

# A Murder Most Foul



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**Cordially Invited**

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*Secretly*

LORD JURALLION



**PATHFINDER**  
ROLEPLAYING GAME COMPATIBLE

**SE** Compatible

BY CHRISTOPHER STURTS





# A Murder Most Foul

## CREDITS

**Author** ● Christopher Sturts  
**Cover Art** ● Luiz Prado  
savedra.deviantart.com  
**Character Art** ● Luiz Prado

**Editor** ● Christopher Sturts  
Alan Albano  
**Graphic Design** ●  
Eniko Sturts

**Publisher** ● S Werd Studios, LLC

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These rules can be found online as part of the SRD5, 2.5 SRD and Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Reference document at [www.d20srd.org](http://www.d20srd.org) & [paizo.com/pathfinderRPG/prd](http://paizo.com/pathfinderRPG/prd) respectively. This adventure is compliant with the Open Gaming License (OGL) and is suitable for use with the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game or the 3.5 edition of the world’s oldest fantasy roleplaying game. The OGL can be found on page 16 of this product.

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Westminster, CO 80021

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## SYNOPSIS

Lord Bradon Jurallion is holding the most extravagant masked ball of the year – The Great Harvest Gala. Everyone who is anyone in the highest socialite circles are invited to attend. These paragons of industry and politics discuss everything from current trading arrangements to political coup attempts. Deals are struck. Propositions are made. Alliances are secured. Treachery abounds. Hosting the party is not without its hazards, though. Word has spread that someone may wish to harm Lord Jurallion, sending panic and fear through the normally unwavering aristocrat.

He has been looking for a group of people that have a reputation among his peers to get things done – no matter the cost. It comes as no surprise that, given their string of recent achievements for the various nobility, the PCs bear significant weight in that regard. So, it now comes to this – they have been invited to the Great Harvest Gala as personal guests of Lord Jurallion by way of his Captain of the guard and have been given permission to mingle with the upper crust of high society and keep an eye on the lord's well-being.

When he suddenly dies in his parlor, it falls on the group to identify the suspects, interrogate them successfully and apprehend anyone responsible for his untimely demise. Can they do it before the Gala ends? Only time will tell...

## ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Once a year, a lavish and incredibly expensive party is put on by none other than Lord Bradon Jurallion, the political and economic juggernaut of the region. People travel from thousands of miles away just to attend – they say that a single meeting with the right person can net you a fortune. A chance encounter with

the wrong one, however, could end with your demise. Everyone who is anyone in the uppermost portion of society holds their breath when invitations go out, hoping to receive one. The guest list is extremely select – Lord Jurallion prefers competition to get into his parties. This assures that only the hungriest of Trade Princes, and the most ambitious of politicians get the exclusive hand lettered requests to attend.

This year is a little different, however. Usually, when the event is set to take place, those who would request an audience with the lord would often find him displaying his most valuable garments and implying that perhaps more gifts should be given in order to receive such a rare invitation. In the last few weeks, though, Lord Jurallion has been declining audiences altogether. He has become increasingly more paranoid as the party draws near and has replaced all the servants in his staff three times, fired his tailor and personal chefs and insists on having at least three well trained bodyguards with him at all times. It is clear that Lord Jurallion is afraid; but of what, no one really knows.

In the final days before the ball is set to begin, the lord has demanded that more stringent protection be acquired. The bodyguards have been fired and Jurallion has holed up within the walls of his great estate. Yesterday, the reclusive nobleman sent for the Captain of the guard; dispatching him with a single request – locate the group that has been responsible for saving Lord Khobar's daughter and hire them to attend the Ball to serve as both protection and as an investigative team to ensure his personal wellbeing.

## ADVENTURE SUMMARY

This adventure is designed to be more in line with a roleplay-heavy murder mystery set in the fantasy setting. The group agrees to attend the Great Harvest Gala at the request of Lord Bradon Jurallion by way of his Captain of the Guard, Linus Arved. Once the PCs have dressed in the proper attire, complete with animal masks, they are escorted into the event and allowed to mingle. Soon, the PCs will find out that Lord Jurallion has been murdered. Through a series of skill checks, questions, investigations, and deductions, the PCs will eventually uncover who actually killed Lord Jurallion. Finally, they must decide what to do with the perpetrator, such as turn him/her over to the

authorities, kill him/her, or some other inventive way to deal with the culprit.

## INTRODUCTION

With another victory under your belt, it seems that your group has become somewhat of local celebrities. Your travels along trade paths often meet with warm welcomes and offers to join their campfires. The invitation usually accompanies a myriad of questions as you go over your heroic deeds time and again for fascinated listeners. Caravan guards ask to be taught a thing or two regarding swordplay. Children ask for more stories. Aristocrats thank you for protecting those of higher station and merchants often sell their products to you at a discounted rate... if only to use the encounter in their next sales pitch.

This recognition and fame has followed you to the major city of King's Gap. The line is long as you wait to be allowed entrance; allowing those that know of you to approach and ask questions or to comment upon the deeds that you have accomplished. As your turn draws near, you see the reason for the delay – the guardsmen are searching everyone as well as their possessions. Carts are being rifled through, baskets investigated and all armaments confiscated. Once the items have been taken, an official looking nobleman is attaching scraps of paper to the removed items and providing the owners with a stamped clay tablet with a number etched into it.

Finally, it is your turn. There are eight guardsmen armed with scabbarded longswords and medium crossbows slung over their shoulders. They look as if they have been working long hours – their eyes have dark circles beneath them and they have a sour expression on their faces. *"Next!"* One of the men shouts, motioning for your party to come forward. *"State your names and reason for requesting entrance to King's Gap. Be quick about it...there's a line and all that."*

(Allow the PCs to respond)

The guard's eyes grow wide for a moment, then narrow in suspicion. He seems to be examining whether or not you truly are who you say you are. He suddenly bursts into laughter. *"Looky here boys, this lot is supposed to be the ones who saved Khobar's daughter. Oh – and they took on an army of skeletons to boot! Hah!"* The rest of the guards chuckle at the jibe. *"Well, 'heroes'*

*– the Lord ruler of this city has decreed that no weapons shall cross the threshold into King's Gap until after the Great Harvest Gala. So, hand 'em over now and you'll receive a clay tablet with a number corresponding to your relinquished weaponry."* Several of them approach to relieve you of your armaments.

*"Stand at attention! Officer is on site!"* A guard from somewhere inside shouts. The men who were set to take your gear snap upright rigidly with their arms at their sides facing north. A large, solidly built human male with blonde hair, a large mustache and a square jawline walks with purpose from around the corner and out into the gateway where you have been held up. He eyes the man who laughed at you for a moment, his hands held behind his back as if inspecting the guard for some sort of flaw in his form. Satisfied he allows his hands to drop to his side.

*"At ease, guardsmen."* They breathe a collective sigh of relief as they relax.

*"I know that Lord Jurallion has us all working three times as long for only half the pay. That's no excuse, however, to demean any guest seeking entrance to our fair city. I will not have that sort of rabble represent this fine place. Do I make myself clear?!"* *"YES SIR!"* they shout and stand at attention for a moment more. The burly man turns to your group. *"I apologize for your treatment at the hands of my men. We've been overworked for two weeks now. Hopefully, now that you are here, we can get some rest. My name is Linus Arved. I am this city's Captain of the guard. If you would follow me please, Lord Jurallion has made a request of you. For the sake of my men, I hope you will agree."*

Linus leads you inside the city's thick stone walls and over to a stout building. Outside of it, guards seem to be sleeping in shifts on pallets, under tables and in any shaded space. The ones that are awake seem surly and irritable. *"Please, if you will follow me inside to my office, I'll explain the situation."* The captain leads the way in and before long you are all sitting in comfortable seats inside a large and well-appointed space.

*"As you are aware, my men have been overworked. The reason for this is that the Lord and ruler of King's Gap, Lord Bradon Jurallion, is concerned for his safety. He feels as if someone is going to kill him either before or at his annual masked ball."* Linus pauses and pinches the bridge of his nose with his right hand. *"He's never been*

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like this. For as long as he has been the ruler of the Gap, he has been pompous and arrogant; but not paranoid. So this is where you come in. The lord seems to think that he needs protection. Moreover, he feels that no one within the city can be trusted.” The captain pauses for a moment, obviously insulted. “He has tasked me with locating the ones who saved little Lorilen from certain death. According to my guard out front, that is you all, am I correct?”

(Wait for a response)

“Good. Lord Jurallion would like to hire you for the evening. Tonight is the Great Harvest Gala; an event that draws the wealthiest and most powerful people in the region. They come together to discuss politics, trade agreements and a host of other topics that I won’t pretend to know about. Not only are these people powerful in their respective realms; they are dangerous. A lot of these socialites have dark secrets; leverage that they use against one another to achieve whatever goals they have in mind.”

Linus stands up. “This is why Lord Jurallion needs your help. He thinks that he will be killed during the party and would like to hire you. He wants you to act as both investigators in an attempt to head off the assassination attempt, or, if they are successful, to locate the person responsible and avenge him. The party starts at 7pm and lasts until midnight. The location of the event is Lord Jurallion’s estate. I will say that all servants and staff for the gala have been thoroughly checked out for criminal history and are clean. Your job will be to look for anything out of the ordinary that could be seen as an attack upon our leader’s life. For this evening’s work, I have been authorized to offer you the sum of 3000 gold pieces each. This would be payable tomorrow morning, once the job has been completed. I need an answer right away. Jurallion hates waiting for things.”

**(Allow responses)**

“Excellent. Do you have any questions that I might be able to answer before you get ready for the event?”

If the PCs ask if Lord Jurallion has any enemies: “He most certainly has many enemies. Some of them are overt, some hide in the shadows. No doubt there will be a few at the party.”

If the PCs ask about any plans to blackmail or use anyone at the party:

“I’m sure that he will, though he has made no mention of such unsavory dealings to me or my men.”

If the PCs ask if there is any additional security at the party:

“No. Just your group is assigned with the protection and investigation of the event tonight. Lord Jurallion didn’t trust anyone in the city with his safety – just you.”

If the PCs ask about why Lord Jurallion feels that he will be killed:

“He wouldn’t say. As far as I know; there was no note. He didn’t mention any strangers coming by. He just kept saying that he ‘has this feeling’ that he is going to be killed.”

If the PCs ask about if the lord is worried about anyone in particular:

“He didn’t make that aware to me at all. Everyone knows that Lord Jurallion makes no friends when it comes to business or politics. He’s quite the predator and he has ruined more than a few careers over getting what he wants. I would consider everyone at the party a potential suspect.”

If the PCs ask why the party isn’t canceled or rescheduled:

“The Great Harvest Gala cannot simply be canceled. We have people coming from thousands of miles to see and be seen by the political and economic powerhouses of the region. Months have been spent in planning and catering such an event. As far as postponing it, I suggested that to Lord Jurallion myself. He said that he wouldn’t dream of it. I only hope his ‘feeling’ is nothing more than that.

Once all the players’ questions have been answered, allow some minor roleplay getting fine gowns and suits as well as masks, all paid for by Lord Jurallion himself. He would not allow anyone in the grand event looking anything less than fantastic. Once the group is properly attired, proceed to the next chapter.

## THE JURALLION ESTATE

As seven o'clock nears, you are escorted to the front gate of the Jurallion Estate by Linus Arved. Your path weaves in and out of the way of extravagant carriages lining the roadside. Children press their faces against the wrought iron fencing that separates the estate from the rest of the city. Huge clay pumpkins, painted orange and green, blaze with a fiery glow from within, and are placed in intervals along either side of the road leading up to the enormous house. The lawn is pristinely manicured and various bronze statues dot the landscape before you, depicting children at play, animals as well as other scenes.

The palatial mansion, well lit and imposing, stands before you. Along the exterior are hung expensive tapestries welcoming all who are attending the Great Harvest Gala. The steps are lined with servants assisting the wealthy socialites out of their carriages, while others mingle about; providing refreshments to those who prefer the outdoors for the time being. Linus tilts his head towards the manor, *"This way."*

You meander through the various dignitaries, trade merchants, politicians and wealthy patrons, making your way up the stairs and through the rich and lustrous heavy wooden doors. Inside is equally impressive. Your footsteps echo across the marble flooring as you make your way in. Servants, dressed in black tie attire complete with pristine white gloves, offer to take your cloaks, offer finger foods and goblets of red or white wine served upon sterling silver platters. Dozens of trophy heads of various wildlife line the walls up to the twelve-foot ceiling, along with intricate oil paintings of the Jurallions of both past and present.

Near the entrance, Lord Bradon Jurallion stands speaking to a trio of sisters, all wearing the same dress and wearing the same mask – a swan. The man is dressed in fine robes of green and blue silk with a fine checkerboard pattern upon them. As Linus speaks up to introduce you, he turns quickly, offering you a better view of the lord's full appearance. He stands at five foot eleven inches tall with a fine blondish grey beard and moustache well-groomed and waxed on his face. His teeth look impeccably clean and white; his smile looks almost wolfish in nature. He too is wearing a mask – a falcon complete with an ivory beak colored tannish yellow. *"Ah, Constable Arved isn't*

*it?"* He asks in a silky well-rehearsed voice.

*"Captain."* Linus' voice is blunt and showed offense to the slight.

*"Of course. My apologies Captain Arved. Who are you introducing me to? Are they important?"*

The captain's irritation bubbles up once more. *"Sir, these are the ones who saved Lorilen Khobar. The security you asked for at the party."*

The lord bows in greeting. *"Ah, Yes! I was hoping you would arrive before the Gala began - and so you have. I am Lord Bradon Jurallion, and this is my yearly party celebrating the great harvest that has come to pass and all the wealth and prosperity it provides this fair city."* He pauses to step away from his conversation with the triplets in order to speak in a more hushed tone.

*"You are here tonight to make sure that anyone trying to harm me in any way is dealt with swiftly and with a minimal amount of interruption. I will be having meetings off and on throughout the night. They will be, by necessity, private. My estate has been notified to allow you every hospitality. Mingle. Try to locate this would-be assassin before they strike if you can. The party will begin in about twenty minutes. I have a few last minute accessories to attend to. Make yourselves comfortable. Eat. Drink. But be on your guard. I'll return shortly."* With that he swirls his robes and crosses the marble floor towards a room marked 'Private'.

At this point, the PCs should be making themselves comfortable. If they cast detect magic, there will be a myriad of magical items on display by dozens of the attendees. Illusion spells to make themselves appear austere, ability enhancement spells that focus on charisma and appearance and many more. Feel free to add additional effects that you might find useful in this non-combat situation. Give them time to acclimate to the new environment but make sure that they feel uncomfortable. The attendees are the highest social circle in the region and many of them treat those of a lower station like they are things and not people.

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## THE GALA

The tinny brass of horns pierces the din of conversation causing everyone to look up at the main staircase. Standing at the top of it is Lord Jurallion; a scepter in his left hand and a crystal goblet of wine in the other. Once the trumpeters lower their horns, he begins speaking: *"Greetings to one and all! I thank you for coming to the Tenth Annual Great Harvest Gala!"* He raises both arms in celebration and polite clapping echoes throughout the grand room. *"Please enjoy the festivities. Food and drink is provided, of course. I'll quit my prattling on now. Let the party begin!"* As he finishes his speech, silver and gold confetti drift down from the ceiling and a large orchestra begins playing on a low stage near the kitchen. As if on cue, the socialites begin making their way toward one another, exchanging pleasantries and other small talk.

Allow the players to get together and make a plan of attack regarding how best to look out for the potential assassin. Encourage roleplay at this stage as it is critical in the following scene.

Lord Jurallion descends from the staircase and is swallowed by the sea of murmuring nobles coursing across the floor. You catch glimpses of him as he flits about the party. He doesn't seem to behave in a manner consistent with the comments of Captain Arved. His laugh seems cheerful and his stride is confident as he makes his way through the crowd; greeting each cluster of nobility before smoothly moving onto the next. The crowd gets denser as the jumble of bodies draw ever closer.

(Perception Check)

*You see Lord Jurallion round a corner and disappear from sight.*

At this point, the PCs will likely rush to chase the lord down and get them in their view again. Make certain that you allow them to believe that they can actually catch him and keep Lord Jurallion safe. The truth is that Jurallion has been dead since before the party; someone is using a magical item to look like him.

As you round the corner as well, you see no sign of him. There are a few party attendees that look alarmed as you rush to look for the lord. There is a door marked 'Study' in front of you, and a swinging door that goes to the kitchen off to the left.

The Study is locked. It requires a check of 25 to unlock it. If there is no rogue, the key can be obtained from Lord Jurallion's wife – Winna. Alternately, it can be unlocked with the appropriate spell. Within lies the dead body of Lord Jurallion.

You hear the satisfying noise of the tumblers clicking into place as you unlock it. You open to find the dead body of Lord Jurallion. He is dressed in the same clothes that you saw moments before, including the ornate falcon mask. He is sitting in a comfortable chair, his body slumped over his desk. A goblet of wine is near his right hand.

Perception/Investigation (15) The body looks like he died in a natural state. There were are no signs of a struggle, so he knew his killer.

Perception/Investigation (20) His lips are stained red; likely from drinking the wine.

Perception/Investigation (25) You see a small discoloration on his clothes, near where his kidney is. There is a broad knife wound there.

Heal/Wisdom (20) Although there seems to be evidence of a physical attack, there are no defensive wounds on the body. It looks like he was killed using poison or supernatural/magical means.

The PCs should, at this point, lock the party down and begin to start investigating.

The large crowd murmurs uncomfortably as the doors are locked. Everyone slowly gathers amid muffled protests to the grand ballroom. As you survey the crowd, only a handful of individuals stand out as potential assassins. A few eye you too long. Others try to ignore what is happening altogether in an attempt to look invisible to you.

Perception/Investigation (15) Your eye is drawn to Winna Jurallion; the wife of Lord Bradon. Perhaps she might know who would have wanted her husband dead.



## INVESTIGATION

At this point, the PCs can investigate the suspects. Below are the descriptions of everyone that could be Lord Jurallion's killer. Encourage roleplay over rolling dice from this point forward. This should keep your players engaged and asking the important questions needed to find the killer. Use the cards to show the PCs who they are talking to. On the backs of each, you will find roleplaying tips, as well as why they are at the party and why they might want Lord Jurallion dead as well as which character they can point the PCs toward next.

Allow ample time for in character discussion as each of the NPCs are interviewed and statements taken. If the players choose to use spells such as Zone of Truth or other magical means, make sure you choose your wording carefully as the NPC they are questioning. Remember, these are mostly all seasoned politicians and trade moguls. Selective truth telling is a normal thing for them. As far as spells such as Detect Magic, everyone at the ball has several trinkets that boost their charisma, make themselves appear younger, and protections from enchantment. Because everyone is loaded with these baubles, it renders Detect Magic rather useless due to the multitude of items present.

### **Lady Winna Jurallion**

**Description:** Winna Jurallion is a tiny waif of a woman with deep sunken eyes and an unnaturally pale complexion. She looks to be in her forties. Her black hair is speckled with strands of gray, which she usually keeps in a bun. She's dressed in all black tonight; her gown buttoned all the way up the neck. Over her face is a veil of black lace. Though her face is partially obscured, her piercing green eyes appear to be almost hauntingly supernatural and luminescent.

Winna walks with an air of aristocracy and confidence, coming from a very wealthy noble family in the region. Her movements seem stiff and too formal. She's always checking on the servants; directing them to perform their tasks with efficiency and courtesy. Lady Winna rarely smiles. When she speaks, it is matter-of-fact; the woman sees no use in needless small talk and frivolous conversations. This could be the reason that the Lord and Lady never really became that close.

### **Gerilli Zephyrwind**

**Description:** Standing at an impressive six foot six inches, Mr. Zephyrwind is the tallest person at the gathering. His clothing was tailor-made for him using the finest gossamer silks by his people. He keeps his hair long and loose; preferring minor accents in the front to frame his delicate features. He has large eyes colored a deep violet hue, giving the elven male a somewhat ethereal appearance. His bone structure is typical of an elf from the region; with high cheekbones and delicate nose. Though his outward visage looks fragile, his temperament is far from it. When he speaks it is in a calm, almost feline way, devoid of emotion. The ambassador does not understand tendencies of non-elves to react to things using passion, and empathy completely eludes him. Tonight he dons the mask of a deer.

He walks with the grace of a cat-like predator. Even his smile has something feral and dangerous about it. This is the first time he has been invited to this extremely prestigious event, as a result he is using the utmost formalities when engaging people.

### **Alessa Innith**

**Description:** Alessa doesn't look like much. She blends in. Her mousy brown hair is short and swept back by a hair band made of brass. She is no older than seventeen, judging from her physical appearance. Her teeth are slightly crooked, giving her an odd smile that makes people uncomfortable when seeing it. Her facial features are plain enough; she is not too attractive, yet not homely either.

The young girl has a bit of jitteriness about her as she moves from group to group; refreshing beverages and handing out appetizers and snacks. She's constantly looking over her shoulder, as if she is expecting someone to come after her for something. Alessa's eyes dart from party goer to party goer, as if she is searching for something that she cannot quite find. Overall, she looks unremarkable in any way.

### **Allon Al'Abdav**

**Description:** Allon Al'Abdav is a smooth man. He is very handsome; with smoothed back black hair and dark skin. All the ladies swoon when he speaks to them and all the men want to be him. He has the confidence of a man who could own the world – he

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just doesn't want to. He has a perfect smile and is extremely charismatic. Allon loves to seduce women and tries to every chance he gets. He is clothed in the attire of his people – elegant cotton tunic embroidered with gold thread, a long red silk sash tied at the waist and strapped sandals. He is sporting a serpent mask. The scales shimmer with a blueish-purple hue and the eyeholes are rimmed with rhinestones.

He has the stride of a young man; likely in his mid-twenties, though his behavior does not seem to match his age. Young people are often reckless in both word and deed, while Allon is neither. He considers every word carefully. He also never has his back to open windows or doors and keeps the majority of the party in his field of vision at all times.

## High Priest Jebthet Yurdick

Description: The high priest is an old man; nearing the age of 70. He is draped in the finery of his benevolent deity; including a large golden holy symbol, fine rings of ruby and diamond and earrings to match. A small patch of black hair rings his head and bushy eyebrows give the man a serene look about him. He is quick to smile, and offers a blessing to whoever passes him by. He has a swarthy complexion; which he simply addresses by stating that he does a lot of work for the poor so the sun gets to him.

Jebthet walks at a slow pace, taking his time to ensure everyone hears the great gospel and wise words from his religion. He has a soft spoken demeanor that lends itself to the idea of him being a wise grandfather. His laugh can be quite contagious and often times leads to others following his lead. He is also very respectful. The older man never interrupts anyone who is speaking and smiles politely when others try to talk over him.

## Durind Goldfist

Description: Durind is a stout Dwarf with a barrel chest and large arms. He has a long beard braided with platinum rings in the most modern styles of Dwarven society and his moustache is waxed and curled at its tips. He is bright, well-spoken and prefers to have conversations in his native language. Durind wears what passes for noble's clothing in his society, which consists of thick high quality fabric woven for both strength and durability. Semi-precious stones

are fastened in intricate detail around his garb.

The Dwarf loves to show off how wealthy he is often, usually through comments meant to jab or goad egos. He has a deep voice and a loud bark of a laugh which he usually uses to add emphasis to his off color humor regarding others' wealth. He has come to the ball with a mask depicting a stone golem's blank stare.

## Lady Martha Whitcroft

Description: Lady Martha Whitcroft is a stunning woman in her early twenties. Her silky hair is done up in a contemporary style leaving ample exposure of her neckline. She wears a form-fitting dress of cerulean blue, covered in gold filigree, with a slit up the side almost to her hip. Her necklace is a gorgeous piece of excellent craftsmanship, matched with a set of earrings and a piercing in her nose. The emeralds and golds really bring out her eyes. At the ball this evening she is wearing a finely crafted mask of a black cat.

Martha walks with a sultry sway; her eyes gaze upon you like you might be considered for prey. She has a gentle, bubbly laugh and flirts with every male she interacts with.

## Blyde Surnill, Merchant Prince

Description: Standing at over six feet tall, Blyde Surnill is easy to spot in most formal events. He's in his forties, so he has not yet accrued any of the slumping that old age inevitably brings. He wears a much more expensive version of adventurer's garb. Instead of sturdy and reliable material, he prefers the delicate silks and satins befitting a prince or other royalty. He walks with a diamond studded cane in his left hand – the item providing some relief from his terrible limp.

He has kind eyes, however they burn with the deep intensity of a focused and driven man. His short red hair is peppered with strands of white and he prefers to keep it under a noble's hat. Blyde's voice comes off as somewhat nasal. This adds to the unappealing nickname that has been given him by a few of the attendees – the Weasel. The Merchant Prince hates that name and will cease speaking on pleasant terms if it is used in his presence.

## **Countess Bruni Doward**

Description: Though she stands just over five feet tall, Countess Bruni Doward commands the room around her with her regal bearing at all times. She stands rigid; observing her surroundings with a barely containable contempt through the squinted gaze of her owl mask. The feathers cover what is almost certainly a scowl splayed across her face and the rest of the mask does an adequate job of disguising her true feelings about being at the party.

Countess Doward has iron grey hair that is put up in the contemporary aristocratic style, infusing unnecessary bows and ribbons in an effort to help make her seem more feminine. She's also wearing a great deal of makeup and jewelry. The baubles shine brightly and seem to give her a bit more of an austere presence. Her dress mimics the colors of her mask; the bright white sharply contrasting the ebon patches of feathers at her throat and shoulders.

## **Durguss Havleck**

Description: A human male of 65 years of age, he stands at only five foot three. The old man is dressed in a most exquisite noble's outfit. His bald head is wrapped by a fine mask in the shape and colors of a peacock; its feathers surrounding his rheumy eyes and most of his head. Durguss is an extremely wealthy owner of several trade caravans that frequent the city. He has close ties to many trade organizations including a personal relationship with Lord Jurallion. He speaks with a calm casual demeanor, but is prone to explosive anger and goes off on tirades when he is confronted about anything he feels uncomfortable talking about.

He walks with the gait of someone who is considerably overweight and stops often to sit and rest. After any sort of physical activity, he will begin to sweat profusely, his cheeks get red and puffy and a slight wheezing sound can be heard. Since he dislikes being seen that way in public, Durguss will often make up excuses for people to come to him to talk instead of the other way around.

## **CONDUCTING THE INTERVIEWS**

As the game transitions from protecting Lord Jurallion to investigating his murder, please pull out all ten NPC cards that have been provided with this adventure. Although there are individual descriptions of each suspect provided within this booklet, the NPC cards will provide additional information such as roleplaying hints, personal prejudices, and affiliations to the other suspects that the group is investigating.

# A Murder Most Foul

## EPILOGUE 1

So, who killed Lord Jurallion? A few people tried; however only one succeeded. While it is true that Alessa Innith poisoned his goblet, he was already dead before she did so. And, while it is true that Durind Goldfist knifed him in his study, he was too late as well. Once the PCs figure out that Yurdick is the assassin, he will try to flee using an invisibility potion as well as a few other tricks up his sleeve.

Feel free to roleplay the solutions used to capture the man since the property should be properly locked down for the investigation. Once apprehended, the killer will go along quietly and take his chance with the court system. You may then proceed.

The man you know as High Priest Jebthet Yurdick smiles as he finally realizes that his time is up. Placing his hands in the air, he surrenders. *"All right, you caught me. I hereby turn myself in. Please escort me to the guard barracks so that I may be properly jailed."*

### **If the PCs kill him instead, continue here:**

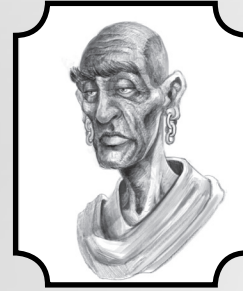
Yurdick makes a gurgling noise as he chokes on his own blood before falling to the floor still and lifeless. You have made good on your promise to Lord Jurallion – the man responsible for his untimely demise has paid for it with his own.

### **If the PCs hand him over to the authorities, read this instead:**

You open the estate and take the killer to Captain Arved. He looks genuinely astonished that something actually happened. *"Gods, I thought he was just being paranoid!"* He looks at your prisoner. His eyes are hard and unsympathetic. *"Let's get this piece of trash into a cell. I doubt he'll breathe free air again."* Linus takes the prisoner and roughly bullies him into a cell below. Once done, he comes back to speak with you for a moment longer.

*"You have my thanks, adventurers. It seems that Lord Jurallion's faith in your abilities was well founded. As promised, I have the coin that you have earned for this evening's...work. I am sorry that Lord Jurallion is no longer with us, but I am sure someone more fitting for the post will be appointed soon."* He hands each of you a leather satchel with the promised payment – three thousand gold coins. *"You are free to stay at one of the*

*local inns; I recommend the Blazing Hearth, just up the street. Aluna runs it. She's a great lady. Tell her that your rooms and food are on me. I'll settle up with her later."* He gives a slight wave as he turns on his heel and walks back into the barracks.



## EPILOGUE 2

The crisp autumn air tickles her lungs as she stands upon the balcony overlooking the valley. *"It has been ages since I felt this good."* She croaks. Though her voice is hoarse and raspy, her physical appearance is absolutely stunning. Long flowing blonde hair catches the breeze and caresses her shoulders as she turns from the gorgeous view and back into the dark musty bedroom. In the corner, an elegant man is penning a letter.

*"Be careful Kolvoth. I spent a great deal of time, effort and money to bring you back. I'd hate for you to catch cold and die of pneumonia."* His velvety voice states as he continues to write; not once looking up. His dark hair is bound back in a loose braid and hangs upon one shoulder.

*"I doubt that would happen, Judan, but your point is taken. I shan't make foolish mistakes."* Kolvoth replies, sliding into an overstuffed leather chair. She waits a moment, listening to the quill scratch the paper as the nobleman continues to write. *"I am curious, though. Why DID you bring me back? Someone surely must have taken my place. Does this not throw the Society out of balance?"*

The pen strokes stop as Judan focuses his icy gaze upon the newly resurrected necromancer sitting in his chair. *"Kolvoth, darling, a place has been made for you at the table. Lord Jurallion is no longer with us. As for the former question – I think you know the answer."*

A twisted smile creeps over the face of the beautiful woman. *"The Geist Engine"* she whispers.



## Sample Character Card

|            |                  |
|------------|------------------|
| Height     | 0' -0"           |
| Weight     | 000 pounds       |
| Hair       | Color            |
| Eyes       | Color            |
| Occupation | Sample Character |

### EQUIPMENT

Character Equipment and descriptions go here.

### PARTY ATTENDANCE

This section explains why the character is at the event. It will include motivations for the attendance and things that may be important for the character.

### HATRED

This section explains why the character hates Lord Jurallion and what their personal motivations may be to murder him.

### ACCUSATIONS

This section gives the information to the GM that is given to the PCs during the investigation to keep them moving and talking to people. This section is meant as a guideline to keep your players motivated to continue. If you need to add some juicier information to get them moving, this is a great place to do so.

### RP HINTS

This section includes role-play hints to you for how to portray this character. It includes, attitude, relationships and some internal drivers that may change the behavior of a character.

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Lord Jurallion is well-known for his lavish parties that occur once per year. Lately, though, he seems like he is going insane, claiming that he is going to be murdered.

He insists on having the one group of people that have been known for being successful despite all odds - your group.

Join us for an extravagant event on behalf of Lord Jurallion. Protect him if you can. Otherwise, be sure to avenge his death!







Lady Martha Whitcroft



## Lady Martha Whitcroft

|            |            |
|------------|------------|
| Height     | 5' -5"     |
| Weight     | 130 pounds |
| Hair       | Black      |
| Eyes       | Green      |
| Occupation | Politician |

### EQUIPMENT

Amulet of Feminine Wiles (+4 Charisma vs Men only), Masterwork Ball Gown

### PARTY ATTENDANCE

Martha is at the celebration to destroy someone else entirely. Since she has gotten Lord Jurallion to give her city a section of the trade agreements within his domain, the young woman intended to use this as leverage to boost her position in her local government to a bigger and more important role. She was blocked, however, by Merchant Prince Blyde Surnill. Surnill wanted to keep Lady Whitcroft in her current position in order to use her for other purposes. This has enraged the aggressive young woman. She now wants Surnill dead and to take his position as Merchant Prince within the city's government.

### HATRED

Martha had to do some rather deplorable things to get the trade agreements from Jurallion. To make matters more difficult, when asked if there was truth to the agreements that were secured, Lord Jurallion remained silent, ensuring Blyde would be unopposed when the government rejected Martha's request for a promotion. She is positive there was another back room deal – this one made by Blyde Surnath in order to render all of her hard work moot. She intends to make Jurallion talk to pay.

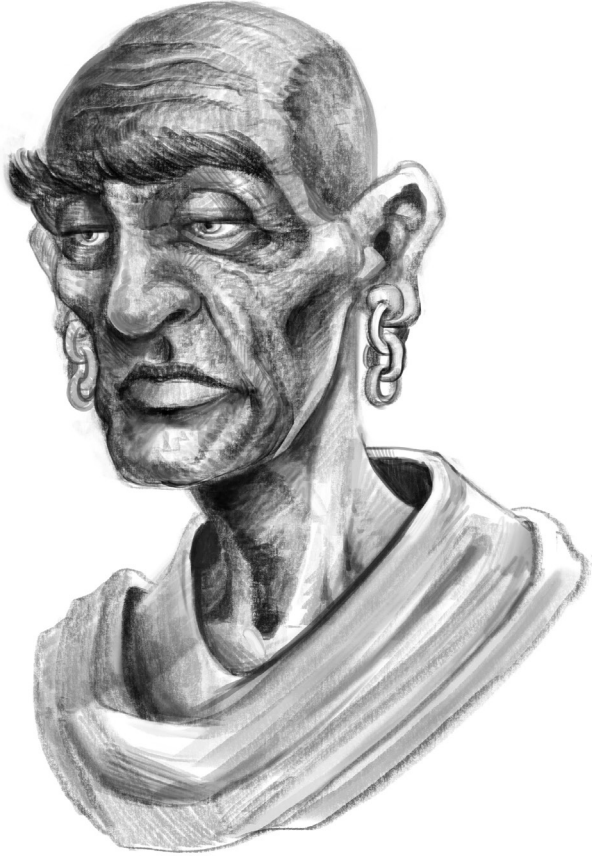
### ACCUSATIONS

Rumor has it that the hawk-nosed weasel of a man Blyde Surnath has more reason than most to kill Bradon. Blyde used to be Lord Jurallion's servant before the death of his uncle.

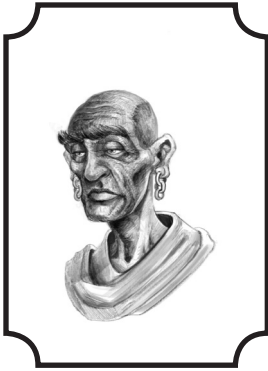
Also, there is rumor that Durguss Havleck has a bone to pick with the Lord as well.

### RP HINTS

Martha is a gorgeous woman and she knows how to get what she wants. Much like Allon, she uses her good looks and nice figure to flirt with men in order to be successful. She enjoys making older men uncomfortable with her forwardness. She's not above sleeping with someone to get her way, either. She's very careful with her words; choosing to neither confirm or deny any accusations made against her. It is this air of mystery that allures so many.



High Priest Jebthet Jurdick



## High Priest Jebthet Jurdick

|            |             |
|------------|-------------|
| Height     | 5' -8"      |
| Weight     | 105 pounds  |
| Hair       | Bald        |
| Eyes       | Brown       |
| Occupation | High Priest |

*\*Staff of Soul Snaring used to take Lord Jurallion's soul.*

### EQUIPMENT

Hat of Disguise, Ring of Mind Shielding (immunity to detect thoughts, discern lies and alignment detection), Potion of Invisibility (disguised as Holy Water), Holy symbol, Gold (500gp), Staff of Soul Snaring (1 use) (disguised as Staff of Holy Wisdom)

### PARTY ATTENDANCE

High Priest Yurdick is at the party as a special request from Lord Jurallion. He has been the family's confessor and spiritual guide for many years. With how worried Lord Jurallion has been lately, he hoped that with Jebthet at the party, it would dissuade any would-be killers who might be after him. The older man agreed to come, so long as he could spread the word of his god to any whose ears would hear it. Normally, any requests to do anything other than to talk business and make deals would be frowned upon by Lord Jurallion. In his paranoid state, however, he whole heartedly agreed to High Priest Yurdick's terms.

### HATRED

High Priest Yurdick doesn't hate Lord Jurallion because the priest has been dead for over 3 days. The man who claims to be the Jebthet is actually an assassin hired by the Black Barrow Society to cull Jurallion from their membership. He killed the Lord just before the party started and had played him when he and the PCs first met. He stole off around the corner to change his appearance using a Hat of Disguise and has been patiently waiting to make his escape since then. When the PCs locked the gala down, the assassin decided it was best to continue the ruse as long as possible and try to make an escape when no one was looking.

### ACCUSATIONS

"Hm. I try not to meddle in the affairs of others. However, if they were to come to me with anything, I'd help out. I have glimpsed some irritation coming from Durguss Havleck."

I have also seen a young lady trying to get very close to several men here tonight. Her name is Martha Whitcroft I believe."

### RP HINTS

The real Jebthet is a kind old man. He gives children sweets and offers to lend a hand whenever possible at the party. He is willing to help the PCs find the killer as well. Feel free to play him as a doddering old fool who has the best of intentions but may not have the best execution of those intentions. The assassin playing Jebthet is extremely skilled in acting the part. Though he doesn't know how to cast spells, he will pretend to do it to help the PCs out. Only a Perception check above a 17 will see through the ruse. If that happens, he will confess that he lost his faith a while ago and while he is trying to get it back, he is keeping up appearances.



Durind Goldfist



## Durind Goldfist

|            |             |
|------------|-------------|
| Height     | 4' -2"      |
| Weight     | 225 pounds  |
| Hair       | Blonde      |
| Eyes       | Blue        |
| Occupation | Ex Diplomat |

### EQUIPMENT

Dagger +2 (hidden in his beard), Ring of Tall Tales (+4 to Bluff), Ring of Charisma (+4 to Charisma)

### PARTY ATTENDANCE

Durind is here on business. He's looking for someone with the resources and political power to help him back into his clan. The Dwarf had previously made a few poor choices and as a result, was banished from his homeland. He's also at the party to seek revenge on the person that leaked information to his Thane that led to his exile. By cozying up to some rich and powerful lords and ladies, he's hoping to buy some time and find some leverage that might return him home.

### HATRED

Durind is almost positive it was Bradon Jurallion that led to his exile. He and Bradon were working together to make it seem like the human settlements were shorting payment for the ore and minerals provided by Durind's clan. They were hoping to spark a trade war that would land them both an enormous amount of money for negotiation and settlement of the disputes. After his last trip to the city, Durind found himself blocked from entering his Dwarven Hold by two dozen armed guards. Eventually the Thane himself came out to declare Durind an outcast and exiled the man for his heinous deeds. Since the only other person to know of the scheme was Lord Jurallion, he intended to kill him with a dagger to the neck for the slight against him. The only trouble was that he was already dead when the dwarf had finally gotten to him.

### ACCUSATIONS

The rumor is that Lady Martha Whitcroft wanted Bradon Jurallion's head in a box by the end of harvest season. No one knows why though.

### RP HINTS

Durind is as pompous and arrogant as they come. He considers himself the very best in what Dwarves represent. He loves to talk down to people and goes on and on regarding his official position within his Clan. He pretends that his exile didn't really happen and so denies any rumors of that aspect of his life. He considers anyone not of both Dwarven and royal bloodlines to be inferior to him and treats them like garbage.



Grerilli Zephyrwind



## Grerilli Zephyrwind

|            |                        |
|------------|------------------------|
| Height     | 6' -6"                 |
| Weight     | 165 pounds             |
| Hair       | Blonde                 |
| Eyes       | Violet                 |
| Occupation | Ambassador/Trade Envoy |

### EQUIPMENT

Headband of Animal Attraction (Increases Charisma), Necklace of Babel (understands all languages), Ring of Counterspells

### PARTY ATTENDANCE

Gerilli is at the gala for a few reasons. First and most importantly, the elven ambassador is here to discuss a border that both his and Jurallion's regions share. There have been some skirmishes over the disputed terrain and the ambassador's hope is that things can be negotiated successfully at the party instead of over a battlefield. Another reason that he is attending the party is a little more underhanded. He is looking for information that might damage Lord Jurallion's reputation. He hopes that in doing so, more of his people might defect to other regions, slowing the military growth of Jurallion's territory. Failing that, Gerilli is searching for anything that he can use to blackmail the unsavory lord into backing off from the land dispute.

### HATRED

Gerilli was at the last skirmish that killed over 50 elven settlers. The lord's men came under the flag of peace and offered food and water to the newly arrived settlers. They didn't realize the food was poisoned until it was way too late. The humans laughed and laughed as the sick and the old died first; horrible red blisters erupting over their skin and weeping puss coming from their eye sockets. He saw firsthand what Lord Jurallion is capable of. He knew then that he had to stop this insanity by any means necessary.

### ACCUSATIONS

"Honored humans, I have heard many things in the short time that the party has been occurring and I am happy to tell you these secrets if it means helping you solve your riddle. I know that a servant was handing specific items to Lord Jurallion while he was here. Perhaps she poisoned him."

"I would also look to master Allon Al' Abdav. He is an assassin. I know because my people have hired him before. I hope these pieces of information are valuable to you and I have contributed in some way to you reaching your goals. May peace be with you always."

### RP HINTS

Play Gerilli as someone who has never been to a fancy party. He's trying everything, talking to as many guests as possible and is trying to use vernacular that he simply is not used to. He's trying too hard – smiling too long, making eye contact and holding it, and invading personal space. His movements seem predatory and he enjoys talking with his hands.





Durgess Havleck



## Durgess Havleck

|            |               |
|------------|---------------|
| Height     | 5' -3"        |
| Weight     | 200 pounds    |
| Hair       | Bald          |
| Eyes       | Brown         |
| Occupation | Trade Magnate |

### EQUIPMENT

Ring of Mind Shielding (immunity to detect thoughts, discern lies and alignment detection), Rod of Cancellation, Ring of the Believable Lie (+4 to Bluff)

### PARTY ATTENDANCE

Mr. Havleck is at the party to secure far reaching exclusive trade deals with several people that have come from other kingdoms. If he can do this, his trade caravans will make considerably more coin and grant him access to rare minerals and hard to locate magical devices. His primary goal is to negotiate with Gerilli Zephyrwind. His people have a very profitable crystal mine; gems that are used in divining magic. Durguss also seeks to come to an arrangement with Allon Al' Abdav. His region is rich in the base ingredients for a very powerful drug that much of the upper crust are using, called Cerulean Haze on the streets. The old wily trade magnate is hoping to corner the market in this and other regions to make up for his recent loss at the hands of Lord Jurallion.

### HATRED

Durguss, at one point, held the sole trade agreement throughout Lord Jurallion's region. Others wishing to do business within the area had to pay a customs fee to operate freely. There were charges for even travelling through which is how Durguss made his empire so quickly. Earlier in the month during a private meeting between the two, Lord Jurallion informed Mr. Havleck that their arrangement was terminating effective immediately. He claimed that other players were coming to the city; ones that would be around much longer than the old man could be. Durguss stormed out swearing obscenities and vowed revenge.

### ACCUSATIONS

"You see that dwarf over there? The one with the jewels draping off of him? That is Durind Goldfist. Rumors at the party say that he was exiled from his entire clan by something that Lord Jurallion did. If I had killed him, it would have been an honor to say so. Jurallion was a rat, a thief and a deadbeat."

### RP HINTS

Durguss is a blowhard. He loves to try and bully people; intimidating them with his prowess within the city limits. If accused of anything, he will explode into a rage and rant and rave about the incompetence shown by the PCs. He will try and leave the party several times, claiming that the PCs have no authority. He shouts "Do you know who I am?!" constantly if he doesn't get his way.



*Blyde Surnill, Merchant Prince*



## Blyde Surnill, Merchant Prince

|            |                 |
|------------|-----------------|
| Height     | 6' -2"          |
| Weight     | 185 pounds      |
| Hair       | Red             |
| Eyes       | Blue            |
| Occupation | Merchant Prince |

EQUIPMENT - None

### PARTY ATTENDANCE

Blyde is attending the party for several reasons. First and foremost, Blyde is attending to ensure Jurallion's silence regarding the trade deals he had secured from the Lord of the city. Blyde has plenty of material to blackmail the host of the party, seeing as how he was once under the employ of the nobleman. As a former lower classman, Blyde is also here to hobnob with others who once thought him inferior. He enjoys reminding people of how cruel they are to those of lower station, and takes every opportunity to snidely comment on their behavior when it comes to servants and those seen as lower than them. Lastly, the Merchant Prince is at the party to try to save Winna Jurallion. He knows that the lord has something unsavory in store for her, but doesn't know what yet. He hopes to whisk her away from this lifestyle and return to the city in which he has power.

### HATRED

Blyde absolutely detests Bradon Jurallion. As his servant, Bradon had him do terrible things – hide bodies, pay off informants, and even kill on occasion. When his uncle died, he mercifully passed on his great wealth and influence to Blyde. This allowed him to escape the unsavory life he was forced to lead. He wants Bradon to pay for every dark deed that was forced upon him. So far, the Merchant Prince has been able to put his former master through the ringer; blackmailing the lord to do his bidding and keeping other horrible people from escalating up the social ladder. Recently, he has heard about an attempt to kill Lord Jurallion at the party. He's hoping to stop whoever is trying and further place the lord within his debt.

### ACCUSATIONS

You didn't hear these things from me, but there's been quite a bit of scuttlebutt flitting around the party. I guess the Countess Bruni Doward has been spending a lot of private time with Lord Jurallion. Maybe she had something to do with it.

I also know for a fact that Master Allon Al'Abdav used to be an assassin that once worked on contract for the Jurallions. I hope that this information is useful.

### RP HINTS

Blyde is as honest of a man as you are going to get within this party. Although his voice is a little high and nasaly, he truly believes that he is trying to make the world a better place for the common man. He adores Winna Jurallion. If she is in danger of being called the killer, he will throw himself into harm's way by claiming that he is the actual killer. He despises Durind Goldfist for the way he treats others. He puts up with the rest of the attendees because he feels that he is supposed to.



Lady Winna Jurassion



## Lady Winna Jurallion

|            |                        |
|------------|------------------------|
| Height     | 5' -2"                 |
| Weight     | 110 pounds             |
| Hair       | Black                  |
| Eyes       | Hazel                  |
| Occupation | Wife of Lord Jurallion |

### EQUIPMENT

Brooch of Prying Eyes (protection against scrying), Ring of Rebound (up to 4th level spells cast on the wearer targets instead the caster)

### PARTY ATTENDANCE

Lady Winna is expected to be at the party simply because she is married to Lord Jurallion. She detests the formal gala that is thrown every year as it only seems to exist to please her narcissistic husband. The woman finds many of the guests to be little more than insolent children who were never properly raised. There are a few that have made their way into Winna's heart, however. One such individual is Blyde Surnill. He used to work under Lord Jurallion and the two got to know one another quite well. Often, Blyde would bring her gifts. Though he would always say they were from her husband, Winna knew that to be a lie, as Lord Jurallion was miserly when it came to her.

Though she dislikes tonight's event, she was raised to at least be a good host. She attends to the guests' needs as best as she can with a fake but appealing smile, as well as makes sure the servants are doing what they are supposed to do.

### HATRED

Winna thinks that her husband behaves like a buffoon. Their marriage was one of convenience – she was the oldest daughter of a wealthy socialite with land and title, while Lord Jurallion was an underhanded politician that blackmailed Winna's father for the betrothal and wedding. The Lady has known about this for several years. Recently, she also found out that her husband was intending on killing her by claiming an accidental demise.

### ACCUSATIONS

"I dislike gossip a great deal. I will say that I overheard the Elven Diplomat Gerilli Zephyrwind mention something about taking care of a problem that has pained him here at the party. Elves – such a suspicious lot. They are always thinking about themselves and not about others. Vile creatures."

### RP HINTS

Winna is a no nonsense person. She speaks and acts directly and expects the same of whomever she is speaking with. She is not harsh, but she is direct. Some see that as haughtiness, but that is far from the case. She dislikes open displays of wealth as she considers it to be cheap and low class. She is not terribly upset at the death of her husband, as she has felt it has been long overdue.



Countess Bruni Doward



## Countess Bruni Doward

|            |            |
|------------|------------|
| Height     | 5' -2"     |
| Weight     | 95 pounds  |
| Hair       | Grey       |
| Eyes       | Brown      |
| Occupation | Politician |

### EQUIPMENT

Brooch of Nobility (+6 to charisma checks in a nobility setting), Ring of Mind Shielding (immunity to detect thoughts, discern lies and alignment detection)

### PARTY ATTENDANCE

Bruni Doward is at the party for a few reasons. Her primary purpose for attending is to try and dissuade a young elf named Gerilli Zephyrwind from backing out of trade deals with her region. There have been some "misunderstandings" between her area and his trade empire... meaning that there has been more than one occasion where Zephyrwind's caravans have been raided and looted. The Countess has denied responsibility, but there have been numerous coincidences that fuel the elf's distrust of both her people and the woman herself. Her second item of business is to try and get her old claws into a young man named Allon Al'Abdav. He's a newcomer to the upper class socialites and something about him intrigues her. She intends to try and seduce the young man and take him back to her region, where she can use him for a while until she tires of it – then go find another.

### HATRED

The Countess dislikes Lord Jurallion a great deal. The woman is obsessed with rumor and gossip. Lately she has been hearing whispers in the upper crust of society that has made her look like an old fool and easily swayed. Every time she sends her informants out to confirm this horrible gossip about her, they all come back with the same name – Bradon Jurallion was the author of the scandals. Countess Doward did not get as far as she has by letting small sleights such as these go. She exacts awful and often bloody retribution for behavior like this. No one dares to speak about the Countess in such a way and lives to tell about it later.

### ACCUSATIONS

Bruni will likely not talk to the PCs if she can avoid it. She sees them as hired help and only butlers and other servants talk to 'those sorts'. If they do get through, she will comment that "I'm not one to gossip, but there have been comments made at the party tonight. I'd look at the wife, Winna. Or, you know...the help. They are always trying to take from the upper class to help themselves."

### RP HINTS

Bruni is an old rich widow. As such, she is haughty and arrogant. She doesn't ask for things, she demands them. She thinks that Martha Whitcroft is a harlot, and that most of the men within the party are spineless losers. Toward the servants, she is rude beyond compare. She believes everything exists solely for her purposes and will refuse any sort of interrogation attempt for several minutes before finally giving in.





*Master Allon Al-Abdav*



## Master Allon Al-Abdiv

|            |                       |
|------------|-----------------------|
| Height     | 5' -6"                |
| Weight     | 145 pounds            |
| Hair       | Black                 |
| Eyes       | Blue                  |
| Occupation | Trade Prince/Assassin |

### EQUIPMENT

Dagger, +3 (hidden in his boot), Circlet of Charisma (+4), Brooch of Definition (makes the user look more muscular than he really is), Ring of Enchanting Gaze (The user can cast Suggestion 4x a day)

### PARTY ATTENDANCE

Allon has left the days of paid assassin behind him. Through doing that work, he has acquired a considerable fortune and is now turning legit as a Trade Prince. But, the skills that accompany the job never leave when you do. As a result, the young man still does the instinctual things that kept him alive during his days as a hired killer. He still carries a hidden blade, still sizes up anyone he meets and checks the ways to enter and exit a building as soon as he enters it. He's at the party to broker some trade deals with Lord Jurallion. They have spoken briefly before about potentially coming to terms and he is here to finalize the deal.

### HATRED

Allon Al'Abdiv doesn't hate Jurallion at all. He considers the man an excellent strategist and political mastermind. Allon is not worried with silly things like morals which makes a mentor like Bradon Jurallion ideal. When the news of the Lord's death becomes public knowledge, Allon will be upset, but will still carry on and attempt to make other big plays for trade routes amid the living instead.

### ACCUSATIONS

"One hears many things, my friends, when conversing with those of equal station. I heard that the wife was on her way out. She might have slain her husband. This is common in my country."

"The elf, Gerilli, might also be one who would kill. He has lost many men and women to skirmishes on the local border."

"Durind Goldfist might be the killer too. I know that Lord Jurallion sold him out to his own people in exchange for better trade value for their minerals and gemstones."

### RP HINTS

Allon is a master at seducing women. He loves being able to take control of a situation and use it to his advantage. Usually this means flirting in the case of women. He is extremely cunning. He tries to placate people by complimenting them while making himself out to be inferior. Self-deprecating behavior allows him to draw in his opponent by making them feel confident which leads to social openings he can leverage.



*Alessa Innith*



## Alessa Innith

|            |            |
|------------|------------|
| Height     | 4' - 10"   |
| Weight     | 105 pounds |
| Hair       | Red        |
| Eyes       | Green      |
| Occupation | Servant    |

### EQUIPMENT

Servant's clothes, Basilisk Spit (Type IV poison), silver silverware (20 gp), gold trinket (50gp)

### PARTY ATTENDANCE

Alessa volunteered to be a paid servant; answering a flyer that came out last week looking for replacements for all the servants that were fired. She took the job, not because it paid well, but because she could get in close to the rich socialites and find out if the rumors about her are true. She is looking for answers – answers that she knows are within the walls of the Jurallion estate. She doesn't know what she will do if she finds what she is looking for. Just in case she wants to take her revenge, she has brought some poison that she will slip into Lord Jurallion's drink. She wants to see his face as it turns purple and the smug bastard's throat closes.

### HATRED

The young girl hates Lord Jurallion for an important reason – he is her father. She's only known this for about a year and what she has uncovered on her own might end up being false rumors. When Alessa was born, the lord insisted that she be given up and placed in an orphanage. His reasoning was simple; he simply didn't want the baby. As a result, she has grown up in terrible conditions. She's had to eat rotten meat to survive while her father dines on the finest the region had to offer. If she finds out that her dad really is Lord Jurallion, she will try to kill him with poison. If it is not true, she will simply finish the job, take her payment and leave.

### ACCUSATIONS

"I don't know any of these people. To me, they all sound like monsters. If I had to choose, though, it would be the priest guy. He acts the part of holy official, but I know a con artist when I see one. Maybe he's just after some rich girl, maybe it's something worse. I will say that he is been acting strangely all night. I hope that helps."

### RP HINTS

Alessa is a street smart kid; having been raised by herself for most of her life. She avoids answering any question directly and tries to turn any attempt to get information as a hostile act against an unarmed teenager. She's angry about who her father is and what he did to her. She's also a thief, as most kids raised on the streets are. She'll likely try to play with things in her hands and they 'accidentally' fall into her trouser pockets. She plays the victim card whenever possible as well; anything to dissuade people from knowing how talented she actually is.