

PATHFINDER

ROLEPLAYING GAME™



THE RED WIDOW

NEKOPAN WIDOW

NIKITA VICCI

1 witch fetchling neutral evil witch plague

level/class	race	alignment	fav class	patron
ability score	total	mod		
STR strength	8	-1	HP hit points	10 / 10
DEX dexterity	15	+2	AC armor class	12
CON constitution	16	+3	MOVE movement rate	30
INT intelligence	18	+4	INIT initiative	+4
WIS wisdom	14	+2	TOUCH armor class	12
CHA charisma	10	+0	EXP experience	0
			FLAT-FOOTED armor class	10
			CMB combat maneuver	-1
			WEIGHT thin for race	90
			LIFT overhead	80
			CMD maneuver defense	11
			GEAR carried weight	?
			LIFT off the ground	160
			CONC concentration	+5
			TOTAL if carried	?
			DRAG push or drag	400

SKILLS		armor penalty				
		total	ranks	class	ability	misc
acrobatics	dex	2			2	
appraise	int	4			4	
bluff	cha	0			0	
climb	str	-1			-1	
craft alchemy	int	8	1	3	4	
diplomacy	cha	0			0	
escape artist	dex	2			2	
fly	dex	6	1	3	2	
knowledge: rel	int	10	1	3	4	2
intimidate	cha	4	1	3	0	
perception	wis	3	1		2	
spellcraft	dex	8	1	3	4	
sense motive	wis	2			2	
stealth	dex	3			2	
use magic device	cha	4	1	3	0	

FEATS & FEATURES

darkvision 60'
low light vision
50% miss chance in shadow (normal 20%)
+1 DC illusion (shadow) spells
gloom shimmer
disguise self 1/day
resist cold/lightning 5
hex: slumber
feat: spell focus - necromancy
trait: reactionary
crime: blasphemy

touch	-1	by spell	x2
ranged touch	+2	by spell	x2
light crossbow	+2	1d8	19-20 x2



USKWOOD, NIDAL

Pale moonlight filtered weakly through the canopy of trees overhead as Nikita Vicci ran as fast as her six year-old legs could carry her. Behind her, the hollow sound of the mastiff's baying carried on the wind, warning all their fellow Uskwood beasts that they were on the hunt.

Darting around the black silhouette of an immense tree, the young girl tripped over looping roots before tumbling down into a steep ravine. Up in a flash, her flight continues without interruption, her reflexes honed throughout her short lifetime here in Nidal.

Scrambling up an embankment, a quick glance to her rear showed the glowing blue eyes of her pursuers, pacing her. Two of the shadow mastiffs, easily the size of a large man, ran along the top of the ridge to either side, while another chased her within the ravine itself.

A quick burst of speed carried her up one wall, barely in front of the slaving jaws of the hound. Dodging around another tree, she slammed head first into a wall of black leather and spikes. Staring up into the eyes of a nightmare, Nikita felt the blood trickling down from her newest wounds as consciousness fled.

She'baat Vincere' waited for her hounds, measuring up the diminutive form of the girl at her feet. Despite the young girl's frantic nightmares, She'baat had no intention of killing the Scarzni child, nor of even torturing her. No, tonight's hunt was all business and once completed, the hunt for pleasure could begin.

Her beasts came slinking up, two standing proud, the third in the back, its tail between its legs. Her chain whip lashes out, scoring the beast along its flank. "No biting you fool! Don't harm the merchandise!"

She'baat turned as servants ran up to collect the child. Leaning back in her carriage on the return trip to Pangolais, she cursed the need to turn over her latest charge. The urge to torment the young girl, to scar her both physically and mentally, welled up like a tide from the dark recesses of her heart.

Abandoning the carriage before the House of Pain on the outskirts of the city, She'baat ordered the girl be turned over by the servants. The urge, the need, to hurt the girl was almost overwhelming but release was just a few steps away. Opening the mammoth doors, screams rose to greet her, sounding like a symphony of pain to her exhausted ears.

PLANE OF SHADOW

The kyton sacristan returned from the Kuthite temple, his latest acquisition, a silent human girl, at his heels. Exhausted, the child tripped every few steps, each fall eliciting a whimper as the chain's barbs dug into her neck. After each fall she would rise and attempt to walk more carefully, more slowly. Each time, he would give the chain a small tug, generating another whimper, and usually another fall.

The jealous sacristan cursed his luck that he would need satisfy himself with these minor tortures. The child was destined for Lord Sugroz, the Voice in Screams, for his own private experiments. Unlike She'baat Vincere' however, the sacristan understood that denying the need to cause the child pain was itself a form of pain, for him. As the mortal She'baat was also beginning to learn, whether his own or the girl's, pain was pain, and could be enjoyed either way.



She'baat Vincere'

MATHARYN, TALINGARDE

The elegant sound of chamber music filled the small square as couples whirled and spun, dancing the minuet. Like the dancers, the revellers on the outskirts wore fine porcellain masks leaving their chins and mouths bare. The crowd of one hundred, mostly students and faculty from nearby St. Marcus's Seminary and University were of the cultured variety, and fine wine flowed like water.

Known as Varsill, this borough of Matharyn, capital of the holy nation of Talingarde, was populated primarily by artists, scholars and the bourgeoisie. Small festivals such as this one had first begun some ten years previously, an excuse to drop high moral walls and relax with kindred spirits. The Church allowed such parties to continue, understanding that scholars and those of artistic bent needed some release outside religious observance.

Such understanding from the Church hierarchy was rapidly waning however as tales of drunkenness and casual sex began percolating throughout the city. Such came to a head during the festival three years past when the half-elven High Lord Barcan was revealed to be in attendance. Caught literally with his pants around his ankles, the noble lord was rapidly whisked from the borough by his personal guard and still denies rumors of his presence to this day.

Carriage service had been cancelled this year after the setting of the sun in an effort to limit non-Varsill residents from attending the festivals. This policy was partially successful in limiting the numbers of revellers, yet an absolute disaster in the long term health of the borough. Left to their own devices, and without interference from the other boroughs, both students and faculty procured even more wine. The level of public drunkenness increased proportionally and rumors began circulating of private parties attended by scantily clad women of negotiable virtue.

Nikita watched as the Chair of Classical Studies chased three nude girls around the divan. The sixty year old man cut quite the comical figure, his massive paunch resting atop tindertwig legs. Huffing and puffing, the ancient scholar finally caught the youngest of the three, running half-heartedly like the others. A quick glance to Nikita was met with a slight nod as the older woman gave approval that the Chair be inducted into the inner sanctum. Retreating through the door behind her, Nikita strode across the room beyond to a door on the far side.

Sliding back the barred viewing port, the twenty year old madame checked the revealed hallway for traffic. Seeing none, she passed through the door heading for the far end of the passage. Thick doors stood closed on each side, the sound of whimpers, cries and moans of pleasure coming from behind each.



Nikita Vicci

The quick turn of a wall sconce at the end of the hall swung wide a hidden doorway, leading the young woman to her office. Tossing her cloak onto the chair behind her desk on the far side of the room, Nikita stood for some minutes at the giant glass window covering one whole wall. Below, naked figures writhed in ecstasy and pain. Nodding her approval, Nikita watched as the drunken Chair entered the room at the soft insistence of his new companion.

Nearly two decades had passed since the origin of this plan, although Nikita herself had only been involved in the most recent year. Hidden sites such as hers dotted the borough, five in all, with hers being the most recent. Such a post was a rarity for one not born to Kyton blood, yet it was a necessity here in Talingarde where the Mitral clergy could easily detect the wickedness exuded by even the lowest of the Shadow Plane heirarchy. While she had secretly wished to return to her own world, the young Avistani was well aware of the unlikelyhood of that eventuality.

Without warning, the sound of screams picked up, causing the young woman to quickly scan the room below for their source. The naked revellers below, far gone in drugged wine, had yet to notice the din however, and Nikita quickly turned to the door she had so recently entered. Sliding aside an eyehole, she just caught the white samite and steel armor of a Mitral Paladin entering one of the rooms off the hallway. Cursing her luck, the fetchling knew her end had come. No escape would be possible for her, for her smooth grey skin marked her if ever she stepped beyond the confines of this house.

Reaching for her crossbow, Nikita prepared to sell her life as dearly as possible, taking up a position on the far side of her desk. Nearly an hour passed, and much of the din died down as the young woman tried in vain to keep the blood flowing in her legs while remaining below the level of the window behind her. The paladins had found that room twenty minutes ago, killing all of its inhabitants in shocked horror. It was too much to hope that they would fail to notice the glammered wall with its giant window, yet Nikita could not help herself.

The door across the room flew from its hinges, careening over her head and out the very same window with a smash of broken glass. Stepping over the still burning carpet, High Inquisitor Solomon Tyrath himself entered the room, his flat stare immediately picking out the rooms sole inhabitant. A flat slap accompanied a speeding crossbow bolt, well aimed for the inquisitor's head yet stopped by some unseen field. With no time to reload, Nikita stood as five paladins rushed into the room, swords raised.

Despair gripped her however as she was clubbed to the ground, one paladin's pommel red with blood from the wound to her head. Consciousness quickly fled, just as it had done so a mere fourteen years previously, though her captor could not be more different.

"Sshh, don't speak, my dear." Standing above her, the High Inquisitor looked almost concerned, an emotion clearly belied by his eyes. "We have special plans for you. There will be plenty of time for talking later, you have my word on it."

BRANDERSCAR PRISON

"Nikita Vicci, we, the Mitral Council of Talingarde, find you guilty of the crime of Blasphemy!

No mitigation can possibly exist, no circumstance or excuse, that forgives one of your nature. Your very existence is a sin against the god Mitra.

Your trial for the crimes of Extortion, Bribery, Arson and Attempted Murder are hereby invalidated as these lesser crimes do not justify your breathing our fair air for even one more day.

You are to be taken forthwith to the Prison of Branderscar where you will be kept for the absolute briefest period of time before you are to be scourged, your skin flayed, your wounds sown with salt and then burned at the stake.

It is our custom to end sentencing with the statement, "May Mitra have mercy on your soul." Understanding this to be a clear impossibility on your account, we instead draw satisfaction in knowing that your soul is bound for Hell and eternal torment.

Remove this abomination from the courtroom!"

Blasphemy

Either you have defamed the great god Mitra or you have been found guilty of worshipping one of the forbidden deities.

Punishment:

Death by burning

Benefit: +2 trait

bonus to

Knowledge

(religion) and

it is a class skill for you.



