritage, Gorgon’s Fist, Improved Unarmed Strike, Medusa’s Wrath, Mobility, Scorpion Style, Spring Attack, Stunning Fist, Toughness, Vital Strike, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +19 (+47 jump), Bluff +0, Intimidate +13, Perception +17, Profession (sailor) +17, Stealth +6

Languages Common, Infernal

SQ abundant step, fast movement, high jump, ki pool (8 points, lawful, magic), maneuver training, slow fall 60 ft., still mind, wholeness of body (12 hit points)

Combat Gear *potion of fly*, *potion of barkskin* +4; **Other**

Gear *belt of incredible dexterity* +2, *bracers of armor* +3, *ring of protection* +1

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Fiendish Heritage Skarx’s fiendish heritage

feat (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #25) marks her as a devil-

spawn tiefling—her base ability

score modifiers are +2 Con, +2 Wis,

and –2 Cha, unlike standard tieflings, and

she gains *fog cloud* instead of *darkness* as a

spell-like ability.

THIEVES (4)

CR 3

XP 800 each

hp 30 each (see page 10)

IMPS (2)

CR 2

XP 600 each

hp 16 each (see *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 78)

Failure: If the PCs fail to rescue Skarx’s prisoner, she no longer trusts the site to keep things safe should a second attack occur. She relocates her base of operations and her prisoner to the Vacant Throne, where the prisoner is bound and held in one of the alcoves in area W4.

Victory: If Skarx is defeated and her prisoner rescued, the prisoner should be able to inform the PCs that he or she overheard Skarx mentioning “Mistress Chammady and her fool of a lover Ghivel,” giving the PCs a strong clue as to her current location.

R. SLAVE BARGE (CR 12)

Once the primary trade and travel routes of Parego Regicona, the numerous canals are now patrolled by an open boat crewed by a group of beautiful erinyes who scour the city for additions to their slowly growing “collection” of victims.

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Setup: The slave barge is one of two horrors of which escapees from the central island tell (the other being the hellish cavalry; see encounter S). If the erinyes barge can be found and destroyed, that act not only sends a message to the Council but bolsters the morale of the city as well.

Map (page 41): The slave barge can be found along any of the waterways in Parego Regiconia, but every evening, the barge docks at the same pier in central Rego Laina. If the PCs confront the barge elsewhere, simply omit the pier shown on the map.

R1. Barge Deck: During the day, the barge's four erinyes take a leisurely, meandering route along the central island's canals. A "crew" of eight men and women harvested from the streets—all aristocrats not used to physical labor—toil at the oars as the four devils periodically punish them for slights real or imagined as they take in the sights of the city.

R2. Cabins: These four low-ceilinged cells are each claimed by one of the erinyes devils—they periodically take prisoners back here in the evening to torture them to death.

Creatures: The four erinyes devils that command this barge are loyal to the barbed devil Melavengian, and are eager for the chance to help him and the Drovenges to

establish order in Westcrown. Until then, they're simply wiling away the hours on the canals, their "vacation" anything but for the poor souls they capture. They see this time as partial payment for services yet to be rendered, and react to any attempts to "spoil their fun" with furious wrath, fighting to the death to protect what they view as their right to a bit of relaxation.

ERINYES (4)

CR 8

XP 4,800 each

hp 94 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 75)

Treasure: One of the crates in the middle of the barge contains all of the jewelry and gold stolen from various prisoners over the past several days, amounting to 3,400 gp in all.

Failure: If the PCs fail to defeat the four erinyes, they respond by abandoning their barge and taking up a vengeful hunt throughout the city, extending to the mainland, and make sure their victims and witnesses realize their fury is a direct result of the PCs' attempt to meddle. This costs the PCs 2 Popularity Points—if they can later defeat the erinyes, they regain these 2 PP but earn no more for finishing the mini-quest.

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Victory: Defeating the erinyes not only prevents them from joining Ecarrdian at the end of the adventure, but further spreads word of the PCs good deeds—this mini-quest awards 2 PP rather than 1.

S. HELLISH CAVALRY (CR 13)

The largest group of devils in Parego Regiconia is a loud, aggressive, and violent band of bearded devils who await the opportunity to help the Council of Thieves establish order with growing impatience. They, along with their hellcat mounts, are only barely keeping their destructive urges in check, and are responsible for the majority of the grim tales and sorrows plaguing the central island.

Setup: News of the tormenting hellish cavalry makes the devils relatively easy to track down—the PCs should be able to find where these devils are currently located with a minimum amount of effort.

Map (page 41): The hellish cavalry can be encountered anywhere in Parego Regiconia—the sample location given shows a standard plaza in the beleaguered region, complete with a mound of rubble or sinkhole that the PCs can use for cover as they approach the area if they wish.

Creatures: Although the six bearded devils are the rowdier and louder of the two, it's their hellcat "mounts" who are the true dangers. Most of the tactical moves and planning come from the hellcats, who see their riders as little more than distractions—attacks levied against a bearded devil, after all, are attacks not aimed at a hellcat!

The devils are likely encountered as they're engaged in one of their favorite games—tormenting a frightened nobleman in a wide street. Typically, the devils arrange themselves around the edges of the area, then throw an aristocrat into the middle and promise him that if he can survive a dozen charges from a glaive-wielding mounted devil, they'll not only let him go but allow him to pick the next person to "play the game." Very few aristocrats survive long enough to enjoy this doubtful pleasure.

Eager to turn their attention to more capable opponents, the devils eagerly attack the PCs, fighting to the death.

BEARDED DEVILS (6) **CR 5**
XP 1,600 each
 hp 57 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 73)

HELLCATS (6) **CR 7**
XP 3,200 each
 LE Large outsider (evil, extraplanar, lawful)
Init +9; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +18
DEFENSE
AC 21, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+5 Dex, +1 dodge, +6 natural, –1 size)
hp 85 each (9d10+36)
Fort +7, **Ref** +10, **Will** +5
Defensive Abilities invisible in light; **DR** 5/good; **Resist** fire 10; **SR** 17

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.
Melee 2 claws +13 (1d6+5 plus grab), bite +13 (2d6+5)
Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.
Special Attacks pounce, rake (2 claws 1d6+5)

TACTICS

During Combat The hellcats themselves choose their targets, letting their devilish riders concentrate solely on slashing at foes with their glaives.

Morale The hellcats fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 21, **Dex** 21, **Con** 19, **Int** 10, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 10
Base Atk +9; **CMB** +15; **CMD** 31 (35 vs. trip)
Feats Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility
Skills Acrobatics +17 (+21 jump), Climb +17, Perception +18, Stealth +17, Survival +14, Swim +17; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Perception, +4 Stealth
Languages Infernal (cannot speak); telepathy 100 ft.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Invisible in Light (Su) In bright light, a hellcat is naturally invisible. In normal light, a hellcat has partial concealment (20% miss chance), while in dim light it has no special concealment. Darkness smotheres the creature's flickering glow and conceals it normally.

Failure: If the PCs fail to defeat the cavalry, they grow bolder and begin causing more and more mayhem as their impatience grows thin. While this does result in eventual intervention from the Council and Melavengian (who steps in to punish the out-of-control bearded devils, much to the hellcats' delight), it does little for the PCs' reputation—this development costs them 1 PP.

Victory: Defeating the hellish cavalry further erodes the number of foes the PCs will face in the final part of this adventure.

PART SEVEN: THE ASSASSIN'S PET

Once madness strikes and Westcrown begins its tumble into chaos, Chammady Drovenga steps back into the shadows to wait. Now that she's assassinated the majority of the opposition, she hopes to be able to remain behind the scenes until either her brother calls on her for aid or the time is right to make the bid for control of Westcrown. Yet if the PCs can locate her and confront her, she'll be forced to act before she's ready—and if they can confront her with the contract recovered from Walcourt, they may even be able to recruit her against her own brother!

LOCATING CHAMMADY

Perhaps the hardest part of confronting Chammady is finding her. She's retreated to a vault below the townhouse of her besotted lover, a nobleman and corrupt priest of

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Abadar named Vuiper Ghivel, located in north-central Rego Corna. Vuiper is convinced that Chammady wants him to be her husband once the Council of Thieves controls Westcrown, and has been one of the operation's greatest supporters and sources of funds for some time. In fact, Chammady is merely using him—since the vaults below his home just happen to be exactly the right place for a *well of many worlds* to open into Erebus, he makes convenient cover indeed.

Chammady has taken pains to disguise herself whenever she comes and goes from Ghivel's townhouse, and Ghivel himself has been quite tight-lipped about his secret affair (since a dalliance with a thief would certainly have dire repercussions on his official standing in the church), but not all trails are covered as well. Some of the key NPCs the PCs battle in this adventure know where Chammady is hiding out—the tiefling Skarx is one, and some of the Council captains might know as well. Interrogations of captured NPCs could thus lead to Ghivel's home. If they manage to dominate or otherwise secure the cooperation of any of the devils in this adventure, they can even get them to admit they came into Westcrown via a *well of many worlds* under a building in central Westcrown. Yet this adventure assumes that the PCs, being high level and having a fair amount of resources, can

track down Chammady through the use of a number of high-level divination spells such as *scrying*, *divination*, *locate creature*, or *commune*. Unlike her brother, Chammady has taken no real precautions against such discovery.

Of course, if the PCs don't confront Chammady before they confront Ecarrdian, all is not lost—they simply have a tougher time of things in that final battle at the Vacant Throne, as they need to confront both Drovengs at once.

THE GHIVEL TOWNHOUSE (CR 13)

Although times have been rough on all of Westcrown's noble houses, the Ghivel family may have had it the worst—for now, only one member survives. Vuiper Ghivel has long served as the voice of his family name, even as his cousins and siblings grew to despise him after the death of the family patriarch a few years ago. Since that death (whispered by the lesser Ghivels to have been murder), Vuiper has frozen much of his family's considerable assets, forcing his kin to live in buildings far below their station because of his increasingly fringe religious beliefs—that wealth belongs to the city, not to the individual who lives in that city. Although Abadar's followers in Westcrown were once quite strong, they never quite recovered after the Chelish civil war, and today faith in the city resides

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primarily in Vuiper's self-centered hands. Only his skill at diplomatic doubletalk has kept his nearly heretical beliefs from getting him in more trouble with the church, and if his association with the Council of Thieves were to come out, an excommunication would not be far behind. That Vuiper continues to receive support in continued access to divine magic from Abadar speaks volumes to his ability to ride the narrow line between faith and heresy, and depending on how the PCs handle the situation, they could well push him over the edge into outright blasphemy.

A DC 20 Knowledge (nobility) check is enough for a PC to know that the Ghivel family has been on the decline, despite the fact that their businesses seem to have been doing quite well. A DC 30 Knowledge (nobility) check reveals the rumor that Vuiper has been withholding money from his kin, claiming to be saving it to better the

city—yet he has never funded a major public work in the few years he's been the Ghivel patriarch.

Creature: Today, Vuiper Ghivel is the sole surviving member of his family. His cousins, brothers, sisters, nieces, and nephews have all perished after he gave up their addresses to Chammady in a show of misplaced devotion to her—she secretly had them slaughtered and laid the blame on the reckless riots and mobs inspired by the city's rebels and insurgents. Ghivel has essentially come to blame the PCs for his family's deaths, and while he doesn't mourn their fates, he does mourn Westcrown's. In opposing the ascendance of the Council, the PCs are condoning and actively promoting the chaos, and if the PCs show up at his door, he recognizes them for who they are and immediately confronts them with accusations of “stoking the fires of anarchy” and “feeding Westcrown to the mob.”

Vuiper is itching for a fight, and eager to put the PCs in their place not only to rob the mob of their figureheads but to impress his paramour, whom he knows is opposed by the PCs. Any indication of hostility on the PCs' part is enough to trigger his anger and an attack. If, however, the PCs can engage him in conversation, they have a chance to trap him in his own heresies. Allow the PCs to carry on their conversation as they wish, but as soon as you feel they've made their case, have the player who spoke the most make a Diplomacy check—the other players can all attempt to aid another this check with DC 10 Diplomacy checks of their own.

It's a DC 30 Diplomacy check to calm Vuiper down; if this check fails, he becomes enraged, calls the PCs the “real criminals,” and attacks. If, on the other hand, the PCs calm him, he concedes that the PCs have made several good points, and allows one of them to enter his home. As long as he believes that the PCs are complying, he leads the chosen PC down to area U2 to meet Chammady. If he ever suspects that the PCs are tricking him, though, he attacks as if the Diplomacy check were a failure.

If the Diplomacy check exceeds a DC of 40, though, Vuiper has a moment of clarity, realizes how far he has strayed from his faith and kin, and breaks down in tears. He confesses that Chammady is downstairs but begs them to be kind to her, telling them she's not as bad as they think and that if they'd only listen to what she has planned they'd realize it's for the best. In this case, he leads the PCs downstairs to confront Chammady, hoping to moderate the confrontation so no one gets hurt.



VUIPER GHIVEL

VUIPER GHIVEL

CR 13

XP 25,600

Male human cleric of Abadar 7/aristocrat 7

LE Medium humanoid (human)

The Twice-Damned Prince

Init +1; Senses Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+4 armor, +2 deflection, +1 Dex)

hp 126 (14 HD; 14d8+63)

Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +15

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk dagger +10/+5 (1d4–1/19–20)

Ranged +1 keen light crossbow +13 (1d8+1/17–20)

Special Attacks channel negative energy 4/day (4d6, DC 14)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th; concentration +12)

8/day—inspiring word, resistant touch

Spells Prepared (CL 7th; concentration +12)

4th—*discern lies*^D (DC 19), *freedom of movement*, *poison* (DC 19)

3rd—*blindness/deafness* (DC 18), *cure serious wounds*, *dispel magic*, *protection from energy*^D

2nd—*cure moderate wounds* (2), *enthrall*^D (DC 17), *hold person* (DC 17), *spiritual weapon*

1st—*command* (DC 16), *cure light wounds* (3), *detect chaos*, *divine favor*^D, *sanctuary* (DC 16)

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *light*, *mending*, *read magic*

D domain spell; Domains Nobility, Protection

TACTICS

Before Combat If the PCs give him time to prepare, Vuiper casts *discern lies*, *freedom of movement*, and *protection from energy* (fire) before he answers his door to talk to them.

During Combat Vuiper tries to keep his distance in combat, using channeled negative energy or his spells to keep the PCs at range as long as possible while fighting a retreat to area T9 where he can yell downstairs for aid. Chammady won't reply, which forces Vuiper to use his *cape of the mountebank* to flee to her side, likely forcing her to join the fray. If Vuiper attacks first, this is the final straw on his teetering faith—Abadar does not approve and immediately strips the man of his spells and ability to channel negative energy. In this event, a panicked Vuiper falls back on his crossbow and makes haste to join Chammady for protection. If the PCs attack Vuiper first, though, his faith is not broken and he retains access to his spells and abilities, as he can convince himself he's only acting in self-defense.

Morale If brought below 40 hit points, Vuiper drops his weapons and begs for mercy. He holds nothing back from the PCs, asking them only to be merciful to his lover when they confront her.

STATISTICS

Str 8, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 20, Cha 12

Base Atk +10; CMB +9; CMD 22

Feats Combat Casting, Deadly Aim, Persuasive, Point Blank Shot, Rapid Reload, Toughness, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (light crossbow)

Skills Diplomacy +22, Intimidate +22, Knowledge (local) +7, Knowledge (nobility) +8, Knowledge (religion) +7, Linguistics +4, Spellcraft +17

Languages Common, Infernal

SQ aura

Locations in Ghivel's Townhouse

Vuiper's townhouse is relatively well decorated. Not rich, perhaps, but it's certainly not the home of a pauper—especially not when compared to the conditions he forced his kin to live in during their final days.

- T1. Front Porch:** The front door to the townhouse is kept locked (DC 40 Disable Device to pick). If the PCs knock, Vuiper answers as soon as he casts his three preparatory spells.
- T2. Foyer:** A comfortable foyer decorated with gold and red tapestries.
- T3. Study:** A cozy study with a healthy collection of religious texts and history books.
- T4. Dining Room:** Only one chair sits at the long table in this dining room.
- T5. Kitchen:** A large brick hearth dominates this well-stocked kitchen.
- T6. Pantry:** A fair amount of wine is stored here, none of it particularly remarkable.
- T7. Workroom:** Used as both a bookbinding workshop and a personal shrine to Abadar, this room hasn't seen much use for the past several months. A large mound of religious tapestries lies in the southern corner—dumped there after Chammady asked Vuiper to remove them from the bedroom.
- T8. Bedroom:** A large bedroom, the walls of which are bare. A DC 25 Perception check of the room finds a feminine set of underclothes between the bed and the wall.
- T9. Secret Door:** It's a DC 30 Perception check to notice this secret door. The stairs beyond lead down to the townhouse crypts.

Gear +2 leather armor, +1 keen light crossbow, masterwork dagger, *cape of the mountebank*, *headband of inspired wisdom* +2, *ring of protection* +2, gold holy symbol worth 250 gp

UNDER THE GHIVEL TOWNHOUSE (CR 14)

Chammady Drovenge has spent much of her time in the past several days hiding out in one of the larger rooms under the Ghivel Townhouse. She ventures forth only when the urge to move unseen through Westcrown to see how things are stewing strikes her, and even then only infrequently, as she wants to keep Vuiper strung along with the misconception that she actually loves him. She has grown quite disgusted with the Abadaran, and is looking forward to how he'll react when he discovers her plans to give him over to Melavengian as partial payment for services rendered.

Chammady has, of course, tried the *well of many worlds* in numerous locations throughout the chambers here, only to find that, with the exception of the location in

Locations Under Ghivel's Townhouse

The chambers below the Ghivel townhouse are lined with ancient brick, with numerous small drains that allow moisture to drain into the sewer. Despite this, the vaults are a damp, moldy place year round, and the brickwork is old and flaking.

- U1. Vaults:** Much of the money Ghivel was stashing was kept, until recently, in these four vaults. Now, they are all but empty—taken by Chammady to help fund the coup, with hollow promises to Vuiper that she'll repay him soon, with interest. All that remains are several empty treasure chests and a total of 2,400 gp in assorted coins and art objects.
- U2. Chammady's Retreat:** Although Chammady's made a valiant effort to make this old shrine to Abadar into a passable retreat by introducing a number of carpets, rugs, furs, incense burners, braziers, and assorted fine furniture, the place still feels clammy and damp.
- U3. Doorway to Erebus:** The secret door leading to this room can be found with a DC 40 Perception check. The room beyond, originally a hidden treasure vault, is now empty. A 5-foot-diameter circle has been painted on the floor in the northwest corner—this marks the location of the portal to Erebus when the *well of many worlds* is placed on it.

area **U3** (which opens into the lair of the barbed devil Melavengian in Erebus), all other locations open into areas of vast emptiness, be they deep in the astral plane or high in the sky above another plane, rendering all of these other local locations relatively useless as resources (although they can certainly serve as escape routes if she's hard pressed).

Chammady doesn't want to risk everything this close to the end, and if she realizes the PCs are near, she casts her spells as detailed in her stat block, then hides amid the tapestries and furnishings of this room, waiting to see what comes next. If the PCs enter alone, she studies one of them to prepare for a death attack—if they arrive with Vuiper, and he attempts to contact her, she still doesn't show herself until she has a chance to strike. If, on the other hand, Vuiper arrives alone, warning her that the PCs are above, she has him wait in this room for the PCs to arrive, ordering him to attack them as they do so she'll have a chance to move into position to strike.

Only if she learns that the PCs have a copy of the infernal contract between her father and Mammon does Chammady stay her hand—she's long been curious about it, and if Vuiper or the PCs inform her about the clause that consigns her soul to Erebus as soon as Ecarrdian has his moment of triumph, all pretense of family bonds and desire to rule Westcrown vanishes. How she

reacts depends on the PCs' demands—see Chammady and the Contract.

CHAMMADY DROVENCE

CR 14

XP 38,400

Female human ranger 10/assassin 4

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +5 (+9 urban); **Senses** Perception +18 (+22 urban)

DEFENSE

AC 29, touch 18, flat-footed 24 (+8 armor, +3 deflection, +5 Dex, +3 natural)

hp 125 (14 HD; 10d10+4d8+52)

Fort +11, **Ref** +14, **Will** +7; +2 vs. poison

Defensive Abilities evasion, uncanny dodge; **Resist** fire 10

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 60 ft. (average)

Melee +3 *returning human bane dagger* +17/+12/+7 (1d4+6/17–20), *assassin's dagger* +16/+11/+6 (1d4+5/17–20)

Ranged +3 *returning human bane dagger* +21 (1d4+3/17–20)

Special Attacks death attack (DC 12), favored enemy (human +6, halfling +4, dwarf +2), hunter's bond (companions), sneak attack +2d6, true death (DC 19)

Spells Prepared (CL 7th; concentration +8)

2nd—*barkskin*

1st—*longstrider*, *pass without trace*, *resist energy*

TACTICS

Before Combat Chammady casts all of her spells before entering combat, using *resist energy* to gain resistance to fire.

During Combat Chammady has rarely met a foe that could match her grace and deadly skill in combat, with the exception of her brother and perhaps the devil Melavengian. This has left her somewhat proud and arrogant—once combat begins, she makes a death attack against a foe if she has the chance, but she prefers straight-up combat so she can “show off.” She fights with her two deadly daggers, focusing on human foes if possible and using Improved Vital Strike and Two-Weapon Rend to maximize damage.

Morale Chammady is no coward, yet neither are her convictions as overwhelming as her brother's. If reduced to 30 or fewer hit points, she tries to escape.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 20, **Con** 16, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +13; **CMB** +16; **CMD** 34

Feats Deadly Aim, Double Slice, Endurance, Greater Two-Weapon Fighting, Improved Critical (dagger), Improved Iron Will, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Improved Vital Strike, Iron Will, Two-Weapon Fighting, Two-Weapon Rend, Vital Strike

Skills Acrobatics +26 (+30 jump), Bluff +19, Diplomacy +19, Disguise +7, Fly +10, Knowledge (nobility) +5, Linguistics +4, Perception +18 (+22 urban), Stealth +31 (+35 urban), Survival +16 (+20 urban)

Languages Common, Infernal

SQ favored terrain (urban +4, water +2), hidden weapons, poison

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use, swift tracker, track +5, wild empathy +12, woodland stride
Gear +4 glamered mithral chain shirt, +3 returning human bane dagger, assassin's dagger, belt of physical perfection +2, ring of chameleon power, ring of protection +3, sandals of elvenkind, well of many worlds, wings of flying, gold signet ring worth 1,200 gp, mithral earrings worth 800 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Enhanced NPC As Chammady's stats are built using a 20-point buy and her gear is equivalent to a PC of her level, her CR is +1 higher than normal.

CHAMMADY AND THE CONTRACT

When Chammady learns of her fate, as spelled out in the infernal contract, things start to fall into place for her. She has, of course, long wondered about the exact wording of her father's deal with Mammon, but has never been able to find a copy of the contract—she never thought to check the treasure vaults of Walcourt, always assuming that if a copy survived, it surely must have been hidden in Drovenge Manor.

While Chammady isn't foolish enough to immediately assume that the contract the PCs show her is real, neither is she foolish enough to discount their claim. The PCs can convince her of the truth with a DC 50 Fame check, at which point she'll believe what they say enough that she'll want to confront her brother. Alternatively, she'll ask the PCs to give her the contract, at which point she automatically stays any further attack against the PCs and allows them to leave unharmed. If the PCs ask her what she plans to do, she replies that, after she "verifies" the contract with an ally (Melavengian), she plans on confronting her brother to ask him to step away from the plan, if only to save her from an eternity of damnation.

At this point, a DC 20 Sense Motive check is enough for a PC to discern that Chammady is holding something back. If pressed, she admits that she finds it very unlikely that her brother will agree to back down from their plan to seize control by using the Vacant Throne to display his power and bring peace to Westcrown. This leaves Chammady with little choice—if her brother won't agree to set aside the plan (bypassing the clause of him achieving his greatest glory and thus saving Chammady), she'll be forced to make that decision for him by attempting to kill him.

Chammady knows that she has little chance of winning in a one-on-one fight against her brother, and that if she has the PCs on her side, those chances increase dramatically. Assuming the PCs play their cards right and trust their enemy, they could well secure Chammady's aid to confront her brother—all they have to do is extend a little trust by giving her the infernal contract and agreeing to let her attempt to talk her brother out of the plan before it is too late.

PART EIGHT: THE VACANT THRONE

The exact order in which the majority of this adventure's encounters play out is not set in stone—"The Twice-Damned Prince" is very much a sandbox of an adventure in that regard. Only the final encounter wherein the PCs confront Ecarrdian occurs at a specific point—it is the penultimate encounter (the final encounter being the arrival of General Vourne, detailed in "Concluding the Campaign"), and once the PCs trigger it by attempting to confront Ecarrdian, the end of the adventure comes swiftly. If the PCs haven't played through the majority of the other encounters, try to coax them away from confronting Ecarrdian, perhaps by having NPCs warn them that the city's well-being must come first, or reminding them that if they don't work to undermine Ecarrdian's forces before they confront him, he'll bring all of his allies to bear on the PCs to defend himself.

Of course, discovering where Ecarrdian is hiding could be a problem. This adventure assumes that they learn of his location from Chammady after they convince her to confront her brother, in which case she reveals to them that he has created a secret lair inside the stone of the Arodennama, the great statue of Aroden that stands at the southern height of Westcrown, a looming testament to Aroden's death and the advent of the Age of Lost Omens.

If the PCs don't take this route, they'll need to rely on other sources to learn about Ecarrdian's location. His *amulet of proof against detection and location* makes using divinations to learn where he's at difficult, meaning that the PCs may have no way to learn where he's located until the last minute.

Once Ecarrdian deems that Westcrown has suffered enough, he waits until sunset before upending two barrels of oil in area **W8**, causing the stuff to run down the exterior of the 90-foot-tall statue of Aroden like rivers of tears from the eyes of the great figure. When Ecarrdian lights the oil on fire, the resulting image of flaming tears brings much of Westcrown to a standstill. Everyone in the city quickly hears of the "Burning Tears of God" and sees the shocking spectacle looming high over the city—this is also the signal to all of the devils the Drovenges unleashed to teleport into the area surrounding the Vacant Throne and "attack" the statue.

At this point, Ecarrdian plans to emerge from the Arodennama and personally lead an army of his own soldiers (all agents of the Council of Thieves) in a gloriously staged battle against the devils. He originally hoped to have the pit fiend Liebdaga pose as the commander of the devilish army, but with that path closed to him, the barbed devil Melavengian takes on the role. The battle between the thieves and the devils is epic, with explosions of fire and much mayhem—but it is also all staged. The devils, as they



“die,” simply teleport back to area **U3** to return to Erebus and await their rewards, leaving the victorious forces of the “Golden Scion,” as Ecarrdian hopes to become known. The devils gone, and the primary instigators of the chaos (his own men) under control, seizing command of Westcrown would be shockingly easy for Ecarrdian if things went according to plan.

Since you control when Ecarrdian triggers the “Burning Tears,” you can effectively control when this final set of events comes into play if the PCs don’t ally with Chammydy. The sight of the battle between thief and devil should be more than enough to draw the PCs to the Vacant Throne for the final confrontation.

THE BATTLEGROUND

The area surrounding the Arodenname is known as the Vacant Throne. This large plaza is built around the 90-foot-tall statue (area **V1**), and encompasses several abandoned buildings. Before the statue sits a 20-foot-wide reflecting pool (area **V2**), although its waters are thick with algae. This water is only 1 foot deep. Six stone benches sit along the southern side of the pool, and several oak trees grow from earthen areas where the plaza’s flagstones are missing. The entire plaza has a feel of ancient but abandoned majesty.

Ecarrdian and a few select allies have created their own network of chambers within the statue. Working under cover of night and with a conjured shaitan genie named Belessima, the team carved a whole network of chambers within the statue with numerous applications of *stone shape*.

W1. Prayer Alcoves: Once the battle nears, these small alcoves each contain a hiding Council captain, ready to leap to their master’s defense.

W2. Aroden’s Crypt: This shrine functions as much as a gravestone for Aroden as anything else. There is no magic here, no lingering curse or potent aftereffect of Aroden’s passing—and that has troubled some members of his priesthood more than anything else, for if Aroden couldn’t even bless this, the site he had to return to the world, then his abandonment of humanity is even more profound.

The shaitan Belessima stands guard here, ready to warn Ecarrdian of intruders by stone gliding up into the statue to alert him in area **W7**.

W3. Shaft Up: This shaft leads up to area **W6**. It, like all other shafts within the Arodenname, contains a ladder-like set of niches to aid in navigation—it’s a DC 5 Climb check to move up or down these shafts.

W4. Barracks: Each of the four alcoves contains a bedroll, a small bag of food, and some water.

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W5. Guard Room: One Council captain is on guard here at all times, except when the captains move into position at area **W1** in the hours before Ecarrdian's triumph. The guard here keeps an eye on the Vacant Throne through a cleverly hidden slat in the secret door that opens out into the edge of the reflecting pool—it's a DC 40 Perception check to notice this genie-crafted secret door.

W6. Melavengian's Chambers: The barbed devil spends much of his time here, waiting patiently (often with a victim plucked from Westcrown's unfortunate populace that the devil can torment) for the battle to come.

W7. Ecarrdian's Chambers: This relatively small chamber has served Ecarrdian as home for many days. A padded bedroll, numerous fine wines and foods, and several well-read classic works of literature (including a copy of *The Six Trials of Larazod*) can be found here.

W8. Observation Chamber: Two large barrels of flammable oil sit in this room next to a small silver box containing a dozen tinder twigs—all that Ecarrdian needs to stage his dramatic coup. The opening in the east wall provides a grand view of Westcrown from a point just between the Arodennama's eyes, although from outside it is obscured by a permanent *illusory wall*.

BELESSIMA

CR 7

XP 3,200

Female shaitan genie (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 143)

hp 85

COUNCIL CAPTAINS (4)

CR 10

XP 9,600 each

hp 79 each (see page 10)

MELAVENGIAN

Melavengian is a cleric of Mammon and a powerful and high-ranking member of the archdevil's inner circle. The barbed devil wants very much to be the one to usher Chammady's soul into Erebus for Mammon, hoping to receive an infernal promotion from the act. While the Drovenges paid him well for his services in gold and magic (payments the devil certainly appreciated), in truth he would have provided his services gratis if he didn't feel that doing so would have aroused Chammady's suspicion—as it stands, he fears she suspects too much already.

MELAVENGIAN

CR 14

XP 38,400

Male barbed devil cleric of Mammon 7 (*Pathfinder RPG*

Bestiary 72)

LE Medium outsider (devil, evil, extraplanar, lawful)

Init +11; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., see in darkness; Perception +17

DEFENSE

AC 30, touch 20, flat-footed 23 (+3 deflection, +7 Dex, +10 natural)

hp 218 (19 HD; 12d10+7d8+121)

Fort +18, **Ref** +17, **Will** +20

Defensive Abilities barbed defense (1d8+8); **DR** 10/good; **Immune** fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10; **SR** 22

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 claws +28 (2d8+10/19–20 plus fear and grab)

Special Attacks fear (DC 21), impale 3d8+12, channel negative energy 8/day (4d6, DC 18)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th, concentration +12, ranged touch +24)

8/day—acid dart, touch of evil

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th; concentration +17; ranged touch +24)

At Will—*greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only),

hold person (DC 18), *major image* (DC 18), *produce flame*,

pyrotechnics (DC 17), *scorching ray* (2 rays only)

1/day—*order's wrath* (DC 19), *summon* (level 4, 1 barbed devil 35%), *unholy blight* (DC 19)



MELAVENGIAN

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Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 7th; concentration +12)
 4th—*air walk*, *poison* (DC 19), *spike stones*^D
 3rd—*cure serious wounds*, *dispel magic*, *locate object*,
stone shape^D
 2nd—*cure moderate wounds* (3), *soften earth and*
stone^D, *status*,
 1st—*cure light wounds* (3), *divine favor*,
obscuring mist, *protection from good*^D,
sanctuary (DC 16)
 o (at will)—*bleed* (DC 15), *detect magic*,
guidance, *mending*
D domain spell; **Domains** Earth, Evil

TACTICS

Before Combat Melavengian maintains a *status* spell on both Ecarrdian and Chammady at all times. Before combat begins, he casts *air walk* and *protection from good* on himself.

During Combat Melavengian prefers to open combat at range, beginning with *scorching rays*, *hold person*, and *spike stones* to soften up the foes before he moves in to attack. Just before entering melee, he casts *divine favor* and then uses his claws to ruin foes.

Morale Melavengian fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 26, **Dex** 25, **Con** 22, **Int** 10, **Wis** 20, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +17; **CMB** +25; **CMD** 45

Feats Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Improved Critical (claws), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Power Attack, Staggering Critical, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (claws)

Skills Appraise +22, Bluff +27, Diplomacy +18, Knowledge (planes) +13, Knowledge (religion) +13, Perception +17, Stealth +19

Languages Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.

Gear *amulet of mighty fists* +2, *ring of protection* +3

ECARRDIAN DROVENCE

Even if his childhood had not been traumatic and bereft of love save from his sister's familial devotion, Ecarrdian's true nature would have forced him to develop into a cruel, murderous villain with an urge to rule. His conception was engineered by an archdevil, and Ecarrdian had no more free will than an automaton to resist the urge to claim Westcrown as his own.

ECARRDIAN DROVENCE

CR 15

XP 51,200

Male advanced tiefling rogue 10/duelist 4 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 264, 294)

LE Medium outsider (native)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +20

DEFENSE



ECARRDIAN DROVENCE

AC 31, touch 22, flat-footed 21 (+7 armor, +2 deflection, +9 Dex, +1 dodge, +2 natural)

hp 189 (14 HD; 10d8+4d10+122)

Fort +14, **Ref** +19, **Will** +10

Defensive Abilities canny defense, enhanced mobility, grace, improved evasion, improved uncanny dodge, parry, trap sense +3; **DR** 10/good and silver; **Resist** cold 5, electricity 5, fire 5; **SR** 26

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee rapier of puncturing +19/+14/+9 (1d6+10/15–20 plus wounding)

Special Attacks Combat Reflexes, precise strike, sneak attack +5d6 plus 5 bleed

TACTICS

Before Combat Ecarrdian uses his *bracelet of friends* to call Chammady as soon as he fears combat with the PCs is imminent.

During Combat Ecarrdian prefers to attack once per round, using Improved Feint and Improved Vital Strike to maximize his damage and (unless he's finding it difficult to hit his foes) Combat Expertise to increase his AC. Only if he's surrounded does he make full-attack actions.

Morale Ecarrdian fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 20, **Con** 24, **Int** 18, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +11; **CMB** +15; **CMD** 33

Feats Combat Expertise, Dodge, Improved Critical (rapier), Improved Feint, Improved Vital Strike, Mobility, Toughness, Vital Strike, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (rapier)

Skills Acrobatics +22 (+31 jump), Bluff +21, Disable Device +22, Escape Artist +22, Intimidate +19, Knowledge (local) +21, Knowledge (nobility) +9, Knowledge (planes) +9, Perception +20, Perform (dance) +7, Sense Motive +20, Sleight of Hand +22, Stealth +24

Languages Azlanti, Common, Draconic, Infernal, Osiriani

SQ improved reaction +2, rogue talents (bleeding attack, combat trick, finesse rogue, improved evasion, weapon training), trapfinding +5

Gear +5 leather armor, rapier of puncturing, *amulet of proof against detection and location*, *belt of mighty constitution* +4, *boots of striding and springing*, *bracelet of friends* (keyed to Chammady), *cloak of resistance* +3, *ring of freedom of movement*, *ring of protection* +2

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Spawn of Mammon (Ex) As the spawn of Mammon, Ecarrdian's base ability score modifiers are +2 Con, +2 Wis, and –2 Cha. Ecarrdian has the Advanced Creature template, a 20-point ability score buy, and gear as if he were a PC. In addition, while Ecarrdian does not possess the standard *darkness* spell-like ability of a tiefling, he possesses exceptional DR and SR. These benefits increase his CR by +2.

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TEARS OF FIRE

If the PCs don't confront Ecarrdian on their own terms with Chammady at their side, they likely end up confronting him after he's already started his plan by signaling Westcrown with Aroden's burning tears.

Council Agents: Led by Ecarrdian and Chammady, a total of 16 Council captains, 30 thieves, 26 Hellknight heretics, and 60 cutpurses are involved on the Council side of the battle. The total number of thieves and cutpurses is constant, but the number of Council captains and Hellknight heretics should be reduced by the number the PCs have slain during this adventure. The ghostly Signifer Verennie joins the fray with her heretics if she still exists, and Skarx Veskandi is here as well if she lives. Any other notable Council members who may have survived previous adventures should also be here.

Devils: While the devils are less numerous, they are generally more powerful and more mobile than the thieves. Led by Melavengian, the devils involved in the fight consist of four erinyes, 12 bearded devils (six of which are mounted on hellcats—the other six leave their hellcats behind in Parego Regicona), 10 imps, and 20 lemures. At the start of the battle, the devils attempt to summon additional reinforcements. Reduce the number of erinyes and bearded devils encountered by the number of devils the PCs may have destroyed in this adventure.

Getting Involved: By the time the PCs arrive, the battle is likely already underway. Yet a DC 20 Sense Motive check is enough for the PCs to realize that the battle seems staged—there aren't many dead bodies, and much of the fighting seems to be for show rather than for real. If the PCs are foolish enough to enter the battle, they find both sides (devils and thieves) turning against them, in which case the battle becomes very real. Fortunately, the battle itself distracts the majority of the combatants so that the PCs should be able to skirt the edges and directly confront Chammady and Ecarrdian at area V1, where they direct the battle with shouted orders. In order to win this battle, the PCs need to defeat both Drovege siblings, a task that should become increasingly difficult as more and more thieves and devils turn their attention to the PCs as they fight the two Council leaders. Since this is the less graceful resolution to the campaign, feel free to hit the PCs hard in this case—they may well need to call upon other allies to aid them in the fight as you wish.

FAMILY REUNION

A far safer (though by no means safe) route to victory is to seek out Chammady, inform her of the clause in the contract, and then accompany her to the Vacant Throne before Ecarrdian can signal his armies. In this case, Chammady can lead the PCs directly to area W7 to confront Ecarrdian with the contract—the minions stationed at the

Arodenname are loyal to Ecarrdian, not Chammady, so unless the entire party utilizes Stealth or other methods to bypass the four Council captains and the shaitan, they need to defeat these minions first before reaching Ecarrdian. Chammady is likely to sprint ahead in such a case, leaving the PCs to deal with the minions while she runs ahead to confront her brother. Melavengian is quick to come to Ecarrdian's side and ally with him in such an event.

Even if Chammady gets away from the PCs to confront her brother, you should allow the PCs to witness the tail end of the confrontation when they arrive. Ecarrdian is confused by the confrontation—he can't believe what his sister claims, and is too far gone into his plan to abandon it, but neither does he want to consign his sister to damnation. Melavengian's advice to the conflicted and agonized Ecarrdian pushes him to make a decision—and in truth, even without the barbed devil's advice, Ecarrdian would come to this same conclusion on his own. Westcrown must be his, and if his sister has gone mad with paranoia or has been deceived by the PCs' lies, then she simply becomes one last sacrifice.

When Ecarrdian makes his decision, his expression hardens and his shoulders set. He takes a full-round action to empty the barrels of oil, and then either he or Melavengian lights the fire, giving the signal for his armies to attack. While the devils can teleport into place and the majority of the thieves are already hidden in surrounding city blocks, it'll still take some time for these forces to arrive. Ecarrdian moves outside so that he can be more visible to command his armies when they arrive, and this could give you a chance to stage the final battle against him as he and the PCs are clambering about on the statue of Aroden itself. Melavengian joins Ecarrdian in this battle, but Chammady is likely to join the PCs' side—even if she doesn't believe their claims about the contract, the fact that her brother would rather sacrifice her than abandon their plan is enough to force her to fratricide. In any event, the PCs should have several rounds until the first of the devils and thieves appear to aid Ecarrdian—crucial rounds where they can, perhaps, avoid a huge confrontation by defeating the son of Mammon in combat.

CONCLUDING THE CAMPAIGN

As the PCs strike Ecarrdian down, Mammon reaches up from Hell itself to visit his displeasure upon his son. With the final blow from the PCs, Ecarrdian shrieks as a blast of hellfire consumes his remains—in a heartbeat he is gone, his soul claimed by Mammon and his gear—including a strange half-melted gold coin bearing Mammon's leering face, are all that remain. Yet even with Ecarrdian's defeat, a final threat looms. General Vourne arrives at dawn,

Westcrown's Fate

Fame Score	Result
50 or lower	Prosecution: The citizens of Westcrown do not see the PCs as heroes at all—in fact, many blame the heroes for much of what the city has endured. General Vourne institutes martial law, and the PCs are given a choice—exile from Cheliah or imprisonment in Egorian for their role in what occurred.
51–89	Martial Law: The citizens of Westcrown do not see the PCs as heroes, but neither do they blame them. They certainly don't look to the PCs as leaders, and see no true option among their own. General Vourne institutes martial law and leaves a significant number of his troops stationed in Westcrown to rule. Over the years, Westcrown recovers from the events in Council of Thieves but continues to atrophy and diminish. In time, this once-proud city will become little more than a glorified fortification used by the House of Thrune as a port for their navy. Westcrown's legacy of art and culture will be gone forever.
90–110	Self-Governance: The citizens see themselves as heroes and the cause for Westcrown's salvation. Numerous noble houses nominate themselves for the role of the new leader, and the Hellknights and the dottari come to terms and agree to work out their differences. General Vourne agrees to let Westcrown hold elections to determine a new mayor, but over the years to come, he and his Thrune masters keep a close eye on the city. Westcrown soon recovers, and with the end of the shadow curse, the city's nightlife blooms as well. In the end, Westcrown settles into very much the same routine as it had before the events of this Adventure Path occurred.
111 or higher	Independence: The citizens see the PCs as heroes and the sole reason that the Council of Thieves was defeated. Vourne is clearly impressed by the city's praise and adoration of the PCs, and realizes these heroes could well become problems in the future if they decide to oppose the House of Thrune. He doesn't want to give the PCs any reason to do so, and graciously cedes the fate of Westcrown to the PCs. Nominations of various PCs for mayor fly about, offers to lead the dottari or join the Order of the Rack abound, and in all the PCs should feel that what happens to Westcrown is left squarely in their hands.

leading the Imperial Navy, and as he strides into town and takes stock of the situation, his demands to know what has happened cannot be ignored. With the town's mayor fled and both the Hellknights and the dottari still recovering from their own ordeals, it falls to the PCs—being at the center of the strife, the champions of the Children of Westcrown, and the heroes that defeated the threat—to explain. Even if they don't seek out Vourne, he quickly learns that they were at the core of events and seeks them out, at which point he calmly but firmly asks the PCs to tell him what happened.

Allow the PCs to describe to Vourne their version of events. As they speak, Vourne looks with disdain on the rubble and ruin, and when the PCs finish, he should obviously not be overly impressed with their story. At this point, the general politely informs the PCs that he needs to confer with his captains, and that they should gather their supporters over the next few hours and meet him on the deck of his ship at noon. He makes clear that he intends to decide what is to be done with Westcrown, and indicates that unless the city can convince him otherwise, he is strongly in favor of instituting martial law.

THE FATE OF WESTCROWN

Vourne calls a council aboard the deck of his warship *Asmodenaut* to determine the city's fate. He invites the PCs to attend, along with representatives from all of

Westcrown's surviving nobility, the Hellknights, and the dottari. As soon as the council begins, Vourne turns to Westcrown's nobility and citizens and asks them how they wish to be ruled. General Vourne is not interested in giving the PCs the chance to speak for themselves—if they protest, he coldly informs them that nothing they can say now can change what is best for Westcrown.

At this point, tabulate all of the Popularity Points the PCs have earned during this adventure and have one PC make a final Fame check (grant that PC a +2 bonus for each PC, since they automatically aid another on this check). Add the two results together, and then add any unspent Fame Points the PCs may still have. This result is the final, cumulative Fame Score for the group. Compare the resulting number to the Westcrown's Fate table to determine how the council plays out.

WHAT IF ECARRDIAN WINS?

It's possible that the players fail to bring down the Drovenges, and that Ecarrdian rises fully to the rule of Westcrown. If this happens, Mammon has gained a city on the Material Plane and a son through which to rule it. The Children of Westcrown and their newfound allies still fight for the liberation of the city, but unless new heroes can be found to champion them, it is possible that the former capital will slide even deeper into infernal worship than the rest of Cheliah. Certainly, a Westcrown

The Twice-Damned Prince



ruled by the Council of Thieves is no place for surviving PCs to live—although it could present an exciting backdrop for a high-level campaign.

CONTINUING THE CAMPAIGN

Although saving Westcrown from the Council of Thieves is the focus of this Adventure Path, your campaign doesn't need to end with "The Twice-Damned Prince." Listed below are several adventure seeds you can use to keep your campaign going long after Ecarrdian is defeated.

Cleansing the City: Some of Mammon's legions still stalk the streets of Westcrown, stranded in the city after the PCs gain control of the *well of many worlds*. The players must seek out and destroy these hidden devils and other infernal menaces that threaten to create even more havoc.

Crown of the West: There are some who privately hope—and a few not so privately or quietly—for a Westcrown free from the rule of Cheliax and Egorian's influence. If the PCs decide to steer Westcrown into a secession from Cheliax, they'll need more than the city's resources to survive.

Purging the Maggot Tree: A particularly good-aligned party (or simply a vengeful one) could choose to

bring down their full might on the Mother of Flies. The hag, while helpful in "Mother of Flies," has been at the root of much of the suffering Westcrown has endured these past months. A campaign against her, however, might see the PCs facing not just the Mother of Flies but her new and potent allies from the Court of Ether in the Darklands.

Rescuing the Drovenges: Although unlikely, it's possible that the players found a way to bring down Ecarrdian without killing him. If so, there remains a portion of his human soul held captive within the treasures of Erebus. Do the PCs gather their power, and make a foray into Hell itself for the sake of one man's soul? Likewise, if Chammady is taken into Hell, is it worth it to the PCs to mount a mission to rescue their enemy?

Wrath of the Widow Queen: When Mammon's plans for Westcrown and Chammady are defeated, the PCs gain themselves a dangerous new enemy. The archdevil seethes with a need for revenge, and his tool of this vengeance is his most powerful follower in the Inner Sea region—the Widow Queen Kaltessa Iyis. See page 64 for more details on the cult of Mammon and this powerful high priestess.



Catastrophe!

Above the chaos of the wilds and savage frontiers, cities stand as bastions of order. With the sheer number of people crowded into such areas, method and routine prove essential to daily life. Yet even in the best-governed communities, circumstances rise that threaten to throw the balance of these places into chaos. Be such incidents natural, political, or magical, the tenuous grip of civilization breaks swiftly, leaving the fates of thousands adrift in the face of catastrophe.

Faceless threats, the dangers of ruin, flame, and flood sow devastation as surely and wantonly as any rampaging monster, and prove all the more difficult to slay. Lives tinged by the illusion of control crumble in the face of such onslaughts, disasters having their way even in the face of the most desperate defenses. In the end, only time, luck, or the rare godlike act ends such tragedies, leaving survivors to wonder if it's even worth rebuilding their lives. Such calamities might come about in a variety of ways. Natural disasters account for the most

unexpected and typically most ruinous of such collapses. Unpredictable earthquakes might reduce whole regions to rubble. A simple lightning strike can spark an enormous fire that spreads and encompasses several blocks. Excess water from unusually heavy rains or tropical storms can overflow and cause buildings to flood.

The *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* presents several tools for allowing GMs to handle issues of mass devastation, from hurricanes to forest fires, cave-ins to cold weather. Expanding on the environmental hazards presented in Chapter 13 of the *Core Rulebook*, this article adds new rules systems for handling a variety of hazards, specifically those that might affect urban centers as the result of civil unrest or environmental threat. It's one thing to be caught in a flood, but quite another to face waters rising within a cramped basement, and fires prove all the deadlier when they bring down whole buildings as terror-stricken victims race for escape. This article seeks to address such dangers by expanding three environmental threats.

Catastrophe!

In days when far greater perils than crime and poverty beset our cities, acts of heroism in the name of the common and just deserve all the greater celebration. Any might train to slaughter man or beast, but there are some conditions for which there can be no preparation. When chaos erupts, the lives of the innocent and the guilty are equally imperiled, and the choice of preserving life too often stands timid in the face of fear. Our sons and neighbors who would run back into a burning building to save a child, or pull forth their fellow man from beneath the raging floodwaters—those are the true heroes.

—Alander Wolfstongue, Former Senior Prelate of Kintargo



Collapse: The system presented herein offers methods of handling falling buildings in a game, aimed at giving the GMs the rules they need to handle an adventure when the dungeon is literally falling down around the PCs. These collapses occur when a building or other construction slowly begins to fail. This is not a sudden toppling of an entire structure, but rather what happens when the structure becomes unstable and starts to crumble, piece by piece. There are often periods of calm from one moment to the next, and then a sudden structural failure causes debris to rain down, walls to collapse, or doors to jam, potentially trapping victims within as the edifice transforms into a ruinous tomb.

Fire: One of the greatest threats to fantasy communities comes in the form of uncontrolled fires. Structural fires most commonly occur in buildings that are made of flammable materials, although even those of stone and masonry might have supports and features susceptible to spreading deadly flames. This section details the speed and method by which a fire spreads, as well as the effects of the blaze upon anyone trapped within. Also included are rules for extinguishing the fire, the speed at which a building is completely incinerated, and how backdrafts might turn a structural fire even deadlier.

Floods: Floods might be caused by hurricanes, excessive rain, or possibly the collapse of a major piece of infrastructure, such as a levy, reservoir, or dam. This section discusses the various factors that GMs must keep in mind when creating a flood scenario. Also within this section are rules for rescuing drowning individuals, dealing with the potential cold of floodwater, and what sort of damage a flood might do to a structure, particularly when the flood is sudden rather than gradual.

CAUSING DISASTERS

The possible scenarios PCs might face over the course of their adventures are as varied and unusual as the GM can imagine. Even though the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* accounts for the most common environmental dangers, the menaces of the natural world prove vast,

varied, and occasionally unbelievable. GMs have an assortment of options when presenting such dangers. While the Environment chapter of the *Core Rulebook* offers subsystems for a variety of catastrophes, GMs might also look to other resources like spell effects for options when creating specific dangers. The spell *earthquake*, for example, summarizes the effects of a non-magical earthquake, and GMs are encouraged to look to similar spells when designing unusual natural events. Beyond pure rules elements, GMs looking to add new and unexpected dangers to their campaigns might research unusual but still natural dangers. Events like limnic eruptions, lahars, asteroid strikes, gustnados, tsunamis, pyroclastic flows, cinder cones, sudden climate change, and the like all might occur and jeopardize lives in fantasy worlds as surely as in the real world. Combining rules elements to simulate such events can make for exciting and unexpected encounters, and might even form the basis of whole adventures when villains take advantage of nature's anger or deadly beasts are forced to flee an even more destructive force.

Fantasy worlds also bring with them their own hosts of dangers. While many fantastical lands operate at least in part like the real world, unique and magical environments might give rise to all manner of new dangers—areas where magic doesn't function, random magical effects, hauntings, and the like. The various planes of existence raise the bar even higher, with all manner of impossible environments, from flows of freezing lava to vertically rushing floods, quakes upon the backs of titanic beings, winds filled with razors, and endless other possibilities.

Ultimately, GMs should not feel limited in their environmental creations by events they can find exact rules for, and are encouraged to combine and customize those elements they find useful to create the encounters and disasters they desire. Confronting PCs with an enemy that can't be defeated by sword and spell or that provides opportunities for everyday heroics might prove a refreshing and exciting change from the usual dungeon crawl.

COLLAPSE

Any enclosed space, natural or constructed, that is designed to provide safety and shelter can collapse under the right circumstances. The factors that can weaken these structures to the point of collapse are numerous: direct damage, earthquakes, extreme weather, fires, floods, and so on. Underground fortresses and lairs are likewise subject to the same sorts of structural failure. Characters trapped inside of these spaces during a collapse face the dangers of falling debris and becoming trapped within. Page 415 of the *Core Rulebook* provides basic rules for characters caught within a collapse. These rules are sufficient when dealing with normal underground environments that collapse rapidly, but might prove overly lethal when dealing with manufactured structures and more gradual collapses.

Following whatever event compromises a structure, several rounds might pass during which nothing happens, followed by several rounds in a row of structural failures presenting hazards to the characters. GMs should roll on the Failing Structure chart to determine what danger occurs that round, if any. This might reveal several rounds of safety or of deadly collapse events. Should collapse events arise, roll on the Structural Collapse event table to determine the threat.

Failing Structure

1d20 Collapse Event

- 1–5 No event for 1d6 rounds.
- 6–9 No event this round.
- 10–17 Collapse event this round.
- 18–20 Collapse events for 1d4 rounds.

Structural Collapse

Should a structure be undermined but not completely destroyed, it begins collapsing in on itself. Those within must then contend with the building falling apart around them as they seek their escape. While dangers might be separated by minutes of seeming calm, the giving way of a load-bearing support might rain death upon those who don't make a hasty escape. Should a round call for a collapse event, roll on the following chart to determine what occurs. GMs might revise any of these effects to account for buildings with unusual structures or made of strange materials, or that face added threats, such as fire.

Structural Collapses

1d10 Collapse Event

- 1 **Falling Debris:** Chunks of debris fall from above. All characters within a 10-foot square must make a DC 15 Reflex save or take 1d6 points of damage.
- 2 **Door Shifts:** The nearest door is either stuck open

or closed (whichever it is at the time the failure occurs), requiring a DC 25 Strength check to open. If the nearest door is an undiscovered secret door, it shifts enough to reveal its existence, though it requires the same Strength check to open as described above.

- 3 **Wall Collapse:** A 5-foot section of wall splits and falls away near the characters, potentially allowing access into an adjacent opening.
- 4 **Moderate Falling Debris:** A large section of material falls from above. All characters within a 15-foot square must make a DC 15 Reflex save or take 2d6 points of damage.
- 5 **Floor Collapse:** The floor the PCs are walking on falls out from under their feet. All characters within a 15-foot square must make a DC 18 Reflex save or fall onto the floor below—typically, about a 10- to 15-foot drop dealing 1d6 points of damage, though potentially more. If on the lowest floor, falling characters sustain 1d4 points of damage from shifting debris.
- 6 **Large Falling Debris:** Beams and other falling debris rain down upon the area. Characters within a 15-foot square must make a DC 15 Reflex save or take 3d6 points of damage.
- 7 **Trembling:** No significant damage occurs, though decorations fall from the walls and a cloud of particles obscures vision on the entire floor. Each character on the floor must make a Fortitude save each round or spend that round choking and coughing (as per smoke inhalation, see page 426 of the *Core Rulebook*). This provides concealment to characters within.
- 8 **Collapse:** Parts of the ceiling and contents from floors above come down. This collapse has a 10-foot radius bury zone and a 5-foot-wide slide zone beyond that. Characters in the bury zone take 4d6 points of damage and are buried (Reflex DC 15 half). Characters in the slide zone take 1d6 damage (Reflex DC 15 negates). Those in the slide zone who fail their save are buried. The collapse otherwise functions like those described on page 415 of the *Core Rulebook*.
- 9 **Cacophony:** The trembling of the structure creates a deafening clamor for 1d4 minutes. This is so loud that it effectively drowns out all other speaking and noise, affecting characters in the building as if they were under the effects of a *silence* spell.
- 10 **Massive Collapse:** A significant portion of the floors above comes down on the PCs. This collapse has a 15-foot radius bury zone and a 10-foot-wide slide zone beyond. It otherwise functions like a collapse described on page 415 of the *Core Rulebook*.

Catastrophe!

FIRE

Fires occur when indoor or outdoor areas that contain or are constructed from flammable materials are exposed to flame and catch fire. As the blaze spreads, creatures in the nearby area are subject to the deadly effects of fire and smoke inhalation. GMs running a fire encounter might refer to the rules for forest fires found on page 426 of the *Core Rulebook*. The fires detailed here suggest more easily combatable fires, such as those newly sparked or spreading within an urban setting.

The Spread of Fire

Unchecked, fire tends to spread both rapidly and unpredictably. Minor factors, such as the dryness of the burning material, the presence of wind or breeze, flammable finish on flooring, dry vegetation in an area, and countless other factors can all contribute to the spread of a fire. Once a fire has burned an area, it will not return to that area. Likewise, once an area has been doused with water or covered with a non-flammable substance, such as dirt, that area is safe from further effects of the blaze for the immediate future.

Every round that a fire burns, regardless of whether characters are attempting to control it, roll 1d20 and consult the following table to determine the activity of the fire for that round and how many (if any) 5-foot squares the fire spreads to. The GM chooses which squares a fire spreads into if multiple possibilities exist. Fire cannot spread into areas where it has already been extinguished (unless noted otherwise), nor can it spread into squares where flammable materials are not present. Characters who are inside of a square when it catches fire are subject to damage, as per the rules for catching on fire on page 444 of the *Core Rulebook*.

Progress of Spreading Fire

1d20 Fire Reaction

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 1 | The fire does not grow this round. |
| 2 | The fire grows 1 square to the north. |
| 3 | The fire grows 1 square to the east. |
| 4 | The fire grows 1 square to the south. |
| 5 | The fire grows 1 square to the west. |
| 6 | The fire grows 1 square in all directions. |
| 7–8 | The fire does not grow this round. |
| 9 | The fire grows 2 squares to the north. |
| 10 | The fire grows 2 squares to the east. |
| 11 | The fire grows 2 squares to the south. |
| 12 | The fire grows 2 squares to the west. |
| 13 | The fire grows 2 squares in all directions. |
| 14–18 | The fire does not grow this round. |
| 19 | The fire grows 3 squares in all directions. |
| 20 | The fire grows 4 squares in all directions. |

Burning Buildings

Buildings that catch fire are quickly engulfed and are often a complete loss. If there are no characters or NPCs attempting to put a fire out, a building becomes unsalvageable in a space of time dependent on the size of the building. Ultimately how fast a building burns is left up to the GM to decide and depends on a variety of factors, but a rough guideline is as follows: small one-floor buildings (as occupied by many commoners) are consumed in 6d8 minutes; larger homes (like town houses and the homes of merchants) are totally consumed 4d20 minutes after catching fire; and major structures (like villas, castles, or cathedrals) are consumed in 2d4 hours. Buildings built entirely of flammable materials burn in half the time, while structures consisting mainly of non-flammable materials take half again as much time to burn. While burning, most structures begin collapsing. See the previous section for details on how to deal with such dangers.

Dense Smoke Inhalation

Dense smoke, as might fill a burning building, can prove even more dangerous than the flames that create it. In addition to the rules for smoke inhalation presented on page 426 of the *Core Rulebook*, a character in dense smoke must make a DC 10 Fortitude save every round that she is



Dousing a Fire

Dousing a fire requires a large amount of water or other non-flammable material, such as dirt, to be deposited on the burning area. One effective strategy for extinguishing a fire quickly is to surround the burning area with non-flammable material. PCs doing this must make a ranged touch attack against an AC of 10 to deliver their payload to the intended square. The following indicates how many 5-foot squares of fire a number of the listed containers can extinguish with successful delivery.

Waterskin: Twenty waterskins full of water extinguish one square.

Bucket: Four buckets full of non-flammable material extinguish one square.

Gallon Container: Twelve gallon containers of non-flammable material extinguish one square.

Cauldron: One cauldron of non-flammable material extinguishes one square.

Portable Hole: A portable hole filled with non-flammable material extinguishes a 12-square-by-12-square area.

Bag of Holding: A *bag of holding*, *type I* filled with non-flammable material extinguishes a 3-square-by-3-square area, *type II* extinguishes a 5-square-by-5-square area, *type III* extinguishes a 7-square-by-7-square area, and *type IV* extinguishes a 10-square-by-10-square area.

subject to these conditions. A character may fail this save a number of times equal to her Constitution modifier. After failing to save for the last time, the character falls unconscious and is subject to suffocation (see page 445 of the *Core Rulebook*).

Backdrafts

Fuel-starved flames bursting into freshly opened chambers pose a lethal threat to fire fighters. Such hazards typically arise from rooms no larger than 40 square feet and sealed from ample airflows. When these rooms catch fire, they deplete the supply of oxygen in 2d6 × 5 minutes. After such a point, the fire continues to burn, but the combustion is a slow smolder. When a door or obstruction is opened or removed, the air from outside the room rushes in and instantly restarts the flames, resulting in a fiery eruption. Any characters that are either already in the room or are within 15 feet of the newly opened entryway take 5d6 points of fire damage (DC 15 Reflex save for half). The area opened to must be oxygen-rich for a backdraft to happen, and does not occur if one oxygen-starved room opens into another.

Firefighting Magic

A number of spells have the potential to affect areas that have caught fire and can serve to reduce the seriousness

of a blaze. While these are by no means all the spells that might aid a fire-fighting spellcaster, these account for the majority of the magical effects that can be brought to bear against flames. Other obvious spells, such as *control water*, rely on the specifics of a situation and are left to the GM to determine the effects.

Control Weather: In general, weather conjured by this spell has a 40% chance to extinguish an uncovered square full of flame every round. This does not prevent flames from spreading, but those left exposed are quenched with relative swiftness. Fires burning within a structure are unaffected by this spell unless it has some obvious point of entry (such as through an open roof or large window).

Gust of Wind: This powerful wind blows out 10 feet of fire in its path. Flames blown out can be reignited by nearby flames.

Ice Storm: An ice storm extinguishes fire in the area it affects. The hail from the spell melts and leaves an area soaked, preventing it from catching fire again.

Polar Ray: This spell extinguishes the fire along the ray's path. The ice from the spell melts due to the heat and leaves an area soaked, preventing it from catching fire again.

Pyrotechnics: Upon affecting a fire, a *pyrotechnics* spell extinguishes up to four squares of fire. Affecting flames with this spell can backfire upon a caster, though, potentially hindering those nearby with even more light and smoke.

Summon Monster: Several summoned creatures might possess qualities allowing them to aid in putting out fires, whether special abilities or the power to cast any of the spells noted here. Water elementals especially can put out flames in any square they cross, though burning squares count a difficult terrain for them while purposefully trying to extinguish flames. Even water elementals take damage from fire, and can be destroyed by entering a blaze.

FLOODS

Floods occur when the water levels in an area rise beyond their usual levels. This might be caused by river banks overflowing into a town, a sudden and unexpected rush of water from a broken reservoir, the effects of a powerful storm, or a similar incident. GMs contemplating a flood in their games should consider the basic rules for floods on page 433 of the *Core Rulebook*, as well as those for aquatic terrain and underwater combat (page 432), swimming (page 108), and drowning (page 445).

Slow Rise

Floods can easily turn structures into watery deathtraps. Characters trapped in an underground complex or even merely a structure at a low elevation when a flood occurs

Catastrophe!

might find themselves facing rising waters, dwindling pockets of air, and the risk of drowning.

Before a flood begins, the GM needs to determine how high the ceiling is in a given area—typically 10 to 12 feet high, though variable depending on the structure's location and purpose. This height determines the length of time it takes for that space to fill with water. During a slow flood, water levels rise at a constant rate. The GM can determine this rate arbitrarily, or roll 1d6 to determine the number of inches that the water rises per round.

The next issue the GM must consider is where the displaced air goes. If this is an underground dungeon, the air might rise through cracks and grates, disappearing into areas where the PCs may not be able to follow. Since doorways tend to be lower than ceilings, many rooms in structures not designed with airflow in mind might flood only until the water level has risen to the top of a door frame, trapping a pocket of air in a room. However, just because characters occupy an area where a pocket of air is trapped does not mean that they are safe. Characters trapped within a flooded area must succeed at Swim checks to stay afloat, typically DC 10 for calm water, but armor and encumbrance can make even such a check deadly for unprepared characters. GMs dealing with characters trapped for several hours might also seek to address the risk of air depletion. As a rule of thumb, a resting Medium character takes 12 hours to deplete the air from a 5-foot cube (with Large creatures depleting half again as much, Small characters depleting only half as much, and so on). When a character is exerting himself, he consumes double the amount of air. With this information, a GM should be able to take the number of 5-foot cubes comprising

an air pocket and formulate a rough estimate of how long it takes creatures trapped within to deplete the air. Once the air is depleted, characters begin suffocating (see page 445 of the *Core Rulebook*).

Flash Floods

Flash floods have the same issues associated with slow floods, but they also have the added danger of rapid flowing water. Most move through low-lying areas at a speed of 60 feet, sweeping away everything in their path. A creature can detect the onset of a flash flood with a DC 20 Perception check, success granting the creature 2d6 rounds to prepare. The first sign of a flash flood is a rumbling and a sudden flow of water along the ground. The wall of water that follows arrives quickly, striking only 1d4 rounds later.

A creature struck by a flash flood is immediately subjected to a bull rush (as if by a creature with a CMB of +20). A successful bull rush indicates that the creature is swept away. Creatures carried along by a flash flood travel in the direction of the flood at a speed of 60 feet and take 2d6 points of damage per round from buffeting (Reflex DC 12 negates). If those swept away are air-breathers, they must hold their breath or begin to drown. Swim checks are possible in a flash flood, but the water is treated as stormy, requiring a DC 20 Swim check to navigate. Most flash floods last for only 3d6 minutes before the rushing water either disperses or slows and becomes standing water (depending on the topography).





Mammon

It takes no devil or infernal temptation to lead men to avarice. All souls look upon the world and desire. For some, such desires are the simple needs of survival. For others, they take the form of ambition. And for still others, they are dreams to be chased throughout a lifetime. While such pursuits hold no intrinsic evil in their common balance, lives consumed by want, marked by envy and the insatiable lust for ever more, attract the ebon eyes of Erebus, the eternally nighted vaults of Hell, and their lord, the archdevil Mammon. Reaching forth gilded claws, the archdevil promises fantastic riches to those who praise him, bartering coins for the true currency of Hell: mortal souls.

Drawn from the scattered folios of the *Book of the Damned*, the following text dares to unveil the desires, profane worship, voracious servants, and seductive treasures of the Grasping One himself. Those seeking further details on Mammon, his realm of Erebus, devilkind, or the innumerable powers of Hell might risk consulting *Princes of Darkness: Book of the Damned Vol. 1*.

THE LORD OF EREBUS

Amid shadowed gems at the heart of the third layer of Hell lies a bier of awe-inspiring infernal beauty, a diamond tomb of such splendor as could only be crafted by hands that once knew the wonders of Heaven. Within this monument lie the wasted yet eternally radiant remains of the fallen angel Mammon, a sublime being who shone, warred, and fell among the legions of those heretics who battled against their brethren in unnameable eons past. Yet with this august crusader's end, a servant of the Heavens died and, by the god Asmodeus's hand, a lord of Hell was born.

The end of the angel Mammon, slain at the Battle of the Triune Star and lost for ages amid the raging Maelstrom, is well documented within the pages of the *Book of the Damned*, as is his entombment and resurrection in the shadows beneath the city of Dis. Yet what fuels endless rivalries among diabolists is the conflicting question of the archdevil's true face. Some claim Mammon rules nighted Erebus as a gleaming silver god, a giant of beauteous horror.

Gaze upon the realms of rust:
the poison vine, the choking sand.
Will you find your dreams in dust?
Or dare you claim the crown at hand?
Cast your sight beyond the throng,
All doubt and weakness lie forgot.
Sate the yearning known life-long;
By burning coin your dreams are bought.
—“Promise of Mammon,” from the *Book of the Damned*



Others claim he seethes through his domain as a grasping spirit, pervading the labyrinth as absolutely as the dark. Some term him the Twice-Fallen, an angelic carcass that rules from a tomb of gem and immortal rot, while others call upon the God in Silver, and feel his gaze staring from the face of every minted coin. In truth, Mammon is all of these things and more: a fallen angel, an archdevil, an animating spirit, and Erebus itself.

Deprived of a body after his eons-old defeat, Mammon exists as a creature without a true form, an invincible bodiless presence that rules over the realm of Erebus. Possessing an omnipresence within his domain that all other archdevils envy, he bears a special connection with the oceans of riches that fill the kingdom-sized vaults of his realm, with even the smallest coin or fleck of gold dust serving as an appendage of his impossibly vast body. Yet even Mammon's body bears a face: the Argent Prince, a mountain-sized statue of gleaming silver, shaped into the form of a many-horned devil of divine beauty and grace. While the titanic figure bears miles of delicately inlaid runes and Infernal script, and glimmers with pure silver worth the ransom of entire worlds, the throne-body of Mammon bears the might of a true demigod and can cast away interlopers as absently as wishing coins.

If Mammon's mind imbues his entire realm, and his face resides upon the Argent Prince, then one might guess the archfiend's heart lies within his tomb, where his true body rests amid the offerings of Hell's lords and ancient tributes. The Lord of Erebus even suggests such, his bier hidden among his realm's deadliest reaches and bearing some of the layer's most diabolical and overwhelming defenses. Yet what few in Hell—and even fewer outside the Pit—guess is that this is an ancient and elaborate lie. Actually, Mammon's corpse holds no power, being symbolic at best and in truth no more than a pile of dust and irrelevant bones. Where the true heart of Mammon lies, the actual core of his essence that hypothetically might hold the key to the archdevil's ultimate end, none know—not even the Grasping One himself.

Beyond his unique shape and state, Mammon rules Erebus as a true archdevil, one of the eight princes of Hell in service to the god Asmodeus. As tyrant of the third layer of the Pit, he reigns over the vaults of the infernal realm, where wealth past mortal imagining and treasures beyond legend lie in eternal darkness. The god of misers, Mammon covets all things of worth—riches and coins at the most mundane level, but also knowledge, servants, promises, influence, living beings, magic, land, artistic masterpieces, and anything else that carries with it value, rarity, or prestige. One of Asmodeus's oldest servants, Mammon has existed for eons and seen the rise and fall of deities, worlds, and empires. Thus, base riches do little to invigorate the demigod. Rather, his most rampant desires turn toward trophies, be they physical or symbolic. For Mammon, the soul of the final survivor of an extinct race, the only copy of a legendary mage's lost spellbook, the iconic weapon of a demon lord, or the corpse of a solar dipped in lead all bear greater worth than even a mountain of platinum. Coins, however, do hold a favored place in the devil lord's desires, for their ability to sway the minds of mortals and relieve fools of far more precious commodities—such as their souls—pleases him endlessly.

Once collected, few objects escape Mammon's grip. As the steward of Hell's vaults, he presides over both his own treasure and much of that owned by the other archdevils and Asmodeus himself, thus taking his lord's charge to defend the plane's riches as both absolute duty and sacred obligation. Endless defenses born from his immortal genius, crafted over eons, and operated by armies of devils and other servants ensure that few things—be they treasures or the damned souls condemned to his realm—escape the shadows of Erebus. Should even the most insignificant of treasures depart Erebus without his leave, Mammon knows as surely as one who has a digit sliced from his hand. The archdevil's schemes of reprisal and repossession come swift and terrible upon the heads of thieves, demanding recompense in near-impossible proportions to what was stolen. Rumors persist of a special torture gallery where Mammon imprisons the souls of thieves who could not

Treasures of Erebus

Ancient and deadly, the shortspear offers a versatility favored by Mammon and his followers. Many servants of the Lord of Erebus carry such weapons in deference to their infernal master, crafting elaborate spearheads from precious metals or studding the hafts with jewels, coins, or meaningful ornaments. Skilled diabolists in the archfiend's service have also perfected and spread a deadly homage to their masters, lethal shortspears imbued with the powers of darkness and known as the *Fangs of Erebus*.

FANG OF EREBUS

Aura faint evocation; **CL** 5th

Slot none; **Price** 9,501 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

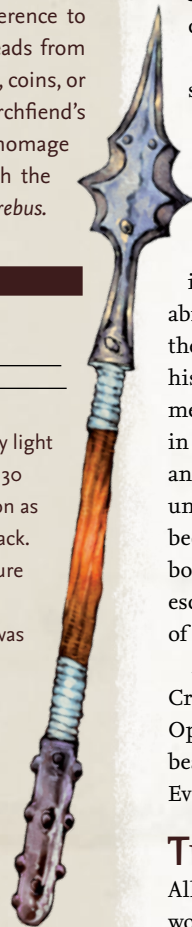
DESCRIPTION

This +1 shortspear gleams as if newly polished and shimmers with threads of inlaid gold dust. Strangely light for its size, the shortspear has a range increment of 30 feet. Once per day, the wielder may entreat Mammon as the shortspear deals damage as part of a ranged attack. Doing so causes the area within 30 feet of the creature struck to be affected as per the spell *deeper darkness*. This darkness lingers at the point where the target was damaged, not moving with the target.

In addition, the gold dust embedded in the shortspear sparkles if the spearhead is touched to an object or treasure valued at 1,000 gp or more. The wielder can determine if an object is worth 1,000 gp or more, 10,000 gp or more, or 100,000 gp or more just by observing the level of this scintillation. Once per day, the spear can also be laid on the ground and commanded to point to the most valuable object within 30 feet.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *deeper darkness*, identify; **Cost** 4,750 gp



largely just in terms of net values and total prestige. Ever the fiend seeks a prize to capture and hold his interest, but always the novelty fades, casting him back into an endless existence of strict duty, hollow temptations, meaningless crusades, and eons of boredom.

In dialogues, Mammon proves endlessly calm and self-controlled—little any mere mortal can do can incite him to a true display of pique. His words ring simple and hollow, often causing others to suspect he might be nothing more than an automaton. Such ploys work well with proud mortals and arrogant planar natives seeking to dupe Hell from a measure of its seemingly infinite riches. In more elaborate corruptions, the fiend's ability to mimic any voice and create nearly any form from the treasures of Erebus allows him to take on whatever shape his victims might find most appealing. Regardless of the method of his ploys, he reveals the truth of his deceptions in his penchant for offers, bargains, promises, and reading and playing upon his victims' desires. Only after one has underestimated the archfiend's true nature or cunning, become addicted to his open yet subtly corrupting offers, bound oneself to propositions from which there are no escape, or paid prices far dearer than anticipated is the Lord of Erebus's true foul genius revealed.

Among his servants, Mammon is also called the Countless, Crowngiver, the Grasping One, the Lord of the Third, the Open Palm, and the Voice in Silver. His symbol is a coin bearing a diabolical face. His domains are Artifice, Earth, Evil, and Law, and his favored weapon is the shortspear.

THE CULT OF MAMMON

All the faiths devoted to Hell's archfiends offer paths to worldly influence and cater to yearnings of the mortal mind, yet in the cult of Mammon such desires rise to the central religious concern. Divested of the pretenses of spirituality, otherworldly insights, secrets of ageless lore, or promises of power over inscrutable beings, the followers of Mammon offer and pursue a path to one's true greatest desire—a goal unique to each individual. Away fall the illusions harbored by most cults of glorious ends, sacrifices to hidden masters, or quests for relics, replaced by a two-fold goal: identification of one's truest yearning, and the perpetual attainment of that aspiration. In the pursuit of such, Mammon takes on not the role of godhead, but divine patron and financier, while his priests—or usurers as they are commonly known—serve as facilitators of a relationship more businesslike than religious, encouraging new cultists to rely on the archdevil in pursuit of ever greater dreams and ultimately unattainable or unsustainable decadences, all the while pauperizing them materially and spiritually via the Lord of Erebus.

The cult of Mammon takes on a beneficent cast when initially approaching potential new supplicants. Seeking out

monetarily pay their penance, such victims kept alive for ages and tormented long after their deaths by sadistic hamatulas and mercenary kyton torturers. Just as surely as thieves, those who rebuff Mammon also garner his wrath, denial and defeat impassioning the stubborn fiend, inflaming his desire to even greater heights.

At any moment the ingenious archfiend's plots divide his interests across dozens of planes and worlds, yet being refused even the most peripheral desire leads him to direct more and more of his infernal determination and nearly infinite resources toward the object of his desire and the absolute destruction of any barrier in his path. Upon satisfying his craving or gaining even long-coveted treasures, Mammon stows his earnings methodically but indifferently, caring for even the most fabulous objects

Mammon

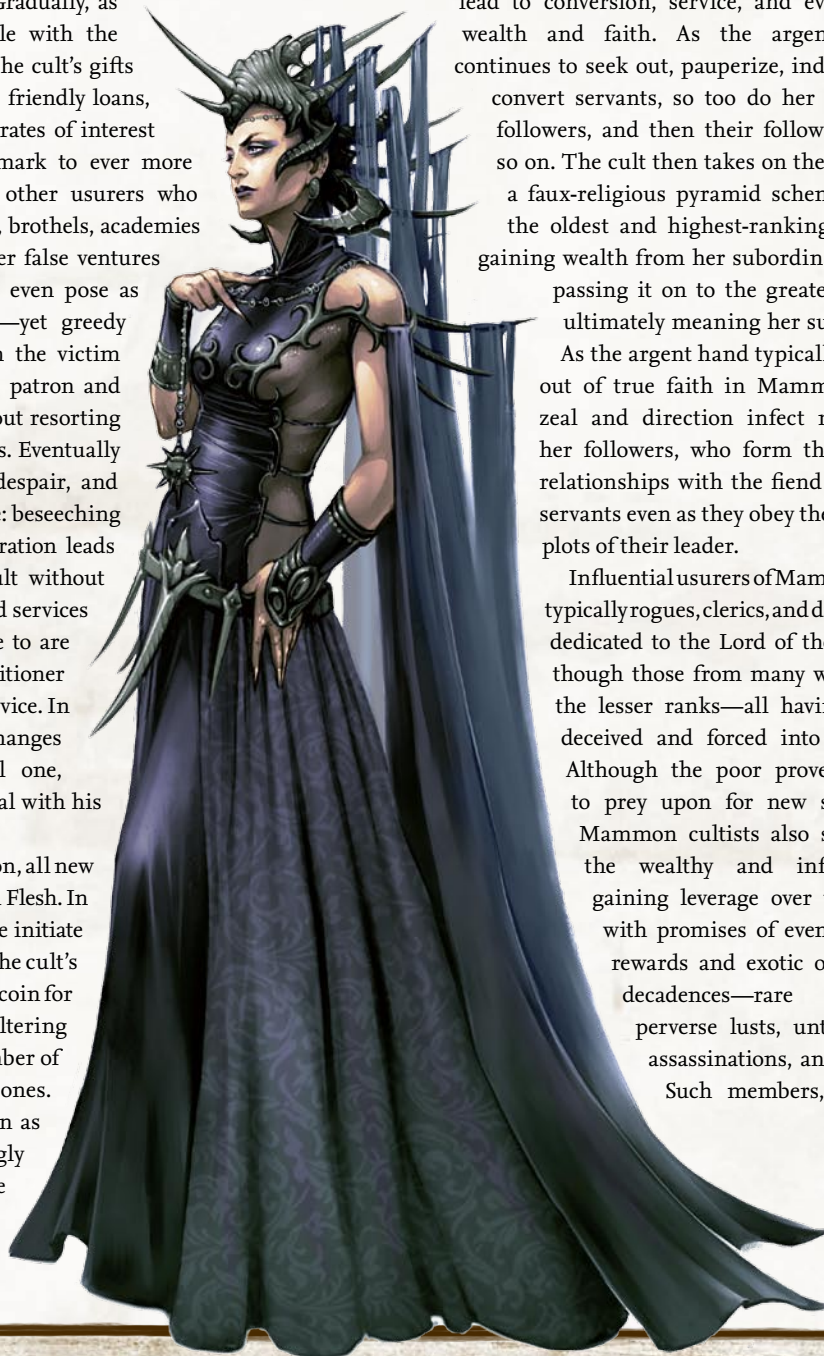
the poor, weak willed, disenfranchised, aimless, lowborn, unimaginative, lazy, depressed, despairing, and hopeless, usurers of the Grasping One come to such unfortunates with a two-pronged seduction: flagrant displays of prosperity and the novel suggestion that their problems lie merely in the fact that the victim has yet to identify their true desire. Those who prove open to such overtures find themselves visited often by the cultist, given extravagant gifts as they are encouraged to indulge in new decadences as part of the search of a single perfect goal. This lone desire and the value of such a thing is, of course, pure foolishness, but the associated gifts, new experiences, and attention typically prove different enough from the potential supplicant's pitiable former life to convince him of such a pursuit's value. Gradually, as the victim becomes comfortable with the need to find his perfect desire, the cult's gifts begin to take the form of small, friendly loans, which slowly grow and take on rates of interest as the cultist encourages his mark to ever more elaborate dalliances. Typically, other usurers who run artistic communes, theaters, brothels, academies of dubious philosophies, or other false ventures encourage such pursuits. Some even pose as newly discovered and adoring—yet greedy and manipulative—lovers. Soon the victim finds himself unable to pay his patron and further pursue his desires without resorting to crime or other extreme means. Eventually the debt reaches the point of despair, and then the usurer reveals an escape: beseeching Mammon. By this point, desperation leads the victim before the larger cult without hesitation, where possessions and services one would normally never agree to be pawned freely, but only if the petitioner swears himself to Mammon's service. In doing so, the unfortunate exchanges a worldly debt for a spiritual one, repaying a pittance of shiny metal with his immortal soul.

Once in the service of Mammon, all new supplicants must face the Debt in Flesh. In this ritual, the debt that drove the initiate to the archdevil is collected from the cult's coffers. Typically, the debt is met coin for coin in gold pieces, but new or faltering cults might match the total number of gold coins with copper or silver ones. The coins are then melted down as the supplicant is outfitted in kingly finery. Amid devotions to the Open Palm and the chanting of an unholy congregation, the

new cultist has the melted coins poured upon his shoulders and back, to excruciating effect. The symbol of Mammon is then forced into the metal, leaving a permanent imprint. This ritual deals 1d6 points of fire damage for every 100 coins melted and poured upon the victim. Many are slain by this rite, the precious molds ripped from the flesh of the unworthy and mounted as gruesome testaments to the merit of those who survived the rite. Those who survive are marked by Mammon and eternally committed to his faith. They must serve, or be revealed as agents of Hell.

The structure of the cult of Mammon begins with a single high priest, known within the archdevil's faith as the "argent hand of Erebus." Debts owed to the founding usurer lead to conversion, service, and eventually wealth and faith. As the argent hand continues to seek out, pauperize, indebt, and convert servants, so too do her existing followers, and then their followers, and so on. The cult then takes on the form of a faux-religious pyramid scheme, with the oldest and highest-ranking usurer gaining wealth from her subordinates and passing it on to the greater cult—ultimately meaning her superiors. As the argent hand typically serves out of true faith in Mammon, her zeal and direction infect many of her followers, who form their own relationships with the fiend and his servants even as they obey the greater plots of their leader.

Influential usurers of Mammon are typically rogues, clerics, and diabolists dedicated to the Lord of the Third, though those from many walks fill the lesser ranks—all having been deceived and forced into service. Although the poor prove easiest to prey upon for new servants, Mammon cultists also seek out the wealthy and influential, gaining leverage over the rich with promises of even greater rewards and exotic or illegal decadences—rare drugs, perverse lusts, untraceable assassinations, and so on. Such members, having



Council of Thieves

endured less lethal Debts in Flesh, are typically elevated to advanced ranks within the cult and do much to grant their masters influence and new opportunities within a region. Typically the cult of Mammon operates in cities, where wealth flows most freely and dense populations might disguise its schemes and worship.

In Golarion

Mammon's faith might arise wherever people lust for wealth and fools wait to be bilked of their immortal souls. In the most decadent cities of Golarion, the Grasping One's faithful spread their glittering corruption, with significant cults operating in the Taldan capital of Oppara, Azir in Rahadoum, Karcau in Ustalav, and Katheer in Qadira. While not unified, few argent hands don't know of Lady Kaltessa Iyis, the Widow Queen. Rumored to have been a member of Nidalese nobility in an age past, the elusive priestess's life has spanned centuries, the benefit of a pact with the Voice in Silver himself. In return for long life and unspeakable other favors, the coldly fanatical priestess serves Mammon directly, going where signs and visions from her lord direct. As severe and arrogant as the pettiest princess, yet with a cool cunning and frighteningly sharp memory, the Widow Queen radiates an air of charisma that can change from charming to cruel like the flip of a coin. Although more than capable of dealing with nearly any threat herself, Iyis rarely goes anywhere without her attendants, an ebon-skinned barbed devil called Rivois, her sarcastic imp familiar Ginarl, and the silent kyton named Vorosa—who some claim was once her own daughter. Currently the Widow Queen resides in a lavish palace called Iron Rose, situated in a lush valley near the northernmost border between Isger and Druma, though recent dreams have caused her to turn her attentions to southern Cheliah. Attempting to anticipate her infernal lord's will, she has already contacted her Chelish minions and instructed them to make ready for her coming.

LADY KALTESSA IYIS

CR 20

XP 307,200

Female human cleric of Mammon 10/diabolist 10 (*Princes of Darkness: Book of the Damned* Vol. 1 44)

NE Medium humanoid

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 120 ft., see in darkness, see invisible or ethereal 120 ft.; **Perception** +30

DEFENSE

AC 30, touch 16, flat-footed 30 (+9 armor, +5 deflection, +1 insight, +5 natural)

hp 183 (10d8+10d6+80)

Fort +20, **Ref** +14, **Will** +27

Defensive Abilities cannot be flanked, *freedom of movement*;

Resist acid 10; **SR** 21

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +3 *unholy spell-storing shortspear* +15/+10/+5 (1d6+2/x3/+2d6 vs. good; stores *bestow curse*)

Ranged acid dart +13 (1d6+10 acid)

Special Attacks channel hellfire 4/day, channel negative energy 9/day (DC 19, 5d6)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th)

2/day—*hellfire ray*

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th)

12/day—acid dart, touch of evil

1/day—scythe of evil

Spells Prepared (CL 20th)

9th—*gate*, *implosion* (2; DC 28), *miracle*, *quicken flame strike* (DC 24), *summon monster IX*^P

8th—*antimagic field*, *earthquake* (DC 27), *firestorm* (DC 27),

greater planar ally, *quicken dismissal* (DC 23), *unholy aura*^P

7th—*blasphemy*^P (DC 26), *dictum* (DC 26), *ethereal jaunt*,

repulsion (DC 26), *summon monster VII* (2)

6th—*banishment* (DC 25), *blade barrier* (DC 25), *harm* (DC 25),

heal (2), *stoneskin*^P

5th—*break enchantment*, *commune*, *flame strike* (DC 24), *greater*

command (2; DC 24), *plane shift*, *wall of stone*^P

4th—*dimensional anchor* (2), *divine power*, *poison* (DC 23),

tongues, *unholy blight*^P (2)

3rd—*animate dead*, *contagion* (DC 22), *deeper darkness*, *dispel*

magic (2), *magic circle against good*^P, *wind walk*

2nd—*aid*, *align weapon*^P, *death knell* (DC 21), *enthrall* (DC 21),

hold person (DC 21), *spiritual weapon*, *undetectable alignment*

1st—*command* (2; DC 20), *cure light wounds* (2), *entropic shield*,

protection from good^P, *sanctuary* (DC 20), *shield of faith*

0—*bleed* (DC 19), *create water*, *detect magic*, *read magic*

D domain spell; **Domains** Earth, Evil

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 10, **Con** 18, **Int** 17, **Wis** 28, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 22

Feats Augment Summoning^B, Command Undead, Craft

Wondrous Item, Deceitful, Extra Channel, Improved Initiative,

Improved Lightning Reflexes, Invested Magic, Lightning

Reflexes, Scribe Scroll, Toughness, Quicken Spell

Skills Appraise +23, Bluff +30, Diplomacy +23, Disguise +7,

Knowledge (arcana) +17, Knowledge (planes) +22, Knowledge

(religion) +27, Perception +30, Sense Motive +23, Spellcraft +17

Languages Common, Elven, Infernal, Shadowtongue

SQ heresy, imp companion (Ginarl), infernal bargain, infernal

charisma, infernal transport, master conjurer

Combat Gear *potion of cure serious wounds* (2), *scroll of summon*

monster IX (2); **Other Gear** Lady Iyis's *nightskin* (as *nightskin* but +5

glamered moderate fortification mithral chain shirt), +3 *unholy spell-*

storing shortspear, *staff of transmutation*, *amulet of natural armor*

+5, *belt of mighty constitution* +6, *boots of speed*, *cloak of resistance*

+5, *dusty rose prism ioun stone*, *eyes of charming*, *glove of storing*

(2; holding staff and shortspear), *headband of inspired wisdom* +6,

mantle of spell resistance, *pale green prism ioun stone*, *ring of freedom*

of movement, *ring of protection* +5, *robe of eyes*, 30,799 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Channel Hellfire (Su) As a free action 4 times per day, Lady Iyis can cause spells that deal energy damage to deal hellfire damage (half fire damage, half damage from evil energy). These spells gain the evil and lawful descriptors.

Hellfire: Damage dealt from this accursed flame results half from fire and half from evil energy (which is not subject to being reduced by resistance to fire-based attacks). Evil-aligned creatures and those with the evil subtype take no damage from evil energy. Good aligned creatures and those with the good subtype take double damage from evil energy. Creatures under the effects of *protection from evil* are unaffected by evil energy, but still take normal damage from the fire.

Hellfire Ray (Sp) Lady Iyis can fire a 75-foot-long ray of hellfire twice per day. This ray deals 10d6 points of hellfire damage. Any creature killed by this ray is damned to Hell, requiring non-evil spellcasters to make a caster level check (DC 10 + the dead creature's level) when attempting to resurrect the victim.

Heresy (Ex) Lady Iyis gains a +4 on all checks made to research true names and sigils.

Infernal Bargain (Ex) Devils summoned by Lady Iyis must make an opposed Charisma check or serve her for half the cost.

Infernal Charisma (Ex) Lady Iyis gains a +5 on Charisma-based checks when interacting with devils.

Infernal Transport (Su) When in Hell, Lady Iyis can cast *dimension door* twice per day or use both spells to travel as per *teleport*.

Master Conjurer (Ex) Lady Iyis can bargain with a familiar devil she calls as a move action, adding +15 to her Charisma check.

PC Gear Lady Iyis has equipment equal to a 20th-level PC. This increases her CR by +1.

Venerable Age Lady Iyis is more than 100 years old, but retains her youth and beauty via a bargain with Mammon. She possesses all the benefits of venerable age but none of the penalties.

MINIONS OF MAMMON

Beyond the mortal cultists of the Grasping One, armies of avaricious creatures obey the will of Mammon, some out of diabolical duty, others in desperate hope of currying his favor and having unspoken wishes fulfilled.

The depths of Erebus hold no mystery for the children of Hell, devils treading the abyssal darkness heedless of the gloom except in the torment it causes the blinded souls of the damned. Among these fiends, hamatulas stand gargoyle-like as sentinels over the treasures of the Pit, minding ironshod vaults, infernally trapped gates, and the labyrinthine paths to secret relics. Favorites of Mammon for their obsessive pride as guardians, and difficult to distract, barbed devils attend to their lord's wishes with diligence and precision, many claiming to be able to hear the archdevil's whispers in the shifting of coins and on the lips of glistening statues. Thus it's no surprise that legions of such fiends serve as the infernal lord's emissaries throughout Hell, the planes, and the mortal plane.



Treasures of Erebus

Vain to the point of competition with even the servants of Belial or Baalzebul, powerful cultists of Mammon lust for symbols of their status, wealth, influence, and power. Viewing the trappings of battle as beneath them, yet still wary of threats, such diabolists create glamered suits of armor known as *nightskins* that do more than just shield them from harm, bringing them closer to the might of their dread lord and the coldly idealized darkness of Erebus.

NIGHTSKIN

Aura moderate illusion (evil); **CL** 10th

Slot armor; **Price** 53,100 gp; **Weight** 25 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Each of these +2 *glamered chain shirts* bears a permanent illusion of being a fantastic ebon gown of peerless design or a royal suit of nighted hues. Yet those who see past the illusion find a strange padding within the armor, stitched skins of macabre origins filled with locks of delicate hair, dyed in devil's blood. Those who wear the armor find that they can see in even the most abysmal darkness as per a devil's ability to see in darkness (seeing through even magical darkness as if it were full light). In addition, the wearer finds that he can understand Infernal perfectly, though the armor does not grant the ability to speak it.

Nightskin is a fundamentally evil armor and any wearer of good alignment is treated as being sickened for as long as the armor is worn.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor; *major image*, *true seeing*; **Cost** 26,550 gp

Beyond devilkind, Mammon favors unflinching, unthinking servants, with golems and a variety of constructs, both common and unique, watching over his riches. Many such products of Hell's vast forges are constructed of precious metals or studded with fantastic wealth to blend in among the objects of their guardianship. Gem-studded stone golems, brass golems (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #24), and iron cobras, some of incredible size, all see wide use throughout Mammon's realm and among cultists in his service. The ruler of Erebus also collects whole populations of creatures to serve him, breeding deadly strains of infernally tainted mimics, darkmantles, and silent oozes and molds adept at hiding just beneath glittering cover.

While all the lords of Hell reign as unparalleled terrors within their infernal realms, Mammon himself poses not only the greatest but the most pervasive threat to those

traversing Erebus's blind paths. Capable of manifesting amid any treasure within his realm and animating whole hoards, the archdevil witnesses nearly all that transpires within his domain and personally rises to confront interlopers. At the most common level, a facet of Mammon's immortal will impresses itself over a volume of treasure, creating an animate hoard. While not entirely present in such spontaneously created constructs, Mammon can focus his will and see or speak through his creations (just as he can with nearly all his domain's riches). None truly know how many such manifestations Mammon might craft, though the archfiend often boasts he could raise all the wealth in Erebus should he so choose, and blanket an entire mortal world in a cataclysm of gold.

An animate hoard uses 6 construction points on additional attack, amalgam, guardian, and metal special qualities (see the *Bestiary* for details). The creature below was created by advancing a Medium animated object to 13 Hit Dice and increasing its size to Huge.

ANIMATE HOARD

CR 9

XP 6,400

Advanced animated object

LE Huge construct

Init -2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision;

Perception +2

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 8, flat-footed 21 (-2 Dex, +15 natural, -2 size)

hp 111 (13d10+40)

Fort +4, **Ref** +2, **Will** +4

Defensive Abilities hardness 10; **Immune** construct traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 slams +21 (1d8+10)

STATISTICS

Str 30, **Dex** 6, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +13; **CMB** +25; **CMD** 33

Skills Perception +2, Stealth +0

SQ construction points

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary, pair, or treasury (3–50)

Treasure double standard (or more depending on composition)

SPECIAL QUALITIES

Amalgam (Ex, 2 CP) The object is made up of smaller but similar objects. Its ability to constantly shift its form grants it immunity to critical hits and flanking. It also does not take additional damage from precision-based attacks, like sneak attacks. The object can move through spaces half its size without squeezing. The object also receives a +10 racial bonus on Stealth checks.



Guardian (Ex, 1 CP) The object is granted the ability to follow basic orders and watch for enemies, changing its Wisdom to 10 and granting it a +2 racial bonus on Perception checks. Additional CP can be spent on this ability, each increasing the object's Wisdom by an additional +2 and improving its racial bonus to Perception by +2.

MYSTERIES OF MAMMON

Like treasure, Mammon collects magical relics and lore with miserly abandon. Those of greatest power and value are methodically filed into lightless library vaults. Fallen into such depths lie an impossible number of incredible treasures known to include such legendary artifacts as the ghost-axe Lightbreaker, the armored monolith known as Emperor Loduz, five of the nine scroll-corpses of Raisting, and a depthless blue *Orb of Dragonkind* known as Stormsheart surpassing the size of a temple dome. Yet for all these treasures, material and arcane, personally coveted by the Lord of Erebus, some few minor elements please the archdevil enough to see dissemination to his cult, spread to gather ever greater riches and shepherd more souls to Erebus's fathomless depths.



Genius Avaricious

School conjuration (creation) (evil); **Level** cleric 6, sorcerer/wizard 6

Casting Time 10 minutes

Components V, S, M (valuable offerings; see text), F (one gold coin)

Range touch

Effect a vestige of the archdevil Mammon imbues a coin with a negotiable degree of power.

Duration instantaneous (see text)

Saving Throw none; **Spell Resistance** no

Casting this spell constitutes performing a rite of sacrifice to the archdevil Mammon, making an offering to the Lord of Erebus and channeling a measure of his disembodied might into a single coin. The power and abilities of this vestige correspond directly to the value of the offering, allowing for three distinct effects.

Corrupted Coin: Making a sacrifice worth 1,500 gp corrupts the focus into a "lucky" or "unlucky" coin as per the caster's will for 1 month. Any creature that bears the coin gains a bonus or penalty (decided by the caster at the time of casting) on all Appraise, Bluff, Craft, and Profession checks. This bonus or penalty is equal to 1 per 3 caster levels (maximum +5 at 15th level). In addition, the coin can produce an effect similar to the spell *augury* once per day—its flip producing a weal (heads), woe (tails), or nothing result (landing on the edge). Potentially unknown to the bearer (if different from the caster), the caster can telepathically hear any question asked of the coin and, as a free action, influence the result as he chooses.

Mammon's Mantle: Making a sacrifice worth 3,000 gp transforms the coin into a kind of infernal aegis for any who swallow the coin. Upon ingesting the coin, the target gains a bonus to Charisma equal

Invested Magic

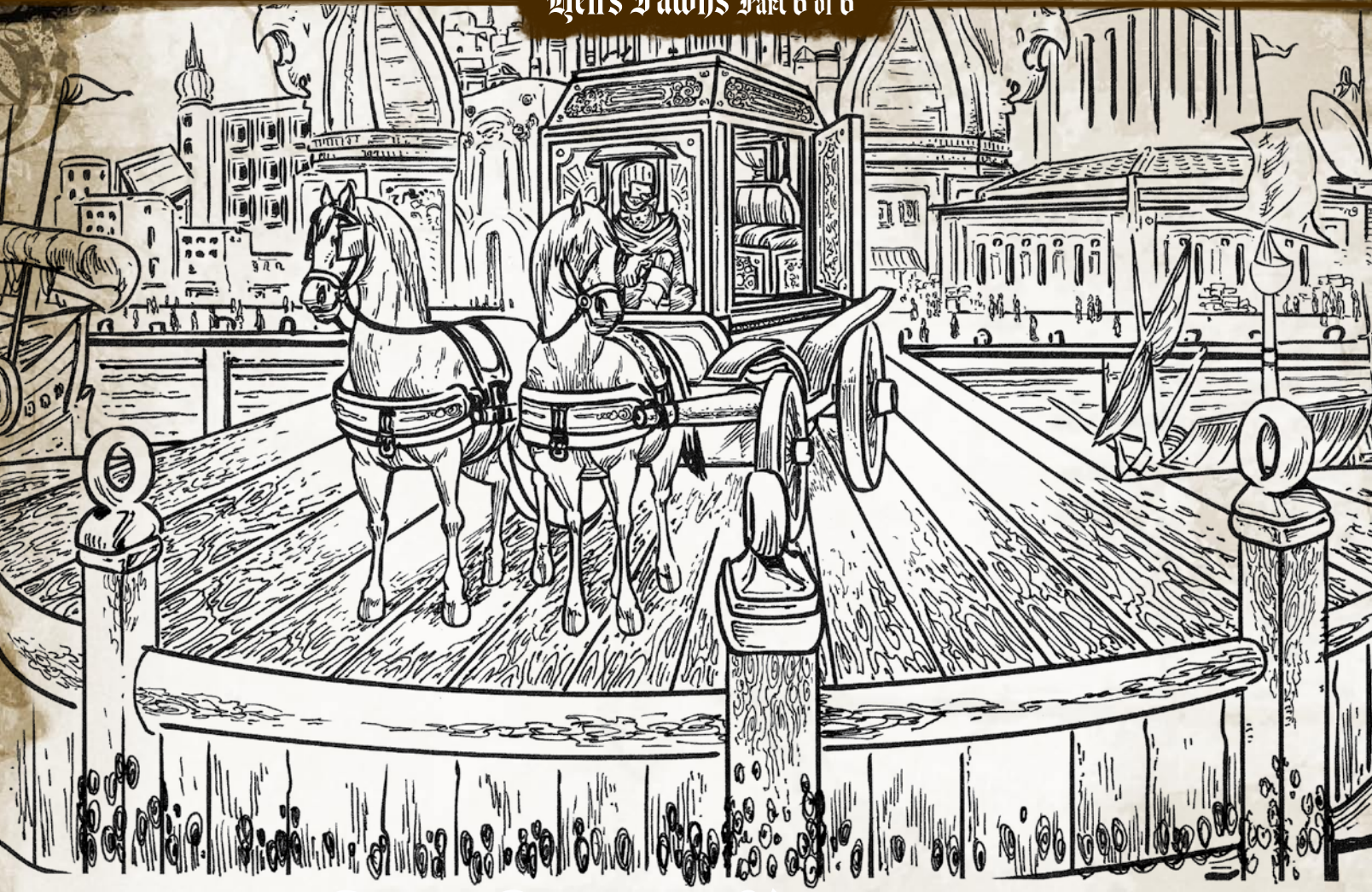
Spells cast using this feat pay the wages of Mammon and forgo their more mundane costs.

Benefit: You may satisfy the material requirement of any spell you cast with valuable coins, gems, or jewelry rather than the normal component. For spells with material components with no listed value, valuables worth 5 times the spell's level in gp may be expended instead of the usual components (5 gp for a 1st-level spell, 20 gp for a 4th-level spell, etc). In the case of spells with components that have a listed cost, you may expend valuables worth a number of gp equal to one and a half times this cost (thus, a spell like *commune* with material components costing 500 gp could be cast using valuables worth 750 gp). Only coins, gems, jewelry, and other similar objects of obvious worth can be used to replace other material components using this feat. The value of these objects need not match the required cost exactly, but they cannot be less than the required costs. Should valuables of greater value than required be expended (likely when employing objects like gems or jewelry), the extraneous gp value is lost, consumed with the rest of the object. The only exception comes in the case of spells with material components that have a listed worth. When casting such spells you may expend double the components' gp worth in valuables to cast the spell as if your caster level were 1 level higher. This effect only applies to spells with components with a specific gp value. Any expenditure beyond double the gp value grants no additional benefit.

to +1 per 3 caster levels (maximum +5 at 15th level). The bearer's blood also takes on a hue like liquid gold and runs slowly, granting him immunity to poison, disease, and aging effects, and causing him to automatically stabilize if reduced to fewer than 0 hit points. Additionally, the bearer can eat gold to heal himself, regaining 1 hit point for every 20 gold pieces he consumes (materials other than gold provide no benefit). The coin's effects last for 1 day per caster level.

Gold Guardian: Making a sacrifice worth 6,000 gp allows the focus coin to animate nearby coins. When cast into a pile of 100,000 coins, an animate hoard (see previous page) forms under the control of the caster. The guardian serves for 1 month. After this month, coins begin disappearing from the guardian at a rate of 100 gp per day, reducing the creature's hit points by 1 per day. When the guardian's hit points reach 0, the guardian collapses and the focus coin is destroyed. Coins lost from the guardian can be replaced, restoring any lost hit points.

In addition to the effects of any of these offerings, should the focus coin be swallowed, any being sired or conceived by the creature while the magic is in effect is born as a tiefling (bearing an indirect relation to Mammon himself).



The Scions Academy

I stare at the devil Orxines in his secret chapel, and I feel the prickling smile of Asmodeus on my back.

The face of the thing we first met as the headmaster of the Scions Academy is still fair with the kind of sharp little beard made famous by high priests and scoundrels, but now that he's torn the flesh from his naked torso, we see what lies beneath. Ropy tendrils spill out of a ragged maw in his belly. He shrugs off more of the mortal cloak, and what seemed arms and legs twist in inhuman angles. His legs stretch wide to expose a pair of thick appendages like bloated fishers' hooks. His chest peels open, and bloody ribs snap back to transform into chitinous legs. His arms shuffle off their flaccid sleeves and stretch into twin tails of soft anemone tendrils. Only the head remains human, but it rises up on its bloody spinal column like the stinger of some enormous scorpion.

The boss and I rush toward the stairs leading up to the gymnasium, but there is the ghostly figure of Korva, Matron of the Academy. I remember the mist I saw seeping into the room above, and I know how she got here.

"Stand aside, hellspawn," says the devil to me, without irony. "Your life may yet be spared."

I can't come up with a witty retort. "Oh, yeah?" I say. "Why's that?"

Orxines' ungainly body teeters sideways, but I don't trust the feint. I also haven't forgotten about Korva, who is still chanting in a low voice nearby.

"Because he expects Egorian will soon be ruled by devils," says the boss. He steps behind me, and I know my cue. I pretend to step away from him, a little farther from Orxines, a little closer to Korva.

Orxines takes the bait. "My sons can make use of hell-blooded servants openly once they come into their legacies." He skitters again to the side.

"But then you panicked and murdered Einmarch Henderthane," says the boss.

"The old fool would have divided his holdings!" says Orxines, once more circling me for a shot at Jeggare. "There was no choice but to restore his will to name Morvus sole heir, and then to ensure he could never change it again."

"And yet by doing so, you drew attention to a plot that had remained secret for years," says Jeggare. He clucks his disapproval.

"Do not tempt my ire, half-elf," snarls Orxines. "The only law is the law of Hell, and Lord Asmodeus has taught us all its subtleties. Now mine is the pen that draws the contract." He takes a few steps toward the boss, still testing my loyalty. Jeggare retreats behind me, but this time he steps past and throws himself to the floor. I twist and dive backward, roll on my shoulder, and jump up to punch Korva in the throat just before she can complete her spell. She chokes and collapses to the floor.

Instead of coming after me, as I'd calculated, Orxines follows Jeggare, who rolls away as the devil's massive forelimbs smash the floor. Flecks of shattered granite rise like sea spray as Orxines demolishes stone kneelers just inches behind the boss.

I leap at Orxines. He's moving fast, and I barely get my arms around his tail-like neck. I want to smash his head against the floor with my full weight, but his neck is as strong as a carriage spring. The tendrils that were his human arms whip up to grip me. They burn like acid, and I smell the fabric of my favorite jacket melt away.

"I could... do this all day," I try to sound brave, but my voice is the yelp of a wounded dog. Still, it's the words that matter, and the boss knows the code. He scrambles up and runs toward Korva, who is only just back on her feet. He bowls her over like a dockside bouncer, an image that would amuse me a lot more if Orxines' tails weren't searing into my flesh. When I see Jeggare disappear up the stairs, I concentrate on my predicament.

Orxines' tails hold me tight, and I can't dig a foot into his back for leverage. Still, I have his neck. It's too strong to bend, but I shift my grip and pull hand-over-hand, climbing up to that smug human face. Just before I can dig my thumbs into his widening eyes, I feel a powerful grip on my legs. His tentacles—I need to think of them as tentacles—entwine my legs and pull hard in either direction. My grip slides, but if I let go, he's going to snap me like a wishbone. I hate it, but I make one desperate pull and do the thing I hate most.

I bite him.

After the first time I bit someone in a street fight, I explained by way of apology that it hurt me as much as it hurt him. Of course, that didn't address the matter of his missing fingers. The infection spread throughout his hand a few days later and he had to pay a Cheapside barber to amputate it. I would have offered to pay half, but my jaw was still black and tender from popping out of joint. Besides, he'd started it.

My teeth sink into the devil's flesh, and my head snaps back as if I'd bitten a bolt of lightning. Orxines' blood steams in my mouth, the pain so sharp that I barely feel

the impact as my body hits and leaves my outline in the plaster. The heat feels like acid surging through all my veins until it reaches my heart, which explodes in a pain so big and white that it flies briefly over the peak of ecstasy before falling back into an abyss of torment.

Orxines spins, his forelimbs unable to clutch his bleeding neck. He whirls in frustration, yellow ichor flying from his wound to spatter on the surrounding pillars. Beyond him, Korva opens her palms toward me, revealing a swelling orange blossom of flame. The roar of a furnace washes over me.

Despite the ringing in my head, the fire feels like the sun on my skin after a river swim. Even the pain in my jaw subsides, and I push myself up to my feet again. I almost trip, feeling something unexpected on my knees. Sharp bone spikes jut out of my kneecaps. Sharp bones arc out of knuckles, and I feel more at my heels. My elbow spurs have grown long as knives, forcing me to hold my arms out to keep their points away from my ribs. The devil's blood or the fire—something is changing me.

"Catch Jeggare!" Orxines screams at Korva. His voice fragments; he sounds like triplet brothers talking over each other. "I'll deal with this one."

Something more wicked than me uncoils in my belly and sends up a chuckle. "Let's get to it," I say, beckoning him toward me. I'm ready for a fight, and I feel the big grin opening up on my face. Now I'll have his throat in my teeth. Let's see what it does to me a second time.

Before I see him move, my back hits the floor, and this time it's my brain that feels like it's exploded. Fireworks pop behind my closed eyelids. When I open them, I'm staring up at that writhing mass of tendrils between Orxines' hooked claws. One rises up and smashes me, battering down my raised arms as if there were no strength in them. He hits me again, and this time I can't even make a show of defending myself. I feel a couple of ribs go.

I kick up at the devil's belly, but those soft-looking tails catch my legs and turn to iron. Orxines lifts me off the floor and holds me there, turning for one last look at my face.

"You were born to serve, tiefling," he says, raising his massive forelimbs for a killing blow. "And those who do not serve my new order must die."

"There will be no new order, hellspawn," commands a voice from behind me. It's excruciating to twist my neck, but I turn just far enough to see the inverted figures of Hellknights at the base of the stairs. I recognize the slim figure of Ivo Elliendo among them, flanked on either side by a red-garbed signifer. Behind them all stands the boss, panting as he leans against the wall.

"Elliendo!" says Orxines. "Your son will sit at my council. The compact will be rewritten, and you will be among the first servants of—"

“Kill that thing,” says Elliendo. His signifers raise their arms and intone arcane words. I wriggle to slip free, but Orxines holds me fast.

Wait, I try to shout, but it comes out a spray of bloody spit.

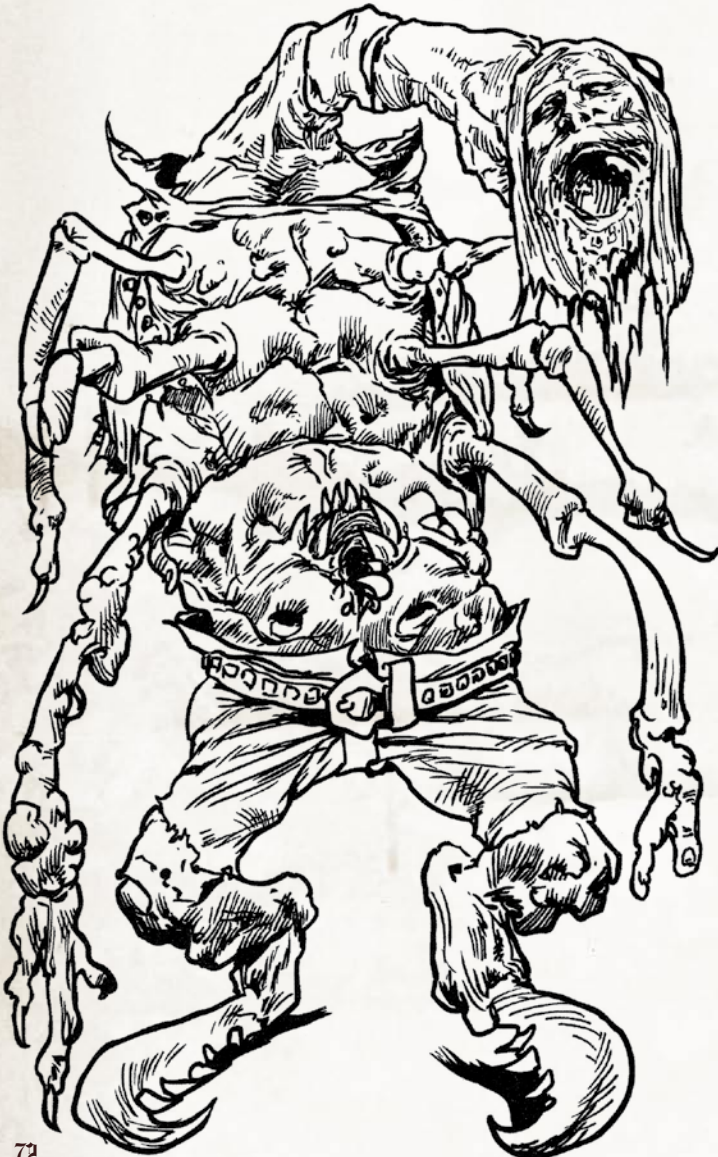
"Don't!" cries Orxines, lifting me up like a shield.

"Kill them both," says Elliendo.

From the hands of the signifiers, the light of a hundred thunderstorms falls upon us. For an instant, it feels like every bone in my body has shattered, and then it feels like nothing at all.

I wake up about a thousand years later, my head filled with a buzzing red haze. Someone has cut away my ruined

"I think I liked him better the other way."



shirt and jacket, leaving me only the stinking remnants of my boots and leather breeches. When I sit up, I feel the weight of cold iron on my wrists and ankles. The chains scrape across a hard wooden table to which I'm bound. I'm in a small, unlighted room, but my hellborn eyes perceive the outlines of a vertical rack on the far wall. Beside it hang implements like those I've seen on the Judgment Day scaffold.

My hands and arms still prickle, but the skin looks completely healed, and any broken bones have set back into place. That affliction of spiky growths has faded, but I can feel my elbow spurs scrape the table. That the Hellknights went to the trouble of healing me must mean they want to start from scratch, and the thought makes my guts turn to ice. I hold my breath to keep the panic in and try to think. Most of my gear was in my missing sleeves, but if I can just reach the cuff of my left boot—

Before I can turn the thought into action, I hear hobnailed boots on stone stairs outside the room. My pulse throbs at my temples. The terror comes out all at once, and I shake the chains as I bend my knees and stretch my hands toward the cuffs of my boots. I can almost reach them when the door opens. The light briefly blinds me.

Silhouetted in the torchlight of a rough stone hallway are two torturers, their scarlet leather hoods tooled to resemble infernal faces. One looks down at me and scratches his neck, like a butcher considering where to cut first. The other pushes past and reaches for the manacles at my feet. Behind them I see a priest of Asmodeus standing in the hallway, his black-and-red vestments immaculate despite the sooty dungeon walls.

The torturer unlocks my manacles, but before I can fix the courage to kick him and make a break for it, he pulls me to my feet. He and his buddy grip my arms. Without a word, the priest leads the way up a narrow spiral stairway, and we follow. We pass two more floors of cells before emerging at a guard station, where a turnkey opens a gate to let us pass. We pass a clerk who stares hard at me as the priest signs his ledger and accepts a receipt. The torturers pass me to a pair of Hellknights, both of whom loom a full head above me.

The knights drag me to a door and pull me out onto steps, where the cold morning air slaps my face as I blink in the silver morning light. One of the Hellknights punches me hard in the gut, dropping me to my knees.

"That's to remember you were here," says the hollow voice inside the helm. His companion pulls me up by the hair, but the priest steps in.

"Enough," he says in a cultured tone that is as much a mask as the Hellknights' visors. "Return to your master," he says before gliding away. I hear the knights clank their way back inside their headquarters.

The red carriage waits near the base of the stairs, the slip driver standing nervously beside the cab door. I crawl most of the way down the stairs before the door slams behind me and the halfling scurries over to support me the rest of the way.

A month later, I'm standing on the Bunyip Dock as the crew of the *Saffron Nymph* prepares to cast off. Gruck looks at me from the ship's deck, a question in his eyes. Beside him, the captain—a gray-bearded Vudran whose patience, while heroic, is not unlimited—waits for me to make up my mind. I'm holding two fat purses in my hands, feeling their weight. They feel about the same, so I weigh them against the past few weeks.

By the time I got to Greensteeples, the boss was waiting for me in the library. I'd been almost two days in jail, and he'd spent most of that time under interrogation by Elliendo's men. As a count of Cheliex, however, he'd enjoyed the relative comfort of his own home.

"Why didn't they torture you?" I asked. "Or cast a compulsion?"

He lifted a glass of amber-colored wine, his hand trembling. He looked away as he took a sip. Without looking at me, he said, "They would have done more, but they were awaiting approval from the throne."

Another privilege of the noble class. "So the emissary is making good on her promise of a favor."

"So it would seem," he said, returning the glass to a small table beside his chair. He missed, and the crystal shattered on the floor. One of his halfling servants moved in without a sound and knelt to gather the fragments.

"What else?" I said. "What aren't you telling me?"

He said nothing for the time it took the servant to finish clearing away the spill. When she left the room and closed the library door behind her, Jeggare put his face in his hands, still turned away from me.

"What is it, boss?"

He sighed and lifted his head from his hands. "I am sorry, Radovan. I know you cared for her, but it was necessary that I tell the inquisitors everything."

"You told them about Pavanna's debt to Zandros?"

"It was... unavoidable," he said. "If I had obstructed their investigation in any way—"

"But you didn't tell them about the royal emissary, did you?"

"No, of course not. One does not disobey a message from the throne."

I thought about it for a moment. "It's all right, boss. You don't know where she is. She'll hear that the Hellknights are looking for her and find a way out of the city."

Jeggare still would not turn to face me.

"What is it, boss?"

"They already have her, Radovan."

The Infernal Compact

It's common knowledge in Cheliex that, in their rise to power, the diabolical nobles of House Thrune signed a contract with Asmodeus himself, binding his minions to their service in exchange for the worship of all Cheliex (and, some whisper, even more insidious prices).

Among other things, the Infernal Compact stipulates that the House of Thrune and its associated noble families shall receive Asmodeus's aid to the end of their bloodlines. While Orxines' insertion of his own fiendish taint into those family trees might be viewed as breaking the contract if conducted with Asmodeus's knowledge, if all known heirs to the ruling families were tieflings, the result would be either a nation that served Hell rather than bargaining with it, or else an acknowledged end to the bloodlines in question—either of which might void the contract and allow Asmodeus to alter the deal as he sees fit. And while the Prince of Lies is rarely pleased with rogue agents and third parties meddling with his work, if Orxines succeeded, he could likely look forward to a princely reward—or a nation loyal to him alone.

He might as well have slapped me. "How?" I said. When he didn't answer, I shouted, "You led them to her!"

"I did not," he said. Even through the thickness of drink, his voice oozed resentment. "How despicable do you think me?"

"Then how?"

He hesitated again, still refusing to look me in the eye. "They followed you from the Palace of Jubilations."

"Impossible," I said. "I shook them off."

"Radovan," he said with the impatience of a parent lecturing a stupid child. "There was a signifier with them."

I opened my mouth, but I had nothing to say. What an idiot I had been! The Hellknights' pet wizards could find a stolen coin anywhere in the city, if they cared to expend the precious magical energy. I had always been beneath their notice, or at least I thought I was. Jeggare had warned me more than once not to provoke the Paralictor. I stared at him, daring him to say he had told me so, but he gazed toward the windows, and I saw rain clouds reflected in his eyes.

"The emissary promised us a favor," I said. "Use it to get her out!"

At last Jeggare turned to me. "Our favors are spent," he said. "You and I are free of the Hellknights, and there will be no further inquiry as to our involvement."

All the pain of my past few days washed over me then, and I felt as drunk as Jeggare looked. I stood and walked unsteadily out the door. Jeggare said nothing as I left. I figured if he needed me, he'd call for me.

Outside I walked away from Greensteeples without looking back. I had no destination in mind, but somehow, after threading the blank-faced crowds of

Bilgetown and Dice End, I ended up at my flat and collapsed on my mattress.

I didn't want to know, but there was no avoiding the word on the street once I emerged from my room. The Scions Academy had closed, and after a tragic fire on a pleasure barge took the lives of nearly two score young scions of the nobility, the other families of boys from the Scions Academy quietly announced that their sons had departed on tours to distant lands, gone away to wait on the pleasure of country relatives, or had contracted sudden incurable illnesses. I didn't need Jeggare's high-society contacts to know those children were quietly murdered by the fathers who learned that their sons were the bastards of an ambitious devil planning to supplant the nobility of Cheliox with his own offspring.

I wanted more information, but I didn't want to ask the boss for it. He'd call if he needed anything.

Against all hope, I combed the Cheapside districts for word of Pavanna. Maybe Jeggare was wrong, I told myself. Or more likely the Hellknights had lied to him. That would be just like Elliendo, to make us writhe with a lie. I tried the gambling dens, the flophouses, the taprooms, the cathouses, every filthy little safe room I had ever known. Nowhere could I find someone who had seen Pavanna arrested. Eventually I had to admit to myself that Elliendo was capable of any cruelty, but a lie was beneath his dignity.

Still no word from Jeggare.

I tried to put it out of my mind, but it wouldn't go away. I checked on my caches throughout Dice End, put my saved money in three big purses and carried them with me. On the docks I watched the merchant vessels come and go. Just one of my purses would get me passage to a distant city and keep me there for months, but I'd never been outside Egorian. Were the people of Korvosa and Riddleport more human than those in Egorian? Or were we all damned no matter where we lived?

As the sleepy days passed, the sky pulled the sheets over its head, and the sun turned into a tiny silver coin. I stayed restless, but I stayed out of trouble. Every once in a while I'd spot one of the Goatherds on the street, but they turned away instead of shooting me the Tines. Whatever they heard about the Henderthane business, they didn't want any of it to rub off on them.

Going to the Palace and demanding to talk to the emissary was a crazy idea, but it kept me up at night,

and there was no one to talk me out of it. Once I went to stand outside the Palace, and the guards—brutes bigger than Hellknights—came for me before I was within a hundred feet of the gates. I did not wait to explain myself.

The thought of approaching Elliendo to beg for Pavanna's life was even more forbidding, but then I realized what had to happen, when my one chance would come. Just knowing that gave me the courage to stay in Egorian a little longer. I spent the days walking the city, eating when I was hungry, going back to sleep when I was tired. The count sent no word to me. Nothing could change until Judgment Day.

There was still frost on the streets by the time the spectators gathered. All the pretty dresses of the previous month had turned to cloaks and coats the color of loam and manure.

Their diminished nobles left barren patches in the stands, giving it the aspect of a harvested cornfield. There was no such dearth among the groundlings, who never mind a cold day at the scaffold if it means a few hours away from their labor.

The Sarini Fool appeared in harvest theme, with bone-white gloves and a long scythe. He joked about the bountiful harvest, for there were many hooded victims that day. I pushed to the edge of the scaffold and searched for a familiar figure. Then I spied those curves I had caressed for only an hour in what seemed like a distant memory.

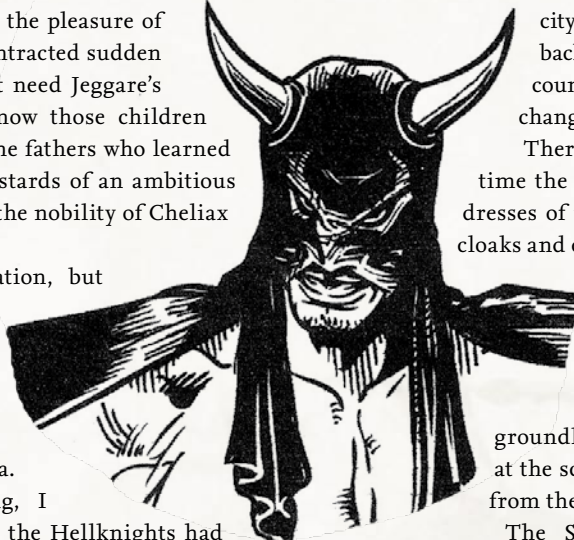
"Pavanna!" I called. The hooded head moved, and I knew I had found her. She called my name, but I didn't know what else to say. I had come with no plan except to find her. And then what? Save her? There was no way. Or was there?

I searched the crowd for Elliendo. He was not mingling among the stands as was his custom, basking in the appreciation of the law-abiding citizens he protected from villains like me. I pushed through the groundlings and didn't hesitate to use my elbows when they were slow to make way.

"Elliendo!" I shouted. "Where are you?"

I couldn't see him anywhere, but I pressed through. A heavy hand fell on my shoulder, and when I whipped around to see a big guard standing over me, the butt of his companion's halberd caught me in the stomach. They dragged me out of the crowd as I tried to catch my breath. Just as I did so, Ivo Elliendo stood before me. He did not wear his uniform. Instead he was dressed from sole to crown in mourning black, and his steel gray hair showed more flecks of white than I remembered.

**"Mercy is rarely
an asset for
executioners."**



"If you dare disrupt the solemnity of today's proceedings," he began.

"Please," I interrupted him. "Let her go."

He looked back at me, uncomprehending.

"You don't want Pavanna," I said. "You asked me to leave Jeggare, and I will. I'll be your informer, your spy, whipping boy, whatever you say. Just let her go."

Elliendo stared back with a look of cold astonishment.

"I'm begging you," I said, surprised to find that I'd dropped to my knees voluntarily. I reached and almost touched his leg before I stopped myself.

He looked down with the cool indifference of a man who watches a centipede crawl across his boot. He leaned over and hissed in my face, "How closely did you observe the condemned?"

I had looked only for Pavanna, forgetting who else might have been condemned to death this Judgment Day. I recalled that many of the condemned were rather short and slender, the size of boys the age of Elliendo's son.

"I—" was all I could spit out before he slapped my face hard.

"Be silent and watch," he said. "I will not be the only one to suffer." With a gesture he ordered the guards to drag me back toward the scaffold's edge. There they held me as the Fool took his bow and the executioners began their work.

"Radovan!" cried Pavanna. I called back to her, but I couldn't think of anything to say but her name.

"Stay with me," she called. All my blood turned to cold water, and I couldn't have moved even if the guards had released my arms. "Are you there? Radovan?"

"I'm here," I croaked, but my words were drowned by the roar of the crowd. Another noose dropped, another neck snapped, another cheer erupted from the crowd, and Pavanna was a step closer to death. "I'm here!" I shouted, and something hot slid down my face. "I won't leave you."

We called out to each other that way for the time it took to hang and draw fourteen men and boys. Then it was her turn, and she called out one last time, "Don't leave me!"

"I won't!" I called as the platform dropped out beneath her.

Gruck was waiting for me outside the Plaza of Flowers. He had watched it all, and I saw the paths where tears had cleaned his dirty face. He didn't need to explain. I knew he must have scarpered as soon as he saw the Hellknights coming for him and Pavanna, and I didn't blame him.

He murmured, "I'm sorry." I pulled him away from the jabbering onlookers, all dispersing to their daily work after the spectacle. He followed me all the way to the Bunyip Dock, where I made a deal with the first ship captain who was leaving port. "Passage for the boy," I

To Be Continued...?

"The Scions Academy" marks the final episode in the "Hell's Pawns" storyline. Starting with *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #31, the *Pathfinder's Journal* will be presenting a brand new six-episode story arc to accompany the *Kingmaker Adventure Path*. Titled "Prodigal Sons," the new serial novella boasts a team of fan-favorite authors working together to chronicle the exploits of Ollix and Phargas, two exiled ne'er-do-wells intent on finding fame and fortune in the River Kingdoms—but without all the work normally associated with heroism.

Yet this doesn't mean that you've seen the last of Radovan. On the contrary, Radovan's adventures will be continued in a big way with next year's launch of the new *Pathfinder Fiction* line. In one of the line's first novels, tentatively titled *Prince of Wolves*, Radovan's journeys take him out of Chelifax and into the mist-shrouded realm of Ustalav, where he discovers secrets about his own heritage, fraternizes with mysterious women and dangerous shapeshifters, and bites off more than even he can chew.

But will Radovan's relationship with Varian survive the events of "Hell's Pawns"? Will he in fact set sail with Gruck, or choose the path of the red carriage? Only time—and a new novel—will tell.

told him. I watched his face as he considered my request. "Unmolested passage," I said, looking at his crew of rough men and half-breeds.

If I'd offended him, the money smoothed it over. We clasped hands, and it was a bargain. Gruck was frightened, but I slipped him the purse from which I'd paid the captain, and he was clever enough to make it disappear before any of the sailors saw it. There was enough there for him to live for a couple of years, if he was frugal; enough to buy an apprenticeship, if he was smart. I told him as much.

"I'm afraid," he said. "Can't you come with me?"

And now I'm thinking about it. There's enough money to get us started in any kind of plain, decent life, if we keep our noses out of the gutter. There's no reason for either of us to stay in this city sworn to Hell, this city full of hypocrites who hate bastards more than they hate their own sins. Nothing here loves us, and nothing here needs us.

The red carriage pulls up at the end of the dock, and I hear the slip driver whistle to me. The carriage door is closed, but the curtain moves and I see a pale finger holding it open for a peek.

Behind me, the sailors are casting off, and the captain wants an answer. I throw him the pouch of money I promised for Gruck's passage.

I weigh the other one in my hand.





BESTIARY SYMBOLS

Creature Type

-  Aberration
-  Animal
-  Construct
-  Dragon
-  Fey
-  Humanoid
-  Magical Beast
-  Monstrous Humanoid
-  Ooze
-  Outsider
-  Plant
-  Undead
-  Vermin

Climate

-  Cold
-  Extrplanar
-  Temperate
-  Tropical

Environment

-  Desert
-  Forest/Jungle
-  Hill
-  Mountain
-  Plain
-  Ruins
-  Swamp
-  Sky
-  Underground
-  Urban
-  Water

Bestiary

Rest quiet, dear child, for you lie beneath the wings of peace, where sleepers dream fair and love falls like shade. Let no worry cloud your mind, for here the light is warm, waters calm, and winds cool. On the Lady's breath sing the hymns of eagles and thrum the choruses of stars. In her Heavens, friends remembered and her shining guard stand watchful, no wrong escaping their sight, no foul deed going unpunished, no hurt escaping balm. And with the Lady's blessing, justice reigns throughout the spheres and no wickedness contests her invincible truth.

—The Birth of Light and Truth,
"Prayer for Children and Fools"

The terrors of this month's Bestiary preside over the end of the Council of Thieves Adventure Path, and perhaps all things. Titans of corruption and devastation, these monstrous tyrants each herald their own breed of ruin, whether it be the soul-ending depravity of the advodaza—the primordial conclusion in our campaign-long run of new devils—or the temptations of the seductive, dragon-like vouivre. Dreadful new depths also yawn open with the introduction of a dangerous new race of planar giants, the gigas, as well as further insights into the sadistic shadows where kytons of unknowable form yet unanimously cruel intentions lie in vicious wait. With the end of the immediate threat in Westcrown, any of these terrors stands ready to bring fresh peril to adventurers ready for new and deadly challenges.

WANDERING MONSTERS

With a *well of many worlds* in their possession, Chammady and Ecarrdian Drovege break the boundaries between Golarion and Hell itself, opening a portal linking Westcrown and Erebus, the third layer of the Pit. From the vaults of Hell spill shadows darker and deeper than any Cheliox has ever known, along with infernal wanderers eager for slaughter, souls, or footholds on the mortal plane. This link allows for a fearful menagerie of hellspawn and wayward souls to wander into the midst of Westcrown, further complicating the city's plight. While the gate lies open, any of the listed creatures might appear, some little more than rampaging monsters, others more insidious threats looking for nothing more than shadows to watch from.

Although this month's random encounter table focuses on infernal invaders, this is not meant to imply that Westcrown finds itself in the grips of an all-out diabolical assault. GMs might add all manners of more mundane encounters with cityfolk, rogue guardsmen, beleaguered Hellknights, and any other more natural threats that might arise as the city rushes toward the brink of chaos. Feel free to draw statistics from the adventure for such characters. The Bestiary from *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #28 also includes a number of encounters that PCs might face in regions of the city given over to anarchy. Particularly insidious GMs might also imperil NPCs using several of the dangers from this month's "Catastrophe!" article (see page 56), giving the PCs an opportunity to prove themselves heroes against threats merely swinging swords and slinging spells won't solve.

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!

Although "The Twice-Damned Prince" leads PCs to seal the gate to Erebus, doing so potentially leaves them in control of the *well of many worlds*, and there's nothing preventing GMs seeking to continue their campaigns

Random Encounters in Erebus

d%	Encounter	Avg. EL	Source
1–2	1 lemure	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 79
3–4	1 imp	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 78
5–7	1 ochre jelly	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 218
8–11	2d8 lemures	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 79
12–15	1d6 lesser host devils	6	BotD 58*
16–18	1d4 mimics	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 205
19–22	1 salikotal	7	<i>Pathfinder</i> #26 82
23–24	1 black pudding	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 35
25–28	1d6 gray oozes	7	<i>Bestiary</i> 166
29–31	1d4 lesser possession devils	8	<i>Pathfinder</i> #29 82
32–35	1d12 shadows	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 245
36–38	1d8 bearded devils	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 73
39–41	1 bone devil	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 74
42–44	2d6 imps	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 78
45–48	1d4 warmonger devils	9	BotD 60*
49–51	2d8 shadows	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 245
52–54	2d6 bearded devils	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 73
55–56	1d4 erinyes	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 75
57–60	1d4 spectres	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 256
61–65	1d6 animate hoards	11	see page 68
66–67	1d8 salikotals	11	<i>Pathfinder</i> #26 82
68–70	1 stone golem	11	<i>Bestiary</i> 163
71–72	1d6 greater shadows	11	<i>Bestiary</i> 245
73–74	1d4 cabal devils	12	<i>Pathfinder</i> #28 86
75–78	1d4 barbed devils	12	<i>Bestiary</i> 72
79–80	1 ice devil	13	<i>Bestiary</i> 77
81–83	1 iron golem	13	<i>Bestiary</i> 162
84–87	1d6 barbed devils	14	<i>Bestiary</i> 72
88–90	1d6 stone golems	14	<i>Bestiary</i> 163
91–92	1 greater possession devil	15	<i>Pathfinder</i> #29 83
93–95	1 horned devil	16	<i>Bestiary</i> 76
96–97	1 apostate devil	17	BotD 54*
98–99	1d4 horned devils	18	<i>Bestiary</i> 76
100	1 pit fiend	20	<i>Bestiary</i> 80

*From *Princes of Darkness: Book of the Damned*, Vol. 1

from leading the characters into Hell itself—and to all the fantastic wealth promised by the realm of Mammon. Whether as additional opportunity in this month's adventure or creative fodder for future epics, the gates of Erebus stand open, offering both unparalleled adventure and impossible riches. As this is the final adventure in this Adventure Path, GMs interested in making use of nearly any of the creatures from previous Council of Thieves Bestiaries (or nearly any other diabolical source, for that matter) might unleash them during this adventure, as far more than merely devils lurk within the depths of Hell.

BEHEMOTH, RAVENER

The ground quakes as a colossal, elephantine beast of rocky, armored plates presses forward. Elaborate horns crown its head, and multiple rock-encrusted tusks jut from its toothy maw. With a bellowing roar, the creature shakes its massive head in challenge, then paws the ground and charges.

BEHEMOTH, RAVENER

CR 18



XP 153,600

N Colossal magical beast

Init -2; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +17

DEFENSE

AC 35, touch 0, flat-footed 35 (-2 Dex, +35 natural, -8 size)

hp 337 (25d10+200); regeneration 15 (electricity)

Fort +22, **Ref** +12, **Will** +12

DR 15/adamantine; **Immune** acid, curse effects, disease, mind-affecting effects, paralysis, poison, sonic; **Resist** cold 20, fire 20; **SR** 29

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., swim 30 ft.

Melee bite +33 (4d6+16 plus snatch), gore +33 (4d6+16), 2 stomps +28 (2d8+8)

Ranged rock +16 (2d8+24)

Space 30 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft.

Special Attacks demolishing attack, mighty roar, rock hurling (120 ft.), shock wave, swallow whole (4d6+24 bludgeoning damage, AC 27, hp 33), trample (2d8+24, DC 38)

STATISTICS

Str 42, **Dex** 6, **Con** 26, **Int** 6, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +25; **CMB** +49; **CMD** 57 (61 vs. trip)

Feats Awesome Blow, Cleave, Great Cleave, Greater Bull Rush, Greater Overrun, Greater Sunder, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Overrun, Improved Sunder, Iron Will, Lunge, Power Attack, Snatch

Skills Perception +17, Survival +14, Swim +28

SQ camouflage

ECOLOGY

Environment any forest, hill, jungle, or plains

Organization solitary or pair

Treasure Value standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Camouflage (Ex) A ravener behemoth looks like a rocky hillside or small mountain when at rest. It takes a DC 20 Perception check to notice it before it attacks.

Demolishing Attack (Ex) A ravener behemoth that makes a full attack against an object or structure deals double damage.

Mighty Roar (Su) Every 1d4 rounds, as a standard action, a ravener behemoth can issue a mighty roar in a 60-foot cone that duplicates the effects of *greater shout*. This attack deals 10d6 points of sonic damage (or 20d6 against exposed brittle or crystalline objects or crystalline creatures). It also causes creatures to be stunned for 1 round and deafened for 4d6

rounds. Creatures exposed to the sonic attack can negate the stunning and halve both the damage and duration of the deafness with a successful Fortitude save (DC 30). The save DC is Constitution-based.

Rock Hurling (Ex) Because of their immense hunger, ravener behemoths often ingest ore-laced rocks to fill their stomachs with longer-lasting sustenance. When faced with dangerous opponents outside its reach, a behemoth may regurgitate these rocks and grind them into smaller shards with its hardened teeth. It then spits forth these shards one at a time as boulders weighing between 60 to 80 pounds. A ravener usually carries enough rocks in its stomachs to make up to 4d6 boulders in this manner.

Shock Wave (Ex) As a full-round action, a ravener behemoth can hammer the ground with its feet and generate a localized tremor that rips the ground, knocking down smaller creatures and creating difficult terrain in a 100-foot radius centered on the behemoth. This shock wave lasts for 1 round, during which time creatures in the affected area cannot move or attack. They must also succeed on a DC 38 Reflex save or fall prone. Any spellcaster on the ground must make a Concentration check (DC 20 + spell level) or lose any spell he or she tries to cast. The save DC is Strength-based.

Swallow Whole (Ex) A ravener behemoth can swallow a snatched opponent of Huge size or smaller with its bite attack by making a successful grapple check. Once swallowed, a victim suffers 4d6+24 points of bludgeoning damage per round from one of the behemoth's 5 stomachs. A swallowed creature can cut its way out by using a light slashing or piercing weapon to deal 33 points of damage to a stomach (AC 27). Once the creature exits, that stomach regenerates 15 hit points per round. A ravener behemoth may gorge itself upon multiple creatures, shunting each victim to a different stomach each time. Each of a behemoth's 5 stomachs can hold 1 Huge, 4 Large, 16 Medium, 64 Small, 256 Tiny, or over 1,000 Diminutive or smaller creatures.

Ravener behemoths walk the land as the ultimate consumers of all things. This includes every manner of beast, plant, and mineral caught in their path. They indiscriminately fill their five ever-hungry stomachs by cutting wide swaths through tangled jungles, digging through mountains for precious ores, and razing settlements and strongholds to get at those sheltering inside. Sometimes they even ply shallow coastal waters, capsizing ships to feast upon their crews and any other predators drawn by the smell of blood in the water.

Monstrously massive, a ravener behemoth stands nearly 60 feet tall on four thick, trunk-like legs and measures up to 80 feet long. Multiple horns and tusks sprout from its face and head, helping it root through even the hardest soil and rocks in search of food. It quickly reduces anything stronger into rubble with its earth-shattering roar and stomping feet. A rocky hide grown from the many minerals

it routinely consumes protects it from harm even as lichen, small plants, and trees take root along its back, out of reach of its ravenous mouth. Divine blessings bequeathed by the gods ensure only the most powerful spells or adamantine weapons can lay a behemoth low. As a result, the ravener behemoth fears nothing and eats everything.

Ecology

Behemoths have existed since the birth of the First World, where they served the gods as work beasts, intelligently shaping and transforming the land to a divine plan. However, when such work ended, some gods sought to put down their creations, hunting them to near-extinction. Others simply forgot them or left them to die as the First World faded away. But many behemoths stubbornly refused to abandon their life's purpose and crossed into the greater world, migrating in an effort to stay close to their creators. Unfortunately, as part of the journey, or because they lost the divine sponsorship of the gods, many behemoths devolved, losing their sentience and becoming nothing more than monstrous animals and creatures of legend.

The ravener behemoth exists as one such example. Driven mad by the inattention of the gods and filled with anger over their abandonment, the ravener found a new purpose. Desperately hungry, these multi-stomached behemoths wholly devoted themselves to feasting upon the bounty of all the gods had created, gorging themselves in an effort to fill the void left by their masters and attract the gods' attention once again. Unfortunately, because of their lowered intelligence, most ravener can no longer answer when such attention finally comes, lacking the will or ability to communicate with their creators, and consumed by an all-encompassing hunger instead. The gods mostly leave such behemoths alone, ashamed and reluctant to fully extinguish their enduring spirits. More often, the gods challenge their mortal champions by directing them to deal with such creatures in their stead.

Habitat & Society

Most ravener behemoths live solitary lives, as their insatiable appetites cause too much strain on a single ecosystem to support more of their kind. Inevitably, when their paths do cross, two possible outcomes emerge. The beasts either do battle to establish dominance over one another, or every 50 years, certain hormones in female ravener can invoke a natural mating instinct

between the behemoths instead. A pregnant ravener may produce up to 1d3 offspring per mating cycle, but it then drives off its mate to ensure enough food remains in the area to raise each cub to young adulthood. Ravener may live up to 1,000 years while food sources remain, and frequently migrate when famine strikes.

Behemoths of Legend

Some ancient ravener retain a measure of their original sentience, occasionally renewing their relationships with the gods to serve as avatars or guardians. Others choose to remain aloof, pursuing their own goals independent of those who created them. These more potent behemoths sustain themselves through divine rituals learned when they served the gods and passed down from one generation to the next. They use their spell-like abilities to enhance the land and better support their enormous appetites. To replicate these more intelligent and independent ravener, add the following abilities to the standard behemoth. A ravener with these abilities is CR 19 and has Int 14, Wis 18, and Cha 18. It speaks Celestial, Sylvan, and Terran.

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 15th): Always active—*nondetection*; At will—*create water*, *detect animals or plants*, *purify food and drink*, *soften earth and stone*; 3/day—*cure critical wounds*, *heroes' feast*, *move earth*, *plant growth*; 1/day—*find the path*, *restoration*



DEVIL, ADVODAZA

The rending, thunderous clangor of rushing claws heralds the charge of this fire-eyed ruin, a terror of flame-seared hide and saber-like spines shaped in a monstrosity muscled centauric form. The true terrible ferocity of the thing lies hidden, restrained beneath armor and wings of crumbling stone carved with icons as ancient as they are undeniable and profane.

DEVIL, ADVODAZA

CR 18



XP 153,600

LE Huge outsider (devil, evil, extraplanar, lawful)

Init +11; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., see in darkness; **Perception** +28

DEFENSE

AC 35, touch 15, flat-footed 28 (+6 armor, +7 Dex, +14 natural, -2 size)

hp 297 (18d10+198)

Fort +21, **Ref** +18, **Will** +15

Defensive Abilities idol armor; **DR** 10/good and silver; **Immune** cold, dismissal, electricity, fire, poison, sonic; **Resist** acid 10; **SR** 29

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 80 ft. (average)

Melee bite +28 (2d6+12), 2 claws +28 (1d8+12 plus infernal wound), 2 hooves +26 (1d8+6), tail +26 (2d6+6)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft. (20 ft. with tail)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 16th; concentration +23)

At will—*gaseous form*, *greater invisibility* (DC 21), *greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *scorching ray*, *whispering wind*

3/day—*blasphemy* (DC 24), *dispel magic*, *ethereal jaunt*, *harm* (DC 23), *heal* (DC 23), *hold monster* (DC 22), *wall of stone*

1/day—*scrying* (DC 22), *summon* (level 7, horned devil, 60%), *unhallow*

STATISTICS

Str 34, **Dex** 25, **Con** 30, **Int** 23, **Wis** 25, **Cha** 24

Base Atk +18; **CMB** +32; **CMD** 49 (53 vs. trip)

Feats Awesome Blow, Flyby Attack, Greater Bull Rush, Hover, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Multiattack, Power Attack, Toughness

Skills Bluff +28, Diplomacy +28, Escape Artist +25, Fly +24, Intimidate +28, Knowledge (arcana) +27, Knowledge (planes) +27, Knowledge (religion) +27, Perception +28, Sense Motive +28, Spellcraft +24, Stealth +20

Languages Abyssal, Aklo, Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.

SQ devil mark, false divinity

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Hell)

Organization solitary or pantheon (2–5)

Treasure double

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Devil Mark (Su) An advodaza can grant worthy servants a measure of its power. As a full-round action, an advodaza can touch a willing adjacent creature, marking it with a unique symbol similar to an *arcane mark*. This symbol can be either visible

or invisible, as the devil chooses. For as long as the target possesses the mark, it gains a spell-like ability it can use once per day. This spell-like ability comes from the advodaza's chosen domain (see the false divinity ability). The target also gains the ability to telepathically communicate with the advodaza over any distance as long as the two creatures are on the same plane. An advodaza can mark multiple creatures, up to an amount equaling its Hit Dice (typically 18). An advodaza can dispel its mark as a standard action, no matter where the bearer is. It can also, as a standard action, deal pain to a mark bearer that causes 6d6 points of damage with no saving throw. An advodaza's mark cannot be removed physically, but a *dispel magic* or *erase* spell that succeeds on a dispel check or caster level check of DC 30 removes the effect.

False Divinity (Su) Advodazas possess areas of concern as deities do, but on a far smaller scale. Each advodaza chooses one cleric domain and gains the domain spells (up to 5th level) of that domain as spell-like abilities, each of which it can use 3 times per day. The advodaza does not gain any of the domain's granted powers. Most advodazas possess powers from the Evil, Fire, Law, War, or Weather domains, though any domain is possible.

Evil Domain: *align weapon* (evil only), *dispel good*, *magic circle against good*, *protection from good*, *unholy blight*

Fire Domain: *burning hands*, *fire shield*, *fireball*, *produce flame*, *wall of fire*

Law Domain: *align weapon* (law only), *dispel chaos*, *magic circle against chaos*, *order's wrath*, *protection from chaos*

War Domain: *divine power*, *flame strike*, *magic vestment*, *magic weapon*, *spiritual weapon*

Weather Domain: *call lightning*, *fog cloud*, *ice storm*, *obscuring mist*, *sleet storm*

Idol Armor (Su) Advodazas armor themselves in their fallen idols and ornaments of devotion. This armor grants an advodaza a +6 armor bonus to AC and immunity to cold, electricity, and sonic damage, as well as immunity to the spell *dismissal*. The spells *chaos hammer*, *holy smite*, *holy word*, and *word of chaos* destroy this armor, removing the devil's armor bonus to AC and immunities (its cold immunity decreases to its normal resistance 10). If uninterrupted for 1 hour, an advodaza can summon new armor to replace its destroyed protection.

Infernal Wound (Su) The damage an advodaza deals with its claws causes persistent wounds that deal 2d6 points of bleed damage. Bleeding caused in this way is difficult to stanch—a DC 30 Heal check stops the damage, and any attempt to heal a creature suffering from an infernal wound must succeed on a DC 30 caster level check or the spell does not function. Success indicates the healing works normally and stops all bleed effects. The Heal check and caster level DC are Constitution-based.

False gods, fallen demagogues, nemesis devils—the fiends known collectively as advodazas survive from dark ages past, when mortals offered worship to base things and unwholesome spirits masqueraded as baleful gods. Although

time and faith have turned against these beings, the most tenacious of their kind have refused to fade into oblivion, and to these obstinate corruptors and one-time deities the gates of Hell swing wide and welcoming. These lords of cults and masters of forgotten mysteries find renewed vigor in the depths of the Pit, and those seeking to renew their power and lordship over mortalkind undergo terrible indoctrinations and binding rites that transform them over the ages into true devils. What emerge are eidolons of half-remembered demigods, fallen princes seeking to claim their subjects anew, devils of faith, and fiends of blasphemy—the idol-clad advodazas.

No two advodazas look exactly alike, each embodying the powers and concerns that saw it worshiped in ages past and subsequently anthropomorphized as a monstrous being. Typically, this results in quadrupedal, half-bestial shapes bristling with terrible wings, hooves, claws, and fangs. Universally, though, they bear the broken remnants of their fallen faith, usually in the form of cracked idols worn like armor, profane talismans crafted into jewelry, or fearful totems wielded like massive weapons. Despite their range of appearances, all advodazas possess the same core abilities, though some particularly ancient or powerful fiends possess unique abilities. Most advodazas stand 18 feet tall and weigh nearly 9 tons.

Ecology

Fantastically old beings, advodazas rose from spirits worshiped by mortals in distant ages. While humanoids still huddled in crude shelters, begging any power that would listen for protection from storms, beasts, enemies, hunger, and countless other fears, the spirits of the land, sky, and animals were the first to give heed. Not deities, but elusive influences, these forces heard these early prayers and worked what appeared to be miracles in return for sacrifices and adoration. Slowly, these formless vestiges took shape as idols, fetishes, palladiums, and all manner of cult images. Yet, as knowledge of true deities and the powers they offered worshipers spread, the old spirits were forgotten or demonized and rooted out. While most simply faded into the ethers of time, the bitterest demi-deities of countless worlds found their way to Hell and Asmodeus, who welcomed them and offered them a chance for renewed power and worship, as well

as a chance to avenge themselves against the deities and mortals who had snubbed them. Honing their hatreds through ages of flame, these beings emerged from the Pit as advodazas. One of the few breeds of devilkind not forged wholly by Hell itself, advodazas prove exceedingly rare compared to other fiends.




Habitat & Society

All advodazas seek to return to the Material Plane, where they might tempt new followers to serve, sacrifice, and raise idols to their names. While merciless, advodazas appeal to many mortal servants due to the directness of their interaction and their willingness to grant power or violently smite enemies for a seemingly paltry price. In death, however, their servants find no divine realm nor glory seated beside some grand deity. For when they die, there is only Hell.



EBON ACOLYTUS

A chilling statue strands behind a dark altar, both smeared with evidence of grisly sacrifices. The monstrous statue, sculpted as a perverse amalgam of both man and beast, raises a wickedly curved sacrificial dagger above its head, its bejeweled eyes seeming to glint with murderous zeal.

EBON ACOLYTUS	CR 7	  
3,200 XP		
N Large construct		
Init -1; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +0		
DEFENSE		
AC 20, touch 8, flat-footed 20 (-1 Dex, +12 natural, -1 size)		
hp 79 (9d10+30)		
Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +3		
Immune construct traits		
OFFENSE		
Speed 30 ft.		
Melee dagger +14 (1d6+9/19-20) or 2 slams +14 (1d6+6)		
Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.		
Special Attacks prostration, sacrifice		
STATISTICS		
Str 22, Dex 8, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 1		
Base Atk +9; CMB +16; CMD 25		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any		
Organization solitary		
Treasure incidental		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		

Prostration (Ex) As a standard action, an ebon acolytus can attempt to force any creature it is currently grappling into a sacrificial position. The construct must make an additional combat maneuver check against its target to reposition it into an advantageous position. If it succeeds, and the victim remains grappled at the beginning of the construct's next round, the ebon acolytus may make use of its sacrifice ability. An ebon acolytus gains a +2 bonus on its CMB for the purposes of making this check if it is adjacent to an altar or similar site of ceremonial bloodletting.

Sacrifice (Su) As a full-round action, an ebon acolytus may make a coup de grace attack with its dagger against any target currently grappled into place using its prostration ability. The target is affected by the coup de grace attack and must make a Fortitude saving throw (DC 10 + damage dealt) or die as normal. If the target is killed by this attack, his soul is sent straight to the plane of the being to which the altar is dedicated, regardless of alignment, and cannot be raised from the dead except by a cleric sworn to the same deity or by a *miracle* or *wish* spell. A creature under the effects of a *protection from evil* spell—or similar spell that opposes the alignment of the god the ebon acolytus is crafted to serve—may be resurrected as normal.

Dedicated to dark gods, fiends hungry for the souls of innocents, and even more monstrous beings, ebon acolyti—sometimes called altar golems—are terrifying constructs, for they are not designed merely to kill, but to aid in the often bloody work required in the service of foul divinities. Carved from a single block of stone or other sturdy material, these constructs resemble towering statues, crafted to appear as servants of specific deities and often etched with icons sacred to their worship. In addition to its fearful body, an ebon acolytus is typically crafted with a companion altar, upon which it might aid its master or an unholy congregation in dark rites and ritual bloodletting.

The exact height and weight of an ebon acolytus varies, largely depending on the shape of its body and the quality of the stone used in its creation, though most rise to around 14 feet tall and weigh around 2,500 pounds. Some carry Large sacrificial weapons other than daggers, but these prove rare and vary between faiths.

Ecology

As artificial creations, ebon acolyti have no bodily needs or functions. This allows them to perform well as both grim altar attendants and as defenders of unholy sites. Clandestine cults often go to great lengths to create ebon acolyti just for this reason, as such groups' survivals rely upon the secretiveness of their worship. In some rare instances, especially old and well-used ebon acolyti have been known to defy their creators, but only when such masters have defied the will or tenets of their deity. Religious figures claim such rarities are not a sign of devotion from the constructs themselves, though, but instead a manifestation of a deity's will operating through a convenient medium.

Habitat & Society

Altar golems are typically found in places of dark worship, from the expected locations like depraved dungeons and temples consecrated in the name of sinister gods to hidden shrines under the homes of supposedly reputable neighbors or secret mountain hollows. Wherever the perverse will of foul deities takes root, there ebon acolyti might be found.

An ebon acolytus's most feared ability is its power to sacrifice living creatures to the dark entity to whom it is devoted. This foul capability rises from a series of profane rites conducted as part of the construct's creation, during which it is bound to a specific patron. A ebon acolytus cannot be reconsecrated to a different deity, and those it sacrifices always appear in the same extraplanar realm. The being an ebon acolytus is created to serve must be of at least deity-level power, and all attempts to create servants that direct souls to a lesser or more vague source fail. Thus, ebon acolyti are typically found dedicated to evil gods, demon lords, archdevils, one of the four horsemen, or similar beings.

Those killed by an ebon acolytus prove exceedingly difficult to recover, except by the power of those devoted to the deity to whom the victim was sacrificed. As such, foul priests often employ ebon acolyti to gain bargaining chips, having their construct minion sacrifice a being and demanding some service should the victim's loved ones wish him returned. Alternately, worshipers of notorious deities often face worldly retribution, but might escape tenacious pursuers by sacrificing themselves to their deity, their sacrificial deaths allowing them to forever elude the magic and vengeance of their foes. Occasionally, there are those who seek to track down and reclaim souls wrongfully slain by ebon acolyti. Many quests to unholy realms have been undertaken in the attempt to rescue such damned souls, though few meet with any success.

Although most discussion of ebon acolyti connects them with foul deities, such need not be the case. Tools first and foremost, these constructs might serve non-evil gods, though in most cases their murderous aptitudes are ill suited to such worship. In some cases, particularly in the instances of exotic and little-known deities who prove both benevolent and bloodthirsty, ebon acolyti might be found in the service of goodly faiths, though such instances are exceedingly rare.

Construction

An ebon acolytus is chiseled from a single block of dark stone, often black granite or marble, jade, or some other lustrous material, and weighing at least 4,000 pounds. The stone must be of exceptional quality and costs at least 6,000 gp.

EBON ACOLYTUS

CL 11th; Price 24,000 gp

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Construct, *animate objects*, *desecrate*, *trap the soul*, creator must be caster level 11th; **Skill** Craft (sculpting) or Craft (stonemasonry) DC 16; **Cost** 12,000 gp

Ebon Acolyti on Golarion

Though rare, ebon acolyti have been found throughout Golarion, consecrated to a host of foul patrons. While many watch over temples and holy sites of Rovagug, Lamashtu, and Asmodeus—and peripheral shines to his archdevils—they are more commonly found in squalid holes where demon and daemon worshipers enact their blasphemous ceremonies. Below are two particularly infamous ebon acolyti.

The Altar of Angazhan: Deep in the Mwangi Expanse lies an ebon acolytus dedicated to the demon lord Angazhan, the Ravener King and Lord of Apes. Carved from obsidian, the altar resembles Angazhan himself, a brutish ape with savage tusks and six long, slender fingers. Unlike other altar golems, the Altar of Angazhan speaks through the Voice of Angazhan, the animated and endlessly furious skull of a massive gorilla that serves as the construct's head. Although the skull possesses only the intellect of an average ape, it "leads" a pack of charau-ka that worships it as their god. The tribe's shamans interpret their lord's will in his endless grunts and howls, directing their people to scour the Expanse for food, riches, and sacrificial victims.

The Midnight Temple of Egorian: Found in Cheliah's infernal capital, this massive, marble-carved ebon acolytus is known as the Black Altar. Shaped into the likeness of a humanoid devil with sweeping horns and monstrous wings, the Black Altar seems to be carved straight from the layers of Hell itself. At the stroke of midnight on the first day of every ninth week, nine slaves are sacrificed here to the God Fiend, the Black Altar absorbing their blood and sending their souls screaming to

Asmodeus. When the altar prepares to kill its victims, its great wings close so none can see the final blow, and when they open again, nothing of the sacrifice remains.



GIGAS, HELL

A giant like a mountain of corpses thunders into view. Armor crafted from the twisted bones of a hundred gigantic victims girds a twisted humanoid body covered in angry red burns and the jagged scars of crippling battles. Despite its wounds, the surviving figure exerts a terrible strength, hefting its grisly armor with ease.

HELL GIGAS

CR 15



XP 51,200

LE Gargantuan humanoid (evil, extraplanar, giant, lawful)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +29

DEFENSE

AC 29, touch 9, flat-footed 26 (+6 armor, +3 Dex, +14 natural, -4 size)

hp 237 (19d8+152)

Fort +19, **Ref** +11, **Will** +12

Defensive Abilities rock catching; **DR** 10/chaotic; **Immune** fire;

Resist acid 10, cold 10, electricity 10, sonic 10

OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft.

Melee mwk ranseur +24/+19/+14 (4d6+19)

Ranged rock +14 (2d6+19 plus 6d6 fire)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft.

Special Attacks hurl fireball, rock throwing (140 ft.)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 15th; concentration +17)

At will—*disguise self*, *levitate*, *major image* (DC 15), *pyrotechnics*

3/day—*animate dead*, *dispel magic*, *unholy blight* (DC 16), *wall of fire*

STATISTICS

Str 37, **Dex** 16, **Con** 26, **Int** 20, **Wis** 22, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +14; **CMB** +31; **CMD** 44

Feats Alertness, Awesome Blow, Catch Off-Guard, Combat Reflexes,

Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Improvised Weapon

Mastery, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Throw Anything

Skills Climb +35, Knowledge (planes) +21, Perception +29, Sense

Motive +0, Stealth +0, Survival +28

Languages Common, Giant, Infernal

SQ planar empowerment

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Hell)

Organization solitary, pair, or gang (3–7)

Treasure standard (mwk breastplate, mwk ranseur, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Hurl Fireball (Su) Hell gigas charge any rocks they throw with explosive energy. Wherever a rock thrown by a Hell gigas lands, it explodes in a 30-foot burst of flame that deals 1d6 points of fire damage for every three Hit Dice the gigas possesses (Reflex DC 27 for half). This is in addition to any damage caused by the thrown rock. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Planar Empowerment (Su) While on the plane of Hell, a Hell gigas gains access to *earthquake* (DC 25), *firestorm* (DC 25), and *unholy aura* as spell-like abilities, each usable once per day. If the gigas ventures onto another plane, it cannot make use of these

abilities (though its other spell-like abilities remain available).

The save DC for the spell-like abilities is Charisma-based and includes a +5 racial bonus.

The giants of the Pit, Hell gigas roam the hinterlands of Hell, stalking forth from ruined, millennia-old fortresses to enslave those who slip through the grasp of devilkind. Called “phyriphlegeians” by titans and some of the other elder races of the multiverse, these arrogant and most ancient of giants care only for their own tyrannies, petty schemes made abominable by their masters’ scale, strength, and disregard for the survival of all other beings. More than capable of personally ruining most of their own foes physically, Hell gigas prefer campaigns of fear and pain, expending legions of slaves before bringing their own monstrous might to bear upon thoroughly defeated foes—though their rage often provokes them to forgo more satisfying climaxes in favor of immediate destruction.

The typical Hell gigas stands well over 50 feet tall and weighs upward of 20 tons, in addition to the weight of its armor of bone and metal.

Ecology

Exceptionally rare creatures, even on their native plane and compared to others of the waning gigas races, Hell gigas bear the crushing weight of beings that have endured millennia of life in Hell. Most appear as wasted giants bearing the scars of countless skirmishes and hardships, many armored over in half-living suits of exposed muscle, knotty bone, and grisly iron. Even with such second skins, the gigas radiate auras of infernal heat, which, along with their incredible strength, allow them to sculpt stone and iron into grim structures and vicious weapons.

Habitat & Society

Most Hell gigas live on the infernal layers of Avernus, Dis (beyond the city), and Phlegethon, keeping to the mountains and masterless expanses beyond the interests of devils and the damned. In some such realms lie the rare, crumbled ruins of fortresses even larger than the gigas’ power to craft. Within these ruins and the lava-soaked catacombs below, the Hell gigas make their homes, living as despots apart from others of their kind, ruling over stray fiends, hellspawn, and wayward souls. Few Hell gigas care to venture forth from the infernal realm, finding other planes uncomfortably cold. When they do, they universally hold a special hatred for fire giants, loathing the giants yet at the same time delighting in enslaving them and forcing them to do their will.

Hell gigas attempt to avoid devils as much as possible. While a gigas can easily crush most devils, those who

slight greater devils or members of the diabolical nobility risk destruction or enslavement by the easily offended lords of Hell.

The First Giants

Scholars of the unfathomable eons that mark the immortal tides of extraplanar history have long debated by what means the inhabitants of the Material Plane took their varied—yet in many ways similar—forms. Many adhere to the assumption that creator deities designed each mortal race, creating what they deemed as right or desirable in miniature multitudes. Others, however, claim it began with the titans.

Mighty beings, not unlike gods themselves in many ways, titans possess power beyond most races and a history stretching back before even the oldest mortal races. Although the titan race has diminished, now inhabiting only the most remote corners of Elysium and the Thanatotic realms of the Abyss, their forms have persisted throughout the millennia, and their ancient progeny and myriad inheritors now range where titans once ruled. After ages of life upon the disparate planes of existence, the true titans gave rise to scions imbued with the powers of those strange realms, beings known as gigas, which were less than their progenitors but still mighty beyond reason. Distinctive to each realm the titans trod, the gigas rose as servants and emissaries of their lords and ancestors, carving out dominions among the natives of the planes that so shaped them. As countless ages passed and gates opened, allowing passage to the Material Plane, both titans and gigas found their way to new realms. While most titans cared little for these small, mundane worlds, the gigas found places where they could, for the first time, be masters in their own right. And as the gigas were born of both titankind and the planes, so were the gigas' spawn, the giants. Within the lands the gigas settled arose new beings, whole races specially adapted to life within their specific environs.

With the march of countless epochs the titans waned, and so did their children, and their children's children. Today, titans remain rare, little-known even among the planes, declining as they suffer from the wounds of an ages-old conflict. The gigas, too, stand distant, removing to the frontiers of realms they once mastered—Hell gigas picking across the ruins of mountain fastnesses, Maelstrom gigas coasting ether storms upon islands of reality, Nirvana gigas crafting and dominating new dominions of dreams, and countless more withdrawing in the face of extinction. Even on the mortal plane, the age of giants has

passed on most worlds, with the great beings of ancient times retreating in the face of countless lesser races, devoid of the giants' might yet powerful in numbers. Some draw a connection between humans (as well as some other races) and giants suggestive of a heritage similar to that of giants, gigas, and the titans before them, yet from the limited vantage of mortal lives, few definite corollaries can be made. Perhaps in future eons the truth of such conjecture might make itself apparent to the inheritors of humankind.



KYTON, EPHIALTES

Amid a roiling cloud of deepest dark, the rattle of chains and heavy footfalls announce a being of immense size. An infernal, gasping hiss draws the darkness back, revealing a tortured, four-legged fiend of exposed bone and ragged flesh draped in chains. Barbs and hooks hang from these wrought iron bands, matching the fiend's tail as they writhe like snakes in search of prey.

KYTON, EPHIALTES

CR 16



XP 76,800

LE Huge outsider (evil, extraplanar, kyton, lawful)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +24

Aura frightful presence (30 ft., DC 22)

DEFENSE

AC 30, touch 10, flat-footed 28 (+8 armor, +2 Dex, +12 natural, -2 size)

hp 243 (18d10+144); regeneration 5 (good weapons and spells, silver weapons)

Fort +14, **Ref** +13, **Will** +14

Defensive Abilities chain armor; **DR** 10/silver or good; **Immune** cold, fear, poison; **Resist** acid 10, fire 10; **SR** 27

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee bite +24 (2d6+8), 2 chains +25 (2d8+8/19-20), 2 claws +24 (1d8+8), tail +19 (1d8+4)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft. (30 ft. with chains)

Special Attacks breath weapon (50-ft. cone, 2d8+8 piercing damage plus grab, Reflex DC 27 for half, usable every 1d4 rounds) dancing chains, entrapping chains, pull (breath weapon, 10 feet), rend (2 chains, 2d8+12)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 16th)

At will—*blur* (self only), *dimensional anchor*

3/day—*deeper darkness*, *shadow walk* (DC 19), *silence* (DC 15)

1/day—*discern location*

STATISTICS

Str 26, **Dex** 14, **Con** 26, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 16

Base Atk +18; **CMB** +28 (+32 grapple or pull); **CMD** 40 (44 vs. trip)

Feats Alertness, Bleeding Critical, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Improved Critical (chains), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Stand Still, Weapon Focus (chains)

Skills Bluff +12, Climb +15, Escape Artist +13, Intimidate +24, Knowledge (planes) +13, Perception +24, Sense Motive +18, Stealth +15, Survival +22

Languages Infernal

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Shadow Plane)

Organization solitary or team (2-8)

Treasure Value standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Breath Weapon (Su) As a full-round action, an ephialtes kyton may exhale a spread of barbed, grapppling chains anchored within its massive maw, targeting up to six creatures in a 50-foot cone. Those failing a DC 27 Reflex save suffer 2d8+8

points of piercing damage and the kyton may make a combat maneuver check as an immediate action to grapple each victim with the animate chains. A successful save cuts the damage in half and avoids the grapple opportunity. Those successfully grappled by the chains become subject to the kyton's pull ability. A kyton cannot use its breath weapon again while it is grappling or pulling creatures with its breath weapon chains. Otherwise, it may use the breath weapon once every 1d4 rounds. The save DC is Constitution-based.

An ephialtes kyton's chains (hardness 10, hp 10, Break DC 26) can be broken, or attacked by making a sunder attempt. If the chain is currently grappling a target, the attacker gains a +4 circumstance bonus on the CMB check to sunder. Severing a chain deals no damage to a kyton.

Chain Armor (Ex) The chains that adorn an ephialtes kyton grant it a +8 armor bonus, but are not treated as armor for the purpose of arcane spell failure, armor check penalties, maximum Dexterity, weight, or proficiency.

Dancing Chains (Su) An ephialtes kyton can control up to four chains within 30 feet as a standard action, making the chains dance or move as it wishes. In addition, the kyton can increase these chains' length by up to 15 feet and cause them to sprout razor-sharp barbs. The chains attack as effectively as the kyton itself. If a chain is in another creature's possession, the creature can attempt a DC 22 Will save to break the ephialtes kyton's power over that chain. If the save is successful, the kyton cannot attempt to control that particular chain again for 24 hours or until the chain leaves the other creature's possession. An ephialtes kyton can climb chains it controls at its normal speed without making Climb checks. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Entrapping Chains (Su) With a successful combat maneuver check, an ephialtes kyton may transfer an adjacent creature grappled by the kyton's breath weapon chains to the chains adorning its body, giving the target the pinned condition while the kyton deals with remaining foes. The kyton does not retain the grappled condition while pinning such creatures. Pinned victims can free themselves with a combat maneuver check to break the pin or an Escape Artist check. Other creatures can attempt to free pinned victims by making a sunder attempt (hardness 10, hp 10). An ephialtes kyton may entrap 1 Large, 2 Medium, 8 Small, 32 Tiny, or 128 Diminutive or smaller opponents.

Pull (Ex) An ephialtes kyton has a +4 racial bonus on CMB checks made using its pull special attack.

Sadistic hunters and tormentors of all living souls, ephialtes kytons usually roam the planes in service to the lords of Hell and Shadow, but occasionally in pursuit of their own fell interests. They ruthlessly abduct the innocent and retrieve the damned, dragging their victims into the fires of Hell or the gnashing, wailing dark of the Plane of Shadow. They have no fear, tracking

their chosen prey regardless of distance or challenge, and shackle dragons, giants, and humanoids alike for their eternal torturous rewards.

Ephialtes kytons travel in silent grace while cloaked in darkness, but drop their stealthy veils when ready to intimidate those they've come to collect or punish. Then, their frightening gaze matches the deadly intent of the chains piercing their flesh. These animated, wrought iron bands serve as protection and weapons in the hands or claws of all kytons, but may also bind and lash their victims to the ephialtes' ever-bleeding hide to carry them into the Great Beyond. A typical ephialtes stands 25 feet tall and weighs over 15 tons with the combined burden of their deadly chains.

Ecology

An ephialtes kyton results from the ritual transformation of a lesser kyton which has slain or bound 999 mortal victims in the soulless dark of the Shadow Plane. Thereafter, it gains the ability to shadow walk and expand its access to other planes without waiting for summoners to request its services. Eternally vigilant and opportunistic, ephialtes kytons hunt for further victims for young kytons to practice upon. Because of their honed expertise in capturing and tormenting souls, ephialtes are highly useful to the diabolical elite—both mortals and the immortal lords of Hell—who seek out ephialtes kytons as fell servants. Some kytons willingly align themselves with the rulers of Hell, taking further delight in the various torments available in that realm.

Habitat & Society

Ephialtes kytons shepherd and rule over the entirety of kyton society. Though not especially cunning compared to other fiends, they still possess a fierce loyalty to their own kind and adhere to a rigid hierarchy of power and achievement. Their homes within the Plane of Shadow remain eternally hidden, with the sounds of flesh-flensing chains providing the only insight into their torturous methods. Few outsiders understand the purpose of these elaborate torments, though rumors suggest they further empower the ephialtes to ever-greater transformations.

Summoning Ephialtes Kytons

As long as a conjurer doesn't interrupt an ongoing hunt, most ephialtes kytons relish being summoned, looking forward to the sport of chasing down newly assigned prey or punishing those who fail to properly bind them. Any Charisma check made as part of the *greater planar binding* spell to convince an ephialtes kyton to undertake a mission other than the murder, abduction, or torture of specific victims suffers a -2 penalty.

Once an ephialtes kyton accepts an assignment, it demands 1,000 gp paid in black onyx or opals for every Hit Die its target possesses. If the summoner cannot pay the price in the required gems, the kyton only partially carries out the requested service—maiming instead of murdering, abducting for only a limited time (typically 1d4+3 days), or only torturing a victim until it answers a single question as part of an interrogation. If a summoner tries to force an ephialtes kyton to perform a different type of service or accept a different form of payment, the kyton takes offense and all of the summoner's future Charisma-related interactions with the ephialtes suffer a -2 penalty.

Once an ephialtes kyton has agreed to a task, only its assigned prey interests it. Ephialtes kytons always offer to dispose of such victims by taking them to the Shadow Plane so they can help lesser kytons obtain the necessary number of souls to become ephialtes.



VOUIVRE

This bizarre, two-headed monster is a perverse combination of beautiful maiden and menacing dragon, joined by a slithering, snake-like body. Appearing as a seductive female humanoid from the waist up, a powerful serpentine body with clawed arms and ragged wings twists below, ending in a draconic head set with glowing ruby eyes and a mouth full of curved fangs.

VOUIVRE

CR 12



XP 19,200

CE Large monstrous humanoid (aquatic)

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +19

DEFENSE

AC 27, touch 10, flat-footed 26 (+1 Dex, +17 natural, -1 size)

hp 152 (16d10+64)

Fort +11, **Ref** +11, **Will** +14; +4 vs. mind-affecting effects

Defensive Abilities unwavering mind; **Immune** cold; **Resist** fire 10, sonic 10

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 40 ft. (poor), swim 50 ft.

Melee bite +19 (2d6+4 plus grab), 2 claws +20 (1d8+4/19-20), 2 wings +14 (1d6+2)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks breath weapon (30-ft. cone, 8d6 fire damage, Reflex DC 22 for half, usable every 1d4 rounds)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 13th)

At will—*charm person* (DC 15), *comprehend languages*, *ghost sound* (DC 14)

1/day—*shout* (DC 18), *song of discord* (DC 19)

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 13, **Con** 18, **Int** 11, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +16; **CMB** +21 (+25 grapple); **CMD** 32 (can't be tripped)

Feats Critical Focus, Deafening Critical, Great Fortitude, Improved Critical (claw), Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Attack (bite), Iron Will, Weapon Focus (claw)

Skills Bluff +19, Fly +6, Intimidate +19, Perception +19, Sense Motive +14, Stealth +16, Swim +20; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Perception

Languages Common, Sylvan

SQ amphibious

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate forests, lakes, and rivers

Organization solitary or harem (1 vouivre and 4–10 snakes)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Unwavering Mind (Ex) A vouivre possesses a natural gift for guile and persuasion. This mastery allows the creature to defend against similar tactics. A vouivre receives a +4 racial bonus on saving throws to resist mind-affecting effects.

Often mistaken for an offshoot of all manner of bizarre creatures from nagas to lamias, or the hybridized result of magical experimentation, vouivres are a unique

race that breeds true. Reclusive and strange creatures, vouivres prey on hapless travelers who stumble upon their choice bathing spots or unfortunate explorers who venture too close to their lairs. A vouivre always appears as an attractive woman from the waist up, but the curve of her hips leads to a thick, reptilian body ending in a dragon's head. While variations exist between individual creatures, a vouivre usually has fair skin and dark hair, at least on its humanoid portion. The draconic half of one of these strange monsters always possesses green-hued scales, gradually shifting from dull olive to radiant emerald shades as the creature ages. A typical vouivre is over 12 feet long from head to head, and weighs about 500 pounds.

Ecology

Vouivres make their homes in small caves near slow-moving rivers, placid lakes, and gurgling streams. There they keep their treasured items and frequently bathe in the soothing waters, preying on anyone who strays too close to the water's edge. Vouivres prefer to capture and eat humanoid males, but will feed on any available warm-blooded prey when hungry. Rarely, a vouivre selects humanoid females as its primary prey, usually frequent bathers or washerwomen visiting a nearby brook. After devouring a humanoid, a vouivre can forgo a meal for 2 months before needing to feed again.

Vouivres breed in a unique manner. Living as celibates, these creatures reproduce asexually, only producing a new specimen after death. This bizarre process is more akin to a form of cloning than actual reproduction, leading some scholars to conjecture that only a fixed number of these creatures exist in the world simultaneously. After a vouivre dies, its dragon head disgorges a glassy, ruby-tinted sphere that serves as an egg of sorts. Beginning 1 week after death, this egg begins growing, eventually reaching a diameter of 2 feet, while its gleaming luster dims to a clouded, dull red. After 6 weeks, the gem splits, giving birth to a vouivre hatchling that must find a suitable secluded sanctuary and begin feeding itself from nearby resources.

This immature form remains hidden for years, slithering through obscuring muck and feeding on waterfowl and swimming rodents, until it reaches adult size, fully grown and ready to hunt its favorite prey. While not a complete replica of its mother, a vouivre inherits traits and characteristics of its parent's meals throughout its lifetime. A vouivre understands this and thus seeks out handsome and formidable targets for its meals, hoping to pass down the best possible traits to its eventual offspring. A vouivre lives for roughly 200 years, barring any violent end, and matures from hatchling to adult in 7 years.

All vouivres have a singular relationship with sound. As it desires, and especially when slithering seductively toward a victim, a vouivre can vibrate its scales, producing a haunting hum that excites the water around it in a strange, rippling harmony. A vouivre uses this sound as the basis for many of its spell-like abilities, accompanying the effects with song and seductive oratory. When a vouivre grows agitated, this low drone can reach a crescendo of ear-shattering noise, or become an insinuating resonance that turns trusted companions against each other.

Habitat and Society

Solitary almost to the point of xenophobia, vouivres rarely meet. These creatures make their lairs far away from one another, and considering their unique style of reproduction, a single lineage can prey upon a particular region for centuries.

Although vouivres live in isolation from other intelligent creatures, they possess an affinity for serpents. Snakes of all kinds find themselves drawn to vouivres, with vipers and constrictors frequently found slithering among the scattered treasure in a vouivre's lair. Those fortunate few who have survived an encounter with a vouivre often report snakes assisting in the attack. Sages speculate that the delicate vibrations produced by a vouivre's scales enchant the serpents into this service.

Vouivres get along well with evil fey living near their lairs and sometimes even go so far as to share trinkets and gems from their hoards in return for mutual protection and companionship. Nefarious nixies, sinister selkies, and other waterborne fey particularly find places within a powerful vouivre's entourage. While they all have their own diverse hunting grounds, these companions meet regularly to share stories and even meals.

Though savage and bestial, vouivres have a love for material items. Gold jewelry, loose coins, finely cut gems, lavish decorations, and fine silks lie about their lairs. Vouivres covet this treasure and arrange the glittering goods in pleasing configurations, whimsically shifting the items around and redecorating as they please. These creatures constantly barter and trade, and demand payment from victims who beg for their lives.

Frequently, vouivres use their treasure as a way to lure unsuspecting travelers close, placing the bait among the reeds near the water's edge to catch the glint of the sun. As victims come to claim their found prize, the vouivre reveals its humanoid half while its dragon head lies unseen in the water below.

Vouivres prefer intelligent humanoids as prey, to hunt, toy with, and eventually eat. Adept at charm, deception, and trickery, vouivres rarely attack their prey directly, instead preferring to engage their victims in conversation before attacking unexpectedly. In combat, a vouivre's dragon head begins by roaring forth with a gout of flame before biting foes. With prey in its mouth, the dragon head can lock its jaws in place, holding a creature fast in its backward-curving teeth as the vouivre swims to deeper waters to drown its victim before bringing it back to its treasure-strewn cave for a satisfying meal.



Council of Thieves



LEM

MALE HALFLING

DEITY Shelyn
HOMELAND Cheliah

CHARACTER TRAITS

CLASS/LEVEL Bard 11
ALIGNMENT Chaotic Good
INITIATIVE +4
SPEED 20 ft.

ABILITIES

STRENGTH 8
DEXTERITY 18
CONSTITUTION 13
INTELLIGENCE 12
WISDOM 8
CHARISMA 21

DEFENSE

HP 71
AC 29, touch 17, flat-footed 24 (+7 armor, +1 deflection, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +5 shield, +1 size)
Fort +8, Ref +15, Will +10; +2 vs. fear, +4 vs. bardic performance, language-dependent, sonic effects

SKILLS

Acrobatics +16 (+14 to jump), Climb +2, Disable Device +7, Knowledge (local) +17, Perform (comedy) +16, Perform (wind instruments) +21, Perception +14, Spellcraft +14, Stealth +21, Use Magic Device +17

FEATS

Dodge, Extra Performance, Mobility, Quick Draw, Spell Focus (illusion), Weapon Finesse

OFFENSE

Melee +3 short sword +16/+11 (1d4+2/19–20)
Base Atk +8; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 22
Special Abilities bardic knowledge +5, bardic perform 35 rds/day, jack-of-all-trades, lore master 2/day, ver. performance (act, comedy, wind instrument), well-versed
Spells Known (CL 11th; concentration +16)
4th (3/day)—*cure critical wounds*, *dimension door*, *greater invisibility*
3rd (5/day)—*charm monster* (DC 18), *confusion* (DC 18), *major image* (DC 19), *slow* (DC 18)
2nd (5/day)—*alter self*, *blur*, *cure moderate wounds*, *minor image* (DC 18), *mirror image*
1st (7/day)—*alarm*, *cure light wounds*, *disguise self* (DC 17), *feather fall*, *hideous laughter* (DC 16), *silent image* (DC 17)
o (at will)—*d. magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 16), *light*, *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*, *sum. instrument*

Combat Gear *wand of cure serious wounds* (40 charges); **Gear** +4 studded leather armor, +4 buckler, +3 short sword, daggers (4), *belt of incredible dexterity* +2, *cloak of resistance* +3, *headband of alluring charisma* +2, *ring of protection* +1, backpack, mwk flute, mwk thieves' tools, spell comp. pouch, 110 gp

Although Lem was raised in the lap of luxury, his childhood was anything but comfortable. Born into slavery, Lem was sold a half-dozen times to different nobles before he reached the age of 2. Always quick to side with the underdog, Lem has learned that his most powerful trait is his optimism and sense of humor—skills that more than make up for his small stature and impulsive nature.



SELTIEL

MALE HALF-ELF

DEITY Asmodeus
HOMELAND Cheliah

CHARACTER TRAITS

CLASS/LEVEL Fighter 1/Conjurer 5/Eldritch Knight 5
ALIGNMENT Lawful Evil
INITIATIVE +4 SPEED 30 ft.

ABILITIES

STRENGTH 12
DEXTERITY 18
CONSTITUTION 13
INTELLIGENCE 15
WISDOM 8
CHARISMA 10

DEFENSE

HP 72
AC 24, touch 18, flat-footed 19 (+6 armor, +3 deflection, +4 Dex, +1 dodge)
Fort +9, Ref +9, Will +7; +2 vs. enchantment
Immune sleep
Senses low-light vision

SKILLS

Craft (alchemy) +10, Fly +12, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (arcana) +15, Perception +12, Sense Motive +7, Spellcraft +15

FEATS

Alertness, Arcane Armor Mastery, Arcane Armor Training, Combat Casting, Combat Expertise, Dodge, Extend Spell, Mobility, Scribe Scroll, Skill Focus (Perception), Spring Attack, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword)

OFFENSE

Melee +3 *spell storing longsword* +13/+8 (1d8+6/19–20)
Ranged +1 *composite longbow* with +1 arrow +13/+8 (1d8+3/x3)
Base Atk +8; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 27
Special Abilities acid dart (5/day), diverse training, summoner's charm
Spells Prepared (CL 9th; concentration +11)
5th—*cone of cold* (DC 17), *polymorph*, *teleport*
4th—*dimension door*, *fire shield*, *ice storm*
3rd—*fireball* (DC 15), *stinking cloud* (DC 15), *vampiric touch*
2nd—*bull's strength*, *glitterdust* (DC 14), *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *scorching ray*
1st—*burning hands* (DC 13), *enlarge person*, *magic missile*, *shield*, *summon monster I*, *true strike*
o—*acid splash*, *bleed* (DC 12), *dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *read magic*
Familiar bat named Dargenti

Combat Gear *scrolls of greater invis.* (2), *scorching ray*, *summon monster IV* (2); *wand of magic missile* (CL 5th, 50 charges); **Other Gear** +3 studded leather armor, +3 *spell storing longsword* (contains vamp. touch), dagger, +1 comp. longbow (Str +1) with 20 +1 arrows, *belt of inc. dexterity* +2, *cloak of resistance* +2, *ring of prot.* +3, everburning torch, flask of fine absinthe worth 50 gp, gold holy symbol (75 gp), spellbook, 710 gp

Seltyiel grew up surrounded by shame and disgrace. Before he came of age, his stepfather attempted to kill him, but after Seltyiel turned the tables, he fled into the wild. Since then, his life has been a cruel series of betrayals and pain. Recently escaped from a period of imprisonment after his true father, a notorious bandit, set Seltyiel up to take the blame for his crimes, the half-elf longs for revenge against both his fathers.

Pre-generated Characters



SEELAH

FEMALE HUMAN

DEITY Iomedae
HOMELAND Katapesh

CHARACTER TRAITS

CLASS/LEVEL Paladin 11
ALIGNMENT Lawful Good
INITIATIVE +0
SPEED 20 ft.

ABILITIES

STRENGTH 16
DEXTERITY 10
CONSTITUTION 14
INTELLIGENCE 8
WISDOM 13
CHARISMA 17

DEFENSE

HP 96
AC 27, touch 10, flat-footed 27 (+12 armor, +5 shield)
Fort +14, Ref +8, Will +13
Immune charm, disease, fear

SKILLS

Knowledge (religion) +13, Sense Motive +15

FEATS

Cleave, Extra Lay On Hands, Improved Critical (longsword), Improved Vital Strike, Power Attack, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (longsword)

OFFENSE

Melee +2 holy longsword +15/+10 (1d8+5/17–20)
Ranged +1 comp. longbow +10/+5 (1d8+4/x3)
Base Atk +11; **CMB** +14; **CMD** 24
Special Abilities aura of courage, aura of good, aura of justice, aura of resolve, channel positive energy (8d6, DC 18), detect evil, divine bond (weapon), divine grace, divine health, lay on hands 10/day (5d6), mercy (diseased, poisoned, sickened), smite evil 4/day (+3 to attack roll, +11 damage)
Spells Prepared (CL 8th; concentration +11)
3rd—*dispel magic*, *prayer*
2nd—*bull's strength*, *resist energy*
1st—*divine favor*, *lesser restoration*, *protection from evil*

Combat Gear wand of cure serious wounds (35 chgs.); **Other Gear** +3 full plate mail, +3 heavy steel shield, +2 holy longsword, +1 composite longbow (+3 Str) with 20 arrows, cloak of resist. +2, headband of alluring charisma +2, phylactery of positive channeling, backpack, silver holy symbol, 145 gp

When a group of Iomedae's knights arrived to save Seelah's hometown of Solku from gnolls, Seelah knew where her destiny lay. Atoning for her misdeeds as a child, she devoted her life to Iomedae. Over the years, guilt over her misspent youth has changed into a powerful faith and conviction. Today, she sees the good in everyone, and hopes that by leading by example, she can help other wayward souls (such as Seltiel) find their way.



SEONI

FEMALE HUMAN

DEITY Pharasma
HOMELAND Varisia

CHARACTER TRAITS

CLASS/LEVEL Sorcerer 11
ALIGNMENT Lawful Neutral
INITIATIVE +6
SPEED 30 ft.

ABILITIES

STRENGTH 8
DEXTERITY 14
CONSTITUTION 12
INTELLIGENCE 10
WISDOM 13
CHARISMA 23

DEFENSE

HP 59
AC 20, touch 17, flat-footed 17 (+4 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 natural);
AC 24, touch 17, flat-footed 21 (+4 armor, +4 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 natural) with *mage armor*
Fort +7, Ref +8, Will +11

SKILLS

Bluff +19, Climb +3, Knowledge (planes) +13, Perception +5, Sense Motive +4, Spellcraft +14

FEATS

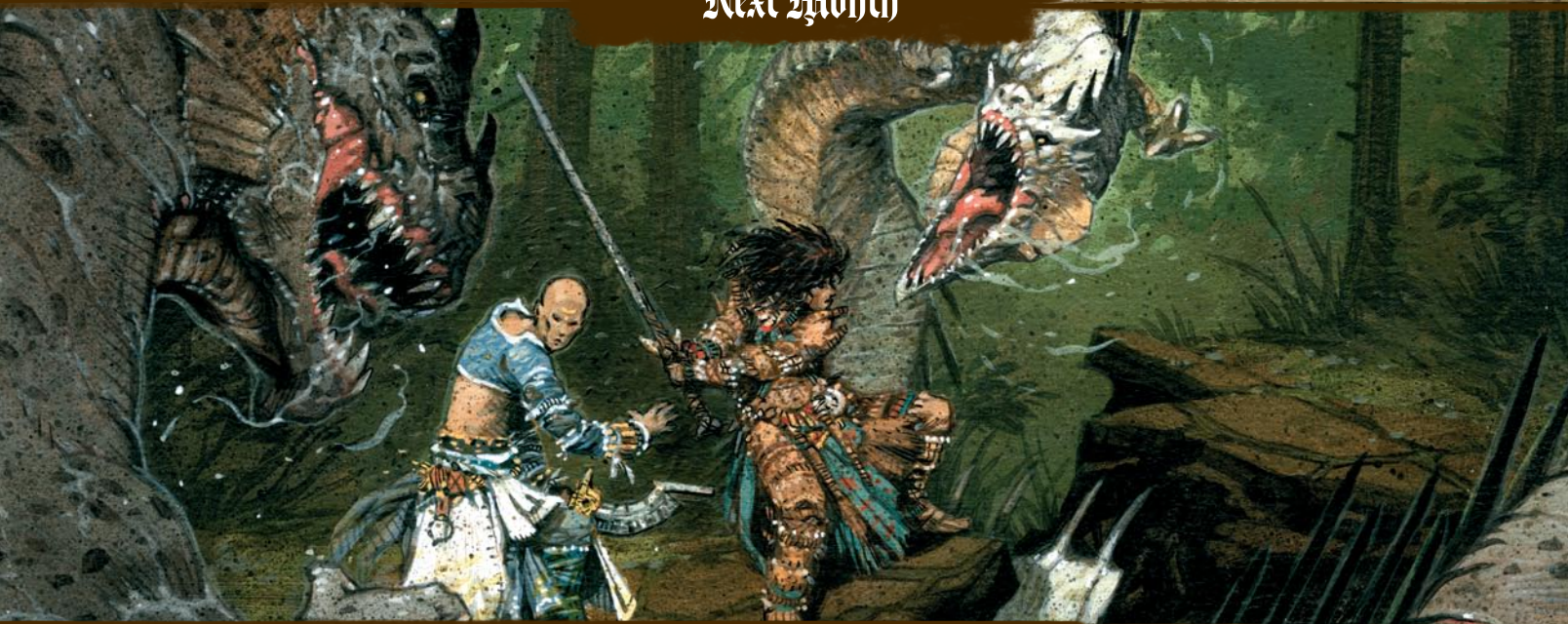
Alertness, Dodge, Combat Casting, Eschew Materials, Extend Spell, Greater Spell Focus (evocation), Improved Initiative, Quicken Spell, Spell Focus (evocation)

OFFENSE

Melee quarterstaff +4 (1d6–1)
Base Atk +5; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 21
Special Abilities arcane bond (familiar), metamagic adept (3/day)
Spells Known (CL 11th; concentration +17)
5th (5/day)—*cone of cold* (DC 23), *overland flight*, *wall of force*
4th (7/day)—*charm monster* (DC 21), *dim. door*, *res. sphere* (DC 22), *stoneskin*, *w. off fire* (DC 22)
3rd (7/day)—*dispel magic*, *displacement*, *haste*, *lightning bolt* (DC 21), *slow* (DC 19)
2nd (7/day)—*darkness*, *darkvision*, *glitterdust* (DC 18), *invisibility*, *scorching ray*, *web* (DC 18)
1st (8/day)—*burning hands* (DC 19), *enlarge person*, *mage armor*, *magic missile*, *identify*, *shield*
0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *detect magic*, *disrupt undead*, *flare* (DC 18), *light*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic*
Bloodline arcane; **Familiar** skink named Dragon

Combat Gear *pot. of cure mod. wounds* (3), *scrolls of prot. from energy* and *fly*; wand of mag. missile (CL 7th, 40 charges); **Other Gear** dagger, quarterstaff, amulet of nat. armor +3, cloak of resist. +3, headband of alluring charisma +4, ring of counterspells (contains mag. missile), ring of prot. +4, backpack, sunrod (5), rations (4), 814 gp

Seoni is something of an enigma—quietly neutral on most matters, bound by codes and mandates she rarely feels compelled to explain, the beautiful sorcerer keeps her emotions tightly bottled. Extremely detail-oriented, Seoni is a careful and meticulous planner who frequently finds herself frustrated by the improvised plans of her more impulsive companions.



STOLEN LAND

by Tim Hitchcock

The Stolen Lands, a contentious expanse running along the border of Brevoyn and the River Kingdoms, has long lain wild and unmastered, a realm of bandits, beasts, and legends. Gathered in fealty to the crown and at the promise of great wealth, agents of Brevoyn march to reclaim these wildernesses and bring them to heel. Yet the feral land won't be broken easily, and hidden masters refuse to give up their secret dominions. Can the PCs discover the secrets of the Stolen Lands and become the region's new lords, or will their epic end before it's begun? Find out in this, the first adventure of the new Kingmaker Adventure Path!

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The Twice-Damned Prince Dramatis Personae

Ara Verennie	(heretical signifer of the Order of the Rack, now a ghost)
Arael	(leader of Children of Westcrown)
Armon Rosala	(nobleman and unwitting ambush lure)
Belessima	(shaitan genie bound in service to Ecarrdian Drovenge)
Cervesi	(Council of Thieves captain, tormentor of the Mhartises)
Chammady Drovenge	(Ecarrdian's sister, wants to rule Council of Thieves and Westcrown)
Ecarrdian Drovenge	(Chammady's brother, wants to rule Council of Thieves and Westcrown)
Eirten Oberigo	(patriarch of the Oberigo nobles, ex-member of Council of Thieves)
Ganefini Mhartis	(Mhartis patriarch, husband to Lonosete, father of Lodros and Recinni)
Gonville Chard	(Paralictor of the Hellknight Order of the Rack at Taranik House)
Guxer Ciucci	(paranoid nobleman and patriarch of a doomed family)
Irimeian	(devourer Lady of the Sunset Gate)
Janiven	(second-in-command of Children of Westcrown)
Jinkoo	(sewer goblin and honorary secret Hellknight)
Mammon	(archdevil of Hell, lord of Erebus, father of Ecarrdian)
Melavengian	(barbed devil cleric of Mammon, adviser and ally of Ecarrdian)
Palaveen	(ex-commander of the Bastards of Erebus, now a mohrg)
Rolan the Tinkerer	(remarkably clean dwarf and lunatic inventor)
Skarx Veskandi	(tiefling monk and jailer, Council of Thieves member)
Thesing Umbero Ulvauno	(bitter actor and PC foil, now a vampire)
Varnall	(plaguebearer otyugh living under Vira Ciucci)
Vourne	(general of the Chelish Imperial Navy)
Vuiper Ghivel	(last of his line, deluded lover of Chammady Drovenge)
Zevanxus	(cruel doppelganger posing as Guxer Ciucci's daughter, Delilee)



At the Gates of Hell

Their deception revealed and their plans waylaid, two deadly and Hell-touched siblings make a desperate final play for control of Westcrown. With the city in chaos and its leaders fled, few stand to defend the beleaguered people when the plots of fiends turn upon them. At the same time, the rulers of Cheliax launch their own ruthless plot to retake control. Can the PCs return order and shatter the Council of Thieves' age-old stranglehold on Westcrown once and for all? Or will the former capital slide fully into the grip of a terrible new devilry? It's up to the PCs to decide in the climax of the Council of Thieves Adventure Path!

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