

Book of the Damned, Vol. 3

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HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

Todd Stewart



Charon

The Horseman of Death plies the River styx in his skiff, offering souls passage—for a price.

Representing death by old age and natural causes, Charon can afford to be the most patient and cunning of the Four, as he knows that, in the end, all those evil souls untouched by other gods and creeds will end up on the banks of his river, waiting for him to consume them. The origins of Charon, the oldest of the Horsemen, are shrouded in mystery, and he's happy to keep them that way.



Szuriel

Like an enormous weeping angel, the Horseman of War stands triumphant over the battlefield, blood running in rivers down the black blade of her terrible sword. She is no leader of the righteous, but a warrior for the sake of making war. Under her banner, the vulture-headed purrodaemons lead great crusades against existence itself, laying waste to entire worlds, bound to their grim campaign until the cosmos finally heaves its last convulsive breath and expires into nothingness.



Apollyon

Apollyon, the Horseman of Pestilence, takes the form of a pockmarked giant with the head of a diseased ram. His pustule-covered body is wrapped in a cloak made from the stitched-together skins of angels, and his bow spreads disease wherever its arrows fall. Whether from his throne of bone and flesh or atop his bleeding, ulcerated mount, the Horseman of Pestilence and his skull-headed deacons spread disease like wildfire across the worlds of the Material Plane.



Trellmarixian

The youngest and most ambitious of the Four, Trellmarixian the Black is the Horseman of Famine, devoted to seeing all mortal life waste away before his eyes. Jackal-headed, with the emaciated body of a starving man and thin, fluid flesh with no shape of its own, Trellmarixian specializes in cancers and other forms of self-consumption, helping to infect mortal life with his essence and other maladies that turn the body against itself, causing famine from within.

HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

BOOK OF THE DAMNED VOL. 3

A Pathfinder Campaign Setting Supplement

Table of Contents

<i>The First Daemons</i>	2
<i>On a Pale Horse</i>	4
<i>Eclipse</i>	16
<i>Daemonkind</i>	18
<i>Daemonic Influence</i>	26
<i>Daemonium</i>	28
<i>Previous Horsemen</i>	42
<i>The Soul Reavers</i>	44
<i>Oblivion's Creation</i>	62

Credits

Author • Todd Stewart
Cover Artist • Kieran Yanner
Interior Artists • Dave Allsop, Rayph Beisner, Fabio Gorla,
Jorge Fares, Scott Purdy, and Tyler Walpole

Creative Director • James Jacobs
Senior Art Director • Sarah E. Robinson
Managing Editor • F. Wesley Schneider
Development Lead • James L. Sutter
Editing and Development • Judy Bauer, Christopher Carey,
Patrick Renie, and Sean K Reynolds
Editorial Assistance • Jason Bulmahn, Rob McCreary,
Mark Moreland, and Stephen Radney-MacFarland
Graphic Designer • Andrew Vallas
Production Specialist • Crystal Frasier

Publisher • Erik Mona
Paizo CEO • Lisa Stevens
Vice President of Operations • Jeffrey Alvarez
Director of Sales • Pierce Watters
Sales Assistant • Dylan Green
Finance Manager • Christopher Self
Staff Accountant • Kunji Sedo
Technical Director • Vic Wertz

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Warehouse, and Website Teams



Paizo Publishing, LLC
7120 185th Ave NE, Ste 120
Redmond, WA 98052-0577
paizo.com

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Some call them the devourers of souls, or the life-eaters—but to most, Abaddon's children are simply the daemons. They hate mortality, yet feast upon the very souls they hope to scour from existence. The irony that they take shape from the very soul-stuff they consume is not lost on them, and they hate the source of their own lives all the more because of it. With warped zeal, the daemons and their masters feast upon every soul they claim, regardless of its source. They seek and offer neither pain and torment nor corruption and submission—only the cold embrace of utter oblivion.

The first Daemons

Before the coming of mortal life, there were no daemons. Even when the first generations of mortals began to die and make their way to Pharasma's Court for judgment, from there sent on to the various planes of Outer Sphere to become new entities, the wasteland of Abaddon lay fallow, an unnecessary and forgotten upthrust of stability within the chaos of the maelstrom. It wasn't until the first horrible cataclysms on the Material Plane created an unprecedented torrent of spiritual petitioners that the River of Souls overflowed its banks, and souls bound for Pharasma's realm washed up on any number of shores.

Some of those came to rest in Abaddon, and it was here that reality itself—tortured by the sudden shock of rage and despair caused by the first mass deaths on the Material Plane—allowed the twisted birth of something new. A singular soul, one filled with more loathing than all the others combined, gestated in its own rage until it erupted into an altogether unique entity: the first

From the Book of the Damned

The daemons gnaw at the cosmos, burrowing through metaphysical flesh and bone, feeding with hunger and desperation—not to nourish their bodies, but to further their goal. With every soul consumed, they rob the universe of that spark that so offends them. Why they wish so fervently for the end of all things, including themselves, is a mystery no one has yet unraveled. Suffice it to say that, while they will take all others as the chance arises, mortality is the prime object of their hatred; it births them even as they condemn it to oblivion, like a serpent feasting on its own tail.

—The Book of the Damned,
"On the Nature of Daemons"

daemon. surrounded by a sea of likewise hateful souls, the daemon gorged himself on his brethren and grew in power. In the depths of Abaddon's wastelands he flexed his might, beginning to reform his surroundings into something as corrupted and twisted by hatred as the daemon himself. The daemon saw it was to his liking, and so he called out to those other souls damned and forsaken—those evildoers driven not by ordered ambition or chaotic frenzy, but by the impartial taint of purest evil and nihilism—and like a tidal pull and clarion call, they followed the daemon's beckoning, incapable of imagining the doom that awaited them.

Most of these lost souls found only oblivion at the hands of the daemon and his horrific domain, but others survived and likewise experienced that same transcendence into daemoniac forms, becoming the first generation of their kind. As each soul arrived on Abaddon's rocky, blasted shores like mewling, wretched flotsam, the daemons feasted upon their rotting souls, savoring each one with terrible glee.

It was at this time that one of the daemons—the original, the First—whispered out to the cosmos, mocking it, taunting the gods with the knowledge that each soul that came to Abaddon was forever snuffed out, each light extinguished. Among all the gods, only one, the death goddess Pharasma, listened to the voice, as the other deities squabbled in their own wars and conflicts, and remained ignorant of its whispered mockery. Before long, the low growl of something else replaced it—the cries of thousands of souls, being devoured by the daemons of Abaddon.

The cries went on for eons as Abaddon grew, its realms divided up between the greatest of daemonkind. There was no longer just the First—indeed, daemons of all makes and sizes now inhabited the horrid lands, preying upon the River of souls that led deceased mortals to Pharasma's spire. The Styx channeled in evil souls from other planes as well, and the daemons welcomed the castaways with open arms and jaws. Finally, Pharasma looked down from her throne and realized that she could no longer ignore the voices that whispered at her—four voices where once there had been only one, all wet with unrestrained hunger.

"Give us what is ours," whispered Pestilence.

"Or we shall take them, even more than we do now," threatened War.

"We must be fed," demanded Famine.

Last to speak was Death, who chuckled softly. "You have seen the Beginning and the End," the Boatman noted. "You know what must be."

And it was true. With a nod, the Lady of Graves acquiesced, forming the Devouring Court and its gate to Abaddon within the Boneyard. Through it, she began to send those damned souls destined for the new realm of oblivion and unending hunger, delivering them to the Horsemen's eager embraces. And with each soul consumed in that darkened place, each spark stamped out, the daemons further their goal, and the End draws a little closer.

Curator's Note

Numerous formerly reputable antiquarians assert these pages come from the legendary Book of the Damned—called a myth by some and said by others to have been destroyed. While we have no way of proving either the veracity of such claims or the authenticity of these unquestionably ancient pages, such allegations—and the dramatic warnings of those same scholars—remain under debate.

As a student of the past, I cannot overstate the fascination and curiosity that the revelations of the following pages represent. Yet, as a mortal, with a life and a fate guarded dearly, I must add my own dire recommendation to the ravings of my predecessors: What follows stands beyond the writings of madmen and heretics, and if you do not care to risk your immortal soul, do not read on. May the gods have mercy upon you and us all.

—Djavin Vhrest,
Curator of Apocrypha Forae Logos, Absalom



Chapter One

ON A PALE HORSE

Hoofbeats herald their arrival, thundering in the distance and echoing in the hearts of madmen. The dwindling resolve of saints foretells their coming, spirits failing as the riders grow ever closer and the World spirals out of control.

Pestilence, War, Famine, and Death—these are the Horsemen. Pain and corruption mean nothing to them, only the silence of oblivion. They are the lords of Abaddon, and their forsaken plane reflects them, reacting to their Will as they feast upon the damned beneath a twilight sky in perpetual eclipse. From its tattered vault, the umbral orb of the land's darkened sun glares down like the glassy, opaque eye of a long-dead god, watching its children devour the World.

—From the Book of the Damned, "Ride of the Horsemen"

Although more stable than the infinite fissures of the Abyss, and free from the tyrannical rigidity of Hell, Abaddon nevertheless stands as one of the most hostile planes in the multiverse. In its blistered and blackened reaches, both mortal souls and outsiders find themselves preyed upon by the fiendish residents, either slain outright or offered up bound and bleeding to the plane's rulers as specimens upon which to feast or experiment. Constantly remade to suit its masters' sick whimsy, Abaddon is a twisted and shifting place that forbears all attempts at mapping, and which only the insane or desperate dare to visit.

This is the home of the daemons, those fiends who seek neither to corrupt life nor to bind it to their will, but rather to destroy it utterly. Their wasteland is bleak and dark, lit only by the pervasive, eerie half-light of the plane's perpetually eclipsed sun. Deserts of ashes, oceans of acid, continent-wide fields of bones, forests of burning trees like living candelabras, and floodplains of salt and toxic sludge welcome visitors pressing through the gloom and the cold, cloying mists. Amid this desolation, all is silent save for the screams of mortal souls hunted for sport and the mad laughter of daemons feeding upon them.

Spirits condemned to Abaddon by Pharasma's judgment flood into the plane like clockwork, falling from the eclipse-darkened sky like shining, screaming meteors. Half of them never reach the ground, snatched up by winged hunters mid-descent or ensnared by magic and transported to holding pens and slaughterhouses where spiritual consumption operates on an industrial scale. Those that do survive to reach the ground find only horror as they scatter, confused and dazed, before being hunted. Other souls arrive by way of daemonic conquest or predation beyond the plane's borders, dragged back to Abaddon in vast slave lines. No paradise awaits those mad souls who offer the daemons worship, or whose evil natures condemn them to this plane. No liberation waits to grant them hope. There is no greater meaning, only the extinction of the soul.

Those mortal souls that evade capture or travel to the plane for their own reasons are known as the hunted—but few of them endure for long. Those that survive do so by betraying and ultimately preying upon their fellows, and in time transcend their status and become daemons themselves, warped by their own inner natures and the plane's touch in an ironic, horrific reversal.

All members of daemonkind bow before their greatest kindred, known as the Four Horsemen. Each Horseman personifies one of the greatest threats to mortal life—pestilence, war, famine, and death—and under their rule, they and their lesser kindred feast upon mortals and immortals alike, bleeding the universe dry of its animating essences. Most of Abaddon falls under the direct rule of one Horseman or another, but while they work toward the

same ends, each of the Four operates according to his or her own independent agenda.

The Four do not openly wage war upon one another, instead cooperating as an unholy fellowship and presenting a supposedly unified front to the cosmos, though below them the daemonic ranks churn with schemes and outright fratricide. Philosophy, ideology, and differing arts and methods bow before the unifying drive of their kind: to hasten the inevitable oblivion that awaits all life. The daemons are often seen as neutral, their dispositions placing them between the extreme order of devils and the chaotic destruction of demons, yet this simplification is somewhat misleading. Daemons are not devoted to impartiality—rather, chaos is accepted so long as it fosters their goals, while law is co-opted as a useful framework to hasten the end of all things. Daemons are evil bereft of all mitigating influences, single-minded incarnations of nihilism in its purest form, villains willing to use any tool to achieve their goals, whatever they may be.

The Horsemen rule Abaddon from the thrones of their own vast domains, connected by the memory-leaching waters of the River Styx weaving through each realm like a black, bubbling ribbon of liquid corruption. The only territories beyond their control are those of the dark gods, most infamously Urgathoa and Zyphus—yet even these were an unsolicited gift from the Horsemen, and there's no telling to what ends the Four invited the deities to encamp in their midst.

Far from the plane's core, away from the constantly replenishing tides of souls, Abaddon's unclaimed wastelands are squabbled over by non-daemonic powers, potent daemon warlords known as harbingers, and lesser daemon nobles out of favor with the Horsemen. Further outward, the neighboring Maelstrom's influence grows, causing the plane's solidity to erode and its terrain to shift and change with the tides of the Cerulean Void. Daemons avoid this unstable rim, yet it's hardly a safe harbor, as the environment lies open to roving bands of proteans and other creatures eager to violently demonstrate the primacy of chaos.

Even in a plane so devoted to destruction, there are legends. These whisper of another domain, lurking within Abaddon's core and touched by the bordering domains of the Four, locked away like a cold and silent heart. It was here, the stories whisper, that the Four once served as servants in the early days of the plane, bound to an entity both more powerful and less knowable. And it was in this now-hidden domain that they betrayed, bound, and butchered their master, feasting upon its flesh and seizing its power as their own. Only the Four know whether there's any truth to this tale. Either way, it hardly matters, for though individual Horsemen may fall and be replaced in their positions, the sovereignty of the Horsemen as a whole remains absolute.

Abaddon

On Abaddon, taunting telepathic dirges ring like church bells through the looming clouds as daemons flit about the eclipse-blackened sky, the fiends phasing in and out of reality and screaming fiendish hymns of pain and oblivion. Below them, the citadels of the Four stand brooding over the broken lands, monuments to the power of the unknowable masters of daemonkind.

As iconic as this desolate vision is, the wastes of Abaddon also harbor other constructions and landscapes, both active and long-abandoned, and other powers make their homes below the occluded sky. Presented here are some of the more notable locations.

Balishek's Crater: The fractured walls of Balishek's Crater still steam with pockets of molten glass long after the death of the daemon whose seat of power once rose there. One of the earliest Horsemen, Balishek and his servitors were obliterated in a dim era of Abaddon's history for some crime long-forgotten by his race, destroyed with such prejudice that the location of his death still boils with his killer's fury. Such is the anathema of his crime or the fury of his slayer that a lingering fear remains ingrained within the daemoniac race, and most daemons refuse to approach the crater. Those who do experience a sudden wrench of fear totally out of keeping with their normal emotions.

The Common Grave: This sea of half-settled earth and half-rotten fiendish corpses stretches from horizon to horizon, inundated in places by the Styx and harboring things that swim in the slurry of soil, stone, flesh, and soul-stuff. This mass grave from the time of Lamashtu's ancient demonic invasion encompasses a large enough volume to swallow the oceans of a dozen worlds. Yet not all of the dead lie quiet, as its trenches and chasms crawl with memory-stripped horrors born from the Styx, monstrosities that leak necromantic energies, and half-digested scraps of souls that mingle and suffuse the gaps and valleys. The ground rises and falls, breathing with the efflux of rot and burrowing terrors that dwell below, making the region treacherous to cross even for many daemons. Thus it remains a place of the lost and the forgotten, unclaimed and unwanted.

The Menagerie: Not all crusades end in righteous victory. The Menagerie is the site of an ancient agathion and angelic incursion to rescue the soul of a dead saint stolen in transit through the Astral Plane. Forging a gate directly from Nirvana into Abaddon's heart, they arrived by the thousands, and there the Four awaited them, using the stolen soul as bait for creatures far more holy, more valuable, and more delectable in their destruction. A forest now grows around that broken, flickering gateway, long since twisted from its original beauty, and the hunted flock there like moths to a flame, hoping for redemption, salvation, or simply escape.

And like moths, they find their doom. The gate functions in only one direction—into Abaddon, not out—giving

a glimpse of paradise but no chance of freedom, and daemons lurk to capture and devour all who near. After the battle, many celestials remained behind, trapped within the broken and half-melted statues that litter the forest. While the celestial guardians of the gate refuse to allow any more of their brethren in to save the doomed crusaders, mortal heroes may make the attempt. Even now, the trap remains, waiting for virtuous mortals who seek to rescue the celestials who preceded them.

Mere of Broken Angels: A place of inexplicable beauty within the desolation, this stretch of crystal-clear water radiates a dull, distorted white noise to those who stand on its shores for more than a few minutes. Serenity slips away as gradually the noise decants into the sound of thousands of fists beating against the underside of the lake's surface, as if it were frozen. Once heard, thousands of angelic figures look up in agony, beating and clawing powerlessly against the water's underside, slowly suffocating and sinking down to the bottom, which is a carpet of bones and still gleaming arms and armor. As they drown or kill themselves to end the suffering, they sink back to the bottom, but within minutes they spontaneously resurrect, and the horror begins again. The identity of the captive, perpetually dying angels has been lost to history, and the only clue is a small island with a stone jetty, just within viewing distance from the shore. Any attempt to cross the water by non-daemons imposes the angels' fate on the would-be traveler—swimmers become trapped below the water's surface, fliers are plucked from the air and hurled below the waves, and teleportation cruelly reroutes to the lake bottom. Anyone who reaches the island finds the print of a massive, clawed reptilian hand or foot, dozens of feet across. Inside the impression are scrawled hundreds of lines in an unreadable script that seems vaguely related to Abyssal.

The Oblivion Compass: Situated atop a granite plateau rising up from the surrounding Styx floodplains in Charon's domain, the Oblivion Compass counts down toward the Apocalypse, measuring the relative success of the Four as they work toward their ultimate goal. Built from the broken body of a colossal inevitable, its gears are turned by a thousand enslaved axiomites. None but the Four know of its precise history and construction—if indeed even they do—and knowledge of how to read and interpret the signs of its dozens of free-spinning hands and orrery wheels is fiercely guarded.

The Silent Nation: Lodged high in the mountains, the massive glacier known as the Silent Nation inexorably creeps toward the waiting, hungry waters of the Styx. Once an aquatic Material Plane world, the vast ocean was stolen and frozen by the daemons, locking within it every living creature it contained. From the smallest fish to the populations of a dozen aquatic civilizations and their drifting, ruined cities, all remain locked within the ice,

their souls still trapped with them. By the terms of some unknown but failed, horrific bargain with Charon, they remain conscious and fully aware of the fate awaiting them once the glacier crumbles into the Styx, and they are at last delivered into the claws of the patiently waiting daemons.

Slave City of Awaiting-Consumption: A city of the damned and doomed, Awaiting-Consumption makes no pretenses as to its purpose. A sprawling metropolis, the city serves as one of the few points of extraplanar contact, with outsider emissaries and merchants living alongside the hunted, daemons, and rare mortal visitors. The majority of the city's population is made up of the daemons' captive livestock of hand-picked mortal bloodlines, matched and traded like commodities, but also kept and trained for slave-labor in specialized skills. Visitors pay heavily for seals of protection from the flocks of daemons flying above the city's spires like vultures, but also from the culture of delusional mortal cultists and city overseers, some of whom spend a lifetime grooming themselves for ritualized oblivion.

The rulers of Abaddon possess other such slave-cities throughout their various realms, sealed off to non-daemons. While most of these blasted settlements function simply as breeding programs, others model mortal societies, with residents kept ignorant of their location by magic. Here, daemons experiment upon mortals in their native state, training for the rare campaigns they launch into the Material Plane.

Still other cities dot Abaddon's wastes, empty and abandoned except for the newly arrived members of the hunted, wandering packs of daemons, and derelict experiments. All of these cities are of different architectures, slowly crumbling to ruins and dust to join the thousands that preceded them. Some appear to have been sucked from their original worlds, their inhabitants devoured in the space of days. Others seem to have always been there, their decay eternal yet never complete. The only intact cities beyond those experiments of the Four are those inhabited solely by fiends themselves, and these cluster near the locations of the various powerful harbingers like swollen lymph nodes around an infection.

The White Mountain: Near the border with Charon's domain, the White Mountain stands as the highest point in Abaddon, reaching even higher than the volcano housing the Cinder Furnace. Yet rather than ash, it belches forth a miasma of corrosive, white-hot soul-stuff, spontaneously generated undead, and miles-wide, shifting zones of negative energy. The source of its fury is unknown, yet

rumors suggest the cause is either a lost artifact, the tomb of a long-dead or imprisoned harbinger, or another long-abandoned experiment by one of the Four.

Zyphus and Urgathoa's Domains: Abaddon's two most potent true deities make their domains on the far side of Szuriel's domain, bordered by the shores of the vast, acidic Sea of Lamentation and the suzerainties of minor daemonic nobles. The Pallid Princess rules a mist-shrouded realm filled with cities of undead engaged in excesses as an extension of life and reveling in the morbid delights of their goddess. Zyphus's domain sits entirely encompassed by Urgathoa's, looking like a single giant cemetery—a subtle mockery of Pharasma's Boneyard. Curiously, each domain's boundaries belie the size of their interiors; though hemmed in and restricted somehow by the Four, they are far larger inside than out. These domains were gifts from the Horsemen to the gods, who originally dwelled on the Material Plane, and both are under perpetual observation by the fiends. Why they made the grandiose offer is anyone's guess, but some say that the daemons salivate like animals as they watch from the borders of the realms, and even if they obey the letter of their pact with the gods, their desires remain.



Apollyon

Horseman of Pestilence

NE male Horseman

CULT

Unholy Symbol yellow scythe covered in polyps and diseased, fleshy tendrils

Domains Air, Darkness, Destruction, Evil

Favored Weapon scythe

Temple battlefields strewn with corpses, open mass graves, sewers, swamps

Deacons leukodaemons

Worshippers evil druids, lepers, plague carriers, sufferers of pandemics, urdefhans, wererats

Minions astradaemons, diseased undead, monstrous rats, nuckelavees, otyughs, piscodaemons, vermin

Apollyon, the Prince of Plagues, takes the form of a pockmarked giant with the head of a snarling, diseased ram. Hiding his pustule- and bruise-covered body from view, the Horseman of Pestilence wears a cloak tailored from the tanned, stitched-together skins of a dozen angels, each flayed alive after failed attempts to slay the Horseman and recover the souls imprisoned within his domain. Each angelic soul was half devoured by Apollyon, and he used the other portions to empower a series of bows—the *Ushers of the Black Rain*—granted to his greatest servitors as badges of their position, with the original weapon kept by the Horseman himself.

The unique nightmare Septisaeus serves as Apollyon's mount, bearing a golden crown marked with its master's symbol and a neck punctured by a dozen barbed arrows. With a gleaming white coat, Septisaeus seems otherwise healthy at first glance, but upon closer inspection bears the signs of horrific infection: sclera black with ocular bleeding, cracked gums and teeth, a frothing mouth, and purpuric blemishes marring its extremities.

Apollyon's reign as the Prince of Plagues began eons ago when the previous Horseman of Pestilence fell—not by the hands of one of its underlings or a vengeful god, as with previous Horsemen, but to something totally unknown. The precise details have never been discovered, at least not by daemons, but it is thought that Yrsinius the former Horseman of Pestilence went missing during a foray into the Maelstrom. Some believe that he was killed by the almost mythical protean Chorus of Malignant Symmetry. While conclusive proof of this was never uncovered, the other members of the Four provided a response, butchering some

of the most powerful protean lords in existence and dragging one of the protean elders from the Maelstrom's depths back to Abaddon. Since that time, the nameless protean lord's corpse has remained as a rotting monument in the Plaguemere.

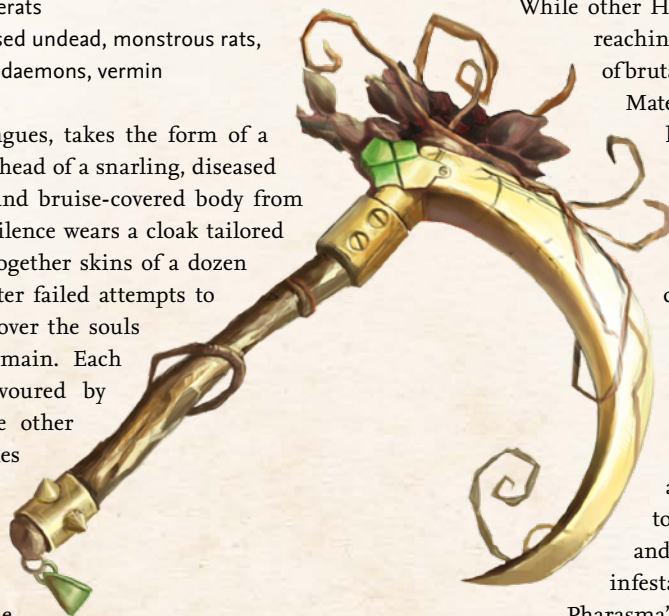
In Yrsinius's absence, his court fought against one another to succeed their fallen master, fracturing into a dozen different camps. It was during this chaos that Apollyon rose to power, slaughtering his way through half of his rival claimants before the others finally yielded. Tellingly, none of his original rivals remain, having either defected to the courts of the other members of the Four, withdrawn into the unclaimed lands at Abaddon's fringes, or fled the plane entirely.

While other Horsemen engage in farther reaching plans and more overt acts of brutality upon the mortals of the Material Plane, Apollyon and his servitors focus instead on their distinct form of creation: the crafting of new diseases and plagues capable of doing the daemons' work for them, spreading like wildfire across the Material Plane. Lesser known is the fact that these acts of creation also extend to artifacts and magical items intended to corrupt their recipients and cause larger metaphysical infestations, working within

Pharasma's system to taint souls and send them winging to Abaddon after judgment. Among Apollyon's poisoned gifts to Golarion are such artifacts as the *Eyes of Abaddon*, the *Black Fly Thurible*, the *Jaundice Sphere*, and the *Moon-Torn Sickles*.

Apollyon frequently manages to send his minions to the Material Plane, and their actions often leave dark, communicable disasters long after they themselves have been killed or banished. When creating and spreading ever more horrific and virulent plagues, the Horseman is not averse to granting temporary immunity to his mortal cultists in exchange for using them as carriers and living incubators, though this protection is short-lived—eventually they too fall, their souls carried back to Abaddon amid clouds of corpse flies. Along with Trelmarixian, Apollyon has also garnered the most followers among the daemon-created urdefhan race, trusting them and unintelligent vermin to spread his plagues far more reliably than other non-daemon supplicants and carriers.

Apollyon's mortal proxies serve their master's goals, knowing that their veneration means nothing, and only



results matter. Both they and Apollyon's daemonic servitors often aid potential allies such as evil druids, cults of Rovagug, the church of Urgathoa, and especially the church of Ghlaunder in attempting to cause the death of wide swaths of mortal life. Of these, the demigod of parasites and infection is perhaps most skeptical, knowing that the Horsemen view the cosmos as a zero-sum game, and that Apollyon's aid in furthering their mutual goals will undoubtedly have an unpleasant ending. (Their strained relationship may also have to do with the rumor that it was a previous Horseman who imprisoned Ghlaunder within his cocoon in the first place, milking him of his power until he was accidentally released by Desna.)

Within Abaddon and beyond, Apollyon's lesser daemons feed on their victims like ravenous locusts, tearing them apart and distributing the scraps among themselves. Returning to the Plaguemere, the subservient fiends may regurgitate their victims, pooling the spiritual essence and dragging their reconstituted, horrifically shocked victims forth to the base of the Throne of Flies. More commonly, though, each cluster of daemons simply stands before a leukodaemon overseer and upon command begins to bleed, as if suddenly stricken by the final, torturous phase of a hemorrhagic fever, excreting their spiritual cargo from every pore so that Apollyon's more powerful servitors may feast upon the gore, the best portions being bottled and given to those higher up the chain of command.

The Plaguemere

A realm of festering swamps, flooded forests, and shallow acidic oceans, Apollyon's domain of the Plaguemere centers on his citadel, the Throne of Flies. The leukodaemons built this towering throne at the Horseman's orders, but the corpse they carved it from long predates his existence. Whether it is the body of an immense protean, dead god of healing, or rival deific patron of disease, none know, and Apollyon himself has never spoken of the matter.

The Throne towers above the surrounding swamps, crafted from the spine and ribs of its parent corpse, whose remaining flesh forms its foundation. Lairing within the hollowed-out bones and massive chambers cut from calcified flesh, Apollyon's followers tap the residual power latent within its

marrow and still-beating heart. The Horseman's throne sits high in the tower, in full view of the heart. This central organ still functions, pumping a slow, steady flow of dark fluid long ago corrupted by Apollyon. The Horseman of Pestilence twists and warps the ancient creature's heart to his whim, using it in the crafting of artifacts and puissant plagues, augmenting his own power with that of the fallen colossus.

Inundated by the Styx, as well as by several oceans at the far edge of his domain and the perpetually bleeding corpse that forms the Throne of Flies, Apollyon's domain boasts little dry ground. That which exists is built up by the Horseman's armies atop the rubble of fallen cities dragged from other worlds, built atop one another as they slowly sink into the mire, or else from the piled bones of consumed mortals. Many of these regions fall under the dominance of Apollyon's unique servitors, such as Festerholme, the Citadel of Hungry Roots, and the City of Gnashing Teeth and Drowned Screams, ruled by the olethrodaemon Thrice-Fold Malady and the unique daemons Tamede the Fungul-Hearted and Roqorolo the Seadrinker, respectively.



Charon

Horseman of Death

NE male Horseman

CULT

Unholy Symbol grinning skull, its eye sockets covered by two gold coins

Domains Death, Evil, Knowledge, Water

Favored Weapon quarterstaff

Temple graveyards, rivers, submerged ruins, underground catacombs

Deacons thanadaemons

Worshippers ferryman, graverobbers, undertakers, undead, urdefhans, would-be immortals

Minions fiendish krakens, grim reapers, hags, hydrodaemons, river monsters, undead

Charon, the Horseman of Death and Boatman of the Styx, is ancient even by comparison to the other Horsemen. It is rumored that, of all the Four, he alone was an original Horseman, the first—and only—Lord of Death. Yet Charon's title obfuscates his true focus: not simply death as a whole, which is the purview of all daemons, but specifically death by old age. Even the most virile mortals eventually succumb to that looming specter, and in this sense, it's unsurprising that many would consider the Boatman the most powerful of the Four. Like mortality's inevitable end, Charon's patience is legendary, and more than any other Horseman, he views his goals in the long term, willing to sacrifice immediate gains for a guaranteed eventual victory. Not just the most patient, Charon is also the most secretive of his kind. As the eldest Horseman, he holds knowledge of many things forgotten before his kindred were even living mortals, and despite his age, Charon has never been challenged—at least, not that anyone ever speaks of—since he rose to power in Abaddon's earliest days.

Charon's typical form is similar to that of his thanadaemons, and most people presume that he modeled his deacons after himself. Some scholars, however, posit a different theory. In their minds, Charon is so ancient as to have preceded the creation of humanoid life. Thus they conclude that his observed form must be a more modern guise, or else a facade maintained by one of his servitors, serving as a mouthpiece for something more alien that lurks below the waters of the Styx. Or perhaps Charon is the Styx, the river of dissolved souls and swallowed memories having long ago gained sentience and motives of its own. The theories fly fast and furious, but ultimately, all such postulating is moot. Charon simply is.

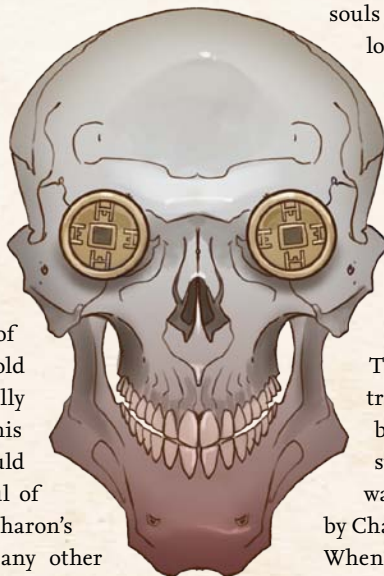
Though he is most often encountered on his skiff, the Boatman also possesses a mount: the nightmare Chloros. Like his master, the nightmare's body is skeletal and bleached white, its only remaining flesh desiccated, mummified, and spotted with age. Of the Four, his steed is the most horrific, as not only does its touch leech life, but its gaze can forcibly age victims, hurling them even faster toward the inevitable death that awaits them.

Daemons in Charon's service range far and wide across Abaddon, often riding the Styx to other reaches of the cosmos, hunting souls in his name. Unlike servitors of the other Horsemen, his own often act in understated and subtle ways, yet harvest just as many souls as others. It is said that Charon operates alongside his servitors, fishing for souls in the exact same way, and that any daemon looking upon one of the thanadaemons might in fact be looking into the face of Charon himself. True or not, the rumor affects how other daemons interact with Charon's chosen.

Not all souls captured in Charon's name are completely consumed. Many non-deacon daemons capture or only partially devour their cargo, vomiting the screaming souls into the Styx. Their effluvium boils and churns, slowly transforming into the drifting, brutalized bodies of the victims as they appeared in life, struggling to find purchase in the fouled waters before being fished from the current by Charon's thanadaemons.

When approached independently by a soul, Charon and his servitors sometimes simply carry the guest off to be consumed. Other times, however, they legitimately make deals, their bargains working toward ends hundreds or thousands of years in the making. In the beginning, such a deal might entail rescuing a soul from its rightful afterlife in an unpleasant plane, transporting an adventuring party to where it needs to go, or rescuing an entire Material Plane nation or world from a natural or artificial disaster. As time progresses, though, the terms of the deal begin to take their toll, and in the end Charon's coffers flood with souls foolishly bargained away by their owners.

Charon's dealings also serve him well in other ways, with even his fellows among the Four often quietly acquiescing to his authority. In the past, Charon has bargained with dozens of dying and desperate divinities, archfiends, and entire worlds, offering them aid in return for payments of souls, knowing all the while that the bargainers were well beyond saving anyway. When they die, he claims them as well, and his domain holds daemoniac feasts of untold scale, reveling in the massive bouts of carnage.



Evidence of the Boatman's far-reaching influence can be seen all across the planes. One such example is the daemonic construct known as the Dustbringer, which even now lies dormant in the pits of Caina in Hell. Forged by Charon in conjunction with two other, long-dead Horsemen—and rumored to be fueled by the spirit of a third—this horrific engine destroyed an entire mortal civilization, aging them to dust with a flagrant abuse of the laws of time. The act enraged Asmodeus, who seized the construct, but it remains in Hell, lodged and waiting for another chance to ravage the Material Plane and siphon those souls back to the Boatman.

Charon brokered the daemons' deal with Urgathoa and Zyphus, inviting both gods to dwell in Abaddon and providing their worshipers' souls with safety from astradaemon predation on the Astral Plane. The cults of Charon and Zyphus occasionally come into conflict, but both patrons would rather abandon their worshipers than disrupt the pact.

As an avatar of death by old age, Charon abhors the magical extension of mortal life. Yet paradoxically, the Horseman actively makes deals to spread the creation of lichs, vampires, and other forms of undeath. Charon knows that newly immortal puppets spread more death on their worlds, and that even freedom from aging is not invulnerability—when those “immortals” are eventually slain, their souls are bound to Charon. Other methods of life extension—arcane, alchemical, or technological—are zealously hunted down and destroyed or stolen by Charon's brood, and his palace below the Styx supposedly contains a treasure trove of artifacts linked to the attainment of everlasting life.

The Styx

Charon's domain is the largest of the Four, particularly when one takes into account the fact that the River Styx stretches into or borders the others' realms, the unclaimed wastes, and the planes beyond. Every branch of the Styx ultimately flows back to Charon's citadel at his domain's heart. The Drowning Court comprises hundreds of mobile islands, ships, and floating castles tethered to one another, swirling in a slow and perpetual circuit around a massive central whirlpool. The court's precise composition changes as boats and even entire islands detach and drift away on the current, moving downstream on the errands of their master or occupants, or else are repositioned with great speed by mysterious tentacles that writhe up from the depths. The divergent, eclectic styles of the mobile isles suggest that each was torn from its original home on the Material Plane or elsewhere in the Outer Sphere and set adrift on the Styx's current to serve the Lord of Death. Whatever their original design or intent, they are now repositories for Charon's stolen souls, which he hoards, consumes, or used for trade. The largest islands serve as the personal fortresses of Charon's greatest

servitors, including a hundred greater thanadaemons, a cabal of olethrodaemons known as the Ravagers of the Open Grave, and the harbingers who pledge their loyalty.

Churning and turbid at the Drowning Court's center, the great and nameless whirlpool is the heart of the Styx. The ultimate destination of every soul drowned in its waters and every memory sapped from its victims, it also serves as the entrance to Charon's personal demesne. Visitors seeking an audience with the Horseman vanish below dark, churning waves, where they find their memories temporarily ripped from them by ephemeral talons. They feel Charon inside their mind rather than see anything physical in the darkness, though most claim to sense a looming, oppressive presence. Such meetings can last seconds or days, though regardless of the amount of time they subjectively experience, guests find that little or no time has passed once the waters return them to shore, bedraggled but otherwise untouched by the normal effects of the Styx. Charon's personal realm, like the Boatman himself, keeps its secrets.



Szurriel

Horseman of War

NE female Horseman

CULT

Unholy Symbol pale hand holding a black sword

Domains Evil, Fire, Strength, War

Favored Weapon greatsword

Temple battlefields, military hospitals, razed cities, volcanoes, war memorials

Deacons purrodaemons

Worshippers arms dealers, looters, mercenaries, soldiers, urdefhans, warlords

Minions carrion eaters, constructs, obcisaemons, spartoi, undead soldiers, war beasts, warsworns

Among Abaddon's rulers, the title of Horseman of War has seen more entities wear its crown and bear its blade of station than any other—as is only fitting for such a bold and violent title. Its current wielder, Szurriel the Angel of Desolation, is reported to have held the title longer than any previous Horseman, though it's unclear whether this is a matter of record or a deliberate distortion. Certainly very few can (or are willing to) say for certain who the previous Horseman of War was, only that Szurriel slew him at the summit of the Cinder Furnace, elevating her to her current status, and her power has since ensured that she has faced no rival from within her ranks.

At first glance, Szurriel strikes a triumphant, angelic figure. Twenty feet tall, with ivory skin, flowing golden hair, a flawless and powerful body clothed in a coil of unsullied silk, and wings the blue-black of a raven, she appears as a personification of glory from on high—a veritable goddess of war. Up close, however, this impression quickly fades. Mirrored and black as onyx, Szurriel's eyes bleed constantly, rivulets running down her cheeks and falling to the ground, leaving behind the twin trails of a martyr. When she deigns to smile, she reveals a mouth of jagged, razor-sharp fangs more fitting for a shark or dragon than anything humanoid. Ubiquitous and wielded by every Horseman of War dating back to the first, Szurriel's greatsword, *Lamentation of the Faithless*, is said to be the corrupted blade of an ancient celestial—possibly the stolen sword of Melek Taus the Peacock Angel. Regardless, the black-bladed weapon's exact origins are lost to the dark eddies of history, and the touch of War has long since subsumed the sword's original identity and nature.

Szurriel's own origin follows a similar path. The Horseman of War is thought to have once been a mortal paladin excommunicated for heresy. Anger and a lust for

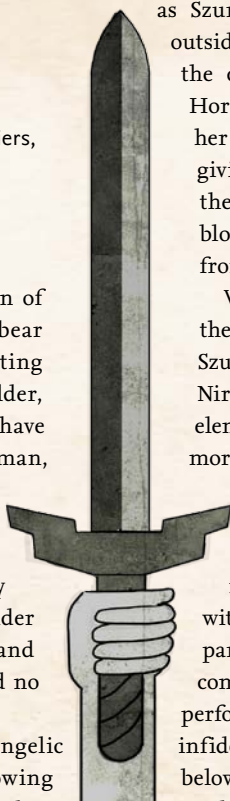
revenge drove her to elevate herself in rank to conquering general, then empress, and she demanded the crucifixion of every member of her former faith, from hierophant to lay believer. When her death came, not on the battlefield but at an assassin's blade, it merely opened another chapter in her conquests.

The unique nightmare Grace of the Flame serves as Szurriel's mount and also as her herald and proxy outside of Abaddon. Engulfed in a halo of dark flames the color of smoldering coals and spilt blood, the Horseman's mount may occasionally be entreated by her worshipers to serve as their own steed in battle, giving rise to the idea that Szurriel possesses or guides the greatest mortal conquerors at the times of their bloodiest conquests. (Of course, what price is exacted from them in return is rarely mentioned.)

With both her form and her many variant titles—the Angel of Desolation, the Seraph of Devastation—Szurriel makes open mockery of Heaven's archons and Nirvana's angels, often playing upon their thematic elements in her warped, destructive interactions with mortals, awing both the misguided and those fully cognizant of her nature. Szurriel's cults often portray her not as a paragon of destruction, conquest, and genocide but as a being promising righteous victory or the purity of a martyr's death, with the souls of fallen soldiers being elevated to paradise regardless of the horrific crimes they might commit (and which they are, in fact, persuaded to perform). The impure are to be put to the sword, the infidels butchered, the heretics killed, the others swept below a tide of steel, and the Horseman will smile and guide the hand of each and every killer before claiming him as well.

Throughout the history of her reign, Szurriel has repeatedly tempted mortal kings and emperors into damning bargains, offering them the aid of her armies to expand their kingdoms or to save them when they face impossible odds. In every case, all involved are doomed, as unlike Asmodeus's devils, Abaddon's fiends obey their bargains only so long as they care to do so, or so long as they can be forcibly and magically bound to conform to them. Her ancient bargains with two different Osirian god-kings nearly established a daemonic beachhead upon Golarion, and may yet threaten such, as while her forces were ultimately bound and sealed away, one of her generals, the daemon Zelishkar of the Bitter Flame, remains behind, forever scheming to secure his own release and that of his army locked below the sands by first the Song Pharaoh and later the Lich Pharaoh.

Szurriel's armies represent the largest and most strictly organized force in Abaddon. Rather than making war upon the forces of the other Horsemen, she pits her



soldiers against one another and, as she sees fit, against Abaddon's outcasts and non-daemonic denizens. They train, develop, and perfect the use of horrific weapons of war, but their time within Szuriel's domain is short. At any given moment, fully half of the Horseman's armies are scattered throughout the planes in mercenary service to various Abyssal lords, archdevils, or whatever other force will purchase their services. Most times their price is steep, demanding living mortals or souls, or the right to consume those of their enemies upon the field of battle. The rules are different, however, when they march upon the mortal plane, with their erstwhile allies often falling victim to absurdly cheap and ultimately voided bargains, wholesale genocide instead ruling the day. Unleashed upon the Material Plane, Szuriel's armies honor their commitments just long enough to make their "allies" complacent, then butcher them indiscriminately.

The Cinder Furnace

The most sterile of the great daemonic domains, Szuriel's realm stretches across a dead, volcanic wasteland of fine pumice and pulverized glass, where ash falls like snowflakes over mountains of bones, trenches of smoldering corpses, soot-buried cities, and petrified forests. Within an extinct volcano stands Szuriel's throne, the Cinder Furnace, whose forgeworks perpetually churn out more and more fearsome weapons of extermination, the ground shuddering with the passage of her armies and their war machines. Szuriel's forges long ago exhausted the geothermal energy of her domain, bleeding it dry, but where volcanic heat fails, the fiends tap the power of souls, burning them like so much wailing, sentient coal, leaving behind not even ashes. Any soul will suffice, but especially the souls of those who in life worked with metal or flame, or the essences of those touched by flame, such as ifrits, efreet, azers, and other elemental beings.

The Cinder Furnace itself bristles with towers and fortresses. Armies climb and descend from barracks burrowed into its surface, which form untold miles of labyrinthine tunnels and chambers. The Furnace's interior swirls with a carved series of spiral towers climbing the shaft, housing aeries of flying soldiers, and Szuriel's palace sits upon the now-cold surface of the caldera floor. A mile below the crater's rim, in the precise center of the long-exhausted magma chamber, Szuriel's throne rests atop a layer of bones of untold depth. It's here that her generals and deacons meet and take their orders. Prime among her servitors are the olethrodaemons Pyre-Death and Furnace-Wail, her

primary forgesmiths, themselves considered Szuriel's handmaidens along with the purrodaemon Ithproxis, the chief field marshal of her forces in Abaddon itself. Below them, her other deacons and a cabal of five obcysidaemons known as the Brothers of the Smothering Cloud reside in uneasy parallel with the court of harbingers that serve the Seraph of Devastation from their own, lesser keeps on the Furnace's dead satellite volcanoes.



Trelmarixian

Horseman of Famine

NE male Horseman

CULT

Unholy Symbol black jackal's skull devouring an eclipsed sun

Domains Earth, Evil, Madness, Weather

Favored Weapon spiked gauntlet

Temple circles at the hearts of blighted fields, empty granaries, forests sterilized by volcanism, poisoned or eutrophic lakes, scarred and polluted regions, wastelands

Deacons meladaemons

Worshippers evil druids, gryphs, hungry ghosts, starvation victims, urdefhans

Minions astradaemons, derghodaemons, fiendish jackals and jackal monsters, ghouls, scavengers, vampires, vermin, wendigos

The youngest and most ambitious of the Four, Trelmarixian the Black obsesses over the systematic exploration of soul-consumption. In his words, "We are born of souls and destined to destroy mortality. But we are destined for even greater things thereafter."

Often depicted as a thin, starving man with a jackal's head, crystalline teeth, and black, oddly fluid or membranous flesh, Trelmarixian in fact has no true form. The Horseman of Famine's physical body exists as a protoplasmic slurry of bile, blood, and mucus, like a corpse that has decayed and been reduced to a liquefied, pulpy muck. His form never fully solidifies, and flows more than it moves, with an outer membrane keeping some measure of coherency to his appearance. While he maintains the same general figure, he often adopts more than one head (frequently three), and occasionally allows his metamorphic body to appear even more sodden than it already is. When dealing with mortals of a given race, he often takes on characteristics similar to their own, occasionally even forgoing his jackal head. Though rarely bothering with clothes, he sometimes wears a helm and epaulets made from the skulls of beasts killed by famine or overpopulation.

While it is thought that Trelmarixian was once a meladaemon himself, explaining the vague similarities in appearance that he shares with them, the truth is more amazing and disturbing. The meladaemons, while always emaciated and bestial, were originally not so canine in appearance. When Trelmarixian rose to power and overthrew his predecessor, the so-called Parasite Queen, he

forcibly and permanently altered the form of his deacon caste to resemble lesser versions of himself, and integrated within them some of his jackal-like traits. The Lysogenic Prince is nothing if not ambitious.

While Trelmarixian is young compared to the other Horsemen, "young" is a relative term, and the Horseman of Famine has held his position for eons. Due to the nature of his mortal death, his soul was ensnared by Lyutheria the Parasite Queen, and rather than devouring that soul, she permanently and horrifically warped it into a form that was to her liking. Her interest was rewarded, and in that capacity he worked for millennia beneath her, acting less as servitor and more as consort and apprentice as

time passed, supplementing her research with his own.

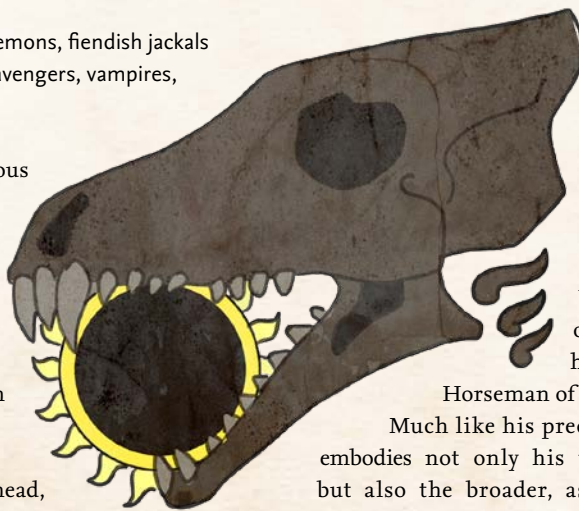
So long had Lyutheria reigned, however, that she no longer truly believed that she might be deposed, and thus allowed her servant more freedom than any of the other Horsemen would consider. When Trelmarixian eventually overwhelmed and consumed his mistress, becoming the new

Horseman of Famine, few were surprised.

Much like his predecessor, Trelmarixian the Black embodies not only his titular concept of starvation, but also the broader, associated concept of wasting, both physical and metaphysical. Where the Parasite Queen embodied the idea of wasting through violent parasitism, the Lysogenic Prince instead embodies the idea of wasting from cancers and other forms of self-consumption, the physical withering by a hijacked immune system that turns the body in on itself in a downward spiral of corporeal decay.

Trelmarixian's embracement of the Madness domain is also telling, and linked to both his current status and his past. Like the viral cancers he represents, the Horseman of Famine actually behaves like his chosen concept in a concrete manner. Over the centuries, he has literally inserted portions of himself like a lurking infection into his servitor caste of meladaemons, including several of his more powerful daemonic vassals among the Withered Court. Precisely how much influence or control he can exert is known only to the Horseman himself, but even if this infection only opens a window of awareness, that link must bombard him with sensory information on a truly massive, maddening scale.

As a result, Trelmarixian's fragmented mind brims with insanity and a multitude of voices, chief among them the voice of his predecessor, mentor, and lover: the Parasite Queen. He still adores her in his fashion,



though consumption and agony were his only method of expressing those mortal feelings, and she in turn speaks to him, advising him as she sees fit or mocking his shortcomings like an aggressive, self-aware conscience. By force of will he can silence the voices, but one thing haunts him more than any of these. Most daemons retain only fractured, fragmented recollections of their mortal life. Trelmarixian, on the other hand, remembers everything, save for the last few minutes of his life. Despite snuffing out every single life on his world with a work of profound sorcery, and in such a way as to condemn himself to starvation, he recalls someone talking to him at the end of his mortal existence, asking him questions and mocking his success as paltry compared to what awaited him after death. Despite killing everyone he had ever known in life, someone was there, and he cannot remember the watcher's face or its last words before his death.

As a mortal, Trelmarixian was born a tiefling of mixed and unknown mortal heritage, but his blood carried a distinctly daemonic taint. His memories haunt him, as does the question of whose blood his soul carried—and thus who may still have some unknown claim on him. Was he the progeny of a random daemon, the Parasite Queen, or some other Horseman? What haunts him most is the notion that he himself was born to be the vector for the return of his own progenitor—a virus within another, waiting and incubating, one day to express itself and snuff him out as he did his own predecessor.

Trelmarixian often eschews a mount except when meeting with his kindred among the Four, but he has one nonetheless: the nightmare Halflight. Befitting its master, the nightmare's glossy ebon skin stretches tight over its bones, and its form is withered with the signs of prolonged starvation and muscular atrophy, its eyes glowing with the eerie radiance of Abaddon's eclipsed sky. When Trelmarixian rides, the line blurs between rider and mount, as a portion of Trelmarixian's essence perfuses the nightmare. Halflight's master does not ride his steed so much as inhabits it, the nightmare vomiting the Horseman out from its mouth, nose, and eyes once they arrive at their destination.

The Withered Court

Trelmarixian's domain, the Withered Court, is a realm of biological and metaphysical horrors. Towers erupt from the ground, wrought of flesh and bone, conjured from the spun stuff of spirits and souls used like living, screaming bricks. The Horseman and his servitors obsess over mortality and the substance of the soul, and often practice systematic examinations before feeding, occasionally experimenting upon other outsiders. Trelmarixian has

a cultivated taste for the essence of angels tortured to the brink of despair. Souls are brought to castles of woven bone and muscle—not extermination camps, but industrial-scale laboratories that meld ravenous hunger with science devoid of mercy. The meladaemons devour as much as they craft, warping souls into nightmarish wonders, with their master continuing the nihilistic work of his mortal life from his great citadel, the Weeping Tower. Miles high, grown rather than built, the walls pulse and flow with inner currents of mucus, lymph, blood, and cerebrospinal fluid, with light provided by phosphor glands and crackling neurons woven from the dead. Here soul consumption is a religious practice and a secular devotion melded together with brutal efficiency.





Eclipse

The blistered wastes of Abaddon echo with the imprint of something terrible, something lost to history, but which still shadows the Four and everything they do: the spectre of a Fifth, their master, father, and creator.

The First Daemon, the Lord of the Forsaken, the Oinodaemon—these names are mostly lost to history now, devoured like the untold number of souls that met his teeth in final death in ages before reckoning. Only one name remains after the Great Betrayal, when his favored children brutalized and enslaved him: the Bound Prince.

With that mention comes the origin of one of the oldest daemoniac strains: the astradaemon. In those earliest days, the Four Horsemen served as the Oinodaemon's chosen, working alongside their servitor races to feed his—and their own—unending hunger for mortal souls and all-consuming hatred of mortal life. The Four occasionally sent their deacon daemons beyond Abaddon's blasted confines and into the rest of the Great Beyond, but these fiends went with some hesitancy, fearful of uniting the residents of the other planes against them. Yet the River of Souls was a vast and untapped supply of souls for the daemons, and the First Daemon greatly desired the sustenance of such an abundant stream. Weary of those servitor races belonging to his favored children, the Horsemen, the Oinodaemon sought a solution.

And so the First Daemon harvested dozens of mortal souls, rendering them into a concoction that was fused with lesser daemons to create the astradaemons, fearless hunters nearly mechanical in their submission to the Lord of the Forsaken's whims.

The creation terrified the Four, representing the first real threat to their positions of favor. Their master had created them to assist in the destruction of the cosmos and the procurement of mortal souls, and they had done so. To create a new servitor race was a sign of distrust, and worse—an insult. And it was in this fertile soil of jealousy that the Oinodaemon inadvertently planted the seeds of mutiny.

What other events may have spurred the Four to maim and shackle their creator remain a mystery, for the Horsemen destroyed all record of his existence when they trapped him in a hidden tower—the crumbling citadel they solemnly call the Ruined Spire. The astradaemons as well were slaughtered en masse, or else subverted by the Horsemen and turned to new masters, for whom they continue to work to this day. Many other daemoniac races were created, destroyed, or twisted in the

First Daemon's last frantic thrashings. Whole portions of Abaddon and the surrounding Maelstrom were eternally poisoned and scarred, beyond even the Four's ability to warp and repair. Yet today, few other beings even remember that such a creature once lived.

However, "once lived" is the wrong term. For this entity yet lives.

Prior to the Great Betrayal, no eclipsed sun loomed over Abaddon's twilight skies. The fiends that inhabit Abaddon think the thing merely a haunted star, a lone disc that stains the metallic-black sky. The Four, however, know precisely what the eclipse is, for it is the lidded eye of their betrayed master. When they bound the Oinodaemon to his spire, his screams of madness shattered the darkness of Abaddon's sky, and placed within its depths the eclipse. It remains as evidence that somehow the First Daemon's essence merged with Abaddon itself, and that the Four could not simply seal him away and wholly usurp his power for themselves; though they rendered him impotent, he remains omnipresent and conscious.

It is in the ruined spire that is the First's only cathedral that one can see the eclipse for what it truly is: a great, looming eye. The spire lies open to the sky, with the eclipse directly overhead, peering down. From within that unholy place, the eye is open, focused, and enraged, bleeding into the surrounding coronal shadow. Crimson light pours from the eye into the spire, cascading over the limp figure of the enslaved Oinodaemon, whose indeterminate form casts a shadow over the Four when they pay visits to him. The walls stand festooned with the mutilated bodies and statues of those most powerful beings whose souls had been consumed by the Bound Prince himself, when he still reigned, as well as countless limp corpses hung by his favored children, sacrificed to him in an act of mocking supplication.

Here the Horsemen lashed their creator to the stone where he remains, powerless and in constant agony. When they had had their fill of debasing and torturing the First Daemon, the Four began to devour him. When they partook of his flesh, the maddened being became lucid for the first time since they had enchained him, and they heard him speak. Though none know the words he uttered to them, they were haunting enough to inspire the Horsemen to forever bar the doorway to the Ruined Spire, opening it only for pilgrimages in which the Four alone enter and perform their unholy rituals of cannibalism and worship.

The First Daemon's size and shape frequently change, dependent on the Four's hunger and what macabre acts they have performed on him. Sometimes he is massive, double or triple the size of his children; other times he is the size of a mortal, wrapped in withered flesh. Still other times he does not take on a distinct physical presence, but rather appears as uncongealed darkness, a thing of only shadow, eyes, and teeth. Regardless of form, the piercing red-violet eyes and ivory teeth always remain.

What unspeakable horrors the Four perform upon the shackled First Daemon, and what powers these rites grant to them none can know—but it is certain that one may never feel truly alone while wandering the wastes of Abaddon, for the eclipse hanging overhead looms always, judging with the gaze of a wrathful divinity.

From the Book of the Damned

We love him, even now, in the only way we understand. We hungered for her power and approval. We hate him and we fear him. We worship her and we feast upon her corpse. We betrayed him, butchered him, and bound him, and continue to do so. We cannot kill her, for she is in us. Even in his impotence, he terrifies, and like children we seek his approval and agony. We kiss her lips, then drink from the jugular. He is the corpse. She is the altar.

—The Book of the Damned,
"Paeon of the First"



Chapter Two

DAEMONKIND

The antithesis of mortality, a virus gnawing at Creation's heart, daemons are the cosmos grown sick of itself—tired, old, and horrified by its own genius and failure. It suffers, it rejects itself, and it seeks to end the pain. They embody the causes of death: a child starves and a meladaemon smiles, a woman dies of exposure and is caught up in the arms of a lacridaemon, a tsunami drowns thousands and becomes a silent glint in an olethrodaemon's eyes. They are the architects of mortality's destruction, and use any tools available—even mortals themselves.

The daemons care nothing for faith, and the suffering they cause is without meaning. They desire only death, and the cold silence of the soul's obliteration.

—From the Book of the Damned, "Creation's Suicidal Urge."

While many claim to see absolute evil in the eons-spanning agendas of Hell or the unpredictable and unstoppable devastation of the Abyss, the features of immorality, depravity, and cruelty most truly shape the face of Abaddon. The scions of this shattered realm know no ambitions but their own, no loyalty but that wrested from them by fear or pain, and no limitations in pursuing their most wicked desires. Some underestimate daemons, viewing them as evil without form, with vague plots that fall short of diabolical schemes and constrain them from the boundless degeneracy of demonkind. In truth, daemons might be viewed as embodying evil at its purest, free from the mandates and strictures of devils, possessed of greater vision and focus than demons. They are embodiments of evil without concern for law or chaos, malice given thought and form.

All daemons endure trials upon the plane of Abaddon, facing mind-shattering torments and paradoxes that, over eons, imbue each with the fundamental traumas and timeless hatreds that epitomize daemonkind.

From the Mortal to the Eternal: A daemon's existence begins in shock, pain, fear, and desperation. Virtually every daemon begins by crawling Abaddon's unforgiving soil as one of the hunted. The rare exceptions to this wretched beginning are often those mortals who, prior to death, worshiped one of the Horsemen and sealed a pact that condemned them to one of these unfathomably evil beings' clutches—and even then, at least half of these depraved spirits are betrayed by their patrons and consumed outright. Only seldomly does a mortal of exceptional evil and foul potential gain a daemon's interest. Such perverse spirits can hardly view such attention as a boon, though. Existence as one of the hunted is terrifying and generally swift, ending in a moment of horrific violence as the soul is consumed by the denizens of Abaddon. Those elevated to serve as newly shaped daemons face prolonged trials of pain, maddening stints of gaslighting, and unimaginable cruelties. Over a span of ages, just as surely as the souls of the hunted are destroyed and digested, so are the souls of promising mortals warped and fractured into beings unrecognizable from the villains they once were.

Either as one of the transcended hunted or a chosen spirit, once a soul becomes a daemon it typically turns to prey on other hunted, mercilessly reveling in its increased status, even though most are elevated only to the forms of cacodaemons. Gradually, as time progresses in spans measured in centuries, new daemons integrate into the larger societies of Abaddon. These less powerful fiends wander Abaddon, left to their own devices until gathered together and organized by their more powerful kindred, obeying out of fear or respect. To the masses of lesser daemonkind, structure and organization come with difficulty, but their superior brethren find that

their loyalty can be purchased quite easily. The mantra endlessly whispered in the ears of lesser daemons is simple: "Servitude brings safety and souls. Follow, obey, and feast." In this way most lesser daemons fall under the sway of more powerful members of their kind.

Obedience without Loyalty: Although all daemons show a strange, racial loyalty to the Horsemen and their deacon servitors, daemonic authority bears no relation to the rigid hierarchy of Hell or the survival of the foulest and most experienced in the Abyss. Daemonic authority tends to be one of territory, with a given region, location, or city ruled by a powerful individual, the ruler's authority conferred by one of the Horsemen, a harbinger, or the daemon's own might and ability to subjugate all rivals. Within that territory, such despots essentially rule by divine right, but their rule exists only so long as their actions please the power that invested them. Of course, should such a daemonic dictator be killed by its servitors, clearly it was not fit to rule. Such lesser tyrants remain free to appoint whatever hierarchy they see fit to serve them, and so daemonic citadels and cities may possess vastly different societies. For example, the council of crucidaemons that controls the sub-realm of Ovencal contrasts sharply with the harem-autocracy of Gasping Ecstasy, dominated by the erodaemon Weeping Libation and the 35 ever-shifting members of her harem.

The Existential Paradox: Given most daemons' origin among the souls of the hunted, coupled with their quasi-religious hatred of mortal life, an inherent paradox underlies all daemonic thought: that all things mortal must be obliterated, despite the fact that they themselves were once mortal. The reasons for this hatred of existence are as varied as the daemons themselves, stemming from lives of grief and pain, terrible and unjust ends, heartbreak and wounded pride, and more. Regardless of how their hatred comes to be, most daemons lock away any considerations of their former nature or musings on the roots of their anger, and ages of depravity and delusion scour their beings of anything recognizable as the creatures they were in life. Yet just as a gnarled willow grows from a tiny black seed, so does each daemon know its current being finds its roots in that which it most loathes. This core of self-loathing guides most daemons in their greatest profanities, allowing them to lash out at the living, spirits, other outsiders, members of their own kind, and occasionally even themselves with a viciousness that translates into an absolute hatred of all things that live, once lived, or ever might live. Such makes them the ultimate nihilists, guiding them toward a vision of a silent multiverse, an endless realm devoid of life and which, in the end, even they will be absent from. Yet as much as it loathes all things, every daemon loathes itself a modicum less, and so each strives to be the last witness to a dead eternity.

About Daemons

None can claim to know all the depraved shapes and forms of daemonkind, as both the Horsemen and Abaddon itself show endless blasphemous imagination in shaping new fiends or uncovering forgotten daemons. Most daemons find their forms influenced by the manner in which their mortal lives ended rather than cosmic happenstance. Thus, daemons whose mortal lives ended by an event as common as drowning—and thus take the forms of hydrodaemons—prove more pervasive than astradaemons (which stem from beings slain by negative energy). Yet Abaddon is fickle, and mortals are always finding new ways to kill themselves, and so unknown numbers of less common breeds undoubtedly exist.

The following presents the best-known daemoniac races in order of prowess and ability, along with sources where more information may be found, the manner of death that typically inspires their creation, and what sacrifices they favor. Using the noted sacrifices grants a spellcaster a +2, +4, or +6 bonus on Charisma checks made to secure a daemon's aid when casting any of the *planar binding* spells—the magnitude of the bonus is left up to the GM to decide.

Cacodaemon

The least of daemonkind, cacodaemons spawn from Abaddon's hunted. Like flying, multi-eyed lantern fish, they gather in swarms to harass other daemons in the hopes of being fed souls, and track and hunt the same souls they themselves spawned from. Cacodaemons take pleasure in tormenting and taunting their victims, with those bitten and infected by their uniquely contagious bite able to hear them telepathically over any distance. Despite their limited strength and intellect, their ability to consume the souls of the recently dead and regurgitate them as *soul gems* leads them to cluster like pets and toadies around more powerful daemons. Such fawning is typically welcomed, as *soul gems* are held as delicacies by other fiends, and are capable of restoring their forms and, it is said, granting even more mysterious powers when collected en masse. Evil mortal spellcasters often court cacodaemons as familiars, unaware that upon their death, these daemons ensnare their masters' souls, dragging them back to Abaddon.

Source: *Bestiary* 2 64.

Personification of Death: Petty souls bound to Abaddon.

Preferred Sacrifice: At least a pound of flesh from a freshly killed sentient creature.

Lacridaemon

With the voices of suffering children but horrific, ravaged faces, lacridaemons form from the souls of mortals who die of neglect or exposure. These blasphemous terrors carry the burden of grief and loneliness with them throughout their fiendish existence, allaying their misery only by eating the souls of lesser creatures—often clutching such spirits like lovers, parents, or beloved children for hours before devouring them. When not actively on the hunt, they wander in isolation, unconsciously mimicking their own mortal deaths. Most spellcasters who summon lacridaemons find them most useful when kept at a distance from other living minions, as the disturbing daemons tend to affect even the most emotionless and fearless souls.

Source: Page 48.

Personification of Death: Neglect or exposure.

Preferred Sacrifice: A living creature bound and left to die, with no witness save for the lacridaemon itself.

Vulnudaemon

Preferring to disguise themselves as mortals or other creatures, vulnudaemons rarely assume their true forms unless they are forced to do so or are in the presence of a greater daemon. When they do, they appear as partially coalescent clouds of bloody mist in the form of a ghostly, cloaked figure, perpetually dripping and reabsorbing a crimson trail. In Abaddon, they often pose as the hunted, hiding among them and killing them one by one, escalating the violence each time. On the Material Plane, vulnudaemons also dwell among their prey, insinuating themselves into settlements as traders or other mundane member of society. From there, the deaths spread. Such killing sprees are exceptional difficult to combat, as vulnudaemons frequently switch personae, adopting the lives and covers of their victims, confounding investigations before vanishing without a trace, leaving only fear and rumors in their wake.

Source: *Bestiary* 3 63.

Personification of Death: Murder.

Preferred Sacrifice: A bound and helpless intelligent creature for the vulnudaemon to kill and impersonate.



Vulnudaemon

Venedaemon

Venedaemons represent the concept of death by magic. While among the weakest of daemons, they possess a frightening aptitude for spellcraft, and given enough time, luck, or sponsorship by more powerful fiends, may rise to much higher levels of arcane mastery and personal power. As such, many influential daemons employ venedaemons as servitors and scholars. Ever eager to expand their knowledge of magic, venedaemons also enter into pacts with mortal spellcasters, offering knowledge in exchange for knowledge. Other times they mask their nature and explore the arcane secrets of worlds upon the Material Plane, infiltrating academies or exploring magical ruins, always in search of greater spells and power.

Source: Page 60.

Personification of Death: Magic.

Preferred Sacrifice: A magic-user's familiar, or some manner of arcane knowledge unknown to the daemon.

Ceustodaemon

Ceustodaemons serve as summoning stock for the Four Horsemen, being eager and capable shock troops—a trait some scholars link to the daemons' origins as suicides, despairing and evil souls who willingly handed themselves over to death. Lesser ceustodaemons manifest as horned frogs with chilling breath, common versions appear as horned apes with burning breath, and greater varieties look like humanoid bears with eagle talons, rams horns, and electrically charged breath. Often summoned and bound into service, these fiends continually dream of breaking free and sowing trails of slaughter. Occasionally, overly confident conjurers give them the opportunity to do just that, but mostly they serve as required, their very presence on the Material Plane granting their true masters in Abaddon eyes and ears within the mortal realm, and a link to spellcasters easily swayed to greater, darker, and more costly bargains.

Source: *Bestiary* 2 65.

Personification of Death: Suicide.

Preferred Sacrifice: The body of a sentient creature tricked or manipulated into committing suicide.

Suspiridaemon

Living personifications of mortal death by suffocation and strangulation, suspiridaemons bear evidence of asphyxiation with purplish-black discolorations, bleeding eyes, and marks of strangulation upon their necks. Fangs, claws, and barbed tongues break all comparison to humanoid corpses, however, as does their speech, which consists of hisses, grating gasps, and labored whispers that are painful to listen to. Largely single-minded, these fiends delight in personally strangling their victims with their hands or tongues, eschewing the use of magic for anything

but wearing down their enemies or preparing them for the final act. Conjurers find these fiends most useful when they can convince them to forgo these proclivities and make use of their other deadly abilities. Suspiridaemons deeply resent such deprivation, but face the same imposition of discipline from their own daemonic masters.

Source: Page 56.

Personification of Death: Suffocation.

Preferred Sacrifice: A rare animal or sentient creature trapped in a sealed space and allowed to suffocate.

Hydrodaemon

Giant humanoid-amphibians with oversized claws and dead, glassy eyes, hydrodaemons represent death by drowning. Aquatic in nature, they dwell in Abaddon's poisonous swamps and acidic oceans, and even in the foul waters of the River Styx. Hydrodaemons number among the few creatures capable of surviving prolonged exposure to the Styx, and they exploit this to lair and set ambushes where few other creatures dare. In their native environment they alternately compete with or serve under piscodaemons, but greatly revere Charon's thanadaemons, eagerly obeying their requests. Outside of Abaddon, hydrodaemons frequently serve mortal spellcasters to keep watch over aquatic domains, using the same tactics as on their native plane. Powerful creatures in their own right, they prefer to target enemies with their sleep-inducing spittle, then drown those who succumb to the poisoned slumber.

Source: *Bestiary* 2 67.

Personification of Death: Drowning.

Preferred Sacrifice: Treasure totaling at least 300 gp, or no fewer than two living victims purposefully bound and hurled into a body of water.

Leukodaemon

The deacons of Apollyon, leukodaemons serve their master by spreading plague and disease. The least potent of the four deacon races, these amalgams of corpses and carrion birds make up for their comparative weakness with massive numbers darkening the skies above their master's Throne of Flies. More so than any other deacon race, Apollyon's leukodaemons cooperate together and with summoners to spread their chosen misery, eschewing personal glory for end results. Gathered together, they act like legions of archers, raining down storms of disease-tainted arrows. Despite their deadly accuracy, leukodaemons prefer that some victims survive their onslaughts, escaping to spread their diseases to others.

Source: *Bestiary* 2 68.

Personification of Death: Disease.

Preferred Sacrifice: Scabs or the bottled blood or sputum from a plague victim, or a bound plague survivor.

Sangudaemon

Like blood-sucking insects, sangudaemons roam Abaddon's skies searching for mortal travelers. Those they capture are dragged back to isolated nests, where the daemons cocoon and slowly feed, milking the doomed until they finally expire. On the Material Plane, sangudaemons gleefully feast, sating their hunger in nightly debauches. Yet knowing the rarity of their access to the mortal realm and wise enough not to risk shortening their stay, they prefer to feed in such ways as to frame some other predator—frequently vampires—for their killings. Where possible, these fiends actively encourage the spread of vampirism among mortals, resulting in further deaths by exsanguination.

Source: Page 54.

Personification of Death: Blood loss.

Preferred Sacrifice: Three exsanguinated bodies, or a sentient creature fed to a vampire in the daemon's presence.

Piscodaemon

Among the cruelest daemons, piscodaemons exhibit crustacean, cephalopod, and humanoid features and revel in protracted misery caused by their own hands and the hands of their immediate underlings. Piscodaemons' poisonous tentacles easily ravage lesser victims, but they prefer to target more powerful enemies first, both as a tactical choice and for the emotional impact when foes see the greatest among them fall. Dwelling primarily in Abaddon's flooded, swampy, and fully aquatic regions, they often compete with hydrodaemons and frequently lead squads of their lesser cousins. On the Material Plane, their proclivity for violence attracts them to aquatic reaches around settled lands, such as swamps near towns or city sewers. From there, they tempt mortals into their lairs, delighting in massacre after brutal massacre.

Source: *Bestiary* 2 72.

Personification of Death: Poison.

Preferred Sacrifice: An armed and armored foe for the daemon to personally tear apart, or to be summoned in proximity to a crucial source of fresh water that it can taint.

Erodaemon

The seducers of Abaddon, erodaemons possess appealing forms, but don't seek to tempt with sins of the flesh. Instead, they drive mortals to destruction by way of heartbreak and despair. Erodaemons live for the chance to revel in the misery of a broken heart, the despair of lost love, and the resulting spiritual bleakness. When a mortal dies of a broken heart, whether naturally or by their own self-destructive hand, an erodaemon waits to feast as soon as the soul slips the mortal coil. The Material Plane is an erodaemon's natural playground, and if summoned or bound into service, its first personal goal is to seduce its conjurer into granting it freedom, even if it means deceiving its master with years of loyal service. The magic-user's suspicion gradually erodes

until he forgets his minion's true nature and grants his supposed slave what it desires. A free erodaemon's first act in the mortal realm is nearly always betraying and destroying the one who summoned it.

Source: Page 64.

Personification of Death: Heartbreak.

Preferred Sacrifice: A wedding band of a mortal abandoned at the altar (preferably by the one making the sacrifice), or an adulterer's heart.

Meladaemon

Deacon servitors of the Horseman of Famine, meladaemons appear as starving, humanoid jackals with vaguely amoebic bodies. Like lesser versions of their master in behavior as well as appearance, meladaemons prefer to work alone rather than collectively, seeking personal glory. Embodying famine and wasting, meladaemons radiate want by their presence and spread starvation with a touch. These fiends delight in the spread of famine by any means possible, sticking around to observe the effects. They endlessly experiment with new ways to accomplish this goal, obsessed with the process almost as much as the result. Most revile being bound to a conjurer's service, except for when a spellcaster's desires dovetail with their own goals. Meladaemons delight in the ritualized consumption of souls, exploring the tastes and preparation of such delicacies like a combination of researchers, religious zealots, and desperate addicts.

Source: *Bestiary* 2 69.

Personification of Death: Starvation.

Preferred Sacrifice: A good-aligned cleric or outsider capable of casting *create food and water*, and prepared the main course of a feast.

Derghodaemon

Multi-limbed insectile horrors, derghodaemons spawn from souls slain by violent insanity, whether it be a mortal butchered by a psychotic criminal, a schizophrenic gutting himself to remove the invisible insects in his veins, or similar grisly scenarios. Moving with an irregular, skittering motion, perpetually chattering and jerking their limbs, these daemons disturb those who view them at a visceral level. Derghodaemons most often serve in the vanguards of daemon armies, herded forward by their more intelligent kindred. Their array of limbs and eyes allows them to wallow in the fray, lashing out at all they encounter, while their ability to induce confusion sows discord among foes. Notoriously difficult to control, derghodaemons left to roam the wilds of Abaddon seek portals leading onto the Material Plane and other sites where conflicts often arise. Even on other planes they seek carnage, hunting for victims of opportunity, tearing apart and devouring anything smaller than themselves, including those who conjure them but lack the prowess to control them.

Source: *Bestiary* 2 66.

Personification of Death: Death by violent insanity.

Preferred Sacrifice: An immediate sacrifice of living victims totaling at least 8 HD, and the promise of the same after or during the completion of the daemon's tasks.

Thanadaemon

The boatmen of the Styx serve Charon, the Horseman of Death, as manifestations of the inevitability of death by old age. Black-robed, skeletal figures with eyes like burning coals, thanadaemons ply the Styx on Abaddon and beyond with a familiarity few can match. Thanadaemons prove supremely patient, and unlike the majority of their kindred, are willing to deal with other beings, even mortals, should such clients pay their desired price. These daemons' ability to teleport and even *plane shift* themselves, their skiffs, and passengers to any of the evil-aligned planes, the Ethereal Plane, and the Astral Plane makes for an enticing service. Should their price be met, they transport their fares, but should circumstances change or they feel they have the upper hand, they often demand more or abandon their fares upon a grim shore. Though dangerous combatants, thanadaemons are typically summoned to transport their conjurer.

Source: *Bestiary* 2 74.

Personification of Death: Old age.

Preferred Sacrifice: Objects worth at least 2,000 gp stolen from a crypt, or a lich's phylactery.

Temerdaemon

Temerdaemons arise from souls felled by accidental dooms, and as daemons they seek to engineer such calamities. Each individual temerdaemon has its own preferred variety of accident, often a subtle echo of its own mortal death. Yet few go out of their way to set traps, as their crucidaemon kin prefer. Rather, temerdaemons delight in weakening the supports of bridges, battering fragile dams, spilling oil near street lamps, and generally doing all they can to make everyday objects time bombs of destruction. They take especial delight in not just the death caused by such vicious "acts of god," but also the insecurity, paranoia, and mental distress such disasters spread among survivors. Conjurers find temerdaemons possess incredible utility as assassins, since investigators often dismiss deaths caused by these daemons as nothing more than unfortunate accidents.

Source: Page 58.

Personification of Death: Accidents.

Preferred Sacrifice: A pound of dust, shavings, or fragments taken from a support beam, linchpin, keystone, or other object integral to a large structure's safe use.

Crucidaemon

Crucidaemons kill their victims via traps and torture devices. On Abaddon, they often find service as interrogators and authorities in daemonic cities, their cunning minds predisposing them to elaborate, sadistic plots. Conjurers often bind crucidaemons to serve as guardians and design defenses, which typically take the form of warrens filled with complex, nightmarish traps. Crucidaemons take excessive pride in their creations, viewing themselves as maestros of murderous engineering, and considering every new trap a composition and every victim an audience. Those who manage to escape the daemons' traps frustrate crucidaemons to no end, becoming the fiends' most prized quarries. Once released from service or given the freedom to pursue, these daemons obsessively hunt down any escapees, engineering new, more elaborate, and more excruciating traps to take revenge upon those who slighted their work.

Source: *Bestiary* 3 62.

Personification of Death: Torture and traps.

Preferred Sacrifice: A unique trap or torture device, or the blueprints for one.



Crucidaemon

Astradaemon

Astradaemons harvest spirits from the River of Souls. Like schools of predatory sharks, they drag the innocent and damned back to Abaddon as sacrifices to the Horsemen. The touch of an astradaemon drains life energy, but it's their willingness to boldly steal souls out from under Pharasma's nose that makes them among the most feared of daemonkind. While most hunt on the Astral Plane, many serve greater beings in Abaddon as assassins and executioners. Those summoned to the Material Plane are often employed in similar tasks, though it's said astradaemons never forget the face of one who conjures them, and make a point of seeking out their former captors when they make the inevitable journey to the Outer Planes.

Source: *Bestiary* 2 63.

Personification of Death: Energy drain or level drain.

Preferred Sacrifice: An incorporeal soul or souls totaling at least 10 HD that have yet to receive Pharasma's judgment.

Phasmadaemon

Phasmadaemons have a taste for terror, seeking to kill their victims outright via fear or by provoking them into a state of panic that jeopardizes their lives. The means by which they enact this fright are manifold, as the fiends possess incredible ability to create horrific illusions, including those capable of killing a victim outright. When bound into service, phasmadaemons make skilled but imprecise assassins. However, they have an unnerving predilection for using their illusions and other methods of sowing fear even when not on assignments, making them unnerving and even dangerous servants to retain for long.

Source: Page 52.

Personification of Death: Fright.

Preferred Sacrifice: A willing, truthful admission of the summoner's greatest fears.

Purrodaemon

Armored and bristling with weapons, purrodaemons serve as Szuriel's deacons. As daemonic personifications of death through war, purrodaemons serve their mistress with martial obedience, but one tainted by outbursts of bloodlust. All are equally accustomed and suited to serving as foot soldiers to more powerful lords and generals commanding masses of lesser daemons, providing order and tactics to daemons untrained in either. Even when leading, though, purrodaemons often hurl themselves into the fray with staggering savagery, eager to slaughter and spread fear and confusion among their enemies' ranks. Many purrodaemons welcome the opportunity to do battle and lead troops upon the Material Plane, finding most inhabitants both easy and satisfying to slaughter, while still being challenged in unique ways by the occasional cunning mortal opponent.

Source: *Bestiary* 2 73.

Personification of Death: Battle or warfare.

Preferred Sacrifice: Five or more sentient mortals ordered to slay themselves or each other by a superior, with their souls collected in the aftermath.

Obcisaemon

The hollow, lupine eye sockets of obcisaemons hold within them the efficiency of a legion tasked to slaughter a conquered people and the merciless clinical derision of the death camp surgeon. Typically silent and robotic, reflecting the desensitization of those who commit such evils, obcisaemons are wreathed by wailing souls that swirl around them, shackled to butchers who delight in being so haunted. Although well suited to serving as generals in daemonic armies, most obcisaemons would rather indulge themselves in their own perverse projects, locking themselves in lairs that are part laboratory, part torture chamber as they devise new, more efficient, and more shocking methods of extermination. When summoned, obcisaemons promise much to obtain release upon the Material Plane. If loosed to do as it will, an obcisaemon seeks to undermine peace and kindle petty hatreds, provoking wars and dehumanizing violence, creating not just situations where it might practice its craft, but those where its blasphemies might go completely unnoticed.

Source: Page 50.

Personification of Death: Genocide.

Preferred Sacrifice: The creation of a mass grave including 25 or more innocent victims slaughtered one by one, with the daemon's name intoned with each death.

Olethrodaemon

It's said the Horsemen created olethrodaemons from the blood of a mysterious fifth member, inspiring their living engines of destructions with souls already familiar with devastation. Individual olethrodaemons know little besides hunger, proving far less intelligent than many other daemons, but still more than capable of deceiving those who think them mere beasts of destruction. Of their kind, olethrodaemons are among the easiest to bargain with. They eagerly respond to conjuration spells potent enough to call them, so long as the spell's caster seeks grotesque carnage in the extreme. Forces of nature, they move as they will once unleashed, sowing destruction and death on a scale few can imagine or control. But unlike a natural disaster, they draw out the souls of their victims, devouring and merging with them like a magnet drawing bits of iron, leaving silence and sterility in their wake.

Source: *Bestiary* 2 70.

Personification of Death: Apocalypse and natural disasters.

Preferred Sacrifice: The destruction of a small community by a purposefully engineered natural disaster.

Daemonic Harbingers

Abaddon's unique daemons occupy a social status above that of the greater deacons and the petty rulers they appoint, but below that of the Four Horsemen. Collectively known as harbingers, these elite take on a host of titles, commonly elaborate epithets customized to their methods and vanity. Each harbinger operates with distinct independence from whatever patron among the Four it pays allegiance to, though each remains openly subservient to said patron. Each enjoys sweeping influence among daemons as favored advisors and servitors of its Horseman, and acts as it will so long as it generally advances its patron's universal agenda.

The harbingers cultivate their own cults on Abaddon and beyond. Viewed as saints and intercessors to the Four Horsemen's divinity, they grant divine magic and boons as they see fit. Each is eager to increase his own power, with the end goal of overthrowing one of the Four. This makes the harbingers some of the greatest weapons of the Horsemen, but also the most persistent threats to their rule.

The following harbingers rank among the most powerful, though hundreds more exist.

Llamolaek the Ascended

A golden astradaemon with a single, burning eye in the center of its head, Llamolaek was a former Horseman demoted to mindless astradaemon status by his enemy and fellow Horseman Roshmolem the Steel-Weaver. Upon Roshmolem's death, a portion of Llamolaek's soul awoke and slowly incubated within its astradaemon shell, hiding its nature before it was capable of striking out on its own and seizing territory within the wastelands of Abaddon. Waging a quiet war against the divs that exist at the blasted borders of Abaddon, he seeks to raise an army of warrior-slaves from among the former genies before announcing his return to power and swearing himself to any one of the Four.

Patron: None.

Realm: Halls of the Twice-Dead.

Unholy Symbol: A burning eye limned by golden tentacles.

Areas of Concern: rebirth, rites of passage, transformation.

Domains: Air, Evil, Liberation, Strength.

Favored Weapon: Whip.

Pavnuri the Lord of Nothing

Said to have begun his existence as a cacodaemon, Pavnuri serves Apollyon, but has served each of the Four at one time or another, selling his allegiance. Notable for his ascent from the lowest daemon caste by cannibalizing other daemons, he takes the form of a massive cacodaemon wearing a crown of *soul gems*, one for each non-deacon caste. Pavnuri retains great numbers of cacodaemon servitors and is often called the Father of Cacodaemons, though his more often used title, Lord of Nothing, mocks

his base origins. The bloated harbinger considers himself the foremost information dealer and messenger on Abaddon, and claims to be able to obtain reports from any world or plane within a single hour, which he then sells for souls. Although boastful, Pavnuri proves correct often enough that even daemons and Horsemen he's betrayed acknowledge his continued value.

Patron: Apollyon (though prone to change).

Realm: The Burning Aerie.

Unholy Symbol: A maw atop a burning pyramid.

Areas of Concern: Cacodaemons, cannibalism, secret messages.

Domains: Death, Evil, Knowledge, Travel.

Favored Weapon: Morningstar.

Vorasha the Ophidian

One of Trelmarixian's favored servitors and lovers, Vorasha appears as a meladaemon with draconic scales and claws and a medusa's mane of crimson and emerald serpents. She harbors aspirations of becoming one of the Horsemen, or adding herself to their number and breaking the traditional symmetry. What she doesn't know is that she harbors a spark of her master's essence. Inhabiting her as a latent infection, he remains aware of her every move, and may have a subtle level of control at all times, influencing her rise in power.

Patron: Trelmarixian.

Realm: The Writhing Palace.

Unholy Symbol: A jackal's head limned by an ouroboros.

Areas of Concern: incurable afflictions, poison, toxicity.

Domains: Evil, Magic, Scalykind, Water.

Favored Weapon: Spiked chain.

Zelishkar of the Bitter Flame

Among the greatest of Szuriel's servitors, Zelishkar appears as a tiger-shaped figure of living crimson flame dressed in black glassy armor. This harbinger was summoned by Osirion's Pharaoh of Forgotten Plagues, defeated in battle, and bound along with a legion of his servitors. The harbinger was briefly released centuries later by the Incorruptible Pharaoh in a deal brokered by Szuriel, tempting the lich with visions of glory in an ill-advised war against the Shory. After destroying one floating Shory citadel, Zekishkar and his horde turned on their mortal masters and laid waste to several cities before being imprisoned once more in the Labyrinth of Shiman-Sekh. The harbinger and his minions lurk beneath the sands still, waiting for release.

Patron: Szuriel.

Realm: None (bound on the Material Plane within the Labyrinth of Shiman-Sekh).

Unholy Symbol: Crossed pikes over a pyre.

Areas of Concern: Arson, burning alive, cremation.

Domains: Animal, Evil, Fire, War.

Favored Weapon: Ranseur.

Daemonic Influence

No creature in all the cosmos garners as much hatred as the daemon, as it hungers to destroy the very souls that sustain and populate the other outsider races and enrich the gods themselves. If they remained confined to their own wasteland, Abaddon's children would be a danger only to those whose evil natures carried them there, but daemons regularly cross their own borders in pursuit of their sickening ends. Created to hunt and destroy life, their unrestrained predation has garnered the enmity of other outsiders, who guard their borders and even band together across ideological divides to protect the River of souls. Yet beyond these traditional hunting patterns and the summonings of foolish mortal casters, there remain many other ways in which daemons affect the other planes.

Mass Graves

While daemons are often said to be hunters and devourers of mortal souls, this is an oversimplification. It's true that daemons relish the sensations of consuming soul-essences, yet this pleasure is merely a reflection of a larger goal: the desire to snuff out all existence. As such, daemons also conduct their dark work indirectly, designing new plagues, orchestrating droughts, fostering wars, and pursuing any other avenues that result in widespread death and panic, especially on the mortal plane. Even if they aren't personally there to witness their handiwork, daemons take pleasure in a job well done, knowing that somewhere, whole swaths of mortals are dying.

This tendency to orchestrate mass disasters has another side to it as well, one which the daemons are less eager to talk about. For though much of their race's origin is lost to time and deliberate obfuscation by the Four, it's well established that the first daemons were themselves a result of reality's trauma following the first great mortal calamities and holocausts, disasters that sent ripples through the fabric of the planes and twisted the cosmos into birthing new beings of hatred and nihilism. Just as those first tides of souls facilitated the creation of new demons, modern disasters have a similar effect, with souls shorn from life in this manner far more likely than normal to produce new daemons, swelling Abaddon's ranks.

There are even those scholars who whisper that the greatest architects of daemonic atrocities do so in the hopes that, just as the semimythical First Daemon formed from a wave of broken souls, so might their actions birth a new being of his caliber—one that they might be able to control, or devour and assume his power. Though none would ever admit to believing such fairy tales, such a coup might be all an ambitious deacon might need to ascend to the ranks of the Four—or that one of the Four might use to assume lordship over his peers.

Soul Trafficking

In addition to employing more violent methods, daemons also acquire souls through the relatively peaceful—though no less abhorrent—commerce of the soul trade. With no need for the treasures they accumulate in their hunts, and seeing nothing wrong with using others to carry out their sacred duty, daemons pay top coin to hags, mortal spellcasters, and those other reprehensible entities willing to traffic in the trapped souls of innocents. In return, the sellers gain access to extreme wealth, or the promise of services and favors from some of the most feared outsiders in existence.

Of course, many of these metaphysical slavers find it difficult to collect their fees from such powerful clients, and may end up trapped or devoured themselves. Yet enough daemons make good on their word to make it worth the risk for the powerful, the desperate, or the terminally foolish.

From the Book of the Damned

While they are torturing their victims with cruel devices meant to rend the soul, the daemons feast upon the still-gasping spirits of the forsaken. The fiends dine on souls not for sustenance—for such a thing has no meaning in the blasted wastes of Abaddon—but for pleasure. The pleasure of extinguishing a conscious mind, and consuming that which animates the cosmos and gives it meaning. In this way, they consume existence itself.

—The Book of the Damned, "On Daemons"

Ferrymen

The River Styx reaches across the planes like the viscous blood of a weeping, infected wound. It surges through the layers of Hell in various forms, pools around Pharasma's spire, and cascades into the deepest reaches of the Abyss. It is from this fact that the daemons draw their most mundane interactions with other races—the sale of transportation.

Charon himself is often referred to as the Boatman, and it's true that his thanadaemon servitors follow his model and frequently carry passengers through the planes on their skiffs, at surprisingly low prices. What the daemons—who have no need for gold or gems—get out of the deal is anyone's guess, and those who ask too many questions are among those who find themselves renegotiating the terms of their passage in the middle of the river, or falling overboard and awakening with no memory of their transgression—or their names.

Demons

Though their sins are great in number, the daemons' constant predation upon souls pales in comparison to their greatest impact upon the planes: the creation of demons. Legends differ as to which of the Horseman created the first demon, as well as whether this creation was intentional or by accident, but the results are undeniable. After careful experimentation, the Horseman selected a particularly sin-laden larva and force-fed it to one of the oldest qliploth. The larva then erupted from the dying qliploth, taking the form of the first demon. The Horseman was thrilled—but he wasn't alone. For the Abyss itself was watching, and in an instant, this same transformation reoccurred all across the Outer Rifts, fomenting a wave of demons that immediately claimed the plane as their own, surging in ever greater numbers until the neighboring planes were forced to defend their homes, pressing the newcomers back into their chasms.

The Abyss was rocked by the birth of demonkind, the qliploth were ravaged, and in time Abaddon's daemons reaped their own bitter harvest. The creation of demons was an experiment slipped far beyond the Four's control, and their losses were vast at the hands of their misbegotten children. The Four suppress the knowledge of their failure as best they can, with a mixture of pride and rage, yet their experiments continue. The demons were not the first horrors to crawl their way out of Abaddon's strange laboratories. Nor will they be the last.






Chapter Three

DAEMONIUM

Abaddon's children despise mortals, yet mortals worship them all the same. The demons build no temples, appoint no priests, and issue no dogma, yet still mortals gather together and venerate the Four. Madmen, those lost to despair, the suicidal, and those hoping to utilize the fiends against their enemies while somehow retaining life for themselves and their own—these are their followers. The demons attract a twisted and short-sighted congregation of egotists and death-seekers, those who honestly desire death or are so arrogant as to think themselves beyond the grasp of such planar wolves. Scions of oblivion, the demons stand at the brink and offer the finality of true death. But unlike the gods, no deserving afterlife awaits their worshipers—only teeth.

—From the Book of the Damned, "The Church of Nothing"

 In some level, mortal worship of devils and demons can be rationalized. Both races can be appeased or reasoned with in such a way as to benefit their mortal followers. While the majority of civilizations view devil and demon worship with horrified tolerance at best, the motives involved are understandable.

No sane society allows worship of the Four. There can be no reasoning with daemons, no deals that end in anything but ultimate ruination. Their nihilistic worship breeds suicidal murderers, and offers nothing lasting in return. Yet mortals continue to delude themselves into believing that they will somehow get the better of the deal, or else are so fundamentally tainted that they truly desire destruction. They worship daemons, sacrifice to them, trade with them, and usher forward the end of all things. And while fundamentally broken, many such conspirators remain terrifyingly effective.

Worshipping Daemons

Below are details on some of the classes most likely to be found among daemon cultists.

Clerics: The most active daemon worshipers are clerics who venerate one of the Four Horsemen, or one of the harbingers (who are sometimes worshiped themselves, and other times venerated like saints within the worship of a specific member of the Four). Most such clerics view themselves as mortal vessels of the apocalypse. They may loathe and hate their own status as mortals, wearing their mortality like a burden that must be accepted and overcome not by their own death, but by bringing their masters' influence into the world (and hopefully sparing their own souls the oblivion prophesied to others). Other clerics make the mistake of seeking out the daemons to increase their personal power, not realizing that daemons—unlike, for instance, the law-abiding devils of Hell—don't always wait until a worshiper dies before harvesting the promised soul. However they come to the cause, clerics rarely last long in a given area, seeding daemon cults and then either moving on to spread their worship or dying with their followers in suicide missions of tremendous destruction.

Druids: Daemon worship is anathema to most druids, who cannot fathom the worship of beings dedicated to the utter destruction of mortal life, and by extension the natural world. Yet some evil druids turn to the Four, usually following civilization's destruction of something they guarded. The loss of that natural place or creatures in their care drives them to a sort of nihilistic insanity, wherein they frame the Four as entities of their revenge. Unfortunately, the sort of focused oblivion they seek is elusive, and the blight they invoke is never temporary. Nature never recovers, and wasteland is left in their wake, something the druid may only realize as his soul hurtles toward Abaddon.

Inquisitors: Daemon-worshiping inquisitors often arise in the halls of other faiths, corrupting them from the inside and using their positions and influence to help their cancer spread. Others see themselves less as worshipers and more as mercenaries, treating their patronage as a business relationship in which they hunt down souls, selling them or trading them to daemons. Often, the inquisitors who worship daemons come to the faith through their work, fetishizing the hunt until they no longer care who or what they're hunting, and seek only the joy of the kill.

Oracles: Rather than venerating specific Horsemen, oracles often worship the Four as a whole, with a few claiming to answer to Abaddon itself as a godhead transcending the Horseman. Daemon-touched oracles are relatively small in number, and many kill themselves shortly after coming into their powers. Those who survive, however, become horrific heralds for the cause of the Four, sought out by daemon cults as witnesses of daemoniac ideas independent of any earthly hierarchy among the faithful. Daemon-touched oracles frequently comprise oracles of Battle, Bones, Flame, Stone, Waves, and Wind, but never Life or Nature—such connections to living beings are despised by daemonkind.

Rangers: Rangers who worship one of the Horsemen often do so for the same reasons as druids, and almost uniformly choose favored enemies from among the various civilized races. They also tend to skew toward Szuriel and Apollyon for those with favored terrains encompassing more urban environments, Trelmarixian for more rural or natural environs, and Charon for the waterways.

Non-Divine Classes: Non-divine spellcasters often see daemons as means to an end rather than true objects of veneration. As when dealing with other evil outsiders, they usually think it possible to gain from a deal without themselves suffering, though history shows the futility of this course of action. Selling enemies' souls in exchange for power, venerating Charon in exchange for the secrets of lichdom, or summoning agents of the Four for direct and specific aid in exchange for allowing the fiends to run free upon the Material Plane afterward are all common tactics. Summoners might form eidolons from the spirit-stuff of Abaddon, witches might find patrons among the harbingers and other daemoniac nobility, and sorcerers might be drawn to daemoniac influence by the subtle call of their own blood.

More martial classes such as fighters and barbarians sometimes view daemons as a way to send their fallen foes to oblivion, denying them whatever afterlife might otherwise come from Pharasma's judgment. Worshiping the antithesis of life provides ever-greater power to deal death to one's enemies, something less ethical warriors might embrace out of twisted pragmatism—or, should a warrior find himself on the losing side of a war, out of desperation.

The Soul Trade

There are many different ways to capture souls. The most commonly used methods are spells like *soul bind* and *trap the soul*, with the former imprisoning the soul of a newly dead creature and the latter trapping the soul of someone still alive. Other creatures, such as the undead called devourers, have their own innate methods of trapping souls, and likewise night hags are capable of using a version of *soul bind* through their heartstones to capture the souls of those they torment, binding them in dark gems and selling them in planar markets. Still other creatures create magic items called *soul jars*, which mimic the effects of these spells.



All of these methods, however, pale in the face of daemons' industrialized harvesting of souls. Abaddon's fiends use virtually all known methods of collecting and storing souls, many of which are unique to themselves. Cacodaemons, the least caste of daemons, prove vital to this harvest, and represent the most common means of turning souls into trade goods. These ravenous fiends possess the unique ability to devour the souls of freshly killed creatures; transform their souls into small, jewel-like objects called *soul gems*; and spit them back up for collection. These gems each contain the basic essence of a soul, and daemons use them for various raw and refined purposes depending on the fiend in question, the quality and power of the soul, and the daemon's knowledge of soul-warping magic. Of course, many cacodaemons would prefer to consume the souls in their entirety, rather than passing the spirits on, but more powerful daemons rarely give them the option, bullying the cacodaemons into giving up their treasures, employing (or enslaving) a particular individual as a partner in the trade, or maintaining whole hunting packs as pets.

Most methods of using souls extinguish them completely, consigning them to oblivion. In these cases, only the direct intervention of a deity can return them to life—and sometimes not even then, such as when the soul is specifically devoured by one of the Horsemen. Other methods bleed a fraction of a soul's energies away, and while this method is far less powerful, some daemons capture other creatures for the sole purpose of entrapping them and milking their souls over a prolonged period of time, causing horrific agony for spans of months, years, or centuries before finally giving in to their own hunger and consuming what tattered fragments of soul remain.

Unconscionable as most of the universe considers these practices, trapped souls exist as a commodity replete with their own rampant underground economy, both within the evil-aligned planes and elsewhere. Most of these souls ultimately end up in Abaddon, though buyers and markets can also be found in Hell, the Abyss, Axis, and even the worlds of the Material Plane, as evil spellcasters and item crafters can make great use of powerful souls in their dark rites. The economy is complex, with prices determined not only by the strength and power inherent in a given soul, but also according to each soul's manner of death, alignment in life, and other criteria. These additional factors rarely influence their use in magical experiments unless a soul was particularly noteworthy, but as the daemons are happy to explain, the nature of a soul has everything to do with its unique flavor.

While the value of souls is as relative as any other commodity, and pricing can fluctuate wildly based on an endless parade of factors, presented here are some basic

categories. With each of these, it's important to note that these are guidelines only, and individual spirits may fall lower (such as a dragon slain young, or a king whose general lack of ambition kept him from great deeds) or higher (a commoner of exceptional piety, or one who never had the chance to fully explore her exceptional abilities) than one might expect. These prices are based upon the supply and demand commonly faced by traders upon the planes where such commodities prove far less outlandish than on the Material Plane, where prices might increase by 10 times or more (though such has no effect on their value when put to use; see below). As with anything else, the exact value of a soul is ultimately up to GM discretion. It's also worth noting that, while trading spirits may prove lucrative, the practice is undeniably evil and an affront to the natural order, and thus carries great consequences in the afterlife.

Mindless Spirits (10 gp): While it's possible to capture the vital essences of vermin, basic oozes, and other such unthinking creatures, these paltry spirits are worth very little.

Animal Spirits (25 gp): This category contains creatures of animal-level intelligence, whose spirits—while presumably worth something to some deities, as reflected by the value of animal sacrifice—are rarely traded in the soul markets. In fact, though the existence of animal spirits is undeniably real, there's rampant debate in many societies over whether such things truly count as "souls."

Basic Soul (100 gp): This is the soul of a standard intelligent creature—a commoner, a low-level adventurer, a sentient monster of low CR, or any of the other hordes of weak or mundane folk who live out their lives with a normal amount of pomp and excitement. This is the lowest category of souls which interests daemons, who see animals and other nonsentient creatures as hardly worth the time to destroy.

Noteworthy Soul (500 gp): The souls of mid-level characters, rulers, famous or influential people, and other powerful, accomplished, and otherwise important people draw greater attention than basic souls, and drive bidding higher accordingly.

Grand Soul (1000–5000 gp): High-level characters, great heroes, dragons, powerful aberrations, and other such spirits of fabulous power and forceful personalities offer equally significant rewards to those who manage to contain their essences.

Unique Soul (priceless): For the truly unique souls—those of legendary figures, epic heroes, and other massive presences—there can be no going price. The unique sparks that live within these creatures are valuable beyond compare, and the frantic bidding (and backstabbing) that arises when one of these trapped

spirits comes up for sale is the sort of thing fiends and undead wait thousands of years for, paying unimaginable prices for the right to consume or display such an artifact.

Using Souls

In addition to consuming them for the sheer joy of destruction, daemons use souls to empower themselves, conduct strange experiments, construct their hideous domains, and more—and mortal spellcasters have followed their lead. Of these varied uses, the most common is the creation or recharging of magic items, using the life force contained in *soul gems* and other such vessels—or drawn out of the victim directly at the moment of casting—to empower the magic being worked. In these cases, souls should be assigned values based on the categories presented here and then treated as material components, reducing the gold expenditure necessary to cast the spell according to the souls' value. (Thus a spell that requires 400 gp to cast might instead cost 300 gp and a basic-level soul.) Souls used in this manner are consumed and destroyed utterly.

Souls are especially useful in the creation of intelligent items. In these cases, usually only one soul crystallizes as the intelligence embedded into the item, though other souls may be cannibalized in the item's creation. Item alignment, item ability scores, and languages spoken by the item mirror those of the soul used to provide the item's intelligence. Scholars have long debated whether the intelligence in such an item is the soul used, or if the soul is destroyed and the intelligence is only patterned on it—the implication being that recovered intelligent objects (especially of daemonic origin) might be destroyed in order to liberate the souls used in their construction. As instances of both have been reported over the centuries, the question remains open, though few adventurers are willing to destroy their prized weapons based on conjecture.

Beyond the means described above, daemons have myriad additional means of trapping, keeping, and subsequently using souls for constructing permanent objects and effects, such as a liquid form of soul-stuff mixing multiple souls, a crystalline dust formed from *soul gems*, and even ink created from souls and used to write down the names of the doomed, imprisoning them in elaborate poems penned on the daemons' own flesh. Something intrinsic in daemonic nature allows for this flexibility, as some of the same methods they routinely use fail spectacularly when attempted by non-daemons, including such creatures as night hags, devourers, liches, and followers of some fiendish lords, who themselves possess a vested interest in exploiting some or all of these methods.

Daemon Cults

Daemon cults preach the inevitability of death, the necessity of destruction, and the nihilistic desire to be an agent of the end times even as that same agency ensures its members' destruction. Certainly there is no sympathy from the daemons for their worshipers, nor could there ever be—to a daemon, existence itself is a crime, and no petty worship by mewling mortals can change the fact of their offense. Yet still some mortals worship the same beings who would scour them from the face of creation. They gather together, invoke the names of the Horsemen, and make their requests. Yet these requests are not usually for mercy—as anyone who has spent any time researching daemons knows they have none—but rather a request for true death at their hands, and the power and ability to serve the fiends' desires till their wish is granted. Most daemon cults involve elaborate, highly ritualized sacrifice of captured victims, and on specific unholy days, members of their own flock.

Though some daemon cults venerate daemonkind as a whole, and perhaps owe allegiance to particular daemonish harbingers or even powerful rank-and-file daemons with dreams of grandeur, more focus on a particular Horseman and his or her field of interest. Szuriel's followers seek to spark war and conflict, Apollyon's flock carries and spreads disease, and Trelmarixian's faithful spread blight and famine upon the land—all exceedingly destructive acts that frequently result in the cult itself burning out and falling victim to its own invoked horror. By comparison, cults of Charon are widespread, but unlike his kindred he keeps his congregations on a smaller, less obtrusive scale, and mandates that they be the least openly destructive. Mortals may conquer famine, cure plague, and live in peace with enough effort, but the specter of death from old age lingers over all men. These cultists' actions are subtle—infants die, mortality rates increase, populations begin to wither as folk expire younger from seemingly natural causes—and few think to ask if there might be some darker magic at work.

Most daemon cults work through one of several models. The first of these models, which enjoys active support, occurs when the cult has been initiated by agents of a daemonish patron, either a disguised fiend or a mortal cleric with orders to start and propagate worship.

A typical example of this first type of cult is any of those started by a figure known as Father Locust. **Father Locust** (NE male human cleric of Trelmarixian 9), the so-called Apostle of the Lysogenic Prince, is one of Trelmarixian's most fervent and iconic followers on Golarion, and operates much the same way as a cloud of feasting locusts. The locusts travel, devour all in their path, and then move on, and so Father Locust travels

across Golarion, starting cults and then leaving them as soon as they're up and running, moving on to begin anew with famine and blight trailing in his wake. A frail, almost starving man, he changes form every time he moves, with his starving appearance one of only two stable marks. His other constant feature, eyes that swim with moving droplets of black corruption, are a symbol of favor from his master—a literal drop of Trelmarixian's substance diluted and inserted into his mortal puppet. An earthbound proxy of the Horseman of Famine, his aging ceased a hundred years ago, and he intends to serve his master in perpetuity, hoping to transcend his status to become a meladaemon or be granted the pleasure of being devoured by the Horseman of Famine personally should he die.

A second type of cult forms on its own, without any original input from the object of its veneration. These cults may be the most fanatical, since their leaders must find their blasphemous knowledge on their own and of their own volition. They may also be the most misguided, as their dogma is written by the cultists themselves, and may focus more on the rewards of service than the harsh realities. Since the Four intentionally spread knowledge on how to summon—though not necessarily bind—their children and agents, and use this knowledge to tempt the foolish, arrogant, and delusional, such knowledge can almost always be found by the truly diligent, even when suppressed by other faiths and secular authorities.

At other times, the Four are appealed to by those with little interest in actually worshiping them. Rather, some wish simply to placate them and ward off death and other maladies. Though these appeals may sometimes seem to work for a time, depending on the particular daemon's desire to draw things out and demand depraved deeds from its supplicants, the eventual end is always horrific. Often occurring in desperate times, such worship is like praying to a cancer, or appealing to a forest fire in hopes that it will pass you over. The Horsemen have no mercy. The world is a zero-sum game that ends in holocaust.

Unlike conventional religions, or even cults of devils or demons, the cults of the Horsemen are not ends unto themselves. Rather, since the Horsemen place no real value on mortal worship, their cults serve primarily as proxies for action on the Material Plane, which can feed the daemons' hunger for souls either through their actions or with their own essences. The daemons sneer at the irony of prayers from the very beings they seek to exterminate, and grant boons grudgingly and for their own reasons, caring nothing for the idiotic—if useful—fools who kill in their names.

Given the way in which they operate, and the responses they typically garner, daemon cults rarely carry out their work in the open. When they lack the protection

of powerful agents such as actual daemons, daemon cults often operate with some level of protection from secular and religious authorities by incubating within the accepted religions of a society. Perhaps it begins with a charismatic religious leader slowly introducing a smooth-sounding heresy, or a council of corrupted priests introducing subtle changes into the liturgy and lectionary of their faithful, but the end result is the same: a subset of the faithful working knowingly (or unknowingly) for the Four, perhaps by name, or perhaps interpreting the Horsemen as agents of the gods they previously worshiped. Those faiths most often associated with war, disease, famine, and death—the associated purviews of the Four—are the most susceptible to such corruption. Yet even the most stridently benevolent faiths find themselves subject to such actions, like a daemoniac wasp laying her eggs inside of a caterpillar, letting them gestate within its living body, and then watching her young eat their way out to repeat the cycle. (A process which, it should be noted, may have been invented by a former Horseman of Famine.) By hijacking the faithful of other gods, they damage and undercut worship of truly divine beings, while simultaneously siphoning more souls to Abaddon. Yet no matter how much they may enjoy subverting souls and getting mortals to willingly trade an afterlife—any afterlife—for the total destruction of daemoniac consumption, daemons officially refuse to claim the faithful of Urgathoa or Zyphus in this manner. In fact, daemon cults occasionally have peaceful contact and cooperation with the faithful of those two deities, though the clergy of both are wary of the fiends' cultists.

Though most true worshipers of the daemons acknowledge their nature, that doesn't mean that their cultists are averse to outright deception from time to time. In these cases, priests who worship the daemons may hide their true objectives and cultivate the notion that they themselves are not evil. Perhaps they promise their followers absolution and release from the pains, imperfections, and worries of this flawed, prisonlike existence. In this model, the disguised daemons are not fiends—they are angels offering the ultimate peace, asking only that the righteous offer their friends and children the same opportunity. Ritual suicide among a circle of believers waiting for their own chance at this promised redemption is frequent in such cults. That their corpses bear smiles on their faces is all the more horrifying. Other daemon cults appeal to warrior societies, urging the soldiers to ever-greater feats of nationalism and barbarism in their systematic slaughter of all opponents. Sadly, this latter scenario is by far the easiest way in which

newcomers are brought to the fold, and many battle-hardened killers don't even bat an eye when the priests finally reveal the true nature of their patrons, having long since quit living for anything but blood and plunder.

Regardless of how a given cult goes about recruiting its members, whether honestly or under a thin veneer of social acceptability, the end result is always the same. Perhaps the most depressing sight on the planes is the incredulous look on the face of each evil soul that arrives in Pharasma's Court and is sent screaming through Abaddon's gate within the Devouring Court, a victim of its own folly.



Souldrinker

Pledging their souls to the Horsemen, souldrinkers learn the worst of daemonic magic while gaining the ability to bind and devour souls. With every soul they consume, these casters tithe a fraction to their patrons in Abaddon. They are the proxies of death, serving the architects of the apocalypse until eventually their own souls are drawn into their masters' waiting maws.

Hit Dice: d6.

Requirements

To qualify to become a souldrinker, a character must fulfill all of the following criteria.

Alignment: Neutral evil.

Skills: Knowledge (planes) 5 ranks, Spellcraft 5 ranks.

Language: Infernal or Abyssal.

Special: Must worship one of the Four Horsemen.



Class Skills

The souldrinker's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Bluff (Cha), Diplomacy (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (arcana) (Int), Knowledge (planes) (Int), Knowledge (religion) (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), and Spellcraft (Int).

Skills Points at Each Level: 2 + Int modifier.

Class Features

The following are features of the souldrinker prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Souldrinkers gain proficiency with the favored weapon of their daemonic patron, but with no other weapon or armor.

Spells per Day: At the indicated levels, a souldrinker gains new spells per day as if she had also gained a level in a spellcasting class she belonged to before adding the prestige class. She does not, however, gain other benefits a character of that class would have gained, except for additional spells per day, spells known (if she is a spontaneous spellcaster), and an increased effective level of spellcasting. If a character had more than one spellcasting class before becoming an souldrinker, she must decide to which class she adds the new level for the purposes of determining spells per day.

Cacodaemon Familiar (Ex): At 1st level, the souldrinker gains a cacodaemon familiar, as if she had the Improved Familiar feat. If the souldrinker already has a familiar, the cacodaemon devours it (which does not penalize the souldrinker). The souldrinker counts as an evil outsider for the purpose of utilizing cacodaemon *soul gems*.

Daemonic Patron (Ex): At 1st level, a souldrinker must choose one of the Four Horsemen to serve as her patron (Apollyon, Charon, Szuriel, or Trelmarixian). Once made, this choice cannot be changed.

Damned (Ex): Starting at 1st level, when a souldrinker dies, her patron instantly claims her soul. In time, the soul is consumed for its power or transformed into a daemon appropriate to the patron's needs and interests. Any character attempting to resurrect a slain souldrinker must succeed at a caster level check equal to 10 + the souldrinker's level or the spell fails. That character cannot attempt to resurrect the souldrinker again until the following day, though other characters can attempt to do so if they please.

Energy Drain (Su): At 2nd level, a souldrinker gains the energy drain ability. By making a touch attack as a standard action, she bestows one negative level on the target (two levels on a critical hit). The souldrinker gains 5 temporary hit points for each negative level she bestows on an opponent. These temporary hit points last for a maximum of 1 hour. The DC to remove this negative level is 10 + the souldrinker's class level + her spellcaster ability modifier. At 6th level, this touch attack bestows two negative levels (four on a critical hit).

Soul Pool (Su): At 2nd level, a souldrinker gains a pool of soul points, stolen life energy she can use to accomplish unnatural feats. The number of soul points in the pool

Souldrinker

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Reflex Save	Will Save	Special	Spells Per Day
1st	+0	+0	+0	+1	Cacodaemon familiar, daemonic patron, damned	—
2nd	+1	+1	+1	+1	Energy drain, soul pool	+1 level of existing class
3rd	+1	+1	+1	+2	Summon cacodaemon	+1 level of existing class
4th	+2	+1	+1	+2	Lesser oblivion	+1 level of existing class
5th	+2	+2	+2	+3	—	+1 level of existing class
6th	+3	+2	+2	+3	Energy drain (2 levels)	—
7th	+3	+2	+2	+4	Oblivion	+1 level of existing class
8th	+4	+3	+3	+4	Summon ceustodaemon	+1 level of existing class
9th	+4	+3	+3	+5	—	+1 level of existing class
10th	+5	+3	+3	+5	Greater oblivion	+1 level of existing class

begins at 0 and only increases when the souldrinker uses her energy drain ability on a suitable target. A souldrinker gains 1 soul point for each negative level bestowed by her energy drain, but only if the target's soul qualifies as at least an "animal spirit" with Hit Dice equal to or greater than the souldrinker's class level, a "basic soul," or something more powerful/notable (see *The Soul Trade* on page 30). The maximum number of soul points a souldrinker can have in her pool is equal to 1/2 her class level plus her spellcasting ability modifier; any points above this are wasted. Note that soul points are fragments of souls and do not prevent a slain creature from being raised.

A souldrinker can use soul points for the following:

Item Creation: A souldrinker can use soul points as part of crafting magic items, as described in *Using Souls* on page 31. Each counts as a basic soul toward this purpose.

Recharge staff: This works like recharging a staff in the normal manner, but instead of spell slots, the souldrinker expends soul points equal to the spell level needed.

Recover Spell Slot: As a full-round action, a souldrinker can expend soul points equal to twice the spell level of a cast spell or used spell slot in order to regain that spell or slot as if it had not been cast (similar to using a *pearl of power*, except it also works for spontaneous casters).

Replace Familiar: A souldrinker can replace her slain cacodaemon familiar at any time by spending 1 hour and 10 soul points in a specialized ritual.

Summon Cacodaemon (Sp): At 3rd level, once per day, a souldrinker can summon 1d3 cacodaemons, which serve her for 1 minute per souldrinker class level. This ability otherwise counts as *greater summon cacodaemon* (see page 39).

Lesser Oblivion (Su): At 4th level, a souldrinker's patron invests her with a specific ability.

Apollyon—Immunity to diseases, including supernatural and magical diseases.

Charon—Immunity to aging effects and effects that give penalties to Strength and Constitution.

Szurriel—Immunity to bleed effects and effects that give penalties to Strength.

Trelmarixian—Immunity to ingested and inhaled poisons, and the subject no longer needs to eat or drink.

Oblivion (Sp): At 7th level, the souldrinker is granted more power by her patron, gaining a spell-like ability usable at will, but costing 1 soul point for each use.

Apollyon—*contagion* (DC 10 + the souldrinker's class level + her spellcasting ability score modifier).

Charon—*vampiric touch*.

Szurriel—*rage*.

Trelmarixian—*bestow curse* (DC 10 + the souldrinker's class level + her spellcasting ability score modifier).

Summon Ceustodaemon (Sp): At 8th level, once per day, a souldrinker can summon 1d2 ceustodaemons, which serve her for 1 minute per souldrinker class level. This ability otherwise counts as *summon ceustodaemon* (see page 39).

Greater Oblivion (Sp): At 10th level, the souldrinker gains further power from her patron. The spell-like abilities listed here are usable at will, but cost 3 soul points for each use.

Apollyon—*creeping doom* (DC 10 + the souldrinker's class level + her spellcasting ability score modifier).

Charon—Gain fast healing 10 for 10 rounds. This counts as a 6th-level spell.

Szurriel—*Greater magic weapon* (+4 enhancement bonus). Like a paladin with a weapon divine bond, the souldrinker can use the enhancement bonuses to add any of the following weapon properties: *mighty cleaving*, *unholy*, *vicious*, *wounding*.

Trelmarixian—*horrid wilting* (DC 10 + the souldrinker's class level + her spellcasting ability score modifier).

Ex-Souldrinkers

A souldrinker whose alignment becomes anything other than neutral evil or who blatantly goes against the will of her daemonic patron loses access to all class features except for Damned. She cannot thereafter gain levels as a souldrinker until she atones for her deeds.

Summoning Daemons

Daemons sense mortal souls like sharks smell the blood of a wounded animal thrashing in the water. Those who fashion such lures find that they will come, streaming from the angles of the summoning diagram to take their prize. Most daemons care absolutely nothing for their summoners, even in the event of a worthy sacrifice. Instead they care only about breaking free and feasting upon the Material Plane's ripe, waiting harvest—usually starting with their would-be masters.

A daemon's eagerness to slip Abaddon's bonds and venture into the feasting grounds of the Material Plane is such that casters often find summoning or calling many daemons proves remarkably easy. With such ease comes danger, however, as a summoned daemon is even less likely than an impetuous demon (and far less likely than devils, who enjoy crafting contracts and bargains) to sit idly by while the caster outlines a proposal. More often, daemons eviscerate their summoners immediately. Such dangers aside, most methods of conjuring daemons contain similar thematic elements, tailored to weaken the boundaries between the mortal realm and Abaddon, and to call out to a daemon's tastes and desires.

Magic Circle: A *magic circle* is paramount in daemon-summoning—not to contain the fiend so much as to anchor it in place until it is completely bound by the conjurer. More than one summoner has fallen prey to the ravenous hunger of an uncontrolled daemon, and few live to make the mistake twice. The circle is best engraved so as to avoid smudging or smearing of written symbols, and then outlined in fresh mortal blood (the caster's own if possible). Recorded examples have even used candles of rendered infant fat burned so that their wax pools into the channels of an engraved circle, or a living circle formed from the twisted or braided entrails of a living, bound victim next to the summoner, acting as a conduit and focus for the binding.

For spells such as *planar binding* that require the caster to make opposed Charisma checks against the outsider, the use of a sacrifice favored by the daemon—often in some way associated with the manner of death the daemon personifies, and usually in or within view of the summoning circle—provides a benefit for the caster on Charisma checks to bind the daemon. Specific sacrifices individual daemons prefer and the bonuses these sacrifices grant are presented in About Daemons on page 20.

Some conjurers believe that if they stand in a second *magic circle*, they are safe from a rebellious daemon. Unfortunately, that spell only prevents bodily contact from summoned creatures, not called creatures. Of course, the circle's other powers (resistance bonus, saving throw bonus, and protection from possession) still

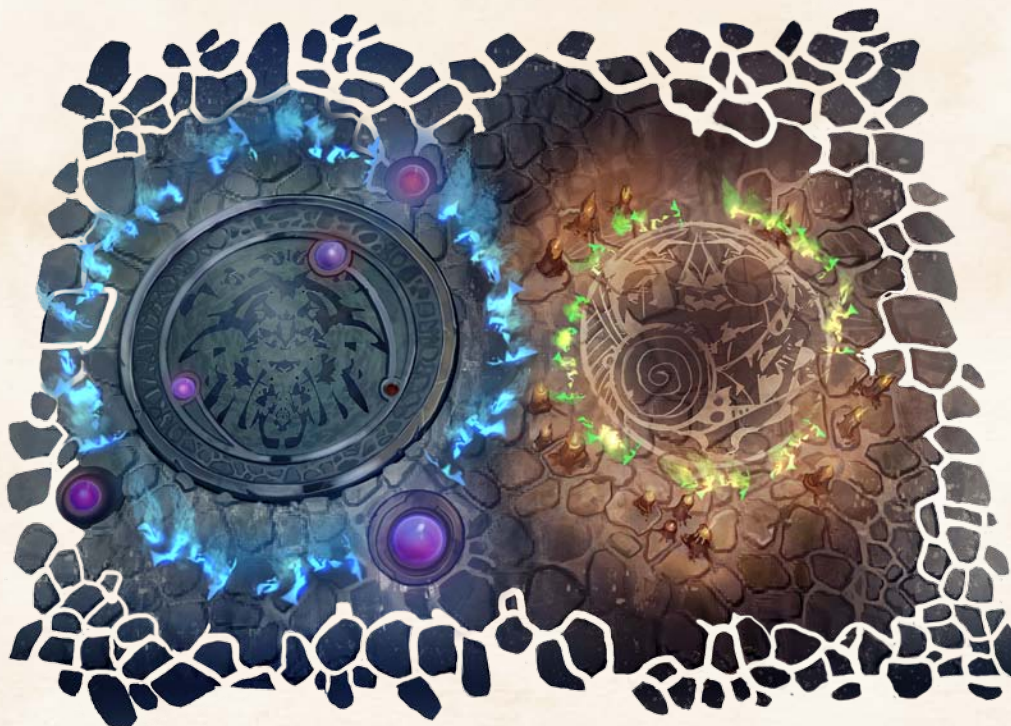
function, but there is nothing to stop a daemon called by *planar ally* from physically tearing the caster into pieces.

Name: The summoner must also know a daemon's common name—the name it is known by to its peers and educated mortals—in order to call out to it specifically, or else a random example of its kind will answer. The name must be inscribed at four points on the circle's exterior, paying homage to the Four Horsemen, and their unholy names must be invoked four times, requesting their permission to summon their servant, and promising Horsemen and the servant alike an appropriate sacrifice for appearing, and a reward after their service, to be bargained ahead of time.

More useful is a daemon's true name, a unique mystical identifier that perfectly defines the creature when its name is spoken. Discovering a daemon's true name usually requires at least a month of research and a DC 25 Knowledge (planes) check (at the GM's discretion). Success means the summoner can speak the true name as part of the conjuring ritual, giving the creature a –5 penalty on its Will save to resist the calling. Most daemons of note hide their true names and plant false names in books so as to trick mortals into a false sense of security when conjuring. For more information on evil outsiders' true names, see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Princes of Darkness, Book of the Damned Vol 1*.

Texts: Many of Abaddon's daemons are so eager to reach the Material Plane that some of the available texts on summoning their kind contains false information intentionally left to deceive would-be summoners. The material is often grossly flawed, but that is not to say that it doesn't function. Rather, it functions too well, drawing forth a daemon to the Material Plane. Where the rituals and diagrams often fail is in properly containing the fiend long enough for the summoner to complete a bargain with it. Far too many attempted daemon summonings end with a scorched, broken summoning circle; a summoner shucked of his immortal soul; and a trail of death left in the fiend's wake.

Numerous books detail the summoning and binding of daemons. Usually suppressed and censored, copies fetch high prices from both those wishing to learn and use their secrets and those eager to secure and destroy them. Of the various daemon guides and lectionaries, the following examples are some of the most often cited or most eagerly sought after. All of these books are spellbooks, and each description includes a list of spells included in a typical copy of the book; most contain other spells as well, but the listing only includes spells that are common to the majority of copies. Spells marked with an asterisk (*) indicate new spells in this book; spells marked with two asterisks (**) are found in *Ultimate Magic*.



Arzikan's Liber Daemonica: A general exploration of daemons, their desires, and their various castes by the ancient Thassilonian mage Arzikan. While many of the text's rituals are suspect (possibly to ensure the death of any would-be rivals who might steal and use his books), its lengthy discussion of appropriate sacrifices and a listing of true names for many lesser daemons remain invaluable for those in possession of a copy. A typical copy of this book includes the following spells: *agonize***, *contact other plane*, *daemon ward**, *dimensional anchor*, *dismissal*, *lesser planar binding*, *magic circle against evil*, *protection from evil*, *summon cacodaemon** (both varieties), *summon ceustodaemon**.

Inusalia's Asemic Acrostic: Though on the surface this book appears to be a bizarre, highly precise, and informative Keleshite treatise on herbal potions, hallucinogenic drugs, and poisons, closer examination reveals a complex acrostic in Abyssal, comprising two smaller texts encoded within the first. The first describes devotions to the Horseman of Famine. The second lists the common names of daemons in his service and their preferred sacrifices. From the second list comes the name of the book's likely author, the meladaemon Inusalia, the Lady of Wasting Intoxication. A typical copy of this book includes the following spells: *contagion*, *greater planar binding*, *lesser planar binding*, *plague carrier***, *planar binding*, *summon meladaemon**.

Olemhaut's Chronicle of Nine Despairs: Penned by the mortal conjurer Lucretia Olemhaut and her erodaemon consort Esdaria of the Nine Despairs, the book explores

the various desires and hungers of many of Abaddon's more powerful daemoniac castes, and an autobiography of its erodaemon coauthor. Highly philosophical, it explores various ideologies regarding daemoniac nature and how they relate to mortals, as well as an appendix listing more than a dozen effective wards and bindings to protect summoners. A typical copy of this book includes the following spells: *contact other plane*, *daemon ward**, *lesser planar binding*, *overwhelming grief***, *planar binding*, *summon erodaemon**, *symbol of despair*.

The Withered Footsteps of the Dire Shepherd: The oldest known source on daemons, this tome also contains expositions on many other soul-devouring creatures, along with exquisite details on summoning or actually creating them. The book avoids the intentional corruption of virtually all other sources—whenever the text is altered, it reverts to its previous (and presumably true) state. This property only applies to complete versions of the book; excerpts and quotations from it may contain errors, lending scholars to seek only complete, bound volumes rather than relying on secondhand or incomplete references. Complete copies exist written in Abyssal and Infernal, though portions of each include passages written in an unknown or dead language. The book's most eager buyers are daemons themselves, who grant the text an almost religious reverence. A typical copy of this book includes the following spells: *banishment*, *create greater undead*, *gate*, *greater planar binding*, *planar binding*, *soul transfer**, *summon derghodaemon**, *summon thanadaemon**, *trap the soul*.

Daemonic Spells

Most of the spells learned from studying daemons deal with acquiring, moving, and destroying souls, or else conjuring daemons directly.

AWAKEN THE DEVoured

School divination [pain]; **Level** cleric 5, inquisitor 4, sorcerer/wizard 5, witch 5
Casting Time 1 standard action
Components V, S
Range medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)
Target one daemon
Duration instantaneous and 1 round/level
Saving Throw Will partial (see text); **Spell Resistance** Yes
 You awaken the broken, anguished memories of the countless souls that the target daemon has consumed. These fragmented memories haunt and afflict the daemon, dealing 1d8 points of nonlethal damage per caster level (maximum 15d8) and making it confused for 1 round/level. A successful Will save halves the damage and negates the confusion effect.

CHARON'S DISPENSATION

School abjuration; **Level** cleric 4, inquisitor 4, sorcerer/wizard 4, witch 4
Casting Time 1 standard action
Components V, S, M (2 silver coins)
Range close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)
Target one creature/level
Duration 1 minute/level
Saving Throw Will negates (harmless); **Spell Resistance** yes (harmless)
 The target of this spell gains immunity to the harmful effects of touching or drinking from the River Styx, including its poison, memory-stealing, and soul-leaching powers. This does not grant the target the ability to breathe water, nor does it grant any protection against creatures or mundane hazards such as rapids.

CREATE SOUL GEM

School necromancy [death, evil]; **Level** cleric 3, sorcerer/wizard 3, witch 3
Casting Time 1 round
Components V, S, F (crystal or gem receptacle worth at least 25 gp)
Range close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)
Target one dying or recently dead creature
Duration instantaneous
Saving Throw Will negates; **Spell Resistance** yes
 You draw forth the ebbing life force of a dying creature or one that has died in the past round, forcing it into a crystal or gem receptacle and creating a *soul gem*. If the creature is alive and

fails its saving throw, it dies and you capture its soul in the gem. If the creature is dead, you automatically capture the soul. The value of the *soul gem* depends on the nature of the creature it is made from (see The Soul Trade on page 30).

If you are a soul drinker (see page 34), you may cast this spell and expend 5 soul points to fill the gem with the equivalent of one basic soul.

Only one *soul gem* can be created from a particular dying creature. Any attempt to resurrect a body whose soul is trapped in a *soul gem* requires a caster check against a DC of 11 + your caster level at the time you cast this spell. Failure results in the spell having no effect, while success shatters the target's *soul gem* and returns the creature to life as normal. If the *soul gem* resides in an unholy location, such as that created by the *unhallow* spell, the DC of this check increases by +2.

DAEMON WARD

School necromancy; **Level** cleric 4, druid 5, paladin 4, sorcerer/wizard 4, witch 4
Components V, S, M (50 gp worth of powdered silver)
 This spell functions like *death ward*, except as noted above and it only protects against these attacks from daemons.

DEATH KNELL AURA, GREATER

School necromancy [death, evil]; **Level** cleric 6, inquisitor 6, sorcerer/wizard 6, witch 6
 This spell functions as *death knell aura*, except a dying creature in the area cannot stabilize on its own and automatically takes 1 point of bleed damage on its turn each round. An incorporeal undead or living spirit traveling outside the body (such as a person using *astral projection* or *magic jar*) within the aura at the start of its turn takes 1d8 points of damage.

DEATH KNELL AURA

School necromancy [death, evil]; **Level** cleric 4, inquisitor 4, sorcerer/wizard 4, witch 4
Casting Time 1 standard action
Components V, S
Range 20 ft.
Area 20-ft.-radius emanation, centered on you
Duration 1 round/level (D)
Saving Throw Will negates; **Spell Resistance** yes
 You gain a shimmering gray aura that feeds on the souls of creatures who die within it. The aura sheds light as a candle. If a creature at –1 or fewer hit points is within the aura at the start of its turn, it must save or die, granting you the benefits of *death knell*.

LASH OF THE ASTRADAEMON

School necromancy [evil]; **Level** cleric 6, magus 5, sorcerer/wizard 6, witch 6
Casting Time 1 standard action
Components V, S

Range personal

Target you

Duration 1 round/level

Drawing on the essence of astradaemons, your hands elongate and sprout fearsome, translucent claws that radiate a cold phosphorescent light, giving you two claw attacks per round (1d6 each if you are Medium creature, or 1d4 if you are Small). Each hit with a claw bestows 1 negative level on your target, and you gain 5 temporary hit points for 1 hour. The DC to overcome these negative levels is equal to the DC of this spell. The claws do not interfere with your ability to cast spells or perform other actions that require hands.

PARASITIC SOUL

School necromancy [death, evil]; **Level** cleric 9, sorcerer/wizard 9, witch 9

Casting Time 1 standard action

Duration permanent (D)

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

This spell functions like *magic jar* except as noted above, and instead of your own soul, you may transfer a trapped soul (such as one trapped with *soul bind* or *trap the soul*) from the receptacle into an unwilling target's body. If the target creature fails its saving throw, it dies, and the trapped soul in the receptacle inhabits the body as if using *magic jar*. The trapped soul does not get a saving throw to resist this transfer. To dismiss the spell, you must be within range of the possessed body.

SCOURGE OF THE HORSEMEN

School necromancy [acid, evil]; **Level** cleric 9, sorcerer/wizard 9

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)

Area 30-ft. burst

Duration instantaneous

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

This spell blasts the area with a horrific combination of soul-rending energy and physical corrosion. Creatures in the area of effect gain 1d4 negative levels, and take 1d6 points of acid damage per caster level (maximum 20d6).

SOUL TRANSFER

School conjuration (summoning); **Level** cleric 7, sorcerer/wizard 7, witch 7

Target one petitioner, incorporeal soul, or similar creature

Saving Throw Will negates; **Spell Resistance** yes; see text

This spell functions like the spell completion option of *trap the soul*, except it only works on bodiless souls (such as incorporeal undead or a soul trapped in a gem) or creatures whose substance is a physical incarnation of a soul (such as a petitioner), but not on creatures formed from souls and planar material (such as most outsiders). It is mainly used to transfer

souls from one receptacle to another, but may also be used to capture vulnerable souls that aren't bound to mortal flesh (such as incorporeal creatures and petitioners).

SUMMON CACODAEMON

School conjuration (summoning) [evil]; **Level** cleric 2, sorcerer/wizard 2, summoner 2, witch 2

Components V, S, F (a silver hook)

This spell functions like *summon monster*, except it summons a single cacodaemon.

SUMMON CACODAEMON, GREATER

School conjuration (summoning) [evil]; **Level** cleric 4, sorcerer/wizard 4, summoner 3, witch 4

This spell functions like *summon cacodaemon*, except it summons 1d4+1 cacodaemons.

SUMMON CEUSTODAEMON

School conjuration (summoning) [evil]; **Level** cleric 5, sorcerer/wizard 5, summoner 4, witch 5

Components V, S, F (ashes of a dead animal)

This spell functions like *summon monster*, except it summons a single ceustodaemon.

SUMMON DERGHODAEMON

School conjuration (summoning) [evil]; **Level** cleric 9, sorcerer/wizard 9, witch 9

Components V, S, F (a handful of bug carapaces)

This spell functions like *summon monster*, except it summons a single derghodaemon.

SUMMON ERODAEMON

School conjuration (summoning) [evil]; **Level** cleric 8, sorcerer/wizard 8, summoner 6, witch 8

Components V, S, F (a bent or tarnished wedding band)

This spell functions like *summon monster*, except it summons a single erodaemon.

SUMMON MELADAEMON

School conjuration (summoning) [evil]; **Level** cleric 8, sorcerer/wizard 8, summoner 6, witch 8

Components V, S, F (an empty wooden bowl)

This spell functions like *summon monster*, except it summons a single meladaemon.

SUMMON THANADAEMON

School conjuration (summoning) [evil]; **Level** cleric 9, sorcerer/wizard 9, witch 9

Components V, S, F (two silver coins)

This spell functions like *summon monster*, except it summons a single thanadaemon. You can only use this spell in an area with enough open water to accommodate the daemon's skiff, or when on the Astral Plane or Ethereal Plane.

Fragments of Abaddon

The following items have some relation to daemons, whether deriving their power from these creatures, or containing knowledge of their summoning and controlling.

BOOK OF THE DAMNED: DAEMONIC

Aura overwhelming all schools [evil]; **CL** 25th

Slot none; **Weight** 12 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The original *Book of the Damned* was collected from the scattered records of the exiled angel Tabris, who was ordered to record the lore of all the multiverse but was cast out of Heaven for his findings. The daemoniac chapters of the *Book of the Damned* are bound between covers of perpetually frozen and compressed ashes that seem to suck away ambient light into their material.

All known copies of the text appear to be some variety of palimpsest, with the words written over the intentionally erased words of an earlier draft, though it is unknown when and by whom this redaction took place. In each case, the edited portions describe specific names relating to the earliest history of the plane, sometimes with entire pages being censored. Scholars suspect this is related to the same magic utilized by the Horsemen to scour their own records and history in cycles when one of the Four has been replaced. Any good-aligned creature who touches this section of the *Book of the Damned* gains one negative level. This level cannot be restored until the character has remained more than 10 feet away from the book for 24 hours. Creatures attempting to read the book that are not neutral evil must make a DC 15 Will save or have their alignment permanently take one step toward neutral evil.

Written in a mixture of Abyssal and Infernal, sometimes changing from one to the other mid-sentence, the text requires true fluency in both languages to fully understand the nuances and true meaning of the text. As a reader proceeds, he becomes aware of a dull pressure on the back of his skull and a buzzing static. Eventually the text begins to “speak” to him, inserting telepathic impressions and images to complement the text. A telepathic creature may “read” the text without actually opening the book merely by holding it and concentrating.

A reader who splashes his own blood onto the book (which is promptly absorbed) and spends 30 days (not necessarily consecutively) reading the book receives several benefits.

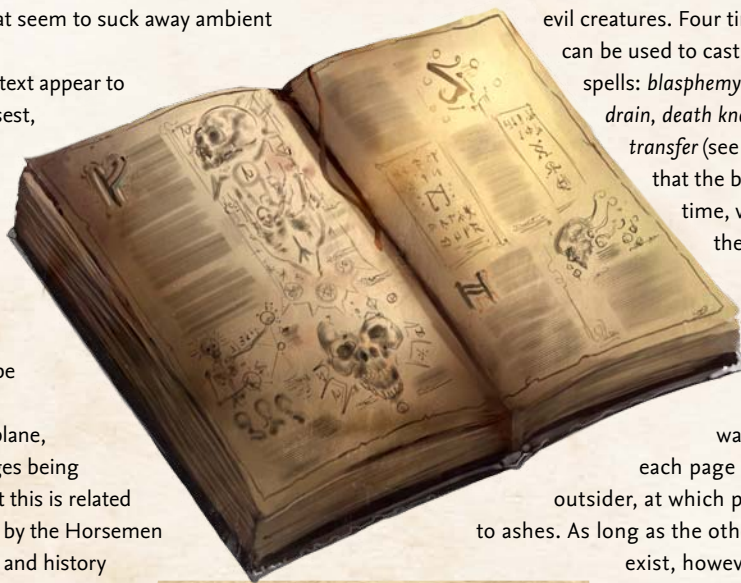
The book contains copies of every spell with the evil descriptor, as well as all of the spells on pages 38–39 and those listed below. The user gains at +4 bonus on all Knowledge (planes) checks when using the book as a resource (consulting it for at least an hour regarding a question), and its descriptions of Abaddon are so accurate that any teleportation to or within that plane always brings the caster to the desired location (no familiarity roll needed). Any energy-draining spell cast by the bearer bestows +1 additional negative level on affected creatures.

The daemoniac portion of the *Book of the Damned* serves as the focal point for a permanent *unhallow* effect and *sympathy* attuned to attract neutral evil creatures. As long as the book is carried, its owner casts all evil spells as if he were two caster levels higher and gains a +2 bonus on all Charisma-based

skills and checks when interacting with neutral evil creatures. Four times per day, the tome can be used to cast one of the following spells: *blasphemy*, *circle of death*, *energy drain*, *death knell*, *soul bind*, or *soul transfer* (see page 39). It is believed that the bearer can be scried at any time, without a saving throw, by the Four Horsemen or their elite agents.

DESTRUCTION

The daemoniac *Book of the Damned* can be destroyed by washing away the text on each page with the tears of a good outsider, at which point the book crumbles to ashes. As long as the other sections of the book exist, however, the daemoniac section always turns up again somewhere, undamaged and whole.



Book of the Damned: Daemoniac

CANDLE OF ABADDON

Aura strong necromancy and abjuration; **CL** 13th

Slot none; **Price** 9,000 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

Molded from a pale, milky green wax into the shape of a column of screaming souls, and stamped on the bottom with the unholy symbol of one of the Four Horsemen, the *candle of Abaddon* is a boon to evil spellcasters, but also to any who would summon or interact with daemons. When burned, the candle sheds eerie illumination in a radius of 15 feet, similar to Abaddon’s perpetual eclipse.

A spellcaster within the radius of the burning candle gains a +2 bonus to caster level when casting spells with the evil descriptor. The light also acts as a *magic circle against evil*, but only against daemons. Within the light, all creatures take 1 point of damage per round, natural healing doesn’t work, and magical healing requires a DC 24 caster level check to succeed.

A candle normally burns for 4 hours, and any burning consumes at least 1 minute of its power. It is possible to extinguish the candle simply by blowing it out, so users often place it in a lantern to protect it from drafts and the like. Doing this doesn't interfere with its magical properties.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *magic circle against evil*, *desecrate*, creator must be evil; **Cost** 4,500 gp.

DAEMON SEED (DRUG)

Type ingested or inhaled; **Addiction** major, Fortitude DC 20 (non-daemons only)

Price 1,000 gp

Effect 1 hour; +1d4 profane bonus to saves and skill checks, +1d6 profane bonus to one skill

Damage 15% chance of blindness and deafness for 1 hour and 1 negative level (DC 20)

DESCRIPTION

Most often used by other daemons, daemon seed has found a ready market across the planes. Daemon seed is derived from the viscous, sometimes iridescent fluid tapped from a daemon's spinal column, and those who imbibe it experience delusional euphoria, and a storm of memories digested by the daemon. The one skill that gains a heightened effect is random and varies from dose to dose, and there is no way to tell which skill a particular dose affects.

Usually the drug has no side effects, but when but when it does, they are debilitating. Rumor has it that a creature who has recently used daemon seed is especially noticeable to daemons (though how "recent" and to what extent the creature is more noticeable varies from rumor to rumor).

Sold openly in certain cities on Abaddon, and illicitly in the City of Brass and below Axis in Norgorber's domain, the drug is banned on other planes by most authorities, due to the defilement and destruction of souls it represents.

Daemons are immune to the negative effects of daemon seed and cannot become addicted to it. Information on drugs and addiction is presented in the *GameMastery Guide*.

HYDRODAEMON RUNESTONE

Aura moderate conjuration (evil); **CL** 11th

Slot none; **Price** 3,300 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This water-polished stone is carved in the shape of a froglike head and decorated with evil runes. It feels lighter than it should, as if hollow and partially filled with liquid. When the

stone is crushed, smashed, or broken (a standard action), a hydrodaemon appears as if summoned by a *summon monster* spell. Normally, the daemon is under the control of the creature that broke the runestone, but there is a 25% chance that the daemon is uncontrolled and attacks its summoner.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *summon monster VI*; **Cost** 1,650 gp

RING OF THE CACODAEMON

Aura strong necromancy; **CL** 8th

Slot ring; **Price** 15,000 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

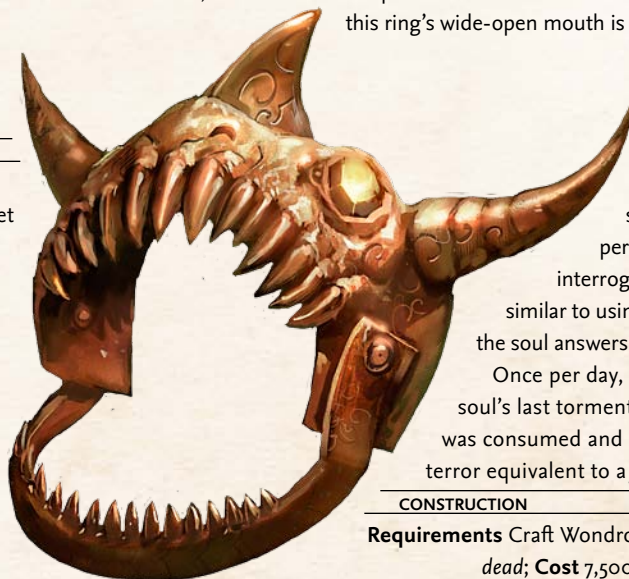
Sculpted into the intricate form of a golden cacodaemon, this ring's wide-open mouth is designed to hold a

soul gem created by a cacodaemon. The ring allows its wearer to tap into the residual memories of the mangled soul it encapsulates. Once per day, the wearer may interrogate the soul in the gem, similar to using *speak with dead*, except the soul answers telepathically.

Once per day, the bearer can project the soul's last tormented moments before it was consumed and bound, creating a cone of terror equivalent to a *fear* spell (DC 16).

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *fear*, *speak with dead*; **Cost** 7,500 gp.



Ring of the Cacodaemon

TALISMAN OF SOUL-EATING

Aura faint necromancy; **CL** 5th

Slot neck; **Price** 5,400 gp; **Weight** 3 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Worn on a necklace of vertebrae strung on a thin iron chain, this carved cacodaemon skull still bears dozens of sharp teeth. Once per day as a full-round action, the wearer can use the skull to draw forth the life essence of a dying or recently dead creature, as if the amulet were a living cacodaemon using its soul lock ability (*Bestiary* 2 64), creating a *soul gem* that appears in the skull's mouth.

The wearer or an evil outsider can ingest the *soul gem* as a standard action. This frees the soul within the gem, but condemns it to one of the lower planes (though the soul can be raised normally). The ingesting creature gains fast healing 2 for a number of rounds equal to the eater's Hit Dice. Draining a soul with the necklace or consuming a *soul gem* is an evil act.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *create soul gem*; **Cost** 2,700 gp.

Previous Horsemen

Of the current Four Horsemen, only Charon has remained in power since the beginning. The others, Apollyon, Szuriel, and Trelmarixian, acquired their thrones either through destroying their predecessors or proving themselves the strongest and most suited for the position. Few would argue with them, for they hold more power than any other inhabitants of Abaddon—that is, unless they too are challenged and defeated. Though hardly an exhaustive list, given the infinite scale of time in the Great Beyond, a description of some of the more noteworthy entities to claim the title of Horseman follows.

Famine

Lytheria the Parasite Queen: Trelmarixian's predecessor as the Horseman of Famine, Lytheria was once the most senior among the Four alongside Charon. She was not so much killed as subsumed by the current Lord of Wasting, who wears her very essence within his own shapeshifting, protoplasmic form. A powerless core of her intelligence remains, imprisoned deep within, tormented by having to perpetually witness the fruits of her own fall, periodically suckled upon like a sugared sweet as Trelmarixian slowly, casually, and lovingly absorbs what little of her remains.

Depictions of her still exist, left behind by Trelmarixian out of some warped notion of respect or adoration. They depict her as a beautiful female humanoid, usually elven or human with onyx eyes, the wings of a locust, and a tongue that resembles a long, segmented weevil or centipede. Below her waist, her robes continually shift, the movement caused by a torrent of parasites pulsing and seething both beneath and upon her ivory flesh, seeping in and out of her like a black cloud.

Pestilence

Azulos the Corrupting: Largely reptilian in form, Azulos, the original Horseman of Pestilence, possessed wings composed of viscous, stagnant water, four eyes with sclera marred by coagulated blood, and two more glassy, black eyes. True to his name, he had a penchant for breeding half-fiends, experimenting with Abyssal demons and other races from both the Inner and Outer Sphere. The Horseman of Pestilence was also the source of countless diseases, afflictions that he spread across the planes via his wretched and unnatural abominations. With these long-lasting plagues, Azulos drove souls to Abaddon by the thousands, decimating entire mortal worlds long after the original plague-bearers and their designs were destroyed or forgotten. The details of Azulos's death are unknown, having been scoured from history by his successors.

Drulaema the Fever Princess: When Lamashtu learned that she and her demonic brethren were merely the results of curiosity-induced experimentation by the Horsemen, she declared war upon the inhabitants of Abaddon and swiftly captured and killed Drulaema. Though the Demon Queen tortured Roshmolem, the Horseman of War, for the secrets of demon creation, it had actually been the Fever Princess who had informed the demons of their origins. Her swift death is all that most remember of Drulaema, and surviving depictions of her show only the Horseman's monstrous body suspended and broken at Lamashtu's hands—a woman with an ewe's head, blistered flesh, and twin giant leeches emerging from her lower back like tails.

Yrsinius: This ancient Horseman had the body of a humanoid insect with a multitude of hydra's heads and a trio of rats' tails. Yrsinius reined for several eons before he suddenly disappeared. Some believe he was wandering the chaotic depths of the Maelstrom when he was ambushed and destroyed by the group of proteans called the Chorus of Malignant Symmetry. If he still exists, however, the powerful Yrsinius could yet return and claim

From the Book of the Damned

The Four Horsemen are eternal and unrelenting in their quest for annihilation. Yet though their offices may reign eternal, the individuals cannot say the same. Many have ascended to their ranks, and many have fallen. The Horsemen consume, and are consumed in return by their own creations. In this, perhaps, the cosmos expresses its bitter humor, as even the most fervent architects of the end times do not always live to see them.

—The Book of the Damned,
"The Fallen Masters"

his throne from Apollyon—a fact that the current Horseman of Pestilence broods upon often, since his kindred among the Four would likely sit on the sidelines. Occasionally, rumors emerge within Abaddon of planar explorers finding plague-decimated cities deep within the Abyss, as well as tales of plagues that devour the soul and not just the flesh, hinting that Yrsinius may yet live. Some have brought up the horrific notion that he may survive in some twisted, broken, or chimeric form, reconstructed by the corrupted proteans thought responsible for his fall.

War

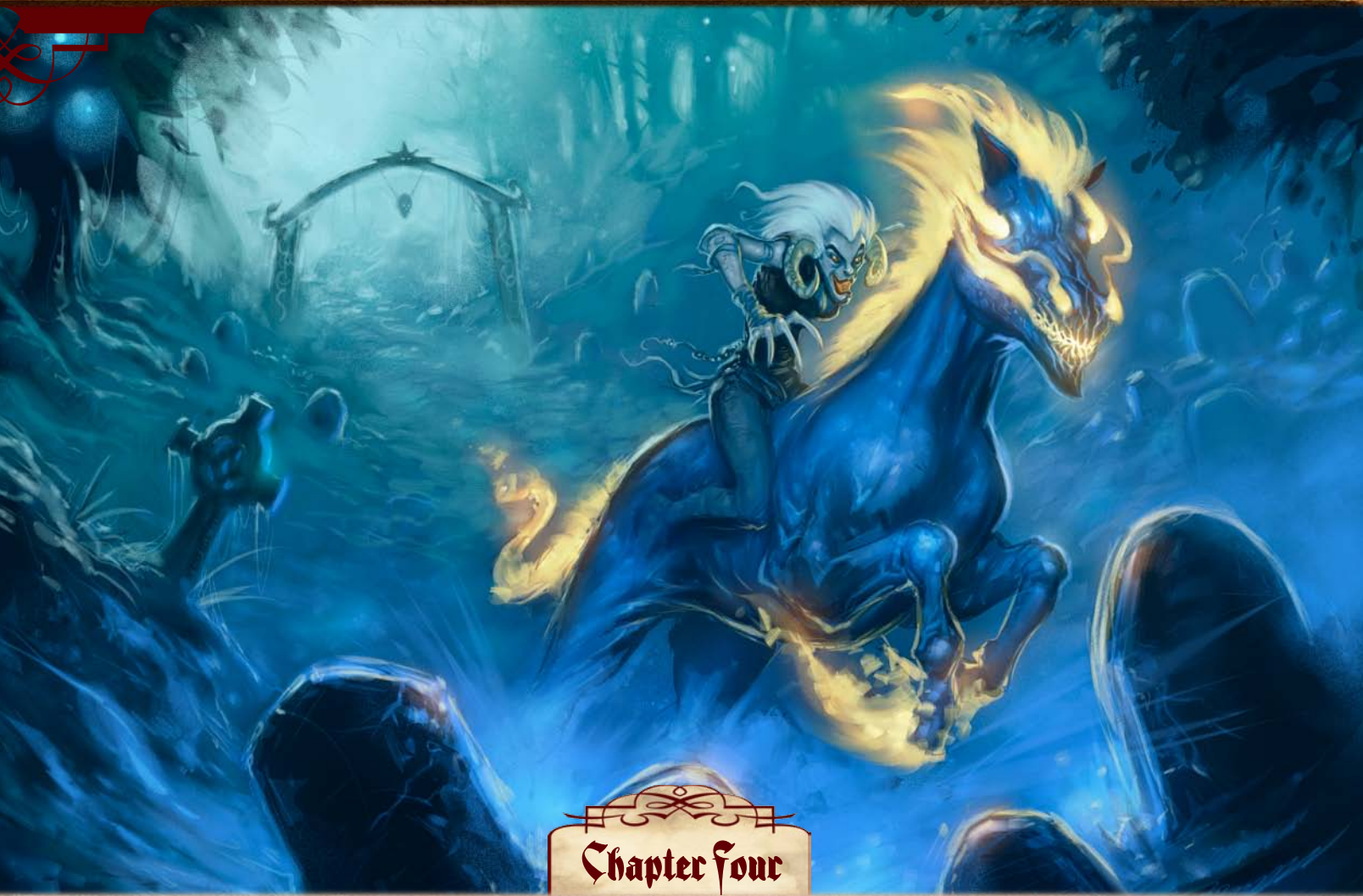
Horeksim: Relatively little is known of the original Horseman of War, save that he supposedly died at the hands of a young Sarenrae, though the Dawnflower has never spoken of their feud.

Roshmolem the Steel Weaver: symbolized by a red, mechanical arachnid rune, Roshmolem took the form of a spider-shaped cloud of blades, sitting enthroned in midair upon a web of steel and woven souls in the Cinder Furnace's throat. Most of his form was indistinct and only coalescent as needed, with only his eyes and a maw of flesh and mechanical mandibles remaining constant. Roshmolem was tortured by Lamashtu during her demonic invasion of Abaddon, and it was he who surrendered the secret of demon creation to the Mother of Monsters before she violently slew him. His weakness was regarded by subsequent Horsemen as a stain upon their relentless and almighty reputations, and so his name has been thoroughly eradicated from Abaddon's own histories.

Ortaro of the Ten Thousand screams:

Ascending to the throne for only a brief period following the murder of Roshmolem, Ortaro proved his worth by slaying ten thousand of Lamashtu's fiendish troops while she waged war against Abaddon. He took the form of a colossal, ebon-skinned man cloaked in a swirling cloud of screaming spirits; upon his head, he wore a nascent demon lord's skull carved into a crown, and around his neck he donned an ornate torque fashioned from the vertebrae of a butchered marilith. His hubris did not protect him amid the rim of the Cinder Furnace, however, where the marble-white Szuriel slew him with her enormous sword, usurping his position. The Angel of Desolation kept no mementos from this battle and left no trace of her predecessor's physical body, casting his desecrated corpse into the forges of the purrodaemons and claiming the Cinder Furnace as her throne.





Chapter Four

THE SOUL REAVERS

The end approaches. Plague festers among the masses, war rages between nations, crops wither and starvation reigns, and the clock of time and age ticks away as the mortal world's final arbiter and executioner. A four-faced beast rules beneath the eclipse, gnashing its teeth and gnawing at mortality like a great serpent, taking existence into itself and consuming it, leaving only darkness. The Four seek apocalypse, and the multiverse does nothing to stop it, as if knowing the Horsemen for the inevitability they represent.

The hordes will rise. The seas will burn. And the Horsemen will ride at last.

—From the Book of the Damned, "The Ride of the Four"

Since their earliest days, the daemons have ruled their realm. While the surge of new and terrible entities following the creation of the first demons strained their defenses to the limit, and indeed pushed far into Abaddon before being forced back into the Abyss, the daemons are quick to write off that particular conflict as simply an experiment gotten out of hand. Various other conflicts are similarly belittled by demonic history. In the minds of the daemons, there has only ever been one master race in Abaddon, and its members bow to the Horsemen. Yet their benighted plane harbors more than just daemons, including other races of fiends, peddlers of the soul trade, and myriad enslaved or abandoned daemoniac creations.

Denizens of Abaddon

Below are some of the more common non-daemonic residents of Abaddon.

Divs: Formed from corrupted genie souls, Abaddon's divs revel in destruction and misery, and specifically enjoy the destruction of mortal works. Comparatively few in number, they dwell at Abaddon's fringes in the domain of their demigod master Ahriman. The Four largely ignore them, viewing their actions as helpful in the long-term, but several harbingers view them with suspicion and ego-fed hatred. When the two races clash—and indeed, there's a good deal of mutual hatred between daemons and divs with similar purviews, such as hydrodaemons and ghawwas divs—the divs frequently lose or retreat, unwilling to risk angering the daemons' masters.

The divs' greatest reason to avoid conflict, however, is the presence of a permanent portal between Abaddon and Golarion: the House of Oblivion, created millennia ago by an Osirian pharaoh. The divs and their master Ahriman fear its discovery by the Four, yet at least one of the Horsemen already knows about it. It was Szuriel, the Horseman of War, who originally bargained with the Pharaoh of Forgotten Plagues and recommended the gate's creation, linking Abaddon to the Thuvian deserts and helping her use the divs as a secondary assault upon the Material Plane.

The Hunted: For all the daemons' uncontested might, Abaddon's largest population is the doomed, damned souls of the hunted. Perpetually flooding into Abaddon by way of the Devouring Gate, or else stolen from other planes by daemons, the hunted exist in numbers that stagger the mind while only barely keeping pace with the rate of daemoniac consumption. A fraction of their kind remains temporarily free at any given time, either in hiding or in one of the cities the daemons allow nominal autonomy, while most are either penned, consumed, actively being hunted, or in the midst of their own horrible transformation into daemons themselves. Those hunted who retain their mental faculties and survive their initial arrival sometimes

serve as an underclass of protected, abused pets and objects of mockery, living in the fiends' cities under the perpetual threat of public death and consumption simply for being what they are. Their tortured existences continue at their masters' whimsy, and they frequently come to worship the Four as madness overtakes them.

Night Hags: Natives of the Ethereal Plane, night hags are champions of the soul trade, and thus are commonly found on Abaddon. Stealing or buying mortal souls from the Material Plane, the hags find no greater buyers for their mewling wares than the daemons. Traveling across the planes by magic or via complex networks of artificial gates and natural portals, the hags function as planar merchants and go-betweens. Peddling their wares and souls openly within Abaddon's cities, and even within the realms of the Four Horsemen, the hideous merchants are protected from harm by an unspoken agreement between the Four and the hags' racial deity, Alazhra the Dream Eater.

Nightmares: Abaddon's equine fiends roam the plane's wastelands, many indoctrinated from birth to loyalty toward the specific Horseman or harbinger whose realm their bloodline calls home. In return for their relative freedom, the nightmares serve as mounts for powerful daemons, and the greatest of their kind carry the Four directly. The unique mounts of the Four command much the same sort of respect from other nightmares as the Four do from other daemons, though nightmare society is much more individualistic and difficult to organize. While mortals (and perhaps some daemons) often think of nightmares as simple mounts, the nightmares see themselves as equal with their masters, as even the title of "Horseman" would be meaningless without their assistance. In this sense, the relationship between daemon and nightmare is much closer to true symbiosis than a simple master/servant arrangement. Nightmares not working directly with a particular daemon are free to roam across Abaddon without concern for borders or domains, protected by their power and status and feeding upon the acrid vegetation, wandering spirits, and soul-empowered wastes produced by their fiendish neighbors.

Other Creatures: Still other creatures dwell within Abaddon's depths. Vargouilles can be found here, feeding on scraps and creatures that wander into their territory, while constantly looking for routes to the Material Plane. Wild yeth hounds hunt the wastes as well, less organized than those bound to Lamashtu but still terribly dangerous.

Even daemons are far too numerous to be catalogued in a single book. Supplementing the daemons discussed here and presented in full in *Bestiary 2* and *Bestiary 3* are eight other major daemon castes described on the following pages. Still other daemons certainly exist in the infinite wastes of Abaddon—for the Four are far from finished with the act of creation, and constantly tinkering with new designs.

Erodaemon

This fiend appears to be a slim half-elf with long hair and a slender set of black ram horns. Covered by a sheer gown, her skin is tinged blue and covered with an elaborate tracery of white, scarified tattoos. A long, serpentine tail sprouts from the base of her spine, ending in a fanged maw. Her extremities are withered and blackened, ending in scorched, fleshless talons, and her unearthly beauty is further marred by a red, unblinking third eye.

ERODAEMON

CR 11



XP 12,800

NE Medium outsider (daemon, evil, extraplanar)

Init +9; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., *detect good*, *detect thoughts*;

Perception +20

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 16, flat-footed 19 (+5 Dex, +1 dodge, +9 natural)

hp 147 (14d10+70)

Fort +9, **Ref** +14, **Will** +12

DR 10/good or silver; **Immune** acid, death effects, disease, poison; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10, fire 10; **SR** 22

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee bite +19 (1d6+4 plus 1d4 Charisma drain), 2 claws +19 (1d6+4)

Special Attacks object of desire, wilting kiss

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 14th; concentration +20)

Constant—*detect good*, *detect thoughts*, *tongues*

At will—*death knell* (DC 18), *greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *unnatural lust** (DC 18)

3/day—*desecrate*, quickened *crushing despair* (DC 20), *enervation*, *suggestion* (DC 19)

1/day—*modify memory* (DC 20), *summon* (level 4, 1d3 ceustodaemons 35%), *utter contempt** (DC 20)

* See *Ultimate Magic*.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 21, **Con** 21, **Int** 19, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 22

Base Atk +14; **CMB** +19; **CMD** 34

Feats Agile Maneuvers, Deceitful, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*crushing despair*), Skill Focus (Bluff), Weapon Finesse

Skills Bluff +33, Diplomacy +23, Disguise +24, Intimidate +23, Knowledge (local) +21, Knowledge (planes) +21, Perception +20, Sense Motive +20, Sleight of Hand +22, Stealth +22

Languages Abyssal, Draconic, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft., *tongues*

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Abaddon)

Organization solitary, pair, or harem (3–6)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Object of Desire (Su) While using its *detect thoughts* ability, an erodaemon can see into the mind of a humanoid and

identify the person the target most desires, whether it be a lost loved one or an object of lust. As a full-round action, the erodaemon can change into the form of this desired person as long as the target is a Small, Medium, or Large humanoid. The erodaemon gains a +20 bonus on its Disguise and Bluff checks to impersonate that person and avoid being detected as a fraud, but spells like *true seeing* negate this effect as normal. This effect ends if the erodaemon attacks any creature. Actions that could reveal the erodaemon as a fraud (such as performing an action that the imitated person would obviously not do, like cast a spell or speak Infernal) require the erodaemon to make an immediate Bluff check to continue the impersonation, with the erodaemon losing some or all of its bonus depending on the severity of the breach (GM's discretion).

Wilting Kiss (Su) An erodaemon can draw a mortal into a state of obsession with its kiss. An unwilling victim must be grappled before the erodaemon can use this ability. A creature affected by this kiss must make a DC 23 Will save or become obsessed with the erodaemon, an obsession the erodaemon feeds on. Each round the target is more than 30 feet away from the erodaemon, it must make an additional DC 23 Will save. Failing the save means that the sheer pain of her absence deals 1 point of Charisma drain to the subject that round. Succeeding at the Will save two consecutive times ends the effects of this ability. Spells such as *dispel magic* and *break enchantment* end this effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Erodaemons personify death by heartbreak. These fiends pose as mortals, insert themselves into the lives of their victims, and slowly destroy them. They break apart marriages, kill children or cause them to leave their families, destroy reputations, extinguish faith, curdle family ties, and bit by bit savor the slow disintegration of their victims' emotional well-being and consequent physical deterioration. Every tear shed, every sobbing woman, and every grieving man brings a rapturous smile to an erodaemon's face, because when a mortal dies of heartbreak and grief, the erodaemon feasts upon the tortured soul.

The typical erodaemon stands 6 feet tall and weighs 150 pounds.

Ecology

Erodaemons sometimes form from the hunted, the wandering mortal souls of Abaddon. Corrupted by their heartbreak, the resulting erodaemons seek to impose their morbid fate upon others.

Erodaemons are thought by some to be Abaddon's answer to the demonic succubi and diabolic erinyes, possessing the visage of beautiful mortals, yet tainted with obviously fiendish traits and intentions. However, rather than inspiring wars based on lust or torturing

victims ceaselessly, erodaemons seek to stoke the flames of mortal woe, causing many to fall into such pits of melancholy that they ultimately perish. When a mortal succumbs to death as a way to escape the pain of living without one's love, an erodaemon ensnares the soul and feasts upon its anguish.

Though they can appear as either a man or woman to their victims, in their true form, erodaemons are predominantly female. Erodaemons freely adopt whatever guises they deem necessary to infiltrate and ravage the lives of the mortals they hunt throughout the planes, and when not donning mortal figures, they often shift between various forms as they so desire, honing their ability to adopt each particular gender's behavioral quirks for when it matters.

Habitat & Society

Erodaemons know many traditions of different societies due to their intrusions into urban areas on other planes. In Abaddon, however, such communal grounds are rare, if they exist at all. In the sprawling wastes, erodaemons practice their forms of seduction primarily upon the hunted, who may still have such base desires as intimacy and love. Erodaemons are rarely trusted by other daemons, who have no hearts to break but can be tricked all the same into thinking a supposed ally or leader has turned its back on them.

While infiltrating other planes, erodaemons prefer to hunt alone most of the time. Selecting a particularly susceptible victim—such as one whose heart already throbs for another—an erodaemon will assume the guise of its target's lover and make the victim believe his or her partner is unfaithful, abusive, or worse. The devastation this causes for both of the real members of the relationship is delectable to the erodaemon, whose kiss snatches any life that still remains in the souls of those whose hearts it breaks. Similarly, an erodaemon might simply assume the form of a beautiful suitor, bewitching an already devoted mortal into relations which will ultimately be discovered suddenly by his or her mate. When the affair is revealed—often in the bedroom—the erodaemon assumes its true form to devour the emotionally shattered remains of both parties involved.

Erodaemons occasionally work together, but only if doing so results in a greater harvest of crushed mortal souls. This usually involves mesmerizing entire groups of people, often at a risqué performance or event, and seductively sapping the life from the unwitting spectators. While such ruses are elaborate enough to pique erodaemons' peculiar tastes, the act of tricking mortals on an individual level often yields much more broken—and thus all the more delicious—souls.

Given their diverse uses and unique insights into mortals, erodaemons serve all of the Four equally. In addition to typical erodaemon servitors, erodaemons with particularly specialized skill sets serve each Horseman as his or her needs require. Apollyon possesses access to a group of plagued erodaemons who act as jubilant and seductive carriers of venereal diseases; Trelmarixian's erodaemons target rulers of kingdoms in order to divert resources meant for food; Szuriel's erodaemons woo entire legions of soldiers into embittered deaths; and Charon's erodaemons seek and further destroy the hearts of the aged.



Lacridaemon

Sobbing uncontrollably, this gray-skinned creature possesses thin legs ending in black cloven hooves, as well as a ferocious, manic grin. Its flesh is torn and scratched even down to the tip of its misshapen tail, while a patchwork sheet of dirty ice covers its body. Its tears sizzle violently as they hit the ground.

LACRIDAEMON

CR 3



XP 800

NE Medium outsider (daemon, evil, extraplanar)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., *detect good*, *detect magic*; Perception +8

Aura weeping aura 100 ft.

DEFENSE

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

hp 30 (4d10+8)

Fort +6, **Ref** +4, **Will** +5

DR 5/good or silver; **Immune** acid, death effects, disease, poison; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10, fire 10; **SR** 14

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee bite +6 (1d4+2 plus 1d4 acid and poison), 2 claws +7 (1d4+2 plus 1d4 acid)

Special Attacks poisonous tears

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

Constant—*detect good*, *detect magic*

At will—*pass without trace*

3/day—*overwhelming grief** (DC 14), *teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only)

1/day—*hold person* (DC 14), *invisibility*, *snare*, *summon* (level 4, 1 lacridaemon, 50%)

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 17, **Con** 14, **Int** 11, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 19

Feats Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (claws)

Skills Acrobatics +10 (+14 jump), Bluff +8, Climb +9, Perception +8, Sense Motive +8, Stealth +10

Languages Abyssal, Draconic, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Abaddon)

Organization solitary, pair, or lurk (3–6)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Poisonous Tears (Su) A lacridaemon's tears are poisonous to other creatures. As a move action that provokes an attack of opportunity, a lacridaemon can coat both of its claws with its tears, giving its next attack the possibility of poisoning its victim. A lacridaemon must attack with its claws on the same round or the round immediately after it applies its tears in order to use this ability; after that time, the tears lose their potency. Once it has attacked a creature using its tear-coated claws, a lacridaemon

must reapply the tears again in order to use this ability. A lacridaemon's bite attack is always treated as having its poisonous tears applied to it.

Lacridaemon poison: Injury; save Fortitude DC 14; frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect 1 Wis plus staggered for 1 round; cure 2 consecutive saves.

Weeping Aura (Su) A lacridaemon emits an invisible aura that sounds like the whimpers of a crying child. The whimpers sound almost as if they're coming from all directions at once, or perhaps from one's own mind, disorienting those within the aura's area. Any creature that enters this area takes a –5 penalty on Survival checks to avoid becoming lost. Creatures within the aura's range need not be able to physically hear the whimpers in order to be affected by this ability (and those who try to identify its origin so they can get nearer take a –5 penalty on their Perception checks to do so). A lacridaemon can suppress or reactivate its aura as a free action, and the effects from multiple lacridaemon auras stack (up to a maximum penalty of –20). This aura is a sonic, mind-affecting effect.

* See *Ultimate Magic*.

Among the least powerful of Abaddon's daemons, though still exceedingly dangerous, lacridaemons personify death by neglect or exposure to the elements, such as that suffered by those who become lost in the wilderness and die far from help, or are trapped in an enclosed space (like a collapsed mine) and left to slowly expire. Sadly, children are more likely to become lacridaemons than any other type of daemon, and while it's rare for children to be truly evil, those unfortunate children who die from neglect and abuse, or who are abandoned by their parents, are at risk of being twisted and made savage by the experience. Lacridaemons' misery is in stark contrast to their savage nature, and given the opportunity, they viciously lash out, furiously attacking their mortal victims. Burning tears of acid and horrific powers used to strand mortals in perilous conditions make lacridaemons effective combatants against unwary enemies, and their abilities are compounded when the daemons are encountered as a wailing, weeping group.

Ecology

Pitiful creatures, most lacridaemons suffer in death as their mortal incarnations did in life, consumed by feelings of abandonment, self-pity, and a gnawing sense of loneliness. They often spawn from the souls of evil mortals who died alone and abandoned—exiled criminals, reclusive and corrupt nobles, or those who died from intense exposure to the natural elements, such as by freezing to death or dying of thirst. They are thus often servants of the Horseman of Famine, who makes use of their skills in luring mortals well beyond the edges of civilization, where they ultimately perish due to lack of nourishment.

Wracked by an enduring and incurable loneliness even in death, these fiends yearn for the companionship they died without, but only so they can attack and prey upon the souls of those who denied them help in life. They still call out for aid, whispering with a subtle telepathy as well as calling out with weak, pleading voices, begging for help and comfort. In Abaddon, their calls mostly draw out the hunted—namely those evil souls of Abaddon who would seek to take advantage of a stranded innocent—while on the Material Plane they bring forth all manner of doomed altruists. They turn on those who arrive, attacking anyone who would show them the benevolence denied or unattainable to them in life. Of course, the very notion that their daemonic nature might be influenced by the dim memories of a mortal soul is disgusting to them, and most reject the idea as blasphemous.

Habitat & Society

Befitting their nature, most lacridaemons wander the fringes of daemonic society, abhorring the cities and citadels that populate the greater realms of the Four and their subordinate lords. This self-selected exile has several consequences. First, it ensures that they, as a caste of daemons, receive only the scraps of mortal souls, and rarely does any lacridaemon rise to a position of prominence within Abaddon. Their wandering also brings them into considerable conflict with the various non-daemonic natives of Abaddon, including nightmares and night hags—but when confronted by powerful foes or outnumbered, lacridaemons usually simply flee. Lacridaemons take great pleasure in pursuing the hunted, leading the already stranded souls further astray throughout the vast wastelands of Abaddon. These hunted never die of starvation or malnourishment, instead subsisting in a constant state of agonizing hunger, and the lacridaemon takes great pleasure in causing such suffering. Solitary and xenophobic, lacridaemons shun the company of other creatures except for other lacridaemons, and even then the fiends largely just cluster together, interacting at a bare minimum. These small lurks of lacridaemons are especially dangerous when encountered in the wild; their maddening whines for help often cause entire parties of travelers to become disoriented and lose their way in treacherous lands.

While on the Material Plane, lacridaemons gravitate toward hostile environs such as vast swaths of tundra, brutally hot deserts, and inhospitable swamplands. Occasionally, a lacridaemon will appear near the border of an oasis city or remote outpost, waiting for travelers to leave on the next leg of their journey. The lacridaemon will then follow the unwitting travelers at a distance,

waiting until they are far from civilization before coming close enough to let its mind-affecting sobs be known. Lacridaemons use their pitiful whimpering to string prey along for days at a time, until the unfortunate victim has run out of food or water and is on the brink of death. When this occurs, the cunning daemon finally confronts its prey, revealing the true source of the weeping. If it needs to attack, a lacridaemon does so swiftly, savoring the body and reveling in the death of yet another abandoned soul, shedding its perpetual tears all the while.



Obscidaemon

This massive fiend has thick claws like a lion's, the broad wings of an eagle, and the legs of a massive canine. Its face is that of a three-eyed wolf with the jaws of a saber-toothed tiger. While two of the thing's eye sockets are merely empty holes that trickle blood, the middle eye glows a sickly yellow. A cloud of globular soul-stuff cloaks the creature's hulking body, bits dripping loosely from its barbwire-covered arms.

OBCISIDAEMON

CR 19



XP 204,800

NE Gargantuan outsider (daemon, evil, extraplanar)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., deathwatch, true seeing;

Perception +30

Aura scorched earth (60 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 34, touch 10, flat-footed 30 (+4 Dex, +24 natural, -4 size)

hp 319 (22d10+198)

Fort +22, **Ref** +11, **Will** +18

DR 15/good and silver; **Immune** acid, death effects, disease, poison; **Resist** cold 30, electricity 30, fire 30; **SR** 30

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (average)

Melee +1 unholy halberd +30/+25/+20/+15 (4d8+16/x3 plus inherit soul), bite +28 (2d8+15)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft.

Special Attacks cloak of souls

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 20th; concentration +27)

Constant—deathwatch, true seeing

At will—cloudkill (DC 22), greater teleport (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only)

3/day—destruction (DC 24), fire storm (DC 25), incendiary cloud (DC 25), quickened spell turning

1/day—mass hold person (DC 24), meteor swarm (DC 26), summon (level 9, 1 purrodaemon 50%)

STATISTICS

Str 30, **Dex** 19, **Con** 28, **Int** 13, **Wis** 21, **Cha** 24

Base Atk +22; **CMB** +36; **CMD** 50

Feats Bleeding Critical, Cleave, Critical Focus, Great Cleave, Greater Vital Strike, Improved Vital Strike, Power Attack, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (spell turning), Staggering Critical, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (halberd)

Skills Bluff +32, Fly +23, Intimidate +32, Knowledge (history) +15, Knowledge (planes) +15, Perception +30, Sense Motive +30, Spellcraft +26

Languages Abyssal, Draconic, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Abaddon)

Organization solitary, pair, or holocaust (3–6)

Treasure standard (+1 unholy halberd, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Cloak of Souls (Su) An obscidaemon is surrounded by a dark

cloud of souls it has consumed, often resembling a tattered, ethereal cloak. When an obscidaemon successfully captures a soul with its inherit soul ability, the soul becomes a part of its cloak of souls, taking up one soul slot. An obscidaemon has a number of soul slots equal to its Charisma modifier (usually 7). An obscidaemon can consume a soul as a swift action to achieve a particular effect. When a soul within this cloak is consumed by the obscidaemon, it is immolated as though by the destruction spell. Destroying the daemon frees the souls in its cloak, though this does not return the deceased creatures to life. Any attempt to resurrect a body whose soul is trapped in a cloak of souls requires a DC 28 caster level check. Failure results in the spell having no effect, while success tears the victim's soul free from the cloak and returns the creature to life as normal. If the daemon is in an unholy location, such as that created by the unhallow spell, the DC of this caster level check increases by +2. The caster level check DC is Charisma-based. An obscidaemon can achieve one of the following effects by consuming a single soul.

- Increase the DC of the next spell-like ability the obscidaemon uses that round by +1.
- Give the obscidaemon 3d6 temporary hit points for 1 hour.
- Increase the damage of the obscidaemon's next melee attack that round by +1d6 hit points.

Inherit Soul (Su) Whenever an obscidaemon kills a creature with its halberd, that creature must immediately make a DC 31 Fortitude save or be consumed by the daemon's cloak of souls. This is a death effect. If the cloak cannot consume this soul without exceeding its number of soul slots, the daemon can release a soul as a free action in order to make room for the new soul, otherwise, the killed creature automatically succeeds at its save and its soul is not absorbed. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Scorched Earth (Su) A creature that dies within 60 feet of an obscidaemon must immediately make a DC 28 Fortitude save to prevent its body from being utterly consumed in unholy fire equivalent to the destruction spell. The save DC is Charisma-based.

The obscidaemon personifies the darkest elements of war. Obscidaemons strip away the veneer of honor and battlefield glory, leaving only the brutal and violent pragmatism at its core, and then divest it of any humanity to reveal naught but scorched earth and genocide. Reflecting the disgraceful values of ethnic cleansing, depopulation, and all other forms of the clinical, systematic obliteration of civilian populations, obscidaemons are among the most powerful members of daemonkind. These paragons of inhumanity arrive in the heart of great cities and leave only wastelands of rubble and ashes in their wake. Where an obscidaemon walks, not even the ghosts of the dead remain to lament the destruction, for the daemon wipes

out not only innocent individuals, but also their entire histories and bloodlines, ensuring that no future exists for its victims in any sense of the word.

Obcisaedmons stand 25 feet tall, have a wingspan of 30 feet, and weigh over 15,000 pounds.

Ecology

When a mortal commits a true act of genocide in life and goes to Abaddon in death, it has a chance of forming into an obcisaedmon if it survives long enough as a member of the hunted. Such individuals rarely have trouble managing the unforgiving wastes, as they are willing to destroy any and all possible allies in order to ensure their own survival, making betrayal an impossibility and solitude an inevitability. This vicious soul eventually develops into an obcisaedmon—a lone, wandering mass of slaughter that acts as a harbinger of indiscriminating and unforgiving death to all who dare stand in its path. In life, the soul of an obcisaedmon perhaps only desired to kill a particular chosen population; as an obcisaedmon, however, the being seeks the obliteration of all mortals.

Peculiar to an obcisaedmon is the cloak of souls that seems to drip from its enormous body, a symbol of its destructive abilities that provides onlookers an idea as to the sheer scope of its murderous capabilities. When an obcisaedmon lays slaughter to entire populations, it does not feast on all of the souls at once, instead capturing victims for later use. When the fiend needs to unleash a particularly potent rampage upon a resistant population, it consumes its reserve souls in order to strengthen its powers and ensure its success in total annihilation.

Habitat & Society

Devoted to the wanton, systematic slaughter of mortals, most obcisaedmons serve Szuriel, the Horseman of War, who shares similar ideals. In her service, an obcisaedmon functions as a high-ranking officer at the head of an army of purrodaemons, so skilled are the harbingers of genocide at managing the pragmatic art of organized massacres. Sometimes, an amassed group of obcisaedmons instead trails behind an invading daemonic army, so as to ensure that no trace of the butchered mortals remains but ashes and salted earth. Obcisaedmons not only ensure that all life perishes, but that the land is thereafter uninhabitable by any other creatures

as well. Occasionally, an obcisaedmon serves Apollyon, occupying a similar role at the head of a titanic flight of leukodaemons, sowing disease and clouds of poison across miles of terrain in its passing.

Some obcisaedmons serve no particular member of the Four, instead choosing to function as independent agents of genocide. These beings wander from plane to plane, laying waste to one civilization after another. Some obcisaedmons intentionally spread their true names to the Material Plane, hoping for a foolish evil summoner to call upon them, knowing that no mere mortal could control their awesome power. Most such summoners end up among the first souls devoured and consumed into the cloud of tormented spirits that cloaks the now-rampaging obcisaedmon.



Phasmadaemon

Little can be seen of this fiend, its body cloaked in a shroud of perpetually shifting, ghastly illusions and phantasms. Beneath its shimmering veil, it has glossy black flesh, a bleached white face, and twisted horns. Its long caiman muzzle perpetually gapes, but other than that, its face is void of sensory organs, save for two orbs that move below the surface of its flesh. This creature flows rather than moves, and its flexible body lacks a definite skeletal structure except for a long, bony tail.

PHASMADAEMON

CR 17



XP 102,400

NE Large outsider (daemon, evil, extraplanar)

Init +11; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., true seeing; Perception +30

Aura frightful presence (60 ft., DC 27)

DEFENSE

AC 32, touch 17, flat-footed 24 (+7 Dex, +1 dodge, +15 natural, –1 size)

hp 264 (23d10+138)

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

DR 10/good and silver; **Immune** acid, death effects, disease, poison; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10, fire 10; **SR** 28

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 40 ft. (good)

Melee bite +27 (2d6+5/19–20 plus grab), 2 claws +27 (1d8+5)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks consume fear, constrict (2d6+5), rend (2d6+7)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 20th; concentration +26)

Constant—*deathwatch*, *true seeing*

At will—*greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *persistent image* (DC 21)

3/day—*quicken greater shadow conjuration* (DC 23), *greater shadow evocation* (DC 24), *mirage arcana*, *nightmare* (DC 21), *permanent image* (DC 22), *phantasmal killer* (DC 20)

1/day—*mislead*, *summon* (level 8, 1 temerdaemon or 1d3 suspiridaemons, 50%), *symbol of fear* (DC 21), *weird* (DC 25)

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 25, **Con** 23, **Int** 19, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 22

Base Atk +23; **CMB** +29 (+33 grapple); **CMD** 47

Feats Combat Casting, Deceitful, Dodge, Greater Spell Penetration, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Initiative, Intimidating Prowess, Iron Will, Power Attack, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*greater shadow conjuration*), Spell Penetration, Vital Strike

Skills Bluff +36, Disguise +36, Escape Artist +30, Fly +35, Intimidate +37, Knowledge (planes) +30, Perception +30, Sense Motive +30, Spellcraft +30, Stealth +29

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

SQ compression, tangible horror

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Abaddon)

Organization solitary, pair, or cabal (3–4)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Consume Fear (Su) As a standard action, a phasmadaemon that begins its turn with a grappled opponent can attempt to feed on the creature's mortality and innate terror. Any creature that does not succeed at a DC 27 Will save takes 1d6 points of Charisma drain and becomes shaken for 2d4 rounds; in addition, the phasmadaemon gains 5 temporary hit points for every point of Charisma drain dealt this way. If the creature being grappled is already panicked at the beginning of the phasmadaemon's turn, it must save instead on a DC 27 Fortitude save or be slain instantly by the phasmadaemon, which gains a +1 profane bonus on attack rolls, saving throws, and checks for every 2 points of Charisma its victim had before dying; the profane bonuses last for 24 hours. The save DCs are Charisma-based.

Tangible Horror (Su) A phasmadaemon's illusion abilities are partially real at a level above and beyond those normally conjured forth by similar illusion spells. If a creature succeeds at its Will save to disbelieve either a phasmadaemon's *greater shadow conjuration* or *greater shadow evocation* spell-like ability, the conjured or evoked spell has 80% the normal effect or is 80% likely to occur, rather than 60%.

Among the most powerful members of daemonkind, the phasmadaemons personify death by fright, and conjure powers of illusion so terrifying that they steal the life from their victims. A freakish creature of rubbery flesh, the phasmadaemon is capable of twisting its body like a hellish contortionist, and its ivory face is often the last thing its victim sees. Though capable of savaging foes with its fangs and claws, it prefers to torment them first with illusory enemies, unreal terrors, and false terrain before finally closing in as the victims' hearts race and finally fail. When a phasmadaemon does confront its prey physically, it prefers to grapple and constrict it to death, looking the victim directly in the face and watching the fear fill its eyes as the blood drains from its cheeks. A phasmadaemon rarely shows its true form all at once, masking itself in illusions or eerie porcelain masks, and it delights in unnerving even its own daemoniac allies.

A phasmadaemon is 25 feet long from muzzle to tail—though if it desires, it can stretch almost half again that length thanks to its flexible, elastic anatomy—and weighs 1,000 pounds.

Ecology

Phasmadaemons sometimes form from the type of soul that exemplifies extreme evil, namely those who inflict or suffer from extreme fear, such as deranged illusionists,

schizophrenic serial killers, and corrupt mortals who died at the hands of other creatures that excel at captivating victims' dreams and fears. In other instances, phasmadaemons are merely among the most fearful of the hunted souls of Abaddon, souls who eventually learn to exult in the terror they feel as a soul-devouring daemon stalks them; eventually, these vile souls may transform from the hunted into the hunters—daemons seeking the thrill of the hunt for the horror-stricken faces of their prey.

Whether in the chasms of Abaddon or on other planes, phasmadaemons hunt for souls via stealth, following from a distance to study their prey for prolonged periods. They create elaborate illusions, leading their targets into believing in entire fictional environments and creatures, all dependent on the victims' most feared imaginings. They extract each soul's intrinsic, underlying fears, using the figments as weapons against their owners. Phasmadaemons do not seek souls that are merely easy prey—they adhere strictly to their own method of destroying souls, reveling in the grotesque pleasure of striking mortal souls dead with fear-induced heart attacks and other physical maladies. The connection between fear and mortality is something that continually fascinates the morbid curiosities of phasmadaemons, who mix fears like alchemists, conducting experiments and concocting ever more terrifying combinations of horrific imaginings.

Habitat and Society

Phasmadaemons tend to hunt alone, preferring to develop their own unique styles of torment and horror to unleash upon their victims. While some would suggest that the freakishly complex traps of crucidaemons or the cocooned feeding of sangudaemons rank as the most dreadful and frightening killing tactics among daemonkind, the terrors manifested by phasmadaemons exceed them both. A phasmadaemon extracts a mortal's own fears and turns the figments against their creator, not enjoying the torment the horrors induce so much as appreciating the effects of fear within its victim before the thing's last fatal gasp—the tiny hairs standing upright, the racing heart, jerking muscles, paralysis. Such reactions spawn immense pleasure within a phasmadaemon, which continually seeks ways to fill its victims with dread. Among phasmadaemons, the buying and selling of fears is in itself something of a market, much like the economy of souls within the rest of Abaddon. The fiends exchange their own horrific new imaginings with one another, creating a collection of terrors unfathomable by mortals.

Phasmadaemons do not often serve a single Horseman exclusively, their skills not necessarily a boon to any particular facet of death. They tend to traverse

the outskirts of societies both within Abaddon and outside of it, preying on travelers in the dead of winter nights or seeking out hermits in order to haunt their isolated homes. The tension before the kill is almost as thrilling to a phasmadaemon as the kill itself, and the foul beings wallow in the fear they create before swooping in for the final blow. When they travel in groups, phasmadaemons use their powers to create great multitudes of illusionary images in order to terrorize entire groups or crowds of closely situated people, such as causing heart-stopping incidents in the middle of a playhouse's performance, situating horrific conjurations in the middle of packed bazaars, and positioning frightful images at the gallows at a crowded execution.



Sangudaemon

This vaguely arachnid creature is the size of a human and is composed entirely of blood, globs of the viscous stuff dripping down its spindly legs and from its serpentine maw. A jagged set of obsidian fangs protrudes from its drooling mouth, and huge dragonfly wings of crimson blood splay from the thing's back producing a terrifying buzz.

SANGUDAEMON

CR 9



XP 6,400

NE Medium outsider (daemon, evil, extraplanar)

Init +9; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +18

Aura bleeding aura (30 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 16, flat-footed 17 (+5 Dex, +1 dodge, +7 natural)

hp 114 (12d10+48)

Fort +12, **Ref** +13, **Will** +7

DR 10/good or silver; **Immune** acid, death effects, disease, poison; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10, fire 10

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (good)

Melee bite +19 (1d8+7/18–20/x3 plus bleed), 2 claws +19 (1d6+7 plus grab)

Special Attacks bleed (2d4+1), blood drain (1d2 Constitution), drain soul

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th; concentration +14)

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

3/day—*death knell* (DC 14), *invisibility*, *summon swarm*

1/day—*hold monster* (DC 17), *summon* (level 6, 1 sangudaemon 40%)

STATISTICS

Str 24, **Dex** 21, **Con** 19, **Int** 10, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +19 (+23 grapple); **CMD** 35 (47 vs. trip)

Feats Bleeding Critical, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Dodge, Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative

Skills Escape Artist +20, Fly +24, Intimidate +17, Perception +18, Sense Motive +18, Spellcraft +15

Languages Abyssal, Draconic, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.

SQ augmented critical, contagious gore

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Abaddon)

Organization solitary, cluster (2–5), or hunt (6–10)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Augmented Critical (Ex) A sangudaemon's bite threatens a critical hit on a roll of 18–20 and deals x3 damage on a successful critical hit.

Bleeding Aura (Su) Within the daemon's aura, blood gushes from wounds at an increased rate. All bleed effects deal an additional +2 points of damage (included in the daemon's bleed damage). Heal checks made to stop bleeding or stabilize a dying creature, Constitution checks made to

become stable, and saving throws against effects that deal bleed damage take a –4 penalty.

Contagious Gore (Su) A sangudaemon alters the very flow of blood when it attacks. Any creature that stops a bleed effect created by a sangudaemon must make a DC Fortitude save or gain the bleed effect the creature just stopped (this has no effect if the creature was stopping a bleed effect on itself). A creature that succeeds at this save is immune to this ability for 24 hours. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Drain Soul (Su) A sangudaemon can revitalize itself by draining the soul of a dead creature. The target must be a creature the daemon dealt bleed damage to or used its blood drain ability on, and must have been dead for no longer than 1 minute. As a full-round action, it can drink the creature's soul dry, condemning the soul to Abaddon (though the soul can be returned to life as normal). The daemon gains fast healing 2 for a number of rounds equal to its Hit Dice.

A horrid combination of mosquito, spider, and vampire, sangudaemons personify death by blood loss. These horrors of Abaddon takes great pleasure in the act of draining their victims of blood, considering the fluid to be the essence of all mortality and the fundamental residence of the soul while within a mortal body. A sangudaemon bathes in the ruby humor, the fiend's own body resembling a brutal and gory massacre in full swing, with blood constantly coating and glistening its armored, chitinous carapace. Once the last vital drop has left a victim's body—thus depriving the soul of its last defenses, according to the mythology of the sangudaemons—the voracious insectile horror begins to devour its victim's spirit in earnest.

An individual sangudaemon stands about 5 feet tall, weighs 200 pounds, and has a wingspan of 6 feet.

Ecology

A sangudaemon typically spawns from the soul of an evil mortal who died due to blood loss, such as a casualty of giant leeches or mosquitoes, or possibly the drained victim of a ravenous vampire. Whatever the cause, a sangudaemon seeks to inflict its cruel fate upon others, traversing the planes in search of mortal victims to bleed and consume. Wherever a sangudaemon goes, blood follows, as its mere presence seems to indicate a thinning of bodily fluids and the ensuing chaos of merciless and nondiscriminatory bloodletting.

Perhaps more so than any other caste of daemon, sangudaemons “hunt” for souls in the most traditional sense of the word. Lurking primarily at night while on the Material Plane, a sangudaemon prowls the darkest corners of urban areas and sparsely populated lands alike, preying on unwary victims and dragging them back to its secluded

den. Such lairs are gory, dark places, the walls entirely awash in blood. From the ceiling of a sangudaemon's lair, the fiend hangs the cocooned bodies of countless victims, some still barely conscious beneath their grotesque wrappings—bindings made of hardened blood and the effluvium of devoured and regurgitated souls. A sangudaemon entombs its victims in these fibrous casings like a giant spider does its prey, slowly sucking the bodies dry of both blood and spirit. Sangudaemons keep their lairs underground or at high elevations in order to best preserve the bodies within, though when the cocoons have been completely leeched, the remnants begin to crumble into dust, and such charnel houses eventually fill with the dry, brittle ashes of victims.

Habitat & Society

While out hunting in either the wastes of Abaddon or throughout other planes, sangudaemons often work in packs of up to 10 individuals, and though they hunt together, they much prefer to keep their own independent lairs to drag victims back to for slower feedings. Other daemons find sangudaemons' potent abilities useful, especially on battlefields where blood is spilt. Piscodaemons and purrodaemons in particular find use for their services, shedding much blood in their destructive rampages and benefiting from sangudaemons' unique and devastating control over spilt blood.

While sangudaemons sometimes spawn from the souls of blood-drained victims of vampires, the daemons and the undead share no love for one another, and many sangudaemons openly despise vampires. Some speculate that sangudaemons that hate vampires do so because they themselves were victims to the undead as mortals, and a faint and bitter impression permeates their otherwise vacuous recollection. The contempt some sangudaemons have for vampires often runs so deep that the daemons seek out these undead souls in particular, hoping to utterly consume them, as sangudaemons often find vampires' tainted blood even more delicious than any other creature's. A sangudaemon will at times trade numerous souls and *soul gems* via Abaddon's markets for just a single vampire's soul, so much do they delight in the obliteration and consumption of the thing. As such outspoken hunters of vampires, sangudaemons often find themselves at odds with the goals of

Urgathoa, Abaddon's resident goddess of undeath. Though most daemons would never dream of siphoning some of her destined souls to sate their own hungers, the mere existence of the two polar forces within the blasted lands nevertheless creates an uncomfortable tension between the fiends and the goddess. What the two sides agree on is excessive gluttony, though Urgathoa's followers often partake merely of food, whereas sangudaemons indulge themselves purely on blood.

As a caste, sangudaemons have a distinct preference for service to both Apollyon and Szuriel. Those in service to the Horseman of Pestilence live in his festering swamps and frequently incubate various hemorrhagic fevers and blood-thinning diseases within their various pockets of consumed mortal blood, keeping the diseases alive and active until they can be dispersed through new populations for maximum carnage. Szuriel, meanwhile, spreads the plague of war wherever she passes, and thus bloodshed is an inevitability; whether this large-scale bloodletting is brought on by the tip of a sword or the hungry jaws of a sangudaemon matters not to the Horseman of War, and she gladly accepts the services of the eager and hungry sangudaemons, who are driven to ecstatic revels by battlefield gore.



Suspiridaemon

This tall, three-legged fiend possesses an avian body and head, save for its gangly arms, which end in thin, clawlike fingers. Its scrawny neck is adorned with three thick iron rings, and a grotesquely long, barbed tongue resembling an octopus's tentacle winds out of its oversized beak. Burst blood vessels fill the creature's wide eyes, and reddish speckled blotches cover its cyanotic flesh.

SUSPIDAEMON

CR 7



XP 3,200

NE Medium outsider (daemon, evil, extraplanar)

Init +7; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +14

Aura thin air

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 14, flat-footed 16 (+3 Dex, +1 dodge, +6 natural)

hp 85 (9d10+36)

Fort +9, Ref +9, Will +8

DR 10/good or silver; Immune acid, disease, death effects, poison; Resist cold 10, electricity 10, fire 10, sonic 30; SR 18

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 claws +13 (1d4+4), tongue +8 (1d6+6/19–20 plus grab)

Space 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft. (10 ft. with tongue)

Special Attacks concussive gasp, constrict (1d6+6), strangle, suffocate

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 9th; concentration +13)

At will—death knell (DC 16), ghoul touch (DC 16), ray of enfeeblement

3/day—stinking cloud (DC 17), vampiric touch (DC 17)

1/day—cloudkill (DC 19), summon (level 4, 1d3 lacridaemons 35%)

STATISTICS

Str 19, Dex 17, Con 18, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 18

Base Atk +9; CMB +13 (+17 grapple); CMD 27

Feats Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Critical (tongue), Improved Initiative

Skills Climb +16, Diplomacy +16, Intimidate +16, Knowledge (nature) +14, Knowledge (planes) +14, Perception +14, Sense Motive +14, Stealth +15

Languages Abyssal, Draconic, Infernal (cannot speak); telepathy 100 ft.

SQ no breath

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Abaddon)

Organization solitary, gang (2–4), or mob (5–9)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Concussive Gasp (Su) Once per day, a suspiridaemon can inhale with such sudden force as to evacuate the air in its proximity, causing a sudden wave of air pressure from the implosion. Every creature within 30 feet must make a DC 18 Fortitude save or take 5d6 points of sonic damage and become sickened

for 1d4 rounds. Any creature that makes a successful save takes only half damage and is not sickened. A suspiridaemon cannot perform this ability if it is currently grappling a creature with its tongue. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Strangle (Ex) Suspiridaemons have an unerring talent for seizing their victims by the neck. A creature that is grappled by a suspiridaemon cannot speak or cast spells with verbal components.

Suffocate (Ex) A creature affected by the daemon's strangle ability cannot breathe and must hold its breath. Because of the daemon's thin air aura, this can quickly render an opponent unconscious.

Thin Air (Su) A suspiridaemon's aura makes the air around it difficult to breathe. Creatures that need to breathe can only hold their breath half as long as normal while within this aura, and suffer from altitude sickness as if in a low peak or high pass (see Altitude Zones, *Core Rulebook* 430).

Horrid fiends whose very presence makes the air difficult to breathe, suspiridaemons personify death by suffocation. Discolored and blotched like the stagnant blood of a suffocated corpse, a suspiridaemon enjoys nothing more than the last choked gasp of a victim as it wraps its tongue around the creature's throat. While a suspiridaemon does not normally breathe, its body is nonetheless convulsive and twitchy; coupled with its utterly silent demeanor, they excel at slow, gruesome kills while hiding in the shadows. The only time a suspiridaemon makes a noticeable noise is when it suddenly loosens the binds around its neck and inhales a booming breath, the sudden loss of air enough to make foes fall ill.

Ecology

A suspiridaemon arises from an evil soul that died by suffocation, drowning, or execution by hanging. Each individual suspiridaemon bears the mark of its particular manner of mortal death—usually in the form of the bruised or mangled flesh of its throat—and the large iron collars around its neck hide such shameful reminders of life, though the suspiridaemon itself is often unaware of this. A suspiridaemon comes into being with the rings already bound around its throat, so that it never witnesses the afflictions that sent it to Abaddon in the first place. It is thought that should the collars around a suspiridaemon's throat ever be broken, the fiend's head would crook clumsily downward, allowing the monster to see wounds that might remind it of the terrible death it endured in its past existence.

Suspiridaemons pride themselves on the number of souls they have deprived of life by strangulation, and this amount often corresponds to the number of iron rings a suspiridaemon wears on its body. While most suspiridaemons are relatively weak compared to their

daemonkin, a particularly skillful individual who is talented at crafting as well as killing can construct iron collars adorned with gem slots, items that give the suspiridaemon the ability to contain the souls of its victims in the rings for trade in the soul markets of Abaddon. When a suspiridaemon is slain, its iron rings disintegrate into ash, and any gems held within are shattered as well, freeing the trapped souls.

A suspiridaemon generally uses stealth when confronting foes. Unleashing its long, winding tongue from a dark corner, one of these fiends will strangle an unwary foe in isolation from the rest of the creature's party. When in combat, a suspiridaemon greatly prefers to kill its enemies by its own hands or its barbed tongue, using its arcane abilities and other daemonkin gifts to wear down or sow discord into a group of opponents. To a suspiridaemon, there is no act more appreciable than choking the life from a victim, and bringing the creature close to hear its final, distorted gasp.

A suspiridaemon prefers to take souls from creatures who are on the verge of death, but aren't quite there yet; the fiend gazes at its victim's expiring face, drawing the dying creature's soul out of it with a solemn suspension of the daemon's normal twitching and convulsing. Those who have witnessed a suspiridaemon draw the life from a creature claim that the fiend almost seems to be inhaling fresh air for the first time as the victim's physical shell expires, and for the briefest moment, the monster appears to breathe normally. The eerie spectacle ends as quickly as it begins, however, as the suspiridaemon sets its gaze upon its next victim, preparing its vicious tongue for another attack.

Habitat & Society

While many daemons dedicate their loyalty to one of the Horsemen or some other power within Abaddon, either based on their origins, historical ties, or environmental circumstances, no such proclivities exist for suspiridaemons. Suspiridaemons avoid operating under masters whenever possible, preferring more individualistic careers of murder and destruction. They tend to work well with other daemons when forced into doing so, though the more daring individuals tend to stray from Abaddon and gravitate toward population centers on other planes to stalk prey as they please. Suspiridaemons traversing the multiverse in a pack regularly take their small hunting parties into the wilderness around smaller settlements, ravenous in their pursuit of those who stray from the protective gazes of allies. While their killing tactics are as ruthless as any other daemon, suspiridaemons' murders are particularly shrouded in a cold manner of sincere and solemn contemplation, their grisly crimes against souls veiled in a mist of contempt toward the living as well as hatred for

themselves. Some speculate that this self-hatred might be connected to the lingering doubts as to their origins, the itch beneath their iron collars that reminds them of their own past mortality. Whatever the cause of their self-doubt, the feeling does not seem to bother most other daemons, who generally view suspiridaemons as useful companions whether inside or outside of Abaddon. Piscodaemons and sangudaemons in particular consider them among the most ideal lesser daemons to command.

Suspiridaemons cannot speak, and rarely use their powers of telepathy to communicate, simply nodding discreetly when given a task by a more powerful daemon. This silent subservience only adds to other daemons' general appreciation of their humble and disturbing demeanors, though most are sure to keep the strangling fiends at a distance.



Temerdaemon

This creature lurches forward on multiple arms and legs, its spine contorted into a painful curve with its hips higher than its head. Seemingly distracted and muttering to itself, the thing rarely looks up with its glowing red eyes, its hair composed of hundreds of thin, white tendrils that hang over its head like a veil. Strapped onto the creature's body at various points are sacks and belt pouches stuffed with bizarre collections of objects, and its rear arms wield a wide, black bladed scythe, still coated with the blood of the fiend's last victim.

TEMERDAEMON

CR 14



XP 38,400

NE Large outsider (daemon, evil, extraplanar)

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +27

Aura reaper's curse (30 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 27, touch 13, flat-footed 23 (+4 Dex, +14 natural, -1 size)

hp 195 (17d10+102)

Fort +16, **Ref** +11, **Will** +17

DR 10/good and silver; **Immune** acid, death effects, disease, poison; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10, fire 10; **SR** 25

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 scythe +24/+19/+14/+9 (2d4+10/x4 plus confusion), 2 claws +22 (1d4+6 plus confusion)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks confusion

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 17th; concentration +22)

At will—*bestow curse* (DC 19), *death knell* (DC 17), *gaseous form*, *passwall*, *stone shape*, *telekinesis*

3/day—*disintegrate* (DC 21), *greater dispel magic*, *illusory wall*, *suggestion* (DC 18)

1/day—*summon* (level 6, 1 hydrodaemon 50%)

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 18, **Con** 23, **Int** 13, **Wis** 24, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +17; **CMB** +24; **CMD** 38 (42 vs. trip)

Feats Blinding Critical, Cleave, Combat Expertise, Critical Focus, Improved Initiative, Improved Trip, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (scythe)

Skills Bluff +25, Climb +26, Intimidate +25, Knowledge (planes) +13, Knowledge (religion) +12, Perception +27, Sense Motive +27, Stealth +20

Languages Abyssal, Draconic, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.

SQ undersized weapons

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Abaddon)

Organization solitary, pair, or trapper gang (3 temerdaemons and 15–30 cacodaemons)

Treasure standard (+1 scythe, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Confusion (Su) Creatures struck in combat by a temerdaemon's

claws or scythe must succeed at a DC 25 Will save or be confused for 1 round. This is a mind-affecting effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Reaper's Curse (Su) Those in proximity to a temerdaemon are afflicted by a profound increase in self-inflicted and ally-inflicted wounds, failures in magic, and similar accidental damage. Arcane spell failure chances for armor are doubled. A creature that rolls a natural 1 on its attack roll automatically rerolls the attack against itself (01–50%) or an ally (51–100%). If there is no ally in range, the attack always targets the creature. A creature that rolls a natural 1 on its roll to cast defensively suffers a mishap (see *Scroll Mishaps*, *Core Rulebook* 491). Skill checks that have serious consequences if failed by 5 or more (such as Climb, Disable Device, and Swim) have these consequences on all failed checks.

Temerdaemons personify the concept of accidental death. A knight falls upon her sword, a peasant trips and breaks his neck, a structure fails in ways its builders never foresaw and buries dozens of innocents, and meanwhile, a distant temerdaemon cackles knowingly. While true accidents please the fiend, it also delights in engineering the mishaps itself, crafting incomprehensibly complex plots that lead to the slaughter of as many mortals as possible. A temerdaemon often wades into the aftermath of such engineered catastrophes, carving apart the crippled survivors and sowing mass confusion and hysteria by its very proximity.

A gangly mass consisting of a rotund torso, four arms, and four legs, the average temerdaemon is 10 feet long and weighs 1,200 pounds, not counting its bizarre collection of mechanical fetishes and tinkering equipment.

Ecology

Lesser fiends who follow in an existing temerdaemon's wake and learn from the daemon's actions are those most typically chosen by one of the Four Horsemen or a member of the daemon elite for elevation into this terrible caste of crippled giants. Occasionally, however, an evil mortal soul proves worthy of such a station, having died in a singularly horrific accident, especially one engineered by its own hands. In such cases, transition from soul to temerdaemon is swift—on a cosmic scale—and made even swifter by a proclivity to prey upon other mortals.

Though Zyphus—the god of accidental deaths and tragedies—is thought by some to be the conceptual father of temerdaemons, the Grim Harvestman has never outright claimed responsibility for them. Nonetheless, he frequently delights in temerdaemons and the infrequent unconsumed souls they send his way. Neither Zyphus nor the temerdaemons seek to disrupt the other's claim over particular souls; they find the destinations of such

tragically doomed mortals frequently cross paths, and are as likely to end up in the hands of daemons as the god's minions.

Cultists of Zyphus often revel in the doings of temerdaemons, though the daemons themselves despise such worship by the very mortals they seek to destroy. Even slaying these foolish accident-worshipers is hardly enough for the angry temerdaemons, as the daemons' masterfully constructed accidents are wasted on those who actually hope for the horrid events. According to temerdaemons, freak accidents are best engineered for those who go about life with little concern for danger, especially those who least expect such misfortune to befall them. People who watch their backs—including paranoids and betrayers—don't satisfy the morbid desires of temerdaemons as much as the daydreaming child or absent-minded village idiot.

No two temerdaemons look exactly the same, as these treacherous beings take on as many forms as there are ways to freakishly die. Particularly powerful individuals may rise to enormous sizes, possessing dozens of legs and arms, as well as multiple heads, all of which strive to wreak as much disaster as possible upon the souls around them.

Habitat & Society

Temerdaemons wander the multiverse in search of opportunities for sabotage and treachery. Those cultists of Zyphus foolish enough to summon the daemons in hopes of bargaining with them for their services often find themselves victims of their own elaborate rituals. In their most fortunate cases, a temerdaemon arises on the Material Plane only to greet its summoners with its wicked smile and deadly aura, causing chandeliers to fall upon unwary victims' heads, robed priests to trip onto sharp candelabras, and sconces to break off of walls and ignite dusty curtains to set an entire building on fire. Now on the Material Plane, its summoners dead, a temerdaemon strives to create as much havoc and mischief as possible before being banished to its home in Abaddon. If it weren't for the extravagant and terrifically tragic manner of his worshipers' deaths, Zyphus might be rather displeased with the actions of these cunning daemons, but as it stands, there is rarely conflict between the two forces, which inadvertently share similar goals.

Temerdaemons rarely cooperate among themselves when crafting masterful hazards, preferring to enact their deadly accidents on their own and later boast to their kindred of their massacres. No two accidents are alike, and though temerdaemons sometimes gather in groups of two or three for particularly elaborate schemes, they have no reason to share their techniques or formulate plans for

long, as premeditating a particular slaughter is entirely counterproductive in the eyes of a temerdaemon. To these improvisational fiends, an accidental murder is even more satisfying than a mere accidental death.

Despite their preference to act alone, temerdaemons at times happily utilize some of their lesser kindred as unwitting cogs in their disastrous plans. Particular among these pawns are the miniscule cacodaemons, which frequently cluster in numbers of up to a dozen around a given temerdaemon, ready to absorb and regurgitate the souls of their greater kindred's kills. When a temerdaemon cannot attract cacodaemon followers, it simply captures them, and any given temerdaemon of considerable power can often be found with dozens of these least daemons impaled on barbed hooks, stuffed into tightly drawn satchels, or crammed into small cages, each container dangling from its myriad straps, belts, and holsters.



Venedaemon

Silken robes drape this androgynous fiend's form, providing only an outline of the body beneath. Claw-tipped tentacles emerge from the cuffs, clutching wands and soul gems, while below its robe's margins, its multiple-jointed legs—almost like a reptilian insect's—end in clawed, three-toed chitinous feet. Its face remains perpetually covered by a dark veil, and a trio of long, forked tongues periodically emerges from its rounded mouth and tastes the air around its thin lips.

VENEDAEMON

CR 5



XP 1,600

NE Medium outsider (daemon, evil, extraplanar)

Init +6; **Senses** *arcane sight*, *darkvision* 60 ft.; **Perception** +12

DEFENSE

AC 18, **touch** 12, **flat-footed** 16 (+2 Dex, +6 natural)

hp 51 (6d10+18)

Fort +5, **Ref** +7, **Will** +8

DR 5/good or silver; **Immune** acid, death effects, disease, poison; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10, fire 10; **SR** 16

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 30 ft. (average)

Melee 2 tentacles +6 (1d6)

Special Attacks *arcane soul-crush*

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

Constant—*arcane sight*

3/day—*dimension door*, *dispel magic*, *slow*

1/day—*summon* (level 3, 1 cocodaemon, 75%)

Spells Known (CL 6th; concentration +11)

3rd (4/day)—*hold person* (DC 18)

2nd (6/day)—*invisibility*, *scorching ray* (DC 17)

1st (8/day)—*charm person* (DC 16), *mage armor*, *magic missile*, *shield*

o (at will)—*acid splash*, *arcane mark*, *bleed* (DC 15), *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*, *ray of frost* (DC 15), *read magic*

STATISTICS

Str 11, **Dex** 15, **Con** 16, **Int** 22, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 21

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 18

Feats *Combat Casting*, *Eschew Materials*^a, *Improved Initiative*, *Magical Aptitude*

Skills *Bluff* +14, *Disguise* +11, *Fly* +11, *Intimidate* +14, *Knowledge (arcana)* +15, *Knowledge (planes)* +15, *Knowledge (religion)* +12, *Perception* +12, *Sense Motive* +12, *Spellcraft* +17, *Stealth* +11, *Use Magic Device* +16

Languages *Abyssal*, *Aquan*, *Celestial*, *Common*, *Draconic*, *Ignan*, *Infernal*; *telepathy* 100 ft.

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Abaddon)

Organization solitary, pair, or cabal (3–6)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Arcane Soul-Crush (Su) A venedaemon may consume a held

soul gem as a swift action, allowing it to cast any of its spells known without using a spell slot. For the daemon to use this ability, the consumed gem must contain the soul of a creature with Hit Dice equal to or greater than the spell level of the desired spell.

The venedaemon personifies death by magic, and so possesses an inborn talent for all manner of sorcery. As hungry for souls as any other member of its daemonic brethren, the venedaemon thirsts equally for intangible wealth through the acquisition of knowledge, so that it can best utilize the arcane magic lurking within its blood. In particular, venedaemons yearn for the secrets and magical lore held within the bindings of wizards' tomes, knowing that these arcane formulae are the key to unlocking their mysterious powers. In the process of acquiring such tomes of knowledge, venedaemons invariably come across other forms of information—whether it be info regarding a rival daemon's weaknesses, lore that hints at a wealth of unclaimed souls hidden in one of Abaddon's vast caverns, or a rumor of some hidden and terrible source of daemonic power—that they can make use of in trading with other daemons. These rumors and smatterings of advice can be sold to other daemons for captured souls, and the trade often goes both ways, as venedaemons are also inclined to trade their hard-earned *soul gems* for tomes of magic other fiends may have chanced upon.

In addition to its myriad magical abilities as a daemon, a venedaemon casts spells like a sorcerer with a caster level equal to its Hit Dice. A venedaemon can gain additional levels as a sorcerer in order to bolster its arcane powers, in which case it gains a bloodline (usually *Abyssal* or *Infernal*) as well as a sorcerer's other class features and special abilities.

Venedaemons are gaunt, and despite standing close to 7 feet tall, they rarely weigh more than 150 pounds.

Ecology

Like all mundane daemons, venedaemons most often form from the hunted, specifically from those evil souls who died as a result of the abuse of magic—whether by their own greedy hands, at the whim of powerful rivals, through the inadvisable pursuit of knowledge too terrible for them to safely handle, or by other spellcasters who slew them for their crimes. While these hunted were often spellcasters themselves, some venedaemons develop from nonmagical souls that were simply casualties to arcane violence. These individuals are often so tainted with the magical disturbances that killed them that they nonetheless develop arcane powers in an ironic twist of daemonic evolution. Other times still, venedaemons formulate from much odder means.

Occasionally, mortal wizards seek to control the awe-inspiring forces of Abaddon and its daemons by using cacodaemon as familiars. The cacodaemon, for its part, is usually willing to serve a mortal master for a time in this regard, though it usually has ulterior motives for its servitude. When a cacodaemon familiar's master dies, the daemon is often prompt in devouring the mage's soul and turning the soul into a *soul gem*. Instead of the *soul gem* returning to Abaddon and being consumed by a more powerful daemon, sometimes the deceased mage's power triggers a reaction within the cacodaemon, fusing with it and transforming the familiar over several weeks or months into a new creature, typically a venedaemon with no memories of its mortal or previous daemonic existence. Far from being a hazard, this possibility of transformation is in fact one of the primary reasons why cacodaemons are sometimes eager to serve as familiars, as it represents one of the only ways for a cacodaemon to advance its station.

Habitat & Society

Most venedaemons are relatively weak compared to the towering daemonic brethren that inhabit Abaddon, and knowing this, they often work together as best they can, collaborating in groups with other venedaemons, or in conjunction with other fiends willing to accept their services. Hurlled into Abaddon with an innate talent for magic but only scraps of its mortal knowledge remaining, the average venedaemon ultimately flocks to the service of a more powerful daemon willing to act as a patron that lets the venedaemon pursue its studies. In such arrangements, the venedaemon slowly gains power and influence within the confines of its daemonic partnership, which often consists of itself, its daemonic master, and many other daemons acting as a team built on the shared goal of total mortal annihilation. This daemonic horde traverses planes searching for opportunities to create mass destruction, the master simply using the venedaemon for its magical qualities to slaughter mortal souls. As the venedaemon gleans what it can from the charred remains of dead mortal spellcasters' volumes of scribbled formulae, it gradually strengthens its unspeakable powers, and in time, the tables are turned, and when the venedaemon slays its patron, it gains dominion over dark magic as well as its brethren. Those venedaemons who do not wish to submit to the will of a more powerful daemon in order to pursue knowledge often simply prefer to be left alone to their

research, experimenting on mortals with their dark arts and occasionally selling their findings to other daemons for souls and magical artifacts.

Venedaemons find themselves aligned with the lesser fiends of Abaddon, particularly the equally lowly ceustodaemons, whose deathly association with the energies and particularly subservient standing among daemons makes the two obvious allies. Cacodaemons also make for suitable alliances, as a venedaemon may help guide its smaller brethren to capture the soul of an opposing spellcaster, allowing the cacodaemon to mature with the soul and in time develop into a fellow venedaemon. Within the realm of Abaddon, venedaemons gravitate toward the River Styx for its mysterious, memory-wiping properties, for many venedaemons themselves find a peculiar yearning for their memories, if only to regain even more of the power they once possessed, somewhere in the dark recesses of their mind.



Oblivion's Creation

While Abaddon's daemons have experimented endlessly upon themselves over the eons—forming new daemon castes and specialized varieties of their kind intended for specific means of destruction—most inhabitants of other planes only know the daemons for their insatiable hunger for obliterating and consuming souls. While the Four do seek to bring death to all things, mortal and otherwise, one of the paradoxes that defines their existence is their simultaneous need for destruction and love of twisted creation. Rather than the blasphemy one might expect, creating new and innovative mechanisms by which the cosmos may be flayed and stripped is one of daemonkind's chief pastimes.

Among these daemonic creations which plague the planes, the demons of the Abyss rank foremost,

having entirely reshaped the nature of that plane and the balance of power among the residents of the Outer Sphere. But as horrific as that race may be, Abaddon's fiends have also unleashed dozens of other, lesser-known horrors upon the planes, hideous monstrosities borne from the tinkering and warping of flesh and soul.

Urdefshan

The urdefshan are a bizarre race of vampiric humanoids who dwell on the Material Plane, created by an unknown Horseman in eons past as a part of a grotesque social experiment. The daemons seeded urdefshan into the Orvian Vault of Minos-Pashat on Golarion, a world on the Material Plane. The urdefshan have butchered their way to prosperity throughout the vast chasms of Orv, and when they die, their souls fly to Abaddon, where they are tortured and mutilated mercilessly by the hands of their makers. The urdefshan would have it no other way—they still worship the Horsemen as their creators collectively, having had sporadic contact with summoned daemons and rare visitations by representatives of the Four, especially those of Trelmarixian and Szuriel, who push them to continue their construction of weapons and diseases, ensuring the race continues down its innate, genocidal path.



Diseases

Some of the most devastating diseases and pandemics to curse the surface of Golarion were crafted by Apollyon, the Horseman of Pestilence, as well as those Horsemen who came before him in his role. In the depths of Abaddon near the Throne of Flies, the Horseman churns thick slurries of decay within massive onyx cauldrons. It was there, in his private laboratory, that he devised such diseases as enteric fever, sleeping sickness, and leprosy. While magic-users can easily cure those bearing such deadly afflictions, regions where the aid of magic is scarce suffer the worst of these contagions, which can kill their victims in mere days in most cases. Other diseases, including tetanus, bonecrusher fever, and even the bubonic plague (whom many have taken to calling Daemon's Touch for this very reason), have been attributed to the Lord of Pestilence as well, but the Horseman gives no indication as to the truth of any of these rumors.

Tainted Mortals

Given a daemon's tendency to mutilate and consume mortals whenever given the chance, it seems strange that any of their kind would mate with a mortal creature and produce offspring. Yet such half-breeds exist. Among the countless warped priests of the Horsemen, many have dared to

Curator's Note

If you have reached this note, then you have clearly ignored my warnings and gone beyond the bounds of what mortals and were meant to know. Never forget that these are the secrets for which an angel was cast from Heaven's sweet embrace, simply for daring to commit such heretical histories and rumors to the page. These pages are the last resting place of truths that find words only in the mouths of madmen. If you have come this far, there is no returning. You have my welcome, and my sincerest apologies.

—Djavin Vhrest,
Curator of Apocrypha Forae Logos, Absalom

From the Book of the Damned

With the astradaemons, they pierce the lofty boundary of the Astral, stealing souls not meant for the divine punishment of Abaddon. With the hydrodaemons, the piscodaemons, and the thanadaemons, they penetrate the styx, an amnesiac, macabre parody of a river. With the creation of the demons, they proved that even the warped and damning realm of the Abyss is vulnerable to daemonic influence.

These are the works of the Four, and countless others lurk just out of sight, secret cancers waiting and festering until it is far too late to escape.

—The Book of the Damned,
"Horrors of the Four"

summon and couple with the soul-eaters, either in an attempt to breed captive soul-eating beasts for themselves or in hopes of pleasing the Horsemen with their unholy unions. Yet fully half of such examples of daemon-descended tiefling births are non-consensual on the part of the mortal parent, resulting from either daemonic rape as part of grotesque experimentation, or the unexpected "boon" of summoning a particularly powerful daemon. It is thought by some that the Four Horsemen themselves may encourage such acts of freakish intimacy, seeking to spread half-daemon monstrosities across the worlds of the Material Plane. Through such liaisons and magical infusions, erodaemons, venedaemons, and other fiends of Abaddon collectively lay claim to some of the most corrupt bloodlines spawned on the Material Plane. Among the willing participants in mortal-daemon relations are the vile urdefhans, whose copulations with such horrors spawn abominations of unparalleled monstrosity.

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Denizens of Abaddon

The following list compiles many of the deities, demigods, and other powerful entities known to rule on Abaddon, as well as the horrors that most concern them and the powers they grant worshippers.

DEITY	ALIGNMENT	AREAS OF CONCERN	DOMAINS	FAVORED WEAPON
HORSEMEN				
Apollyon	NE	pestilence	Air, Darkness, Destruction, Evil	scythe
Charon	NE	death	Death, Evil, Knowledge, Water	quarterstaff
Szuriel	NE	war	Evil, Fire, Strength, War	greatsword
Trelmarixian	NE	famine	Earth, Evil, Madness, Weather	spiked gauntlet
GODS				
Urgathoa	NE	disease, gluttony, undeath	Death, Evil, Magic, Strength, War	scythe
Zyphus	NE	accidental death, graveyards, tragedy	Death, Destruction, Evil, Plant, War	heavy pick
HARBINGERS				
Aesdurath	NE	magical catastrophes, immortality, liches	Death, Evil, Magic, Trickery	dagger
Ajids	NE	mutilation, skinning, trophy taking	Death, Evil, Madness, War	war razor
Anogetz	NE	coups, animal attacks, revolution	Animal, Destruction, Evil, Liberation	spiked gauntlet
Arlachramas	NE	dehumanization, disposal, euthanasia	Community, Death, Evil, Strength	warhammer
Braismois	NE	broken deals, fine print, unfair bargains	Evil, Knowledge, Rune, Trickery	light mace
Cixyron	NE	electricity, gunpowder, poisonous metals	Artifice, Earth, Evil, Knowledge	musket
Corosbel	NE	failed martyrdom, false worship, ritual death	Death, Evil, Repose, Trickery	dagger
Diceid	NE	invasive species, mass extinction, natural disasters	Animal, Evil, Plant, Weather	scythe
Ealdeez	NE	reversion, regression, savage revenge	Animal, Destruction, Evil, Strength	greatclub
Folca	NE	abduction, strangers, sweets	Charm, Evil, Travel, Trickery	net
Geon	NE	nightmares, quartering, trampling	Air, Evil, Fire, Travel	lance
Hastrikhal	NE	explosions, immolation, pyromaniacs	Destruction, Fire, Evil, Madness	spear
Jacarkas	NE	hobbling, lobotomizing, slavery	Death, Destruction, Evil, Nobility	bolas
Laivatiniei	NE	anxiety, coddling, unhealthy parental love	Charm, Evil, Trickery, Madness	light crossbow
Llamolaek	NE	rebirth, rites of passage, transformation	Air, Evil, Liberation, Strength	whip
Mneoc	NE	aging pains, organ failure, senility	Death, Evil, Liberation, Rune	dagger
Nalmungder	NE	basements, closets, delusions of safety	Darkness, Earth, Evil, Trickery	sickle
Osolmyr	NE	flagellation, repression, self denial	Evil, Glory, Healing, Madness	flail
Pavnuri	NE	cacodaemons, cannibalism, secret messages	Death, Evil, Knowledge, Travel	morningstar
Roqorolos	NE	castaways, fouled water, oceans	Evil, Travel, Water, Weather	net
Ruapceras	NE	cyclical revenge, crusades, intolerance	Evil, Nobility, Strength, War	heavy flail
Slandrais	NE	lechery, love potions, obsession	Darkness, Evil, Knowledge, Magic	shortbow
Stygidvod	NE	fear of aging, radical routes to immortality, wills	Artifice, Evil, Knowledge, Rune	quarterstaff
Tamede	NE	fungi, infected wounds, rot	Destruction, Evil, Plant, War	sickle
Tresmalvos	NE	cesspools, rat catchers, sewers	Animal, Darkness, Evil, Water	halberd
Uaransaph	NE	falling, nonmagical flight, projectiles	Air, Evil, Luck, Void	repeating crossbow
Vorasha	NE	incurable afflictions, poison, toxicity	Evil, Magic, Scalykind, Water	spiked chain
Xsistaid	NE	maggots, myiasis, parasites	Animal, Charm, Destruction, Evil	dart
Zaigasnar	NE	destructive vanity, pins, radical body modification	Charm, Destruction, Evil, Liberation	javelin
Zelishkar	NE	arson, burning alive, cremation	Animal, Evil, Fire, War	ranseur
DEMIGODS				
Ahriman	NE	divs, genies, oblivion, subversion	Darkness, Death, Destruction, Evil	heavy flail

The End is Near!

Since the first spark of mortal life took form, the daemons have sought to extinguish it. Evil in its purest form, these terrors seek nothing less than the end of all existence. Led by the Four Horsemen—War, Famine, Pestilence, and Death—the armies of Abaddon work to corrupt, consume, and destroy everything around them. Perfect nihilists, the daemons seek only to be the last entities looking down on the dying cinders of the cosmos before they themselves are consumed, and only darkness remains.

Within this book, you'll find:

- ▶ Complete descriptions of the Four Horsemen and their armies of soul-devouring daemon servitors.
- ▶ An overview of the wasteland realm of Abaddon, the private domains of its masters, and several other forsaken locations.
- ▶ Rules for the daemon-worshipping souldrinker prestige class.
- ▶ An introduction to the soul economy, and how captured souls are traded and used by fiends and mortals alike.
- ▶ Secret histories of previous Horsemen.
- ▶ New daemononic spells and magic items.
- ▶ Overviews of the different castes of daemons, plus tips and tricks to aid in their summoning.
- ▶ Statistics for eight new daemons ready to bring the horrors of the cosmos to players' doorsteps.

Horsemen of the Apocalypse is intended for use with the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game and Pathfinder campaign setting, but can easily be used in any fantasy game setting. While *Horsemen of the Apocalypse* is a standalone product, it also serves as a companion to *Princes of Darkness: Book of the Damned, Vol. 1*, which details the legions of Hell, and *Lords of Chaos: Book of the Damned, Vol. 2*, covering the hordes of the Abyss.



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