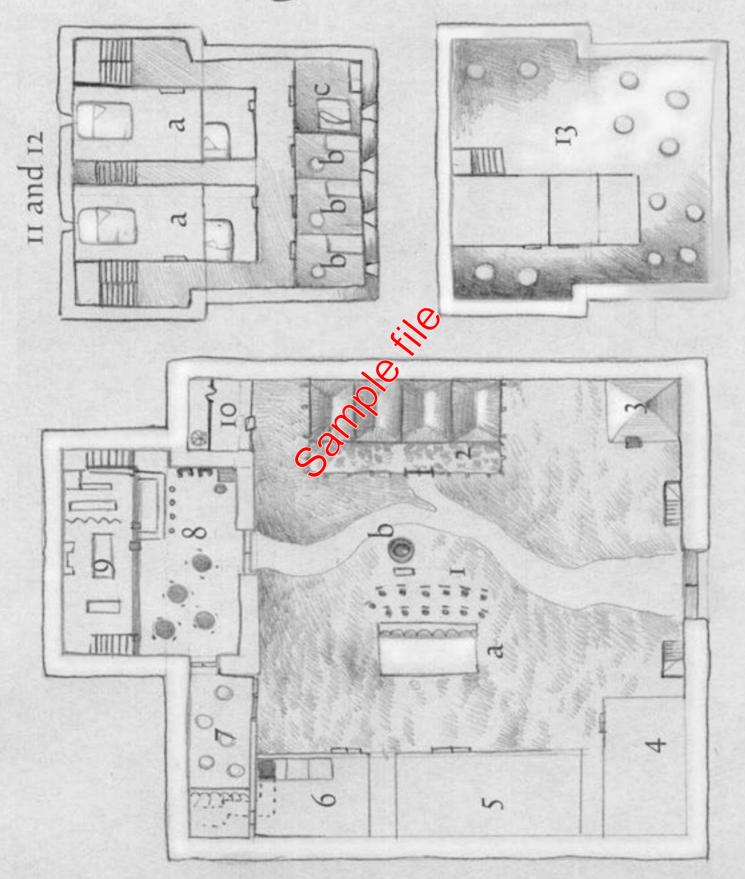


## Twilight's Haven



The Underground Level



## Slayer's Guide

# To Oemons

#### Alejandro Melchor

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#### INTRODUCTION

vil, chaos and destruction; depravation, insanity, unmitigated cruelty. Pain, horror and madness. The ultimate incarnations of darkness, this is what demons embody. As malignant as a necromancer or a demonologist may become, they are still no match for the limitless evil of the lowest dretch. There is no redemption for these outsiders, as they seek only the destruction and corruption of all that exists.

Long thought the most deadly of enemies, demons are so varied that even a party of inexperienced adventurers could face one of the minor fiends and be triumphant, but where there is one demon, there are bound to be others. From the lowest quasit and damned soul to the mighty balors, the hordes of the Abyss are like a boiling mass of putrescent bile ready to spill over into the lands of mortals.

Demons do not follow a strict hierarchy, relying instead on fear and treachery to govern over themselves. They are an embodiment of descriptive madness, whatever form they take. The charthey embrace gives birth to demons of ever shape and purpose; some are simply brutes the peach in pain and suffering of others, while others be subtle manipulators that delight in driving a soul to the depths of depravity. Of all demons, the mightiest are the Brood of Tanar, so varied in form and power that they have effectively wiped out the rest of the demon families, subjugating the remnants and driving them into obscurity. The archdemons rule their own hordes punctuating their wars with the other families by overrunning the neighbouring Planes or extending their influence amongst mortals by promoting evil cults or investing their power in a worthy servant.

Above the eternal strife that marks what passes for life in the Abyss, the Demon Lords rule the infinite layers that make up the lowest of Planes. Occupying the fine line that divides a wicked spirit from a dark god, the Demon Lords are immensely powerful creatures that no mortal hero can ever hope to best. The Dark Lords of the Abyss stake their claim to godhood in ways that threaten the position of even gods of evil.

Demons fight an eternal and brutal war to impose chaos and darkness upon everyone and they have an eternity to wage it.

#### THE SLAYER'S GUIDES

This series of supplements, designed for use in all fantasy-based D20 games systems, takes an exhaustive look at specific monster races, detailing their beliefs, society and methods of warfare. Typically, these will be those races often overlooked by Games Masters and players alike paying little heed to the obstacles that stand in their way as they acquire new levels and powerful magic items.

### DEMONS – THOSE WHO PREY IN DARKNESS

Within these pages you will find a wealth of information concerning demonic essence, the Abyss and other haunts where these creatures thrive and the brutal society in which they exist, giving an additional level of understanding on how these outsiders interact with the rest of the world. Players will learn how to detect and eradicate demonic influence on the Material Plane and the perils of taking the fight into the depths of a demon's home. Games Masters are presented with guidelines on how to introduce these foul creatures into their campaigns. They will also benefit from material demonstrating how to actually portray demons to their players, thus giving their campaigns and scenarios much greater depth.

Finally, a complete evil temple and the Abyssal layer it connects to is detailed, to be used as an extended encounter, the basis for a complete set of scenarios or simply as an example of how these essentially evil creatures exist.

I know that the soft and warm hands that are struggling with the strings of my shirt are not true flesh and blood. While I cannot look past the illusion, I can sense the demonic stench emanating from the Princess' lady-in-waiting. I had agreed to return to the capital after a long absence to help the King, my brother, find and root out the corruption he knew was taking hold of his court. The lady was easy to find. It has not been two weeks since I was appointed the princess' bodyguard, unknown to all that I am actually her uncle, and this hellspawn tries to seduce me.

I play hard to get, instantly aware of her true nature. This foul creature had shared my niece's peaceful moments for far too long, and I hope that no irreversible damage has been inflicted on her innocent soul. She is eager; I can see it even if she is playing the naiveté card. She reaches up to kiss me, she realises her mistake; she realises that I am protected from her evil charms.

She mumbles an apology, trying to continue the charade. I am faster than that. The wards come to life with a single word and the creature cannot pass through the door to my chamber. She turns around, disbelief is resident in those eyes. Nevertheless she is trapped.

'It is pointless to maintain your ruse, demon.' I say calmly fixing my clothing; to my advantage, few people expect someone of my build to be a wizard. 'There is no escape from this room, and your masters will not help you either. You are mine.'

'Of course, sire... I am yours.' Still she tries, casting off her bodice to receive perfect, silky skin. But I know the scales and claws that hide beneath the illusion.

'Do not insult my intelligence, fiend; I can and will destroy you for answers do not please me.'

'You are not a paladin.' The ruse is over and her enchantment of as easily as her clothes. She appears in her true form, both hideous and stunning. 'Yet you resist... and true, I cannot sense the presence of my masters; who are you, mortal?'

'I am your master from now on, so I declare upon the ames of...' What follows is best not discussed, as I risked my very sanity by pronouncing those foul names I have learned from a rather dangerous tome in my possession. The succubus's skin, so like that of a human, drains of colour, and when I an finished, she kneels on the ground.

'A mortal tongue that can pronounce what no mortal mind can comprehend is a formidable and worthy master.' She said again, but I knew she was searching for a chink in my spiritual armour with her flattery. It would not be pride. 'I am honoured to serve you.'

'Then you will answer some questions, fiend.' I opened the chest in my room and put on the tabard I had earned in my days as a knight. 'And remember that I will know when you are lying. How many demons are in this castle? And where are they?'

'There are... six. One you see before you, ready to serve your every desire... two you will find possessing the bodies of the cook and his wife, one torments the Seneschal with dreams of power and two others are the pets of the person who first summoned us.'

'And this person is...'

'Princess Jalienne, of course.' The succubus smiles; she knows I will destroy her as I have promised, but she has made sure to deliver a wound in my soul... with the truth. What she does not know is that I had the power to destroy her permanently, not simply send her back home to gloat on how she and her companions had corrupted my niece.

My little brother will not like this.

