

**MUTANT
CHRONICLES**

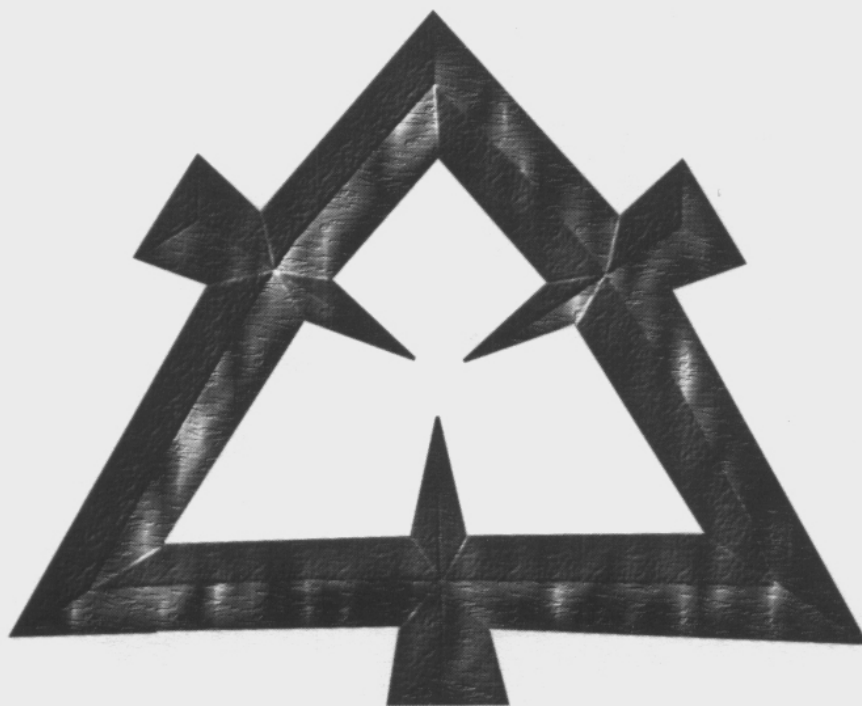
ILIANTM



MISTRESS OF THE VOID

ILIAN™

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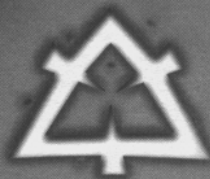
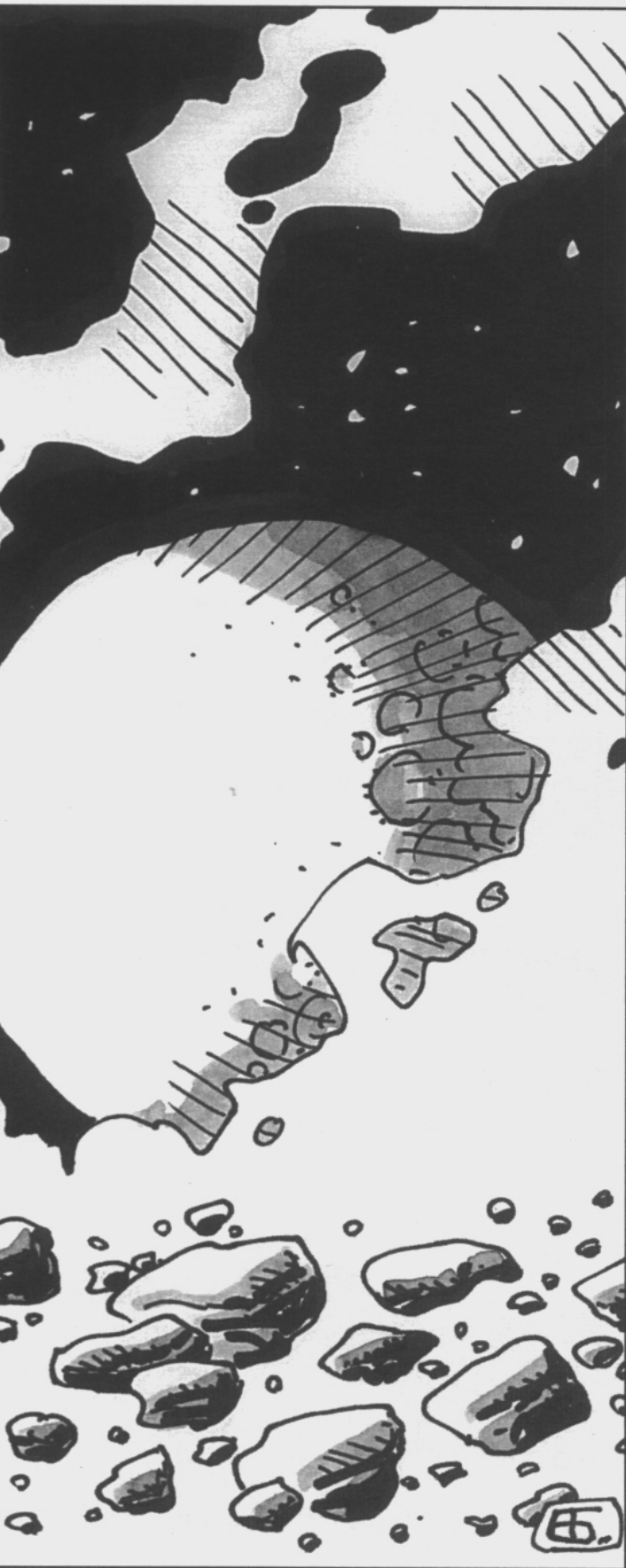
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THE LIBER HERETICUS

In the beginning, there was naught but Darkness. It was pure and simple and untainted by shape or form.

Then came the Light. It scorched its way into the darkness, marring the smooth beauty of reality with its unnatural essence, cauterizing the wounds it had caused by its mere presence. The Light shone into the very corners of the Void, carving out pockets of resistance against the inevitable return of the Darkness.

Before the coming of the Light, there was no such thing as Death. Only Life made such a horror an inevitable part of existence. In the days before Light, all was immortal and immutable, and naught disturbed the ineffable Symmetry of the Darkness.

With the coming of the Light came Life and its partner Death. Many creatures across the universe struggled with their own existence, and some peoples, like ours, were strapped with the horrible burden of self-awareness.

We sentient beings are among the most damned. Unwillingly ripped from the Darkness and thrust into the Light at our births, we wander throughout our meaningless years, struggling to find some meaning in the Light that blinds us to even the Darkness within our souls.

It is that Darkness that we yearn for with every fiber of our very selves—a return the Symmetry of what was before the Light separated us all from each other. In the Darkness, none were distinct. We were all One.

The coming of the Light has fractured the Great Darkness into an infinite number of shards, few of which are ever actually able to even grasp just what it is that we have lost. You are among that privileged few, we who those blinded by the Light disparagingly refer to as Heretics.



THE GREAT DARKNESS

The true Great Darkness has been shattered, its essence filling the souls of those tortured with the awareness of their own abominable existence. But some of the shards are larger than others.

The greatest remaining portion of the Great Darkness is known to us as the Dark Soul, although that name is as impossibly useless as any would be to describe something that has existed since long before there were such hollow things as names. Ever since the Sundering, the Dark Soul has striven to extinguish the Light, thereby reuniting us all in the blessed Eternal Night.

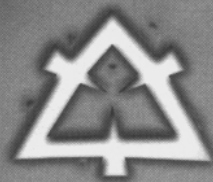
It is ironic that the only means that the Dark Soul has at its disposal to unsunder the Great Darkness is ourselves, the end results of the very Sundering itself. Only by the work of our hands and the other more supreme entities in its service can the universe be finally returned to its natural state.

To that end, we Heretics work with the other servants of the Dark Soul to bring about the end of all that is so that reality might be returned to what it once was. We are the foot soldiers of the Dark Legion.

We follow the teachings of the five great Dark Apostles, the chosen lieutenants of the Dark Soul. From mighty Algeroth, we learn the art of war. It is Muawijhe's madness that shows us the way to the loss of self that inevitably comes to us all, whether through insanity or death. Semai teaches us the hatred of ourselves and others that gives us the drive to extinguish the Light, magnifying the bits of the Great Darkness that we find in ourselves. With the aid of Demnogonis, we spread decay and lingering deaths to those of the Light, that they might recognize the futility of existence.

But it is to Ilian that we owe the greatest debt.





THE COMING OF THE DARK SOUL

For millennia, the Dark Soul was prevented from interacting directly with human souls by powers beyond our ken. This came to an abrupt end when we had the hubris to launch ourselves far from the cradle of our people in an attempt to conquer the stars as we had our own solar system. When prideful Imperial managed to reach Nero and break the First Seal of Repulsion by their very presence, they loosed upon humanity the Dark Soul itself.

In its unknowable wisdom, the Dark Soul choose not to simply overwhelm us by virtue of its mere presence. Instead, it developed missionaries to come to us and to sway us away from the blinding presence of the Cardinal and his thrice-damned Light. The first among these was Ilian, the Mistress of the Void.

It was Ilian that first encountered humanity, using the powers granted to her by the Great Darkness to foul the technology that had been the source of our greatest pride—

as well as our downfall. Soon after, the thinking machines that we had trusted with our lives began to fail, and the solar system was plunged into a glorious time of Darkness known as the Dark Ages.

The oldest and wisest of the Apostles, she has watched humanity struggle back from the edge of Darkness, led back toward the Light by the Cardinal and his accursed Brotherhood. However, she was not discouraged by this turn of events, as no matter how bright the Light may become, there are always shadows, pockets of Darkness in which the servants of the Dark Soul can survive and even thrive.

Darkness is a form of chaos, and Light that of order. The natural state of the universe is chaos, and eventually the order of the Light will fail, and all will return to Darkness. We need do nothing but wait. Time is on our side.

But the Dark Soul is impatient, and its children even more so.

THE WAY OF ILIAN

Ilian is about subtlety, infiltration and seduction. She is not as crass as her brothers, the four other Dark Apostles. She works by quieter means.

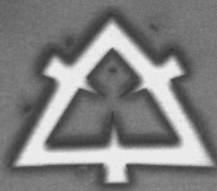
In many ways, Ilian is the most and the least powerful of the Apostles. She takes the least direct action, but it is only through her will that the others are granted access to the Dark Soul, and through it, the Dark Symmetry. It is she that controls the mystical powers of the substance from which our aberration of a universe sprang, and without them, the powers of the other Apostles would be greatly reduced.

In exchange, Ilian's brothers grudgingly bestow upon her more earthly powers, those of war, pestilence, madness

and spite. They trade services and technology, unknowingly or helplessly advancing the schemes of she who is closest to their Dark master.

The followers of Ilian are not interested in ephemeral things like money or glory. We desire power, pure and simple. In exchange for pledging our souls to be returned to the Great Darkness from which they sprang, we are granted that power.

The wisdom to use that power wisely comes from the cells of our siblings, the Heretic cults as the Brotherhood terms us. Without such guidance, we would surely fall into the Darkness before our usefulness had been fully exploited.



ILIAN AND THE OTHER APOSTLES

As you know, the Cardinal's clowns aren't the only ones with whom we of the Cult of Ilian must struggle. The minions of the other Apostles—those whom we sometimes call friend and other times foe—also struggle against our Dark mistress. The Light has infected them with some sort of madness which makes them believe that they might someday challenge the power of the Dark Soul.

The theory is that the entity that is in power at the time that the Great Darkness is reassembled will, in fact, become the Great Darkness, having ultimate power over all. In her wisdom, Ilian knows that this is not so. As we go, each of us is absorbed by the Dark Soul—Heretics, Dark Legionnaires and Apostles alike—as it reassembles itself into the Great Darkness, of which it is now only the simple essence.

As the Mistress of the Void, Ilian's power is second to only that of the Dark Soul itself. She is destined to be the last piece to be absorbed into the Dark Soul, and when they merge, the Great Darkness will have finally triumphed over all!

Knowledge of this inevitability has not dissuaded the other Apostles from their schemes and their plots.

ILIAN AND MUAWIJHE

As the second of the Dark Apostles, Muawijhe owes Ilian a great debt. Were it not for her initial preparations in our solar system, the way for the Lord of Insanity would never have been paved. Still, the mind of the weaver of the Great Madness is incomprehensible to most, and his insane machinations test the reason of even our Dark Lady.

Occasionally, we work with Muawijhe's fount souls, but these alliances are never long standing, as the essence of their lord's nature makes them unreliable at best. Even so, of all the other Apostles, Muawijhe never actively works to deplace Ilian from her position of favor with the Dark Soul. At least not in a way that anyone could possibly ever understand.

ILIAN AND SEMAI

Our lady's relations with her second brother are strained. This is mostly due to the fact that the King of Lies has sided firmly with Algeroth in his bid to remove Ilian from power and take over her position as the leader of the five. In retrospect, this seems only inevitable. Ilian's more subtle strategies do little to advance the open anger and thirst for revenge that Semai feeds upon. In stark contrast, this is something that Algeroth's armies do quite well.

We ally ourselves with the Cult of Semai rarely, and only then when we are sure that we can maintain the upper hand at all times. The cultists of the Duke of Deception can never be trusted for any length of time. Sometimes it seems that they lie simply for the sake of it, making them dangerous partners in any endeavor.

ILIAN AND ALGEROTH

Ilian and her third brother are nearly openly hostile with each other. Only the possible disapproval of the Dark Soul prevents our mistress from eliminating the war-mongering upstart once and for all. As the most visible of the Dark Apostles, though, the Demon of Destruction serves to keep the Cardinal's attention focused elsewhere. For this, if nothing else, the Prince of War has his usefulness.

The methods of the minions of Algeroth clash so directly with ours that it is rare that we would ever find it beneficial to work with them. Their arrogance and hostility toward us makes such an occurrence even less likely.

ILIAN AND DEMNOGONIS

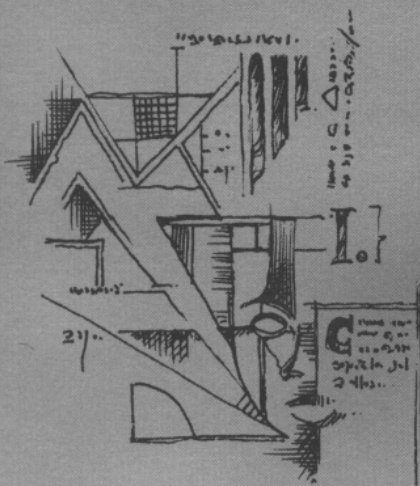
The youngest of the Dark Apostles is a solitary sort. He is content to spread malaise in the wake of the others, working his Dark will in a quiet manner that fits in well with our own lady's style. However, he is only interested in wallowing in illness, a crass and unclever means of furthering the Dark Soul's cause.

We rarely work with the plague bearers of Demnogonis, if only for the simple fact that they are extremely contagious. Being cut down in the prime of our lives does little to extend our usefulness to the mistress.



If you're loopy, give Muawijje a call. The voices in your head will let you know how.

If you want to be the boss, though, if naked ambition is your game, then you've come to the right place.



Ilian is about power. All of the other Apostles and their cults have their place in the grand scheme of things, but never forget this: The grand scheme is Ilian's.

Money, glory, military might—these are all means to an end. They're merely signposts by which we can measure our power, our ability to influence others.

A long time ago, a man wrote that power was a boot stomping on someone's face forever. Well, humanity wears that face, and the Dark Legion is the boot. We're the ones wearing it.

Blackmail, seduction, backstabbing, dealmaking, conning, lying, cheating, stealing—these are the tools that we use to gather power. Never confuse the tool with the design. We're not about those things. We use them as we see fit, as a carpenter would use a nail gun to slap together a house's frame. Again, the house's name is power, and if you stick with us, you'll live in it in style.

Like any house, Ilian's house of power has a structure. Those on the top can be swept away without a solid foundation. Right now, you're part of that foundation.

You and your compatriots are out there on the front lines, working behind the scenes to sow troubles among those that would compete with us, the rest of doomed humanity. This is

a race to the finish, and you're going to be glad you sided with the winning team.

Your immediate superiors are the house's frame, without which the rest of the building could not stand. These people are generally middle management in every one of the megacorps, the Cartel and even the Brotherhood itself.

Then there are the Priests, the Nepharites and Ilian herself. They live in the house. One day, if you're the best, you might too.

Our house is built on the prototypical cell structure, same as the Cult of Algeroth, for instance. You know no one but those in your own cell and your immediate superior. That way, if a cell is compromised, we can amputate it before the trouble spreads.

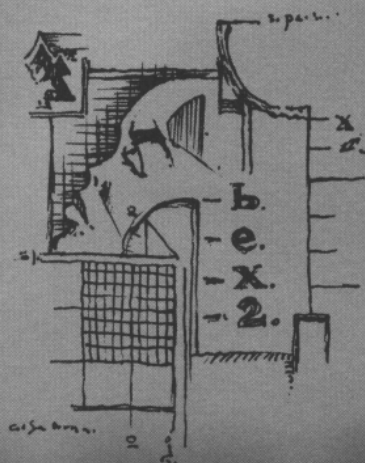
Because of this, you might not always understand why it is that you're being asked to do something. If you want to get ahead, just shut up and do it. You're not given the full picture on purpose. Every one of us plays a part in creating a larger whole.

Remember the siege of Valley Forge? Thousands of Imperials and Capitolians lost their lives fighting each other while the Dark Legion just got stronger and stronger. Who do you think arranged that?

That's what we do, and you know what? Most of our cult members had no idea that they had helped to bring about the siege until it was well underway.

They didn't need to know. They just needed to trust in Ilian's grand scheme and to follow her orders.

Remember that, and you'll go far.



BECOMING A HERETIC OF ILIAN

To get as much as you possibly can out of this book, you should have access to both *Mutant Chronicles™: The Techno-Fantasy Roleplaying Game* and *Algeroth: The Apostle of War*. The concept of roleplaying (or at the very least fully developing) a heretic was first introduced in the basic RPG, and it was greatly expanded upon in *Algeroth*. Both books are invaluable in the creation of Heretics of the Cult of Ilian.

Members of the Cult of Ilian are special sorts of Heretics. They aren't the kind that you normally see on the news or in the papers. They are the men, women and creatures that hold positions of power across the solar system. Some of them serve on Capitol's board of directors, and others can be found in high-ranking positions in the Cartel. A rare few are even deep within each of the Brotherhood's directorates. Just about the only place that



A FOOL'S ERRAND

Walter Philsok entered Director Hogan's office with trepidation in his heart. He'd been written up by his supervisor three times in the last three months for incompetence on the job. He was sure that he was about to be demoted for his latest offense.

"Come in, Philsok," the Director came out from behind his desk to shake the junior bureaucrat's hand. "I've been looking forward to meeting you in person."





"Thank you, Director," Walter swallowed hard as he made his way to the chair in front of Hogan's desk. He sat gingerly on its edge as Hogan returned to the high-backed, leather executive's chair behind the mahogany monolith. He was mystified by why the Director himself would choose to call him in for this reprimand. There were several levels of management between the two men, and a lesser bureaucrat could surely have delivered Walter the bad news.

"I suppose you're wondering why I called you here," Hogan began, his voice sounding vaguely familiar. Walter supposed he'd heard it in the halls before and just not known who it was that had been speaking.

It was a moment before Walter realized that the Director was waiting for him to respond. He was more nervous than he had ever been in his life. This whole thing was so confusing to him.

As a member of the Cult of Ilian, a Heretic, Philsok had made a bargain with the Darkness. In exchange for his immortal soul, the Mistress of the Void would ensure his rapid rise to power. As a child in the Freedom Lands, Philsok had always dreamed of becoming a Director, just like Hogan. He just hadn't been willing to work that hard for it. So he had taken what seemed at the time like the easy way out. Cut a deal with Ilian, and he'd be on Easy Street soon enough.

Unfortunately, things hadn't worked out that way—yet. Walter had gotten orders from his superior in the cult to



they have yet to be found is within the ranks of Cybertronic's employees.

Heretics of Ilian are created similarly to regular characters. They may choose any career in the *Mutant Chronicles* RPG or any of the other sourcebooks released to date, with the exception of those particular to Cybertronic or the Cult of Algeroth. As always, your GM can deny you any career, however, if it would not fit in well with your current game or campaign.

Creating a Heretic of Ilian is simple. Start out just like normal. Generate your Basic Capabilities, roll on the appropriate Adolescence Events table (depending on whether you're a freelancer or a member of a megacorp) and choose your Adolescence Skills. Then choose a background and work your way through the remainder of character creation normally.

BECOMING A HERETIC

If you want your character to become a Heretic of Ilian, you must declare when this happens during the character creation process. You then continue working through your background repetitions normally. The only difference is that roll on the Ilian Heretic Special Events Table from there on out. Also, you must check at the end of each repetition to determine whether or not you've been discovered.

DISCOVERY

Ilian cultists tend to be a lot more subtle than those of Algeroth. At the end of each background repetition, roll 1d20. If the result is less than or equal to half your level as a Heretic (don't round off for this purpose), you've been discovered.

Subtract -1 from your discovery roll for each Stigmata you bear. If you ever begin Degenerating, you're automatically discovered.

Ilian has little use for those whose cover as a Heretic has been blown. Hers is the subtle way, and it is easier to cut loose such losers than keep them on and risk even more Brotherhood intrusion into the cult. Only in the most exceptional cases will she take in a discovered Heretic to labor as Priest in one of her rare temples.

If you qualify, you can take up a career as a Priest of Ilian. Otherwise, you're on your own and must start your adventuring career immediately. Since the Brotherhood now knows that you're a Heretic, your life expectancy has just dropped dramatically. This is particularly true since Ilian doesn't

like to have her ex-cultists running around loose. Every one of your former co-cultists are going to be after you as well.

As a Priest of Ilian, you must still check for discovery after every background repetition. If you fail the roll, your temple has been discovered by the Brotherhood and destroyed. Again, Ilian doesn't treat failures well, particularly two-time losers. You must begin your adventuring career right away, on the run from the Brotherhood and your former fellow cultists.

SWITCHING ALLEGIANCE

Alternatively, you can switch allegiances and take up as a Heretic of another Dark Apostle. To manage this, you need to approach a cell of the Apostle of your choice and be accepted by them. During character creation, this is represented by rolling 1d20. If you roll over your rank as a Heretic, you've been accepted by the cult. Otherwise, they refuse to trust you and try to tear you to pieces.

If you succeed, you start off in the new cult with half your rank in the old cult (round down). If you fail, you now have another cult of Heretics after you in addition to the Cult of Ilian and the Brotherhood. Good luck.

THE BROTHERHOOD

If you happen to be a mole inside the Brotherhood, your chance of discovery increases dramatically. If your discovery roll is less than or equal to your rank as a Heretic (not half your rank as is normally used), you've been discovered.

If you're discovered, you're declared Apostate in addition to all your other troubles. The Brotherhood is a bit touchy about being infiltrated by Heretics, and they plan to make a rather visible example of you.

REWARDS OF ILIAN

With all the risks involved, why would anyone want to be a Heretic of Ilian? Because its a quick route to power, of course.

After each background repetition you spend as a Heretic, but before you check for re-employment or discovery, you gain one level in rank as a Heretic of Ilian. Also, you gain 1d3 new Dark Gifts instead of just one.

In this way, Heretics of Ilian gain power from their mistress rather quickly. However, this increased contact with the Dark Soul can have detrimental effects on the human body. This is reflected physically in the potential for the character to undergo Degeneration.

Also, as a part of the Cult of Ilian, you automatically have friends in high places. These people see it in their best interest to ensure that you are promoted rapidly up through whichever

kind of corporate (or Brotherhood) ladder you've chosen to climb. Subtract -2 from your roll every time you check for re-employment.

TRANSFIGURATION

While transfiguration is relatively common for followers of Algeroth, it is extremely rare for those in Ilian's service. It is by no means an eventuality. In fact, it is often the result of a fall from favor.

Transfiguration can occur due to a roll on the Ilian Heretic Special Events Table, or possibly because the character has been discovered and offered a chance to become a Priest of Ilian. If this happens, the character may then be sent to one of Ilian's secret temples for the process of being transformed into a Changeling.

The only other type of Transfiguration that can befall a Heretic of Ilian is to be chosen to become one of Ilian's lieutenants: a Nepharite. This is the ultimate honor, as it permits the Heretic to become an icon of personal power. See below for more details.



sabotage certain shipments of arms from Sherman Arms. He had rerouted them from their supposed destination in the Doughpits to a mostly abandoned warehouse district in San Dorado. He'd been assured that his actions would be covered up by others in the cult. Apparently they hadn't.

Still, what he'd done had been nothing compared to a higher-ranking Heretic somewhere in Sherman, Inc. According to rumors from the other





ILIAN HERETIC SPECIAL EVENTS

2 DISCOVERED! • You have been uncovered as a Heretic and reported to the Inquisition. You are now on the run from both the Brotherhood and your former fellows. Your name is on the Inquisition Files, and they will hound you relentlessly. If you are a Priest of Ilian, your temple has been discovered and destroyed. Begin your adventuring career at once.

3 DEGENERATION. You have proven uniquely susceptible to the warping influence of the Dark Technology. The hideous process of Degeneration (see below) has begun. This occurs even if you have acquired no Dark Gifts! Progress to the next stage of Degeneration.

4 STIGMATA. Despite the fact that you have no Bio-Technological Gifts, you have acquired a lesser and potentially concealable form of Degeneration. Roll on the Bio-technological Gifts Table (see *Algeroth*) and take the Stigmata. You don't get the associated Gift.

5 REPULSIVE. • Exposure to the Dark Symmetry, or perhaps just the endless pollutants that saturate the environment, has resulted in a non-incapacitating Physical defect. You may have a hunchback or a harelip or a spectacularly ugly face or give out a particularly pungent odor. This makes you immediately recognizable and distinct. Negotiate the exact nature of your defect with the GM. Under any circumstances, you should be repulsive.

6 HUBRIS. You've become extremely proud of just who you've become in Ilian's service. Unfortunately, this makes you much more likely to be discovered. Add +2 to your discovery roll.

7 NASTY. You think everyone's beneath you. Take -2 from your PER.

8 ARROGANT. You've managed to even annoy the people within the Cult of Ilian, not to mention your so-called co-workers. Add +3 to your re-employment rolls.

9 CRIMINAL RECORD. You have unfortunately acquired a criminal record, one that will follow you around for the rest of your life unless you acquire a new identity.

10 POWERFUL FANATIC ENEMY. • You have enraged one of your superiors in the service of Ilian. You can now look forward to a choice selection of the most difficult and dangerous missions, as well as having your own plans blocked and thwarted.

11 PART OF UNEMPLOYMENT PROGRAM. • Should you ever become unemployed, you may automatically choose the Student background

instead, regardless of entrance requirements. You do not have to make an INT/PER roll to get in.

12 GOOD NEGOTIATOR. You always have +2 on your Social Standing rolls.

13 GLAMOROUS EMPLOYMENT. • You have a particularly high profile in your line of work. Add +1 to your PER modifier for your current employment.

14 CONTACT WITHIN A MEGACORPORATION. You have a contact within one of the other Megacorporations. (Roll 1d6. 1=Bauhaus, 2=Mishima, 3=Cybertronic, 4=Imperial, 5=Capitol, 6=The Cartel. Reroll if you roll your own corp.) The GM decides exactly how this contact works but it should be a considerable advantage whenever the character wants information about that organization's doings, to get an entrance pass to one of the organization's official buildings, bailed out when arrested by one of the Corporation's security agents, etc.

15 SELF-DEFENSE TRAINING. You can have one free pick in the Firearms and Combat Fields of Expertise.

16 TECHNICAL CRASH COURSE. You may have two free picks from the Technical Field of Expertise.

17 ADMINISTRATION COURSE. You may make two free picks from the Communications Field of Expertise.

18 GYMNASTICS CLASSES. You may make two free picks from the Movement Field of Expertise.

19 EVENING CLASSES. You may make one free skill pick.

20 INTERESTING CHARACTER. Your experiences always seem to fascinate people. Add +1 to your PER value.

21 INTENSE PHYSICAL TRAINING. By dint of rigorous physical exercise, you have added +1 to your STR value.

22 STRONG WILL. Constantly overcoming challenges has toughened your mind. Add +1 to your MST value.

23 HEALTH CARE. All that attention to a healthy diet and lifestyle is paying off. Add +1 to your PHY value.

24 HOBBY GYMNAST. Add +1 to your COR value.

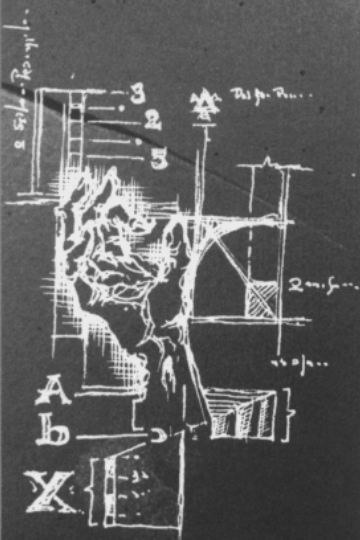
25 GOOD IMMUNE DEFENSE. • Your body is extremely resistant to alien organic substances. Add +5 to your PHY every time you

Acolytes in Walter's cell, one of their superiors had actually managed to arrange for Sherman's most popular sub-machine gun, the CAR-24, to have a terrible defect that caused the last three month's production to misfire badly. Many Capitol soldiers had died as a result, their weapons failing on them when they were needed most.

Rumor also had it that this particular Heretic of Ilian was close to having his cover blown. Sitting in the chair opposite from Hogan, Walter thought he must know exactly how that person was feeling right now.

"No, Director," Walter finally answered, "I think I know why I'm here."

A smirk crossed the Director's face as he leaned forward, his hands folded before him on the mirror-polished surface of the cherry-stained desk. "No, Walter, I don't think you do."



have to make a roll against disease, parasites, etc. Also subtract 1 from the number of Gifts you possess when checking for Stigmata.

26 **EXTRAORDINARY CHEMICAL RESISTANCE•**. Your body is extremely resistant to artificial substances. Add +5 to your PHY every time you have to roll to resist poisons, drugs or gas.

27 **GIFTED CHILDHOOD**. You get two free picks, but not in the Special Field of Expertise.

28 **WEALTHY BOY/GIRLFRIEND**. Your chosen partner of the moment is both extremely wealthy and extremely generous. Add +1 to your Social Standing. As always, 10 is still the maximum.

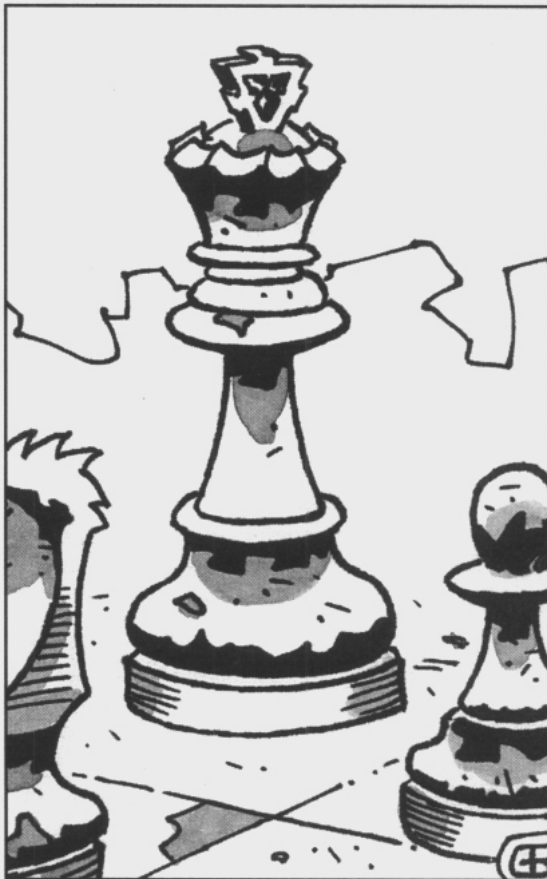
29 **HOBBY ATHLETE•**. Add +2 to your STR and PHY. Should your Social Standing ever drop beneath 4 (or its current value if that is less than 4), then you must remove these bonuses.

30 **CONTACT IN POLICE DEPARTMENT•**. This can be very useful, as you may be tipped off about upcoming raids, which areas will be heavily patrolled, etc. Also, you will never, ever have a criminal record unless you are discovered to be a Heretic, in which case your contact is probably now enjoying the accommodations of an Inquisition Torture Cell. If not, he or she will certainly never, ever talk to you again.

31 **CONTACT WITH CULTISTS OF ANOTHER APOSTLE**. On a combined mission, you have made the acquaintance of a high ranking Heretic within the Cult of another Apostle. They will provide you with all sorts of information regarding the doings of that Cult. Beware! This is a two-edged sword. The information may be false, or they may even be trying to recruit you. (Roll 1d4. 1=Algeroth, 2=Semai, 3=Muwajjhe, 4=Demnogonis.)

32 **CONTACT WITHIN THE BROTHERHOOD**. You have a contact within one of the directorates. (Roll 1d1. 1=Mystics, 2=Inquisition, 3=Mission, 4=Administration. Reroll if you roll your own directorate.) The GM decides exactly how this contact works but it should be a considerable advantage whenever the character wants information about that directorate's doings, to get an entrance pass to one of the Brotherhood's official buildings, rescued when arrested by the Inquisition, etc.

33 **HOLD ON EMPLOYER•**. You have found a way of blackmailing your boss. You will never be sacked from your current job, but you should make the re-enlistment roll anyway to see if you are discovered. If you are, no amount of blackmailing your boss is going to save you from the Second Directorate.



34 **BACKUP IDENTITY•**. You are given a prepared cover by the Cult. This provides all the documentation, background, and even elective surgery to grant you a new life. If you are ever discovered, you can simply disappear and begin again in a new job with a new identity.

35 **FINANCIAL GAIN**. The cult's influence has led you to greater prosperity. Increase your social standing by 3; 10 is still the maximum.

36 **FALL GUY**. You've got another cultist in place to take the fall for you. If you're ever discovered, this poor sap takes the blame instead, and you get off scot-free.

37 **FAVORED BY YOUR TUTOR**. You have been studying the use of the Dark Symmetry intensively. Choose one of the Dark Gifts.

38 **FAST PROMOTION**. Gain another level of rank as a Heretic of Ilian.

39 **EXTENSIVE TRAINING IN THE DARK SYMMETRY**. You have been blessed with intensive instruction. You may choose 1d3 Dark Gifts.

40 **TRANSFIGURATION**. You have been Chosen. You may if you wish, and you meet all the requirements, choose to be transfigured into a Changeling or a Nepharite. If you choose not to accept Transfiguration, roll again 1d3 times.



Walter thought of the gun tucked into the waistband of his pants, the rough-tooled grip concealed by his dress shirt. He hoped that his suit jacket and extra-wide tie were managing to cover the bulge the weapon made. It had seemed fine in his apartment this morning, but here in the Director's office, it seemed woefully inadequate, much in the same way that Walter felt about himself at the moment.

His boss in the cult had told him that he was to wait until the right moment presented itself during this meeting. Then he was to pull the gun and kill the Director on the spot. "Poor sod," the voice on the other end of the line had said. "His doom is sealed."

He had never met his superior, supposedly a High Commander in the cult. He'd only talked to him on the phone. The gun had showed up on his doorstep this morning, apparently while he'd been on the phone with the High Commander. He had no idea who'd left it.

Walter thought about what Hogan had said to him. He looked at the man's face and decided it was time to wipe that smug grin off of it—permanently.

"Let me tell you something, Director. You probably think I'm here to get demoted for the things I've done. You think I'm some kind of screw up, that I don't know what I'm doing." Walter was getting himself up into a frenzy. As an Acolyte of Ilian, he'd never been called upon to kill a man before, and certainly not in cold blood. This was going to take some working up to.



DEGENERATION

Ilian cultists decry the use of Bio-technological Gifts, mostly due to the horrible Stigmata that such devices often bring. A follower of Ilian with Stigmata knows that his or her days are numbered, and those in the quest for unlimited power rarely allow anything to happen to them that might sidetrack them.

However, members of the Cult of Ilian gain Dark Gifts from their Apostle at an accelerated rate. This fact opens them up to the possibility of Degeneration. Every time your character gains three or more Dark Gifts after the completion of a background repetition, roll 2d10. If the roll is greater than the character's rank as a Heretic, nothing happens. If the roll is less than or equal to the rank, the roll has been failed.

In the rare situation that your character gains a Stigmata, you should also roll for Degeneration.

There are three stages of Degeneration, each progressively worse than the first. The first Degeneration roll you fail puts you into the first stage of Degeneration. The next failure puts in

you the second stage. The third failure puts you in the final stage.

RECOVERING FROM DEGENERATION. On rare occasions, the characters superiors may decide to repair the effects of the Degeneration. This is only done in the case of cultists that are considered invaluable to Ilian and her schemes. If the victim can be replaced by another cultist, why care for the weakened fool? Likely the poor creature will be dead soon anyhow.

Other Cults might be more willing to help out if they determine that the degenerate could be potentially useful to them, either as a source of information or possibly even a double agent.

STAGES OF DEGENERATION

STAGE ONE. You are no longer human, nor can you fool anyone into thinking you are. Your hair begins to fall out. Your canine teeth begin to lengthen into fangs. Your skin cracks and flakes away, leaving exposed patches of dried-out muscle and vein. You are automatically discovered. If you can qualify for a position as a Priest of Ilian or for Transfiguration, now's the time.

STAGE TWO. You look and smell like a walking corpse. Large areas of your body have putrefied. Your appearance becomes incredibly monstrous, but strangely you have begun to shrink.

STAGE THREE. Your brain has so Degenerated that you are incapable of independent thought. You are now a Child of Ilian, an NPC under control of the GM. Time to create a new character.

TRANSFIGURATION

If you're good and lucky and ambitious enough to claw your way to the top of the Cult of Ilian, eventually you'll be asked to become Transfigured into something more than human. If you accept, you'll be sent on a Pilgrimage to the nearest Citadel of Ilian. The locations of these places are closely guarded secrets, and the mere fact that one has been revealed to you indicates that you're likely ready to move on.

As Ilian despises the use of Necrotechnology, the Transfigurations are carried out entirely by means of the Dark Symmetry. No Tekrons are involved.

Once you reach the Citadel, you are judged by the Nephrite Overlord. If you deemed unworthy, the Nephrite embraces you, sending you into the void. There your soul will be hunted forever by the Wild Hunt of Ilian.



"No, Walter," Hogan averred. "I'm afraid that you know exactly what you're doing."

"What do you mean by that?" Walter was mystified once again. What was this man's game? Did he know about Walter's real existence, his life as a Heretic of Ilian? But how?

"It seems to me, Walter, that you knew exactly what you were doing when you shipped those guns to the wrong place. Those guns were sorely needed in the Doughpits, young man, and your 'mistake' was quite beneficial to the Dark Legion."

Walter laughed, hoping he didn't sound as nervous as he felt. "What are you talking about, Director? There's no such thing as the Dark Legion. Everyone knows that." Most people thought of the Dark Legion as a myth, and although Walter was personally in on the secret—in a way that would surely scare Hogan to death—he had to fake ignorance.

"Now, Walter, we both know that's not true. As Director of Sherman, Inc., I'm privy to all sorts of information not available to the common person. I know all about the Dark Legion and how it works. You're not such a common person yourself, are you, Walter?" The Director bored holes into the junior bureaucrat's head with his eyes.

"No, Walter, you're uncommon enough, thank the Cardinal. You're a mole, an agent,

If you are judged fit to be brought into the fold, the Overlord turns you over to a Nepharite Magus. If you are to become a Changeling, the Nepharite Magus takes you into the Necrochambers and performs the Dark sacraments that will Transfigure your form.

If you are to become one of Ilian's new Nepharites (a rare thing indeed) the Nepharite Magus then transports you directly to Nero so that Ilian herself can oversee your Transfiguration into one of her personal lieutenants.

MINIMUM REQUIREMENTS. Even if you are offered the option of Transfiguration, you must possess certain minimum requirements. Should you trouble a Nepharite for Transfiguration and not possess these requirements, you'll soon be bait for the creatures of the Wild Hunt.

TESTS. You may be called upon to perform certain tests. The penalties for failure can be steep.

BENEFITS. These are the benefits that your Transfiguration gives you, should you survive the process.

CHANGELING

This honor is a mixed blessing at best. It is often awarded to valuable Heretics who have been discovered or have contracted Degeneration or some sort of Stigmata.

MINIMUM REQUIREMENTS: Must be at least a Level 5 Heretic.

TESTS: You must roll under your MST on 1d20. If you fail, you cannot manage to control the powers of your new form. You dissolve into a pool of protoplasmic slime.

BENEFITS: You become a full-fledged Changeling. See "The Legions of Ilian" for more details about these creatures. Additionally, any effects from Stigmata or Degeneration are removed. If your previous position is still uncompromised, you may return to it. Otherwise, you will be reinserted into human society, taking the place of some high-ranking official in one of the megacorps. Alternatively, you may take your place as a Priest of Ilian.

NEPHARITE

This is the ultimate honor that can be granted to a Heretic, and the ultimate goal of all Heretics. When you become a Nepharite, you become one of the commanders of the Dark Legion, an immortal being second in power only to the Dark Apostles themselves (and, which constantly bothers you, a bunch of other Nepharites).

MINIMUM REQUIREMENTS: Must be at least a Level 10 Heretic.

TESTS: First of all you, must undergo a series of Tests which challenge very aspect of your being. Roll below each of your Basic capabilities with 1d20—failure means death. Then, you must survive having your spirit separated from your body. You are sacrificed on the great Altar in Ilian's personal sanctum





a spy." Hogan paused for a moment to let his next words sink in.

"You're one of them."

Walter automatically started to protest, but Hogan held up his right hand for silence.

"Don't try to deny it, son.

We've got hard evidence that you not only shipped our guns to the wrong place, but that you're also the culprit behind the damaging of several lots of CAR-24s."

"Those are all lies!" he shouted at Hogan.

Walter was absolutely beside himself. Not only had he finally been discovered, but he was now going to take the blame for things another Heretic had done. While that might all have been for the greater benefit of Ilian's cause, he wasn't ready to turn himself in quite yet. That must be why the High Commander had ordered him to kill Hogan. That way he could cover up for himself and his unknown compatriot in the company.

But what was going to happen to him? When he was found standing over Hogan's body with a smoking gun, his days at Sherman, Inc., were surely over. He had to trust that

on Nero. All your blood is left to slowly drain out onto the altar, and then your body is cast into the lava pits. Your spirit must survive this ordeal—to do so, roll under your level as a Heretic with 1d20. If you succeed, you are worthy. If you fail, your spirit is devoured by Ilian (which in itself is an honor matched by few other).

BENEFITS: You get to design a new Nephrite body (see "The Legions of Ilian" for details). The new body has your original INT and MST and all your original Dark Gifts. The rest of its Basic Capabilities are as given for a Nephrite of

Algeroth. All your previous Bio-tech Gifts (if you somehow had any) are lost.

A NOTE FOR THE GM. We don't recommend that you let people become Nephrites during Character Creation. This is the ultimate reward the Dark Apostles can grant. If your players wish to become Nephrites, we suggest that you devise a series of six incredibly difficult and challenging quests for them. Make them play these out as adventures before allowing them to be sacrificed on the Black Altar.



B.

ACQUIRING GIFTS AND PROMOTION DURING PLAY

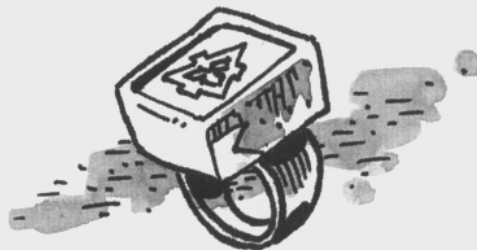
Heretics acquire Hero Points just like any other characters. They also get Heretic Advancement Points in an amount equal to the number of Hero Points they've earned. After the Heretics have completed a suitably dangerous or important task in Ilian's name (or simply in the name of personal power), they can spend these Heretic Advancement Points. Hero Points cannot be used in this way.



- A Dark Gift costs 10 points.
- Each new Heretic rank costs 5 times the rank sought. For instance, to reach rank 5 costs 25 points.
- To be eligible for Transfiguration into a Changeling costs 30 points. Transfiguration into a Nepharite costs 50 points. In each case, the Heretic must meet all the other requirements and take all the tests before the Transfiguration can take place.

Example: Harold Wickser, a third-level Heretic has accumulated 20 Hero Points during play. He uses these to improve upon his skills, just like any regular character. However, he also had 31 Heretic Advancement Points to spend. He decides he'd like to be a fourth-level Heretic, which costs 20 points. He spends 10 points to pick up the Dark Masquerade Gift. This leaves him with 1 Heretic Advancement Point left, which he stashes away to add to the points he hopes to earn in his next adventure.

A NOTE TO THE GM. Heretics advancing through play depends less on the number of points they gather and more on if they can satisfy you that they have fulfilled the quests they have been charged with. The greater the reward the Heretics are striving toward, the tougher the quest should be. Transfiguration into such a mighty being is only to be achieved by the greatest of Cultists. This promise of advancement is one of the main lures to drag players into difficult missions. You should use it as a carrot, with the threat of the Heretic's superior's displeasure as a stick.



his High Commander had a plan. Admittedly, it was a slim hope, but it was all he had left.

Hogan leaned back in his seat and raised his hands in a placating gesture. "Now, Walter, calm down. There's no need to get upset."

"You've never seen me upset!" Walter declared as he stood straight up in front of the desk. Behind the Director, the lights of San Dorado glittered through a vast picture window. The rays of the dying sun reflected redly off the buildings, and they flooded the penthouse office with crimson.

Walter reached for the gun, but his hand got tangled in his shirt. "What are you doing?" Hogan asked. "Walter, are you all right?"

In frustration, the cultist ripped his shirt open and snatched the gun from his pants. The long, silvered barrel gleamed redly in the light. "I'm just fine, Hogan! You're the one that's not all right!"

"Whoa, hey, slow down there, cowboy," the Director said calmly. "Let's talk this out."

"It's past time for talking, you fool!" Walter was beside himself, but he still wasn't sure he could do it. It had seemed so easy before. He'd daydreamed hundreds of times of putting a bullet in the Director's brain. Faced with the reality, he was finding it hard to go through with it.

"You think you're so damned important, don't you, Hogan? You think that just because you're the Director of this little operation, you can step on whoever you want. Well, let me tell you something, mister! You're



nothing! Do you hear me? Nothing!" Walter waved the gun about erratically as he raved, punctuating each sentence with a stab toward Hogan's head. He almost hoped the damned thing would go off of its own volition, saving him the trouble of having to actually pull the trigger himself.

Hogan started to speak again, but Walter cut him off. "Shut up. Just shut up! You've got no clue about reality, do you? Safe up here in your tower, looking down on the people in the streets. How'd you get to be a Director? Family money? Connections? Bah!"

Walter leaned over the desk, and jabbed the gun into Hogan's chest. "You Light-blinded fool! You don't know anything about real power. The kind that doesn't come from other people. The kind that comes from something beyond your meager understanding."

"What are you talking about?" Hogan asked steadily, as if he was conversing with a confused child. How could he be so calm? Walter wondered. He had a gun pointed at his heart, and he wasn't even sweating. Walter, on the other hand, was drenched with perspiration. The gun felt slippery in his hand.

"I want to hear you beg for mercy," Walter told Hogan. "I want to hear you scream for it. I want you to know how little your paltry life means when faced with the power of Ilian, the greatest of the Dark Apostles. That power is mine, and next to it, you are nothing!"

Suddenly, a broad smile

HERETIC BACKGROUNDS

The Heretics of Ilian are dedicated to the pursuit of one thing: power. In this, they are aided by Ilian and their fellow cultists. As one cultist gains power, so do they all. Their mission is to infiltrate the megacorporate society so that they might aid the Dark Soul in bringing it crashing down from within. In the process, they hope to gain great personal power.

For this reason, few of Ilian's followers actually take up employment with her full-time. Ilian has only a scant number of Citadels, and little or no military forces to speak of. Her temples are mostly staffed by Templars and Children of Ilian, although most of these places of worship also retain a Priest of Ilian.

The Priest of Ilian is the only background that a character can take that is specific to Ilian. Heretics can take just about any other background, except those listed in the *Algeroth* and *Cybertronic* sourcebooks, even positions as Mystics within the Brotherhood.

As a Priest of Ilian, you have no secret identity that can be blown. The real danger you face is that your Temple may be located by the Inquisition and destroyed. If this happens, begin your adventuring career at once.

BECOMING A PRIEST OF ILIAN

You may become a Priest of Ilian at any time during character creation. All you have to do is meet the listed requirements and make the enlistment roll. Unlike the temples of *Algeroth*, the temples of Ilian are thinly staffed so as to help avoid discovery. Many cultists choose to apply for the priesthood once they've been discovered in their more traditional jobs.

Once you've become a Priest of Ilian, you can still reenter the regular workplace, as long as you haven't already been discovered. Nothing is stopping you. Of course, if you're using the priesthood as a haven from being discovered, you're stuck in the temple until you begin your adventuring career.

DISCOVERY AND RE-ENLISTMENT

Once you're accepted as a Priest of Ilian, you don't need to roll to re-enlist, but you must still check to see if you are discovered. If you ever roll below your level as a Heretic, your temple has been discovered by the Inquisition and destroyed. You are now on the run from the Inquisition and must start your adventuring career immediately.

SOCIAL STANDING

For most Priests of Ilian, Social Standing is irrelevant. The Temple provides all needs. Assume that all Priests of Ilian have wealth equal to Social Standing 7 stashed away in case they need to flee their Temple's destruction.

PRIEST OF ILIAN

As a Priest of Ilian, you are one of the few deemed worthy to study the Dark Symmetry in depth and to instruct others in its use. Your position is somewhat strange in that you are held in high regard, but placed outside the regular hierarchy of Heretics in your cult. Others may certainly aspire to and attain more personal power than you could ever dream of, but you outrank them all in the eyes of the Harbinger of the Dark Soul.

If you have not been discovered, or if you have become a Changeling, the temple provides you with sufficient funds to maintain a wealthy lifestyle that lets you travel freely and talk to people. Your task requires patience, charm and good nerves, for the penalties for failure are great.

If you have been discovered and have not been Transfigured into a Changeling, you rarely show your face in public for fear that some random Inquisitor might recognize you and hunt you down. You spend your time studying the Dark Symmetry and handling the behind-the-scenes work the cult requires.



grew across Hogan's face until he was practically grinning. Walter wanted to smash the pistol's barrel right through Hogan's shiny, white, perfectly straight teeth. Instead he took two steps back and leveled the gun right at Hogan's forehead.

Just then the door to the office burst open and several Apes, members of Capitol's top-level police force, poured into the room, their CAR-24s at the ready. "FREEZE!" their sergeant commanded at the top of his lungs.

Surprised, Walter turned toward the Apes, his gun still out in front of him. One trigger-happy officer saw the gun being pointed at him and decided not to take any chances. The shot from his close-assault rifle was quickly followed by burst after burst from his fellows. None of them wanted to be taken out by a Heretic with a handgun without getting off a shot of their own. Despite any rumors Walter may have heard, these sub-machine-guns worked flawlessly.

Walter danced a horrible death jig before collapsing to the floor, his life's blood spilling out of him through more than a dozen newly formed holes. As he lay there dying, he saw Hogan come around from behind his desk and look down at him, silhouetted in the sun's last rays. Then he heard Hogan say something to the Ape's sergeant in the vaguely familiar voice that he suddenly realized he'd heard on the phone that very morning. "Poor sod. His doom is sealed."

And then he knew what a fool he'd been.



DARK SYMMETRY: You may gain one level as a Heretic per background repetition. Additionally, you gain 1d3+1 Dark Symmetry gifts per background repetition, and you only have to check for Degeneration when you gain four gifts in a single repetition.

OTHER BENEFITS: The cult provides you with all necessary funds. Your Social Standing is always at or around 7.

REQUIREMENTS:

LEVEL 5 HERETIC.

COMBAT	1
FIREARMS	2
COMMUNICATIONS	3
MOVEMENT	2
TECHNICAL	—
FREE	3
SOCIAL STANDING	7
PER-MODIFIER	+2
MST-MODIFIER	+1D6



THE WILD HUNT

Walter Philsok awoke to find himself trapped in a different world. He opened his eyes and saw a cloudless night sky above him, filled with strange constellations. The light of the star shone down upon him, clear and bright, as if the sun was shining through pinholes poked into a vast blanket of darkness. Strangely, they did not twinkle at all.

Walter staggered to his feet. The last thing he remembered

ILIAN'S PATTERN

As the Lady of the Dark Symmetry, Ilian holds sway over every aspect of the powers that the Dark Soul grants its faithful servants. Accordingly, she has the largest number of Dark Gifts at her disposal. In addition to those Dark Gifts that are particular to Ilian's own pattern of the Dark Symmetry, she can use and any all Dark Gifts of any of the other Apostles.

Similarly, it is within the Dark Lady's power to grant any Dark Gift to any Heretic or Legionnaire that she deems worthy of it. Usually this power extends only to her Nepharites, as they are obviously well within her favor, but upon rare occa-

sion, she may extend such boons to her allies or lesser servants.

This book assumes that you are using the rules for Dark Gifts presented in *Algeroth* and the second edition of the *Mutant Chronicles* RPG. These Gifts can still be used with the original system if the Gamemaster likes, but we suggest moving all old characters over to the new system.

The followers of Ilian have equal access to all of her Dark Gifts. Although some themes can be easily identified in the Gifts she does have, they are not drawn into official categories, and her faithful can have any combination of these Gifts bestowed upon them, as their Dark masters see fit.



ILIAN'S DARK GIFTS

CALL OF THE WILD HUNT

LEVEL: 25+

RANGE: Earshot.

Those walking along the moors in northern Venus or through the forests of central Mars sometimes hear the howls of unnatural beasts off in the distance. If they are brave enough to remain longer, they might actually hear the thunder of alien hooves. Most eerie of all, though is the lone scream that precedes them all, a noise that's all too human.

To use this Gift, the invoker must be heard by the intended victim. To avoid the Gift, all the victim would have to do is block his or her ears, but most potential victims won't know what's happening until it's too late.

To invoke the Gift, the invoker blasts out a series of carefully orchestrated notes on a necrofied brass horn that was given to him or her at the time that the Gift was originally bestowed. The invoker must then make a roll on the Resistance Table with the invoker's MST (before deducting for the use of this Gift) as the «Basic Capability» and the intended victim's MST as the «Difficulty Level».

If the intended victim hears the Call and is on the losing end of the Resistance Roll, he or she is immediately thrust into the Dark dimension of the Wild Hunt. For all practical purposes, the victim is dead.

For each additional level of the Gift, the invoker can add another listener to the Call. Each character affected by the Call rolls separately.

CLARION OF THE LEGIONNAIRE

LEVEL: 10+

RANGE: Touch (when cast). Infinite when summoning an object.

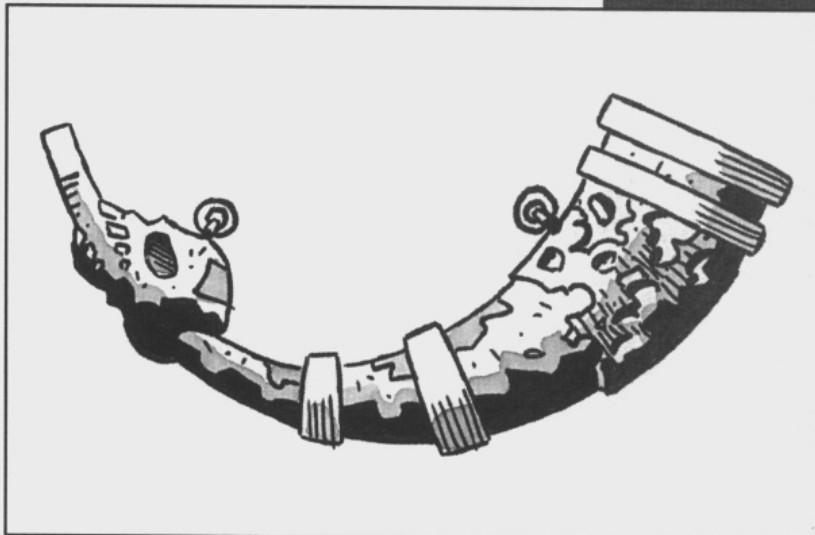
The clarion call of Ilian's faithful can travel across any distances to resound within the skulls of the most horrible creatures in the service of the Dark Soul. Those who hear it are instantly aware of how terrible the wrath of the Lady of Nothingness can be, and they cannot fail to heed it.

This Gift is similar to the Bringer of Dark Tools Gift. It permits the user to summon a Heretic or other member of the Dark Legion to his or her side instantaneously.

To prepare the Gift, the invoker must have the permission of the summoned creature. For this reason, it almost always is used on creatures or persons of lower rank in the Dark Legion than the invoker. Higher-ranking

Legionnaires (including powerful Heretics) find it more than a little annoying to give their underlings the power to physically call on them at their whim.

The two subjects of the Gift—the invoker and the being to be summoned—must be in close proximity for an uninterrupted 24 hours.



During this time, the two study each other intently and undergo ritual blending of blood. Into this mixture, a tiny whistle, horn or other instrument of necrofied platinum is placed.

Once the ceremony is complete, the instrument has been enchanted so that all the invoker has to do is blow or play one shrill note on it. When this happens, the Gift is triggered, and the creature or person the spell was cast on instantly appears in a cloud of telltale brimstone within two meters of the invoker in any direction the invoker wishes.

Use of this spell does not mean that the summoned creature automatically bows to the invoker's authority. This must be established beforehand. The Gift can be cast on an unwilling subject, but the invoker should be prepared to handle the ramifications of summoning a creature that may be even more inclined to attack the invoker than the invoker's foes.

DANCING ON THE VOID'S RAZORED EDGE

LEVEL: 3

RANGE: Self

The road to power is paved with needles and sided by razored railings. Risk is the only way to move forward, and those that never gamble all soon find that they lose what little they have.



was being shot by those Apes, and then Hogan standing over his bleeding body. He had thought he was dead for sure.

Running his hands along his body, he searched for the bullet holes in his flesh, but there were none to be found. In fact, he was in no pain whatsoever. He marveled at the fact. "Praise, Ilian. It must have been she who saved me."

Of course, that still didn't mean that he had any clue as to where he was. Ilian treated failures harshly he knew, and it seemed that he had failed badly. Still, perhaps she had decided to give him another chance. If so, he was going to make the most of it.

The first thing he was going to do was find Director Hogan and blow his brains out. No, that was too easy for him. First he'd go after the Direc-



Users of the Dark Symmetry might occasionally encounter a situation in which they are forced to make a suicide invocation. By use of this Gift, the user can purchase an insurance policy against the possibly fatal side-effects of such drastic actions.

To do so, the user simply invokes this Gift directly before attempting a suicide invocation. If the suicide invocation fails, then the user does not have any chance of dying. Instead, simply reduce the user's MST to one point. In such a case, the invoker falls unconscious for 3d6 combat rounds and cannot be aroused by normal means. Still, it beats shuffling off into the Wild Hunt.

DARK GATEWAY OF DEMONIC DELIGHTS

LEVEL: 20+

RANGE: Zero. Basic teleportation distance is 70 squares/105 meters.

The shortest path between two points pierces space and time itself. Those uninitiated in the mysteries of Ilian might see only the void within a gate between two distant regions, but wiser souls see the new path as a shortcut to ultimate power.

This is similar to the Path Through the Void Gift. Instead of causing an instant teleportation from one spot to another, you create a portal between two spots. This portal is open for one combat round, and anyone or anything can come through it while it stands.

You can maintain the portal an additional combat round for each extra level. Also, you can increase the distance between the two ends of the portal by 100 meter for every additional level. For instance, you could keep the Dark Gateway between two spots 300 meters apart open for five combat rounds for 26 levels.

The portal shimmers into existence like a black curtain before revealing whatever there is on the other end of it. It appears like a 10' by 10' square cut from the fabric of reality. It's edges burn with an ice-cold black fire that delivers 1d6 points of damage to whoever happens to touch it. The portal can be made smaller if desired, and the shape can be altered, as long as it remains rectangular.

The portal has no thickness at all and cannot be seen or touched from behind. In fact, it can be walked through from the rear like it wasn't even there.

One end of the portal must be created within a half a meter of the invoker. The other end must be in a place that you have either been or seen. Just having seen a photograph or video of a place is not sufficient. Alternatively, the other end can be anywhere in your line of sight.

This Gift can be used offensively and defensively. Placed below a person's feet, the person will fall through it and end up wherever it terminates, perhaps just above safe ground or several hundred meters in the air.

The portal lasts for as long as the invoker initially wished to maintain it (assuming a successful roll). However, if the invoker is knocked unconscious or even injured, his or her concentration falters, and the portal collapses. Any person or thing in the middle of the portal is violently pushed in or out of the portal, taking 4d6 points of damage as the four edges of the portal collapse into nothingness on it.



tor's family. He'd kidnap them and then send them back to him in several tiny separate boxes, one parcel a day. Then he'd create a scandal that would have Hogan removed from the Board of Directors and booted out of Capitol itself. Then, when that bastard was at his lowest, when he was alone and hungry on San Dorado's mean streets, Walter would—

Walter's runaway train of thought was suddenly derailed. There were more pressing concerns than his revenge. Off in the distance, Walter heard the howling of a pack of wild beasts. They seemed to be getting closer.

He looked around and saw that he was in a small clearing in the middle of a sprawling forest of which he could not see the end. The howling seemed to be coming from, well, call it the east for lack

11
-b.
-e.
-x.
-2.

THE DARK MASQUERADE

LEVEL: 4+

RANGE: Self or touch.

Deception is one of the greatest tools of the cult of Ilian. Impostors have the unique powers of whomever they are posing as, and cool cultists can make the most of such advantages.

By use of this Gift, you can alter your own features or the features of someone that you can lay hands upon. The effects translate even to the subject's voice, changing it to fit the new appearance. This Gift cannot alter the subject's height or mannerisms. It is simply a mobile illusion that's closely attached to the person upon whom it is cast.

This effect lasts for one hour. It can be made to last for an additional hour for each extra level put into it.

Treat the subject as if he or she had the Conning: Disguise sub-skill at a Skill Value of 15. With the exception of size, the disguise is perfect and cannot be removed. However, if the character already has the skill, add half the character's real Skill Value to 15 to come up with the Skill Value to use with this Gift.

Deduct from the Skill Value for discrepancies or ill-preparedness. For instance, if the subject is trying to impersonate someone else in front of people who know that person, deduct a few points. If the subject has studied the person to be impersonated, add a few points.

The subject can drop the disguise at will, and (if they're not the same person) so can the Gift's invoker.

DARK REMOVAL

LEVEL: 8+

RANGE: Touch. Basic teleportation distance is 70 squares/105 meters.

Over the centuries, many things have gone missing from top secret areas, even in the

most secure vaults of the megacorporations. If the victims only knew of the Cult of Ilian's powers, they might realize that they haven't misplaced something. They've been robbed!

This Gift is similar to the Venture Into the Void Gift. With it, you can teleport an inanimate object that you are touching to a point that you have either been or seen. Just having seen a photograph or video of a place is not sufficient. Alternatively, the Gift can be used to move the subjects to anywhere in the invoker's line of sight.

When this Gift is used, the object shimmers and then fades, leaving behind a black outline which dissipates after a few seconds. The process is reversed at the point of arrival. Each additional level adds 100 meters to the distance the invoker can move the subject.

This Gift can be used to transport up to 50 pounds of contiguous (touching) material. An additional 50 pounds can be teleported for each additional level added.

Only whole pieces can be moved. You couldn't teleport away half of a machine-gun, although you could remove a removable barrel or a belt of ammunition. Or you could use this to scoop away or tunnel through loose earth or sand.

With this Gift, you can even remove an object from an opponent's grasp—even things that a foe is wearing (like armor or other clothing). To do so requires touching the object with your bare hand. In combat, this requires a successful strike. If you fail to touch the target in the first round, you may maintain the Gift and try again next turn for only a quarter of the original cost (rounded up).



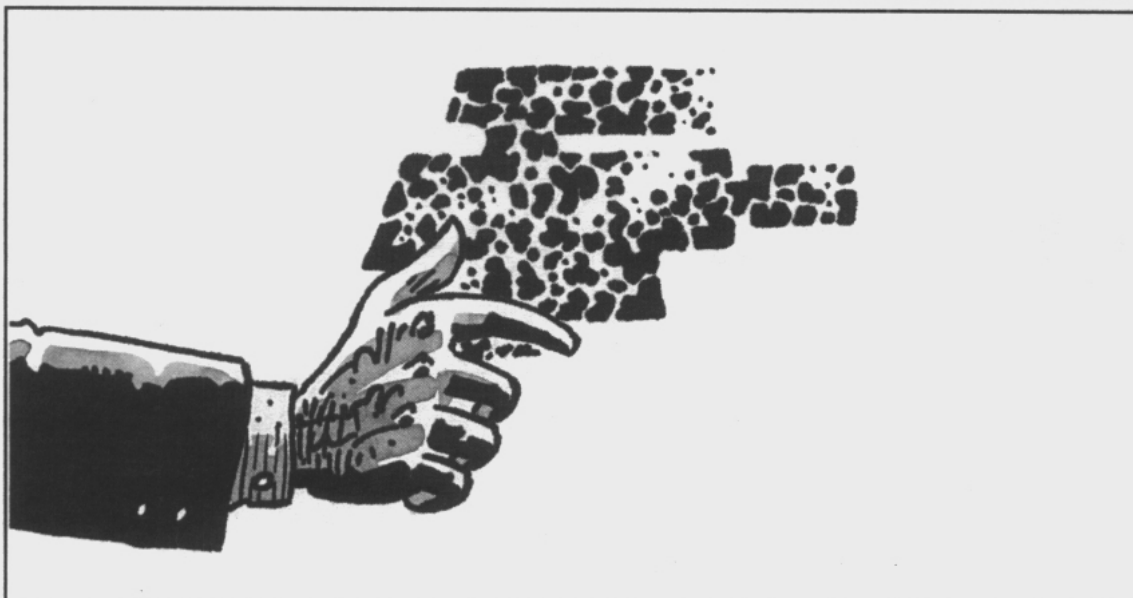
of a better term. He decided to run west.

The forest was full of old growth trees, taller than the highest redwood on Mars. Beneath their towering canopy, little grew except bramble bushes and shrubbery. The ground was covered with long-dead needles that almost looked to be made of steel.

When Walter reached a gully of a sort, he stopped for a moment to reach down and touch the end of one of the needles. Quickly, he snatched his hand back, sucking on the puncture wound in his right index finger. The needles were sharper than sewing needles! One fall in that kind of ground cover, and he'd be picking needles out of his skin for weeks.

He noticed that the howling was growing even louder. Still, it seemed far off enough. It was then that he heard the pounding of footsteps preceding the howls. It sounded like one person on foot, but Walter couldn't be sure. Abruptly, the footsteps stopped, but the howls raised higher, and now Walter heard the thunderous rumble of hooves following close behind them.

He stood there for a moment and wondered silently what to do. He had no idea where he was or where to go or even who—or what—might be after him.





DARK UNITY

LEVEL: 10

RANGE: Touch.

The path to power is often a lonely one, but not always. After all, in unity, there is strength. Even among those whom would stab each other in the back at nearly any opportunity, there are sometimes compelling reasons to work together in the cause of a higher power.

By means of this Gift, several users of the Dark Symmetry can pool their current MSTs together and focus them into the invocation of a powerful Dark Gift that one of the group has. To pull this off, all of those that wish to pool their MSTs must be in a circle in which they are all holding hands (or touching exposed flesh in some other way).

Each member of the group must have this Gift in order to join, and they must each invoke this Gift at the same time. They must maintain contact for one hour for each member in the group (a six-person group takes six hours to unite). At that point, they may use the total of their current MSTs (less the costs of

this Gift) into the Gift(s) that they wish to invoke. Note that the concentration required to build the bond means that the members do not regain lost MST points while invoking the spell, no matter how long it takes.

The group may invoke Gifts until its total MST is entirely gone. It may even attempt a suicide invocation, adding +10 points of MST for each member of the group that wishes to risk his or her life for the cause. Each such volunteer also drains an additional 1d20 points of MST from the group pool when the bond is finally broken.

When the bond is broken (this can be done instantly by the person(s) with the highest MST score in the group), the loss of points is distributed equally among the members of the group. Those that personally fall below 0 points die instantly, at which point, the remaining points that would have been drained from them are applied to the others in the group. This means that the more powerful leaders of the group are the last to die.



FOUL LUST

LEVEL: 10+

RANGE: Touch or earshot.

The minions of Ilian manage to twist normally upstanding and right-thinking citizens into power-hungry thieves, liars and even killers. It seems that few are actually immune to their foul powers of persuasion. The reason for this is that their means of altering a person's way of thinking is based not in logic but in the Dark Symmetry itself.

To use this Gift, the invoker must enter a dialogue with the intended victim or make a speech. The speaker can add more listeners to the Gift's effect at the rate of one additional level per extra listener to be corrupted.

The invoker must then make a roll on the Resistance Table with the invoker's MST (before deducting for the use of this Gift) as the «Basic Capability» and the victim's MST as the «Difficulty Level». If this fails, nothing happens, and the intended victim might not even realize that a Gift was being invoked.

Before he could give it much thought, he was smashed into the ground by something falling on him from above—no: someone.

Walter yelped as the needles jabbed into his skin, but before he could actually scream, the person on his back whispered, "Silence!" in as low and harsh a voice as Walter had ever heard. Despite the pain from the needles and the man's knee in his back, Walter decided to follow the order to the letter.

As he lay there with the armored knee still grinding into his spine and dozens of needles stabbing into the soft flesh of his belly, Walter heard the howls and the hooves getting closer and closer. For a moment it seemed that they would jump into the gully, crushing both Walter and his attacker, but then they rumbled by to his right. Soon the sounds of chase became fainter and fainter until they finally disappeared.

Only then did Walter's attacker deign to let him up. In fact, he reached down and dragged Walter to his feet, needles springing from his face and chest as he went, although several remained embedded in his skin. The assailant grabbed Walter's collar and hauled the confused man's face up to his own, lifting his feet several inches off the ground as he did so.

If the Gift is successfully invoked, the invoker can place a Dark desire of some sort in the victim's mind. This can range from sexual lust for a particular person or the need to kill a certain official. This desire is overwhelming. Every day that goes by, the user must make another roll on the Resistance Table, using the victim's MST as the «Basic Capability» and the caster's normal (unreduced) MST as the «Difficulty Level». (Note that this is the reverse of usual.) If this fails, the victim must attempt to satisfy the desire.

If the victim attempts to actively resist the desire when in close proximity to the object of desire, the victim must make another Resistance Roll every round that the victim has the opportunity to act upon the desire. Failure means that the victim will do everything in his or her power to satisfy the desire immediately.

This desire can be entirely expunged by the use of the Art spell Exorcism of Evil Thoughts.

FROZEN BY THE CHILL OF THE VOID

LEVEL: 8+

RANGE: Touch.

Control over the void translates into control over time and space itself. What could be more powerful?

By means of this Gift, the invoker can freeze a person in time for 1d6 combat rounds. For every additional level put into the Gift, add another 1d6 combat rounds to the Gift's duration.

Only the person actually touched (including any clothing or carried items) is frozen in time. If this is a person, the subject can be moved or attacked, although the effects of the attack won't actually take place until time resumes for that person. A bullet fired into the person stops upon barely penetrating the skin and doesn't actually continue on its path until the Gift's effects expire.

This Gift can be used to keep a mortally wounded subject from bleeding to death. It can even stop the flow of poison in a subject's system.

To invoke this Gift, the user must actually touch the intended victim. In combat, this requires a successful strike.

Once an unwilling victim is touched, the invoker must then make a roll on the Resistance Table with the invoker's MST (before deducting for the use of this Gift) as the «Basic Capability» and the victim's MST as the «Difficulty Level». If this fails, nothing happens, and the intended victim might not even realize that a Gift was being invoked.

ILIAN'S FLAMING FIST OF DESTRUCTION

LEVEL: 5

RANGE: 50 squares/75 meters

Sometimes subtlety must be left behind for sheer terror.

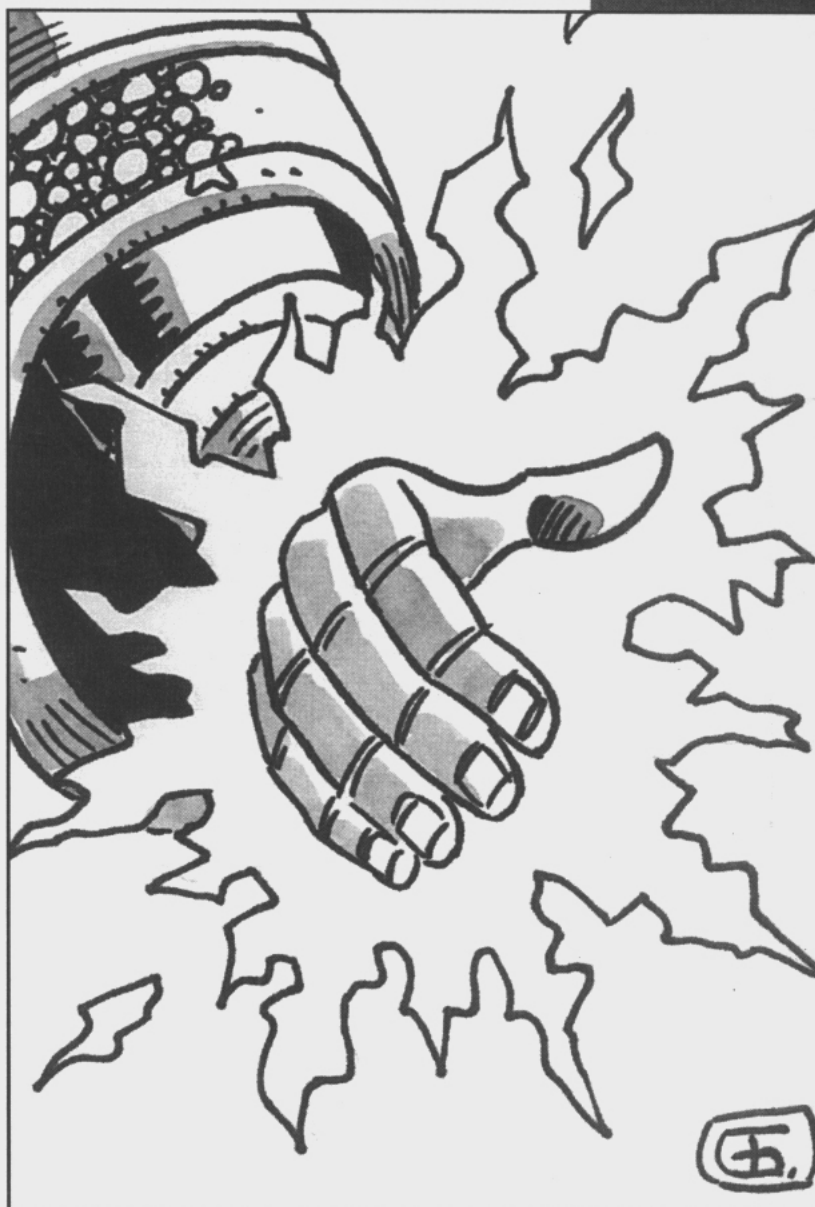
For this Gift to work, the invoker must make a roll on the Resistance Table with the invoker's MST (before deducting for the use of this Gift) as the «Basic Capability» and the intended victim's MST as the «Difficulty Level».

If the Gift is successfully invoked, the victim feels a hand close around the body portion of the invoker's choice just before it bursts into flames, dealing 2d6 points of damage. This spontaneous combustion occurs within the victim's own cells. It does not require oxygen, nor does armor of any kind do any good against it.

This Gift cannot be maintained from round to round. It must be invoked separately each time.



He was an aged man, and the years had not been kind to him. Cracks and crevices ridged his face like that of a bomb-battered cliff. He bore dozens of scars, just on his cheeks alone. His hair was a white mane, ratty and unkempt. His pale blue eyes stared out at Walter, an accusation already on the man's thin, pale lips.





ILIAN'S FOUL FAVOR

LEVEL: 13

RANGE: Touch.

Sharing power is not an easy matter, but occasionally you have to help others along so that they can help you. For this, the Heretic becomes a living conduit of the Dark forces that run from Ilian, through the Heretic and into the less-deserving vessel.

By use of this Gift, the invoker can temporarily bestow one of his or her own Dark Gifts upon a willing subject. To do so, the invoker must lay hands upon the subject for 2d4 combat rounds. At the end of this time, the subject shares the power of one of the invoker's Dark Gifts (invoker's choice).

The subject has access to this power for 3d10 combat rounds. During that time, the subject can use the Gift normally, utilizing his or her own MST instead of that of the true owner of the Gift. At the end of this time, the subject can no longer use the Gift, although any prolonged effects of the Gift persist.

Any non-Heretic human that accepts a Gift must check for corruption. This only has to be done once per day, no matter how many Gifts might be temporarily bestowed on a character in this way.

PATH THROUGH THE VOID

LEVEL: 12+

RANGE: Self. Basic teleportation distance is 70 squares/105 meters.

Those who are powerful enough can actually bring others along with them when they slip between the pages of reality to appear elsewhere or elsewhere.

This Gift is similar to the Stitch in Space-Time Gift. With this, you can teleport not only yourself but one extra human-sized person or creature for every extra level you put into the Gift. To do this, all the subjects to be teleported must be touching each other (either by joining hands or by some other means).

Only the clothes that the subjects are wearing and any objects that they are carrying accompany them on this trip through the void and back to our reality. When this Gift is used, the subjects shimmer and then fade, leaving behind a black outline which dissipates after a few seconds. The process is reversed at the point of arrival.

The subjects can only be teleported to places that the invoker has actually been or seen in the past and remembers well. Just having seen a photograph or video of a place is not sufficient. Alternatively, the Gift can be used to move the subjects to anywhere in the invoker's line of sight.

Each additional level adds 100 meters to the distance the invoker can move the group. For example, if a Heretic wanted to transport herself and three other people 500 meters, treat the Gift as if it required 19 levels.

REQUISITION A FOUL FAVOR

LEVEL: 20+

RANGE: Self.

Simple prayer and supplications are not enough to grab the attentions of beings of ultimate power. Just be careful of who's tail you're tugging on and how you do it.

By use of this Gift, the invoker can contact an Apostle (usually Ilian) and request a boon. Simply making the request, of course, by no means ensures that it will be granted. The use of this Gift simply means that the invoker has the Apostle's ear.

In the invoker's mind, he or she travels to Nero to appear before the Apostle (or wherever else the Apostle might be at that time) and make the request. In his or her mind, this might require several minutes, but in reality, it only takes a split-second. When the interview is over, whether it goes ill or well, the invoker returns back to the place from which the Gift was invoked.

If the requester is less than a Nepharite, a Priest of Ilian or a level 8 Heretic, the request is instantly denied. The invoker must then suffer through whatever punishment the Apostle deems appropriate. In the case of Ilian, this often involves instant death with the invoker's soul being spirited off to become fresh quarry for the Wild Hunt. Other Apostles will concoct interestingly awful penalties on the spot.

If the requester is of the right rank or power, the request will be listened to. It is up to the Gamemaster to determine whether or not the boon shall be granted. The following factors should be considered.

Will the favor further the Apostle's cause? Will it directly harm a hated foe of the Apostle? Just how powerful is the supplicant? Nepharites are almost never turned down. And just how well was the request made? Offerings to the Apostle or promises of direct benefits often tip the scale.

The GM must also determine how annoyed the Apostle may be by the request. If the supplicant has made a request inside the last month, chances are the boon will be denied. And how difficult might it be to grant this particular favor? In any case, the boon must be within the Apostle's power to grant.

If the request is considered but denied, the

"Who are you?" the man demanded. "And how did you get here?"

Walter stammered out his name and then somehow managed to explain that he had no idea where he was, much less how he'd gotten there. The old man stared right into his soul for a long moment, those blue eyes dissecting him with the precision of lasers. Then, apparently satisfied that Walter's answer jibed with his obvious terror, he lowered Walter to the ground.

He stepped back and stared at Walter again for a long moment. It was then that Walter realized he had soiled himself while the man had been questioning him. He crossed his legs to hide his shame, hoping the man hadn't noticed.

The man was still staring at Walter when the man suddenly broke into laughter, apparently at Walter's expense. Embarrassed, Walter stood up and demanded that the man tell him where he was. "I hardly think my situation is funny!"

The old man stopped guffawing long enough to talk, but his words were still punctuated by the occasional chuckle. "You are correct. There is no hilarity in your situation. Still, I find you incredibly amusing."

invoker is punished in some way that leaves him or her incapacitated for the next hour. Ilian blinds such people. Muawijhe drives them gibbering mad. Algeroth sends them into epileptic fits of rage. Semai paralyzes them with spite. Demnogonis strikes them ill.

Even if the request is granted, the Apostle may want something in return. If the invoker turns down the bargain, treat it as if the request had been denied. The Apostles rarely negotiate with their underlings.

RETURN TO DARKNESS

LEVEL: 20

RANGE: Self (when cast).

Infinite when triggered.

Those of great power can make a place uniquely their own, and with but a thought, they can be recalled to it through the very fabric of reality.

This Dark Gift is similar to the Bringer of Dark Tools Gift. Instead of permitting the invoker to summon a tool or weapon to hand, though, this Dark Gift allows the invoker to send him- or herself back to a pre-set sanctum.

To prepare this Gift, the invoker must set aside a room or area of at least the size of a cube two meters on a side. The place must be desecrated before it can be used. This simply requires the spilling of innocent blood, but no hollowed ground consecrated by the Brotherhood can be affected. Then the invoker must spend a minimum of three days in the place, fasting and studying every inch of it over and over again. At the end of that time, the Gift is invoked, and the invoker permanently loses 1 point of MST.

Once the Gift has been prepared, it can be activated instantly by a mere thought. This costs the invoker nothing to do so. The cost was paid when the Gift was first activated. No matter where the invoker is, he or she is instantly returned to the spot at which the Gift



was originally prepared. This happens no matter how distant the invoker is from the spot to be returned to.

Many Nepharites use this Gift on their first pilgrimage to Nero, and high-level Heretics often link themselves to the Citadel or temple to which they report. That way, no matter what happens to them, they can always return instantly. However, if they were forced to trigger the Gift due to some failure on their own part, they can be sure that their reception will not be a warm one.

This Gift can only be used to prepare a single sanctum at a time. If the invoker wishes to create another sanctum, the original Gift can be easily dispelled. This happens automatically if the invoker uses this Gift for another sanctum.

This Gift cannot be invoked for a third party, nor can anyone else be carried along with the invoker.



Walter glanced down at the front of his pants and then looked up, his shame burning his face a bright red. The old man laughed again. "No, child, that's not what I find so delightful. It's how entirely clueless you must be to not know where you are."

Walter was about to launch into a tirade against old men scaring the piss out of young men in spooky forests, but the man's comment stopped him cold. "The last thing I remember is being shot. I thought I was dead... Am I...?"

"Dead? Certainly. But there are things worse than death, and apparently you have earned yourself the privilege of one of them." The man grinned at him. "A follower of Ilian were you? Thought you had found the easy path to power and glory? I was once like you, child. Yes, I was."

Walter studied the old man as he talked. He was wearing torn and tattered robes adorned with the symbol of the Mistress of the Void. "You are a Priest of Ilian?" he guessed.

The old man shook his head at him. "Of course I was. I was only steps away from transfiguration into a Nepharite when it all fell apart, when my life became the hell that you are now part of too."

"How long have you been here?"

The old man grunted. "Who



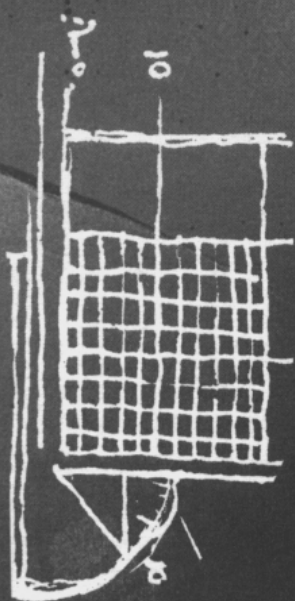
can tell in a realm in which time has no meaning. Days, weeks, months? Years? It's impossible to tell.

"All anyone ever knows here is fear. Fear and pain."

"W-where are we?" Walter asked, terrified that he already knew the answer.

The old man looked at him with disgust in his wild eyes. "We are at the end of the line for Ilian's failures, child. Those of us who lied, cheated and killed in the name of the Mistress, all in exchange for earthly power—there is only one fate set aside for those of us who do these things but eventually fail."

Walter was a hard man, a man without an honest emo-



REVERSAL OF DARK FORTUNE

LEVEL: 10+

RANGE: Special.

Even the faithful of Ilian have been known to make mistakes from time to time. If the favor of their mistress shines upon them, they might be able to redeem themselves if they act quickly.

This Gift affects time like a rewind button on a tape player. When invoked, the last 1d4 combat rounds of time are reeled back, and time resumes before that combat round ever happened. For each additional level used with this Gift, add an additional 1d4 to the number of rounds time flows backward. For example, if the invoker used 15 levels, time would roll back 5d4 combat rounds.

All the good is negated along with the bad. It's exactly as if those erased combat rounds never happened. Even if the characters follow the exact same plans as before, they still have to reroll the dice and live by the new results. Only the invoker has any memory of what "could have" happened—and very well might again if something is not done about it.



This means that any actions taken outside of the timestream also never happened if the Gift that permitted that was initiated within the scope of Reversal of Dark Fortune.

SOULWITHER

LEVEL: 12+

RANGE: Touch or earshot.

The followers of Ilian are able to touch the very souls of humanity, turning them slowly but surely toward the Darkness. The victim of a successful use of this Gift is started down the steep, slippery slope of corruption.

To invoke this Gift, the user must actually touch the intended victim. In combat, this requires a successful strike. Alternatively, the invoker must make a foul speech to the intended victim. In this case, the speaker can add more listeners to the Gift's effect at the rate of one additional level per extra listener to be corrupted.

Once the victim is touched or hears the damning words of the foul speech, the invoker must then make a roll on the Resistance Table with the invoker's MST (before deducting for the use of this Gift) as the «Basic Capability» and the victim's MST as the «Difficulty Level». If this fails, nothing happens, and the intended victim might not even realize that a Gift was being invoked.

If the Gift is successfully invoked, the victim gains one level of corruption (as described in the *Algeroth* sourcebook). The victim may be deprogrammed normally.

This Gift can be used repeatedly against the same victim until the victim is entirely corrupted (reaches the fourth level of corruption), but only once per day. The victim may hear several corrupting speeches or be touched by an invoker several times during a single day, but these can have no effect until 24 hours have passed.

TIMESLIP

LEVEL: 12+

RANGE: Self.

The favored of Ilian can slough off the shackles of time and walk freely for a short while (if such a phase has any meaning under such circumstances).

The invoker temporarily slips outside the timestream for 1d4 combat rounds. During this time, the invoker may act without any willful interference from others. For every two additional levels used to invoke the Gift, time stops for another 1d4 combat rounds. For example, if 16 levels were used, time would stop for 3d4 combat rounds.

The invoker's clothes and carried equipment follow the invoker out and back into the timestream. Additionally, any equipment the invoker attempts to use also leaps in and out of time with him or her. For instance, the invoker could start up and drive off in a car, running over the statue-like people as she went. Or she could step up and take a gun from an opponent and fire a bullet into the foe's head.

Only things in contact (directly or indirectly) with the invoker follow outside of time's normal pattern. The fired bullet, for instance, would stop as soon as it left the gun, but it would resume its path as soon as time started back up again.

This Gift would not stop an invoker falling from a great height, nor would it prevent the spread of poison throughout the invoker's body. Time rolls on for the invoker no matter what.

Characters with this Gift cannot affect each other outside of the timestream. In the scheme of things, no two events are truly simultaneous. If one Heretic slips out of the timestream a moment before another, that Heretic gets to use the Gift first.



VENTURE INTO THE VOID

LEVEL: 15+

RANGE: Touch. Basic teleportation distance is 70 squares/105 meters.

One aspect of power is being able to force others to do things against their will. Those compelled to Venture into the Void find themselves unable to resist the call of another place in space.

This Gift is similar to the Stitch in Space-Time Gift. In this case, though, you don't teleport yourself from one place to another. Instead, you force someone that you touch to be teleported away to a destination of your choice (within the Gift's range).

Only the clothes that the subject is wearing and any objects that the subject is carrying go along on this quick trip through the void and back to our reality. When this Gift is used, the subject shimmers and then fades, leaving behind a black outline which dissipates after a few seconds. The process is reversed at the point of arrival.



tion in his body, as he liked to tell himself. Tear of terror streamed down his cheeks, and he began to shake his head back and forth. "No, no, no, no, no..."

The old man smirked at him. "So you finally understand, do you? You finally realize that we're nowhere near the planet of our births. We are in some Light-forsaken hole in the void, being chased by immortal creatures far beyond our meager ability to understand.

"We are the prey of the Wild Hunt!"

Walter fell to his knees and wept, barely noticing the needles that stabbed into his bones. It was a long moment before he was ready to talk again. When he was, he looked up at the old man and asked, "Who are you? Are you part of the Hunt?"

The old man laughed. "Hardly. My name is Nathan Waxman. I was stripped of my powers and banished here by Ilian herself after I failed at my opportunity to become transmogrified into one of her Nepharites. I believe the test was sabotaged by one of my underlings, a woman who coveted my favored position in the mistress's eyes. There is no other possible reason for my failure." Waxman gave Walter a look that dared the newcomer to contradict him.



"In any case, I have had my revenge upon that traitor. Flawed as she was, she inevitably failed our hated mistress and was banished here as well. I killed her myself before the Hunt could reach her.

"Since I was first put on this plane, I have managed to avoid the Hunt for what seems like an eternity. Many other souls have come and been destroyed, but not I. I have always managed to survive."

Walter leapt to his feet, wincing at the needles in his knees. Off in the distance, he heard the howling returning. They had realized that they had missed their prey, and they were returning to pick up the trail again.

"You mean there's hope? I don't have to die?"

Waxman smirked at Walter. "Death would be preferable to the life I live here, young fool. In this realm, I have no need for rest or sleep, but constant-



The subject can only be teleported to places that the invoker has actually been or seen in the past and remembers well. Just having seen a photograph or video of a place is not sufficient. Alternatively, the Gift can be used to move the subjects to anywhere in the invoker's line of sight.

Each additional level adds 100 meters to the distance the invoker can move the subject.

This Gift can be used defensively to move injured, vulnerable or prized companions out of harm's way. Conversely, it can be used to remove a threat from the vicinity or even to kill. If a Heretic managed to touch a Mortificator, he could send the Inquisitor 105 meters straight up into the air and then watch the poor soul fall to his death.

This Gift cannot be used to teleport someone into solid matter. The endpoint of the teleportation must always be free and clear. If such a thing is tried, the attempt simply fails.

To be effective, the invoker must touch the subject solidly with the flat of a hand. In combat, this requires a successful strike. If the invoker fails to touch the target in the first round, he or she may maintain the Gift and try again next turn for only a quarter of the original cost (rounded up).

Once an unwilling victim is touched, the invoker must then make a roll on the Resistance Table with the invoker's MST (before deducting for the use of this Gift) as the «Basic Capability» and the victim's MST as the «Difficulty Level». If this fails, nothing happens.

THE VACUUM OF THE VOID

LEVEL: 5+

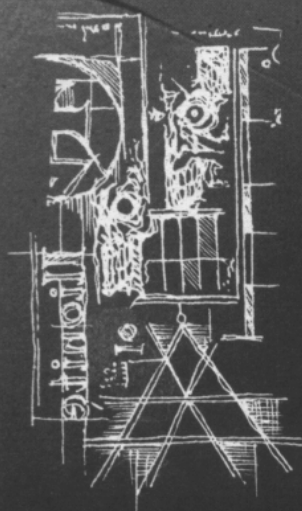
RANGE: Touch.

It is not enough to simply destroy another person's power. The truly ambitious make that power their own.

To invoke this Gift, the user must actually touch the intended victim. In combat, this requires a successful strike. Once an unwilling victim is touched, the invoker must then make a roll on the Resistance Table with the invoker's MST (before deducting for the use of this Gift) as the «Basic Capability» and the victim's MST as the «Difficulty Level». If this fails, nothing happens, and the intended victim might not even realize that a Gift was being invoked.

If the invocation succeeds, the user immediately siphons 1d8 MST points from the victim. These points are taken from the victim's current MST score and added to the invoker's.

If contact can be maintained, the user can keep siphoning MST points from the victim by simply adding another level into the Gift each turn. A victim can only be drained of as many MST points as he or she actually has. When the victim's MST hits 0, he or she passes out and cannot be revived for one hour (at which time his or her current MST is back up to 1 point).



For example, the Heretic grabs an innocent and starts siphoning MST points. The first turn costs the Heretic 5 MST points, but he rolls and gets 6 points from the victim. Since the victim still has 4 MST points left, the Heretic pays 1 more MST point and rolls again. This time he gets a 7, draining the victim's remaining 4 points. In total, the Heretic netted 4 MST points.

In this way, you could boost your current MST to over your maximum MST. If unused, these extra points fade at the rate of one per hour until you're back down to your normal MST score.

VORTEX OF THE MULTIVERSE

LEVEL: 20+

RANGE: 1 sq/1.5 m per level

Drastic times call for drastic measures. The Vortex of the Multiverse calls upon the whims of Ilian's chaotic nature (for is not the void nothing but chaos?) to cast victims to the four corners of the universe and beyond.

When this Gift is invoked, the user creates a terrible rift in the very fabric of space and time. The resultant energy backlash causes a miniature hurricane (or not-so-miniature depending on how many levels are used to initiate the Gift). All those within the Vortex's



ly running from my pursuers does weary a soul so. Still, there are moments when the Hunt is satiated, when I can finally lower my guard, if only for a moment."

The thunder of hooves was audible now, the low rumble coming through under the creatures' high-pitched howls. While Walter listened to the approaching hunt, Waxman stepped up and knocked the Acolyte off his feet. The needles on the floor jabbed into his backside, and he yelped with pain.

Waxman bent down and began to remove Walter's shoes. The encroaching cacophony was becoming almost deafening, but Walter shouted over it. "What are you doing? You've got shoes of your own!"

Waxman cackled madly. "With your shoes, I can evade the Hunt for a while longer and even earn myself a much-needed respite."

"How are you planning to do that?" Walter demanded as he struggled to his feet, the sharp needles stabbing through his tender, defenseless soles. "You can't outrun them, can you?"

Waxman threw back his head and laughed at Walter's confusion. "You fool. You really deserve to be here! I don't need to outrun the Wild Hunt. I only need to outrun you!"





radius of effect must find something anchored to grab on to and make a roll on the Resistance Table, pitting their STR against the levels used in the gift. If they fail, they are swept into the eye of the hurricane and violently removed from this locale.

Exactly where the victims end up in is entirely random (the GM should make a judgment call here). In fact, there is an excellent chance that the victims of the Vortex will actually end up somewhere in the very same solar system they started in, only thousands, perhaps millions of miles away.

If the GM wishes, he or she can roll on the following table instead to determine roughly the victims' new location. No matter where the victims end up, they will be a minimum of 50 miles away from the site of the invocation per level of the invocation.

Roll (2d20)	Location
2	The Sun
3	The Void
4	Nero
5-6	Uranus
7-8	Saturn
9-12	Mercury
13-16	Mars
17-23	Luna
24-26	Venus
27-29	Asteroid Belt
30-32	Earth
33-34	Jupiter
35-36	Neptune
37	Pluto
39	Another Solar System
40	Another Reality.

DARK SYMMETRY NOTES

It is a well-known fact that the academical dudes of the First Directorate often call both their own and the Dark Legion's stuff with very descriptive but boring names. In this book, we have primarily used the Second Directorate's more poetical and imaginative descriptions. As a little help, we have included below a listing of both Directorates' names of the Dark Symmetry gifts.

This list also includes the gifts described in the Algeroth Sourcebook.

DARK SYMMETRY GIFTS

First Directorate Name	Second Directorate Name
Blindness	The Dark Curtain
Dark Fire	Ebon Vitriol
Invoke Pain	Phantom Pain
Resist Pain	Dark Embrace
Terror	Creeping Terror

GIFTS OF ILIAN

First Directorate Name	Second Directorate Name
Dimensional Hole	Dimensional Storm Rift
Disrupt Power	Ilian's Helping Hand
Hand of Death	Ilian's Annihilating Grasp
Time-Death	Timeslide
True Gate	Dimensional Travel

GIFTS OF MUAWIJHE

First Directorate Name	Second Directorate Name
Confuse	Baffling Call
Insane Dance	The Piper's Irresistible Dance
Send Dreams	Dream Mold
Sleep	Muawijhe's Mad Lullaby
Wind of Insanity	The Insane Wind of the Void

GIFTS OF SEMAI

First Directorate Name	Second Directorate Name
Control Mind	Mindsuasion
Illusion	Memory Chimera
Mind-Melt	Mindrip
Possess	Semai's Soul Grasp
Shroud	The Void's Dark Mists

GIFTS OF ALGEROTH

First Directorate Name	Second Directorate Name
Dark Gateway	Dark Gateway
Dimensional Warp	Dark Banishment
Distort Protean	Transformation
Distort Foe	Arc of Infernal Agony
Distort Mind	Call of Corruption
Distort Object	Material Meltdown
Distort Self	Beckon the Void Within
Earthshock	Earthshock
Flow of Acid	Flood of Acidic Bile
Flow of Asymmetry	The Extinguisher of the Light
Flow of Cold	The Chill of the Void
Flow of Death	The Dead Zone
Flow of Fire	Infernal Gouts
Flow of Madness	Path of Madness
Imprison	Banishment from the Planes

Indigestion	Internal Infestation
Invoke Apathy	The Diabolical Drain of Desire
Invoke Death	Soulsucker
Invoke Frenzy	Algeroth's Frenzied Lash
Invoke Loyalty	The Bending of Belief
Invoke Pain	Ghastly Agony
Invoke Terror	Rampaging Horror
Necrovisual Link	Necrovisual Link
Portal of Dark Healing	The Cleansing of the Void
Portal of Dread	The Threshold of Horror
Portal of the Great Conqueror	The Dark Gate of Power
Portal of Undeath	The Postern Beyond Death
Summon	Bringer of Dark Tools
Teleport	Stitch in Space-Time
Warp of the Jesters	Warp of the Jesters

GIFTS OF DEMNOGONIS

First Directorate Name	Second Directorate Name
Animate Dead	Rouse the Sleep of the Dead
Decay	Decaying Breath
Deform	Quivering Shudder
Infection	Pestilential Plague
Time Rot	Time Rot

THE CREATURES OF ILIAN



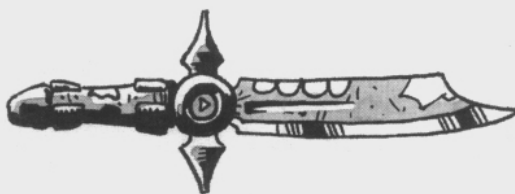
With that, the ex-Priest of Ilian bowed to the Wild Hunt's very prey and dashed off into the woods, needles crunching beneath his hard-soled boots.

Walter threw back his head and let out a howl that for one brief moment drowned out those of the wardogs bearing down on him. Soon after, his soul was consumed and forever destroyed in a feeding frenzy of damnation.

While Ilian tends to concentrate on the more subtle means of subverting humanity to the will of the Dark Soul than her more ostentatious brothers, she still has need of certain creatures to serve her needs. Few of these monstrosities have ever been seen by a human outside of one of Ilian's cults, and then it's usually only high-ranking (level 5 and above) Heretics that have the opportunity. Those outside the cult that do manage to encounter one of Ilian's playthings and actually recognize it for what it really is rarely survive the experience.

Ilian's creatures are rarely found on the battlefield. That honor is usually left to Algeroth and his ilk. For this reason, Ilian can hardly be said to be in command of any military portion of the Dark Legion. In some rare cases, she permits her underlings to be seconded to Algeroth's army, especially her Nepharites, but she usually expects something from the Demon of Dark Technology in return.

The only exception is when one of her secret Citadels has been discovered. In such a case, the followers of Ilian may be found therein in relatively large concentrations. Most often these Dark Legionnaires are only prepared to fight a holding action while the most important members of the cult vacate the premises. After all, Ilian works on the premises of secrecy and stealth. When these are compromised, her followers usually find that it's better to simply abandon their current position so that they have the opportunity to corrupt again another day.



CREATURE STATISTICS

The creatures of the Dark Legion are described in the following format. Refer to the «Character Generation» section of the *Mutant Chronicles* RPG for further details about just what each of the following terms mean in reference to the game.

MOVEMENT: The creature's movement ability in squares per action and meters per minute.

OB: The creature's Offensive Bonus.

ACT/CR: The number of actions the creature is allowed every CR.

AVOID/PARRY: The creature's SV in Avoid and Parry.

BPs and ARMOR (AV): The creature's body points, armor and armor value in each part of its body.

ATTACKS: The creature's natural weapons (use «Combat SV») and their damage (if not mentioned some other place). The order indicates the creature's preference of attack. It will primarily use the first attack type, and so on.

FIELDS OF EXPERTISE: The creature's approximate SVs in the different Fields of Expertise. «Combat 15» would normally mean the creature has between 12 and 17 in all relevant Combat skills.

DARK GIFTS: What Dark Gifts the creature possesses. Where specific gifts are listed, you can substitute others of your choice if you wish.

SPECIAL ABILITIES: Any unique special abilities that the creature has.



GOING UP?

Director Hogan stepped into the elevator, smiling to himself. The operator instantly recognized him and started the car for the very pinnacle of the starscraper. There weren't many in San Dorado who didn't know the Director on sight, and the operator had been ferrying Hogan back and forth from his penthouse apartment for the past six years.

As the car rose into the night sky, Hogan looked out through the glass tube the glass-walled car rode in. The lights of the city sparkled brightly, laid out before him like diamonds on a jeweler's velvet display pad. To the west, he could see the final rays of the dying sun scurrying back to the horizon as the



ILIAN

The Mistress of the Void is known by many names: the First-Born of the Great Darkness, the Lover of the Dark Soul, the Lady of Eternal Misery, the Great Seductress and the Harbinger of Darkness. Her faces are as varied as her names. She can take on any form that she likes, and in fact can appear as several individuals at once, each with their own form and apparently different personality.

Those few that have encountered Ilian and walked away from the meeting with their minds and their souls intact report that she is a creature of great beauty, the coldness of which does little to allay the lust she inspires in the hearts of those that lay eyes upon her. She is the physical representation of ultimate power in the universe. For one reason or another, everyone wants her.

STATISTICS:

STR 175
INT 250
COR 40
PHY 175
MST 300
PER 250

MOVEMENT: 15/1200

OB: +18

ACT/CR: 20

AVOID/PARRY: 20

BPs

Head 25
Arm 50
Stomach 50
Leg 51
Chest 51

ATTACKS: Any melee weapon or firearm at 1d6 times normal damage.

FIELDS OF EXPERTISE: Combat 20, Firearms 20, Communication 50, Movement 20, Technical 20.

DARK GIFTS: Any and all.

Armor (AV)

Appropriate (20+)
Appropriate (20+)
Appropriate (20+)
Appropriate (20+)
Appropriate (20+)

SPECIAL POWERS: Ilian can use the Dark Gifts of any pattern, even those not normally open to her followers (those from the other Apostle's patterns). She can use any power, anywhere, instantly, even those which normally need to be cast within a temple or in the presence of many worshippers. She is the living presence worshipped in those temples and the sum totality of the will of all those who worship her. Anywhere she is present is a Temple of Seduction, and she has the sheer power to cast any Gift on her own without any worshippers.

- Ilian can shift size and form at any time that she likes. She usually prefers to appear as a giant-sized woman, but she can morph into a human size if she likes, male or female, depending on whatever the situation calls for. The only unifying theme in her varied appearances is a startlingly cold and fantastic beauty.
- Ilian can speak through any of her statues in her Citadels and Temples. By bending her will upon a chosen Nephrite or Heretic of Ilian, she can see through that creature's eyes and hear with that creature's ears. Rarely will she bother with a Heretic of less than rank 5. She is instinctively aware of all her followers, and if someone does something worthy of her notice, she will know. Ilian is also capable of possessing the body of anyone whose eyes she looks out of. This invariably proves fatal

for any host body so honored. Few things, living or unliving are capable of being the vessel of so great a power.

- Since all use of the Dark Symmetry comes through Ilian, she can grant the use of any Dark Gift to any creature that she likes. This can be done on a permanent or temporary basis, according to her will. Similarly, she can strip any group or individual of those powers at will, even her fellow Dark Apostles. All the power of the Dark Symmetry flows through her, and she has ultimate control over who she chooses to bestow Dark Gifts upon. It is this power which her brothers fear most.
- With her mastery over space and time, Ilian can actually be in several places at once. One self resides permanently on Nero, watching over her treacherous brothers and supervising their machinations on behalf of the Dark Soul. Another self is permanently in the void, constantly consulting with her lover, the Dark Soul itself. A third self vigilantly maintains the Wild Hunt, eternally tormenting those that would stand against her or the Dark Soul. One other self has been known to roam around the human worlds, appearing wherever she may be needed to bolster the schemes of the Dark Soul. Destroying one of these bodies has absolutely no effect upon any of the others, and they can each be replaced with little effort.

She is reputed to have the power to grant any wish, although this is patently untrue. If such an ability was hers, she would certainly have handed humanity over to the Dark Soul by now. On the other hand, it's entirely possible that she is playing with humanity, toying with us for the entertainment of her Dark master. What other reason could she have for not having crushed us already?

In any case, she is blatantly able to grant most earthy desires. It's simply a matter of convincing her to do so. This is the reason that the disaffected of the human worlds flock to her temples and heed her words when they are presented to them. However, Ilian is selective in who she permits to worship her. She only takes in those who she believes can actually further her cause. The others are shut out or, if they are too persistent, admitted to the wrong side of the Wild Hunt.

Ilian resides with her brothers on Nero. Her particular stronghold is known as the Citadel of Seduction, and it is filled with lost souls and the damned, forever forced to commit horrible acts of depravity in Ilian's never-ending quest to plumb the depths of the human soul. It is filled

by literally millions of these souls, tortured and handled by the legions of Templars and Children of Ilian that they share the Citadel with. It is an ever-changing place, most of it residing not in our own dimension but in another, Darker place in which the rules of our reality do not apply—unless Ilian wishes it so.

APPEARANCE. Although Ilian can be anything to anyone, she prefers the powerful form seen most often in the statuary that riddle her temples. In this form, she stands 10 feet tall, short compared to her brothers, but she can instantly grow to whatever height she likes. She personifies the beauty of the night sky: cold, distant yet awesome in its vastness and power. Her porcelain skin is the color of a white dwarf star, her waist-length hair the sheen of the void between the stars. Her features are perfectly sculpted as if from the finest marble, and her eyes are filled with the eternity of outer space. Her robes are woven from the warp and woof of space, the only relief upon their surfaces, the mystical symbols that are synonymous with her power.

CHILD OF ILIAN

The Children of Ilian are a race of extra-dimensional origin, now subjugated forever to her will. They serve Ilian in any way she needs or desires, scurrying about her Citadels and Temples of Seduction. They serve as the ultimate maintenance workers, dedicated to repairing and keeping up Ilian's edifices and belongings. They carry necrotechnological tools around with them in the pockets of grimy canvas vests so that they might always be ready to lend aid.

While Ilian generally shuns the Dark technology of Algeroth, she has found certain pieces of it (like the weapons) to be invaluable in her work. While she wouldn't want her followers or her Templars to dirty their hands with such concerns as keeping the devices in tip-tip condition, she is more than happy to direct her Children in that endeavor.

For this reason, many Children of Ilian show signs of Degeneration normally unseen in Ilian's followers. Since they would never be permitted in human society anyway, Ilian tolerates this in her Children, something she abhors in her other followers.

The Children of Ilian seem to work with some kind of hive mind, all strangely in concert with each other at all times. There are two alternative explanations for this. Perhaps they do not have any minds of their own and are motivated only by Ilian's will. In such a case, she would be the mind behind the hive mentality.

Or maybe the Children's odd means of communicating permits them to work together so efficiently as to give the illusion of some sort of telepathic unity. This seems more likely, but where the Dark Legion is concerned, there is no way to ever be sure of anything.

APPEARANCE. Children of Ilian are small, less than three feet tall at most. They are shaped like chubby, deformed (human) children, and could almost be considered cute if they weren't so thoroughly perverted by the Darkness. Their arms are at least twice as long as their legs, and their knuckles would be perpetually scraping the group if they didn't almost always have something in their hands. Tubes snake from their overlarge skulls, linking their brains to their twist nervous systems, making them quick and agile despite their apparent deformities.

Children of Ilian are constantly conversing with each other and themselves (even when no other Child is around) in a high-pitched, squealing cackle that quickly grates on the nerves. What seems like meaningless gibberish to humans is apparently a sophisticated means of communicating complex ideas quickly. In fact, it's even been theorized that such high-pitched noises are actually a form of bat-like radar that the Children use as a kind of sixth sense to more fully comprehend the mechanical and necrotechnological devices on which they labor.



darkness took hold. To the east, light from below lit the sky over the Old City, obscuring the stars with its flickering brilliance.

In the limo ride on the way back from the office, the evening news had reported that water shortages had caused riots in the freelance sector. The fires in the east were the most visible sign of that carnage.

Hogan chuckled to himself. He had arranged for the water shortage himself by some horrible mismanagement, yet another thing he could lay at the still-cooling feet of Walter Philsok. Then he'd contacted some friends in the local cell of the Cult of Semai. It had taken them very little effort to spark the riots and then fan them into the inferno that threatened





to consume the entire Old City section of San Dorado.

"A pleasant night." Hogan turned toward the operator. In all the years they'd known each other, the operator had said less than a handful of words to Hogan.

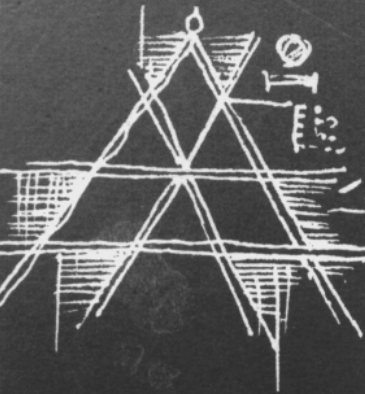
"Why, yes," Hogan said, surprised at his own surprise.

"The darkness is beautiful, isn't it?" The pale, old man grinned up at him, his bushy mustache bowing upward with the effort.

Hogan looked back out the window, watching the ground get farther and farther away. He found himself smiling along with the coot. "I couldn't agree more. It's a fine night to be alive."

Then there was another voice in the car. "And an excellent time to kill." The strangely familiar, musical sound was like nothing human that Hogan had ever heard.

Hogan's head snapped around, but the only one in



STATISTICS:

STR 5
INT 14
COR 12
PHY 5
MST 10
PER 3

MOVEMENT: 3/175

OB: -1

ACT/CR: 3

AVOID/PARRY: —

Head
Arm
Stomach
Leg
Chest

BPs

3
5
5
6
6

Armor (AV)

None (0)
None (0)
None (0)
None (0)
None (0)

ATTACKS: Melee weapon or firearm. Usually Child's Rattle or Mikatch.

FIELDS OF EXPERTISE: Combat 8, Firearms 9, Communication —, Movement 9, Technical 15.

DARK GIFTS: Bringer of Dark Tools, Ilian's Helping Hand.

SPECIAL ABILITIES: Children of Ilian can see in complete darkness via their radar.



WARDOG

The Wardog is a beast of many aspects. Like their Dark mistress, these creatures can change shape at will, although they have a much more limited range of possibilities. In their (un)natural state, they are huge, killer beasts, able to rend a man to pieces in mere moments. They are rarely seen in this state, except in the void, where they serve as the bulk of Ilian's Wild Hunt, tracking down and rending the hapless souls that have fallen out of their mistress's favor.

When in the human worlds, Wardogs morph into seemingly normal canines of nearly any breed. They each have their own dis-

tinct breed that they can change into, and this is often independent of their true form. For instance, the most vicious member of the Wild Hunt may have an alternate form of a toy poodle or Chihuahua.

This fact does not lessen a Wardog's value in the eyes of Ilian or the creature's pack. The more-innocent looking the creature, the easier it is for it to infiltrate itself into households across the human worlds. A good number of the strays that many people have taken in or see roaming the streets of their hometowns are in fact Wardogs spying on them for the greater glory of the Mistress of the Void.

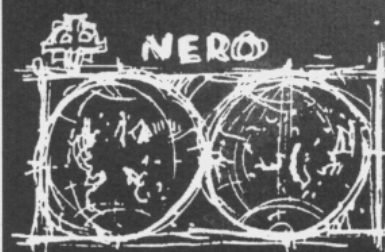


the car with him was the old man. Then the operator smiled at him, and in place of the rotten teeth that usually showed, the Director saw a face full of fangs.

"By the Cardinal!" Hogan hadn't been in a Cathedral for thirty years, but old habits died hard. Before his eyes, the old man's head sprouted spikes as his body grew larger, his skin smoother, his features more handsome. And then suddenly the ex-operator was a woman, cold and haughty in her beauty.

"I thought you were over that old fool, Director," the thing cackled coyly. Suddenly Hogan remembered where he knew that voice from. He'd been right. It wasn't human at all.

"Lord Rikada!" Hogan had never actually met the Nepharite before, but he knew her on site. She had been described to him dozens of times by Bakra, the Priest of Ilian to whom Hogan reported. The Priest's words had not done the creature justice.





Some of the lesser members of the pack appear as Mastiffs or other large dogs, making it more difficult for them to make their way into the tiny hovels that the vast majority of humanity calls their homes.

APPEARANCE. In their natural forms, Wardogs are massive hunting doglike beasts. They stand five feet tall at their shoulders, mass up to four hundred pounds, and they sport a mouth filled with several rows of long, white, razor-sharp teeth, including a set of four fang, each six inches long at least. Their coats (which concealed rock-hard skin) shimmer

with the color of the void, broken only occasionally by a star field splattered across their backs. The more star fields a Wardog sports, the more powerful it is. The alphas of many packs are almost entirely covered with galaxies all their own.

In their alternate form, Wardogs can appear to be just about any breed of dog on the human worlds. None has ever been found as a terrier, and for that reason, those breeds of dogs are favored across the human worlds by Light-fearing citizens everywhere.

The following statistics are for the Wardogs in their natural state.

STATISTICS:		BPs	Armor (AV)
STR	18	Head 4	Skin (3)
INT	7	Arm 7	Skin (3)
COR	15	Stomach 7	Skin (3)
PHY	20	Leg 8	Skin (3)
MST	16	Chest 8	Skin (3)
PER	15	ATTACKS: Bite (1d6+2) and claws (1d6 for each that can be brought to bear; normally this is only two, but all four can be used against opponents larger than a man).	
MOVEMENT: 4/275		FIELDS OF EXPERTISE: Combat 20, Firearms —, Communication 10, Movement 18, Technical —.	
OB: +2		DARK GIFTS: Dimensional Travel.	
ACT/CR: 3		SPECIAL ABILITIES: Wardogs can see in complete darkness. At such times, their eyes glow an evil red. Also, once they have a soul's scent (which can be gotten from the body the soul originally occupied), they can track it through just about anything, as long as the trail is less than 24 hours old.	
AVOID/PARRY: 5			

Despite the fangs and the spikes, Hogan found himself lusting after the Nepharite. In many ways, she was everything he dreamed about in a woman. Besides her obvious physical charms—her splendid curves, her porcelain skin, her rosy lips—she had the one thing he wanted most: power.

Quickly enough, he managed to recover from the shock of seeing the Nepharite, the creature to whom Bakra himself reported, sharing an elevator with him, standing in the place where the operator had seemingly been only moments before. The old man was probably dead, but that hardly concerned Hogan in the slightest.



TEMPLAR

Ilian's Templars are the foot soldiers of Ilian's elite forces. She has no regular Legionnaires to call on, the cannon fodder that fill the ranks of her brothers' armies. Instead she relies on a small, mobile and extremely efficient force comprised of her Templars. The Templars spend most of their time guarding the temples and Citadels of Ilian, but on rare occasion, they are called upon to take part in some offensive action that their mistress deems prudent.

The Templars are ruled by High Templars. These creatures are simply powerful Templars that have risen through Ilian's ranks until she has appointed them to look over the others of their ilk. This is the highest honor available a Templar, and the competition for the few open positions are fierce. Their statistics are shown in parentheses below.

Templars wear great, spiked helmets, the spikes of which work as some sort of antennae for their Dark powers. Unlike most members of

the Dark Legion, the Templars seem to be willing members of the Dark Soul's armies. They actually live to wreak havoc on people; the more innocent they are, the better!

Templars have no fear on the field of battle. They never take cover, preferring to rely on the strength of their armor and arms. They simply march relentlessly toward their foes, overrunning them until they are all dead.

APPEARANCE.

Templars stand about eight feet tall and mass around 350 pounds including all their armor. No Templar has ever been seen without its armor, so it's anyone's guess as to what they actually look like underneath their heavy gear. They appear to be at least partially mechanical, and they rely on the Children of Ilian for the upkeep of their non-organic parts. Their armor, helmets and clothing is generally black and covered with stars, reminiscent of the void which their mistress calls home.

STATISTICS:

STR 19 (21)
INT 10 (12)
COR 15 (17)
PHY 21 (23)
MST 12 (17)
PER 24 (27)

MOVEMENT: 4/275

OB: +2 (+3)

ACT/CR: 3

AVOID/PARRY: 8 (9)

Head
Arm
Stomach
Leg
Chest

BPs

3
6
6
7
7

Armor (AV)

Plate (10)
Plate (6)
Plate (7)
Plate (6)
Plate (7)

ATTACKS: Templar Blade or Templar Mace.

FIELDS OF EXPERTISE: Combat 15, Firearms 15, Communication 11, Movement 16, Technical 8.

DARK GIFTS: Resist Pain.

SPECIAL ABILITIES: Templars can sense waves of pain and fear from up to 50 squares/75 meters away. Their sense are sharp enough that they can separate individuals, allowing them to understand the ebb and flow of a battle. Also, they can sense the intent of someone causing pain (at the same range), making them the perfect guards for Ilian's temples, as they can separate out the pain that the Heretics are causing from those that mean to do Ilian's followers harm. Templars also have nightvision.

TRIANGLED TEMPLARS

The first Templar that Ilian brought through to our plane of existence was a mysterious creature known as Karak. Standing 10 feet tall, he was the perfect cross between the organic and the artificial, cool and calculating, yet savage and unrefined. To Ilian, this monstrosity was the most beautiful being she had encountered in her centuries roaming the void. She enthralled him immediately, and then set out to do the same with the rest of the warriors of his world.

Since then, the Templars have been a valuable asset in Ilian's portion of the Dark Crusade. Karak has seen many battles and visited many warzones on her behalf. Inevitably, the passage of time in our (to the Templars, alien) plane wrought its effects on Karak his brethren. This disease became known as the Curse of the Templars.

The Curse is a degenerate effect which only manifests in Templars that have lived in our plane for many years. First their minds become so attuned to battle that nothing else matters. They become entranced or fixated with battle and war. Then, in their berserker-like rage, their bodies mutate, the machined part of them creating all-new contraptions even more suitable for war. At the end of the disease's course, the Templars have mutated so badly that they are unable to even move, much less kill.



Hogan fell to one knee and bowed his head. "My lady. To what do I owe this unparalleled honor?"

Rikada's smooth laughter rang in the tiny chamber. "Very good, Director! I like to see a man grovel. It does my heart good." She laughed a moment longer and then said, "Rise."



Right away, Hogan knew what to say. "How may I be of service, my lady?"

The Nepharite smiled at him, and Hogan's heart melted. "You are good, Director. You are an excellent toady." Then her face turned dark, and it was as if someone had reached up and shut off the sun. "However, that's not why I am here."

Hogan's leer fell of his face like a skydiver from a plane. A cold hand reached in and gripped his heart. Suddenly he was very frightened.

The Nepharite smiled at Hogan again, but this time it chilled his soul. "Yes," she said, "You're no fool. Quite

Templars in the berserker stage of the Curse are no longer ideal guards, mostly because they kill each other if left alone for any length of time. Fortunately, they make for great shock troops.

To make the best of the Curse's effects, Ilian constructed the Triangled Wheel, one of her few real tools of open warfare. It is a Dark device of incredible power, resembling a massive and ancient spoked wheel with Ilian's symbol as the hub.

Its diameter nearly a mile wide. Inside, the berserk Templars lay trapped in stasis, the Curse arrested in its tracks. When Ilian wills it (which is only in the most desperate or desirable situations), the Triangled Wheel appears mystically from the void and suddenly casts a shadow over a battlefield. It then beams down squad after squad of berserk Templars to the ground in a magnificent display of light, leaving behind a burn mark in the ground shaped like a symbol of Ilian.

The vast majority of the wheel are mostly Karak's original troops, plus a few of the later crossings. The central hub is the chamber of Karak the Keeper. To Ilian, it seemed only fitting that the first berserker is also the keeper of his accursed brothers.

The statistics of High Triangled Templars are shown in parenthesis below.

APPEARANCE. The troops of the wheel are old and unkempt. Their original colors were red and black, but these have faded over the centuries. They have had little or no spirit to clean or change their attire.

Some of the berserk Templars physically look much different due to the mutating process of their disease. Many have the symbol of the wheel inscribed in their armor. They often enter battle with a Kratach and a Templar Mace.

STATISTICS:

STR 22 (24)
INT 3 (5)
COR 10 (12)
PHY 23 (25)
MST 5 (10)
PER 26 (29)

Head
Arm
Stomach
Leg
Chest

BPs
3
6
6
7
7

Armor (AV)
Plate (10)
Plate (7)
Plate (8)
Plate (7)
Plate (8)

MOVEMENT: 4/275

OB: +3

ACT/CR: 3

AVOID/PARRY: 5 (6)

ATTACKS: Kratach and Templar Mace.

FIELDS OF EXPERTISE: Combat 15, Firearms 15, Communication 3, Movement 16, Technical 3.

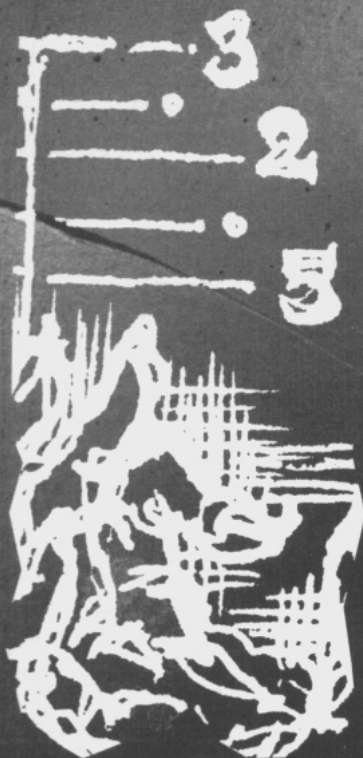
DARK GIFTS: Resist Pain.

SPECIAL ABILITIES: Triangled Templars have the ability to sense pain, just like their unCurSED siblings, but they are incapable of thinking about it. They simply attack anything in their path. If nothing is available, they often attack each other. Triangled Templars also have nightvision.

KARAK THE KEEPER

Karak has lost most of his mind over the years, but his cunning and coolness still show through. Karak still possesses the ability to use the Dark Symmetry, although it pales in comparison to the powers that he once wielded. His war-like nature has spawned very unique mutations on his body. No matter how he may have degenerated over the centuries, Karak is still extremely impressive on the battlefield.

APPEARANCE. Karak stands some 10 feet tall. His large spiked shoulder pads make him look almost as wide as he is tall. His body is covered in robes hiding most of his deformities. From his back protrude 6 large tubes that belch smoke. His left arm has totally been replaced with a large weapon, and a smaller one protrudes from his right forearm.



STATISTICS:

STR 26
INT 9
COR 13
PHY 27
MST 38
PER 30

MOVEMENT: 4/275

OB: +4

ACT/CR: 6

AVOID/PARRY: 8

Head
Arm
Stomach
Leg
Chest

BPs
3
6
6
7
7

Armor (AV)
Plate (12)
Plate (10)
Plate (10)
Plate (10)
Plate (10)

ATTACKS: Blastmaker hand cannon and Heavyfire autocannon.

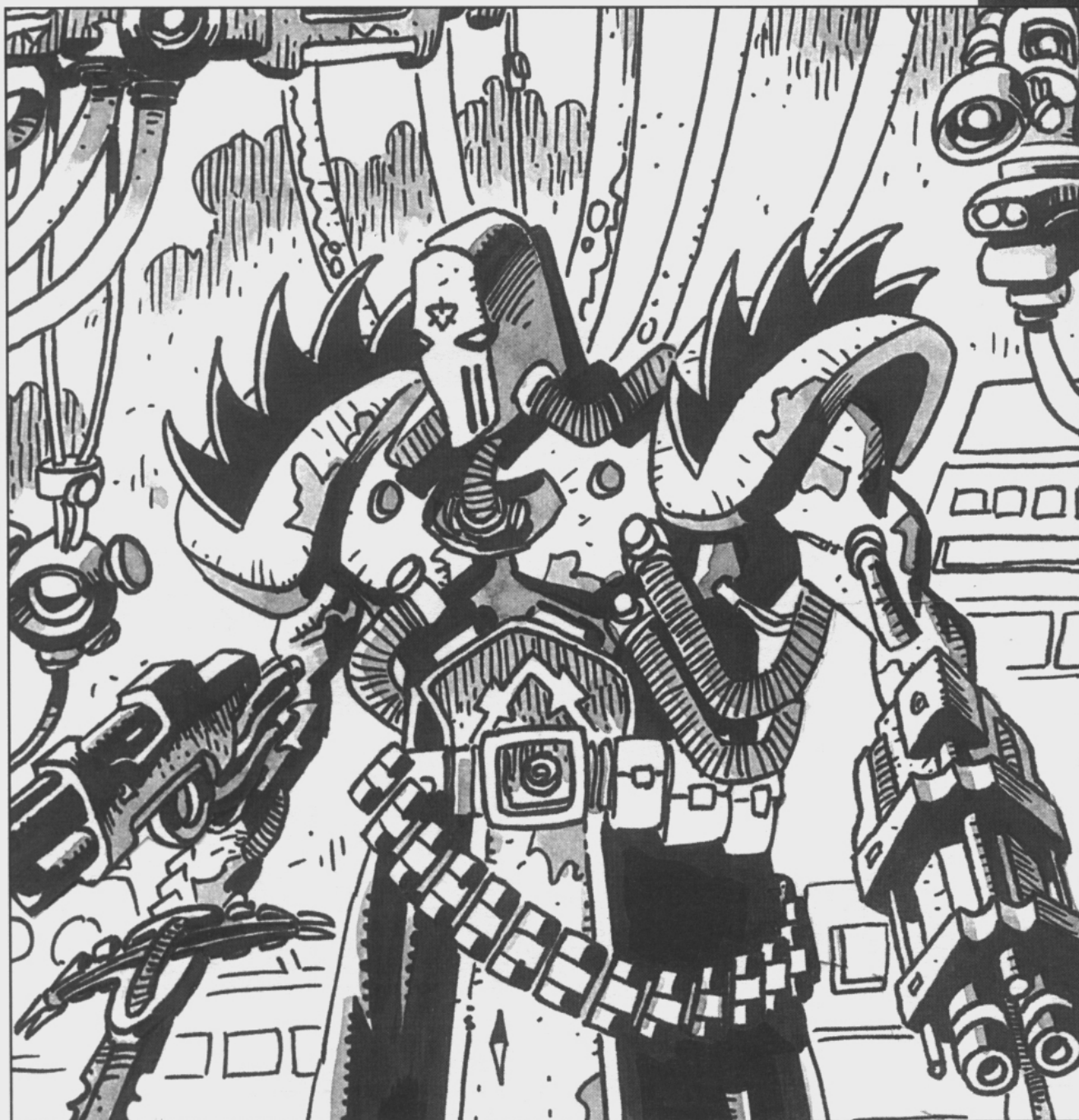
FIELDS OF EXPERTISE: Combat 18, Firearms 18, Communication 3, Movement 18, Technical 3.

DARK GIFTS: Ilian's Flaming Fist of Destruction, Resist Pain, Return to the Darkness (the Triangled Wheel), Reversal of Dark Fortune, Timeslip.

SPECIAL ABILITIES: Karak has the ability to sense pain, just like an unCursed Templar but he is incapable of thinking about it. He simply attacks anything in his path. If nothing is available, he attacks his own soldiers. He also has nightvision.



simply, Director, you've been a bit too overt in your actions of late. You've attracted attention. The wrong kind of attention. Brotherhood attention."





CHANGELING

Changelings are unique the ranks of Ilian's Dark Legionnaires in that they were (at least at one time) human. They started out in the ranks of her Heretics, rising higher and higher toward the ultimate power. Eventually, it was decided that they were ready to undergo Transfiguration into humanoids that can change their shape and color at will.

The vast majority of Changelings were high-ranking Heretics that were discovered (or about to be discovered) as such. Normally, such failures

are left for the Brotherhood to deal with. If such an arrangement could possibly compromise the Cult of Ilian, then the poor fool's soul is fed to the Wild Hunt. In some rare circumstances, the Heretic in question is too powerful or too valuable to let go, and so that person is offered Transfiguration into a Changeling.

Many Heretics of Ilian are tempted to turn down such offers because they would

like to hold out for Transfiguration into a Nepharite, every high-level Heretic's ultimate dream. However, since their chances of becoming a Nepharite have likely been dramatically reduced and since the alternative is a terrifying death, they generally accept.

Most Changelings are used to replace powerful people in the Megacorporations and the Brotherhood. The individual in question is fed to the Wild Hunt, and the Changeling simply takes his or her place. In this way, Ilian is able to get her people into positions that would be closed to them otherwise.

APPEARANCE. Changelings can look like whoever they want. All they need to see is a photograph of another person, and they can make themselves look exactly like him or her. Using videotape as a resource is even better, but there's no substitute for actually meeting and interacting with someone to get all their speech patterns and idiosyncrasies down pat.

Changelings can alter their height up to one foot in either direction, and they can gain or lose up to 100 pounds at will. Their hair, eye and skin can be altered to reflect any known color (even unnatural colors) or texture. Their voice and their features can be altered at will. They can even drop off limbs and regrow them within minutes or "grow" clothing out of their skin. In short, they are the ultimate spies.

When pressed, Changelings can transform into large, powerful beings. They can harden their skin to look and act like armor.



for you in your apartment. If this car was allowed to reach the penthouse level, you would be in custody before the doors finished opening. This is something we cannot allow to happen."

Hogan let out a long sigh. He had been expecting something far worse. "My thanks to you, my lady. Ilian is wise in the way she watches over her children."

Hogan's relieved expression swiftly became one of horror as Rikada threw back her head and laughed. "You have been a part of Ilian's cult for far too long to believe that you would

STATISTICS:

STR 20
INT 15
COR 20
PHY 20
MST 15
PER 15

MOVEMENT: 4/275

OB: +2

ACT/CR: 4

AVOID/PARRY: 6

BPs

Head 4
Arm 7
Stomach 7
Leg 8
Chest 8

Armor (AV)

Skin (7)
Skin (7)
Skin (7)
Skin (7)
Skin (7)

ATTACKS: Melee weapon or firearm. They can also fashion their limbs into clubs (1d6) or blades (1d6).

FIELDS OF EXPERTISE: Combat 15, Firearms 15, Communication 20, Movement 10, Technical 10.

DARK GIFTS: Choose 2d6 Dark Gifts.

SPECIAL ABILITIES: A Changeling is a master of disguise. They have the Conning: Disguise sub-skill at 20. When trying to impersonate someone, take -4 if they've only seen a photo. Add no modifiers if the Changeling has seen videos of the person. Add +2 if the Changeling has had a chance to meet and interact with the person. Add even more if the Changeling has known the person for a long time and had a chance to research into his or her background.

WILD HUNTER

Wild Hunters are the extradimensional creatures that ride with Ilian in her Wild Hunt. They accompany her on nightmarish Dark Steeds of necrofied flesh and metal, chasing down the hapless souls unfortunate enough to run afoul of her incontrovertible will.

Ilian's Wild Hunt has three levels of creatures in it. First comes Ilian, Mistress of the Hunt, who leads from behind, directing the hunt and watching over it all with detached amusement. Then come the Wild Hunters on their Dark Steeds in the middle. Last are the Wardogs, leading the Wild Hunt on its horrific way, scenting and chasing down the poor souls that are the Wild Hunt's prey.

The Wild Hunters are Ilian's favored, as they provide her with eternal diversion, something to keep at least one of her multiple selves occupied at all times. They are never seen in any dimension but their own, except possibly in the void itself. They have no interest in fleshly prey. They are the gatherers of souls for their Dark mistress, and in this task, they rarely fail.

This alien race takes great pride in the Wild Hunt. They see it as their sacred task to entertain their mistress in this way. It is a source of great honor to be selected for the Wild Hunt, and only the best and brightest Wild Hunters ever get to participate in the eternal event.

APPEARANCE. Wild Hunters stand about eight feet tall and mass only around 200 pounds. They are rarely seen off the backs of their Dark Steeds (the statistics below assume they are on their Dark Steeds). They are tall, thin, pale and hairless, although they are rarely seen without their blackened armor, covered from head to toe in long, razored spikes. These fork again and again, making the Wild Hunters resembled nothing more than burnt, metallic and highly mobile trees.

Their Dark Steeds are incredible beasts. They are ridden like a horse, but if need be, their thun-



dering hooves can morph into raking claws, permitting them to scale even the sheerest surfaces as if they were rampaging down a city street. They breathe fire from their beastly heads, and their eyes flare with the same flames.

come out of this unscathed, Director. My, such bravado." She reached out with one hand and softly caressed his stubbled face. "And how quickly it sours."

With that, Rikada wrapped her hand around Hogan's throat. "No!" he squealed. "I've been faithful! I've done everything you've asked and more!"

Rikada grinned at the man as she hefted him over her head—one hand at his throat and the other at his crotch. His face grew redder by the second.

STATISTICS:

STR 25
INT 13
COR 17
PHY 18
MST 20
PER 18

Head
Arm
Stomach
Leg
Chest

BPs

5
9
9
10
10

Armor (AV)

None (3)
Plate (8)
Plate (10)
Plate (8)
Plate (10)

MOVEMENT: 4/275

OB: +4

ACT/CR: 6

AVOID/PARRY: 10

ATTACKS: 2-H melee weapon or firearm (Kratach). Dark Steed (fire: 1d6; claws: 1d4+1 each).

FIELDS OF EXPERTISE: Combat 18, Firearms 15, Communication 6, Movement 16, Technical 5.

DARK GIFTS: Choose 2d8 Dark Gifts

SPECIAL ABILITIES: Wild Hunters have nightvision.



NEPHARITE OF ILIAN

Compared to Algoth and most of her other brothers, Ilian has few Nepharites in her service. For this reason, she does not have the divisions within her ranks that Algoth has (i.e., there are no Nepharite Overlords of Ilian). In fact, Ilian's Nepharites are most like Algoth's Nepharite Magi, his foul masters of the magical means of the Dark Symmetry.

Given Ilian's association with the powers granted by the Dark Soul to its loyal followers, it's no surprise that her lieutenants concentrate more on the Dark Symmetry than destruction for its own sake. In fact the vast majority of Ilian's Nepharites subscribe to her policy of leaving the human worlds mostly intact. After all, what's the use of power if you don't have someone to have that power over? The solar system's original inhabitants fit the bill nicely.

As Ilian has few Citadels for her Nepharites to rule over, she often seconds them out to her brothers' Citadels, placing them in the temporary service of the rulers of those foul edifices. Ilian's brothers appreciate the gesture, since Nepharite Magi are few and far between outside Ilian's ranks.

Ilian is happy to accommodate their requests for her specialists in the Dark Symmetry, since the presence of her Nepharites in the others' Citadels permits her to keep tabs on her brothers' activities. For this same reason, Nepharites of Ilian are forbidden in the most sensitive parts of the Citadels they're stationed in, but this only slightly hampers their intelligence-gathering activities.

Without Ilian's Nepharites, many Citadels would find their supplies of new soldiers for their campaigns of war soon depleted. The Dark Gifts that these Nepharites can call upon make them invaluable in recruiting new troops from the Dark dimensions that have already fallen to the Dark Soul.

APPEARANCE. Nepharites of Ilian are often the most handsome and gorgeous varieties around, mimicking their mistress's frigid beauty. This does little to change the fact that they are the embodiments of evil lust for power. Still, more than one human has been seduced by their promises.

These Nepharites wear simple tunics covered with the mystical symbols that Ilian favors her-

"Your past service has been exemplary, of course. Otherwise you'd already be dead."

She shifted his weight about so that his face was looking straight out the glassed back of the elevator car. No hint of the sun could be seen. Night reigned supreme, broken only by the tiny lights that humanity lit against the Darkness, and the great fires off to the east that threatened to consume the Old City in flames.

"Let me say this in a way that a Capitolian would understand. You've become a



FONACHKT

BALKAZAR

KURZADA

self. The armor they wear over their clothes is ice-cold, rimed with frost from its exposure to the void of space. They never wear helmets, preferring for their victims to be able to look upon their stunning visages and to know fear.

In addition to their more traditional garb, Nepharites of Ilian wear living chains which rustle restlessly about their persons at all times. In the midst of battle, the hooked ends of these chains are used to ensnare victims and then tear them apart.

BALKAZAR

This Nepharite is the supreme commander of all of Ilian's forces on Luna. No matter anyone's position in the Cult of Ilian, they must all bow to Balkazar's demands.

It is rumored that Balkazar shares a bed with one of Ilian's many incarnations, which explains his incredible influence with his mistress. Still, there is never any doubt as to who is in charge.

Balkazar stands about 14 feet tall (tall, even for a Nepharite), and his three Nepharite's horns curl together, nearly meeting at a point almost two feet above his skull. He has long, flowing hair, and he is trim and lean. Despite this, he projects an aura of physical strength.

In his human guise, Balkazar is the Director of the Capitol Bureau of Investigation's Luna department. This accords him a great deal of power among Lunar Capitolians. Many of his followers are scattered throughout the CBI, permitting Balkazar to cover up most if not all of the activities of the Cult of Ilian on Luna.

IONACHKT

This creature is the head of Ilian's operations on Mercury, particularly Fukido. Times are turbulent in the Free City, making it ripe for rapid accumulation of power by those willing to do anything to grab it. Rumor has it that it was Ionachkt working with Balkazar that permitted Capitol to lease most of Fukido in one fell swoop. Neither Nepharite has ever denied such tales.

Ionachkt is only 6 feet tall, making him a Nepharite runt. Also, his horns are short and twisted like barber poles. Perhaps these "deficiencies" are what drive him to succeed where others of his ilk have failed.

Ionachkt is famous for his sense of humor, something which many of the butts of his jokes (usually hapless innocents) fail to appreciate. He likes to set

up intricate traps in which his victims snare themselves almost entirely due to their own foibles. He doesn't let these matters stand between him and ultimate power, but if he spots a chance to gain influence with style, you can be sure he's going to take it.

In human society, Ionachkt is Ruichi Hakamoto, the top advisor to the Governor of Fukido (currently a Mishiman named Tandata Kahuna, the Big Kahuna). Ionachkt has seen many governors come and go during his time in Fukido, and he has survived them all.

KURZADA

This sultry Nepharite is the master of seduction. In the male-dominated human worlds, she uses her feminine wiles to grab men of power by their balls.

Kurzada stands 10 feet tall, and has the proportions of a voluptuous woman. Her skin is untouched by the mystical runes that most of her kind have tattooed across their bodies. Her horns are swept back into her long, silvery hair, which is braided between the needle-sharp points. This is a rose with thorns.

Kurzada is the leader of a secret order of high-class prostitutes known as the Magdalenes. She uses this network of costly call-girls to learn all about the skeletons in the closets of men in top positions in every corporation (except, of course, Cybertronic). These are kept secret until needed to blackmail these men into obeying Kurzada's orders.

When Kurzada takes a human form, which is rare, she masquerades as Pandorina, the most legendary madam of all time. In her younger days, Pandorina was known as the mistress of some of the most powerful men of the time. Presently, she is a recluse, preferring to handle the business side of the world's oldest profession.



liability instead of an asset, and it's time to take you off the books!"

Rikada heaved, and Hogan smashed through the glass, face first. Had fortune shined on him that day, the breaking of his nose would have caused him to lose consciousness. Instead he screamed the entire way down.

Rikada watched him fall for half a minute before he hit the sidewalk, killing two innocent passersby as he landed. The Brotherhood would simply assume that Hogan had learned that they were on to him and so taken the easy way out. The Nepharite chuckled softly to herself before morphing slowly back into the shape of the old elevator operator and whispered softly to herself, "Going down."

STATISTICS:

STR 34
INT 21
COR 20
PHY 18
MST 35
PER 28

MOVEMENT: 4/275

OB: +4

ACT/CR: 6

AVOID/PARRY: 10

BPs

Head 5
Arm 9
Stomach 9
Leg 10
Chest 10

Armor (AV)

None (3)
Plate (8)
Plate (10)
Plate (8)
Plate (10)

ATTACKS: Grasp (see below), Gifts, 2-H melee weapon (often an Azogar), Living Chains (1d6 attacks of 1d6 each).

FIELDS OF EXPERTISE: Combat 21, Firearms 15, Communication 18, Movement 19, Technical 14.

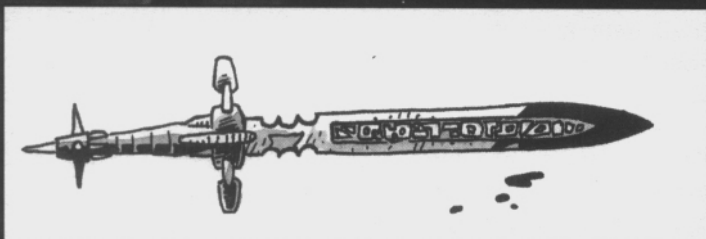
DARK GIFTS: Any and all general Dark Gifts and any and all Gifts of Ilian.

SPECIAL ABILITIES: If a Nepharite of Ilian grasps an opponent and then defeats the victim's MST with its own MST on the Resistance Table, the poor sap's soul is hurled into the void to be lost forever (and incidentally killing the foe instantly) or possibly subjected to the Wild Hunt. The Nepharite also has nightvision and does not feel pain.



ILIAN'S ARMORY

Not being technologically minded, Ilian has few weapons that are particular to her followers, especially when compared with her war-mongering sibling Algoerth. All of these weapons are pure products of Darkness, though, and they follow the same rules as any other Dark Legion weapon with regards to Corruption Factors. (See *Algoerth* for more details about Corruption).



TEMPLAR BLADE

A Templar Blade is a jagged length of steel attuned to its owner's body. Rarely can anyone else can use it without instantly becoming corrupted into a Heretic of Ilian. The length of this two-handed sword is covered with mystical sigils that glow hotly when drenched in blood. These weapons are used exclusively by Ilian's Templars.

CORRUPTION FACTOR: 40

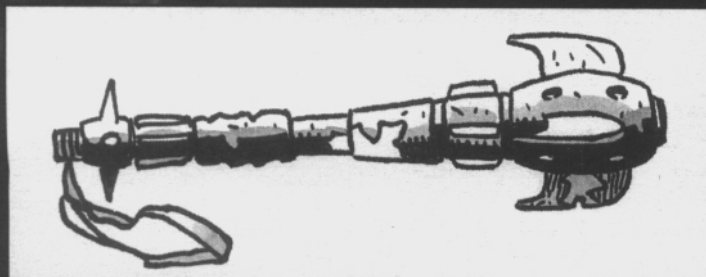
WEIGHT:
5

LENGTH:
118

STR:
12

Damage (1H):
1d4+1

Damage (2H):
1d8+1



TEMPLAR MACE

A Templar Mace is a lump of jagged metal on the business end of a sturdy haft, attuned to its owner's body. Rarely can anyone else can use it without instantly becoming corrupted into a Heretic of Ilian. The head of this mighty, crushing weapon is covered in unknown runes that glow red-hot when the weapon is used to inflict pain. These weapons are used exclusively by Ilian's Templars.

CORRUPTION FACTOR: 40

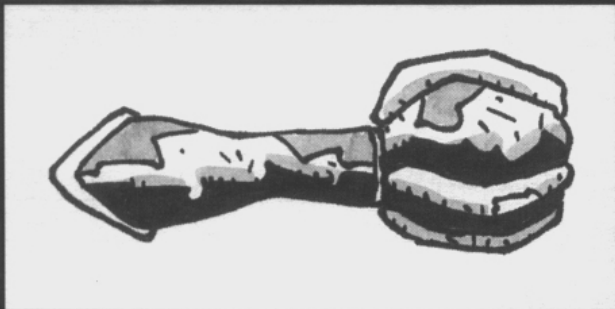
WEIGHT:
5

LENGTH:
50

STR:
11

Damage (1H):
1d6

Damage (2H):
1d8



CHILD'S RATTLE

This strange device is used as a weapon by the Children of Ilian. It resembles nothing more than a necrofied baby's rattle, from which comes the name. When shaken at a target, the Rattle hurls tiny razor-sharp needles. While these don't do a great deal of damage on their own, they are fast and sharp enough to penetrate any armor as if it wasn't there (ignore the effects of armor). A single hit is not enough to kill a warrior, but the Children of Ilian rarely are found alone.

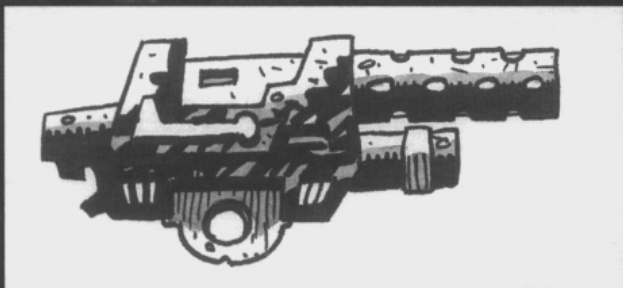
CORRUPTION FACTOR: 5	W	L	MBL	FUNC	RANGE	STR	RT	JF	Damage
	1	20	•	M	10/15	4	—	—	1d3



MIKATCH (SLINGSHOT)

The Mikatch is a fork of necrofied metal with an elastic band stretched between the two tines. By placing a special "bullet" in the band and drawing back, the user (almost always a Child of Ilian) can hurl the bullet at a target, just like a slingshot. These bullets can be coated with all sorts of poisons, making them potentially more dangerous than they might seem. Of course, the attack has to penetrate armor before the poison (usually DL 7; fail and fall asleep for 2d6 turns) can be effective.

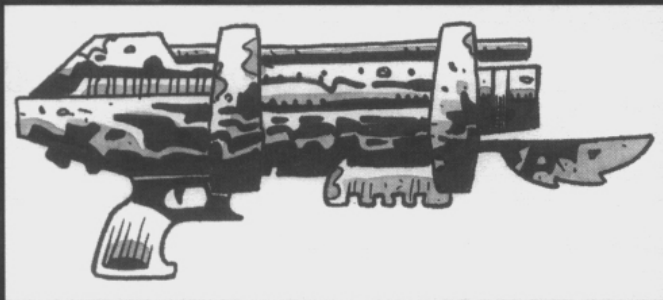
CORRUPTION FACTOR: 3	W	L	MBL	FUNC	RANGE	STR	RT	JF	Damage
	2	18	1	M	20/30	6	1	—	1d4



BLASTMAKER HAND CANNON

This is the personal firearm of Karak. In effect, it is a hand-integrated grenade launcher. It is surgically attached to his arm and cannot be removed (at least not without causing Karak much mayhem). Even if removed, it could not be used by another person or creature without being surgically attached to the new owner by a Tekron.

CORRUPTION FACTOR: 3	W	L	MC	FUNC	RANGE	STR	RT	JF	Damage
	5	18	•	M	50/75	10	—	5	1d6+2



HEAVYFIRE AUTOCANNON

The Heavyfire is a heavily modified and necrofied version of Lyon & Atkinson's Lumberjack. This particular weapon was specifically made for Karak, and there are no others like it. It is rarely more than an arm's length from the Templar leader. During each attack action, Karak can use the autocannon to make either one attack with a damage of 1d6+6 or two attacks with a damage of 1d10 each (with appropriate to hit penalties for a rapid volley).

CORRUPTION FACTOR: 7	W	L	MC	FUNC	RANGE	STR	RT	JF	Damage
	30	120	•	A	1000	26	—	9	1d6+6

IN THE BEGINNING, ALL WAS PERFECT DARKNESS
AND THEN THE PERFECTION WAS BROKEN
TEMPORARILY DISTURBED BY THE LIGHT.

AT THE MOMENT THE LIGHT WAS ITS STRONGEST,
THE GREAT DARKNESS RETURNED
IN THE FORM OF THE DARK SOUL
AND THE MURDEROUS DARK LEGION.

THE FIRST CHILD OF THE DARKNESS WAS ILIAN,
MISTRESS OF THE VOID,
LOVER OF THE DARK SOUL,
LEADER OF THE DARK APOSTLES,
AND THROUGH THEM THE DARK LEGION ITSELF.

IT WAS ILIAN THAT BROUGHT UPON US
THE DARK AGES THAT DESTROYED OUR SCIENCE,
NULLIFIED OUR ONCE-SACRED TECHNOLOGY.
SHE LED HER BROTHERS AGAINST US.

SHE IS THE HERALD OF THE DARKNESS,
AND IF SHE HAS HER WAY,
THE LIGHT WILL BE EXTINGUISHED AGAIN,
AND THE DARKNESS WILL REIGN FOREVER.



Delve into the Dark mysteries of Ilian, the Lady of the Dark Symmetry and the Harbinger of the Dark Soul. This sourcebook is crammed full of details about the Dark Lady herself, her malevolent minions and their foul weapons, as well as how to create a Heretic of Ilian. Plus, there's 30 new, fully detailed Dark Gifts for Heretic characters to use, including new Gifts for the patterns of Ilian. Learn all about what life is like as a member of one of her secret cults, the members of which have infiltrated themselves into every level of the human worlds, including the nearly impervious Brotherhood itself!

NOTE: In order to use «Ilian», you must have access to «Mutant Chronicles™: The Techno-Fantasy Roleplaying Game» and the «Algeroth» sourcebook.



#4011

Heartbreaker™

