

A MONSTER OF THE WEEK DOUBLE FEATURE

VIDEOSTORE

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1980S
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HORROR



RPG

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For use with Monster of the Week by Michael Sands

TWO GREAT MYSTERIES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

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SINISTER BEARD GAMES



Content warning: Potential violence against children; murder; Nazis; misogyny; incels; cancer; satanism (but like, the horror movie kind).

Mystery Concept

BuildBattle is the most popular game in the world right now - an online shooter where kids build fortresses and try to murder each other in a colourful cartoon battle royale. It's inspired obsessive fan theories, an army of game clones, and many dances, including playground favourite "The Toothbrush". YouTubers like Ali-AR and DanEMO are raking the cash in with their streams of the game. But the devs behind BuildBattle have a sinister plan that's going to culminate on Halloween with the release of the new Season 666 patch.

All in-game screens and clocks in BuildBattle have been steadily counting down to midnight on Halloween this year, a few hours after the patch for the new season will have downloaded onto millions of consoles and PCs around the world. BuildBattle fans have been theorising that it's counting down to some massive in-game event (which they've imaginatively dubbed The Event) that will make huge changes to the game map. The BuildBattle fandom all plan to logon as the minutes count down to Halloween and, for once, not to battle, just all be there to watch the world change. They're just wrong about which world is changing.

Because occult code inserted into the game by its misanthropic creator will kill anyone playing the game when The Event takes place, literally turning their brains to mush. Unless the investigators can stop it, millions of kids (and waaaaaay too many adults) will die at midnight on Halloween.

Also, there are robots for some reason.

Hook

The subreddit /r/buildbattleleaks is a community of dedicated BuildBattle geeks who dig into the source code of the game's patches and try to predict future content before it actually turns up in game. One of their key members is Internet Eve, who claims to be in contact with one of the employees at BuildBattle's development company, Overlong Games. Internet Eve's source was promising some juicy new leaks for her soon, but he never showed.

Instead, the leaker is currently in hospital after a near-fatal accident. Local police claim he was running frantically down the freeway clutching a USB drive and shouting "They're going to pwn them! They're going to pwn them all!" when he was hit by a truck.

Countdown

Day: Internet Eve's source is murdered by a mysterious man with a neckbeard and a BuildBattle t-shirt (featuring one of the game's trademark camel-shaped pinatas) who then calmly sets himself on fire.

Shadows: Key BuildBattle influencers including YouTubers Ali-AR and DanEMO are invited to Overlong Games' headquarters in San Miguel, California, where they are murdered and replaced with bots.

Dusk: The bot versions of DanEMO and Ali-AR encourage everyone to take part in a massive online meetup in BuildBattle to witness The Event together. They screen YouTuber dubs of themselves singing the phrase "Two more days to The Event, The Event, The Event, Two more days to the event, in BuildBattle" made up of autotuned clips of their previous videos.

Sunset: The killer patch downloads successfully onto millions of consoles and PCs worldwide.

Nightfall: Gamers gather peacefully in rounds of BuildBattle in anticipation of The Event.

Midnight: The Event occurs in game. The entirety of the map is destroyed as a gargantuan digital Satan rips up from the center of the map. Everyone watching witnesses the occult signal from the game in a series of flashing images, and their brains rot into mush.

Notes

Despite how batshit the scenario gets, it starts off fairly mundane, and mundane playbooks suit it: The Flake (here dedicated to finding and developing conspiracy theories about BuildBattle) and the literal Mundane; and from the extended playbooks: The Meddling Kid, The Sidekick and The Snoop.

Threats

Botch

Monster: Torturer (motivation: to hurt and terrify, and to own the libs)

Sooooooo... why is a game developer attempting to kill a bunch of children with demonic magic now? It's that evergreen source of entitled white male rage: girls won't touch his penis. Yes, despite the many millions he's made from his enormously successful video games, his absolute belief that he is a Nice Guy (and the many tweets and DMs he sends women daily reinforcing just what a Nice Guy he is) and his charming fedora, Norbert "Botch" Peterson just cannot get laid. So he decided to kill a bunch of people. Happy 2019.

One the guys in his incel subreddit was also a demonic cultist and he clued Botch into an ancient Celtic ritual that can be included in visual art to induce madness or kill - the same ritual that made up part of the mythic play The King In Yellow, in fact.

Botch is a misogynistic, racist dickhead with a chip on his shoulder bigger than a promotional Dorito. He doesn't have much in the way of superpowers beyond an immense amount of privilege and money. And it's not like you can destroy the world by being an angry white dude with immense privilege and power, right?

Powers

Sealioning: Due to his extensive CCTV network around San Miguel, and his hacking skills and army of well-placed stans in the rest of the world, you can't say anything about Botch without him knowing about it. If anyone takes action against him or Overlong games, they may find themselves visited by bots who just want your face to have a civil conversation with their fists.

Harm Capacity: 7 Harm

"Oh, I see the betas are here to stop me."

"Actually, it's about ethics in Satanic rituals."

"This is going to be a real killer app... Fuck you, snowflake, laugh. That was satire, actually, do I need to explain satire to you?"

Bots

Minion: Brute (motivation: to attack and intimidate)

The Bots were developed when Botch was attempting to make himself a sex bot, but he couldn't even convince robots to sleep with him so he turned them into killer assassins instead. He can make them look like anyone, and he's taken to replacing people with unthinkingly obeying murderous thugs. He's had quite a lot of success recruiting from alt-right subreddits, as their personalities hardly require any modification.

Powers:

Rise again: The bots will keep on going till their harm capacity is filled, regardless of any seemingly fatal wounds in the fiction, such as decapitation.

Dog whistle: The bots can summon any other bots in a 12 block radius by emitting a sound outside of the range of human perception.

Attacks

Crushing arms: 3-harm close attack

Armor: 2-armor

Weaknesses

Aversion to water: The bots like to avoid showers. Getting them wet makes their circuits fry.

Harm Capacity: 7

Ali-AR

Bystander: Skeptic (motivation: to deny supernatural explanations)

Ali-AR came up on grown up games like GTA and Call of Duty and resents that he now has to play a kids' game just to keep his massive house, Lamborghini and trophy wife. It's like, sometimes, what's the point you know? The AR stands for assault rifle, he's, like, edgy, yeah? Always wears the same outfit, baseball cap, polo shirt, his stubble always just at 5 o'clock.

"Hey guys, what's up?"

"Yah, look, alright, tell them I'll do the Make A Wish thing if I have to, but that kid better not get any of his cancer on my Lambo."

"No autographs."

DanEMO

Bystander: Innocent (motivation: to do the right thing)

DanEMO came the opposite path from Ali-AR, previously being famous for his elaborate Minecraft videos. Because of this, he kinda has the aspect of somewhere between a children's TV presenter and a giant toddler, and you get the impression he's talking in all caps even though he never shouts. Famous for his brightly coloured dyed hair, he's usually seen wearing a branded Team EMO t-shirt.

"HEY GUYS, WHAT'S UP?"

"THIS EVENT IS GOING TO BE INSANE. THIS IS ACTUALLY INSANE. THIS SHOULD BE SECTIONED AND PLACED IN A MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY WITH A QUESTIONABLE HUMAN RIGHTS RECORD."

"IF YOU'VE ENJOYED THIS VIDEO, PLEASE DO LEAVE A BIG FAT THUMBS UP AND CONSIDER SENDING ME 30% OF YOUR PAYCHECK OR YOUR PARENTS' PAYCHECK TO JOIN TEAM E-M-O."

Internet Eve

Bystander: Witness (motivation: to reveal information)

Internet Eve is a mid-forties housewife hiding behind an anime avatar. She's desperate for some sort of human contact and has been using the Overlong Games employee she's catfished into giving her information she can trade for a modicum of online infamy.

She's being stalked by bots, and so she's now hiding out at her home, after calling in sick to her job at the DMV. Her couch-dwelling husband is only vaguely aware that he has a wife, and certainly doesn't know anything about her online shenanigans or murderous robot nerds.

"These guys have been following me. Sometimes you can't see them, but you can always smell the lingering trail of Axe."

"His leaks were getting weirder and weirder. Like some of the code was tabbed out so it formed a pentagram. Who's even going to see that?"

"I just wanted someone to notice me, y'know?"

Location: Prison (motivation: to constrain and prevent exit)

Overlong Games HQ

Location: Lab (motivation: to create weirdness)

Overlong looks like a typical hipstery office from the outside, but inside it's mostly been stripped bare and converted into a bot factory. Except for the ping-pong table. Gotta keep that.

1d6 landing zones in BuildBattle

- 1d6 bot malfunctions

1. Responds to every question with "U mad bro?" regardless of context
2. Right arm is stuck in a raised position
3. Fingers cramp into OK symbol - unable to pick anything up
4. Skin turns glowing white
5. The bot echoes whatever you say back to you three times
6. Immediately collapse when lightly punched



**ALL ARE
PUNISHED**

Content warning: Torture; sadism; murder of vulnerable people; misogyny; religious imagery; blasphemy; implied incest; body horror; self harm; drug addiction.

Mystery Concept

One of America's most infamous serial killers, Francis Tillerson, has been condemned to Hell for the past 34 years, punished and tortured in uncountable ways by an order of angels known as the Ultor Sacerdotes. Two weeks ago, he escaped Hell with the aid of his secret daughter, Marie.

His body is ravaged by his years in Hell to the point where he is little more than animated sinew and bones, but he's now able to draw energy from murder, and use it to rebuild his ruined form. He's schooled Marie in his methods, and she's bringing him victims - each murder restores more of his body, and soon he'll be able to leave her apartment and stalk the streets himself.

The Ultor Sacerdotes have not taken his escape lightly, and are hunting him down, so the murders Francis and Marie commit are becoming increasingly frequent and risky as they sense time running out.

Hook

Homeless women and girls started disappearing around the area around Saint Evelyn's church a couple of weeks ago, and with increasing frequency. The older residents in the area have started to whisper how much it reminds them of Francis Tillerson - but another, stranger, rumour abounds: deathly pale figures who resemble disfigured nuns have been spotted at the site of every disappearance.

Countdown

Day: Marie picks a girl from the soup kitchen she thinks her father will like and abducts her. They murder the girl that night.

Shadows: Marie tricks Shelley into thinking she's leading her to Becca, but instead leads her to Tillerson, who murders her.

Dusk: Tillerson and Marie murder Rhona, and Tillerson regains his full human form.

Sunset: Tillerson murders Marie to cover his tracks and escapes, but is still pursued by the Sacerdotes.

Nightfall: Tillerson tricks the Ultor Sacerdotes into taking someone else to Hell in his place.

Midnight: A now invulnerable Francis Tillerson goes on a rampage across America that will last till the end of the world. He'll murder thousands, becoming the great American bogeyman.

Notes

Francis Tillerson was handsome; not quite matinee idol handsome, but certainly returning character in a soap opera handsome. He was charming. He had the most open smile, and he did charity work. He volunteered at least once a month at the soup kitchen that ran out of St Evelyn's Church, feeding the city's homeless. And, when he finished his shift, he would track down whichever of the homeless women he had found most attractive that evening, invite them back to his apartment to sleep for the night, and torture and murder them.

He was able to operate like this for years, because nobody was really looking for missing homeless women, and from 1974 to 1978 it's estimated that he murdered more than 50 women and girls. He was eventually arrested when one of his intended victims escaped and identified him to the police, which quickly led to the discovery of human remains in the multiple chest freezers that filled most of his apartment.

Despite insurmountable evidence against him, Francis maintained his innocence throughout his trial and during his years on death row, so that he could mount multiple appeals. It was very important to Francis that he escape the death penalty; he worked out of the St. Evelyn's soup kitchen because that was the church he'd attended as a child, and though he didn't act like it, he still believed every word he'd heard there. He was convinced that on his death, he would be condemned to Hell.

On a cold February morning in 1985, Francis Tillerson was executed by lethal injection. And then, of course, he went to Hell.

In the last year of his life, when it became clear that he couldn't escape execution, Tillerson turned to esotericism in search of an escape post mortem, and discovered the scriptures of the Ultor Sacerdotes. Most importantly, he discovered the way the escape them. There were whispers of an artefact created by a heretical order of monks in 11th century Genoa that would allow someone on earth to open a door into Hell, and rescue their one true love.

This artefact, the Sanguinavem, is a spherical puzzle of brass and burnished teak, which at the time of Tillerson's incarceration was languishing in a private art collection in Manhattan.

During his time at the soup kitchen, Tillerson had attracted the attention of Rhona Pierce with his good looks and easy charm, despite his complete disinterest in her. He used this to his advantage during his trial, where she was one of the very few people willing to act as a character witness for him.

After discovering the fables of the Sanguinavem, he further manipulated Pierce, convincing her that he loved her, and bribing guards to allow illegal conjugal visits, during which time Pierce became pregnant. In her last visit before his execution, Tillerson confided in her about the Sanguinavem, and said that only she, his true love, could rescue him from Hell. She was horrified. She'd always assumed he was innocent as he claimed - and innocent men do not go to Hell.

When she refused to help, his mask slipped, and he attacked her in an animalistic rage, before being dragged off and beaten by the guards. When a distraught Pierce arrived home, she found a parcel waiting for her, containing all of Tillerson's collected research on the Sanguinavem, and letters from him pleading with her to help him after he died. Not even knowing why, she kept it. Her daughter, Mary Pierce, was born in the winter of 1984. Rhona Pierce never told Mary who her father was.

Custom Move: Solving the Sanguinavem

The Sanguinavem is a key to Hell, but it appears to be a puzzle or toy, albeit it a baroque one. By pressing at certain pressure points in the sphere, you can release catches and move sliding sections of the puzzle, transforming it into a pyramid. Doing this is equivalent to a complex ritual; the monastic order that created the artifact used it to record the actions of the ritual in the same way that a music box records a song.

When you **attempt to solve the Sanguinavem** (whether or not you know what that will achieve), roll +Sharp.

* On a 10+, you open a door into Hell, or summon the Ultor Sacerdotes, your choice.

* On a 7-9, you open a door into Hell and attract the attention of the Ultor Sacerdotes whether you want it or not.

Threats

Francis Tillerson

Monster: Devourer (motivation: to consume people) moving to Torturer once he heals (motivation: to hurt and terrify)

When he was alive, Francis Tillerson was a narcissistic, sadistic, misogynistic piece of shit who killed for fun, for a fleeting sense of power and control, and sometimes out of boredom. After returning from Hell, he's still all that, but immortal. He's currently hiding in the basement of Marie Wheatley's apartment block.

When he escaped from Hell two weeks previously he was essentially a skeleton with a few bits of ragged flesh hanging off it. Since then, he and Marie have kidnapped and murdered four homeless women, and the negative energy from their deaths has returned some of the flesh to Francis's body, but he still looks like a shambling medical school cadaver, stripped of flesh and attempting to hide his hideous form under a dirty raincoat that's only getting dirtier as blood and pus from his flayed body seep through it.

Francis is reluctant to expose himself until he's fully healed, but the attentions of the Ultor Sacerdotes are forcing him to act more rashly than he would like; he's already had to abandon both his old, still empty apartment and St. Evelyn's church, where he was hiding previously.

Francis doesn't get any thrill out of killing men, but won't hesitate to attack male Hunters if they get in his way. If he encounters a female Hunter, however, particularly if she's young, pretty or both, he'll stalk and attempt to kill her; Hunters may be able to turn this to their advantage, as he's otherwise unlikely to leave his hiding place.

Powers

Sacrifice The Innocent: When Tillerson commits murder, he absorbs the negative energy it creates to heal himself. If he's been wounded, he'll heal one Harm. He starts quite weak for a Monster of the Week monster as he's still coalescing his form. If he is at his current max Harm (starting at 4) and commits a murder, his Harm capacity goes up by one, and his body appears more human. Once he gets to 7 Harm capacity, he'll appear fully human, though inside he will never be.

Once he's regained his full human form, he moves from the Devourer monster type to the Torturer type, stalking the streets and killing without motive beyond his own pleasure. He can still heal and gain more harm levels with each murder he commits, though it will have no further effect on his appearance. Though he most enjoys killing young women and girls, Tillerson doesn't particularly care who he sacrifices in order to heal himself; he's doing his best to avoid the attention of the Sacerdotes, and he's keeping Marie around for as long as it's convenient, but he plans to kill her once he's fully healed so nobody knows he's back, and will do so earlier if he deems it necessary.

Frame-up: The Ultor Sacerdotes have a hard time recognising humans by their appearance: after all, they change their wards' flesh so much when in Hell with knives, hooks, and anything number of other sharp things at their disposal. Instead, they recognise people's souls.

Tillerson has continued his studies into the Sanguinavem after returning from Hell, and has discovered that by performing a different ritual on the artefact, he can convince the Sacerdotes that someone else is him, with the intent of them returning to Hell in his stead. Aside from the Sanguinavem, he needs a lock of the victim's hair; he may get this himself or use to Marie to get it for him.

Weaknesses

They'll tear his soul apart: Tillerson's only true weakness is the Ultor Sacerdotes. While he's vulnerable to attacks from normal weapons, once reduced to Harm 0 he's returned to his skeletal form and will retreat, but can reform again by committing more murders. However, if the Hunters can lead the Ultor Sacerdotes to him, probably by using the Sanguinavem, they will drag him back to Hell, and take Marie with them if she's still alive.

Harm Capacity: starts at 4, moving infinitely forward with each murder he commits.

"Hey there. My name's Francis. That is just the darlinest hair clip you got there, sweetie. You mind if I touch it?"

"Why don't we go back to mine? It's warm, I got a change of clothes you can have from this girl I used to know who don't need them no more."

"Fucking whore, fucking bitch, this is your fault, you were asking for this."

The Ultor Sacerdotes

Monster: Executioner (motivation: to punish the guilty)

Tillerson is being pursued by four of the Ultor Sacerdotes, Hell's torturers. Strangely dispassionate creatures, they don't care why they are torturing the people left in their care, they simply know that it is what they are there to do.

This is not to suggest that the Sacerdotes don't take pride in their work; eternity is a long time to flay the same piece of flesh over and over, and they're constantly coming up with new and innovative ways to inflict trauma on jaded souls. Martyrs to their work, the angels test their new methods on themselves and each other to ensure the sinners in their care experience the utmost agony. Their once heavenly appearance is twisted and scarred by an eternity of experimentation in the further reaches of suffering, made only worse by the glimpses of remaining angelic beauty.

Their bodies - ostensibly female where a gender can be perceived - have lost much of their consistency due to an eternity of self harm. They're held together by tight black leather habits bound by numerous belts, made from the tanned hides of their wards, cutaway sections displaying scars or wounds of which they are especially proud. They look, overall, like H.R. Giger paintings of nuns in a fetish club.

The Sacerdotes are completely devoid of empathy, and while they are not especially interested in harming the Hunters, they will kill them without a thought if they deem that they are being inconvenienced in their pursuit of Tillerson.

Powers

Always right behind you: Running is undignified, and the Ultor Sacerdotes never move above a casual walk. However, if they're chasing someone, they always seem to be just behind them, and the Keeper can have them appear in any scene they deem appropriate regardless of logic.

Eternal suffering: Anyone being tortured by the Ultor Sacerdotes will remain alive and conscious when all reason says they should be dead. What point is pain if there's nobody around to appreciate it?

Attacks

The right tool for the job: The Sacerdotes always have whatever sharp and cruel tool they need to hand; though they could just have them appear in their hands if they wanted, that's just not quite as impressive as having them fly through the air. Hooked chains are a favourite. 1 - 4 Harm, as the Sacerdotes desire.

Weaknesses

Slaves to duty: The Ultor Sacerdotes cannot be harmed; they are invulnerable to all weapons. The only chance the Hunters have to get rid of them is to lead them to Tillerson, at which point they will peacefully return with their prisoner, who will likely be less peaceful about it.

Harm Capacity: Invulnerable

"Hush now, child. Everything is going to get so much worse."

"It is an honour to be a subject of the Ultor Sacerdotes, to be canvas for the true artists of pain."

"Close your eyes while they still have lids."

Marie Wheatley

Minion: Renfield (motivation: to push victims towards the monster)

Marie Wheatley, born Mary Pierce, was bullied at school for being from a single parent family, and always hated her mother for flat out refusing to discuss her father. Because she hated her mother, she convinced herself that her father must have been some great man; she eulogized an invented version of her absent father in her head. Then she found the books and letters from Tillerson to Rhona about the Sanguinavem. Now was her chance to get the father she'd always dreamed of. Now was her chance to rescue her father from Hell. Think how grateful he'd be.

Changing her name to discourage people from making the connection between her and Tillerson, she got a job at the gallery where the Sanguinavem was about to be sold, and stole it. Opening the door to Hell, she reached in and rescued her father. The invented version of him had muddled in her head with the older men she'd dated throughout college, and her reaction to him was a mixture of familial and romantic love, even in his reduced form. Her incestuous feelings for Tillerson will only grow as he brings her further into depravity, though as a woman, he feels nothing for her but hate.

Harm Capacity: 5

"Oh, hey, do you mind if I sit here? Thanks! Hey, that is such a pretty hair clip, where'd you get it?"

"I love you, daddy."

"You don't know daddy. You don't know the first thing about him!"

Eunice Baptist

Bystander: Gossip (motivation: to pass on rumors)

Eunice, now in her 90s, has been at St. Evelyn's since it was built. She remembers all about when Francis Tillerson was here, both back when he was a kid coming here with a mother trying to put the fear of God into him, and when he worked out of the Soup Kitchen. Eunice will tell you she knew - just knew - that there was something wrong with that kid. Which is bullshit, of course. She just says these things to feel important. But she knows a lot about Tillerson, all the better to back her stories up.

"I knew there weren't nothin' good 'bout that boy since I first laid eyes on him back in, oh, 55, 56?"

"This one time, I caught him stranglin' a dove in the church, if that ain't what you call symbolism."

"He was sweet on that Rhona girl. I tried to warn her off him. He got the devil in him, I told her, but you know how young folk' are. They don't want to listen to Eunice. I think she still lives in the neighbourhood."

Allain Greenleaf

Bystander: Witness (motivation: to pass on information)

Two weeks ago, the Sanguinavem was stolen from the Outlier Gallery where it was on sale for tens of thousands of dollars. Aggrieved gallery owner Greenleaf assumed correctly that the thief was a new employee need Mia Lightridge (Marie under another assumed name), but she used a false address and bank account when applying for the job, and police haven't been able to track her down. He can, however, provide a description that matches Marie's, and knows some of the history and stories of the Sanguinavem.

"I am out literally tens of thousands of dollars, and frankly the police have been treating me like I'm some bodega that's had some knock-off Ray Bans shoplifted."

"No, I'm not idiotic enough to entrust a new member of staff with the security codes, she must have stolen them somehow. No, I don't know how, isn't that for you to figure out?"

"Oh, yes, this is an exquisite piece. Puts you in mind of a young Warhol channeling Caravaggio, doesn't it? Well, it does me. Perhaps we're not all equally skilled in art history."

Rhona Pierce

Bystander: Witness (motivation: to reveal information)

Rhona Pierce still lives in the city. She hasn't seen Mary (Marie) in months and is worried about her; they parted on bad terms after arguing about her father. She doesn't want to talk about Tillerson but will do so if pushed.

"I really don't want to talk about him."

"He was good to me. I never saw him do anything wrong. But the things they told me about what he kept in his refrigerators - I don't want to think about it."

"I think he called it the Sanguinavem. Look, I've told you plenty, now get out of here before I call the cops."

Shelley Ford

Bystander: Helper (motivation: to join the hunt)

Heartbroken street kid Shelley's girlfriend Becca has been missing for just over a week; she was the second girl murdered by Francis and Marie. Shelley's been trying to convince people that something awful is happening, but nobody is paying much attention to her because she's a teenage meth addict. She and Becca attended the soup kitchen on occasion; the last time Shelley saw Becca, she was at a dive bar with another woman that Shelley didn't recognise (Marie). Assuming she was cheating, Shelley didn't enter the bar. She hasn't seen Becca since.

"Excuse me, have you seen this girl?"

"If anything's happened to her, I'll never forgive myself. I'll find her. I'll find her."

"The woman she was meeting? She was old. I'm guessing like thirty four, thirty five?"

Father Lehane

Bystander: Skeptic (motivation: to deny supernatural explanations)

After news of the murders spread in the late seventies, attendance at St. Evelyn's dropped dramatically, and it's taken decades to get it back up to a respectable amount. Father Lehane is very firm that nothing odd is going on in or around the church, and will actively try to prevent the Hunters from investigating.

"I keep telling you, that was almost forty years ago. It absolutely has nothing to do with what's happening. Which is nothing. If I see you around here again, I'm calling the police."

Marie Tillerson's Apartment Block

Location: Den (motivation: To harbor monsters)

Tillerson is hiding in the basement of the otherwise unremarkable apartment building where Marie lives. The stolen Sanguinavem is hidden in a hollow beneath a loose tile in her kitchen.

Hell

Location: Prison (motivation: To constrain and prevent exit)

If things go very wrong for the Hunters, one or more of them may end up in Hell. Nothing written here would do justice to what your players can come up with at the table; Hell is personal, after all.

1d10 Ultor Sacerdotes Body Modifications

1. Skin has been sliced off and reattached in disturbing patterns with jewelled pins
2. Spirals scarred and raised into flesh, somehow spinning
3. Lips sliced four ways and held back with chains attached to their hair revealing chattering teeth
4. Intricate patterns sliced deep into the chest and belly, revealing pulsating black organs beneath
5. Eyes gouged out and kept on a chain around the neck. The sockets are filled with pebbles crudely painted with irises
6. Gills bloodily gashed into the neck, and the mouth and nose stitched up.
7. Their face has been sliced neatly off. The Ultor Sacerdotes carries its still living face around in a gilded frame.
8. The Sacerdotes' feet and hands have been sawed off and swapped, reconnected with bronze shackles. It walks on its arms.
9. Taut chains run from the Sacerdotes feet to their jaw, where they are bolted in. Its mouth opens and closes spasmodically as it walks.
10. The Sacerdotes' jaw has been removed and replaced with a golden thurible that constantly puffs incense. The smell is not enough to cover the overpowering scent of rot.