"Ruin has come to our family."

"You remember our venerable house, opulent and imperial; gazing proudly from its stoic perch above the moor. I lived all my years in that ancient, rumour-shadowed manor."

"Fattened by decadence and luxury… and yet I began to tire of conventional extravagance. Singular unsettling tales suggested the mansion was a gateway to some fabulous and unnameable power. With relic and ritual, I bent every effort to the excavation and recovery of those long buried secrets, expending what remained of our family fortune on surly workman and sturdy shovels. "

"At last, in the salt-soaked crags beneath the lowest foundations, we unearthed that damnable portal of antediluvian evil."

"Our every step unsettled the ancient earth…but we were in a realm of death and madness! In the end, I alone fled laughing and wailing through those blackened arcades of antiquity….until consciousness failed me."

"You remember our venerable house…opulent and imperial. It is a festering abomination! I beg you return home, claim your birthright, and deliver our family-"

click

"-from the ravenous clutching shadows…"

BLAM

"Of the Darkest Dungeon."



A Gauntlet Jump by Clover

Welcome home, Jumper, to your Estate.

For the next two years it will be your duty to bind and lead teams of explorers, fighters and thieves to combat the horrors that lurk beneath the Estate. This will not be easy; of the expeditions mounted every week, with four men by your side, you must command, fight and hope for the best.

+0CP

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=Background=

Darkest Dungeon is a powerless jump, without companions or Warehouse access. Failure does not end the Chain. You still keep your knowledge and past experience, you will need it.

Before we continue any further, what manner of grounding were you raised in?
You must choose a setting.

Ambitious
Too low of status on your own, the Ancestor's choice of recipient represented a great opportunity that you now realize as mislaid. No matter, your ambitions and plans refuse to crumble beneath whatever troubles and nonsense you may encounter.

Pious
You put your faith in the flame and the light, and claim they have not led you astray. Yet upon receipt of that ancestral call took it upon yourself to prove your piety, with foolish acts of so called bravery and burden. But slim hope is better than none.

Vicious
Raised and brought up in a world with eyes open to man's cruelty to man, your skills and temperament quickly found themselves hardened. Your return to the ancestral home is one of great promise, in hopes that you may immerse yourself in fleeting comfort.

Bilious
Those mysterious and blasphemous ways were too seductive and promising for you to ignore. The letter brought you closer to the grounds in hopes of forbidden and forgotten relics, each ritual more maddening than the last.

=Archetypes=

Fools, braves, all manner of unlikely pilgrims come.

Each four-man expedition team (excluding yourself) can be comprised of a variety of characters, hailing from all different characters boasting both strength, and weakness.

You may attempt to refine your recruitment, so that certain archetypes gain advantages they would rarely see otherwise. Without, your initial pick of the flock is no better than fools **Seeking** fortune.

For 100CP, that class gains experience equal to tried **Apprentices**, having seen combat and tested against fear and hardship alike. Less likely to break down in battle.
For 200CP, that class gains further benefits of hiring **Veterans**, with greater skill and reaction in battle, and the knowledge that only painful failure and experience can offer.
For a maximum of 300CP, those of that class are budding **Champions**, greatly resistant to the horrors and conditions you present, and with the strength to prove it. Harder to accommodate.

=Classes=

Word is travelling. Ambition is steering in other cities. We can use this.

The Abomination – *Tortured and reclusive… this man is more dangerous than he seems.*
The eldritch poison coursing through his veins grants unspeaking power, at a terrible cost. His transformations may bring great strength, but those faithful refuse his presence.

The Antiquarian – *She searches where others dare not… and sees what others see not.*
A scholar, researcher and keen archeologist, though not a fighter. She survives by calling upon allies and quick feet, and her value lies in unearthing treasures and her vast Orient-gained cunning.

The Arbalest – *Shoot, bandage and pillage: the dancing steps of war.*
Wielding powerful ballistics, she is the definitive backline fighter. Able to rain suppressing fire, mark for sniping and support heals, she is both death-dealer and support.

The Bounty Hunter – *The thrill of the hunt… the promise of payment…*
A brutally efficient executioner and crowd controller. For him, planning is key, marking targets to capitalize damage or wreaking havoc upon weakened foes. A versatile warrior.

The Crusader – *A mighty sword-hand anchored by a holy purpose. A zealous warrior.*
He has held the front lines in a hundred holy wars. Attacking foes with righteous fury, his strength is something that can be relied on. Sturdy, accurate, useful, though he lacks reach and flexibility.
(Apprentice level Crusaders by default unless Reynauld and Dismas are Dead in effect)

The Grave Robber – *To those with the keen eye, gold gleams like a dagger's point.*
A versatile and nimble combatant, she moves through the ranks with ease. Striking from the shadows without warning, her main defense is her agility. Best used in flexible groups.

The Hellion – *Barbaric rage and unrelenting savagery make for a powerful ally.*
Wild, unpredictable and utterly ruthless, she lives for the thrill of the blood. Though her weapon grants enhanced strength and range, many of her skills leave her exhausted.

The Highwayman – *Elusive, evasive, persistent. Fitting traits for a rogue.*
A rogue, a thug and a thief, he has honed skills with dagger and pistol to devastating effect. His skills flexibility is hampered by his frail form and less punishing blows.
(Apprentice level Highwaymen by default unless Reynauld and Dismas are Dead in effect)

The Hound Master – *A lawman and his faithful beast. A bond forged by battle and bloodshed.*
Tough and compassionate, he works in tandem with his wolfhound to slay foes and protect the innocent. Working from the back ranks, he is most effective against foes that bleed.

The Jester – *He will be laughing still… at the end.*
Combat is a ballad, with both climax and finale. Leaping to and fro in a bloody haze, or delivery melody and inspiration in the rear, he is powerful support and damager in the right conditions.

The Leper – *This man understands that existence and adversity are one and the same.*
A ruined man, a warrior, a poet. When he swings that massive blade, it is either crushing force or empty glances. A hardened, heavy damager, his inaccuracy hampers his front-line effectiveness.

The Man-At-Arms – *Though youth may be spent, his eyes hold secrets of a hundred campaigns.*
A front-line defender and commander, his age may have hampered his attack, but he makes up in breadth of support and buffs to his teammates. Most effective leading from the front.

The Occultist – *To fight the abyss, one must know it…*
A lifetime of scholarly inquest has opened up the power of the Void. An unpredictable support, his frail and weak form may backfire, but his hexes and blood magics can both heal and harm.

The Plague Doctor – *What better laboratory than the blood-soaked battlefield?*
Preferring to hang back and eat away her opponent's health with poisons and plagues, the plague doctor is useful to heal allies from rot, or bring blight and bleeding to her opponents.

The Vestal – *A sister of battle. Pious and unrelenting.*
This warrior nun channels her zeal into healing, judgement and explosions of light. The most effective healer available, her specialty is in acting as support, both physical and mental.

=Estate=

Once, our estate was the envy of this land…

Though fallen into disrepair and ruin, opportunity exists to rebuild and repair what remains. The services of the common folk are yours to command, and bolster, should you find them wanting. A crucial place of relief, and improvement. Drawbacks are optional. Purchases are upgrades.

Stage Coach *Free*

All will find their way to you, now that the road is clear. Every week, new recruits and fresh blood will trickle by the handful hearing tales of both glory, and redemption.

Familiar Faces *100CP* (Companion Import)

Comrades and companions from the past heed your call. Can the bonds of old experience endure in these fragile mortal forms? Can the memories of past adventure harden against new madness?

Bring Me Your Broken +200CP

The tales they tell of your plight bring about odd company. Those who find their way are far more unreliable and quirksome than expected, madmen hoping to find similar minds in these dark times.

Town Square *Free*

A meeting place, the centre of this hamlet, where all manner of journeys begin and perish.

Market Day *100CP*

Even now do the townspeople hope to sell their wares. What meager crafts and goods they can spare are taxed to fill your coffers, a slow yet steady supply of coin to feed ends and means either trifling or troublesome.

Trade Routes *100CP*

Once your estate was the center of a many trade maps, though it recent years they are warned off. Still, the occasional wagon comes by to swap heirlooms for heirlooms. At a loss, of course.

Graveyard *100CP*

Once a simple plot of bleached grass and stone, there is new land to be tilled, and old bones to be shifted. The fallen bodies of both friend and foe will no longer blight nor roam your estates, for here in this resting place they may find peace and solitude, both for the living and they departed.

It All Piles Up +200CP

The manner at which your actions provide corpses is astounding. These pits fill with all manner of waste, and the piles left unmoved block passage and clean conscience. Worse yet, the ample supply of untended bodies allows Necromancers to raise more servants than thought possible.

Survivalist *100CP*

A mysterious woman, used to the rhythms of the wilds and wary. She can offer her services in teaching your followers ways to relieve and calm themselves when making camp during long expeditions, essential to any prolonged foray into the unknown.

Where the Wild Things Are +200CP

There is a reason she chose your hamlet to offer her knowledge to, your beasts are far more wild and unkempt than any other she's known. The creatures of the Warrens and forested areas are more dangerous and populous than you initially thought.

Historian *100CP*

There is value in learning from the mistakes of the past, as those dedicated scholars poring through your libraries and folklore are quick to remind you. Though they identify more heirlooms from forgotten times, their findings can deal the correct ways of interacting with curious objects.

Unforgiving Ancients +200CP

There are things in the shadows that would prefer their secrets were left undisturbed. Their servants and Cultists are quick to make that wrath known, as all manner of Eldritch beings and forces will remind you.

Nomad Wagon *100CP*

This nomadic woman travels from distant lands, offering you a variety of rare and useful equipment to peruse. More useful than initially thought, her prices are steep, as these trinkets are not found from open markets, but likely the plundered tomb or unattended jewel box.

The Romani Wave +200CP

Annnd she brought her friends. This rabble of unwashed and uncultured folk are a discordant force in your small society, taking up amusements to leave your followers in frustration. Some may even hazard to steal money from your no doubt generous coffers.

Abbey *200CP*

The abbey calls to the faithful. For some the gilded icons and dogmatic rituals are madness claiming communion to the divine. To others it is a welcome tonic against the horror and bloodshed of their new lives. A little hope, no matter how desperate, is always worthy.

A Hopeless House +200CP

What hope can survive in these dark times? The preacher regularly forgoes the service, the cloisters are unkempt and befouled, and the penance hall filled with vagrants and beggars. Any solace you may have once found is meager compared to the weight on your soul.

Alchemist *200CP*

Purity of precious metal and gemstone brings greater value, and the alchemist knows these signs. More capable of bringing you great riches, and concocting foul poisons, this building increases the wealth and toxic resistance of those in your town.

Foul and Loathsome Vapours +200CP

The stenches and miasmic clouds that emanate from the wastepits of this lab attract many a desperate and addictive sort, the unrest in your town reducing the effectiveness of relaxation and relief efforts. The winds also blow to Fungal opponents, enhancing their cysts and spores.

Blacksmith *200CP*

When not forging metal into utility, the Blacksmith can improve the weapons and protections of your explorers, at a price. Though costly, his craft cannot be denied its usefulness or importance in the maintenance and upkeep of a strong fighting force.

Poor Materiel +200CP

The metals and ores available to you are of defective quality, sharp swords and sturdy plates shattering from some unseen flaw. It will cost you personal resources to find sources that remain pure of this frail quality, and until then your tools may break at the most inopportune moments.

Chirurgeon *200CP*

What skill and surgery these scholars have to offer is offset by their ridiculous need for fresh corpses and foul chemistry, yet their results cannot be denied. Their services improve the resistance against plague of all that partake, and even bolster their overall health.

Weakened Constitution +200CP

Unfortunately, a reliance on medical concoctions and vital potions comes with its penalties. A portion of your resources must be dedicated to ensuring the efforts of your doctors, and your exploring parties suffer severely weakened results otherwise. They are more susceptible to dying.

Guild *300CP*

A training grounds of instruction and temper, where old skills find new tricks. The knowledge of retired adventurers and criminals alike is passed down in these regimens, essential in keeping any fighter in peak condition, or expanding a once trifling skillset.

An Inclusive Sort +200CP

There is an elitism that comes with experience, and soon you may find your adventurers preferring certain formations and familiar allies, rather than attempt your new blood within their ranks. This may spell their victory, or more likely an inflexible downfall.

Sanitarium *300CP*

These practitioners offer techniques and services which target the mind, not the body or soul. Offering treatment to cure unwanted personalities, cement positive traits and even purge diseases contracted while dungeoneering, their prices may be high, but worthwhile.

Experimental Methods +200CP

Not an exact science, they may sometimes offer to study the minds of townsfolk and trusting followers. Results vary and are uncertain, with new madness replacing old benefits at times, you may find your streets filled with Madmen and aimless wanderers.

Tavern *300CP*

Offering strong drink, games of chance and more pleasurable company than those weekly expeditions offer, you may find a refurbished tavern more popular than you realize. These entertainments not only relieve stress, but act as a strong hub for rumour, of treasure, and danger.

Debauchery and Dispute! +200CP

Your followers are not always the most virtuous of sorts, and may grow addicted to these simple pleasures. Some may steal money from your holds, others may get in fights with one another, while few are unlucky enough to forget their duties and wander away.

Artillery *300CP*

Thunderous blasts of smoke and fire to rain hell down upon the hellish and defend your lands. The cannons and marksmen that you have acquired provide protection and defense against all manner of threats, though their assistance within dungeons is… questionable.

Earthshaking Thunder +200CP

These guns are powerful, too powerful. In order to ensure their metal and powders are not at fault, they must be tested regularly, bringing much strain to those at rest, lest they risk backfire and damaging your holdings.

=Perks=

Your followers are strong, yes, but you can bolster them still.
Your commands are strength in their own right.

Ancestor's Shade *Free*
In life he was depraved and pursued much dark knowledge. In death he is remorseful and acts as a narrator and cautionary advisor in your quest to reclaim your birthright.

Heir's Light *Free, Only Active During This Jump*
Whenever you join or lead an expedition into the dungeons, you will be last to be attacked. Your presence encourages your followers, they hasten to your commands, and cover your escape.

Discounts of half-pricing exist to each background, with one 100CP perk for free.

AMBITIOUS

The path of luck, self-improvement and upwards mobility

Self Made Men *100CP*
Your followers respond more favorably to buffs and benefits, nearly doubling their potency. This does not nullify the potency or frequency of enemy debuffs and disables.

Take Another Step *100CP*
In battle, your followers may reposition themselves freely once, regardless of their conditions without using up their actions. This is essential in some formations, valued among their ranks.

Hold Fast! *200CP*
Your followers are now less likely to be repositioned due to enemy attacks and ambushes. They are also more resistant against critical hits by opponents.

The Way is Clear *200CP*
Pitfalls, obstructions and traps of all manner are less prominent in your path. Scouting and identifying future threats comes quicker and easier to your followers, regardless of the light.

Lions, Tigers, Bears *300CP*
Good fortune seems to smile upon you. Whether it is the sudden windfall of found treasure, or the critical blow that lands, your luck in all things favors you and your followers.

Swift is the Hand… *300CP*
…that deals the blow. Your followers are more likely to take the initiative, to surprise and strike first upon any they happen upon. This even negates ambushes while at rest or on the road.

Give No Quarter! *400CP*
After successfully felling an opponent, the hand that dealt it may deal another blow! This effect continues for each successful kill, but the maximum damage possible is reduced.

PIOUS

The path of the light, protection and holy judgement

Bright is the Faith *100CP*

Not only are your followers less likely to be terrified in the light, but their better vision increases damage and critical chance. Improves damage against the Unholy and Eldritch.

Tempers of the Righteous *100CP*

Your followers gain bonuses when striking back at those who have harmed them, enhancing their speed, critical chance and hit chance. This applies on an individual basis only.

Grace and Glory! *200CP*

You came to bring the light and the fury to these darkened depths, and are exalted for it. Killing enemies increases light, the more grievous the foe, the more blazing the luminescence.

Virtue and Victory! *200CP*

Should your heroes be tested at their darkest hours, then more often will they wax virtuous, lowering stress and bolstering their allies. Continuous victory in a dungeon increases the chances.

Faith is my Shield *300CP*

Your allies are now stalwart in their intentions, a steady amount of protection available to them and increasing in strong light. This does not reduce damage from afflictions, only enemies.

Blazing Star *300CP*

For there is reward in piety, the rites and prayers answered. When the torchlight is bright, your followers are steadily healed in small amounts, with small chance of their afflictions cured.

We are the Light *400CP*

Your followers are now the living embodiment of Judgement come calling. The heals are twice as potent, criticals more likely to occur and protections doubled. But this consumes all torchlight.

VICIOUS

The path of poisons, plans and dreaded execution

On my Mark! *100CP*

Your followers are used to following orders, and can strike in accordance with your plans. Each battle, you may single out a target for destruction, and they hasten to obey with renewed strength.

Animal Cunning *100CP*

Your followers have gained insight to instinct, and are more likely to dodge incoming blows. There are also less forgiving and more damaging to monsters both Beast and Human.

Notched and Noxious *200CP*

Weapons treated with poison and oils that both urge the flow of blood and the taint of plague.

Death by Inches *200CP*

It is not enough to harm a foe, but to have them break under their own inadequacies. Opponents are more susceptible to damage over time, and attacks of such manner will stack in potency easier.

Dance Around Death *300CP*

No stranger to ill will, your followers are more agile against their opponents, avoiding attacks and afflictions with greater ease. Each such miss will incur a debuff upon the foe.

Foes In Disarray! *300CP*

A great confusion will be set upon your foes, their ranks shuffled and stunned. This can be resisted, but its usefulness is not to be denied. Only once per battle.

Executed with Impunity! *400CP*

It is only right they fear the next death is theirs. Whenever a foeman falls, your followers lose stress, even more if it was a critical. The remaining opponents are also debuffed as they witness.

BILIOUS

The path of blood, black magics, and transformation

The Comforting Darkness *100CP*

Accustomed to the dark as you are, your followers have accumulated some of your habits. They are less likely to break in the dark and gain negative afflictions from hazards.

Method to the Madness *100CP*

Should your followers fall to madness, they will err on your side more than not. A small blessing.

Perched at the Precipice *200CP*

Your followers have greater resistance to deathblows and gain increased damage on low health.

A Curse Upon Ye! *200CP*

With your forbidden knowledge, you can lay weakening hexes and curses on opponent from afar.

Bloody Restraint *300CP*

You can boil and churn blood of targets, healing allies at risk or harming foes at risk of healing.

Blasphemous Allies *300CP*

Call upon contracts from beyond to lash foes in chitinous grasp and visit horrors to panic them.

Power of the Void! *400CP*

After studying the condition, you can force monstrous transformations on your followers, greatly increasing their strength, speed and skills, at increased risk of madness.

=Dungeons=

Reclaim your birthright, by any means necessary.

In the manor you make your home, dusty tomes of nonsense and bottled courage your constant companions. Maps of the once proud estate face you. There is work to be done.

Ruins: Halls once noble and refined have fallen under black magic and the shuffling of skeletal feet. Steel yourself through these twisting corridors of the Unholy and Undead. What corpses remain are quick to make corpses of newcomers.

Stone Wings Take Flight +200CP

Even the unyielding stone Champions the corruption that infests these corridors. Those once silent sentinels have borne nigh-impervious beasts of stone and animal cunning, one above all. Though their skin is harder than the foundations, they are vulnerable to sickliness and have brittle bones.

Necromancer Lord +300CP

Many scholars came at the Ancestor's call, learned in the arts of reanimation. Slaughtered and reanimated by their certified student, the necromancers now lurk these halls. The Lord above them binds any corpse he happens upon into his service, ever eager to bring his craft to deeper depths.

Prophet +300CP

A man of the cloth who decried the Ancestor as doombringer, hardy and charismatic. Once. When shown the truth by the Ancestor, he fled a gibbering wreck. Now he has gathered a like-minded flock of cultists, preachers, ritualists and slavers. Beware his extracted gaze lest it fall on you.

Wealds: A sprawling forest filled with the Fungal and the Forgotten. The twisting roads that run to the estate are haunted and harried by brigands and horrors. Few souls are brave or foolish enough to travel off the beaten path, fewer still survive.

The Giants +200CP

Once reclusive and forgotten, this Champion of the green is driven mad by the fungus infesting its body. Wielding a massive tree as its club, and with skin crawling in poisonous and intoxicating blooms, this giant is still healthy and resists many conditions that would fell weaker beasts.

The Hag +300CP

Once a lass, wise in medicine and alchemy, served the Ancestor. Her efforts yielded many brews, and a habit for self-experimentation, each concoction demanding more visceral ingredients. Banished to the wilds, all manner of trespassers go into the pot to satisfy her monstrous appetite.

The Heavy Pounder +300CP

The Brigands hired by the Ancestor to harry the townsfolk have grown restless and wild. Overconfident in their numbers, they have with them a war machine, a cannon of immense power and making. Capable of immense destruction, but it needs idle hands to spark its fuse. Don't let it.

Warrens: An ancient system of aqueducts and tunnels. A corpse choked cesspit of bile and disease. Sty and safehold of the bestial Swine and their disease-ridden allies. The screams and smells that emanate lead to many a restless night.

The Swine that Rides +200CP

A monstrous abomination, the Champion of the Swine rides under its own power. A Swinetaur, with the legs of a horse and the bearing of a man, its deadly spear can skewer entire crowds to offal in a single charge. Though heavily armored and hale, its greatest attacks require range.

The Swine King +300CP

A brute, blind and piggish, this vessel of otherworldly making is trapped by its prodigious bulk and a constant hunger. Worshipping it like a divine monarch, the Swine bring it both flesh and entertainment. Though powerful, its attacks are predictable and its assistants feeble.

The Spreading Flesh +300CP

Squeals echo from those tunnels, and a whirling tide of flesh and snout and tooth follows. Though it's ever shifting mass may cause confusion and catastrophe, take comfort in knowing that the form is yet flesh, making it vulnerable to poison and bleeding. But don't fall in, lest you add to it.

Cove: Once a meeting place for deliveries and dockside pacts, this drenched and drowning dungeon is filled with all that is Eldritch and Aquatic. Ware the throes of the Pelagic, fishspawn and worse, and do not let them take you alive.

Deep Spawn Rising +200CP

A hard-shelled arthropod with a taste for blood, the Champion of the tides, the Uca Crusher. With a shell that prevents even the hardiest of blows from striking true, and a stunning sweep of claw, many may fall beneath its pincers. A sadistic sort, it spills blood freely to attract its brothers.

The Drowned Crew +300CP

Smugglers the Ancestor employed, they grew greedy and were hexed to the depths for it. Now arisen, they gladly ensnare mortals to feed on the fear only the sunken know. But their watery grave has stripped any defenses they once had. Break their chains, and with it, their power!

The Siren +300CP

Once a besotted lass, whose charms the Ancestor found lacking. To gain alliance with the fish-men, the girl was taken to be queen, and slave. Though she can call upon her Piscean warriors, her skill lies in bewitching your heroes against you. A deft touch is best to bring them back to the light.

In those younger years, my home was a hive – of unbridled hedonism. A roiling apiary, where instinct and impulse were indulged with wild abandon.

A bewitching predator slipped in amidst the swarm of tittering sycophants. Though outwardly urbane, I could sense in her a mocking thirst…

Driven half-mad by cloying vulgarity, I plotted to rid myself of this lurking threat in a grand display of sadistic sport-

But as the moment of murder drew nigh, the gibbous moon revealed her inhuman desires in all their stultifying hideousness!



DLC Update by Clover

Crimson Court is a DLC, an addition to the original game of Darkest Dungeon. It is entirely optional to take for the gauntlet, and you can disregard this section at your leisure. However, if you accept the consequences and carry on, then you may take additional burdens and bonuses.

Otherwise, all previous Gauntlet conditions remain. You will not regain access to your powers, Warehouse or unmodified Companions.

And so, at last, the end of my beginning…

The Crimson Curse

REQUIRED COMPLICATION

+0CP

The Thirst, the craving, for blood rich and runny. The Bloodsuckers of the court have such a vile and virulent appetite for lifeblood that many a hero who faces them will return with strange hungers. It reduces them to maddened shambles over time, though granting some small measure of speed. Should they slake their thirst, a renewed vigor and fury will overcome them, but may also be the harbinger of berserk betrayal. Those who contract it can only be free once the Courtyard has been cleansed, or should a deathblow be struck against its most horrifying courtiers.

=A New Hero Has Arrived!=

It seems that bloodshed amidst revelry entices a certain aspirant…

The Flagellant – *Awash in blood and delusion, he bears the burden of a thousand lifetimes.*
Regarded with a toxic mixture of fear, awe and disgust, this extremist draws his strength from martyrdom. In one moment, he could be a font of healing, the next, a conduit of terrible wrath. (Flagellants refuse to embark with other Flagellants; some burdens cannot be shared.)

=The Landlord's Burden=

New life to be breathed into abandoned Districts

Food and Drink District *200CP*

Proper rationing and storage of vital supplements will grant you preemptive defense from vermin and famine. With such efficient management of these supplies, you may find some more set aside for your personal pantry every week, and a few crimson vials for those with more… discreet diets.

Treasury District *200CP*

Vaults of copper coin and golden bullion piled as high as the deeds and paperwork that track them. The treasury will ensure that your investments return dividends, however paltry, and encourage those who love the smell of gold to greater heights.

Theater District *200CP*

Ever since you sectioned off all the musicians, thespians and jugglers into their own, a Darwinian struggle took place, leaving only the best to entertain and entrance your charges. Idle adventurers are more relaxed and stress-free, and those that enjoy song find themselves swifter in movement.

Altar and Idols District *200CP*

Penance and devotion do not bring comfort equally to all, yet those among you that put faith in the Light and the Flame find themselves healthier and hardier for it. As a result, you may find your healing skills more effective and miraculous.

Athenaeum and Archives District *200CP*

There is more knowledge to be found amongst these records than in the finest minds of a generation, or so attest the small army of scholars descending upon your town. Amongst their research lie the secrets to greater poisons and debilitations, and observations on illumination.

War and Respite District *200CP*

Exiles and veterans make strange bedfellows in these darkest times, but those stories they trade and skills they develop make them more well rested amidst madness and welcome on the blood-soaked battlefield.

Monument District *200CP*

An almost entirely frivolous and useless plot, it serves no purpose but as a proclamation of one's sheer dedication and persistence. But perhaps it can serve as anchor or epitaph to eternity…

=Where the Scarlet-Mouthed Dance=

Courtyard: Stone terraces and sprawling gardens, long abandoned to the soak of swampwater and the revelries of Bloodsuckers. A dim Bloodlight illuminates their diversions, and only the most stalwart and steadfast should brave the tangled paths. Cut a vein, let them bleed out.

Offensive Effigy +200CP

The grounds themselves are animated by such evil, this Garden Guardian holds a cosmic hatred for all beyond its grasp. Mighty with stone spear and hurtling shield, but perhaps it's greatest strength lies in a hatred beyond time, and a gaze that lays low all beneath it.

The Baron +200CP

A disgusting, hunchbacked, two-mouthed tick of a man, cowardly and craven. He hides himself deep within twisting corridors and locked gates that require keys of intricate design. In battle, he prefers to hide among scores of bodyguards of increasing strength, as his own blows are mediocre.

The Viscount +300CP

He feasts openly and freely, this one noble fencer. He dances amidst his larder of dangling corpses, eagerly taking voracious bites between his strikes at your explorers. Beware of his swordsmanship, for once he has feasted he will launch devastating riposte after riposte to counter your blows.

The Countess +300CP

REQUIRED COMPLICATION

That wicked figure I spied in moonlight, that deviless behind a paper fan, the source and spread of the Crimson curse. Hiding monstrous strength behind feminine etiquette, she will drain, infect, bleed and destroy those before her. Her weakness lies in her transformation, and her wilting frame.

=Persistent Foes and Failings=

Thin-Blooded Frailty +200CP

While the condemnation of the Courtyard continues, your townsfolk and expeditionaries will find themselves anemic and sluggish to respond. Perhaps you need to bolster their spirits with invigorating elixirs, or incense their sleeping quarters with medicinal smoke.

By Invitation Only +200CP

The Courtyard is more exclusive and elusive than the other dungeons, for scarce are the Invitations that are key to your ventures. You must be ever vigilant in your pursuit of its Gatekeepers, for they more often than not destroy these rare and valuable scripts.

The Wolf at Your Gates +200CP

Brigands have come to pillage your town, led by the fearless Vvulf, and will continue to do so until his death. Vvulf himself is a mighty warrior, protected by the bodies of his men and his towering shield, he destroys his foes with bomblets and bellowed war cries.

One Flew Over the Shrieker's Nest +200CP

Nested in the most towering tree of the Wealds is a mutant with a Raven's fancy. This monstrous bird will swoop unawares into your town and steal trinkets, baubles and artefacts with consistency. You will often need to dispatch an expedition to reclaim your wayward items.

The Apex Predator +200CP

What primordial predator, Crocodilian in form and hideous in gait, hides among the reeds? Is its greatest strength the blinding speed at which it strikes, how its teeth graze your hide? Or is it the hundreds of mosquitoes ensconced in its spine, waiting to swarm on command?

The Fanatic +300CP

An excommunicated madman has responded to your hamlet's infestation with Warhammer and rigid thought. Towering and imperious, he will burn your Crimson-touched heroes as any other Bloodsucker, his single-minded devotion making him more rabid animal than thinking man.



Mercifully the morbid encounter resolved itself in my favor, and I set to work pursuing degeneracy in its most decadent forms.

The air pulsed with anticipation as I revealed the unnatural terroir of the house vintage, but my exaltation was caught short as the attending gentry turned upon themselves in an orgy of indescribable frenzy.

A single drop of that forbidden tannin gifted me with a dizzying glimpse of the hibernating power beneath my feet, and in that moment, I understood the terrible truth of the world.

I stood reborn, molted by newfound knowledge, my head throbbing to the growing whine of winged vermin come to drink the tainted blood…

…of the Darkest Dungeon.

Rejoice at the familiar sight of mud, rain… and ruin.

Some hateful shard of alien origin has streaked through the night sky, crashing into the Miller's farm on the outskirts of the Hamlet!

Those unfortunate enough to witness the Comet's arrival have been blinded by what they can only describe as a shifting, ephemeral hue of damnably abrasive intensity.

There has been no word from the farm in a fortnight, save for the unearthly groaning that echoes from the ruin of the mill, still …

Gaze upward and tremble! Wither and squirm under the hateful glares that crawl beneath the nebulous heavens!



DLC Update by Clover

The Color of Madness is a DLC, an addition to the original game of Darkest Dungeon. It is entirely optional for the gauntlet, and you can disregard this section at your leisure. However, if you accept the consequences and carry on, then you may take additional burdens and bonuses.

Otherwise, all previous Gauntlet conditions remain. You will not regain access to your powers, Warehouse or unmodified Companions.

Lost in space and time…

Refraction

REQUIRED COMPLICATION

+0CP

When the Comet struck the earth and tainted its soils, a chord was struck against the loom of space and time. Heroes must venture across the shattered dimensions to reach the comet's crash site to end its reach. Each altercation will bring enemies from your past and effect the tide of battle in uncertain ways. Explorers may be afflicted with strange Refractions, phased out of space to behold the unconstrained cosmos. Their presence unnerves former comrades, though they may strike with a view askew from time and shadow, each will disappear for a time to reaffirm their histories.

=A New Hero Has Arrived!=

The scent of mud and cosmic aberration draws new faces to the stagecoach.

The Shieldbreaker – *Shifting. Swaying. She mesmerizes her prey before the final strike!*
A sandstorm of grace and fury, this former dancer lends her agility to pierce the guards of men and monstrous form alike. Alas, though defended by shield and spear, some horrors cannot be slain.
(Shieldbreakers possess mobility and deadly precision, yet suffer terrors that must be fought)

=The Landlord's Burden Revisited=

Startling developments lead to new District planning and construction.

Jeweler *Free*

Each foray into the shard infested lands of the Farmstead sees you laden with packs of glittering refuse, that this *associate* of the nomad woman is all too happy to relieve you of. He trades unearthly treasures for uncommon bounties, yet you still consider this trade… unequal.

Star Dust Fever +200CP

News has spread of your bounty, as the once tranquil Hamlet is swept up in a boom of outsiders underfoot, each eager for a cut. Such lust for crystalline consumption foments inconvenience at the least, and the more intrepid prospectors merely add to the doomed ranks of Husks.

Observatory *200CP*

The falling star sparks renewed interest in the arcane and pagan arts of astrology and horoscopy. A truly baffling array of telescopes, star charts and countless brass instruments wielded by an equally baffling crowd of soothsayers will attempt to divine the cosmos to benefit your fortunes.

The Sky Is Falling +200CP

Divination never promised to be an exact science, but it's mysticism draws attention from your more superstitious retainers. They will often demand slews of readings, from bizarre mathematics to the shapes of crow feathers, before taking a single step into any dungeon.

Geological Guild Quarters *200CP*

Such wonders can be found among heaven and earth that even blazing stars fallen from the cosmos may be scrutinized with the patience of these savants. Though prone to oddity and vapid theorizing, they prove invaluable in efforts against the tide of Husk and in harvesting their wealth.

Star-touched Orchards *200CP*

The minerals unearthed from the accursed starfall have seeped into both deepest well water and entrenched root. The wells now add a potent quality to tinctures brewed with their waters and the herbs and fruits reaped far exceed the table of even the richest nobility.

The Mill *Special*

Once cleansed of the Husks that plague the lands, fields may once again lie fallow and fertile. Life will return to the soil and issue forth its bounty, resupplying your Hamlet with much needed crops, grain and soothing distillation.

=Turmoil Sown With Cosmic Seed=

Farmstead: Breach the enchanted ring of stone to make war against the seemingly endless Husks that roam the now fossilized fields. Endure the blows of hollowed farmhands and agrarian mutation, beneath the glow of an ever-shattered windmill and a dome of unfamiliar stars.

Crystalline Corruption +200CP

Enchanted stone cannot fully contain the reach of the Comet's dominance. The baleful light bends history and possibility, as foes long dead are resurrected, hollowed and gem-clad, to take arms against your expeditions. Thankfully the more powerful of opponents are beyond its control.

The Miller +200CP

Thrice a victim to the seasons, my mercy and the comet, little humanity remains in his shattered frame or the keening edge of his scythe. Farmhands will come to his aid and grow strong under his touch, yet his humanity may be his undoing, both in sickness and in reminders of former kin.

The Thing From The Stars +300CP

A denizen of unconscionable alienage! This lurching composition of otherworldly death has naught but insatiable appetite for flesh and bone to drape about it's crystalline frame and calls it's lesser to defend it. Only the surest strikes or the most insidious ailments can lay it low.

The Comet +300CP

REQUIRED COMPLICATION

A star-spawned horror rattles its crystalline cage! Upon reaching the Mill, you will unearth the cause of this madness, a powerful entity that reshapes the world to alien whim. Infantile and untested, it's reach is limited enough that steel and grit can yet unmake it.

=Petty Grievances and Hazards=

Reaping the Endless Harvest +200CP

The Comet twists time and prospect to defend it, hordes of the corrupted pulled from past and future, and even worlds of its eventual victory, all to halt your advance upon it's resting site. The legion that defends the calcified grounds will swell and renew itself on every endeavour.

Another Time Another Tale +300CP

Action and consequence will invariably have their dreadful reunion. Yet where the otherworldly glow of the Comet touches, strange yet familiar faces emerge. Those once thought lost will be called from the mists beyond time, sowing confusion and turning on your ranks at your betrayal.

Pages Torn From History +300CP

The days of your life are but ashes in the annals of time, kindled under the pull of the Comet. Those that venture too often in the Farmstead may forget cherished events and the subsequent skills, as memories of once halcyon days are replaced by scenes of cosmic dust and howling color.

=Bounty of the Cosmos=

For your efforts, choose one upon victory.

Celestial Array

Harvest the uncaring void. Reclaim the barrier that once held the corruption at bay for your own purposes. Enchanted slabs of stones etched with celestial designs, now modified, will lure and contain the insensate beings that roam the fathomless cosmos. Periodically, visitors from the stars will lose their steading and fall quiescent into the ring, where they may be butchered for secrets and artifacts at your leisure. The stones may encircle an area equal to a modest farmstead.

Unearthly Cabochon

Tame this fraction of cosmic infinity. What remains of the Sleeper barely fills the palm of your hand, a torpid iris of hypnotic hue. Plant it within the ground and it will construct an altar over the course of a day, and all within sight of its glow will fall under the sway of a daily metronome. Those closest to it within an acre will be locked into routine, never aging or changing. Only those under your blessing may keep their wits about them.



Seated comfortably in my observatory, surrounded by telescopes and other delicate apparatus, I recognized the Miller's misfortunes as an opportunity, and agreed to lend him my… expertise.

Slabs etched with celestial designs were erected around the perimeter of the Farmstead. My gaze was cast skyward, marveling at the limitless profanity of the stars, and the harvest to come.

…

At last, the Comet was shattered, the shell of the Cosmic Egg yielding to annihilation, it's nascent tenant unmade. A death rattle answered by a primordial echo beneath our feet of a jubilant rival.

For who can fathom the hateful scorn of the swirling stars or the stifling grip…

…of the Darkest Dungeon.

The Darkest Dungeon

REQUIRED COMPLICATION

+0CP

Here is the base camp that I fled. Here is where it all began. The dread portal lies beyond.

Deep beneath you very manor, through tunnels not marked on any map nor built by mortal hands, the final test awaits. Before the stars align in ***two years' time***, you must undo the folly of your Ancestor and bring both ritual and steel to the foes you will face. And ready yourself for the nightmare beyond. These dungeons are like nothing on earth…

Hail the New Flesh! +300CP

The walls and floors themselves assault you as you intrude further into their domain. Sensitive to light and movement, they hasten to disperse and devour those injured and unwary to their advances. Should you not take heed, you may see twisted yet familiar forms facing you again.

Blood Must Flow! +300CP

The dungeon and its wards must feed, and feed they do. Anything that dies and bleeds in its passages merely grants strength and nourishment to their brethren, and outsider flesh is the sweetest of all. Leave not even bones to deny them their satisfaction and prevent grievousness.

Too Many Steps +300CP

This place is like nothing you've faced before, no landmarks or roadsigns to take bearing, no sun or stars to take time. And that pulsing beat, that spongey texture, it all brings your explorers to deeper despairs and waning strength and they venture further and longer into the depths.



Though your path may be strewn with foes and dangers alike, take some comfort in knowing that you will not face any opponent you have not taken. However, you also not benefit from the experience or the bounty of slaying them…

=Drawbacks=

Gluttons for punishment are sure to find their fill.

Reynauld and Dismas are Dead +100CP

Your bodyguards gave their lives to protect you on your arrival. Though their loss was painful, it was their choice. Let it not be in vain. What is one, no, two lives against many and redemption?

How Stressful +100CP

Blades of bandits and bites of beasts are understandable. But the bile and strikes of monsters and nightmares will swiftly bring fear and howling despair to your followers. You are not ready.

Easily Afflicted +200CP

Madness and Bravery are two sides of the same coin. Your heroes are of soft tempers, and afflictions come swiftly. Though both come more frequently, is it worth the costs?

Overconfidence +200CP

A known killer, slow and insidious. Too easily are you taken in by small victories and slim chances, believing the stars would halt should you demand. This harms those closest to you.

How Quickly the Tide Turns! +300CP

Monsters are quick to cowardice. Should the fight drag on they will call upon allies and assistance against your heroes, hoping to overwhelm you in a tide of flesh and fear.

Uncontained and Unconstrained +300CP

Now the monsters can come out and play. They spill forth from dungeons, demanding your attention. You must fight to defend what little you have and march into their heartlands.

Assorted Monsters and Other Trifles

These creatures travel wherever they please, harrying and harming any heroes they happen upon.

The Collector +300CP

A ghastly presence haunts these halls, the smell and shine of gold and sentiment brings him near. When he strikes, it is not your laden packs he seeks, but heads to add to his swelling form. But should you rend his form apart, you may pick apart his collection at leisure.

The Madman +300CP

A deranged lunatic who heralds delirium into even the strongest of minds. Once he was respected, but terrible revelations turned many into these miserable wretches that roam and screech. His gibberings bring the stalwart to their knees, his reasonless cries bringing more of his kind.

The Shambler +400CP

Rarely sighted in the deepest pits or summoned from blasphemous altar, this writhing mass of tooth and ocular tentacle comes to consume all. Heralded by the choking darkness, it relentlessly pursues those that attempt to flee, its gaping maw birthing more of its kind in a mockery of life.

WE ARE THE FLAME

The thing has fallen, the Flesh is rent, all manner of things are good and spent!

How many years and lives did it take to finally close those dread portals gates? No matter, tis a moment to celebrate and take solemn satisfaction… for now.

Stalwart Heroes: Those who joined you, victorious from that final venture to destroy the evil within the Darkest Dungeon, are now yours to command. Up to 4 surviving heroes may join you, the team counting as a single companion. This includes any imported companions in the team.

The Darkest Estate: Having proven yourself a worthy heir and master, the mansion, town, and all surrounding lands are now yours. Including the Dungeons. Each of the lands has torches born at their grand gateways, that should they be snuffed will revert the once peaceful calm with a nightmare renewed. The Manor itself is a seat of great power, and will always sit at the epicenter of cosmic power and focus.

Ancestor's Shade: Now that you have sealed the evil beyond that portal shut, his spirit is at peace. At once a mentor and a warning, his wealth of knowledge is vast, ranging from those darkest of arts, reanimation of corpses, hexes and alchemical concoctions, to malevolent architecture and recruitment of mercenaries. If lecterns and anecdotes are not your forte, his vast and arcane library is now free to pilfer and profit at your capable hands. After all, you've thwarted what lies beyond once, who's to say you won't again?

Needless to say, should you have failed by the time of the celestial corridor, by the eve of two years, you will have failed to uphold your birthright and not receive these rewards.

No matter. You may continue with your regular adventures. Go, continue your chains and travels, but remember.

OVERCONFIDENCE IS A SLOW AND INSIDIOUS KILLER

Oh, were you expecting a happier ending?

Hmm…

Yes, yes… I believe something is appropriate.

THE LONG MARCH DOWN

The way forward could not be clearer. That cancerous matter cannot be forgotten so soon.

Such a thing is impossible to kill by its very nature, for to kill it is to kill our very nature. But to wound it, yes, and **teach it the penalty of pain and grievance**. Such a thing may cause it to retreat upon itself and forgo release. Each scar a new delay, each inroad another link.

You and your lineage are now bound to the task, failing bodies replaced with the bloom of youth. Time's inexorable passing is forgiving, **each generation bringing you fresh vessels and heroes** with skills unforgotten and forms still familiar.

As seasons pass and tastes change, old tales falling into history and older warnings into mystery, new hope can be born. Eleven more ritualists will attempt that dark pact before the stars are right, and eleven gates you must seal, scattered across the lands. Perhaps, eventually, by millennium's turn, when the stars form that luminous corridor once more, you will be ready, with arms and armour and arcane device in hand to close **that final thirteenth gate** and bring eternal slumber.

But until then, the Flesh rests, seething in memory, its dreams calling for guardians and worship, monsters from within and without to assault that mansion between time and tide. The skies may fill with blood, the seas clogged with corpse-flesh and the ground heaped thick in monstrous steel.

And you will fight.

And should you complete the impossible, the stress and despair of that nugatory vigil, **the thousand-year trial** and herculean task of flesh and blood and pain, then and only then…

RUIN HAS PASSED FROM OUR FAMILY

The Red Hook: Forged and made from the bindings that now rest about that eldritch flesh, this instrument calls upon its writhings and thrashings, bringing both maddening revelation and unruliest mutation. A cut in the air brings forth its wrath, flesh binding and warping all that it touches. A place in an altar brings its math, those alien geometries and arches infecting the very edifices. There are few that could conceive of its truth, let alone to defend themselves against it.