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ADVENTURE PATH[™]



HELL'S VENGEANCE[™]

THE HELLFIRE COMPACT

by F. Wesley Schneider

CHELIX



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ON THE COVER



Presenting the all-new, all-evil iconic villains for the Hell's Vengeance Adventure Path, Wayne Reynolds gives us our first look at the iconic cleric of Asmodeus, Lazzero Dalvera!



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REFERENCE

This book refers to several other Pathfinder Roleplaying Game products using the following abbreviations, yet these additional supplements are not required to make use of this book. Readers interested in references to Pathfinder RPG hardcovers can find the complete rules of these books available online for free at paizo.com/prd.

<i>Advanced Class Guide</i>	ACG	<i>Ultimate Equipment</i>	UE
<i>Advanced Player's Guide</i>	APG	<i>Ultimate Magic</i>	UM
<i>Inner Sea World Guide</i>	ISWG		



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PALADINS NEED NOT APPLY

Welcome to the first volume of the Hell's Vengeance Adventure Path, Paizo's first campaign designed specifically for evil player characters! That's right—in Hell's Vengeance, you get the chance to play the most dastardly, despicable, and nefarious villains you can come up with, and it's not only approved, it's strongly encouraged! I'll get into some tips for running an evil campaign that's fun for all involved a little later, but first, a few words about how Hell's Vengeance ties in to the previous Adventure Path, Hell's Rebels.

The Hell's Rebels and Hell's Vengeance Adventure Paths are assumed to take place at the same time, yet the events of the two Adventure Paths do not overlap with each other, which means that you can play both campaigns without having to worry that one party of characters might undo the accomplishments of the

other group. The heroes of Hell's Rebels will remain just that, regardless of the actions of the Hell's Vengeance villains, and vice versa. In effect, we're giving you the opportunity to play both sides of a conflict that threatens to tear Cheliah apart, and to be successful in both endeavors.

The action that triggers the events of both Adventure Paths is the formation of an order of Iomedean knights called the Glorious Reclamation, who are dedicated to overthrowing the Thrice-Damned House of Thrune's rule of Cheliah. In response, House Thrune imposes martial law in Cheliah's major cities—including the city of Kintargo, which teeters on the brink of open insurrection at the opening of the Hell's Rebels Adventure Path. Kintargo and its nascent rebellion play no part in Hell's Vengeance, however, and Kintargo's rebel leaders have no connections with the Glorious Reclamation, as

the Iomedean knights have their hands full with the Chelish military and meddling Thrune agents elsewhere in Cheliax. To the Glorious Reclamation, the events in Kintargo are only notable for the fact that, for the moment at least, the Silver City represents no threat to their crusade. As a result, the rebellion in Kintargo plays out in the pages of *Hell's Rebels*, while *Hell's Vengeance* focuses on the larger battle for the throne of Cheliax.

DON'T BE A JERK

"So *Hell's Vengeance* is a campaign for evil player characters—how do I stop the characters from just killing each other off?"

This question, or ones very like it, is one of the first things we heard after announcing the *Hell's Vengeance* Adventure Path, and it's certainly understandable. The answer—or the simplest one, at least—is easy: because everyone wants to have fun.

Playing the *Pathfinder* RPG or any kind of roleplaying game involves a sort of social contract between the GM and the players: everyone agrees to sit down, make characters, and play together in a game that is fun for all involved. This social contract is even more important when playing a long, detailed campaign or Adventure Path. Everyone needs to be on board with playing through the adventure's plot, and agree not to abandon it to go do their own things—or at least not without the consent of the GM and other players. That should hold true whether you're playing heroes guarding the kingdoms of humanity from the ravages of a giant warlord or villains saving an evil empire from knights and paladins intent on "reclaiming" it in the name of their do-gooder god.

Before playing through the *Hell's Vengeance* Adventure Path, the GM and players should sit down together and make it clear what's expected of everyone, and even more importantly, what elements people might be uncomfortable with and would like to avoid. We go into more detail on these issues in the *Hell's Vengeance Player's Guide*, available as a free download from paizo.com, but I'd like to address them briefly here as well.

Players should create characters that are willing to work for House Thrune and strive to help it achieve its goals—namely, defeating the forces of the Glorious Reclamation and keeping the current government of Cheliax in place. To accomplish this, the PCs will need to work together, not against each other, in support of something far greater than themselves. *Hell's Vengeance* doesn't support player vs. player conflict—that's not what the campaign's plot is about. House Thrune can't afford to fail, and so its agents (the PCs) can't be allowed to undermine its goals with petty personal squabbles. Of course, GMs can allow whatever styles of play they want in their own campaigns, but they should be aware that the plot of the Adventure Path presumes that the characters won't turn on each other at the slightest provocation.

Concerning alignments, *Hell's Vengeance* assumes that the PCs are evil. Everyone doesn't have to be lawful evil (though it would certainly help, and GMs can impose whatever alignment restrictions they feel their campaigns need), but the characters should be willing to work together—and for House Thrune—regardless of their alignments. Even unpredictable chaotic evil characters and self-serving neutral evil characters can cooperate with others, given the possibility of great rewards (or the threat of retribution from above) for doing so. From selfish opportunists to uncompromising supporters of a cause, there are as many types of evil characters as there are good ones, all with their own reasons for working together. As long as the players know and agree to these expectations, there should be no problem with characters of any evil alignment playing through *Hell's Vengeance*.

It should go without saying, but conversely, good alignments are not suitable for this Adventure Path. In fact, good characters will find themselves in situations diametrically opposed to their alignments from the very first encounter. As written, it is virtually impossible for good characters to successfully complete *Hell's Vengeance* while following the tenets of their alignments. Neutral alignments are likewise mostly unsuited to the campaign. They're not strictly prohibited—and lawful neutral characters would likely work well, if handled with care—but there is a real chance that such neutral characters might see their alignments shift toward evil over the course of the campaign.

In addition, it is also vital for GMs to know their players and their comfort zones. Again, we recommend sitting down with everyone before playing this campaign and having a frank and open discussion about potential problem areas and boundaries. The characters will be expected to commit a variety of evil acts throughout the campaign, and though we've tried to avoid crossing certain lines, there's simply no way to accommodate for every player's (or GM's) reactions to some content in a published adventure. As a result, GMs should be aware that they might have to modify certain elements of the Adventure Path to match what they or their specific players are comfortable with.

Lastly, we are fully aware that every Adventure Path, and especially *Hell's Vengeance*, is not for every group. If this is the case for you, I encourage you to check out *Hell's Rebels* instead. Otherwise, have fun being evil!

Rob

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PART 1: THE ROAD TO HELL

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A local criminal enlists the villainous player characters to rob a tannery outside the town of Longacre. This leads the villains to a mysterious patron named Razelago, who encourages them to apply their talents to more imposing ends.

PART 2: SWORN TO SERVE

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By swearing the Hellfire Compact, the villains affirm their loyalty to Cheliax and enter the service of Darellus Fex, Archbaron of Longacre, who places them in charge of crushing the rebellion brewing in Longacre.

PART 3: COUNTER CRUSADE

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The villains track the rebels to their secret hideout outside Longacre, only to find the insurgents have laid a trap for them. The villains must then find the rebels' true base in a bandit's abandoned tree fort to defeat the uprising's leader, the mysterious Angel Knight.

ADVANCEMENT TRACK

"The Hellfire Compact" is designed for four characters and uses the medium XP track.

1

The PCs begin this adventure at 1st level.

2

The PCs should be 2nd level by the time they swear the Hellfire Compact.

3

The PCs should be 3rd level by the time they leave Longacre to investigate Fort Estazano and finally confront Lencia Visserene at the Court of Spears.

The PCs should be 4th level by the end of the adventure.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Recently, the Hellknights of the Order of the Godclaw announced they had recovered an ancient sword from the Menador Mountains. The Hellknights readily identified the relic as *Heart's Edge*, a blade once carried by the goddess Iomedae, whom the order worships as one part of the lawful, polytheistic faith of the Godclaw. Well versed in Iomedae's stringent faith and her life as a mortal crusader, the Hellknights claimed the weapon as a symbol of their order's righteousness and proof of divine favor.

Unsurprisingly, some of Iomedae's faithful didn't agree with this interpretation. After the Hellknights refused the church's request for the sword's return, a zealous paladin of Iomedae named Alexeara Cansellarion issued a call to the faithful of the Inheritor to reclaim *Heart's Edge* from the Order of the Godclaw. In Alexeara's view, the Hellknights' worship of the Godclaw did not align with the church's traditional teachings, making them heretics unworthy of bearing the goddess's blade. Hundreds of knights and clerics from Andoran, Cheliah, Molthune, and beyond responded to the call and marched on Citadel Dinyar in Isgar, where they defeated the Order of the Godclaw and ousted the Hellknights from their citadel.

But Alexeara Cansellarion had her eyes on a far greater prize than a Hellknight citadel in Isgar or even *Heart's Edge*. The Cansellarions were a noble family of Westcrown who lost their titles and holdings when the House of Thrune emerged victorious from the Chelish Civil War. Iomedae herself was Chelish as well and, in Alexeara's eyes, a Thrune-dominated Cheliah is as much an affront to the Inheritor as it is to her personally. Emboldened by her victory over the Order of the Godclaw and with *Heart's Edge* in hand, Alexeara Cansellarion founded a new knightly order dedicated to Iomedae, based at Citadel Dinyar. This order of knights, called the Glorious Reclamation, promises nothing less than a purge of the diabolical ideals that the Thrice-Damned House of Thrune embodies and a reclaiming of the nation in Iomedae's name.

Priests of Iomedae have fanned out from Citadel Dinyar to begin preaching a return to the worship of Iomedae in Cheliah, exhorting the faithful to rise up in support of the Glorious Reclamation and overthrow House Thrune. In response, Thrune has imposed martial law in the empire's largest cities, and imperial soldiers have begun rooting out rebel rats' nests from Corentyn to Ostenso.

Though it's been driven out of the empire's heartlands and into the countryside and smaller towns along the

fringes of Cheliah, the nascent uprising is slowly but surely gathering strength. A paladin of Iomedae and knight-errant of the Glorious Reclamation named Lencia Visserene has just arrived in Longacre, a small town known for the large number of Chelish army veterans settled there. Many of these resident veterans are outspoken in their criticism of House Thrune and Cheliah's military policies, and have thus been mistreated, shunned, and driven to Longacre in poverty and effective exile—they have even had their names struck from Cheliah's military rolls. Their presence makes this town a powder keg just waiting for a spark. Lencia Visserene is that spark.

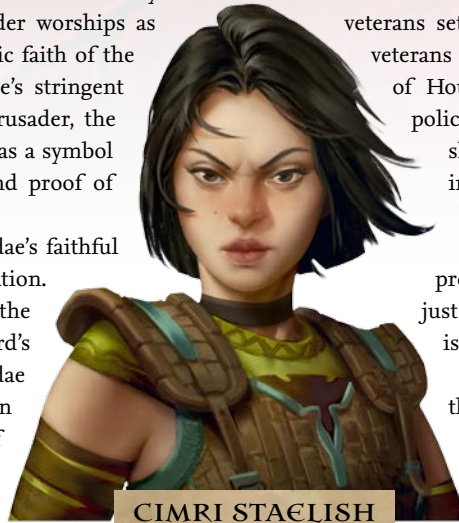
Faced with open insurrection throughout the empire, Her Infernal Majestrix, Queen Abrogail II, seeks to tighten her grip on Cheliah and stop the spread of sedition. She has sent a commandment to loyal subjects in every village, town, and city across the nation: reaffirm your loyalty to Thrune and Cheliah and prove your devotion by swearing the Hellfire Compact.

PART 1: THE ROAD TO HELL

The Hell's Vengeance Adventure Path begins in Longacre, a Chelish town on the edge of the Whisperwood where people go to forget and to be forgotten. Details on Longacre appear in the gazetteer starting on page 62. The player characters should all be at least tacit supporters of House Thrune's rule—far better if they harbor ambitions to work for House Thrune or the Chelish government in some way, even if only to increase their own power and prestige. At this point, however, the PCs are little more than amoral mercenaries, common street thugs, conniving con artists, diabolic dabblers, or petty criminals. They should either be residents of Longacre or ne'er-do-wells recently come to town, and have no qualms against doing bad things to good people. In short, they should be more than willing to be villains. In addition, the PCs should all have some reason to know an ambitious local crook named Cimri Staelish, who is eager to prove herself more than just the town troublemaker. The information and campaign traits in the *Hell's Vengeance Player's Guide* can be useful for generating backgrounds and thematically appropriate characters for the campaign.

THE TANNERY HEIST

The adventure begins with Cimri's first job of real significance: shaking down a profitable local tannery for a shady stranger named Razelago. She's enlisted the



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PCs to help her, meeting them outside the town for a nighttime raid. To set the scene and get the adventure started, read or paraphrase the following.

The town of Longacre sits just outside the fringes of the Whisperwood. A few lights shine in the streets and windows, and the occasional snippet of conversation or laughter issues from open doors, but here on the outskirts of town, the night is quiet and dark. Sparse clouds scud across the sky, momentarily obscuring the dim light from the moon overhead. Across a scrubby field, barely distinguishable under the starry sky, a darkened, fortlike compound hunches in the distance.

Cimri points toward the dim structure.

"That's it—Louslik Tannery. Here's the job: We break in, sack Ol' Louslik's office, take whatever's shiny, and get out before the sheriff shows up. If we get separated, meet back at the Ash House by dawn."

Dull moonlight glints across her dagger as she flicks it in emphasis. "If you get pinched, remember: you're mute. Keep your mouth shut, and I'll handle things. I got assurances that we won't take any blame if things go south. But get chatty and I'll let you rot." A beat passes and her usual crooked smirk appears. "If you don't screw things up, we'll all be drinking on Razelago's coin come dawn. Let's do this."

GETTING UP TO SPEED

At this point, invite the players to ask any questions they have, but try to keep both questions and answers brief to maintain the tension of the upcoming heist. This quick question-and-answer session can serve as either a summary of what the PCs collectively know or memories of an earlier in-character discussion with Cimri. It's okay if the players don't feel like they have all the information—they should assume that their PCs already know the pertinent details, and there will be time to fill them in later. If any PCs insist that they wouldn't get involved with a haphazard break-in, assure them that they've made prior, lucrative arrangements (see the Cimri's Persuasions sidebar on page 7). Brief answers to the PCs' most likely questions are presented below.

Who is Cimri? A sharp-tongued hellion with a penchant for drinking and long knives, Cimri has lived in Longacre most of her life. Recently, she's gotten involved with some powerful, if shady, folks willing to spend well to advance their goals.

Who is Ol' Louslik? What's the Louslik Tannery? Jabral Louslik runs the Louslik Tannery, a respectable operation that employs dozens of Longacre's citizens.

Why are we breaking in? According to Cimri's employer, Louslik hasn't been paying his taxes like a good, law-abiding citizen should. She hasn't been told any more, but your gang's pay is likely tied up in whatever you steal.

What are we getting out of this? Cimri's broke, but her employer isn't. You'll each be paid 100 gold pieces for the job, but the real prize is the chance to meet and make a good impression on Cimri's boss, Razelago.

Who is Razelago? Cimri's employer. You've never met him, but Cimri claims he's loaded and has serious connections—including ties to Longacre's government.

What's the Ash House? A half-ruined manor across town that's the setting of dozens of local ghost stories.

If the players have any deeper questions, encourage them to roll with things for now, assuring them that Cimri's gold and personal bargains have won at least one night's loyalty from them.

PREPARING FOR THE HEIST

Once the PCs have had their questions addressed, give them the opportunity to retroactively conduct reconnaissance around the tannery; in other words, they did so before meeting up with Cimri. Each PC should be allowed to attempt a single skill check that might prove useful to the operation. The DC of each of these checks is 15; those skills most likely to be useful and the results of a successful check are detailed below. Feel free to reveal more if a PC resourcefully uses another skill or concocts a clever plan, using the following as guidelines.

Climb or Stealth: PCs who scale the 10-foot-tall wooden palisade around the tannery or sneak up and find a hole in the stockade see that the work yard beyond is largely empty. There are lanterns lit, both at the gate and outside the office. A large dog dozes near the office's door. The place smells terrible.

Disable Device: The gate that opens into the tannery's work yard features a simple mechanism, designed to swing open to admit delivery carts. Constructed for convenience, not defense, a lock can be bypassed to open the gate with the pull of a lever. It won't necessarily be quiet, though. (A successful check allows a PC to notice and understand the device, not disable it.)

Knowledge (local): A small night crew works at the tannery. The tannery's owner, Jabral Louslik, handles the operation's accounting well into the evening. Additionally, Shaul and Pippa Umbre—the town's elderly gong farmers—come and go throughout the night, bringing loads of dung to use in softening leather.

Perception: A portion of the palisade surrounding the tannery has been damaged by repeated impacts from inexpertly steered work carts. This has opened a narrow gap in the palisade near the beamhouse that is out of the way, and could be squeezed through with a bit of effort.

Once the PCs have attempted their checks, return to the scene with Cimri, who asks the PCs what information they discovered with their reconnaissance. After preparations are complete, she asks if everyone's set. If the PCs ask for details on her plan, Cimri doesn't have much. Her scheme is to break the gate's lock, hit

anyone who offers resistance with her sap, and loot the office. If any of the PCs have a better plan or suggests alterations, she goes along with it. Cimri doesn't agree to just any plan, however, and rejects any scheme that risks destroying the tannery or attracting notice from town. Once the plan is set and agreed upon, Cimri sets off at a jog for the gate at area **A1**. Cimri is fully detailed in the NPC Gallery on page 56.

A. LOUSLIK TANNERY

One of the most respected businesses in Longacre, the Louslik Tannery has a reputation for sturdy leather and for treating fairly with local craftsmen. Because of the smelly processes involved in the operation, the tannery sits a mile west of Longacre.

The PCs can infiltrate the tannery through the gate, the gap behind the beamhouse, or by climbing over the palisade (see area **A1**). Any loud or especially suspicious noise is likely to draw the attention of Abbie, Jabral's guard dog in area **A2**. The light coming from the window of the office (area **A4**) clearly marks the PCs' objective.

A1. PALISADE AND GATE

A log palisade surrounds the tannery. In places, gaps between the gray, dry-rotted trunks are wide enough to pass a hand through. To the west, a muddy trail slips beneath a plank gate similar to a barn door. These barriers do absolutely nothing to block the heavy stench of chemicals and dung drifting from within.

The tannery's wall is 10 feet tall, and mostly meant to keep out beasts attracted by the odoriferous operation. As protection against thieves, the palisade is a poor impediment, but better than nothing. Any character who succeeds at a DC 15 Climb check can scale the wall with ease.

A single 10-foot-wide gate allows access into the tannery's work yard (area **A2**). Wide enough to easily admit work carts, the gate would be a cumbersome affair if it weren't for the mechanism that opens and closes it with the flip of a lever mounted just south of the gate itself. Inside the palisade, the control lever is easily accessible; from outside, a small, locked wooden panel protects the lever (hardness 5, hp 5, break DC 15, Disable Device DC 15). Smashing the panel open likely attracts the attention of the guard dog in area **A2**.

Once the panel is opened, pulling the lever activates the mechanism that causes counterweights behind the palisade to drop, opening the gate. The gate's operation is noisy, however, and alerts all of the creatures in the tannery. A PC who succeeds at a DC 18 Disable Device check can cause the gate to open more slowly and quietly, only attracting the interest of the guard dog in area **A2**.

Additionally, there's a gap in the palisade north of the beamhouse (area **A1a**). Small creatures can pass through

CIMRI'S PERSUASIONS

The adventure assumes that Cimri approached each PC prior to the heist and secured his or her assistance in robbing the Louslik Tannery. For most characters, the promise of gold and excitement should assure participation, but if any of the PCs requires additional convincing to go along with the tannery raid, consider the following.

Compromising Their Code: Some lawful characters might not want to break into a legitimate business. If this is the case, Cimri reiterates that Jabral Louslik is withholding legally imposed taxes and claims he is using his influence to sow discontent against the lawful government of Longacre—and she hints that the job might just have the tacit approval of Longacre's ruler. If these claims don't encourage the PC to act, Cimri could encourage him to come along to keep an eye on more volatile members of the group.

Future Contacts: Wealth isn't the only reward Cimri can offer a PC. She makes it her business to get to know most of the interesting people who pass through Longacre. As such, she has quite a circle of connections—including her employer Razelago, who has a relationship with the archbaron of Longacre. If there's a group or a certain someone the PC is interested in getting to know, Cimri can offer to put in a good word—or at the very least, not put in a bad one.

Sweetening the Deal: While Cimri can't offer a PC much more money, there are few people in town who know Longacre better than her. If the PC is interested in get-rich-quick schemes, magical lore, deadly weapons, or crueler diversions, Cimri can lead him to any of those things—if he helps her first. Consult the Longacre Gazetteer on page 62 for ideas on where Cimri's guidance might lead a character.

the gap unimpeded, while those of Medium size can wriggle through with a successful DC 12 Dexterity or Escape Artist check. Characters who fail the check risk alerting the guard dog in area **A2** and must succeed at a Stealth check opposed by the dog's Perception check. The gap is too narrow for Large or larger creatures to fit through.

A2. WORK YARD (CR 1 AND CR 1/2)

Cart furrows and disturbing stains mar this muddy yard. Around the perimeter, murky water pools in rows of sunken tubs. Unspeakable muck encrusts each vat and half-submerged skins float within. From these scabby concoctions drifts a sinus-assaulting reek—a dizzying miasma of rotten eggs, lime, and far worse.

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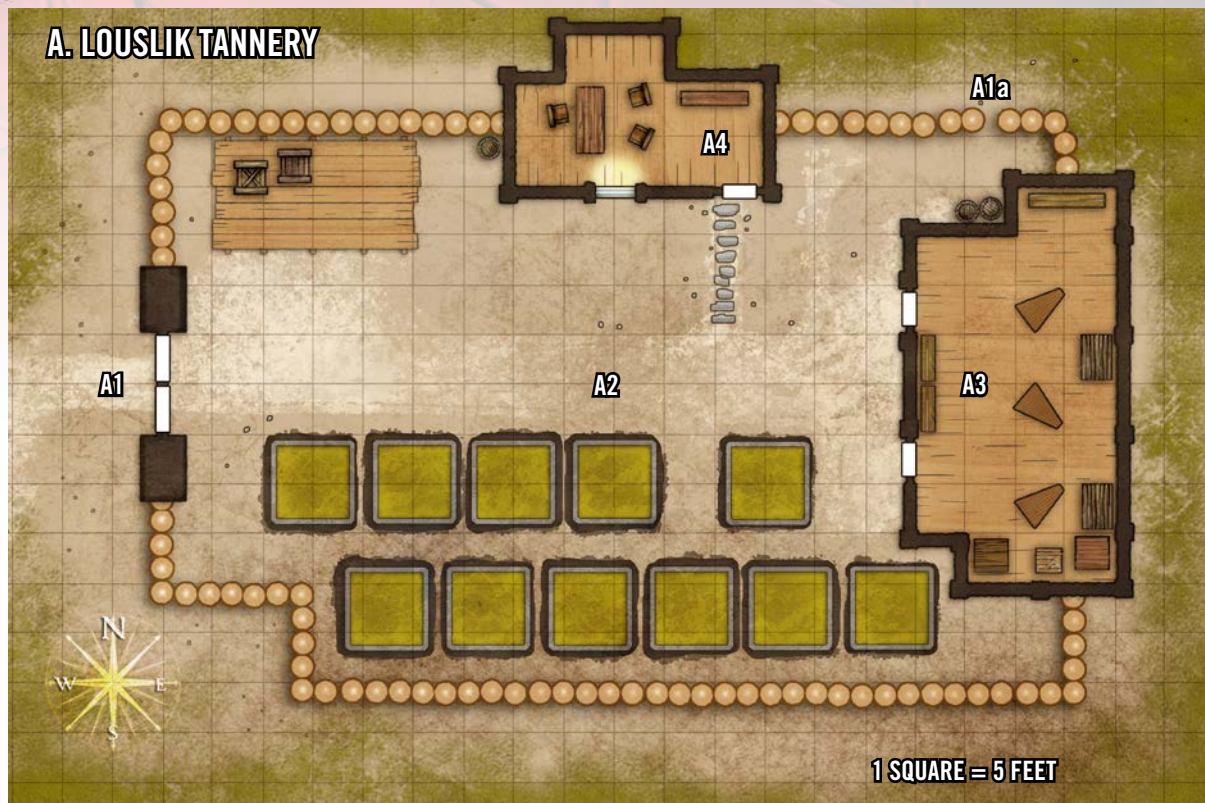
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Roughly a third of the work yard is dedicated to the shipping of animal skins and leather. In the remainder, the disgusting process of preparing leather takes place. Numerous clay vats, buried in the mud, create reeking pools. Characters who succeed at a DC 14 Craft (leather), Knowledge (local), or Survival check can explain that the process of creating leather involves soaking animal skins in urine to remove fat and fur and applying animal waste to make their textures more supple.

Upon entering the work yard, the smell of waste threatens to overpower anyone unused to the tanning process (see Hazards below).

Creatures: Louslik's guard dog Abbie dozes just outside the door to his office (area A4). Abbie has been inseparable from Jabral ever since he rescued her from a dockside fighting pit in Remesiana. She's well loved by the tannery's workers and recognized by most of Longacre's residents.

Abbie is not a skittish dog. If she hears the PCs, she first moves toward them to investigate. Upon seeing strangers or taking any damage, she begins barking and charges to attack the trespassers. If she encounters enemies near the vats, she attempts to bull rush foes into the muck (see Hazards below). Loyal to her master, Abbie fights to the death to defend the tannery.

In addition to Abbie, the PCs risk encountering the tannery's night crew, Shaul and Pippa Umbre, in the yard. Incessant jokesters, the high-spirited—and

slightly demented—the Umbres are gong farmers who clean Longacre's cesspits and privies and bring their contents back to the tannery to be used in the tanning process. Unless the PCs went out of their way to note and avoid the night crew's comings and goings, there is a 30% chance that the old couple returns to the tannery with their stained, flower-painted handcart loaded with chamber pots and fresh excrement harvested from about town before the PCs enter the tannery office (area A4). Otherwise, the gong farmers return as the PCs are leaving the office. If Shaul and Pippa notice the PCs, they try to drive off the trespassers by throwing fragile clay pots of fresh night soil. Anyone hit by one of the gong pots risks contracting filth fever (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 557). While adjacent to their cart, the gong farmers have an effectively endless supply of gong pots to throw.

ABBIE **CR 1**
XP 400
 Female riding dog (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 87)
hp 13

SHAUL AND PIPPA UMBRE (2) **CR 1/3**
XP 135 each
 Old human commoner 1
 CG Medium humanoid (human)
Init +0; **Senses** Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10

hp 4 each (1d6+1)

Fort +2, **Ref** +0, **Will** +0

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee shovel –5 (1d6–1)

Ranged gong pot +0 (1d2–1 plus filth fever)

TACTICS

During Combat Shaul and Pippa stay close to their cart and throw gong pots at intruders. They try keep out of melee combat, but wield their shovels as improvised clubs if necessary.

Morale The gong farmers attempt to surrender as soon as they take any damage.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +0; **CMB** –1; **CMD** 9

Feats Great Fortitude, Simple Weapon Proficiency (club), Throw Anything

Skills Knowledge (local) +1, Perception +4, Profession (gong farmer) +4

Languages Common

Gear shovel

Hazards: Characters without ranks in Craft (armor), Craft (leather), Profession (tanner), or similar related skills must succeed at a DC 12 Fortitude save or be nauseated for 1 round, then sickened for 1 minute afterward, after which they acclimate to the tannery's stench. Those who cover their noses with a mask, handkerchief, or similar item gain a +2 circumstance bonus on the saving throw.

The chemical vats around the perimeter of the yard can also prove hazardous. While only 3 feet deep, each is at least half full with a disgusting, waste-based slurry. Anyone who enters or falls into a vat must succeed at a DC 14 Fortitude save or contract filth fever.

Treasure: A number of crates are stacked in the tannery's shipping area, a low wooden platform in the northwest corner of the yard. Most are filled with messy, unprocessed animal skins, but a PC who succeeds at a DC 14 Perception check notes one crate branded with the name "Remesiana Constabulary." Inside are eight suits of studded leather armor and one suit of masterwork studded leather armor.

Story Award: If the PCs force Shaul and Pippa to surrender or flee, award the PCs full XP for defeating the gong farmers in combat.

A3. BEAMHOUSE

This workhouse is a sizable, airy structure with open doorways and ample ventilation. Tools hang in organized rows upon the walls, most notably arrays of wide knives like miniature crosscut saws. Several inclined tanner's beams

create small workstations about the space, along with vats, drying racks, and numerous crates and bins.

Much of the hands-on work of preparing animal skins occurs here. The tools in this workhouse look professional and some—like the various knives, hooks, and pitchforks—look like they could be employed as weapons, but none are designed for such use (and are considered improvised weapons if used as such).

Treasure: With 5 minutes of searching, the PCs can assemble a set of masterwork artisan's tools, usable with Craft (armor) (leather or studded leather only) or Craft (leather) checks. All of the tools in the beamhouse have the letters "L. T." etched on their handles, which might be recognized by Longacre residents. Several of the crates here are loaded with freshly prepared leather worth 100 gp, though the materials weigh nearly 500 pounds.

A4. OFFICE (CR 2+)

The door to this area is usually locked (hardness 5, hp 10, break DC 15, Disable Device DC 20) and Jabral Louslik has the only key. A strip of ornately tooled leather screwed to the door at eye level bears the name "Jabral Louslik, Proprietor." There's also a wide window just to the left of the door (hardness 1, hp 1, break DC 5). Read or paraphrase the following once the PCs get inside.

Several antique tanning tools and a pair of patterned leather tapestries decorate the walls of this small, rustic office. A well-gnawed pig's foot lies in the corner.

Creatures: The tannery's owner, Jabral Louslik, oversees his business from this office. Currently, Jabral busies himself at his desk, trying to find the source of an error in his shipping budget. His other dog, a small Taldan spaniel named Archie, keeps him company while persistently gnawing on a pig's foot. Taking a cue from Abbie's former owner, Louslik named Archie as a veiled insult toward Longacre's ruler, Archbaron Fex. Unless they're disturbed, neither man nor dog has any reason to leave the office.

Inside the office, both Louslik and Archie take –8 penalties on their Perception checks to hear disturbances outside. The only two exceptions to this are the opening of the gate and the sound of Abbie's bark, both of which they recognize immediately. The gate's opening brings them to the office door in 2d4 rounds to check in with what they believe are the returning night crew. Unless something else suspicious occurs in the interim, Louslik doesn't have any reason to arm himself. Hearing Abbie's bark, though, makes both man and dog wary, as they know the trained guard dog doesn't bark at the tannery's workers. If Abbie's bark alerts him, Louslik loads his heavy crossbow and sends Archie loping ahead of him to investigate.

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BESTIARY

CAMPAIGN OUTLINE

ARCHIE

CR 1/3

XP 135

Dog (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 87)

hp 6

JABRAL LOUSLIK

CR 2

XP 600

Male human expert 4

CG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10 (+2 Dex)**hp** 22 (4d8+4)**Fort** +3, **Ref** +3, **Will** +6

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.**Melee** unarmed strike +2 (1d3–1 nonlethal)**Ranged** mwk heavy crossbow +6 (1d10/19–20)

TACTICS

During Combat Jabral begins combat by targeting the closest trespasser with his thunderstone. After that, he fires and reloads his crossbow as swiftly as possible, doing his best to avoid being surrounded.

Morale If caught outside his office and wounded, Jabral retreats to his office and locks the door. If confronted there, he fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 14, **Con** 10, **Int** 11, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 9

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

Feats Great Fortitude, Point-Blank Shot, Skill Focus (Profession [tanner])

Skills Craft (armor) +7, Craft (leather) +7, Diplomacy +6, Knowledge (local) +7, Perception +9, Profession (tanner) +12, Sense Motive +9

Languages Common

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*, thunderstone; **Other Gear** mwk heavy crossbow with 10 bolts, keys to door and lockbox in area A4

Treasure: The two leather tapestries on the walls are worth 200 gp each, and the antique tools are worth another 200 gp, though they bear the initials “L. T.” just like those in the beamhouse.

In addition, a small lockbox under Louslik’s desk contains the tannery’s recent profits. Opening it requires either Jabral’s key or a successful DC 20 Disable Device check. The contents are divided into numerous small

leather purses (each branded prominently with the initials “L. T.”), containing silver pieces in 10, 20, and 50 sp increments. The funds are worth a total of 800 gp. The box weighs 20 pounds, but can easily be transported.

Cimri opposes any suggestions of quietly pocketing even a small amount of the tannery’s funds, though she confesses that her employer doesn’t know exactly how much the tanner had on hand. She relents if one of the PCs appeals to her greed and succeeds at a DC 12 Diplomacy or Intimidate check, but she refuses to allow the group to steal more than 200 gp total from the lockbox. The rest of the valuables in the tannery are fair game, however.

Development: Once the PCs find the tannery’s lockbox, Cimri is eager to make an escape—doubly so if Louslik was murdered. If Shaul and Pippa Umbre (area A2) survived their encounter with the PCs, the gong farmers rush back to town to get the sheriff. If this occurs, Sheriff Staelish (see page 42) arrives at the tannery with three of her junior deputies (see page 23) 30 minutes later. The PCs should be long gone by then, but if any of them end up getting captured and thrown into jail, Cimri shows up first thing in the morning with an official-looking letter that secures any PCs’ release.

Story Award: If the PCs successfully rob the tannery without killing Louslik, award them full XP for defeating him in combat.

B. THE ASH HOUSE

Once the tannery heist is concluded, the PCs should head to the Ash House to meet up with Cimri and her employer.

Before the Chelish Civil War, the Ash House was Moragatalli Manor, home to one of old Cheliix’s lesser noble families.

In the decades following the rise of House Thrune, numerous supporters of the old order lost their lands, their titles, and—in many cases—their lives.

The Moragatallis tried to remain neutral during the revolution and, upon surviving it, congratulated themselves on their quiet canniness. But House Thrune proved equally quiet and patient with their accountings of their allies, enemies, and milksop bystanders, and decades later,



JABRAL LOUSLIK

Throne gave the Moragatalli lands to House Fex, which had risen in Thrune's esteem. The Moragatallis would have complained, of course, had most members of the family not died in their manor's violent, midnight conflagration. No one doubted what had happened, but the town children's explanations—blaming witches and ghosts—proved far less frightening than the truth. In the 60 years since, Moragatalli Manor has been known as the Ash House.

The Ash House still stands just outside the town to the northwest. The dilapidated structure is a dangerous site most Longacre citizens avoid. Most of the Moragatallis' wealth burned along with their manor, while looters carried off what little survived soon after the fire.

Read or paraphrase the following when the PCs arrive at the Ash House to give them an impression of the ruin.

What remains of this manor looks like it could collapse at any moment. Bearing the scars of a decades-old fire, the house is blackened and sags under the weight of its collapsed third floor. Shattered windows pose no barrier to the riot of ivy scaling each gable and invading every cavity. Bent pillars and a cracked granite porch lead to a warped door bearing a rusty doorknocker shaped like a boar's head.

Despite appearances, what remains of the Ash House is quite sturdy. The most noteworthy parts of the Ash House are detailed below. Those rooms not described are largely empty except for rubble, a few scraps of burnt timber, and dead ivy. The front door is stubborn, having settled deeply in its frame (hardness 5, hp 12, break DC 16). Cimri prefers to avoid the door altogether, coming and going via the broken windows into area B1. Cimri is eager to complete her assignment, and if she is accompanying the PCs, she doesn't let them dawdle, marching them straight upstairs to Razelago's office (area B2).

B1. PARLOR

Pieces of battered furniture lie here amid the choking scent of dust and ashes. Beneath a mantle crowded with empty whiskey bottles, the fireplace shows evidence of recent use. The scorched, broken visages of curious cherubs leer from atop archways leading deeper into the house.

Generations of squatters have collected the most intact of the house's furniture here, marking their stays with shattered brown bottles of a cheap southern whiskey called Old Erebus. Although hardly luxurious, the parlor is dry and rarely disturbed, and Cimri has been using it as her den since falling in with Razelago. She's stashed an oil lamp here and keeps a straw mattress in front of the fireplace.

Anyone spending the night here who succeeds at a DC 20 Perception check hears faint splashing coming

from upstairs, as if someone were getting into a bath and then out of it later. This is a manifestation of the ectoplasmic creature in area B3, though the PCs likely have no way of knowing this without exploring the manor.

Treasure: A plain wooden chest sits on a table in this room. It contains the PCs' payment for the tannery heist, which they can claim once they've been introduced to Razelago (see Meeting Razelago on page 13). Inside the chest is 100 gp per PC, plus Cimri's share of 200 gp, as well as a masterwork dagger for Cimri and one masterwork weapon for each PC—you should choose a useful and favorable weapon for each PC ahead of time. If the PCs balk at Cimri getting more than they do, she can be talked into splitting the entire take evenly with a successful DC 12 Diplomacy or Intimidate check.

B2. RAZELAGO'S OFFICE (CR 4)

The door to this area is normally kept locked (hardness 5, hp 18, break DC 18, Disable Device DC 20), except for when Razelago (see Creatures below) is expecting guests.

Read or paraphrase the following when the PCs first enter the room.

Toppled bookshelves, a table, and some chairs half-covered in ivy suggest this room was once a library. The ashes and pulp of burned, waterlogged books lay heaped amid fallen furniture, creating a large nest of sorts against one wall. A set of folding paper screens divides the room. A lantern flickers on the opposite side, projecting the silhouette of a desk and high-backed chair upon the thin paper.

The Moragatallis' impressive library was utterly destroyed in the fire that consumed their manor. When Cimri brings the PCs to meet her employer Razelago, or when they have business with him otherwise, they'll likely treat with him here (see Meeting Razelago on page 13).

The room's usual inhabitants do everything in their power to prevent snooping, but even if the PCs have the opportunity to search the room, there is little of value to find. The desk is empty and a fire-scarred mannequin sits in the high-backed chair behind the screens.

Creatures: Archbaron Darellus Fex is the undisputed ruler of Longacre, but there are limits to his power. Fortunately, the clever accuser devil Razelago has an impressive track record when it comes to manipulating circumstances to make sure things turn out in the archbaron's favor. A hellish messenger in Fex's employ, Razelago is the archbaron's eyes and ears in town, invisibly spying on Fex's enemies and relating what he sees to his master via his infernal eye and *whispering wind*. Additionally, when the archbaron needs something dealt with in an extra-legal fashion, Razelago delights in manipulating Longacre's simple residents to wicked ends.

Razelago made the Ash House his place of business not long after agreeing to serve Archbaron Fex, and

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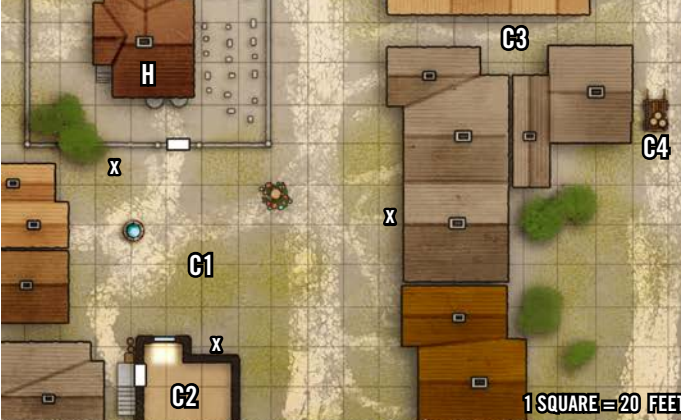
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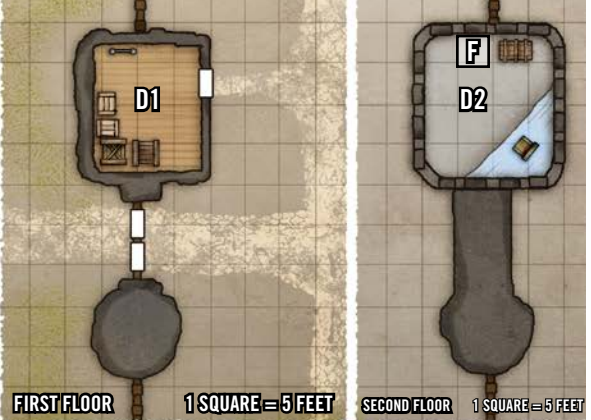
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chose this library as his office, amused by the loss of so much knowledge and life for such petty reasons. Despite Razelago's skills as a spy, it sometimes benefits him to reveal himself—to a degree—here in his Ash House office. Without any ability to change his shape, the devil has set up the office to hide his identity in a way that implies a mysterious, flesh-and-blood businessman is sitting only a few steps away. Behind the paper screens sits a wooden mannequin, lit from behind, which Razelago manipulates while invisible to suggest the movement of a lean, bald human. The dramatics serve the devil well, not just for his own personal entertainment, but also to impress the superstitious, excitement-starved sorts he typically employs as puppets.

The devil is well aware that deception is not protection, however, and has secured the services of a powerful, pantherlike creature called a krenshar as a bodyguard, which he keeps well fed. Called Gaurig, the krenshar was captured in the foothills of the Menador Mountains and shipped to Remesiana for sale or skinning. When bandits in the Whisperwood ambushed the trapper, Gaurig escaped into the forest. After several lonely years of hunting and taking her resentment out on the few humans she encountered, the krenshar encountered Razelago in the forest near Longacre. The telepathic devil managed to tempt Gaurig into defending the Ash House and lending her intimidating visage to his cause in return for a promise to feed her human flesh as often as possible and eventually return her to the Menador foothills. The krenshar isn't sure what Razelago is—she believes he might be some sort of fairy—but their year-old arrangement has thus far proven agreeable, if a bit boring.

Together, Razelago and Gaurig are a lethal pair, and the accuser devil has a greater role to play as the campaign progresses. Should it look like the PCs are headed toward a fight with them, Cimri or another NPC should try to deter or dissuade them from attacking. If worst comes to worst, the accuser devil tries to escape a confrontation at this juncture.

GAURIG CR 1

XP 400

Female krenshar (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 174)

hp 13

RAZELAGO CR 3

XP 800

Male accuser devil (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 84)

hp 30

TACTICS

During Combat If he's sure he can harass his foes with impunity, Razelago first attempts to summon lemures. If that fails, he summons swarms of fat spiders to attack foes. He uses his melee attack only on unwitting or helpless opponents.



Morale Razelago is untold centuries old and has no intention of dying on the Material Plane. He's quick to make use of his wings, *invisibility*, or *greater teleport* to escape combat.

MEETING RAZELAGO

The adventure assumes that the PCs' first meeting with Razelago is in the company of Cimri. When they first enter the room, the PCs should immediately notice Gaurig dozing in the nest of book pulp. The krenshar lifts her head with suspicion as the strangers enter.

At the same time the light behind the paper screen slowly intensifies, casting the stark silhouette of a bald figure seated at a desk upon the divider. After a moment of slow shuffling, a high-pitched voice, sounding as though it could belong to someone either very young or very old, wheezes from behind the screen: "Cimri. Is it done?"

Cimri answers in the affirmative, then produces the lockbox from the tannery (or collects it from a PC) and sets it on the table on her side of the screen. She gives Razelago an account—only slightly exaggerated—of the break-in, highlighting the actions of any PCs who impressed her. If it comes up that Louslik or others were killed in the break-in, Razelago isn't fazed. The mysterious man occasionally nods during the retelling, but doesn't speak again until the story is complete.

"Excellent. You've done well, Cimri, and your associates sound like individuals of rare potential. You'll all find your payment waiting in the parlor below, along with a gift for each of you. Go, enjoy, celebrate. You deserve a reward for your impressive work. We'll talk more in the near future."

Although Cimri thanks Razelago and moves to leave, the PCs might have questions. Razelago tolerates two or three before encouraging the group to go find out what his gift is. Respond to likely questions by reading or paraphrasing the following.

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BESTIARY

CAMPAIGN OUTLINE



Who are you? “A businessman, with a particular interest in Longacre, and one with the capital to pay for the changes I’d like to see.”

What sort of business are you in? “Organization, development, administration, I do a bit of it all. There are many small, aimless towns like Longacre about the nation. I’d see them strive for greater.”

Is it true you have government connections? “I have relationships with many people, both high and low. Perhaps when we know each other better, I can be less circumspect.”

Why won’t you show us your face? “These are sensitive times and I don’t yet know you. If our association proves mutually profitable, and you comport yourself honorably in your dealings, trust might come—in time.”

Are you some sort of monster? “I’m cautious and you’re suspicious—that’s understandable. I hope you’ll give me the opportunity to prove my good intentions.”

Why’d you have us rob the tannery? “Jabral Louslik hasn’t been paying his fair share of taxes. Beyond that, he is also very opinionated. He’d oppose the cooperation I’d like to see among Longacre’s people. I’d prefer that his influence be weakened—and no one trusts a poor man.”

Any Sense Motive checks attempted during the conversation with Razelago reveal that he’s being honest, but obviously isn’t telling them everything—a point he willingly confesses. If the PCs use magic like *detect evil* to learn more about their patron, the devil merely laughs, claiming that only the short-sighted believe ambition is evil. He also muses that he senses more than a little “ambition” in the PCs as well.

During their conversation, Razelago will not bargain with the PCs for more money, and only snickers if someone threatens to reveal him to the locals, nodding and saying he approves of the characters’ ambition. If they are patient and trustworthy, he assures them, he will see their eagerness turned to profit. In any case, Razelago suggests, then insists, that the PCs go collect their reward. If the PCs refuse to leave, or try to get around the screen, Gaurig stands up and begins growling. That and Cimri’s insistence should be enough to convince most PCs to go.

Development: It’s nearing dawn by the time the PCs collect their reward, which is waiting for them in the parlor on the ground floor (see the Treasure section for area B1), along with eight bottles of a fine Wiscrani barbera wine, several loaves of fresh bread, garlic-flavored butter, and a variety of smoked fish and boar’s meat. It’s a veritable feast, and among the best food Cimri—and likely many of the PCs—have ever had in their lives.

Once they’ve received their payment, Cimri encourages the PCs to stay, celebrate with her, and play a few rounds of drunken bull’s-eye with her new dagger. Any PC who doesn’t want to rest and entertain themselves should feel free to go conduct other business in Longacre. This is also an opportune time

for characters who have been told they have a prior arrangement with Cimri to learn the details of their agreement, if they haven’t done so already (see the Cimri’s Persuasions sidebar on page 7).

Story Award: Award the PCs 600 XP for surviving the tannery heist and meeting Razelago.

B3. BATH (CR 1)

The Ash House’s master bath isn’t easy to access, being in a part of the house largely crushed beneath the building’s collapsed third floor. The rubble in the second floor hall can be cleared with an hour of work, exposing the master bath. Read or paraphrase the following if the PCs discover and enter the bath.

Ivy invades even this musty room. Old ash streaks the tiled walls of what was once a lavish bath chamber, while broken mosaic chips and fallen timbers cover the floor with sharp scree. Opposite the door, a porcelain tub filled with stagnant water hunches beneath a crescent-shaped mirror distorted by intense heat.

The bath is choked with wreckage from the fallen floor above. The tub appears to be filled with mud and rainwater, but any PC who succeeds at a DC 14 Heal check realizes the mud is actually long-rotted human remains.

Creature: When Moragatalli Manor caught fire, matron Kallasta Moragatalli wisely intuited from the sound of spellcasting outside that there’d be no escape. Desperately seeking to save herself and her most cherished keepsakes, she grabbed a box full of medals from her youth, when she served in King Gaspodar’s army. She then dove into the bath she’d prepared, hoping the water and sturdy tub would protect her. Unfortunately, they did not. Kallasta died in the conflagration, but her desperation tied her spirit to the manor. Eventually, she managed to create an ectoplasmic body to house her soul. This remnant of the house matron still remains here, hatefully attacking anyone who disturbs her undead existence. Kallasta pursues any opponents who flee this chamber, but she does not leave the confines of the Ash House.

KALLASTA MORAGATALLI

CR 1

XP 400

Advanced ectoplasmic human (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 4*)

288, 82)

hp 9

Treasure: Anyone who succeeds at a DC 10 Perception check while searching the tub discovers a “muddy” box containing eight tarnished medals. A successful DC 14 Knowledge (history) or Knowledge (local) check is enough to identify the medals as military honors dating to the era before the Chelish Civil War more than 100 years before. The medals are worth 75 gp apiece.

THE SECOND JOB

The day after the tannery heist, Cimri wakes the PCs or comes to fetch them around noon, telling them Razelago wants to meet with them again immediately. Razelago's office is as it was before, only now a small, black lacquered box sits on the table before the paper screens. Once the PCs are assembled, Razelago explains the situation.

"With the number of veterans who live in town, it's not surprising that there's a church of Iomedae in Longacre. But there might not be one much longer if Tileavia Allamar, its priestess, does what she has in mind."

Razelago's silhouette clasps shadowy hands. "There's growing unrest in the empire, and not just in Pezzack and along the Hellcoast. Many of Iomedae's faithful have begun speaking more boldly of the monarchy's vices and the rights of citizens. They seem to believe this is Andoran and that the people have only to reach out to seize power. But they are wrong. This is Cheliax, not Andoran, and we know where true power lies."

"Fifth Sword Knight Allamar is gathering all who will listen for a sermon in front of her church this afternoon—only two short hours from now. I don't know what she has in mind, but I suspect some revolutionary claptrap that can only sow the seeds of confusion and frustration among Longacre's citizens. That is contrary to my wishes. So I'd like you to attend the rally. In the box are sashes marked with the insignia of Archbaron Fex. Wear them, remind people that the lord of this town is not without supporters, and see what transpires. Afterward, Cimri will report back to me. In return, you will all receive double what you did last night."

Cimri quickly agrees and takes the box. Again, Razelago gives the PCs the opportunity to ask a few questions, but in this case there isn't much more to know. Regarding the unrest and the Iomedaeans, Razelago has heard rumors of the Glorious Reclamation, but he wants to hear what Allamar has to say first. If any of the PCs try to barter with Razelago over their fee, he refuses to budge on his price, even allowing individuals to walk away from the job. Afterward, though, Cimri approaches such PCs and says she's impressed with their tenacity, offering them a share of her own payment (up to 50 gp more).

Back in the parlor, Cimri opens the small box and withdraws a broad, crimson sash emblazoned with the symbol of Cheliax and the arms of House Fex—a pair of fighting stags with bloody antlers. There is one sash for each PC and Cimri. Some PCs might want to organize a plan for what they'll do before they leave, but Cimri suggests they go check out the church square before overthinking a strategy.



C. SERMON IN THE SQUARE

The PCs have 2 hours before Fifth Sword Knight Tileavia Allamar appears on the balcony of the Church of Iomedae to address the crowd gathered in the square outside the church. Give the PCs time to mingle, gather information, and discover the locations surrounding the church square. If the PCs decide they wish to do more than just watch the sermon, there should be just enough time for them to put any reasonable scheme into effect.

Use the Sermon in the Square map on page 12 for this section.

Unknown to the PCs, Razelago himself is also present in the church square to witness the sermon, concealing his presence with *invisibility* and recording all that transpires with his infernal eye, both to see how the PCs handle their assigned task and to create a record to share with Archbaron Fex.

The devil does not involve himself in anything that happens, however.

Before the sermon begins, however—and prior to any illegalities the PCs might get involved in—Sheriff Rhona Staelish goes out of her way to introduce herself (see The Sheriff of Longacre on page 16).

C1. CHURCH SQUARE

Longacre's Church of Iomedae, surrounded by a wrought-iron fence, sits just to the north of one of the town's squares called, appropriately enough, the church square. The square contains a well, available for use by anyone in town, and a tall wooden post for posting notices and announcements. Shops and businesses surround the plaza, and a wide thoroughfare runs north and south through the square. A conspicuous white-clothed table stands in front of the church, apparently in readiness for the sermon, though the table is currently bare.

The church itself is detailed in area H and the map on page 38.

Creatures: A few small groups of elderly locals and laborers from nearby businesses have gathered in the square, mostly around the well or along the fence surrounding the churchyard, muttering about what they've heard or imagined about Allamar's announcement. As the time of the sermon gets closer, more townsfolk drift into the square until the crowd is 100 strong. If necessary, you can use the statistics for an apprentice jeweler (*Pathfinder RPG NPC Codex* 260) or pig farmer (*NPC Codex* 256) for these townsfolk.

Any PC who succeeds at a DC 12 Diplomacy check to gather information or a DC 14 Stealth check to eavesdrop hears one of the following rumors. The DC of the Diplomacy check increases to 16 if the PC is wearing one of Razelago's sashes (the Stealth check DC is unaffected).

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- “I heard one of Sword Knight Allamar’s sons say she was visited by an angel! This could mean great things for the church and the town.”
- “Fex doesn’t like the townsfolk gathering in large groups like this. Allamar’s message must be pretty important if she’s willing to provoke the archbaron.”
- “Something bad went down at Louslik Tannery last night. I bet that’s what has the priestess worked up. We’re in for some hellfire from her for sure!”

C2. SHOP

One of the buildings across the square from the church used to be the Three Bands Cooper. The archbaron’s excessive taxes on local craftsmen, especially those working with local goods, drove the cooper out of business about a year ago. The shop is dark, boarded up, and empty, but there’s a rickety staircase in the adjacent alley that leads to the building’s second floor. A locked door (hardness 5, hp 10, break DC 15, Disable Device DC 15) bars the way into an empty second-story apartment, where a window provides an unobstructed view of the church square and temple beyond. In fact, the church balcony that Fifth Sword Knight Allamar will be speaking from is only 120 feet away from the window. While there’s no particular reason the PCs would need a good view of the priestess’s position, wicked-minded PCs might consider this location a prime sniper’s nest.

C3. ALLEY

The alley between Buckman’s Hardware and the Graceful Goose Haberdasher is wide and clean, but it remains in shadow for most of the day. The entirety of the alley is considered an area of dim light, which allows characters to attempt Stealth checks to hide in the alley.

C4. SEWARD STREET

One block east of the church square, Seward Street is largely empty, but a distracted workman has left his donkey and a delivery cart loaded with four casks of wood tar here. PCs who succeed at a DC 12 Knowledge (local), Knowledge (nature), or relevant Craft or Profession check know that wood tar is especially flammable.

Although they are too big to be thrown, casks of wood tar can be lit on fire (which takes a full-round action), rolled, and broken, targeting a specific grid intersection like splash weapons. A single cask of burning wood tar deals 1d6 points of fire damage to all creatures and objects within 5 feet of the targeted intersection, and

1 point of fire splash damage to creatures within 10 feet of the targeted intersection. A creature who takes damage from burning wood tar must succeed at a DC 15 Reflex save or catch fire (*Core Rulebook* 444). If all of the casks on the cart are set alight and the cart itself is rolled into the square, the wood tar deals 4d6 points of fire damage within 5 feet and 4 points of fire splash damage within 10 feet.

While there’s no overt call for the PCs to steal the tar or attempt to disrupt the sermon, the combination makes a tempting crime of opportunity—especially when combined with the shadowy depths of the nearby alley (area C3). If necessary, you can use the statistics for a pony

(*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 177) for the donkey.

Treasure: If the PCs steal the wood tar, each cask is worth 5 gp.

THE SHERIFF OF LONGACRE

Razelago and the PCs aren’t the only ones in town wary about Sword Knight Allamar’s announcement. Longacre’s sheriff and three of her junior deputies show up in the church square about an hour before the sermon with an objective similar to the PCs: to make their presence known. They’re hoping to serve as a calming element and, if things get out of hand, to step in and settle any problems before they start. They also serve as an impediment if the PCs have anything violent in mind.

At some point, as long as the PCs aren’t being exceptionally stealthy, Sheriff Rhona Staelish—who also happens to be Cimri’s aunt—approaches Cimri and the PCs with a few questions. Sheriff Staelish’s questions and Cimri’s snide responses are detailed below. However, a few of the sheriff’s pointed questions require Cimri to attempt Bluff checks to obscure incriminating information from her aunt. If she succeeds at a Bluff check opposed by Sheriff Staelish’s Sense Motive check (the sheriff’s Sense Motive skill modifier is +3), nothing occurs. If Cimri fails two checks, however, the sheriff becomes suspicious of Cimri and the PCs. Once Staelish asks her second question, the PCs should be allowed to attempt their own DC 14 Sense Motive checks to notice that the sheriff is asking leading questions. Once they realize this, any PC can attempt to answer the sheriff’s questions instead of Cimri, using Charisma-based skills such as Bluff, Diplomacy, or Intimidate, opposed by the sheriff’s Sense Motive checks.

“Cimri! How’s my favorite niece doing?” “I was just dandy, Aunt Rhona.” (No skill check required.)

RHONA STAELISH

“Some shady folks you’ve been hanging around with lately. Want to introduce me to your friends?” “Not particularly.” (Allow the PCs to attempt DC 14 Sense Motive checks.)

“So, you’re here for Sword Knight Allamar’s sermon? I didn’t think you were the religious sort.” “Not likely, unless she’s pulled the stick out of her robes and started worshipping Calistria.” (Cimri attempts a Bluff check.)

“Did you hear about what happened at the tannery last night? You wouldn’t know anything about that, would you?” “No, should I?” (Cimri attempts a Bluff check.)

“What’s the story with the sashes? Is the archbaron or someone paying you to wear those?” “Is it a crime to be patriotic?” (Cimri attempts a Bluff check.)

If the PCs end the casual questioning early, pull Cimri away, confess to their shady dealings, or otherwise act suspiciously, the sheriff immediately becomes distrustful. After she’s asked her questions and the PCs have said all they please, she ends the conversation: “Well, I have to keep an eye on things here. You all stay out of trouble, you hear?”

If needed, the statistics for Sheriff Staelish and her junior deputies may be found on pages 42 and 23.

Development: After speaking with the PCs, Sheriff Staelish directs her three deputies to take up positions at the locations marked “X” on the map. If she’s suspicious of the PCs, she also assigns two additional deputies to follow them until the sermon is over. These deputies try to keep out of sight, but have only a +1 bonus on their Stealth checks and don’t disturb the PCs unless they do something flagrantly illegal.

If it looks like the meeting with the sheriff might turn into a confrontation, Cimri does her best to deter the PCs from attacking. Not only would she prefer her aunt not be harmed, but she also knows her ambitions would be better served if she and the PCs weren’t in jail. If the PCs insist, they could probably take out a few deputies, but the combined might of several deputies and the sheriff is at least a CR 4 encounter, which would likely overwhelm them. Should the PCs be defeated, they wake up in jail, but Cimri bails them out a day later.

THE SERMON

Once the PCs have familiarized themselves with the area surrounding the Church of Iomedae and have implemented any preparations they see fit, it’s time for the priestess’s sermon. Tileavia Allamar, Fifth Sword Knight of Iomedae, appears on one of the church’s balconies, dressed in the yellow-trimmed white cassock of her faith, and addresses the crowd in a clear, strong voice.

“Friends and neighbors, I have wondrous tidings to share! We have all known hardships in our lives—needless sorrows, injustice, even cruelty. Indeed, such is the struggle of all who live. But many among us have known more than our share.

Many among us have shouldered burdens laid upon them not by the Inheritor, but by those who would curse her name and taunt her faithful.

“But today, I bear a missive from champions of Iomedae’s faith, heralds of the goddess’s will, who know your troubles and would see them end.”

Allamar gestures to her twin sons, Loran and Lacall, who carry a box swaddled in white linen between them and place it on the table in front of the church. The priestess unfurls a rolled parchment and again raises her voice.

“I received this letter last night:

“People of Longacre! The time of your redemption is at hand. When the song of the Inheritor rises, you all must choose: live as complacent vassals of corruption and evil, or embrace honor and claim the glory that is your right. The Glorious Reclamation gives you a choice.”

“Signed, ‘Lencia Visserene, Knight-Inheritor of the Glorious Reclamation.’

“Friends, it is up to us to restore the worship of Iomedae to its proper place in Cheliah and reclaim our nation in the name of the Inheritor. But we have been given a sign—a sign that the ‘Angel Knight’ has come to Longacre to lead us to glory!”

Allamar’s sons lift the linen and box lid, revealing an ornate silver helmet sculpted with angelic features and a halo of curls. The faceplate’s eyeless hollows stare sternly into the crowd.

Depending on how events at Louslik Tannery unfolded, Allamar’s message might have a second, more shocking announcement. If Jabral Louslik, Shaul Umbre, Pippa Umbre, or any other tannery workers were killed the previous night, Allamar has acolytes carry out coffins displaying her neighbors’ corpses. She claims that their killings were not the result of random brigandage, but were assassinations provoked by Jabral’s open criticism of Archbaron Fex’s excessive taxes, callous administration, and personal decadence.

Once Allamar finishes her announcement, she turns and reenters the temple, leaving the crowd with plenty of questions about the Glorious Reclamation and this “Angel Knight,” Lencia Visserene. Allamar’s sons remain in the churchyard to give the people a good look at the helmet. Following their mother’s directions, they take the helmet inside after 15 minutes, dutifully watching over it until that time.

Some people immediately drift away following the sermon, but several pockets of curious and upset townspeople remain in the square to get a closer look at the silver helmet in the churchyard and muse on the meaning of the priestess’s message, gathering in larger clusters than before. Although Allamar didn’t overtly call on Longacre’s residents to rebel, her message was undoubtedly provocative and put the remaining

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townsfolk in a fiery mood. While these embers might not appear like much of a revolution, this is the beginning of the uprising in Longacre, and the heightened emotions following in the wake of the assembly are the first point where the townsfolk's frustrations have the potential to turn into actual rebellion.

Development: Throughout this adventure, the rebelliousness of Longacre's citizens and the success of their uprising are tracked with Rebellion Points, which are detailed in Part 2 (see page 23). At this stage, as long as you are aware that Rebellion Points are something the PCs don't want the townsfolk to accrue, you don't need to do anything more than keep a running total of the Rebellion Points accrued so far. If the PCs do nothing, the town will gain 3 Rebellion Points in the speech's aftermath. Fortunately, there are several routes the PCs can take to mitigate the peoples' ire. Some of the most likely methods and how they might unfold are noted below, though you should entertain other plausible courses of action if the PCs come up with their own ideas.

Counter Oration: The PCs might attempt to counteract the priestess's rabble-rousing with their own speech, requiring a successful DC 16 Bluff, Diplomacy, Intimidate, Perform (oratory), or other useful Charisma-based skill check. This might include making their own speech decrying Iomedae's faith, or cutting in on groups of muttering townsfolk and overbearing their seditious gossip with Intimidate checks. Subtract 1 Rebellion Point (minimum 0) if the PCs successfully counter Tileavia Allamar's oration.

Disperse the Crowd: The PCs can douse the rebellious sparks lingering in the churchyard by breaking up the assembly. This can be handled similarly to the Counter Oration option, where the PCs use Charisma-based skills to insist there's nothing more to be seen here. So long as the PCs aren't violent in their encouragement, the local law doesn't impede them. Alternatively, with a successful DC 16 Diplomacy check, they can convince Sheriff Staelish or her deputies that letting the people fume isn't in anyone's best interest, prompting the sheriff to break things up. Subtract 1 Rebellion Point (minimum 0) if the PCs successfully disperse the crowd.

Steal the Helmet: The masklike silver helm Tileavia Allamar revealed during her speech remains on display in the church square, guarded by her sons Loran and Lacall (see page 33 for their statistics, if necessary). The twins do not allow anyone to simply take the helmet, of course, and attacking them in broad daylight is a sure way to attract the attention of Sheriff Staelish and her deputies. However, if the PCs manufacture some distraction, the helmet might be easier to take, requiring only a successful DC 14 Sleight of Hand or Stealth check, though the thief still needs to smuggle the helm away. Subtract 1 Rebellion Point (minimum 0) if the PCs successfully steal the helmet.

Prevent the Speech: The most effective method of countering Allamar's speech is to prevent it from ever happening. This wasn't Razelago's intent in sending the PCs here and, logically, the PCs shouldn't have any cause to disrupt the priestess's sermon, but it is still an option. There are multiple distractions the PCs can engineer to cut the assembly short—such as an assassin's arrow from the shop window across the square (area C2) or a wagon of burning tar (area C4). These are effective interruptions, causing Allamar to cut her sermon short and take cover in the church, but also dangerous ones that might force the PCs to flee the scene early or result in their arrest. Sheriff Staelish and her deputies react swiftly to any obvious crime, but their efforts are uncoordinated, and PCs who are both subtle and fast should be able to get away without too much trouble. If the PCs manage to halt the speech entirely, no Rebellion Points are accrued—for the moment. However, even if the PCs prevent Allamar from making her announcement, word of the Glorious Reclamation and the "Angel Knight" still spreads among the townsfolk, albeit much more slowly.

AFTER THE SERMON

When they're finished at the church square, Cimri encourages the PCs to come with her to report back to Razelago. Once back at the Ash House, if one of the PCs doesn't take the initiative to recount the afternoon's events, Cimri does. Razelago's response is as follows.

"That's a more dramatic move than I'd expect from a country priestess—I'm impressed. Tileavia Allamar might be more interesting than I'd thought. It's the helmet and this 'Angel Knight' I'm curious about, though. I've heard rumors of the Glorious Reclamation. An overzealous mob of Iomedae fanatics calling for a nationwide revolution, as if there was any hope of that. Still, Archbaron Fex might find this information valuable.

"In any case, you've done well. You'll find your payment in the parlor. I shouldn't have any more work for you today, but I suspect that might change tomorrow. I'll send word."

If the PCs actually prevented Allamar from making her speech, Razelago is disappointed, but he sees some dark humor in the PCs' misdeeds. In this case, his only response is the last paragraph of the read-aloud text above.

Again, give the PCs the opportunity to ask Razelago any questions they might have, including any of the topics that came up in their first meeting with the accuser devil (see page 14). Possible questions and Razelago's answers are presented below.

Can you tell us more about the Glorious Reclamation?

"Very little. They seem to all be followers of Iomedae—priests, mostly, and a handful of knights—who are convinced that optimism and a few outraged peasants can bring down House Thrune. It would be laughable

if they weren't so fanatical and well armed. From what I've heard, they're mostly operating in the mountains along the Isgeri border. In truth, I'm a bit surprised their zealotry has stretched this far."

Do you know anything about Lencia Visserene/the Angel Knight? "This is the first I've heard of her. It sounds like you and that priestess know more than me."

Who is Archbaron Fex? "Do you not know the lord by right of Longacre? He's a stern ruler and a staunch supporter of House Thrune, as well as an accomplished practitioner of magic. He's easily the most influential figure in town and not a man you want to cross."

Once the PCs are through speaking with Razelago, Cimri leads them back downstairs where, again, they find their payment waiting in the parlor, this time without food and drink (see *Treasure* below). It's likely still early in the evening, so the PCs should feel free to conduct other business as they please.

Treasure: The chest in the parlor (area B1) contains 200 gp for each PC.

Story Award: Award the PCs 800 XP for attending Tileavia Allamar's sermon and reporting back to Razelago. Moreover, award the PCs an additional 400 XP for every Rebellion Point subtracted due to their actions following the announcement.

THE ARCHBARON'S DECREE

The evening after Fifth Sword Knight Allamar's sermon, Razelago reports to his master, Archbaron Fex. The archbaron isn't terribly concerned about the priestess or a few irate peasants, but he can't ignore the mention of the Glorious Reclamation or the mysterious Angel Knight. As fate would have it, though, Fex has recently received word from the capital. In light of the surge in dissident activity across the nation, the Infernal Majestrix has placed Chelias's largest cities under martial law. While such extreme measures are not necessary (or feasible) everywhere in Chelias, local lords have been empowered with extended authority to impose curfews, curtail citizens' rights, and enact more brutal forms of justice. Given word of Glorious Reclamation activity in Longacre, Archbaron Fex imposes several strict new laws upon the town—now all he needs is someone to carry them out.

The following morning at dawn, Cimri once more gathers the PCs to meet in Razelago's office, where the devil has a new job for them.

"Nothing more than an errand today, but one well suited to your skills. I met with the Archbaron last night."

Razelago's silhouette inclines a hand toward a stack of rolled parchments on the table. "He has issued several new decrees that he'd like posted across town to inform the citizenry."

Give the PCs a moment to investigate the documents, which are all copies of the archbaron's decree (see Handout #1 on page 20).



"Post these decrees at the notice post in the church square, the jail, the Last Stand Tavern, and the Castle Gate. And while you're at the jail, stop by the sheriff's office. The Archbaron has a second decree for you to deliver." Razelago's shadow tilts toward Cimri, who picks up a folded page from the table. "One that dismisses Rhona Staelish as the sheriff of Longacre."

"You have until noon today. Perform as reliably as you have in your last two tasks, and I'll pay what we agreed upon for your first task. If this assignment goes smoothly, the Archbaron would like to meet with you. It sounds as though he might soon have some civil positions to fill."

The PCs are likely to have more questions than usual after reading the archbaron's decree. Razelago patiently answers what he can, but dances around particulars of his relationship with the archbaron. His answers to some of the more likely questions include the following.

Why is the archbaron making these decrees? "Archbaron Fex takes word of the Glorious Reclamation very seriously. Rather than seeing Longacre become a mire of fetid thinking, he seeks to steel his holdings against it before it takes root."

How long will these laws remain in effect? "Until the archbaron decrees otherwise."

Why would the archbaron get rid of the sheriff? "Staelish is popular with the people—because she's soft. She's never seen eye to eye with the archbaron. In these times, we need unity between our leaders and those who would enforce their will."

What's your involvement with the archbaron? "We've had a variety of business dealings in the past. This is but one more."

How does the archbaron expect the people to react? "There will be grumbling, of course, but most of Longacre's citizens know their place. For those that don't—well, I should think the archbaron will need a sterner sheriff than the one he has."

Who is the notary mentioned in the decree? "Notary Brackenbol maintains the town's records and has an

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HANDOUT #1

All Citizens of and Visitors to the Town of Longacre,

By Order of His Lordship Darellus Fex, Archbaron of Longacre, and in accordance with the wishes of Her Infernal Majestrix, Queen Abrogail II of the Thrice-Damned House of Thrune, the following decrees are now in effect:

Longacre's western gate, known as the Castle Gate, is closed until further notice. All travel into and out of Longacre must employ the north or south gates and be officially sanctioned. Only the archbaron's agents, sanctioned local businesses, or those displaying a writ of passage bearing the seal of House Fex, will be granted passage. All others must obtain a writ from the Longacre notary or do business elsewhere.

Longacre citizens shall not congregate in groups numbering greater than six in private, or in numbers greater than twelve in public. Exceptions will be made only for families with more than six members or for individuals undertaking the natural course of their business. Gatherings for the purposes of celebration, education, or religion are not exempt from this order.

A curfew is now in effect. From the hour after dusk to the hour before dawn, no citizen of Longacre is allowed upon the town's streets without a writ of exception bearing the seal of House Fex. The archbaron's agents and sanctioned local businesses are exempt from this order. Those seeking a writ of exception may apply at the Longacre Notary.

Any persons found in violation of these mandates or any other laws and sanctions of Longacre will be considered seditious agents and are subject to questioning, imprisonment, and summary judgment by the Archbaron of Longacre and officials of the town government.

For the prosperity of Longacre, the protection of the Empire, and the glory of House Thrune,

*Darellus Fex,
Archbaron of Longacre*

office near the sheriff's. He's already been notified of the new laws."

Once Razelago has answered the PCs' questions, Cimri leads them back to the parlor. The PCs can prepare however they wish, but Cimri encourages them not to dawdle, expecting not just their employer, but also the archbaron, to be displeased if the decrees aren't posted by noon. Meanwhile, Cimri retrieves a mallet and a few bent nails from about the house.

When the PCs are ready, they can visit the four locations where the decrees are to be posted in whatever order they wish, though Cimri encourages the group to visit the sheriff's office last, not looking forward to the run-in with her aunt. At each location, the PCs will meet Longacre residents who express opinions about the new laws ranging from annoyance to outrage. None should result in deadly violence, though, unless the PCs escalate them into fights.

As before, Razelago follows the PCs, remaining invisible the whole time and spying on them with his infernal eye, but not interfering with anything that might transpire.

NOTICE POST

Longacre's notice post is located in the church square (area C1).

A fifteen-foot-tall wooden post, scarred by nails and plastered with faded pronouncements, rises from a bed of posies in the church square. A verdigris-stained copper archer swivels atop a squeaky weather vane at the post's summit.

Local news, business listings, and past decrees of lesser importance cover the stake at the center of Longacre's church square. Those who peruse the papers here and succeed at a DC 16 Perception check find at least five decrees by Archbaron Fex imposing new or raising existing taxes on local businesses. A PC who succeeds at a DC 16 Knowledge (local) check identifies the archer atop the post as Alisa the Bandit Buster, who slew a bandit lord named Kalisboro who once preyed upon the town from the depths of the Whisperwood. Use the Sermon in the Square map on page 12 for this location.

Creatures: Adding anything to the notice post attracts the attention of several locals, who soon gather to read the decree. One of the first to approach is a rather severe woman named **Doctor Gerya Rohalendi** (NG female human commoner 5). While several of the townsfolk with her—about 10 or so—immediately get upset and start complaining about the injustice of a curfew and being treated like prisoners, Doctor Rohalendi keeps her head. She calmly follows the PCs, or calls out to them if they're still nearby, and puts several questions to them about the decree's specifics: Will those who break curfew to see to a medical emergency be arrested? Half of Longacre is related—what does "family" mean in this context? Is a

group gathering at the tavern assisting the establishment in “the natural course of its business?” How can those from outside town obtain a writ of passage if they’re not allowed in to visit the notary?

She asks her questions earnestly and without any emotional response to the answers. If the PCs answer them all in a logical, reasonable fashion or succeed at a DC 16 Bluff or Diplomacy check, the doctor and those with her are assuaged. If the PCs fail the check, refuse to answer any questions, or respond to the questions with threats or force, the town accrues 1 Rebellion Point.

Story Award: Award the PCs 600 XP if they post the decree in the church square and don’t provoke a Rebellion Point.

D. CASTLE GATE

Longacre’s western gate looks almost as if some great giant picked up the stone gate from a rugged frontier fort and dropped it across the road leading into town. A set of weathered wooden doors stands open in the fortified stone.

The Castle Gate, as Longacre’s western gate is popularly called, might present a hindrance to invaders were it situated in a wall. As it is, the gate is merely a mossy stone tower connected to a short stone span that interrupts the aged, chest-high wooden fence surrounding the town. For most of Longacre’s residents, the gate is a symbol of their town’s grit and determination, but for the town’s honorary gatekeepers, managing it is a solemn charge.

Use the map on page 12 for this location; in addition, the Castle Gate is further detailed on page 32.

Creatures: These gatekeepers, Bolousia and Denton Gramel, live in a house close to the gate and rarely let the mossy pile of rocks out of their sight. Bo and Dent note everyone who passes through, greeting every neighbor, commenting on every loaded cart, and questioning newcomers as though they were guards at the imperial palace. For the most part, though, the couple is content to watch people come and go, and keep on alert for danger coming down the road. Few people in town know that Denton once served as an artilleryman in the Second Egorian Royal Engineers and that Bo was his commanding officer, though the PCs might learn this information with a successful DC 20 Knowledge (local) check or Diplomacy check to gather information. Although the retired military couple wields no legal power, Longacre’s residents—especially the young folk—treat them as officials on par with the sheriff.

Bo watches the PCs approach the gate from a chair beneath a rigged-up awning atop the tower beside the gate. She greets the PCs as they draw near, but keeps her loaded heavy crossbow out of sight. Once she’s confronted with the archbaron’s decree, Bo is furious. She curses the archbaron and “his lackeys” (the PCs) as

she goes on about how “We’ve kept this town safe and this gate open—except for nights and holidays—for all the eighteen years Dent and I have minded it!” and how “No cow-pile baron or his trumped-up dung-berries are going to make us close it.”

Bo’s bark is far worse than her bite, however, and she’s unwilling to back up her anger with more than words. At some point, Dent comes out from their nearby home and asks what the fuss is all about—giving Bo the opportunity to tell her husband what she thinks about the PCs. This gets him just as worked up, though he proves just as impotent. Ultimately, a successful DC 20 Diplomacy check or DC 14 Intimidate check causes the gatekeepers to back down. Obviously upset, the couple leaves a trail of muttering and nasty names behind them as they return to their home. If needed, Bo and Dent’s statistics can be found on page 37.

The gate can be closed manually with a successful DC 12 Strength check or by using the simple pulley mechanism inside the gate tower. Two awkward iron braces stand behind one of the gate doors. A pair of PCs capable of lifting 200 pounds can slide these brackets into place to lock the gates. Unless forced, neither Bo nor Dent assists the PCs in closing the gate.

Development: If the PCs attack either Bo or Dent, the couple attempt to flee to the sheriff’s office (area F), or try to barricade themselves in the gate tower.

Story Award: Award the PCs 600 XP for closing the Castle Gate and posting the archbaron’s decree.

E. THE LAST STAND TAVERN (CR 3)

Colorful wooden shields and weathered antlers hang upon the deck girdling this rustic public house. Overhead, a sign carved with crenellations bears the name “The Last Stand Tavern”—the letters “L” and “T” formed with painted green-fletched arrows.

There are ample places to hang the archbaron’s decree upon the supports of The Last Stand’s porch. If the PCs are particularly subtle and succeed at a DC 14 Stealth check while posting the decree, they can do so without anyone noticing. Otherwise, they attract the attention of the tavern’s owner (see Creature below).

Use the map on page 12 for this location.

Creature: As soon as the PCs start hammering nails into the tavern’s porch, the tavern’s owner, cook, and most experienced drinker, Bolgart Caggan, bursts through the front doors holding a sturdy wooden spoon and, under his other arm, a half-full pot of spicy chili. If he lays eyes on the PCs in the act of beating a nail into his well-polished porch, he’s upset—an emotion he primarily conveys with his spoon. As soon as he reads the decree, though, he’s furious, immediately realizing the impacts a curfew and gathering restrictions have for

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his business. He colorfully demands the PCs take their ridiculous decree and return it to the archbaron for revision—among other less polite suggestions. If the PCs refuse, he demands they get off his porch and out of his sight. If they still don't leave, Caggan throws his nearly boiling chili on the closest PC in a moment of blind anger. On a successful hit, the target must succeed at a DC 10 Reflex save or be blinded for 1d3 rounds as Caggan's special blend of spices stings her eyes. Once Caggan throws his pot, he regains his composure, and makes no further attacks unless attacked first.

The PCs are in a challenging position to respond to this attack, but however they do, it's witnessed by at least a dozen tavern patrons. Ultimately, probably the best thing PCs can do is to ignore the cook and bide their time. There will be opportunity for revenge later.



BOLGART CAGGAN

BOLGART CAGGAN**CR 3****XP 800****hp** 26 (see page 28)**Ranged** pot of chili +4 touch (1d2 fire plus blinded)

Development: The PCs don't have any authority to arrest Caggan and, even if they try, Sheriff Staelish frees him immediately once she gets involved. If they knock Caggan unconscious, the town soon hears of the thugs who clubbed Longacre's most bombastic restaurateur, and the town gains 1 Rebellion Point. If the PCs kill Caggan, the town is shocked and enraged, accruing 3 Rebellion Points.

Story Award: Award the PCs 600 XP for posting the archbaron's decree at The Last Stand. Award them an additional 200 XP if they do so without accruing any Rebellion Points.

F. LONGACRE JAIL AND SHERIFF'S OFFICE (CR 3)

With its unevenly mortared stones and barred windows, this squat structure looks like a miniature fortress. Despite the row of horseshoes hung beneath its sign, nothing can make the plain word "jail" look welcoming. Two wooden pillories stand empty in front of the building.

Inside, a large common room contains three desks and a table with four chairs. Two doors exit the common room to the north, opening onto a narrow hallway with two jail cells. To the west of the common room, a waist-high railing separates the sheriff's office from the rest of the jail.

Use the map on page 12 for this location.

Creatures: No one likely notices the PCs' initial approach to the jail, but once they start nailing the archbaron's decree to the building, Sheriff Rhona Staelish and four of her junior deputies come outside in a group. If the PCs enter the jail first, they find Sheriff Staelish inside, enjoying a cup of tea with her deputies, good-naturedly chatting over the small annoyances of their week.

While Sheriff Staelish isn't pleased about the archbaron's decrees, her deputies—Ashel Ballenry, Curtwyn Skape, Ertha Casada, and Saster Figgs—are far more troubled, and grow even more so when they learn that Sheriff Staelish is being dismissed from her post. Upon accepting the archbaron's letter and rereading it two or three times, Staelish removes her black vest—embroidered with the symbol of Cheliah—and slaps her ebon-handled longsword on her former desk.

She retrieves her personal crossbow, as well as a few effects from her desk, keeping her frustration bottled up in front of the PCs. She might make some comment about the archbaron being "too much of a coward to do his dirty work himself" and that "I'm not worried about me, I'm worried about what the townspeople are in store for with thugs like you in charge." She leaves quietly soon after, refusing to make eye contact with her niece Cimri the entire time.

Staelish's deputies, on the other hand, aren't willing to give up quite so easily. Curtwyn draws and loads his light crossbow, saying, "This ain't right. You can't just throw out this town's only justice. It ain't right!" The other deputies share similar sentiments. If the PCs seem apologetic and distance themselves from the archbaron's decrees, or if they succeed at a DC 24 Diplomacy check or DC 12 Intimidate check, they can talk the deputies down. Otherwise, Ertha—more cool-headed than the other deputies—intercedes before things erupt into violence. She tells the others to put down their weapons, then takes off her own vest and throws it to the floor. One by one, Staelish's deputies resign, leaving the jail to the PCs.

The deputies' cool doesn't last for long, though. They get outside and walk around the corner before deciding they can't live with this injustice. Hefting their saps, they wait until the PCs come back outside to ambush them. The plan is to knock the PCs out and dump them in the woods outside town. It's not a good plan, but it makes the deputies feel less helpless. Staelish is out of earshot of the fight by the time it happens and does not participate, but her stat block can be found on page 42, if needed.

JUNIOR DEPUTIES (4)**CR 1/2****XP 200 each**

Human warrior 2

LN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +5; **Senses** Perception +3**DEFENSE****AC** 13, touch 11, flat-footed 12 (+2 armor, +1 Dex)**hp** 15 each (2d10+4)**Fort** +4, **Ref** +1, **Will** +0**OFFENSE****Speed** 30 ft.**Melee** mwk club +4 (1d6+1) or
sap +3 (1d6+1 nonlethal)**Ranged** light crossbow +3 (1d8/19–20)**TACTICS****During Combat** The deputies initially attack with their saps, trying to deal nonlethal damage, then switch to their clubs, trying to beat foes unconscious.**Morale** If any of the deputies are killed or knocked unconscious, the others attempt to collect their comrade's body and escape out of town. If prevented from fleeing, the deputies surrender once two of their number are slain or debilitated.**STATISTICS****Str** 13, **Dex** 12, **Con** 13, **Int** 9, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8**Base Atk** +2; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 14**Feats** Alertness, Improved Initiative**Skills** Intimidate +3, Perception +3, Ride +5, Sense Motive +3**Languages** Common**Gear** leather armor, light crossbow with 10 bolts, mwk club, sap, key to cabinets in area **F**, 44 gp

Treasure: The jail contains three cabinets, two in the common room and one in the sheriff's office. The cabinets are locked (Disable Device DC 16; the sheriff and deputies all have keys) and hold an assortment of weapons and armor: three suits of leather armor, four light wooden shields, six clubs, four light crossbows and 40 bolts, four longswords, and six saps, as well as six *potions of cure light wounds* clearly marked with the symbol of Iomedae and two *potions of remove disease*. One of the cabinets also holds a key etched with the word "pillory," which unlocks the sturdy padlocks on the pillories in front of the jail.

In addition, a lockbox sits behind the sheriff's desk. It's locked, but can be opened with a successful DC 20 Disable Device check (Sheriff Staelish has the only key). The lockbox contains an assortment of weapons and contraband confiscated over the years. Inside is a *wand of shocking grasp* (16 charges), a masterwork bronze scizore (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Equipment* 36, 53) decorated with a sculpted skeletal lion, 1 dose of blue whinnis, 10 doses of pesh (*Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide* 237), a collection of 17 pornographic Taldan quartos containing scripts for two-performer "plays" (including "Her Highness's Tea

Service" and "The Guardsman's Fine Salute") worth 2 gp each, seven skull-shaped onyxes (worth 25 gp each), and a pouch containing 10 pp and a bill of ownership for a "Halfling, male, 20 years, service-trained. Missing toe on left foot. Responds to the name 'Ardin.'"

Story Award: If the PCs post the archbaron's decree at the jail, relieve Sheriff Staelish of duty, and face down the deputies without fighting, award them XP as if they had defeated the deputies in combat.

REPORTING TO RAZELAGO

Once the PCs have posted the archbaron's decrees across town, Cimri again directs them to the Ash House to report to the group's mysterious patron. As long as the PCs successfully posted the proclamations, Razelago is not concerned about the locals' response, and he's both thankful and impressed that the PCs have now successfully performed three tasks for him. In appreciation, he has two rewards for them. First, he's increased the PCs' payment by half; as before, it's waiting in the parlor below (see *Treasure*). Second, he invites the entire group to meet him at Scarlet Crown, the manor of Archbaron Darellus Fex, at dawn the next day. Razelago wants to introduce the PCs to the archbaron, who has a proposal for them. Until then, however, the PCs are free to do as they want.

Treasure: A chest in the Ash House's parlor (area **B1**) holds several crimson pouches, one for each PC and Cimri, each containing 150 gp.

Story Award: Award the PCs 1,200 XP for posting all of the archbaron's decrees, relieving Sheriff Staelish of duty, and reporting back to Razelago.

PART 2: SWORN TO SERVE

Although the two have never met, Lencia Visserene and Archbaron Darellus Fex have now traded blows, catching the people of Longacre in their opening skirmish. The archbaron is no stranger to high-stakes manipulations and already anticipates his rabble-rousing foe's reaction. To counter it, he needs more versatile tools than those his house guards afford him. In order to coax the knight farther out into the open, Fex plans to give her what she wants: a town all too eager to rebel. As such, he calls Razelago and his new favorite errand-runners—the PCs—to his home.

TRACKING THE REBELLION

Following Tileavia Allamar's sermon, the nascent rebellion in Longacre starts to pick up steam. The Rebellion Tracker on page 24 outlines how the rebellion progresses without interference from the archbaron and his agents, but the PCs have significant potential to influence how the rebellion unfolds.

The intensity of the townsfolk's communal outrage and eagerness to rebel are quantified as Rebellion

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REBELLION TRACKER

WEEK ONE							
DAY 1	DAY 2	DAY 3	DAY 4	DAY 5	DAY 6	DAY 7	ADD. MINOR EVENT
EVENT 1: LAST CALL	MINOR EVENT		MINOR EVENT		EVENT 2: CAGGAN'S REVENGE*		MINOR EVENT
RP —	RP 4		RP 6		RP 8		RP 10
WEEK TWO							
DAY 8	DAY 9	DAY 10	DAY 11	DAY 12	DAY 13	DAY 14	ADD. MINOR EVENT
EVENT 3: THE GATEKEEPER		MINOR EVENT		EVENT 4: BREAKOUT*		EVENT 5: THE ARCHBARON'S JUSTICE	MINOR EVENT
RP —		RP 12		RP 15		RP 18	RP 20
WEEK THREE							
DAY 15	DAY 16	DAY 17	DAY 18	DAY 19	DAY 20	DAY 21	ADD. MINOR EVENT
MINOR EVENT		EVENT 6: ARMORY SIEGE		EVENT 7: RESURRECTION ATTEMPT*		EVENT 8: UNSOLICITED SALVATION	MINOR EVENT
RP —		RP 24		RP 28		RP 30	RP 32

* See event description for additional prerequisites.

Points (RP). Rebellion Points accrue in response to both provocation by rebellious agents and injustice meted out by Fex and the PCs; circumstances that increase Rebellion Points are detailed in individual encounter descriptions. It's likely that you have already recorded a few Rebellion Points accrued because of the PCs' actions up to this point, and you will need to continue keeping a running tally of Longacre's Rebellion Points throughout Part 2 of the adventure. As Longacre's Rebellion Points increase in number, the rate of rebellious events in Longacre increases as well.

You should be open about recording Longacre's Rebellion Points. As the total number of Rebellion Points increases, you should highlight the townsfolk's growing suspicion of and negative reactions toward the PCs, such as avoiding them in the streets, growing quiet when they enter a building, or targeting them with spiteful pranks and vandalism.

The rebellion in Longacre transpires over a span of 21 days. Certain events occur on specific days during this time; these events are detailed throughout Part 2. Most of these events are isolated encounters and happen regardless of the PCs' actions, though some of them take place only once additional requirements are met (noted by an asterisk on the Rebellion Tracker and detailed in the encounter descriptions). There are two types of events: major events (which are specific named

and numbered encounters) and minor events (thematic events that aren't vital to the plot).

Each major event is initially tied to a specific date, as noted on the Rebellion Tracker, but major events can occur earlier if the rebellion gathers strength more quickly. Most of the events have a Rebellion Point threshold (noted on the Rebellion Tracker as a number following "RP"). If the number of accumulated Rebellion Points meets or exceeds an event's Rebellion Point threshold, then that event happens earlier, on the first day that does not already have a scheduled event. Each week also has a number of additional minor events that aren't tied to specific days. Once a minor event's Rebellion Point threshold is met, it takes place on the next available day of that week. If the PCs cause the town to accrue a high number of Rebellion Points due to their actions, it won't change the order of the adventure's events, but it will cause them to occur at an accelerated pace—potentially denying the party reprieves between dangerous events.

Events always occur in the order listed on the Rebellion Tracker. No more than one event from the Rebellion Tracker can occur on any given day, regardless of how the timeline of events has shifted or many Rebellion Points the townsfolk have accrued. No events, whether major or minor, can move between weeks unless otherwise noted.

For example, if Longacre has accumulated 12 RP by Day 5, then Event 2: Caggan's Revenge moves from Day 6 to Day 5, as that event's Rebellion Point threshold has been exceeded. Likewise, Week 1's additional minor event would then occur on Day 6, as its Rebellion Point threshold has also been met. Event 3: Gatekeeper happens as normal on Day 8, since it is tied to that date and does not have a Rebellion Point threshold. The minor event from Day 10 moves up to Day 9, however, as its Rebellion Point threshold has also been met. At that point, if the town accrues no more Rebellion Points, the PCs would have 2 days of peace before Event 4: Breakout occurs on Day 12.

Most Rebellion Points accrue as the result of specific encounters and events, but crimes and callous acts committed by the PCs might cause more Rebellion Point to accumulate. Examples of such acts are listed in the Additional Rebellion Points sidebar on page 27.

More optional minor events are presented in the introduction to this volume's bestiary on page 81; these may be used as needed and inserted into the adventure at any point.

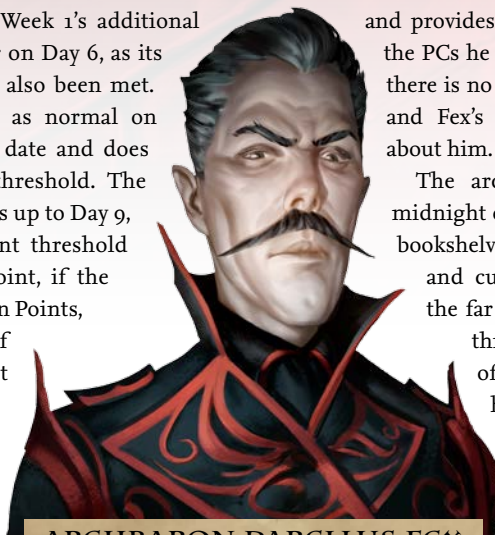
MEETING THE ARCHBARON

The morning after the PCs' last meeting with Razelago, the PCs should head to Scarlet Crown, the manorial home of Archbaron Darellus Fex. Scarlet Crown lies southeast of Longacre on the outskirts of town. A pair of rampant iron stags watches over the gate on the road leading up to the manor. Red glass shimmers upon the stags' horns, suggesting the source of the manor's name. Beneath the stags, a pair of grim guards keeps watch. When the PCs and Cimri arrive, the guards tell them they're expected and admit them onto the manor grounds.

Read or paraphrase the following as the PCs approach the manor.

Sharp gables and tall, narrow windows lend the archbaron's manor an abbeylike quality, as though this were more a place for study and solemnity than leisure and laughter. A motif of rampant stags with antlers bloody from battle repeats among iron rooftop finials and on a crest above the stone entrance.

Several guards patrol the grounds and stroll atop the rooftop terrace, crossbows in hand, and halfling slaves scurry about the grounds and within the manor. At the manor's door, a halfling butler greets the PCs and escorts them to the archbaron's office on the second floor. If the



ARCHBARON DARELLUS FEX

PCs try to enter the manor through any door other than the front, a slave or guard swiftly finds them—as if their unusual entrance had been anticipated—and provides an escort. Although Razelago told the PCs he would meet them at Scarlet Crown, there is no sign of the PCs' mysterious patron, and Fex's guards and slaves know nothing about him.

The archbaron's office is appointed in midnight ebony and crimson satin. Towering bookshelves, glassy-eyed taxidermic creatures, and curtained alcoves line the walls. At the far end of the room, a large desk and throne-like chair sit beneath a coat of arms displaying battling, bloody-horned stags. Behind the desk, a wide window overlooks the manor grounds.

A spare-looking man with slick salt-and-pepper hair, **Darellus Fex** (LE male human conjurer 12) is the Archbaron of Longacre. A relatively minor lord of a comparatively small barony, the archbaron is nevertheless the most powerful person in Longacre and its environs. He represents Queen Abrogail II and the Chelish government at the local level, and his word carries the force of law. Fex is far beyond the PCs in terms of power and influence at this point in their careers, but he has a continuing role to play as the PCs' patron as the campaign progresses. His full statistics appear in *Pathfinder Adventure Path #105: The Inferno Gate*.

The archbaron stands up behind the desk as the PCs enter his office.

"So you're the agents Razelago has recommended? I can't say you're what I expected—but that might be a boon in the days to come. I am Darellus Fex, Archbaron of Longacre. Razelago tells me you're the ones who reported our local priestess's... lack of patriotism. As such, I thought you might be well suited putting an end to the threats to Longacre and the rule of law—my rule. If you're amenable, of course."

Fex pauses to give the PCs an opportunity to answer and work out details. He'd like the PCs to enter into his service directly, which would make them de facto representatives of the imperial government. In return, he offers each of the PCs a salary of 150 gp per week. He's not willing to negotiate on the weekly pay, but leaves the door open for merit-based increases once the PCs have proven themselves. He also grants them rights to whatever salvage or loot they might come to while in his service, as well as discretionary bonuses as he sees fit. If any of the PCs are currently suffering from any afflictions (such as filth fever), the archbaron can also provide healing (in the form of *potions of remove disease* or the like) to cure

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the ailments. If the PCs need additional encouragement, Cimri proves enthusiastic and points out that the favor of an archbaron of Cheliah is nothing to snub.

Once the discussion turns to what the archbaron wants, Fex explains that he doesn't have a specific plan. Word of this Angel Knight certainly concerns him. He wants her revealed and dealt with, along with whatever treacherous souls are stirring up rebellion in Longacre. The archbaron makes it clear that he's not in need of a new sheriff—his guards can deal with the mundane policing of the town—but he's willing to grant the PCs emergency authority to do whatever must be done, though he'd like Longacre to remain intact. He suggests that the PCs stay close to town, using the jail and sheriff's office as a headquarters to keep an eye on things, though they can continue to sleep at the Ash House if they wish.

SWEARING THE HELLFIRE COMPACT

Assuming the PCs agree to enter the archbaron's service, Fex has one additional requirement.

"There is one other matter to attend to. Queen Abrogail has decreed that in this time of national crisis, all agents of the crown must reaffirm their loyalty to their lord, House Thrune, and Cheliah by swearing the Hellfire Compact. If you're to serve in the queen's name, I must insist."

If the PCs have questions, Fex does his best to answer them, but goes out of his way to keep the specifics of

the Hellfire Compact vague. He explains that the vow is legally binding, but has no spiritual ramifications—despite the name, no clergy, deity, or devil is involved. The archbaron insists that the vow is little more than a formality, but one that the queen has commanded must be observed. Indeed, Fex himself has sworn the Hellfire Compact to reaffirm his own loyalty.

Once the PCs agree, the archbaron pulls back the thick curtains of a nearby alcove, revealing a golden stand gripping a chunk of black crystal that smolders like a gigantic, hellish ember, filling the room with a crimson glow the color of blood. Fex explains that the stone is an ember drawn from the forges of Phlegethon—one of the layers of Hell—that burns with hellfire. The PCs must touch the crystal while swearing the Hellfire Compact. Yes, there is pain associated with the vow, but it is not lasting. If the PCs would like to prepare in some manner—such as by casting spells—they may take a moment to do so. When they are ready, Fex instructs them, one at a time, to lay their hands upon the stone and recite the following: "I swear my absolute allegiance to Archbaron Darellus Fex, Her Infernal Majestrix Queen Abrogail II of the Thrice-Damned House of Thrune, and the Empire of Cheliah."

Touching the Phlegethon stone deals 1d6 points of hellfire damage, half of which is fire damage and half of which is damage from unholy energy. Evil-aligned creatures and creatures with the evil subtype take no damage from the unholy energy, but good-aligned creatures and those with the good subtype take double the normal damage from it. Creatures under the effects of spells like *protection from evil* are unaffected by the unholy energy, though they still take fire damage. The hellfire leaves a scar shaped like the symbol of Cheliah upon the PC's flesh. This mark remains until the next time the PC receives magical healing. Should a PC be rendered unconscious by the hellfire, the vow is still considered legitimate and binding.

RAZELAGO REVEALED

Once all of the PCs have sworn the Hellfire Compact, a familiar voice—Razelago's—drifts from behind a curtain on the opposite side of the room.

"I told you they'd be up to the vow," Razelago says. "And eager to get to work, I suspect. Which is good, considering what I've just uncovered."

Archbaron Fex impatiently crosses to the alcove, pulling back the curtain. "There's no need for your dramatics any longer, Razelago," he says.

Inside the alcove sit a stool and writing desk heaped with pages. Clinging to the desk, almost unbalancing it, is a bloated fly's abdomen of monstrous proportions from which sprouts the chubby upper body of a human infant. A neck hidden by fatty folds swivels and a pair of black, compound eyes squint against the light. Insectile

mouthparts flex enthusiastically between pudgy lips and Razelago's voice issues forth: "As you say, My Lord."

This is likely the first time the PCs learn of their mysterious patron's true appearance, so give them a few moments to react. Razelago willingly explains that he is a zebub, a creature most mortals refer to as an accuser devil, and a native of Hell (facts that can also be determined with a successful DC 13 Knowledge [planes] check). He currently works for Archbaron Fex and sees to many covert needs necessary to the efficient management of the Archbarony of Longacre. Razelago claims that any prejudices the PCs might feel toward him are the result of superstition or Iomedean slander, and urges them to form their own opinions based on their experiences. Fex also vouches for the devil, assuring the PCs that Razelago is a loyal servant. Once any concerns the PCs might hold have been assuaged, Razelago continues the conversation.

"This Angel Knight doesn't appear to be just some fiction concocted by an overzealous priestess. A talentless local minstrel named Riley Kels claims to have met her, and has even composed a series of ballads in her honor. While the amateur's singing is crime enough, he performed these songs at The Last Stand Tavern last night—which incidentally broke the new curfew and sanctions against gathering.

"If it pleases Your Lordship, our friends here should arrest The Last Stand's owner, Bolgart Caggan, for defying the new law. I suggest pillorying him in front of the jail as an example to others. Additionally, see what you can find out about the Angel Knight from Kels."

Fex and Razelago answer any questions the PCs might have, but they don't know much more than what the devil has already stated. If the PCs ask how rough they should be with Caggan or how to extract information from Kels, their employers are quite permissive, though both caution against killing or permanently maiming townsfolk out of hand—after all, the archbaron would still like a town to rule, and if the PCs are too heavy-handed, they risk turning public opinion completely against the archbaron. They should remember that they represent the law of the land, and murder is, by definition, unlawful. Arresting Caggan and Kels is the focus of **Event 1: Last Call**.

In addition, the archbaron explains that, should the PCs need to reach him, they should do so via Razelago, who will continue to reside at the Ash House. Fex also asks them to wear the sashes Razelago provided them with as badges of their new, official authority. With business concluded, Fex wishes the PCs luck, and rings for a slave to see them out.

Story Award: Award the PCs 1,200 XP for swearing the Hellfire Compact and accepting their first mission from Archbaron Fex.

ADDITIONAL REBELLION POINTS

Certain actions on the part of the PCs can increase or decrease Longacre's Rebellion Point total.

INCREASING REBELLION POINTS

The following deeds accrue additional Rebellion Points.

Deed	RP
Degrade a townsperson	+1
Arrest or exile a townsperson	+1 (per person)
Perform torture	+1
Kill a townsperson	+2
Kill a named townsperson (such NPCs may need to be replaced in future encounters)	+3
Destroy a building in Longacre	+2
Destroy a mapped location in Longacre	+3

DECREASING REBELLION POINTS

The following deeds decrease Longacre's total number of Rebellion Points.

Deed	RP
Act of mercy	-1 (max. 1 per day)
Release a townsperson	-1
Pay to raise or resurrect a townsperson	-1

WEEK 1 MAJOR EVENTS

The following events occur during the first week of the Longacre Rebellion. See the Rebellion Tracker on page 24 for a timeline of events. The additional minor events for Week 1 are detailed at the end of this section, following the week's major events.

EVENT 1: LAST CALL (CR 5)

This encounter occurs on the same day the PCs swear the Hellfire Compact. To arrest Bolgart Caggan and Riley Kels, the PCs will need to revisit The Last Stand Tavern (area E). If they go before dusk, Caggan and Kels are there with 10 other townsfolk and three tavern employees. This is arguably exceeding the stricture on public gatherings, though the townsfolk claim it's not since Caggan and the tavern employees are at work. After dusk, the illegality of the gathering becomes much more plain, as 16 townsfolk fill the tavern well past curfew. In either case, Kels is performing. Read or paraphrase the following when the PCs enter the tavern.

Battered shields and dull polearms decorate the walls of The Last Stand's taproom, overlooking the tavern's bar and tables. A small stage rises to the left of the bar, in full view of the room.

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Use the map on page 12 for this location.

Creatures: Bolgart Caggan stands at the end of the bar, wearing a heavily stained apron, though he doesn't have the pot and spoon he wielded earlier. Riley Kels sits on the stage, strumming a cherry wood lute and crooning an awkward ballad he's titled "The Angel of Longacre." Kels doesn't notice the PCs' entrance, but—if they enter through the front—others in the taproom do. Their reaction depends on the PCs' last interaction with Caggan when they posted the archbaron's decree at the tavern. If they scuffled with him, the tavern's patrons mutter and shoot them nasty glares. If the PCs took the tavern owner's abuse without responding in kind, there are a few snickers at their expense. Regardless, the crowd waits for the PCs to act. How the PCs take Caggan and Kels into custody is largely up to them, but there are three tasks they are likely to undertake.

Arresting Caggan: The proprietor of The Last Stand ignores the PCs at first, and if they approach him, he doesn't even look up, telling them, "Get out of my place, if you know what's good for ya." If the PCs try to arrest him, start trying to disperse the crowd, or make any announcement about the curfew, Caggan gets angry and demands they leave. Caggan doesn't take kindly to bullies trying to shut down his bar and should the PCs force the matter, two of his barmaids join him to help run out the PCs. Kels isn't a fighter, but he lends his inspire courage ability to the fight as unobtrusively as possible.

Something that won't come to light during this fight is the fact that Caggan is actually a wereboar. He's kept his curse a secret from everyone in town and manages his affliction quite well. He's not about to jeopardize his business, his neighbors, or his reputation by transforming in the middle of a barroom brawl, saving that little surprise for later (see **Event 2: Caggan's Revenge**).

Arresting Kels: If the PCs interrupt Kels's song, he's surprised, but doesn't want any trouble. Hassling the bard, however, stokes Caggan's ire, provoking the same reaction as if the PCs had tried to arrest the tavern owner himself.

Dispersing the Crowd: Locals form most of the crowd at The Last Stand, some of whom have only heard rumors about the archbaron's new decrees. Most are agitated, but are trying to live their lives like nothing's changed. If the PCs draw their attention and succeed at a DC 15 Diplomacy check (a full-round action) or DC 20 Intimidate check (a free action), the noncombatants in the tavern start filing out. Likewise, most of the crowd exits the tavern if a battle erupts or the PCs otherwise resort to violence. If necessary, you can use the statistics for an apprentice jeweler (*NPC Codex* 260) or a pig farmer (*NPC Codex* 256) for the tavern patrons.

BARMAIDS (2)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 7 each (*Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide* 302)

BOLGART CAGGAN (HUMAN FORM)

CR 3

XP 800

Male human afflicted wereboar fighter 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 182)

CG Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger)

Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +2

DEFENSE

AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10 (+1 Dex)

hp 26 (2d10+11)

Fort +7, **Ref** +2, **Will** +2 (+1 vs. fear)

Defensive Abilities bravery +1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk warhammer +6 (1d8+3/×3) or unarmed strike +4 (1d3+2)

Ranged bottle or pot +3 (1d4+2)

TACTICS

During Combat Caggan fights with his fists and thrown pottery from the bar unless attacked with lethal weapons, at which point he pulls out his warhammer.

Morale Caggan's not going to give up his life over an unfair decree that will hopefully be only temporary. As a result, he surrenders if reduced to 13 hit points or fewer.

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 12, **Con** 17, **Int** 8, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 11

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 15

Feats Improved Unarmed Strike, Throw Anything, Toughness, Weapon Focus (warhammer)

Skills Intimidate +4, Perception +2, Profession (barkeep) +6

Languages Common

SQ change shape (human, hybrid, and boar; *polymorph*)

Gear mwk warhammer, *cloak of resistance* +1, 20 gp

RILEY KELS

CR 1

XP 400

Male human bard 2

NG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 13, flat-footed 11 (+2 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 shield)

hp 16 (2d8+4)

Fort +1, **Ref** +5, **Will** +3; +4 vs. bardic performance, language-dependent, and sonic

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

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

Ranged shortbow +3 (1d6-1/×3)

Special Attacks bardic performance 15 rounds/day (countersong, distraction, fascinate [DC 14], inspire courage +1)

Bard Spells Known (CL 2nd; concentration +5)

1st (3/day)—*disguise self*, *hypnotism* (DC 14), *sleep* (DC 14)

0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *daze* (DC 13), *ghost sound* (DC 13), *prestidigitation*, *summon instrument*

TACTICS

During Combat Kels contributes to any combat with Caggan or the tavern patrons with his inspire courage bardic performance, but does not join the battle himself.

Morale Kels is an entertainer, not a fighter, and immediately surrenders if he takes any damage in combat.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 13

Feats Dodge, Extra Performance

Skills Bluff +8, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +7, Knowledge (arcana) +7, Knowledge (history) +7, Knowledge (local) +7, Knowledge (nobility) +6, Perception +4, Perform (sing) +7, Perform (string instruments) +8, Spellcraft +6, Use Magic Device +8

Languages Common, Halfling

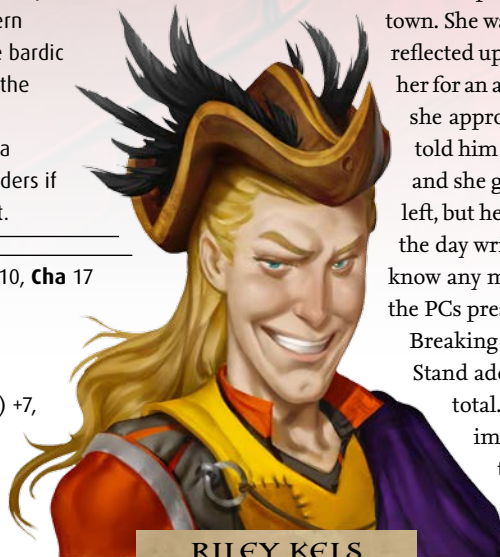
SQ bardic knowledge +1, versatile performance (string)

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*, *potion of invisibility*; **Other Gear** buckler, mwk rapier, shortbow with 20 arrows, lute, spell component pouch, 89 gp

Treasure: The majority of the arms decorating the walls of The Last Stand are rusty and poorly kept. Any PC who succeeds at a DC 18 Perception check notices the one exception: a masterwork glaive of dark iron etched with the image of a flame-shrouded tower (recognizable as the symbol of the Hellknight Order of the Pyre with a successful DC 15 Knowledge [local] or [nobility] check). A cracking leather thong binds a piece of old parchment to the weapon's haft. Those who unroll it discover it to be a *scroll of brand*^{APC}.

Development: Once the PCs subdue Caggan, they may do with him as they please—though if they seem likely to kill the barkeep, Cimri reminds them of Razelago's suggestion to make an example of him by putting him in the pillory. See **Event 2: Caggan's Revenge** for consequences of this act if the PCs follow the devil's recommendation.

Of greater interest, however, is Riley Kels's seemingly friendly relationship with the Angel Knight. If the PCs arrest or interrogate Kels, the young bard claims he doesn't know much. He was just impressed by Sword Knight Allamar's proclamation. Allow the PCs to attempt Sense Motive checks opposed by Kels's Bluff check to realize that Kels knows more than he admits. Through the use of magical persuasion, a successful DC 23 Diplomacy check, or a successful DC 12 Intimidate check, a PC can convince the minstrel to say more, though it isn't much.



RILEY KELS

Kels came across a woman in winged plate armor at dawn a couple days ago atop a hill 2 miles outside town. She was praying, and when the dawn light reflected upon her sculpted helm, Kels mistook her for an angel. He dropped to his knees when she approached, but she helped him up and told him not to be afraid. He asked her name and she gave it as Lencia Visserene. Then she left, but he was so inspired he spent the rest of the day writing ballads about her. Kels doesn't know any more than that, no matter how hard the PCs press him.

Breaking up the gathering at The Last Stand adds 2 Rebellion Points to Longacre's total. Arresting Caggan and either imprisoning him or putting him in the pillory adds 1 additional RP, but killing him instead adds 3 RP. Holding Kels for longer than 24 hours also adds 1 RP. Permanently shutting down The

Last Stand adds 2 additional RP.

Story Award: Award the PCs 400 XP for arresting Caggan without killing him, and an additional 200 XP for interrogating Riley Kels. Award the PCs full XP for the defeating the barmaids, whether they kill them or not. If the PCs kill Caggan or Kels, award them full XP for defeating foes, but no additional story awards.

EVENT 2: CAGGAN'S REVENGE (CR 3)

Besides Rebellion Points, this encounter has an additional prerequisite: the PCs must be holding Boltgart Caggan in their custody. The encounter assumes that the PCs arrested Caggan at The Last Stand in **Event 1** and locked him in the pillory outside the town jail (area F), following Razelago's suggestion. If the PCs instead killed Caggan, then this event does not happen, and may be replaced with a Week 1 minor event (see page 30). Use the map of the Longacre Jail on page 12 for this encounter.

Creature: Since being arrested, Boltgart Caggan has been biding his time. He's weathered his imprisonment well—in addition to healing naturally over the course of a few days, Caggan has also made use of a few *potions of cure light wounds* slipped to him by a devoted server from the tavern named Yavendi. Based on what he's seen during this time and his own treatment at the hands of the PCs, however, Caggan's become convinced his captors need to be dealt with.

Once fully healed, Caggan waits until he's alone with the PCs, mocking them from the pillory at night. He endeavors to goad them into a fight, preferably trying to get them to release him. If they do—or if they threaten him while he's restrained—he roars and attempts a DC 15 Constitution check to transform into his hybrid wereboar form (you can assume it's a night of the full

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moon, granting him a +5 morale bonus on the check). Caggan has spent the past few days straining against his bonds; this, coupled with the force of his transformation, allows him to burst free of the pillory with a successful DC 15 Strength check. He continually strains at his bonds until he's free, then charges the nearest PC. Once in hybrid form, Caggan fights until knocked unconscious or killed.

Caggan's statistics assume the PCs have stripped him of his gear; if not, adjust the stat block below with the gear from his stat block on page 28.

BOLGART CAGGAN (HYBRID FORM)**CR 3****XP 800**

Male human afflicted wereboar fighter 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 182)

CG Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger)

Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16 (+1 Dex, +6 natural)

hp 28 (2d10+13)

Fort +7, **Ref** +1, **Will** +2 (+1 vs. fear)

Defensive Abilities bravery +1, ferocity; **DR** 5/silver

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee gore +6 (1d8+6) or

gore +1 (1d8+2), unarmed strike +6 (1d3+4)

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 12, **Con** 19, **Int** 8, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 11

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 17

Feats Improved Unarmed Strike, Throw Anything, Toughness, Weapon Focus (warhammer)

Skills Intimidate +4, Perception +3, Profession (barkeep) +7

Languages Common

SQ change shape (human, hybrid, and boar; *polymorph*), lycanthropic empathy (boars and dire boars)

Development: Most people in Longacre never learn about Caggan's monstrous transformation. If the PCs slay Caggan, the townsfolk hear only that their neighbor was killed while in the PCs' custody. If this occurs, add 3 Rebellion Points to Longacre's total.

WEEK 1 MINOR EVENTS

In addition to the major events, any of the following minor events might occur during the first week of the Longacre Rebellion. When the Rebellion Tracker calls for a minor event, choose or randomly select one of the following, or one of the optional minor events on page 81.

CAPTURED CORRESPONDENCE, PART 1

The PCs come into the possession of a private letter from Doctor Gerya Rohalendi, who runs a hospice for Longacre's retired veterans and whom the PCs likely met at the town's notice post (see page 20). The letter might

be given to them by Razelago, a result of their agreement with Mr. Ingoe (see The Profiteer below), or perhaps Rohalendi's messenger brings it to the PCs himself, hoping to curry favor with the archbaron's agents. In any case, the letter is from Rohalendi to her cousin, a lesser noble named Nivianne Giatanno, in Remesiana. In the letter, the doctor laments that she has just been informed she owes 300 gp in back taxes, a sum she is unable to pay. Although she has a little money to keep things running for a few more weeks, unless she can come up with some means of paying her debt, she'll have to close the hospice, and she doesn't know how to tell the people who depend on her.

How the PCs choose to use this knowledge, if at all, is up to them. They could rob Rohalendi of what little she has (about 100 gp), blackmail her to keep her secret for a while longer, pay her debt in return for some service, or do nothing. If the PCs don't take any action at this time, they'll continue to intercept Rohalendi's correspondence in the coming weeks (see Captured Correspondence, Parts 2 and 3 on pages 35 and 43).

Development: If the PCs' actions result in the premature closing of Dr. Rohalendi's hospice, add 2 Rebellion Points to the town's total.

THE PROFITEER

Creature: Ingoe Zoags (NE male human expert 1/rogue 3)—or Mr. Ingoe, as most Longacre residents know him—runs the Longacre docks north of the town. Most of the local transport of goods, correspondence, and passengers to and from the nearby Whisper River crosses his docks. Mr. Ingoe appears at the sheriff's office (area F) one morning with a proposition: if the PCs pay him 10 gp a week, he'll keep them apprised of the most interesting gossip and cargo coming off the river. If the PCs want to negotiate, they can win Mr. Ingoe's services for only 5 gp per week with a successful DC 17 Diplomacy or DC 16 Intimidate check. If necessary, use the statistics for a dealer on page 301 of the *GameMastery Guide* for Mr. Ingoe.

Development: If the PCs take Mr. Ingoe up on his offer, they gain a useful informant who can share rumors, fence stolen goods, and point them toward other events. In particular, Mr. Ingoe can introduce any of the optional minor events presented in the *Bestiary* on page 81.

Story Award: Award the PCs 800 XP for retaining Mr. Ingoe as an informant.

UNWELCOME TRAVELER (CR 2)

Creature: A hobgoblin named Zaggar of Vulture Crag arrives at Longacre's north gate and demands entrance to the town to rest and resupply. However, the archbaron's guards won't let him into town—in part because he doesn't have a writ of passage, but more because he's a hobgoblin. When he refuses to leave, the guards fetch one of the PCs.

If the PCs talk to Zaggar, they learn that he has served as a mercenary for the Duke of Remesiana in the past, and is returning from Isgar to serve there again. Along the way, he passed close to Citadel Dinyar and saw that Iomedean knights had driven out the Hellknight Order of the Godclaw from their citadel. If allowed into Longacre, the hobgoblin can tell the PCs everything there is to know about the Glorious Reclamation—including the name of its founder and leader, Alexeara Cansellarion—from the Adventure Background on page 5, giving them greater insight into the rebellion now threatening Cheliax.

ZAGGAR OF VULTURE CRAG

CR 2

XP 600

Male hobgoblin sergeant (*Pathfinder RPG Monster Codex* 118)
hp 33

Development: Normally, the presence of one unusual passerby would not cause too much talk in Longacre, but under the archbaron's current authoritarian decrees, some rabble-rousers use Zaggar's presence to claim that Fex is hiring mercenaries and allowing monsters into town. These rumors add 1 Rebellion Point to the town's total.

If the PCs are less accommodating to the hobgoblin and bar his entry into town, Zaggar might attack them in anger if he feels he can overcome them. If not, he sneaks over the fence one night and ambushes them to get his revenge.

Story Award: If the PCs learn more about the wider rebellion from Zaggar, award them 600 XP, as if they had defeated the hobgoblin in combat.

WEEK 2 MAJOR EVENTS

The following events occur during the second week of the Longacre Rebellion. See the Rebellion Tracker on page 24 for a timeline of events. The additional minor events for Week 2 are detailed at the end of this section, following the week's major events.

EVENT 3: THE GATEKEEPER

Longacre's Castle Gate (area D) stands open this morning. No one guards its tower, and only a daring soul or two have passed through, but by the archbaron's decree, the gate should be closed. The PCs might learn of the gate's reopening by personally noticing it themselves, hearing it from Cimri, or via a *whispering wind* from Razelago. The PCs' investigation likely progresses along the following routes.

Reclosing the Gate: It's an easy matter to manually shut the gate and bar it closed (see page 21 for details), but see area D1 below if the PCs attempt to use the pulley mechanism inside the gate tower. Regardless of how the PCs secure the gate, however, it is mysteriously open again the following morning, due to the efforts of the house spirit Snivvi who inhabits the gate tower (see area D2 below).

Questioning the Gatekeepers: Since the archbaron ordered the gate closed, its normal keepers, Bo and Dent Gramel, have taken to sleeping late, and today's no different. It's an easy matter to find Bo and Dent's house, which sits not far from the gate. Should the PCs bother the old couple, they're likely not pleased to see the PCs, but they answer questions truthfully—especially since they haven't been at the gate since the PCs drove them out. If the PCs ask if they know who did open the gate, they respond: "Maybe it's the 'ghost of the gate,' pissed off because he doesn't have any visitors now." This comment may sound flippant, but any PC who succeeds at a DC 15 Sense Motive check notes its earnestness. Questioning other townsfolk about this "gate ghost" turns up no additional leads, however, as no one in town has ever heard of such a thing.

Investigating the Gate: Like Bo and Dent, no one else has seen anyone opening the gate. If the PCs want to solve this little mystery, they'll need to explore the gate themselves.

Use the map on page 12 for the following encounters.



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D1. TOWER BASE (CR 1)

A rickety wooden door leads inside the Castle Gate's stone tower. It doesn't have a lock, but several crates have been stacked against the door on the inside as a crude barricade (hardness 5, hp 5, break DC 16).

The single room inside the tower's base is drafty. The interior of the tower is completely open between the stone floor and the flat wooden roof 20 feet overhead, interrupted only by supporting crossbeams and a well-used ladder that ends at an open hatch leading to area D2.

The pulley mechanism controlling the gate is situated in the southern wall, but the ropes have been cut, making the mechanism useless. A PC studying the ropes who succeeds at a DC 12 Knowledge (nature) check notices that they appear to have been gnawed through by tiny teeth. Additionally, a PC who succeeds at a DC 14 Perception check notices a crack in the wall just wide enough for a Tiny creature to squeeze through.

The house spirit Snivvi in area D2 has moved a chest on the tower's roof close to the mouth of the trap door to drop on any trespassers climbing the ladder up to the roof. Unless the PCs are being very stealthy (and Snivvi fails his Perception check to detect them), Snivvi pushes the chest through the hatch as soon as anyone climbs higher than 10 feet up the ladder. He must make a ranged touch attack (with a +7 attack bonus) to hit a character on the ladder, who takes 1d3 points of damage from the heavy wooden box on a successful hit. Anyone struck by the falling chest must succeed at a DC 15 Reflex save or be knocked from the ladder, falling just over 10 feet and taking 1d6 points of falling damage.

Trap: In addition to dropping the chest, Snivvi has weakened the top 5-foot section of the ladder to collapse under weight. Anyone climbing the ladder can attempt a DC 20 Perception check to notice the top rungs of the ladder have been scratched through from the back before the ladder collapses.

BREAKAWAY LADDER**CR 1****XP 400****Type** mechanical; **Perception** DC 20; **Disable Device** DC 20**EFFECTS****Trigger** location; **Reset** none**Effect** 20-ft. fall (2d6 falling damage); Reflex DC 20 avoids**D2. TOWER ROOF (CR 2)**

The roof of the Castle Gate's tower provides a nearly unobstructed view of all of Longacre. Even the Ash House, Louslik Tannery, and Scarlet Crown are visible in the distance. Aside from the view, a simple chair sits beneath a faded periwinkle canopy, and a plain but sturdy chest sits near an open trap door in the floor.

Creature: A house spirit called an ovinnik—a vaguely feline, humanoid fey covered in sleek black fur—took up residence in what he deemed the most impressive

building in Longacre over 30 years ago. For that entire time, the ovinnik, named Snivvi, has served as the gate's guardian—a position even less official than the Gramels' stewardship. Since the gate was closed, however, Snivvi feels like the Gramels have abandoned their post, and now he's decided he doesn't need humans and can maintain the gate alone. Finding the crack in area D1 more convenient to his use, Snivvi barricaded the door against invaders and keeps watch from here. Should invaders break into his tower, he's prepared two traps on the ladder leading up to his perch (see area D1 for details). The irate house spirit attacks anyone who makes it to the roof, though if the traps in area D1 fail to dissuade trespassers, he may target them with his spell-like abilities (such as *produce flame*) before they reach the roof.

SNIVVI**CR 2****XP 600**Male ovinnik (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 5 143)**hp** 22

Treasure: Inside the chest that Snivvi shoves down upon the PCs is a masterwork light crossbow and a *bag of holding* (type I) containing six flasks of alchemist's fire and a thunderstone.

Development: Closing the reopened gate doesn't add any more Rebellion Points to Longacre's total—not even if Snivvi is killed, as few know of his existence. If the Castle Gate is damaged or ruined, however, add 2 RP to the total.

EVENT 4: BREAKOUT (CR 5)

This encounter has a prerequisite in addition to a Rebellion Point threshold—in this case, the PCs must be holding a townsfolk in jail. Who the prisoner is doesn't really matter; it might be Bolgart Caggan, Riley Kels, or even an unnamed citizen, so long as the PCs have someone in custody. If the time for this event rolls around and the PCs are not holding a prisoner, you can delay the event, revise the NPCs' goals, or replace it with a minor event (see page 81) instead.

Creatures: Without their mother's permission or knowledge, Fifth Sword Knight Tileavia Allamar's twin sons, Loran and Lacall, plan to free someone from the jail or the pillories outside. Despite their strict upbringing in Iomedae's church, neither of them believes the archbaron or the PCs are acting in accordance with reasonable, respectable laws, and so they view their defiance as just. Their scheme is very basic: sneak up, use a set of thieves' tools they found to pick any locks they encounter, then smuggle the fugitive out of town. Apart from likely being doomed to failure, there are two things the Allamar twins don't realize about their plan: picking locks is difficult, and they're not alone.

Run this encounter at night, when at least one of the PCs is in town and likely to notice the twins' activity.

Loran and Lacall wear strips from a torn Iomedaeen acolyte robe as masks and do their best to be stealthy as they sneak to the pillories or jail. While the pair aren't stupid, they have definitely let their zealousness get ahead of them in this case. The twins are not terribly stealthy and shouldn't be a challenge to notice even under cover of darkness. They're also just bumbling enough to kick a can or break a crate while they're sneaking about, giving them away. Should they be noticed, the twins try to escape, but if they're cornered, they put up a fight.

If either Loren or Lacall is harmed, however, a greater threat reveals itself. Unknown to Loran, Lacall, or even their mother, one of Iomedae's angels heard Tileavia's prayers begging the goddess to protect her sons and sent a cherubic angel called a kuribu to watch over them. The angel, Wolo, has been following the priestess's sons for the last several days, using his freeze ability to stay out of sight, and no one has noticed him so far. Wolo has the persistent ability to detect evil, so as soon as one of the Allamar twins takes damage from the PCs, the angel moves to defend them.

LORAN AND LACALL ALLAMAR (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

Male human cleric of Iomedae 2

LG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +5; **Senses** Perception +2

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 11, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +1 Dex)

hp 16 each (2d8+4)

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

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk light mace +4 (1d6+2)

Ranged sling +2 (1d4+2)

Special Attacks channel positive energy 4/day (DC 12 [14 to damage undead], 1d6)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 2nd; concentration +4) 5/day—touch of glory (+2), touch of good (+1)

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

1st—*bless water* (DC 13), *obscuring mist*, *sanctuary* (DC 13), *shield of faith*^a

0 (at will)—*guidance*, *light*, *mending*, *stabilize*

D Domain spell; **Domains** Glory, Good

TACTICS

Before Combat One of the twins casts *obscuring mist* to cover their approach to the jail.

During Combat The brothers don't want to fight and the thought of killing someone hasn't even entered their minds. If provided with a chance to escape, they flee at the first opportunity.

Morale If either of the twins is knocked unconscious or killed, the other surrenders.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 14

Feats Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes

Skills Diplomacy +5, Heal +6, Knowledge (religion) +4

Languages Common

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*; **Other**

Gear chain shirt, mwk light mace, sling with 10 bullets, silver holy symbol of Iomedae, spell component pouch, thieves' tools, 20 gp

WOLO

CR 3

XP 800

Kuribu (see page 82)

hp 26

TACTICS

During Combat Wolo is here to protect Loran and Lacall. He tries to keep the boys within his protective aura and casts *bless* to aid them in combat.

Morale This guardian angel willingly sacrifices himself to defend his charges.



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Development: The PCs are free to deal with the Allamar brothers however they want, though Cimri counsels arresting the priestess's children rather than outright murdering them. Tileavia Allamar has a great deal of sway in town and killing her sons in cold blood might be a step too far. Once Sword Knight Allamar hears of her sons' arrest, she demands their release. If refused, she demands to see them at the very least. If allowed to do so, she becomes a regular sight at the jail, pillories, or wherever the boys are being kept, bringing them food and praying with them while studiously ignoring the PCs.

Upon hearing of the twins capture, Archbaron Fex also begins plotting. His vicious scheme takes center stage in **Event 5: The Archbaron's Justice**.

Arresting Loran and Lacall adds only 1 Rebellion Point to Longacre's total—they were caught committing a crime, after all. However, killing one of the priestess's boys adds 3 RP, or 6 RP if both are slain.

EVENT 5: THE ARCHBARON'S JUSTICE

Razelago summons the PCs to his Ash House office (area B2). This is likely the first time the PCs have been back here since the devil revealed his true form to them. No longer needing to disguise himself, Razelago has removed the folding screens, but the krenshar Gaurig continues to serve as his bodyguard.

Once all of the PCs are present, Razelago explains in a slow, shrill voice why he's called them here.

"The archbaron is concerned. Every day more of Longacre's citizens turn to the rebel cause—not because they're afraid, but because they haven't been given enough reason to fear. To that end, Lord Fex wants you to make an example of someone. Take a known rebel, drag him into the town square, pronounce his crimes, and publicly execute him. The archbaron's men will erect a scaffold or any other simple structure you require. Do this, and show the people the price of treason."

Razelago is willing to answer any questions the PCs might have, but in this case, the specifics are entirely up to them. Execrations—death through long, drawn-out, public torture—are Chelias's preferred means of execution, but Fex feels they don't have the luxury of time, and want an example made as quickly as possible. Instead, he instructs the PCs to put the body on public display after the execution, as a continuing reminder to the townsfolk of the consequences of insurrection.

It will take at least 24 hours for the archbaron's men to prepare a simple wooden platform—appropriate for hangings and beheadings—adjacent to the town post. If the PCs want to devise something more elaborate, they must succeed at a DC 10 Knowledge (engineering) check to provide simple blueprints to the builders, or build it themselves with a successful Craft (carpentry) check

(likely with a DC between 10 and 20, depending on the complexity of the structure).

As for whom to execute, that too is up to the PCs, though both Razelago and Cimri encourage the PCs to consider Loran or Lacall Allamar. Not only have the PCs had a recent run-in with them, but there's a cruel irony in putting to death the sons of the priestess who helped provoke the town's rebellion. If the PCs don't currently have any rebels in custody, the execution can be delayed for a few days, giving them time—and additional events—wherein they might capture a suitable victim.

THE EXECUTION (CR 4)

Once the PCs are prepared, they may hold the execution whenever they see fit. The church square (area C1) is an obvious site for the execution, but any of Longacre's three squares would be suitable (see the map on page 12). Cimri and the archbaron's men do a fine job of leaking the word, and when the PCs are ready, a crowd of dozens of curious onlookers has gathered to watch the execution. Consider customizing the crowd's reaction based on the condemned prisoner: Sword Knight Allamar may be in the crowd and her cries might cause members of her congregation to lead her away, Caggan's employees could throw food, and so forth. Regardless of individuals' reactions, there is not a mass response—but all is not fated to go as planned.

Soon after the PCs and their prisoner take the stage, a horse charges into the square, carrying a figure in shining plate armor. Feathered wings rise from the back of her armor, and her helmet is a silver mask sculpted with feminine features. She tugs violently on the reins, causing her steed to rear.

"People of Longacre!" the knight shouts over the sounds of the confused crowd. "Will you let another of your neighbors be murdered by tyrants? The goddess Iomedae and the knights of the Glorious Reclamation are with you! Rise up! Save your friends, your town, and yourselves!"

Creatures: Following the mysterious figure's announcement, the scene bursts into chaos. Amid thrown fruit and the cheers of the crowd, four incensed rioters climb onto the scaffolding to face the PCs. Individually, the rioting commoners are not much threat to the PCs, but behind them, the "Angel Knight" continues to exhort the crowd to revolt. The PCs likely assume that the mounted knight is the mysterious mastermind behind the rebellion, Lencia Visserene, but it's not. Using *disguise self*, the kindhearted bard Riley Kels has masked himself as the Angel Knight and has launched this reckless plan to save the PCs' captive. His disguise is good, but the PCs can attempt Perception checks (modified by distance) opposed by Kels's Disguise check (he has a total modifier of +15

on the check due to the spell) to see through it. Kels attempts to keep out of the fight for the most part, using his bardic performance to inspire courage in the rioters while taking potshots at the PCs with his bow. If the PCs close to melee range, or if the rioters are defeated, he attempts to flee. Likewise, as soon as deadly weapons are drawn, the assembled townsfolk in the square (with the exception of the four rioters) shriek and quickly disperse.

If the PCs have already killed or imprisoned Kels, you should have another character replace him and fulfill his role in this encounter. This could be someone romantically involved with Kels, a rival, a server or patron at The Last Stand, a disgruntled deputy, or anyone else in town. You can use Kels's statistics or those of a similar CR 1 character for this person.

LONGACRE RIOTERS (4) CR 1/2	
XP 200 each	
Human commoner 2	
CG Medium humanoid (human)	
Init +2; Senses Perception +5	
DEFENSE	
AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10 (+2 Dex)	
hp 12 each (2d6+5)	
Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +0	
OFFENSE	
Speed 30 ft.	
Melee club +2 (1d6+1)	
Ranged rock +3 (1d4+1)	
STATISTICS	
Str 12, Dex 15, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 8	
Base Atk +1; CMB +2; CMD 14	
Feats Throw Anything, Toughness	
Skills Climb +5, Handle Animal +3, Perception +5	
Languages Common	
Gear club, 1d10 sp	

RILEY KELS CR 1	
XP 400	
hp 16 (see page 28)	

Development: If the PCs capture Kels, they need only unmask him to reveal that he's not the Angel Knight. Word swiftly circulates that the impressive figure was an imposter, causing many to lose faith in the rebellion. If questioned, Kels insists that he was acting alone and sought only to save his neighbors. If charmed or otherwise compelled to tell the truth, he reveals that Rhona Staelish approached him after the fight at The Last Stand (see **Event 1**) and asked him to keep an eye on the town.

Once Kels and the rioters are dealt with, the execution can go on as planned, without further interruption. Because of the dramatic public nature of

the execution, the Rebellion Points gained for killing the condemned townspeople are doubled (likely 6 RP, for killing a named townspeople; see the Additional Rebellion Points sidebar on page 27). Killing Kels or rioters also adds to the Rebellion Point total, but at the normal value.

WEEK 2 MINOR EVENTS

The following minor events can occur during the second week of the rebellion. When the Rebellion Tracker indicates a minor event should occur, choose or randomly select one of the following events, an unused event from Week 1 (see page 30), or one of the optional minor events on page 81.

CAPTURED CORRESPONDENCE, PART 2

If the PCs intercepted Dr. Gerya Rohalendi's first letter (see Captured Correspondence, Part 1 on page 30), but haven't yet revealed that they're reading her correspondence, they soon find themselves in possession of another letter from her. Again, the doctor is writing her cousin Nivianne Giatanno in Remesiana. Along with general gossip and continuing worries about her hospice, Rohalendi also mentions her concerns about Archbaron Fex's recent decrees and the rising rebellious sentiment in town. She even notes that there's someone the people call the Angel Knight who's encouraging the townspeople to organize and revolt. Rohalendi says she doesn't know anything about the rebels, but she wonders if maybe they'd be able to take in or otherwise help some of her patients if she has to close the hospice.

If the PCs confront Dr. Rohalendi at this point, she knows nothing more about the Angel Knight or the rebellion beyond what she already wrote in her letter, which is little more than gossip. If the PCs are patient, however, Dr. Rohalendi will soon tighten the noose around her own neck (see page 43).

Development: If the PCs' actions result in the premature closing of Dr. Rohalendi's hospice, add 2 RP to the town's total. If the PCs already closed down the hospice in Captured Correspondence, Part 1, then this event will need to be replaced or modified, and the town accrues no additional Rebellion Points.

SMALL RESISTANCE

In the early dawn hours of the day this event takes place, someone throws an impressive handful of horse dung against the window of the Longacre sheriff's office (area F). The culprit is **Jemmy Kemmaino** (CG female young human commoner 1), the 12-year-old daughter of the town grocer. She repeats her little act of rebellion every other day, but after a week she escalates from horse dung to rocks. The PCs might capture her by either staking out the jail an hour before dawn or by succeeding at a DC 16 Survival check to notice and track

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her small footprints back to the Kemmaino Market. Her parents, Huxlam and Darlyne Kemmaino, fervently defend their daughter, but if brought irrefutable proof of Jemmy's vandalism, they vow it won't happen again. Despite their promise, however, Jemmy repeats her crime 1 week later.

Development: If the PCs act aggressively toward Jemmy Kemmaino or her family, add 2 Rebellion Points to Longacre's total.

WEEK 3 MAJOR EVENTS

The following events occur during the third week of the Longacre Rebellion. See the Rebellion Tracker on page 24 for a timeline of events. This is scripted to be the final week of the rebellion, but you should not feel that you have to strictly adhere to the 3-week timeline.

Event 8: Unsolicited Salvation is designed to be a capstone for the events in town, but all of this week's major encounters have the potential to direct the PCs toward Fort Estazano in Part 3. If you still have unused events at this point and the players are still enjoying their interactions in Longacre, feel free to delay **Event 8** until you deem fit. The additional minor events for Week 3 are detailed at the end of this section, following the week's major events.

EVENT 6: ARMORY SIEGE

It comes to the PCs' attention that Bo and Dent Gramel, the honorary keepers of Longacre's Castle Gate (area D), whom the PCs put out of a job, were seen sneaking into the Longacre Armory. It's possible that one of the PCs spies the old couple moving with supposed stealth through the streets, or one of the PCs' allies—such as Cimri, Mr. Ingoe (see page 30), or one of the archbaron's guards—notifies and reports to the PCs. Although it might seem like nothing, a successful DC 15 Knowledge (local) or Sense Motive check is enough for a PC to realize this is out of character for the couple, and an investigation of the armory might be warranted.

G. LONGACRE ARMORY

As the PCs approach the Longacre Armory, read or paraphrase the following.

With its narrow windows and sturdy timbers, this squat, graceless building looks like it was constructed to withstand a siege. Over the short stairway climbing to its double doors hangs a sign that reads, "Armory."

Longacre's armory is little more than a hodgepodge museum displaying the trophies and bent arms of local

retired army veterans, but weapons are weapons and the local rebellion needs all the supplies it can get.

The armory has two entrances: the sturdy front doors and a smaller side entrance. The front doors are closed, locked, and barred on the inside with a heavy chain and padlock looped around the door handles (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 30, Disable Device DC 20). The padlock can be unlocked with a successful DC 20 Disable Device check, but this check can be attempted only from inside the armory.

The side entrance is much easier to gain access through (hardness 5, hp 15, break DC 18, Disable Device DC 20). There are also two saddled horses tied up nearby. The horses belong to Bo and Dent Gramel, who are currently inside the armory (see Creatures in area G1).

G1. DISPLAY HALL (CR 4)

Hundreds of weapons and pieces of armor line the walls of this tiled hall, each display attended by a descriptive note or plaque. At the north end of the hall hangs a collection of tattered naval signal flags, the largest stitched with a grinning ram's skull. Beneath them, a red ballista crouches atop a wooden platform, the siege weapon aimed down the length of the hall.

This hall runs the length of the Longacre Armory and holds most of the museum's displays. The platform at the far end holds the armory's prize exhibit: various trappings from the decommissioned Chelish corvette *Vendetta*. The rooms on either side of the hall (area G2) hold more displays of old arms and armor.

The *Vendetta's* light ballista (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Combat* 160) is one of the armory's centerpieces and has been kept in good repair, along with a collection of eight ballista bolts hanging on the wall behind it. The ballista is mounted on a swiveling base, allowing it to swing and be aimed in a broad field. However, the siege engine has lost some of its torque over the years and is no longer as powerful as it once was. As such, it deals only 2d8 points of damage, scores a threat on a natural roll of 20, and has a range increment of 60 feet—still more than enough to make the weapon deadly to those in the armory.

Creatures: Bo and Dent Gramel are here, organizing some of the armory's most useful armaments into bundles for distribution to the town's citizens. Currently they have enough mismatched weapons—mostly swords and polearms—to arm half of Longacre.

If they hear or notice the PCs trying to enter the building, the Gramels take up places on the platform and load the ballista, then ready an action to fire the ballista as soon as they have a target. The Gramels can fire the ballista every other round; although the ballista requires no time to aim, and either Bo or Dent can fire it as a standard action, it takes two full-round actions

to load the siege engine. If only one Gramel is crewing the ballista, its rate of fire decreases to every 3 rounds (2 rounds to load, 1 round to fire).

BO AND DENT GRAMEL (2)

CR 2

XP 600 each

Old human fighter 3

NG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 12, flat-footed 12 (+2 armor, +2 Dex)

hp 24 each (3d10+3)

Fort +3, **Ref** +3, **Will** +2 (+1 vs. fear)

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee short sword +3 (1d6/19–20)

Ranged light ballista +5 (2d8) or

mwk heavy crossbow +6 (1d10/19–20)

TACTICS

During Combat Once the PCs enter the armory, Dent continues firing the ballista until an enemy climbs onto the platform, after which he switches to using his short sword. Bo uses the same tactic, helping Dent reload the ballista while firing *screaming bolts* from her heavy crossbow until forced to enter melee.

Morale The old folks know their chances of outrunning the PCs are slim, so they stand their ground. Neither Bo nor Dent wants to die in the armory, and each surrenders if reduced to fewer than 12 hit points, but if one of them is killed, the other fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 11, **Int** 14, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

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

Feats Deadly Aim, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (light ballista), Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rapid Reload (heavy crossbow)

Skills Climb +6, Knowledge (engineering) +8, Perception +4, Profession (siege engineer) +7, Ride +8

Languages Common, Dwarven, Gnome

SQ armor training 1

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *screaming bolt* (3); **Other Gear** leather armor, mwk heavy crossbow with 10 bolts, short sword, 28 gp

Treasure: Although most of the items in the armory's displays are rusted, broken, or in otherwise subpar condition, a PC should be able to find at least one of almost any weapon he's looking for inside. Additionally, those who spend 10 minutes touring the collection find the following exceptional pieces: a masterwork spiked breastplate, a mithral heavy shield, one *arrow of dragon slaying*, a masterwork greatsword, a repeating light crossbow, and a *scabbard of honing* (*Ultimate Equipment* 318).

Development: Once the PCs have defeated the Gramels, they might be able coerce information from

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H. CHURCH OF IOMEDAE



them. If so, the Gramels explain that Jask Coalimber—the former sheriff's most veteran deputy—approached them and proposed the scheme to use the armory's stores to arm the townsfolk. The hope was that no one would think anything of Bo or Dent going into the armory and that the couple could prepare the weapons with minimum fuss. Other, more able-bodied, rebels are scheduled to arrive at dusk to actually transport and distribute the weapons. The plan is for them to drive a cart to the armory's back door, enter, take the bundles of weapons that Bo and Dent prepared, and escape to their hideout in the Whisperwood in the twilight hour before curfew.

Defeating Bo and Dent prevents the armory's weapons from immediately falling into the hands of the rebels, but it is unlikely to be more than a temporary setback unless the PCs take additional action. If the PCs don't learn the plan from the Gramels and just leave the scene, the rebels appear as scheduled, realize that something went wrong, and leave, though they're likely to be back at a later date. If the PCs do learn about the impending pickup and lie in wait for the rebels, they can confront the rebels when they arrive at dusk. Use the statistics for a veteran deputy on page 41 for these two rebels, forming a CR 3 encounter. If captured and interrogated, the rebels give up the location of their hideout, Fort Estazano (area I). Alternatively, the PCs can wait in hiding for the rebels, then follow them back to the fort.

If the PCs arrest Bo and Dent for breaking into the armory, Longacre's Rebellion Points increase by only 1. If either of the old folks is killed, however, add 3 RP for each death. If the PCs don't stop the rebels from getting hold of the weapons, increase the Rebellion Point total by another 2 RP.

EVENT 7: RESURRECTION ATTEMPT

In addition to Rebellion Points, this event has another prerequisite: the PCs must have executed someone in **Event 5** and put the remains on public display. If, for some reason, they have not done so by the time this event is scheduled to occur, you should delay this event until you run **Event 5**.

Less than a week after the events of the Archbaron's Justice (see **Event 5**), the PCs discover that the remains of the person (or persons) they executed have mysteriously gone missing. The PCs might notice the body is missing themselves, or learn of it through a snitch they have cultivated, while interrogating a townspeople about another matter, or from Cimri or Razelago. In any case, the PCs' informant suspects that Fifth Sword Knight Tileavia Allamar has stolen the body and is keeping it in the Church of Iomedae.

If the PCs choose to investigate the Church of Iomedae, they come upon the priestess at a compromising moment. The Church of Iomedae is detailed in the following encounters. If the PCs don't

explore the church, see the Development section for area H5.

H. CHURCH OF IOMEDAE

Longacre's Church of Iomedae presides over a fenced yard with an orderly garden and a small cemetery. The church itself stands atop a 6-foot-tall, fortresslike foundation of stone, which lifts it over the churchyard and the plaza beyond. Eleven stained-glass windows decorate the church's narthex and sanctuary, each abstractly depicting one of the Acts of Iomedae (see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Gods* for details on Iomedae's 11 Acts). Whitewashed wooden stairs climb to a small porch and the church's only entrance. Two balconies extend from the church's face, with narrow glass doors leading from each into the sanctuary (area H5).

H1. CHURCHYARD

The churchyard is largely empty, enclosed within a wrought-iron fence. A graveyard huddles east of the church, mostly filled with several dozen stark white grave markers. These headstones are designed to look like swords thrust into the earth, each bearing a name and span of dates to commemorate the life of particularly dutiful or devout member of the church. Even a cursory investigation of the graveyard is enough to see that no one has been interred for months. Behind the church, propped against the northeast corner of the building, the PCs can find an unused grave maker. It bears the name and birth year of the executed townsperson, but no death date.

H2. NARTHEX (CR 3)

Although the church's doors are usually kept open, they're closed and bolted (hardness 5, hp 10, break DC 16) when the PCs arrive. Inside, the space is airy and open with a number of folksy crafts decorating the walls—mostly carved or woven pieces featuring the holy symbol of Iomedae. The chamber's most impressive features are its stained-glass windows, the largest of which depicts a giant, golden figure bearing the sunburst and sword symbol of Iomedae floating skyward while small, blue figures below exalt her. A small door leads north to the priestess's office (area H3) while another pair of doors leads into the sanctuary (area H5).

Creatures: Five members of Sword Knight Allamar's congregation wait in the narthex. They refuse to admit the PCs into their holy house and insist they leave. If the PCs refuse, the worshipers attempt to forcibly evict them.

IOMEDAEAN CONGREGANT (5)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

LG Longacre rioter (see page 35)

hp 12 each (2d6+5)

H3. PRIESTESS'S OFFICE

A desk, simple chairs, and a shelf full of liturgical writings fill most of this room. From here, Sword Knight Allamar serves as one of the community's de facto leaders and occasional spiritual advisor to almost every family in Longacre. A PC who succeeds at a DC 14 Perception check notes an obviously blank section of wall amid sewn hangings featuring Iomedean prayers. Three empty hooks in the wall mark the position of some sizable weapon (Allamar's longsword, in fact).

Treasure: In the desk drawer, a simple note lies on top of other documents, which is automatically discovered if the drawer is opened. The note reads: "To undo wrongs and recover your loss. Do what you must, but after, if your spirit is willing, join us at the old fort." The note is signed "L. V." The note's broken wax seal contains the impression of a strange symbol—the sword-and-sunburst of Iomedae combined with the encircled cross emblem of Cheliax—the symbol of the Glorious Reclamation, though the PCs likely have no way of recognizing it as such at this point. Additionally, the drawer also contains three *scrolls of protection from evil*.

Development: If the PCs find Lencia Visserene's note, a successful DC 15 Knowledge (history) or Knowledge (local) check, or a successful DC 15 Diplomacy check to gather information, identifies Fort Estazano (area I) as the most likely candidate for "the old fort" mentioned in the note.

H4. PRIVATE SHRINE AND STORAGE

Sword Knight Allamar uses this area as a private shrine where she prepares for services. A nearly flat kneeling pillow lies before a small table covered with candle, facing a wall hanging of Iomedae's holy symbol. A narrow wardrobe stands nearby. Blue curtains separate the shrine from the sanctuary (area H5). A door to the west leads to a small storage area (area H4a) containing several cabinets crammed with decorations, ritual basins and braziers, seasonal wall hangings, and other materials used in day-to-day observances.

Treasure: The wardrobe in the shrine is locked, but can be opened with either a successful DC 15 Disable Device check or with the key Allamar keeps with her at all times. Inside are three *bandages of rapid recovery* (*Ultimate Equipment* 220), an *elixir of truth*, a *potion of cure moderate wounds*, and six sets of cleric's vestments. Anyone who spends at least 5 minutes sifting through the supplies in the storage area and succeeds at a DC 14 Perception check discovers a set of antique silver candlesticks worth 400 gp.

H5. SANCTUARY (CR 4)

Numerous pews face a raised altar in the sanctuary of Iomedae's church. A coffin placed before the altar is clearly a recent addition to the furnishings. The coffin's lid is off and the missing body of the executed

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townsperson is inside. Two glass doors lead out to the twin balconies that overlook the churchyard to the south.

Creature: Tileavia Allamar, Fifth Sword Knight of Iomedae, is present in the sanctuary. She recently received a message from Lencia Visserene (see the Treasure section for area H3) along with a *scroll of resurrection*. With all haste, Allamar collected the corpse of the recently executed townsperson and is now seeking to quietly restore him or her to life. She's convinced that her cause is just and her faith will see her through, despite the fact that the scroll is beyond her magical ability to master, but tragically, her attempt is doomed to failure.

When the PCs enter the sanctuary, Sword Knight Allamar has just tried to use the scroll 1 round before. The attempt has failed dramatically, however, resulting in a scroll mishap (*Core Rulebook* 491) that has caused the *scroll of resurrection* to instead function as a *scroll of create undead*, transforming the body of the executed townsperson into a ghaſt over which Allamar has no control. When the PCs arrive, Allamar is backing away and trying to converse with the ghaſt, not yet comprehending what's happened. Any PC who succeeds at a DC 12 Knowledge (religion) or Perception check immediately realizes what the corpse has become.

In the following rounds, a horrified Allamar makes a tactical retreat to either area H2 or H4, wherever she has a clear route. The ghaſt chooses not to pursue the fleeing priestess and instead turns on the nearest PC—fighting until destroyed.

GHAST CR 2

XP 600

Advanced ghaſt (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 294, 146)

hp 17

TILEAVIA ALLAMAR CR 3

XP 800

Female human cleric of Iomedae 4
LG Medium humanoid (human)

Init -1; **Senses** Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 9, flat-footed 17 (+6 armor, -1 Dex, +2 shield)

hp 29 (4d8+8)

Fort +5, **Ref** +2, **Will** +7

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee mwk longsword +6 (1d8+2/19-20)

Ranged sling +2 (1d4+2)

Special Attacks channel positive energy 5/day (DC 14, 2d6)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 4th; concentration +7)

6/day—battle rage (+2), touch of good (+2)

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 4th; concentration +7)

2nd—*hold person* (2, DC 15), *spiritual weapon*⁰, *summon monster II*

1st—*bless*, *divine favor*, *magic weapon*⁰, *protection from evil*, *shield of faith*

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

D Domain spell; **Domains** Good, War

TACTICS

During Combat After fleeing the sanctuary, Allamar waits for those who have invaded her church, preparing for battle by casting as many preparation spells as she can beforehand. In battle, she summons a celestial wolf and casts *spiritual weapon* to take on more foes.

Morale Allamar is willing to die in support of the revolution, but if reduced to fewer than 10 hit points, she attempts to flee to Fort Estazano (area I) and join Lencia Visserene at the rebels' secret forest base.

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 8, **Con** 12, **Int** 10,

Wis 17, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 14

Feats Combat Casting,
Lightning Reflexes,
Power Attack

Skills Diplomacy +8, Heal +9,
Knowledge (religion) +7,
Sense Motive +7,
Spellcraft +4

Languages Common

Combat Gear *potion of aid*, *silversheen* (2);

Other Gear breastplate,
heavy steel shield, mwk
longsword, sling with 10
bullets, *pearl of power* (1st
level), silver holy symbol of
Iomedae, spell component pouch,
key to wardrobe in area H4, 40 gp

Development: If the PCs choose not to investigate the Church of Iomedae and Tileavia Allamar's suspicious activities, then this event plays out differently.

In this case, the priestess manages to successfully resurrect the executed townsperson and both of them sneak out of town soon after.

If the PCs somehow catch wind of this, they can follow Allamar to Fort Estazano (area I). Otherwise, Allamar and her

TILEAVIA ALLAMAR

resurrected ally reappear at the end of the adventure in the Court of Spears (see area J10).

If the PCs arrest Tileavia Allamar, increase Longacre's Rebellion Points by 1. If the PCs kill her, or if she successfully resurrects the executed townspeople and flees to Fort Estazano, increase Longacre's Rebellion Points by 3 instead.

EVENT 8: UNSOLICITED SALVATION

Since her dismissal as sheriff of Longacre, Rhona Staelish has been assisting Lencia Visserene in rallying locals to the Glorious Reclamation's cause. Despite encouraging the townsfolk to resist the archbaron and his agents, Staelish has never forgotten the only family she has in town: Cimri. Before things turn a dangerous corner, Staelish tries to convince her niece to abandon the amoral path she's been following and leave Longacre before it's too late.

This event occurs when Cimri is alone at the Ash House; the PCs should be elsewhere initially. Staelish arrives at the Ash House with a contingent of her loyal former deputies, hoping to reason with Cimri. Staelish confronts her niece in the Ash House's parlor, where the two of them argue, neither of them aware that Razelago is watching the entire exchange and recording it with his infernal eye.

The PCs learn what's happening soon after, when Razelago teleports to them as soon as at least one of them is in a place where he won't be observed. The devil uses his infernal eye to replay the scene of Cimri and Staelish arguing, which ends with Cimri throwing a lit oil lantern at her aunt, missing, and starting a small fire. Razelago tell the PCs that if they act fast, they can capture the former sheriff.

Use the map of the Ash House on page 12 for the following encounters.

THE ASH HOUSE ABLAZE (CR 3)

By the time the PCs arrive at the Ash House as a group, things have gotten out of hand, and the Ash House is once again on fire.

Creatures: Two of Staelish's former veteran deputies stand nervously on the Ash House's porch. Nearby are five light horses, the group's mounts. If the deputies' notice the PCs approach, they ready their weapons and yell a warning to Staelish and the other deputies inside. When no one inside responds, the deputies attack to prevent the PCs from interfering.

VETERAN DEPUTIES (2)		CR 1
XP 400 each		
Human fighter 1/rogue 1		
NG Medium humanoid (human)		
Init +3; Senses Perception +6		
DEFENSE		
AC 15, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+2 armor, +3 Dex)		

hp 19 each (2 HD; 1d8+1d10+5)

Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk short sword +5 (1d6+1/19–20) or
sap +4 (1d6+1 nonlethal)

Ranged mwk longbow +5 (1d8/x3)

Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6

TACTICS

During Combat The deputies engage opponents at range with their longbows, making sneak attacks and using Rapid Shot. In melee, they attempt to flank with each other to make sneak attacks.

Morale Loyal to Staelish, the deputies fight to the death.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +1; CMB +2; CMD 15

Feats Point-Blank Shot, Rapid Shot, Weapon Finesse

Skills Climb +5, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (local) +5,
Perception +6, Ride +7, Sense Motive +6, Stealth +8

Languages Common

SQ trapfinding +1

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*; **Other Gear**

leather armor, mwk longbow with 20 arrows, mwk short sword, sap, manacles, 18 gp

Treasure: In addition to the deputies' equipment, the horses' saddlebags contain two *potions of pass without trace*, a healer's kit, and 140 gp.

BATTLE IN THE ASH HOUSE (CR 5)

Creatures: Inside the Ash House, a battle rages across the first floor. In the parlor (area B1), Rhona Staelish, former Sheriff of Longacre, fights defensively against Cimri. Staelish is trying to calm her niece, who lashes out with her kukri and a lifetime of pent-up disappointments. In the entryway east of the parlor, two of Staelish's deputies attempt to keep Razelago's krenshar, Gaurig, at bay. Gaurig is halfway down the stairs, but hasn't used her skullface ability yet. Around them, the fire swiftly grows (see Hazard on page 42).

Once the PCs enter the battle, Staelish turns from Cimri to face the PCs, calling on her deputies for backup. They join her as soon as Gaurig is removed as a threat. For her part, Cimri focuses her attacks on her aunt, while Gaurig attacks the closest foe.

CIMRI STAELISH	CR 1
XP 400	
hp 13 (see page 56)	

GAURIG	CR 1
XP 400	
Female krenshar (<i>Pathfinder RPG Bestiary</i> 2 174)	
hp 13	

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RHONA STAELISH

CR 3

XP 800

Female human ranger 4

LG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +4 (+6 in urban); **Senses** Perception +6 (+8 in urban)**DEFENSE****AC** 17, touch 14, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor, +4 Dex)**hp** 34 (4d10+8)**Fort** +5, **Ref** +8, **Will** +2**OFFENSE****Speed** 30 ft.**Melee** mwk handaxe +7 (1d6+2/×3), mwk handaxe +7 (1d6+1/×3) or

mwk handaxe +9 (1d6+2/×3)

Ranged composite longbow +8 (1d8+2/×3)**Special Attacks** combat style (two-weapon combat), favored enemy (humans +2)**TACTICS****During Combat** Against Cimri, Staelish tries to deal nonlethal damage (taking a -4 penalty on her attack rolls), but against other opponents, she has no qualms about dealing lethal damage.**Morale** Staelish tries to flee to Fort Estazano (area I) if reduced to fewer than 10 hit points, but if cornered, she fights to the death.**STATISTICS****Str** 14, **Dex** 18, **Con** 12, **Int** 13, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 10**Base Atk** +4; **CMB** +6;**CMD** 20**Feats** Combat Expertise, Endurance, Iron Will, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse**Skills** Climb +7, Diplomacy +4, Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (local) +5, Perception +6 (+8 in urban), Ride +9, Sense Motive +3, Stealth +9 (+11 in urban), Survival +6 (+8 in urban)**Languages** Common, Halfling**SQ** favored terrain (urban +2), hunter's bond (companions), track +2, wild empathy +4**Gear** mwk studded leather, composite longbow (+2 Str) with 20 arrows, mwk handaxes (2), brooch of shielding

VETERAN DEPUTIES (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 19 each (see page 41)

Hazard: The fire in the Ash House is growing in strength, but isn't completely out of control yet. Heavy smoke currently fills the second floor, and the first floor also fills with smoke after 1 minute (see page 444 of the *Core Rulebook* for smoke effects). Fire climbs portions of the building's interior walls. Any creature that ends its turn adjacent to a wall must succeed at a DC 15 Reflex save or take 1 point of fire damage. The flames continue to burn like this for the next 10 minutes, after which they grow out of control and deal 1d6 points of damage per

round to every creature inside the house. This might be prevented by an organized attempt to douse the flames in the parlor (perhaps using repeated castings of *create water*), but as more mundane sources of water aren't at hand, and the townsfolk aren't eager to risk their lives saving the old ruin, the Ash House is likely doomed unless the PCs concoct some innovative plan to save it.

Development: Before the PCs arrived, Staelish begged Cimri with maternal concern to get out of town and told her niece that if she needed any help, to come to Fort Estazano outside town. If captured, the former sheriff can also be convinced to give up that information, pointing the PCs to the fort's location (area I). Even if critically wounded in the battle, though, Cimri should survive long enough to pass the fort's name on to the PCs. If Staelish survives the battle and manages to escape the PCs, she returns at the end of the adventure in the Court of Spears (see area J10).

If Gaurig survives the fight, she's now homeless. Razelago abandons her, explaining, if questioned, that his deal with the krenshar was for her service at the Ash House. With the house gone, their agreement is void. If any of the PCs treat her well, Gaurig follows them, and might eventually be adopted as a companion or cohort. If treated with indifference or hostility, the krenshar flees into the Whisperwood and doesn't return.

While the destruction of the Ash House means little to anyone in town, the death or capture of Rhona Staelish deals a crippling blow to Longacre's nascent uprising. As such, the town accrues no additional Rebellion Points from this event. See Ending the Rebellion on page 43 for details on where to go from here.

RHONA STAELISH

WEEK 3 MINOR EVENTS

The following minor events can occur during the third week of the rebellion. When the Rebellion Tracker indicates a minor event should occur, choose or randomly select one of the following events, an unused event from Week 1 or Week 2 (see pages 30 and 35), or one of the optional minor events on page 81.

CAPTURED CORRESPONDENCE, PART 3 (CR 3+)

If the PCs intercepted Dr. Gerya Rohalendi's earlier letters (see Captured Correspondence, Parts 1 and 2 on pages 30 and 35), but haven't confronted her about her messages, they confiscate a third and final letter from Dr. Rohalendi to her cousin Nivianne Giatanno. In this missive, the doctor confesses that she's agreed to store weapons for Longacre's rebels in the basement of her hospice. She's emotionally conflicted about her collaboration, but feels she has to do something.

This letter is irrefutable proof that Dr. Rohalendi is guilty of treason. If the PCs visit Rohalendi's hospice, they discover 200 gp worth of armor and weapons—mostly leather armor, clubs, crossbows and bolts, heavy maces, and spears—in her cellar. There are easily enough arms to outfit several dozen insurgents. If questioned, the doctor folds quickly. She doesn't know where the arms are bound for, but she's expecting another delivery tonight.

Creatures: If the PCs wait at the hospice to confront the rebels, two veteran deputies arrive after dark. As soon as they realize they've been found out, the rebels try to escape, but they fight if they're unable to flee. If captured alive, they can point the PCs toward Fort Estazano (area I).

DOCTOR GERYA ROHALENDI

CR 3

XP 800

Pilgrim (*Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide* 291)

hp 17

VETERAN DEPUTIES (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 19 each (see page 41)

Development: If the PCs already closed down the hospice in earlier events, then this event will need to be replaced or modified. Arresting or killing Dr. Rohalendi adds 1 Rebellion Point to Longacre's total, while closing down the hospice adds 1 additional RP.

Story Award: If the PCs arrest Dr. Rohalendi or the deputies, award them full XP as if they had defeated the rebels in combat.

NEW EVIDENCE (CR 1)

Word reaches the PCs that **Valn Orannt** (N male human expert 3), a former employee of the now-closed Louslik Tannery, has announced he has evidence that Cimri and the PCs were responsible for the break-in—and probably

murders—at the tannery a couple of weeks ago. This evidence is a dagger with a threatening but absurd blade that Valn found outside the tannery—a dagger he claims Cimri was showing off at The Last Stand a week before the break-in.

Although Valn's accusations are true, the veracity of his claims don't matter—public perception does. Calls for justice are quiet, but they lend fuel to the town's rebellious sentiment. The PCs can put an end to this outcry by contesting Valn's claims and refuting his evidence with a successful DC 16 Bluff or Diplomacy check in public. Alternatively, they could simply silence him and remove him from the spotlight permanently. If needed, use the statistics for a shopkeep on page 284 of the *GameMastery Guide* for Valn.

Development: If the PCs don't refute or end Valn's claims, increase the Longacre's total number of Rebellion Points by 4. If Valn vanishes or dies, add 2 Rebellion Points.

Story Award: If the PCs manage to refute Valn's claims without harming him or accruing any Rebellion Points, award them 600 XP. Otherwise, they earn only the normal amount of XP for defeating him in combat.

ENDING THE REBELLION

Following the PCs' confrontation with Rhona Staelish at the Ash House in **Event 8**, much of the rebellious spirit in Longacre has been crushed. Minor acts of sedition might continue to play out—such as any minor events the PCs have missed—but day-to-day acts of subversion in town soon draw to a close. The revolt is far from over, however. Revolutionary sentiment in Longacre (represented by the town's Rebellion Points) is likely at its peak and as long as the mysterious Angel Knight, Lencia Visserene, is still alive, it's only a matter of time before the embers of rebellion in Longacre are once again fanned into flame. It should be made clear to the PCs that they have to do something soon to head off a mass uprising.

Fortunately, the PCs should have gained some hints during Part 2 that the rebels are supposedly using an abandoned forest redoubt called Fort Estazano as their base of operations. If the PCs have somehow missed all of the clues pointing to the ruined fort, then you should provide them with one, whether through an interrogation, a prisoner's confession, or a captured map. There's no scripted urgency or impending threat driving the PCs to investigate Fort Estazano in Part 3, but they shouldn't tarry in Longacre for too long. If need be, Razelago, Cimri, or Archbaron Fex should encourage the PCs to take the fight to the rebels at Fort Estazano and bring the subversive Angel Knight to justice.

PART 3: COUNTER CRUSADE

Once the majority of the rebellious events in Longacre have played out in Part 2, the PCs should be eager to strike against the rebels—and their leader, Lencia Visserene—

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who have caused them so much trouble. Their best lead: the ruins of Fort Estazano in the Whisperwood. Finding Fort Estazano is easy enough; besides the obvious tactic of following one of the rebels there, the PCs need only to succeed at a DC 15 Knowledge (geography) or (local) check, or a successful DC 15 Diplomacy check to gather information, to learn the fort's location.

If the PCs are not yet 3rd level by the time they're ready to investigate Fort Estazano, they might be ambushed on their way to the fort by overzealous rebels (use the statistics for junior deputies on page 23), pestered by fey agents of the dryad Losoni (see area J11), or attacked by local beasts like a brown bear, boar, or wolves.

I. FORT ESTAZANO

Constructed around 4620 AR as a staging post for Chelish bandit-hunters launching forays into the Whisperwood, Fort Estazano did not survive long. Only 3 years after its completion, the brigand Diravae the Gold Drinker set off an explosion in the fort's armory that crumbled its tower and set fire to most of its interior. The Chelish army abandoned the fort soon after.

In the decades since, Fort Estazano has been the setting of numerous ghost stories, a campsite for far-traveling wanderers, and a base for brigands and adventurers. Now, Fort Estazano serves as the "official" hideout of Longacre's rebels, though in truth, the ruined redoubt is just a decoy to confound the rebellion's enemies. Lencia Visserene's true base of operations lies deeper in the forest, in an abandoned bandit tree fort called the Court of Spears (area J). Those few insurgents who know of the Court of Spears are under strict orders not to approach until after dark. All make a point to come to Fort Estazano first and make a show of going inside for any who might be following. The rebels then slip away to their true headquarters under the cover of darkness. Those who aren't yet trusted with the full details of the rebels' operation are directed here to meet with one of the rebellion's agents, Jexxi Six Splinters (see area I2).

As the PCs approach Fort Estazano, read or paraphrase the following.

Only the open wooden gates and a few narrow windows suggest that the heap of rocks ahead was once something more. A small gatehouse to one side still stands intact, though it seems in danger of collapse beneath the light covering of moss on its stones.

Fort Estazano hunkers atop a small, flat hill, tall enough to give a fine view of the surrounding countryside from the gatehouse. The open gate is the only entrance into the fort, but the crumbling walls are easy to climb, requiring only a successful DC 14 Climb check to scale.

If the PCs investigate the approach to the fort and succeed at a DC 16 Survival check, they notice several sets of tracks, both footprints and cart tracks. The DC of this check drops to 12 at the fort's gate, where many tracks enter and leave. Those who succeed at a DC 20 Perception or Survival check, though, also find a lightly trod trail that circles the fort and leads east, deeper into the Whisperwood and eventually to the Court of Spears (area J). Use the map on page 46 for this location.

Development: Jexxi Six Splinters keeps watch from the gatehouse (area I2), and unless the PCs do something to disguise themselves or conceal their approach, she notices them from nearly half a mile away. If she's obviously outnumbered, she stays hidden, waiting to close the gate and trap the PCs inside the courtyard (area I1).

If the PCs discover and follow the path to the Court of Spears before entering the fort, Jexxi opens fire on them, attempting to redirect their attention to the fort.

Anyone climbing the walls must succeed at a Stealth check opposed by Jexxi's Perception check. Those who fail cause rocks to crumble into the courtyard, alerting Jexxi if she hasn't already noticed the PCs.



JEXXI SIX SPLINTERS

11. COURTYARD

Although the fort's walls have largely kept their shape, the structures within have fared far worse. The rubble of two collapsed towers spills into the courtyard, as do the moldy heaps of smaller wooden structures. Rickety stairs rise to a partially collapsed wooden walkway to the north and east that follows the remaining ramparts and leads to the door of the mostly intact gatehouse.

This courtyard is a killing ground, used by the rebels as a necessary evil to dispose of those who would jeopardize their plans. The gate into the fort consists of two moldy, 10-foot-tall doors. They're open when the PCs first arrive, but can be closed using the counterweight mechanism in area I2. Once closed, the gates cannot be reopened while the mechanism in area I2 is engaged (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 23). Even if the mechanism is disengaged, opening the doors still requires a successful DC 16 Strength check and 1 minute of effort.

From the gate, the entrance to the lair of the manticores Nalingca (area I3) is largely obscured by heaps of rubble, yet a PC can pick out the sizable gap with a successful DC 18 Perception check.

Development: Although the fort's guardians, Jexxi Six Splinters and Nalingca, inhabit other rooms (areas I2 and I3, respectively), their plan unfolds here. If Jexxi is aware of the PCs, she lies in wait in the gatehouse (area I2) until they enter the courtyard. As soon as all the PCs that she's aware of are inside, she releases the counterweights rigged to the fort's gate, causing the doors to shut with a booming thud. Following this, she grabs her silent whistle to alert Nalingca in area I3. Thus far, Nalingca hasn't been called forth to attack intruders, but she has eagerly awaited the call. The manticores bounds forth the round after hearing the whistle.

An accomplished hunter, Nalingca knows the deadliness of both armed humanoids and her own spikes. If she sees that she's outnumbered, she flies to either of the surviving platforms in the southwest corner of the fort and rains spikes down on opponents from a position of relative safety. If her foes haven't fallen after 2 rounds of this tactic, Nalingca swoops down upon them to make flyby attacks.

12. GATEHOUSE (CR 3)

The smell of rotting wood fills this sagging guardroom. Arrow slits face the approach to the fort, but also into the ruined courtyard within the fort's walls. A rusty metal crank juts from the southern wall.

Despite its appearance, the guardroom is relatively sturdy and safe. The crank in the south wall once controlled the gate. The mechanism broke long ago, but

the rebels have rigged it with counterweights that slam the gates shut when a lever here is released. The mechanism cannot reopen the gates, but the lever must be disengaged to open the doors without destroying them.

Creatures: Jexxi Six Splinters, a local hunter, friend of Rhona Staelish, and one of the best archers around Longacre, stands watch here, keeping an eye out for rebels to help and enemies to deter. She's only one guard, though, and if faced with multiple enemies, she calls Nalingca with her silent whistle (see area I1 for details of the pair's tactics). If the PCs defeat Nalingca or prevent Jexxi from calling the beast with her whistle, she fires her bow, attempting sneak attacks as much as possible, switching to her spear if forced into melee combat. A dedicated revolutionary, Jexxi fights to the death.

JEXXI SIX SPLINTERS

CR 3

XP 800

Female halfling rogue 4

CG Small humanoid (halfling)

Init +4; **Senses** Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 15, flat-footed 13 (+2 armor, +4 Dex, +1 size)

hp 29 (4d8+8)

Fort +3, **Ref** +9, **Will** +3; +2 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee spear +5 (1d6+1/×3)

Ranged +1 *shortbow* +9 (1d4+1/×3)

Special Attacks sneak attack +2d6 plus 2 bleed

STATISTICS

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

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

Feats Deadly Aim, Point-Blank Shot

Skills Acrobatics +11, Climb +10, Disable Device +12, Escape Artist +10, Knowledge (local) +7, Perception +10, Perform (wind instruments) +4, Sleight of Hand +10, Stealth +15, Use Magic Device +7

Languages Common, Halfling

SQ rogue talents (bleeding attack +2, surprise attack), trapfinding +2

Gear Small leather armor, Small +1 *shortbow* with 20 arrows, Small spear, silent whistle^{UE}, thieves' tools, 26 gp

Treasure: Aside from the gear Jexxi carries, she also has a folded scrap of paper with a recently penned message. It reads: "Good work, old friend. Sending Jask to spell you soon. Can't wait until you see what she's done with the Court." The note is from Rhona Staelish, and a PC who succeeds at a DC 20 Knowledge (history) or Knowledge (local) check might surmise "the Court" is a reference to the Court of Spears (area J). See Finding the Court of Spears on page 47 for more details on discovering the rebels' hidden base.

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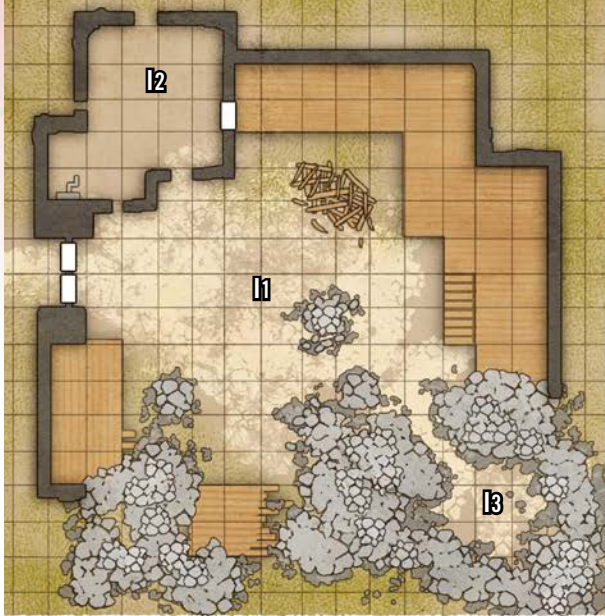
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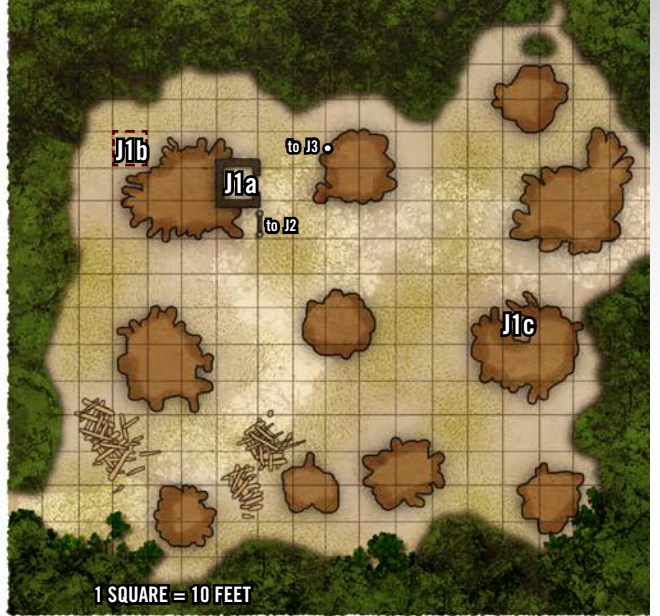
I. FORT ESTAZANO

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET



J1. FOREST FLOOR

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



J. COURT OF SPEARS

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

13. NALINGCA'S DEN (CR 5)

The smell of sweat and rot weigh heavily in this chamber excavated beneath the rubble of the fort's collapsed tower, and heaps of soiled animal skins and gory bones fill the hollow.

Despite the unstable appearance of the collapsed tower, the excavated chamber is relatively stable. It would take a significant amount of effort to bring down the tons of rubble overhead. Most of the skins and bones come from Whisperwood deer, but there are a few scraps of pork and other livestock as well.

Creature: The manticore Nalingca, third daughter of the brood of Torgorra Manyteeth, eats, sleeps, and eats more in this dry, musky den. Of a different philosophical bent than the rest of her family, Nalingca fled her mother's territory surrounding the Vale of Claws in the southern Menador Mountains 3 years ago. Digging out a lair in the ruins of Fort Estazano, she's since lived a fat, lazy existence preying upon Whisperwood deer and occasionally the livestock of nearby ranches. Over the years, the manticore has raided the drying sheds and smokehouses of several local farms, developing quite a taste for local salted and spiced meats. So when Longacre's former sheriff, Rhona Staelish, offered Nalingca a year's worth of barbecued pork for letting the rebels temporarily "use" the fort and guarding the ruins from the rebels' enemies, the manticore eagerly accepted her proposal. The rebels and Nalingca agreed that the sound of Jexxi's silent whistle would be the manticore's "dinner bell," coaxing the beast forth and granting it permission to slaughter any creature in the courtyard (see area 11 for Nalingca's tactics if Jexxi calls her).

Otherwise, little coaxes the manticore out at night and even less during the day. That said, Nalingca does become curious at the sound of strange noises outside. If there are multiple minutes of talking and hubbub in the courtyard without a signal from Jexxi, the manticore cautiously emerges from her den to investigate. In such a case, she won't be sure if the PCs are part of the rebels who have agreed to feed her or not, and won't immediately attack unless they seem hostile or attack her first. Should Nalingca catch any creature trespassing in her den, she becomes enraged and attacks immediately. If cornered, she fights to the death.

NALINGCA

CR 5

XP 1,600

LN female manticore (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 199)

hp 57

Treasure: Anyone who spends a minute sifting through the skins and bones in the manticore's den can find a savaged leather satchel containing a *feather token* (whip), a *scroll of summon monster II*, a *wand of shield of faith* (33 charges), a stinking but salvageable courtier's

outfit, a bottle of cheap rum, a signet ring bearing a seal consisting of a pair struggling falcons (worth 10 gp), and a pouch containing 59 gp.

Additionally, a PC who succeeds at a DC 15 Perception check notices the grip and most of the iron haft of a weapon jutting from the den's rear wall. This is a masterwork cold iron morningstar lodged amid the collapsed stones. It can be tugged free with a successful DC 20 Strength check or by mining out the surrounding stone (hardness 8, hp 30). Despite the wall's unsteady appearance, freeing the morningstar won't cause a cave-in—but there's no reason you can't heighten the tension with descriptions of falling pebbles and sliding stones.

FINDING THE COURT OF SPEARS

Once the PCs have dealt with Jexxi and Nalingca, they can continue exploring the rest of Fort Estazano, but if they were expecting to find the rebels' hideout or the Angel Knight, they'll be disappointed. However, both the trail outside the fort and Jexxi's note in area 12 suggest the revolutionaries are holed up elsewhere. If the PCs capture and interrogate Jexxi, she can tell them the location of the Court of Spears. The manticore Nalingca does not know the location of the rebels' true base, but she can point the PCs toward the trail from the fort if they question her.

If the PCs have learned that the rebel base is called the Court of Spears but haven't discovered its location, a successful DC 20 Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check is sufficient to recall the location of an old bandit fort that was called the Court of Spears. Otherwise, if the PCs return to Longacre, either Archbaron Fex or Notary Brackenbol can, after a few hours of searching, find a useful map in their libraries that pinpoints the location of the Court. Alternatively, the PCs can simply follow the trail from Fort Estazano that leads through the Whisperwood to the Court of Spears, even if they don't know exactly where it leads.

If the PCs fail to find any of the clues pointing to the Court of Spears or are unable to discover its location, Archbaron Fex or Razelago should suggest that the PCs investigate the old bandit fort, once it is clear that Fort Estazano is not the rebels' true base.

However the PCs learn of the Court of Spears, Cimri or another allied NPC encourages them to rest and equip themselves well before they go, as there's no way to know what the Angel Knight might have in store for them.

J. COURT OF SPEARS

The Court of Spears was constructed in 4631 AR by a bandit who called himself the Feign Prince Lairsaph—a title gained after convincing the town of Haugin's Ear that he was the son of Cheliox's King Gaspodar and so was due their 3 years of uncollected taxes. The Feign Prince wanted a base for his band of brigands,

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and deep in the Whisperwood Lairsaph discovered a perfect location for their redoubt: a stand of rare titan aspens. Construction began under a pall, as two bandit-engineers fell from the trees with pale arrows piercing their skulls. Lairsaph himself climbed the towering trunks to investigate. What followed was a running duel over leaf and bough between the Feign Prince and a being that bounded between the branches as though they were the open plains.

But in the midst of the furious battle, a truce was struck. Lairsaph agreed to defend the titan aspens and plant seedlings of the trees in seven hidden forests. In return, he could have his keep among the trees, and even more, for the creature who had emerged to defend the trees was a dryad named Losoni, who wasn't merely bound to one trunk, but the entire stand of titan aspens. No mortal could see it, but the dryad knew that his trees were one organism, a clonal colony, and beneath the ground, the dozen towering white trunks grew from the same root system.

Losoni became steward of a new charge that day, helping to construct the bandit fortress amid the branches of his precious trees. And as the bandits' stronghold rose, the dryad helped shape it, armoring his wooded home with the brigands' buildings. Even once construction was completed, Losoni continued to watch over the camp and made sure the new residents knew that any wound befalling the trees would be repaid upon the culprit.

For a time, the Court of Spears flourished. The Feign Prince and his followers grew in wealth and infamy, and Losoni was mostly happy for the company. It wasn't to last, though. The Chelish army and mercenary bandit hunters eventually tracked Lairsaph back to his hidden base. The attack to scour the brigands from the Whisperwood commenced at dawn. Hundreds of soldiers marched into the clearing beneath the Court of Spears—and found it empty. Upholding his promise to protect the trees, the Feign Prince had abandoned the fortress and vanished into the forest depths. Focused on their pursuit of the bandits, the soldiers left the strange fortress unharmed. Only Losoni remained behind, once again alone with his trees.

The Court of Spears remained empty until only recently, when Lencia Visserene rediscovered it. Her initial meeting with Losoni was more peaceful than Lairsaph's, and she made a pact similar to that the Feign Prince had made with the dryad. In return for spreading and protecting the titan aspens, the knight was granted leave to make use of the forest keep. She's since turned it into the headquarters

of the growing rebel force near Longacre. Though decades of disuse have left the structures in poor repair, Visserene and Losoni have restored much of the fortress.

Even with the small force currently ensconced there, the Court of Spears has once more become an effective and defensible bastion amid the trees.

When the PCs arrive at the Court of Spears, they do so on the forest floor beneath the Court itself (area J1).

FEATURES OF THE COURT OF SPEARS

The Court of Spears hangs amid the branches of nearly a dozen titan aspens, with rope bridges and tightropes connecting the fort's various buildings and platforms. Not all of the structures are the same distance from the ground, but most areas of the keep hang approximately 30 feet above the forest floor, unless otherwise noted. The bridges connecting the Court's various platforms are constructed of ropes and wooden planks and are quite sturdy (hardness 5, hp 40). If broken or destroyed, a bridge falls, functioning as the breakaway bridge described in area J6. Creatures can walk across tightropes at half speed with a successful DC 20 Acrobatics check, or climb across them at one-quarter speed with a successful DC 15 Climb check. Creatures on bridges, on platforms, or in the branches of the trees are considered to have cover when fighting creatures on the ground.



JASK COALIMBER

The titan aspens are well protected against fire. Not only does the damp bark and undergrowth make starting a fire difficult, but Losoni keeps a *decanter of endless water* hidden in area J11. If necessary, he can use his clonal tree stride ability to teleport between any of the trees in the titan aspen colony, fetch the decanter, and douse the flames. He prefers to reserve the decanter for such defensive purposes rather than use it in combat and risk losing it.

If the PCs damage the aspens, with fire or otherwise, they attract the ire of Losoni in area J11. He uses his clonal tree stride to teleport among the trees and harass the PCs with his bow from strategic points within the fortress. If Losoni takes more than 10 points of damage, he retreats to area J11 to wait for the PCs there.

J1. FOREST FLOOR (CR 3 or 5)

A stand of gigantic aspen trees rises from the shadowy, scrub-covered forest floor. Overhead, amid the powerful branches, an array of hanging platforms, swaying bridges, and wooden structures create a camouflaged forest fortress.

Wooden palisades and a variety of traps once defended the Court of Spears, but they were either destroyed in the decades-old raid on the bandit fort, or have since fallen into disrepair, and the hideout's main defense now is its inaccessibility. Currently, there are three points of entry into the fortress. A rope ladder dangles near a dilapidated hutch beneath one of the trees (area J1a) and can be scaled with a successful DC 0 Climb check to reach area J2 20 feet above. In addition, a lift moves between area J2 and the area marked on the map (area J1b), but the lift is currently raised and can be lowered only by using the mechanism in area J2. Lastly, a rope hangs down from area J3 to the point marked on the map, requiring a successful DC 15 Climb check to scale. Climbing the trees themselves can be accomplished with successful DC 15 Climb checks.

Creatures: The Court of Spears is not without its defenses. A mated pair of timber wolves makes its den amid the giant roots of one of the trees (area J1c). A combination of the dryad Losoni's wild empathy and regular feeding has made the wolves view this area as their territory. They ignore most of the rebels, as well as anyone who tosses them something to eat as a distraction. If not bribed with fresh food, however, the wolves attack.

WOLVES (2) **CR 1**
XP 400 each
hp 13 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 278)

Development: In addition to the wolves on the forest floor, lookouts are also posted in areas J3 and J4. A loud-mouthed rebel bard mocks allies of the archbaron and

sings the praises of the Glorious Reclamation from the watch post (area J3) and can alert the entire fort with the bell there. The rebels in the archer stands (area J4) can fire down on foes on the ground or trying to climb into the trees, but none of the rebels descend to make a stand against intruders on the forest floor.

J2. LOADING PLATFORM

A fragile looking wooden railing runs along the edge of this broad platform. Near the center of the platform, an elaborate lift hangs beneath an array of ropes and pulleys. To the east, a small wooden shack huddles near the trunk of a mighty tree.

This platform stands 20 feet above the ground. The lift here is the easiest way to ascend into the Court of Spears from the forest floor (area J1), and can support up to 3,000 pounds. In addition, a rope ladder hangs from the eastern edge of the platform down to the forest floor. At the southern end of the platform, an angled bridge rises to area J5.

The doorless shack to the east (area J2a) holds the crank mechanism that controls the lift's ascent and descent. It takes a full-round action to raise or lower the lift 10 feet using the mechanism. The crank mechanism can be sabotaged with a successful DC 20 Disable Device check, causing the lift to violently drop to the ground.

J3. WATCH POST (CR 1)

Pale boughs cradle this roughly square platform. A beam at the center of the platform supports a kettle-sized bronze bell.

This platform is 40 feet off the ground and has no railing. A rope descends from this platform to area J1, and a tightrope at the platform's southwestern corner connects to the central archer stand (area J4a).

Creature: If the PCs have not yet killed or imprisoned Riley Kels, then he is posted here as a guard, having wholeheartedly given his loyalty to Lencia Visserene. If Kels has already been removed from play, then a loud-mouthed rebel rabble-rouser is encountered here instead (use Kels's statistics for this rebel bard). If Kels notices intruders in area J1, he immediately starts ringing the obnoxiously high-pitched alarm bell as a full-round action, alerting the entire fort, including the rebels in the archer stands (area J4). Following this, he begins firing at enemies with his shortbow while using his bardic performance ability to inspire courage. Kels continues firing whenever he has a decent shot and uses his performance whenever the PCs enter combat.

RILEY KELS **CR 1**
XP 400
hp 16 (see page 28)

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J4. ARCHER STAND (CR 1 AND 1)

These two small platforms, each with just enough room for a single archer to watch the forest floor below, are accessible only via tightropes connecting them to other platforms (between areas **J3** and **J4a** and areas **J4b** and **J8a**).

Creatures: Two of Rhona Staelish's former veteran deputies, Jask Coalimber and Parennia Deieru, are posted upon these two platforms. Once they notice or are alerted to the PCs' presence, they fire their bows at the intruders, either on the forest floor or moving throughout the rest of the fort.

JASK COALIMBER AND PARENNA DEIERU (2) CR 1

XP 400 each

Veteran deputy (see page 41)

hp 19 each



SIOVA STORMHILT

J5. RUINED GUARD POST (CR 3)

Gigantic pale trunks reach through gaps in this mossy platform. Railings surround much of the area, but have fallen away in several spots, along with half of a building still clinging to one of the tree trunks. Treacherous hanging bridges stretch to the north and east.

The shack here once served as a guard post and armory for the Court's defenders. Time and neglect has caused a portion of the platform to fall away, taking a corner of the shack with it. The shack's southwestern walls are missing, opening the structure to the ground beneath, but the broken timbers are in no danger of breaking further. Two bridges connect this platform to areas **J2** and **J7**. A sizable bough rises through the northeastern part of the platform, anchoring one end of a tightrope stretching to area **J7**, allowing the rebels to reach area **J7** without traversing the trapped bridge (area **J6**) leading to that part of the fort.

Creature: Four leaf leshys make their home in the ruined shack here. Friends of Losoni, the leshys help cultivate and maintain the dryad's titan aspen. Surprisingly bellicose for their size, the leshys warmly welcomed the rebels when they arrived at the Court, and

now proudly proclaim themselves members of the Glorious Reclamation. Armored in pinecones and thick leaves, the leshys gleefully attack any invaders in the fort with explosive seedpods and their spears, though they are cautious combatants and favor hit-and-run tactics rather than direct confrontation.

LEAF LESHYS (4) CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 5 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 179)

J6. TRAPPED BRIDGE (CR 2)

This bridge connects the platforms at areas **J5** and **J7**.

Trap: A remnant from the days when bandits held the Court of Spears, the bridge is designed to drop away when disconnected from its eastern supports by means of a lever in area **J7**. If the fort has been alerted to the PCs' attack, Degan Flocks in area **J7** positions himself at the eastern end of the bridge and prepares to activate the trap as a standard action, dropping any creatures on the bridge to the ground 30 feet below. When the trap is triggered, any creature within 5 feet of either end of the bridge may attempt a DC 20 Reflex save to avoid falling. Everyone else on the bridge automatically falls. The lever that controls the trap is relatively easy to spot, but the trap can be disarmed only from area **J7**.

BREAKAWAY BRIDGE**CR 2****XP 600****Type** mechanical; **Perception** DC 15; **Disable Device** DC 16**EFFECTS****Trigger** manual; **Reset** manual**Effect** 30-ft. fall (3d6 falling damage); Reflex DC 20 avoids (if within 5 feet of end of bridge) or never miss (all other targets); multiple targets (all targets on bridge)**J7. REBEL QUARTERS (CR 3)**

A sizable crack splits this large platform into two. To the north, two shacks hug the trunk of one of the largest trees in the grove. A pair of ropes, one above the other, stretches between structures on both sides of the gap, forming a treacherous connection to the southern portion of the platform.

Characters can use the ropes here as a bridge of sorts to reach the southern platform by standing on the bottom rope, gripping the top rope, and shimmying across to area **J8**. Doing so is easier than it looks, requiring only a successful DC 10 Climb check.

Creatures: Two rebels currently rest in the airy huts built against the trunk of the titan aspen. A local hunter and former part-time deputy named Degan Flocks rests in area **J7a**, while the witch Rhysak Dartmoor, lover of the magus Siova Stormhilt (see area **J8**), communes with his familiar in area **J7b**. If the alarm is raised, the rebels do their best to defend the Court of Spears and prevent the PCs from progressing farther into the stronghold. They both take up positions at the eastern side of the breakaway bridge (area **J6**), where Degan can operate the lever that collapses the bridge. Rhysak does his best to support Degan and deter the PCs, but is more concerned with protecting his lover in area **J8**.

DEGAN FLOCKS**CR 1****XP 400**

Male veteran deputy (see page 41)

hp 19**RHYSAK DARTMOOR****CR 2****XP 600**Male human witch 3 (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 65)

NG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +6; **Senses** Perception +4**DEFENSE****AC** 15, touch 15, flat-footed 12 (+2 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 dodge)**hp** 19 (3d6+6)**Fort** +3, **Ref** +4, **Will** +5**OFFENSE****Speed** 30 ft.**Melee** mwk quarterstaff +1 (1d6-1)**Ranged** sling +3 (1d4-1)**Special Attacks** hexes (evil eye [DC 14, -2, 6 rounds], flight, ward [+2])**Witch Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 3rd; concentration +6)At will—*feather fall* (self only)1/day—*levitate* (self only)**Witch Spells Prepared** (CL 3rd; concentration +6)2nd—*glitterdust* (DC 15), *hold person* (DC 15)1st—*ill omen*^{APG}, *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 14), *shield of faith*0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *message*, *stabilize*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 13)**Patron** wisdom**TACTICS****Before Combat** Rhysak casts *shield of faith* before investigating any danger.**During Combat** Rhysak does his best to stay out of combat, preferring to harry foes from afar with his spells and evil eye hex. If fighting with Degan, he uses his ward hex on his ally and tries to support him as much as possible.**Morale** If reduced to 10 hit points or fewer, Rhysak attempts to withdraw to area **J8** to join Siova. He doesn't retreat as long as Siova lives, fighting to the death in her defense.**STATISTICS****Str** 8, **Dex** 14, **Con** 12, **Int** 17, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 10**Base Atk** +1; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 15**Feats** Dodge, Extra Hex^{APG}, Improved Initiative**Skills** Heal +7, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Knowledge (nature) +9, Perception +4, Spellcraft +9, Swim +3, Use Magic Device +6**Languages** Celestial, Common, Draconic, Sylvan**SQ** witch's familiar (scops owl named Lola)**Combat Gear** *oil of animate rope*; **Other Gear** mwk quarterstaff, sling with 10 bullets, *cloak of resistance* +1, spell component pouch**J8. SECLUDED QUARTERS (CR 3)**

Several thick branches support two broken huts and a shattered expanse of wooden planks in their pale grasp.

A tenuous bridge of two ropes extends from the platform here to area **J7**. In addition, a tightrope connects area **J8a** to the western archer stand (area **J4b**). The broken western hut (area **J8a**) is largely empty, but the eastern hovel (area **J8b**) serves as the quarters of Siova Stormhilt (see Creature below).

Creature: As one of the most skilled magi in the region, Siova Stormhilt desperately wants to aid the Glorious Reclamation, believing she can help bring a new peace to the common people living near the Whisperwood—if only her mother would let her. Only a day after meeting with Lencia Visserene, Siova's recurring dreams of a shadowy old woman whispering threatening invitations took on

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a portentous new life, as Siova began hearing the voice during her waking hours. Interrupting her talks with Visserene, Siova has retired here to meditate and try to convince herself she's not going crazy. Since then, the voice has only grown louder. As a changeling, Siova intellectually knew that one day her mother—Ciaciscica Bittertongue, an annis hag of the deep Whisperwood—would call for her to usher in her own transformation into a hag as well. Now that Siova can actually hear her mother's voice in her head, she's more terrified than ever before. She sent her concerned lover, Rhysak Dartmoor (see area J7), away, and in the dark of a strange room, Siova entertains dark thoughts. She won't allow herself to become a monster, and if an enemy or intruder enters her quarters, she sees it as an opportunity—one last chance to be a hero.

SIOVA STORMHILT**CR 3****XP 800**

Female changeling magus 4 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 4 29, *Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Magic* 9)

CG Medium humanoid (changeling)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16 (+5 armor, +1 Dex, +1 natural)

hp 25 (4d8+4)

Fort +4, **Ref** +2, **Will** +5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk battleaxe +7 (1d8+4/×3) or 2 claws +6 (1d4+4)

Ranged dart +4 (1d4+3)

Special Attacks arcane pool (6 points, +1), magus arcana (arcane accuracy), spell combat, spell recall, spellstrike

Magus Spells Prepared (CL 4th; concentration +6)
2nd—*scorching ray* (2)
1st—*chill touch* (DC 13), *corrosive touch*^{UM}, *magic missile*, *shocking grasp* 0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *daze* (DC 12), *detect magic*, *ray of frost*

TACTICS

During Combat Siova uses her ranged spells against opponents at a distance, but in melee combat, she uses her spell combat ability to fight with her battleaxe and cast spells, using spellstrike to deliver touch spells through her axe.

LOSONI

Morale Siova fights to the death in defense of the Glorious Reclamation's goals.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 12, **Con** 11, **Int** 14, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 17

Feats Combat Casting, Extra Arcane Pool^{UM}

Skills Intimidate +7, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Perception +4, Spellcraft +9, Use Magic Device +4

Languages Aklo, Common, Giant, Infernal

Combat Gear *scroll of shield*, *scroll of spider climb*, *snappleaf*^{UE}; **Other Gear** +1 *chain shirt*, darts (4), mwk battleaxe, spell component pouch, spellbook (contains all prepared spells, all 0-level spells, plus *burning hands*, *grease*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *shield*, *vanish*^{APG}, and *mirror image*), 58 gp

J9. CELESTIAL ALLY (CR 4)

A lengthy rope bridge reaches through leafy boughs to a tiny roofed platform. A second, shorter bridge connects this platform to a wooden structure to the north.

Creature: Lencia Visserene's most valued ally, a hound archon named Aericaad, guards this approach to her quarters and the fort's shrine to Iomedae. A stalwart foe of evil, Aericaad answered the call of the Glorious Reclamation and volunteered to assist Visserene in her quest.

When the PCs first approach this area, Aericaad has used his change shape ability to assume the form of a noble-looking, preternaturally calm dog sitting alert at the eastern end of the swaying bridge from area J7. The dog does not move, except to avoid ranged attacks. As soon as anyone crosses more than halfway across the bridge, the dog speaks in a clear, bold voice, "You shall go no farther." Once he has issued this warning, Aericaad assumes his true form, threatening any who try to cross the bridge.

AERICAD**CR 4****XP 1,200**

Male hound archon (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 19)

hp 39

TACTICS

During Combat Aericaad does everything he can to prevent foes from crossing his bridge, positioning himself to fight opponents one at a time with his greatsword. The archon retreats to cover if faced with a dangerous amount

of magic or ranged weapons. If foes attempt to break the bridge, he assists them in destroying it, then uses *greater teleport* to return to his post.

Morale Aericaad is here to fulfill Iomedae's will, but also to protect a chosen member of her crusade: Lencia Visserene. As a result, if intruders reach the platform here, or if he is reduced to 20 hit points or fewer, Aericaad uses *greater teleport* to retreat to area J13 to defend the paladin.

J10. INFIRMARY

The walls of this sparse room are a combination of living wood and cut timber. A banner bearing a sword-and-sunburst symbol decorates one wall, overlooking a pair of simple straw mattresses on the floor. Curtains hang in doorways to the west and north.

Visitors to the central "keep" of the Court of Spears were once greeted in this antechamber, but Lencia Visserene has set up this room as an infirmary where she can personally attend to the wounded.

Treasure: A small, unlocked footlocker contains two *potions of cure moderate wounds*, a *scroll of remove paralysis*, a healer's kit, and three flasks of holy water.

Development: If either Rhona Staelish (see page 42) or Sword Knight Tileavia Allamar (see page 40) survived their earlier encounters with the PCs, they are encountered here, ready to make one last stand against the villainous PCs. If Allamar successfully resurrected the townspeople whom the PCs executed, that character is here as well.

J11. MEETING ROOM (CR 4)

A sizable table shaped from a bough growing through the floor fills the center of this room, while an elaborate tapestry woven from living ivy adorns the southern wall. A door exits the room to the west, while a curtained doorway allows egress to the east.

Lencia Visserene and her allies use this chamber as a conference room. Maps of Longacre, the town's hinterlands, the Whisperwood, and paths between the Court of Spears and the Menador Mountains currently blanket the table. The ivy hanging on the southern wall conceals a natural crack in the wood and a secret hollow behind it, which a PC might notice with a successful DC 15 Perception check. The hollow inside is a trophy room of sorts (see Treasure below). The door to the west leads to a small exterior balcony.

Creature: Of all the places in the titan aspen grove, this room is the dryad Losoni's favorite. If he hasn't already been encountered elsewhere in the Court of Spears, Losoni can be found here. When the PCs first enter, the

dryad is using his tree meld ability to merge with one of the room's living walls, emerging when he has an opportune moment to strike. Damaging the trees coaxes Losoni forth in a reckless attempt to defend his home. Bound to the stand of titan aspen, Losoni fights to the death in its defense.

LOSONI CR 4

XP 1,200

Male variant dryad swashbuckler 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 116, *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Class Guide* 56)
CG Medium fey

Init +6; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 16, flat-footed 13 (+6 Dex, +3 natural)

hp 50 (8 HD; 6d6+2d10+18)

Fort +4, **Ref** +14, **Will** +7

Defensive Abilities charmed life 3/day; **DR** 5/cold iron

Weaknesses tree dependent

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee greenwood^{UE} terbutje^{UE} +13 (1d8+6/19-20)

Ranged greenwood^{UE} longbow +13 (1d8/x3)

Special Attacks deeds (derring-do, dodging panache, opportune parry and riposte), panache (5)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th; concentration +11)

Constant—*speak with plants*

At will—*entangle* (DC 16), *tree shape*, *wood shape* (1 lb. only)

3/day—*charm person* (DC 16), *deep slumber* (DC 17), *tree stride*

1/day—*suggestion* (DC 17)

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 23, **Con** 15, **Int** 12, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 23

Feats Point-Blank Shot, Slashing Grace^{ACG}, Weapon Focus (longbow), Weapon Focus (terbutje)

Skills Acrobatics +15, Bluff +14, Climb +10, Craft (sculpture) +10, Escape Artist +15, Knowledge (geography) +10, Knowledge (nature) +10, Perception +10, Stealth +15

Languages Common, Elven, Sylvan; *speak with plants*

SQ clonal tree stride, swashbuckler finesse, tree meld, wild empathy +17, woodcraft

Gear greenwood^{UE} longbow with 20 arrows, greenwood^{UE} terbutje^{UE}

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Clonal Tree Stride (Su) Rather than being bonded to a single tree, Losoni is bonded to the entire clonal colony of titan aspen that supports the Court of Spears. Because the titan aspen is a single organism, Losoni can use his *tree stride* spell-like ability to enter one trunk of the titan aspen, teleport to another trunk in the colony, and emerge from the new trunk, all as a move action rather than as a full-round action.

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Treasure: The majority of the maps and notes in this room are mundane—mostly discussing supplies and the needs of supporting a band of 20 or 30 rebels. Any PC who studies the documents and succeeds at a DC 15 Perception check notices a location in the Aspodell Mountains in neighboring Iger marked with a tiny symbol of Iomedae and labeled “Citadel Dinyar”—identifiable as the citadel of the Hellknight Order of the Godclaw with a successful DC 15 Knowledge [local] or [nobility] check. The documents don’t bear the names of individual revolutionaries or the group’s plans, but what details there are could still be useful. If presented to Archbaron Fex or Razelago, either would pay 200 gp for the additional insight into their enemies’ minds.

The concealed alcove contains a dozen small, asymmetrical cavities, most of which hold pale seeds the size of a human fist. A PC who succeeds at a DC 16 Knowledge (nature) check can identify these as seeds of the titan aspen—the rare, gigantic trees that support the Court of Spears. There are 11 seeds in total, each worth 50 gp if the PCs can find someone who recognizes and values their rarity. Additionally, the alcove holds a *decanter of endless water*, a masterwork elven curve blade, a battered spellbook bound in black leather (containing 2d4 random 1st- and 2nd-level sorcerer/wizard spells), and a battered wolf skull dyed with a slightly luminous blue paint.

J12. COMMANDER’S QUARTERS

A plain straw bed rests against the wall here beneath a number of simple shelves. Several helmets, each one sculpted with the somber face of a steel angel, stare down at the room from the shelves.

These are Lencia Visserene’s personal quarters, though the Angel Knight spends most of her time in the Shrine of Iomedae (area J13).

Treasure: Eight copies of the Angel Knight’s signature helmet line the shelves here. Knowing that her unmasked appearance would frighten many of those she seeks to aid, she’s made sure to have spare masks—just in case. She’s even taken to sending them along with her most dramatic correspondence, such as the letter Tileavia Allamar read at her sermon in Longacre earlier in the adventure. They are all visored helms, designed to match Visserene’s suit of full plate armor (though they can be worn with any armor). Although the helmets by themselves do not provide an armor bonus, they are of exceptional make, and each is worth 50 gp.

J13. SHRINE OF IOMEDAE (CR 4 OR 6)

Panes of frosted glass rise between the arms of thick, white aspen boughs. Across the room, a woodcarving of the goddess Iomedae raises her blade over a simple, candlelit altar.

This chamber, 40 feet above the forest floor, once served as the throne room and treasure vault of Feign Prince Lairsaph. Although the bandit lord’s bounty is gone now, Lencia Visserene has sought to refill the vault with spiritual riches. She’s repurposed it as a shrine to Iomedae, going so far as to have Losoni reshape the decadent wooden throne into a representation of the goddess.

Creature: The Angel Knight Lencia Visserene, Knight-Inheritor of the Glorious Reclamation, occupies the shrine, honing her skills and praying for the goddess’s wisdom in guiding the growing rebellion in Longacre. She keeps this place as a private refuge and few among her allies have ever seen inside. Visserene has great faith in her allies and, even if she hears skirmishes outside, she holds her place here in the shrine, trusting her hound archon ally Aericaad (see area J9) to help protect the Court and her followers.

If intruders invade her sanctuary, they find Visserene standing adjacent to statue of Iomedae. She readies an action to throw the hidden switch on the statue as soon as anyone steps onto the trap door (see Trap below) and demands the interlopers leave lest they provoke the goddess’s ire. Some PCs might criticize a paladin for relying on a trap to defeat her foes, but Visserene is quick to point out that Iomedae is the goddess of strategy, not stupidity. Once the trap is sprung, she engages the PCs, doing her best to avoid being flanked while attempting to bull rush foes into the open trap door. Lencia Visserene is fully detailed in the NPC Gallery on page 58.

If Aericaad survived his initial confrontation with the PCs (see area J9), he is here as well. The hound archon guards Visserene’s flank, keeping her within his *magic circle against evil* and bolstering her with *aid*.

LENCIA VISSERENE

CR 4

XP 1,200

hp 42 (see page 58)

Trap: Although the wooden statue of Iomedae no longer resembles the throne of a bandit king, Visserene made sure it retained one feature of its former form: a switch controlling a trap door in the floor in the center of the room. The switch is relatively obvious to anyone who looks at the back of the statue, but isn’t visible from the room’s entrance. When flipped, the large trap door falls open, then automatically closes 1 minute later.

CONCEALED TRAP DOOR

CR 3

XP 800

Type mechanical; Perception DC 20; Disable Device DC 20

EFFECTS

Trigger manual; Reset automatic (1 minute)

Effect 40-ft. fall (3d6 falling damage due to leafy boughs between ground and trap door); Reflex DC 20 avoids; multiple targets (all targets in a 15-ft.-square area)



Treasure: A gold chalice with silver filigree (worth 100 gp) and a gold and ivory decanter (worth 400 gp) sit atop the altar in front of the statue of Iomedae. In addition, the back of the altar is completely open, and the hollow space inside contains an *oil of bless weapon*, a *potion of cure moderate wounds*, a *potion of eagle's splendor*, a *scroll of lesser restoration*, a *scroll of shield other*, a *wand of prayer* (15 charges), three chrysoberyls (worth 100 gp each), a citrine (worth 40 gp), and an onyx (worth 45 gp), along with several mundane candles, ink and paper, and sealing wax.

Development: Once Lencia Visserene is defeated, it's an easy matter to remove her ever-present helm. Doing so reveals a noseless, lipless face and horrifying scars splitting her mouth almost to her ears. Any character who succeeds at a DC 16 Knowledge (local) check recognizes these as the scars of an Egorian denatsate, the most desperate class of beggars in the imperial capital (see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Cheliox, The Infernal Empire* for more details on this unfortunate group).

Story Award: For putting the final nail in the coffin of Longacre's upstart rebellion, award the PCs 1,200 XP.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Defeating Lencia Visserene and her allies at the Court of Spears effectively destroys the leadership

of the rebellion in Longacre, but in the town itself, the common people do not instantly accept that the Angel Knight was—or even can be—defeated. If the PCs drag Visserene's body back to Longacre, however, and the people are given a chance to see (or spread rumors about) the Angel Knight's true face and origins, the results are bleak—and entirely in Archbaron Fex's favor. The common people largely can't reconcile their love for the Angel Knight with the revulsion and prejudice provoked by the sight of Lencia Visserene's mutilated face, and Longacre's citizens largely succumb to widespread feelings of betrayal and apathy, breaking their hope and shattering their defiance against House Thrune and the archbaron's tyrannical rule. Any rebels working on the organization's fringe swiftly go into hiding or abandon ties, hoping to avoid their leader's fate. In the end, the Longacre's rebellious citizens are brought to heel and Archbaron Fex's rule of Longacre is secured.

Fex summons the PCs to Scarlet Crown soon after, congratulating them on their efficiency and ruthlessness. At first, the archbaron thought of the characters as little more than useful thugs, but they've now proven they have greater potential—to both Fex and House Thrune, and Archbaron Fex has the perfect use for such potential in the next volume of the Hell's Vengeance Adventure Path, “Wrath of Thrune.”

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CIMRI STAELISH

As ambitious as she is bitter, Cimri Staelish wants nothing more than to get out of Longacre—and leave it burning behind her. A self-taught thief and fighter, she has no qualms about removing any obstacle that stands in her way.

CIMRI STAELISH

CR 1
XP 400

Female human rogue 1/warrior 1

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +3; **Senses** Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+2 armor, +3 Dex, +1 dodge)

hp 13 (2 HD; 1d8+1d10+3)

Fort +3, **Ref** +5, **Will** -1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk kukri +5 (1d4+1/18-20) or
sap +4 (1d6+1 nonlethal)

Ranged mwk dagger +5 (1d4+1/19-20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6

TACTICS

Before Combat If she has time and the situation calls for it, Cimri applies a dose of blue whinnis poison to her kukri before combat.

During Combat Cimri has no interest in fighting fair. She prefers to fade into the background, letting her foes focus on more obvious threats, while she positions herself to make sneak attacks. Whenever possible, she begins combat with a sneak attack, then swiftly retreats. Although merciless against strangers, Cimri avoids personally killing her neighbors. She uses her sap rather than her kukri on any Longacre resident.

Morale Cimri has no intention of being buried anywhere near Longacre. She retreats if reduced to 5 hit points or fewer, abandoning any allies (such as the PCs) to fight for themselves.

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 16, **Con** 12, **Int** 10, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 16

Feats Dodge, Weapon Finesse

Skills Bluff +7, Climb +5, Disable Device +10, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (local) +5, Perception +4, Stealth +8

Languages Common

SQ trapfinding +1

Combat Gear blue whinnis (2), tanglefoot bag; **Other Gear** leather armor, daggers (4), mwk dagger, mwk kukri, sap, backpack, grappling hook, hooded lantern, mwk thieves' tools, oil, silk rope (50 ft.), 20 gp

For Cimri Staelish, Longacre is a prison. She could simply leave, taking a barge down the Whisper River to Remesiana and starting a new life, but the fetters of time and uncertainty weigh heavily upon her. She's not about to run off into an ambiguous future. She needs gold and promising prospects, lest she find herself fleeing headlong into some blind alley. Yet promises like those are in short supply in Longacre. Although Cimri's ambition alone might not be enough to help her escape her childhood home, if it's teamed with that of other ruthless souls, maybe she can find a way.

Born to Jaks and Annari Staelish—a pair of seasonal lumber workers—Cimri grew up in the lumber camps of the Whisperwood and wintered in Longacre, staying in a modest house owned by her aunt, Rhona Staelish, who also served as the town's sheriff. While the lumber camps were hardly a safe, wholesome place for a child, Cimri found Longacre dull and full of rules and nosy old folks.

Cimri's parents were heavy drinkers, and mostly left their daughter to entertain herself. As she grew older, Cimri became more rebellious and daring, running away for days at a time and earning a reputation as a teenage vandal. More than once, neighbors or Sheriff Staelish dragged Cimri home after catching her mid-theft or engaged in other petty mischief. But the family's situation took a turn for the worse when Cimri's mother, Annari, was arrested for belligerence and public drunkenness. After 2 days in the town jail, Annari returned home, accompanied by Rhona. Cimri tried to listen under the door while her parents and the sheriff had a long, hushed talk. Yet all she could pick out was the resolution: they were finally leaving Longacre.

The next day, Cimri and her parents began packing a wagon. Cimri was initially excited about the new adventure on which her family was about to embark, but the true situation quickly became clear when her aunt appeared once more. Rhona had arranged new jobs for Jaks and Annari at the northern edge of the Whisperwood, but Cimri wouldn't be joining them. Instead, she would stay with her Aunt Rhona in Longacre, where she would be safe and perhaps even start to learn a trade. Cimri didn't take the news well. Feeling betrayed, she ran off, and her parents left without even saying goodbye.

Cimri lived resentfully with her aunt for 5 years. At first, she blamed Rhona for sending her parents away, but after they didn't return to Longacre to visit her for 3 years, Cimri blamed them for abandoning her. Their letters claimed they had taken off-season jobs and couldn't make it back to see her, but soon their letters stopped coming at all. Rhona did her best to be a mother to Cimri, but it was too late. Cimri defied her aunt at every turn, and when she turned 16, she left home to make her own way.

In the years since then, Cimri has haunted Longacre. She learned how to use a knife from an ex-brigand and how to pick locks from a traveling Varisian, how to drink from hardened army vets, and how to curse from Whisperwood loggers. But Cimri taught herself how to use people. No one she trusted ever followed through, so she stopped trusting, and instead learned how to lie and manipulate to get what she wanted. Eventually, she was sure, she would fall in with someone with potential—someone passing through who would be her ticket out of her backwater home.

Recently, Cimri took to squatting at the local ruin called the Ash House. It had been her home for weeks when one night she stumbled home to find a light in the upper window. That night, she met Razelago, and perhaps found a way out of Longacre for good.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Cimri serves several functions in “The Hellfire Compact,” but she is primarily the PCs’ bad influence and anti-conscience. When the party wonders if they’ve gone too far, Cimri’s there to push them one step farther. If a character ever asks why they should care, she’s there to make it personal. When the party doesn’t know what to do next, she’s there with new rumors and old grudges.

Early on, Cimri helps embroil the PCs in the adventure’s plot. While it’s always preferable to have the characters naturally stumble across the rebel schemes unfolding in Longacre, they might not notice every hint. Cimri’s familiarity with the town and her invisible web of contacts allows her to catch anything that slips through the PCs’ fingers. With her intimate understanding of the town—helped along, if necessary, by Razelago’s supernatural espionage—there shouldn’t be any chance of a rebel plot getting past the players.

Cimri can also serve as a guide to the world of evil adventuring. Some players won’t be experienced running a villainous character, and may find that some of their usual assumptions no longer hold true now that they’re on the opposite side of the alignment grid. Mercy might prove a vulnerability, weakness could seed doubt in allies, and the kindness of strangers proves a rare

commodity. Cimri can act as a mentor in this ruthless world, escorting the PCs into villainous careers and encouraging them to take whatever they can and push the limits of selfishness and depravity. Since she spends most of the adventure with the PCs, Cimri should advance in level along with the party, gaining another level in the rogue class whenever the PCs increase in level.

Cimri’s role greatly diminishes after Part 2 of the adventure. Once the PCs leave Longacre, she can provide a bit of information about the surrounding lands, but she’s never been to either Fort Estazano or the Court of Spears. If she remains on good terms with the PCs, though, she might continue adventuring with them, taking her share of any treasure the party finds. Beyond this adventure, Cimri’s place is left up to the players and GM. She might continue traveling with them—either as an NPC member of the party or as a replacement character for a player. Alternatively, Archbaron Fex might have other plans that take Cimri out of the picture before the PCs embark on their next adventure. In this case,

Cimri might return later in the campaign (and at a higher level) to threaten the PCs, such as when their relationship with Fex finally turns sour in “The Inferno Gate.”



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LENCIA VISSERENE

A zealous knight inheritor of the Glorious Reclamation, Lencia Visserene is the face of the Longacre rebellion, seeking to liberate innocent people from the depredations of the Thrice-Damned House of Thrune.

LENCIA VISSERENE

CR 4

XP 1,200

Female human paladin of Iomedae 5

LG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +3; **Senses** Perception +4**Aura** courage (10 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 9, flat-footed 20 (+9 armor, -1 Dex, +2 shield)**hp** 42 (5d10+10)**Fort** +7, **Ref** +2, **Will** +7**Immune** disease, fear

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.**Melee** +1 *keen* longsword +11 (1d8+6/17-20)**Ranged** mwk light crossbow +6 (1d8+1/19-20)**Special Attacks** channel positive energy (DC 14, 3d6), smite evil 2/day (+2 attack and AC, +5 damage)**Paladin Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 5th; concentration +7)At will—*detect evil***Paladin Spells Prepared** (CL 2nd; concentration +4)1st—*divine favor*, *knight's calling*^{APG} (DC 13)

TACTICS

Before Combat If alerted to danger, Lencia moves to the statue in Iomedae's shrine, activates her divine bond ability to grant her longsword the *keen* weapon special ability, and casts *divine favor* on herself.

During Combat Lencia attempts to remove some of her foes from battle using the hidden trap door in area J13, casting *knight's calling* if necessary to compel opponents—especially spellcasters—to approach her and thereby fall prey to the trap. Once the trap has been revealed, she tries to position herself to fight opponents one-on-one, sticking close to the edge of the open trap door to bull rush enemies into the pit, using her smite evil ability and Power Attack as necessary.

Morale A sworn knight inheritor of the Glorious Reclamation and paladin of Iomedae, Lencia fights to the death to defend her allies and bring freedom to Longacre.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 8, **Con** 13, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 14**Base Atk** +5; **CMB** +10 (+12 bull rush); **CMD** 18 (20 vs. bull rush)**Feats** Blind-Fight, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Power Attack**Skills** Diplomacy +10, Heal +5, Knowledge (nobility) +4, Knowledge (religion) +8, Perception +4**Languages** Common**SQ** divine bond (weapon +1, 1/day), lay on hands 4/day (2d6), mercy (sickened)

Gear full plate, heavy steel shield, +1 *longsword*, mwk light crossbow and 10 bolts, *aegis of recovery*^{UE}, *wings of feather falling* (functions as a *ring of feather falling* but takes up the shoulders slot), signet ring, silver holy symbol of Iomedae, 6 pp, 50 gp

Lencia Visserene never thought of herself as an inheritor of glory. Born in the squalid alleys of Egorian, the Chelish capital, Lencia never knew her parents, and her early childhood was spent pleading with beggars to share their food and warmth. As she grew older, the dangers and grim realities of the streets were neither subtle nor merciful with their lessons. Yet despite doing what she must to survive, Lencia refused to become one of the cruel denizens of the alleys. She begged and worked when she could, but never stole, and certainly never killed.

She did, however, run afoul of the sadistic church of Zon-Kuthon. Kuthite street preachers in the alleys of Egorian didn't offer charity, but they knew how to exploit the sympathy and mercy of others. The scarred priests explained that thousands of beggars contested for the finite mercies of the capital's most generous souls, so that only the most pitiful could rise above the teeming throngs. The Kuthites taught the beggars to embrace the Midnight Lord's teachings and the tragic ruins of their lives. In the alley, they passed the knife and taught Lencia what to cut away—her nose, her lips, and the skin of her cheeks, giving her a shockingly frightful appearance and a death's-head rictus. Lencia became one of the denatsate, Egorian's most shocking and pitiable class of beggars, whose self-inflicted mutilations were all but assured to engender feelings of charity among passersby.

Her disfigurement complete, Lencia did indeed experience increased success as a beggar, but only by trading away her hope—hope of not spending her days begging from alleys, hope of not provoking children's tears, hope of being something more. She was inured to the ruthlessness of the cobbles and the gutters, but she

wasn't prepared for an assault from within. Lencia began loathing herself,—as the Kuthites secretly desired. She survived, but her respite was only temporary, and before long, she found herself dying in a nameless Egorian alley, her blood and life running out across the filthy cobbles. She might have perished there, just another unknown and unmourned casualty of the capital's cruel streets, had not a family of devout Iomedaeans discovered her unconscious body. They took Lencia to Isgar with them, where they nursed her back to health. When Lencia eventually recovered, she found comfort in Iomedae's church and became a devout follower of the Inheritor. Always, though, she concealed her disfigured face behind a stained veil, ashamed of the scars she had inflicted upon herself in her desperate youth.

While praying one day, Lencia met a paladin of Iomedae named Alexeara Cansellarion, who forthrightly questioned why she hid her face and what she prayed for. Lencia showed the paladin her scars and honestly answered her question: she prayed for her new family, she prayed to be better than she once was, and she prayed to thank the goddess, but she did not pray for herself. At that, the paladin smiled and asked Lencia if she would be willing to repay the goddess's mercy by spreading Iomedae's word and justice. Ultimately, Lencia accepted, and devoted her life to serving the Inheritor. She grew in Iomedae's faith, eventually becoming a paladin herself. Alexeara even gave Lencia a new skin and face—a newly forged suit of plate armor featuring mock wings crafted with eagle feathers and a helmet sculpted with a celestial visage.

Lencia accompanied Alexeara during the siege of Citadel Dinyar, and the young paladin's unique armor and zeal during the battle earned her the sobriquet "Angel Knight." Lencia became a knight inheritor in Alexeara's new order, the Glorious Reclamation, and eagerly accepted a sacred quest: to become a knight-errant and share the Glorious Reclamation's light with the people of Longacre, preparing the town as a redoubt for the coming crusade.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

The Angel Knight proves far more threatening to the established tyranny of Thrune as an idea than as a single insurrectionist. Throughout the adventure, Lencia Visserene is little more than a whisper. Her goals shouldn't seem like random agitations, but rather preparations for something larger. Through agents and proxies, the Angel Knight prepares to overthrow Archbaron Fex, but no matter what the PCs do, she won't be coaxed into revealing herself.

Once the PCs take the battle to Lencia at the Court of Spears, however, the Angel Knight's mystique fades. In person, Lencia is devout and

zealous, but mortal. She does her best to defend her cause and strike down its enemies, but her greatest weapons are her elusiveness and her supporters. Once the PCs cut through those, she is destined to fall, though she musters a valorous fight.

Just as she's the architect of the Longacre rebellion, Lencia Visserene is destined to be its undoing. As soon as her mask is removed, her background as an Egorian denatsate is unmistakable, and the stigma surrounding those beggars quickly undoes all that she accomplished. In the end, Lencia Visserene, the Angel Knight, is swiftly and purposefully forgotten.



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MEET THE VILLAIN:

LAZZERO DALVERA

Lazzero is the iconic evil cleric for the Hell's Vengeance Adventure Path. Although he does not appear as a character in the campaign, he can be used as an NPC or pregenerated player character. Note that his CR is 1 higher than normal because he has PC wealth.

LAZZERO DALVERA

CR 7

XP 2,400

Male human cleric of Asmodeus 7

LE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +0; Senses Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 10, flat-footed 21 (+8 armor, +1 natural, +2 shield)

hp 49 (7d8+14)

Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +11

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft. (20 ft. in armor)

Melee +1 heavy mace +7 (1d8+2)

Ranged mwk light crossbow +6 (1d8/19–20)

Special Attacks channel negative energy 5/day (DC 17, 4d6)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th; concentration +11)

7/day—copycat (7 rounds), touch of law

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 7th; concentration +11)

4th—*confusion*⁰ (DC 19), *cure critical wounds*, *lesser geas* (DC 19)3rd—*dispel magic*, *magic circle against chaos*⁰, *prayer*, *summon monster III*2nd—*bear's endurance*, *hold person* (DC 17), *invisibility*⁰, *spiritual weapon*, *zone of truth* (DC 17)1st—*bless*, *cause fear* (DC 15), *command* (DC 16), *infernal healing*^{SWG}, *protection from chaos*⁰, *shield of faith*0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *light*, *mending*, *read magic*

D Domain spell; Domains Law, Trickery

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +5; CMB +6; CMD 16

Feats Combat Casting, Improved Channel, Selective Channeling, Spell Focus (enchantment), Toughness

Skills Acrobatics –3 (–7 when jumping), Appraise +0 (+2 on items valued by weight when using scales), Bluff +7, Diplomacy +8, Heal +10, Knowledge (nobility) +5, Knowledge (planes) +5, Knowledge (religion) +5, Linguistics +4, Perception +8, Sense Motive +12, Spellcraft +7

Languages Common, Infernal

Combat Gear *potion of bull's strength*, *potion of eagle's splendor*, *scroll of lesser restoration*, *wand of cure moderate wounds* (46 charges), *wand of detect good* (16 charges), alchemist's fire (2); Other Gear +2 breastplate, +1 buckler, +1 heavy mace, dagger, mwk light crossbow,

amulet of natural armor +1, *cloak of resistance* +2, *headband of inspired wisdom* +2, backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, holy text^{UE} (*The Asmodean Disciplines*), manacles, merchant's scale, silver holy symbol of Asmodeus, simple lock, spell component pouch, trail rations (5), waterskin, 1 pp, 91 gp, 2 sp, 9 cp

Lazzero Dalvera, the eldest child of an officer in the Molthuni army and a priest of Abadar, was born under an auspicious moon with a full head of bright red hair. Everyone assumed he would earn respect and fame as an army officer like his mother. His training began as soon as he could walk, and he attended the best military academies to which his parents' money and connections could win him entrance.

But the boy was not a strong child, and he lacked the temperament to hone his martial skills. Instead, bullies perfected their own abilities at his expense, both in formal sparring matches and between classes. Rather than retaliate with violence, Lazzero kept tabs on the children who picked on him, recording their secret transgressions—cheating, lying, petty theft, and other such behaviors common among privileged youth. When he had amassed a sufficient amount of dirt on his rivals, he ensured his teachers found it—anonously of course—and laughed to himself as the bullies got their just rewards for their wrongdoings.

Despite his skill at countering his rivals, Lazzero still didn't excel in his martial studies, and by the age of 12 had washed out of every military academy in which his parents had placed him. With their hopes in their son dashed, they sent Lazzero to be trained by the Abadaran clergy, who counted his father among their number; if he couldn't fulfill his destiny as a military commander, he would do so in service to the Master of the First Vault.

In this endeavor Lazzero finally succeeded, for he found prayer and contemplation came naturally to him. Now among the top initiates in the Abadaran monastery, Lazzero took on the role of bully and tormentor. He didn't need to study as much as his less studious peers did, and could use the time not spent poring over religious texts making life harder for those weaker than himself. In addition to overt hazing,

Lazzero maintained even more thorough records of his enemies' activities, which he took pride in turning over to his superiors—publicly this time—so that they would receive punishment for their transgressions.

While he couldn't ensure that justice was served, Lazzero believed he was doing Abadar's work. How, he asked, could his peers expect to teach Abadar's ways if they couldn't themselves follow his laws? Was he not complicit in their wrongdoing if he allowed their crimes to go unpunished? With such justifications, Lazzero convinced himself that what he did was right, that it would set him apart from his so-called equals in the eyes of his teachers and Abadar. He didn't recognize, however, that he had started down a slippery slope that would ultimately lead to his fall from grace—for Lazzero had begun to twist the law to meet his needs. The law was now a weapon he used to keep those he didn't like beneath him.

By graduation, Lazzero had distinguished himself as one of the most gifted acolytes, though he had made no friends and garnered his share of enemies, many of his teachers among them. For his apprenticeship, Lazzero traveled from Canorate to Cettigne—an inglorious posting not befitting his high marks and honors. Lazzero was to serve as the acolyte at the local temple along with a fellow graduate, a woman named Laureth. The pair were highly competitive, each aspiring to rise in the ranks of the church quickly and find a permanent placement in a more prestigious temple than Cettigne's.

Although Lazzero was the more talented cleric, Laureth was more favored, receiving a prominent position within the temple and taking on greater responsibilities. Unwilling to accept a position beneath his rival, Lazzero began plotting and spying on Laureth in the hope of catching her falling short of the high standards expected of Abadar's clergy. Laureth provided him no opportunities, however, behaving as a paragon whom all faithful of Abadar should aspire to emulate.

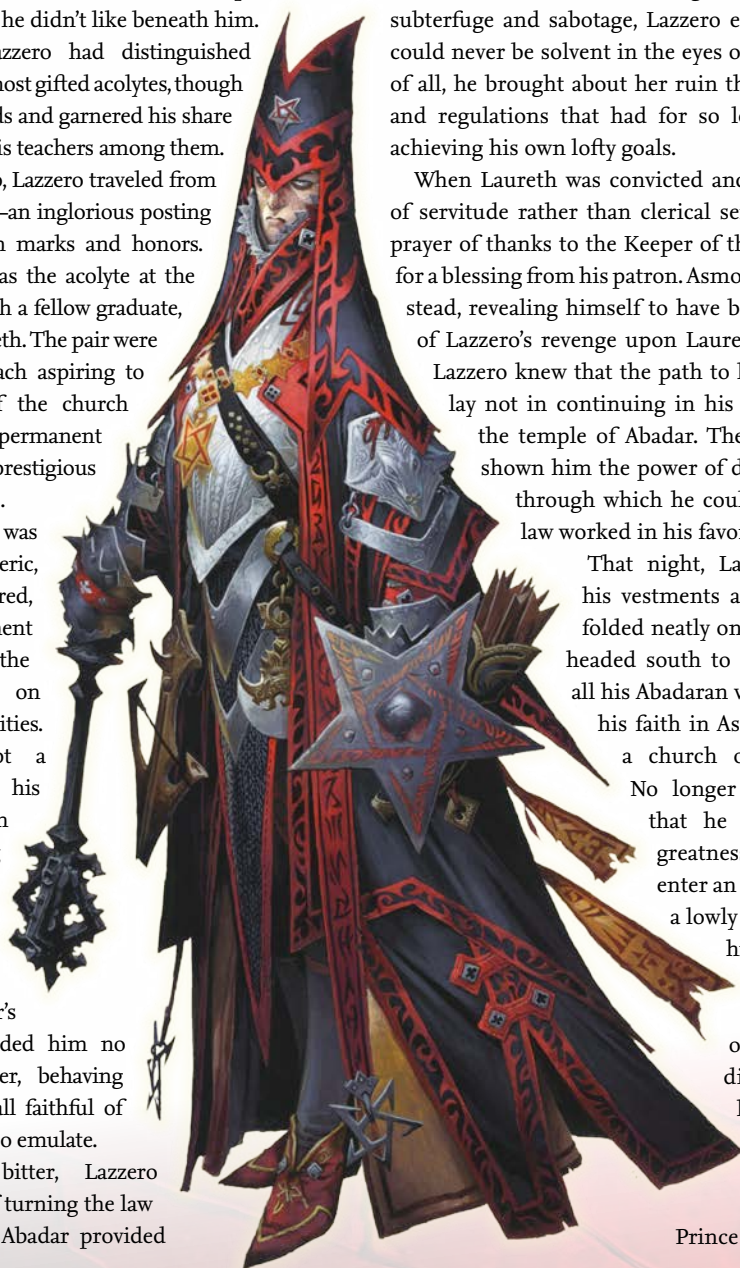
Frustrated and bitter, Lazzero prayed for a means of turning the law against Laureth, but Abadar provided

no guidance. Rather, a different voice echoed in the recesses of Lazzero's mind, offering honeyed promises of providing all Lazzero could imagine and more. It spoke of deceptions and lies as a means to an end, of the weak serving the strong, and of always having the upper hand. Lazzero liked these words, and though he knew he would no longer be true to Abadar if he were to follow them, he did so anyway. He would see Laureth humiliated, no matter the cost.

Prompted by his mysterious new divine patron, Lazzero began committing minor crimes himself and staging evidence to point toward Laureth. Fabricated trade records for transactions under her jurisdiction, false testimony written in her hand, and unbalanced ledgers month after month with no explanation into the shortfall all built a case against his rival. Through subterfuge and sabotage, Lazzero ensured that Laureth could never be solvent in the eyes of Abadar's code. Best of all, he brought about her ruin through the very laws and regulations that had for so long kept him from achieving his own lofty goals.

When Laureth was convicted and sentenced to a life of servitude rather than clerical service, Lazzero said a prayer of thanks to the Keeper of the First Vault, asking for a blessing from his patron. Asmodeus answered in his stead, revealing himself to have been the orchestrator of Lazzero's revenge upon Laureth. In that moment, Lazzero knew that the path to his prophesied glory lay not in continuing in his father's footsteps in the temple of Abadar. The Prince of Lies had shown him the power of deceit and the means through which he could always ensure the law worked in his favor.

That night, Lazzero left Cettigne, his vestments and holy symbol left folded neatly on his modest cot, and headed south to Cheliax. He forsook all his Abadaran vows and proclaimed his faith in Asmodeus, and sought a church of his new patron. No longer did Lazzero worry that he would not achieve greatness. He was content to enter an Asmodean temple as a lowly adept with faith that his dedication would quickly raise him to the upper echelons of the church. Thus did Lazzero begin his true journey—a quest for power and glory achieved by following the Prince of Darkness.



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Not more than a year after starting my service, my regiment was on patrol in the east Menador Mountains. A gang of brigands set off a landslide, then tried to pick us off while we dug ourselves out. We beat them back, but old Captain Kercerri caught a spear through his leg. We got out of there, but the captain never quite recovered—you could see it in his face, in the way he hunched when he walked. Months later, I woke up in the barracks one day and found the captain was gone—‘walking the Longacre,’ they said. From my bunkmate’s look, I assumed he’d died, passed on from some sick that takes old officers. ‘Worse,’ she told me. ‘Retired. Headed off to the fields of weak drink and regret.’

“That’s when I realized there are worse fates than dying in battle. Longacre’s one.”

—Viedman Linclair, Doomseer Company, Chelish Army

Longacre is a town of should-have-been heroes. Easily overlooked in its quiet, charmless corner of Cheliah, the town provides refuge to those who wish to forget and be forgotten. Unlike so many rural crossroads, Longacre girds itself in faded military trappings, the worn uniforms and tarnished regalia of hundreds of former soldiers caught up on both sides of the war that cast their nation into the grip of diabolism. More than three-quarters of a century after the hostilities ended, Longacre remains a dumping ground for Cheliah's unwanted veterans, many of whom are outspoken in their criticism of House Thrune and the nation's military policies. With the coming of the Glorious Reclamation, however, many in Longacre imagine a second chance, an opportunity to risk—even lose—their lives fighting on the side of justice and right.

But if House Thrune and its agents have their way, those chances will never come.

HISTORY

The records of the Longacre Historical Society fastidiously chronicle a long and largely uninteresting history. It perhaps didn't have to be that way, and certainly the earliest records from the Taldan Longacre Camp presage momentous things. Established in 3058 AR as a Taldan fort at the Whisperwood's southwestern edge, Longacre's position near the banks of the Whisper River gazing west across the Fields of Chelam made a fine position from which Taldor might cement its control of wild Cheliah's north and central heartlands. Longacre Camp rose as a modest, rugged frontier fort that, for hundreds of years, was a staging post for Taldan forces helping to tame the countryside. Records note campaigns against the Facetaker and Overlord hobgoblin tribes, the green dragon Avisbelth, and a short-lived separatist group called the League of Chelam. Over the centuries, however, as Taldan control reached the Arcadian Ocean and the region was settled, the need for a strong military presence waned, and the last troops were removed from Longacre Camp in 3712 AR.

Even with the military's departure, the local farms, ranches, lumber camps, and hunting lodges remained. As Longacre Camp provided access to the river and a safe place to trade, the locals maintained their traditions of doing business in the fort's shadow. The timber stalls surrounding the building became Longacre Trading Camp, the heart of a small, scattered network of independent farmers and frontier folk. A handful of merchants and their families made their homes at the camp, establishing Longacre's first permanent population—but one that rarely crested 100 souls.

It wasn't until the 4400s that Longacre Trading Camp saw any significant change in standing. With the Everwar's end, thousands of Chelish soldiers returned to the nation. With royal funds depleted, the nation granted

LONGACRE

LN small town

Corruption +2; **Crime** -3; **Economy** +0; **Law** +4;
Lore +2; **Society** -3

Qualities insular, rumormongering citizens

Danger +0

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government overlord

Population 1590 (1,401 humans, 138 halflings, 51 other)

Notable NPCs

Archbaron Darellus Fex (LE male human conjurer 12)

Fifth Sword Knight Tileavia Allamar (LG female human cleric of Iomedae 4)

Retired Warmage Tealan Ruckleer (N male human necromancer 7)

Sheriff Rhona Staelish (LG female human ranger 4)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 1,000 gp; **Purchase Limit** 5,000 gp;

Spellcasting 4th

Minor Items 3d4; **Medium Items** 1d6; **Major Items** —

countless veterans plots of lands in the expansive Fields of Chelam. Many soldiers quickly sold off these scrub-brush plots, but others optimistically traveled in droves to claim their lands. The coin of these settlers brought new life to Longacre Trading Camp, which saw a boom of business and activity that lasted a decade. As the original fort had largely rotted away, locals repurposed much of the old stone, laying foundations for sturdier shops, homes, and even local churches of Erastil and Aroden. The influx of homesteaders brought with them newly titled nobility, a nouveau riche class largely consisting of returning Everwar officers. Along with their own lands, the Bacusis, Fex, Golletter, and Moragatalli families were granted measures of control over the region, including governance of the newly minted town of Longacre. With no experience as governors, the families experimented with a range of military-styled hierarchies, but by 4550 AR, a local mayor oversaw the town's administration.

By the late 4500s, Longacre's fortunes had begun to wane. The majority of the region's new farms had failed, sparking a slow exodus downriver to Remesiana. Many farmers who didn't leave resorted to banditry, giving rise to the eastern Whisperwood's reputation for lawlessness. Longacre's population decreased, the church of Erastil was left empty, and even the last scion of the Golletter family died off. Some new blood and coin passed into town in 4620 AR when Fort Estazano was constructed nearby to help combat the rampant local banditry, but the prosperity was short-lived.

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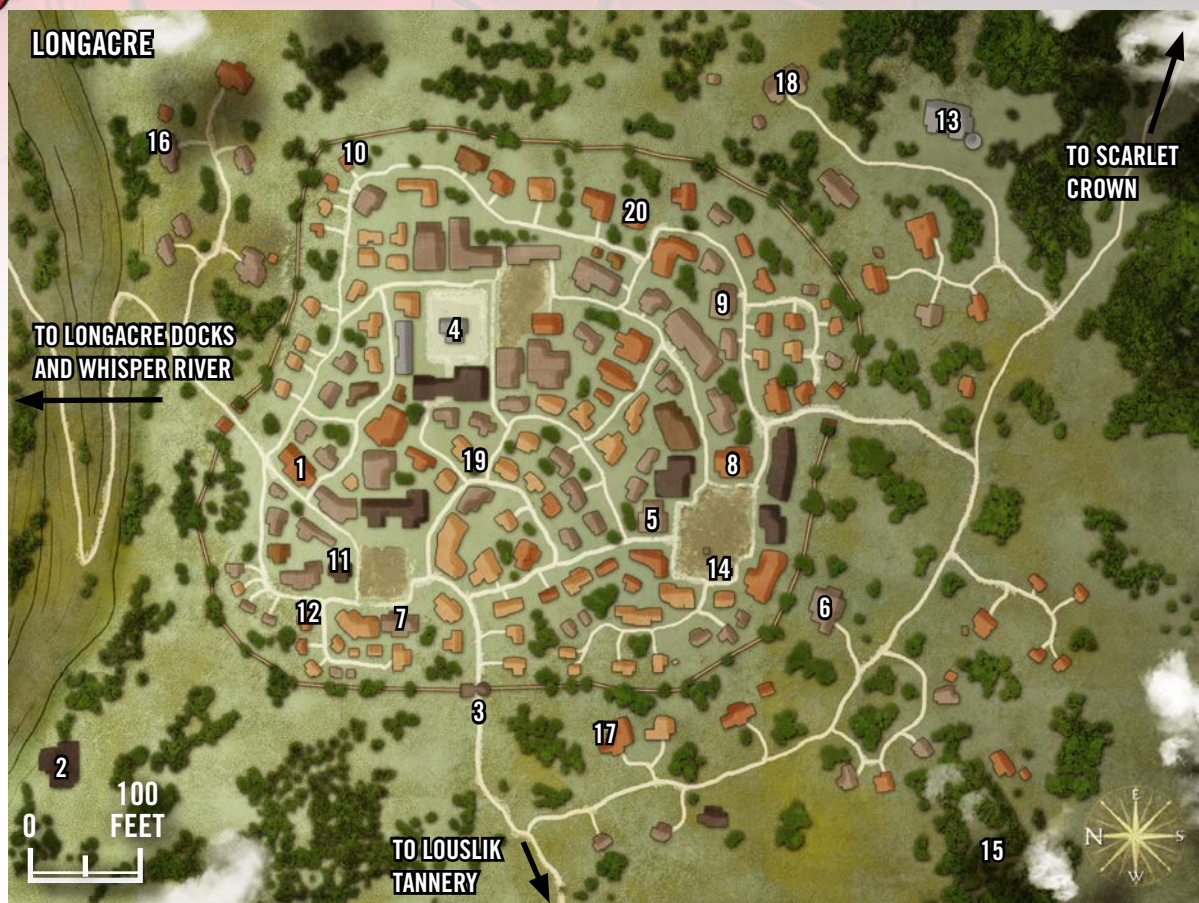
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The advent of the Chelish Civil War changed everything in Longacre. By 4640 AR, when House Thrune ascended to the throne, ending the war, countless Chelaxians had died. While the war didn't affect Longacre as it did so many other communities, the royalists of Houses Bacusis and Moragatalli opposed Thrune-supporting House Fex. With only small retinues of house guards, the nobles' conflicts largely played out in their financial backing of either side, and rarely amounted to anything more than local name-calling, failed arson attempts, and a few public brawls. Immigration similar to that of the 4400s followed the end of the war, bringing hundreds of soldiers and their families to the Whisperwood's edge. Yet these weren't retiring heroes claiming dubious dues. Rather, House Thrune pardoned countless soldiers fighting on the side of the old monarchy. A condition of their amnesty, however, barred them from the capital of Egorian and the cities of the cosmopolitan south, sending the defeated into scattered, semi-official exile. Defenders of the former government weren't the only migrants, however. Thousands of rebels quickly became disenfranchised with House Thrune's vicious brand of governance. Disgusted with the changes unfolding in Egorian and the nation's larger cities, many retreated to hideaways they hoped those now in power wouldn't bother to reach, in places like Longacre.

Along with the influx of settlers, rule of Longacre crystallized in a way it never had before. House Bacusis had fled the region once the war's outcome became clear, and soon after a deadly fire killed every member of the Moragatalli family and destroyed their manor, leaving House Fex to claim the exclusive right to rule. This didn't change much for the townsfolk, with most of the newly christened Fex archbarons caring little for tedious governance as long as their taxes arrived on schedule. The people were left to govern themselves, and in a town of withdrawn, independent residents, things proceeded quietly enough.

In the better part of a century since House Thrune came to power, Longacre has changed little. Many of those who came to escape now find themselves prisoners of their own memories, entering their twilight years burdened with old scars and regrets. The families of the waning veteran population tend to either linger, knowing nothing but the town's quiet life, or—in most cases—drift away down the Whisper River. A slow sort of pessimism taints the town, one that its ruler, Archbaron Darellus Fex, either hasn't noticed or cares nothing about. Many residents seek one last adventure, one last chance to be great. These days, Longacre is coated in the dust of years, making it easy to ignore the powder keg hidden just beneath.

LOCATIONS IN LONGACRE

The following are some of the more notable shops and locations in Longacre.

1. The Arch and Lark: The least popular pub in Longacre—which is to say, the town's only other pub after the Last Stand—the Arch and Lark caters to local and traveling nobility. As Archbaron Fex never socializes in Longacre and wealthy passers-through are a rarity, the Arch is rarely busy. Ale-hating owner **Fordaneil Cembers** (N female human rogue 2) spends most of her time disdainfully selling watered-down wine to pretentious locals and travelers who don't know any better. Cembers looks down her sharply pointed nose at Bolgart Caggan and his establishment, calling him an "oaf who caters to oafs." Conversely, she fawns over anyone she thinks could enhance her establishment's reputation or fulfill her dreams of receiving an endorsement from the archbaron himself.

2. Ash House: Formerly Moragatalli Manor, home to one of Longacre's pre-Throne noble families, this burnt ruin lies on the outskirts of town. Ostensibly abandoned, the Ash House is detailed on page 10.

3. Castle Gate: The westernmost of Longacre's three gates, the Castle Gate is so named for its distinctive stone construction. The gate and its unusual inhabitant are detailed on page 32.

4. Church of Iomedae: Fifth Sword Knight Tileavia Allamar and her twin sons oversee the local temple of Iomedae, which is detailed on page 39.

5. Gield's General Store: Sisters **Immona** and **Olla Gield** (N female human commoners 2) grew up among the produce stands and bolts of rough cloth that line the rows of Gield's General Store. Their days of getting yelled at for playing tag between customers' legs long past, the middle-aged sisters now run the shop. They maintain a modest selection of goods, and between the two of them the Gields know everyone in town. The sisters often match the goods and skills of locals with the needs of others, making their store one of the most useful gossiping posts in town. Additionally, **Estabeth Gield** (LN venerable female human ranger 3), the sisters' mother and the store's uncompromising former proprietress, spends her days at the shop visiting with neighbors and infantilizing her daughters from a thronelike rocking chair. The old woman insists that, so long as she lives, local veterans will never pay full price in her store, offering generous discounts to anyone with known or provable military service—though she has to deem that service worthwhile.

6. The Jackdaw: Formally known as Jackdaw Stables, the town's livery also serves as Longacre's post office and shipping company. Owner **Dilman "Dilly" Fortmile** (LG middle-aged male human expert 4) runs the stables and a local cargo delivery service with the help of his three strapping children, **Bennie**, **Rianne**, and **Telas** (N male and female human experts 1). In recent years, what began

as Rianne's hobby has resurrected the business that gave the Jackdaw its name: a carrier crow messenger service. From the stable's loft, Rianne can send and receive brief messages to and from Remesiana, Senara, and nearby Whisperwood lumber camps. Rianne hopes to grow her small side business, but recently she's been trying to figure out what to do about the messenger crows bearing missives with royal markings that have begun stopping at her roost.

7. Kemmaino Market: Dealing in fresh produce from the town's outlying farms, the town grocery is named for its proprietors, **Huxlam** and **Darlyne Kemmaino** (NG male and female human commoners 3). The couple's 12-year-old daughter, **Jemmy**, helps out by carrying deliveries around town, but has a reputation as a troublemaker.

8. The Last Stand Tavern: The most popular establishment in Longacre, this tavern and its owner, Bolgart Caggan, are detailed on page 21.

9. Longacre Armory: Despite the name, the armory has only the most tenuous connection to Cheliox's army. More a museum to the achievements of Longacre's residents than a true military institute, the armory enshrines the arms of local veterans. The Longacre Armory is detailed on page 36.

10. Longacre Historical Society: **Mrs. Ilmerri Unero** (N female human expert 2) knows more about what once went on in Longacre—and less about what's currently happening—than anyone else in town. As the curator of a small library of dry, locally written histories and civil documents, Mrs. Unero eagerly spends hours regaling visitors with details of centuries-old economic trends and the romantic gossip of long-dead local celebrities. Additionally, she keeps a small cache of funds with which to purchase any items of historic value that might pass through the society's doors.

11. Longacre Jail: Sheriff Rhona Staelish and her deputies maintain order in Longacre from their offices inside the town jail. The sheriff much prefers public shame and humiliation over incarceration, and the two pillories outside the jail see far more use than the pair of cells inside. The Longacre Jail is detailed further on page 22.

12. Longacre Notary: The seat of civil bureaucracy in Longacre, the local notary serves as a go-between for Archbaron Fex and the townsfolk, ensuring that neither has to interact with the other overly much. Deeds, titles, family records, writs of passage, and all manner of contracts and receipts form mountains of clutter that only notary **Wenbrade Brakenbol** (NE male human expert 2) knows how to navigate. The archbaron keeps Brakenbol on a comfortable salary, making sure that records disappear or feature useful revisions when it suits him. The rest of the town finds the gaunt, long-haired 70-year-old selfish, but efficient enough if you slip him an extra silver.

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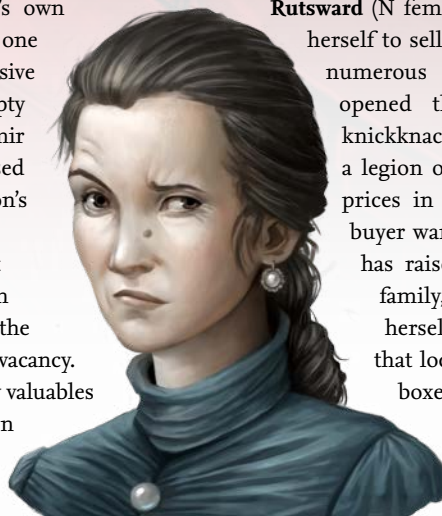
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13. Mayor's House: Formerly the home of Longacre's last mayor, Julive Wotimmir, this prestigious home lies near the road to Archbaron Fex's own estate, Scarlet Crown. Despite being one of the town's largest and most impressive homes, the mayor's house has stood empty for the past 8 years, ever since Wotimmir disappeared. None particularly missed the mayor or cared when the archbaron's unapologetic flunky went missing. The townsfolk haven't bothered to appoint a new mayor, and things have run smoothly enough without one, causing the archbaron to often forget about the vacancy. Now, the house's interior is dusty, its few valuables undisturbed, while the basement's hidden shrine to Mephistopheles quietly entombs the evidence of Wotimmir and her house cat's semi-tragic end.

14. Odmer's Tonics: The painting of a rainbow-hued imp exploding from a bottle makes the gaudy wheeled storefront of **Elish Odmer** (NE male human alchemist^{APC} 3), normally parked in one of Longacre's town squares, look like the cart of a common snake oil salesman. And that's exactly what it is. Elish Odmer claims to have ties directly to the Nine Wonders Conglomerate, a Thuvian corporation dedicated to bringing the secrets of their mystical medicines and revolutionary tinctures to the world at large. Few believe the Nine Wonders even exist, and everyone in Longacre knows the story of how Odmer was banned from town for a year after brewing a batch of bad moonshine in Natisha Howell's bathtub. Regardless of the shyster's reputation, he's a charming flatterer who occasionally has useful items on hand. Most of Odmer's brightly colored bottles are junk, but anyone who succeeds at a DC 12 Craft (alchemy) or Knowledge (arcana) check can find any alchemical item with a cost of less than 75 gp in stock.

15. The Old Lodge: Longacre once hosted a small congregation of Erastil worshippers, but all that remains of their church now is four sturdy posts and a mossy roof hanging over a half-sheltered altar in an overgrown thicket just outside town. Now, only the most daring children visit the ruined lodge. Local stories give the place a reputation as haunted, claiming that the god of hunters guards his sanctuary until his faithful return. In truth, a former priest of Erastil who resided here cultivated a range of exotic plants. In the decades since her death, a breed of cerulean flowering assassin vine has choked most of the other plants around the ruin. While it hasn't resulted in the death of any Longacre residents, it has been responsible for the disappearance of a pet or two. The corpses of wild animals and the vines' slithering rustle further cement the lodge's ominous reputation.



GERYA ROHALENDI

16. The Rees House: When her eccentric friend and neighbor Ogana Rees passed away 10 years ago, **Karrio Rutsward** (N female human bard 2) took it upon herself to sell what she could of the spinster's numerous and eclectic collections. She opened the Rees home, tagged every knickknack—from dozens of old books to a legion of whimsically carved pigs—with prices in coppers and let any interested buyer wander through. Since then, Karrio has raised hundreds of gold for Rees's family, taking only a modest cut for herself. Her success has been such that locals have brought their own attic boxes, homemade crafts, unwanted furniture, and the like to the Rees House, letting Karrio install their goods. Now, every room of the cramped house has a theme—boxes, kitchen supplies, knitting, and woodcrafts among

them. Metal sculptures, old plows, and scarecrows even lean in the muddy yard. Those who seem capable and like they have the money to pay might even convince Karrio to unlock the "armor shed," a dusty, cobweb-thick shack filled with bladed farming implements, old metal weapons, and armor—mostly dinged but functional chainmail and breastplates of standard issue Chelaxian military design. Karrio has a 70% chance of having any common weapon or piece of armor the PCs want, and sells her wares at 90% of the normal price. Every item she sells has some quirk or distinctive feature, though, like the initials of a former owner, a bent hilt or flange, or a distinctive design.

17. Rohalendi's Hospice: Fifteen years ago, **Gerya Rohalendi** (NG female human commoner 5) opened her home to an elderly retiree who could no longer live alone. In doing so, she realized that dozens of Longacre's elderly were struggling to survive and faced uncertain futures. Over several years, she transformed her home into a charity hospice, opening her doors to those in need of medical care and devoting herself to offering the heroes of her country and community dignity in their advanced years. Rohalendi currently shares her home with five local seniors in need of assistance. She finds her work in caring for them—as well as creating and delivering a variety of balms and poultices to others about town—richly rewarding but far from profitable, and she's recently had to let go of her only assistant. Despite various small fundraising events, Rohalendi is struggling to make ends meet, making the future of her hospice and those in her care uncertain.

18. Ruckleer's Home: Everyone knows Tealan Ruckleer is a retired warmage who spent most of his youth in service to the Chelish crown. Ruckleer never

speaks of his military service or uses anything but the most minor cantrips in public, his elusiveness on the matter heightening rumors of his explosive battle prowess. In truth, the old man never slung *fireballs* or controlled foes' minds, as his specialization was necromancy. In his retirement, **Tealan Ruckleer** (N male human necromancer 7) lives a private life and has mostly cast off the trappings of his magical past, though he can be convinced to provide spellcasting services for the right price and keeps a *wand of animate dead* hidden in his kitchen—just in case.

19. Trellis: A flower shop run by **Abrammo** and **Dahdria Lieklan** (NG male and female human fighters 1), Trellis displays an almost comprehensive assortment of local flowers, from delicate ivory auspices to black roses—a national favorite. The couple also cultivates a wide variety of restorative teas and herbs, which account for most of their income. The shop is currently closed. Those who succeed at a DC 18 Diplomacy check to gather information learn that the Lieklans departed hastily 2 weeks ago to collect their recently orphaned grandsons.

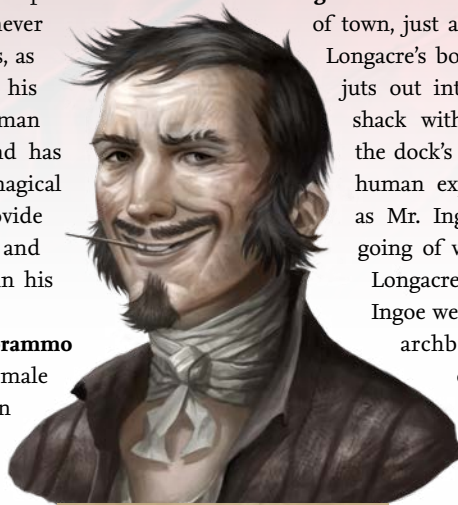
20. The Wilmore House: Indisputably Longacre's oldest resident, **Miss Nisra Wilmore** (N venerable female human witch^{APG} 5) has a reputation for indulging strange superstitions and for keeping a small legion of identical white cats. Although none can say exactly how old Miss Wilmore is, most assume she's well over 110 years old. Rumors swirl around the Wilmore House, most related to its guardian cats and the strangely colored smoke that frequently spirals from its chimney. Those who investigate find Miss Wilmore welcoming, even if her strangely changeable accent and the peppery smell of her home set most ill at ease. She openly offers her curative magic to those who earn her good favor, but still charges a fee—she has a lot of mouths to feed, after all.

OUTSIDE LONGACRE

Wooded hills and scrubby plains surround Longacre. Particularly to the west, numerous farmers and ranchers live quiet lives, heading into town only to trade and resupply their farms. That's not to say that the town's hinterlands are devoid of interest, however. The following locales are some of the most noteworthy outside Longacre. Additionally, the random encounters table on page 81 notes some of the threats common to the region.

Fort Estazano: This abandoned fort once served as a staging ground for the Chelish army's anti-bandit operations in the Whisperwood. Recently, however,

a deadly new resident has moved in. Fort Estazano is detailed on page 44.



INGOE ZOAGS

Longacre Docks: Down the slope to the north of town, just a little over half a mile beyond Longacre's border fence, a rickety gray dock juts out into the Whisper River. From a shack with a block-and-tackle crane at the dock's far end, **Ingoe Zoags** (NE male human expert 1/rogue 3), known locally as Mr. Ingoe, oversees the coming and going of visitors and cargo to and from Longacre. More than a decade ago, Mr. Ingoe weaseled a commission out of the archbaron and has served as town dockmaster ever since. Most townsfolk loathe Mr. Ingoe, knowing his reputation for "losing" interesting freight or suddenly turning stickler about cargo weights and packaging.

Most go out of their way to stay on his good side, though, never knowing when they might need him to pass along whatever might show up on his dock. Anyone who succeeds at a DC 12 Knowledge (local) check also knows that Mr. Ingoe keeps his own version of a "dead letters" room, one of a series of shacks on the opposite bank of the Whisper that serve as his home and warehouses. Given a day to search, there's a 60% chance that Mr. Ingoe might produce one of any magic item that costs less than 3,000 gp. He eagerly sells such treasures at a mere 10% mark-up.

Louslik Tannery: Located a mile west of town due to the strong, unpleasant odors issuing from behind its walls, this tannery is well regarded for the sturdy leather it produces. Proprietor **Jabral Louslik** (CG male human expert 4) is a respected businessman in Longacre, but has been known to butt heads with Archbaron Fex on more than one occasion. Louslik Tannery is detailed further on page 7.

Lumber Camps: Several lumber camps are situated along the edge of the Whisperwood and the length of the West Iseld River. The camps have a dangerous reputation and are populated by clannish, half-civilized "lifers" and seasonal workers. The best-known camps are the Three Steels Camp and the Volmirren Partnership. Veteran lumberers call the camps by distinctly different names, though: Three-Fingers and Satyr Den, respectively.

Scarlet Crown: Named for the device on the House Fex coat of arms, Scarlet Crown is the baronial manor of Longacre's ruler, Archbaron Darellus Fex. A staunch supporter of House Thrune, Archbaron Fex views Longacre and its citizens as his personal property, which they legally very nearly are. Scarlet Crown is well protected by the archbaron's personal guards, and the manor's staff of halfling slaves see to Fex's every need.

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When word came that the Order of the Godclaw had found Heart's Edge, I was filled with righteous anger. Iomedae's sacred blade did not belong in the hands of heretic Hellknights! But I knew not what to do. I felt powerless, impotent. So I prayed and fasted. For eleven days, I consumed only water, and my sacrifice and devotion were finally rewarded. Divine purpose supplanted my outrage, and my destiny was made clear. I would muster an army of the faithful, and together we would recover the Inheritor's sword from the blasphemers. Then we would take our crusade to Cheliax, and take back our land from the devilspawn who had usurped it. We would reclaim our nation in the name of the Inheritor, and all would prosper in the glory of Iomedae! For victory, for the Heart!"



—Alexeara Cansellarion, Lord Marshal of the Glorious Reclamation

Military orders have long been associated with the Church of Iomedae. As a mortal, Iomedae herself led the Knights of Ozem in the Shining Crusade against the Whispering Tyrant Tar-Baphon, and since Iomedae's ascension to godhood, no fewer than five Mendevian Crusades have been launched against the demonic hordes of the Worldwound in her name. The newest of these chivalric orders is the Glorious Reclamation, a society of Iomedaeans knights dedicated to reclaiming the nation of Cheliah from the Thrice-Damned House of Thrune and the Church of Asmodeus, as well as restoring the worship of Iomedae to the Chelish people.

ORIGIN

The Glorious Reclamation was originally founded for one purpose: the recovery of *Heart's Edge*, the sword once wielded by Iomedae herself. The Hellknight Order of the Godclaw had discovered the fabled blade, forgotten and lost for centuries, quite by accident, but since these Hellknights venerate Iomedae as one of their five-part pantheon of law called the Godclaw, Lictor Resarc Ountor proudly proclaimed the acquisition of Iomedae's sword as a symbol of his order's righteousness.

Hearing of the reappearance of this sacred relic, the Church of Iomedae politely requested that *Heart's Edge* be returned to them. The Order of the Godclaw brusquely refused. The fate of the holy sword might have become a matter of peaceful diplomatic negotiation between the church and the order, had not a zealous paladin of Iomedae named Alexeara Cansellarion decided to take matters into her own hands.

Branding the Hellknights heretics and blasphemers, as their reverence of the Godclaw was not in line with the traditional teachings of the Church of Iomedae, Alexeara issued a call to the Inheritor's faithful to reclaim *Heart's Edge*. Hundreds of knights and clerics from Andoran, Cheliah, Molthune, and beyond took up arms and marched on Citadel Dinyar, home to the Order of the Godclaw. After a furious battle, the Iomedaeans army defeated the Hellknights and ousted them from their own fortress, and Alexeara Cansellarion claimed Citadel Dinyar and *Heart's Edge* as spoils of honorable war.

Flushed with success, the fervent paladin now turned her eyes to a far greater prize. Alexeara's family had been a noble house of Westcrown in Cheliah, but the Cansellarions lost their titles and holdings when House Thrune emerged victorious in the Chelish Civil War. Before her ascension, Iomedae herself had been Chelish as well, and to Alexeara, a Thrune-dominated Cheliah was as much an affront to the Inheritor as it was to her personally. With possession of Citadel Dinyar and *Heart's Edge* in hand, Alexeara was filled with divine purpose. She announced the creation of a new knightly order dedicated to Iomedae called the Glorious Reclamation,

TIMELINE

The following timeline briefly describes the major events leading to the founding of the Glorious Reclamation.

Date	Event
1520 AR	Taldor's Third Army of Exploration completes its conquest of southern Avistan, including the land that will become the nation of Cheliah.
3007 AR	Cheliah is founded as the westernmost province of Taldor.
c. 3800 AR	The mortal Iomedae is born in the Taldan province of Cheliah.
c. 3816 AR	Iomedae joins the Shining Crusade against the Whispering Tyrant Tar-Baphon.
3826 AR	The Whispering Tyrant breaks Iomedae's sword with his magic. With a prayer and an oath to bring an end to Tar-Baphon's evil, Iomedae fuses the pieces of her blade back together, her pure heart and righteous ire instantly reforging the sword into an artifact called <i>Heart's Edge</i> . This event comes to be known as Iomedae's Sixth Act.
3831 AR	Iomedae completes her Tenth Act, ruling the city of Kantaria for a year and a day while personally battling an army of faceless stalkers led by a cabal of veiled masters. At the end of the battle, Iomedae gives <i>Heart's Edge</i> to the patriarch of House Narikopolus to defend the city should the veiled masters ever return.
3832 AR	Iomedae successfully attempts the Test of the <i>Starstone</i> in Absalom and becomes a goddess and Aroden's herald.
4081 AR	Taldan governor Aspex the Even-Tongued creates the new nation of Cheliah from the former Taldan provinces of Andoran, Cheliah, Galt, and Isger.
4606 AR	Aroden dies, triggering the Chelish Civil War.
4623 AR	Seldinin Chonaz, former paladin of Aroden and Hellknight of the Order of the Pyre, founds the Hellknight Order of the Godclaw in Mendev.
4639 AR	House Thrune defeats House Davian in the Battle of a Hundred Kings, the decisive conflict in the Chelish Civil War.
4640 AR	Thrune consolidates its power and seizes control of Cheliah, ending the Chelish Civil War.
4665 AR	The Order of the Godclaw withdraws from Mendev and returns to Cheliah. Construction of Citadel Dinyar begins in Isger.
4715 AR	The Order of the Godclaw discovers Iomedae's sword, <i>Heart's Edge</i> , in Isger and brings it to Citadel Dinyar. Paladin of Iomedae Alexeara Cansellarion founds a new knightly order, the Glorious Reclamation, to recover the sword. Citadel Dinyar falls to the Iomedaeans knights, and the Glorious Reclamation embarks on a campaign to reclaim Cheliah from the diabolical taint of House Thrune.

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whose sacred charge was to purge Cheliah of its diabolical taint by overthrowing the Thrice-Damned House of Thrune and returning Iomedae's faith to the goddess's homeland.

MEMBERSHIP

Membership in the Glorious Reclamation is open to any of Iomedae's faithful, though motives for joining the order are not always religious—an individual might join for political reasons, to escape some problem at home, to seek greater prestige or wealth, or even just to obtain a place to sleep and regular meals.

Barring rare exceptions, those wishing to be knights in the order must be of noble birth, or have already proven themselves as knights in another military order or one of the Mendevian Crusades. Most of these knights are cavaliers, fighters, or paladins, with occasional clerics and warpriests.

Non-noble fighters, paladins, and priests of Iomedae are welcome to join the Glorious Reclamation, but in practice, few of these warriors are considered actual knights; most serve the order as sergeants. However, any knight of the Glorious Reclamation holding the rank of knight banneret or higher can perform a ceremony of knighthood to induct a non-noble into the aristocratic ranks of the order, usually as a knight inheritor.

The Glorious Reclamation's members are overwhelmingly human. The majority of the order's knights, sergeants, and chaplains are of Chelish nationality or descent, but many knights from Absalom, Andoran, Lastwall, Mendev, Molthune, and beyond have journeyed to Citadel Dinyar to pledge their swords to the crusade. Membership is not restricted solely to humans, however, and half-elves, halflings, dwarves, and even a few tieflings have found places and purpose in the order's ranks.

To join the Glorious Reclamation, a new recruit must answer 11 questions. These questions establish that the recruit is a follower of Iomedae, is joining the order of her own free will, does not currently belong to another military order, is not in debt, has no hidden illness or debilitating injury, is prepared to fight in Cheliah, is prepared to fight elsewhere if necessary, will practice any craft she knows as ordered, will defend the weak and the oppressed, will obey the rules and code of the order, and

will lay down her life in the pursuit of the order's goals. Following this, the recruit professes her obedience to the Inheritor, as well as to the Lord Marshal of the order and her officers and successors, and she is then welcomed as a full member of the Glorious Reclamation with all attendant rights and obligations.

STRUCTURE AND RANKS

As befits an order of knights, the Glorious Reclamation is organized along military lines, and each member of the order holds a specific rank in the hierarchy. At the top of the chain of command is the Lord Marshal, the sole leader of the Glorious Reclamation, who is responsible for the overall strategy and command of the Glorious Reclamation's military forces. Officially, the Lord Marshal is of equivalent rank to the First Sword Knight, the high priest of Iomedae, though the church has yet to formally recognize the Glorious Reclamation and its Lord Marshal.

More accurately, the rank of Lord Marshal corresponds to the military rank of general. From another perspective, the position is roughly equivalent to the lictor of a Hellknight order.

Below Lord Marshal is the rank of knight commander. All knights commander are of noble birth, and are responsible for leading the order's armies in the field. The rank of knight commander corresponds to the military rank of colonel, and is roughly equivalent to a Hellknight master of blades. Knights banneret form the next rank in the chain of command. These aristocratic knights lead troops under the banners of their own noble houses, and are similar to majors or Hellknight paralictors. Knights inheritor hold the rank just beneath knights banneret. Although of noble birth themselves, knights inheritor do not lead their own troops, instead serving under a knight banneret's standard. With few exceptions, any noble joining the order holds at least the rank of knight inheritor. In some cases, knight inheritors are not officially attached to an army. Instead, they hold the distinction of traveling from place to place fighting the troops of House Thrune and other forces of evil by themselves or with only a small retinue. Such an itinerant knight is commonly called by the unofficial title



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of knight-errant. A knight inheritor is equivalent in rank and responsibility to a captain or Hellknight maralictor.

Beneath the knights are the sergeants. Neither noble nor knights, sergeants are the rank-and-file soldiers who fight in the Glorious Reclamation's armies and serve the order as armorers, blacksmiths, builders, cooks, grooms, and more. Young men and women training as knights or soldiers hold the position of squire, the lowest rank in the order, commensurate with a Hellknight armiger.

Although the Glorious Reclamation is a religious knightly order, priests of Iomedae are usually considered subordinate to the non-clerical knights. Those priests officially attached to the Glorious Reclamation hold no military rank, but within the chain of command, they are equal to the rank of knight inheritor. They are afforded the title of chaplain, but are sometimes called by their Iomedae rank of Sword Knight.

Arcane spellcasters who join the Glorious Reclamation are given the title of rassophore. Although they hold ceremonial rank equal to that of chaplains, rassophores have no position in the military chain of command. Most serve in an auxiliary capacity, carrying out assignments more suited to their abilities.

GOALS

At its heart, the Glorious Reclamation wants nothing less than the complete overthrow of the Thrice-Damned House of Thrune and the imperial monarchy of Cheliah. The order's primary goal is to reclaim the nation of Cheliah in the name of Iomedae by deposing House Thrune and replacing the Church of Asmodeus as the state religion with the Church of Iomedae.

To members of the order, Thrune's dominance over Cheliah and the Church of Asmodeus's hold on the souls of the Chelish people are sacrilege of the highest order. When Aroden died and failed to make his prophesied return to Cheliah, it should have been his Inheritor, Iomedae, who succeeded him to usher Cheliah into its promised era of greatness. Instead, Abrogail Thrune turned to Hell, striking a sinister bargain with the Prince of Darkness to place the House of Thrune on the throne of Cheliah and fill Iomedae's rightful place in the hearts of the Chelish people with the dark worship of Asmodeus. In order to restore Cheliah to the glorious empire that it once was, both House Thrune and the Church of Asmodeus must be removed, for both of them stand in the way of the country's return to righteousness. As an order dedicated to a lawful good goddess, the Glorious Reclamation does not want to abolish the Church of Asmodeus outright. However, the choice of which deity to worship, whether good or evil, should be left to the individual, not imposed upon the populace by the state. The House of Thrune has many more crimes to answer for as well, and the Glorious Reclamation intends to root out corruption in the Chelish government at all levels

CODE OF THE GLORIOUS RECLAMATION

All sworn members of the Glorious Reclamation are expected to adhere to the order's code of conduct. If a knight violates the code, she must perform a penance to atone for her transgression. The Code of the Glorious Reclamation incorporates part of Iomedae's paladin code, though with a greater focus on achieving the order's goals than simply righting wrongs and battling evil. The tenets of the Code of the Glorious Reclamation include the following affirmations.

- I will reclaim Cheliah and the souls of its people in the name of the Inheritor, for the glory and honor of Iomedae and the Order.
- I will have faith in the Inheritor. Her strength will fill my heart, and my heart will guide my sword. I will shine in her legion, and I will not tarnish her glory through base actions.
- I will be the first into battle with the forces of Hell, and the last to leave it.
- I will give no quarter to devils or other servants of Hell, allies or agents of House Thrune, or champions of evil and wickedness, nor will I ask for it in return.
- I will not be taken prisoner, nor will I allow a companion to be captured, by my free will. I will not surrender those under my command or protection.
- Slavery is an abomination and must be ended. I will keep no slaves, and I will free any slaves I encounter. It is my duty to provide what aid I can to freed slaves, to the best of my ability.
- I will guard the honor of my compatriots, both in thought and deed, and I will have faith in them.
- I will strive to emulate Iomedae's perfection.
- I will suffer death before dishonor.

and prosecute House Thrune and its allies to the greatest extent of the law.

In addition to those principal objectives, the Glorious Reclamation also seeks to abolish slavery and the slave trade within Cheliah, and improve the lives of serfs and the lower classes. No intelligent being should be held in bondage of any sort to another; every person should be the master of her own fate, and should enjoy the freedom to make her own choices about where she resides, who she serves, and how she makes her living.

Beyond these lofty aims, the Glorious Reclamation has not yet set any additional goals, focusing its efforts on the war. Cheliah and its people have suffered for decades under the oppression of House Thrune and Hell; assuming the Glorious Reclamation is successful in its ambitions, it will take some time to repair the damage that has been done during the Thrune Ascendancy.

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RELATIONS

As a relative newcomer to Avistani geopolitics, the Glorious Reclamation has yet to establish many official relationships with other organizations and states. The knights' strident focus on overthrowing House Thrune and installing a new government in Cheliah makes them a regional power at best, and most of the other major players in the region are waiting to see just how successful the Glorious Reclamation is in accomplishing its goals before establishing official relations.

Obviously, the Glorious Reclamation's primary enemies are House Thrune, the government of Cheliah, and the Chelish military, all of which are dedicated to destroying the order. As a client state of Cheliah, Isger is also technically opposed to the Glorious Reclamation, though in truth that nation has done little to counter the order's activities, even though the order's headquarters lies within Isger's borders. Among the other countries neighboring Cheliah, only Andoran has made any overt attempts to establish relations with the Glorious Reclamation, by sending a single diplomatic envoy on a fact-gathering mission.

The Hellknight Order of the Godclaw also opposes the Glorious Reclamation, but with the loss of Citadel Dinyar and the defeat of the majority of its forces, that group no longer poses much of a threat to the Iomedaeans. The other Hellknight orders have thus far remained largely uninvolved in the growing conflict; the efforts of the Order of the Rack are primarily focused on the rebellion in Kintargo, while the other major orders hold the view that the actions of the Glorious Reclamation supposedly lie outside their traditional areas of concern. Smaller Hellknight orders, such as the Order of the Pike, have taken on a neutral stance, apparently waiting to see which party triumphs before they determine their allegiance.

In the sphere of religion, the Glorious Reclamation's relationship with the Church of Iomedae is complicated at best. As a knightly order dedicated to the Inheritor, the Glorious Reclamation has the tacit backing of Iomedae's church, but does not enjoy its full or active support. The church agrees that the Glorious Reclamation's cause is just and righteous, but ironically, the official (if unspoken) view is that Alexeara Cansellarion's campaign

is a bit premature. Iomedae herself would like nothing more than to restore Cheliah's honor and glory, but for now, both the Inheritor and her church—and other Iomedae knightly orders like the Knights of Ozem—remain focused on the Fifth Mendevian Crusade against the demons of the Worldwound. As a result, the Church of Iomedae very much views the Glorious Reclamation as a local movement, not a religious crusade. Of course, individual priests of Iomedae are welcome to join the order and fight in Cheliah, and many have. Likewise, a number of priests of Milani and Torag have also joined the Glorious Reclamation, though their official churches follow the Church of Iomedae's lead and are withholding their official support—for now.

IMPORTANT MEMBERS

Thousands of Iomedae's faithful have flocked to Alexeara Cansellarion's banner and joined the Glorious Reclamation; some of the order's most important and influential members are briefly detailed below.

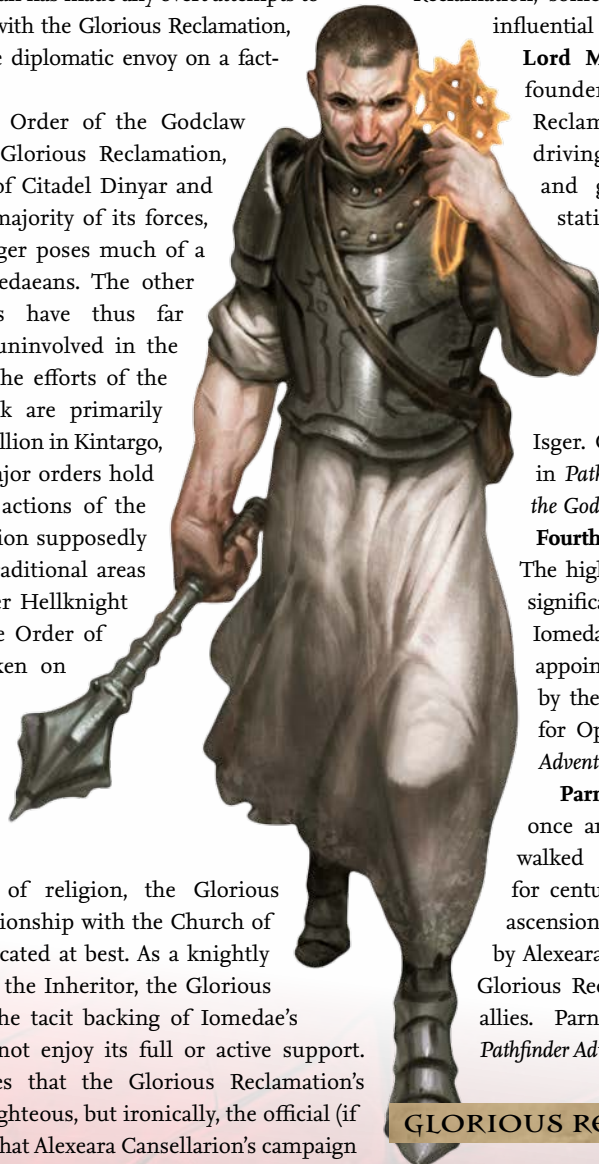
Lord Marshal Alexeara Cansellarion: The founder and supreme leader of the Glorious Reclamation, Alexeara Cansellarion is the driving force behind the order's strategies and goals. Alexeara Cansellarion's full statistics appear in *Pathfinder Adventure Path #108: Hell Comes to Westcrown*.

Knight Commander Graxus Phand: A stalwart warpriest of Iomedae, Graxus Phand commands the Glorious Reclamation's forces at its headquarters, Citadel Dinyar in Isger. Graxus Phand's full statistics appear in *Pathfinder Adventure Path #107: Scourge of the Godclaw*.

Fourth Sword Knight Oppian Nevilindor: The high priest of Iomedae in the spiritually significant town of Kantaria, the site of Iomedae's Tenth Act, Oppian Nevilindor was appointed the settlement's military governor by the Glorious Reclamation. Full statistics for Oppian Nevilindor appear in *Pathfinder Adventure Path #104: Wrath of Thrune*.

Parnoneryx: This adult gold dragon was once an ally of Iomedae herself when she walked Golarion as a mortal. Imprisoned for centuries in an ice tomb after Iomedae's ascension to godhood, Parnoneryx was freed by Alexeara Cansellarion and is now one of the Glorious Reclamation's staunchest and strongest allies. Parnoneryx's full statistics appear in *Pathfinder Adventure Path #107: Scourge of the Godclaw*.

GLORIOUS RECLAMATION CHAPLAIN



Knight Banneret Pavaris Ordannica: One of the Glorious Reclamation's top battlefield commanders, Pavaris Ordannica won her spurs as an officer in the Imperial Army of Molthune. Now she leads an elite unit of Glorious Reclamation soldiers against the forces of House Thrune under the Ordannica banner, a white lion rampant on a field of red.

Knight Commander Reska Nivilli: A hard-bitten woman from Mendev, Reska Nivilli leads the Glorious Reclamation's rank-and-file sergeants. Although Reska was ostensibly recruited for her training acumen and ability to instill discipline among the ranks, a persistent rumor claims that the endless battle against the demons of the Worldwound took its toll on her mind and soul, and that she joined the Glorious Reclamation to leave Mendev without surrendering her honor.

CHELIAX RECLAIMED

The Glorious Reclamation has yet to make major territorial gains within Chelias, but it has begun conquering some of the smaller towns and rural areas on the fringes of the empire. In these "reclaimed" regions, the order has worked to establish its own systems of governance to replace those of Imperial Chelias.

The order's most significant holding is Citadel Dinyar, former fortress of the Hellknight Order of the Godclaw, situated in the Aspodell Mountains in Isgar. The castle's location, just across the border from Chelias, provides the Glorious Reclamation a secure base of operations from which to pursue its crusade in Chelias, as Isgar's military is relatively ineffective.

In the areas it controls within Chelias itself, the Glorious Reclamation governs in accordance with the tenets of Iomedae's faith, establishing the rule of law, eliminating injustice and oppression, and providing what aid and assistance it can to the people now living under its authority. One of the first acts the Glorious Reclamation performs in newly claimed territories is to abolish slavery and free all slaves, granting them the full rights enjoyed by other citizens. Many of the common folk approve of these measures, and some of these freed slaves have joined their liberators as auxiliary soldiers or members of local militias; those who have seen their property emancipated with no compensation hold a very different view.

Once the Glorious Reclamation has secured a settlement or region militarily, it turns its attention to establishing a functional local government. However, the order's primary focus is on the military defeat of the Chelish army, not governance, and its leadership has set no overarching policy for the administration of conquered territories. As a result, local government under the Glorious Reclamation varies widely throughout its holdings in Chelias. For the most part, however, the order attempts to keep as much authority as possible in the hands of local citizens, though leaders directly appointed

by House Thrune and other staunch Thrune loyalists are arrested, removed from power, and held until they can be tried for their crimes in a court of law.

In any town or city determined to be of particular military, political, or religious significance, the Glorious Reclamation often appoints a military governor to oversee the settlement. However, these governors often rely on the assistance of advisory councils composed of influential local citizens.

RELICS OF THE CRUSADE

Knights of the Glorious Reclamation often employ the following Iomedean magic items. These items originally appeared in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Gods*.

CLOAK OF THE CRUSADER		PRICE
		2,700 GP
SLOT shoulders	CL 1st	WEIGHT 1 lb.
AURA faint enchantment		

This brilliant red cloak bears a golden symbol of an upright winged sword. The wearer can use *bleed* once per day.

If Iomedae is the wearer's patron, the wearer gains a +1 enhancement bonus to her natural armor. As a standard action, the wearer can create an illusory image of Iomedae's banner, which floats 2 to 5 feet above the wearer's head and remains in place as long as the wearer is conscious. If the wearer has the banner^{APG} class feature, she can use this battle standard as her banner.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST
Craft Wondrous Item, <i>barkskin</i> , <i>bleed</i> , <i>silent image</i>	1,350 GP

INHERITOR'S BREASTPLATE		PRICE
		2,430 GP
SLOT armor	CL 3rd	WEIGHT 30 lbs.
AURA faint abjuration and transmutation		

This reflective +1 *breastplate* is decorated with a sword-and-starburst symbol. The armor is normally a golden color, but in battle it becomes silver-gray. The wearer can cast *bleed weapon* and *remove fear* each once per day.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST
Craft Magic Arms and Armor, <i>bleed weapon</i> , <i>remove fear</i>	1,390 GP

KNIGHT-INHERITOR'S RING		PRICE
		3,000 GP
SLOT ring	CL 5th	WEIGHT —
AURA faint enchantment and transmutation		

This simple gold band is engraved with the holy symbol of Iomedae. It functions as a *ring of protection* +1. In addition, the wearer can cast *bleed weapon* and *wartrain mount*^{UM} each once per day. At will, the wearer can make himself presentable as if using *prestidigitation* to clean up his clothing, skin, hair, and armor.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST
Forge Ring, <i>bleed weapon</i> , <i>prestidigitation</i> , <i>shield of faith</i> , <i>wartrain mount</i> ^{UM} , creator must be at least 3rd level	1,500 GP

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ON RAVEN'S WINGS

Pathfinder's Journal: Cowards and Crows 1 of 6

What a lovely day, I thought as I stepped over a puddle of bloody mud. I quickened my already-brisk pace and took a corner, dodging the piles of offal and rotting fruit that blotched Khari's streets. Then I slowed slightly, listening for a signal from behind.

A muttered curse caught my ear. Tolomuk's boys never were the subtlest sorts, and by the sound of it, one had just stepped into the same muck I'd avoided.

I tugged on my leather vest in satisfaction and sallied onward, my cloak fluttering behind me.

I knew they'd set a watch on my place after I'd fallen short on my last interest payment. Normally, I would've enjoyed leading tails on a dizzying saunter through the city. Today, however, I had business to attend. I scanned the area, formulating a proper distraction to give my shadows the slip.

This early in the morning, the city had yet to swell into the helpful sort of crowds where one could easily get lost. Merchants unlocked store shutters while beggars and minstrels warmed up their acts. A masked plague doctor ducked into a house where a baby's cry wavered from the windows; in the next alley over, a huddle of addicts traded a stained ivory pipe, foul smoke pouring from their nostrils.



Though my adventuring days are long over, I like playing tricks on the slave drivers of House Henderthane from time to time. They're a cruel lot but not particularly bright.

Several chain-lines of slaves slogged past, backs bent and eyes lowered under the watchful eye of their half-orc drivers. The slavers, wearing the colors of House Henderthane, looked glum, as if disappointed none of their charges offered them an excuse to wield the barbed whips coiled in their scarred fists.

I sidled up and matched the slaves' pace. I took in their wretched statures and shuffles and breathed in their stink, setting my mind into the cast of one beaten down to this bitter end.

All at once, I sidestepped and went into a hunch. With one hand I grasped a length of chain, while with the other I worked my cloak, tugging and flipping the material so it draped off and wound about my bowed body just so. Hidden flaps and scrap pieces fell and flopped just right, so anyone who cared to look would see just one more chained soul in tattered rags. The slave drivers failed to notice my infiltration; if any slaves did, they were too weary, jaded, or scared to raise an alarm.

Half a minute later, a grimy halfling and a heavily tattooed man stumped right by me, none the wiser. I choked down a chuckle.

The slaves approached a pair of black-cloaked, black-hooded guards in spiked armor, heading the opposite direction. After they passed by, I counted off and then pivoted into their wake. In that moment, I worked the cloak about myself once more, swirling it off and flipping it inside out. Once settled on my shoulders, hood up, it showed an ebony hue that nearly matched the guards'.

I fell in perfect step behind the guards, not quite close enough to catch their attention. After twenty more paces, I ducked down a narrow side street to restore my normal appearance. No point in pushing my luck. With locals so wary of seditious agents, getting caught masquerading as a guard could easily mean months of torture in the nearest prison, wracked until I was willing to confess anything they wanted.

I checked back down the main street. After another minute went by without the thugs reappearing, I felt the tension seep out of my back.

A lovely day indeed. I whistled low as I sauntered onward, hands in my pockets so my fingertips brushed a few enchanted trinkets I always kept on my person, just in case.

A few more turns brought me to the street where the workshop waited. Though to call the single-story home a mere workshop did it a disservice. Stone walls and a red slate roof set it apart from the wood-slatted abodes on either side. Expensive glass windows gleamed in the

morning sun. The door was an intricately crafted piece of oak displaying people, monsters, and mysterious figures that disturbed the eye.

I paused upon spotting an armored elf standing beside the front door, watching the street in bored suspicion. Her hand rested on a saber hilt at her hip. Another of Tolomuk's goons? No. She wore armor too fine for that line of work. She had to be a bodyguard, which meant Khem had an important client visiting.

I measured my steps against the bodyguard's slow scans of the area, timing my approach. Down on the street corner, a gnome and a halfling rode on mangy hounds, charging each other with wooden spears in a jousting jape for a few tossed coins. The bodyguard couldn't resist gazing that way every so often. The next instant she did so, I slipped up in her blind spot and through the carved door, which opened and closed silently on oiled hinges.

I pressed my back to the wall just inside, engulfed in shadow. The other two people in the shop didn't so much as glance my way.

One, an elf in a crimson robe and an emerald sash, glared down at the shop owner, who looked like an elderly, bent-backed man. But I knew better.

Khem had the knobby joints, wrinkled visage, and chalk-white hair of a man just a few years shy of Pharasma's grasp. Only his eyes remained young and keen. I'd known the boy for over a decade now and still inwardly cringed whenever I saw him. Some curse—mistakenly cast by his own mother, stories told—had eaten away at Khem's flesh, rapidly aging him.

The home, though, had been converted into a workshop that reflected the youthful soul encased in the failing frame. A testament to his studious nature and crafty mind. Metal- and woodworking tools crowded the main table, interspersed with large gems, golden bands, and half-fashioned figurines.

The shelves lining the shop walls were packed with all manner of statues and trinkets cast in precious metals, many of them bejeweled with emeralds, rubies, topazes, and sapphires. Chunks of iron ore were stacked alongside exotic books, etched leather maps, and mud-encrusted flotsam.

I focused on the pair as the elf thrust a green-painted fingernail at the boy. "I solicit a bust of my wife and you give me a mockery that looks like a kobold mated with a medusa?"

Khem sighed, cane planted to keep him steady on the stool. He nodded at the small carving beside him, crimson marble shaped in the visage of a lovely woman—though a stern expression spoiled her beauty. "This design is based on the sketch you provided, Lord Dolviric."

"Are you blind as well as feeble?" Dolviric reared back as if the item gave off a stench. "This is a travesty. Return my funds at once."



Like I've found to be true of so many petty nobles in Cheliox, Lord Dolviric is a coward. Khem handled him well enough, though I'd have preferred to slip a blade in his ribs.

The boy cleared his throat. "As per our contract, the initial deposit is nonrefundable."

The lordling's gaze turned piercing. "I could have you beaten in the street and no one would lift a finger to help you."

I tucked a finger under the hem of my vest, where my punching daggers sat nestled in hidden pockets. I pondered leaving the elf bleeding out on the floor, a puckering hole where one of his kidneys used to be.

Then I let my hand drop and tried to ignore the slight tremble to it. Too much a threat exposing myself like that. How much of a craven had I become that I couldn't even dare an ambush to defend an innocent?

Khem braced a hand atop a thick tome resting on his workbench. "My lord, as much as I appreciate your past business, I'm afraid it concludes here. Please see yourself out."

Dolviric stepped back as dozens of statuettes animated and oriented to face him. Golden tigers opened fanged maws. Obsidian griffons spread their wings and clacked beaks. A ceremonial dagger floated into the air, tip poised to plunge straight at the elf.

I smirked. I knew the boy had a smattering of wizardly talent, using it to enchant many of the items he crafted, but I'd never seen it so boldly used.

Dolviric snarled. "I'll see you trampled into the muck, fool."

The lordling spun about and stalked to the door. He pulled up short and his eyes flared as I shifted to block

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his path. Behind him, Khem blinked as well, looking confused as to my presence.

Dolviric's scowl deepened. "Buffoon! Out of my way!"

The elf rammed a shoulder forward to force me aside as he stomped out. The door slammed behind him and I could hear the lordling berating his bodyguard until the two were well down the street.

Khem's chair scraped on the wooden floor as he fought to his feet, cane gripped tight.

"My apologies, Master Atrius. I didn't see you come in. Give me a moment and I'll be right with you." He picked up the bust and hobbled over to place it on an empty shelf space.

As he did, I peered into the pouch I'd picked from the haughty elf. A glint of gold warmed my heart and I thought of a few minor debts I could sort out with this one lift.

I glanced at Khem, who moved in pained hitches. I knew he hardly hurt for coin, but it pained me to see him abused. A rare good soul in a city of devils—both literal and metaphorical ones.

"Tell you what." I tossed the purse onto the table with a jangle. "I'll buy whatever it is that highbrow rascal refused, along with my own order. Should be more than enough in there to cover both."

Khem frowned as if embarrassed. "Master Atrius, there's no need—"

I patted the air. "Tut. I insist. None of us should suffer fools without compensation." I scanned the shelves. "My order is complete, yes?"

Khem limped over to a cubby and withdrew a long cedar box, which he brought over. I opened it to find a rose formed of fine golden threads, resting on black silk. As I lifted it by the stem, the bud flowered and the petals glowed, casting gilded speckles about.

I lifted it in admiration. "Marvelous. Jevlia will adore this."

Khem eyed me askance. "Jevlia? What happened to Ulwinnet, if you don't mind my asking?"

I teased the wisps of my thinning gray hair. "The same thing as the last four. Her flowering fancy for me withered the instant a suitor came along who could not only afford finer gifts but also offered a discount in age."

"And Jevlia will be different... how?"

A chuckle escaped me as I replaced the flower in its case. "Did I ever claim she would be?"

Confusion added extra lines to Khem's face. "Then why such expensive gifts?"

"Because the ladies grace me with their beauty and so deserve to be graced in return. I..." I swept a hand at my sloughing self. "... hardly can offer such, so I provide by other means."

"At great cost. Wouldn't it be wiser to invest in other pursuits?"

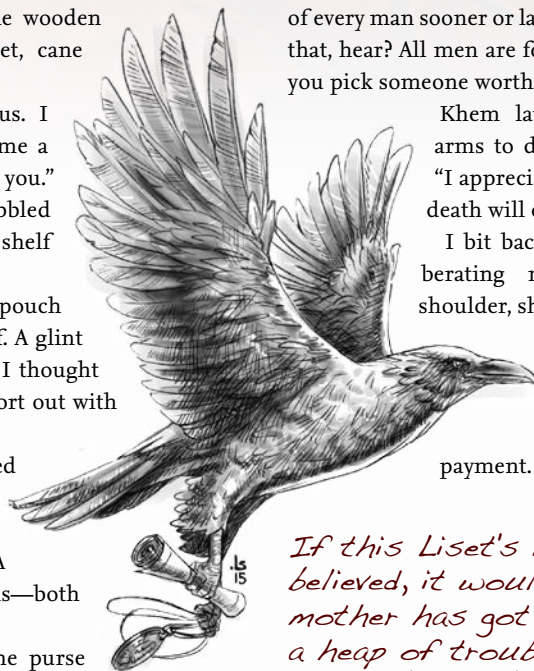
"Of course. But women and money will be the death of every man sooner or later." I grinned. "You remember that, hear? All men are fools in the end, so just be sure you pick someone worth being a fool for."

Khem laughed dryly and spread his arms to display his own decrepit body.

"I appreciate the advice, but I believe my death will come from a different source."

I bit back another witticism, mentally berating myself. Khem bobbed one shoulder, shrugging off the comment.

"Let me wrap your gift and we can settle on a final payment." He fixed me with a glare. "And just *your* payment. I don't need charity."



If this Liset's note is to be believed, it would seem Khem's mother has got herself into quite a heap of trouble. Maharai always did strike me being as a bit off.

I opened his mouth to argue, but a thump drew our attention to the door. It came again a few seconds later. And then again.

"Expecting another client?" I asked.

Khem shook his head. "No, but many arrive without an appointment, expecting me to work at their whims."

I went over and opened the door—and ducked as a silvery blur shot past my head. Pain shot through my knees and hips as Khem cried out behind me. By the time I'd turned, he had fallen back against the crafting table, arms raised to ward off the invader.

A silver raven figurine fluttered in the air before Khem, wings a blur. Each of its claws gripped an item: a small scroll in one, a gleaming medallion on a crimson cord in the other.

Breathing hard, Khem reached out a shaking hand.

I moved to intercept. "Here now. I wouldn't touch that."

"I made this," Khem said, still staring at the metal bird. "It went missing after..." He gathered himself. "After my mother's last visit. I thought I might've misplaced it, or that it was stolen."

I hesitated. Khem rarely talked about his mother, but she'd been known around the city, healing those

stricken by the most recent plague—though she'd often taken long absences, traveling who-knows-where in her futile quest to save her son from his curse. The few times Khem had mentioned her over the years, it had always been with a deep sadness weighing down his words and an emptiness behind his eyes that suggested her absence haunted him far more than any magical malady he suffered.

Khem leaned forward and pressed his fingertips to the silver raven's beak. At his touch, the claws opened. The boy fumbled for the medallion while I snatched the scroll out of midair. The raven then flapped over to a shelf, where it settled and stilled.

As Khem eyed the amulet, I eased the scroll open just enough to spot the first word. Khem.

I handed the parchment over. "It's written to you."

Khem opened the scroll, but squinted and offered it back. "Tell me what it says."

I hesitated. "You're sure?"

The boy tapped a temple. "Though I'd never admit it to Lord Dolviric, my sight has worsened lately." He glanced mournfully over at his tome. "I can work, but reading is a chore."

Taking the scroll, I began to read. It took a little effort to decipher the scrawled words, either hastily written or done so by someone shaking badly.

"Khem. The last time we saw each other, I called you a great wizard and you said I was like a sister to you. I hope that proves this truly comes from me."

"Liset?" Khem breathed the name in disbelief.

I noted the boy's stricken expression as I continued.

"Your mother is lost to us, Khem. Remember the name 'Drayven.' He has been her undoing. He came with us to the middle of the Anferita Wood, in pursuit of the Poleiheira. Maharai told me it was all for you, but Drayven had his own designs. He revealed himself as a devil in disguise, but she gave over to him to heal you at all costs—even her own soul."

Khem's expression turned to one of growing horror. "Gods, no..."

"This amulet should cure you. Drayven tricked your mother into helping him find it, but meant to use it for ill. I stole it and have sent it to you, so at least you have the chance to regain what you've lost."

As I read, Khem limped around to the other side of the table and collapsed onto his stool.

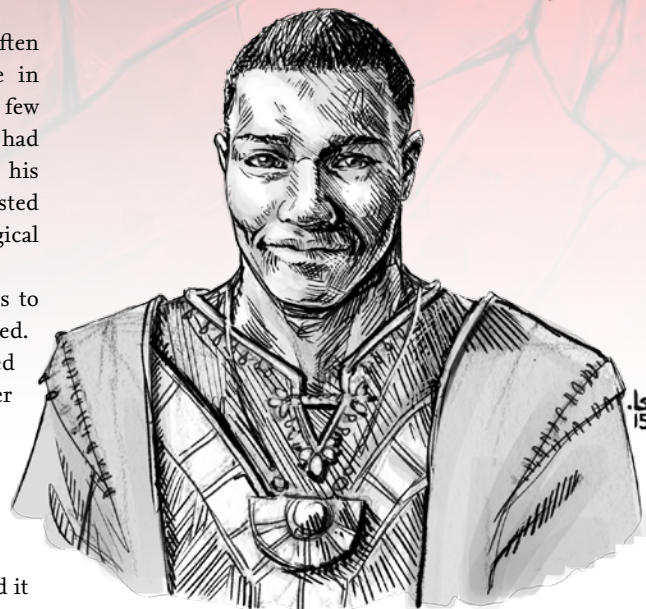
"I'm sorry, Khem. I tried to help her. I thought I was stronger. But she's gone. And I may be as well. Wear the amulet and live so at least our deaths are not in vain."

I paused. "The note is signed 'Liset.'"

I lifted my eyes from the scroll to find Khem studying the medallion. The boy had gone pale, blinking rapidly as if fighting back tears.

"Khem? What did I just read?"

Khem didn't move. Barely seemed to be breathing.



In all the years I've known him, Khem has always looked as withered as an old man. When he put on that amulet, I almost didn't recognize the person who stood before me!

"Khem!"

He jerked and his gaze snapped toward me. "I..." He licked his lips. "Liset. My mother."

"I caught those words, yes," I said, "seeing as I spoke them. But what was that bit about a devil?"

"I don't know." Khem gazed around at his workshop but I could tell he saw anything but. "Last time she was here, she told me she was close to..." He raised the amulet by its cord. "Close to a cure."

I recognized the glint in the boy's eyes as the look many people got right before they did something foolhardy. I hurried around the table.

"Boy, one doesn't just go putting on strange—"

Khem slipped the cord over his neck. Then he reared back and screamed.

I staggered as bands of white light exploded from the amulet and writhed over his body. Khem's arms and legs stretched out taut, as if he were being quartered. The light divided, knotting and coiling like living ribbons. The brilliant bands of light spun faster, obscuring his form and intensifying until I was forced to raise my arm against the glare.

All at once, the light flared outward, casting the entire workshop into stark black and white for an instant. I blinked away the pinpricks behind my eyes and tried to make sense of what I saw before me as normal vision returned.

Khem stood in the middle of the workshop, looking... young. His wrinkles had been erased; his hair had gone

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inky black; his body had straightened and filled out with trim muscle.

Khem—now appearing as the youth he should've always been—raised shaking hands and stared at them in wonder.

After a long moment, Khem met my eyes. "I think my mother has done something terrible." He made fists. "She's cured me."

"That's not terrible." I came over and clapped the boy on the back so hard he staggered. "That's marvelous!"

"No, it's—"

Another thump came from the door, but we both ignored it.

"Why question your fortune?" I asked. "Whether by devilish dealings or Iomedae's own kiss, you're still healed."

Someone pounded on the door again.

"I'm closed!" Khem called. "Come back tomorrow." Turning to me, he held the amulet up. "I don't fully understand what's happened. All I know is Liset and my mother are in trouble." He made a fist around the piece, looking awed, as if the painless grasp was a new experience for him. "And now I might be able to help them."

The door exploded as a column of fire shot into the workshop.

I lunged to the side, throwing myself and Khem to the floor as charred and flaming wooden shards pelted the area. We landed in a corner behind the work bench.

Khem groaned, but I held him down and whispered in his ear.

"Stay down."

A woman's voice called from outside. "It's polite to answer the door when one knocks."

As I rose, my mind raced in a way it hadn't since I'd retired almost twenty years ago. While spacious, the workshop wasn't ideal for a proper fight. Should I risk being cornered? Or conceal myself and slip out after they entered—leaving Khem to their mercy?

Red wings and dark murmurs fluttered in the back of my mind. *You've done worse than that. Why risk yourself for him? He's cured now. He can handle himself.*

Once a coward, always a coward, no matter how many years spanned the gap. Fortunately, real cowards such as myself learned to resort to fighting that was anything but proper.

Twin punching daggers rested against my palms, slipped into place on instinct. Before I fully straightened, I called on one of the illusory tricks I'd learned long ago. My skin prickled as I vanished from view, and I shifted on silent steps to the wall beside the ruined door.

Thick smoke still roiled in the opening, but this puffed apart as two men in hardened leathers ran inside. One short, slim man, carried a spike-topped cudgel. The other, a walking slab of flesh, wielded a pair of

short swords in massive fists. The intruders spread out, looking every which way.

I wavered, trying to decide which target to eliminate while I held the advantage of surprise. Before I could choose, though, the smaller man turned and stared my way.

"Ebela," he called back to the ruined door. "Does your fire always make smoky images of people?"

"Idiot," came the earlier voice. "Someone's trying to hide from you."

I glanced down and realized the swirling dust and smoke outlined my unseen form.

What a lovely day this is turning out to be.

I dodged, my hips popping in frantic effort, just as the man sprang and swung. Pivoting, I stabbed a dagger into the man's back and shoved him into the wall. Groaning, my attacker fell hard and the cudgel thudded away.

My invisibility dissipated, leaving me as exposed as a plucked chicken. The other man had moved around the worktable where he grinned down at the prone Khem.

"Found 'im," he rumbled.

I whipped an arm, sending my second dagger plunging hilt-deep into the man's side. The thug grunted as if stung by a mosquito.

He lumbered my way, swords raised. I palmed two more daggers and snapped one into the man's gut. Then I ducked beneath a slash of a blade, slipped behind my foe, and thrust the second dagger into the small of the man's back.

The fighter rammed an elbow into my face. I almost wrenched my spine as I threw myself backward, trying to absorb the worst of the blow. The old bones didn't roll quite as well as they used to, but I came up with fresh blades—my last set—in each hand and a few feet between me and the brute. My face felt like one massive bruise. Every joint throbbed in agony.

"I'm getting impatient," the woman shouted.

I lunged, aiming for a knee joint to cripple my target. That knee came up early, however, and rammed my strike aside. A fist and sword hilt cracked into the side of my head. Excruciating pain tore ragged through my right leg.

My vision flickered black. I stumbled and crashed against a shelf, tearing it from the wall and sending figurines flying. I fell to my knees just as flash of flame shot through the doorway and seared the air above my head.

"Any longer, and I'll burn the whole place down with you in it," the woman cried. "I'll take what we need from the ashes."

As the man moved in for the kill, Khem's voice rose.

"Leave him alone!"

Khem had stood and glowered at the swordsman. The medallion gleamed on his chest.

The thug faced him. "No need for fightin'. Just give us the amulet, 'kay?"



I've been buying trinkets from Khem's workshop since it opened. I can only imagine what he thought to see it in ruins. Then again, what good is a workshop when a curse eats away at you a little more each day? He needs that amulet back. Maybe my adventuring days aren't over after all...

Khem snatched what looked like a simple chunk of charred wood off the nearest shelf. Clutching this in one hand, he flared out the other and an arcane command burst from his lips.

The man flinched, but nothing further happened. With a nasty chuckle, he prowled closer, his short swords extended toward me like pincers—until a bolt of energy struck the floor directly in front of him.

I felt the hair on my forearms and neck rise. What I'd mistaken for residual smoke from the fiery attacks turned out to be an indoor thundercloud brewing just beneath the ceiling. With a boom of thunder, lightning exploded throughout the workshop, dozens of strikes hitting in seconds. In between blue-white flashes, I saw a massive bolt spear the thug in the face and send him flying backward.

Even as the thug went down, the man I'd stunned staggered to his feet, cudgel in hand. He lurched Khem's way.

"Look out!"

Thunder obliterated my words. The cudgel cracked against Khem's head and he dropped. The unnatural storm began to crackle away, and then blew itself apart with a final blinding flash.

Once my vision finally cleared, I stood up and surveyed the wreckage surrounding me. Just a couple

shelves remained intact, but the hundreds of precious magic items and rare materials resting on them had been reduced to slag. Practically every wooden surface had been charred, and smoke rose from countless black starburst patterns.

Sunlight streamed in through the threshold, illuminating the larger thug's body through a cloud of ash. The other man was nowhere to be seen. Khem remained unmoving.

Fearing the worst, I limped over and laid a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Here now. Tell me you're still breathing."

Khem groaned and stirred. I huffed in relief, but then froze as he raised his head—revealing an ancient, decrepit visage.

Khem must've noticed my reaction, for he looked down at his hands, which were withered and gnarled once more.

"Oh no... no..."

He clutched at his chest right as I noticed that the amulet was gone.

Khem lay there for a while, expression mixing horror and disbelief. Then he groped about until he found and grasped his cane. After regaining his feet, he fixed me with a determined glare.

"We must get that amulet back. At all costs."

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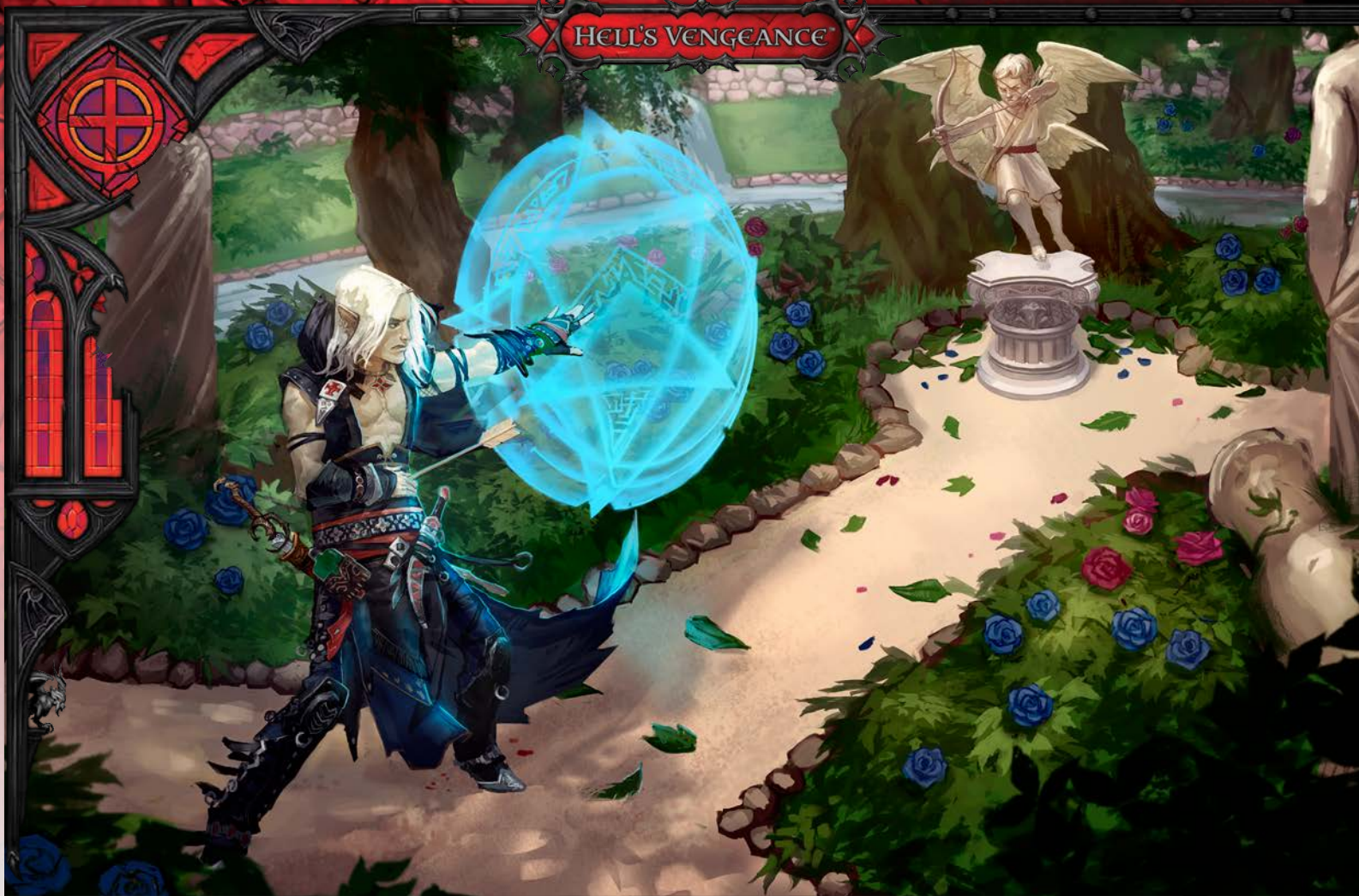
THE GLORIOUS
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PATHFINDER'S
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BESTIARY

CAMPAIGN
OUTLINE





BESTIARY

From where do the greatest liars hail? Why, Heaven, of course. Oh, you might think the dukes of Hell, with their serpents' tongues, reign as the princes of lies, but how masterful could a known liar be? Consider the angels and choirs, rather—their smiling faces, their songs like balm. In their countenances the masses find comfort and the promise of peace beyond despair. But do you think those winged hosts are anything like us? Do you think their visages hold anything but contempt for our sweaty throngs? Beneath that skin, is there blood, or the burning light of realms beyond? Fiends broadcast their wickedness and let us choose our dooms. Angels, though, are liars.”

—Grand High Priestess of Asmodeus Aspexia Rugatonn,
Sermons and Bitter Truths

This month, the Hell's Vengeance Adventure Path launches with a host of low-level menaces likely to threaten good and evil adventurers alike.

ADDITIONAL REBELLION EVENTS

During the course of the Longacre rebellion, a number of minor events might occur. While these events don't significantly contribute to the adventure's overarching plot, they afford GMs more opportunities to influence how the uprising progresses, both in terms of theme and the accumulation of Rebellion Points (RP). The following are additional minor encounters GMs might use however they see fit. Along with its name, each encounter lists its CR and the number of Rebellion Points added or subtracted from the town's RP total based on the outcome (see page 23 for more information). Award the PCs experience appropriate to each event's CR.

Divine Retribution (CR 3, RP +2 or 0): One morning, several townsfolk drag the dead body of local drifter Celwart Nobes to the sheriff's office, claiming they found the man strangled to death near the Old Lodge (see page 66). PCs who succeed at a DC 12 Knowledge (local) check recall that despite being a vagabond, Nobes was an outspoken Thrune supporter. Rumors begin spreading that Erastil is outraged by the developments in town and is taking action against the archbaron and his agents. If the PCs investigate the woods and the ruins of the sanctuary of Erastil, they encounter the assassin vine actually responsible for Nobes's death. Letting the murder go uninvestigated adds 2 to the town's total number of Rebellion Points. Revealing the murder's mundane cause negates the rumors of otherworldly vengeance.

Odmer's Gamble (CR 2, RP -1): Elish Odmer of Odmer's Tonics (see page 66) approaches the PCs to complain that his wagon full of alchemical wonders has been broken into. While he demands that the PCs find the thieves, he's more insistent that they and Archbaron Fex reimburse him for 800 gp of lost wares. If the PCs investigate the wagon and succeed at a DC 16 Perception check, they find no evidence of a break-in. In fact, a DC 20 Perception check reveals a hidden compartment holding the missing goods. Upon revealing the shyster's duplicity, the PCs have grounds to arrest the man or run him out of town—which many villagers encourage them to do. Alternatively, they might overlook his fraudulent claim in return for a free item and an ongoing 20% discount at his shop. Arresting or running off Odmer reduces the town's total number of Rebellion Points by 1.

Signs of Revolution (CR 1, RP -1): Handwritten fliers and postings bearing rough sketches of a woman in armor and a familiar angelic helmet begin showing up around town—nailed to the town post, left on benches, and slid under doors. The square surrounding the town post is most regularly targeted by these notices, most of which ask, "Will you come when she calls?" If the PCs

LONGACRE ENVIRONS ENCOUNTERS

d%	Result	CR	Source
1-9	1 badger	1/2	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 40
10-15	1 viper	1/2	<i>Bestiary</i> 133
16-19	1 wizard's shackle	1/2	<i>Bestiary</i> 5 278
20-25	1 carbuncle	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 44
26-29	1 giant tick	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 265
30-32	1 grig	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 147
33-37	1 boar	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 36
38-42	1d4 Longacre rioters	2	See page 35
43-49	1 slime mold	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 249
50-54	1 assassin vine	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 22
55-61	1 cockatrice	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 48
62-66	1d6 hobkins	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 5 131
67-71	1d4 wolves	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 278
72-76	1d4 veteran deputies	3	See page 41
77-81	1 owlbear	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 224
82-88	1 pixie	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 228
89-95	1 scarecrow	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 238
96-100	1 leucrotta	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 178

spend an evening staking out the square near the town post, there's a cumulative 20% chance they notice a small figure sneaking about with a stack of papers. This is **Caswella Runder** (NG female halfling rogue 1), a 40-year-old stocker at Gield's General Store (see page 65). Without the Gield family's knowledge, Caswella has been using the general store's basement to scribble out her incendiary fliers. If the PCs end Caswella's campaign and destroy her collection of posters in the general store's basement, reduce the town's total number of Rebellion Points by 1.

What's in the Box? (CR 3, RP +1 or -1): Mr. Ingoe approaches the PCs, informing them that there's a crate waiting for them at the Longacre Dock—and it's moving. The crate is roughly a 2-foot cube and is clearly packed with musky straw. Anyone who succeeds at a DC 12 Perception check notices that the box occasionally shifts, as if something alive were inside. The crate's lid can be opened with a successful DC 10 Strength check. Anyone who touches the box or draws close enough to gaze into the dark within risks being bitten by the angry cockatrice (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 48) inside—the monster has a 50% miss chance on this attack. If the box is opened, the cockatrice leaps forth to attack. Subsequently, those who succeed at both a DC 16 Perception check and a DC 16 Knowledge (local) check can trace the crate back to the Resolt Ranch (outside of town), and ultimately to two firebrand farm hands. Tracking and capturing the two hands reduces the town's Reputation Point total by 1. Letting the attack pass adds 1 to the town's Rebellion Point total.

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BESTIARY

CAMPAIGN OUTLINE

ANGEL, KURIBU

The skin of this halfling-sized, winged humanoid is as smooth as polished marble. It wields a bow and carries a quiver full of arrows on its back.

KURIBU

CR 3



XP 800

NG Small outsider (angel, extraplanar, good)

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, *detect evil*; Perception +8

Aura lesser protective aura

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 14, flat-footed 13 (+3 Dex, +2 natural, +1 size)

hp 26 (4d10+4)

Fort +2, **Ref** +7, **Will** +5; +4 vs. poison, +4 resistance vs. evil

DR 5/cold iron or evil; **Immune** acid, cold, petrification;

Resist electricity 10, fire 10

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., fly 50 ft. (good)

Ranged mwk longbow +9 (1d6/x3)

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

Constant—*detect evil*

At will—*light*, *resistance*

3/day—*bless*

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 16, **Con** 12, **Int** 11, **Wis** 13,

Cha 11

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 16

Feats Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot

Skills Acrobatics +10 (+6 when jumping),

Fly +16, Knowledge (planes) +7,

Knowledge (religion) +7,

Perception +8, Stealth +14

Languages Celestial, Draconic,

Infernal; *truespeech*

SQ blessed aspect

ECOLOGY

Environment any good-aligned plane

Organization solitary, pair, or flight (3–6)

Treasure standard (mwk longbow, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Blessed Aspect (Su) A kuribu has four true holy countenances, three of which are hidden at any time. As a swift action, the kuribu can present a different countenance and gain its benefits, losing the benefits of the countenance the angel has just hidden.

Eagle: The kuribu's face and voice become more birdlike. Once every 1d4 rounds, the kuribu can let out an ear-piercing screech as a standard action. All creatures in a 15-foot cone take 1d6 points of sonic damage (Fortitude DC 13 half). Creatures with

4 Hit Dice or fewer that fail their saving throws are dazed for 1 round. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Human: The kuribu's face becomes like a mask, and the angel gains the freeze extraordinary ability, allowing the kuribu to take 20 on Stealth checks to hide in plain sight as a marble statue of a kuribu. The kuribu can appear as a statue indefinitely. Most kuribus first present this face when dealing with mortals, changing to one of their other faces only if combat begins.

Lion: The kuribu develops a fearsome set of jaws capable of making bite attacks. This is a primary natural attack (with a +5 attack bonus) that deals 1d4 points of damage.

Ox: The kuribu's face grows sterner and body grows sturdier. The angel gains a +4 resistance bonus on Fortitude saving throws and a +4 to CMD against bull rush and trip combat maneuvers.

Lesser Protective Aura (Su) A kuribu has a lesser form of the protective aura possessed by more powerful angels. This protective aura grants the kuribu a +2 deflection bonus to AC against evil foes, and a +2 resistance bonus on all saving throws made against evil effects or spells cast by evil creatures (this does not stack with the

resistance bonus from the kuribu's ox countenance).

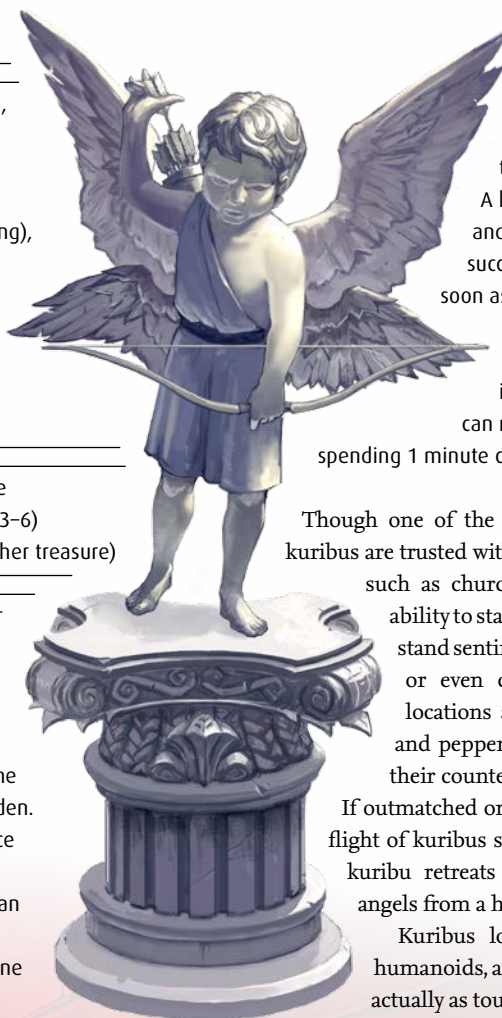
This aura extends to a radius of 5 feet, but can benefit only two additional creatures other than the kuribu at any one time.

A kuribu's protective aura is fragile, and as soon as an evil creature successfully strikes the angel, or as soon as the kuribu fails a saving throw against an evil source, the protective aura fades away and is no longer applicable. The kuribu can reactivate the protective aura by spending 1 minute concentrating upon the task.

Though one of the least powerful kinds of angels, kuribus are trusted with the protection of sacred places such as churches and blessed bowers. Their ability to stay as still as statues allows them to stand sentinel over their charges for decades, or even centuries. When their guarded locations are invaded, kuribus take flight and pepper their foes with arrows, altering their countenances as the situation requires.

If outmatched or outnumbered, the majority of a flight of kuribus sacrifice themselves, while a lone kuribu retreats to fetch reinforcements, be it angels from a higher choir or a nearby hero.

Kuribus look like small, round-cheeked humanoids, and have pale, flawless skin that is actually as tough as stone. This both aids them in disguising themselves as statues and affords



them protection. Their child-like forms lend them an air of purity and innocence. A kuribu has two sets of wings, with the smaller pair at the base of the spine allowing a greater amount of control when flying. A typical kuribu stands 3 feet tall but weighs 60 pounds as a result of the angel's dense, stonelike flesh.

ECOLOGY

Kuribus are fashioned from the souls of good mortals who died protecting a treasured place or ideal. As these spirits traverse the River of Souls, they undergo several metamorphoses, gaining the qualities that eventually become their blessed aspects. The majority of kuribus can take on the countenances of eagles, lions, and oxen, but a few variant kuribus possessing the aspects of different animals do exist. However, all kuribus can blend in with the architecture of a church, appearing as innocent-looking statues with wide eyes and plump cheeks.

Kuribus have a remarkable amount of patience and tolerance for boredom, as they may be assigned to watch over particular locations for years. Mortal generations pass swiftly for kuribus, with years blurring in much the same way days might for mortals. However, their senses are always alert, and the slightest destructive act against their charges can cause them to spring into action. While this self-defensiveness certainly extends to vandals and evil beasts, kuribus have boundless patience for the birds and small mammals that sometimes make homes upon their bodies or shelter beneath their wings. While kuribus would never let a terrible crime transpire before their eyes just to protect a pigeon's comfort, there have been instances of these angels revealing themselves only after their avian residents have migrated away for the season. This has more to do with kuribus' otherworldly sense of urgency and time than any particular affinity for animals.

HABITAT AND SOCIETY

As kuribus protect sacred areas, they are witness to, but rarely interact with, many different types of good-aligned outsiders. Unless these outsiders seek to cause harm, the kuribus see no reason to interrupt them on their business. As such, other angels tend to consider kuribus to be more decoration than fellow animate beings. Kuribus think nothing of this prejudice, as they are confident in the importance of their duties.

Occasionally, an angel important enough to employ a flight of kuribus to safeguard their own sanctum will develop a certain fondness for the smaller outsiders. The overseer angel speaks pleasantly with the kuribus, keeping them informed of the important events of the Outer Sphere, not expecting responses. In turn, the kuribus grow fiercely loyal to the more powerful angel. Eventually, this relationship blossoms into something more familial and playful, the kuribus trying to move from their positions without the other angel noticing.

KURIBU IN MYTHOLOGY

The Akkadian word "kuribu" is a linguistic ancestor to the Hebrew "cherub," which makes most people picture the little baby-faced angels that appear as tiny ceramic statues and serve as the basis for Cupid. The cherubim of the Bible are in fact powerful angels of the second highest order of the celestial hierarchy. They possess four faces and two sets of wings, sometimes covered in a multitude of eyes. Also according to holy scriptures, images of cherubim appear on the Ark of the Covenant and within Solomon's temple.

The small angel that most people imagine is actually known as a "putto," which in the classical world of art was a more secular representation of forces that influenced people's lives. During the Renaissance, the revival of images of putti is generally attributed to Donatello, who imparted some Christian meanings onto the form. These putti are often painted sleeping on clouds and are often sculpted on tombs and at the feet of other statues.

The kuribus presented here attempts to meld these two versions of the iconic angel.

In times of crisis, however, this whimsy is immediately dropped in favor of the defense of the holy sanctum.

On the other hand, kuribus rarely form close relationships with other kuribus. When part of a flight that protects a single location, kuribus work together well, but solely as professional associates and nothing more. If, for some reason, a single kuribu has different ideas than the rest of the flight about the best way to defend their charge, that angel quickly falls in line with the others. Kuribus hold their duties above their pride.

In rare cases, kuribus might find themselves lingering in areas that were once holy but have been abandoned or despoiled. In such cases, a kuribu often stoically waits for goodly folk to return, whether as a congregation restoring the site or heroes who might help cast out a lingering evil.

CALLING A KURIBU

The payment requested by a kuribu called with *lesser planar ally* is often a donation that helps to rebuild or refurbish a church or other holy site. As a kuribu considers these places to be very important to the appropriate deity, the angel will halve any payment required if asked to guard such a location. A few kuribus even accept long-term, open-ended requests to protect a piece of sacred ground from a worthy caller. A small number of cathedrals on the Material Plane are home to kuribus selected for such a service decades ago, and whose original callers have long since passed away.

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BESTIARY

CAMPAIGN OUTLINE

CENTIANIMA

This bony horror has two skulls on either end of its long, fleshless body. Dozens of twitching, claw-tipped legs carry its centipede-like form.

CENTIANIMA

CR 4



XP 1,200

NE Large undead

Init +6; **Senses** all-around vision, darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 15 (+2 Dex, +6 natural, -1 size)

hp 32 (5d8+10)

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

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4;

DR 5/bludgeoning; **Immune** cold, undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 bites +7 (1d8+5)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks burst of bone

STATISTICS

Str 21, **Dex** 15, **Con** —, **Int** 8, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 21 (+24 vs trip)

Feats Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Step Up

Skills Intimidate +10, Perception +9, Stealth +6

Languages Common (can't speak)

SQ compression, dual threat

ECOLOGY

Environment any ruins

Organization solitary or pair

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Burst of Bone (Ex) Three times per day, a centianima can shake its body as a full-round action to shoot deadly bone shards at all creatures within a 15-foot radius. These bone shards deal 2d6 points of piercing damage (Reflex DC 14 half). The save DC is Dexterity-based.

Dual Threat (Ex) A centianima has a head at each end of its long body, and each head has a bite attack. Each head can make only one bite attack per round. A centianima still counts as a single creature for effects that would target it.

Horrific amalgams driven by an insatiable desire to kill living things and collect their bones, centianimas exemplify the ravenous, ugly evil of the undead. These animalistic collections of bones typically form from the remains of numerous animals that died in terrible agony. The dark forces and suffering that animates these remains typically cause these horrors to form in ominous, multilimbed shapes vaguely reminiscent of macabre centipedes. Although they look merely like heaps of bones when at rest, they can hardly be mistaken as such when on the move. Centianimas are possessed of

a dark, predatory cunning that makes them particularly efficient hunters.

A centianima measures 12 feet long and weighs approximately 400 pounds.

ECOLOGY

The flexible body of a centianima consists of 15 or more leg-bearing segments made from fused-together bones. Centianimas require no sustenance, but they sometimes carry their dead or unconscious victims back to their lairs in their hollow interiors. Their pointy-tipped legs are exceptionally flexible, allowing them to rapidly change the direction of their movement or even skitter sideways in an undulating motion. Each of a centianima's two heads consists of one or more animal skulls fused together and sports a pair of long, jointed antennae. Their eye sockets each bear a dark violet necromantic membrane that functions much like the eyes of a spider.

Centianimas sometimes form spontaneously in places where animals have died in great numbers and no one has buried, burned, or eaten the bones, such as abandoned slaughterhouses and the charnel pits of greater monsters. When a centianima's body starts forming, it first develops a skeletal segment and grows a pair of twitching legs. This process repeats until the body has at least 15 segments. The final stage of this horrible genesis involves forming a head segment on each end. The heads do not form simultaneously, however, and for a brief period, the centianima has only one head.

As undead creatures, centianimas do not need rest and thus remain active day and night. However, their behavior changes markedly with the time of the day. At night, they hunt vertebrates of all sizes, from mice to horses. During the day, they skitter over the bodies they have captured, skinning them and stripping them of flesh. A centianima's daytime activities also include patrolling its lair and environs, organizing its bone collection, and moving loose rocks to places where they might hinder intruders but not the centianima itself. Centianimas that live underground exhibit similar behaviors, though they adapt their daily cycles to hunt when prey is most vulnerable, regardless of the time of the day.

HABITAT AND SOCIETY

Centianimas usually inhabit ruined buildings where there are many places to hide. They are excellent climbers and, thanks to their flexible exoskeletons, they can crawl through very narrow spaces. They use these abilities to great effect against invaders, ambushing unwelcome visitors in places where less agile beings are at a disadvantage.

The lair of a centianima usually contains one or more piles of bones collected from its victims. The bones may be meticulously organized according to animal or bone type, or they may be a disorganized mess. Somewhere in

the lair, usually a good distance from the bone piles, there is also a rotting mound of discarded flesh, skin, tendon, and other soft tissue.

Centanimas are solitary and territorial, and when one encounters boneless creatures, other undead monsters, or anything that looks too dangerous to attack, it emits an unpleasant chitter that sounds like grinding teeth. If the sound is not enough to warn the intruders away, the centianima attacks or retreats depending on the size and number of the intruders.

The rotting mounds of flesh usually present in a centianima's lair attract all kinds of vermin, and it is not uncommon for swarms of cockroaches, spiders, centipedes, or flesh-eating worms to share a centianima's lair. The undead creature largely ignores these vermin because they neither have bones nor pose a threat.

CREATING A CENTIANIMA

Centanimas are often created by wicked spellcasters who either seek a free-roaming guardian to defend an area or have a grudge against nature. A centianima can be produced through the use of the spell *create undead* by any caster of 13th-level or higher. However, rather than casting the spell on one corpse, the creator must cast it on a heap of bones comprising the skeletons of no fewer than three Medium or Large animals. Smaller skeletons can be used, but at least double the number is required.

Upon being created, an uncontrolled centianima searches the surrounding area for a lair. After finding a suitable dark, preferably claustrophobic space, the creature begins hunting in a territory within a 1 mile radius of its lair. In a region with an average amount of wildlife, it takes little more than 2 weeks for a centianima to fill its lair with a dense carpet of bones.

CENTIANIMA VARIANTS

The circumstances under which a centianima forms greatly affect its abilities. The following are the most common variants.

Aquatic (CR +0): These centanimas arise from the bones of aquatic animals. They usually inhabit sunken ships and ruins claimed by the sea. Aquatic centanimas gain the aquatic subtype and a swim speed of 40 feet.

Burrowing (CR +0): This underground variant usually arises from the dry bones of many burrowing creatures. Burrowing centanimas gain a burrow speed of 20 feet.

Chittering (CR +1): This variant centianima can emit a bone-rattling

chitter as a standard action. Any creature within 30 feet must succeed at a DC 15 Fortitude save or be shaken for 1d4+1 rounds. Any creature that makes a successful save against the effect is immune to that centianima's chitter for 24 hours. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Jumping (CR +0): This desert-dwelling variant gains a +12 racial bonus on Acrobatics checks to jump and it treats any Acrobatics skill check to jump, as if it had a running start. It doesn't provoke attacks of opportunity while jumping. A jumping centianima uses this ability to position itself amid its enemies so it can better attack with both of its heads.

One-Headed (CR -1): This rare variant occurs when the formation of a centianima is interrupted before the second head has formed. One-headed centanimas have only 3 Hit Dice, and they don't gain all-around vision or the dual threat special ability.

Paralytic (CR +1): These centanimas arise from the bones of venomous animals. Any creature that takes damage from the centianima's bite attack must succeed at a DC 15 Fortitude save or be paralyzed for 1d4+1 rounds. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Symbiotic (CR +1): These centanimas have formed a close symbiotic relationship with the vermin that feed on the rotting flesh in their lairs. Three times per day, the centianima can vomit up a spider swarm (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 258) as a standard action. This swarm attacks the nearest living creature, but is otherwise not controlled by the centianima.



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FIEND-BRED ANIMALS

Fiend-bred animals are pedigreed varieties of animals whose bloodlines include an animal-like fiend. The breeders of these creatures typically use a conjuration spell of the calling subschool, such as *planar ally* or *planar binding*, to call a suitable fiend to the Material Plane and persuade it to mate with an animal of a compatible species. Most of the male hybrids are sterile, and thus the female hybrids of the first generations are mated with animal males until the new variety breeds true. Thereafter, breeders strive to emphasize trainability while retaining the most desirable traits derived from the progenitor fiend.

Fiend-bred animals are rare and incredibly expensive, and therefore most owners of the breed are nobles or other wealthy individuals. Cheliah has a long-standing tradition of producing fiend-bred animals, and most hell-bred dogs are from meticulously tracked bloodlines with records in official registers. Keleshites, on the other hand, typically record their stygian hot-blooded horses' ancestries through oral traditions passed down through ensuing generations.

DOG, CHELISH HELL-BRED

This reddish-brown canine has a square, athletic build. Its dripping saliva smells of sulfur.

CHELISH HELL-BRED DOG

CR 2



XP 600

N Medium animal

Init +6; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 13 (+2 Dex, +3 natural)**hp** 19 (3d8+6)**Fort** +5, **Ref** +5, **Will** +1

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.**Melee** bite +4 (1d6+3 plus trip)**Special Attacks** sulfurous spittle

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 15, **Con** 15, **Int** 2, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 6**Base Atk** +2; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 16 (20 vs. trip)**Feats** Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Survival)**Skills** Acrobatics +6 (+10 when jumping), Perception +4, Stealth +6, Survival +3 (+7 tracking by scent); **Racial****Modifiers** +4 Acrobatics when jumping, +4 Survival when tracking by scent**SQ** hot climate adaptation

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate or warm forests or plains**Organization** solitary, pair, or pack (3–8)**Treasure** none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Hot Climate Adaptation (Ex) A Chelish hell-bred dog gains a +8 racial bonus on Fortitude saves to avoid nonlethal damage from very hot environmental conditions.

Sulfurous Spittle (Ex) Once per hour as a standard action, a Chelish hell-bred dog can spray a 10-foot cone of sulfurous liquid from its mouth. Any creature caught in the cone is nauseated for 1 round and then sickened for 1d4 rounds. A successful DC 13 Fortitude save negates the nauseated effect and reduces the sickened effect to 1 round. A creature cannot use the scent ability as long as the sulfurous spray affects it. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Chelish hell-bred dogs are descended from hell hounds and many different breeds of domestic dogs, including mastiffs, retrievers, terriers, and shepherds. They are an athletic breed with long muzzles and a strong bites. Alert, loyal, and highly trainable, they make excellent guard dogs. They're best known for their ability to spray sulfuric liquid similar to skunk musk from their mouths.

A Chelish hell-bred dog measures 2-1/2 feet at the withers and weighs 95 pounds. A well-trained young hell-bred dog is worth 600 gp.

HORSE, STYGIAN HOT-BLOODED

This dark horse has striking coloring and a ferocious look in its bloodshot eyes.

STYGIAN HOT-BLOODED HORSE

CR 2



XP 600

N Large animal

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 11, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +3 natural, –1 size)**hp** 22 (3d8+9)**Fort** +6, **Ref** +5, **Will** +2**Defensive Abilities** shifting trot

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft.**Melee** bite +4 (1d8+3), 2 hooves –1 (1d6+1)**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 14, **Con** 17, **Int** 2, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 10**Base Atk** +2; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 18 (22 vs. trip)**Feats** Intimidating Prowess, Run⁸, Skill Focus (Stealth)**Skills** Intimidate +4, Perception +5, Stealth +5**SQ** docile, smoke resistance

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate or warm plains**Organization** solitary**Treasure** none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Docile (Ex) Unless specifically trained for combat (see the Handle Animal skill), a stygian hot-blooded horse's hooves are treated as secondary attacks.**Shifting Trot (Ex)** When taking the withdraw action, a stygian hot-blooded horse treats the first 2 squares it leaves as not threatened by any opponent it can see.

Smoke Resistance (Ex) Nonmagical smoke doesn't impair a stygian hot-blood's sight (creatures in smoke do not gain concealment from it), and it gains a +4 racial bonus on Fortitude saves to avoid coughing and choking because of nonmagical smoke.




According to a tale, a Keleshite summoner named al-Aziz Bedaya made a deal with Savu, a nightmare lord hailing from the banks of the River Styx. In the deal, Savu allowed two of his bodyguards to each sire a colt with mortal Keleshite mares. The resulting hybrids—one coal-black with a blood-red mane and tail, the other dark gray with a fiery-orange mane and tail—became the legendary founding specimens of the two strains of the stygian hot-blooded horses. Combat-trained stygian hot-blooded horses fetch prices of up to 1,500 gp apiece.

Other than their unusual coloration, stygian hot-blooded horses' most distinctive characteristics are arched necks, refined heads, and high-held tails. The horses' meat has the flavor of smoked chili peppers and is considered a delicacy in many cultures, although their Keleshite breeders consider it an abomination to consume such fare. Stygian hot-blooded horses are bred to be fast, spirited war horses. Quieter and more intelligent than most horses, they're also ideal for raids that require stealth.

Stygian hot-blooded horses stand 5 feet tall at the shoulder and weigh approximately 1,000 pounds.

QUILLCAT

Dozens of long, sharp spines line the back and tail of this dark-gray cat.

QUILLCAT	CR 1	  
XP 400		
N Small animal		
Init +2; Senses low-light vision, scent; Perception +5		
DEFENSE		
AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 11 (+2 Dex, +1 size)		
hp 14 (2d8+5)		
Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +1		
Defensive Abilities quill defense		
OFFENSE		
Speed 40 ft.		
Melee bite +3 (1d4+1), tail slap +3 (1d4+1)		
Special Attacks pounce		
STATISTICS		
Str 12, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 9		
Base Atk +1; CMB +1 (+5 grapple); CMD 13 (17 vs. trip)		
Feats Toughness		
Skills Acrobatics +10 (+14 when jumping), Perception +5, Stealth +10; Racial Modifiers +4 Acrobatics (+8 when jumping), +4 Stealth		

SQ spiny tail

ECOLOGY

Environment any forest

Organization solitary

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

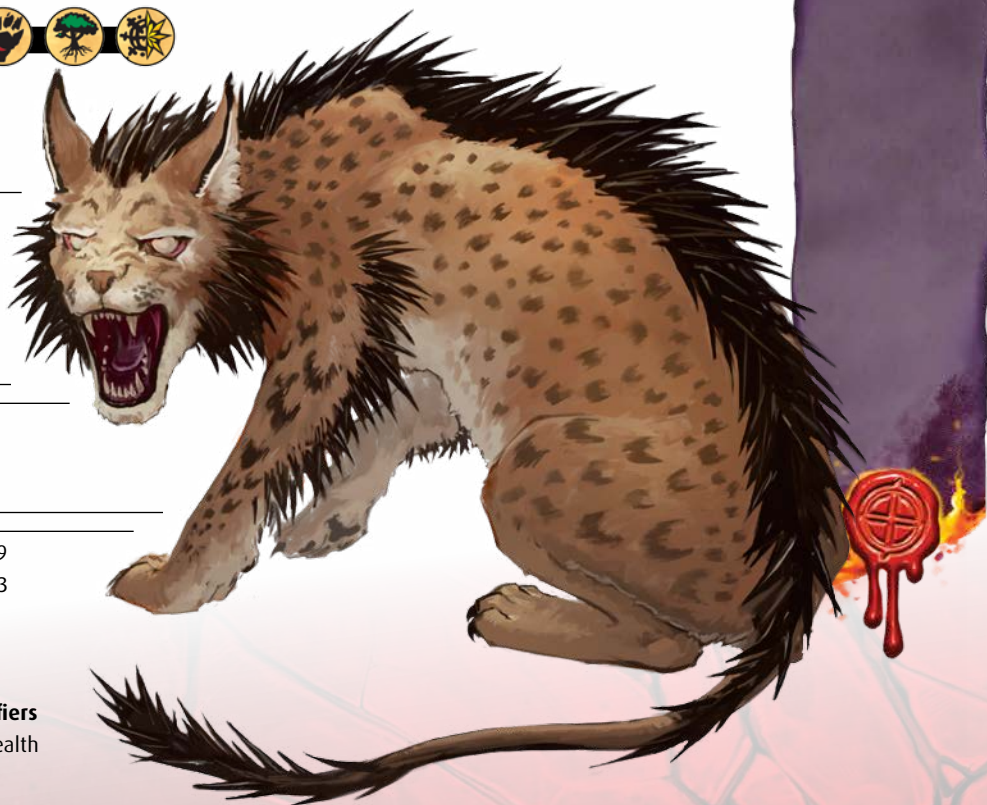
Quill Defense (Ex) Any creature that strikes a quillcat with an unarmed strike or natural weapon takes 1 point of piercing damage. A creature that grapples a quillcat takes 1d3 points of piercing damage each round that it does so.

Spiny Tail (Ex) A quillcat's tail slap is a primary natural attack that deals piercing damage.

A guard animal bred by a cult of Lamashtu, the quillcat was originally a cross between a howler and a cougar. Howler-cougar hybrids were smaller than either parent, and this allowed easy hybridization with smaller, long-haired breeds of cats that increased quill length and decreased the animal's size. A healthy young quillcat is worth 175 gp.

The spines normally lie flat against the quillcat's body, but when the creature is scared or surprised, they stand erect on its tail and back, nearly doubling the cat's apparent size. Instead of typical feline vocalizations, quillcats communicate by howling and yapping. Quillcats hate hell-bred dogs and fearlessly attack the larger creatures on sight.

Quillcats are 3 feet long and weigh 60 pounds.



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TYPHILPEDE

This hideous creature has a jet-black segmented body, four beady eyes, batlike wings, and a pair of oversized mandibles that glisten with green ichor.

TYPHILPEDE

CR 2



XP 600

LE Tiny outsider (evil, extraplanar, lawful)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 120 ft., see in darkness; Perception +7**Aura** shadow (10 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +2 size)**hp** 19 (3d10+3)**Fort** +4, **Ref** +5, **Will** +2; **Immune** fire, poison**Weaknesses** light blindness

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 30 ft. (poor)**Melee** bite +7 (1d3+1 plus poison)**Space** 2-1/2 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.**Special Attacks** poison

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 15, **Con** 12, **Int** 5, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 8**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 14 (18 vs. trip)**Feats** Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse**Skills** Fly +8, Perception +7, Stealth +16**Languages** Infernal (can't speak)**SQ** lumivore

ECOLOGY

Environment any underground (Hell)**Organization** solitary, mass (2-9), or colony (10-30)**Treasure** none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aura of Shadow (Su) A typhilpede can create a region of twisting, shadowy darkness within a 10-foot radius around it. Creatures in the area, including the typhilpede, have concealment against attackers that don't have low-light vision or darkvision. The typhilpede can suppress or reactivate this aura at will as a swift action. This is a darkness effect.

Lumivore (Ex) A typhilpede can consume light through a process of energy absorption. As a standard action, a typhilpede can snuff out all mundane light sources in a 15-foot radius around it (magical light sources are not affected). Torches, lamps, campfires, and similar light sources are immediately extinguished (and don't produce smoke or other normal effects of being snuffed out). For each mundane light source it consumes in this way, a typhilpede gains 1 temporary hit point, to a maximum of 10 temporary hit points. These temporary hit points last for 1 hour. The typhilpede loses these temporary hit points first when damaged.

Poison (Ex) Bite—injury; save Fort DC 12; frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect 1d4 Con; cure 2 consecutive saves.

Not all the creatures of Hell are devils. Descended from vermin that came to be trapped in Hell, typhilpedes embody the corruptive might and terrible hungers that brood in the dark. Usually encountered as wriggling, clacking masses of insectoid legs and flapping wings, these creatures strike fear in the weaker souls that trespass within the Pit. Typhilpedes possess night-black, segmented bodies with dozens of scraping, skittering legs. Two pairs of batlike wings sprout from between body segments closer to the creature's head, which bears two pairs of eyes and oversized mandibles glistening with sickly ichor.

A typhilpede typically measures 2 to 3 feet in length and rises no more than 8 inches from the ground, though its 3-foot wingspan can lift it off the ground with only minor difficulty. A single typhilpede weighs about 10 pounds.

ECOLOGY

Typhilpedes have a legendary reputation in Erebus, where it's said they hail from a place called the Wax Tower. Supposedly, this particular vault is a vast echo chamber, alive with the deafening drone of an impossibly large typhilpede swarm. At the vast space's center rises an organic-looking tower of incredible height. Millions of typhilpedes burrow into the tower's callouslike exterior, creating a network of tunnels and caverns where primordial, endlessly fecund typhilpede progenitors are said to dwell. At the tower's endlessly rising summit burns a tiny, unquenchable flame. Supposedly the entire tower was once just a single candle that an innocent mortal begged the gods to keep burning eternally. The gods granted the request, but as the candle burned, its wax dripped endlessly. In the aftermath of the resulting disaster, Asmodeus volunteered to deal with the candle. The taper that would become the Wax Tower was installed in Erebus, along with a few unfortunate gnats that had become trapped in the wax. Over ages of exposure to the darkness of Erebus and the corruption of Hell, those crawling things transformed into the first typhilpedes.

Now, typhilpedes are native to Erebus, though small colonies occasionally slip into the tunnels of the Darklands. In both places, they are considered pests, akin to otherworldly forms of giant rats or monstrous spiders. Typhilpedes most often hunt the lightless depths of Erebus for unwary souls and creatures of flesh. While capable of hunting on their own, typhilpedes usually hunt in teeming masses, swarming over whatever prey they encounter and devouring it. Despite the zeal with which they tear other creatures apart, typhilpedes prefer to consume the raw energy of light. This makes their presence convenient to the other inhabitants in the cavernous vaults of Erebus, where vast treasures lie cloaked in darkness like nothing known on the Material Plane. As the denizens of Erebus rarely have any need

for light—and suffer its presence with displeasure—typhilipede can easily distinguish their prey, spotting even a candle's flicker from miles away and pursuing it relentlessly. One typhilipede spotting a source of light and winging toward it is often enough to set an entire swarm on the hunt.

Especially in secluded corners of the Darklands, where droves of typhilipedes occasionally flourish, these creatures are often known as “eye biters.” While the name might reference their tendency to plunge their victims into darkness before eating them, the nickname just as likely derives from the effects of the venom they produce. Survivors of typhilipede poison report feeling as though their eyes were on fire. Many also claim their experience with color changed dramatically as a result, with warm shades seeming to catch fire, becoming almost painfully vivid and certainly uncomfortable to look at. While these optical effects don't inhibit the victim's visual acuity, many survivors claim to be wary of bright lights and colors for weeks after shaking off the venom's effects.

While typhilipede venom is not usually deadly on its own, it is valued for its rarity. A single dose often sells for 1,500 gp or more in nefarious markets around the Inner Sea. Some Darklands alchemists believe that mixing typhilipede venom with the blood of good-aligned outsiders can make the poison much more debilitating—though the exact process by which this is possible remains elusive.

HABITAT AND SOCIETY

Beyond Erebus, typhilipedes are occasionally found in the Darklands realms of Orv and Sekamina, but they rarely venture closer to the surface than that. Given their ability to gain nourishment from light, many assume that typhilipedes flourish in areas of bright sunlight. In fact, overwhelming sources of bright light—especially sunlight—repel the creatures, forcing them into regions of absolute darkness.

Typhilipedes don't form communities or social bonds as more intelligent beings do. Instead, they tend to clump together, forming colonies akin to those of cockroaches. When hunting, they behave in a manner similar to a swarm, utilizing knowledge of the terrain to intercept prey and separate individuals from larger groups. Once they have surrounded a target, they attack en masse. Upon bringing down their prey, typhilipedes eat as a group. Typhilipede young and pregnant individuals eat first, as the hunters instinctively prioritize the groups' long-term survival over that of any individual. Hunters eat next, with the sickly and wounded eating last. Typically, typhilipedes that are debilitated in battle try to sacrifice themselves for the good of the group. Those that face excessive wounds but still survive, though, often try to slink away

into the darkness to quietly die. Few have the chance to indulge such a fate, though, as typhilipedes have an innate understanding of their own bodies and what they can survive. If no enemies are present and it becomes clear that one of their number bears a wound that will never heal, a typhilipede swarm quickly turns on the individual, enthusiastically cannibalizing it. Peculiarly, after consuming one of their own kind, typhilipedes typically stack the remains in a neat heap with the gnawed skull deliberately placed on top.

A typhilipede can be summoned as a familiar by a 7th-level spellcaster with an alignment up to one step away from lawful evil who has the Improved Familiar feat. Duergar spellcasters in particular favor typhilipede familiars, and many view possessing one—especially an overweight specimen—as a symbol of status.



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IN HELL'S BURNING GRASP

Spoiler Alert! On these pages you'll find the background and outline for the Hell's Vengeance Adventure Path. If you intend to play in this campaign, be warned! These pages spoil the plot for the upcoming adventures as thoroughly as possible.

The nation of Cheliah is thrown into chaos when a group of upstart Iomedaeans known as the Glorious Reclamation take up arms against the diabolic rulership of House Thrune—a bold move that sets into motion the events of Hell's Vengeance. In this Adventure Path, the PCs take on the roles of agents of House Thrune who rise through the ranks as servants of the throne, stamping out uprisings, exposing treachery, entering into infernal contracts, building a superweapon, and defeating the forces of Heaven.

Hell's Vengeance is an Adventure Path in which the PCs—evil characters serving as agents of House Thrune—must reestablish Thrune's rule over Cheliah. It takes place at the same time as the previous Adventure Path, *Hell's Rebels*. Shortly before *Hell's Vengeance* begins, a zealous paladin of Iomedae named Alexeara Cansellarion called the faithful to reclaim the legendary sword of the goddess herself from the “heretical” Hellknights of the Order of the Godclaw. Hundreds of knights and clerics from across the Inner Sea responded to the call and marched on Citadel Dinyar, where they defeated the Order of the Godclaw and drove the Hellknights from their citadel.

Fresh from this success, Alexeara Cansellarion has turned her eyes to a far greater prize: the infernal empire of Cheliah, which she views as an insult to Iomedae, who was herself a mortal Chelaxian. With her goddess's sword in hand, and filled with divine purpose, Alexeara has formed a new Iomedean knightly order called the Glorious Reclamation, dedicated to purging Cheliah of the diabolical taint of the Thrice-Damned House of Thrune and taking back Cheliah for its people in the name of the Inheritor.

The PCs begin *Hell's Vengeance* as thuggish retainers of a minor noble, but by the time the Adventure Path ends, they will have saved the nation in the name of House Thrune and put down a rebellion that almost destroyed one of the greatest empires in the Inner Sea region!



THE HELLFIRE COMPACT

By F. Wesley Schneider
Pathfinder Adventure Path
#103, Levels 1–3

It's a quiet day in the small Chelish town of Longacre until word arrives that House Thrune has declared martial law in Cheliah's major cities. Archbaron Fex sends

for the PCs, instructs them to swear their loyalty to House Thrune, and commands them to keep Longacre peaceful. Their first assignment is to shut down a rebellious preacher of Iomedae who has been sermonizing about the virtues of the Glorious Reclamation and encouraging the congregation to throw off the yoke of diabolical servitude to House Thrune and Asmodeus. But this sermon is just the first instance of unrest in Longacre. Next, the PCs must face down Lencia Visserene, a knight-errant of the Glorious Reclamation who is stirring up anti-Thrune sentiment among Longacre's retired military veterans. Before long, Longacre is in full rebellion, and the PCs must break up protests, infiltrate rebel cells, defend city buildings from angry mobs, recruit loyalists, prevent rebel sabotage, and perhaps even assassinate rebel leaders to deal with the uprising while taking care not to get on the wrong side of the accuser devil who serves as their liaison with the archbaron—and his spy.

WRATH OF THRUNE

By Thurston Hillman
Pathfinder Adventure Path #104, Levels 4–6

Archbaron Fex inducts the PCs into the official Thrune “organization,” making them Loyal Agents of House Thrune. The Glorious Reclamation has conquered the town of Kantaria, a holy site to Iomedaeans, where Iomedae ruled for a year and a day as the site of her Tenth Act. This is the uprising's first major territorial gain, so the PCs are sent to retake the town, accompanied by the accuser devil Razelago. In order to overcome the town's defenses, they must investigate the situation, free an imprisoned Hellknight of the Order of the Rack, destroy a temple of Iomedae, capture the town's leader, sabotage

supplies, poison water sources, free loyalist soldiers, create scandals, and preside over the excruciations of the rebellion's instigators. If the PCs are successful, they not only issue the Glorious Reclamation a serious defeat, but also increase their prestige and that of their patron in the eyes of House Thrune.

THE INFERNO GATE

By Patrick Renie

Pathfinder Adventure Path #105, Levels 7–9

Having successfully retaken the town of Kantaria, the PCs return to Longacre, are rewarded by their patron, and step up the ladder of the Thrune organization, becoming Thrune Trusted Agents in a ritual that binds their minds to Abrogail II and prohibits them from betraying House Thrune. The queen wants to close down an uncontrolled portal to Hell in the Whisperwood called the Inferno Gate, which connects to the sixth level of the Pit, Malebolge, and is home to the archdevil Moloch and his infernal armies. The PCs need to gather the necessary components to do the job (the hearts of four different celestials, impaled on four unicorn horns), infiltrate the city of Senara (now under the control of the Glorious Reclamation), and deal with the city's tiefling thieves' guild, as well as make contact with the Hellknight Order of the Pike. Along the way, they learn that their Archbaron Fex has made a deal with a heresy devil to take personal control of the Inferno Gate and carve out an independent kingdom for himself using an army of hellish minions brought in through the gate. He plans to betray the PCs and sacrifice them to the devil, so they must defeat their former patron and his heresy devil ally to close the portal—unless they decide to make their own deal with the devil...

FOR QUEEN AND EMPIRE

By Stephen Radney-MacFarland

Pathfinder Adventure Path #106, Levels 10–12

Queen Abrogail Thrune II summons all of her agents to the capital to address the current crisis as the Glorious Reclamation continues to gather strength and claim more territory. The PCs find themselves caught up in the cutthroat politics of the imperial court, during which they learn of the existence of the Bellflower Network, a secret organization that works to free halfling slaves in Cheliax. To secure an audience with Queen Abrogail, the PCs must root out the network's agents in Egorian. Abrogail has one final task for the PCs to prove their loyalty and capability—go to the Winter Grove in the Barrowood and make a sacrifice to renew Thrune's contract with Hell. If they're successful, the PCs bind their souls to Queen Abrogail, becoming Thrune Bound Agents, the highest level within the Thrune organization. At the end of the adventure, word reaches Egorian that Cheliax's largest city, Westcrown, has fallen to the Glorious Reclamation.

SCOURGE OF THE GODCLAW

By Larry Wilhelm

Pathfinder Adventure Path #107, Levels 13–14

Westcrown has fallen. Kintargo is in open rebellion. Cheliax's armies are already engaged, so Queen Abrogail turns to the PCs as her most reliable agents to retake Citadel Dinyar in the Aspodell Mountains in Isgar, just across Cheliax's northeastern border—the current headquarters of the Glorious Reclamation—and slay the gold dragon there before it can come to the aid of the knights holding Westcrown. Succeeding in this mission will remove the Glorious Reclamation's primary base of operations and prevent them from regrouping there when they are defeated in Cheliax. Using the head of the dragon, the PCs can create a weapon of mass destruction—a legendary Kellid artifact known as a tathlum—to defeat the Glorious Reclamation's army. This requires the PCs to corrupt the waters of the Fountain of Saint Ilnea and bathe the head there, then soak the gruesome trophy in the blood of 100 innocents. The final step requires them to venture to a secret library on Warlock Island and burn it to the ground, striking the name of the dragon from living memory and angering the dragon's vengeful ghost!

HELL COMES TO WESTCROWN

By Ron Lundeen

Pathfinder Adventure Path #108, Levels 15–16

When the Hellknights of the Order of the Rack in Citadel Rivad are dispatched to Kintargo to put down the uprising there, they leave only a skeleton crew to defend their headquarters. The army of the Glorious Reclamation seizes this moment of vulnerability to besiege the citadel. The PCs must break the siege, defeat the Iomedean army, and turn their efforts to retaking the Glorious Reclamation's "capital" of Westcrown, entering the city as an elite strike team of powerful agents who can cut off the head of the rebellion by taking out its leaders. Various missions throughout the city will help them to undermine the invaders' rule, culminating in a final battle against their leader and founder, Lord Marshal Alexeara Cansellarion and her celestial allies—thus ending the threat of the Glorious Reclamation and restoring the Thrice-Damned House of Thrune's rule over the Empire of Cheliax.

ADDITIONAL RESOURCES

To enhance the Adventure Path, GMs can pick up the following resources: *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Cheliax*, *The Infernal Empire*, *Pathfinder Player Companion: Agents of Evil*, *Pathfinder Pawns: Hell's Vengeance Pawn Collection*, *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Hell's Vengeance Map Folio*, and *Pathfinder Map Pack: Urban Sites*. The *Hell's Vengeance Player's Guide* is also available as a free PDF download at paizo.com.

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NEXT MONTH

WRATH OF THRUNE

By Thurston Hillman

The path of evil continues with "Wrath of Thune"! Longacre remains in Thune's hands, but the knights of the Glorious Reclamation have conquered the town of Kantaria, a holy site where their goddess Iomedae once ruled as a mortal. The villainous adventurers—now official agents of House Thune—must retake the town. Can these evil characters earn greater infamy and prestige for themselves by dealing the Glorious Reclamation a massive blow, undoing the crusaders' greatest territorial gain to date? Or will the rebellion continue unchecked across Cheliax?

KANTARIA

By Thurston Hillman

Learn about Kantaria, a small town that lies nestled between the Barrowood and the Menador Mountains—the site of Iomedae's Tenth Act. Normally ruled by House Narikopolus, Kantaria has recently been seized by the Glorious Reclamation.

THE THRICE-DAMNED HOUSE OF THRUNE

By Linda Zayas-Palmer

Find out more about the infernally influenced noble house that rules the nation of Cheliax. Discover details about the history of House Thune and its aspirations.

AND MORE!

Dire divinations shake a Khari tea parlor in the Pathfinder's Journal by Josh Vogt! Plus, dangerous and kindly monsters populate a fresh installment in the Hell's Vengeance Adventure Path bestiary.

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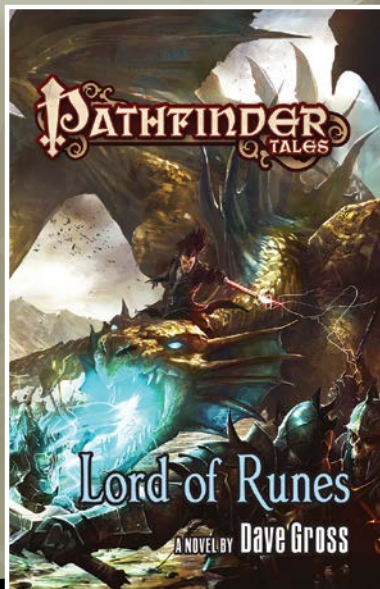
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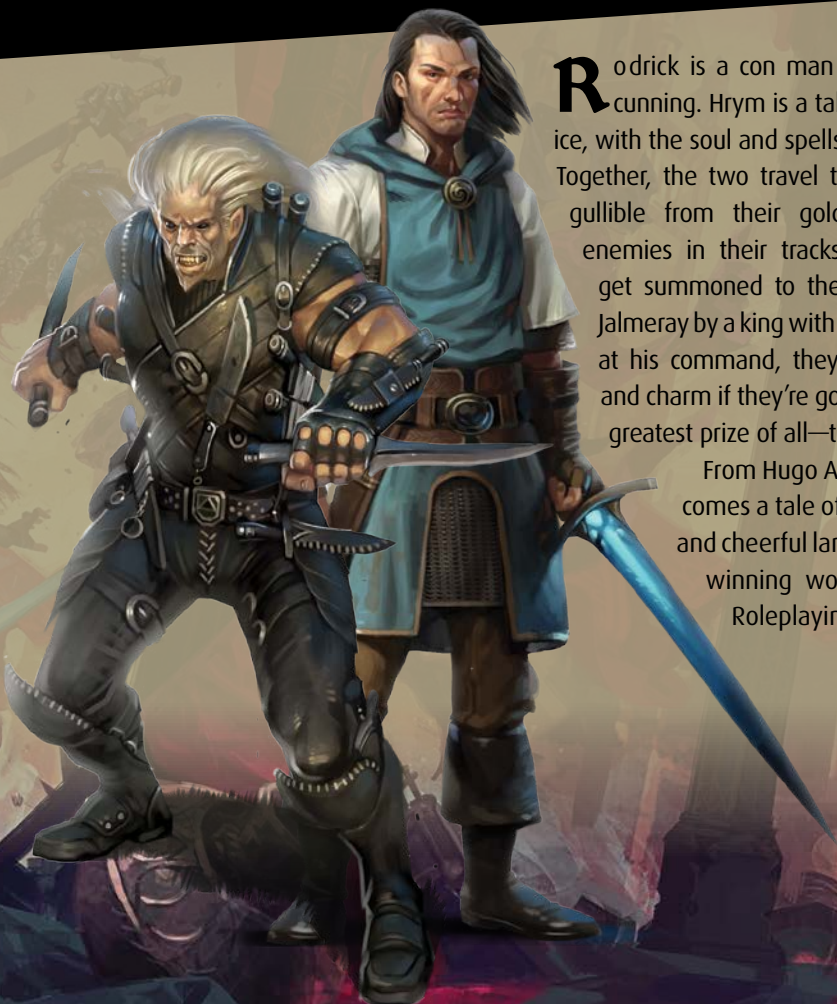
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