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DRAGONS UNLEASHED

RCR
12-12

Dragon Lairs on Golarion



1. Aashaq—Red

2. The Brazen Clutch—Brass

3. Deyrubrujan—Blue

4. Eranex—Silver

5. Fahrauth—Umbral

6. Garaudhilyx—Gold

7. Maghara—Copper

8. Moschabbatt—Magma

9. Rezlarabren—Brine

10. Seryzilian—Black

11. Sjhvor—White

12. Sonthonax—Bronze

13. Toishihebi—Forest

14. Tuan Huy—Sovereign

15. Zedoran—Green



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On the Cover



Kyra and Selyiel face off against a cruel and angry Seryzilian in her swampy home in this action-packed cover by Ralph Horsley.

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Reference

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

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<i>Artifacts & Legends</i>	A&L	<i>Ultimate Combat</i>	UC
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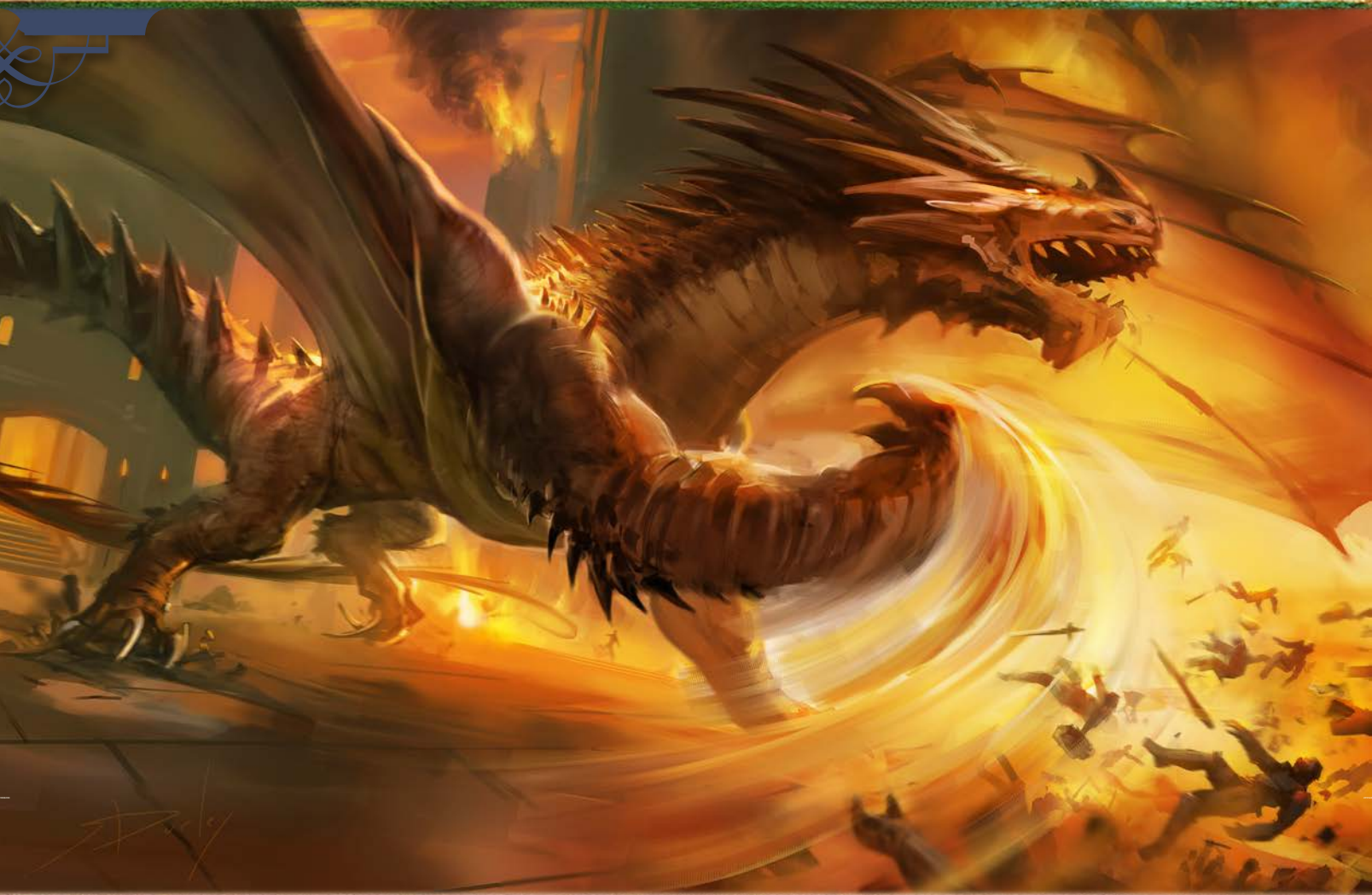
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HERE THERE BE DRAGONS

Dragons have always been a cornerstone of sword and sorcery fantasy. Cultures across Earth have myths about dragons, and in the history of fantasy roleplaying games, dragons have always had a prominent role.

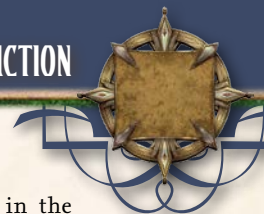
For adventurers, dragons have served roles both as quest-givers and as subjects of epic quests themselves. Known for hoarding gold and other treasures, kidnapping important figures to draw out adventurers, and wielding primordial magic beyond the ken of humanity, dragons secure their place in the world as powerful and obvious threats.

The most well-known types of true dragons are divided between good and evil, a distinction made visually apparent by the hue of their scales. The chromatic dragons are driven by cruelty, manipulation, and an undying desire for greater power, while the metallic dragons seek to put down the threats of their chromatic cousins, protect humanoid society, and spread goodness throughout the world. In addition to

these two types of true dragons are the primal dragons and imperial dragons. Primal dragons have ties to the elemental planes and the Plane of Shadow, tend to skew toward neutrality, and are generally unconcerned with the morality of humanoids. Imperial dragons run the gamut of alignments and consider themselves guardians of their native lands.

Aside from true dragons, a multitude of other draconic creatures populate the world. The fierce and deadly linnorms, various types of drakes, the great winged wyverns, the whimsical faerie dragons and pseudodragons, the cruel and deceitful azi, and the wicked undead ravens all serve as reflections of true dragons' might and power.

This book explores 15 dragons whose schemes or protection have affected various parts of Golarion. Each dragon's entry in this book delves into its lair, sorts through its hoard, and tells the majestic creature's background and motivations.



Other Known Dragons

The dragons featured in this book are only a small sampling of the dragons active on Golarion. The following list includes many of the other dragons that can be found—either alive or in legend—around the Inner Sea and beyond.

Aeteperax: Lady Tula Belhaim killed this great wyrm black dragon centuries ago in central Taldor. The beast laired in a swamp called Dragonfen.

Arantaros: Gifted with the transformation into a ravener by the Demon Lord Haagenti, this former blue dragon terrorizes the Barrier Wall and its environs.

Arkrhyst: Called Freezemaw by the Shoanti, this white dragon lairs on Rimeskull and raids the Storval Plateau.

Asuulek: Prone to decades-long hibernation, this ancient red dragon slumbers in a volcano in Osirion called Asuulek's Mouth.

Black Fang: This black dragon lairs in an old tomb in the Sandpoint hinterlands, but plots to retake his old lair, the Dragon's Punchbowl, from his sister Scarhorn.

Cadrilkasta: Though she lairs in the Hungry Mountains, this wyrm blue dragon was last seen in the Kodar Mountains investigating the Thassilonian ruin of Guiltspur.

Celestial Dragon: Acting as a divine leader to the people of Quain in Tian-Xia, this unique and powerful imperial dragon grants a wish once every 12 years to a royal maiden.

Daralathyl: Considered by some evil creatures the sixth king of the Five Kings Mountains, this great wyrm red dragon has thankfully been dormant for years.

Esaolathus: This black dragon tricked a Taldan baron into granting him hunting rights to his land, only to turn around and engage in wholesale slaughter of the baron's subjects.

Fhengasma: Rumored to be the lover of Flauros, the demon lord of fire, salamanders, and volcanoes, this great wyrm red dragon lives in a fiery lake in the Abyss.

Gandrohal: Dwelling in the Menador Mountains, this umbral dragon feeds on the shadows and other undead in the area, but the sinister creature isn't above eating any mortal travelers who pass his way.

Ghostmaw: This umbral dragon is paid tribute by the church of Pharasma to hunt undead in the Mana Wastes and Nex.

Glarataxus: This red dragon has threatened Korvosa and the surrounding area for the last few hundred years, but has thankfully been silent for the last 40 years.

Kazavon: Originally sent by Zon-Kuthon to aid Ustalav against the orcs of the Hold of Belkzen, this tyrant of a blue dragon set himself up as a ruler of everything he could sink his claws into, and his reach was long.

Kedretitas: This umbral dragon lives in the Vale of Shadows in the Five Kings Mountains, guarding one of the legendary Star Towers.

Loaralis: This blue dragon makes her home in the deserts of Thuvia. Some report having seen her sharing the skies with Deyrubrujan, and regional dragon hunters claim that the two collaborate on plans from time to time.

Lydek: This adult white dragon dwells in a lair in Mount Thaharak in the Tusk Mountains. Her frequent raids have forced merchants to shift their trade routes through this area.

Marrowgarth: This protector of Gallowspire was an adult red dragon prior to her transformation into a ravener.

Mengkare: The mysterious gold dragon established an island nation in the Steaming Sea to help humanity achieve its greatest potential.

Messentrel: This crystal dragon rules over his subjects in his home domain on the elemental Plane of Earth.

Mierusildas: This copper dragon makes her home on Glasswall Isle off the coast of Thuvia, and acts as a threat to evil dragons throughout the land.

Olohimba: This green dragon makes her lair in the ruins of Holy Xatramba in the Mwangi Expanse.

Pham Duc Quan: His Supreme Draconic Majesty rules the nation of Xa Hoi in human guise, as has every Dragon King before him. This sovereign imperial dragon is the thirteenth monarch in this line of draconic leaders in charge of a mostly human nation.

Razorhorn: This green dragon is a constant threat to the elves of the Mierani Forest in northwestern Varisia.

Rimetooth: A subject of Krimhilde, the Ice Lich of Irrisen, this white dragon soars down from the Winterwall Glacier to do the lich's bidding.

Sicnavier: Bearing a title more than a true name, this line of umbral dragons has terrorized western Ustalav for years.

Taxthyl: Living in the Arthfell Forest in northern Andoran, this great wyrm green dragon has clashed with Daralathyl in the past, but like him she slumbers most of the time and hasn't been heard from in decades.

Terendelev: This ancient silver dragon serves the Iomedaen leadership in Kenabres and has acted as one of its protectors for decades. She nearly lost her life after leading a strike team across the border into the Worldwound.

Vashkiyan: An ancient green dragon in life, this terrible beast slew her 15 living descendants to fuel her transformation into a ravener.

Visceroth: Living beneath Nidal, this umbral dragon trades in slaves with the dark folk.

Yrax: This tyrant of a white dragon, also known as Lord of the Howling Storm, controls vast draconic armies on the faraway planet of Triaxus.

Zeidz: Also known as the Bone Shrieker, this white dragon has clashed with the great warriors of the Realm of the Mammoth Lords for years.

Zuldanavox: This powerful green dragon, also known as the Queen of Thorns, resides with the Fierani Forest.



AASHAQ THE ANNIHILATOR

"You and everything you love will burn."

Age and Race: Great wyrm red dragon, cleric of Dahak 7

Lair: Sanctum of the Sorrowmaker (The Shackles)

Minions: Chromatic dragons, clerics of Dahak, morlocks

Foes: Apsu and his clergy, pirates, residents of the Shackles

Favored Treasures: Artifacts from lost or fallen civilizations, trapped souls and cursed items, weapons and armor

Twice in her long life Aashaq the Annihilator has found herself captive. Now she is a captive again, trapped between her deep desire to destroy and her pride in what she has created. Huge and unwieldy, she languishes inside the island called Dahak's Fang, preaching destruction but nurturing the reverence of a thriving cult for which she has become much more than just a figurehead. Her immense power radiates like a fearful tremor across the Shackles, but for all her furious dedication to ruin, she has grown possessive of her life and lair, both 5 centuries in the making.

Aashaq's first capture was in her youth. Caged and afraid, she called on Dahak for strength as she slammed against the steel bars, but she failed to break free. As her captors beat her bloody for the attempt, Sorrowmaker's scornful laughter filled her head.

Almost 200 years later, she fell prey to a cabal of drow fleshwarpers who subjected her to numerous experiments, culminating in an arcane insemination. She hatched two young, but burst free to burn her captors. In a final act of defiance, she turned on her unwanted hatchlings. As she clawed them to pieces, she heard Dahak's voice a second time, raised not in scorn, but in praise.

As a disciple of annihilation, Aashaq proved exemplary. For more than 7 centuries, she roamed the Inner Sea, igniting communities and extinguishing life, felling great works, and scorching fertile farmland into lifeless ash with her breath. Anything that bore the mark of toil she toppled, leaving a smoldering monument to Dahak, the False Wyrms. Between rampages, she gloated over the sites of fallen civilizations.

Her raids earned her a tiny cult. She fortified her followers with fire and fang, and in return they brought her sacrifice and secrets. Then, with the founding of Sargava, Chelish enterprise in the Arcadian Ocean flourished, and from this new interest tales from times that predated even Aashaq resurfaced. When Aashaq's followers brought her stories of an ancient civilization known for bloody sacrifice, cannibalism, and self-destruction, she could hardly resist, and took wing for the Shackles.





AASHAQ THE ANNIHILATOR

CR 25

XP 1,638,400

Female great wyrm red dragon cleric of Dahak 7

CE Colossal dragon (fire)

Init +4; **Senses** dragon senses, smoke vision; Perception +41**Aura** fire aura, frightful presence (360 ft., DC 33)

DEFENSE

AC 41, touch 2, flat-footed 41 (+39 natural, -8 size)**hp** 543 (36 HD; 29d12+7d8+324)**Fort** +29, **Ref** +18, **Will** +32**DR** 20/magic; **Immune** dragon traits, fire, paralysis, sleep;**SR** 33**Weaknesses** vulnerable to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 250 ft. (clumsy)**Melee** bite +42 (4d6+24/19-20), 2 claws +42 (2d8+16), tail slap +40 (4d6+24), 2 wings +40 (2d8+8)**Space** 30 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft. (30 ft. with bite)**Special Attacks** breath weapon (70-ft. cone, 24d10 fire damage, Reflex DC 32 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), channel negative energy 10/day (DC 20, 4d6), crush, destructive smite (+3, 12/day), incinerate, manipulate flames, melt stone, tail sweep**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 29th; concentration +36)At will—*detect magic*, *discern location*, *find the path*, *pyrotechnics* (DC 19), *suggestion* (DC 19), *wall of fire***Domain Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 7th; concentration +16)12/day—*copycat* (7 rounds)**Spells Known** (caster level 19th; concentration +26)9th (4/day)—*meteor swarm* (DC 26), *time stop*8th (6/day)—*greater shout* (DC 25), *protection from spells*, *screen*7th (7/day)—*forcecage* (DC 24), *limited wish*, *spell turning*6th (7/day)—*antimagic field*, *circle of death* (DC 23), *greater dispel magic*5th (7/day)—*polymorph*, *telekinesis*, *teleport*, *wall of force*4th (7/day)—*enervation*, *fire shield*, *greater invisibility*, *stoneskin*3rd (8/day)—*dispel magic*, *haste*, *slow* (DC 20), *tongues*2nd (8/day)—*alter self*, *gust of wind* (DC 19), *knock*, *resist energy*, see *invisibility*1st (8/day)—*alarm*, *grease*, *mage armor*, *magic missile*, *shield*0 (at will)—*arcane mark*, *bleed* (DC 17), *light*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *message*, *open/close*, *read magic*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 17)**Cleric Spells Prepared** (CL 7th; concentration +16)4th—*confusion*^o (DC 23), *control water*, *death ward*, *freedom of movement*3rd—*nondetection*^o, *remove curse*, *remove disease* (DC 22), *water breathing*, *water walk*2nd—*calm emotions* (DC 21), *enthrall* (DC 21), *invisibility*^o, *lesser restoration*, *silence* (DC 21)1st—*command* (DC 20), *detect good*, *detect law*, *doom* (DC 20), *protection from good* (2), *remove fear*, *true strike*^o0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 19), *detect poison*, *guidance*, *stabilize***D** Domain spell; **Domains** Destruction, Trickery

TACTICS

Before Combat Aashaq requires little in the way of preparation, but she will cast resist energy (cold) if she expects to be threatened by evocation magic. She uses her cleric spells to control enemies or to prepare herself for those exceptionally rare fights in which she expects difficulties.**During Combat** Aashaq lives to destroy. She will not engage in diplomacy unless she finds she cannot end her enemies swiftly. Even then she will only use discussion to learn about her foes before launching another attack. She savors the visceral, tactile joy of tearing her foes apart, using quickened spells to confound enemies along with her claws and teeth. She knows few can challenge her, so she is not afraid to spend all of her power on those who do.**Morale** Aashaq will fight to the death, but is not completely reckless. If reduced to 75% of her hit points, she uses *wall of force* to separate her foes and deal with them one at a time. If reduced to 50% of her hit points she casts *antimagic field*, relying on her natural bulk and armor to deal with enemies who are otherwise benefitting from multiple spells and enchantments.

STATISTICS

Str 43, **Dex** 10, **Con** 27, **Int** 24, **Wis** 28, **Cha** 24**Base Atk** +34; **CMB** +58; **CMD** 68 (72 vs. trip)**Feats** Cleave, Critical Focus, Eschew Materials, Greater Vital Strike, Hover, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Initiative, Improved Iron Will, Improved Vital Strike, Iron Will, Multiattack, Power Attack, Quicken Spell, Selective Channeling, Snatch, Toughness, Vital Strike, Wingover**Skills** Appraise +20, Bluff +30, Climb +29, Diplomacy +30, Fly +16, Heal +20, Intimidate +30, Knowledge (arcana, dungeoneering, engineering, geography, history, local, nature, planes, religion) +30, Knowledge (nobility) +26, Linguistics +15, Perception +41, Sense Motive +32, Spellcraft +30, Survival +32, Swim +39, Use Magic Device +30**Languages** Abyssal, Aklo, Aquan, Common, Cyclops, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Giant, Ignan, Infernal, Orc, Terran, Undercommon

Using Aashaq

Aashaq's restless army of worshipers is a constant nuisance in the Shackles, but when it is threatened, she is quick to put down any and all aggressors with her terrible flame. Instability in the Shackles is of great benefit to Aashaq's machinations. Warring pirates make it difficult for would-be crusaders to assault Dahak's Fang, and any signs of increased stability quickly ignite The Annihilator's rage. Though she has the power to wipe the Shackles off the map, she appreciates its lawlessness and relative isolation and protection it provides.





Aashaq's Lair

Although there is little evidence of Aashaq's lair on the surface, much of the depths of the West Fang are riddled with Ghol-Gani caverns. Only a few are large enough for Aashaq's massive form, but her violent minions ensure that even those she cannot reach remain part of her domain. See *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Isles of the Shackles* for more details on Aashaq's territory.

1. Sanctum Entrance

Two hundred feet from the surface of Fellhope Channel the rock opens its mouth in a scream. This vast, winding passageway is the only exit large enough for Aashaq and has become a focal point for the terror of any who set foot on Dahak's Fang. Riddled with tiny sub-passages and Aashaq's lesser minions, it is traversed by a twisting path leading deep into the City of Pain below.

2. The Enclave

Two of Aashaq's most trusted servants make their home in the side of Fellhope Canyon. Smaller, lower passageways provide suitably less regal access for these underlings. To the north, **Unguliustuk** (CE male old umbral dragon) has turned a Ghol-Gani cavern into his den. To the south, **Meshupullax** (CE female adult black dragon cleric of Dahak 6), Unguliustuk's sometime consort, broods in a natural cavern that she has greatly enlarged. A winding rivulet leads from this level to the temple of Dahak, but only by assuming smaller forms can Aashaq's lieutenants navigate the passageway.

3. The Filth Warrens

A vast network of natural tunnels honeycombs the western portion of Dahak's Fang, breaking ground at more than two dozen locations. In these pitch-black warrens, Aashaq's lesser minions fight for power and favor. The bulk of her servants are morlocks, fearfully enthralled by Aashaq's mighty form. They scurry around in darkness, herding sacrifices toward their dragon mistress and occasionally snatching those too weak to make it all the way to her burning gullet.

4. The City of Pain

This underground town was once the domain of Ghol-Gani priests. Its walls are carved with terrifying reliefs depicting scenes of sacrifice, cannibalism, and brutal violence. In some places, images stretch 50 feet to the ceilings, leering sadistically at the streets. Mud-brick buildings bulge from the cavern like scabrous sores. Most have collapsed, but where they still stand, they are now crawling with new clergy. Spoils from hijacked trade vessels and pirate ships adorn their chambers, and luxury goods from around Golarion contrast starkly with the visceral horror of the Ghol-Gani murals covering the walls. The grim temple

mistress is **Sorrowbringer Sisstera** (CE female serpentfolk cleric of Dahak 17).

A rectangular slab of granite serves as a shrine to Dahak. Aashaq's clerics perform minor sacrifices to their god by smearing blood on its surface and adjacent obelisks. The stones that make up the shrine are stained with many generations of blood unwillingly spilt. The cleric **Borshaggat** (CE male mature adult umbral dragon cleric of Dahak 5) keeps his hoard in an adjacent building. The bulk of his hoard consists of various coinage, since Aashaq considers the currency of lesser races unworthy of her own hoard. Borshaggat spends most of his time on the wing and leaves his vast wealth unguarded—a sign of both power and arrogance.

5. Temple of Dahak

At the end of a vast staircase lies the blood-soaked temple to Dahak the False Wyrm. The still air is choked with the stench of butchery, and broken Ghol-Gani structures lie like shattered corpses among rust-red gore, while the walls are adorned with trails of molten rock where the Annihilator has burned away ancient carvings with the breath of her glorious prayers. The temple is subject to a *desecrate* effect (CL 19). If dispelled, it regenerates in 1d4 rounds.

Three or more clerics of Dahak can animate the gore within the temple. Doing so requires all three to concentrate simultaneously for 5 rounds. If even one is interrupted, they must start over. At the start of the sixth round, the gore coalesces into a charnel colossus (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Bestiary* 10). This creature remains for 1 minute for each cleric involved in the summoning rite, or until destroyed. If destroyed, the colossus cannot be called again for 1 month.

6. Aashaq's Chambers

Aashaq's vast chambers are littered with just a portion of her massive hoard. Bolts of fine fabrics and caches of weapons and armor fill the southern chamber. Here she has gathered the very best of the spoils obtained from her conquests and those of her minions. The walls are melted unnaturally smooth to ease her passage and polished to a shine by 5 centuries of contact with her shifting bulk.

Knowing the Shackles is full of opportunistic pirates, she keeps the bulk of her wealth deep underground in a place called the Dragon's Gullet. She spends much of her time there, fawning over her priceless treasures. Some say that she has a diamond 8 feet in diameter that is the centerpiece of her treasured hoard. None may enter this private space, not even her most trusted priests. An enormous curtain of iron chain hangs between the temple and her lair, riveted to the rock. It weighs more than 5,000 pounds, and lifting it or holding a side open for a Medium creature to pass requires a successful DC 35 Strength check.





Ashaq's Hoard

The Annihilator's hoard is worth a total of 665,220 gp and contains the following treasure.

- Assorted gems (worth 52,050 gp in total).
- 43 suits of masterwork armor (31 chain shirts, one full plate, two half plate, and nine studded leather; worth 12,475 gp in total).
- 102 masterwork weapons (seven daggers, four greatswords, 19 light crossbows, nine halberds, 16 light maces, 11 longbows, 31 longswords, three sais, and one shortbow; worth 32,665 gp in total).
- Assorted Azlanti, Ghol-Gani, Osirian, and Thassilonian artifacts, including works of art, weaponry, and objects of unknown purpose (worth 32,590 gp in total).
- 10 +2 suits of armor (one leaf armor painted bright blue, four leather, and five splint mail; worth 43,040 gp in total).
- 11 +1 suits of armor (two full plate, two chain mail, one Hellknight plate, and six breastplates bearing the eagle of Andoran; worth 19,450 gp in total).
- 16 suits of *elven chain* (worth 82,400 gp).
- A +3 *returning chakram* (*Ultimate Equipment* 25) with an edge serrated like a sunburst (worth 32,301 gp).
- A +2 *Large icy burst bec de corbin* (*Ultimate Equipment* 24) with an obsidian handle (worth 32,360 gp).
- A *luckblade* with one remaining wish (worth 62,360 gp).
- 91 +1 weapons (12 scimitars, two battle axes, 13 long spears, 15 short spears, eight morningstars, one sickle, eight javelins, four light picks; worth 145,269 gp in total).
- Two *javelins of lightning* (worth 3,000 gp).
- Two 9th-level scrolls of *meteor swarm*, one of *tsunami*, two of *mage's disjunction*, and one of *cursed earth* (worth 3,825 gp each).
- Two *cloaks of the manta ray* (worth 7,200 gp each).
- A fist-sized ruby (worth 11,000 gp) containing the soul of Professor Eirostolz, a Chelish summoner who has been trapped within for nearly 150 years.
- Three *folding boats*, one painted in Sargavan colors (worth 7,200 gp each).
- A halfling femur that acts as a *wand of empowered magic missile* (16 charges, CL 9; worth 6,480 gp).
- Three identical pill boxes worth 150 gp each, each containing an amount of diamond dust worth 1,000 gp (worth 3,450 gp in total).
- One *ring gate*; when activated, it gushes salt water at an incredible rate and pressure, as if the other ring were deep in a vast ocean (worth 20,000 gp).
- A set of *horseshoes of the zephyr* sized for a Huge creature (worth 6,000 gp).
- A *wand of dimension door* (39 charges) made from 6 inches of rope hardened with resin (worth 16,380 gp).



THE BRAZEN CLUTCH

“Well. Just look at this one, siblings. No, he doesn’t stand a chance—there was a much wealthier buyer here just this morning. Bound to outbid this one, for certain.”

Age and Race: Wyrmling brass dragons

Lair: Display case in the Garden of Unearthly Delights (Katapesh)

Favored Treasures: Small coins and trinkets, whatever they can filch.

Foes: The Aspis Consortium and its myriad clients.

When the Snarling Sands tribe of gnolls found the signs of a battle, they thought only to loot and eat the dead. But the tribe’s war-witch chieftain saw something in the cave the others missed: a dragon’s den. The mother was dead, but the gnoll war-witch found five eggs with the dull sheen of unpolished brass. These eggs found their way to Fatima Jel-Abar, a gold agent of the Aspis Consortium, and thence to the Garden of Unearthly Delights, Fatima’s exclusive menagerie and auction house, which buys and sells rare creatures to all manner of wealthy clients.

Here Fatima had the eggs buried beneath several feet of sand in a specially designed display case that acts as an incubator, keeping the eggs warm and brightly lit through magical means. The day after they hatched, one of the Garden’s guards was ordered into the case to make an inspection, only to be terribly injured by the wyrmlings. In time, however, the spark of intelligence kindled in wyrmlings’ deep eyes, and they calmed.

Until the bidders came, the wyrmlings didn’t understand their presence in the Garden. The food had been plentiful, the environs comfortable (if a bit small), and they had one another for company, with the occasional enjoyable visits from the agents. But when an agent named Magden sold the eldest of the wyrmlings—a tough female who had hatched 3 days before the others—the dragons understood that something other than simple good will motivated the agents.

The next time Magden entered their enclosure, the wyrmlings attacked, killing her before anyone could intervene. Fatima and her ferocious half-dragon thugs, Enyi and Washiyeh, entered the dragons’ display case and beat the wyrmlings into submission. Fatima proceeded to half-flood their cage with stagnant water and shut off the *daylight* in the enclosure, leaving the light- and heat-loving wyrmlings miserably wet and dark for an entire month, and visiting the creatures only to feed and abuse them. During this punishment, one of the clutch died, leaving the other three morose and pliant. By the time Fatima lifted their punishment, the wyrmlings were cowed. Fatima left, then,

satisfied that her punishment had wrought the changes she had desired. The dragons had indeed changed, but not in the way Fatima anticipated. There in the wet, miserable dark, the wyrmlings mourned. Though the Garden’s agents had given the dragons names intended to convey a sense of grandeur and majestic ferocity to prospective buyers, the dragons now gave themselves secret clutch names, vowing to never be split apart, and to find their living sister.

The first of the wyrmlings to breathe fire, Inferno bears the clutch name of Vyraxis. He is fond of roaring challenges, and serves as the distraction in the clutch’s little schemes. Broad-winged and lithe, Sirocco’s clutch name is Assarriah. The mastermind behind most of the clutch’s plans, she every moment watching and listening to the guards and visitors. Dagger-taloned and quick-tailed, Scorpion’s clutch name is Kharumm. He is cunning, and fond of remaining out of sight, usually by digging down into the sand with his wickedly sharp claws.

After realizing the truth of their predicament, the wyrmlings began to scheme. They playfully attacked individual agents, and discreetly lifted their purses while the humans fended them off. They talked with the guards, discovering the one or two among them who held the dragons in superstitious regard. The little dragons learned to work their charming and conversational natures to their advantage, delighting the agents by playing clients off one another, thus increasing the bidding on other beasts and making friends among the clients.

Their plan isn’t solid yet. The Brazen Clutch wyrmlings are still gauging their environment and those in it, figuring out its weaknesses, and learning what they can turn to their benefit. But they are gathering allies among the guards, a small—though growing—collection of coins and trinkets, and above all, the desire to be free.

Chalis, one of the guards, regards the little dragons as supernatural sources of good luck. He goes out of his way to feed them well, and leaves them small gifts of coins, asking that they bless his family. The little dragons play along, asking him for stories and giving him small bits of “good luck” in the form of a coin slipped into his purse. His stories of adventurers have inspired the dragons, however. If they can find some of these adventurers and get their help, an attack on the Gardens by such roguish folk might just be enough of a distraction to give the dragons a proper bid at freedom.

THE BRAZEN CLUTCH

CR 3

XP 800

Female and male wyrmling brass dragons

CG Tiny dragon (fire)

Init +3; **Senses** dragon senses; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+3 Dex, +3 natural, +2 size)**hp** 30 (4d12+4)**Fort** +5, **Ref** +7, **Will** +4**Immune** dragon traits, fire, paralysis, sleep**Weaknesses** vulnerable to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft., burrow 30 ft., fly 100 ft. (average)**Melee** bite +6 (1d4), 2 claws +6 (1d3)**Space** 2 1/2 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft. (5 ft. with bite)**Special Attacks** breath weapon (30-ft. line, 2d4 fire damage, Reflex DC 13 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), sleep breath

TACTICS

Before Combat When preparing for violence, the wyrmlings leverage their strengths. Sirocco positions herself up high while Scorpion seeks a hiding spot (usually under the sand). In the meantime, Inferno attempts to draw attention to himself with trumpeting challenge-roars and gouts of fire.

During Combat In combat, the wyrmlings focus on one foe at a time. Inferno opens with his breath weapon and attacks, hoping to give his clutchmates easy access to flank their foes.

Morale When given the opportunity, the wyrmlings flee. Sirocco covers the retreat of her brothers from the air, using her breath weapon to allow her to keep her distance from threats.

STATISTICS

Str 11, **Dex** 16, **Con** 13, **Int** 10, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 10**Base Atk** +4; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 15 (19 vs. trip)**Feats** Flyby Attack, Hover

Skills Bluff +5, Diplomacy +6, Fly +11, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (local) +6, Linguistics +4, Perception +7, Sense Motive +7, Stealth +18

Languages Common, Draconic, Kelish

ENYI AND WASHIYEH

CR 7

XP 3,200

Female and male half-blue dragon human fighters 6

N Medium dragon (human)

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

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 13, flat-footed 21 (+7 armor, +3 Dex, +4 natural)**hp** 67 (6d10+30)**Fort** +10, **Ref** +5, **Will** +3 (+2 vs. fear)**Defensive Abilities** bravery +2; **Immune** dragon traits, electricity, paralysis, sleep

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.**Melee** bite +12 (1d6+6), 2 claws +12 (1d6+6) or +1 falchion +15/+10 (2d4+13/18-20), bite +10 (1d6+3)**Ranged** composite shortbow +9/+4 (1d6+4/x3)**Special Attacks** breath weapon (60-ft. line, 6d6 electricity damage, Reflex DC 15 half, usable every 1/day), weapon training (heavy blades +1)

TACTICS

Before Combat Fatima's bodyguards open battle by throwing back their hoods, brandishing their falchions, and using Dazzling Display to intimidate their enemies.

During Combat Enyi always fights the strongest-looking foe that has not been made shaken. Washiyeh is a cruel bully and prefers to target foes who seem weak. Both half-dragons usually wait until they can line up two or more enemies before using their lightning breath.

Morale As long as Fatima is not in danger, Enyi and Washiyeh take wing to escape if the situation goes badly. If she is present, one of the two will snatch her up and flee while the other stays behind to draw attacks before fleeing as well.

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 16, **Con** 20, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 12**Base Atk** +6; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 25

Feats Dazzling Display, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Natural Attack (claws), Intimidating Prowess, Multiattack, Weapon Focus (falchion), Weapon Specialization (falchion)

Skills Disguise +5, Fly +6, Handle Animal +6, Intimidate +11, Perception +3, Sense Motive +3, Stealth +6, Survival +5

Languages Common, Draconic**SQ** armor training 1

Combat Gear *potions of cure moderate wounds* (2); **Other Gear** +1 chainmail, +1 falchion, composite shortbow with 20 arrows





The Garden of Unearthly Delights

Since the Garden is a specialty establishment, access is by invitation only. Those wealthy enough to be potential customers of the Garden need only send a servant to request an invitation. Visitors to the Garden can buy outright many of the creatures on display, but some of the rarer specimens are only available for purchase through silent auction. Before each of the creature displays, a slate placard affixed to a stand allows interested parties to mark their bids.

Despite rumors to the contrary, the Garden does not cater to libertines in search of illicit substances or beautiful companions. The Garden deals in the strange and wondrous: creatures from across the world, put on display for those who might wish to purchase them. No sign marks the building that encompasses the Garden, and the building's two large doors, carved with interlocking creatures out of legend, remain sealed most of the time. The public area of the building displays a menagerie of birds, reptiles, and vermin suitable for purchase as exotic pets or as familiars. The more interesting creatures reside in deeper within.

1. Casual Display

A soft, woven rug covers most of the floor. Centered on the rug are two glass display cases, one housing a chameleon and the other an ether frog. Two cages, holding a firefoot fennec and a dimorphodon, are set in the north and south walls. While deciding on their purchases and ongoing auctions, visitors can relax on a pair of sofas nested in alcoves. An aquarium holding an eel, an octopus, and dozens of other wondrous swimming creatures covers much of the east wall, allowing a distorted but one-way view from the lounge into this room.

2. Fatima's Office

Fatima keeps this office in tidy order and spends her time here recording sales, keeping track of the auctions, and balancing her books. Her stout desk sits in the northeast corner, and opposite that is a large wooden cabinet. The cabinet hides a secret door providing Fatima a discreet and speedy exit when needed. She also has a hidden button (Perception DC 25) that flings open all the cages in the shop for a distraction. A small cage holding a carbuncle sits in the corner. The creature was recently brought to the Garden, and Fatima is still deciding whether she wants to keep the carbuncle for herself or add it to the menagerie.

3. Lounge

Guards and caretakers hired by the Garden relax here and swap stories. As the staff is small and there's always work to be done, this room is rarely occupied for long. The staff bring visitors through this room to show off some of the

other creatures housed in the displays beyond. An opening in the north wall reveals a lift the staff uses to bring down large or heavy creatures, as well as those that prove difficult to wrangle.

4. Avian Wing

This grand hallway curves around, displaying various creatures in cages and enclosures built into the walls. Among the noisiest of displays, this area contains a wide array of birds and other flying creatures. The following are found here: a dodo, a falcon, a few flying squirrels, an osprey, an owl, a parrot and a raven that constantly argue with each other, a trio of thrushes, a toucan, and a buzzing colony of stirges.

5. Large Displays

Just around the corner from the avian wing is a trio of rooms converted into large cages. In the first, an awakened baboon spends most of its time reading and ignoring all passersby. A thylacine paces around its enclosure in the second. The last cage in the hallway is fitted with wooden bars and secured with thick cords—inside, a rust monster munches away on a battered breastplate.

6. Land and Sea

A chest-high tank fills part of this room and holds a pair of young jigsaw sharks. A terrarium covered with an iron grating holds a languid monitor lizard. Behind the terrarium, a heavy velvet curtain hides a doorway leading to the real prize held here. Fatima's bodyguards spend much of their time in this room to be near the dragons' cage.

7. Hidden Display

Intended to house particularly impressive specimens, the hidden display has been home to the Brazen Clutch since the day they hatched. The cage is built of wrought iron and thick glass, and enchanted to act as an incubator. Upon command, the user can turn on or off a *daylight* effect to flood the enclosure with light. The user can also set the temperature anywhere from mildly warm to blazingly hot. The floor of the case is about 3 feet off the ground and is ringed with velvet ropes to keep viewers at a distance. The surface is covered with nearly a 3 feet of sand, into which have been set a few pieces of granite outcropping and a large, many-branched dead tree, both of which provide terrain for the brass wyrmlings.

The locked door to the enclosure allows access to feed the dragons, a task undertaken by three people: an agent with the food, and Enyi and Washiyeh, Fatima's two half-dragon thugs (of whom the wyrmlings are afraid). Like the other display cases, this one has a small stand situated along its north side; the current price in the ongoing bidding war for the wyrmlings is chalked on a slate placard affixed to the stand—28,355 gp each.





The Brazen Clutch's Hoard

The “hoard” of the Brazen Clutch can hardly be called such. In fact, the wyrmlings aren’t even sure how to estimate the value of the small collection of coin and trinkets they’ve filched. Some of the “treasures” kept by the wyrmlings have no real value, and are only important to the dragons as a way to built up their hoard. They keep their treasure tucked under the sand in their enclosure, and are frequently worried that their treasures will be taken from them by the Fatima and the guards. This has happened twice so far. They consider the part of their confiscated hoard in Fatima’s office to still be theirs, and they await the day they can take it back. The Brazen Clutch’s hoard is worth 2,250 gp, and it contains the following treasure.

- 4,314 copper pieces, mostly filched from pockets or given to them as tokens or “shiny toys” by the visitors and bidders.
- 270 silver pieces, likewise mostly filched or gifted to the wyrmlings.
- 312 gold pieces, taken from clients seeking inside information on the workings of the Garden from the little dragons, or otherwise filched.
- A gauzy veil embroidered with black and silver in a series of spiral patterns.
- A small collection of buttons plucked off of the uniforms and clothes of the Garden’s workers.
- Four clay smoking pipes stolen from workers.
- A bloodstained purse containing 87 gp, an emerald charm (worth 20 gp), and a moonstone-set ring (worth 15 gp). This is the purse of the agent Magden, taken as a trophy after the wyrmlings killed her.
- A white-gold pendant set with a ruby (worth 1,000 gp) given to the wyrmlings by the merchant Ugrandis Shah in return for information about what creatures his rivals bid on. Ugrandis comes to the enclosure once every few weeks to collect new information from the wyrmlings under the guise of bidding on a new familiar or animal companion.
- Powdered remnants of the dragons’ egg shells, wrapped in a scrap of red patterned silk cloth (worth 50 gp).
- A small collection of good luck charms, holy symbols, love tokens, and finger-rings, filched from the pockets of agents (worth 43 gp in total).
- A pair of wyvern-skin-hilted masterwork daggers, claimed from Magden (worth 604 gp for both).
- A string of deep-sea pearls, rosy in hue, given to them by the wife of a local mercenary captain when she was browsing the Garden for an exotic pet (worth 230 gp).



DEYRUBRUJAN

“My whispers carry on the desert winds that blow across the Inner Sea. I pull strings you never knew existed.”

Age and Race: Great wyrm blue dragon

Lair: Hidden Nest in the badlands of the Barrier Wall (Thuvia)

Favored Treasure: Magic items, other creatures' personal items, sculptures made from precious metals

Minions: Desert drakes, divs, Loaralis, Usij cabalists

Foes: Bidders for the *sun orchid elixir*, Mierusildas

In the third week of Gozran in 4710 AR, a shadow fell across three separate villages in as many days. In each case, the village burned to the ground in a mysterious assault of fire and lightning—victims of the blue dragon Deyrubrujan. The villages were in Druma, Isger, and Molthune, a thousand miles from the dragon's desert lair, and each had something Deyrubrujan wanted. Yet nothing was taken from the settlements aside from the lives of those who had lived there.

Hatched in the still, warm autumn of 3369 AR, Deyrubrujan worked against her clutchmates to become the alpha of the brood. As a young dragon, she struck out on her own, eventually usurping her parents' dominion over their section of the Barrier Wall. She began forming the div-worshipping cabal of Usij that exists to this day. She maintained far-reaching schemes through her early adulthood, even assisting in a handful of attacks to tip battles during the Even-Tongued Conquest. Over the last hundred years, however, she has been reassessing her dominion and reach.

Deyrubrujan's true fascination is power. She knows secrets are a means of control, and knowledge, unlike treasure or territory, does not need to be maintained once gained. Secrets are commodities to be held over the heads of the powerful, providing the leverage needed to accomplish great things. Her focus in recent years has been influencing Thuvia's most sacred tradition: the auction of the *sun orchid elixir*.

Her lair, called Hidden Nest, is a factory that produces a plethora of alchemical wonders, curatives, drugs, potions, and poisons. Many of these concoctions are distributed throughout the Inner Sea, far beyond the sands of northern Garund. In addition to the alchemists living in her lair, her cabal employs dozens of laborers who venture into the scorching desert in search of sun orchids for use in the alchemists' experiments. Deyrubrujan's love of manipulation and her obsession with the *sun orchid elixir* have brought her into conflict with Thuvian authorities, as well as with those who wish to bid on the elixir. While many suspect tampering, nobody can prove the blue dragon is to blame.

All of the villages Deyrubrujan destroyed appear to have been targeted because of longstanding debts, or because doing so played an integral part in the dragon's machinations. Destroying the village in Druma held a twofold importance for Deyrubrujan. She obtained information about a copper *orb of dragonkind* from a Drumish merchant born in this village, and subsequently discovered that this same Drumish merchant had set his sights on bidding for the *sun orchid elixir*. In order to stop the merchant's bid and to silence rumors of a potent, dragon-controlling artifact, Deyrubrujan destroyed the man's home village while he was there visiting his family. The village in Isger, blasted with fire and lightning, earned its destruction through betrayal. During the Even-Tongued Conquest, Deyrubrujan sent some of her agents to assist a Chelish officer in wresting Isger from Taldor and placing it in the hands of Cheliox. She was never repaid, and was unable to avenge herself because the officer died in battle soon thereafter. Though the man who made the deal was long dead, Deyrubrujan rekindled her thwarted vengeance in a fit of enraged embarrassment, and decided to impose the Chelish officer's death sentence on his living heirs. She finally discovered these relatives when one of them, a paracount serving House Thrune, showed an interest in obtaining a draught of the *sun orchid elixir*. Though it's unknown why Deyrubrujan destroyed the village in Molthune, some speculate that she did so as a favor to some other powerful creature with interest in that nation's affairs.

Deyrubrujan has few direct enemies—those who wish to hurt her know the easiest way is to attack her through the proxies to which she clings. She does, however, have to deal with a pair of local pests. The first is a boorish *zahhak azi* that lairs nearby. The brute causes trouble by bungling attacks, thus drawing attention to her domain, while simultaneously trying to insinuate himself into her graces. Deyrubrujan found that her *orb of dragonkind* also detects the presence of the *zahhak*, a fact she hates to admit, as it confirms the creature's status as a dragon. However, it also enables her to keep track of the *zahhak's* movements in the area, which appeases her.

Deyrubrujan's second pest is a rival copper dragon named Mierusildas, who lives near Glasswall Isle. Just last year, Deyrubrujan and her agents stole a copper *orb of dragonkind*, called the *Song of the Dawning Star*, en route to be returned to the copper dragon. She uses the orb in her lair to alert her when any other dragons are on the prowl, but she also has plans to attack and control Mierusildas in the near future.



DEYRUBRUJAN **CR 21**

XP 409,600

Female great wyrm blue dragon

LE Colossal dragon (earth)

Init +2; **Senses** dragon senses; Perception +37

Aura electricity (10 ft., 2d6 electricity), frightful presence (360 ft., DC 30)

DEFENSE

AC 38, touch 0, flat-footed 38 (-2 Dex, +38 natural, -8 size)

hp 406 (28d12+224)

Fort +24, **Ref** +16, **Will** +22

DR 20/magic; **Immune** dragon traits, electricity, paralysis, sleep; **SR** 32

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., burrow 20 ft., fly 250 ft. (clumsy)

Melee bite +31 (4d8+21/19-20), 2 claws +34 (4d6+14), tail slap +29 (4d6+21), 2 wings +29 (2d8+7)

Space 30 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft. (25 ft. with bite)

Special Attacks breath weapon (140-ft. line, 24d8 electricity, Reflex DC 32 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), crush, desert thirst (DC 30), mirage, storm breath (DC 32, 24d8 electricity), tail sweep

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 28th; concentration +34)

At will—*ghost sound* (DC 17), *hallucinatory terrain* (DC 20), *minor image* (DC 18), *mirage arcana* (DC 21), *veil* (DC 22), *ventriloquism* (DC 17)

Spells Known (CL 17th; concentration +23)

8th (4/day)—*mind blank*, *orb of the void*^{UM} (DC 24)

7th (6/day)—*greater teleport*, *limited wish*, *plague storm*^{UM} (DC 23)

6th (7/day)—*antimagic field*, *contagious flame*^{APG}, *greater dispel magic*

5th (7/day)—*cloudkill* (DC 21), *dismissal* (DC 21), *fire snake*^{APG} (DC 21), *life bubble*

4th (7/day)—*dimension door*, *greater invisibility*, *phantasmal killer* (DC 20), *stoneskin*

3rd (7/day)—*dispel magic*, *fireball* (DC 19), *haste*, *protection from energy*

2nd (8/day)—*alter self*, *fire breath* (DC 18), *glitterdust* (DC 18), *mirror image*, *resist energy*

1st (8/day)—*expeditious retreat*, *mage armor*, *magic missile*, *protection from good*, *shield*

0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *arcane mark*, *dancing lights* (DC 16), *detect magic*, *disrupt undead*, *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*, *ray of frost*, *read magic*

TACTICS

Before Combat Deyrubrujan never enters combat without sizing up her opponent and carefully planning her approach. If her fortress is breached, she uses her mirage ability to engage intruders in the grand hall.

During Combat Deyrubrujan prefers to fight out in the open above the hot desert sands, swooping down from great heights. She uses a mix of her brute strength, spells, and special abilities, depending on the situation.

Morale If overwhelmed, Deyrubrujan retreats to her inner sanctum either by using *dimension door* or *greater teleport*, depending on her distance from her lair. If confronted there, she fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 39, **Dex** 6, **Con** 27, **Int** 22, **Wis** 23, **Cha** 22

Base Atk +28; **CMB** +50; **CMD** 58 (62 vs. trip)

Feats Combat Reflexes, Dispelling Critical^{LC}, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Initiative, Improved Lightning Reflexes, Improved Vital Strike, Lightning Reflexes, Quicken Spell, Snatch, Spell Penetration, Weapon Focus (bite), Vital Strike

Skills Appraise +10, Bluff +35, Diplomacy +35, Fly +11, Knowledge (arcana, local) +35, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +20, Knowledge (engineering) +15, Knowledge (geography, history, nature) +25, Knowledge (nobility) +15, Knowledge (planes) +30, Knowledge (religion) +25, Linguistics +10, Perception +37, Sense Motive +37, Spellcraft +37, Swim +18, Use Magic Device +20

Languages Abyssal, Ancient Osiriani, Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal, Kelish, Osiriani

SQ sound imitation





Deyrubrujan's Lair

Hidden Nest, as Deyrubrujan calls her fortress, rests 100 miles south of the House of Oblivion, in the foothills of the Barrier Wall. Carved into bluffs, Hidden Nest houses skilled alchemists and a cabal of Usij. The map presented here does not depict the full scope of the fortress, which includes her personal den lying deep beneath the sands.

Deyrubrujan uses *mirage arcana* to disguise the facade of the fortress as part of the cliff face, casting the spell each day to maintain the illusion. Inside, the chambers and hallways are lit with a mix of torches and magical lighting. From behind secret doors, narrow hallways connect rooms throughout the complex to allow quick access and stronger defense. The passages are rigged with pipes that contain gallons of alchemist's fire and acid. The pipes can be triggered from either end of the hallway and deal 3d6 points of fire damage to everyone in the hallway.

Sarvenaz (NE female pairaka div bard 9; *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 88) is the overseer of the complex, and reports directly to Deyrubrujan on a regular basis. Sarvenaz also commands the Usij and dispatches agents on field missions.

1. Outer Yard

This area encloses the main entrance behind a high stone wall. It holds a barracks, housing for workers, a watchtower, and an elaborately carved minaret. The workers living in the outer yard serve the soldiers stationed outside and also scour the desert in search of sun orchids.

2. Salon

This room serves as a central meeting point for those living in Hidden Nest. Its proximity to the grand hall allows Usij cultists and other inhabitants to socialize before participating in the cabalistic rites. This free time has precipitated a number of romances and friendships among those living here in Hidden Nest, knitting the cabal together ever more closely. This sense of community inspires those living here to fight for its protection with added vigor.

3. Chamber of Might

Sepid general **Vahid** (NE male sepид div fighter 4; *Bestiary* 3 89) holds regular training sessions here to ensure that his soldiers are sharp, and keeps his personal chambers nearby. Commander of the guards and the divs, Vahid is a brutal trainer with a reputation for challenging weak and insubordinate recruits with his intelligent *ghost touch falchion*. His presence is a boon to Hidden Nest—under his watch, it hasn't seen any sort of invasion in decades. Some, however, believe the quiet has made Vahid complacent.

4. Soldier and Worker Dorms

These dorms house the most experienced workers and soldiers living in Hidden Nest. The workers are the

backbone of the rest of the labor force, and they live in the rooms on the north side of the hallway. Elite soldiers tasked with guarding this level of Hidden Nest use the rooms on the south side of the hallway as their barracks.

5. Dreamstone Mine

Deyrubrujan had her lair built in these cliffs because of the strange deposits buried beneath them. Within the mine, a spiraling pit descends into darkness, and the workers regularly bring up baskets of a strange, milky-blue crystal. Dreamstone, as it's called, is a favored ingredient in the alchemists' experiments to create new drugs, poisons, and a synthesized version of the *sun orchid elixir*.

6. Grand Hall and Receiving Room

The Usij hold their rites in this large chamber. In case of an attack, cabalists and workers are instructed to rally here for defense. The hall contains a mechanism that drops massive stone slabs into place, blocking the exits. Deyrubrujan meets with visitors and receives reports beyond the grand hall. Sand chokes a massive, carved doorway in the western wall of this chamber and the passage leading from it—somewhere beyond lies Deyrubrujan's personal lair and hoard.

7. Alchemical Dorms and Labs

The most productive sections of Hidden Nest are the chambers in which the resident alchemists ply their craft. Led by **Peyvand** (NE male Keleshite human alchemist 17), the alchemists work furiously to synthesize their own version of the *sun orchid elixir* in addition to the drugs they produce, like marhad. Distilled from dreamstone, marhad grants its users delusions of grandeur, and instills in them absolute confidence. This paste can be chewed or smoked to produce a dreamlike state. Particularly dedicated users dilute the paste in liquid and then inject it directly to their veins using modified viper fangs.

MARHAD

Type inhaled, ingested, injury; **Addiction** severe, Fortitude DC 22

Price 100 gp

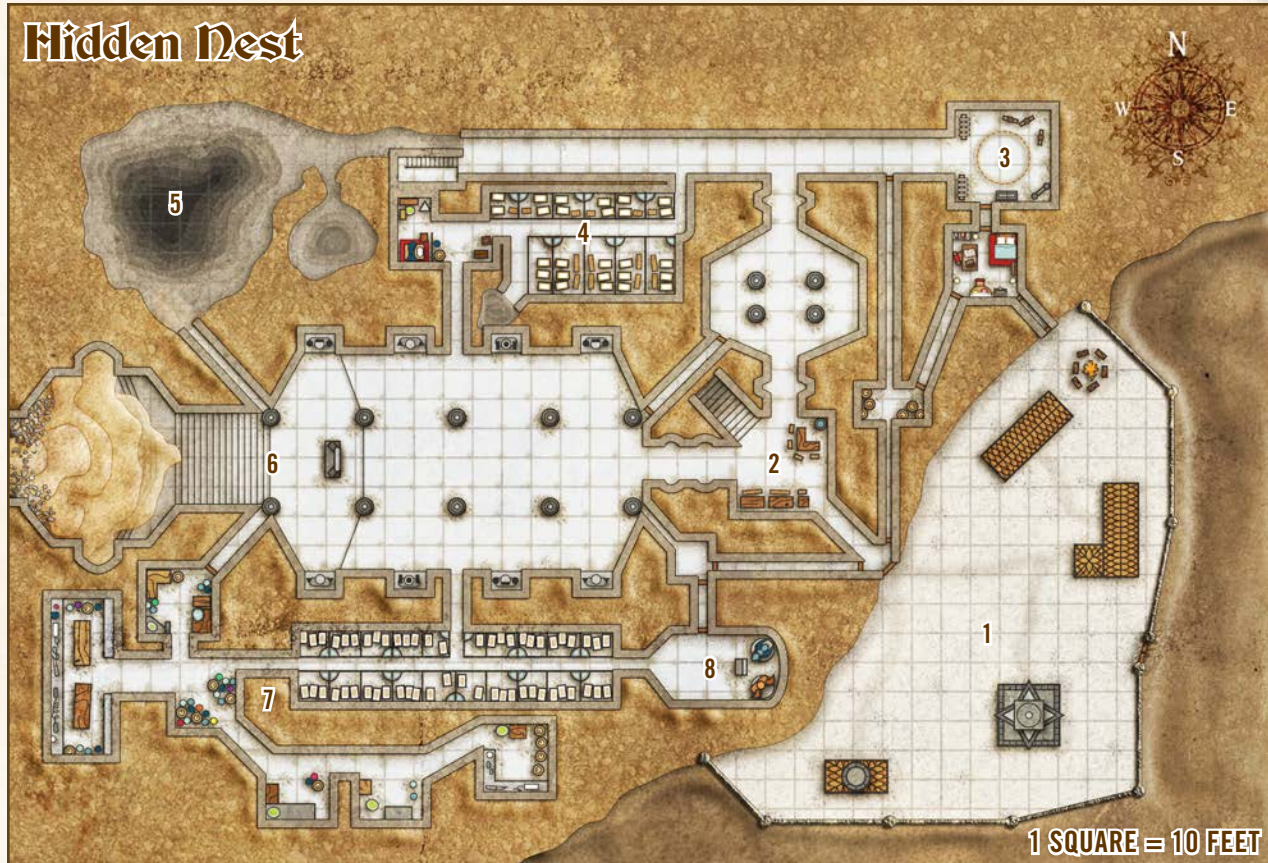
Effect 2d20 minutes; +1d8 temporary hit points, +2 Dex and +2 Cha, immunity to fear effects, user vividly hallucinates and takes a -4 penalty on Perception checks.

Damage 1d2 Con and 1d3 Wis, fatigued 1d4 hours

8. Shrine to Ahriman and Dahak

The eastern end of this chamber features a pair of statues. One is of Ahriman, Lord of the Divs, and the other is of Dahak, the Endless Destruction. In the last few months, this shrine has been outfitted to serve as a guest chamber for Kimiya, a sruvara azi (*Pathfinder Adventure Path* #24 80) lured to Hidden Nest to trade her potent natural poisons for information the cabal possesses.





Deyrubrujan's Hoard

Deyrubrujan's treasure hoard is worth a total of 252,000 gp and contains the following treasure.

- 256,749 cp.
- 83,640 sp.
- 11,553 gp.
- 1,026 pp.
- A red lacquered box containing three identical diamonds (worth 5,000 gp each).
- A platinum statue of a blue dragon in flight (worth 9,000 gp).
- A brass sculpture of three pairakas seducing a human man (worth 1,500 gp).
- An etched crystal urn filled with fine gray powder worth 800 gp for the urn alone.
- A golden statue of a bizarre, sluglike creature (worth 3,000 gp).
- Six fragments of dragon egg shells wrapped in silk and stored in a mahogany box.
- A preserved hand wrapped in fine silks.
- A lock of platinum blond hair in an amethyst tube (worth 400 gp).
- A large copper jar containing a human liver, sealed with wax and etched with strange runes. The jar alone is worth 350 gp.
- A giant quill made from a roc's feather and a set of rare inks in an ebony and silver case (worth 1,100 gp in total).
- Genealogical charts of various nobles and prominent merchants in Thuvia and beyond.
- A large piece of amber with 13 strange insects trapped within (worth 600 gp).
- A delicate ceramic tea set containing a teapot that keeps refilling itself with fine, spiced tea (worth 8,000 gp).
- A *lantern of revealing* made from hammered silver and colored glass (worth 30,000 gp).
- A *lyre of building* constructed from a pair of antelope horns strung with catgut (worth 13,000 gp).
- A *dragonfoe amulet* (*Ultimate Equipment* 257) taken from a group of recently killed adventurers who were set on slaying Deyrubrujan (worth 20,000 gp).
- A basket woven of copper threads containing a *mask of a thousand tomes* (*Ultimate Equipment* 245; worth 10,000 gp).
- A *scroll of wish* carefully painted on a preserved palm frond (worth 28,825 gp).
- A *lavender and green ellipsoid ioun stone* (worth 40,000 gp).
- A leather folder containing four *scrolls of resurrection*, each scribed on translucent skin stretched upon a bamboo frame (worth 49,100 gp in total).
- The *Song of the Dawning Star* (copper orb of dragonkind; *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Artifacts & Legends* 35).

ERANEX

“On my father’s honor, all the wicked shall know my vengeful absolution.”

Age and Race: Fey creature adult silver dragon

Lair: Caverns around Lake Silverstep (River Kingdoms)

Minions: Brownies, faerie dragons, fairies, leshys, nymphs

Foes: Evil fey, servants of Count Ranalc, undead

Favored Treasure: Exotic reagents, fey relics, rare minerals and gemstones

Although silver dragons are often regarded as the “paladins of dragonkind,” these noble creatures are known to pursue their own enigmatic goals at times. In a remote section of the Stolen Lands, which lie in the wild expanse of land known as the River Kingdoms, the riverfolk have long spoken of a wise old dragon named Silverstep who made a lair in the partially submerged caverns around a lake that was later named in his honor. He was much beloved by the inhabitants of that land, who considered him their protector, but vanished mysteriously—Kellid legends claim that he followed his otherworldly lover into the First World, in spite of the great wealth and power that he had accumulated on the Material Plane.

Centuries later, sightings of another dragon in the skies around Lake Silverstep have been reported by merchants traveling the Tors of Levenies. Residents at first hoped that Silverstep had returned, but while most reports agree that the dragon appears to be a full-grown silver, its regal horns and magnificent wings are said to be warped, and its hide covered in all manner of arcane patterns. Many who repeat the tales have added their own flourishes, fanciful appellations, and origin stories, but a few patrons of Restov’s Garish Goblet whisper that the thing is actually the daughter of the legendary Silverstep and his fey lover. Yet while residents would otherwise welcome the daughter of the noble Silverstep, the once-frequented lake is now rumored to be tainted by evil fey, and many fear that the mysterious draconic newcomer is in league with them. Not wanting to upset these perilous neighbors, most avoid the lake and its environs entirely.

The subject of all this speculation is Eranex the Fey-Marked. She is indeed the daughter of Silverstep, but has traveled to the Material Plane on unrelated business—she was sent there by Shyka the Many, the Eldest ruler of Eranex’s wild home, to intercept a powerful artifact destined to arrive at the back of her father’s lair in a year’s time.

Vesper’s Rapier is said to be crafted by Shyka herself, and the Eldest’s strange time-warping abilities have

given the sword a habit of disappearing and reappearing throughout the world at random. The blade of this legendary weapon changes depending on the wielder, and scattered references throughout history name both heroes and vagrants who have brandished it.

When Eranex was assigned to visit her father’s lair, she hoped to have a chance to find traces of him that would help her learn about him—Silverstep had vanished from the First World not long after siring her. But upon arriving, she learned she was not the only one searching for the rapier—a violent ankou named Orsig, a servant of the now-missing Count Ranalc, also seeks it, and has beaten her to her father’s lair. Orsig has long sought to return his exiled master to power in the First World, and he believes the magical sword is just the thing that can aid him in achieving that goal. Upon hearing the blade would appear near Lake Silverstep, the ankou hastily summoned his rusalka partner Herrketa and a fetchling cleric of Count Ranalc, gathered a group of like-minded minions, and led the group to the lake to retrieve the artifact. The group soon claimed the lair and have entrenched themselves within.

Despite Orsig’s precautions, Eranex was able to defeat some of his lesser servants and claim a toehold within the lair. But she is wise enough to know better than to face Orsig head on, having fought such a fiend once before—a battle in the First World that resulted in her death and subsequent reformation in the realm of the fey, a painful and lengthy process she has no desire to repeat. To make things more problematic, if the silver dragon dares to challenge Orsig for *Vesper’s Rapier*, she will likely be forced to do so on the Material Plane, where she will not have the luxury of reforming in the First World should she perish. Eranex knows that her chances against the already-formidable Orsig and his powerful companions are slim at best, but she doesn’t let these odds discourage her.

In order to defeat the servants of Count Ranalc and prevent Orsig from claiming *Vesper’s Rapier*, Eranex seeks to enlist aid. She has made various flybys over the Stolen Lands in hopes of attracting the attention of stalwart adventurers, searching for heroes she can trust to risk their lives for her cause, but as the year progresses and her time dwindles, she is growing ever more desperate in her search. She knows that before long she must risk going it alone if she can’t find reliable allies.

ERANEX

CR 16

XP 76,800

Female fey creature adult silver dragon (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 116, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 110)

CG Huge fey (cold)

Init +6; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +25

Aura frightful presence (180 ft., DC 23)

DEFENSE

AC 30, touch 10, flat-footed 28 (+2 Dex, +20 natural, -2 size)

hp 195 (17d12+85)

Fort +15, **Ref** +14, **Will** +17; +4 vs. mind-affecting effects

DR 5/magic and **DR** 10/cold iron; **Immune** acid, cold, paralysis, sleep; **Resist** electricity 10; **SR** 25

Weaknesses vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 200 ft. (average)

Melee bite +23 (2d8+10), 2 claws +22 (2d6+7), tail slap +20 (2d6+3), 2 wings +20 (1d8+3)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (15 ft. with bite)

Special Attacks breath weapon (50-ft. cone, 12d8 cold, Reflex DC 23 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), crush, paralyzing breath, vanish (17/day)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 17th; concentration +23)

At will—*detect evil*, *feather fall*, *fog cloud*

3/day—*dancing lights*

1/day—*confusion* (DC 20), *entangle* (DC 17), *deep slumber* (DC 19), *faerie fire*, *feeblemind* (DC 21), *glitterdust* (DC 18), *irresistible dance* (DC 24), *major image* (DC 19), *mislead*, *project image* (DC 23)

Spells Known (CL 7th; concentration +13)

3rd (5/day)—*dispel magic*, *halt undead* (DC 19)

2nd (7/day)—*arcane lock*, *blur*, *bull's strength*

1st (7/day)—*alarm*, *chill touch* (DC 17), *magic missile*, *protection from evil*, *unseen servant*

0 (at will)—*arcane mark*, *detect magic*, *disrupt undead*, *light*, *message*, *purify food and drink*, *read magic*

TACTICS

Before Combat Should evil intruders threaten her lair, Eranex casts *protection from evil* on herself, then hides in a concealed position behind a crag or in a remote cavern chamber. Her various draconic and fey-granted spell-like abilities make evasion easy, and she does her best to stay hidden from would-be assassins until she can lay them low with a single surprise blow.

During Combat Eranex is prepared for battle with both undead and humanoid intruders, casting spells such as *disrupt undead* or *halt undead* to deal with the former and breathing goutts of cold against other foes. Fey present more of a problem, but Eranex is not afraid to go toe to toe with these capricious enemies by first casting *bull's strength* and then hurling herself into melee.

Morale Eranex knows she must attempt to fulfill Shyka's demands, but realizes death would be an even worse fate.

If reduced to fewer than 30 hit points, she retreats to plot her retaliatory strike.

STATISTICS

Str 25, **Dex** 14, **Con** 21, **Int** 22, **Wis** 21, **Cha** 22

Base Atk +17; **CMB** +26; **CMD** 38 (42 vs. trip)

Feats Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack, Power Attack, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (bite)

Skills Acrobatics +22, Diplomacy +26, Fly +18, Heal +25, Intimidate +26, Knowledge (arcana) +26, Knowledge (local) +26, Knowledge (nobility) +26, Perception +25, Sense Motive +25, Spellcraft +26, Stealth +18; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Stealth

Languages Auran, Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Giant, Hallit, Sylvan, Terran

SQ camouflage, change shape, trackless step, woodland stride

Using Eranex

Eranex's proximity to a portal to the First World and to the future location of *Vesper's Rapier* (see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Artifacts & Legends* 55) make her a good quest-giver or informant. She also longs to learn of her father's fate, and though she lacks the proper resources to delve the caves in earnest, she gladly rewards heroes who manage to bring back tokens of her father or clues to his motives or current location.





Eranex's Lair

Eranex makes her lair in the caverns behind Duskdraw Fall, a cascading curtain of water formed by one of Lake Silverstep's many minor tributaries. The subterranean passages behind the waterfall connect to many of the other caves and grottoes dotting the shores of Lake Silverstep.

1. Central Chamber

Visitors to the caves behind Duskdraw Fall likely stumble upon this chamber before any others, and it was a popular site for local youths and adventurers alike for several decades before the arrival of the Perkei's bog nixie clan in area 3. The chamber is split by elevation into two sections—to the east, a fine sheet of slowly tumbling falls hides the sheer rock face, while the shin-deep water in the western half of the hall drains out the natural tunnels toward Lake Silverstep. At the back of the stone dragon's open mouth is a discreet keyhole—crafted by Silverstep himself and later retooled by Eranex to serve her purposes—which can only be activated by one of Eranex's handcrafted sigils: quartz discs engraved with her personal rune. Anyone who tries to pick the secret lock without the key (Perception DC 25 to locate, Disable Device DC 35 to pick) risks activating the portal's deadly trap, which pushes intruders back with a torrent of water and creates a burst of ice that damages nearby creatures and temporarily freezes the waterfall.

WATERFALL TRAP

CR 11

XP 12,800

Type magic; Perception DC 31; Disable Device DC 31

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; **Reset** automatic; **Bypass** Eranex's sigil**Effect** spell effects (*hydraulic torrent*^{APG}, CMB +22 to bull rush; *freezing sphere*, 15d6 cold damage and freezes waterfall and floor for 15 rounds, Reflex DC 19 half); multiple targets (*hydraulic torrent*^{APG} affects all targets in a 60-foot line; *freezing sphere* affects all targets in a 40-foot radius)

2. Eranex's Chamber

Secreted behind a curtain of specially warded runoff lies Eranex's personal demesne within Lake Silverstep. Glassy pools are limned by the lustrous natural minerals jutting from the cavern walls and the strange luminescent fungi on the mossy floor, spangling the air with dazzling motes. Eranex spends most of her time in this chamber, plotting how best to undermine Orsig's designs and the machinations of his various minions. Though she sometimes worries that the cluster of fungus leshys that also occupy this chamber (2d8 of them can be found around the area at any time) might give away her position, Eranex tolerates their presence and even shows gratitude for the gifts of glowing mushrooms they bring to her during her frequent bouts of brooding contemplation.

3. Ruined Springs

Splendid and idyllic springs once filled these two massive chambers. The arched, stalactite-covered ceilings 60 feet up still glimmer with natural mica and tourmaline deposits, but the formerly pristine waters of the broad halls are now foul and grimy.

The springs' degradation can be attributed to the bog nixies who dwell in this area of the caverns (23 in all). They are led by a narrow-eyed korred named **Perkei** (CE male korred druid 8), who was outcast by his clan for his cruel spirit, only to retaliate by wresting the bog nixie clan from its old leader. Since then, he and the nixies have taken over these cavernous halls. They don't care much for the newly arrived ankou and his motley band of scoundrels to the east, but have refrained from any drastic action lest they incite an unnecessary war between the two groups. Should anyone intrude upon one of putrid halls, 3d6 bog nixies arrive to greet would-be trespassers, using their powers of deception and trickery to lure victims further into their domain.

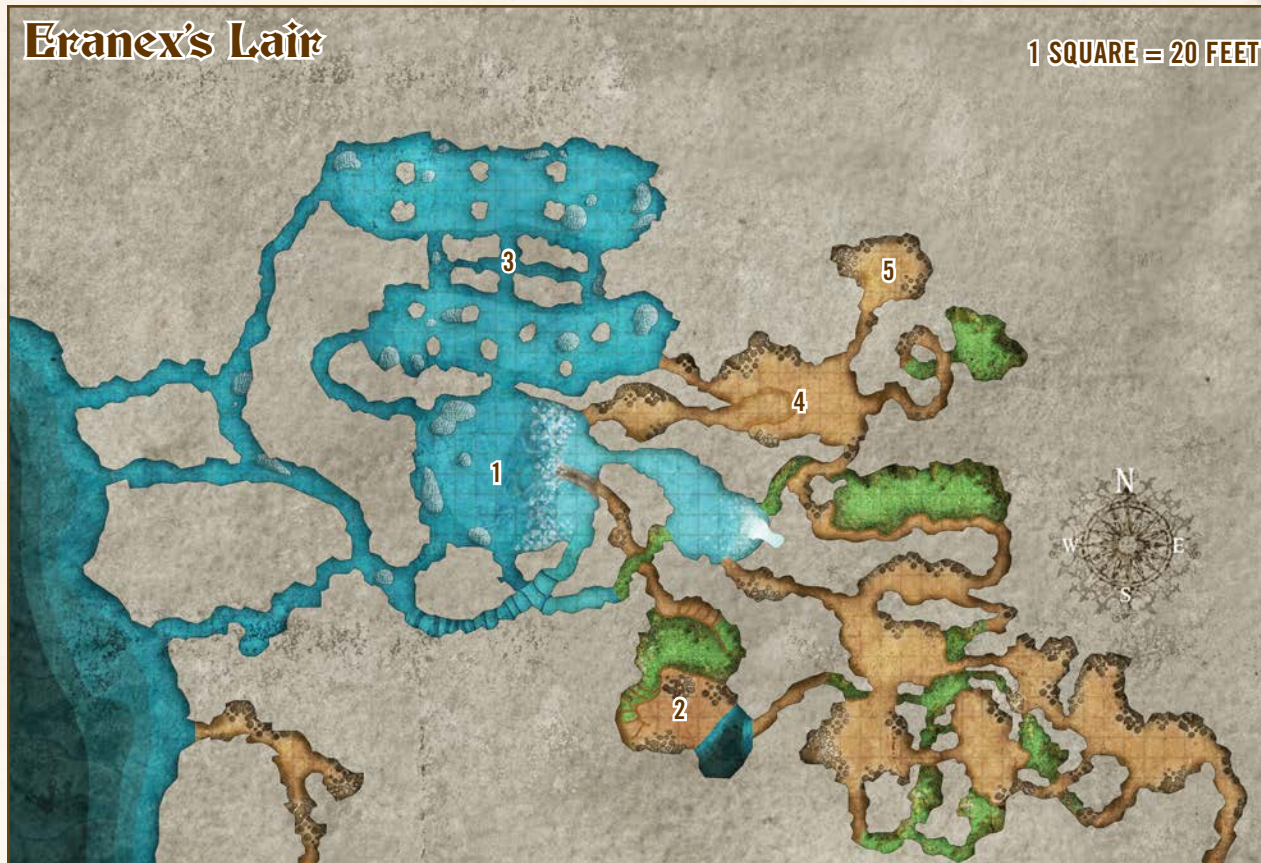
4. Shrine of Count Ranalc

The dread ankou **Orsig** (NE male ankou rogue 4) has made this hollowed-out cavern his personal quarters, and can often be found here with his companion **Herrketa** (NE female rusalka witch 8), brooding among the shadows or attempting to communicate with Count Ranalc at the improvised shrine **Ebana** (CN female fetchling cleric of Count Ranalc 15) raised among the moss and hallucinogenic mushrooms at the far end of the chamber. The toxic fungi wrap him in a constant haze, dulling his good senses and keeping him in a constant state of paranoid agitation. Ebana sometimes fears for her safety between the drug-addled ankou and Herrketa, and discusses plans to slay her short-term ally with the **Glimmer Sisters** (CN female shae rogues 9), a trio of shae siblings the cleric brought with her when Orsig approached her several months ago. So far, Ebana and the Glimmer Sisters have refrained from any drastic action, though they are always on their toes when around Orsig.

5. Silverstep's Den

When Eranex's father, the famed Silverstep, resided here, he made this cavern his lair and treasure vault, but the main passage to it collapsed centuries ago. Only recently did Orsig and Herrketa manage to unearth the den so they could reactivate the long-dormant portal to the First World for their master Count Ranalc. Ebana now zealously guards the portal and den against any intruders, using undead minions culled from the nearby city of Restov to scout the surrounding tunnels and protect her domain. If she spots any intruders coming from the waterfall to the south or the burrow to the east, she calls for her undead thralls (1d6 mummies and 2d4 ghosts) and Orsig from area 4 to aid her in defending the portal.





Eranex's Hoard

Knowing that Orsig's minions mean to force her to abandon the lair, Eranex keeps her treasures carefully concealed. She has dug small alcoves in which to hide precious objects and hidden them behind numerous flat river rocks. She also has the whole area warded with an *alarm* spell. Eranex's treasure hoard is worth a total of 70,529 gp and contains the following treasure.

- 120,422 cp.
- 34,235 sp.
- 6,452 gp.
- 301 pp.
- A pile of assorted silver and cold iron melee weapons—both masterwork and mundane—from her father's hoard, secretly collected from chambers in the lair (worth 2,855 gp in total).
- A collection of bottled exotic perfumes and mundane elixirs distilled from rare plants and other organic materials (worth 2,260 gp in total).
- An ivory drinking horn sized for a tiny creature and set with a dozen sapphires of various sizes and cuts (worth 3,900 gp in total).
- A small blown-glass figurine of a dancing grig that has a pair of carefully carved crystal wings and a delicate fiddle carved from dark wood (worth 800 gp).
- An elaborate cape crafted of satin and covered with hundreds of pristine peacock feathers trailing down the back and fastened with a golden brooch set with three moonstones (worth 1,750 gp).
- A small olivine statuette of a golden eagle (acts as a *serpentine owl figurine of wondrous power*).
- Three brilliant emeralds, each with a subtly different hue, and each acting as a different *elemental gem*; the emerald with a cyan hue summons a water elemental, the emerald with a dark crimson hue at its core summons a fire elemental, and the emerald with a light yellow hue summons a mud elemental (worth 2,250 gp each).
- A *+1 flaming ghost touch longbow* that has been lacquered blue and decorated with 16 embossed silver stars (worth 18,375 gp).
- A mixture of various fey tokens (see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Fey Revisited* for specific examples) and strange fey idols (worth 5,250 gp in total).
- A *scroll of transformation* scribed in green ink on a long rolled strip of white silk (worth 1,650 gp).
- Three *scrolls of wall of force* etched on translucent sheets of mica (worth 1,125 gp each).
- A sliver of petrified butter-oak (acts as a *wand of speak with plants* with 23 charges remaining; worth 5,175 gp).

FAHRAUTH

“I am the shadow in the heart of the world. Surrender to the darkness, and you may yet live to serve.”

Age and Race: Great wyrm umbral dragon

Lair: Repurposed necromancer sanctuary below the Umbral Basin

Minions: Derros, sceeduinar, shadows

Foes: Nidal aristocracy (including the Umbral Court), undead

Favored Treasure: Dark jewels, items of shadow or negative energy, sculptures, tributes that bolster his ego

Fahrauth is an arrogant, jealous, and petty umbral dragon who wants nothing more than to be worshiped as a god—or at least feared as a force to be reckoned with. As lazy as he is cruel, and as vain as he is vicious, the dragon skulks in his hijacked lair of shadows. He is attended by his minions, enjoys tributes from the derros, and plots to make a name for himself in the surface kingdoms of Golarion.

Nidal is home to several umbral dragons that support the dark goals of Zon-Kuthon and the ruling Umbral Court of that sinister nation. One of these great wyrms is Ugothogo, the self-appointed king of a small clutch of umbral dragons that haunt the Midnight Mountains, deep in the Darklands. Centuries of being worshiped by gug tribes went to Ugothogo’s head, and he began to act like the divine leader of a pantheon, treating his fellow umbrals as consorts or attendants. Fahrauth chafed at being made to serve, and over time he grew to resent his so-called master.

One day Fahrauth snapped. He went on a rampage, annihilating tribe after tribe of gugs, until Ugothogo finally attacked him. The latter dragon was the better fighter, and Fahrauth—humiliated and furious—fled for his life. He flew from the Midnight Mountains into the Endless Gulf of Sekamina, and then through the winding tunnels of Nar-Voth, the uppermost layer of the Darklands. He slowed only when his keen nose detected a pungent blend of undead essence and devouring energy. He tracked the scent to the subterranean lair of the necromancer Syremal, who was communing with the undead through a gate to the Negative Energy Plane. Fahrauth killed the necromancer, and claimed the lair as his own, allowing the caster’s sceeduinar minions to live as his new servants. The bitter dragon saw his chance to gain a small measure of what he had always begrudged Ugothogo. It wasn’t the same, but it was a start.

Each day, Fahrauth basks in the negative energy that washes in through the gate, and feasts on the hapless undead that emerge from the other side. Fahrauth is too large to fit through the gate, but his minions go back and forth to the void and replenish their numbers as needed.

The sceeduinar remain allied to the dragon because of their hatred of the undead, and the enjoyment they glean from watching Fahrauth tear the creatures to pieces. Fahrauth also permits the sceeduinar to wreak havoc on the surface of Golarion, provided they return with fresh victims and treasures.

Fahrauth also has an agreement with a large tribe of derros that live in the tunnels below his lair. He refrains from terrorizing them as long as they pay him tribute—treasure, poisons, patches of blue cytillesh fungus—and carry out elaborate rituals of worship to boost his ego. The sceeduinar sometimes give the pale humanoids extra items brought back from the surface, including captives for use in the tribe’s sadistic experiments. Occasionally, the derros are tasked with errands or missions in the Darklands, including spying on the umbral dragons in the Midnight Mountains.

Fahrauth is too big for the tunnels that lead from the necromancer’s rooms to the surface, but he uses *shadow walk* to visit the Umbral Basin, which lies directly above the lair. He swoops through the wasteland, picking off stray travelers and mauling trade caravans. More rarely, he winds his way past the derro tribe to visit the Endless Gulf, though he never descends as far as the mountains he fled so long ago. For the most part, Fahrauth lazes around his home, doing very little. The highlight of his day is normally opening the gate to the Negative Energy Plane, which he treats as a ceremonial event—confirmation of his status as a living god.

Lately, the dragon has grown impatient to expand his influence on Golarion, and his eagerness has made him an unwitting pawn in a game of subterfuge. In safehouses throughout Nidal, dissidents plot to undermine the Umbral Court, and weaken Zon-Kuthon’s influence on that nation. They seek to inflame tensions between the Court and the diabolical aristocracy of neighboring Chelixa, in an effort to strain the alliance between the nations. The dissidents have convinced a small number of influential Chelish families to seek an alliance with Fahrauth, who has no sympathy for the Umbral Court. Chelish emissaries (including devils) secretly visit Fahrauth’s lair to negotiate with the dragon, and to plan ways in which he can erode the Court’s power in Nidal. Fahrauth’s narcissism—and his zeal to gain retribution against Ugothogo—blind him to the fact that he is being used.

FAHRAUTH

CR 22

XP 614,400

Male great wyrm umbral dragon

CE Colossal dragon (extraplanar)

Init +2; **Senses** dragon senses; Perception +40**Aura** frightful presence (360 ft., DC 32)

DEFENSE

AC 39, touch 0, flat-footed 39 (–2 Dex, +39 natural, –8 size)**hp** 420 (29d12+232)**Fort** +24, **Ref** +16, **Will** +24**DR** 20/magic; **Immune** cold, death effects, dragon traits, energy drain, paralysis, sleep; **SR** 33

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 250 ft. (clumsy)**Melee** bite +35 (4d8+21/19–20 plus energy drain), 2 claws +35 (4d6+14 plus energy drain), tail slap +33 (4d6+21), 2 wings +33 (2d8+7)**Space** 30 ft.; **Reach** 30 ft. (40 ft. with bite)**Special Attacks** breath weapon (70-ft. cone, 24d8 negative energy, Reflex DC 32 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), create shadows, crush, energy drain (1 level, DC 32), shadow breath (12 Str), tail sweep**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 29th; concentration +37)At will—*darkness*, *project image* (DC 25), *shades* (DC 27), *shadow walk* (DC 24), *vampiric touch*3/day—*finger of death* (DC 25)**Spells Known** (CL 19th; concentration +27)9th (4/day)—*implosion* (DC 27), *imprisonment* (DC 27)8th (7/day)—*discern location*, *fire storm* (DC 26), *greater shout* (DC 26)7th (7/day)—*destruction* (DC 25), *limited wish*, *word of chaos*6th (7/day)—*harm* (DC 24), *mislead*, *veil* (DC 24)5th (7/day)—*greater command* (DC 23), *slay living* (DC 23), *teleport*, *unhallow*4th (8/day)—*enervation*, *inflict critical wounds* (DC 22), *phantasmal killer* (DC 22), *unholy blight* (DC 22)3rd (8/day)—*dispel magic*, *haste*, *inflict serious wounds* (DC 21), *lightning bolt* (DC 21)2nd (8/day)—*alter self*, *blur*, *command undead* (DC 20), *invisibility*, *web* (DC 20)1st (8/day)—*inflict light wounds* (DC 19), *grease*, *magic missile*, *reduce person* (DC 19), *shield*0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *bleed* (DC 18), *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *disrupt undead*, *ghost sound* (DC 18), *mage hand*, *ray of frost*, *read magic*

TACTICS

Before Combat Fahrauth is typically alerted to the presence of enemies by his minions. He often sizes up his opponents remotely using *project image*. Once he determines the nature of the threat, he then bolsters himself by using *limited wish* to recreate a protective spell suitable for his foes.**During Combat** Fahrauth opens combat against living creatures with his breath weapon. If space permits, he hovers above his enemies, casting spells between uses of his breath weapon. If he's feeling especially confident, he lands near his foes and finishes them off with his melee attacks. He sticks close to the gate to the Negative Energy Plane to receive constant healing from its emanations.**Morale** Arrogant and unafraid of dying so close to the gate, Fahrauth fights to the death if encountered in his lair.

STATISTICS

Str 39, **Dex** 6, **Con** 27, **Int** 26, **Wis** 27, **Cha** 26**Base Atk** +29; **CMB** +51; **CMD** 59 (63 vs. trip)**Feats** Bleeding Critical, Blind-Fight, Critical Focus, Flyby Attack, Greater Vital Strike, Hover, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Initiative, Improved Vital Strike, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Stealth), Snatch, Vital Strike
Skills Appraise +30, Bluff +40, Diplomacy +35, Fly +14, Intimidate +40, Knowledge (arcana) +40, Knowledge (history) +40, Knowledge (local) +40, Knowledge (planes) +40, Knowledge (religion) +40, Perception +40, Sense Motive +40, Spellcraft +40, Stealth +20, Survival +26**Languages** Abyssal, Aklo, Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Giant, Infernal, Shadowtongue, Undercommon**SQ** ghost bane, umbral scion



Fahrauth's Lair

The great dragon's subterranean lair lies beneath the Umbral Basin, between Nidal and Molthune. It once belonged to Syremal, a necromancer who worshipped Urgathoa. Drawn to the lair by a gate to the Negative Energy Plane, Fahrauth killed Syremal and subjugated her scaduinar minions. Today, he spends his time sleeping in the larger tunnels, granting audiences to derro parties that pay tribute, and soaking up negative energy that radiates from the gate.

1. Laboratory

Syremal performed vivisections and other gruesome experiments on the stone tables of this laboratory. The shelves remain cluttered with odd instruments, jars of fluid, and preserved derro body parts. A smaller room off the southwest corner contains an acid pit—treat as the spell *acid pit* (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 201); the pit is 20 feet deep and is filled with 5 feet of acid, which Syremal used to skeletonize her victims. A secret passage in the east wall connects to her quarters; in the passage is a teleportation circle that she used for emergency escapes (the destination is up to the GM).

Though Syremal's undead creations were mostly destroyed by Fahrauth, the room is still littered with body parts that attack anyone who disturbs the lab. If the PCs enter this room, they are assaulted by clawed hands that choke or rake; intestines that slither, squeeze, and trip; heads that fly and bite; bones that bash; and so on. The body parts do not leave the laboratory.

2. Library

This library once held all the references and notes for Syremal's experiments. The bookshelves lining the walls are filled with once-invaluable tomes that detailed the necromantic arts and give instructions for opening planar rifts. Unfortunately, the negative energy that leaks through the south wall of the library has bleached the ink out of most of the books, rendering them useless. A careful search turns up a few volumes that are still readable, including Syremal's journal, which describes her creation of the gate and reveals how to open it.

3. Tainted River

While excavating space for her lair, Syremal accidentally exposed a small subterranean river. The water flows in from a large crack in the northwest wall and out through a gap in the southeast wall. Long-term exposure to the gate has tainted the river with negative energy. Contact with the water deals 1d4 points of negative energy damage each round.

4. Gate Expanse

This large, spherical chamber holds the gate to the Negative Energy Plane—a hazy rip in space that floats

in the center of the room. Over time, the negative energy coming through the gate has saturated the room, making it appear as though every surface in the chamber is covered in thick soot.

Fahrauth lazes near the ceiling of the chamber on one of two wide ledges. He oversees the activity below from his lofty perch, and bathes in the energy from the gate (using his umbral scion ability to heal himself with the energy). The dragon's scaduinar minions dangle live bait in front of the rip to lure undead through the portal. Currently, they are using a near-dead Hellknight, whose comrades are in area 6.

The key to opening the portal is to sacrifice at least 10 Hit Dice worth of incorporeal undead within 300 feet of the gate. Shadows from the larger tunnels (area 5) are ideal for this purpose. The energy flowing in from the gate deals 15d6 points of negative energy damage every other round, healing undead and those who are healed by negative energy the same amount. Once opened, the gate remains active for 10 minutes. It can be opened only once per day.

5. Shadow Caverns

All the tunnels and caverns in this area are saturated with negative energy, and act as if permanently affected by *deeper darkness*. Nonmagical methods of illumination are ineffective in this area, and magical light sources only provide illumination if they are spell level 3 or higher. All of the caverns, except area 7, are populated by shadows and greater shadows. These creatures, creations of Syremal, lie in wait to sap the strength from any intruders who wander into the caverns.

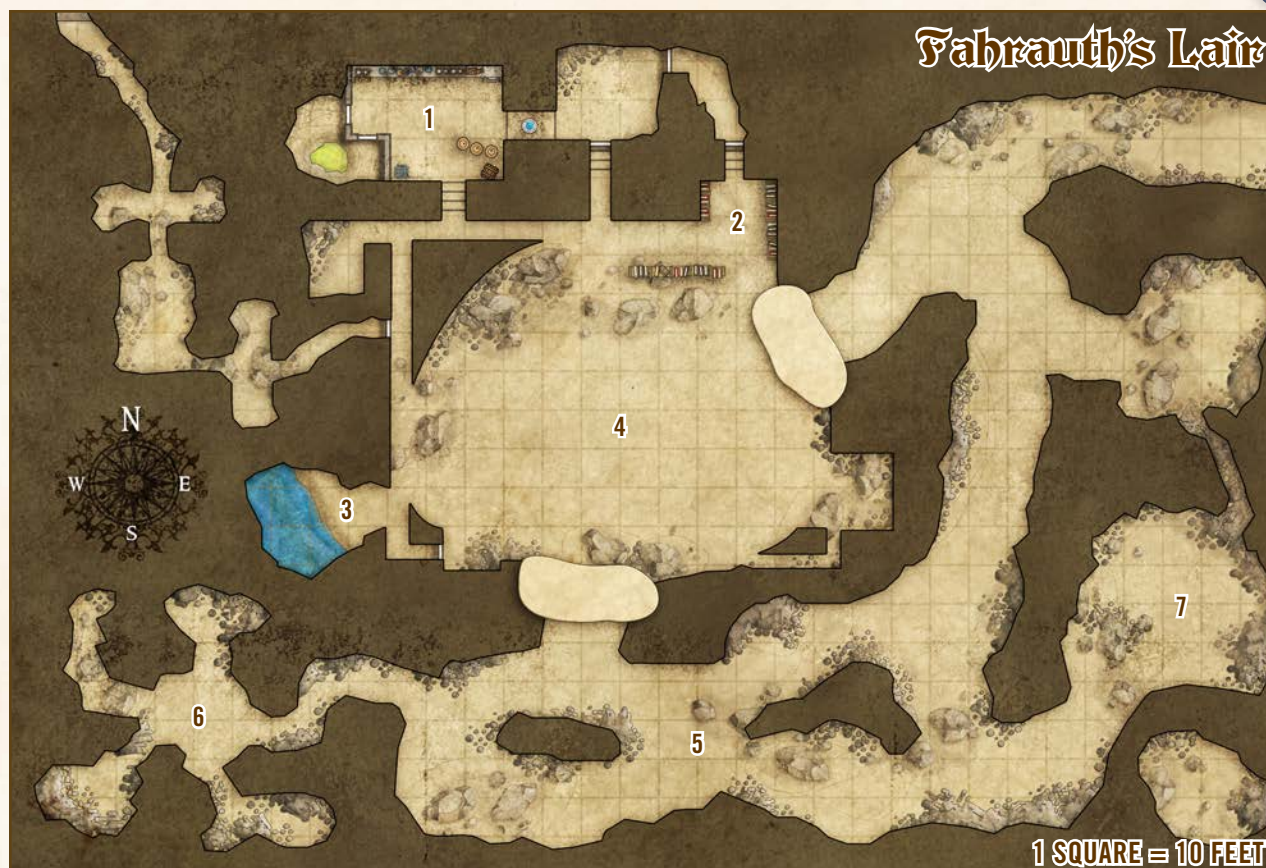
6. Gloomwing Nest

Several days ago, a brace of Hellknights from Chelixa was dispatched to slay Fahrauth. Most were killed in the initial assault, though Fahrauth kept several alive to serve as undead bait. Four survivors currently remain, slumped together in the darkness. Two gloomwings (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 133) have implanted eggs in the knights, and these eggs will soon hatch into four tenebrous worms (*Bestiary* 2 260) that will consume their hosts. Three knights are unconscious, and will never again wake. The fourth has gone insane, but in rare lucid moments can provide some information if the heroes are able to communicate with her. She begs weakly for the release of death.

7. Fahrauth's Den

Fahrauth sleeps in this cavern, which is affected by a permanent darkness so deep that no magical or mundane light functions here. A narrow tunnel in the north wall connects to another cave, but Fahrauth collapsed the passage to prevent derros from sneaking in. The isolated cavern to the south holds the dragon's hoard. Fahrauth uses *shadow walk* or *teleport* to reach this area.





Fahrauth's Hoard

Fahrauth's treasure hoard is worth a total of 315,000 gp, and contains the items listed below. The coins are stored in the curled-up corpse of a 60-foot-long nightcrawler that Fahrauth killed then preserved for this purpose.

- 104,640 cp.
- 76,775 sp.
- 32,227 gp.
- 1,088 pp.
- One wall of the hoard cavern contains a deposit of obsidian that can be mined and cut into chunks (worth 10,000 gp in total).
- Pressed into the walls of the cavern are eight dark purple crystals taken from the Negative Energy Plane (worth 8,800 gp in total). If one of the crystals is exposed directly to negative energy for 10 minutes, it breaks apart and gives "birth" to a fully grown sceeduinar.
- A large onyx sculpture depicting Fahrauth slaying another umbral dragon sits prominently in a shallow alcove (worth 10,000 gp in total).
- A collection of strange statues carved from dull black stone depicting a selection of different kytons (worth 6,000 gp in total).
- Other emissaries from Cheliox have given Fahrauth dossiers on the members of Nidal's Umbral Court, as well as maps of their council hall in Pangolais. The room also contains plans for a Nidalese assault on Cheliox, though these plans are forgeries, created by the Nidalese dissidents. Turning the documents over to the Umbral Court is worth a 10,000 gp reward.
- A barrel full of all manner of normal pieces of jewelry, given to Fahrauth as tribute by the derros (worth 3,800 gp in total).
- Mixed in with the ordinary jewelry is an long necklace of 14 perfect black pearls spaced evenly between pale moonstones (worth 7,000 gp).
- A skeletal finger wearing a diamond band (worth 5,000 gp). Inscribed on the band are the initials "DKV."
- A *medallion of thought projection* (no gp value).
- Three doses of shadow essence (worth 750 gp) stored in vials that look as if they were carved from a humanoid's femur and are stoppered with yellow waxy substance.
- A copper *mask of the skull* made to resemble a cyclops skull with no lower jaw (worth 22,000 gp).
- A matching pair of rusted iron rings, about 18 inches in diameter, which are actually a set of *ring gates* (worth 40,000 gp).
- A *life-drinker greataxe* (worth 40,320 gp).
- A *+1 full plate of improved shadow* (worth 17,500 gp).
- Syremal's *staff of necromancy* (8 charges) (worth 82,000 gp).

GARAUDHILYX

“Welcome, adventurers, and warmly met. Have you a prisoner to deliver? Or is it my counsel you seek?”

Age and Race: Great wyrm gold dragon

Lair: An islet east of Valkus Isle (Nex)

Minions: Blink dogs, pegasi, trumpet archons

Foes: Gebbite Blood Lords, krakens, evil wizards

Favored Treasure: Golden coins from lost empires, gold-inlaid marble sculptures, rare or ancient books

Two thousand years ago, the blood feud between the wizard-king Nex and the necromancer Geb was both the stuff of legend and a concern still fresh in the minds of inhabitants of the area. Although Nex had vanished 2 millennia before and his nemesis lingered only as a ghost, scholars still lectured as if the calamitous attacks the enemies traded—which killed tens of thousands of innocents—had happened in the recent past, for the scars left by the centuries-long war were still keenly felt by those who lived in eastern Garund.

The young Garaudhilyx was dismayed by these stories of destruction. As the years passed, he communed with the gold dragons who would become his peers to determine how best to prevent such evil from rising again. After much meditation and consultation, Garaudhilyx decided that the only way to prevent wide-scale calamity was to contain the world's most evil creatures before they could wreak havoc upon Golarion. As Garaudhilyx's studies focused heavily on the wizards Nex and Geb, it was little surprise that the dragon selected a related site to serve as a prison: Valkus Isle, home of Nex's investigations into summoning creatures, landscapes, and environments from the Great Beyond.

When Nex was still experimenting with the reality-warping magics that would later give him near-infinite power, his early efforts on Valkus Isle failed, and the horrific creatures the wizard-king summoned overran the island. Nex and his apprentices created a one-way, foolproof barrier called the *Stalwart Wall* to surround the isle, and in the millennia since, the rulers of the realm of Nex have used the island as a seemingly inescapable prison for the nation's most dangerous creations and enemies. Garaudhilyx took it upon himself to use the island for a greater good.

Garaudhilyx spent months scouring Valkus Isle from the air, soaring above the fiends, magical aberrations, evil clerics, and other irredeemable creatures that festered there, and studying the *Stalwart Wall*, its properties, and its potential weaknesses. His reconnaissance revealed the presence of a lush, remote islet to the east of the larger island, just beyond the *Stalwart Wall*; this place Garaudhilyx dubbed

Ephreesia—derived from a word meaning “lighthouse” in Celestial—and adopted it as his lair. Centuries later, it still serves as the place where the dragon plots with his allies to fulfill his goal of removing evil beings from civilization.

Ephreesia's location offers another advantage besides simple proximity to Valkus Isle: it is directly east of the sole weakness the dragon discovered early in his studies of the *Stalwart Wall*. This weakness is susceptible to magical circumvention, allowing trapped but savvy spellcasters a back door to escape the otherwise impenetrable barrier. Garaudhilyx could not abide this fact, so he placed potent wards and alarms stretching from the flaw in the wall to the very shores of Ephreesia. Whenever any creature attempts to escape Valkus Isle, Garaudhilyx invariably knows and spreads his magnificent wings to combat the unleashed evil.

For the better part of a millennium, Garaudhilyx has stood as an unwavering guardian of Valkus Isle while actively scouring Golarion for the most menacing potential prisoners to sequester within its barrier. To help his cause, the regal dragon has established alliances with a pack of blink dogs native to his islet; a herd of refugee pegasi, which engage in intelligence-gathering and abduction missions throughout Golarion; and a pair of trumpet archons. This teamwork, honed to near perfection, allows Garaudhilyx to order the abduction and imprisonment of any evildoers who come to his attention. The magnificent dragon even takes a measure of pride in the efficiency of his operation, though this pride runs counter to his altruistic disposition. As a measure of penance—and because he feels compelled to make the world a better place—the dragon gladly offers pearls of wisdom and counsel to well-intentioned travelers who seek his aid.

Throughout the centuries, powerful Chelish diabolists, upstart Gebbite necromancers, unchecked Ustalavic counts, and many others from across Avistan and Garund have been imprisoned on Valkus Isle thanks to Garaudhilyx's efforts. Typically, in behavior befitting a gold dragon, Garaudhilyx trusts his allies to track down and deliver criminals so he can dutifully imprison them. On rare occasions, though, when evil individuals pose incredibly grave threats, Garaudhilyx himself hunts villains. When this happens, the lucky ones are those Garaudhilyx captures and transports to his prison. The unlucky villains force the awe-inspiring dragon to destroy them with a ferocious might rivaled by few creatures native to Golarion.

GARAUDHILYX

CR 23

XP 819,200

Male great wyrm gold dragon

LG Colossal dragon (fire)

Init -2; **Senses** dragon senses; Perception +45**Aura** fire, frightful presence (360 ft., DC 33)

DEFENSE

AC 40, touch 0, flat-footed 40 (-2 Dex, +40 natural, -8 size)**hp** 465 (30d12+270)**Fort** +26, **Ref** +15, **Will** +27**DR** 20/magic; **Immune** dragon traits, fire, paralysis, sleep; **SR** 34**Weaknesses** vulnerable to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft., fly 250 ft. (clumsy), swim 60 ft.**Melee** bite +38 (4d8+24/19-20), 2 claws +38 (4d6+16/19-20), tail slap +36 (4d6+24/19-20), 2 wings +36 (2d8+8/19-20)**Space** 30 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft. (30 ft. with bite)**Special Attacks** breath weapon (70-ft. cone, 24d10 fire, Reflex DC 34 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), crush, tail sweep, weakening breath**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 30th; concentration +38)At will—*bless*, *daylight*, *detect evil*, *foresight*, *geas/quest*, *sunburst* (DC 26)**Spells Known** (CL 19th; concentration +27)9th (4/day)—*mass heal*, *time stop*8th (7/day)—*antipathy* (DC 26), *dimensional lock*, *discern location*7th (7/day)—*greater teleport*, *mass hold person* (DC 25), *resurrection*6th (7/day)—*antimagic field*, *greater dispel magic*, *heal*5th (7/day)—*dispel evil*, *plane shift* (DC 23), *teleport*, *true seeing*4th (8/day)—*divination*, *restoration*, *spell immunity*, *stoneskin*3rd (8/day)—*dispel magic*, *haste*, *invisibility purge*, *prayer*2nd (8/day)—*aid*, *cure moderate wounds*, *lesser restoration*, *resist energy*, *silence* (DC 20)1st (8/day)—*alarm*, *divine favor*, *mage armor*, *shield*, *shield of faith*0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *detect poison*, *light*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *purify food and drink*, *read magic*, *stabilize*, *virtue*

TACTICS

Before Combat Garaudhilyx abhors violence and first tries to subdue even the most evil opponents without causing injury. If he believes a creature significantly threatens innocents—or if his allies are placed in harm's way—he unleashes his full fury to put an end to the evil. When combat is unavoidable, Garaudhilyx employs *time stop* to raise his defensive and offensive capabilities, using quickened spells as necessary to maximize the efficiency of his *time stop* spell.

During Combat Ever the pacifist, Garaudhilyx accepts any foe's unconditional surrender during battle. When the dragon's enemies do not

relent, Garaudhilyx often injures them terribly and then uses his powerful healing magic to prevent their deaths, choosing to imprison them on Valkus Isle instead.

Morale Garaudhilyx is steadfast in the face of evil, and only retreats if reduced to fewer than a quarter his total hit points. When reduced to half his total hit points, he casts *time stop* and uses the time to heal himself and augment his defenses (either restoring dispelled abjurations or changing his tactics based on his enemy's arsenal).

STATISTICS

Str 43, **Dex** 6, **Con** 29, **Int** 26, **Wis** 27, **Cha** 26**Base Atk** +30; **CMB** +54; **CMD** 62 (66 vs. trip)**Feats** Alertness, Critical Focus, Extend Spell, Improved Critical (bite, claw, tail, wing), Improved Vital Strike, Iron Will, Maximize Spell, Multiattack, Power Attack, Quicken Spell, Staggering Critical, Vital Strike**Skills** Diplomacy +41, Fly +15, Heal +41, Intimidate +41, Knowledge (arcana) +41, Knowledge (history) +41, Knowledge (local) +41, Knowledge (nobility) +41, Knowledge (planes) +41, Knowledge (religion) +41, Perception +45, Sense Motive +45, Spellcraft +41, Swim +57**Languages** Abyssal, Celestial, Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Infernal, Osiriani, Vudrani**SQ** change shape, detect gems, divine aid, fast flight, luck



Garaudhilyx's Lair

Like most gold dragons, Garaudhilyx fears no creature and therefore lairs comfortably near the plains of the islet he calls Ephreesia. For the most part, Garaudhilyx allows his allies to inhabit his abode's open areas, while he spends the bulk of his time in his personal chambers, situated deep inside a gaping waterside cave.

1. Ephreesia

The open plains directly outside Garaudhilyx's inner lair are dotted with the sun-bleached remains of an ancient Nexian colonial settlement. Within these crumbling markets and temples lives **Rontu** (LG female blink dog ranger 16), the alpha of the benevolent blink dogs native to Ephreesia. Centuries ago, Garaudhilyx made a pact with one of her ancestors: the dragon would provide nourishment and protection to the blink dogs if they'd keep watch over the plains outside his lair. Rontu honors the agreement to this day; she is nearly always the first creature encountered whenever anyone approaches Garaudhilyx's lair.

If Rontu is threatened or requires the counsel of her pack, the blink dogs who live in the nearby ruins quickly come to her aid. These include **Feryger** (LG male blink dog sorcerer 14), the pack's revered sage, who can spirit injured comrades away from battle if necessary.

2. Receiving Chamber

This wide passageway is situated on ground level in an open-air cave. Flanking the polished, gleaming walkway of flawless turquoise tiles are two rows of 6-foot-tall marble statues inlaid with gold. Depicted here are the various bastions of metallic dragonkind. The first and last statues in each line are actually cleverly disguised permanent *alarms* that detect the presence of evil (Perception DC 40 to notice). Each alarm shrieks an unmistakable shrill warning to Garaudhilyx and his allies.

3. Grand Library

Down the steps of Garaudhilyx's receiving chamber is an enormous, pristine library that is the first fully underground portion of the dragon's lair. Here, rows of Garaudhilyx's most prized possessions—ancient and rare books about anthropology, magical theory, philosophy, and similar subjects—sit upon beautifully carved shelves.

Guarding the library's priceless contents are **Aerielle** and **Xania**, (LG female trumpet archons), twin emissaries of Apsu and loyal attendants to Garaudhilyx. The trumpet archons serve as the dragon's self-styled gatekeepers, confronting any unwanted visitors to the lair. Aside from Garaudhilyx, they alone know the command word that opens the frescoed doors leading downstairs to the dragon's haven. On rare occasions, Aerielle or Xania may leave the grand library to commune with Garaudhilyx

or the dragon's celestial allies, leaving just one trumpet archon in the library for a short period of time.

In the middle of the library, twin crystal statues—which Garaudhilyx lovingly commissioned to honor his gatekeepers—stretch nearly to its 50-foot ceiling. These statues act as guardians and are imbued with magical effects. They operate in unison, so if one is destroyed the magic fades from the pair. A permanent *hallow* effect is placed on the statues with a *zone of truth* spell effect keyed to it. The twin statues are also the focus of a *forbiddance* effect keyed to lawful good. The dragon provides the password to all loyal allies. Finally, the statues can detect all alignments and they glow a different color depending on the alignments of nearby targets. Considering the lair's inhabitants, the statues normally pulse with a pale golden light. All spell effects are cast at CL 20th.

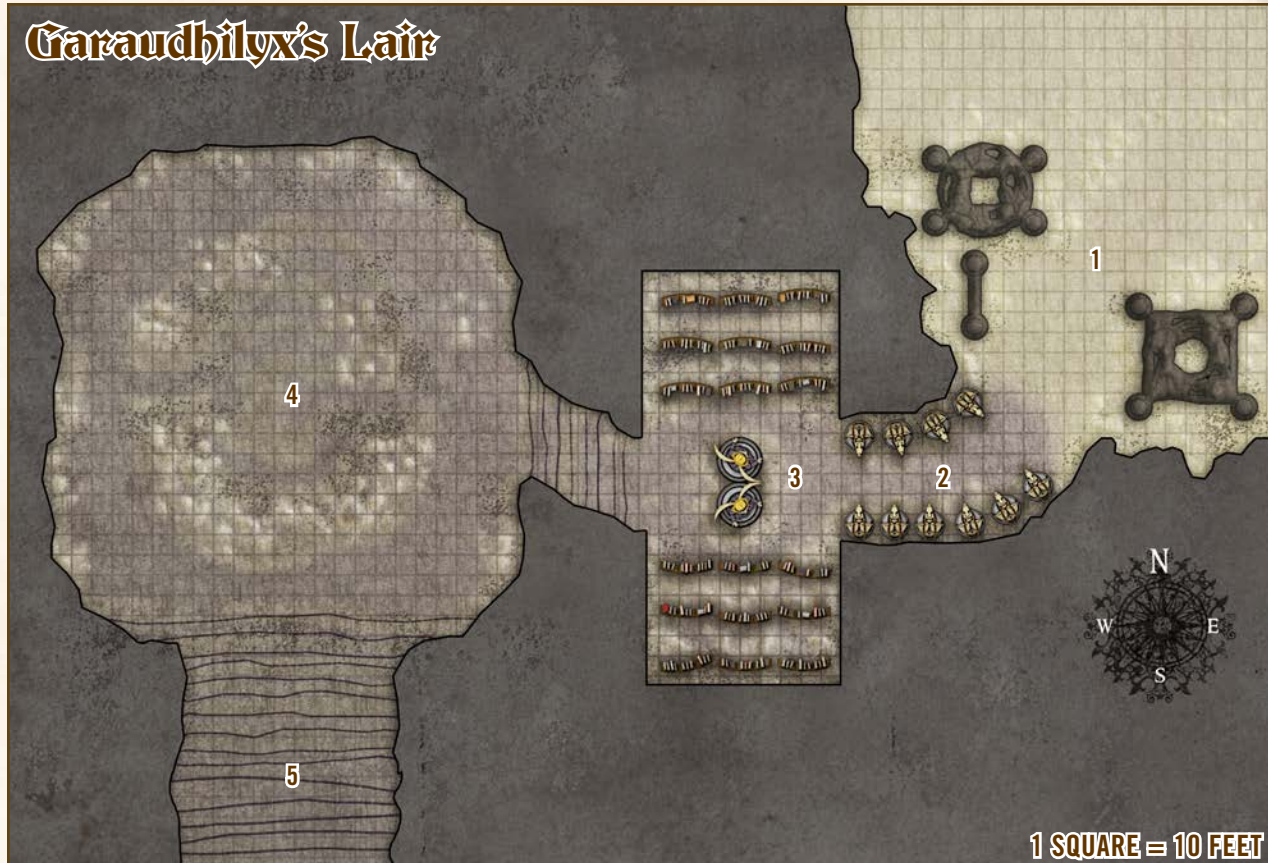
4. Garaudhilyx's Haven

Situated in an enormous, open-air cave that feeds into the ocean is the most magnificent portion of Garaudhilyx's lair: the dragon's treasure room, which contains nearly every rare coin and valuable he has collected (other than books, which are housed in the library). Upon this heaping collection Garaudhilyx often sits, contemplating great philosophical questions, the role of good-aligned dragons within the greater world, and the needs of Golarion's innocents.

Even when absent from his haven, the generous dragon often allows his friends and allies—including pegasi, flumphs, and the occasional bishop agathion (*Pathfinder Adventure Path* #61 80)—to relax here, free from the threats that might otherwise plague them. Creatures Garaudhilyx or his allies have rescued also sometimes stay here, including virtuous humanoids or good-aligned outsiders. Garaudhilyx gladly lends his riches to those in need or allies who can use their powers to combat evil—assuming, of course, that anything lent is returned in good time.

5. Prison Breach

A wide staircase carved from the cave floor in Garaudhilyx's haven eventually leads to the open Obari Ocean, which is the only physical barrier between Ephreesia and the weak point in the *Stalwart Wall*. To ensure he is always alerted to evil presences that have breached Valkus Isle, Garaudhilyx has placed a series of wards and traps surrounding the weakness in the *Stalwart Wall*, their effects often overlapping to provide redundant levels of security. When an evil creature triggers one such ward, or when Garaudhilyx's allies apprehend those who miraculously bypass the minefield of potent wards, the dragon carefully re-examines the evidence, and if merited, returns the perpetrator to a long, difficult life on Valkus Isle with whatever means it used to escape harshly limited or countered entirely.



Garaudhilyx's Hoard

Garaudhilyx's treasure hoard is worth 396,650 gp and contains the following treasure.

- 355,750 cp.
- 48,335 sp.
- 68,349 gp.
- 735 pp.
- Five masterwork silver daggers, each with a hilt shaped and colored like a different metallic dragon: brass, bronze, copper, silver, and gold (worth 322 gp each).
- Driftwood carvings of hatching dragons, wyrmlings, juvenile dragons, and entwined adult dragons (no gp value). These were tributes given by a poor but grateful seaside Katapeshi village that Garaudhilyx liberated from a particularly out-of-control sahuagin warlord who sought to enslave them all.
- An enormous diamond with a slightly pink tint (worth 10,000 gp).
- A crystal jewelry box containing gems and jewelry. These consist of a golden amulet embedded with a fist-sized green emerald (worth 8,000 gp); a set of rings encrusted with rubies (worth 3,500 gp in total); and a crown set with black, white, and pink diamonds (worth 13,000 gp in total).
- A set of modern Osirian canopic jars containing granite and diamond dust (worth 2,250 gp).
- A suit of *daystar half-plate* (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Equipment* 125; worth 81,250 gp).
- A +2 *axiomatic greataxe* (worth 32,320 gp).
- An *amulet of natural armor +4* (worth 32,000 gp) made of braided gold and platinum strands, from which hangs an intricate platinum pendant shaped like a slumbering silver dragon.
- *Boots of friendly terrain* (*Ultimate Equipment* 228; worth 2,400 gp) made of supple leather embossed with images of angels hovering over rocky terrain.
- A deep, polished mahogany box engraved with celestial runes and containing two *scrolls of holy word* (worth 2,275 gp each) and *four scrolls of holy smite* (worth 700 gp each).
- *Goggles of brilliant light* (*Ultimate Equipment* 225; worth 8,800 gp).
- Eight *elixirs of truth* (worth 500 gp each).
- A *headband of ki focus* (*Ultimate Equipment* 250; worth 5,400 gp) made of filigree silver, with detailing such as silver leaves and ivy that appear to curl around the wearer's head.
- A glowing *orb of golden heaven* (*Ultimate Equipment* 313; worth 22,000 gp).
- A *robe of components* (*Ultimate Equipment* 217; 5,000 gp) spun with silver thread and featuring a collar from which dangle elegant, serpentine ivory charms.
- A *scepter of heaven* (*Ultimate Equipment* 186; worth 74,000 gp).

MAGHARA

“As you can see, I have at least retained my sense of humor.”

Age and Race: Young adult copper dragon ghost
Lair: Ruins of the Guidestar on Phahalen Island (Rahadoum)
Minions: Occasional treasure-seekers or co-religionists
Foes: Aashaq the Annihilator, the Cult of Dahak, the Pure Legion
Favored Treasures: Items related to the sea, Desna, or travel

Before the Oath Wars in Rahadoum, a lighthouse and temple complex known as the Guidestar of Desna stood on the high cliffs of the southern shore of Phahalen Island, providing a beacon to ships skirting the dangerous edge of the Eye of Abendego. Its priestly keepers were among the last clergy in Rahadoum to be executed or exiled under the Laws of Man, defiantly proclaiming, “The guiding light can never be extinguished.” Secular forces assumed control of the lighthouse, but all perished the following winter during a terrible plague and their superiors abandoned attempts to occupy the complex. Their deaths fueled rumors that the lighthouse was cursed, although locals whisper tales of a benevolent light shining from its tower when travelers needed it most.

The reputation of the Guidestar drew the attention of Maghara, a young copper dragon, who took up residence in the sandy, cave-riddled cliffs overlooking the sea beneath the ruins. The copper dragon found it amusing to reinforce the legends, using spells and trickery to convince visitors the tower and temple were haunted or cursed, filled with strange lights and sounds. He also fulfilled the other aspect of the legend, occasionally lighting the Guidestar’s beacon to help a distant ship find its way safely past the rocky shoals and the outskirts of the persistent storm.

Maghara traveled around the outskirts of the Eye and visited the Shackles, encountering a copper female named Rokiere there. He also learned of the corrupt Cult of Dahak and its wyrm priestess, Aashaq the Annihilator. After a tempestuous courtship (by dragon standards), Maghara and Rokiere mated and he returned to Rahadoum. Sometime later, the crew of a ship called the *Farthing* sought out the young copper’s lair, carrying a brief message from Rokiere: “Come to Motaku Isle.” Impressed that the *Farthing* and its crew had braved the Eye to carry Rokiere’s message, Maghara felt it only fair to accompany them on the return voyage.

Rather than skirt the Shackles around the Cannibal Isles or Shark Island, the dragon and crew tried to slip past the Rampore Isles and Bag Island, close to Dahak’s Fang. Aashaq the Annihilator herself came swooping out of the clouds like a raptor, breathing fire. Maghara attempted to fend off

the great wyrm and give the *Farthing* a chance to escape, but he was no match for Aashaq. Maghara remembers burning light, and pain, and then darkness...

Then there was light again—a soft glow like starlight, calling to him, almost singing. Maghara soared free past the waves and the clouds, to the glowing pinnacle of the Guidestar of Desna. A gentle, compassionate voice spoke to him. “The guiding light is needed, and can never be extinguished,” the goddess said. “Your work is not yet done.” Maghara’s burned and broken body sank among the Shackles, but his spirit returned to Phahalen Island. He had no choice but to laugh—for the ruins of the Guidestar were now truly haunted.

Visitors to the ruins on the sea cliffs often see strange lights and phantom images, or hear ghostly voices or sounds, but those earnestly in need also receive helpful advice or guidance from time to time, and stories of the beacon’s light shining brightly in fog or storms have grown. The Pure Legion is beginning to take notice of tales of offerings left quietly and anonymously just inside the ruins, and whispers of a resurgent worship of Desna along the isle’s southern shores.

For his part, Maghara strongly recalls two things: Rokiere’s summons to Motaku (a call he can now never answer), and Aashaq’s savage fatal attack in the Shackles. Was the summons to lure him into a trap, or did the priestess of Dahak strike to prevent Maghara from reaching his destination? Or was it mere carelessness and ill fortune that he underestimated Aashaq and her cult? These questions nag at the corners of Maghara’s mind, and he prays nightly to Desna for answers he has yet to receive.

Further complicating matters is the fact that a local ne’er-do-well witnessed the *Farthing* arrive near the cliff and discovered the location of the sea cave, selling the information to Keltran Fain (CN male half-elf fighter 3/rogue 7), captain of the sloop *Fortune*, who sees potential for treasure in a site reputed to be haunted or cursed. Fain and his crew investigated the cave while Maghara was away on his final fateful journey, but were stymied by the phantom trap and heavy stone blocking the way. Still, Captain Fain plans on using the sea cave in the future and eventually finding out what lies beyond that stone. Once he learns of the pirates, Maghara will attempt to scare them off and, failing that, will attack to protect his hoard against them. Any survivors are sure to enhance the fearsome reputation of the lighthouse with their bloodcurdling tales.

MAGHARA**CR 13****XP 25,600**

Male young adult copper dragon ghost

CG Large undead (augmented dragon, earth, incorporeal)

Init +5; **Senses** dragon senses; Perception +21**DEFENSE****AC** 31, touch 15, flat-footed 30 (+5 deflection, +1 Dex, +16 natural, -1 size)**hp** 136 (13d8+78)**Fort** +9, **Ref** +5, **Will** +11**Defensive Abilities** channel resistance +4, incorporeal, rejuvenation, uncanny dodge; **DR** 5/ magic; **Immune** acid, dragon traits, paralysis, sleep, undead traits; **SR** 22**OFFENSE****Speed** 40 ft., fly 200 ft. (poor); climb stone**Melee** corrupting touch +8 (13d6, Fort DC 21 half)**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. with corrupting touch)**Special Attacks** ectoplasmic breath (80-ft. line, 10d6 force, Reflex DC 16 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), fatal fate (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Classic Horrors Revisited* 25), slow breath, telekinesis**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 13th; concentration +18)At will—*grease* (DC 16), *hideous laughter* (DC 16)**Spells Known** (CL 5th; concentration +10)2nd (5/day)—*invisibility*, *phantom trap*1st (8/day)—*alarm*, *magic missile*, *shield*, *silent image* (DC 17)0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 16), *light*, *message*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic***TACTICS****Before Combat** Maghara prefers to observe invisibly to assess potential threats. He uses *ghost sound*, *silent image*, *phantom trap*, and *telekinesis* to scare off intruders. If he expects conflict, he casts *shield* to protect against *magic missiles* (which can harm even a ghost).**During Combat** Maghara relies on his incorporeal nature to protect him against most forms of harm. He initiates combat by using *hideous laughter* and *telekinesis* to deal with foes, using his corrupting touch only if needed, or against truly evil opponents.**Morale** Already a ghost, Maghara fears little, although he will use his incorporeal traits and invisibility to escape a losing battle, knowing that his work in the world is not yet done. Though he is careful to not be “destroyed,” he knows his rejuvenation ability will bring him back after a time.**STATISTICS****Str** —, **Dex** 12, **Con** —, **Int** 16, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 20**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +11 (+15 trip); **CMD** 28 (34 vs. trip)**Feats** Combat Expertise, Greater Trip, Improved Initiative, Improved Trip, Power Attack, Spell Penetration, Toughness**Skills** Bluff +18, Craft (traps) +10, Diplomacy +18, Fly +5, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Knowledge (local) +4, Knowledge (religion) +7, Perception +21, Perform (comedy) +18, Sense Motive +19, Spellcraft +19, Stealth +21, Use Magic Device +18;**Racial Modifiers** +8 Perception, +8 Stealth**Languages** Celestial, Common, Draconic, Gnome, Halfling**SQ** trap master**SPECIAL ABILITIES****Ectoplasmic Breath (Su)** After becoming a ghost, Maghara learned to use his iconic breath weapon, albeit with a slight difference. His breath weapon now produces a line of ectoplasm that deals force damage instead of acid damage.

Using Maghara

Player characters might come to Maghara’s island as part of a crew of treasure seekers, find themselves washed ashore after a disaster at sea, or come to the island as part of a group sent by Rahadoumi to investigate.

Maghara needs living agents in the world. Two things are most important to him: learning the fate of Rokiere, and destroying Aashaq and the Cult of Dahak. He realizes a campaign against the Annihilator would be long and difficult, but a ghost has nothing if not time. Maghara does not yet know that Rokiere summoned him to see the clutch of eggs that resulted from their mating, and knowledge of his offspring may change Maghara from playful antagonist and manipulator to a loyal ally.





Maghara's Lair

The Guidestar of Desna is an ancient lighthouse complex on the southern sea cliffs of Phahlen Island off the shores of Rahadoum. Its cliffs are riddled with sea caves and its rocky beaches are the site of many a hidden cove or landing point for a launch or lifeboat.

1. The Guidestar Tower

The centerpiece of the temple is the Guidestar Tower itself, three stories high and built from local white marble with veins of pale blue. The heavy stones are so well fitted that the lighthouse has suffered fairly little damage with the passing of years.

The tower of the Guidestar contains the apparatus of the lighthouse; a lantern-like construction of corroded brass, surrounded by concave mirrors. It once contained a *continual light stone* (now lost), reflecting and amplifying its glow when the lantern was unshuttered to project a bright beacon visible out at sea. With some work (a successful DC 15 Craft check) and a new source of light, it could do so again, and Maghara has temporarily activated the beacon with a *light* spell when he has seen a vessel in need.

2. The Temple

The ruined chapel dedicated to Desna sits atop the cliff. The chapel's main area is open to the sky, and the floor is tiled with a mosaic of the night sky. Weeds now choke the flower beds and herb gardens that surrounded the courtyard and grass grows up between the cracks in the tiles. A loose flagstone conceals a small hollow containing a gold signet ring set with a garnet (worth 100 gp, in addition to potentially having historic value).

The complex also included wooden and fieldstone outbuildings—dormitories, stables, storage sheds, and the like—but most of these have either collapsed from age or been cannibalized by the islanders for materials when need exceeded superstitions concerning the Guidestar.

3. Old Cellar

The clerics of the chapel once stored important materials related to their ceremonies in a hollow beneath the chapel. The layer of dust and dirt covering the floor conceals a wooden trap door with a recessed pull ring (Perception DC 20 to notice). Beneath it is a wooden ladder leading down into what was this storage area. The door could be barred from above by dragging heavy objects onto it to hold it closed, although anything that was stored here has fallen to the sea caves below when the small hollow collapsed.

4. The Cliff Caverns

The cliff beneath the Guidestar has a network of small caves and openings, connected by a nearly vertical shaft that leads down to a small sea cave at the base of the cliff.

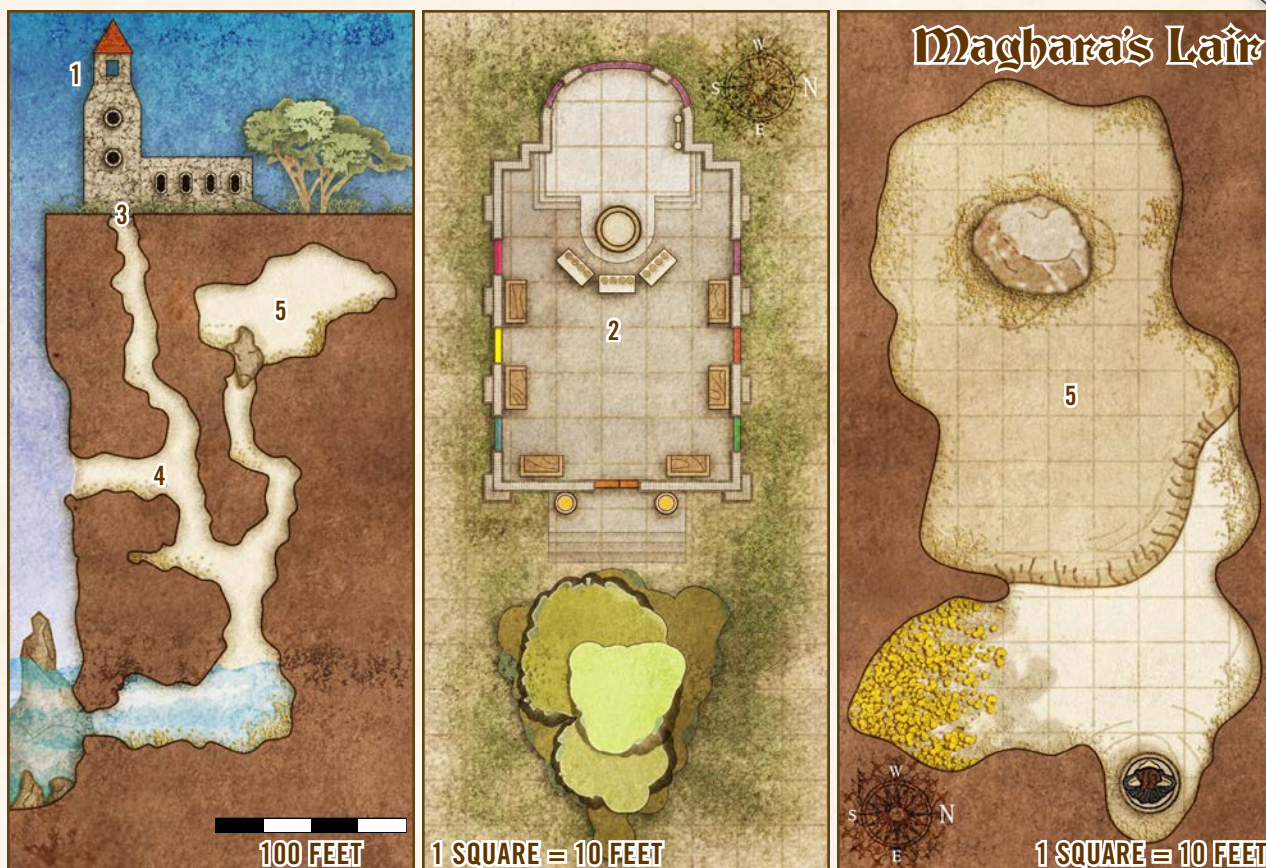
The smaller caves honeycombing the cliff are barely large enough for a Medium humanoid to crawl through. Most are either empty or home to nesting sea birds (if open to the air) or bats. What else they may contain is up to the GM, although they may have been hiding places for the priests of the temple or even visitors to the caves before them, and flying or even climbing creatures may have reached them from outside. Maghara never explored the caves when he was alive (the shaft was too small to accommodate him), but since his death his incorporeal form makes the size of the passageway irrelevant. He performs simple maintenance here through use of his telekinesis ability.

5. The Sea Cave

The broad cave entrance at the base of the cliff is worn away by the crash of the waves. At low tide, the sea level is low enough for a small boat (without a mast) to sail directly into the cave and beach on the sandy shore within. A cleft in the rock leads back to the vertical shaft. Rising up from the partially submerged sea cave, the shaft splits into two different tunnels. The frontmost tunnel opens to a small ledge before rising and opening to a cave halfway up the cliff face. The vertical shaft continues up to the old cellar of the Guidestar.

The second tunnel winds upward and the cave narrows toward the back, where it is blocked by a large stone weighing nearly 3,000 pounds. Maghara used this cave to protect his hoard and just a few years after his death, erosion took its toll and the boulder fell free from the cave ceiling and landed in its current location blocking the shaft. In his current state, the ghost dragon can reach the cave by passing through the rock, but cannot move the stone; his ghostly telekinesis is inadequate. Anyone attempting to move the stone must use some manner of magic (such as *stone shape*) or exceptional strength in order to get to the hoard. Likewise, magic could be used to completely bypass the obstruction, such as *dimension door*, *passwall*, or *teleport*.

The shaft up to Maghara's hoard is exceptionally slick from algae and the moisture of the cave. Adding to the risk of climbing up the shaft is the fact that the stone that makes up the cliff is brittle and prone to giving way in these caves and tunnels. It is this factor that dislodged the boulder that blocks the shaft in the first place. All Climb checks made in the sea caves take a –5 penalty; more in specific locations. Anyone attempting to climb the shaft must do so at the right time, because if the tide is coming in, the surge of the waves forces air in great gusts and sprays of salt water up the shaft that imposes a –10 penalty on Climb checks in the shaft up to the first crook. All Climb checks from that point up to the boulder take the normal –5 penalty.



Maghara's Hoard

In his ghostly state, Maghara can't personally handle the treasures in his hoard, but he frequently sorts through them by using his telekinesis special ability. This provides the ghost dragon some level of satisfaction, but as the years go by he cares less and less about his earthly treasures. New items trickle into his hoard only when brought there by visiting adventurers or any Rahadoumi agents that come to the site to explore the legends of the haunting and are frightened away. Maghara's hoard is hidden in his sea cave lair and worth 33,724 gp total. It contains the following treasure.

- 12,500 cp.
- 15,740 sp.
- 5,601 gp.
- 182 pp.
- An intricate necklace of polished coral and fine pearls designed to look like a school of colorful fish (worth 500 gp in total).
- Silver and gilded altar service dedicated to Desna (candlesticks, paten, bowl, and chalice, 1,000 gp value for the set).
- A white gold statuette of Desna whose wings are set with lapis and small diamonds in a pattern resembling constellations (worth 1,000 gp).

- A collection of eleven different holy symbols of Desna. Seven of these are crafted from silver and five are carved from various types of wood (worth 180 gp in total).
- A sturdy iron-bound chest holding a half dozen dusty bottles of very old wine... which has long since turned to vinegar (no gp value).
- A carved and gold-chased ivory tusk, scrimshawed with motifs of billowing clouds, enchanted to make a *horn of fog* (worth 2,000 gp).
- A twisted band of hemp fiber enchanted to make a *belt of tumbling* (worth 800 gp).
- A *vanishing wayfinder* (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Pathfinder Society Field Guide* 55) that once belonged to a Pathfinder agent that's been missing for a decade (worth 4,000 gp).
- A +1 *grayflame starknife* (*Ultimate Equipment* 142) whose handle is wrapped in braided silk (worth 8,324 gp).
- A *folding boat* that bears a carving of Desna on its prow. When transformed into a ship, its midnight blue sails are spangled with stars (worth 7,200 gp).

All of the chests, boxes, and the catch of the folding boat are enspelled with *phantom trap*, as is the heavy stone covering the entrance to the back of the sea cave. Maghara is somewhat less attached to material goods than the average dragon, given his circumstances, and willing to trade information about his hoard in exchange for assistance.

MOSCHABBATT

“To face me is to test your power against an open flame.”

Age and Race: Ancient magma dragon

Lair: The Blood of the Mountain (beneath the Five Kings Mountains)

Minions: Azers, drow, kobolds

Foes: Dwarven adventurers, Darklands denizens, hoard-thieves

Favored Treasures: Ancient dwarven treasures, historical artifacts, tomes of knowledge

The fate of Golarion’s dwarves is balanced on the claws of Moschabbatt, or so the dragon believes. Though few know it, he is the inheritor of years of dwarven history and culture. His hoard represents one of the larger troves of ancient dwarven metalwork and weaponry in Avistan. Buried deep beneath the dwarves’ very noses, he guards their greatest treasures, and broods over the key to a new age of dwarven glory.

In his youth, Moschabbatt lived with a small clutch of magma dragons deep beneath Golarion’s surface. The clutch inhabited a vein of sulfurous gas, which was fed by a roiling pit of magma far below, and they hunted far into the Darklands, quarreling with settlements of drow for territory. Absorbed in their ambitions, the dragons were blissfully unaware that their lives were fated for a violent upheaval.

As Moschabbatt soon discovered, the lair was located near the heart of a volcano, whose eruption would alter the course of the lands above. By the time the long-dormant geyser began to stir, Moschabbatt was an adult, and was able to see the warning signs for himself. He began noticing new cracks and fissures in long-quiet tunnels, as well as an increase in brimstone spewing from the roiling pits below. The dragons knew that it was only a matter of time before their home was destroyed, and they would be forced to flee.

In response to the impending calamity, Moschabbatt’s clutch came to a hasty decision: they would split up so as to increase their line’s chance of survival. Each of the dragons went their separate way, seeking refuge and a new place to call home. By the time Torag’s Crag erupted, in an event now known as The Rending, Moschabbatt was safely ensconced in a cave system beneath what is now modern-day Andoran. Even there, he felt the shaking of the earth, as his former lair became the center of a dwarven holocaust.

After the tumult subsided, Moschabbatt made his way back to his former lair under the Five Kings Mountains. He found only a ruined pit of rubble, and pools of bubbling magma. After locating a small series of still-intact caverns, he made a new lair, in hopes that his clutchmates would eventually return. They never did. Moschabbatt began staking out his

territory, intimidating those who objected to his expansion, and slaying those who opposed it. Careful not to intrude on the territory of the red dragon Daralathylx, whose wrath Moschabbatt was eager to avoid, the magma dragon carved out a sizeable territory near the ruins of his old lair.

Though Moschabbatt was the lone survivor of his clutch, he was pleased to discover a silver lining to the turmoil. Though the eruption had destroyed his former lair, it had also opened a pathway, which ascended toward a great mass of rubble that was once the dwarven capital of Jernashall. Amid the ruins, Moschabbatt discovered dwarf-forged magic weaponry, stout chests full of jewelry, and dwarven cultural artifacts laying buried among the crushed corpses. Additionally, he discovered chunks of precious metals, which were once coins or jewelry, but had since been fused together by volcanic heat. This shattered dwarven treasury became his ready hoard, entombed by the collapsing mountainside.

Though Moschabbatt had lived for hundreds of years below the dwarves, he never cared for their curious habits. He knew of them only as a weak and short-lived race that infested the realms above. However, as he catalogued his new hoard, he became gradually fascinated with the stout folk whose treasures he had inherited. After all, though they were weak and stupid, they were clearly also capable of the glorious craftsmanship Moschabbatt now coveted. Curiosity led him to study their history, to observe their actions from afar, and what he saw troubled him.

Moschabbatt watched the Forge Wars tear the dwarves apart, and witnessed their descent into apathy and drudgery. Yet he remained silent, happy to sift the rubble of a fallen empire and build his hoard. Moschabbatt’s isolation came to an end, however, when the newly minted dwarven theocrat, Ordrik Talhirk, ordered a special expedition to Jernashall’s ruins. Though officially labeled as a survey, the secret dwarven team led by Bravitsor Broac carried an artifact that would tie Moschabbatt’s fortunes to Torag’s Children forever: a dwarven waraxe which survived Moschabbatt’s breath, the cave-in with which he killed the adventurers, and even the flood of magma that drowned their twitching bodies.

Now Moschabbatt protects the *Axe of the Dwarvish Lords* (see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Artifacts & Legends* 11), jealously coveting the most powerful artifact in his already impressive hoard. Though few know it, Moschabbatt’s trove is the key to a lost golden age of dwarven culture. He is the keeper of secrets that continue to puzzle dwarf scholars to this day, and the ferocious guardian of that race’s most treasured artifact.



MOSCHABBATT **CR 17**

XP 102,400

Male ancient magma dragon

CN huge dragon (extraplanar, fire)

Init +4; **Senses** dragon senses; Perception +27

Aura frightful presence (300 ft., DC 28)

DEFENSE

AC 40, touch 8, flat-footed 40 (+32 natural, -2 size)

hp 310 (23d12+161)

Fort +22, **Ref** +13, **Will** +21

DR 15/magic; **Immune** fire, paralysis, sleep, dragon traits; **SR** 28

Weaknesses vulnerable to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 200 ft. (poor)

Melee bite +32 (2d8+16/19-20 plus 10 fire), 2 claws +32 (2d6+11/19-20), tail slap +30 (2d6+16), 2 wing +30 (1d8+5)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (15 ft. with bite)

Special Attacks breath weapon (50-ft. cone, DC 28, 20d6 fire plus special), crush (2d8+18), magma breath (3/day)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 23rd; concentration +30)

Constant—*fire shield* (warm)

At will—*burning hands* (DC 20), *scorching ray*, *wall of fire*
3/day—*delayed blast fireball* (DC 25)

Spells Known (caster level 15th; concentration +22)

7th (5/day)—*caustic eruption*^{UM} (DC 24), *power word blind*
6th (7/day)—*chain lightning* (DC 24), *cold ice strike*^{UM} (DC 24),
freezing sphere (DC 24)

5th (7/day)—*cone of cold* (DC 23), *polymorph*, *teleport*, *wall of force*

4th (7/day)—*dimensional anchor*, *dimension door*, *ice storm* (DC 22), *scrying* (DC 21)

3rd (8/day)—*dispel magic*, *elemental aura*^{APG} (DC 21), *slow* (DC 20), *wind wall* (DC 21)

2nd (8/day)—*dust of twilight*^{APG}, *glitterdust* (DC 19), *gust of wind* (DC 20), *invisibility*, *shatter* (DC 19)

1st (8/day)—*charm person* (DC 18), *feather fall*, *grease* (DC 18), *mage armor*, *shield*

0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 17), *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *ghost sound*, *light*, *open/close*, *read magic*, *spark*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 17)

TACTICS

Before Combat Moschabbatt never enters battle without *mage armor*, and if he's aware of incoming danger, he will also cast *shield* and *resist energy (cold)*. If he has not been spotted, he likes to enter engagements under the cover of *invisibility*.

During Combat Moschabbatt prefers to face foes above the lava lake, stripping them of their fire resistance and magical flight using *dispel magic* (often quickened). He then blinds ranged combatants, and blasts the rest with cold spells before switching to electricity and acid.

Morale If reduced to 20% of his hit points, Moschabbatt will parley. However, if his enemies are after the *Axe of the*

Dwarvish Lords, he will *teleport* or *dimension door* to his vault, use *heal* while there, and return to fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 33, **Dex** 10, **Con** 25, **Int** 24, **Wis** 22, **Cha** 25

Base Atk +23; **CMB** +36; **CMD** 46 (50 vs. trip)

Feats Flyby Attack, Great Fortitude, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Critical (claw), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Multiattack, Power Attack, Quicken Spell, Spell Focus (evocation), Spell Penetration, Vital Strike

Skills Appraise +22, Bluff +17, Climb +20, Diplomacy +27, Disable Device +10, Fly +11, Intimidate +28, Knowledge (arcana) +25, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +17, Knowledge (engineering) +22, Knowledge (geography) +24, Knowledge (history) +26, Knowledge (local) +27, Knowledge (nature) +15, Knowledge (nobility) +17, Knowledge (planes) +22, Knowledge (religion) +25, Linguistics +14, Perception +27, Sense Motive +29, Spellcraft +24, Stealth +10, Survival +15, Swim +21, Use Magic Device +20

Languages Aklo, Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Gnome, Halfling, Undercommon

SQ superheated





Moschabbatt's Lair

Moschabbatt's home sits between two subterranean dwarven thoroughfares, now cut off from their original destinations. Both are connected by numerous tunnels to the Darklands, and are very dangerous paths to take. The lair itself is inside a giant cavern, which features a lake of molten rock. The sulfurous pit provides natural defenses, and lights the darkness with an angry glow.

1. Clan Zilleran

The buildings of this ancient dwarven waypoint are now home to a clan of azers, who escaped from the City of Brass and settled near an underground vein of lava beneath Jernashall. Under the watchful eye of **Noble Zilleran** (LN male azer cleric of Asmodeus 14) they forge objects of exotic beauty, which Moschabbatt accepts as gifts and then trades with other Darklands denizens.

Two hidden passageways allow access to small platforms high above the lava lake, which allow the azers to assist Moschabbatt against invaders. To the south, a partially collapsed stable now houses their pets, an eager pair of advanced *aurumvoraxes*.

2. The Flame Torrent Tribe

A tribe of red-scaled kobolds, led by **Ipmaark** (NE male kobold rogue 7/sorcerer 8), worship Moschabbatt from a makeshift settlement on the banks of the lava lake. They possess natural fire resistance, enhanced by their hostile environment—treat these as red-scaled kobolds with the dragon-scaled racial trait (see *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Race Guide* 132).

The Flame Torrent kobolds toil as Moschabbatt's servants, as well as his eyes and ears. They function as lookouts and guards, and provide raw labor for the dragon's various excavations. Skilled tinkers, the tribe has also rigged the surrounding tunnel system with levers and pulleys for transporting dwarven loot, as well as a series of elaborate booby traps to deter intruders.

3. Blood of the Mountain

As impressive as it is deadly, this natural cavern is nearly 100 feet high. The floor of the cavern is lit by the pulsating glow of roiling magma, while thick curls of smoke and ash waft toward the ceiling. It is almost cathedral-like in its size and tranquility. Several pillars of igneous rock shield the opening to Moschabbatt's collection to the east.

Any creature that contacts the lava takes 2d6 points of fire damage per round of contact, and then 1d6 points of damage for 1d3 rounds after the contact. A creature that completely falls into the magma takes 20d6 points of fire damage per round it is immersed. Any creature standing adjacent to or on top of the lava must succeed at a DC 20 Fortitude check, or spend one round choking and coughing on the sulfurous smoke. For more information on heat dangers, lava, or smoke

effects, see the *Core Rulebook*, page 444. In addition, there is a 25% chance every round that a sulfurous pocket of air bubbles up from the lava and bursts, spraying molten rock on everyone within a 20-foot radius and dealing 6d6 points of fire damage. A successful DC 20 Reflex save halves this damage.

4. Moschabbatt's Collection

Forty feet from the surface of the lava is a natural cavern that serves as Moschabbatt's private space. Here he rests, conducts business, and receives visitors. The majority of his hoard is displayed meticulously along the walls and in display cases in the northern section, where the temperature is magically regulated to 85 degrees. These enchantments help him to preserve his treasures, as well as to provide a comfortable meeting space for creatures less able to cope with the heat than he. A permanent, silent *alarm* spell alerts him to any intruders in this area.

5. The Vault

This thick, steel strongroom was built many centuries ago by the same dwarven trading company that maintained the northern road, and it's as impenetrable today as it was then. A cave-in over its entrance has further increased its security. Essentially, Moschabbatt's vault is an impermeable steel box beneath several tons of stone.

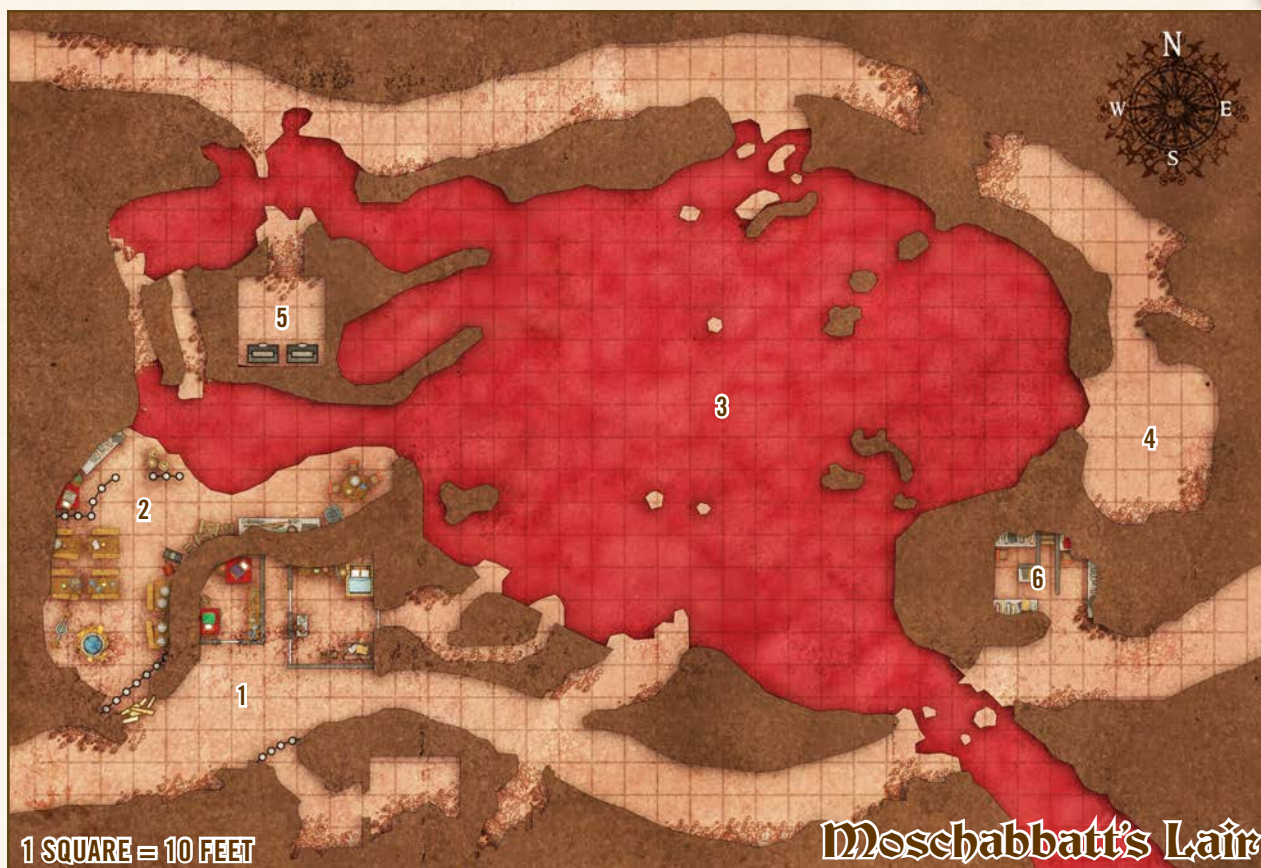
Moschabbatt accesses his most treasured possessions, including the fabled *Axe of the Dwarvish Lords*, by using *dimension door*. As in his own chambers, an *alarm* spell alerts him to any tampering near the entrance. In addition to its strong walls, a kobold-made hail of arrows trap fires upon anyone attempting to open the vault door. Finally, the floor of the vault is equipped with a *teleportation circle* that transports its victims 5 feet above the center of the Blood of the Mountain (area 3).

6. Scivia's Library

This partially collapsed storage facility has become the library of **Scivia Zyrendox** (NE female drow oracle of flame 14). An old drow ally from his days in Sekamina, Scivia was summoned by Moschabbatt from the Darklands for both her safety and Moschabbatt's amusement. She has played his lover in the past, and is now his closest advisor. Her particular interest is in rare minerals, and she is one of the few living creatures who know definitively that Moschabbatt holds the *Axe of the Dwarvish Lords*.

She spends most of her time studying texts on metallurgy and geology. Although she is unaffected by the extreme temperatures in Moschabbatt's lair, her books are not, and her library is under the effect of a temperature regulating enchantment, much like Moschabbatt's Collection (area 4). Outside the door to her library is the petrified corpse of Bravisor Broac, half-entombed in a cooled magma flow.





Moschabbatt's Hoard

Moschabbatt's treasure is separated between his main hoard and his vault. It is worth a total of 99,047 gp and contains the following treasure.

- 44,340 copper pieces.
- 25,285 silver pieces.
- 15,330 gold pieces.
- 101 platinum pieces.
- A complete set of all 16 volumes of "Metalworking for Warfare" by Hollyhall of Maheto (worth 2,000 gp).
- A 64-piece platinum dinner set, predating the dwarves' Quest for Sky (worth 6,100 gp).
- Eight oil paintings of historical events on Golarion by an unknown master artist (worth 2,200 gp in total).
- Various cabinets of rosewood, darkwood, ebony, and silver (worth 200 gp in total).
- A large map of Kyonin, embroidered onto crimson silk with gold thread (worth 210 gp).
- A map of the Five Kings Mountains before the Rending, engraved on a sheet of steel 5 feet wide and 3 feet high (worth 2,200 gp).
- Two huge emeralds set in a pair of brass hands (worth 2,200 gp in total).
- A set of drow jewelry designed as part of a courtly outfit (worth 3,300 gp).
- A waterproof cloak woven from treated reeds and leaves. This functions as a *cloak of resistance +3* (worth 9,000 gp).
- A +2 *orc bane dwarven waraxe*, with blood stains that defy polishing (worth 8,330 gp).
- A +2 *heavy steel shield* with the rune of Droskar carved in its center (worth 2,170 gp).
- A *lords banner (swiftess)* (*Ultimate Equipment* 308) depicting the insignia of the house of Taggun (worth 10,000 gp).
- Two silver and gold letter openers shaped like miniature falchions. One of these is a +1 *returning silver dagger* (worth 1,250 gp and 4,322 gp respectively).
- A *helm of comprehend languages and read magic* with braids of gold hanging from its sides (worth 5,200 gp).
- A *helm of fearsome mien* (*Ultimate Equipment* 244) carved in the likeness of Tarkdok Manyspears (worth 5,000 gp).
- Four potions of *cure serious wounds* (worth 750 gp each) and two potions of *lesser restoration* (worth 300 gp each).
- An *amulet of natural armor +2* in the form of a short string of multicolored beads (worth 8,000 gp).
- A *figurine of wondrous power (silver raven)* with emerald eyes. It can maintain its raven form indefinitely underground, but in daylight immediately returns to its figurine form (worth 4,450 gp).
- The *Axe of the Dwarvish Lords* (major artifact).

REZLARABREN

“If you haven’t salt to mine or treasures to offer, you have no business here.”

Age and Race: Adult brine dragon

Lair: Thoska Isle in the Ironbound Archipelago (Steaming Sea)

Minions: Bunyips, giant squid, merfolk, orcas, skum

Foes: Linnorm Kings and their vassals, saltwater merrows, sea hags

Favored Treasures: Exotic poisons; rare salts; scrolls, particularly of spells that deal acid damage; spoils from viking ships

At the base of the Stormspear Mountains, where pristine glacial waters and natural springs feed into the brackish fjords of the Steaming Sea, a wyrmling burst through her shell to bathe in the salty sea and the minerals flowing from this ancient land. One day when she was young, a passing Ulfen longboat spied her from a distance, and saw her as a future threat against their well-being—a sea monster in the making. Spurred by their love of slaying epic beasts, the crew of the vessel vowed to destroy her upon their next visit to the dragon’s native waters.

Word of the beast spread, and Rezlarabren was a legend long before she had truly earned the reputation, simply because of the ever-growing tales of the mighty dragon that bathed in the waters north of Icemark. A smattering of viking clans descended upon Rezlarabren’s earliest home with dreams of mounting her spiny head on their mantles. Only a brief warning from a kindly Varki seer allowed the young brine dragon to escape with her life.

Overwhelmed by the vikings’ ruthless thirst for her blood, Rezlarabren spent the next several decades hiding in various outlying caves throughout the Steaming Sea’s Ironbound Archipelago, moving ever southward, away from the native waters of her birth. There, she avoided the longships and war parties that frequently crossed her path. On several occasions, the brine dragon was forced into combat with seafaring vikings, and it was against these foes that she honed her skills with her acidic breath and wicked claws.

Rezlarabren never stooped to outright warfare with the bloodthirsty hunters. Her early years were rife with the chaos of being ever hunted from one temporary seaside lair to another; she dreamt of finding a hidden, defensible home, where she might accumulate her beloved salts and treasures and find a measure of peace from her enemies.

The northwestern caves of Thoska Isle in the southern reaches of the Ironbound Archipelago seemed to fit just that description. However, soon after discovering it, Rezlarabren

learned that in addition to its copious underground deposits of salt, its briny depths were home to powerful, evil creatures—including a coven of sea hags and a family of vicious, ogre-like saltwater merrows. Predictably, these creatures were none too happy that a dragon coveted their lairs. When Rezlarabren’s investigations revealed that the merrows had enslaved a cabal of skum to serve their vicious purposes, and that the hags delighted in torturing to death humanoid captives from passing ships, she vowed not only to take the territory but to expel the distasteful disorder that lurked within it. Eventually, after weeks of guerrilla-style attacks, the dragon accomplished her goal. She destroyed the hags and merrows and entered into a contract with the skum, who now harvest the inlet’s underground salt deposits in exchange for protection, self-governance, and some of the comforts the dragon’s lair confers.

Since claiming her treasured home, Rezlarabren has developed a paranoia that nearly rivals her intense greed for salt and treasures. Because her memories of the vikings’ axes and harpoons are still strong, she tolerates no perceived intrusion of the northern peoples into the waters or land near her lair. The vikings know Rezlarabren has grown in power and resides somewhere near Thoska Isle—though they are still unsure exactly where—and the Linnorm Kings have instructed their seafarers to avoid the area. Doing so often runs counter to their political and economic goals, so individual kings often clandestinely commission dragonslayers to solve their problems. All efforts to kill Rezlarabren so far, however, have failed.

In recent years, the self-serving dragon has entered into an unconventional alliance with the xenophobic elves of the Mordant Spire. Once each month, a contingent of elves meets Rezlarabren at the southern tip of Thoska Isle. There, the elves trade treasures salvaged from the bottom of the sea to the dragon for raw product from her salt mines, which produce the rare saline crystals the elves use in a variety of their ancient rites. But try as they might, the elves cannot convince Rezlarabren to ally with them beyond this business relationship. Indeed, their leaders have long tried to enlist her help against the aboleths, the elves’ ancestral enemies. Rezlarabren’s refusal to enter this fray stems from the simple fact that she has nothing to gain from doing so. There are those among the elves who consider changing that, either through bribery or more devious methods.

REZLARABREN

CR 11

XP 12,800

Female adult brine dragon

LN Large dragon (extraplanar, water)

Init +4; **Senses** dragon senses; Perception +20**Aura** frightful presence (180 ft., DC 20)

DEFENSE

AC 27, touch 9, flat-footed 27 (+18 natural, -1 size)**hp** 147 (14d12+56)**Fort** +13, **Ref** +11, **Will** +14**DR** 5/magic; **Immune** acid, dragon traits, paralysis, sleep; **SR** 22

OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft., fly 200 ft. (poor), swim 60 ft.**Melee** bite +23 (2d6+15), 2 claws +23 (1d8+10), tail slap +18 (1d8+15), 2 wings +18 (1d6+5)**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. with bite)**Special Attacks** breath weapon (80-ft. line, 12d6 acid damage, Reflex DC 21 half, usable every 1d4 rounds)**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 14th; concentration +17)At will—*control water*, *obscuring mist*, *speak with animals* (fish only), *water breathing***Spells Known** (CL 7th; concentration +10)3rd (5/day)—*aqueous orb*^{APG} (DC 16), *sleet storm* (DC 16)2nd (7/day)—*alter self*, *invisibility*, *slipstream*^{APG}1st (7/day)—*color spray* (DC 14), *feather fall*, *flare burst*^{APG} (DC 14), *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 14), *touch of the sea*^{APG}0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *detect poison*, *mage hand*, *open/close*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic*, *resistance*

TACTICS

Before Combat In an effort to keep the exact location of her lair hidden from outsiders, Rezlarabren often patrols its outskirts, hoping to preemptively strike against enemies. If she sees a viking ship or detects the presence of a dragonslayer, she casts *invisibility* to approach undetected.

During Combat Once she has initially wounded her quarry with an initial attack using *aqueous orb*, *sleet storm*, or her breath weapon (if her foes were lined up for such an attack), Rezlarabren fights with a furious vengeance, targeting a single opponent at a time until all her enemies are dead, only relenting if surrounded. She prefers to fight while hovering to make such brief retreats possible, but isn't afraid to alight on a ship's deck if it means she can more quickly dispatch her foes.

Morale If reduced to fewer than half of her hit points, Rezlarabren attempts to escape and return to her lair. However, if fighting vikings from the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, she becomes more enraged with each successive wound and fights fiercely to the death if necessary.

STATISTICS

Str 30, **Dex** 11, **Con** 19, **Int** 19, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 17**Base Atk** +14; **CMB** +25; **CMD** 35 (39 vs. trip)**Feats** Hover, Improved Initiative, Improved Vital Strike, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Vital Strike**Skills** Bluff +20, Diplomacy +20, Fly +11, Heal +20, Knowledge (arcana) +21, Knowledge (nature) +21, Perception +20, Sense Motive +20, Survival +20, Swim +35**Languages** Aquan, Azlanti, Common, Draconic, Skald**SQ** water breathing

Using Rezlarabren

Rezlarabren is a paranoid self-preservationist who values her privacy and treasures above all. She has little appetite for rampaging, instead preferring to live among the strict order she has cultivated within her home. Although she is not an evil creature, Rezlarabren is implacable when it comes to the vikings of the Lands of the Linnorm Kings. She attempts to kill them on sight, and any creature that lends aid to the vikings is considered Rezlarabren's enemy. It would not be difficult to pull her into a plot to destroy an individual clan of vikings or Linnorm Kingdom; she may also find merit in joining forces with creatures who she believes—legitimately or not—are working to subvert the vikings' plans.





Rezlarabren's Lair

Rezlarabren's lair—a complex that includes fully functioning underwater salt mines, a poison-crafting facility, and the dragon's sprawling treasure room—is nestled into a northeastern inlet of Thoska Isle. Here, rivers and streams have mixed the mountains' salts with those of the Steaming Sea, creating briny waters that have become a haven for the dragon. Some of the ancient area's previous evils remain, though, making Rezlarabren's well-defended abode even more treacherous for adventurers.

1. Sea Sisters' Lament

A brackish, trickling stream bisects this area, which is the only portion of Rezlarabren's home that lies above water. The stream empties into a series of caves; the opening through which it pours is well hidden, and is the only mundane means of accessing the dragon's underwater salt mines below.

This barren patch of earth was where Rezlarabren cornered the three sea hag sisters who lived and tortured their victims in nearby waters. Although the dragon was successful in defeating the sisters—named Vesta, Greta, and Freida—the hags managed to accomplish a final act of vengeance: before the battle, they combined their wicked magic to ensure that, should Rezlarabren prove victorious, their unquiet spirits would haunt this salty patch of land, effectively rendering it useless to their killer.

CACOPHONOUS CACKLE

CR 10

XP 9,600

CE persistent haunt (roughly 60-ft.-by-20-ft. open area)

Caster Level 10th

Notice Perception DC 25 (to notice faint images of eerie, cackling faces swirling within the area's salt formations)

hp 45; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 hour

Effect All intruders in the area are assaulted with the echoing, overpowering cacophony of the sea hag sisters' cackles, which are so loud that they echo painfully in the victims' heads. Creatures so affected take 1d6 points of nonlethal damage per round spent in the area of the haunt and for 10 rounds thereafter and are sickened for the duration of the haunt's effects. A targeted creature may attempt a DC 19 Fortitude save to negate the haunt's effects.

Destruction All salt formations in the lair must be ground and scattered into the stream, or Rezlarabren must be killed.

2. Salt Mines

With the help of her skum minions, Rezlarabren has constructed fully functioning salt mines in this underwater cave. Carefully patrolling this area is the industrious miners' foreman, **Gurlch** (LE male skum fighter 7). He is unflinchingly loyal to Rezlarabren, who provides his kin with protection and a measure of autonomy. If Gurlch is

threatened, he rallies the miners from their workstations to aid him (2d4 skum, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 253). Gurlch typically patrols the perimeter of the mines; however, if common workers detect unwelcome presences anywhere, they summon him at the first opportunity.

3. Production Shaft

Skum miners carry loads of raw salt through this underwater shaft to Rezlarabren's lair, where they release it into the water at the dragon's bidding. The dragon allows her minions to deliver salt during a 3-hour period each evening; when the area is not in use, Rezlarabren forbids her minions from entering it. She shuts the tunnel using locked doors on each end (Disable Device DC 22) and looses dangerous, native aquatic creatures in it to deter any nimble-fingered intruders. Monsters that might lurk here while the doors are closed include bunyips, water elementals, and sea snakes.

4. Rezlarabren's Hollow

A shrine to Rezlarabren's love of salt and treasure, the dragon's personal chamber is decorated with enormous sodium deposits jutting from the seafloor. Rezlarabren has lovingly shaped these natural formations into elegant works of abstract art that surround her massive hoard of riches. This is the only place where Rezlarabren ever feels truly safe. Aside from the natural predators she keeps in this room for added protection, a handful of skum miners and merfolk allies sometimes earn an audience with the dragon. The latter, led by **Alta Cheim** (N female merfolk druid 4), honor an agreement with Rezlarabren in which they scout the waters surrounding her lair for enemies in exchange for the dragon's aid against the merfolk's enemies.

5. Poisoner's Atelier

A small chamber north of Rezlarabren's treasure room houses perhaps the most curious of the dragon's allies: **Ellin Brinde** (LN male aquatic elf alchemist 3), a poisoner of incredible creativity and skill. Expelled from his far-off homeland for his bizarre fascination with creating poisons underwater, he one day wandered into the dragon's salt mines. Rezlarabren was so fascinated with Brinde's story and his work that she set him up with a workshop and materials with which to practice his craft—provided he would gift her some of his creations. As a result, this workshop contains various alchemical equipment and some or all of the following: 3 doses of arsenic, 6 doses of blue whinnis, 1 dose of malyass root paste, and 1 dose of terinav root, all in waterproof vials. Brinde spends all his time in his atelier and is not a proficient combatant, but Rezlarabren acts as his personal protector. She considers any attack on the elf a personal affront that must be remedied swiftly and violently.





Rezlarabren's Lair

Rezlarabren's Hoard

Rezlarabren's treasure hoard is worth 29,000 gp and contains the following treasure.

- 133,010 cp.
- 14,999 sp.
- 4,990 gp.
- 183 pp.
- Ten sealed containers of smelling salts, each a different color (worth 25 gp each).
- The following poisons, kept in sealed glass vials: 10 doses of arsenic (worth 120 gp each), 4 doses of bloodroot (worth 100 gp each), 5 doses of blue whinnis (worth 120 gp each), 1 dose of dragon bile (worth 1,500 gp), 1 dose of malyass root paste (worth 250 gp), and 1 dose of terinav root (worth 400 gp).
- Three small piles of broken, rotting wooden carvings, many depicting the heads of ferocious beasts. Rezlarabren ripped these from the bows of defeated viking ships. They have no market value; she simply keeps them as trophies—reminders of the vessels she has sunk following her persecution at the Linnorm Kings' hands.
- Eight large ceramic chests decorated with Draconic runes; these are Rezlarabren's storage containers, where she keeps the excess raw salt her miners produce and the rare, exotic salts the Mordant Spire elves have traded her.
 - A gaudy locket that depicts a sickly elf maid's profile; inside the bauble's hidden compartment is a single dose of *grave salt* (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Equipment* 301; worth 1,100 gp).
 - An oddly pristine *key of lock jamming* (*Ultimate Equipment* 307; worth 400 gp).
 - An elegant blown-glass container that houses an *elixir of swimming* (worth 250 gp).
 - A *goz mask* (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: The Inner Sea World Guide* 298) obtained from a crazed cultist who made his way to Rezlarabren's lair before dying (worth 8,000 gp).
 - A white lacquered box bearing spidery calligraphy that contains four bars of *soul soap* (*Ultimate Equipment* 320; worth 200 gp each). This was an offering from Alta Cheim following the merfolk's agreement with Rezlarabren, who promised to always offer the finned folk safe haven while they worked together.
 - The following scrolls, kept in watertight tubes, boxes, or pouches, usually emblazoned with runes or pictographs common among Skald-speaking peoples: three *scrolls of acid arrow* (worth 150 gp each), one *scroll of acid fog* (worth 1,650 gp), two *scrolls of acid pit* (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 201; worth 700 gp each), and one *scroll of detonate* (worth 700 gp).

SERYZILIAN

“Flee, mortal, for all the swamp’s thousand fangs are mine.”

Age and Race: Great wyrm black dragon

Lair: Baallalota in the Graidmere Swamp (Ustalav)

Minions: Changelings, giant snakes, green hags, swamp folk

Foes: Knights of Ozem, members of other Sarkorian clans, clerics

Favored Treasures: Divination magic, idols, poisoned weapons, sacrificial implements, snake skins

The Whispering Tyrant failed, his dark ambitions shattered beneath the boots and blades of foreign crusaders. He had promised much to his allies—decadence, rule, reverence—in a land made worthy of immortals. The dragon Seryzilian believed she had already laid claim to the coldest, most tangled shadows of Ustalav, and the lich’s fall only delayed her dreams of worship. She sank into the Graidmere Swamp to brood upon dreams of idols and sacrifice, but there she discovered she was not the first would-be divinity to bide her time amid darkness and rot.

In ages past, before the Varisians settled the region now known as Ustalav, explorers wrested the lands around the Hungry Mountains from fierce Kellids. Most of the Kellids fell to the invaders, or were driven back into Sarkoris, but the Blackearth clan carried their families and totems into the heart of the Graidmere where the invaders dared not follow, and founded Baallalota, the Swamp’s Heart. Ever since, the deep swamp has been a sanctuary for the mysterious traditions and faiths of lost Sarkoris.

When Seryzilian came upon Baallalota, the mysterious religion of the Blackearth clan had already darkened into a pitiless pragmatism forged by the persecution and witch-hunts that the Kellids—called “leechfolk” by their Ustalavic tormenters—faced anytime they dared leave the swamp. Bursting from Adderpool, the dragon was greeted by praise rather than screams. The Blackearth clanliege and god caller, Alasonci Blackearth, welcomed Seryzilian as the Mother of Fangs, dowager of snakes, shadows, and swamps—a warped Sarkorian vision of the Eldest known as the Green Mother. The swamp folk praised the dragon’s arrival as the answer to their prayers, the coming of a power to thwart their foes. The black dragon did not correct the humans’ mistake, eagerly adopting the persona of the Mother of Fangs, vicious mistress of the swamp. In the centuries since, Seryzilian has been the goddess of the Graidmere, exploiting the swamp peoples’ faith to indulge her lust for worship.

Since her appearance in the Graidmere over 800 years ago, generations of the Blackearth clan, their adopted fellows, and neighboring recluses have lived under the rule of the Mother

of Fangs. The dragon rarely reveals herself, preferring to drowse in her root-wrapped lair beneath Adderpool. Seryzilian tolerates her followers’ pantheistic worship of their other varied (and sometimes false) ancestral deities.

To ensure her control over the swampfolk and increase their numbers, Seryzilian exploited the traditions of Sarkoris and created her own. God calling, the pseudo-religious practice of Sarkorian summoners whose eidolons are considered divine manifestations (if not deities unto themselves), continues among the Blackearth clan. Lesaul Blackearth holds the same titles as her many-times great grandmother Alasonci—clanliege and god caller—using her powers to call a black, bat-winged serpent touted as an avatar of the Mother of Fangs. This supposed avatar, an eidolon summoned by generations of Blackearth god callers, attends ceremonies presided over by Lesaul, serving as ever-present evidence of the Mother’s power.

The laws of the Blackearth clan make it taboo to venture beyond the swamp—a mandate born of Seryzilian’s covetous suspicions. Only one can break this taboo: the Queen of Baallalota. To ensure the clan’s prosperity and protection, every year on the vernal equinox, a bloody ritual unfolds upon the totem-haunted isle of Baallalota. Any woman who sets foot upon the island this night must fight those other daughters of the swamp who have done the same to the death. The survivor is named Queen of Baallalota, emissary to the outside world for one year. The Queen is meant to gather news, tools, treasures, and—most importantly—healthy and skilled new members of the clan however she deems fit. At the end of the year, though, the magic of Baallalota calls its Queen back to the island for one final celebration before she vanishes into the Graidmere. In truth, the Queen does not join the spirits of the swamp as her people say. Rather, she is collected as a sacrifice of power, beauty, and youth by the hidden dragon and a coven of her foul hag allies who lurk below.

Today, Seryzilian continues to drowse beneath the Graidmere, waking only to demand sacrifices of blood and treasure. During her slumber, she leaves Lesaul to lead her people, aided by the clanliege’s terrible mothers and sister, the green hags Burieloc, Jalaches, and Urulu, whose magic and grotesque hungers have manipulated the swamp folk for ages. Seryzilian cares little for the crones’ foul decadence, exploiting their power to serve her and watch over distant reaches so she might know when the time is right to expand the worship of the Mother of Fangs beyond her swampy realm.



SERYZILIAN

CR 19

XP 204,800

Female great wyrm black dragon

CE Gargantuan dragon (water)

Init -1; **Senses** dragon senses; Perception +39

Aura frightful presence (360 ft., DC 27),

DEFENSE

AC 41, touch 5, flat-footed 41 (-1 Dex, +36 natural, -4 size)

hp 377 (26d12+208)

Fort +23, **Ref** +16, **Will** +21

DR 20/magic; **Immune** acid, dragon traits, paralysis, sleep; **SR** 30

OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft., fly 250 ft. (clumsy), swim 60 ft.

Melee bite +36 (4d6+13 plus 6d6 acid), 2 claws +35 (2d8+13), tail slap +33 (2d8+6), 2 wings +33 (2d6+6)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft. (20 ft. with bite)

Special Attacks acidic bite, acid pool, corrupt water, crush, breath weapon (120-ft. line, 24d6 acid damage, Reflex DC 31 for half, usable every 1d4 rounds), tail sweep

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 26th; concentration +31)

At will—*darkness* (120-ft. radius), *insect plague*

3/day—charm reptiles (DC 23)

Spells Known (CL 15th; concentration +20)

7th (4/day)—*finger of death* (DC 22), *project image* (DC 22)

6th (6/day)—*acid fog*, *disintegrate* (DC 21), *true seeing*

5th (7/day)—*break enchantment*, *cloudkill* (DC 20), *transmute rock to mud*, *wall of force*

4th (7/day)—*arcane eye*, *black tentacles*, *dimension door*, *phantasmal killer* (DC 19)

3rd (7/day)—*dispel magic*, *displacement*, *haste*, *slow* (DC 18)

2nd (7/day)—*blur*, *glitterdust* (DC 17), *invisibility*, *summon swarm*, *whispering wind*

1st (8/day)—*alarm*, *mage armor*, *magic missile*, *obscuring mist*, *true strike*

0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *light*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *message*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic*, *resistance*

TACTICS

Before Combat If made aware of threats to her servants, Seryzilian moves into the depths of Adderpool and watches from the safety of the murky water. There she casts *haste*, *displacement*, and *mage armor*, then uses her acid pool ability to undetectably taint the surface of the water. Only if battle turns against Lesaul and her followers does Seryzilian emerge.

During Combat Seryzilian prefers to keep foes off balance by using *darkness* or *dimension door*, disappearing beneath the water, or attempting to lure enemies onto marshy ground—or perhaps create it using *transmute rock to mud*.

Morale The black dragon retreats to her lair, calling upon the aid of her green hag and reptilian allies, if reduced to fewer than half her hit points. If confronted there, she fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 37, **Dex** 8, **Con** 27, **Int** 20, **Wis** 23, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +26; **CMB** +43; **CMD** 52 (56 vs. trip)

Feats Alertness, Combat Casting, Combat Expertise, Flyby Attack, Greater Vital Strike, Hover, Improved Vital Strike, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Stealth), Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (bite)

Skills Fly +14, Handle Animal +27, Intimidate +30, Knowledge (arcana, history, nature, religion) +34, Perception +39, Sense Motive +19, Spellcraft +34, Stealth +22, Swim +50

Languages Abyssal, Common, Draconic, Hallit, Orc, Sylvan, Undercommon

SQ speak with reptiles, swamp stride, water breathing





Seryzilian's Lair

Numerous musty caves worm beneath the rotted earth surrounding Adderpool where Seryzilian makes her lair.

1. Lesaul's Cabin

No natural lights ever shine from the mossy black cabin of **Clanliege Lesaul Blackearth** (NE female changeling summoner 10). Lesaul might be encountered anywhere in the Adderpool area, but is usually here or in the Sanctuary of Fangs. If her village is under attack, she rallies her clan (3d12 ruffians, *NPC Codex* 258), including her people's most experienced hunters (6 swampwalkers, *NPC Codex* 132) and the phantomscale constrictors from area 2, and summons her snakelike eidolon. If her eidolon is destroyed, she flees to her cabin, then slips through a hidden trap door to the caverns below. Atop a cabinet in the cluttered main room is an unnerving but innocuous-looking poppet made of moss-stuffed sackcloth with a sewn-on smile of fishing wire. This grim toy is haunted by Saluleia Blackearth, Lesaul's great-great-grandmother, who watches over her home.

SILENT STITCHES

CR 17

XP 102,400

NE persistent haunt (roughly 25-ft.-by-25-ft. cabin)

Caster Level 17th

Notice Perception DC 30 (to notice the tiny poppet stitching its own mouth with a rusty needle)

hp 76; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 minute

Effect All intruders in the area feel a sharp pain in their faces, as if their lips and nostrils have been sewn shut. Those affected must succeed at a DC 23 Fortitude save or be affected as per the spell *mass suffocation* (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 248). Creatures cannot speak while suffocating. Additionally, the haunt can activate itself once per minute to cast *quench* on any part of the cabin.

Destruction No members of the Blackearth clan must remain in Baallalota for Saluleia to protect, and the cabin must be burned.

2. Baallalota

A bridge of loose stones spans the Adderpool, both sides lined with small totems representing the eclectic deities of the Blackearth clan—Gozreh, Kelizandri, Alichino, and stranger beings like Ryellos Kai the Firefly Prince and Pol Shatter Tongue. A circle of earth stained by blood marks where once a year the Queen of Baallalota is crowned. The current Queen of Baallalota is **Shivel Blackearth** (NG female human rogue 3), a haunted markswoman, who currently resides in Karcau.

3. Sanctuary of Fangs

Behind the idol of the Mother of Fangs, a pool spills into the lake below. This temple of moldy black logs reaches out over the Adderpool so Seryzilian might comfortably

attend the dark rites committed in her honor. Three giant phantomscale constrictors (same statistics as giant anacondas; *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 252) frequently come here to feed amid the piles of reptile carcasses and human tongue-tips offered in sacrifice. One of the totems here, an effigy of an unnaturally pregnant human male with his head and shoulders being swallowed by a gigantic snake, is hollow. A successful DC 24 Perception check reveals an opening in his belly that leads into the caves below.

4. Vault of the Mothers

This is the lair of the **Burieloc**, **Jalaches**, and **Urulu**—Lesaul's mother, sister, and grandmother respectively (each a NE female green hag witch 10). Centuries ago, the changeling Alasonci infiltrated the Blackearth clan; since that time, most female leaders of the leechfolk have been known for their distinctive dual-colored eyes and habit of "joining the spirits of the swamp" before their thirty-fifth year. The hags are also responsible for the disappearances of numerous healthy male visitors to the camp. The three hags serve as Lesaul's advisors and use their coven powers to reinforce her control, but also await the day when the clanliege will join them as a mature hag. When Seryzilian is awake, they frequently scry upon Gallowspire, the dragon Sicnavier's lair, and Castle Kronquist for their draconic mistress.

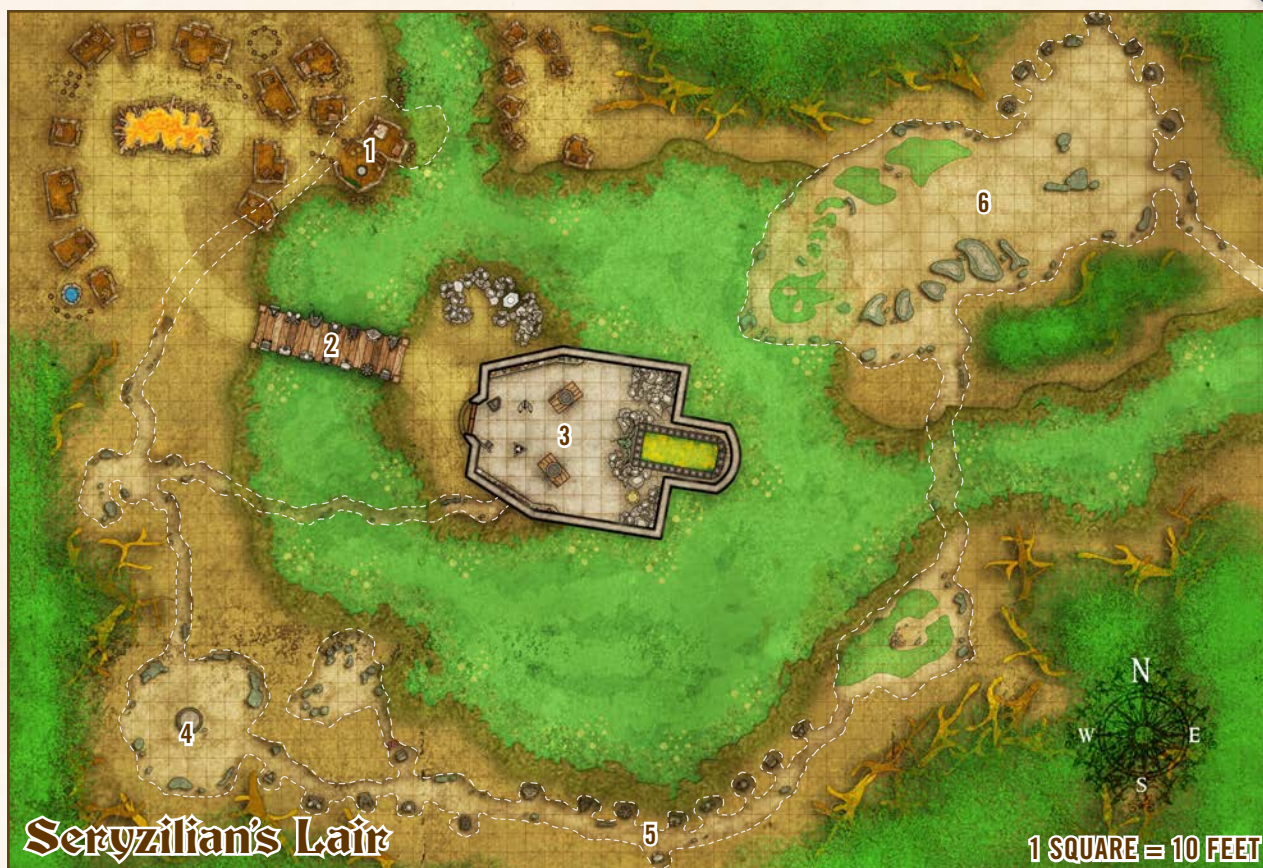
5. Path of Dead Gods

In muddy alcoves Seryzilian has hidden away the totems of most of the Blackearth clan's good-aligned, legitimate deities, such as Desna, Pulura, Arshea, and Immonhiel. The path ends in a pool used by the hags for their rituals and by Seryzilian for passage into the depths of Adderpool. A successful DC 20 Perception check reveals a narrow crawlspace between the legs of the empyreal lord Vildeis that leads to a secret room. In cages and cradles shaped from muddy stalagmites, the hags keep captives and changeling infants soon to be fostered. Half embedded in a muddy wall is the bog-mummified corpse of the witch Alasonci, clutching a green *crystal hypnosis ball* linked to her own disembodied soul. Anyone who uses the cursed item is coaxed toward Seryzilian's lair and the imprisoned remains of the hag's spirit.

6. Seryzilian's Cenote

Seryzilian's chamber is a temple to her own splendor. Here she hoards her favorite sacrifices and treasures she's discovered in the depths of the Graidmere, keeping them close as she sleeps amid algae-thick pools. Countless serpents slither through this chamber and those nearby to pay their respects, from swarms of vipers to the near-legendary black grootslangs that hide amid the swamp's deepest pits.





Seryzilian's Hoard

In her muddy personal chamber, hundreds of serpents slither across Seryzilian's carefully collected hoard, and wouldn't be out of character for some of her treasures to be coated in contact poison. Seryzilian's treasure hoard is worth a total of 159,000 gp and contains the following treasure.

- 182,230 cp.
- 61,167 sp.
- 8,648 gp.
- 206 pp.
- A carefully sewn sack made of giant gar scales containing 6,000 gp worth of diamond dust.
- Seven silver mirrors of identical make and design (worth 7,000 gp in total).
- A heap of various preserved snake skins, most worthless except for that of an 18-foot-long anaconda with eyes and eerie black teeth made of 22 onyx gems worth 25 gp apiece (850 gp value for the entire skin).
- A metal case lined with satin containing amber vials of poison (2 doses of black adder venom [worth 120 gp each], 2 doses of sassone leaf residue [worth 300 gp each], 2 doses of striped toadstool [worth 180 gp each], and 1 dose of dragon bile [worth 1,500 gp]).
- Fourteen bloodstained masterwork daggers crafted with various black serpentine designs (worth 302 gp each).
- Three *daggers of venom*. One functions normally, one secretes an amber poison that deals Strength damage, and one oozes a clear gel that deals Intelligence damage (worth 8,302 gp each).
- *Spear of serpent command* made from a twisted black shaft of wood tipped with a silver spear point (functions as a *trident of fish command*, but is a +1 *shortspear* that only affects snakes; worth 18,650 gp).
- *Orb of storms* stored in a wicker basket sealed with resin (worth 48,000 gp).
- *Staff of revelations* etched with endless snake coils and studded with viper fangs (worth 20,400 gp).
- Four wooden tablets etched with hymns to the Mother of Fangs, each hiding the formula of a scroll of *scrying* (Spellcraft DC 16 to recognize; worth 2,800 gp each).
- Three *scrolls of snake staff* (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 245) hidden in the shaft of a gnarled wooden cane (Perception DC 14 for a bearer to notice; worth 1,125 gp each).
- A bone tube crafted from a human femur containing a dose of *dust of illusion* (worth 1,200 gp).
- *Cannibal ring* (no gp value).
- *Phylactery of the failed*, containing the parasitic soul of the hag witch Alasonci (see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Artifacts & Legends* 61; no gp value).

SJOHVOR

“You are strong to have gotten this far, but I have seen many in my time who thought they were worthy. Gaze down onto the crags, and see their shattered bones.”

Age and Race: Great wyrm white dragon

Lair: Sjhovnor in the northern Deeprun Crevasse (Iobaria)

Minions: Adlets, centaurs, harpies

Foes: Centaur tribes, human adventurers and explorers, frost and taiga giants

Favored Treasures: Evocation magic, hammers, hides of former rivals, magic weapons

The Drakeplague of 4519 AR devastated the dragonkind living in the harsh lands of Iobaria. Those who survived had fewer rivals, and thus grew more powerful, claiming lands previously held by other dragons. Sjhovor survived the plague, and during the time of turmoil secured control over a region of Iobaria known as the Dvezda Marches. From his lair in the northern edge of the Deeprun Crevasse, Sjhovor controls a clan of powerful Tsolniva centaurs, a tribe of wolfish adlets, and an aerie of snowy-feathered harpies—all minions and enforcers of his tyrannical rule.

His realm is mostly devoid of humans and other common humanoids. Those who did make their lives in this inhospitable region have long since died out or fled the plagues to safer territory. Some sentient creatures remained and maintained civilizations here: various ethnicities and clans of centaurs, strange and cruel adlets who came to the Dvezda Marches from the Crown of the World, and numerous frost giant tribes living throughout the region. Sjhovor has a rivalry with the frost giants, not only because they overhunt the aurochs, caribou, and deer upon which he sometimes feeds, but also because of their affiliation with Kostchtchie. Nearly 900 years ago, Sjhovor had a mate with whom he shared his lair. After the two raided a frost giant village, the giants retaliated, storming the dragons' cliffside lair, seeking vengeance and the dragons' hoards. The fight was long, and after 5 days of battle, the frost giants penetrated the inner sanctum, driving Sjhovor off with a nearly-fatal wound and killing his mate. By the time Sjhovor healed and returned, the giants had pillaged his hoard and tried to establish a foothold in his lair. The furious dragon purged the frost giants from his lair and, in subsequent months, from the entire region in a spree of bloodshed.

After his rampage, Sjhovor mourned his loss and continued to seethe with a deep need for vengeance. He rebuilt his lair and hoard and began gathering other

creatures to his side to protect his home and treasure. The first of these was a large clan of Tsolniva centaurs. This clan rallied to his side after a mutual raid on a frost giant settlement. Their leader, a fanatically cruel druid named **Skaldreg** (NE male centaur druid 12), demands his tribe operate by the survival of the fittest. The tribe feeds centaurs that show themselves to be slow or useless to Sjhovor as a way to placate the massive dragon. The Tsolniva centaurs serve Sjhovor as guards, scouts, and warriors. Only a portion of this clan resides within the dragon's lair; the others keep small camps in the surrounding countryside where they raid other centaur settlements and even engage tribes of frost giants from time to time.

In recent years, Sjhovor brought more creatures to his side, the most powerful of which are the wolf-headed adlets. A shaman and her pack appealed to the dragon's vanity, offering to serve the ancient beast in return for a home in his lair. Impressed by their strength and their willingness to submit before him at risk of their own lives, Sjhovor took the adlets in and gave them a vast icy cavern near his personal chamber. Since the adlet's inclusion, no invaders have made it past their home. The third group of his monstrous minions is a flock of white-winged harpies who have the bodies of beautiful, pale women and the feathers of snowy owls. These harpies nest near the entrance to Sjhovnor and soar out from the edge of the cliff to find travelers, often during blizzards. The creatures use their captivating songs to lure victims into the waiting arms of their hungry sisters and their draconic master.

Sjhovor considers himself the greatest of his kind, and purposefully leaves the bones of old rivals around his lair to make this point evident. Two hundred years ago, however, another white dragon entered his territory, a female almost 1,000 years his junior, named **Thragandor** (CE female adult white dragon). They fought, and her cunning saved her from death in their first encounter. Sjhovor was taken with her potential, and invited the younger dragon into his life. Still wounded by the loss of his mate all those years ago, he required Thragandor to keep her own lair so history wouldn't repeat itself. The two have a tempestuous relationship, and live on different ends of the crevasse. Sjhovor and Thragandor fly together on raids against frost giant settlements, and he also sends her to check on allies, such as the Tsolniva clans that live outside the lair.



SJOHVOR

CR 18

XP 153,600

Male great wyrm white dragon

CE Gargantuan dragon (cold)

Init +3; **Senses** dragon senses, snow vision; Perception +33**Aura** cold aura (10 ft., 2d6 cold damage), frightful presence (360 ft., DC 26)

DEFENSE

AC 40, touch 5, flat-footed 40 (-1 Dex, +35 natural, -4 size)**hp** 362 (25d12+200)**Fort** +22, **Ref** +13, **Will** +19**DR** 20/magic; **Immune** cold, dragon traits, paralysis, sleep; **SR** 29**Weaknesses** vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft., burrow 30 ft., fly 250 ft. (clumsy), swim 60 ft.**Melee** bite +34 (4d6+19/19-20), 2 claws +34 (2d8+13/19-20), tail slap +32 (2d8+6), 2 wings +32 (2d6+6)**Space** 20 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft. (20 ft. with bite)**Special Attacks** blizzard, breath weapon (60-ft. cone, 24d4 cold, Reflex DC 30 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), crush (DC 30, 4d6+19), freezing fog (3/day, DC 20), ice tomb, tail sweep**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 25th; concentration +29)At will—*control weather, fog cloud, gust of wind* (DC 16), *wall of ice***Spells Known** (CL 13th; concentration +17)6th (4/day)—*antimagic field, chain lightning* (DC 20)5th (6/day)—*hold monster* (DC 19), *mind fog* (DC 19), *wall of force*4th (7/day)—*dimension door, fire shield, greater invisibility, stoneskin*3rd (7/day)—*displacement, haste, protection from energy, ray of exhaustion* (DC 17)2nd (7/day)—*cat's grace, detect thoughts* (DC 16), *glitterdust* (DC 16), *mirror image, resist energy*1st (7)—*alarm, mage armor, magic missile, shield, true strike*0 (at will)—*arcane mark, bleed* (DC 14), *detect magic, light, mage hand, mending, message, read magic, resistance*

TACTICS

Before Combat Sjhovor casts *alarm* on the entrances to his cave every day. If he sees or is alerted to an imminent attack, he casts *resist energy* (fire) on himself, as well as *mage armor, mirror image, and shield*.**During Combat** Sjhovor prefers to be airborne when he battles others. He uses *fog cloud, wall of ice, and wall of force* to split his foes before swooping in to snatch one of the enemies. On the ground, he engages in melee, using his breath weapon when available.**Morale** If reduced to fewer than half his full normal hit points, Sjhovor calls on either his harpy or centaur allies (whichever are closest). He then flees to his lair in the distraction. If particularly strong foes face him, he calls for Thragandor to join his defense. If confronted in his lair, he fights to the death to protect his hoard.

STATISTICS

Str 37, **Dex** 8, **Con** 27, **Int** 18, **Wis** 21, **Cha** 18**Base Atk** +25; **CMB** +42; **CMD** 51 (55 vs. trip)**Feats** Ability Focus (breath weapon), Diehard, Endurance, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Critical (claws), Improved Initiative, Improved Vital Strike, Multiattack, Power Attack, Snatch, Vital Strike**Skills** Appraise +10, Bluff +22, Climb +20, Diplomacy +22, Fly +13, Intimidate +30, Knowledge (arcana) +20, Knowledge (history) +20, Knowledge (local) +20, Perception +33, Sense Motive +30, Spellcraft +30, Stealth +15, Survival +20, Swim +25, Use Magic Device +25**Languages** Aquan, Common, Draconic, Giant, Iobarian**SQ** ice shape, icewalking

Using Sjhovor

Sjhovor considers himself a major power in Iobaria, claiming dominion over the Deeprun Crevasse as well as all of the Dvezda Marches. If the settlements of centaurs (or even frost giants) in the region showed signs of uniting into a larger force, he might take action through his thralls to either bring them under his control or diminish their numbers. A lazy creature, he would send Thragandor to scout the settlements first, perhaps having her deliver the first blow to the community before taking them on himself.





Sjohvor's Lair

Though he claims dominion over all the Dvezda Marches, Sjohvor is particularly ferocious when dealing with the immediate area around his lair he named Sjohvornor.

1. Hazardous Stair

When Sjohvor first made this area his lair, he took pains to protect it from outside intrusion. He first smashed the winding staircase that ran from the edge of the cliff down to the entrance to his lair, rendering it almost impassable roughly 100 feet from the lair. The majority of the stair is rocky and coated in ice, and some places are prone to collapse.

Sjohvor's adlet minions have little trouble climbing the treacherous stairs, but the Tsolniva centaurs must make the climb slowly and carefully, often outfitting themselves with devices designed to give their hooves better traction. Navigating the staircase requires a DC 25 Climb check on account of the dangerous conditions and erratic winds. The DC can be reduced to 10 if proper ice climbing gear is used, but the process is generally very slow and very loud.

2. Ice Cave

Sjohvor uses his ice shape ability to open and close off section of his lair. In this cave he has trapped a dozen frost drakes. He keeps them in here to make them more aggressive, only opening enough of the ice wall to throw in food for the shrieking creatures. With the placement of the ice walls, the drakes can be released to attack creatures coming up the stair or those who made it all the way to the centaur cavern.

3. Lair Entrance

A flock of white-feathered harpies (advanced variant harpies that have resist cold 10) sleeps on ledges near the cavern complex's entrance. Their leader **Bresolix** (CE female harpy sorcerer 14) believes that the dragon shows undue favoritism toward Skaldreg and his centaurs, and seeks to prove her flight's worth by savagely attacking any who come too near Sjohvor's lair or the Deeprun Crevasse. The harpies are most delighted when explorers come to the Dvezda Marches looking for ancient ruins, or when adventurers and dragonslayers come to match their might against Sjohvor, because that means the harpies get to dine on their favored meal: humanoids. The cavern entrance is littered with filth and the remnants of the travelers the harpies have lured to their deaths.

4. Centaur Cavern

Here Skaldreg and his Tsolniva centaurs make their camp. Of the centaurs, only Skaldreg remains here all the time—the remainder of the clan takes shifts staying in the lair. Content with their wide-open chamber and proximity to the outside, the centaurs rarely push farther into the cavern complex than this chamber. Here they

spend their time as guards, whiling away the hours sparring with each other and listening to Skaldreg's stories of how their clan is destined to be a great force in the Dvezda Marches or, in especially emphatic rants, the whole of Iobaria! Though there is some tension between the harpies and the centaurs, Skaldreg appealed to one of Bresolix's fighters, and now she brings him and his encampment the (non-humanoid) spoils of her hunts. At any given time, Skaldreg and at least a dozen centaurs live in this cavern.

5. Grand Cavern

A thick layer of ice coats the floor of this vast cavern. On a low shelf in the northeast corner of the chamber rises an icy wall, behind which is a small cave. The adlet shaman uses this space for rituals designed to venerate the strength and power of nature, especially the might of blizzards and unending cold. On a cliff on the west side of the chamber, Sjohvor greets any visitors and meets with his minions.

Though most of the floor is a sheet of ice (considered difficult terrain and all Acrobatics check DCs are increased by +5), the adlets have no trouble walking on this surface, and use this mobility to their advantage when engaging intruders. Like a pack of wolves, the adlets surround their prey and take turns moving in for an attack to keep their prey disoriented and unable to tell from which direction the next attack will come. In recent weeks, the adlet shaman has been spending a great deal of time with Sjohvor. The two plan on starting a massive campaign to bring more creatures under the dragon's claw, and they sequester themselves for hours at a time making these preparations.

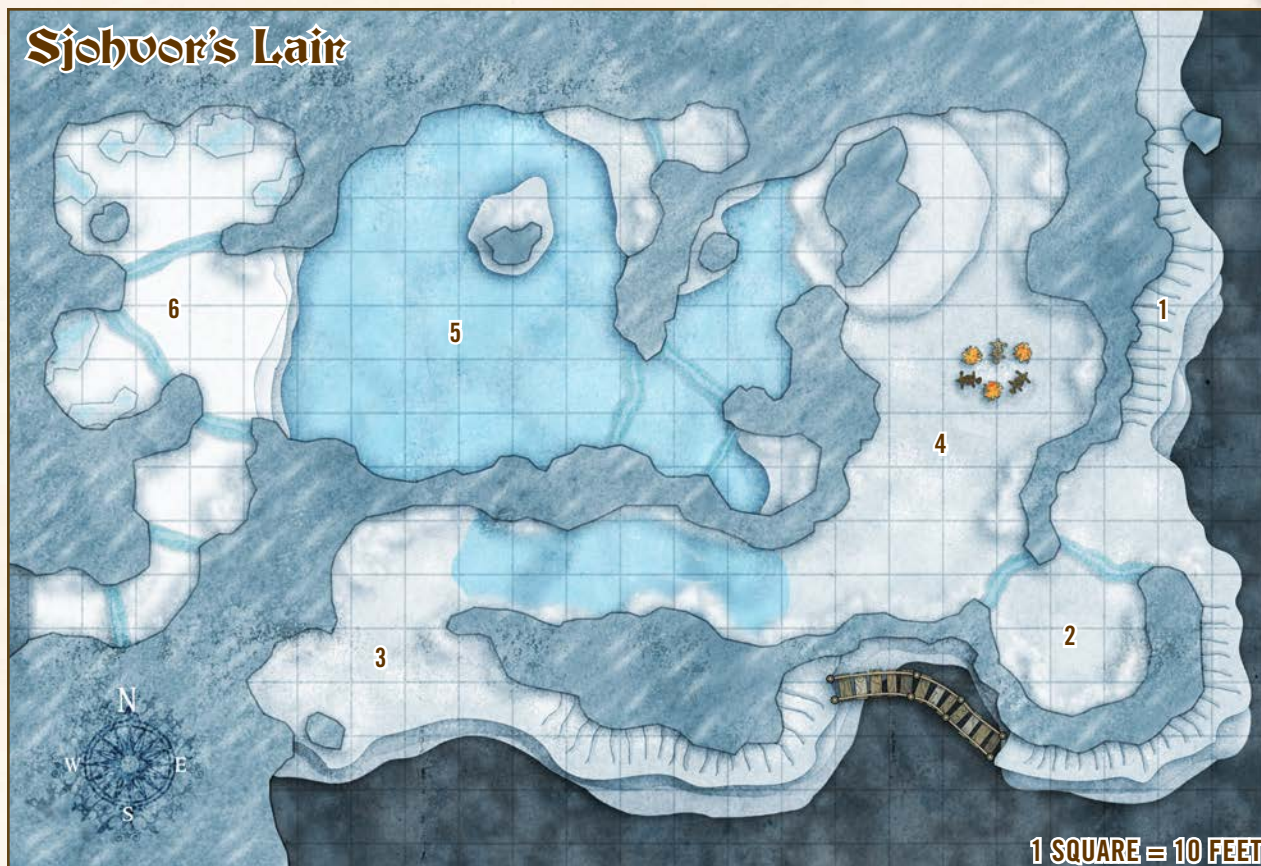
6. Sjohvor's Den

Buried deep in the cavern complex behind defensible positions lies Sjohvor's personal den. He often lounges on the ledge overlooking the grand cavern or spends his time admiring the hoard he has collected over the years. Though it's a tight squeeze, Sjohvor wriggles through a tunnel exiting the area southward to get to his sleeping chamber.

Throughout the complex, Sjohvor uses his *wall of ice* spell-like ability to build up defensible blocks of ice to protect the chambers. He treats these blocks as doors, using his ice shape ability to open and close them at will. Some of the larger blocks require multiple uses of his ice shape ability.

Sjohvor keeps the bulk of his treasure hoard in two separate caves, each protected behind a massive sheet of ice. The treasure within is frozen in ice, looking almost like the treasures are preserved in a display case. Anyone attempting to pilfer from the dragon must chip away at the blocks or melt the hoard with fire. Either method risks of damaging some of the more delicate treasures.





Sjhovor's Hoard

Sjhovor keeps his treasure in his den coated in thick sheets of ice that he can shape at will to retrieve or rearrange his trinkets. Sjhovor's treasure hoard is worth a total of 136,240 gp and contains the following.

- 71,898 copper pieces.
- 117,412 silver pieces.
- 8,531 gold pieces.
- 568 platinum pieces.
- A collection of tattered dragon hides (blue, red, silver, and white), usable as materials for crafting dragonhide equipment (9,000 gp in total).
- A strange scimitar that has been carved from an exceptionally long walrus tusk (worth 1,300 gp).
- A large disc of hammered gold pulled from the ruins of an ancient cyclops settlement that is inscribed with nearly a hundred different names (worth 2,200 gp).
- A 3-foot tall clay pot whose surfaces have been painted with blood then sealed with wax. The pot holds thousands of frost giant teeth.
- Assorted mundane gear, including 47 suits of cold weather clothing (376 gp in total), 13 climber's kits (1,040 gp in total), and other assorted survival gear worth a total of 300 gp. These items are all stored in massive bags made from cured animal hides.
- A series of five stone-and-leather frost giant necklaces, decorated with runes indicating the wearers were great hunters (worth 525 gp in total).
- An enormous collection of assorted hammers: 200 blacksmithing hammers (worth 100 gp in total), 32 warhammers (worth 384 gp in total), 18 masterwork warhammers (worth 5,616 gp in total), 8 gnome hooked hammers (worth 160 gp in total), and 14 sledgehammers (worth 14 gp in total). These hammers are stored in various cases and are grouped by type and manufacture.
- A collection of 10 *+1 Large warhammers* from slain frost giants (worth 23,240 gp in total). All of these warhammers are of the same make and from the same tribe of frost giants.
- A masterwork lance (worth 310 gp) with a *knight's pennon of battle* (*Ultimate Equipment* 307) attached (worth 4,500 gp).
- A finely crafted leather bag of freshwater pearls (worth 2,050 gp in total) along with a pearl necklace that functions as a necklace of *fireballs* type V (worth 5,850 gp).
- A *+1 Large icy burst warhammer* decorated with runes in Giant carved into the haft and head (worth 18,324 gp).
- A wand of cure serious wounds with 34 charges left (worth 14,280 gp).
- A brass and ivory *horn of blasting* decorated with a pine forest etching (worth 20,000 gp).



SONTHONAX

“The righteous fire always burns brightest.”

Age and Race: Juvenile bronze dragon

Lair Coastal cliffs in Aspo Bay (Andoran)

Favored Treasure Chelish jewelry, naval military gear, transmutation magic items

Minions Andoran mercenaries, freed slaves

Foes Chelish Navy, Order of the Pyre Hellknights, slavers

A constant terror to Chelish slavers and naval captains, the abolitionist dragon Sonthonax is quickly growing into a living legend. Stories of his daring ambushes against well-armed slave ships—and the slave revolts they spark—are retold with snarls in Chelish ports. Though he lairs on the Andoren side of Aspo Bay, the bronze dragon has engaged Chelish sailors in pitched sea battles well into their nation’s territorial waters. Diplomatic relations between Andoran and Chelixa have become increasingly strained in the wake of the dragon’s bold forays and the growing militia of former slaves flocking to the dragon’s cause.

Originally hatched on a tiny island in the middle of the Inner Sea, Sonthonax spent his early years isolated. His first exposure to humanoid came in the form of an Aspis Consortium trade ship, which had been badly damaged in a storm. The ship was taking on water, and the crew realized that they had to lose a large amount of weight to stay afloat long enough to make port. Their choice was to either dump their enslaved oarsmen or their cargo of Osiriani goods. After a perfunctory discussion, they chose to keep the cargo.

While the majority of the slaves drowned, Sonthonax managed to help a few survivors to shore. In the following years, Sonthonax learned to speak their tongue, and listened eagerly to the stories the sailors told of their homelands. Though their hearts had grown bitter from their enslavement, their tales of the humanoid world were imbued with such tenderness that an intense desire to see the mainland of Avistan grew within Sonthonax, as did a hatred of slavery and those that practice it.

By the time Sonthonax had reached his mid-forties (still a juvenile in dragon terms), he felt ready to see the exotic mainland for himself. With the assistance of the ex-slaves, the dragon found a perfect location for his new lair, nestled in the beachfront cliffs of Aspo Bay. During his first year in Avistan, Sonthonax spent ample time circling high above the bay, observing the slaving ships heading from Chelixa to the eastern coast of Garund. As time passed, these forays graduated from exploratory to aggressive, and the bronze dragon began to let his bloodlust run. He

quickly learned to enjoy the thrill of battle, and the crunch of bone between his teeth.

While his lair originally consisted of a simple cave with a small beach encampment for the ex-slaves, the past few years have seen the site grow into a fledgling activist community. Firebrand abolitionists and freed (or escaped) slaves wander in from across Avistan, lured by tales of Sonthonax’s vicious raids on Chelish slaving vessels. A group of scribes and clerics administer to the impromptu settlement, serving as the dragon’s humanoid liaisons. A cadre of Andoren mercenaries has also joined the cause, and hopes to turn the ragtag group into a disciplined militia. Sonthonax’s lair, meanwhile, has expanded to include almost the entire cliff face, which now sports a large chamber filled with treasures looted from the captured Chelish ships.

Needless to say, Sonthonax’s violent abolitionist campaign is a source of international tension. Publicly, Chelish diplomats consider Sonthonax a rogue element, and insist their eastern neighbors put a stop to the dragon’s incursions. Privately, however, Chelish hawks suspect the Andorens of clandestinely aiding the dragon’s efforts, and are pursuing a military solution. In an effort to blunt the diplomatic fallout of a cross-border raid, the Chelish military have decided to employ Order of the Pyre Hellknights to eliminate Sonthonax. As a paramilitary force, the Hellknights are not officially directed by the Chelish government, making their actions less likely to spark a full-scale international crisis.

Word of the impending Hellknight attack has reached the settlement, and the motley militia is hastily readying for a protracted conflict. Military training among the settlers has increased, and they continue to stockpile captured arms and armor. Meanwhile, the Hellknights’ reputation for merciless brutality is causing some in the militia to question their resolve, despite the assurances of their ferocious draconic leader. Many of the freedom fighters wonder whether the nascent settlement can withstand a full-strength Hellknight assault.

The Andoren government now finds itself in a difficult position. The Andorens are sympathetic to the dragon’s cause, but also recognize the strain on international relations he creates. So far, the government has been making token efforts to subdue the dragon, but they know the situation is quickly coming to a head. With the Hellknights on the way, the Andorens must find a peaceful solution soon, or risk a broadening conflict with their militaristic western neighbors.

SONTHONAX

CR 10

XP 9,600

Male juvenile bronze dragon

LG Large dragon (water)

Init +1; **Senses** dragon senses; Perception +19

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 10, flat-footed 23 (+1 Dex, +14 natural, -1 size)**hp** 126 (12d12+48)**Fort** +12, **Ref** +9, **Will** +12**Immune** dragon traits, electricity, paralysis, sleep

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 200 ft. (poor), swim 60 ft.**Melee** bite +17 (2d6+9), 2 claws +17 (1d8+6), tail slap +15 (1d8+3), 2 wings +15 (1d6+3)**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. with bite)**Special Attacks** breath weapon (80-ft. line, 8d6 electricity, Reflex DC 20 for half, usable every 1d4 rounds), repulsion breath**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 12th; concentration +16)At will—*create food and water*, *speak with animals***Spells Known** (CL 3rd; concentration +7)1st (6/day)—*air bubble*^{UC}, *protection from evil*, *touch of the sea*^{APG} (DC 15)0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *light*, *mage hand*, *message*, *resistance*

TACTICS

Before Combat If planning a raid on a slave ship, Sonthonax often outfits his humanoid allies with *air bubble* and *touch of the sea* to give them more freedom in the water.**During Combat** Sonthonax prefers to fight from both air and sea, diving beneath the waves, then erupting over the side of a ship and strafing the vessel with his breath weapon.

He often uses his repulsion at the helm of the ship to force the pilot and any crew away from the wheel, rendering the ship uncontrolled.

Morale If reduced to a quarter of his hit points, Sonthonax removes himself from battle. He presses on longer if lives are at stake, including those of the slaves he hopes to free and his own allies.

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 12, **Con** 19, **Int** 18, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 18**Base Atk** +12; **CMB** +19; **CMD** 30 (34 vs. trip)**Feats** Cleave, Flyby Attack, Great Cleave, Hover, Multiattack, Power Attack**Skills** Bluff +15, Diplomacy +15, Fly +10, Intimidate +15, Knowledge (arcana) +17, Knowledge (local) +17, Perception +19, Sense Motive +16, Spellcraft +18, Stealth +12, Survival +14, Swim +18, Use Magic Device +19**Languages** Aquan, Common, Draconic, Elven, Halfling, Osiriani
SQ change shape, water breathing, wave mastery

Using Sonthonax

Sonthonax provides the PCs with a chance to become involved in an international dispute, with potential for naval battles, land combat, or diplomatic missions.

GMs incorporating Sonthonax into their game should consider the following.

Diplomatic Powder Keg: Diplomats in both Cheliox and Andoran know that if Sonthonax is not persuaded to alter his methods, a military conflict is inevitable. Once the Hellknights and the dragon's forces collide, there's no telling who else will get pulled into the proxy conflict. At best, the situation will result in hundreds of needless deaths; at worst, this situation could spark a full-scale war between the two countries. Diplomats on both sides are making their last-ditch attempts to secure a peaceful resolution before all hell breaks loose.**Draconic Freedom Fighter:** Sonthonax is willing to take on the slaving industry single-handedly. However, with a growing number of militant activists in his camp, and a few captured Chelish warships, he no longer has to go it alone. Firebrand activists are mobilizing to join their draconic leader in sea raids against both the slavers and Chelish navy, and they need all hands on deck.**Iron Fist of the Law:** While Cheliox would prefer to keep its hands clean when dealing with the bronze dragon, it is willing to look the other way while the Order of the Pyre uses any means necessary to break up the activist community. The militia members, meanwhile, are feverishly readying their seafront settlement for the incoming Hellknight assault.



Sonthonax's Lair

Sonthonax and his motley crew inhabit a series of caverns set into the beachfront cliffs along the shores of Aspo Bay. While originally limited to just a single cave, the growing community has continued to spread deeper into the cliff faces, as well as along the beach. The community now boasts several dozen members.

1. People's Beach

Named by Sonthonax's allies, this stretch of white pebble beach is an ideal spot for a settlement. Sparse clumps of palm trees and low scrub dot the base of the cliffs, and driftwood litters the beachfront. While most of the original settlers have shelter inside the caves, newcomers build temporary housing up and down the beach. These new recruits share the beach with a few chickens, goats, and pigs who reside in improvised pens.

While the beach is fairly safe, the nearby surf sometimes issues forth dangerous visitors. Settlers have occasional skirmishes with reefclaws (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 234) or crab swarms (*Bestiary* 50), which are attracted to the palm groves by the livestock or the settlers' foodstuffs. The bay's deeper waters harbor more dangerous animals, such as devilfish (*Bestiary* 2 88) and several varieties of very aggressive sharks, but these larger predators rarely come far enough into the shallows to bother the settlers.

2. The Commons

Originally Sonthonax's sleeping quarters, this spacious cavern has since been turned into an ad hoc barracks for the settlers. More an encampment than a village, the commons are filled with a variety of shelters, ranging from newly erected canvas tents to sturdy wooden lean-tos. A large firepit dominates the center of the cavern, while smaller cooking fires lie amid clusters of shelters. Drying clothes, barrels full of rainwater, and chests of supplies raided from Chelish ships are strewn around the cavern floor.

The settlers are nearly all sailors or liberated slaves. They are equipped with piecemeal armor and well-used weapons, and are excellent survivalists, but exhibit little or no martial training. However, in recent months, a dozen Andoren ex-soldiers have joined the settlement, and have begun training the other settlers in the art of soldiery. These jovial and boisterous fighters are slowly turning the ex-slaves into a militia. Their leader, **Anda Bellas** (NG female human fighter 7) is a coarse woman who is little loved, but is nonetheless much respected for her single-minded ferocity in battle. Her lieutenant, **Augustan Philo** (CG male human sorcerer 6) is the group's resident arcanist, and one of the few settlers with any knack for magic other than Sonthonax.

To protect the caves from invasion, a lookout can cut a rope holding a net of boulders above the cave opening. In addition to falling on any invaders, the trap also seals

the caves closed. Sonthonax would then clear the cave-in sealing his chamber, and ferry the settlers out through the flue in his chamber.

DEADFALL DOORSTOP

CR 6

Type mechanical; **Perception** DC 20; **Disable Device** DC 20

EFFECTS

Trigger manual; **Reset** repair

Effect Atk +15 melee (8d6); multiple targets (all targets in a 20-ft.-radius at the cave mouth)

3. The Council Room

This smallish chamber is dominated by a large, rough-hewn table, with segments of logs serving as chairs. The walls and table are covered in nautical maps and bits of parchment. This area was once the mess hall, but has since been converted into something of a command center where militia members who can read and write pen secret missives and communiques. The head of this administrative branch is a dour Taldan cleric named **Zira Stetos** (NG female human cleric of Sarenrae 6).

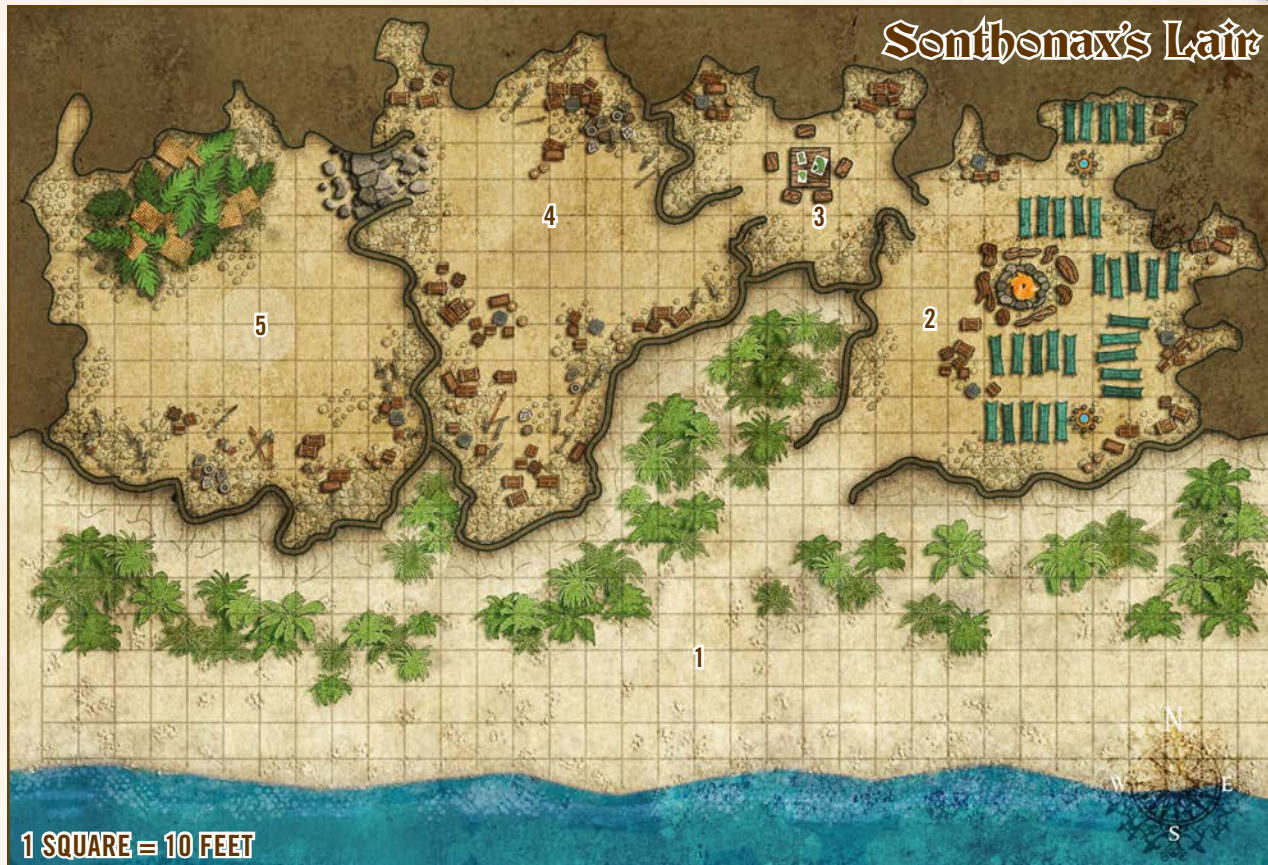
4. The Chelish Armory

Smirkingly nicknamed for the high volume of captured Chelish hardware, this area is the militia's growing armory. Mundane armor and weapons lie stacked against the walls. Most bear either an Asmodean pentagram or the black-and-red insignia of the House of Thrune. A few bits of Katapeshi or Osirian metalwork lie scattered around, but the raiders have snatched most of the exotic Garundi hardware up as trophies. Straw-lined crates hold jars of preserved meat and pickled vegetables, while a few sides of salted pork hang in a cool recess. There are also several boxes of alchemical supplies, such as alchemist's fire, antiplague, and alchemical glue.

While there's no guard stationed at the door, any would-be intruders have to bypass a trio of *stones of alarm* (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Equipment* 321) secreted in the entryway. Only longstanding members of the community have the command words for these stones, and access to the Chelish Armory is strictly monitored.

5. Sonthonax's Chamber

As both the settlement's population and its need for space have grown, Sonthonax has retreated deeper and deeper into the caverns. His current den is secured by a cave-in that sealed off the entryway from the armory. Sonthonax enters and exits his cavern through a flue that leads from the ceiling of the cave out the front of the cliff face high above the beach. Sonthonax's chamber is sparse but comfortable. A bed of sackcloth and palm fronds nestles in the corner, while the dragon's treasures lie scattered around the perimeter of the room.



Sonthonax's Hoard

Each month, Sonthonax's treasure hoard is enlarged by confiscated Chelish loot and offerings from freed slaves giving thanks for their freedom. Lately, Sonthonax is spending more and more time admiring his baubles, and less time with the people he helped to liberate. The bronze dragon's hoard is worth 24,801 gp, and contains the following items.

- A pair of mithral manacles (worth 1,000 gp), which were the prized possession of an affluent Chelish slaver.
- A full set of platinum jewelry whose outward-facing surfaces are finely embossed with pentagrams. The inward-facing surfaces are engraved with the names of many well-known members of the Chelish House of Throne. The complete set is worth 2,500 gp.
- A small sack of assorted pearls. The sack contains golden, pink, and silver pearls (worth 480 gp in total).
- A *ring of swimming* (worth 2,500 gp), embossed with fish leaping through waves of flame.
- An *all tools vest* (*Ultimate Equipment* 220) taken off the bloated corpse of a Chelish naval lieutenant, still stained with blood and saltwater (worth 1,800 gp).
- A pair of water purification sponges (*Ultimate Equipment* 105) which Sonthonax found floating amid the remains of a slaving galley (worth 25 gp each).
- A +1 *halfling bane whip* (worth 8,301 gp), formerly used by a slaving captain who specialized in selling kidnapped halflings to Chelish noble families as house servants.
- An *amulet of natural armor +1* (worth 2,000 gp), which was gifted to Sonthonax by a young Andoren, who left his wealthy family in Augustana to join the dragon's cause.
- A +1 *defiant heavy steel shield* (*Ultimate Equipment* 116; worth 2,020 gp), which provides extra armor and damage reduction against magical beasts. This shield bears the symbol of a lion, with crossed tridents behind it.
- Two *amulets of inescapable location*, which were attached to the collars of two high-priced pleasure slaves. The collars are now broken, but the cursed amulets still function. At present, Sonthonax is not aware that the amulets are cursed, and is still under the misapprehension that they are *amulets of proof against detection and location*.
- A *net of snaring*, which was used by Chelish sailors to ensnare large fish or aquatic humanoids.
- A pair of *manacles of cooperation* (*Ultimate Equipment* 274; worth 2,000 gp), which are fairly common among slavers of all varieties. Many more such manacles litter the bottom of Aspo Bay, but this particular pair holds a special significance for Sonthonax. These are a memento from his very first successful raid.

TOISHIHEBI

“The capital is mine, just as the rest of these lands soon will be.”

Age and Race: Mature adult forest dragon

Lair: Ruins of Uddo (Minkai)

Favored Treasure: Earthenware, gold, jade, magical antiques

Minions: Bandits, ratfolk, three half-dragon sons

Foes: The Ashen Watch, earth yai, grave robbers

More than a thousand years have passed since eight great bridges spanned the Kamiteki River at Uddo, the former capital of Minkai. The ancient tenements of the capital have all but disappeared, consumed by fire or sunken into the water. Buried in the muddy riverbank are the foundations of the former citadel of the Teikoku shoguns, as well as a necropolis said to consist of hundreds of underground stone chambers. The tombs have long been the targets of sacrilegious pillagers, and a steady flow of ancient artifacts and treasures continues to trickle from the ruins of Uddo.

The ruins, people say, are inhabited by Toishihebi, thought to be the draconic incarnation of the vengeful spirit of Teikoku Takeru, one of the most powerful leaders of the Teikoku Shogunate. According to legend, when the tomb of Takeru was violated by a band of ratfolk, an enchanted sharpening stone in the shogun’s funeral outfit released the draconic guardian, which quickly dispatched the intruders and remained to guard the site against further trespass.

The legend of Toishihebi, the Whetstone Snake, is well known by the inhabitants of southwestern Minkai. Though no confirmed sightings of this evil dragon have been reported for several years, old rafters traveling the middle course of the Kamiteki River cannot help throwing apprehensive glances toward the hillocks of the long-dead city of Uddo. There, among the many other monstrosities said to inhabit the overgrown, mist-shrouded ruins, the Whetstone Snake remains immersed in a deep slumber—or so the locals hope.

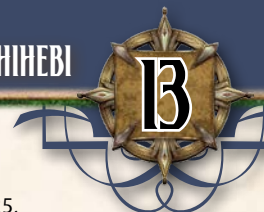
The story of Teikoku Takeru’s sharpening stone is untrue, for Toishihebi is not simply a vengeful entity tied to the shogun’s spirit. One of a brood of forest dragons that hatched more than 3 centuries ago in the deep woods northwest of Shogokabe, the young dragon who would become Toishihebi led his brothers and sisters in a bloody revolt against their despotic parents. He was the only survivor of the resulting parricidal struggle. Orphaned, badly wounded, and hunted by other powerful creatures of the woods, he hid in the ruins of Uddo.

As his hundredth year approached and Toishihebi began to learn how to assume humanoid form, he hatched a scheme that he hoped would help him achieve dominance

over lesser beings like humans, ratfolk, and lizardfolk. Dispossessed of his family’s riches after fleeing their lair, he aspired to accumulate a hoard of his own. He began looting the ancient graves of the Teikoku shoguns, burrowing to penetrate the yet-untouched graves of Minkai’s early history. He soon found out, however, that his forays would not go unopposed. A secretive order of monks dating back to the First Kingdom of Minkai, called the Ashen Watch, still guard the tombs of the ancient shoguns. The Ashen Watch use teleportation devices to patrol the necropolis, making the small group an omnipresent threat. Additionally, a band of earth yai has begun to prowl around the ruins, sent by the oni lords of the Forest of Spirits. The oni plan to gradually take control of key mystical places in Minkai, and the earth yai represent their forward scouting party.

Unable to definitively defeat these powerful impediments to the accumulation of his hoard, the solitary and paranoid Toishihebi traveled to the Higashita coast to obtain allies. There, he assumed lizardfolk form, and persuaded a lizardfolk queen to bear him three half-dragon sons before he returned to Uddo, then lay low awaiting their arrival. Toishihebi’s sons grew into fearsome, greatclub-wielding barbarians. Once they came of age, they joined their father in his permanent lair under the ruins of Matsukanmuri, one of the three ruined castles of the Teikoku capital. Toishihebi also enlisted many of the local ratfolk population to serve him as scouts. Since then, harassed and used as cannon fodder by the dragon, the ratfolk have been living in terror, fomenting legends about the cruel habits of their master.

Once a perennial terror for the surrounding humanoid villages, Toishihebi has now settled in his lair and rarely leaves Uddo. The dragon spends most of his time skirmishing against the Ashen Watch and searching the necropolis for loot to enlarge his hoard. When his business takes him away from Uddo, or when his ratfolk scouts report something interesting, Toishihebi travels in human form, in the guise of a human named Hiyuke. Known throughout the region as a bandit of uncanny ability, Hiyuke has been known to steal food from peasants, waylay rich travelers, and sell antique art objects—mainly green-glazed pottery from the Teikoku necropolis—to smugglers along the Kamiteki River. The dragon hopes to one day amass a hoard large enough to pay for his rise to power as a bandit king in human form—a plan which would satisfy his thirst for dominion over lesser humanoids.



TOISHIHEBI

CR 15

XP 51,200

Male mature adult forest dragon

CE Huge dragon (earth)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +25**Aura** frightful presence (210 ft., DC 21),

DEFENSE

AC 32, touch 8, flat-footed 32 (+24 natural, -2 size)**hp** 237 (19d12+114)**Fort** +17, **Ref** +13, **Will** +16**DR** 5/adamantine; **Immune** dragon traits, paralysis, sleep

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., burrow 20 ft., climb 30 ft., fly 200 ft. (poor)**Melee** bite +27 (2d8+15), 2 claws +27 (2d6+10), gore +27 (2d6+10), tail slap +25 (2d6+5)**Space** 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (15 ft. with bite and gore)**Special Attacks** breath weapon (50-ft. cone, 14d6 piercing, Reflex DC 25 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), crush**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 19th; concentration +22)At will—*blight* (DC 18), *entangle* (DC 14), *pass without trace***Spells Known** (CL 9th; concentration +12)4th (4/day)—*arcane eye*, *charm monster* (DC 17)3rd (7/day)—*keen edge*, *stinking cloud* (DC 16), *wind wall*2nd (7/day)—*fog cloud*, *hideous laughter* (DC 15), *obscure object*, *touch of idiocy*1st (7/day)—*alarm*, *grease*, *hypnotism* (DC 14), *magic missile*, *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 14)0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *daze* (DC 13), *detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 13), *mage hand*, *read magic*, *resistance*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 13)

TACTICS

Before Combat Toishihebi uses *charm monster* to gain an upper hand whenever possible. He tries to scout out enemies first with *arcane eye*, and attacks only if the odds are favorable. When possible, he hides inside a *fog cloud* and uses his blindsight to direct his breath weapon. As Hiyuke, he sometimes tries to trick samurai with his *keen edge* spell, mimicking the sharpening of their blade with a “magic” whetstone and selling this service as a permanent effect.

During Combat In the open, Toishihebi tries to stay away from melee combat, using his breath weapon and spells as much as possible. He retreats once his spells are depleted, unless he thinks he can finish his enemies in a hand-to-hand fight. When posing as Hiyuke, he prefers to flee from superior foes rather than reveal his true nature.

Morale Toishihebi withdraws if he cannot defeat his foes. He fights to the bitter end only in defense of his hoard.

STATISTICS

Str 31, **Dex** 10, **Con** 22, **Int** 16, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 16**Base Atk** +19; **CMB** +31; **CMD** 41 (45 vs. trip)**Fears** Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Stealth), Stealthy, Vital Strike**Skills** Acrobatics +19, Bluff +25, Climb +22, Diplomacy +25, Escape Artist +2, Fly +5, Intimidate +25, Knowledge (arcana) +20, Knowledge (nature) +20, Perception +25, Sense Motive +15, Spellcraft +15, Stealth +24**Languages** Draconic, Sylvan, Minkaian, Tien**SQ** change shape, sound imitation, woodland stride**Gear** quarterstaff, knife grinder's tools, haversack with provisions, peasant's outfit, wicker hat, pouch containing coins and trinkets worth 10 gp in total (as Hiyuke only)

Using Toishihebi

Thanks to Toishihebi's ability to change shape and his notoriety in both his draconic and human forms, the GM can make use of the dragon as a villain from two different perspectives. The GM can first introduce Hiyuke, a brazen knife bandit who harasses travelers along the Kamiteki River, and then quite separately introduce the legend of the Whetstone Snake, the draconic guardian of the Teikoku family tombs.





Toishihebi's Lair

When it was built, 14 centuries before the Battle of the Eight Bridges, Matsukanmuri was an impressive labyrinth of ramparts, dry moats, and wooden walls with numerous watchtowers. The structures have long since crumbled into dust, and tall pines now grow where the walls once stood.

1. Hiyuke's Keep

Nothing remains of the original structures that crowned the bailey, but some of Toishihebi's human minions have rebuilt one of the two original watchtowers. The new structure is just a crude imitation of the original. The forest dragon, however, finds it useful to greet his ratfolk and human partners in crime while posing as Hiyuke.

Poorly decorated and weather-beaten, this two-story, square tower was rebuilt in the traditional sotogata style, with each floor smaller than the one below it. The ground floor is completely surrounded by a porch and holds several large chests, with two opposing staircases leading to the upper floor. The second story consists of a large open space equipped with wicker room dividers. Most of the chests are empty, though a few contain firewood, charcoal, baskets of dried chestnuts, and toasted pine nuts.

2. The Ant Lion Garden

A small rock garden at ground level of the keep serves as an elegant addition to the grounds, as well as a trap designed to bring Toishihebi's enemies an early end. Sheltered beneath the beams of the upper story lies a 20-foot-square sand garden. In the middle of this small garden sits a 4-foot-high, cubic stone table with an alabaster bowl on top. The bowl is filled with sand, which features a tiny, central depression similar to an ant lion trap. The bowl is actually the trigger for a trap set by Toishihebi. If an intelligent creature touches or disturbs the bowl, the sand inside begins to flow into an unseen drain hole. An instant later, the sandy floor of the rock garden collapses into a 50-foot deep pit full of poisoned spikes. The noise of the collapse is sure to warn Toishihebi, as well as his half-dragon progeny, who immediately rush out of their cave (area 4) to investigate.

ANT LION TRAP

CR 10**Type** mechanical; **Perception** DC 25; **Disable Device** DC 20**EFFECTS****Trigger** touch (*alarm*); **Reset** manual**Effect** 50-ft.-deep pit (5d6 falling damage); pit spikes (Atk +15 melee, 1d4 spikes per target for 1d6+5 damage each plus poison [greenblood oil]); **Reflex** DC 25 avoids; multiple targets (all targets in a 20-ft.-square area)

3. The Half-Dragons' Cave Shaft

Aside from the newly built keep, the rest of the area seems abandoned. However, partially concealed by vegetation, a

vertical shaft leads to a large cave complex under the castle's foundations. Originally a natural fissure in the limestone, the shaft has been enlarged by Toishihebi to accommodate regular traffic. The shaft is 5 feet wide and 10 feet deep. Access to the cave complex is possible only through the shaft.

4. The Half-Dragons' Cave

This 10-foot-high cave lies 20 feet below the surface, and can only be accessed via the cave shaft (area 3). Descending into the cave without levitating or hovering requires a successful DC 10 Climb check, as well as a successful DC 15 Acrobatics check to safely fall the remaining 10 feet. The space underneath is well ventilated and cool. The cave contains three big heaps of pine needles, which the half-dragons use as beds; a wooden platform with eating utensils; and a dry stone fireplace. Toishihebi's hybrid sons can often be found here idling and roasting the carcass of an unfortunate ratfolk vagrant. If the PCs explore the cave after having fought the half-dragons outside, this cave is empty.

5. Sloping Tunnel

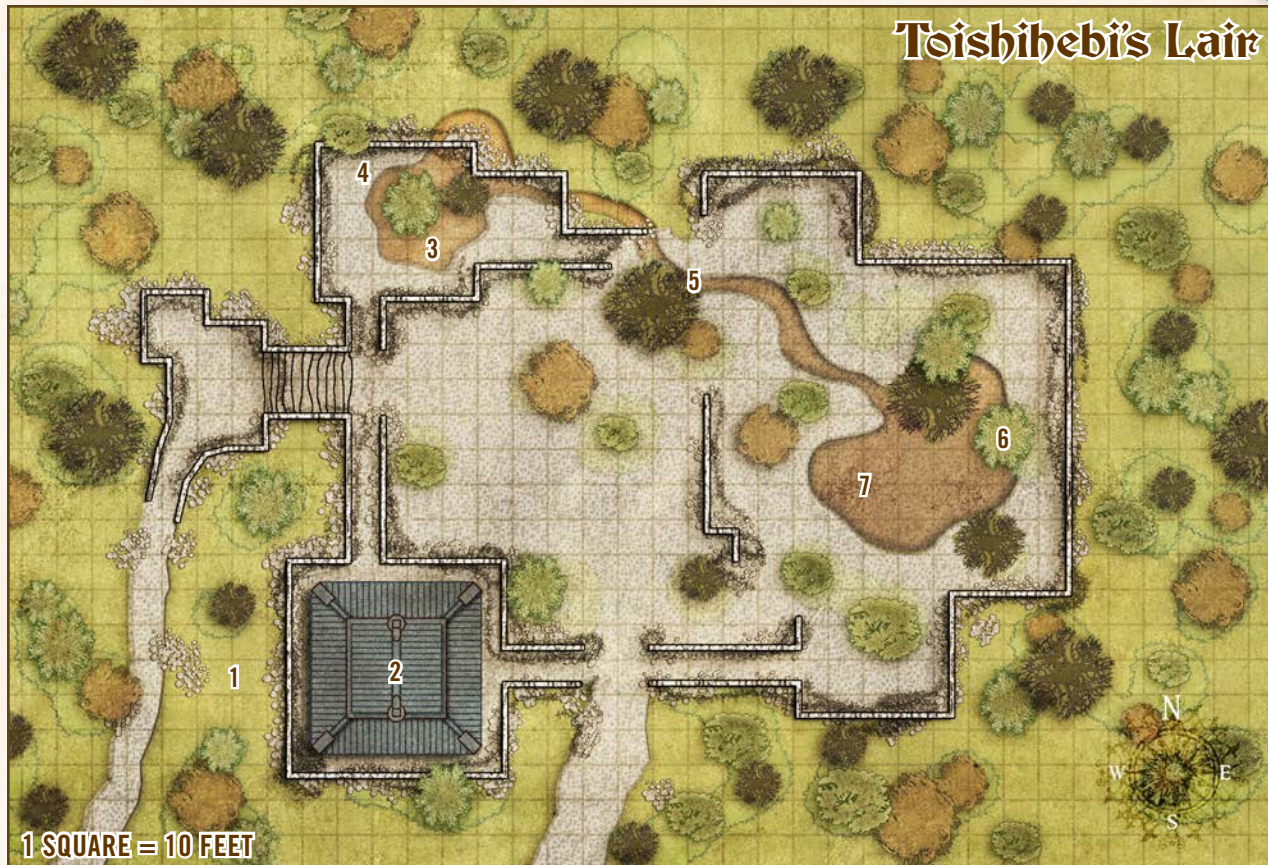
Easily traversable by Medium creatures, this winding tunnel slopes 50 feet down from west to east, and connects the two caves at opposite ends of the complex. If Toishihebi is prepared for the PCs' descent, he waits for them at the end of the tunnel, and then breathes a hail of piercing stone splinters into the tunnel. In this event, the targets have precious few options to avoid the multitude of stony chips bouncing wildly around the cramped space.

6. Toishihebi's Cave Shaft

Toishihebi's chamber may be accessed through the sloping tunnel (area 5), or through a narrow vertical shaft, which leads directly to the surface. From the surface, the opening of the shaft is partially concealed by vegetation. The shaft is 10 feet wide and 30 feet long, and features a 40-foot drop into the cave below. Descending Toishihebi's cave shaft is hazardous, as it requires a successful DC 15 Climb check, as well as a successful DC 15 Acrobatics check to help mitigate the 40-foot drop.

7. Toishihebi's Chamber

Toishihebi's personal chamber is spacious and open, with fascinating limestone formations along the walls. The light entering from the shaft during the day gives a dim, eerie ambiance to the place. Toishihebi uses this cave to sleep safely in dragon form on a enormous bed of crunchy stones and gravel, which he prefers to spending the night as a puny human. At the southern end of the cave, concealed by a boulder, a large niche stores the dragon's hoard. After locating the niche (**Perception** DC 25), an intruder needs to break or remove the boulder (**Strength** DC 30) to access the treasure cache.



Toishihebi's Hoard

Toishihebi keeps his hoard hidden behind a boulder in his personal chambers. Toishihebi's looted treasure hoard is worth a total of 58,500 gp, and contains the following treasure.

- 68,811 cp.
- 16,242 sp.
- 9,248 gp.
- 119 pp.
- More than 400 pieces of lead-glazed earthenware—all of which have been carefully cleaned and polished—stored in silk-lined wooden cases. The collection represents various eras in style and decoration (worth 4,000 gp in total).
- Several morbid figurines crafted by the village artisans of the Higashita Coast depicting the ironic and grisly deaths of the subjects (worth 2,640 gp in total).
- Dozens of partial jade statuettes depicting various important persons. All of these are broken in some way, and the bulk of them are nothing more than chunks of jade (worth 2,900 gp in total).
- Several antique masterwork katanas, kamas, and a single masterwork fighting fan (*Ultimate Equipment*).
- A single suit of o-yoroi armor (*Ultimate Equipment* 13) decorated with a floral motif (worth 1,700 gp).
- A pear-shaped, polished silver vase (worth 50 gp) containing a copper necklace (worth 300 gp) set with a blue-green *elemental gem* (water; worth 2,250 gp).
- A particularly exquisite green-glazed *bottle of messages* decorated with spiraling motifs and set with semiprecious stones (worth 600 gp in total, containing a message that has gone unheard since the abandonment of the necropolis, likely from a high-ranking member of the Teikoku shogunate).
- A pair of soft calfskin *burglar's bracers* that have been dyed deep gray and embroidered with dozens of different shaped keys in silver and gold thread (worth 1,050 gp).
- An unassuming soapstone figurine carved in the likeness of a squawking raven with tiny teeth that is actually a *silver raven figurine of wondrous power* (worth 3,800 gp).
- A +1 *advancing katana* (*Ultimate Equipment* 134) with a wooden sheath etched in ancient Minkaian text extolling the virtues of the ancient shogun Teikoku Takeru (worth 18,350 gp in total).
- A *headband of stupidity* (no gp value). Toishihebi knows that this item is cursed, but he keeps it in his hoard in hopes that if any looters find his hoard, they will fall victim to the cursed headband.

TUAN HUY

“The pillars of true leadership are, in order: impartiality, temperance, wisdom, and servitude. Those who attempt to lead without these will be imbalanced, and certainly fall to ruin.”

Age and Race Juvenile sovereign dragon

Lair Majapahit Island in the Minata Archipelago (Tian Xia)

Favored Treasure Carvings embossed with dragon motifs, cloth pillows, divinatory magic items

Minions Samsarans, Tian-Sings, wayangs

Foes Cannibal tribes, criminals, pirates

Tuan Huy’s homeland nation of Xa Hoi is renowned for the leadership of its judicious and impartial dragon rulers. That draconic dynasty has existed for almost 3,000 years, and has endured largely because of the exhaustive training given to Xa Hoi’s future leadership. By the time a mature adult dragon assumes a leadership position of any real administrative consequence in Xa Hoi, she will have partaken in no fewer than 2 or 3 centuries of worth of schooling on subjects including philosophy, religion, military strategy, history, and the arcane arts. Into this exhaustive training process, the sovereign dragon Tuan Huy was hatched. Though Tuan Huy’s future appeared inexorably laid out before him, his karma would chart for him an unexpected course.

Part of Tuan Huy’s leadership training involved traveling with state envoys on diplomatic missions to neighboring countries. As a juvenile dragon, he had mastered the ability to change shape, calm emotions, and charm people—all basics of diplomacy. He had performed admirably on his prior assignments, and was deemed ready for something a little more challenging: accompanying a small diplomatic troupe to the standoffish nation of Nagajor.

Nagajor is governed by a hierarchy of naga matriarchs who rule from the dormant volcano-city of Zom Kullan. Known for being aloof, calculating, and morally flexible, the naga matriarchs inspire great caution from visiting diplomats. Though Tuan Huy was warned never to drop his guard while under the shadow of the Kullan Dei Mountains, even imperial dragons are not immune to youthful curiosity. Enchanted by the wildly exotic appearance of Zom Kullan, Tuan Huy changed his shape into that of a nagaji and slipped into the city under cover of night. Though his nocturnal foray went unnoticed by the Xa Hoian envoys, it did not escape the watchful eyes of the naga matriarchs.

The serpentine rulers dispatched several monks from the famed Order of the Poisoned Fang, who pretended to meet Tuan Huy by chance in a bar. As the night wore on, the trained infiltrators plied the young dragon with exotic

liquors, spiked with *elixirs of truth*, until their unwitting mark had all but abandoned his normally composed demeanor. Insensible, the young envoy revealed secrets about the inner workings of Xa Hoi’s draconic dynasty and the country’s diplomatic strategies. Though Tuan Huy did not rank high enough to know any secrets that could seriously threaten the security of his homeland, he did reveal enough to give Zom Kullan the upper hand in several ongoing trade negotiations.

In the following days, the naga negotiators turned the tables on their draconic counterparts with unexpected ease. By the time the defeated diplomats returned home, the imperial leadership had already deduced the most likely cause of the disaster. The wyrms had only to take a single look at the guilt-racked Tuan Huy to confirm the truth, and they turned his fate over to the famously even-handed Xa Hoian judicial system. Though he had disobeyed direct orders, and given up state secrets to a potentially hostile foreign power, Tuan Huy had displayed enough loyalty in the previous decades to avoid a capital punishment. His lapse was severe enough, however, to warrant his exile from Xa Hoi.

Riddled with shame and guilt, the exiled dragon fled east to Minata. He eventually settled on a tiny island called Majapahit, which is inhabited by a mixture of wayangs, Tian-Sings, and a small samsaran monastery.

Though he was a newcomer to the island, it wasn’t long before Tuan Huy’s imperial training asserted itself, and he began befriending the various local populations. He began to facilitate greater trade, first between tribes on Majapahit itself, and eventually between neighboring islands. His Xa Hoian background makes him an excellent arbiter, and local disputants now come from several islands around to have their conflicts settled by the sovereign dragon.

Over the course of the past 5 years, Tuan Huy has established himself as the *de facto* leader of a small cluster of Minatan islands. His administrative and diplomatic guidance, as well as his imposing draconic form, give his followers an upper hand when dealing with neighboring populations. Each year, more and more islands seek his advice, and each year Tuan Huy’s influence grows.

The irony of Tuan Huy’s exile is that he is learning more about leadership in exile than he ever could have as a protege in Ngon Hoa. However, as gratifying as it is to be a big dragon on a small island, Tuan Huy still yearns for a triumphant return to his homeland.

TUAN HUY

CR 12

XP 19,200

Male juvenile sovereign dragon

N Large dragon

Init +5; **Senses** dragon senses; Perception +21**Aura** frightful presence (120 ft., DC 21)

DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 10, flat-footed 25 (+1 Dex, +16 natural, -1 size)**hp** 161 (14d12+70)**Fort** +14, **Ref** +12, **Will** +15**Immune** dragon traits, paralysis, sleep

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft., fly 200 ft. (poor)**Melee** bite +21 (2d6+12), 2 claws +21 (1d8+8), gore +21 (1d8+12), tail slap +19 (1d8+12)**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. with bite and gore)**Special Attacks** breath weapon (40-ft. cone, 8d6 sonic damage, Reflex DC 22 half, usable every 1d4 rounds), violent retort**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 14th; concentration +18)At will—*calm emotions*, *detect good/evil***Sorcerer Spells Known** (CL 3rd; concentration +7)1st (6/day)—*charm person* (DC 15), *color spray* (DC 15), *true strike*0 (at will)—*daze* (DC 14), *detect magic*, *message*, *read magic*, *resistance*

TACTICS

Before Combat Battle is a last resort for Tuan Huy, and he exhausts all his diplomatic options (including *calm emotions* and *charm person*) before engaging in combat.**During Combat** Once combat is assured, Tuan Huy takes to the skies, using altitude, Flyby Attack, and his breath weapon to wear down his opponents. When his enemies are sufficiently weakened, he engages them in melee, using Power Attack for maximum damage.

STATISTICS

Str 27, **Dex** 12, **Con** 21, **Int** 18, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 18**Base Atk** +14; **CMB** +23; **CMD** 34 (38 vs. trip)**Feats** Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack, Persuasive**Skills** Appraise +17, Bluff +21, Diplomacy +25, Fly +2, Intimidate +25, Knowledge (arcana) +21, Knowledge (history) +21, Knowledge (nobility) +21, Perception +21, Sense Motive +21, Spellcraft +21**Languages** Celestial, Draconic, Minatan, Tien, Wayang**SQ** change shape, dogmatic discordance

Using Tuan Huy

The sovereign dragon Tuan Huy provides an excellent centerpiece for exploring the Wandering Isles of Minata. While each island has its own stories and missions, Tuan Huy is a stable central figure that an adventuring party can revisit throughout their campaign in these lands.

Tuan Huy can assume the role of mission-giver, military general, or mysterious villain.

Civilized Defender: Despite his growing influence throughout Minata, not everyone subscribes to Tuan Huy's judicious Xa Hoian philosophies. Many islands in the archipelago are still populated by pirates, raiders, and cannibal tribes. When Tuan Huy's allies fall prey to one of these predators, the dragon must sometimes dispatch a force to aid the beleaguered islanders. There are few able law enforcers in Minata, and Tuan Huy often offers generous rewards for those willing to take up arms on his behalf.

Homesick Exile: Though Tuan Huy is well respected in his new home, he would jump at the opportunity to rejoin Xa Hoian society. His best chance at earning a pardon would be by ingratiating himself to the Court of the Dragon King. The most likely methods toward this end are by revealing a corrupt Xa Hoian judge, gathering sensitive information about a state enemy, or saving a kidnapped member of the court. However, because Tuan Huy is no longer welcome in his homeland, he'll need to employ proxy agents inside Ngon Hoa's walls.





Tuan Huy's Temple

When Tuan Huy arrived on Majapahit, the vast interior of the island was largely uninhabited. The highland tribes that once lived in this dense jungle had long since moved to the coast, leaving their former villages and temples to ruin. On his initial flyby of the island, Tuan Huy spotted one of these abandoned Tian-Sing temples, overgrown by centuries of neglect. Over the years, with help from his new allies, Tuan Huy refurbished the temple as his new home, earning it the local nickname, "The Dragon Temple."

1. The Temple Gates

A set of bamboo gates is the only opening in an otherwise unbroken perimeter of wooden fencing. The outside face of the gate is ornamental, and once featured carvings of Tian-Sing shamans engaged in ritual ceremonies. In honor of the temple's new inhabitant, the local Tian-Sings created new carvings, depicting a man borne aloft on the back of a dragon.

2. Fasting Towers

Stationed at the four corners of the temple grounds are 15-foot bamboo towers, lashed together with vines and reinforced with adobe. Each tower features a small ladder, which leads to a platform 8 feet above the ground. Straw and palm-frond thatched roofs cover these large hexagonal platforms. Originally constructed for ceremonial purposes, these towers once housed Tian-Sing monks during fasts and prayer vigils. Now the towers remain largely unused, save for two local Tian-Sing lookouts (N human warriors 3; *Pathfinder RPG NPC Codex* 267) that watch over the grounds when Tuan Huy is away on administrative business.

Though they resemble guard stations, the fasting towers are not designed with combat in mind. They lack walls, and provide no cover for exchanges of missile fire. The uncovered bamboo structures also allow potential attackers to easily scale the towers' exteriors.

3. The Jungle Moats

The wooden flooring of Tuan Huy's temple is raised 5 feet off the jungle floor. The gaps in the flooring act similarly to moats, allowing the foliage to poke through the floor. The original intent of this design was to allow the jungle to permeate the temple, creating a fusion between nature and worship. The ancient Tian-Sing tribes believed that nature spirits would be more likely to visit the temple if there was some familiar flora there to greet them.

Now, the jungle moats house a variety of predatory animals, which Tuan Huy and the Tian-Sings encourage; the animals keep the rodent populations down and serve as an ad hoc garbage disposal. Anyone who accidentally falls into one of the moats will likely be harassed by several xtabays (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 289), a snake swarm (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 249), or an emperor cobra (*Bestiary* 2 252).

None of these creatures pose a serious threat to Tuan Huy, though such dangerous neighbors keep temple visitors both wary and respectful during their stays.

4. The Dragon Shrine

On Majapahit, when one visits a temple, it's customary to bring several offerings—one for the temple keepers and one for the spirits one wishes to contact. Though the temple is no longer used for spiritual ceremonies, visitors still uphold the tradition of bringing an offering for the temple keeper. Originally, the monks' preferred offerings would have been rice and fermented bean paste. Nowadays, however, those wishing to consult the sovereign dragon know to bring incense, cloth pillows, and their freshest fruit. An especially onerous petition might even cause hopeful chieftains to bring a suckling pig or a magical item for their host.

5. The Audience Pavilion

Because the weather is so temperate in Minata, very few of the local buildings have walls. Open-air bamboo pavilions with thatched roofs serve to keep the afternoon rain off, while allowing the breeze to blow away the stifling heat. When receiving visitors, Tuan Huy lounges on a large reed mat strewn with cloth pillows, while his visitors sit or kneel on pillows of their own. During such meetings, local Tian-Sing children are often excited to serve tea and fruits to exotic visitors. If Tuan Huy is displeased, he can trigger a trap built into the pavilion beneath the mat.

COLLAPSIBLE MAT

CR 8

Type mechanical; **Perception** DC 25; **Disable Device** DC 25

EFFECTS

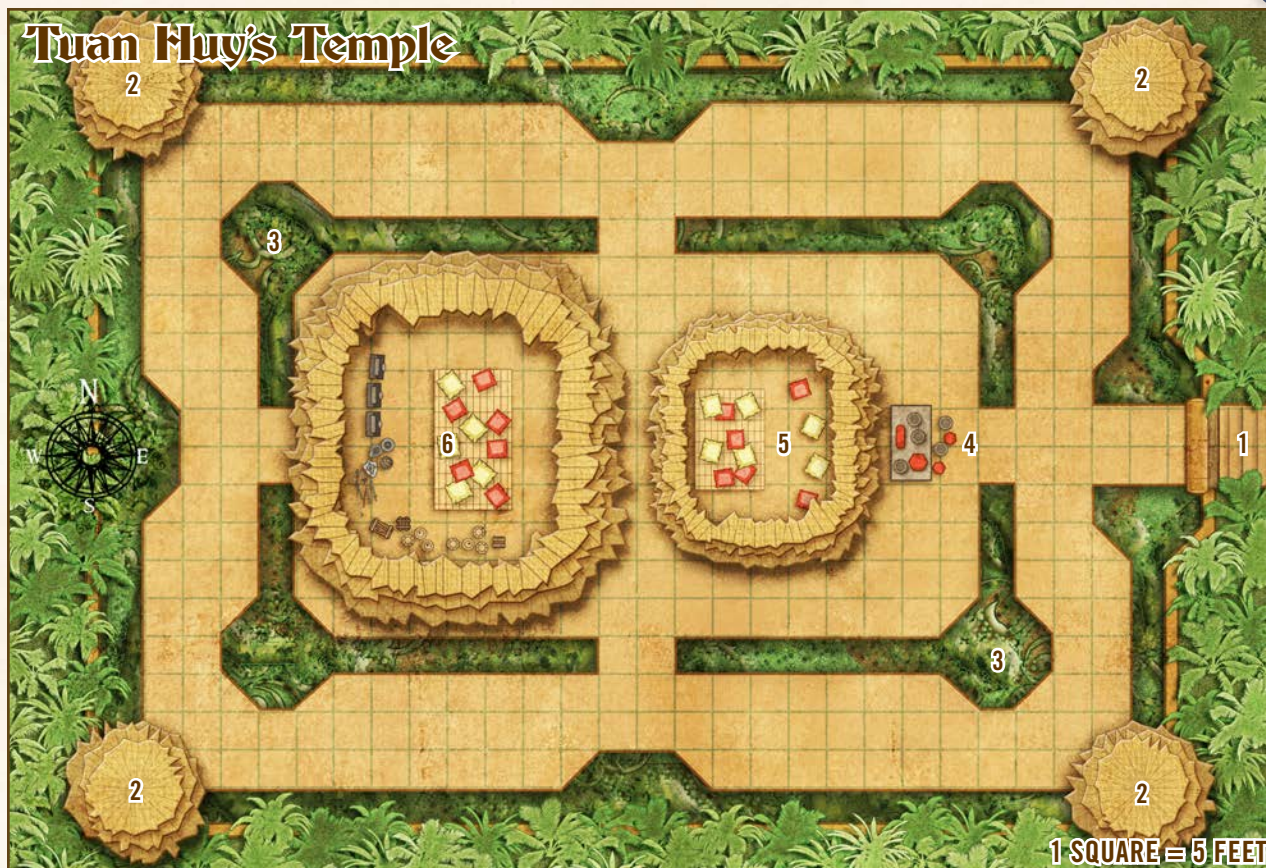
Trigger manual; **Reset** manual

Effect 30-ft.-deep pit (3d6 falling damage); DC 20 Reflex avoids; multiple targets (all targets on the mat). The pit is also filled with a venomous snake swarm (*Bestiary* 3 249).

6. The Treasure Pavilion

This second open-air pavilion is slightly larger than the Audience Pavilion, and serves as Tuan Huy's sleeping quarters, as well as his treasure trove. The dragon sleeps on a large mat covered in pillows, with his treasures carefully displayed around the perimeter of the structure. Unlike many dragons, who simply pile their treasures in a huge mound in some dank cave, Tuan Huy prefers to exhibit his treasures. This gives the space a greater sense of decor and personality, making the exiled dragon feel more at home. Of greater importance, however, is the impression that such a display of wealth makes on visiting dignitaries and petitioners. The sight of a dragon, flanked by an array of treasures and magical items, is quite intimidating to the provincial islanders, giving Tuan Huy psychological leverage during negotiations.





Tuan Huy's Hoard

Though the circumstances of the past several years have given him a newfound appreciation for the rustic lifestyle of his followers, Tuan Huy still yearns for the decadence of Xa Hoian court life. Now that he is a respected leader in his own right, he is beginning to create a luxurious treasure room of his own. Tuan Huy's hoard is worth 32,650 gp, and includes the following items.

- A large, uncut ruby, which could be worth up to 5,000 gp if properly crafted by a jeweler. However, in its present state, it's worth only 1,300 gp. Tuan Huy hopes that upon his triumphant return to Ngon Hoa, he can present the jewel as a token of his fealty to the dragon rulers as a symbol of the potential value hidden within unrefined youth.
- An intricately carved, two-finger bone ring worth 200 gp, which was gifted to Tuan Huy by the shaman of a Tian-Sing tribe. The shaman was grateful to the dragon for successfully negotiating a peaceful settlement to a long-running territorial dispute between rival tribes.
- A *dragonslayer's shield* (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Equipment* 131; worth 7,170 gp), embossed with the image of General Susumu holding aloft the head of an ancient dragon. Tuan Huy took the shield as a trophy of his victory over a brash Xa Hoian warrior who sought to distinguish himself by slaying the exiled imperial dragon.
- A weathered and tarnished +1 *reliable musket* (*Ultimate Equipment* 45, 146; worth 9,800 gp). The barrel of the musket is etched with serpentine scales, while the stock ends in a dragon's claw, which appears to grasp the shooter's shoulder. While this was one of the first magical muskets to ever appear in Xa Hoi from the distant land of Alkenstar, most courtiers considered it a useless novelty. The very young Tuan Huy, however, immediately recognized the viability of such an intriguing weapon, and has treasured it ever since.
- A *page of spell knowledge* (*Ultimate Equipment* 314; worth 4,000 gp), which has all the esoteric instructions for casting the spell *augury*.
- Two *elixirs of truth* (worth 500 gp each), mixed by a local wayang witch for the dragon's use during especially serious criminal cases. The witch has since died, making the remaining elixirs very valuable to the dragon.
- A suit of +1 *spell resistance* (13) *kikko armor* (worth 9,180 gp) paid as recompense by a tribe from a neighboring island, which sent a raiding party to loot a small fishing village on Majapahit.
- Several sticks of *incense of obsession* (no monetary value) mistakenly created by the samsaran monks who inhabit the monetary on Majapahit. Having realized their mistake, they entrusted the items to Tuan Huy for safekeeping.



ZEDORAN

*“You must have courage to come here.
At least enough to fill a flask, I’ll wager.”*

Age and Race: Great wyrm green dragon

Lair: The Pit of Zedoran in the Northern Fangwood (Lastwall)

Minions: Myceloids, orcs, simulacra, yellow musk zombies

Foes: Good fey, Knights of Ozem (and other crusader knights)

Favored Treasures: Bone carvings, potions and alchemical concoctions, rare herbs and plants

Over a millennium ago, the green dragon Zedoran laid claim to the Northern Fangwood, even as the warlord lich known as the Whispering Tyrant ruled the entire region. Despite Zedoran’s seeming incursion into Tar-Baphon’s realm, the lich paid little attention to the dragon. After all, back then Zedoran was but a young dragon, hardly a threat to the powerful lich-king. While Zedoran and Tar-Baphon never communicated with one another directly, the two shared the view that humanoids were meant to be their slaves at best and prey at worst. Their motives rarely clashed, and they coexisted for centuries in a tenuous peace.

From time to time, the orc hordes that served as the Whispering Tyrant’s armies encountered the dragon, and through these unintended envoys Tar-Baphon’s minions made alliances with Zedoran that would last long beyond the reign of their undead master. Many orc chieftains, drawn to chaos and betrayal, fell for the dragon’s promises and lies, and paid tribute to Zedoran even while continuing to serve the Whispering Tyrant. The dragon gladly accepted the orc tribes as proxies to do his bidding in Tar-Baphon’s realm.

When the Shining Crusade defeated and imprisoned the lich-king, Zedoran was perfectly positioned to inherit any orc servitors who survived the crusade’s final push to Gallowspire. He secured the loyalty of the scattered orc tribes remaining in the Northern Fangwood, and they continued to provide a slow but steady stream of tribute to in exchange for the dragon’s aid in keeping them hidden. Nestled within his dark pit in the Fangwood, listening to the occasional snatches of news brought to him from the outside world, and furthering his own studies and experiments, Zedoran waited in the shadows while the crusaders built the nation of Lastwall around him.

The wyrm’s arcane studies focus upon two main fascinations: alchemical distillation—using all manner of life as raw material to produce elixirs—and fungi, which Zedoran sees as a fascinating form of undeath. The dragon thus acquires exotic creatures and components for his brews, captives upon which to test them, and countless

rotting corpses for the fruiting “gardens” of molds, mushrooms, and spores in the dark depths. Zedoran also cultivates and maintains contacts within the criminal underworld outside of the Fangwood, for there are always those who are willing to pay handsomely for his elixirs and don’t ask too many questions about where they came from. The dragon even found a market for his failures, as deadly toxins and ill-fated brews that cause painful death also have their uses. Such allies outside the forest have proven very valuable sources of subjects for the dragon, as well—few criminal organizations balk at paying in captives for what would otherwise cost them extensive quantities of gold.

Zedoran’s cultivation of fungi and exotic flora has led to some useful discoveries, including a colony of loyal minions. During the centuries following the Whispering Tyrant’s defeat, the wyrm cultured myceloid spores. At the same time, the presence of the Knights of Ozem made contact with his orc servitors difficult. The myceloids became useful and loyal servants, and have helped furnish the Pit of Zedoran with plots of shriekers, violet fungi, yellow mold, and the like. The colony of fungal creatures owes him its very existence and worships him as its creator-god.

Over the centuries, many would-be dragonslayers have ventured into the Fangwood seeking the Pit of Zedoran. Most of them find the dragon’s lair eventually, although they generally arrive as captives of the orcs or spore-filled victims of the great wyrm’s fungal minions compelled to find the larger myceloid colony. Those rare few who make it past all the other challenges face the dragon’s sinister mind directly. Those who unwisely engage the wyrm in conversation often find themselves ensorcelled. Fools who charge blindly into combat with Zedoran simply perish, though at least their deaths are comparatively quick and clean. Captives are distilled for their vital essences, which are extracted and kept in jars and flasks. Their soulless husks later become compost and fertilizer for the dragon’s underground gardens.

When Zedoran does venture forth from his lair, it is not to ravage the land in retribution for these would-be dragonslayers, but to whip the orc tribes into a blood frenzy. While the dragon causes a suitable distraction by terrorizing towns in Lastwall, Nirmathas, and Ustalav, the orcs living deep in the Fangwood take advantage of the chaos to capture slaves and tribute or to acquire useful components for their master’s ongoing studies.



ZEDORAN

CR 20

XP 307,200

Male great wyrm green dragon

LE Colossal dragon (air)

Init +2; **Senses** dragon senses; Perception +40**Aura** frightful presence (360 ft., DC 29)

DEFENSE

AC 37, touch 0, flat-footed 37 (-2 Dex, +37 natural, -8 size)**hp** 391 (27d12+216)**Fort** +23, **Ref** +13, **Will** +23**DR** 20/magic; **Immune** dragon traits, paralysis, sleep; **SR** 31

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 250 ft. (clumsy), swim 40 ft.**Melee** bite +33 (4d8+21/19-20), 2 claws +33 (4d6+14/19-20), tail slap +31 (4d6+21), 2 wings +31 (2d8+7)**Space** 30 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft. (30 ft. with bite)**Special Attacks** awaken treants, breath weapon (70-ft. cone, 24d6 acid, Reflex DC 31 for half, usable every 1d4 rounds), crush, miasma, tail sweep**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 27th; concentration +33)At will—*charm person* (DC 17), *command plants* (DC 20), *dominate person* (DC 21), *entangle* (DC 17), *plant growth*, *suggestion* (DC 18)**Spells Known** (CL 17th; concentration +23)8th (4/day)—*horrid wilting* (DC 24), *polymorph any object* (DC 24)7th (6/day)—*control weather*, *simulacrum*, *summon monster VII*6th (7/day)—*disintegrate* (DC 22), *permanent image* (DC 22), *true seeing*5th (7/day)—*baleful polymorph* (DC 21), *polymorph*, *summon monster V*, *teleport*4th (7/day)—*black tentacles*, *dimension door*, *scrying* (DC 20), *stoneskin*3rd (7/day)—*blink*, *dispel magic*, *haste*, *lightning bolt* (DC 19)2nd (8/day)—*alter self*, *detect thoughts* (DC 18), *locate object*, *mirror image*, see *invisibility*1st (8/day)—*magic missile*, *shield*, *silent image* (DC 17), *summon monster I*, *ventriloquism* (DC 17)0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *bleed* (DC 16), *dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 16), *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*, *resistance*

STATISTICS

Str 39, **Dex** 6, **Con** 27, **Int** 22, **Wis** 23, **Cha** 22**Base Atk** +27; **CMB** +49 (+51 sunder); **CMD** 59 (61 vs. sunder, 63 vs. trip)**Feats** Alertness, Bleeding Critical, Cleave, Critical Focus, Flyby Attack, Great Cleave, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Critical (claws), Improved Initiative, Improved Sunder, Iron Will, Multiattack, Power Attack, Wingover**Skills** Diplomacy +26, Fly +12, Intimidate +36, Knowledge (arcana, dungeoneering, local, nature) +36, Perception +40, Sense Motive +8, Spellcraft +36, Stealth +12, Survival +36, Swim +35, Use Magic Device +36**Languages** Abyssal, Auran, Common, Draconic, Elven, Orc, Sylvan
SQ camouflage, trackless step, water breathing, woodland stride

Using Zedoran

Zedoran can be a distant, sinister force manipulating a web of influence from the depths of his pit in the Fangwood, controlling a network of raiders, kidnappers, and dealers in arcane drugs and poisons. He might also present a more direct threat to those who cross him or have the misfortune of attracting his interest, or provide an opportunity for heroes to deal with an even greater threat, if they can brave the dangers of the pit to do so.





Zedoran's Lair

Within the depths of the Northern Fangwood lies a vast sinkhole known as the Pit of Zedoran. Narrow streams of water cascade down its sides, carrying leaves and organic debris and contributing to the layers of moss and lichen covering hanging vines and exposed ancient roots, all dripping mud. The mass mixes into a cauldron of muck in the depths, a nest of tunnels and chambers where the great wyrm sleeps, eats, schemes, and experiments.

Here the forest canopy is thick, allowing only small patches of direct sunlight to reach the moss-covered earth. Within a hundred feet or so of the Pit are patches of shriekers (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 416) that announce the arrival of any visitors with their wailing, and tend to drive away the merely curious, lending to tales of "shrieking spirits" in the Fangwood. Also, throughout the lair grow patches of glowing moss known as shimmer moss.

Shimmer Moss: This patch of purple moss grows on the floor and walls of moist caves. Similar to the glow provided by phosphorescent fungus, it flickers with a subtle lavender glow. Any time a creature steps through a space where shimmer moss is growing, they become outlined in a purple glow for 10 minutes as if affected by *faerie fire*. Shimmer moss doesn't constantly glow, and there are hour-long periods where it looks like any other moss.

1. Cage Lift

At the edge of the pit is a wooden scaffold and platform for a cage lift: a wood-and-wicker cage suspended from either end of a heavy rope that runs along the T-shaped central winch. There are two cages, one at the top of the Pit and the other at the bottom, although they pass each other on their journey up or down. Zedoran's minions manually operate the cage lift; otherwise, the only means of entering or leaving the pit is to climb its slick mud walls or fly. Each cage is large enough to hold eight (tightly packed) Medium creatures or their equivalent in larger or smaller creatures.

2. Central Pit

The bottom of the pit is a muck-filled mire largely open to the air above. The dim light illuminating the pit's floor comes solely from above, filtering through the heavy foliage of the Fangwood and the masses of roots and vines choking the sides of the pit itself. The trickle and drip of water and mud is constant and the air is dank, heavy with the scent of damp earth and decay. Numerous tunnels lead off from the central pit, draped in hanging vines, mosses, and fungi, like living curtains. The simple wooden platform rising out of the mud to receive the cage lift is the only unnatural fixture.

3. Fungus Warrens

The ring of tunnels and warrens around the central pit are home to Zedoran's fungal minions, particularly the myceloid

colony. The myceloids swarm into the central pit at their master's command to confront intruders, and myceloid guards escort prisoners to the great wyrm's laboratory or chambers (or charnel pits) as he wishes.

The fungus warrens are damp earthen tunnels with glowing patches of phosphorescent fungus as the only sources of light. At Zedoran's instruction, the myceloids have cultivated patches of shriekers at key points in the tunnels along with yellow mold, violet fungus, and other deadly fungal traps. The myceloids know the few safe routes to take to avoid any contact. Chambers in the warrens have "beds" of rotting flesh and vegetation used to spore new fungi.

The confines of the warrens are too small for Zedoran to pass in his normal form, and hardly comfortable for smaller creatures, and this is just as the great wyrm intends. Those intent on reaching him must first pass through the ranks of his minions and their various pitfalls. Zedoran rarely leaves his chambers on the far side of the warrens and, when he does, he uses *dimension door* to reach the central pit and climbs before spreading his wings to soar out into the Fangwood. The dragon can also *polymorph* into a smaller shape to navigate the warrens, if necessary. (Thus, when Zedoran is outside of his lair, he has generally already expended at least one of his 4th- or 5th-level spell slots for the day.)

4. Alchemical Laboratory

This vaulted chamber serves as Zedoran's laboratory, study, workroom, and, occasionally, larder. Its floor is hard-packed dirt, set with smooth paving stones and wide ledges that run about 10 feet off the floor and serve as the dragon's workstations, holding various alchemical apparatuses and arcane goods. Both the ledge and the floor of the laboratory feature human-sized accoutrements like shelving (holding tomes, glassware, and other supplies) and climbing ladders, both for the dragon's guests and minions and those occasions when Zedoran works in a humanoid form.

Heavy wooden cages, much like those of the cage lift, hang suspended from the arched ceiling and hold various specimens or prisoners (much the same thing, really) awaiting Zedoran's attention.

5. Zedoran's Chamber

The chamber where Zedoran dwells is slightly smaller than the laboratory, but still vast enough to accommodate the dragon's bulk. It is draped with hanging mosses and floored with smoothed stones covered with a carpet of moss. Small fluorescent buds in the moss shed a ghostly light over the tableau, and one can hear a trickle of water from the small spring bubbling up into a shallow pool along one side of the chamber. Scattered bones are visible in the pool's depths or poking out from the verdant moss, the remains of Zedoran's meals and occasional would-be slayers.



Zedoran's Hoard

Zedoran's considerable hoard consists of the wealth and goods accumulated from his various victims and paid to him in tribute along with some of his arcane discoveries and creations. It is worth roughly 201,000 gp and contains the following.

- 198,265 cp.
- 77,777 sp.
- 35,045 gp.
- 207 pp.
- A large cabinet full of alchemical components, reagents and such, worth a total of 3,000 gp (but difficult to transport).
- Spell components worth a total of 8,000 gp, including 6,000 gp of powdered rubies and 1,500 gp of granite and diamond dust.
- An intricate carving of a skeletal orc warrior made from polished ivory. In the torso of the statuette carefully carved green gemstones are placed to resemble clumps of clinging fungus (worth 1,500 gp).
- Eighteen identical vials blown from red glass that contain samples of some of the Inner Sea's most toxic plants and animals. Though prized, the samples are strictly used for experimentation and testing and have no value outside of an alchemical lab.
- A pair of boots of elvenkind crafted from the hide of a wyrmling green dragon (worth 2,500 gp).
- A selection of dried mushrooms, some of which function as *incense of meditation* when consumed (five uses, worth 2,450 gp each), others of which function as a *potion of poison* (Knowledge [arcana, dungeoneering, or nature] DC 18 to identify unsafe specimens).
- A *helm of opposite alignment* (no gp value), encrusted with onyx and emeralds (worth 6,000 gp in total).
- A *breastplate of command*, matching the *helm* in style and decoration (worth 16,875 gp, including inset gems).
- A foot-tall multifaceted quartz point on a bronze stand, enchanted as a *crystal ball* with *true seeing* (worth 80,000 gp).
- A flask containing the distilled potential of one of the dragon's long-dead captives. The flask is filled with pale green liquid and bears the label "Quickness" in Draconic. A creature imbibing the contents of the flask gains a +1 inherent bonus to Dexterity, as though he had read from a *manual of quickness of action* +1. However, the drinker also experiences an onslaught of phantom memories and emotions belonging to the elixirs' "donor" and must succeed at a DC 20 Will saving throw to avoid permanent madness upon drinking, as if targeted by the *insanity* spell. The flask is worth a total of 27,500 gp.

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