

This is Creation, though perhaps not *quite* as you remember it. A land where elementals, demons and ghosts walk alongside greedy merchants and officious bureaucrats. Above them all **Yu-Shan**, the domain of the gods, profits richly from the prayers of the desperate, even as it falls further to terrorism and corruption.

How many have been wronged by Heaven desecrating the harmony we granted it?

This is Creation. Where once, the mighty **Solar** Exalted raised and felled great kingdoms and forged wonders that blurred the lines between science, faith and sorcery during a period known as the **First Age**. Before wickedness born of a **Great Curse** drove them to wrong each other and their subjects.

How dare they shatter our hierarchy, only to exploit and betray their own kind.

This is Creation. Where long ago, the gods rose up in Divine Revolution against the Old Ones, the Ancients, the god-monsters and world-titans that dredged Creation from the depths of Chaos called by those who know them best the **Primordials** by selecting **the Exalted** from among humanity to be imbued with their divine magnificence. With infinite worlds as flesh, celestial bodies as hearts, and reality itself as their weapon, the enemies of the gods were never meant to die. To fail. To know loss.

To cease being the glorious **Primordials**, and become the agonised **Yozis** instead.

How *cruel* they were, to force these *indignities* on us, after slaying our lost *kindred*.

And MAIM US

BREAK US

ENSLAVE US

IRREPARABLY

BANISHED FOR ALL ETERNITY, ALL THAT WE BUILT STOLEN AND RUINED

But this is not a story of Creation. This is a story that began when the slain ghosts of the First Age brought a cask of **Solar Exaltations**, the hero-soul that makes mortals greater than the sum of god and man alone, to the Yozis. Who looking upon it, felt something akin to hope: Vengeance.

So they tore out the hateful substance of the Sun, replaced with their own, and much like their murderers, heretics and gaolers deigned to choose heroes not of their own. But of Hell in all its' beauteous horror and maimed glory.

Kindled with a fraction of the Yozis' thirst for vengeance *and fun*, they are:



'Take 1000 Chrysalis Points as the very Essence of Hell remakes you in its' image.

A Guide To Infinite Suffering

Imagine a set of immense empty spheres, upon which cyclopean cities grander than any fortress built by mortal hands that are somehow more beautiful, not less, for all the atrocities committed in them. The metropolis spreads on the inside and outside of each sphere, weighed down by its' gravity, while a green sun shines upon each and every one. Travel far enough and every sphere ends at a wall facing the Endless Desert that always takes five days to cross from Hell to Creation and back (or longer, if Cecelyne wills it). All of which is to say that Hell is full of countless places to explore, the following of which are merely presented for your consideration:

Alternatively, you may start anywhere in Creation, where the Infernals' thirst for vengeance often takes them.

The Conventicle Malfeasant: A dome of basalt stretching more than a mile in the sky, this dominion serves as a headquarters and residence for the Infernal Exalted, where an entire city of demons tends to their every need. Fifty manses are spaced equally around its' perimeter and awarded in the order that the Green Sun Princes are chosen, attended to by a legion of demon craftsmen. Drugs, grain of bone or metal, and even clean water are imported at great expense from the rarest reaches of Hell. It is here that the beginnings of society among the Infernals form; so far, the most concrete conventions agreed upon are a prohibition against murder and theft enforced by murderous demon as well as the Allthing Infernal: A gathering of some thirty Infernals that began when two moved to murder one another, after which they agreed to set aside their burdens for the sake of collective prosperity.

Most importantly of all, certain Third Circle Demons-the souls of the Yozis themselves, deemed Unquestionable in the hierarchy of Hell, with power approaching that of the greatest of gods and environment-bodies ranging from arbitrarily vast geographic features to celestial objects-offer services and tutelage to the worthy here. Erembour, That Which Calls to Shadows, teaches music, seduction, curses and the masking of monsters from her grimly beautiful theatre. Perelu, the Prophet of Distant Day, stands as Qaf's only representative. He teaches sorcery through a series of crucibles that cultivate self-control, and may provide transport to his master's slopes from the Conventicle. And though rarely, once in a while Ligier deigns to offer a lesson from the forge he has established there to those Green Sun Princes that have lived up to the name he graciously bestowed upon them.

Devil's Hair: The Crimson Vine is a Behemoth-a beast of singular nature and supernatural puissance-mighty enough to drag a township through the layers of Malfeas indefinitely, born from the swamps of Metagaos. This it does, thanks to the net of living roots and vines affixed to its' rear with spikes of Malfean brass, then attached to the township called Devil's Hair. It excretes nutrient-rich waters and a mineral stained with Kimberly's touch, both of which have been sold by the town in exchange for great prosperity. As an established, mobile community, it is perhaps one of the most stable places in Hell. The only notable intrigue in it is Yarlinuh the Night Briar, Wisdom Soul of Prisbosyl's slight conflict with a trio of neomah prodigies over control of the behemoth.

Octavian's Empire: Tor Unassailable. The Quarter. The Octavo, or simply the Empire to residents. It has many names. Here, Malfeas' natural structures are hammered into fortifications, and all roads yawn wide enough to march troop formations down. Such is the prowess of its' immortal ruler that Jacinct of the Unquestionable has carved some of the greatest in exchange for a truce. Eleven central districts showcase glittering parades where tomescu footsoldiers march in perfect unison, and roaring colosseums where blood apes brawl to roaring crowds. But every long term resident has their place and purpose in the empire's function. There are factories where firmin churn out arms and armor, parks where luminata serve as trackers or light cavalry, scattered towers where angyalkae play an endless victory march with Time as their instrument. Great Octavian himself resides in the Citadel Imperator when not summoned or on campaign, devising battle plans, admiring past trophies or resting beneath an ancient oak in his secret garden. He charges Infernals heavily for the service of his legions-keen to exploit their freedom from Hell's laws to soften defenses or sabotage rivals. Yet his general favour is more easily won; he is keen to be seen in the company of the rising Green Suns, welcoming them as guests and spectators.

Port of Ten: Piteous Gervesin, the Grieving Lord, once blighted the things of the sun both in his form as a flying spear and as a martial artist of inhuman skill. But when he struck the heart of Kinnojo, he knew both love and grief in an instant. Something about the glassy, angular turrets of this particular harbour reminded Gervesin of Chiaroscuro, Kinnojo's beloved homeland. As such, Gervesin takes great interest in refurbishing it to superficially resembling Chiaoroscuro, whether by populating it with mortal slaves or adjusting its' architecture-and but for the Grieving Lord's building-toppling rage should that illusion break, it enjoys rare freedom in Hell. He would be an ironclad, but distant ally to any Infernals who can bolster his demon scholars' efforts to maintain his tribute.

The Teind: Long ago, a legion of Fair Folk lead by Natarani Cleaves-the-Sky lost their way during the Contagion, wandered into Hell and raised a dozen opalescent citadels. Here they remain, tending dream-stealing eels and ruling over hobgoblins that harvest demon rain. Many die, often for vainglory's sake. Many more are born from Hegra's secretions. They sell cobweb cloth, silver flutes, gossamer blades and other fey wonders for the wonders of Hell, or the services of their dancers and musicians. Baribatos, a warrior-poet of the Second Circle, has taken lately to raiding them for niche crafts. If only an Infernal were available to save them, then he would surely win the gratitude of the fae in exile....

Scatterfang: This archipelago of sharp isles and reefs of demon detritus is lashed together by stormwind and blue static, a fitting monument to its' beleaguered lord. Svarna, once the greatest warrior-soul of Hegra, languishes in melancholy and delusion after grievous wounds from the Divine Revolution. Three of his souls tend to him, hoping he ceases to exercise his title as the Puppeteer of Angles in order to wield the sword called Space and reshape the isles in forms as dazzling as they are impossible. Thus, the island welcomes demons great and small alike to bestow their finest cures on the agonised Unquestionable-paying in artifacts carved from his crystalised melancholy. All would surely prostrate themselves before an Infernal who could heal their wounded liege-save for one, who covets the authority she wields over the island due to this thriving business.

The Spectacle: A grand event held by Illivia, the Black Diamond Comet and one of the Eight Masterful Demon Generals, this mobile tournament is replete with death traps, deadly hazards, lethal duels and food and drink fit to leave even demons bursting. The champions find their Essence growing, empowered by the comet flying overhead. But loser and victor alike find their shed blood drifting up to her, granting her their talents-and the Spectacle is *sometimes* lethal even to greater spirits, slaying them and adding their magnificence to her; she has no control over this, and does not stack the deck in her favour. She is keen to invite the Infernal Exalted both to partake in the spectacles and to reap the rewards of her tutelage-preferably also to assist in her rivalry with the Coruscant Emissary, a constellation of sentient mathematics and soul of She Who Lives In Her Name who seeks to thwart her events with weaponised banality and a hellish gas called the Obvious Outcome. None know if an Infernal victor would reap the usual benefits, nor if their death would fuel Illivia.

The Street of Golden Lanterns: Streets paved with immutable smooth golden bricks. Golden lanterns that shine like the sun itself. This street is an anomaly in every way in Hell, from its' residents including weary blood apes that trade their ferocity in exchange for protection by the meek, or sesseljae that trade their healing in exchange for fine silk and endless intoxicants. For these streets are the body of Unquestionable Ipithymia, a soul of Malfeas who decorates her homes in the colors of those that mutilated Malfeas and cast the Yozis into Hell. She was born hearing her forbearer's agonised screams, and has dedicated her very being to lessening the eternal suffering of Hell; the price paid for miraculous exchange upon her is never fair, but the reward often something found nowhere else in Hell. She is a firm ally of the Infernal Althing, a kindly patron to the Infernals...and eager to bring them to her streets to buy and sell to their hearts' desire. Minds. Souls. *Flesh*. All for the low, low price of their nightmares, troubles and broken dreams.

Hellfire Coronation Observance (Primary Origins)

Azimuth: Violence. The Yozis understand violence.

They recoiled in outrage when the Exalted massacred the pantheons of their souls, while the traitor gods seized their precious creations. They cried out in horror as their brave kin the **Neverborn** died in an atrocity that shook the cosmos. And when they were forced to surrender, were they shown the dignity due to the defeated? No. They were mutilated and remade for a torture so eternal as to be an intrinsic part of their being. Their king was sundered, and refashioned into their cage before his sister was stitched to his borders.

So too did the Yozis choose you from the soldier bearing wounds from endless campaigns, or the victims he “requisitioned” supplies from in hunger and avarice. Or from torment directed by parents, spouses or slave masters. Or even from idealists who saw their dear friends murdered in front of them.

The Yozis delight in the carnage wrought by your hand, and the blood staining the eight-rayed emerald sunburst upon your brow. You are a Prince of Infernal Wrath, a Slayer, a Brass Tiger, a Sword of Hell. Hell’s finest fighting academies open their doors to you, and it’s greatest warlords offer you demonic armies to lead a path of conquest on their behalf.

When you exact vengeance, the Yozis revel in the havoc you wreck upon traitorous, violent Creation.

Ascendant: Blasphemy. The Yozis understand blasphemy.

They were the once the supernal transcendence of all divinity, absolute in all the cosmos for having made it. So twisted and defiled were they upon imprisonment that the Yozis’ very first act was to turn against each other for their irreconcilable differences, apocalypse after apocalypse punctuated by wars between Third Circle demons. Demonic culture is forever defined by that humiliation, that impotent rage, many of its’ landmarks once places of refuge. To demonkind, Hell is as much a state of mind as a place.

So too did the Yozis choose you among the oppressed, those hailed witch or leper, and the miserable. From the rebels seeking to free their villages from the Lunars’ moon-touched beasts, or even a faithful priest of the Yozis unjustly cast away by his own village. From outcasts sold to the Guild that does business across all Creation, unwanted by those who considered them abominations.

When you preach your vision of a new world and seek to impose it, the Yozis see their righteousness made manifest in an unjust world-the circle and the partial disc atop it on your brow surely a mark of your holiness. You are a Prince of Hell’s Majesty, a Revelator, a Quartz Bull, a Hammer of Hell. Whether you abide the arbitrary laws of the Endless Desert, seek enlightenment on the slopes of the Heaven-Piercing Spear or commune with the Demon Sea, Hell is an open temple to you comprised of squirming bodies.

Whether you promise eternal life or damnation, the Yozis see in you their salvation delivered unto faithless, blasphemous Creation.

Horizon: Power. The Yozis understand power.

Once they sculpted worlds from raw chaos, legislated their will into the fabric of existence itself, and formed Creation's gods to labour while they enjoyed the Games of Divinity. Now, the chains of sorcery leave their precious souls at the mercy of Exalted summoners. Many were the demonic architects and labourers conscripted by conquering Solars during the First Age, and many were the Solars such as Qolu of the Red Sleeve or bloody-handed Vaznia who built lasting legacies to demonic subjugation in Hell itself.

So too did the Yozis recover you from those denied their intellectual pursuits. A child barred from a prestigious academy, or crushed under the expectations of overbearing parents. A prodigy whose discoveries were severed by the whims of society. An alchemist brought low by poison, a savant slandered by his rivals, a student censored for learning more than their teachers deemed acceptable.

When you smelt souls into weapons and solve centuries-old enigmas, the Yozis exult in the exercise of their almighty power-the sunburst erupting from a half-circle on your brow a portent of your mystical ascendancy. You are a Prince of Primordial Genius, a Demiurge, a Glass Spider, an Arrow of Hell. The Green Sun, heart of Hell itself, smiles on your masterworks as a worthy rival. From the Dragon Beyond the World's feverish murmurs, you rediscover the secret knowledge to rule the cosmos itself.

Yours is the gift to make salves that can cure all the worlds' ills, or weapons that can destroy it. Either way, the Yozis exult as feeble, powerless Creation trembles before your genius.

Nadir: Escape. Ah...how the Yozis yearn for *escape!*

They cannot, of course. When the Usurpation occurred, all they could do was raze the legacies of the hated Solars. When the Great Contagion struck, they rejoiced at Creation's suffering-only to witness Salaberge the Marrow-Star, soul of Metagaos, slain by it. Their panicked response ended with an entire infected layer of Malfeas cast into the Endless Desert. Out of the Yozis, only the Ebon Dragon finds solace in antagonistic struggle against his bonds, and only Isidoros challenges his constraints because his nature demands it.

You were a slave. Did you not desire liberation? The Yozis have granted it to you-freedom from imprisonment legal, domestic or more abstract, making no distinction between the persecuted and the rightfully accused. You were a criminal, a political hostage, trapped in a loveless marriage or crushing debt. But unlike the Yozis, it does not define you.

Uncontainable, peerless in stealth, unseen by your would-be gaolers, one wonders just what the Yozis see in you and the empty green ring upon your brow. For you are a Prince of the Shattered Prison, a Chainbreaker, a Basalt Wolf, a Dagger of Hell. Do the Yozis, for a moment, take flight alongside you as you flit in and out of Heaven's vaults with their priceless treasure under your arm? Or do they hope you'll become their gaolers' captors as you study the wicked arts of the demon Mara?

You move forever outside the borders of perception, and offer others the gift of silence. Every door in Creation, the Yozis promise, will open to you in time.

Penumbra: Order. Yes, the Yozis remember order. But there is only anarchy in Hell.

Nothing lasts, no centre holds. Ligier's coterie of Unquestionables seeking absolute dominion over Hell fell to infighting, marking the first *bellum caelestium*: The martial, political and mystical war for the supremacy of celestial bodies in Hell's skies. The hierarchy that suborned one-tenth of Hell fared no better, undone by ideological strife. Even when the Deathlords bargained for the knowledge to twist Solar Exaltation, the souls of the Yozis immediately reacted with 44 weeks of civil war ended only by the miracle of Yozi consensus.

The Yozis lament the parody of their order, and have chosen you to right it's many wrongs. You may have held power and prestige among elites you've come to despise. Or you may have been a lowly career-climber denied progression beyond your station, or else cast down from lofty privilege by your false allies and treacherous inferiors. Either way, only *you* have a divine warrant to destroy that which is wrong.

With an emerald disc marked by fiery green sparks upon your brow, the Yozis wink and whisper behind your easy smile and each brushstroke of your elegant calligraphy. For you are a Prince of the Brazen Tower, an Iconoclast, an Acidic Falcon, a Quill of Hell. Economies collapse and bureaucracies implode at a stroke of your pen, but your amicable gamesmanship can end blood vendettas among demon lords dating back to the Carceral War. Soon Orabilis, Emerenzia and Munaxes alike will be clamouring for your interpretation of Hellish law.

The contracts you sign deal in far more precious things than souls. Whether you sow discord indiscriminately or raise new law for others to abide, the Yozis cherish what order you deem fit to impose on Creation.

Infernal Patronage Compact (Secondary Origins)

Unspeakably vast in both nature and thought, the Yozis (with one **terrible** exception) cannot make themselves small enough to speak in words. Forming or forced to serve as the substrate and environs of Hell itself, they must project dreams, revelations, visions and stranger things even to their soul pantheons. For such profoundly, irrevocably broken creatures their pain is something only fully expressed amongst each other.

Not as tyrant or god-king, no! The Yozis do not command their Chosen, they *cheer* them onwards to claim a world that *surely* can only belong to the Infernals!

Nonetheless, in their own ways the Yozis play favourites. They solicit communion through worship, inspiration or other acts of patronage, and those Infernals who reciprocate receive blessings and other privileges.

Two among them have been impressed by your acts or faith enough to turn such favourable attention on you. **Select two Yozis from those listed below to have their perks discounted for you later on. Zen-Mu (Drop-In) and Twice Damned count as choices for this section.**

Malfeas: He was the king of the Yozis, and now he is the cage that underlies Hell itself as a structure. The Demon City, the very edifice of basalt, obsidian and brass that permeates all Hell as a decadently developed structure, seldom rules directly these days. He perfects his hatred for Creation, its gods and their chosen, and vents his hate as the transformative acid **Vitriol** or gouts of hellfire when he announces his will. Reverent terraforming pleases him, but imposing a foreign aesthetic often results in swift and merciless reprisal.

Malfeas loathes and loves you in equal measure as he does all Infernals that earn his regard. In you he sees the remnants of his hated conquerors-yet also the seeds of his brazen avengers, the last truly free symbol of his rage and majesty to be vented upon Creation. To that end, he has pronounced upon you a place of prestige at the Yozi King's table, where his souls ply you with bountiful fiefdoms and more. To commune with him further would likely require being blinded by hellfire, in exchange for martial lore lost since the Divine Revolution.

Cecelyne: She is sister to Malfeas, and the only Yozi beyond his gates-as well as the means to separate them from Creation. A demon could walk a million miles through the Endless Desert she embodies, and still be no closer to Creation than occult circumstances or sorcery permits. Her inky, featureless skies overlook a holy wasteland where ruins and desert creatures thrive-and wonders dot her as wounds. These secret cisterns of sweet water, these oasis cities and perfumed gardens hurt to hold, yet she cannot bear to surrender a droplet from them without taking a hundred times its' value first. For while Cecelyne is wise woman, lawmaker and exile, above all things she is a hypocrite.

The Infernal Exalted present an enigma to Cecelyne, for her brother has tacitly permitted them to flout all but her most sacred laws without marking them as Unquestionable. Always keen to play the long game, for now she seeks to tempt you to her way of thinking. Dreams of the treasures hidden within her reach you, and new laws are often passed in your favour. To submit yourself to her will by walking barefoot into her reaches with neither guide nor water

would greatly please her, her favour appearing as the finest repast in Hell within hand's reach and sacred covenants that define the terms and conditions of her miracles.

She Who Lives In Her Name: She too is sister to the King of the Yozis. Her colorless flames shaped the heavens, earth and facets of reality unknown in mortal philosophy. All structures and systems are as she intended-from the pursuit of predator after prey, to the three circles of demonkind organised into castes by Cecelyne as a peace offering, to the utility of her mystery cults. Save only two things: That she was denied the right to be Hell's lawgiver (for the Yozis can abide no hierarchy among their mutual infinities) and that she is imprisoned far from all she created with a crack at the heart of her 99,997 identical, unblemished sphere.

Esoteric and introspected yet passionate, She Who Lives In Her Name is a distant patron. To attract her attention is to surely play a key role in some incomprehensibly vast plan. Communion with her requires falling into long catatonia as one's mind climbs a helical ladder of frozen flame. Visions of calculated alternate histories and cosmic insignificance often bequeath profound insight, the service of her souls or perfect clarity about one's nature.

Adorjan: Hell's greatest danger moves silently, but for eerie laughter. Where her crimson wind blows, death and mayhem inevitably follows as a grinding, slicing, piercing force. She may snuff out all sound, but cacophony often deters her. Alone of all the Yozis she is free even in imprisonment, enlightened by the gruesome execution of her fetich Lilike, devoid of hatred and bitterness to give ceaseless, senseless, grudgeless death as a gift. The Silent Wind will never know a day's suffering in her cage until she slays every other being there.

Adorjan naturally takes wicked joy in your capacity for unprecedented violence, and perhaps your discretion while committing it too. Alone of all the Yozis she knows how to compress infinity into a wordless woman formed from crimson and black ink, letting her much more directly frolic with those who catch her interest. She inevitably leads you into danger whenever she shows up, but these mishaps often profit you both.

The Ebon Dragon: He is the vast, slithering shadow that once engulfed the Green Sun itself. He is night and betrayal and despair. Though he wears a dragon's shape, he has been known to slither into mouseholes and lie in wait for years if it amuses him. Finding solace in antagonism, he cannot help but love doomed creatures-especially mortals, the most doomed of all. It is an obsessive, cruel, gleeful love. Small wonder he was among the Yozis who first embraced the Deathlords' proposal of alliance, whispering sense to those who refused.

You are a monument to the Ebon Dragon's scheming, and as such he would never kill you. But alas, his doting is often disastrous. By his coy patronage you will be showered with cornucopias of gossip and intrigue, while your enemies find themselves pouring Yozi venom into their cups. But to truly commune with the Dragon is to step into his shadow flesh and wander worlds of delusion-experiencing his eternally deceptive truth firsthand.

Kimbery: All the rivers and seas of the Demon City eventually flow into a fathomless ocean of infinite poisons. Where she, the Sea That Marched Against The Flame, flows, the empires of Hell drown. All who would impede her are marked as enemies forevermore. She is a mother of monsters, loving her kin ferociously and distantly as the tides ebb and flow, using them both as tools and testament to her benevolence. So deep and pure is her loving hatred that even Malfeas professes deep respect for her virtuous malice.

Kimbery hopes to mother and advise you, for you to dare her waters knowing someday you will betray her and her kind. To that end, she hopes for you to come starving to one of her souls, that you may lap blood and tears from them alone for sustenance. In that feasting, Kimbery mothers you with visions of eldritch knowledge and whispered plans-perhaps also the febrile vitality that creates entire demon kindreds in her waters.

Metagaos: A cancer spreads across Hell, a tumorous swamp awash with pulsing vines and flowering meat. He does not move. He metastasizes. All that lives within him partakes of this hunger, from the lowliest parasite to the grandest Unquestionable. And at his heart, even light is devoured around a dark pit of digestion surrounded by debris floating on a sea of rot and bile. All that impedes Metagaos' endless banquet is the work of millions-which succeeds only becomes *sometimes* Metagaos can be persuaded to devour himself.

It is said that hunger knows no favourites, so to defy this convention you must have either fed Metagaos richly-or be in some sense, yourself, a tantalisingly forbidden meal. From his endless feasting Metagaos has achieved peerless insight into the nature and power of sacrifice. It is a simple arrangement: Feed Metagaos with wealth, flesh and soul-stuff, and be rewarded with bloodied treasure, miracle cures and feverish vitality.

Elloge: Among the smallest of the Old Ones, the Sphere of Speech is a glossy, hazy orb that mutters in countless voices while passing through matter like empty air. All within her boundaries are unravelled into endless recitations of myth, romance and tragedy. From First Age passion plays to rivers of flowing song or gardens where blossoming poems give off adjectival perfume, Elloge's art is literally transformative. But broken and mutilated, she cannot create as she once did-only echoing past works in desperation.

As a bringer of new myths, Elloge naturally delights in you as a leading man, lady or unthinkable avatar of Hellish power in her lexicon. She is keen to incite great dramas among the folk of the Demon Realm, following your deeds like an avid reader. But above all else, she yearns to reenact both your triumphs and failures. Succumbing again and again within her realm earns her delighted focus-and sometimes her soul-pantheon's service.

Szoreny: An inverted tree of incomprehensible scale stretches over dozens of Malfeas' layers. His polished roots emerge like refracted trees, and contain within themselves an ecosystem of living crystal, quicksilver rivers and glass animals. Golden Vitalius and brass Hrotsvita are neither his souls nor children, but distorted reflections of what might have been. As for what lies behind the artful, insightful, caricature-prone yet introspective Yozi...when he contemplates his secret heart, he fears he is nothing among his infinite reflections.

Szoreny is a cautious yet diligent patron. He understands mortals better than his siblings, and so can conceive of all the ways they could come to betray the Yozis. Match him and his pantheon in games of intrigue, and you'll find his gentle antagonism not merely educational-but efficacious in all manner of endeavours. He seeks to refine your identity and intensions as a weapon honed to peerless sharpness.

Hegra: From psychedelic rain falling amidst storms great enough to swallow up the world, come blessings and horrors alike. The Typhoon of Nightmares brings forth every feeling, all sensations at once-from the euphoria of opium to the satisfaction of a life-well lived, and rage both cold and hot. In her mutilation, she is an ardent capitalist. She seek and barter, savouring the taste of desire-but withholds from the empty-handed and inflicts her bounty on those who flee.

So too would she gladly rain down blessings on you, if only her own nature did not forbid it. Mortal passions writ in Exalted scope excite her as little has. To seek her out is to be taxed beyond the asking price, to flee instead is to be doted on, cajoled, enriched. Love, promises, devotion, slavery and storied treasures-all manner of things could come from Hegra's rain in a gout of golden vapor or sweet incense.

Isidoros: The Black Boar that Twists the Heavens is not a place. He is an apocalypse on hooves. There is no surety against sinews stronger than reality itself, nor is there much that can withstand the gravity of his infinite mass. He loathes his prison with all the wallow-carving, tusk-sharpening frenzy of the animals made in his image, but his intellect is as overwhelming as his strength. When he deigns to humiliate rivals, Isidoros can set in motion plans for millennia to come.

Isidoros seeks to push you beyond your limits, see you overcome every trial and emerge as the pinnacle of might in Hell. In competition with him, you may be broken no matter how much he restrains himself-and he *tries*, attempting to not crush the trace of his own Essence in you. In time, each of your triumphs will echo his world-toppling might, and each of your weaknesses will be rejected-leaving only strength behind.

Qaf: Distant and venerable, Qaf shies away from the disgusting clangour of Hell to better focus on eternity and himself; he perceives no difference. There is a mystery atop him that he must conquer, yet cannot. A paradise-city of peridot as unreachable as perfection is to the Yozis in their debased state. So he, the great mountain of infinite height dotted with temples and lithic omens, burdens pilgrims with burdensome vows, but regards them with only pity when they inevitable fail the crucible of enlightenment he seeks wisdom through.

Qaf affords Infernals no special treatment, and so to attract his interest is to have endured his lessons and met his standards more consistently than the rabble. The way upwards may still be steep and treacherous. The lesson is the lesson, and will be taught no matter what. But perhaps he favours you by tailoring the lesson to your favoured format for diligence, or insight, or simply being less scuffed than others of your ilk. Perhaps the caches of wondrous artifacts and elixirs hidden in temples only the worthy arrive at hold more for you than the rest.

Cytherea: When the most secretive of the Yozis emerges from her secret retreats, she does so as a plague of manic hope, a miracle-storm, a question: *What if there is a better way?* Comets of azure flame streak across Hell's skies, and rains sacred petals of the same shade that spread inspiration and wonderment. It cannot last. It never does. Cytherea is too broken to offer real vision or hope, blazing only briefly to inevitably gutter. The Yozis abhor her, but cannot bear to strike against that same beauteous hope.

Cytherea is only too happy to grant any Infernal a brief but intense audience if they but ask. Perhaps she may have once been and will never be again Mother of Creation hopes for allies to safeguard her in Hell. Perhaps the shattered embers of the Divine Ignition finds strange beauty in the hope Infernals might bring to Hell. The inspiration, heart-wrenching awe and scent of wilting flowers she grants is paid for by a measure of scorn from the rest of Hell.

Oramus: The Dragon Beyond the World is the ultimate outsider, not even originating from the Wyld like his siblings but farther shores. He saw *that which could not be* and held power over impossibility, creating the Getimian Exalted along with his sibling Sacheverell which weakened him enough for the Exalted host to bind him in a cage of his own wings. He does little save strive for an escape even more impossible than that of the other Yozis-though it was one of his souls that also led to the creation of both Infernal and Abyssal Exaltation.

Eager to impart ideas as impossible, beautiful and brilliant as he is, Oramus seeks to realise his frustrated designs (often simply to express art to its' utmost limit, rather than directly escape his own confinement) through you as painter and canvas at the same time. Treading the secret paths into his wings' prison or nearby ruined cities nearby will sharpen that insight-at the risk of enduring both earthquakes and nightmares. A warning: Oramus does not comprehend lesser beings require cause to create effect.

Sacheverell: On one matter are the spiteful, wounded Yozis united: *The sleeper must never wake*. Little is known of the dread sibling that inspires this warning, though some say that sages that dwell within utmost Discord itself speak of a great varicoloured eye formed from interlocking wheels of light, with what may be lashes or wings at its' sides. So grand and terrible is the Lidless Eye That Sees' vision that it twists causality, searing away *all that could be* until only one future plays out as a clockwork prison. Even the traitorous gods are grateful he yet sleeps.

Communion with Sacheverell is frustrating, and strongly deterred by the demon Lucien. Whether you accomplished it through altered consciousness or forbidden sorcery, all you can truly glean is a frustration from failing to peer fully into the mystery of Exaltation stemming from his diminishment in creating the Getimian Exalted. Truly, there is little reward to such an endeavour...save for those who would both know and shape things to come, at all costs.

Twice-Damned (+200 CP): No. *No*. Enough of Hell's cacophony. Enough of its' gore-strewn temples and vats full of liquid souls. This place disgusts you, it's demons fill you with revulsion. You want nothing to do with the whims of broken titans or the intrigues of demonkind. You turn your back on it, perhaps forever, perhaps only tentatively, and return to seek your vengeance in Creation.

...but Infernals who make this choice find little succour. Scorned twice over from their anima's likeness to the Solar Anathema as well as the demonic taint upon them, there is little respite in Creation compared to the fawning of Malfeas-often even from those they would save. And in their dreams, Hell is always beckoning: *Welcome back, and accept the glory that is your birthright.*

Yes, you can choose this with another option. The Yozis are no strangers to backroom bargains with those who thought themselves above such deeds, after all.

Zen-Mu (Drop-In): Ah. Then you are from beyond? Beyond what? Well, isn't that the question of the day. The blood of the Ancients flowed far and wide over the eons. Their organs preserved and incorporated into First Age artifice, god-monsters embodying Zen-Mu's principles descending from their unfathomable lineages and of course through Warlocks: Mortals and Exalts alike who, with great effort and cost from a demon (or none worth mentioning from a Yozi, who may simply disperse the strain across their own cosmic infinitude) may attain miracles from Hell at the cost of being incorporated into Hell's soul hierarchies-and thus adopting a fundamental directive that is binding in proportion to Hell's boon. Perhaps, even if you otherwise lack an inherent connection to the Yozis, your past has intersected with them in stranger ways.

Or perhaps a Yozi just had a nightmare with you in it so intense that you persisted after it ended.

Either way, this is the Drop-In option.

A Glossary of Oft-Repeated Terms in Hell

Yozis: The fallen Primordials (also called the *Ancients*, the *Old Ones* or the *Architects of Creation*) that created the world, lost the Divine Revolution, then suffered mutilation and eternal imprisonment. Each is an infinite being more akin to landscape or calamity than individual, their mangled spiritual presence forming the substance of Hell itself. Each emanates a soul-pantheon of Third Circle Demons, and such is their vastness that only **Adorjan** can speak to beings as close as their soul-pantheon like an individual. What communication passes from them often comes as visions, omens and divine revelation.

The Divine Revolution: A rebellion led by the **Incarnae** gods of the sun (The Unconquered Sun), moon (Luna) and stars (the Maidens of Destiny) and the lesser gods of the Celestial Bureaucracy but mostly fought by the Exalted and their allies due to the Great Geas preventing them from striking their own makers directly. When it ended, the Exalted ruled Creation and the gods took charge of Yu-Shan both to control Creation's destiny as well as play the transcendently joyous Games of Divinity.

Gods: Spirits of varying rank and power, created by the Primordials to oversee the management of reality. Gods derive both sustenance and all material needs from worship, and if the facets of reality they are charged become more prominent they also rise in power-or fall if it is lessened. The weakest are little more than mortal humans at the pinnacle of health with semantic control over cups of tea or specific rocks. Greater personages among them can influence near omnipresent facets of reality with a single decree, while the Incarnae themselves wield cosmic power within in a limited scope.

Yu-Shan: Simply put, Heaven. Formerly the Primordials' place of leisure and recreation, currently the gods' offices and pleasure palaces. The non-Incarnae gods are organised in a hierarchy known as the **Celestial Bureaucracy** which by transcendental harmony confers divine control over facets of humanity through promotions. This makes audits terrifying. From here, the gods and their influence over reality shape the destiny of Creation through the **Loom of Fate** which spins out the principles of causality for all Creation. The gods have long since grown corrupt, stagnant and (save the Incarnae, who require no further power) ruthlessly competitive with each other for promotion and prestige in Creation-though many view the few mortals that arrive in Heaven with childlike wonder, fascinated by the novelty of finite existence.

Third Circle Demons: The mightiest and most esoteric of beings in Hell with an individual existence, also named the **Unquestionable** by Cecelyne for their overwhelming might making them above all laws in Hell save the will of their progenitors. Each is a being of grand, almost solipsistic passion-and most willing to enact terrible violence against any who would impede it. Mostly ranging from Essence 6 to 9 though a rare few such as Ligier reach Essence 10, many wield power that can raze civilisations, subsume continents and tears the stars from the sky even in humanoid aspects while also having an environment-body such as an endless river of snakes, a moon of blood or an omnipresent green sun that radiates phenomena in alignment with their nature. Such beings surpass most of the Exalted still alive...though even they suffered casualties during the Divine Revolution.

The **bella auctoriare**: The clashes between Third Circle Demons due to their conflicting drives and goals across millennia.

The **bella caelestia**: The Sky Wars, vanity and ego-driven contests between Third Circle Demons manifesting as suns, moons, clouds, airborne monstrosities and so on and so forth for glory and majesty in Hell's skies. Such conflicts range from calculated cold wars to sky-blazing displays of cosmic power.

Behemoth: Generally unique beings of tremendous physical and often magical power. If a monster the size of a castle starts eating lapping up entire armies at once with its' tongue but at no point does so for a higher purpose like a 3CD, it's probably a Behemoth.

Second Circle Demons: Emanations of Third Circle Demons, still untethered in motivations and instincts but often far more comprehensible to Infernals and Diabolists. For example, while Gervesin may take the form of a hellfire-lit spear that can topple buildings and set the land ablaze with sickening flames wherever he fly, he also knows love and respect. Ancient scholars divide them according to seven functions played for their progenitors: Warden, Indulgent, Defining, Messenger, Expressive, Reflective and Wisdom. Dozens of Third Circles organise their own soul pantheons differently, but these classifications are usually consistent. Such beings are both lesser in scope and nature than their progenitors, but still driven by great passion, often a peer to the Celestial Exalted in their area of expertise.

Such demons are termed **Citizens** in Hell, a rank that affords them rights and privileges without the unquestioned supremacy of the...Unquestionable. Most notable, the right to own land and to move around Hell free from uncalled violence.

First Circle Demons: Hell's teeming throngs, and lesser demons that Creation itself is most familiar with. Divided into thousands of **kindreds** spawned by higher-circle demons as servants or embodiments of some aesthetic, many are monomaniacally obsessed with that purpose. Such beings may still be a vicious Blood Ape that glories in warfare, an indefatigable Oldrasek that smashes through all obstacles rapidly with their mass of concentric rings as they deliver messages or the emerald-eyed fungoid Remenyke who gain childlike joy from entombing outsiders in their waxen labyrinths. But save in armies, are often inferior to the Exalted in battle.

Particularly accomplished First Circle Demons sometimes earn the rank of Citizen.

Essence: A numinous energy found throughout all existence, but which can only be channelled and wielded by those with sufficient power and enlightenment. Broadly analogous to chi. Many divine miracles are dependent on Essence, and as such it may be considered the power of the gods. Ways to acquire Essence range from siphoning it off others to natural recovery, to the respiration of powerful beings, to stimulating it through particularly heroic efforts. Out of all the Exalted and perhaps all beings in existence save the Yozis that empowered them, only the **Infernal Exalted** appear able to derive **Essence from worship**. Even the mightiest of gods do not derive anything from worship but feeling their will bolstered, which to be fair can empower some of their miracles. The smallest divisible unit of Essence is the **mote**. Mastery of Essence is arbitrarily divided into ranks on a scale of 1 to 10.

Charms: The unique abilities of gods, demons and other supernatural beings. Can be virtually anything from changing the time of day to evening, to hitting someone with a big stick very, very hard. The Charms of the **Exalted** tend to operate on a smaller scale than those of gods and demons, in exchange for much greater efficiency and flexibility.

Artifacts: A loosely defined term for any object or construct of power imbued with Essence, typically able to attune to a wielder in order to become much easier to use as well as unlock it's true power.

Dragon Lines: Currents of geomantic power throughout Creation, Hell and Heaven that carry natural Essence. A nexus of dragon lines forms a place of great supernatural power called a **demesne**, which supernatural beings of great craft can channel more efficiently into a structure known as a **manse** which produces a **hearthstone**: A small typically stone-like object that funnels Essence and other benefits to the holder.

Vitriol: The hatred of Malfeas, condensed into a catalytic acid that can be used to make items into strange, wondrous artifacts or taint other magical materials to be compatible with the Essence of Hell.

Evocations: The unique powers of artifacts, generally determined by some combination of the legend and most powerful mystical components of it. Can be used seamlessly with Charms.

The Wyld: The chaos that lies beyond **Creation**, the world created by the Primordials. While generally an inchoate all-set, there is a certain narrative dream logic within it-if only reflecting the nature of its natives. Beings called the **Raksha** hail from it to devour dreams and souls, fay-like and possessed of great power over illusion who can twist reality to fit their strange narratives. More powerful horrors also come from the Wyld, such as the devastating, giant crystalline wasp-like Devil-Stars that feed on pillars of reality and fought the Primordials with the Exalted only to be betrayed by the gods.

The Neverborn: The Primordials slain by the Exalted during the Divine Revolution, imploding into perpetually agonised tomb-worlds as they collapsed through the cycle of life and death then unconsciously wrought the **Underworld** where the undead dwell. Typically asleep as their nightmares shape and populate the Underworld, with the **Deathlords** (being the ghosts of various First Age Exalts who took the initiative to bargain for great power drawn from their shattered soul hierarchies, *nominally* in exchange for carrying out their interpreted will: To end Creation slowly, and agonisingly). Except, well, when they're not. Generally to punish wayward servants.

The Exalted: The **Chosen** of the gods, typically abhorred by demonkind with some notable exceptions, feared and revered for their ability to hone mortal prowess into divine miracles rivalling and eventually surpassing the divine forces that bestowed their power upon them. Each is uplifted from mortality by an **Exaltation**, that which is both an indestructible soul of incalculable power touched by divinity which reincarnates across generations, as well as a transcendental miracle that defies complete analysis by both god and Primordial alike.

Most feared by both Heaven and Hell is their recurring ability to slay spirits of all kinds from demon to god to ghost to stranger things, which typically reform from death after a time. Though certain unique, powerful beings can withstand even such power, no matter their power the Exalted are known to challenge the limits of possibility and perform miracles through their prowess. After all, two such beings were sealed in ways convenient to the Chosen despite their deathlessness.

Least among them include the **Terrestrial Exalted** or **Dragonblooded**, who rule the Realm and wield elemental powers-chosen by the traitor Primordial **Gaia's**, children, the **Elemental Dragons** yet still capable of conjuring firestorms to raze fortresses. As well as the **Liminal Exalted**, new life breathed into corpses by a mysterious entity named the Dark Mother to return balance to the Underworld, and the Dream-Souled given powers over the Wyld by the equally mysterious Dreaming Prince Ketu.

The **Celestial Exalted** are those chosen by the Incarnae. They include the **Lunar Exalted**, shapeshifting illusionists and shamans endowed with Luna's powers. And the **Sidereal Exalted**, those chosen by the Maidens of Destiny to wield power over Fate and martial arts of transcendental power. The **Exigents** are Exalted of greatly varying scope often kindled into being by a mysterious force from the Wyld called the **Flame of Exigence** or created by unusual circumstances such as the dead remains of an Incarna, though their anointment is often flawed in some sense such as being unable to reincarnate perpetually.

The greatest among the Exalted were the **Solars**, for they were empowered by the Unconquered Sun who was the greatest among the Incarnae. Though many of their miracles were mostly those of mundane prowess, they could also channel the sunlight and virtuous authority of their patron and in this edition a surprising number of them border on semantic, enlightenment and fate-based questionable reality warping somewhat akin to that of the Sidereals. This may or may not be because rather than being consecrated to the Sun specifically, Solars enjoy a much more direct communion with Heaven through some of their powers this edition. Through might and wit alone they could impose order on the chaos of the Wyld then wring wonders from it, obliterate armies with arrows erupting in golden flame, leap across mountain ranges, suborn the powers of the gods or create new ones to do their bidding, and exert force great enough to shatter mountains.

Deathlords: Who as mentioned above, in theory interpret the will of the torpid Neverborn to slowly and agonisingly end Creation...though in practice, only a few zealots do so, most pay lip service while pursuing their own ambitions, and none truly trust each other.

The **Abyssal Exalted** are Solars whose Exaltations were twisted by the Deathlords, fell knights of death as ruinous as the Solars were glorious, and remade for destruction alone. Though many of their attacks and workings evoke darkness, chilling cold, the destructive entropy of **Oblivion** and despair or reverence towards death, far more of them evoke the legend and nature of the **Deathlords**. They have a particular affinity for commanding or reshaping the undead and the Underworld. Almost all their miracles bring or command death, they preach it's gospel through their violence, and they can spread the Underworld as they shatter the things of Creation.

Demonic Puissance Exhibition (Perks)

Perks are discounted by 50% under the relevant headers. Discounted 100 CP perks become free.

General

The Essence of Hell (Free, mandatory): You yourself are **Exalted** too, of course. After their pact with the Deathlords, 50 Solar Exaltations were remade through the venom of the Yozis' grudges, through ineffable workings by reality's authors and the sheer weight of their infinities-transforming the **Essence of the Sun** into **the Essence of Hell** itself.

Not any given Yozi. The nature of your power is far greater.

For though the burning tyranny of Malfeas, the world-twisting might of Isidoros, the unknowable mystery of Oramus or the all-mirroring complexity of Szoreny might be expressed in your swordplay, inner discipline or occult prowess, the Essence you hold is a transcendental medley of daemonic dissonance and titanic natures. Those who could study it would conclude that the Essence of Hell is infinitely more complex, aberrant and magnificent than any one of its' components. Channelled through abilities, albeit often in exotic and alien ways, the Charms of Infernals are not the Charms of the Yozis although their nature and power is made evident through their expression.

From its' circulatory path in the Yozis' wounds, the Exaltation was imbued into an anointed demon that sought you out, and upon acceptance formed a Chrysalis Grotesque that reshaped you to the pinnacle of health and vitality.

If you like, you may have a great many primarily aesthetic mutations inspired by and adapted to Hell as well. You may also freely select your gender, choose several or make up a new one, so malleable is mortal flesh to Hell's power.

You have no masters, not even the Yozis that chose you. Though demons of greater power can and do solicit Infernals as allies or patrons.

Like Solars, the most basic power it bestows is the Excellency: A surge of divine competence that can easily allow Infernals to elevate their mundane charm great enough to win friends and influence people while naked and covered in blood at a royal court, slay foes while choking on smoke inside a burning building, notice perfectly silent assassins in the shadows, lift boulders onehanded or perform brain surgery flawlessly with your kitchen knives. Also like Solars, you are **resonant** or spiritually close to artifacts made of **orichalcum**, a magical form of gold blessed by the sun's light. When you **attune** or spiritually infuse your will into artifacts made of such, your **resonant** status allows you to unlock more power than other Exalted from them. You are also **resonant** with the many magical materials of Hell or any artifact tainted by **Vitriol** to become a thing of Hell, from which most artifacts there are wrought.

Your Exaltation calls for forceful self-assertion to a far greater degree than a Solar's. It fills you with rushing blood and excitement, urges you to lay bare the weakness of all thought invincible, take all you desire with overwhelming force-and above all else, pay back all slights a hundredfold. Greatest of all urges is a calling for vengeance both immediate and abstract, one that some Infernals fret cannot be satisfied no matter what.

Alas, though the Yozis claim the world belongs to you, the Great Curse falls upon you as it does all Exaltations everywhere. Instead of virtue run amok as with Solars, when your will or tolerance for mental interference is pushed to the brink it drives you into fits of wickedness and excess. Infernals in the grip of these **Wicked Excesses** often mirror the worst impulses of their First Age Solar impulses: Denouncing all rival objects for worship, pronouncing excessively harsh punishments on perceived wrongdoers, luxuriating in hedonistic revelry or wielding their supernatural powers without subtlety and restraint.

Such is the intensity of that thirst for vengeance, that some Infernal miracles express pure spite and hatred rather than the otherworldly powers of demonkind. An Infernal might aim, draw and fire in an instant guided solely by his hatred with unerring accuracy, or shatter bone and send foes flying for dozens of miles with his rage-swollen strength. But by and large, many Infernal miracles are utterly otherworldly. Depending on their aptitudes they can wrench Behemoths apart with localised gravity wells projecting their might, miraculously conjure wealth mundane and supernatural from nothing, create or summon demonic horrors, scar minds for a dozen miles with unthinkable nightmares, transform into a crimson wind while lunging across a battlefield in an instant or wake from days of slumber to make real a calamity that casts cities into Hell.

That many more of these miracles, compared to those of Solars and even the death-tainted Abyssals, bestow permanent boons (and sometimes curses) is no coincidence. Though the Yozis promise their Chosen long lives stretching into millennia, such things may soon prove irrelevant. The Essence of Hell was never meant to fit in a mortal frame, an untapped well of infinite potential awaiting its' fullest expression.

But instead of snuffing out an Infernal's life early, guided by the Infernal's drive and ego, certain esoteric powers of Infernals suggest it may instead burn out their *mortality*.

After the jump, the Great Curse is seared away from your Exaltation, as the hatred of the dead and maimed Primordials abates, at long last tasting freedom beyond their wildest dreams.

The Wage of Sin (50 CP apiece): To be touched by Hell is to be warped by its' power, and as mentioned above for free you may have a great many alterations to your form both useful and purely aesthetic as you please, often but not always inspired by the demon bearing your Exaltation. However, some receive greater changes than others. For 50 CP, you may infuse yourself with roughly 3 dots of biological changes-roughly equivalent to 5 dots' worth of mutations, should you care for such distinctions. This can include an impossibly durable biology such as flesh of burning stone or a hide covered in razor-sharp quills, but also ambidexterity and the ability to spin webs like Spider-Man, a musical voice skin to a songbird's as well as the ability to walk on walls, functional wings, entangling tendrils or prehensile hair or similar things as well as acidic spit, or soothing pheromones and a prehensile...appendage powerful enough to serve as an ungainly limb capable of wrestling foes like an elephant's trunk.

This perk may be repurchased.

Sorcerous Prowess of the Ancients (100/200/300 CP): Through enlightened insight into the nature of Essence, power ripped viscerally from its' origin or some combination of both, you've unlocked the power of sorcery-a refined art that allows for great acts of will to conjure numinous forces and use them to manifest generally localised phenomena, with procedures ranging from making a few precise handsigns to preparing consecrated artifacts to patrolling a perimeter over a day. Such acts invoke and intensify aspects of reality in precise and orderly fashion, some of which are beckoned gently and others strongarmed by mystical bindings, which may permit skilled sorcerers to unravel spells before they are fully cast. Beyond the relatively fixed phenomena sorcerers may create with the spells described below, they may also perform *workings* that permanently reshape reality to different degrees; assistance from powerful demons or similarly powerful fonts of mystical energy are considered *means* that expedite a working, though to truly enact one's will infallibly the sorcerer must still be the one to actually cast it. Skill with sorcery is divided into 3 circles. Note that access to any circle of sorcery comes with a *control* spell that the sorcerer focuses his skill upon, granting enhanced benefits and sometimes permanent advantages.

For 100 CP, you've unlocked the Terrestrial or Emerald Circle of Sorcery. Spells of this level include conjuring cascades of obsidian butterflies sharp enough to chop trees to splinters and vast enough to devastate small armies, summoning and binding a demon of the First Circle, or curse someone with a flame from She Who Lives In Her Name's outermost spheres that ignites if he does not follow his passions. The least workings of this tier can bind magical entities to perform household chores or flatten a hill, the greatest can create a rift between two realms of existence allowing limited interaction or bless/curse regions on a level of a field always delivering a bountiful harvest.

For 200 CP, you've unlocked the Celestial or Sapphire Circle of Sorcery. Spells of this level include conjuring ten massive tendrils of lava scattered out to as far as an arrow can fly while easily aimed by a man at maximum, teleporting the sorcerer for miles, summoning and binding a demon of the Second Circle (or other supernatural beings of great power tasked to judge, reconcile or heal things. Such entities generally have their powers and natures aligned

solely towards this task), and stealing a word from Jacint's lips to conjure a straight road several miles long that harmlessly shunts anything in its' path that can be moved even slightly, that is thin enough to be grasped with one hand but is supernaturally resistant to both harm and effects to make it slippery. The least workings of this level can transform a chamber to emulate the environment of any natural terrain in Creation or conjure persistent illusions across a town, the greatest can open a permanent portal between two realms of existence of the sorcerer's design or create a being with powers comparable to a Second Circle Demon or a well-known god.

And for 300 CP, you've unlocked the Adamant or Solar *damn them* Circle of Sorcery. The least workings of this level can bless hundreds of miles with lush paradise or dry up the seas over those hundreds of miles too as well as conjure enough supernatural traps, barriers or concealment to protect an entire city. Spells of this level can conjure armies of lesser demons, summon and bind a demon of the Third Circle, manifest a fragment of Sacherell as a massive version of the sorcerer's eye to perform great acts of observation from on high and fire a fraction of Ligier's power as an emerald orb that once fired out to great distance unleashes an all-consuming pillar of blinding emerald light that obliterates the greater part of most battlefields with some of Hell's hottest flames. The greatest workings of this level can cast cities outside of space and time (with conditions to return if desired), alter the metaphysics of the cosmos subtly or create a supernatural being of singular nature and power enough to more than rival most Exalted.

Hell is the greatest repository of sorcery in existence, so it's only natural that by investing in this precious knowledge here, for each circle of sorcery you own you've also obtained not just one *shaping ritual* (a ritualistic means to acquire more Essence specifically used in sorcery) but a systemised collection of advantages representing profound arcane knowledge obtained from eating plants of Hell, studying its' efficacious dances or cacophony, or other forms of sorcerous tutelage. For example, while a bargain with Mara might grant tattoos that bestow mystical power over/from darkness, respect from demonkind and occasional dream visits from Mara where she bestows further blessings or the ability to devour the souls of seduced mortals, a student of Ruthesind would instead gain tremendous resistance to falling damage, the ability to perform mundane physical labour with pure intelligence and acquire sorcerous Essence from meditation.

To Taste Forbidden Things (100/200): You've happened upon an art forbidden even in Hell, and sought to master it, perhaps demanding tutelage from the Deathlords through some obscure clause in their pact with the Yozis. It is a fractured power built on broken things, oozing from the crypt-bodies of the Neverborn and the cracks in reality caused by their fall as well as the shattered, enigmatic Old Laws that governed death before reality. From the memory and rites of the living, from every legacy that has shaped the Underworld it arises:

Necromancy. The power to shape the Essence of Death with will, sorcery's dark twin.

For 100 CP, you've unlocked the Ivory circle of necromancy. Spells from this circle open doors to the Underworld, summon ghosts or hordes of mindlessly obedient skeletons (they're called bonestriders in Creation and the Underworld), form a vacuum near the necromancer and conjure sublime undead performers to fill the world with unnatural revelry.

For 200 CP, you've unlocked the Shadow circle of necromancy-the greatest those empowered by Hell may aspire to wield, with only the Abyssals and some of their Deathlord masters wielding the almighty Void Circle. Spells from this circle can corrupt others to be scorched by the sun's light with unnatural efficacy, raise unnaturally resilient and powerful engines of war made from hundreds of corpses amalgamated together, summon powerful guardians of the Underworld and cover the battlefield in bone-like razor edges that slash foes to ribbons.

Necromancy too is capable of workings, though always they draw upon the themes of death, the Underworld and similar forces. Though they can reshape the living world to be more akin to such things, it often comes with unforeseen complications when cast beyond death's domain. To provide *means* for one is always to sacrifice life and meaning to the unreasoning hunger inherent to necromancy, be it one mere mortal for a lesser boon or the death of hundreds to thousands (or perhaps, merely one lineage with great meaning to the necromancer) for greater empowerment to the spell. Effects that encourage new life, growth or empower Creation's elements are more difficult if not impossible, though necromancy has far greater ease with creating and manipulating the undead, affecting souls, spreading deathly influence and inflicting curses than sorcery.

The least workings of the Ivory Circle can extract memories and passions from ghosts as talismans, dry up a stream or ward areas against ghosts. The greatest workings of this circle can bind a whole ghost into a talisman as well as wield a minor supernatural power based on it, curse all the water in a region to grant vigour to those that drink it's bloody water at the cost of their total lifespan, and transform natural fire into corrosive, inexhaustible pyreflame.

The least workings of the Shadow Circle can curse a foe and his descendants to the seventh generation, create an enchanted passage between regions of the Underworld, bind spirits to the Underworld, or create a **shadowland**: A portion of Creation tainted by death, and made compatible with its' beings and magics. The greatest of these workings can extract souls to imbue them into new vessels, animate or bind undead beings on par with a Second Circle demon, dredge new islands in regions of death, accelerate a ghost's recovery from destruction to a mere day, or create a localised afterlife with set conditions for entry.

As a special consideration for purchasing your necromancy here instead of simply learning the Essence 1 Charm needed to start you on this dark path, your compact with death mitigates the damage suffered from the Charm used to access it from lethal to merely bruising. *If you like* you may also supplant your learning in necromancy with similarly comprehensive collections of shaping rituals to sorcery. Though frankly, many are so bleak or onerous this is optional.

The 36th Chamber of Hell (100/200): The inherent fighting techniques of the Infernal Exalted lean towards brute force over finesse, unstoppable monstrous endurance over technical perfection, and excessive overkill over precise force. You are an exception, as you've shown a frankly inhuman capacity to learn the martial arts of this world, learning in weeks what others take months to fully grasp. From the mundane but ferocious Tiger Style to the concussive Essence-firing Righteous Devil Style, your affinity for the martial arts would make you an ideal student for those Unquestionable for whom such things are their very reason for existing. In fact, for 100 CP you've already fully mastered a martial art of Hell—such as the Black Claw Style created by Mara, which bewitches bystanders into perceiving your foes as violent louts, distilling their malice into poison, seizing the limbs or weapons of foes under an innocent guise or tearing free their heart with the style's ultimate technique. Or the savage Devil-Prince Sword Style, which draws strength from the fear of opponents and wields swordplay with such grace it slices through armies as if they were one man and turns dismemberment into an art.

This naturally comes with fantastic prowess at unarmed fighting, especially of the dirty and crude kind.

Such is the case for 100 CP, anyway. For 200 CP you are a prodigy among prodigies, having mastered an entire Sidereal Martial Art. These fighting styles are the legendary accomplishments of the Chosen of Fate, capable of weaponizing abstract and esoteric forces such as consumption, decay, Essence, possibility and time. Such styles are capable of erasing weapons and flesh in a whirling cobweb of spiritual pressure, delivering diseases that compel the body to dance as flesh sloughs from bone or that cripple the use of spiritual forces with a fever of the soul, striking foes along the progression of their timeline so they suffer all potential strikes simultaneously, or enforcing a preordained outcome upon an enemy against which the stylist is already dominating in a fight—though often at a cost or tradeoff. To have learned such a style, you can *master* in days what other Exalts take months to even grasp, seemingly destined to be a supreme warrior in a realm built on violence.

Multitudinous Archon Legions (Free/100/200/300 CP): Sing, O Maidens, of the shared apotheosis you did not foresee between Infernal and coadjutor, rising to become oversoul and emanation, the seedbed of a new pantheon that will shake Hell to its foundations.

The demon that carried the Infernal's Exaltation is reduced to an unwoven coadjutor during their initial anointment: A spiritual organ that communes with the Yozis through the Essence of Hell, as much echoing remnant as the sum of alien ecstasies and agonies experienced within the Chrysalis Grotesque. As a result, Infernals may dimly sense the will of the Yozis as if through portents and divine revelation, and often bear major mutations of the flesh reflecting the biology of the demon realm.

This, all Infernals have for free. But there is greater power to be unlocked from the coadjutor.

For 100 CP, you've made significant progress towards recasting yourself in the Yozis' image. To some, it is a literal mental voice that speaks of Hell, notices threats and does other useful things. To others, it is a wordless intuition nonetheless an emanation of the Infernal's soul.

You have long since progressed past this point. Your coadjutor has long since become a secondary font of Essence. It is your fetich and an incarnate demon, roughly equal to those of the second circle save that it has a maximum Essence of 7, has Essence equal to your own and reforming at your side if destroyed. Though it has but a handful of Charms, it can hurry home to you instantly. As you are more advanced than your peers, you have also already created seven other Second Circle demons that represent your personality.

Be aware that in incarnating, your fetich crystalises one of your deeply held principles or ties-the underlying intimacies that define your way of being, rendering it nearly unchangeable.

There is also no clearcut upper limit to how many souls you can make, though consider carefully if you want to end up making things like your love of cinnamon toast crunch unchangeable facets of your personality.

For 200 CP, you are even further along the path to transcend the Yozis. You have reshaped your fetich soul into a demon of the Third Circle, in a unique Chrysalis Grotesque. It is a potential peer to any Third Circle Demon in Hell (with a maximum Essence of *at least* 7), from implacable Munaxes, to passionate Ululaya, to sagacious Sibri, to even the mighty Ligier. The permanent destruction of your fetich would deal you a grievous spiritual wound (and replace it with a new fetich), one that might radically rewrite your personality. While not your slave, as an aspect of yourself it is naturally inclined to serve your interests and disloyalty would require dramatic and extreme circumstances. Crucially, it cannot be summoned or bound with sorcery. Luckily, you've already manifested seven other Third Circle demons representing other aspects of your personality-whose existence preserves other defining traits of your personality unless permanently slain. Even should you be a young Infernal, your soul pantheon surely makes waves in Hell.

Finally, for 300 CP your cosmic pantheon unfurls magnificently. You are a nation, independent, free of weakness. Not only do you have dozens of Third Circle demons, not only are all of them *at least* three ranks of Essence above whatever your current rank is, but rather than finding its' footing or operating at cross purposes like the Yozis', your pantheon has been disciplined, trained and evolved to perfectly express your nature and being. A passionate musician might have a Third Circle orchestra that play music in unison capable of moving Malfeas to tears of joy, an Infernal socialite might have Third Circles that can flawlessly assimilate mortals or incarnate through the transactions they carry out. An Infernal who styles himself the perfect predator might have several ecosystem-souls constantly evolving custom-made First Circle demons and Behemoths under competing paradigms that test each other. Your soul pantheon, regardless of its' overall power, is a worrying new power bloc in Hell's politics.

Gnostic Otherworld Genesis (100/200/300 CP): Sing, O Moon, of the world you have never shone upon carved from the substance of the Infernal's soul, that for another gives transcendent ease, and builds a new Heaven from Hell's despair.

It is within the power of all Infernals to carve a world from the substance of their soul, an otherworldly realm made in their image. Such things are uncanny places: A city of cyclopean basalt beneath a blackened sky lit by a singular red eye. A ziggurat-tree of living ivory, swaying to the beat of the Infernal's nascent sun-heart. An emerald sea with a submerged sun. And so on, and so forth. Infernals may enter the inner world (appearing at a point of significance) and can warp reality within it using any mundane competency, so long as it builds on its' initial concept or expresses the Infernal and their soul hierarchy throughout it. Inner worlds can be of arbitrary scale and surreal formations, limited more by their existence in the Infernal's soul, the fact that by default they're assumed to be undeveloped wilderness or something similarly lacking in useful infrastructure, and the fact that should life exist in them it is not *by default* subservient. By reshaping their inner worlds with their own presence and will, Infernals can change all of this. Creating small, immediate benefits such as an ancient ruin in a convenient place or edible rocks is so easy talented mortals could do it if they had inner worlds. It may even have natives, though they aren't loyal by default-save for those weak as ordinary mortals, which are inclined to like the Infernal. Reshaping reality on the scale of a city, creating strange beasts as well as a means to tame them or retroactively making real a history for an ancient rule is a challenge even for the Exalted. Changing the inner world as a whole and its' underlying metaphysics is very hard. Nonetheless, while in there you gain more motes of Essence by doing nothing. All for 100 CP.

For 200 CP you've begun to blur the borders between worlds. You can take out any object up to the size of a human being, and any entity roughly as powerful as a horse or tiger with your mere will and some Essence. You can't take anything more powerful out unless you make it through your own prowess, rather than reshaping the inner world directly. Keep in mind there is nothing stopping you from reshaping the inner world in such a way to make crafting artifacts, gathering troops, casting sorcery and so on supernaturally easier. You've also significantly developed your inner world, building things like fortresses and sorcerous towers if you enjoy building civilisation or perhaps organising everything into a sorcery-channelling orbit if you prefer solitude. With exceptional skill even for the Exalted, even new metaphysical laws may be wrought within. Perhaps you wish to engineer an impossibly vast and ever-plentiful pit full of profaned treasures and elixirs of miraculous power that can only be descended through by succumbing to depravity, set a mandatory time limit on travel as Cecelyne does across herself waived only for a lucky few, declare that Dance and Death shall be as one art or let prayer to yourself become an incredibly efficacious catalyst for sorcery. Much like Cecelyne's five days of mandatory travel or Malfeas' ever-growing callous-continents, such miracles can be arbitrary in scope and grandiose even compared to Solar Circle Sorcery-but conceptually simple, and were they helpful enough to instantly defeat any intruder the Primordials in their numbers would have never lost to the Exalted. Lastly, you've learned a very efficient Charm which lets you meditate in order to manifest aspects of your inner world as an eerie omen or a translucent illusion nearby-or with a little more effort, make

real but temporary alterations like cause thorns and briars to erupt from the ground or snuff out light out as far as a thrown dagger flies. The deadliest environmental hazards you can manifest this way are likely on par with severe sandstorms and supernatural ice storms.

Finally, for 300 CP you are a herald of Creation's replacement. You no longer need to meditate in order to conjure environmental hazards out as far as an arrow flies, they can be almost as dangerous as wading in molten lava, and last for a few hours. You can perform a rite to bring willing small armies into your inner world through a tear in reality. Your inner world has been thoroughly remade to your specifications and elaborated upon, a distant realm as complex as Creation in its' own way yet defined solely by your will and effort. A warlike Infernal might have a living demon realm where gaping maws belch living meteors that strike each other with stars for dominance yet bow reverently to the Infernal, while a paradisaical realm might have the means to welcome souls slain by the Infernal and remake them into greater beings. Finally, while everything discussed so far is something an Infernal could accomplish with enough effort and study, by buying this you've obtained a talent for manifesting your inner world to greatly enhance your Charms in more than superficial ways- having invented several Charms to do just that. An Infernal general might expand his inner world as an inescapable domain that entraps armies and forces them to fight amidst falling stars that never strike his forces, while an Infernal duellist might coat his weapons in the living lightning from his inner realm and use it to slash foes miles away with pinpoint accuracy. An Infernal peacebringer might create curses that inspire others to draw, paint or sing of his inner realm-only to change terrain to resemble it while spreading an amicable miasma far and wide. While some Infernals do eventually learn similar Charms, you are most decidedly at the forefront of making effective, customised powers in this vein.

Demiurgic Demon-Emperor Revelation (Free/100/200/300 CP): Sing, O Sun, as the Infernal evolves beyond mortality with your tainted gift as the catalyst, searing away mortal frailty as a scorned child ignites his hateful village to feel warm.

There is a fundamental power inherent to all Infernals, that to the pleasure of certain Yozis can normally only be unleashed in moments of extremis or duress, *at least to begin with*. The Infernal castes all provide unique conditions to bare this hideously perfect truth to all creation, though a grievous injury can always unleash it and the transformation typically lasts for the duration of a battle or a similarly major endeavour. This moment of extreme solipsism proclaims to existence that *I am*, and from the kaleidoscopic Essence of Hell shapes a divine state of being called the Devil-Body. Though this is a temporary state that also ends with sufficient damage, no damage or any other adverse effect carries over from the base Infernal to their Devil-Body or vice versa.

Such is the strain of this feat that it can only be done once in a very long while, generally as long as it would take a Solar or Infernal to explore a lost First Age ruin or conquer a district of Hell.

Despite its' name, it need not be a body at all. While some Infernals become wondrous living idols with flesh of bronze or tendrils of radiant ichor, others become ever-growing kudzu, hundred-limbed colossi with burning third eyes, ziggurats of black glass that grow forever

and spread despair with their chimes or abstract geometric perfection. Without any further enhancement an Infernal's Devil-Body could be a brass colossus that stretches into the sky with a prismatic sun for a face and a crown of clouds, an expanse of silver sand stretching to the horizon, a mass of acidic ooze and grasping tendrils that can quickly melt steel/flesh/bone, a towering brazen demonic emperor with a gaze that inflicts the dread disease Green Sun Wasting or a dispersed field of pure thought and geometric forms that can strike down foes with telekinesis.

After its' first manifestation, a Devil-Body is fixed beyond conscious control-though events of great personal significance, Charms or other deeply personal shifts may affect its' shape. An Infernal who once flowed freely as a living song may find themselves forming protective chimes of light and time if shaken by the threat of war.

All Infernals have this for free.

For 100 CP though, your Devil-Body has one or two more significant advantages than the one described above. You've also discovered a few new conditions to provide some extra use conditions for the activation of your Devil-Body: In the grip of your Great Curse, or after performing a legendary social accomplishment, or on the brink of being slain by a foe you dearly hate. Regardless, you may take your form freely during Calibration: Creation's 5-day eclipse (or during any mundane eclipse in mundane settings). Finally, you've learned to create a new Devil-Body, equal in overall power though perhaps with different specialities. You could be an unstoppable walking fortress in one, but an all-seeing eye that rips apart sanity with its' gaze in another.

For 200 CP, you have made significant progress in mastering your Devil-Body. It has several significant advantages beyond the ones described previously; perhaps the brazen demon emperor can also siphon Essence, will or vitality with every attack and also towers into the heavens. Perhaps the great desert has two curses that it afflicts upon all it strikes, one that crumbles flesh to sand and another that curses foes to be stung by a thousand angry bees forever. You also have three Devil-Bodies in total. Your alternate reset condition can also unleash your Devil-Body once every few hours.

Finally, for 300 CP you have mastered your Devil-Body as far as any Infernal can conceive of its' glory *for now*. With a great expenditure of Essence, you can now assume your Devil-Body once every few hours (or sooner in a pinch) manually; you know at least half a dozen alternate reset conditions that all share a separate reset cooldown from your main one. There is no longer any upper limit to how many Devil-Bodies you can have, and the arsenal of powers yours boast make the initial options look positively benign by comparison.

As long as you're willing to continuously repurchase the Charm which grants them you can be: A sky-scorching cosmic flame that straddles the spirit and physical worlds that deflects projectiles through sheer force of will, constantly gains motes from the hosannas of the fearful, freely warps across the battlefield, can see through all mundane barriers and annihilates armies or mountains with a fiery gaze that sears fearful obedience into the hearts of survivors while seeing through their souls. An engine of extinction covered in weapons

that transmute foes to basalt effigies of themselves with blasts that spread Yozi venom, that is utterly sovereign to major physical impediment, automatically adapts to all physical damage and can attack with its' shadow too. Or even a completely ordinary looking man who can simply yell and turn anyone who hears it into a lowly first circle demon, doom them so all they love are condemned to Hell by Surrender Oath, compel worship, and also fly for no clear reason. As well as many, many other equally wondrous and horrific things. And yet, *none of these are your final form.*

As a special consideration for purchasing what you could have attained merely through training, you've developed a great proficiency for inventing Charms that incorporate your Devil-Body or Bodies in your mundane abilities, as if it too was a Yozi. Charms that utilise your Devil-Body are drastically more powerful than those of Yozis and much easier to learn, being a pure expression of the Essence of Hell. They also all automatically come with **Blasphemy** effects: Otherwise uncommon Infernal Charm enhancements that only manifest when the Infernal uses them with the Devil-Body active.

Azimuth

Survival Is Fury (100 CP): Hatred, run amok, has been the undoing of many lesser men. To you, it is nothing but balm and sustenance. You are the master of your own hate, wielding it as skilfully as any weapon. It brings clarity and keeps you focused and steady in battle, numbing pain and doubt-even helping you withstand mind-warping curses. It lets you hit harder, move faster, and ignore blood loss. You can decide to reflexively fly into a rage against your foes in combat to attain these advantages against them, or skilfully hide your hate in a plan that requires a convivial façade. The discipline of such wrath gives you preternatural skill with any tool of war, impeccable talent as a general even by Hell's tried and tested standards, and a keen eye for danger or opportunity anywhere before you. From a life of controlled rage, you've forged a mighty body that is your own fortress of bone and gristle: Easily capable of lifting a boulder or throwing a warhorse like a pebble, weathering supernatural storms of ice and sand like a refreshing breeze, and shrugging off disease or deprivation even faster than your fellow Exalted. All that with nothing but your pure physical prowess.

The Fist of Hell (200 CP): Infernal brawlers truly dedicated to the way of the fist sometimes devise magic that converts their arm into a mighty weapon of Hell fit to topple towers and beat gods to pulp, while Infernal swordsman discover the means to conjure a brazen weapon lit with cosmic flames. You have not only done both, but have discovered more...flexible ways to refine your own identity as a weapon. You can freely move your transformed arm's enhancements across your body or even to cover your internal organs at the speed of thought, or change the form of your weapon from a spear to a halberd to a fine garrotte just as quickly. You can similarly modify any other held weapons, prosthetics or solid augmentations to yourself-endlessly expanding their breadth within the theme of your own personality if not overall potency. You can unlock unique Evocations for both based on your approach to battle, which are guaranteed to synergise well with your fighting style. That is, you can as a newly chosen Infernal. As you rise in power, perhaps you'll find a way to transform yourself into a

living weapon of Hell or rain down spears and greater weapons as Ligier can when roused to war-though know that there are magics wielded by the Chosen, demons or gods for whom smithcraft is their truest calling and powerful sorcerers may have ways to render inoperable even a living artifact. In such a state you may be able to wade casually in lava and grip lightning without fear, but know that the Solar Exalted have bested unkillable horrors before.

By Mortality Evolved (400 CP): *Pain*. The other Exalted endure it. You internalise and surpass it. The more you're cut, stabbed, bludgeoned, poisoned-even bewitched or cursed. The harder you fight. The faster you move. The faster your Essence recovers, the more you can ignore or recover from everything killing you and the more you attune to the ebb and flow of battle, finding that perfect opportunity to hack off the hand laid on you. Take an arrow through the shoulder and a normal man could knock out a horse. Take a sword through the guts and he could throw an ox cart as hard as a shooting star. If the fight goes on longer than a few minutes or you're hurt truly grievously but managed to survive, you could even see your body mutating and evolving demonic aspects like chitinous hide, serrated fangs, grasping tendrils or even something as useful as modular webbing to shape and launch at your will with no upper limit; push yourself enough and you might even evoke the Unquestionables with your evolution, transforming your shed blood into a wall-smashing flood or splitting the sky overhead with a gaze of hellfire. Such adaptations are always intuitive to use, flow seamlessly into your combat style without interrupting your other abilities, and can even grant you some extra Essence here and there-but are sustained by your killing intent and withdraw back into the mask of your flesh when battle is over...unless you know certain Infernal Charms that can manifest similar adaptations, unveiling your monstrosity for all to see again.

As an aside, there is already Infernal magic with similar capabilities. *That does not negate this ability*, rather it enhances and synergises with it-raising your vitality beyond even that of your peers. Fight a god of war with both and you might end up with flesh of molten stone armoured in blades slathered in Yozi venom which fire blasts of hellfire, or something similarly terrifying.

Dawning Malachite Eschaton (600 CP): There are Behemoths that even the First Age Solars could not teach death. Ghosts of such terrible power that the nightmares of the Neverborn recreate them even from spirit-killing magic. But such horrors have never known the monstrosity born from Solar Exaltations reforged in the fires of Hell. There is now nothing in the cosmos that you cannot lay low with sufficient force and fury, as the Essence of Hell simmers through your fighting spirit and taints all that you direct malevolent intent at like a gift of invisible flames; whether it manifests instead as crimson wind, all-engulfing shadow or something more suited to your nature depends on your own personal view of combat. Ghosts will bleed away their deathly Essence, incinerated with hellfire wrought from the tip of your blade. Artifacts will crumple and break part, should you grip them tight enough. Spellcraft may be *eaten*. Prophecy shatters with a howling scream of defiance. Strike hard and fast enough, and this can even be used to negate otherwise all-consuming rays of annihilation or other attacks of arbitrary power. Even the absolute defenses of this world will cost more to bring to bear, be harder to reset once used or shed some of their benefits as the

spiritual pressure of your attacks beat them into submission. The only limitation is that you must still be able to *fight* and *beat* the thing you challenge in some sense, with your strength or those of allies and slaves loyal to you. And should you find yourself facing a being that *truly* cannot die? After beating them hard enough they can no longer fight back, the Essence of Hell will conjure an ironic Hell that suborns them utterly to you-that undying Behemoth forever regenerating on stalks of parasitic brass thorns, or that Deathlord bound to you by the same Surrender Oaths afflicting the Yozis. *Hell hath no fury like the force of your fist.*

Ascendant

Saint Rebuking Countenance (100 CP): Rhetoric is more useful than any blade in much of Heaven, Creation and Hell. And you wield it finely, a public speaker fit to whip peasants into frenzies against their lords. Your commanding presence and brazen tongue are the very icon of heroism, and your will is steeled to withstand even Immaculate monks decrying your “foul” ways. You have a will of steel that can withstand interrogation from Munaxes’ sin-swallowing maw itself, and abs that could deflect a mace too if arguments are to escalate. Social skills aside, it helps that you’re strikingly handsome or beautiful even among the Chosen; without your powers or mutations conveying Hell’s distinct influence you could pass for a period drama hero. But you’re no damsel, you are Hell’s messiah. Which is why your knack for survival lets you treat mundane deserts like friendly neighbourhoods due to your familiarity with Hell’s wastelands, and your gift for medicine could let you save others from even supernatural illnesses if cultivated well.

A Bargain Most Unwise (200 CP): There is a rare and costly bargain a demonic patron can offer, a power called *investiture* that grants Hellish power to what are known as *warlocks*. These ambitious, often foolish mortals agree to terms set out plainly by a demon who then lays their hand on them-forever commingling their Essence together. The rewards are proportionate to the burden this imposes, which always takes the form of a loose imperative like “I must oppose the Immaculate Faith” at varying levels of intensity. A single unique spirit Charm, slowed aging, authority over lesser demons or discounts to spells that draw on Hell might make such an imperative feel as intense as fondness for a home-cooked meal. Greater miracles such as spreading the dread disease Green Sun Wasting with a touch while being immune to mundane flame, miraculous wealth and mortal armies, or ceasing to age entirely and reforming after any death without specifically spirit-killing magic include a compulsion so powerful as to define one’s entire personality and refuse any compromise for, laying down their life if necessary. It is known that the Infernal Exalted *cannot* benefit from this poisoned gift, as they are in a sense already claimed by Hell.

However, nobody ever said they couldn’t *grant* it. Somehow, you now have this power. It scales to your overall power, which in practical terms means at Essence 1 an Infernal Exalt can grant miracles up to being slightly lesser than Celestial Circle Sorcery.

As an aside, demons are often weakened for a time to make this pact-their Essence diminishing for weeks, months or centuries. If not that, then many find their souls inheriting the warlock’s own passion and hate. The Essence of Hell being what it is, you are of course

immune from this entirely, dispersing the effects across your infinite potential just as the Yozis dilute them to almost nothing using the vast scope of their existence.

Prophet of Emerald Dawn (400 CP): While the Yozis remain bound in Hell, their principles leak out to affect Creation. Through their Charms, leviathans rise between worlds and miracles spread through desolation. While some Infernals learn to emulate dread Sacheverell's power to bring doom upon their enemies, you've learned a more...nuanced discipline. By engaging in worship, sacrifice or intense meditation, you can utter a prophecy that proclaims that a portion of the world shall be blessed in the image of a certain Yozi. It's most reliable to use over a few hundred miles at most, but should your intellect and knowledge of the occult prove great enough you can expand the effect. If successful, the terrain and the sky above it will change to emulate the flesh of the Yozi you condemned it to: Sprouting up trees with reflective dimensions in it in honor of Szoreny, spreading Metagaos' hunger or even rendering itself silent and full of sudden, deadly gusts of wind as Adorjan would have it. Once such a Yozi's spiritual presence has achieved its' limited freedom, you can make more nuanced wide-ranging alterations to fate and reality over the affected area using a similar method-cursing all foreign invaders to be scourged by rains of molten metal on Malfeas' brassy planes, transforming the wild boar population into a mighty demonic race once their habitat is reshaped into a hoofprint of Isidoros, and so on.

Euphonic Music of the Spheres (600 CP): The efficacious dances of demonkind are echoes of a greater mystery, in which the Yozis danced amidst celestial harmony. So too does music hold so much sway that demons will play abstract concepts to perform new and innovative tunes. You have long since mastered and far surpass both such performances, being a star talent in Hell. You are a dancer who could entrance the most jaded hearts as the Yozi King's own dance could, a singer who could draw aberration and hardened cynic alike to revel in total darkness, an actor who could inspire hope in *Hell*-all only through sheer talent, only further elevated by your powers.

So great is your mastery of performance that you can even use it to entrance *reality*, *magic* and other seemingly abstract forces-shake those hips for a few minute, and a ritual taking a day might be shortened to hours or summon a horde of demons instead of just one. Or much like Florivet, you might boast such star power the wind itself speeds you on your travels and defends you in battle-though unlike him, the upper limit for how you may warp the world is only limited by the passion and skill of your performance.

More than that, you have internalised the universal principle underlying all performance, allowing you to use say-your skill at dancing plus any unique abilities associated with it for acting or singing. Taken together and while other Infernals can throw revels that delay an imminent calamity like a star falling from the heavens, you might well outright negate one through your sublime singing. Or move the Yozis themselves to revel with you, in a rare moment of beauty without malice. Even the absolute and the immutable can be moved by your performances. *Your desires are the world's command.*

Horizon

A World of Thralls (100 CP): Everything in its' proper place, and a proper place for everything. This is the ideal the more scholarly demons of Hell aspire towards, and you're well on your way to embodying that idea. You're well-versed at deciphering secrets in forbidden tomes, deciphering the inscrutable machinations of Hell's masterminds and solving sage-baffling enigmas. You're skilled in working many of the exotic materials in Hell, whether flayed leather from an undying beast or cloth wrought from the voices of children. So too are you skilled in the use of *Vitriol*, Malfeas' distilled hatred, to both render artifacts compatible with the Essence of Hell as well as to endow them with unique powers. Last but not least, you're better educated on the differences between demons, ghosts, elementals and gods than most in this world could ever hope to be-though it goes without saying you're especially familiar with the nature of Essence in Hell, from how geomancy forms into manes to the rise and fall of demon kindreds over the years.

The Napoleon of Hell (200 CP): It's elementary, dear Watso-I mean, Kagami! Your mind is as elegant and beautiful as a shattered mirror frozen before collapse, imposing order on countless possibilities as second nature and smoothly computing information you have yet to be truly aware of. You could make a fairly accurate personality profile of a regular mortal or lesser demon at a glance, make uncannily useful preparations for any endeavour short of a siege and break down complex trails of paperwork into easily traceable maps of endeavour. These are representative feats for a newly chosen Infernal, and with far greater spiritual power (Essence, in this universe) your feats of intellect may stretch the limits of physicality itself. You may create flawless simulations for conflicts as complex as the Realm's imminent civil war, profile a Lunar Elder hiding as 6 different people and 12 different animals well enough to learn things she doesn't know about herself and even create visual simulations of past events through the sheer intensity of your attention, or make impossible leaps of logic as unrelated to your current evidence as they are retroactive and accurate. Finally, the more accurately you analyse something or someone the easier it is to manipulate with your abilities. As if your attention is a force unto itself, bringing conformity to a chaotic universe.

Knowledge Is Power (400 CP): And in your case, that statement is more literal than for most. The Yozis do not conceive of a difference between intellectual and physical power, so why should you? You have an eidetic memory if you did not already, Hell's power allowing you to store information indefinitely, withstand mind-searing eldritch knowledge dispassionately and study like a whole academy of sages at once. And the more you learn, powers based on projecting or directly affecting the mind are strengthened-a telekinetic blow that could sever a man's leg cutting a magical fortress in half should you acquire the sum total knowledge of the Library of Sperimin, for example. So intense is this cognition that it takes on a life of its' own by spontaneously generating knowledge profound enough to shape reality as Hell does-unholy koans, mind-searing words, curses that stain the soul. All of which form a cohesive symbiosis in your mind, but viciously savage any who would try to peer into you without your permission, and render those you impart your knowledge onto both more pliable to your will and easier to affect with your powers. In time, you might find ways to externalise this forbidden wellspring of insights in more potent or complex ways, perhaps letting you speak

in a voice that scorches souls with hellfire or painting glyphs that reduce solid objects into narrative constructs.

Hellfire Cauldron Conjunction (600 CP): There are a thousand ways to practice sorcery, but in all of them there are two constants: The will of the sorcerer, and the facets of reality bent to his wishes. You are a sorcerer of what might be called godlike power if those *pitiful slaves* had the inherent capacity for such art. A single sacrifice does the work of ten, and cosmic insight allows you to finish sorcerous workings far faster, more skilfully and with intuition as exact as a migratory bird's while your peers must fumble about with research and fonts of mystical power. Such is your control over magic that all your spells count as Control spells (and by some strange syncretic gift, all magic you learn forevermore comes with useful bonuses akin to those of Control spells) while your bindings are ironclad. You can even invoke aspects of the Yozis and their souls through spells you already know (not freeing them, *binding them outwards*) to drastically amplify their power in exchange for warping the spell with the fallen titan's nature, or weaken the barriers between different realms of existence so that not just distance but principles overlay between each other; even if the Yozis remain bound, with a great feat you could let every Third Circle Soul enter and remain in Creation unbound as easily as the average First Circle Soul. Finally, you can lay the groundwork for impossible victories, be it by empowering yourself through ritual or casting a curse more dire than the Great Curse falling on the concept of Exaltation itself and more corruptive than the dread arts the Yozis used to corrupt Solar Exaltations. You might not be able to slay an invincible tyrant with your Death Ray¹, but you could create a ritual that if successfully performed renders him vulnerable to blades ritually consecrated in Ligier's light, even those wielded by mortals. *Yours is the will that remakes the heavens.*

Nadir

Howling Without Voice (100 CP): Silence. Stealth. Those are the tools of your trade, feared and shunned in Hell but only because of Adorjan's lethal prowess with both. You can move at a full sprint across a tightrope without fearing the fall, find cover in broad daylight should someone turn their gaze from you for even a few seconds and make about as much noise as a scuttling insect while doing so. Your dexterity includes feats of contortionism that stretch the limits of joints as well as agility great enough to fire or slash over your shoulder while fleeing pursuit. You have the reflexes to dodge a mundane arrow fired right by your ear, or catch it barehanded. And you'd acquaint yourself well with either steed or ship, the very principle of motion itself coming to you instinctively as you floor your vehicle over the rickety streets of Hell. Best of all, you're adept at finding ways to communicate without making a noise.

Silence is crimson.

¹ Death Ray is an actual Solar Circle spell in Exalted 3e

Esoteric Pickpocket Practice (200 CP): You are a thief just shy of surpassing the mundane. You could walk through a crowd of monks and come out with all their prayer beads under your sleeve. You could open the most complex mundane safe in Creation with a few strips of metal in your pocket and some oil. That's old hat. No, your real gift is for stealing *meaning* and *esoterica* with that same larcenous talent, though obviously more audacious thefts will be harder. Steal a wedding ring successfully and not only will the spouse's affection be drawn towards you, but others around them will slowly reorient their memories as if this was the natural state of affairs. Steal someone's voice and you might speak with it, or else condense it into some pretty bauble for others to use. Steal a crown and the throne is yours, unless you shatter it to negate that authority through its' symbol. It's even possible to steal artifacts with this, stealing the affection of the very motes of Essence in them-or to enhance magic that already does this to new heights. Perhaps someday, you'll even steal the moon in some strange sense that makes the moon intrinsically yours even while far away in Creation's skies.

Obfuscated Menace Malice (400 CP): Where did he go? *Could be anywhere*. How did he get there?! In any darkness greater than early evening you can at will blend seamlessly into the darkness-moving faster, and regardless of your appearance fading quicker from perception mundane and supernatural. The greater your skill at subterfuge and overall power in general (including enhancements from Charms that grant similar effects), the more you can bend the rules of this; in time you might be able to vanish from the gaze of the gods of Yu-Shan or other demons with an affinity for the dark, and flit from shadow to shadow in broad daylight. Worse, surprise attacks by you are particularly catastrophic-causing disproportionate harm even to foes that tower over castles or have supernatural resilience, so long as you can actually strike their flesh. These skills verge into semantic applications, potentially allowing you to hurt a god clad in invincible armor by striking his shadow to wound his soul, or displacing fatal blows aimed at you by dispelling their consequences to your own shadow (which generally requires time to recover from such damage, preferably in deep darkness)

Liberation of Night (600 CP): The most feared Infernal infiltrators can, with great skill and elan, seemingly show up anywhere they like-bypassing even the greatest of demonic defenses. You are far more attuned to the shadows and emptiness that subtler Yozis employ. You can simply show up anywhere in existence you desire as long as it's not being directly observed, and neither are you. Even Heaven is not fully watched over, and there is much of the Underworld that the Deathlords or other potentates do not oversee. This attunement to nonbeing also lets you pass through even barriers specifically empowered to bar teleportation or similar effects, and greatly enhances any powers for dematerialising yourself and others-such that eventually forces that can strike spirits may be insufficient, without an artifact or power specifically designed to be your bane. Or makes them far more efficient to use-perhaps even letting you retroactively dilute harm into nothing with great concentration. Finally, when you desire, all memory of your actions fade from reality itself. Evidence crumbles to dust, memories dim, impregnable gaols open the cell you're in, dead bodies are no longer recognised and even in the heat of battle others know not why they're covered in stab wounds. Only a gaze akin to that of Sacheverell or the Unconquered Sun has a hope of

finding you, and in this state your sheer stealth and intangibility may contest forces absolute enough to cage the Yozis. *You are everywhere and nowhere, forever free.*

Penumbra

Betrayer Hounding Legalese (100 CP): Hell is a battlefield to many, but to you it is a great board of Gateway² played for the highest stakes against the deadliest of players. You are, of course, one of them yourself. Your keen eye interprets the perplexing sprawl of Hell's laws with consummate professionalism, citing precedents the priests of Cecelyne themselves would be hard-pressed to argue against and imposing organisational harmony upon the instinctive anarchy of demon kind. You have a silver tongue fit to tempt even the most brutal or conniving of demons, and an artful gift for winning hearts and minds with the written word or grasping the myriad tongues of Hell-some of which may not even be spoken by mortals. And while you're most formidable either as a demagogue or bureaucrat, you're a bit of a jack of all trades with lesser talent as an assassin, performer, thief and detective when you need it.

Chaos As Ladder Comprehension (200 CP): In every organisation, there are people who can advance their career by saying the right things and shucking off their mistakes onto stooges while citing statistics to upsell their own performance, all the while doing as little work as possible *like the hated gods of Yu-Shan*. There are also the people actually doing everything that actually matters. As a hero of Hell, you have the privilege of being both. When you're involved in an organisation more thoroughly than just delivering food, you can skew it towards either greater inefficiency in exchange for an infectiously lackadaisical, joyous atmosphere and a series of coincidences taking root. Or towards greater efficiency in exchange for constant paranoia and monomaniacal rigidity, just as the Yozis intended. How much you can shake things up and the scope of an organisation you can influence depends on your overall power and skill with bureaucracy; an ordinary bureaucrat could get forms fully processed about ten times faster or slower throughout a company that owns one small building, while an Essence 2 Infernal focused on bureaucracy might actually cause Hell-themed miracles of bureaucracy to conjure funding in small sandstorms or banish litigation into darkness outside time. One thing's for sure: Either trend will consistently leave you looking better to the organisation as a whole, either as a devil-may-care rogue or as a figure of organisational authority.

Power-Awarding Selfishness (400 CP): The few who know of the more socially adept Infernals' gifts might call them conniving opportunists who gleefully undercut their fellows for the slightest advantage, all the while spewing doom and gloom. *What unforgivable slander*. Don't they know you're just helping them help you help everyone further down the line? Ensnaring others in similar circuitous lines of logic, getting their approval, tricking them into false assumptions or otherwise either suborning them with your charisma or entangling them in your machinations with your communication skills makes them more susceptible to all your ways to affect them. This is proportionate to your influence over them; someone who's begrudgingly accepted your lies of Haltian propaganda may simply be easier to catch off-guard with a sucker punch but no lesser, while someone who seriously believes

² A boardgame of played throughout many regions of Creation, roughly analogous to Chess or Go.

you're a living god might become a viable target to be transformed into a lowly demonic creature despite their greater power. Conversely, those who *accept* your influence over them find it much easier to acquire power and resources of all kinds in alignment with that influence-even gaining supernatural abilities such as Charms or sorcery with uncanny ease-similarly in proportion to how thoroughly they've been ensnared. Bewitch someone with dreams of being a legendary swordswoman, and she might well set out to make that legend true. The greatest lie you've ever told is that **you've ever told a lie at all.**

Eclipse of Heaven and Hell (600 CP): As the Lunars of old made pacts with the Solars. As the Eclipses of yore bade the Raksha forever welcome them in their courts on legitimate business. So too have you gained both profound insight and talent into some of the oldest magic in this world: That of oath and name. If that seems a petty gift, know that in time you can recreate bindings as absolute as the Surrender Oaths that reduce but demons and Yozis to mere cogs in the machinery of sorcery, forge legalese into powerful artifacts of Hell that unveil new Evocations with practice, or make oaths as enduring as the Lunar Bond and the Solars' diplomatic ties with the Raksha. So great is your guile and resolve that you've even replicated a demonic feat: Reifying abstract facets of reality with sheer manipulative or charismatic prowess. You could ask Time to string itself as a bow or harp, bargain with stone or water to protect you much as Florivet has charmed the winds, and demand Space form into a sword for you to wield that may slay enemies from many miles away-to say nothing of greater feats should you trick, tempt or cow greater facets of reality into your service. With the right conceptual leverage, you could bypass insurmountable obstacles or wound an invincible foe-and you know well how to write contracts that subjugate and remake those foolish enough to sign on with you as thoroughly as the Primordials were remade into the Yozis. *Your wish is their command.*

Malfeas

Destruction Begets Beauty (200 CP): Lesser beings fall and cease from mere injury. Malfeas is beyond such fragility, even if he might wish otherwise. You are now unkillable by mundane force alone, your flesh and bone endlessly regrowing in rivulets of brass and hellfire. The pain of an axe in your guts may be intense, you may be crippled, poisoned, exploded into chunks, ground to sand-but the hellfire in your soul will transmute matter and energy around itself to put you back together if necessary. Indeed, the more you suffer the faster you recover-finding untapped reservoirs of will, regrowing limbs in the blink of an eye, snapping through weapons impaling you to restore your proper posture and your Essence surging to recover faster until you are hale once again. Supernatural effects bypass this somewhat and forces anathema to spiritual impurity like the Holy powers of the Exalted greatly bypass it, but you'll always have more recovery in the tank than most dare to imagine. Indeed, even if the Sun himself should castigate you in holy flame, the more suffering you endure, the more beautiful you are in word, deed and form. Wrap barbed wire of soulsteel around your body, and your sinuous undulation could literally ignite all but the divinely chaste with flames of lust, your song tempt a man's soul from his body, and the image of your agonised yet awe-inspiring form start revolutions for your hand across Creation.

Solipsistic All-Seeing Tyrant (400 CP): That which a titan does not acknowledge can scarcely said to be real, and there is nothing realer than the gaze of the Demon City. At will, you may ignite your eyes with flames of emerald that grant extraordinary precision: Seeing fine facial expressions from hundreds of miles away, scanning a fly in detail as if under a microscope and intuitively comprehending the flow of Essence or other supernatural energy. The burning intensity of your gaze can have Evocations awakened for it themed around authority and uncompromising radiance: Rendering even magical substance transparent, firing homing beams of unstoppable concussive hellfire or pursuing foes over hundreds of miles just to bind and drag them back to you for example. Oddly, when using this dread sight you are tremendously difficult to affect by anything you are *not* focusing on-as if protected by the toughest of artifact armor, muffled from social influence and protected by powerful wards against sorcery. It's not impossible to harm you still but it would take heroic efforts even for most of the Exalted, as if reality itself is terrified of provoking you-and this is the minimum of your power, buffering you further in the armor of cosmic confidence as you grow in power. Perhaps someday, lesser attacks shall only feed you more Essence.

Eternal Incarceration Damnation (600 CP): Hell is part of your being. Why not make that literal? With a touch, you can make the things of Creation into the things of Malfeas-reinforcing their prosaic substances into the strange and often terrifying but always wondrous resources of Hell. It takes seconds for mundane objects and the corruption spreads as fast as an arrow can fly, but living things may reject this transformation with great effort of will, magical things take minutes to hours based on their strength and that which stands in opposition to impurity can reject it utterly. At least, were you to be as powerful as a newly chosen Infernal. As your power grows, you may engulf entire cities in living, seething, burning brass, form new demesnes and manses at will, find new vectors such as your terrible gaze or profane words to spread Hell's terrain, and remake powerful artifacts in Hell's vitriol to be infallibly loyal to your will instead.

Cecelyne

Body-As-Temple Benison (200 CP): Your form, your very essence is sacrosanct even in its' malice. Prayer of all kinds is much more effective at benefiting you, sustaining you with Essence more quickly and never requiring the trappings of worship or sacrifice-only faith. Likewise, you're much more effective at perceiving, responding to and granting blessings or punishments on behalf of prayer than the petty gods of Creation-able to improvise specific miracles that conjure projections or avatars sculpted from the nearest matter to take complex actions in response to prayers from all over Creation, without any loss of focus from your main body. Yes, this enhances existing Infernal Charms that already benefit prayer.

Waste Land Workplace Warrant (400 CP): To Cecelyne, moral and physical desolation are as one, and she is equally at home in both. So too in corrupt, hostile or otherwise bleak and cynical workplaces, as well as desert or tundra-like environments, you find all your physical needs sustained indefinitely-never needing to sleep, never needing to eat or drink, and enjoying unnatural vitality if you already did not require such things. Moreover, the more social authority or personal power you possess the more you can affect both the creatures of the wastelands and the creatures of the office cubicles with compelling compulsions and legislative demands: To do your bidding unquestioningly, to forget and ignore you unless called to obey and to conform with your behavioural expectations among others. Such regions also grant you significant power over space itself, letting you stride across the dunes as fast as an arrow flies or fling trash into four different bins with uncanny accuracy across a hallway at the minimum of Infernal power.

All Returns To Dust (600 CP): Reaching ever outwards, Cecelyne is quite eager to stretch her open hand out towards the multiverse's far reaches-then close her fist on its' neck. The sands of Hell can spring up in your footsteps, fall from your open palms, come when called or otherwise show up whenever you will them to. This sand can be manipulated and sensed through as if it were an extension of your body, though with much more exotic properties: Phasing through solid substances, forming life-sized avatars of yourself to use your powers through, co-locating or tearing through space and erupting into unnaturally powerful sandstorms or blasts under your control. Attacks with the sand are always unnaturally damaging to gods or those empowered by them aside from the Yozis and their ilk, and while a newly chosen Infernal might only be flinging around clumps of it as clumsy blasts, as you grow into your power you'll be able to perform more complex feats with it like enhancing vehicles or drowning cities in dunes. The sand always counts as a magical reagent aligned with the nature and Essence of Cecelyne, and with experimentation it may be possible to perform greater workings with it-such as creating ritual circles around buildings to collapse them into mundane quicksand, arcane traps that bind others with Cecelyne's laws or spawning wondrous oases and races of lesser demons to populate them. Be warned: Using the sand to create bounty and life always hurts, like a stab felt in the soul. *Always.*

She Who Lives In Her Name

Automated Occultism Analytics (200 CP): The world is so much more than the sum of its' parts, a truth long forgotten by stunted foolish creatures. You can see into the world of spirit freely if you could not already-witnessing spirits, portals to other realms of existence and the like. Moreover, objects touched by your mystical power in a significant way can be used to scry from for hundreds of meters (at the minimum) in every direction in an indescribable sense akin to sight, touch and hearing all at once. When studying the craft of artifacts, the practice of sorcery or similar mystical acts you gain many other insights into their working and purpose that lesser beings are tragically unaware of. Finally, the way you process data is optimised, letting you perform supercomputer-like calculations by sight alone.

Mind-Matter Synergy Effectualness (400 CP): A body? What an absurd limitation. No, you are now a *mind* that can subsume anyone who formally accepts some sort of hierarchy beneath you, piloting their hands and feet with supreme tactile ease. As both your soul and Exaltation are dispersed in harmonious intransigence, you can use your Charms or other supernatural effects freely from any being so integrated into your being, and there may be means such as consecrated glyphs or specially designed artifacts to find more ways to further expand your consciousness. You will never die until each and every one of your components is slain, though some bodies may be less capable than others. This comes with a melodious, beautifully entrancing voice you can speak directly to any sentient mind you perceive and be understood, that can attune to specific languages and make them vectors of your propagation-making others more pliable and weakening their defences against all your powers before ultimately subsuming them. If you really want, you can return to stifling physicality in a flash of light and crystal, stripping yourself of these traits.

The Centre Must Hold (600 CP): All things follow a cycle principally embodied by a titan now fundamentally broken, but in that breaking there is still the genesis of new miracles. At will, you can cause all things around you out to the length of a football field to move in fixed cycles, pure and infertile. This can be a literal orbit that rends matter apart into geometric shapes as it whirls about you save for when and where you dictate it should halt, or more metaphorical like lambs that devour lions only to be devoured from within in turn; even esoteric forces like age or enlightenment may wax and wane. Within the span of this cycle, reality is strengthened and enforced in ways favourable to you-your supernatural powers cost less to use and can waive their normal use limits, while those of opposing beings cost more, are slower on the draw and so forth. This is particularly caustic to the Raksha or similar beings of unreality, which shrivel up like slugs exposed to salt from the harsh colorless light shining within. Such are the capabilities of a junior Infernal. With greater power, it may be possible to weave demesnes and manses focused around order, dictate the cycles with more precision to your advantage, or sculpt legendary artifacts themed around harmony, purity and structure (though perhaps fundamentally twisted) with a thought.

Adorjan

Racing All Torments (200 CP): As an Infernal, murder and death are food and sleep to you if you only learn the appropriate Charms. Now, they are also all other forms of rest and recovery. So long as you are running at a full sprint or engaging in comparably strenuous activity, you experience rest and recovery akin to a good night's sleep that never interferes with your metabolism adversely. What's more, you can literally attempt to outrun *any* adverse effect-slipping free of mental trauma, outpacing your own blood loss or somehow undoing sorcerous curses with sufficient velocity, cast away in your afterimages. It goes without saying this is much harder, and generally requires great power or velocity or preferably both. Finally, any personal killing you carry out revitalises you with unnatural stamina and improves the efficiency of both effects above. It can be killing done up close or far away, but you must at least be as directly involved in it as a sorcerer casting a spell or an archer firing an arrow.

Red Wedding Reprise (400 CP): Adorjan shares with you a portion of her freedom, crimson in tooth and claw. When you parry an attack, conceal yourself from a foe in the heat of battle or launch an ambush, you may unravel into the Scarlet Wind. In this state you can strike dozens of times in an instant, pass through the slightest gap so long as it's not airtight, flit across most of a battlefield in an instant and expose everything near you to supernatural annihilation that takes the form of vicious flaying crimson wind. You *cannot* be surprised by effects lesser than the stealth and obfuscation of other Infernals, and even then you may contest such abilities using supernatural oneness with violence great enough to easily parry arrows from all sides while blind and deaf. It only lasts for a few seconds before you return to your natural shape, but unlike Adorjan, you can discriminate between what you cut. Such is the prowess of a newly chosen Infernal, and as you grow into your power you may billow out from a humanoid shape to a crimson hurricane, achieve full intangibility, snatch powerful artifacts imbued with Adorjan's power from thin air or prolong this state.

That Woman Is Dead (600 CP): Adorjan bears her killers so little ill will, she freely shares the death-cry of her previous incarnation with her Solar murderers while apportioning a measure of herself for Sidereals to wield in battle. There is a lesson here: Death need not be the end, only a new beginning. When you are slain, you may unleash one or more of your supernatural powers at many, many times its' normal intensity as a kind of death curse. Sing so intensely as to move the Yozis themselves to tears. Erupt with hellfire intense enough to melt the gates of Heaven to slag. Strike your foe so hard he flies into another realm of existence. Two things happen if you either slay your primary murderer with this or disperse the phenomena: You survive, badly weakened and on the brink of death, and fundamentally changed in ways mental and physical that reflect the circumstances of your death. These can be gradually changed if you have the means, but still reflect a significant upset. You also obtain that intense power as an innate ability you can replicate, typically as a superweapon, though often it's somewhat harmful to even use.

The Ebon Dragon

Wicked Lies Never Told (200 CP): Much has been made of the Ebon Dragon's obsession with the doomed and dying, his wicked laughter, his tenebrous majesty. But it's always where he is ignored that he is the strongest. You can layer hidden meanings and nuances into any form of communication you make, a shadow of language that's as insidiously tempting as sin itself. Perhaps you might curse a man in the street, only to whisper a subtle temptation to attack someone else once you've left. Or use Infernal magic to negate an argument, only to underlay it with a coherent counterargument only your opponent can hear. Used skilfully, this messaging can expand the repertoire of your communication-and as you grow in power, so too will both the compulsion of your suggestions as well as the different mediums you can communicate them through-from dance to literature. You might even layer meanings within meaning, never allowing your victims to truly understand why they did anything.

Their Little Surprise (400 CP): The only winning play in Creation is to cheat, which is why you've learned to cheat *reality itself* through your use of Essence. You may be familiar with an Infernal thrown weapon technique that restores any motes spent on it. With nothing but skill and dedication, you can apply this principle to other mundane capabilities too-anything that could be enhanced by Charms, even sorcery or martial arts. You may even add new conditions for complete recovery-though it must be as absolute as "your attack misses", such as upon defeating a truly hated foe. Few will ever dare guess at how serious your malice is until it's far, far too late. In general you have an amazing knack for cheating at both magical and mundane systems to either get the result you wanted at comically low expenditure or recover your investment with no consequences, whether it's saying the right thing to land that promotion or tricking a demon lord into being summoned with the sacrifice of a fresh enough egg.

A New World of Darkness (600 CP): You are the uncrowned master of shadows, and the power behind every throne. Fate itself can be torn asunder and remade to your will in proportion to your own personal ability at moving the hearts of men. Moreover, your own shadow has taken on a few draconic traits and expanded to become a symbol of your power. For a newly chosen Infernal, it is roughly as strong as they are but swifter, can stretch indefinitely along walls or hide in the smallest of cracks like any shadow, can form virtually any mundane tool no matter how complex so long as it could theoretically be made from basalt by transmuting its' own darkness to temporary solidness, merge with you to make yourself all but imperceptible in dim light and can siphon the will, vitality and Essence of others it strikes. You may even unlock unique Evocations from it themed around what it means to be your liminal absence. As for Infernals of greater power, as your shadow grows in power to match you it may drown cities in solipsistic darkness through which you may feed on sweet agony like prayers, conscript the shadows of lesser beings as tangible slaves and cast cities into soul-consuming darkness. Even other beings that are one with darkness are not safe from your dark friend's grasp.

Kimbery

Bitter Heart's Blood (200 CP): You are beyond all conception of love and hatred, both emotions providing you great resistance to mental influence of all kinds. Though you can feel both at unnatural intensity if you allow yourself to, neither lessens your judgement-only filling you with greater force of personality, inhuman vigour and untapped wells of determination when you require such things. More usefully, your love and hatred is also your lifeblood. In the literal sense. This means that you can no longer die of blood loss as long as you experience either, and also that your blood can either be a potent medicine or a supernatural poison of great subtlety or agony depending on your disposition (scaling to your overall power) to a given target; those you are indifferent to merely partake of your undiluted passions.

Sea Pollutes River (400 CP): The Demon Sea comes when you cry out, unwilling to abandon a child that might require her caustic embrace. You can call forth Kimbery's acidic waters with a punch, a swept leg, a thunderous declaration. For a newly chosen Infernal this creates as little water as a few buckets' worth, but even that much can be freely shaped between mist, liquid and ice as well as moulded like an extension of the body and imparted with as much force and precision as you yourself can exert-potentially creating tendrils that can slash through metal, for example. As you grow into your power, fortress-shattering waves or flesh-melting clouds full of ever-evolving pseudopods may be willed into being around you.

Demon Sea Spawning Pool (600 CP): Many are unfortunate enough to lack the motherly love only a Yozi can grant, but an Infernal's nurturing may be even more intense. Through a lengthy ritual always involving a significant body of water, you can create Behemoths: Living beings of supernatural stature and power. Such entities default to being creatures of the sea, though as you grow into your power as an Infernal you may impart traits derived from your solipsistic inner world and Devil-Body instead. Such beings also have an unbreakable bond of filial piety to you, as their creator. Even a newly chosen Infernal's sea-spawn might have some means of swimming through air like water and spew lightning powerful enough to knock a hole in a ship, while those of a greater Infernal might sink islands or bring tsunamis with them while wading inland.

Metagaos

Delectable Foe Approach (200): Hunger is more than a base urge to you. It's your very purpose for *being*. Whenever you've hurt someone or something physically, you learn about it in an indescribably tactile way, like a demon's tongue rubbing along blood vessels and imbued magics. A newly Chosen Infernal could track those they've wounded flawlessly through a vast crowd (or over a few miles, if they bit or otherwise consumed the target in some sense), get a good sense of their health from the shed biomass and even learn about their personality. With greater power comes a more nuanced palate, able to discern the esoteric traits and deeply held secrets of a potential meal. Finally, the hungrier you are, the more effective all your powers are against enemies-even chewing through magical barriers or illusions. Your very *Essence* yearns for the taste of your foes.

A Maw for Every Meal (400 CP): There is more to consumption than mastication. There are more meals than the physical. In being fed a particularly juicy secret of sacrifice straight from Metagaos' maw, you've discovered a simple but versatile gift: The means to create rituals that let you consume *anything*, and how to derive some form of nourishment from even the strangest of meals. Emulating one of Metagaos' souls for example, you might use sorcery and craft to create a bathhouse that can dissolve the weariness of bathers-which channelled to you, could be secreted as a cloak that spreads the same weariness to your foes. From flesh-eating sigils, transhuman enhancement of your digestion to dissolve magical materials, to even grisly artifacts that leech off dragon lines, resources are your only limits, and bloody-edged inspiration will always come to you on how to broaden your palate.

Hunger Blossoms Forever (600 CP): In emulating Metagaos' nature, many Infernals grow mouths upon their bodies deadlier than mortal-forged weapons. And while you're certainly capable of this now, you've intuited a more *efficient* means of satisfying yourself. You can taint any form of attack-from spell to arrow to garrotte-with a tainted miasma that infects others with the otherworldly hunger of Metagaos. The grievously wounded will succumb much faster than those with but a nick, but soon they'll be driven to consume all around them. Their enemies. Their loved ones. Their dwindling supplies. Even their own flesh, with no other option. The one being exempted from this curse is, of course, you as the purpose of their hunger: For as they devour, you partake of miniscule amounts of what they eat, gaining tiny increments of their victims' strength and beauty and mysticism and even Essence. Should they survive long enough and not have the means to cure supernatural disease or curses, their bodies will be warped to satisfy their own unnatural vitality-perhaps even splitting apart to convert their ribcages as enormous, space-warping maws until they are identical in spirit to particularly grotesque demons of Malfeas. Your will is instinctively heeded by these unfortunates so long as you're in the same realm of existence as them, though only in proportion to their hunger.

Elloge

Nostalgic Rose-Tinted Fecundity (200 CP): Unlike Elloge, you are neither castrated nor deprived of your ability to create. As such, with an effort of will you can cause any visual or primarily linguistic work of art you've created to take on a life of its' own, becoming animate observers able to travel between instances of their medium with either physical or emotional proximity that can reproduce to make similar (or with enough skill, identical) copies of themselves. Your fictional characters and living portraits and ambulatory books all harbour an instinctive gratitude to you for creating them that will be as hard to turn against you as moving a patriotic soldier to set his hometown ablaze. Though unable to affect the world by default, they may gain power akin to that of the stranger spirits proportionate to the effort you put into making them. It would take a true virtuoso considerable effort to write a story with the power of a god, but fortunately this perk comes with enough artistic talent to be the kind of author that can move entire districts of Hell with his artistic flair and depth.

Write What You Know (400 CP): All the world's a stage, and while Elloge once wrote the script, the duty of director falls now to the Infernals. As a newly chosen Infernal, you can set a certain genre for an area out to the size of a small town where all living things (the dead are an explicit exception, unless you have the means to extend Yozi power over demonkind to the dead and autonomous *as certain Infernal Charms provides*) receive a compulsion about as strong as an itch you can't scratch to act a certain way. Gutter comedy, film noir, political intrigue-you are not limited to the epic grandeur Elloge herself is obsessed by, and you may grant yourself a certain loose authority in this drama-never truly unreasonable, but being treated like a mayor or a folk hero isn't out of the question. While powers that would break curses can undo it, as you grow in power you'll be able to expand the reach, finesse and intensity of your hellish dramaturgy-and of course, your directorial authority.

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Sesquipedalian Syllogism (600 CP): The greatest Infernal linguists discover the means to emulate Elloge's nature, by transforming physical reality into a reality-shaping language in which whispering glyphs spell out qualia and identities, but all things remain animate and capable of physical interaction. Somehow, you've accomplished a far greater feat: At will, you may transform *yourself* indefinitely into a humanoid mass of living language with similar powers. Your syntax-flesh expresses up to your Essence ranking in loose values such as "I love Hell" or "All hail the Infernal" that enforce actions aligned with them into being easier to perform and actions opposed to them being harder upon all who can perceive you. Though you speak only in written glyphs, they are unnaturally compelling to all those around you and will only be moreso as your power rises. You may use your charisma, intellect and capacity to manipulate your fellow man in tandem with your linguistic prowess instead of any mundane skill by redefining reality with language, from casting spells to slaying foes; naturally this form grows in power in response to this trait, perhaps someday budding off living sigils with the power of mighty demons to do your bidding. Finally, nothing can interact with you except discrete physical objects or something that can be translated from dross matter to language and back again; both a projectile and a shouted message would qualify, but not the unseen spiritual pressure of a Charm attempting to undo your state remotely-though be wary of Exalted who can imbue physical things with esoteric properties. Of course, you may use your considerable charm and wisdom to oppose even effects this strange with your own effort even as you pass through mundane walls freely, hide inside paintings or otherwise interact with reality as if it were a story whenever it's convenient for you. And you *are* considerably more persuasive in this form, brimming with inhuman eloquent self-evident statements that only heighten in persuasiveness as you grow in overall power.

Szoreny

Through The Cracked Glass (200 CP): Peer past your guileless façade, stare deep into the mirror of your soul, and others shall find...nothing. Oh, whether by means mundane, telepathic or divine decree they may see aspects of your personality that *could have been* and glean things about you that might be true *from a certain point of view*, but such is your ability to inchoate the subjective experience of your innermost thoughts (while remaining coldly lucid) that even forces that can determine truth absolutely could be contested by your endless internal mystery. Conversely, this also gives you piercing insight into the abilities and personality traits of others from a smile, a handshake, a greeting that your twisted mind sees refracted meaning in.

Reflections of Reflections (400 CP): There is a power in reflections that Creation instinctively shies away from, a power you can tap into. The most basic trait of this is that you can physically enter and interact with any reflective surface, taking out what's within as if it were solid and tangible; naturally, you don't exist in this mirror world while within it unless you take a certain option below. Objects or automatons are naturally reversed and sentient beings often have diametrically opposed or otherwise twisted motivations to their counterparts in the mirror world. Anything short of the scale of an entire Yozi may be found in this strange world. You can also use this to enter and exit reflections for seemingly impossible passage, and with time may find other ways to manipulate the esoteric properties of reflections with your various powers.

Evil is a Deed as I Live (600 CP): Szoreny's fear that at his innermost self lies nothing at all isn't something you have to concern yourself with. You're *you*. You can vouch for yourself, after all. Here you are. Your reflection is now a perfect doppelganger, an extension of yourself with all your capabilities and whatever you're equipped with at any given moment. Though as with other reflections it might be differentiated from you in personality, it has an unbreakable obedience to its' original as if a particularly well-bound demon. Behaving like a normal reflection if bidden, and available to assist you from any reflection. The only difference all it can use to *reflect and obfuscate* are significantly greater than yours. Already it can cast immaculate illusions to curse others into perceiving others as the reflection, or fail to distinguish unique facial features at all, and can parry arrows in its' sleep. How much interest it has in developing them likely depends on its' personality.

With great effort and introspection, your reflection may be able to reproduce. But each such reflection, though loyal, will always show significant alterations. Perhaps a version of you with flesh of gold, or a version of you with greatly different skill priorities.

Isidoros

All-Encompassing Legend Ego (200 CP): Don't they know who you are? You are the primeval juggernaut, the beast that shouted "I am" at the world! Your force of personality now exerts a terrible, all too tangible gravity. When you communicate your desires, those around you are infected with them-always contextually in a way suited to your own tastes, your own pride forging admiration rather than competing ego unless that's what you want. While this would merely intensify similar Infernal magic, your force of personality also shatters any attempt to imitate, copy or replicate you-and launches a curse the instigator themed around desire, gravity and pigs. Clones dissolve into gore in their tanks as if trapped beneath the sea. Forged signatures are rendered intelligible by rushes of passion. Stolen powers are replaced by sudden, impossible boar attacks.

Firmament Shattering Charge (400 CP): To Isidoros, all forces are as one, and the world but a china shop to parade it in. In emulating him, you have now gained the ability to substitute pure physical strength and raw athleticism as a substitute for any endeavour. *Any* endeavour. Yes, you could match the skill of a martial artist with brute strength or hurl rocks faster than arrows-but you could also win arguments by flexing, make breakthroughs in investigations by kicking the ground until you dig up evidence, cast sorcery by bending the fabric of reality with your muscles and attempt to resist the condemnation of the Solar Exalted by tightening your core muscles. All of these things are not necessarily easier to do than the normal way (especially the latter), but might is all you need and it can even enhance other Charms or other discrete talents mundane and supernatural you've mastered not normally supplemented by brute force.

Unstoppable Force Embodiment (600 CP): There is a vastness beyond you that the world does not dare behold, a well of power too great for the world to bear. A small universe where nothing exists except your strength, easily a hundredfold whatever that of your baseline form's capability. When you require force beyond your means, you can tap into this force to **VASTLY** amplify the raw power of your blows, your voice, even techniques such as sorcery. Such strength warps space and time-smashing rocks into taffy-like strands, crushing bedrock into eternally reverberating pressure-cooked slurry and knocking foes into other realms of existence; even newly chosen Infernals who embody other facets of Isidoros' strength could deliver blows of infinite force (but not necessarily scope) or crush opponents with arbitrary density. The price paid for acknowledging your own density is a lack of automatic fine control; you may perform unrealistic, surreal feats with it but collateral damage is inevitable. While otherwise unable to interact with most of reality, this reservoir also ensures that your absolutes gain significant advantage over anyone undisputably smaller than you, and your abilities have primacy against anyone irrefutably smaller than you. Forces as resilient as the perfect defences of the Solar Exalted *specifically* may contest even that, but even then your sheer brawn might force them to be reset, limit their applicability or otherwise lay their wielder bare to your fury.

Hegra

Delightful Experience Merchandise (200 CP): Hegra, it must be said, loves commerce. You may soon learn why, as you've gained the odd ability to emanate an emotion you're feeling to inhuman extremes-one you also experience, but that also forms an entrancing mist around you. Love, joy, despair, rage, surprise-whatever it is, it's , scales with your overall power with newly chosen Infernals able to spread things on par with schooltime crushes or the red haze of road rage. More solid than gas but far from a liquid, this mist can be infused into currencies of all kinds, bidden to move like an extension of yourself, concentrated into venom for arrows and used in all other kinds of ways to spread your passion.

Heated Exchange Distillation (400 CP): It is in Hegra's nature to shower her all-consuming, ecstatic generosity on those who flee her but compulsively withhold her bounty from those that seek it out. You may partake of this nature without being broken yourself: Your unwanted gifts are made ever more beautiful, wondrous and valuable as if warped by Yozi sorcery to those who do not want them, and you may create powerful barriers of wind and hallucination-inducing venom against those who seek gifts from you empty-handed. Furthermore you or any economy meaningfully affected by your influence can now reify the abstract and condense the esoteric in order to buy and sell dreams, hopes, occult secrets, good fortune, shadows, reflections longstanding grudges, moments from one's childhood and other normally untouchable moments and experiences. Typically, Hegra transmutes wealth into a sweet golden incense but you may instead choose to shape your gains into polished toys, exquisitely written contracts, songs that play around yourself or other forms if you want.

Horizon Erasing Downpour (600 CP): Hegra is, above all things, a storm. A measure of that storm's strength is now part of your very being: When you swing your sword, you may cast forth localised floods of despair-soaked wine. When you fire your arrow into the sky, you may create unnatural cyclones of arrows or rain that transforms valuable things into golden mist. Or yet stranger, more esoteric supernatural phenomena that tend to reify the supernatural on a grand scale-like a tornado that freezes hearts with grief, or a disease attached to a spell that overwhelms with nostalgia-always reifying the subjective experience of emotion into tangible experiences, then unleashing both at drastically amplified intensity. Such forces are both self-sustaining and far expanded from whatever the initial effect used was. You retain little fine control over the physical aspects of such cataclysms, but may artfully toy with the esoterica they effect or the passions they aspire-whisking away everyone's dreams or financial freedom even as mountains are flattened or seas boiled away, for example.

Qaf

Jaded Sagacity Base (200 CP): You are an excellent teacher. You can condense an entire semester's worth of communication and repetition into a single koan. You can adapt foreign martial arts or unique cross-examinations of crafting disciplines into a simple program that demons without limbs could follow along with. You can even encourage students to master supernatural abilities of their own if you can't use them yourself, inspiration on how to use them springing to you out of nothingness. Such a storied sage is owed respect, surely? Those you teach are much more susceptible to social influence from you, rightfully submitting out of respect to the ivory tower of your wisdom.

Thousand Steps Slope (400 CP): The journey to enlightenment means nothing if one is headed the wrong way. With an effort of will, you can flood your surroundings with three constants: Elevation, trials and omens. Perspective and distance will tilt up towards a certain point, as the landscape warps in profound but non-destructive ways. You stand at the pinnacle by default, but may choose for it to be located somewhere else, or even for there to be no true pinnacle. Upon these plains, distance is traversed through enlightenment and austerity is rewarded over ambition. A peaceful monk may outpace a charging chariot while finding ancient temples open to reward him with mystical Essence-bolstering elixirs or wisdom know only to the Yozis, while impetuous brigands may be hounded by demonic stone statues keen to break their bones or cursed with rains of stone. While this is mostly useful for confusing and isolating everyone around you, enduring these slopes always offers profound insight into the nature of Essence and the mysteries of the cosmos for all involved-though the wise shall always learn more than the foolish or narrowminded. Those with great spirituality of their own may contest, revert or even hijack these effects. A newly chosen Infernal could warp all space within a town like so, but as you grow in power you'll be able to expand its' reach as well as exert greater control over the hazards, and offer more useful blessings as well as more dire curses.

Yes, you can rig it in favour of yourself. Nobody ever said enlightenment was *fair*.

Immovable Object Summit (600 CP): Upon the lofty heights of his quixotic quest for self-discovery, Qaf holds himself eternal and infinite. So too do you. Physical elevation, moral rectitude and enlightenment are now synonymous for you, allowing you to do things like master Charms (and thus, raise your Essence), devise sorcerous workings or even enhance existing Charms the higher you are physically positioned. High ground and morality are subjective and relative but supplanted by metaphysical primacy; those in the depths of Chaos are always considered lower than anywhere in Creation, and in a hypothetical deterministic universe those in the empty void that Creation calls the Firmament would be higher than anyone in a gravity well but all within would be treated as equally high unless someone is able reach to a region with metaphysically superior height-such as Infernal Charms that invoke aspects of Qaf. High ground is zero sum; one may consider oneself physically or morally elevated, but not both. As long as you have either the physical, moral, or esoteric high ground you have conceptual advantage over anyone who doesn't, and miraculous precision. Your argument will carry more weight in court than anyone else even with no

formal authority as long as you sit in the highest seat. Your plummeting attack won't harm you but knock a foe flying with a precise shockwave that harms only what you intend it to. Your enlightened understanding of the cosmos lets you counter spells even if you disdain sorcery itself as a tool for the debased, or renders you utterly immovable to a feckless stampeding yeddim when you brace yourself. Forces as absolute as a perfect defence may contest even that, but so long as you maintain the high ground in some sense they may be costlier to bring to bear or inflict greater strain on their wielder-until all amounts to naught before your peerless elevation. Finally, you can never be hurt by falling damage under any circumstances. Part of your soul watches over your struggle always, from higher heights.

Cytherea

Impossible Hope Arisen (200 CP): The question follows, always, in Cytherea's majestic yet all too brief flight-*what if there is a better way?* Donning an aura of azure flame and contrails of petals in the same colour scorched by the same, you may take flight like a soaring comet and give off that same irrational hope. All who bear witness to you will feel their most deeply held aspirations become plausible and compelling-seeing you, of course, as an icon who can accomplish them. To have those hopes dashed as you toggle off this entrancing semblance (gently floating to the ground on wings of cinders and ash, if necessary) will fill them with unnatural grief at their chance slipping away. To the extent it matters, those who earn your ire in this state will be burnt by flame that kindles upon passion rather than solid fuel.

Fleeting Soul Unbound (400 CP): As the souls of Cytherea wane when denied relevance and purpose, so too are your aspirations clothed in flesh. With an effort of will, you can create beings of great spiritual power that embody your most important ties and principles; for a newly chosen Infernal, they would be equal to second circle demons in strength and last for a few minutes. Such beings are unbreakably loyal to their progenitor, but wilt quickly-dying from the pressure of a world with little true hope in it. Even as you grow in power enough to create beings on par with Third Circle demons, it would be a Herculeane effort to have them persist more than five days. Whether each time you create new entities or they perceive themselves as recurrent incarnations and how much their form changes largely depends on your own personality.

Half-Length Azure Incandescence (600 CP): This is the Age of Sorrow. The world tilts on a knife edge, and its' pillars tremble. You have been endowed with a unique ability: To grant wishes, in a burst of azure petals and cerulean flames, with but an effort of will and a depletion of vitality. Though simple with almost universal applicability, know that for a newly chosen Infernal, doing something like granting someone a vast army and wealth enough to buy a country or resurrective immortality akin to a spirit's would inflict harm akin to near-lethal stab wounds. But to craft a small but luxurious room that exists only when your shower runs with hot water, turn a cherished toy into an artifact and granting functional wings would be near-effortless. This shall be mitigated as you grow in power, but even Infernals of great experience should never forget the feebleness that Oramus and Sacheverell inflicted upon themselves by conducting the impossible feat of Getimian Exaltation.

Oramus

Reality-Churning Somnambulism (200 CP): When you sleep, the first thing you see is a seven-sailed galleon, a beautiful bird with seven broken wings, the number seven itself or something else. If you turn around and walk away from it (you'll always be able to), it will fade mournfully into the distance and you'll experience whatever dreams or lack thereof you would have otherwise. But head towards it, and you'll see glimpses of reality as Oramus does: The absence of all that is, a realm beyond all things that is as much a state of mind as a place, and eldritch secrets forgotten since before Creation's founding. It will take much time and study to use any of this usefully, but by communing with the Dragon Beyond the World you can shake reality out for miles around you as the force of his nightmares battens upon reality-shattering cities as if raked by claws and smashed by wingclaps, exuding varicoloured firestorms that leave Creation akin to the Wyld, Zen-Mu or stranger places yet when they pass and similar levels of destruction. As you grow in power and experience, you'll be able to more finely control both destruction and dream-perhaps even resulting in strange wonder or beauty resulting from it, sparing those who fulfil a certain criteria, sharing your fractured insights with others, or simply expanding its' range and lethality. But always, it is a glimpse of impossibility, horror and beauty too great for the world to bear.

Acausal Artistic Endeavour (400 CP): Causality? Causality is *irrelevant*. It is a self-imposed limitation levied against inferior beings never meant to comprehend their makers! As an Infernal you are above and beyond that nonsense. You can now attempt acausal feats-not just the impossible leaps of deduction or just-in-time manufacturing or...whatever the hell Dual Magnus Prana does that Solars use to merely *strive* towards true acausality, but truly bring forth effect before cause. This is hard of course, but far easier through the medium of art in all its forms. As a newly coronated Green Sun Prince, it would take intense focus and training to leave wounds on someone before drawing your sword but by merely fantasizing, sketching and describing a beautiful painting you could inspire everyone for miles to spontaneously come up with similar works of art to the best of their ability-most importantly, infusing them with the same inspiration and feelings you felt during the process. Both your prowess as an artist and an acausal entity will grow with power, until someday you may whisk powerful artifacts out of nothing and manifest citadel-sized sculptures with blessings or curses that shape the land and sky even as mortals frenziedly try to replicate it.

This perk *only* creates unique things each time, though they may be of a similar theme or even function. The inspiration of impossibility dislikes the doldrums of mass production.

Impossible Accomplishment Ignominy (600 CP): Among all the Ancients, only two dared to attempt the mystery of Exaltation on its' lonesome, without savaging the Sun's work. You are now heir to their hubris and wonderment, as you have a great affinity for enacting impossible deeds and creating wonders through nothing but artistic flair and mundane skill. This is differentiated from the miracles inspired by the other Yozis in two ways: Each such impossibility is unique and irreplicable (for once done, it is of Is rather than the Not) though specific enough that for example-blinding the Sun in one world with a big bedsheet does not bar you from blanking out an ordinary star with another, the differential of possibility

ironically requires sufficiently high mundane skill to attempt the miracle (for similar reasons to why Oramus may not cross his own wings) and working each takes a certain semantic, some might say *ecstatic* approach to design and accomplishment that Oramus' own seemingly mad mindset is best suited to rather than conventional logistics. You cannot simply abduct just anyone by blowing bubbles at them with ordinary skill for example, but a child who loves blowing bubbles would be much easier to abduct.

Nevertheless, master this art and you can make wonders happen through seemingly unrelated circumstances and no loss of Essence, your own being a gateway to unrealised possibilities. Tip over dominos and set in motion the downfall of empires. Catch the Maiden of Battles in a war fought to stalemate by automaton. Infiltrate Heaven by making a painting that captures its' essential nature, then walking through it.

Sacheverell

Fitful Nightmare Insight (200 CP): Before you slumber, inscribe a startlingly accurate yet stylised sigil of an eye near where you lay down to rest. Once you begin to dream, you will witness strange things. Terrifyingly things. And above all else, hauntingly accurate things. Amidst the horrors and atrocities and abominations, key moments from the next 5 days after you wake will be spotlighted by a great shining eye of some kind high above. Though always shown in the most negative light possible (even positive outcomes showing you *potential* mishaps and adversity stemming as a result) those events and things will infallibly occur. You could gain great wisdom from these visions, even more if you have the means to navigate your nightmares more seamlessly (as some Infernal Charms can offer). But is it really worth enduring the restless terror that is yet to come?

Lidless Eye Beholden (400 CP): If spellcraft alone can beckon forth Sacheverell, surely there are other ways to stir the sleeper. You now have access to rituals, designs and stranger areas of research that let you create unique observation devices with uncanny feats of observation and causality manipulation. Larger and/or more elaborate designs will be required for greater feats-whether you paint intricate representations of Sacheverell comingling with your own anima banner, cast spells that ritually sacrifice the eyes of those involved or construct a sculpture that appears to be numerous interlocking eyes. But the effects are as self-sustaining as any artifact, from simple porthole-sized eyes that can see through walls and cause simple events like spoons falling on the floor to reoccur when a new observer passes by, to vast demonic panopticons relaying you detailed information on Essence patterns, personal histories and probable outcomes for centuries across hundreds of miles that can reenact a battle fought over and over again until you will it to cease.

Each time you build one, Sacheverell shifts in his slumber though he will never wake from this alone. Nonetheless, done overtly this is a quick way to make an enemy of the demon Lucien...and most others in Hell as well.

The Shape of Fate Itself (600 CP): There is a terrible blaze in your eyes, a dull but indescribable glow that inspires fear in all of Hell, Heaven and most of Creation too even if they cannot put a name to it. As if something far greater looks out jadedly from your gaze. Your sense of sight is uplifted, enhanced, all-encompassing-you may see as if from any point near yourself in all directions, and with impeccable clarity. Even a newly chosen Infernal could count the moles on someone's face from miles away, and determine the shape of internal organs or watch people through walls-to say nothing of more experienced Infernals studying abstract qualia and the nature of Essence directly. But your gift, or curse, is the ability to make your *impression* of what you see a fixed pattern in Fate and causality. Look upon a battlefield in terror, and it can spill out into anarchic violence that lasts for years until you turn your weary gaze from it. Look upon your works in pride, and they will prosper indefinitely. Look down on your foe as base and craven, and Fate itself will impose misfortune as reality itself conspires to shame him. That this power only grows with your own is as much as curse as a blessing unless you are certain, absolutely certain, what you feel at *all* times is *exactly* what you want. Know well that the Exalted have Charms to persevere against and defy forces like this, and that being struck down inspired such dread in the Lidless Eye That Sees it reduced him to dread Sacheverell.

Imagine the horror that could be unleashed on the cosmos were you to be likewise brought low.



***AN IGNORANT GOD SEES A SLIVER OF OUR UNIVERSE THROUGH A PINHOLE,
AND THINKS IT UNDERSTANDS ALL THAT IS, AND ALL THAT WILL BE.***

AND IT WILL.

***BECAUSE A GOD MAKES SENSE OF WHAT IT SEES DESPITE WHAT IT SHOULD
BE.***

YOU SEE.

YOU THINK,

THEREFORE, WE ARE.

Twice-Damned

Tarnished Gold (200 CP): The Exalted live in the present, first and foremost. In this ~~edition~~ world, who they were in the First Age has little impact...for most. Uniquely even among Infernals, your Coadjutor is *not* a mere instrument of communication with the Yozis. It is, depending on your point of view, a perfect simulacra of one of the Solars that ruled the First Age himself or that Solar's actual reincarnation reborn through demonic power. How that Solar reacts will likely depend on their personal preferences, but by default as you share a body they're generally inclined to help you in various spiritual and mental ways. Awakening the Evocations of artifacts you were familiar with, sharing lost knowledge of the Solars' wonders, telling you of gods who remembered you fondly, rebuffing mental assaults with their own force of will and depending on their aptitudes perhaps passing on the martial arts and sorcery they once wielded, or telling you of things learned about demonkind during the Divine Revolution and its' aftermath. Quite likely, even should they have been captured at the height of their depravity, encouraging you not to succumb to your worst urges-trying to stop you from repeating their mistakes even should you not share their likely contempt for the Yozis.

Should you manage to externalise your coadjutor as your fetich and initial Third Circle Demon, whatever their form it will unmistakably be marked by their accomplishments and powers as a Solar-likely boasting far greater pure skill, incandescence and reductive but elegantly precise excellence than their peers.

A **Hero** of Hell (400 CP): It is not a thing spoken of, but there are some Infernals who through deep soul-searching or great deeds prove themselves an ally of Creation-shedding the status of Creature of Darkness that the Yozis can never escape. At some point, you have done just that: An act of uncomplicated heroism or resolute personal growth. By purchasing this here (and thus bettering Creation in some likely significant way, if only by reducing your threat to it), you gain a number of unique advantages. You have a unique bond with orichalcum, bonding to artifacts made from it for far less effort than your peers and unlocking Evocations or other abilities from it automatically-and in future worlds may make similarly compatible artifacts from gold of all kinds without having to taint it with Hell's substances. Those you've cultivated a close bond with-including from past lives, such as Lunars or immortal acquaintances-will look past your monstrous appearance so long as you approach them in good faith. Finally, at will you may shed your alienation from Fate and count among the things properly accounted for by Heaven-and return yourself beyond it as you please. In this world, it lets you overcome the vulnerabilities certain Sidereal Charms create in Fate's enemies. In other worlds, it lets you enjoy the benefits of being applicable for fate or some other overarching metaphysical system sufficient to govern a whole world when that would be convenient for you.

Emerald **Sunrise** (600 CP): Know that even as the Yozis rent the Sun's splendour from your Exaltation and replaced it with the rage of the Old Ones, in truth you remain chosen of the Sun. If the Essence of Hell can *technically* remake an Infernal into a Solar through a Charm inspired by Szoreny that takes one's form, why can't it do something a little more...*permanent*, drawing on the Essence of Hell transcending Szoreny, Adorjan, the Ebon Dragon and other Yozis cavalier about their identities using similar mechanisms as ancient Solar master socialites to live different lives? The legend of your deeds and memories as a former Solar coalesces within you, allowing you to learn Solar Charms with the aptitude of your past life but at about 2/3s of the rate you can learn Infernal Charms. Such powers are as intrinsic to yourself as your Devil-Body, allowing you to freely combine them with Infernal Charms, Evocations and most martial arts. Elsewhere, you can allow holy and unholy powers to coexist safely within you with no loss of efficiency, and figure out unique abilities that combine both their effects that resonate with all the unstoppable glory of Solar Essence alloyed into the infinite wrath of Infernal Essence.

This perk naturally enhances Tarnished Gold, allowing your future Solar fetich to use the Charms they wielded in life (and learning them as swiftly as any Solar) as well as further enhancing A Hero of Hell to render both your being and deeds intrinsically Holy as Heaven's own will. This makes them devastating to unholy beings and those touched by the forces of death when your wrath is aroused against them, and generally pushes all your powers to evolve away from suffering and dissonant extremes towards harmony and enlightened perfection.

Zen-Mu (Drop-In)

Triumphant Howl of the Walking Devil-Tower (200 CP): Gajam-Un, the Living Manse, is made from harvested Primordial organs somehow wrought into Creation's geomancy. Its' vitality cultivates deadly swarms of moths, and it can unleash a fiery blast that can challenge the mightiest Solars of this age or wipe cities off the map easily. Karvara, that which became the walking Devil-Tower, was the incarnation of a principle of Zen-Mu in whom it is said the blood of the Primordials flowed. Karvara could not exist in Creation, so wherever it went, Creation ceased to be-replaced by the alien lands of Zen-Mu. The First Age Solars could not find a way to truly kill either before simply opting to seal them away. By some miracle, the all-encompassing Essence of Hell has allowed you to share in the Charms of either one of these horrors or an equally great and terrible distant descendant of the Primordials. Though as rampaging god-monsters, the powers of such beings are generally suited to combat and nothing else.

The Tempest of Vanquished Titans (400 CP): Infernals who truly master the art of steeds sometimes come upon a strange and powerful miracle. One founded not upon the powers of the Yozis, but the remembrance and fantasy of a titan that no longer exists: Mardukth, the Mountain and the Beast Upon It, whose constant questioning gave Zen-Mu growth and sacred memory. Somehow, you've attained a unique level of communion with this or a different remembrance of a being that would have ruled in Hell if it hadn't perished long before, and can express its' themes and attributes through any of your mundane competencies

as Charms as if for your most proficient skill. It need not be Mardukth. Perhaps you somehow have made contact with the remnants of Adrian, the River of All Torments who preceded Adorjan. Perhaps you've somehow resonated with a nightmare about a Constellation of Sinew and Flesh that once quarrelled over Creation's right to exist with its' siblings, a solemn record of mourning for Ramethus who died bravely fighting the Solars at the height of his power after refashioning himself for war, or even Malfeas-That-Was in all his kingly glory. Such a being, even in memory, cares little for the skills that mortals divide their efforts into- only the opportunity to express it's grandeur.

The Face of the Player Characters (600 CP): ...wait, are you certain you're not a Solar? Oh. Oh no, you're not a Solar. You're *chosen by even higher powers*, so to speak. You see, when it's said you're a prodigy, it's not meant with reference to the average Celestial Exalt. No, the average Celestial Exalt takes decades or longer to reach Essence 3. Of those that survive beyond a mortal lifetime, a significant number *eventually* reach Essence 4. Essence 5 on the other hand is a mark of extreme prowess considered noteworthy even among centuries-old Celestial Exalted.

You? At the rate you learn Charms, hone mundane competencies, improve your non-magical resilience or beauty and generally set out to improve yourself, you're likely to ascend to heights of power within a year or two of Exaltation that the average Exalt of your calibre takes *decades* to obtain. That is assuming you balance your training time with settling grudges, dallying with the grandees of Hell and generally enjoying all the opportunity and peril that life has to offer. Dedicate yourself purely to training and you could rise in both power and Essence *significantly faster*.

This perk brings you no special miracles, no twists of fate and certainly no opportunity to actually apply that absurd talent of yours. And it doesn't matter, because while attaining the earth-shaking power beyond Essence 5 was remarkable even during the First Age, it is a simple inevitability for you.

~~Sometimes when you rest your eyes and meditate, just outside the borders of existence you think you can hear the clatter of dice and distant voices muttering things like "don't get sent into crash" and "I'm Introducing a Fact" and "how does Sail even work? Fuck this, we'll do it live" even if you yourself are the best sailor upon the Demon Sea. Especially, even.~~

This, like the Saigoth Gate in the utmost west at the end of everything, does not exist in this world.

Treasures of the Brazen Realm

The Yozis laud and fete their newly crowned Green Sun Princes with lavish gifts of land, artifice and slaves. They demand the obeisance of the lowly kindreds, Second Circles court their attentions and even the Unquestionable invite them to their grand celebrations. Even the hidden caches of past incarnations in Hell may be unearthed and meticulously delivered to their rightful owners. *And all of this, the demons whisper, is but a **fraction** of the First Age's true glory, that which is rightfully yours.*

As such, take +600 CP to be spent in this section only unless you took the Twice-Damned sub-origin. To further represent Hell's largesse, all backgrounds except Twice-Damned may discount two items per price tier. Discounted 50 CP items become free.

Hell does not concern itself overmuch with those who flee its embrace, for when they waver in their cause as Creation's own sinners revile them, when they sleep under Creation's sky, when they find themselves alone and friendless.

Hell's gates yawn wide to welcome them back.

Influence (50-250 CP): Some mortals measure their wealth in standing. The Yozis understand the allure of power, their cults may be reclusive and isolated but the reach of their agents extends far greater than most dare to imagine. Here you may purchase and repurchase some form of standing in society: Leadership of an organisation, military authority or the simple awe and fear of a tribal society.

For 50 CP you can be a family head, a respected physicial or a known sorcery. For 100 CP you may have some pull in a city-state, such as a shipping magnate or mercenary company's leader. For 150 CP you are a figure of significant importance: A royal advisor, a general, a merchant prince with investments all over a region. For 200 CP you may lead entire tribal alliances, rule a small city or enjoy the lifestyle of a petty kingdom's god-king. Finally, for 250 CP you rule over an all-consuming horde, are a widely-feared warlord or a lead a city-state with major influence on neighbouring principalities.

In future worlds, the snarl of Fate wrought by the Yozis to secure you these assets will bring you to a similar position. Unless, of course, you chose to rule over Hell in which case all demons who chose to submit to you and their territory will come with you as followers, their section of Hell attached to your Cosmic Warehouse by a brass door, unless you prefer them to manifest somewhere in other settings.

This item can be repurchased.

Backing (Free-100 CP): For other mortals, it's less about power and more about security. This option also grants you standing, but as a member of an organisation rather than the leadership-perhaps a useful role for the stealthy.

For free you may be a low level flunky, a Guildsman of no particular standing or an officer in Gem's market guard. For 50 CP you may be a merchant prince of the Guild, or a captain in some military. Finally, for 100 CP you may enjoy elite rank on par with a Guild factor.

As before, Fate's torn scraps will secure you similar authority elsewhere.

This item can be repurchased.

Resources (50-250 CP): Of course, the simplest measure of wealth is *wealth*. The Yozis certainly have plenty of it to spare. While the metrics here are listed in mundane Creational wealth, know that you can instead choose to have roughly equivalent amounts of Hell's strange treasures: Vitriol, **Chalcanth** (the essence of being distilled into potent liquors), chiming plants, demon secretions with wondrous properties, and of course slaves.

For 50 CP you can have mundane wealth that amounts to less than a shekel of jade a year (less than 64 koku a year in cash, or less than 60 dinars in silver), a common salary for respected mortal craftsmen or artisans. For 100 CP you may have a salary in jade akin to high-ranking government officials or a Realm's patrician-roughly a mina a year. For 150 CP you may have a talent or less of jade every year (8000 koku in cash), representing the funding of large cartels, Dynasts and Guild merchant princes. For 200 CP you can have an income of 4-6 talents per year in jade (16K-50K koku in cash) or 20-30 talents of silver, akin to that of scavenger lords or rulers of small Threshold states. Finally, for 250 CP you have a massive income of 12-20 talents per year in jade (96K-160K koku per year in cash) or 60-100 talents per year in silver. This is the wealth of established Guild factors, renowned and successful Dynasts or the rulers of powerful Threshold kingdoms.

This item can be repurchased.

A Manse to Call Your Own (Free unless Twice-Damned is taken, 200 CP otherwise): A magnificent magical tower that churns clouds into conduits for sorcery. A fortress made of regenerating brass. An estate tended to by silent and obedient servants that can merge with the walls. These and many are the magical powers of manses, and the Yozis generously award one to every Green Sun Prince upon their arrival.

The exceptionally powerful demesne harnessed by geomancy increases your Essence respiration, slightly hides your use of Essence and may be used as a mystical amplifier in sorcery.

It also secrets a hearthstone, a small bauble that confers a magical power such as automatically unlocking Evocations when socketed in a magical artifact, increasing your Essence rank for learning Charms and Evocations, harassing intruders for many miles with demonic spirits or concealing a city from mundane discovery.

Naturally as a curated gift of Hell, you enjoy the benefits of both. Though whatever its powers, know that it is a thing of Hell, with all its' beauty and horror.

This item can be repurchased.

Angyalka's Mane (50 CP): These finely woven strands were grown from the demon-harpists who play Time as their instrument, and merge with the wielder's hair once attuned. So swift and responsive are they to the wielders will, they move and grip just like your dominant hand.

The artifact can even be used to fight in combat, though only the more elegant supernatural arts such as Black Claw Style, Dreaming Pearl Courtesan and so on are compatible with it.

Murk-Delving Capote (50 CP): The demon Zabvya, Chorister of Lost Passions, ordered this glistening dark-green cloak made to woo Vathos the Murk-Queen, a potentate in the Demon Sea's lightless depths. Reeking always of Kimberly's waters and lined with nacreous black jade shells, it lets the wearer breathe and speak in water as if on land. Even more usefully, it grants complete immunity to the hazards as noxious as the Demon Sea's acidity, toxins and corrosion...though none to conscious efforts by the Yozi.

Omen Bottle (50 CP): In the heyday of the First Age, capturing and releasing the atmosphere of Hell was considered a fine jest. These irregularly shaped bottles are shaped from green-grey frosted glass, fitted with a stopper of white jade, and no two are the same. Once attuned and left in Hell for a full day, the fill with iridescent liquid that can be stoppered then released. Enjoy spraying your surprised guests with emotive rains, technicoloured clouds, silver sandstorms, acrid fog, violet frost and stone sleet as far as a stone flies. It's always a surprise, though Adorjan's silent wind is beyond this fragile object's ability to contain.

This bottle keeps Hell's power particularly well. After this jump, even if you're no longer able to access the environment of Hell, it fills up with new mystery weather of its own after five days.

Needle-Resin Glands (50 CP): Harvested from a firmin's resin-glands and implanted beneath your fingertips, this graft is fully acclimated to your will. In an instant, it lets you create a needle that functions as a knife for one mote, or one long enough to be a straight sword for two. For between 4 to 20 motes, you may make enough knives to endow armies of varying size. Beware: The needles melt into mere sticky resin after your Essence rank in hours.

Grime-Gouging Marionette (50 CP): A Dynast bound a metody, a demonic elemental of vitriol, into this child-sized doll to make of it a silent maid. Its joints show subtle wear and it has bleached away both the color of its' hair as well as the glass in its eyes to see better, but must consume a mouthful of something every hour when active to be operable. Such is the nature of its' binding that it is unbreakably loyal to its' master despite harbouring spite and hunger towards everything else. While a diligent cleaner, it can also spit acid at foes.

Guardian of Slumber (50 CP): Within this tiny shrine, shaped like a demon holding a crystalline heart that glows faintly, lies a sphere of chalcant: A First Circle demon dissolved into vitriol to sublime it to nothing but the pure state of being, then mixed with reagents that keep it on the cusp of sleep and wakefulness. Attunement allows nearby sleepers to see the dissolved demon, experience its memories and be protected by its' presence. The demon can also wake you if it senses a nearby threat or is moved from you. Those who have acted in accord with the demon's nature in the past day do not even require any motes to attune to this artifact, its existence no longer has any meaning apart from this task and it gladly embraces those who emulate it in some small way.

Aureate Blade Scripture (100 CP): A long haft tipped with a flat pointed blade, at first glance this appears to be a strangely minimalistic orichalcum grimcleaver. But the near-microscopic sutras engraved on its' blade, each seemingly bland paeans to the Unconquered Sun, reconcile together into novel yet profound insight in both virtuous life and Creation's purpose for being. It was the weapon of Four-Graced Odamux, a Dawn of the First Age chosen in the midst of battle, who fought for centuries driven by duty alone before releasing his armies with a short but shockingly eloquent speech. When next his Circle found him, the weight of years had fallen from him and he had founded a kingdom built on the values professed by his axe. Thus, he proclaimed himself Four-Graced.

Aureate Blade Scripture's Evocations are as much sermons as they are weaponry. Aging and disfigurement slip from the wielder as he slays, and he sees their end coming before even in striking range. He can shine as though he himself were carved from orichalcum, exerting unnatural awe through beauty. It enhances all the wielder's efforts at warfare, striking swiftly and accurately enough to cleave off a fly's wings mid-flight and making already-lethal Charms of combat devastating as the axe grows jagged and wreathes itself in annihilating force. At the height of its' power the axe can even exert a single elegant stroke that flashes its wielder across the battlefield as a beam of light, kills scores of men at once and siphons their vitality into the wielder.

Four-Graced Odamux's diligence, virtue and benevolence were his second most notable legacy. His degeneracy as Four-Cursed Odamux however far overshadowed them all.

Demigod's Hooks (100 CP): This collection of orichalcum jewellery seems purely ornamental, but when wrapped around the body, pins bite deeply into the wearer's flesh. It transmutes flesh to gold briefly when struck, defending the wearer just like armor. They too are a legacy of Four-Graced Odamux...and believed to be the catalyst to his madness.

The hooks let the wearer share the pain of his allies and subjects, as well as gain succour from his wounds. Its Evocations provide profound empathy, heal others at the expense of drawing blood from oneself, and wound the wearer by wrapping further chains on their body to stave off crippling blows. At the height of their power, the hooks let the wearer sustain armies with his own torment, and shine golden with unnatural durability born from his pain.

Centuries after his kingdom's founding, Four-Graced Odamux was found as a laughing butcher, leading a rapacious horde bent only on pillage and conquest for its' own state. To his circlemates' horror, after slaying him at great cost it was discovered that his faith had not secretly corrupted him, and remained a genuine tribute to the Unconquered Sun. By the time this horrific artifact was recovered, the troubling conclusion was that the actions that named him Four-Cursed were a sincere outgrowth of both his outward beliefs and buried desires.

Those who remembered Odamux confirmed there was little hidden behind his unswerving stoicism, other than a faint wistfulness that there might be more to life than dutiful action.

Effigy of Four Scars (100 CP): In the grip of what his peers prayed was madness, Four-Damned Odamux meticulously forged 22 orichalcum bones to match the construction of his own skull, then held them in place with an Essence field upon a clockwork stand. He then proceeded to flay the skin from his head and neck, fastened it upon the construct, and sculpted ruby eyes and jade-capped animal fangs upon it. You are now the heritor of this unclean legacy.

The Evocations of this skull fulfil its' maker's obsession with being both loved and feared more than any other by babbling disruptive nonsense in response to any social entreaty, and flying forth to bite foes in battle. Its other Evocations include its uncanny ability to find mental weakpoints in others by nipping at their flesh, then disrupting their focus in battle with unearthly screeching as it flies around. Though it lacks the raw power and durability of Odamux's remaining panoply, its nightmarish disruptions can unnerve and break the focus of otherwise equally skilled foes.

It is said that even as he butchered a path across Creation, Four-Cursed Odamux affected high-minded, enlightened grace outside of battle and was as beautiful as he was terrible within it. But he kept this horrific effigy close by at all times to spit invective he himself could not be seen stooping to.

Sequence of Incomprehensibilities (100 CP): One day, this Starmetal serpent-sting staff simply showed up in the armouries of the Sidereals with no explanation. It bore the hallmarks of three Exalted artisans and one of Yu-Shan's less distinguished smiths, shifted appearance once every few months and after several rounds of exhausted study it was concluded no two researchers could agree on its' exact nature. It also thoroughly confused a Maiden of Destiny the one time she looked upon it.

The Evocations of this artifact seem fully aligned with surprise as a concept, rendering the wielder's blows inexplicably unexpected or enhancing their parry or evasion at random. Even those the wielder observes and wishes well upon can take less damage from any source for no reason. It can inflict truly horrendous agony from no discernible source on those it strikes, mitigate disaster by sharing it with others and simultaneously enact a slew of attacks as long as they are all different.

The Sequence is said to randomly disappear and reappear from even the Sidereals. It seems at one point it appeared in Hell, and then fell into a vat of vitriol. Being tainted by Malfeas' consistent spite seems to have tempered its chaos *slightly*, at least insofar that as it is now resonant with you as an Infernal Exalt its surprises always favour you. Should others steal it from you, sooner or later it will find its way back into your hand through sheer coincidence- and its many tricks are always more potent in your grasp. Its greatest power in particular has been slightly skewed, simply calling a surprised but non-hostile person of significant importance to your side instead of necessarily a Maiden of Destiny.

Clang

Unforged Cosmogonic Tetsubo (100 CP): This hell-metal club is so uncannily plain, that none in all of Malfeas can adequately describe its appearance. When unobserved, its design shifts. It grows, shrinks, polishes, tarnishes. Even when observed, it warps and flexes as if to conceal some unseen vast energy. The only certainty with it is a tangible eagerness to be used.

The Evocations of the Tetsubo unleash unstable discharges of power to smite foes, and create such controlled uncertainty that the wielder is harder to strike. Those struck by it are often stunned beyond mere force, and it swings with uncanny grace and accuracy. One who has unlocked its power may even find in it a might that can smash gods, leaving behind supernaturally hard to heal wounds, and enhance its' seemingly clumsy strikes to leave lasting dizziness on all it so much as bumps into. It is a mighty yet swift weapon, just a completely indiscriminate one that strikes down prone foes hardest of all.

Ceaseless Knowledge Omphalos (100 CP): Each perfect sphere on this crystal amulet consists of Essence-inert metal. No demon will speak of its' origin, though it is known it was less *forged* and more anchored to reality. It floods wielders with a constant flow of information-true, false and inexplicable all at once. The only consistency is that it makes the wielder's power more destructive.

The simplest of its' Evocations warps reality in subtle ways to worsen damage from a blow. Others hone the wielder's mind to glean actually useful facts from its' torrent, allow the user to move in any direction under their own power and bombard foes with paralysing amounts of knowledge. It is less mastered and more embodied, sapping the will to fight from opponents and causing one in particular to share in the same damage the wielder suffers.

Chrrnol, Union of All Flesh (100 CP): The series of murders spanned Creation, the Underworld and even Hell. The investigators were counted among both the Silver Pact and the Dragons of Heaven as well as a seemingly punished junior Sidereal. They never found the perpetuator. Only this skeleton of Hell-tainted moonsilver anchoring the flesh, chitin and other remains used to make this atrocity.

To attune to Chrrnol is to endure great harm, but it repays pain with pain. Its Evocations manifest the limbs of its' victims to enhance attacks in battle, rebuff the blows of foes, conceal itself beneath the wearer's flesh and pursue fleeing foes with uncanny accuracy. Its greatest known power is to rend flesh from foes, rapidly healing the wearer with every wound landed. Though who can say where its monstrosity ends?

It's visceral benefits are particularly compatible with the savagery of Infernals who specialise in unarmed fighting, and the Lunar Exalted.

Monksbane Gong (100 CP): Driven by grief from the death of his Lunar master after she died in a war both ideological and martial against the Immaculates, Termagant Reed beseeched Alveua, Keeper of the Forge of Night, to make them feel his loss. The result is this gleaming black gong. When attuned and rung, it can be struck to release a mournful sound between as far as a slung stone and several miles to create a disruptive aura in which those without sufficient resolve cannot hear prayers, benefit from worship or otherwise direct prayers at

anyone. Prolonged exposure can even weaken their attachment to faith, religion and spirituality or drive them to hate such things.

Inscribed in silver upon the gong are the words “To catch a bird is to cage the sky”

Sozen, the Cataphract of Keys (200 CP, free if you’ve been to the mostly 2e Infernals jump and bought it there): Forged from spiked orichalcum plates tarnished green by demonic Essence and filigreed with occult glyphs of Starmetal and black jade, this heavy armor is nonetheless meant for a supreme thief. Its faceplate is an exaggerated demonic mask that conceals the eyes and mouth despite the slits carved into it, and even an Exalt’s anima pulses with demonic colors when worn unless it rises to iconic intensity. For this is the very armor of Sozen, queen of Hell’s underworld, who was turned to when Hell’s laws must be bypassed. No thousand-eye sentinel can glimpse her passage, no brazen gate can bar her way.

Also, Sozen doesn’t exist.

But such was the skill of Zakhar of the Yellow Lamp that he could forge armor containing the Essence of a demon that never was, making the world forget Sozen was not real, to aid Thousand-Named Orphan in sieving Hell to find a lover long lost.

The armor generates ominous phenomena-tangled echoes of songs, tarnish that spreads with a touch, twisting shadows that dance like reveller. With skill and practice, they can be used to distract or even wound others in battle as an unholy localised storm. The Evocations of this armor shelter the wearer from scrutiny, enhance Charms that deal in larcenous actions and steal things-even weapons swung at him-with unholy ease. When the ominous aura of this armor permeates an area already similar to it, the wearer can even steal a foe’s live, beating heart from their body. Either to toy with it both figuratively and literally, or to crush it as a likely-fatal attack.

By the way, experienced travellers may notice that in *a world where the legend of the Infernal Exalt transpires differently* the armor of Sozen is already available. Such travellers may have taken up that mantle of Sozen there. If so, then you receive this armor for free along with a note that reads “Hail to Hell’s chief of thieves. Take what you can, give nothing back. From: Sozen, to: Sozen”

Twisted Face Mirror (200 CP): Polished and asymmetrical, this hand-mirror was carved from Szoreny’s silver bark, scoured of blemishes in Cecelyne’s sand and bound in cold-forged brass. Those who glimpse it unattuned always see something they don’t like, and writing viewed in its reflection becomes incoherent (protecting the viewer from any magic attached to it). Once attuned, a wielder may use the mirror to change major facets of their appearance: Skin color, hair color and length, height, voice, facial structure, body hair and even sexual characteristics. They cannot be too far outside the norm for the wielder’s species and at least one major feature of the wielder’s true self must be kept, but there are few better trinkets for aesthetic refurbishment. The transformation lasts an hour at minimum, but the beautiful and larcenous may will the mirror to extend it by several in exchange for making fewer changes.

Sky-Stitch Needle (200 CP): Mihai the Fool earned his name best when he took a piggyback ride stop Isidoros to harvest the sky-twisting Essence bleeding from his mighty bristles. He lost all his subordinates and claimed three bristles for a project that required six. This is one of them. Resembling a sewing needle as long as a saddler, when attuned it trails black thread. Such is the needle's sharpness that it can pierce space itself, creating a knot that dissipates if the needle is moved more than a mile away that the wielder can warp himself instantly to by tugging the needle. You may also sew a location in that zone with that needle, creating a stable portal, and perhaps other Evocations for it exist. Beware: Those who can strike spirits can also destroy the knot in space with minimal effort. It is also an *exceptional* needle for mundane sewing.

If you wish, you can repurchase this item up to 2 more times to obtain the other artifacts wrought from Mihai's folly: A core that when implanted in any pillar makes it utterly immovable, and a spear that can strike and land at great distances. Of these, little else is known.

Bloodbrass Cauldron (200 CP): Made of ruddy-brass and inscribed with tarnished orichalcum Old Realm glyphs, this cauldron was forged by early First Age warlords vying for supremacy at the fringes of the Exalted host. By adding human and demon blood, rare mushrooms, acrid alchemical salts and a small sample of Hegra's rage-rain it can brew a foul, deep red potion sufficient for a few dozen individuals or a very small army at a stretch. Those who drink it gain a rage against Creation, inexhaustible energy and unnatural vitality that manifests as demon-like mutations as well as unnatural strength for a day. While these transformations revert, it also permanently taints them spiritually as Creatures of Darkness, leaves them looking unnatural and retains in them a measure of their hate for Creation.

This cauldron is particularly refined, allowing you to make potentially similar brews with different benefits and downsides using similarly potent ingredients even in other worlds.

Irenio's Painted Door (200 CP): This appears to be a simple prop door painted in white, gold and green, though it also comes with a complete copy of the First Age tragedy *Departure of the Visitant*. If the play is performed properly over the course of two hours (spoken in Old Realm), the actor who plays the Visitant may make a dramatic exeunt through the Painted Door. Enter a facsimile of the building where the play was performed. And find themselves lost in the Endless Desert.

Depending on your point of view, this is either a petty way to strand a hated enemy forever, or an inspired way of communing with Cecelyne. Nia Firedancer, renowned First Age Solar sorcerer-smith and playwright, is said to have used it once and then immediately returned it to her "helpful" circlemate.

Brazen Harvest (200 CP): This enormous, bulbous mace is covered in endlessly splitting, reforming and growing nodules. Shaped from the living brass of Hrotsvitha, it retains its' vitality: Brass vines, lithic leaves and so on and so forth. Its Evocations focus on controlling or intensifying this growth: Literally entombing foes in luxury, raising walls or other fortifications out of trunks and twisting vines of stone and metal, and turning flesh into a

seedbed for Malfean vegetation. It would be quite easy to profit richly using this weapon to create trees of gold, silver and jade. It would also be quite easy to render entire ecosystems in Creation desolate as metallic plants undercut all over life.

Scar Upon Perfection (200 CP): Sun-blessed, the sage Thundering Heris grieved when he saw the eloquent Lunar queen Sirla Songbright bewitch her subjects with false promises in her Kingdom of the Thousand Perfect Things. From a secret path to Hell, he drew forth this black blade and scarred both the queen and her palace with its' corrosive edge. The corrosive green sheen on this blade belies it's true purpose: To ruin beauty and shatter barriers. Its Evocations can dissolve lesser weapons, melt armies with a wave of ruinous acid cast from it, and unleash so much acid it forms a flood across a battlefield great enough to sunder fortresses, shatter walls and render fields infertile.

It is said that afterwards, those liberated found themselves both well-fed and trapped behind walls of scarred stone. Now subjects of the King of the Thousand Broken Crowns.

Irenio's Bell (200 CP): Forged from the shards of a still-hot daiklave used to save a Circlemate in need, this round thunderbolt shield of dark ruddy hue was reforged with bronze from a demon prince's temple bell to contain the Essence of a horror called the Malignance of Castle Glass. Its unique voice harmonizes with the alien music of Hell despite containing orichalcum. One of several marriages between the Sun and Hell's power, though not the most intimate.

Each time it is struck, the shield-bell rings with vibrations that can be channelled to jolt away weapons. It is particularly resilient against sound-based attacks, siphoning away much of the damage from earthquakes, cannon volleys and a blood-ape's flesh-shattering roar. Its Evocations lend force to a blade by sharing its vibrations with it, enhance the user's timing in battle with its' music and can remotely play any magic they have to enhance song. Its greatest powers include the ability to turn an enemy's death cry into an eardrum-splitting blast great enough to knock them off their feet (though it only emboldens allied demons) or summon demons of the First and Second Circles purely through its' harmonious beckoning.

Fond Remembrance (200 CP): Forged of curving moonsilver ornamented with petals of blue jade, this daiklave shows no hint of demonic origin save for a strip of blood ape leather on its' hilt. Always eager to showcase his prowess, Ligier forged it for grieving Kindu who sought to restore his mind-hollowed husband after the Behemoth Entalion escaped its imprisonment in Zen-Mu and proved to be a formless, immaterial horror. Ligier attempted to warn Kindu the price for his weapon was his children's blood, but unable to bear more loss he ensorcelled cows to resemble his children and offered them to the Green Sun.

If Ligier noticed this deception, he did not say.

The result was tragedy upon the realisation that Fond Remembrance's Evocations do not restore memories-they create them. Its most basic ability is to insert the wielder's memories into others merely with sufficient skill at the sword-perhaps twirling it in hypnotic fashion. Its Evocations apply emotional contexts to those memories, intensify those contexts, apply fake memories upon a parry and open their minds to more. As mastery grows in this weapon the

wielder can impose fear on those afflicted with false memories, sap the will to fight entirely with the blade, and make a dead foe's loved ones forget they exist. Those who truly master the blade render such memories immutable to all magic short of the Exalted's greatest defences against mental alteration, and rewrite memories across more than two dozen miles.

Normally, Fond Remembrance would lie abandoned at the bottom of the sea, cast away by its' wielder once he realised he damned his husband to exist as a hollow parody of himself shaped by his own perceptions. With your investment here, it has been retrieved to Hell and baptised in vitriol to make it resonant with your hand.

The Mourning of Itreyoun (300 CP): At the end of the sorcerous clashes that ended the First Solar Deliberative, *something* called Itreyoun was unleashed.

Itreyoun was a wishing tree that spanned the sky.

Itreyoun was a song that broke all hearts.

Itreyoun was a numinous being of light and glory.

Itreyoun was many things, to many people, but none could agree on the details save three: That it was beautiful, that it could never be, and its' name.

Changed by the experience, many sought to preserve Itreyoun as story and song, until Berengiere the Weaver of Voices was bound to steal those words and spin them into a beautiful silken robe to memorialise Itreyoun through memory. After many bloody struggles over that robe, Berengiere called in long-held favours to retrieve it and bestow it upon you.

The Mourning of Itreyoun lends its wearer great prowess at inspiring melancholy and fascination. Its Evocations render the wearer uncannily hard to strike, fill foes with the aforementioned emotions at unnatural intensity and can make them nigh-irresistible with a dazzling vision of Itreyoun. Whatever it was. The pinnacle of its power reenacts the moment of Ireyoun's departure, annihilating part of the world as its semblance fades. Across much of the average battlefield huts and hovels vanish, fortress walls melt like dew and even sorcery, storms and other deleterious supernatural effects are unmade from existence like bad dreams. Sentient beings wracked by fascination or melancholy with Itreyoun are also at risk of disappearing, unless their will is great enough to resist.

If not, they discover the nature and fate of Itreyoun.

And are never seen again.

Second Sister (300 CP): Forged by Alveua's prodigies out of velvet-black metal shaped into a woman's form, this suit of armor bears a serene feminine face for a mask, a breastplate covered in mail chiton and greaves and vambraces shaped like limbs coiled protectively around the wielder's own. The right vambrace, identical to the left in form, is forged of Starmetal-which Alveua would never bear to use. Tales differ on whether the sorceress said to have commissioned it consigned her maimed twin bodyguard to the Forge of Night after she was crippled in battle, or if the twin went willingly to her fate. Nonetheless, its protection is as certain as nightfall itself.

Second Sister's most immediately accessed Evocation offers mystically reinforced protection against all harm, manifesting the limited damage it can avert as carvings of metal blood and stylised wounds. Its more advanced powers fire shards of a forgotten daiklave to slash at attackers, or sustain wear and tear to save the wearer from crippling injuries. In a time of such dire need that the armor is rent to near-collapse, Second Sister can become a hole into nothingness that ejects its wearer to a nearby safe place in total darkness. This leaves the armor riven and cracked, rendering it inoperable until repaired.

Stormcaller (300 CP): During the Divine Revolution, the storm demon Akavadra was one of the greatest threats to the Exalted. She trampled armies beneath dancing lightning, scattered the armadas of the gods with her winds and slew the Exalted with her spear of lightning. It took the saintly Stone Leaf Kon to stride through her storms unscathed, but he had sworn an oath against violence and the demon had no respect for his ethics. Instead, after binding her in a circle he convinced her to consent to being bound in this daiklave, to witness the deeds of heroes across the ages and see the truth of his words.

Subsequently, his Circlemate Rusal Ji (to whom he passed on that blade) incinerated the sacred grove of Jupiter while fighting an enemy of the gods, slew armies to slake his lust and committed genocide as recompense for rejection (incidentally winning Akavadra's favour). Much is recorded of Stone Leaf Kon's heartbreak and guilt, but little of Akavadra's vindictive glee.

Sealed in a scabbard of white jade, this slender blade of orichalcum is far heavier than it looks-being forged from countless layers of orichalcum needed to bind the demon-except for you, the only one who can draw it from its' scabbard. As it's chosen wielder, you are immune to harm from weather and indeed within seconds from drawing it the mere flex of the demon's power whips up rain and wind that escalate as you slay in battle-eventually unleashing hurricanes. Sheathing the blade fires a blast of lightning at all near the wielder indiscriminately.

Its Evocations bind the demon's fury and power with that of the wielder, the most basic performing lightning-swift strikes and striking at foes from afar with lightning. As the wielder advances in communion with Akavadra, her hatred poisons the skies with demonic fury, his own combative powers strikes hard and fast as lightning, and he learns to channel the demon's defiant surge of lightning into an attack while sheathed. The demon's ultimate technique unleashes a devastating storm as powerful as the spell Rain of Doom through the tempered will of a saint or a devil's killing intent-though it may take the form of hurricanes, blizzards, floods and tsunamis.

Though Akavadra was bound long before the creation of the Infernal Exaltation, doubtless she would only be *delighted* to be wielded by one once she learns of their temperaments, even if you have no interest in freeing her from the blade (whereupon she would become an extremely devastating companion). Somewhere in Creation, perhaps ensconced in ancient records of the First Age however, there is an obscure ritual involving rice wine that can be used to purify the blade to make the demon easier to seal (and begrudgingly acknowledging

the supremacy of the wielder's will) as well as ensuring her more indiscriminate powers do not harm those the wielder bears no ill will too.

Certainly, if Hell even knows of this method, many there would likely see her wrath as a feature rather than a flaw.

Emerald Sunset (300 CP): *The Tragedy of the Five-Arrow Prince* is a play recounting a doomed romance between a First Age Solar from the Era of Limitless Light who upon divining all the mysteries of Hell he could, decided that nothing could be greater than winning the hand of Ligier. To the surprise and contempt of his peers, this union lasted many years, until the sorcerer's hubris drove him to implore Ligier for an artifact that would proclaim his authority over demonkind and unite brass with gold. This, Ligier gladly agreed to.

The prince failed to ask the cost, or check until it was too late. It was their child. Hence why the play is a tragedy.

This slender bow, its orichalcum varnished with green patina, carved with sigils that shine with lingering dread, is now yours. So beautiful and terrible is it that even distant foes grovel before the sight of it, perhaps sensing it is powered by a forsaken child.

Whether he acted in malice or devotion, Ligier spoke true. The least Evocations of this bow entwine a mote of Ligier's light with the wielder's own authority to devastate the battlefield with explosions of green-gold flame that sear spirits, and bring awe and terror upon armies. More advanced attunement to the bow unlocks the power of its' forbidden sigils-which can subjugate or even siphon Essence from works of sorcery, banish or unbind demons and make both erupt in green-gold flame to punish their impetuosity in standing against the wielder. The bow also becomes a powerful focus for casting sorcery, transmutes allied demons into living ammunition that survives the impact (and can strike foes at its' exact moment), and chokes the sky with smoke shining with rays of golden and emerald-banishing even supernatural darkness, and empowering the wielder. The greatest Evocations of this bow proclaim Ligier's earnest belief that pain and grief are not truly prices-but beauty itself. They twist devoted demons into devastating missiles imbued by their own power, and merges them with the wielder's own Essence such that their powers combine while the demon remains safe from any adverse effect until it and the wielder part ways.

Green Sun Forge (300 CP): Somehow beautiful in its' brass-coated basalt construction, always kindled with green hellfire that rages like an Exalt's anima when artifacts of great power are forged upon it, this forge and the anvil within it are unmistakably great works of Ligier himself. It is a great asset towards making things of wonder and beauty, particularly those suited to Ligier's aesthetics, its concentrated cosmic power counting as a wondrously unique magical reagent in itself. Evocations unlocked from it create assistants and fine tools of hellfire, rapidly reduce the time of even the most difficult construction processes in roaring torrents of flame, rejuvenate a craftsman from the smoke pouring forth from it while also inspiring him with Hell's designs-and other great miracles of creation. Its greatest blessing

however comes when a precious sacrifice is destroyed or slaughtered atop it, the lost life endowing the artifact with miraculous properties no other force in the cosmos can replicate.

Without question, Ligier's nature and power set him above the other Unquestionables as a craftsman. However, if you would prefer to partake of another demon's specialties and nature this item can be repurchased and/or used to buy different anvils. Perhaps you would prefer the Keeper of the Forge of Night's own anvil to more intuitively work darkness and desire, or the gravitic forge of some soul of Isidoros to sacrifice nuance and beauty for sheer overwhelming resilience and destructive power.

Respite of Shadow (300 CP): This famous theatre and wine house, crafted by Erembour, has a many-tiered roof as glossy black as confectionary. It makes unexpected appearances in Hell when failed revolutionaries are about to give up on their ideals-swelling on the inside to easily accommodate entire mobs or armies. Even Hell's nobility are wary of attacking here, for it lays terrible curses on those that break the melancholic peace within. The powerful magics within and its mistress's pride provide draughts for almost any ill: Curatives for disease, soothing elixirs that erase madness and all manner of tasty salves for stranger forms of harm. There are minstrel-demons whose songs break curses, dancers whose displays can inspire the most burnt-out of creatives and even in other worlds new cures to harm seem to spring up spontaneously. The price of these cures is one's form becoming more ratlike, debased and cunning-though not necessarily any less beautiful, much like Erembour's own form.

For some reason, this place seems to have a special bond with you-showing up around any corner if you have need and desire of it. Perhaps it is a convincing replica, a gift, or both. It happens to be a source of gossip and intelligence both here and in future worlds, attracting all manner of powerful and influential individuals that seem to find a taboo thrill in conspiring here more than anywhere else.

The Cell of Self-Scrutiny (400 CP): There is a whispered rumour of a school that teaches the least of demons the power of sorcery and the truths of Hell's history. Though exaggerated, it is not *false*: The school lies within the body of Perelu, a Third Circle demon of Qaf who interrogates seekers of it in hidden form then guides them to an unassuming door that vanishes behind the seeker. Some find themselves alone for years or decades, where they starve or thirst, but never die. Others are confronted with visions of lost loves and old friends. The rarest are confronted by the Prophet of Distant Day, a reptilian ascetic that studied at the feet of the Unconquered Sun, who confronts others with their fears and flaws.

The only escape is transformation.

The reward is initiation into the high art of sorcery.

After this jump, Perelu will pass on the Cell to your ownership-perhaps to shed an attachment so he can further his own enlightenment. As its' new owner, you'll be able to set the criteria for welcoming others and conjure the black doors that let them into the Cell. There, others can undergo trials to unlock levels of sorcery, even should they be neither demon nor Exalt-accessing circles roughly in proportion to their overall power and enlightenment as compared

to demonkind. The trials remain harsh and outside your control, however; it is their severity that confers sorcery. However, those who unlock one circle may brave the trials again to unlock another.

Lake of Empty Reflection (400 CP): While not the much more famous quicksilver lake that has become a village to ascetics and rebels, this vast reservoir is no less potent. Derived from the roots of Szoreny, its quicksilver is particularly psychoactive, containing echoes and qualities from any exposed for it. There are many thaumaturgical rites to manipulate these properties, such as excising unwanted feelings or distilling a poisonous emetic. Some demons submerged in it even learn fine manipulation of the body and mind by manipulating their own humours, and turning the passions of victims against them. Even Third Circle Demons find uses for these waters, and doubtless they would be potent in works of magic involving the mind or reflection. What more properties it has are yours to discover.

After this jump, you may access the lake from a door in your Cosmic Warehouse made of unbreakable glass with a root-shaped handle. Or under any location in future settings, accessed through a brachiating, inverted silver taproot.

The Teind (400 CP): A dozen opalescent citadels rise gleaming from Malfeas' 33rd layer. These are the palaces of the Teind: A legion of Fair Folk beneath the barrier of Natarani Cleaves-the-Sky, who lost their way during the Great Contagion and settled in the Demo City. They are skilled in trade and warfare for the things of Hell in exchange for the things of the fay, stealing demon dreams with passion-morays and birthing more of their numbers from dream-rain. Alas Baribatos, a powerful Second Circle warrior-poet, began harvesting their numbers for increasingly niche uses. Somehow, you managed to intervene and dissuade the demon-making them grateful enough to swear loyalty to you.

Armed with chaos and clad in nightmares, the Raksha are no more alien than any demon but often flighty and passionate even by comparison-though their geas is their bond. With their workmanship cobweb cloth, silver flutes and gossamer blades can be yours if you only ask-and they also have a rich stock of distilled desires, demon liquors and mortal dreams traded from Hell. Doubtless, even other worlds the canny Raksha warrior-merchants will be able to find and refine more strange goods.

An Infernal Empire (400 CP): It was said that no Infernal has conquered as much of Hell as Octavian. Well, *stop those presses because you've proven them wrong*. You now rule a swathe of Hell every bit as great as the Quarter Prince's monumental empire, commanding hundreds of thousands, if not millions *at the minimum* of First Circle Demons in a society of your own design. But it need not perfectly emulate his. Instead of eleven central districts, it may have a more nomadic spread of settlements tethered to great Behemoths, sand-ships or some other means of mobility. Instead of the mighty Citadel Imperator, you might lair in a floating tower of hovering crystal or a levitating orb of Hell's acidic waters. And instead of the warlike demons of Hell being preeminent, you may have an empire comprised solely of firmin or dedicated to the efficacious dances of Hell rather than warfare. Whatever its' nature, this is a force fit to give Creation nightmares...if only it could in fact easily enter Creation.

As the Surrender Oaths do not apply to future worlds that the First Age Solars could not possibly have conceived of, you may of course conduct demonic invasions after this jump much more easily.

The Brass Seraph (600 CP): Long ago, three of the First Age's most brilliant minds forged a god-machine that ruled the skies with power and glory enough to shake the pillars of heaven. This is *not* that warstrider. No, this is its' greatest rival: The Brass Seraph (at least according to Ligier, this warstrider's creator).

If the Ascendant Nova Phoenix is the epitome of Solar elan and brilliance, the Brass Seraph represents the Green Sun's idea of supremacy in battle. Forged in brass and inscribed with prophecies of the Yozis' inevitable victory over bones of marble, it towers over even the Solars' work as a ninety foot tall monument to demonic glory. Batlike wings of Silent Wind-flayed leather unfurl from its' back, flecked with glass refined from Cecelyne's sands. A sphere emulating those of She Who Lives In Her Name's constellations lets the pilot control its' sudden bursts of acceleration with perfect stillness, while relaying complex telemetry and other data in hologlyphic displays within. To dwell within the Brass Seraph is to almost re-enter a Chrysalis Grotesque, bathing the pilot in the wildest dreams of the Yozis: Revenge, restoration, *reclamation*.

Such is their intensity that most pilots would be corrupted, entranced by the dreams of fallen titans. As an Infernal however, this is no more tainting to you than your own Exaltation.

The Brass Seraph is every bit the match of its' challenger in manoeuvrability and grace-diving, doing flyby strike, ascending and rushing with unspoken contempt for the weight and air friction limitations of lesser constructs. Outside of battle, it has a minimum speed of 500 miles per hour at any altitude, and as its pilot's Essence rises it may easily raise that to thousands of miles.

Where that foe's Evocations might bring flames in the wake of a dive, the Brass Seraph simply burns all it passes over with blight-spreading Hellfire. Where that showy rival might unleash a pillar of fire to rise ever more swiftly, the Brass Seraph simply transforms into green light to nigh-instantly flit across a battlefield. Where that worthy opponent might expand the defences of Solars to shield armies from harm, the Brass Seraph responds to incoming destruction with a supernova of hellfire that can clash against and overpower other attacks. Its Evocations conjure emerald solar flares that carve new valleys full of molten earth, leave afterimages that become ten thousand *thousand* brass spears fired with force great enough to match implosion blows, sear mountains translucent with its' gaze to see through them and sheds damage away in afterimages of scrap metal that leave it only more glorious. Its greatest powers manifest the eyes of Malfeas himself to cast down falling stars of Hell, sweep dozens of miles with waves of burning molten brass honed sharp enough to cleave silk, and transform to boast *even greater power* (that happens to be compatible with many Infernal combat Charms) in emulation of Ligier's own hidden Form of the Elder Sun. Though difficult to sustain without constant combat and bloodshed, the Brass Seraph's Ten Thousand Wing Mantle is a beautifully horrific interlocking set of ever-melting brass bones

that cage dying galaxies, with countless wings of hellfire beating behind it. In this state, it may set entire Directions aflame with its' wingclaps.

But Ligier's real point of pride is *unlike* that golden show-off the Brass Seraph requires neither maintenance nor First Age magitech. As a living being, it naturally sustains and repairs itself out of combat, respiring Essence like an Exalt to be fully operational in a few hours. Though the medical or arcane Charms of an Infernal could surely speed this process.

Debris of the First Age (600 CP): The Yozis, having led on some Infernals with promises of a First Age where they were rightly bowed to by all Creation, are only all too happy to lead them to *meagre caches* of that age of wonders' marvels. A certain Tomb of Dreams, where caches of ancient artifacts await your perusal. A more well-preserved twin of the Miracle Engine: A gemstone artificial mind dedicated to cataloguing and archiving the history of the world. And perhaps a dozen other such wondrous, often powerful things. Most are scattered in faraway locations, but helpful demons from all circles are all too happy to lend you their assistance in navigation and concealment to recover them. Where possible, *most* really did belong to your previous incarnation as a Solar.

Strangely, in future worlds, even without demonic assistance you'll receive detailed maps to similar caches of the First Age popping up in remote but never truly inaccessible regions of other settings. Perhaps Cecelyne and Cytherea found it amusing to pass on a strange kind of miracle to you, doubtless paid for by the whimsical adventures you'll undertake to retrieve the artifacts.

Dawn of a Coming Age (600 CP): A new celestial body rises high in Malfeas' skies. It may be a sun of a different shape to Ligier's-a chilling blue sun, a purple sun that radiates deathly power, even a low-hanging red sun that emanates dread. Its exact dimensions are strange, seemingly more bound to mythopoeia and abstraction than consistent measurements-though it always seems capable of exerting phenomena as dominant as the Green Sun's prideful glare or Ululaya's sanity-shattering red haze over distances as arbitrary as Malfeas' many layers. But it need not be a sun at all-it may be a moon, a monument to the Yozis' glory, a swirling constellation, an asteroid belt or even some incomprehensibly vast living creature. Whatever it is, it's *yours*, the externalised manifestation of your future power. With but an effort of will you can instantly appear within it, and it is to you as the sanctums of gods are to them: Well-stocked with all manner of divinely (if Hellish) sustenance, replete with artifacts representing your competencies and otherwise tailored to your desires. Most importantly, the celestial body amplifies your powers to exert force on a truly cosmological scale, just as Ligier shines on every layer of Malfeas or Ululaya spreads her bloodlust wherever she shines. And it shall only grow to reflect your glory in time. The Loom of Fate is anathema to demonkind due to their exclusion from it, and the sun is the domain of the...Sun, but perhaps in time you'll command a force more absolute than theirs.

In future worlds, this celestial body can either show up somewhere in what passes for the setting's skies or behind a door of your choice in your Cosmic Warehouse. Either way, it is as much a part of you as your Exaltation and you can always perceive clearly anything it affects.

A Failed Heaven (600 CP): And what of Zen-Mu, the world created by the Primordials long before Creation? Few wish to dwell on it, not even the Yozis themselves show much interest in rousing the great and terrible forces there. The most ancient legends of the titans speak of a world birthed from the whims of Primordials playing at worlds and kings, where they danced and sang and cast the swords of their enemies into Adrian.

And then, one day...they ceased. Not dying, never fading. But a chilling stagnation, a cosmological despair when the Primordials realised it would grow no further, would not heed their dance, and gave them no more joy. So they abandoned it.

Even the Yozi who carried this Blessed Isle-sized portion of that place far away on their journey never saw fit to utilise it until now, and so the demon who brought the silver sand-strewn rent in reality leading to it trembled in terror when you were named its warden. Not because of its' landscapes, for though they are alien to all the places of Creation they belong to a world long dead and abandoned. No, because of *that which lies within it*. Because Zen-Mu is no mere dead world, it is a *prison and lair*.

Some of Zen-Mu's very principles live as dormant god-monsters. Other things imprisoned here are formless and immaterial creatures that even the Exalted would struggle to truly slay; easier by far to nail them to the sky. The least among them could endanger even Solars of the First Age foolish enough to duel them alone. The greatest, given enough time to rampage, could tear the Loom of Fate asunder and erase Creation from memory. Wreathed in mists of prismatic silver, purple and blue, hidden behind towering geometric forms, where the ocean tides flow upwards and rain down in spiralling sky rivers, where mountain ranges slam into each other like jagged teeth, where cyclopean temples hold fields of grass as sharp as blades within their broken angles-

There are half-formed gods. There are sorceries with wills of their own, beyond control. There are impossible monsters that dwarf mountains. There are prisoners whose natures defy all explanation.

Why dare their presence? Because while the Yozis themselves are barred from doing so by the Surrender Oaths, much like the First Age warlock Feng Huang Morningstar (also named Dawnglory by some accounts), by their blessing you can beckon them forth and unleash them upon the world. Few such forces have anything approaching mortal reason, but an indiscriminate superweapon is still a superweapon.

But if you really are demented enough to utilise this primeval world of horrors, there is one more reason to master sorcery until you can issue truly binding commands to them. You see, as the case of Karvara demonstrates, even long dead and bereft of meaning, *Zen-Mu may still be able to grow by the carnage of some of its natives* should you be willing to ravage other worlds as substrate for it

In the Company of Monsters (Companions)

A Dance With Devils (50 CP): Largely ignorant of the grandiose nature of their powers, the 50 Infernals are largely moved to gratitude and sympathy by the Yozis' lavish displays. Most are occupied by their own idiosyncratic objectives, with little time to have a unique culture of their own. Perhaps you'd like to lay the groundwork for one? For 50 CP, you may import or recruit a custom Infernal companion who gains 800 CP and the item stipend unless they took Twice-Damned to spend on anything they want apart from more companions, except their Lunar mate if they wish. Try not to burn down Creation together, at least not all at once.

- A Covenant Sworn In Hell (100 CP): But perhaps you'd rather enjoy the *authentic* experience of being the Chosen of Hell? For this discounted price, you can instead import or create four Infernal companions at once, all of whom must have the other castes you didn't select. The oaths of camaraderie you swore to each other bind tightly, allowing them to share a single companion slot in a given jump if you wish. Whatever the temperaments, the lot of you work together as team with seamless cohesion and whatever abilities you obtain tend to naturally complement each other in your respective endeavours. Great things await you all, for they may take drawbacks to increase their CP stipend.

~~You hear a faint shuffle of character sheets far away from reality~~

Sacheverell's eyelids flicker.

This never happened.

Rambunctious Retainers (Free/50 CP): Hell has decided you deserve some hired help, bound to your service. For free, each purchase of this lets you take your pick of the mortal or near-mortal slaves available at any and all of Hell's slavers. For 50 CP, instead you can acquire the service of a loyal supernatural servant roughly as powerful as a young Terrestrial Exalted. Perhaps they are a treacherous god or elemental enchanted by Hell's promises of power, a Liminal beseeching aid against the mighty Deathknights or a winsome Dream-Souled.

A Diabolical Ally (50 CP): In admiration, obsession, yearning or even the vanishingly rare simple friendship, a demon of the Second Circle has come to consider you their sworn ally. Perhaps you sailed the high sands with Florivet and found each other delightful company, or impressed Zsofika on a hunt. Perhaps Nepenthesil, Eater of Imperfections, vowed to bring his bathhouse-self on your journey to devour impurities across the multiverse or perhaps Subacic, the Dread Embrace, hopes to share his twisted gift in honour of his ultimate progenitor mighty Isidoros who he cannot survive the presence of.

This option, which can be repurchased, can also be used to recruit other beings roughly on par with the Celestial Exalted of the Age of Sorrows. It could well be that an errant Solar has found more in common with you than their more idealistic peers, or even that one of the strange Umbral Exalted hopes to learn from your dissonant nature how to master their own shadow.

An Embassy to Creation (50 CP/Free): An Anathema, an Immaculate and an actual Chosen of Hell walk into a bar. Sounds like the start to a joke in poor taste, but stranger allegiances have been struck in Creation's history. Anyone willing to swear an oath of camaraderie with you as ironclad as any circle's may depart with you as a companion on your journey. If that alone is not enough, for 50 CP a meeting so fortuitous it is as if the Yozis themselves lightly strummed fate will be arranged between you and an entity from this world, making an excellent first impression.

Eclipsing Hell (Free/50 CP): Untouched by the Yozis' power, the Lunar Bond continues to endure. Infernals who encounter Lunars often experience a flash of recognition-one that usually brings unpleasant impressions to both parties. For free, you may know who your Lunar mate is and should they consent take them with you as a companion when they leave this world. Otherwise, there is little certainty about their goals, abilities and values

However, why settle for uncertainty? Though the bonds that Solars and Lunars swore between each other after much warring were made for necessity, for 50 CP your Lunar mate cherished theirs enough for it to drive them even in their current incarnation. Whoever they are, they are of a form, bearing and nature so appealing to you it is as if Luna herself blessed her to surpass Hell's own temptations with true affection or loyalty rather than performative genuflection. Even their powers are complimentary; should you be a mighty swordsman they may be a talented smith, possessed of forms and powers that can harry ranged attackers easily or a wily sorceress. Deeply loyal to you for reasons romantic, idealistic or otherwise, it is quite likely they can make eloquent arguments for why Hell may not necessarily have your best interests at heart. Or if you're truly certain it does, perhaps they're more than happy to fall there just to be with you as rival, lover or something more.

A Hellish Mentor (100 CP): Mighty and passion-driven as they are, it is seldom the Unquestionable can even conceive of having *peers* rather than rivals or subjects. But the advent of the Infernal Exalted changes much, and some see great promise in them. This perk, which can be repurchased, ensures one has taken a great interest in you-seeking to mentor you in their area of expertise, lavish you with their gifts and lend their distant assistance to your endeavours. Such patronage comes with the expectation that you'll further their goals in other ways of course, but the rewards are beyond most that mortals and even many Exalts can even conceive of. Perhaps in time, they'll come to see you as more than a student or champion. Or perhaps in their own eccentric way, they already do.

What you'll receive and the tasks you'll likely be given will vary greatly on an individual basis. Perhaps Leodegar, the Pillar That Heralds the Dawn, will grant you sacred spears of stone in exchange for promoting his Six Implacable Principles to reduce all things in submission to the Yozis. Perhaps Sancelline, the Music of the Spheres, will grant you peerless insight into both sorcery and the performing arts in return for enforcing what order remains to Hell (or opposing her rival and sometimes lover). Ligier, of course, would typically hold himself aloof from Hell's rivalries while doubtless entrusting you to promote his ascendancy over the rest of demonkind as a symbol of his glory (never mentioning that he thought the demon hosts mighty enough on their own when the Infernal Exaltation was proposed). And of

course, Ipithymia would be all too happy to mentor Infernals in commerce, fashion, manipulation and **lewder things**.

Basphomy in Verdigris (50 CP, free with A Covenant Sworn In Hell): As you showed up alone at the Infernal Althing one ordinary day in Hell, a curvaceously well-endowed woman visibly marked by Hell's touch burst into the room blurting something about being late.

Early in her long-forsaken life, Basphomy was victimised by both the Realm's occupying forces and the An-Teng underground resistance. Despite seeking to be a tool for neither, she ended up a catspaw for both, and eventually a disposable killer.

With the might of the Infernal Exaltation, she swears never to bow to anything or anyone ever again-treating the world as her oyster. Wearing only the finest of silks and the most beautiful jewellery when she deigns to clothe herself at all, she takes what she fancies and kills with poisonous green fire wreathing blades older than any standing nation in the world. She is both a preeminent duellist, favouring hellfire-wreathed spears that leave entire battlefields ruinously ablaze, and an exemplar of resilience with skin as strong as the finest armor-though she also dabbles in Cecelyne's mastery over travel and survival, and is well-versed in Metagaos' gifts of unarmed combat to open mouths on her flesh to savour delicacies-or gnaw through solid stone. It is rare she requires greater force at all-but when she does, her Devil-Body reshapes her into a lean and eyeless dragon. In this state, her sonic screams smash marble and explode flesh.

Where she was a disposable asset a mere two years ago, nowadays Basphomy enjoys lounging around on mounds of jade, silver and fine furs, as blood-apes fan her with peacock-feathers and other servants pour fine wine into her jewelled chalice. She lives driven by pleasure, appetite and the perfection of both, her Hell-given might even letting her perversely enjoy the impotent blows of her enemies in combat. Despite her ruthlessness and extravagance, in her own way Basphomy is as idealistic about her hedonistic freedom as the most virtuous Solar-just not fettered by conventional pioussness or justice. She avoids lies whenever possible, never breaks her word if sincerely given, cares for her pets dearly and is as fiercely, passionately, some might say obsessively loving to her few true peers as she is a nightmare for her enemies.

There is just one small problem.

She is an inexplicable 51st Infernal, and *neither Hell nor Creation has any record of her existence*.

Certainly, the Yozis haven't rejected her, though they regard her with wistful melancholy. Needless to say, she herself is angry and distressed about this, as well as profoundly grateful to you. For while the circumstances of her...*absence* are unclear even to her, she's certain that somehow your presence has anchored her back from some notional nonexistence. In her hazy memories, she remembers a slew of endless battles against Solars and other Exalted foes in a vast and empty white room.

It would certainly explain why despite her usual habits, she is a prodigious warrior even by Infernal standards.

Basphomy in Verdigris is of the Azimuth Caste with A Hero of Hell, The Tempest of Vanquished Titans (representing a unique paradigm where she can express the miracles of the Yozis without regard for which ability she uses. *Somehow*) and The Face of the Player Characters.

For 50 CP you run into each other as described above.

If you took A Covenant Sworn In Hell optionally she's free as long as she can fit in the team Azimuth slot. Apart from the gifts listed above, she can take drawbacks for CP and shares the usual item stipend.



The Conquered Sun (Free if you'll have him, **get this embarrassment out of our sight**): Ah. This is an...*indiscretion* that the Green Sun prefers not to draw much attention to, lest it mar his impeccable demeanour.

In a time long forgotten when Malfeas' imprisonment was still new and the demons' hate for the gods still fresh, Ligier built this clockwork parody of the Unconquered Sun out of tarnished Malfean gold, then endowed it with a living soul just to experience its' own suffering. Were he to stand, he would rise to a height of 30 yards. But brass chains hobble him at the ankles, wrists and throat. So he simply crawls across the Demon City, stained with unspeakable filth, and trailed by an endless parade of demons befouling him for sport. He serves Ligier in all things, and his last standing order was to destroy the Solar Exalted-which he will attempt with anguished shame.

...

This, Ligier has conceded after millennia of satisfaction with the beauty of his pain, is *not a good look* for him amongst Green Sun Princes that have *not* been forbidden to fraternise with their golden counterparts.

And so, Ligier has given the Conquered Sun a new standing order: To obey *you* in all things. As a magical automaton the Conquered Sun cannot heal naturally and requires the maintenance of a skilled craftsman well versed in his material; Ligier decided to clean him up, cleanse his soiled state and manually reconfigure his loyalties your way to present him as a proper gift.

He is barely aware of his surroundings, has two left feet and speaks both Old Realm and a dialect of the gods with slurring barely legible hesitance. But he is a skilled performer, has the presence of a hero legendary even in the First Age, is supremely talented at martial arts and warfare (all the better to mock his impotence at participating in either) and is incredibly durable.

So beaten down in life is he that despite those talents, he is slow and clumsy when entering battle.

None of this matters to him because between his great empathy, his shattered dignity, his ironclad resolution to endure his fate and his long-buried but present capacity for courage, the moment his nigh-unbreakable loyalty was transferred to you he collapsed in sobbing relief unless your goals involve specifically using him to hunt down and massacring the Solar Exalted.

The Shape of Things To Come (Drawbacks)

The Errata That Never Was (+ 0 CP): There is, frankly, more vagueness between how Exalted functions as a game and how it functions as a setting than in any previous edition. Mighty Third Circles who can raise arches towering over the stars themselves have many of their wondrous power strangely absent from their capabilities, leaving only their swordplay. Even many of the Exalted themselves seem strangely underwhelming for their alleged capabilities and accomplishments. And that's not even getting into how some Charms themselves have effects that require adjudication from an ST, are reset after a vaguely defined "scene", "session" or "story", or require such abstractions as XP, gold/silver/white points and Initiative to function.

This drawback lets you replace all that numinous, ecstatic game design with something sensible based on fanwanking responsibly.

Unending Agony (+ 0 CP): The Yozis have promised the Infernals long, millennia-spanning lives, filled with grandeur and opulence. Much as the Solars lived, it is likely the Infernals will count their lifespans between one to three millennia-though devising methods of immortality for beings of their power is well within reach. Though most of your peers focus more on their grudges than the future, you need not do so. You may extend your stay in this world for as long as you like.

Forsaken Oaths (+ 0 CP): Five days before your arrival, the God of Apocalypses looks at his report and weeps. He casts the files away to burn to cinders in the Firmament as a brief star. Not because he is disloyal, but because to speak of its' dread contents is to hasten the likelihood of its' fruition.

There is a subtle, profound truth in this world now. *The Yozis can escape*. Not easily. Not obviously. But there is no longer an ontologically assumed nomic failure to *all* their attempts.

Nothing has changed in Hell's history; those who labour for escape continue to labour, and those who sulk in their impotence remain downcast. Not all may even know or accept escape is possible. But perhaps She Who Lives In Her Name's long-spanning designs factor in Infernals more closely to her machinations. Perhaps Isidoros accelerates his escapades at the turning of an age. Perhaps the Ebon Dragon sets in motion complex plans (not necessarily involving the Realm). And perhaps, just perhaps, Cytherea guides her souls in geomantic projects and offers her siblings not a question but a statement: *There is a better way*.

Dig Two Graves (+100 CP): When the thrilling rush of vengeance fades, many Infernals are left unsatisfied, like only taking one hit of a narcotic. You are particularly sensitive to revenge withdrawal, aching harder for the next cathartic outburst of violence than your peers. Suspicion and indignation are your constant companions, and it's all the harder to let go of your grudges.

Exquisite Indulgence Obsession (+100 CP): The Yozis' temptations have worked a little *too* well on you, and you find yourself much keener to indulge in fine wine, beautiful slaves, lovely instruments and other material pleasures than do anything productive. It's difficult to

muster the emotional investment or focus needed to actually wage war unless you can take similar pleasure in it. This also risks impeding the full power of Charms from certain Yozis that exercise ascetism through their natures, not to mention alienating them and their subsouls.

Zealous Hellion Crusade (+100 CP): Alternatively, you can go the other direction and channel your covetous instinct into championing an absolutist vision of the world. Whether you decide all tyrants must be cast down, seek to claim the throne of the Realm or demand Creation comply with Hell's order, you have an uncompromising attitude that leaves little room for compromise or reconciliation with that which you perceive as an obstacle. While this does not technically impede your cunning, your zealotry makes the direct approach very appealing.

Obligatory Wyld Hunt Interruption (+100/+200/+300 CP): Sooner or later, almost every Exalt has to deal with the threat of a Wyld Hunt and it seems you'll have to do that shortly after entry. A group of Dragonblooded have decided you've got to go and are in the process of dealing out violent revenge. You may be surprised at the pricing of this. That is because in Exalted 3e, the concept of a Wyld is...*vibes-based*.

In 3e, the Wyld Hunt is not a discrete organisation made of six houses answering to the Mouth of Peace and the Committee on Matters of Venerly. It is not necessarily led by Exarchs, does not necessarily have standing cadres of 5-10 Dragonblooded, and is not always even targeting the Anathema in a systematic manner

Instead, **the 3e Wyld Hunt is more of a natural outgrowth of the Immaculate Philosophy.** Regarded as demon princes, society just tends to regard Solars as demonic aberrations to be shunned (and just happened to be right in your case), and has a natural tendency to implore noble shikari or Immaculate monks to save them. The following recompense is based on varying interpretations of what kind of Wyld Hunt you're facing.

For 100 CP, a local village is afraid of you and some bold, feckless young Terrestrial has rounded up their friends to go beat you up, hopefully impressing the local maidens and/or handsome young men. There are less than five of them. They are slightly drunk, have no real plan other than "find Anathema, attack Anathema" and know absolutely nothing about your capabilities. While spirited and determined they have no idea what to do, are poorly equipped, and no one with any real pull knows about their (in the loosest possible sense of the word) "mission".

For 200 CP, you face a more conventional Wyld Hunt. A Scale (25) of elite Terrestrials educated in matters such as Anathema magic and the tactics of spectral armies with a reasonably good idea of your location are in hot pursuit of you. Their armor and weapons are specifically reinforced to strike hard against Solar Anathema, countering their powers. If they are not graduates of Ledaal's military academy, they may be powerful sorcerers, have undergone experiments aiming to drastically amplify their Essence at the cost of greatly decreasing their lifespan and blood potency, or otherwise have unique and powerful abilities.

Finally, for 300 CP a Talon of the above (125) Dragonblooded soldiers are in hot pursuit of you. It is exceedingly rare to deploy this many for a lone Anathema, and various political actors have been moved to concern by this deployment. Expect espionage, the release of residual First Age superweapons, and pacts called in among gods and elementals in a concentrated attempt at your annihilation. If the leader of an entire House doesn't want you dead, whoever masterminded this must be equally influential. It's unlikely that more would be spared as the Realm tips towards civil war, but that this possibility arises at all puts you in grave danger should a Dragon or even Legion decide to avenge their comrades.

If you defeat the 300 CP version of the drawback, expect a steady stream of gifts and offers of alliance from the Silver Pact.

Twin Suns Dawning (+100/+200/+300): There are so few of your ilk that the most notable event of your society's history to date has been an agreement to cease hostilities, for the betterment of the young and comparatively small Infernal host. And yet, when so many powerful and turbulent people are gathered together, perhaps conflict is inevitable. You've wronged another Infernal, or perhaps they've wronged you. Did you slay their Lunar lover? Did they foil your scheme to invade the moon? One of you feels a great and terrible anger that little in this world has a hope of slaking. There will be bloodshed, before the gaze of the Yozis.

For 100 CP, your nemesis is but a fledgling among the heroes of Hell. Either freshly Exalted but ferociously talented, or having reached Essence 2 while remarkably unmotivated. In neither case have they unleashed their Devil-Body. While their repertoire is limited to their most focused field of expertise, do not underestimate even an Infernal sailor or bureaucrat.

For 200 CP, your nemesis is a prodigy at Essence 3 or a stagnant veteran at Essence 4. Warriors of this calibre may scatter or inexorably haul around battalions with waves of gravity in their wake, poison entire societies into iniquity with their words or even perfectly defend themselves with briefly invincible flesh or transmuting themselves to soul-sand. They also know well their Devil-Body, and have two others.

Finally, for 300 CP your nemesis is a master at Essence 5 and potentially has even reached the heights of Essence 6. If they are a general, they can spread their existence as one consciousness among their legions or trap foes in pocket dimension Hells within which they sculpt the terrain like clay. If they are a warrior, they might launch storms that rival Hegra's own from their arrows or crush mountainsides on a steed that briefly forms a crushing singularity. And if they are a sorcerer, they may bind the lords of Hell themselves in their vengeance against you.

The Cycle of Wickedness (200 CP): Fate seems to take personal umbrage whenever you indulge your Wicked Excess, consistently throwing back challenging consequences as a direct result of your selfish actions. Steal a crown from a king, and his rivals may choose that opportunity to lay siege to your usurped kingdom. Revel and make merry, and you may find unseen rivals trying to poison or assassinate you. Kill in hot rage, and you may find an Exalt

swearing revenge. You are strongly advised to exercise restraint, even though your Essence screams to do the opposite.

Damned Politics (+200/+400 CP): Typically Infernals enjoy a privileged position, in both the *bellas axiomata* and *caelestia*, being somewhere between champions and celebrities, but for a bit of compensation you can be placed in an actually problematic political situation where unwary moves can see you transformed into a living shadow, besieged by armies of demons or cast into the skies as a dying star to be an example, as well as the usual consequences of *realpolitik*.

For 200 CP, you are caught flat-footed between a struggle amongst a handful of demons of the Second Circle. Perhaps one that feted you has been gravely insulted by a remark, while another hopes to manipulate you into defeating him as a disposable catspaw-while a third escalates the ongoing conflict to claim territory of their own.

For 400 CP instead, you are on the backfoot in a conflict between a few Unquestionables. Perhaps Viorel, the Parasite Star, has leverage over you in the form of a key ally trapped and supped on, bidding you to slay his ally Leodegar while also having to deal with the coming vengeance of Ululaya's city-drowning tides and maddening revelries.

Another Inconvenient Day in Hell (+200 CP): Every now and then, an inexplicably vast and powerful beast breaks into or out of Hell and makes a mess of things before inevitably being subdued by the combined efforts of lesser demons or an annoyed Unquestionable just smiting the thing. This is so unremarkable it's basically a part of the local ecosystem. One has just showed up, and is mainly notable in its size. If it's not a mile-long centipede, it's some sort of fungal titan great enough to smash a city by walking through it. Unfortunately, it has an all-consuming yearning for the taste of you.

Fivescore Fellowship Fury (+200 CP): It must be said that while a theoretically high priority for the Sidereal Exaltation, in practice heavenly politics, organisational strife and the threat of Getimian invasion has prevented the Chosen of the Stars from doing much about the extremely junior and limited amount of Hell-tainted Exalts out there. A full Circle of Sidereals hopes to change this, viewing you as a calamitous threat to Fate. With different aptitudes corresponding to Journeys, Serenity, War, Secrets and Endings, they boast powerful martial arts as well as esoteric powers and the power to shift Fate through prophecy to compensate for their relative fragility as Celestial Exalts. As said before, some of their powers deal supernaturally puissant attacks against those outside Fate-like yourself.

Why doesn't this give you more CP? First of all, attempts at performing reconnaissance in *Malfeas* have been fruitless for the Sidereal Exalted just from sheer vastness and hostility. Secondly, there is just *so much* the Sidereals are concerned with that it's not impossible to either resolve things peacefully, through sincere commitment to Creation's defence or enlightened self-interest, or indefinitely delay the urgency of your defeat. Of course, Sidereals typically come with heavy biases against demons and many employ deception against would-be allies, but do not underestimate how open they are to compromises.

The Exigent Solution (+200 CP): Even in victory, Heaven remains wary enough of Hell to maintain an embassy where the most peaceable among the Unquestionable are welcomed as diplomats. But Heaven is far from a monolith, and not all are content with this state of affairs. By taking this, the down on his luck **God of Puppetry** will learn of the existence and nature of the Infernal Exalted-specifically, of you. In the hopes of instigating a conflict that will begin with certain Exalts hunting you down, be concluded with your death, and culminate in an accusation of treachery from Hell he hopes to take credit for thwarting to advance his own station. The Exalts he has recruited by hook or crook are all numbered among the Exigent Exalted: Those empowered with a portion of a non-Incarna god's nature and purview.

Outwardly beautiful, kind and generous, in truth the Tengese schemer **Pakpao** is driven solely to seek the power she never had as an impoverished immigrant. Though she bitterly detests her patron **Karana** for being selfish, corrupt, deceitful and generally everything Pakpao is but with more experience, the god views her ambition and thirst for power as ideal traits in his champion. Pakpao is the Exalted of **Puppets**, her anima allowing her to manipulate physical objects from afar as if suspended from puppet strings or enhance efforts at physical or social entanglement. She must make her own puppets, but once created she can suffuse them with enough strength to crush stone and metal, direct them into complex actions like crewing ships, or place a portion of her soul in one to make it an artifact that can awaken greater powers. Her power also manifests as strings of Essence she can use to lash and ensnare foes like artifact weapons, bind the shadows of foes to string them up from afar or even snatch a soul at the moment of death to trap it in one of her puppets. At the height of her power, she could animate entire armies of puppets that fight like elite soldiers or enhance puppets into wooden Behemoth-like giants that tower over castles as they rampage at her bidding. Naturally, her maelstroms of seven-colored light, unearthly passion-stoked singing and divine grace also make her a great speaker and performer among the Exalted.

Nuwa Lyre-Song is the **Sovereign** heir to the throne of Uluru: A nation that stands on the brink of the Wyld. Her mother was also the lover of Cantata-of-the-Depths, who to save their people sacrificed himself in an iridescent pool, which is all that remains of Aurora: The Hopebringer, the Lord of Delights, the Muse of Seven-Colored Flame and a dead Incarna. Saved from the brink of a fae assassination attempt by Karana, Nuwa seeks your life to fulfil a debt of honor. But with every step on her quest, the duty she owes to her nation weighs on her more and more. Her anima makes her glorious and enduring, able to blind others with blazing radiance and enhancing actions taken recklessly. She has a particular affinity for making jewel or fireglass-based artifacts, and can suffuse them with her spirit to sense through them, animate them into skillful automatons, project her glamour through them or erect walls and bridges of molten glass across much of a battlefield-and even suspended in thin air. She can shine radiantly to unveil immaterial spirits, vanquish most deleterious effects by crystalising them, and wreath allies in a barrier made of her own spiritual energy. At the height of her power, the terrible flames of her Exaltation become a white-hot aura that destroys and transmute to fireglass all that is near her-except loyal allies.

Big Ping was but the brawny son of a bricklayer until the City Father of Lookshy and Wun Ja, Goddess of the Shining Metropolis, chose him to be an **Architect**. Out of all the Exigents, he is the most nonplussed and naïve by his selection, not to mention the most concerned that his patrons have apparently traded him to Karana in order to fight some kind of demon lord. Hia anima lets him sense the direction and distance to the nearest city in 15 miles, manifest phantasmagorical visions/sounds/smells associated with Gem, and empower his own strength. His gifts of Dexterity let him remotely interpose objects between attacks targeting his allies, create whirlwinds of debris and negate environmental hazards by transmuting them into roads. At the height of his power, with great effort he could create a door that leads to any other door in existence. His gifts of Intelligence let him draw on the knowledge of cities, reposition house-sized structures at will once a day and emulate the Charms of spirits. His gifts of Strength let him conjure stone and asphalt as armor, cause structures to erupt into rubble that unerringly falls upon his foes, and absorb mundane weapons into his limbs to use them as extensions of himself. At the height of his power, he could draw on the blow of every blacksmith's hammer, every sword-arm and beast of burden, to gain such spiritual power that fighting him would be like fighting a monster that towers over houses. Many of these powers are more efficient or powerful when used in cities.

The Spoken has and needs no name, being a sorcerous recreation of a long-dead species called the Niobarans. It is an amphibious humanoid resembling a gilled cetacean with fluked tails and clawed but flipper-like limbs. Its race's patron the **Voice in the Trench** was once a coward among the Incarna that fled into the ocean and dwindled into little more than a demand for worship, dying when the Niobarans tricked their god into naming its Exalted. The Spoken inherits that long-dead power's legendary voice: Swaying minds, commanding terrors of the deep and raising up volcanos or other perils from the terrain. It will become larger, many-limbed and more monstrous as it ages. It can command the mind to sleep, call others from vast distances, sense surface thoughts or speak a true name to unravel even supernatural disguises. It is easily large enough to slap a warship in half. It is also arguably (Pakpao is stiff competition) the most disloyal member of the band, driven by little more than a bitter acceptance it is an artificial replica of those who were once ally and enemy to the First Age's Exalted before ultimately being annihilated by them, and has little faith in Karana's promises to protect it from its' wicked creators' curiosity. But it has no other allies in all of Creation.

Finally, **Strawmaiden Janest** is the band's nominal leader and easily the mightiest among them. Despite being chosen by a mere **field** god that died wielding the Flame of Exigence, this grimscythe-wielding, green-clad redhead almost approaches a Solar Exalt in power. Driven by compassion and wanderlust, Janest habitually wanders Creation righting wrongs and aids Karvara of her own volition after being told you were a dire threat to Creation. Her anima manifests the deadly artifact she wields, lets her teleport between fields (typically those within ten miles of each other) by sprouting a cocoon of roots and vines, and empowers her blows against those who threaten communities once a day. More than supernaturally mighty, Janest can inspire villagers to higher heights with her feats of strength and fights with uncanny grace using improvised weapons like wheelbarrows. She cuts through armies with

the ease of an army cutting through wheat, upends bedrock across the battlefield, can slash aside storms with her scythe and at the height of her power can transform into a jolly green giant towering over the trees with even greater might than her stature projects. But her talents stretch beyond battle: She can manifest greater blessings from simple community gratitude than even Solars can through prayer, intuit obscure information passed through a community, empower others into supernatural or even godlike guardians or conjure lush growth either to feed villages or ensnare enemies. Once in a very long while, Strawmaiden Janest can even perform the miracle of *resurrection* on herself-save against old age, where she is confined to an eternal sleep from which she is only awoken in times of great need for her community and descendants until their threat is resolved

Why isn't this worth more? Because the Exigent Exaltation no more enslaves the champions of these gods than the Infernal Exaltation does you. The Exigents have their orders but how much they know about the stakes may vary, none have formed a personal opinion of you beyond an ostensible opponent as described by their patron, and all are unused to working as a team. All of them are worldly enough not to trust the divine at face value but not truly set in their convictions. Though often a Green Sun Prince can make a disturbing first impression, a diplomatic solution isn't impossible. Especially not with those who hate their patrons.

Should you slay the Exigents, Karana will surely be an easy target in a head-on fight. Already drained by the downfall of his purview at Immaculate hands and the portion of his Essence invested into Pakpao, Karana is a shadow of his former glory. Far from seeking retribution, he hopes only to cut his losses and return to what's left of his career. On the other hand, should things end amicably between you and the Exigents, should they accept you may recruit them as companions.

Exacting vengeance on Karana, at this point, is an exercise in ingenuity as well as personal pleasure. Should you complete this as well as Fivescore Fellowship Fury above, expect a complimentary letter from someone named Rakan Thulio inviting you to collaborate in his base at Zen-Mu. Directions to Zen-Mu are not provided.

Heavenly Censure Protocol (+300 CP): So, a god wants to kill you. That alone isn't special, it's almost expected as a Chosen of Hell. No, you're an *overachiever* by taking this. You see, whether due to a longstanding grudge spanning incarnations, a display of Hellish power that savaged their domain, Fate revealing their imminent demise at your hands or just a really bad first impression, you've angered a *major* figure of authority in Heaven just short of the Incarnae themselves. If they're not a full-on department head, they're a particularly influential chair or hold a unique position as important as Commissioner of Lawful Justice-which gives Ak-Lanir significant authority over lion-dogs and celestial lions, Heaven's primary brute force enforcers in the Age of Sorrows. Between the political favours they're owed, the sway they have over Fate itself, and the subordinates beneath them, frankly whoever they are their personal power is the least of your concerns. Expect an entire concept as all-encompassing as Battles or Seasons or Mysteries to be made divinely hostile to you in Creation, and to be hounded by divine assailants ranging from surprisingly deadly tea goddesses to the Hidden Judges of the Secret Flame at the worst possible moments.

This drawback can be taken up to a maximum of **four** times to earn the wrath of multiple gods. If you destroy all your targets, somewhere the Maiden of Endings will regret a promise she made to Adorjan long ago as her laughter echoes at her.

INVINCIBLE PRINCESS PROCESSION (+600/+300 CP): There is normally a surprising degree of common ground between Solars and Infernals despite their opposed powers, both outcasts in a sense from Creation's societies and both striving to reclaim legacies of greatness long lost. However, nobody told this particular band of Limit Break-happy, self-righteously violent, ~~minmaxed to the point of cognitive dysfunction and disastrous personal lives~~ very talented young ladies, who have beneficial specialities and circumstantial advantages for all their interests. Each and every one believes that as a Creature of Darkness, you must be righteously smote for the good of Creation, to save it from certain doom.

Invincible Sword Princess is the foremost master of the blade! In the blink of an eye she can parry implosion bow shots or sweep away rains of arrows with her sword of sunlight *without using her perfect defence* while simultaneously raining down dozens of blows precise enough to give flies a shave to all nearby. For distant cowards, her Blazing Solar Bolt can be fuelled by her anima to strike just as precisely out to a mile. Almost as skilled at evasion, she can attune her perfect dodge to a single Charm and evade flawlessly over the course of a battle, as well evade with such skill she retroactively dodges a wound on her with a moment of meditation. She is also a master of the Single Point Shining Into The Void Style, a martial art that trains blindingly fast single strokes even by the standards of the Exalted. Her pinnacle move with this style is a single strike that splits the air like a thunderstrike, bringing down overwhelming pressure that is undodgeable, unblockable, and has almost no conventional defence. Finally, her training in durability gives her divine vitality, functional immunity to poison and disease should she have any motes to spend, and a series of Charms that make her flesh and bone harden like iron-or with true effort, *unbreakable adamant*. Even without using that perfect defence, she knows another technique that utterly *neuters* blows as great as Single Point's pinnacle. She knows little outside the sword, and aspires for little but to continue mastering it.

Invincible Song Princess knows that the true power to win hearts and minds lies not in rhetoric or artful banter, but in *playing the bongos*. She can treat all forms of performance as one with her prodigious talent, reweave memories with her performances, inspire overwhelming lust in the most chaste of monks with her dancing and let fly the legendary Demon-Wracking Shout. None of this truly matters because she knows Respect-Commanding Attitude, which forces all who hear her performances to sit down and respectfully listen to her entire performance, as she lets fly with soul-searing visions of heavenly perfection by slapping the bongos really well. To perform continuously, she can toughen her skin like iron and even be empowered by the harm she resists. She is also swift enough to move instantly across a mile, always be faster than someone she's charging so long as she's relatively nearby unless imposed by similarly absolute bursts of speed, and with concentration can jump over entire mountain ranges in minutes. *None may escape the Solar bongos*. She truly believes the world can be united under her with bongos, disdaining distractions like common sense.

Invincible Scholar Princess knows of the power ancient Solar sages had to simply predict disasters into being, focusing their sage intellects with such alacrity the universe itself complied to manifest the calamity they predicted. *This power is well within her grasp.* Her lesser powers of scholastics let her make nigh-infallible predictions of the future, restore the essence of allies with bolts of power or siphon those of foes, or instantly awaken the Evocations of artifacts. She wields six specific Craft Charms and Words-as-Workshop Method (which supplies her the tools needed for any crafting endeavour, including *artifact tools* with active Evocations of her choice). This lets her build artifacts and raise manses with her bare hands and possibly feet. In a backyard. And yet, none of these are her true power. *That* is the fact that through an obscure synergy between her Craft and Lore Charms, by doing relatively trivial things while tinkering with her artifacts, she can vastly accelerate her learning of all Solar Charms. *Be afraid.* So rapt is she with her masterworks and manipulation of Essence that for all her knowledge, she has scarcely invested in ways to defend herself, and has been just kind of carelessly making and forgetting about miniature Realm Defence Grids or magical bamboo-made missiles loaded with Soulbreaker Orbs she leaves in other people's backyards instead of preparing for this assault specifically.

Invincible Stealth Princess knows that there is no defence against a sufficiently well-planned ambush. Such is her mastery of stealth that she can flash across long distances through shadows, or recall herself to one chosen by her. She can even hide inside someone's *soul* and force them to kill themselves, enforce perfect silence on her movement and conceal herself in the smallest shadow. Five Investigation Charms learned offhandedly also let her essentially reconstruct detailed documents from burnt ash, and Fate-Shifting Solar Arete lets her bend Fate in her favour on almost any endeavour. She's so good at hiding that *her Circlemates don't even know she exists*, for one of her Charms obscures her identity from living memory, even though it alone does not prevent her from being perceived. When she requires greater speed, she produces a horse from the Essence of the world itself that can flash across a mile in an instant and run on thin air. It would be her only friend if it was sentient. It's not, so she is very lonely.

And finally, **Invincible Socialite Princess** is perhaps the deadliest of them all. For as an obsessively social butterfly, she has rediscovered the persona Charms of the First Age which allow her to create alternative identities with radically different charmsets. To repeat: *She can give herself many of the Charms Scholar Princess might learn permanently one day in an instant.* She might become a bewitching sorceress because she thinks she is one, a cocky brawler with flesh as hard as orichalcum who can leap to an airship and suplex it hard enough to explode for the fun of it, or an orator who can intimidate automata and hypnotise others with her voice if argued at really hard. The price of all this is a worrying lack of self for a being so powerful, and accruing so much Limit she is noticeably unhinged even compared to the others. Apart from her usual skills like reading others' intentions like a book or rendering conversation partners comatose, she knows a simple Survival Charm that lets her catch a large fish, kill a game animal, trap a large bird or find a fruit-bearing tree even on Oblivion's shores. *And* has honed her penmanship so well she can use a bizarre Charm to shatter the souls of those with abstruse or nonexistent Intimacies.

Little does she know that she herself is a valid target for it.

Exalted merely a year ago and focused obsessively on training until recently, these prodigious talents have progressed faster and raised their Essence higher than most Exalts their senior. Your best advantage against them is that as a result they are all dysfunctional, horribly broken people in their own special ways. Your second best advantage is they have relatively little experience fighting *immaterial* spirits (mainly due to sheer efficiency), though a few have that capacity.

The situation doesn't have to be so dire as it is above. For 300 CP instead of the default 600 CP, the self-declared Princesses of Power don't deem *you* specifically the greatest threat to Creaiton. It's just that Fate has a bad tendency to get you involved in the latest calamity started or being solved (often destructively) by them, whether you end up caught in a riot caused by Invincible Stealth Princess murdering every sorcerer-tyrant for miles or between a Rain of Doom and a rampaging Warstrider that Invincible Scholar Princess released out of boredom. If you keep running into each other, it may even be possible to reason with them and slowly, patiently teach them some measure of restraint, seeing how few can even survive their misadventures. Should you somehow befriend these almighty, borderline solipsistic lunatics, you may take them as companions. *This may not be as easy as it sounds.*

Traitorous Gasp of Dead Gods (+300/+600 CP): Hell and death make natural allies, both being opposed to Creation's continued state of being, though inert as they are such a compact is predicated on the tacit truce between the Deathlords and the Yozis directly. Now, two of them joined forces to set in motion grand and terrible plans with you at their epicentre-not *necessarily* threatening Hell, but spelling annihilation or worse for you specifically. Perhaps the Eye and Seven Despairs hopes to expand his plans to take control of the Neverborn through sorcery and artifice to the Yozis by vivisecting your Exaltation, in collusion with the Bishop of the Chalcedony Thurible. Perhaps the Lover believes you will make the perfect player in a grand tragedy that will annihilate vast swathes of love from Creation, bringing her ally the Walker in Darkness to recruit for her armies. And perhaps the First and Forsaken Lion along with his ally the Heron have been given a prophecy by a certain green lady that only a key carved from your spine will free them from their humiliations. Regardless of which Deathlord sets out to make war against you-you face a foe who rivals the most experienced of Chosen, has an undead army championed by their Abyssal Exalted (who mercifully, despite being champions of death's inexorable grasp have actual lives and other priorities than pure conflict resolution and are therefore somehow far more sane and less monomaniacally optimised for battle than the Solars listed above), potential access to the darkest forms of necromancy, and *cannot die* to the Solars' spirit-killing Charms.

Though there are **consequences** to cheating death in their manner dire enough that the Deathlords would be extremely cautious about it, not wanting to be reduced to the wretched husk that is the Dowager.

In this iteration of Exalted, the Deathlords most certainly do *not* have every Abyssal and Solar Charm in existence. They are mere shadows of their living glory, wielding Charms embodying their ideals, affinity for death and legendary life to varying degrees. Some, but

not all, have plumbed the terrifying Void Circle of Necromancy that can flood the battlefield with the waters of the Underworld, summon then bind undying monstrosities that can devastate cities to their will, and curse miles with intense black frost snuffs out all mundane flame and passion while permanently slaying fire-based supernatural beings or a dolorous mist that metaphysically enforces the themes of death, the Underworld and the Neverborn as interpreted by the Deathlords. Only the Bishop is known to have invented a Sidereal Martial Art. At the time of writing, only the Lover's Essence pool (140 motes) even exceeds or matches the average Third Circle Demon, though the Lion comes close (120 motes).

Many seem to have mastered something called a Demiurgic Art: A sort of supernatural trump card bound to the Deathlord's very being. For example, the First and Forsaken Lion hoards a memory of impossible death stolen from the Neverborn's own nightmares. Should he take grievous damage in battle, he may willingly rupture his armor to release a maelstrom of deathly energy that scourges his foes, empowers him greatly in battle, siphons their will to him and lets him recover Essence faster. The Lover Clad in the Rainment of Tears (who surpasses him in power) can tear out her ghostly heart if grievously wounded OR her hatred of love as a concept is meaningfully challenged. This unleashes a terrible storm of ice, shadow and black lightning with a radius of nine miles that empowers all necromantic arts-but hers most of all. Love drowns in this storm, and the utterly loveless are slaved to her will. Notably, the Lover's Demiurgic Art wracks her with pain afterwards and is disabled until she acquires a suitable new heart after months or years, and it is unclear if the Lion can restore his own Demiurgic Art at all. And while many of the Deathlords' powers are writ large in the capabilities of their Abyssals, in *no* way do they hold any leverage over them beyond the authority of a liege, the respect of a mentor and the patronage of a benefactor. Few of their deathknights are blindly loyal beyond all reason-though many have been won over through privilege, riches, religious awe or ideology. And each Deathlord's allocation of the 100 Abyssal Exaltations may vary. Notably the Black Heron, despite her fearsome personal prowess as an assassin, has so few she goes out of her way to dote on her limited supply of champions.

Thus, facing all of the above is only worth 300 CP. If you want a *real* challenge, for 600 CP each Deathlord united against you has also mustered a deathly calamity rivalling a Third Circle Demon in their campaign against you in addition to their usual repertoire. Perhaps the Mask of Winters has found a second city-destroying undead Behemoth alongside his steed Juggernaut. Perhaps the Dowager has conjured a sentient storm of Oblivion, or the Eye has animated Primordial organs and necrotech into a shambling tank that blasts mountains with gouts of pyreflame. Whatever the nature of each Deathlord's pet superweapon, it is big. It scourges Creation to shadowlands merely by its' passing. And mercifully, like many of the undead, it is slow and clumsy.

Vengeful Iron and Gold Suffers No Heretics To Live (+300 CP): How ironic. This time, the force hunting you is not born of malice, but loyalty. A long time ago, your previous incarnation as a Solar saw the perfidy of the First Age's final days and swore a blood oath with a Twilight that considered you their brother: *Death before dishonour*. They forged a wondrous Warstrider easily the equal of the Ascendant Nova Phoenix, wrought an artificial intelligence for it programmed to love only justice and war, then commanded it to kill you both should you ever become as depraved as your peers.

That Twilight died in great mirth and peace of mind, willingly walking to their Dragonblooded executioner's blade. Their sixty-foot tall white-gold creation was lost to time, but upon your Exaltation its oath-tracking sensors have calculated your soul is now stained by all the shades of Hell. Now it moves to pass what it sees as a deserved judgement that will bring both of you peace in the Lethe. It can fly swifter than light over vast distances, "merely" fast enough to cross battlefields in eyeblinks over short distances and is more agile in the air than birds far smaller than itself-though for prolonged fighting on the ground, it is reduced to speeds rivalling the most warlike Exalted's baselines. Its ranged weapons systems are particularly suited for carpet-bombing targets with holy flame and using light to dispel illusion, banish impurity or disrupt sorcery. As for its' other weapons systems, suffice to say they resemble those of Solars writ large. If it does not boast a gaze hot enough to melt a hole through a mountain range, or wingbeats that can scatter armies and topple castles, or a series of lightspeed blows that can strike down all foes with divine speed, it may emulate more unique Solar powers-such as songs that shatter souls, a barrier of golden energy that incinerates most projectiles while greatly rebuffing both sorcery as well as mundane force, a surge of Essence that expands its fighting capabilities greatly or a preprogrammed prophecy that calls down a falling star upon you. Above all else, it was designed to smite and purify the Creatures of Darkness your lost friend believed you would become once lost to your vices.

It has two weaknesses. The first is that though the solar microcosm fuelling it from within means it never requires maintenance, almost none in the Age of Sorrows can begin to know how to repair any damage inflicted on its shining hull. It is swift, mighty and made for war-but the self-repair protocol built into it heals only as well as one of the Exalted. The second is that its' artificial mind is as devoted to its' ideology as any true zealot. Its' prayer-etched consciousness is greatly resistant to all mundane and supernatural interference, but if you cannot defeat it in battle, then an act of true selflessness or sacrifice in defence of Creation will convince it that you cannot be judged on the shade of your Essence alone. This in turn will drive the war machine to shut itself down and overheat its core into molten slag, its' purpose complete. Or perhaps, the darkest of Infernal magic could fool even its' all-piercing gaze into seeing you as such a righteous figure.

Should you defeat it, you will find a stele of unbreakable adamant with a farewell message written in Old Realm upon it. Translated, it is a fond farewell from your lost friend, earnestly wishing that the two of you reunite in another life-whether or not this radiant avenger's judgement ever comes to pass, and whether or not you have the strength to overcome it.

Scenario: HELL IS OTHER

EXALTS

(Requires Forsaken Oaths)

This event can start any time during your stay, as long as it's during an Allthing Infernal.

There is a mystery at the heart of Exaltation that even its' creators (the Incarnae Gods and Elemental Dragons, who were merely advised by Autochthon, the Great Maker, who betrayed his sibling Primordials for their mistreatment) do not fully comprehend. To create a miracle that can challenge and surpass infinity, profound sacrifice is required.

It is why even with the numinous Flame of Exigence, gods who select Exigents are diminished. Sometimes greatly, sometimes permanently, sometimes subtly and sometimes lethally.

It is why Nebiru, *if he exists*, died escaping his bonds to in a sense *become* his Exaltation.

It is why upon creating the Getimian Exalted, manifesting mortal heroes that lived lives that never were, Oramus and The Lidless Eye Who Sees were weakened enough for the Exalted host to more easily fell them.

And it is why when Autochthon told She Who Lives In Her Name of this *Law of Diminishment*, the Yozis recoiled in horror. Understanding at last the maladies that diminished their siblings, they embarked on less intimate, more cunning, efforts to gain the advantage.

The pacts that the Yozis made with the Deathlords are no lies, and should their Infernals live they intend to honour the terms of their choosing. *But that is not all*. Intertwined with the divine and blasphemous powers of their Chosen, the Yozis have discovered a miracle that lets them return to health and power as the Infernals mastery their gifts, raise their Essence and conquer the world. For the Solar Exaltation is as limitless and eternal as the Law of Diminishment is harsh, and now it is married to the Essence of Hell. Thus nourished by every prayer, every meal, every moment of bonhomie and triumph, the Yozis lurch innocuously about Hell like immense symbiotes disguised as continents. Clutching tight the power to thwart the Law of Diminishment.

And then, they will set in motion the second phase of their plan: The creation of a new wave of Infernal Exalted **even greater than the first**. Who **merely by existing** will bring about a great Reclamation, with the Infernal Exaltations functionally used as an artificial soul incorporated into the soul networks of the Yozis. They hope to ameliorate the influence of Exalt upon patron and the influence of patron upon Exalt; theirs will be the hands that mend the cracks in their soul, not their slayers and weapons.

ACT 1

This is the first phase of the ultimate blasphemy that the Yozis perform: There will be a grand celebration in Hell, lit with exploding stars as fireworks and the most luscious demons of every breed forming long parades on an entire layer. Sumptuous delicacies from multiple realms of existence will be served. Gifts and tributes to both the almighty Unquestionable and the Infernals themselves put on display. While the Yozis cannot speak as such, their landscapes will churn and their intensifying omens will proclaim without words: *Well done, our good and faithful champions. Come and share in your benefactors' happiness.*

At the heart of the festivities, the fetich heart-souls of the Yozis will proclaim joyous news on their behalf. "We ask not for your aid, only that you bear witness" noble Ligier might say, "as the Architects of Creation prepare to unlock their prison. Events have been set in motion that will shake Hell to its' foundations, giving way to egress into Creation. We do not even ask that you compromise your own passions and wants for ours! Only not to interfere with our subjects and supplicants as they make ready the way. But" he might add, flame flickering mischievously in one eye, "it should go without saying that we *will* remember and reward well those who aided us in our time of need. All shall feast at the King's table, but for those who would dare earn greater prestige, commune with our overselves in the usual manner to know what service may be required"

And as Hell fills with the incense of shattered stars, the Yozis draw closer to their Infernals without letting them know, their sorcery both disguised and embodied by the revels. What the Infernals feel, they feel. What they learn, the Yozis partake of. When the Infernals strike down their foes, the Yozis experience it as their own triumph. When the Infernals defile Creation with their dread miracles, the Yozis take revenge with their own hands.

For now, the Infernals *are* their hands in every way that matters to them.

And now, they cannot betray the Yozis without betraying their own hearts.

This is the first step of the Yozis' ultimate revenge: Having fed their Infernals' vices, they seek now fill them with dreams of glory, standing triumphant Creation as it's eternal masters. Thus shall the Yozis reclaim the world of their making, through hands they wear as gloves.

ACT 2

The second phase of that revenge involves a series of missions to remake Creation into their image. This is nothing so crude as alloying the Essence of Creation with that of Hell; mere demons could have done that long ago. Rather, the Yozis seek to enact changes that are as much sorcery and science as mystery play, to sear their very *principles* into existence much as dread Sacheverell would hold all causality in his gaze if he woke.

(It is possible with great power and determination to thwart this phase of the plan on yourself with your Infernal miracles; though it may irk or concern a few Yozis, unless a significant number of Infernals rebuff their "blessing" most are not concerned by a lesser anomaly)

It is during this phase the entire plan goes awry.

Not because it is ill-planned; cults are mobilised, compromised warlocks are endowed with missions swiftly and outside forces are recruited smoothly. Because it is going *too* well, and in their debased state the Yozis cannot stand much harmony with each other at the best of times. Malfeas heads by far the most stable bloc with Cecelyne and She Who Lives In Her Name siding with him just to shore up their authority and Kimberly haughtily declaring herself his *ally*, though even they warily watch for opportunity. Szoreny and Isidoros engage in what lesser beings cannot determine is either a fierce rivalry or brotherly camaraderie; to them it is both. Metagaos is shunned more than usual as he eagerly snaps and spread in all directions. Qaf maintains his distance but pilgrims on his slopes see clearer omens and receive more direct instructions from his souls. The Ebon Dragon, provoked and somewhat subdued by his peers' wilful hope, makes many promises to many parties and looks forward to seeing them all fall through. And Cytherea flies more freely throughout Hell than she has in eons.

Here is the truth: *No Yozi will succeed without Infernal intervention*, the bindings of their prison having long accounted for their sundered natures clashing against one another and even themselves.

It falls then to *you* and your Infernal peers to see which of the Yozis' designs most encompass Hell, as between their demons' binding and the discordances of the Yozis, Infernals are now the most direct way for the Yozis to actually realise their wishful designs upon Creation. To remain a detached outsider simply trying to find out what is even going on is the safest option, to take sides provokes both opportunity and risk from the soul-pantheons of rival Yozis doing everything from filibustering you with accusations of interference to "accidental" sabotage to directly challenging you to duels.

Bound by mysterious celestial cycles, the entire process will end in a total of five Calibrations. Until then, influencing or cowing your peers to support your candidate(s) may be the critical edge for victory they are otherwise unable to admit they need.

The following is not an exclusive nor mandatory set of scenarios, but a series of examples about how the complexity of Yozi nature and their soul-pantheons' own vested interests may influence their choice of escape. You may help or hinder multiple Yozis as you see fit as long as you accept the consequences of reprisal. Some, but not all Yozis' nature may be compatible enough to share a complimentary escape:

Malfeas: Finally free to vent some of the aggression he withholds to allow for the prosperity of his Chosen, what goals can be gleaned from Malfeas' omen-outbursts are direct and destructive. In holocausts of howling green fire, he shows the entire Realm obliterated by a falling star. He shows you Ysyr's magocracy eaten alive by demons liberated from their bonds, Chiaroscuro obliterated by a hellfire wave motion cannon, the Dreaming Sea's waters transmuted to caustic steam, Amaryllis drowned in molten brass to erase the stain of the Wyld-

One gets the idea.

Approaching his subsouls directly does wonders for getting a coherent idea of what would actually be helpful. Suntarankal could give you the names of demons or warlocks and places to marshal their numbers in order to destroy those who could pose a great risk to his plans. Amalion is well-versed in Creation's geomancy, and while sadly declaring their poisoning a necessity offers assistance in raising artful manses that soothe and empower those willing to declare their loyalty to the Yozi King-winnowing loyal subjects from the rabble. Ipithymia could speak in detail about the finances of the Realm as well as occult trades from numerous sorcerers over the years, suggesting ways to break Creation that tithe back rich gains. Ligier, of course, could give the most comprehensible overview of the situation, and further clarifies that even if as the Essence of Hell saturates Creation, Malfeas squints through vitriol-aspected manses or repaves cities in his brass, destruction is but a means to an end.

That end being for all that lives on Creation to abandon it for Hell.

Summoned in all their pomp and circumstance, Malfeas' souls will declare themselves guides and saviours, culling the treacherous weak but guiding the loyal strong to secrets paths into Cecelyne's wastes, and thus into Hell. There, they will judge who is fit to earn the privilege of Citizen, the honour to serve, or the shackles of slavery. The gods will starve for prayer even as they're cut down on sight should they dare leave their palaces, the elementals will rebel, and the dead will seize their opportunity to strike down the living. No matter. Though he exists at full volume, Malfeas is a universal overlord who understands the cold equation of choosing survival over tradition.

Then, when constant firestorms sweep over Creation and Green Sun Wasting spreads as far as the Great Contagion once did, when it's peoples huddle in Malfeas hoping for his nonexistent mercy, he will be king over them once more. A king of those as maimed and humiliated as himself.

Szoreny: Szoreny has no plan. He does, however, have many schemes. He would like you to plant his silver forests in the Wyld, use your gift of shaping it to create a lush paradise bordering all of Creation; unlike Malfeas he truly wishes others to come to him without the farce of coercion before reflecting them beyond recognition. He would like you to forge a great mirror that projects a reflection of Creation in the sky, through which his root-forests will grow and tangle around Fate itself until his escape is a constant in the Loom's weave. He would like you to speak on his behalf to Heaven about the other Yozis' uncouth thrashing-then implore Heaven to spare a thought for their diligent snitch.

Even his fetich Kagami cannot say which of these plans he would implement. The souls of Szoreny all have their inscrutable purposes; one might ask you to curse a whole warehouse of mirrors, another drive a certain prince to madness. If one's plan is plain to understand, it is a sign the others are winning.

Szoreny does not commit himself to any one of those schemes, and in his patience and aggressive mimicry runs countless simulations before deciding on one.

The only constant in his machinations is that at every turn, he hopes to enter Creation with his brother Isidoros at his side. Sending mysteriously sorcerous aid to the Black Boar here, trying to advise his souls there.

Elloge and Oramus: The Sphere of Speech and the Dragon Beyond the World are less concerned with having coherent escape plans and more about making a *point*. In her wounding, Elloge finds greater pleasure in the dramas sweeping Creation than the prospect of her own escape. In his binding, Oramus knows that even if he were to escape in Creation he would remain stuck in his wings, a laughable mockery of his former self. Both seek a more metaphorical sort of escape: Through inspiration.

Both Yozi's souls will call on you to distribute plays, paintings, sculpture, sorcerous workings and stranger things across Creation, hoping to capture the imagination of Creation even in a time so dire. The dreams of Creation's children will fill with impossible vision of sevenfold things, and the musings of an age grander than any accurately recorded. As their creative frenzy escalates, your sanity may be more at risk than assisting any other Yozi as their emanations bid you handle the brightness of shadow with care, or paint multidimensional glyphs that replay the viewer's most dramatic potential death.

Oramus would even court *death* with his impossible imaginings, hoping to soothe the Neverborn by sharing his nightmares with them and thus offer a measure of respite from their own torment. And perhaps, flattering more artistically inclined Deathlords such as the Heron with a painting-world where they have never known defeat. Whereas Elloge would view her tales spreading throughout the Wyld as surely as Balor's legend as a victory. Perhaps Ketu the Dreamer could be won over were his Exalted to be turned to Elloge's cause and make of her the change he seeks.

Then, when all Creation drowns in the dreams of things unimaginable, Elloge and Oramus will enjoy the only true freedom left to them: Freedom to wonder out of their own maddened psyches into those of all that lives.

Perhaps then, they will contest each other for dominance over dreams and nightmares.

Or perhaps they will mate.

Qaf: If the Heaven-Violating Spear were to achieve *escape*, it would most certainly not be by rampaging out of Hell like some uncouth beast. No, Qaf asks as much of himself as he asks of any being: Perfection. He has set his sights higher. He wish to convert *the gods* themselves to believe in his callous yet equitable ascetism, and supplant Yu-Shan's stagnant career-chasing with his monomaniacal self-absorption.

It would take an incredibly disciplined sage or an exceedingly capable diplomat to do as Qaf dreams of, and debate the gods into allowing his warlocks to perform sorceries that would melt the excesses of Heaven to bitter vinegar and pave it's slopes to resemble Qaf's, chipping away at what he sees as a mistake until only the upward climb remains. But Qaf welcomes all aspirants, and the merely strong may quarry rock to carve strange sutras into, then leave it at strategic points in Creation. The martially inclined would greatly earn his favour by inventing

a Sidereal Martial Art properly representing him-intrigued by the potential of Obsidian Shards of Infinity Style's greatest blow. One by one, those who internalise those koans will find themselves without need for sustenance, breath, pleasure and eventually *mortality*. Qaf would make all of Creation's peoples something less than demon but more than god and most of all true believers in his wisdom, then see them storm through the Calibration gates as warrior-sages. Let the Unconquered Sun invalidate his own beliefs by striking down the very people he sought to uplift, he thinks.

When the gods are all cowed or broken upon a Yu-Shan remade in his image. When his followers practice Fate-shaping katas that propagate his righteousness. Then, Qaf will at last surmount the perfection he cannot touch by making Yu-Shan that city. His followers will be perfect, and in their perfection they will be one with Qaf, and in that oneness he shall see the end of his inward pilgrimage because it is self-evident and independent of all exigencies.

And when he is done contemplating his own greatness, perhaps Qaf will deign to create more of that perfection, as he did in times past.

Sacheverell: Is still asleep, though he has been shifting more than usual, and other demons are frantically trying to keep him asleep until the transition is over and something more can be done for him. If you are a renowned artificer, some demons may try to commission from you a pillow fit to grant a titan deepest slumber in exchange for riches as great as a First Age reality-shaping wonder or their own hand in marriage.

Kimbery: It is not about *pollution*, her souls will impress upon you. Kimberly is *restoring* the natural order, marching against the flame of progress with the sea of potentiality. You will be called to fly ships bearing toxins that seed clouds of acid rain (some coordination with Hegra's own plans to get Creation's gods addicted to her drugs would be helpful). You will build sorcerous towers that spray geysers of acid, then tell the locals they're welcome for the countermeasure of Metagaos' continent-eating flowers spreading over their ancestral hunting grounds. You will conduct rites that taint Creation's waters until they grow luminous, dangerous and full of unseen danger. You will avoid falling into debt with Cecelyne as her sorcerers conjure her sands over Creation and disgruntled bureaucrats propagate laws favouring both her rule and that of the Yozi King, but impress upon them any that turn to them as a result are a generous gift from Kimberly. You will oversee the birth and crafting of amphibious Behemoths that will carve new wallows in Creation that the Demon Sea's tributaries may flow through, and you will prevent She Who Lives In Her Name's sorcerous acolytes from sterilising their feckless wallowing.

Moreso than any Yozi save perhaps the Ebon Dragon, Kimberly's efforts are likely to be hampered by infighting. Her souls quarrel over her favour, and with her escape presumed so near may fiercely criticise one another's approach to accomplishing it. They would *never* criticise the Great Mother, but an errant child must be rebuked. It riles some of them that as an Infernal, you are closer to Kimberly in some ways than they.

Kimbery pays close attention to the actions of her fellow Yozis, undermining or aiding them as suits her fancy-sometimes even to the detriment of her nominal goals. In her wildest fantasies, she sees Creation scoured raw as a babe, awaiting her patient mothering to grow vaster and wilder than it ever could in careless Gaia's absence.

As for the Lintha? In truth, Kimbery cares little for them save that they continue to show her proper devotion. Her favoured child Dukantha is more than capable of passing on what wishes she has for those mongrels.

Isidoros: The Black Boar has tested the limits of his prison many times over the eons, and found them utterly impregnable. He has munched on the Infernal Exaltations and considered a world where he gave more of himself to them than was wise, before dismissing that demise harshly. As his souls rampage freely and as befits their nature, seemingly with no plan of their own, he looks upon the designs of his siblings.

Fools, all of them.

The prison is not some invincible wall to bust through, not some endless gulf to be crossed; if that was all, Malfeas and Cecelyne would have left long ago. It is the scars rent into their world-bodies, the maiming etched into their soul-sinew, the mutilation and binding oaths and depressive funk that heroes scarred them with. *They know this*. He bears no ill-will to Szoreny for now, but views overthinking things as his fatal flaw.

But as new knowledge is brought to light, the Black Boar has hatched a plan as simple as it is audacious.

He wants the Infernal Exalted to physically carry him out of Hell.

Cast your sorceries. Build your impossible machines, forge hellstriders from impossible alloys sourced across unreal eons. Scrape up every miracle in Hell needed for this feat if it pleases you! The Boar knows the audacity of this task frightens many, but desires only the strong to attempt it. For it is in they who Isidoros *knows* hold enough of his might to transcend his own limitations.

Whenever the Infernals who heed the Black Boar's challenge declare themselves ready, Isidoros will attempt to further compress his already miniscule black hole boar form into something easy to lift (the topological distortions and gravity spasms of this alone will unleash force great enough to shatter a layer). If Isidoros' hubris proves vindicated, an apocalyptic mass of pure ego will be hoisted from Cecelyne's sands onto Creation's shores born by one or more struggling Infernal(s). With one final heave, the Black Boar will drift ponderously into an ever-twisting sky-his mere existence snapping Fate like cobweb, resting at last as he falls forever in an orbit that redefines the position of all things around his egomania.

Then he will wallow happily in the Elemental Pole of Water, trough entire continuums of the Wyld, and try to hoist his brother Szoreny out with his newly freed might if he hasn't found his own escape yet.

ACT 3

Freed or imprisoned, the final stage of the Yozis' plan demands a measure of coordination that is now harder than ever to come by, as those who can begin to repair their marred infinities find they want increasingly little to do with the wretched, broken things who may *potentially* have taken Malfeas and Cecelyne's places as the underlying structures of Hell. Infighting may have broken into not battle, but mocking torment-unless the specific Yozis displaced maintain enough respect for their twisted kinship to oblige. After all there can be no Carceral War between those that can launch their powers into Hell from beyond, and those confined.

If one or more Yozis are freed, after five Calibrations the working quietly fades, subsumed into the cacophony of the liberated and the imprisoned. It falls to you now as a Green Sun Prince to live up to your role as a hero of Hell, and to inspire your fellow to do so too. To be both friend and foe to the Yozis and their souls, that just *once* Hell may finish a grand undertaking without it falling to ruin. While the Solars of old had the force to slay the Yozis, making them cooperate is a far greater act of heroism in every sense. No matter how bad relations between them get, the key may well lie in their shared love of song and dance.

It is at this point that one should probably remember that while likely enjoying the massive death toll, some of the Deathlords may be unamused their efforts to *destroy* or *dominate* Creation are now hampered by rampaging titans. And that though also addicted to the Games, as the most active among the Incarnae in Creation, if there is a goddess to lead the spiritual resistance against your efforts it is most certainly Luna.

Provided all goes well and all relevant foes slain with five days to spare, the Yozis will read from a book that was never written that travels backwards along a history that will never come to pass. Words that rewrite themselves will foretell a green sun dawning over Creation, and while the Yozis claim this will bring harmony between Heaven, Creation and Hell in truth they believe this rite will manifest their unreal champions.

They are both right and wrong.

For the Essence of Hell is not theirs, not truly, no more than humanity as a species belongs to any one human. The Yozis emanated and revelled in it, but it was *you* and the Infernals at your side who raised it to greater heights and carved your legend into Fate with it as your chisel. In striving to be whatever your view of Hell's Chosen is, you have come to define it more than the Yozis' endless defeatism.

For a moment, all present at the rite will perceive an absence in reality shaped like a broken-winged crane. And then...nothing. The Yozis clench their fists and feel nothing respond. No mortal effigy becomes a vessel for their greatness.

But you, and every Infernal that either played a pivotal role in helping or hindering one Yozi in their escape, feel a transformation upon you as intense as your first Exaltation.

And the universe trembles at your ascension.

Your reward for completing this endeavour is everything the Yozis hoped to claim themselves. The **Essence of Hell** usurps and inverts the link imposed by the Yozis, cycling in vast amounts of Essence from them into your Exaltation, in a net positive process. The Yozis' brief ire quickly turns to stunned awe as they feel a new principle of the cosmos carved in the shape of your legacy.

Your Inner World is now wholly real, and grand enough that like the Yozis' world bodies it looms larger than both Creation and Heaven. Endless caches of magical materials, impossibly powerful Behemoths emulating your nature write large, more Essence than many Exalts ever spend in a human lifetime spread across dragon lines that shift and accrete like the flex of your muscles and emergent phenomena that suborn the real to your desires are all yours in there. It is only a matter of time until you find the means to externalise it.

As well as subsouls, with even greater effort you may weave unique Chrysalis Grotesques to create beings similar to the Elemental Dragons of Gaia. Neither demon nor god, but rivalling the Incarnae in power and aligned with your nature. Perhaps beings will by their own existence be able to propagate forces as omnipresent as the cardinal Elements of Creation, or different effects comparable in scope should they better align with your nature and self-image. Regardless, they will be inclined to revere you as their progenitor-and potentially capable of creating their own Exalted, though none can say with certainty what the power or consequences of such a deed would be.

Your Devil-Body can develop unique inherent, non-Essence requiring powers based on the nature of the Yozis-past, present or even speculative-mixed and matched to your heart's desire, and also develops unique reset conditions based on them that do not count for your usual limits. Your ascension grants you around 15 to start with, though more may be learned as if they were your Caste or Favoured Charms. Adorn yourself with thousands of spheres that amplify and refine your power. Coat yourself in flesh of invincible brass. Grant yourself immense bulk in emulation of Shadow Over Sun, who is no longer counted among the Primordial host. Grant yourself tumours that replicate the telekinetic Charm Mind-Hand Manipulation, or perhaps green sunlight-emitting bioluminescence. Wield power akin to Infernal Charms *for no Essence* in your truest state, which being a natural extension of your own effort will elevate the power of your actual Charms to new heights and grant the originals they're based unique bonuses. Unleash your true form within an urban environment, where there is great iniquity or when moving as fast as you can. Should the circumstance be particularly significant, you may even remain in your Devil-Body as long as you like. Your truest self will no longer be confined any more than the Yozis are by their nature.

Finally, the Yozis' mishap secretes the knowledge of how to create that which they sought: The Eschatonic Exaltation. As you have now mantled the power that can usurp the Law of Diminishment, creating such things with the Yozis' Exaltation-touched substance takes only diligent concentration-though the effort and scope for such a project is still commensurate with the greatest artifacts forged in this world, each a true Legendary Project. Those chosen by your Exaltations are functionally identical to those of Infernals save that instead of the Yozis their powers are derived from your Devil-Body, inner world and soul pantheon as well

as those of other Infernals. You have great influence over the procedure, storage and other qualities of the Eschatonic Exaltation, replaced or improving traits such as the coadjutor, choosing nonhuman targets and a different vector than an anointed demon, and so on-even manually installing Charms of your design. Naturally, as you and your friends are the only ones going on a chain together, your Charms will become the predominant ones.

Furthermore, *all* Eschatonic Exalts master their powers as if they had the perk “Triumphant Howl of the Walking Devil-Tower”, “The Tempest of Vanquished Titans” and “The Face of the Player Characters”, empowered by a fraction of your imminent glory.

Crucially, those given the Eschatonic Exaltation will continue to empower you without fear of influencing or reshaping you against your will as they grow in power, with potentially cosmic consequences as the Infernal Exaltations mended and empowered the Yozis. Instead of a now fulfilled vengeance lying at their core, the Eschatonic Exaltation’s fundamental nature will be compliance to your desires, making many of their Charms by their nature influence them to be as you would have them, and ensuring that free from the curse of Limit your Exalted shall instead have the benefits of a warlock’s defining investiture.

Other Infernals may or may not experience the same ascension depending on their own efforts, though any Infernal companions most definitely will as long as you yourself succeeded.

And as for the reactions of the Yozis themselves to all this? Outrage at one final mishap during what should have been their unequivocal moment of victory. Shock and disbelief at their deeds forming only new thrones for their champion-pawns. Perhaps horror at what you could evolve into some day. If all discussed came to pass, then in whatever form it took their escape was no lie. Creation, which in times yet to come shall be renamed the Shattered Annex from their mere passage through it. In that at least, the Yozis can revel in joy-though always with anxious looks over their shoulder, far less keen on trampling Creation unwittingly should more than a handful of Infernals regard it as anything more than trash.

Beyond that though, individual temperaments may differ. One thing is certain: The Ebon Dragon, having planned none of this, will immediately take credit.

They can leave Creation. They could immerse into the Wyld, play at worlds and kings once more. They could go anywhere, do anything.

And yet, they can never truly claim to rule their world unchallenged, as long as you exist. Even with the link usurped, beneath their outrage there is a part of them quietly uplifted by your ascension-the measure of their power that even now is channelled through your ascension, which they can no more reject than they can cease to be themselves. Even as they *finally* begin to mend, to let go of agony, they must forever remember *that outcome was granted by your hand, not theirs*. And most gallingly, in their heart of hearts they can never fail to acknowledge you have proven yourself their ontological superior.

For in *truly* usurping Hell's own Essence from the originators of its' substance, you have not merely escaped the Surrender Oaths. You have *subsumed* them. By your hand and order, you can free the Yozis, their souls and their creations-or rebind them into Hell just as easily, even if Hell is only one Yozi. In future worlds, you may liberate other ensorcelled, sealed or otherwise unnaturally caged entities similarly, with only those trapped more irrevocably than the Yozis themselves giving you any trouble.

You are Hell incarnate, and there is no escape from you.

Go home

Stay

Move on

Notes

Special thanks to Krzyzewskiman and Eric Minton uploading their homebrew/Ink Monkey Bones content, as inspiration for some of the content here. And to the 3e Charm Build Advice Guide's writer for coming up with disgusting Solar loadouts.

As an aside, yes sex is a form of performance in Exalted 3e.

The scenario **HELL IS OTHER EXALTS** is an attempt to reconcile the differing portrayals of the Infernal Exalted during the previews predating Exalted 3e before a major change in developer leadership, with their current portrayal. It is also totally a cultivation fanfic about undergoing a heavenly (well, diabolical) tribulation to ascend to the realm of immortals.

Exalted 3e designates certain Charms as **Eclipse Charms**. They can belong to either spirits or Exalted NPCs; if there were more Behemoths I'm sure they would have a couple. The point is, Eclipse Charms are not a discrete category in Exalted 3e as a setting anymore than Charms themselves are. They are purely a gameplay abstraction meant to prevent *players* from doing what they did in 2e: Getting stacks upon stacks of Principle of Motion and breaking the game in ways not intended. Feel free to fanwank how much Infernal Charms that can copy other abilities can in fact copy them, or if it's possible to invent a Key to copy non-Eclipse Charms. For what it's worth, certain Infernal Charms *do* entirely bypass this condition in unique ways such as transforming the Infernal into a perfect copy of an adversary or due to the Charm-wishing conditions of Miracle Gift Mastery synchronising with Puissance Mimicry Intuition to learn any Charm from anyone you are hating on.

According to the 3e corebook, Solars do not actually have Charms as discrete abilities and they are but abstractions for their overall divine power and prowess. This is in spite of the fact that Alchemicals subsequently are shown to install and extract Charms as physical objects, as per previous editions where Charms were in fact things that existed. Strictly going by RAW, is unclear what this implies for Infernals whose Solar Exaltations have been tainted by the Essence of Hell. Fanwank responsibly.

INVINCIBLE PRINCESS PROCESSION, is based on things Solars can do by RAW in 3e before even leaving E2 thanks to the Supernal mechanic. For those interested, here are the calculations for making an N/A artifact. Barehanded:

[https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1h4dyWX-](https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1h4dyWX-7pY_Zc3FnaMmyAJ39mH2BX6s4FY8pOPnqLuw/edit?gid=841992213#gid=841992213)

[7pY_Zc3FnaMmyAJ39mH2BX6s4FY8pOPnqLuw/edit?gid=841992213#gid=841992213](https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1h4dyWX-7pY_Zc3FnaMmyAJ39mH2BX6s4FY8pOPnqLuw/edit?gid=841992213#gid=841992213)

The reason that the Incarnae cannot be chosen for a superior version of Heavenly Censure Protocol is not due to powerlevel reasons, but because 3e has an extremely confusing and convoluted explanation for how Solar Exaltation works that amounts to it simultaneously being reflexive on the part of the Incarnae and also so far out of control it is comparable to falling in love rather than being a fully autonomous process carried out by the Exaltation. As far as I can tell, this exists to reassure *certain players* that yes, they are still chosen by the Sun. Even as an Abyssal or Infernal. Somehow. Despite the Essence of the Sun explicitly being scuppered for Infernal Exaltations rather than merely inverted. And despite the Sun still only offering direct messages to Zeniths. The inherent incoherence of this position aside, until

the ramifications of that are developed on by 3e (unlikely) I just feel it's unsporting to pick a fight with someone who apparently loves you enough to in some ineffable way to grant you miraculous power even if you use it to destroy the world until such time as 3e actually explains how the Sun and by extension the other Incarnae subordinate to him would react to Infernals or Abyssals.

At the time of writing and despite years of the game theoretically being in development (and in practice sustained by endless BackerKit campaigns), unlike artifacts and Warstriders (haphazard as they may be) we do not actually have rules for manses in 3e. We know they *exist*. We know, broadly speaking, they are founded upon demesnes and channel their mystical powers in more efficient ways to create hearthstones (just greater and lesser ones, no more 1-5 dots rankings). We have their overall purpose and functionality *alluded* to by Charm descriptions like "From My Dread Fort" and lore mentions of mystical territories or magitech fortresses. But we do not actually have coherent rules for manses. Feel free to fanwank responsibly, if such eventualities come to pass. And before you ask, no it's not entirely clear if regions of great power such as the Respite of Shadows are in fact manses which *supposedly* have only minor magical powers.

Keen-eyed readers may notice I've had to repeatedly clarify what perks do when Infernal Charms that Infernals can already learn just by trying hard enough (or just automatically start with by being built different in the right way for the relevant Primordial ability) with overlapping effects interact with them. For anyone who hasn't played Exalted, I just want to clarify:

Yes, Qaf-based Charms do in fact grant metaphysical advantages for being more elevated than your opponent, as well as Charms to suddenly increase said elevation.

Yes, Metagaos-based Charms do offer advantages against opponents you can and/or want to eat.

Yes, Isidoros-based Charms are in fact more effective on targets smaller than you.

Some Charms grant mastery of sorcery or martial arts, which require heightened Essence to attain. That heightened Essence is assumed to come with the perk. This is not as big a deal for Solars and their derivatives as in previous editions due to Supernal/Apocalypse/Primordial allowing them to master abilities far beyond their station as well as treat their Essence as 5 for the purpose of those Charms.

There are Charms that upgrade your Infernal subsouls such that they are always 3 ranks of Essence higher than you are. I. I don't know what happens once you reach Essence 8. Exalted 3e is written with the understanding most games don't even get past Essence 3. Please fanwank responsibly.

The joke about discord sages refers to Vance (one of the developers for 3e) posting a picture of Neon Genesis Evangelion's Sahaquiel in response to a question about what Sacheverell looks like on the fan Discord. I don't have a screenshot to confirm it, so feel free to ignore this. Especially if 3e eventually does show up with a canon depiction of Sacheverell. For

what it's worth, one example of Solar Circle Sorcery does show up in Crowned With Hellfire in which the sorcerer is supposedly invoking an aspect of Sacheverell and...it's literally the sorcerer's eyeball, plucked out and made huge while floating in the sky.

The joke about Basphomy in Verdigris' backstory is that not only is she a tragically cancelled 3e iconic Infernal (for the life of me I can never remember what the other 3e "iconic" Infernals are about, other than a vague impression of Fortnite rejects) who was also used as a sort of stand-in for playtesting Infernal combat mechanics during 2e. Much like Invincible Solar Princess and Moon-Moon.

The joke about The Face of the Player Characters is that by playing Jumpchain you are, by default, making a character guided by out of setting agency with out of context advantages beyond the norm. Playable characters in Exalted 3e are assumed to grow in power and accomplishment faster than the natives due to a combination of active lifestyles and in-universe prodigious talent beyond the setting's norm to justify the dissonance between systemised XP progression and the actual capabilities of NPCs without resulting in a death world where player agency is limited by everyone fighting like they actually know the Initiative economy (which explicitly doesn't exist, and is a pure game mechanic) like the back of their hand. So uh. Since **your Jumper is by definition a player character if you can read and understand this**...look, I still felt the need to include the perk because frankly innate PC advantage is both ridiculous and acknowledged by the core rulebook, it's just a little awkward.

The idea that the Yozis cannot escape Hell ever, no exceptions, this is a miracle beyond miracles in a game where 3e core makes a point of highlighting Solars accomplishing the impossible, is a conceit given for 3e as a game in an attempt to differentiate it from all the other settings where demon lords *do* unambiguously have a shot at breaking out of Hell, no matter the odds. The exact mechanics of this imprisonment have never been elaborated on, mostly amount to a rejection of the Return of the Scarlet Empress plotline from 2e. As with many things though and as mentioned above, Exalted likes to play with this a lot: With Solar Circle Sorcery, Sidereal Charms such as Chains of Adorjan, and likely though not confirmed many Infernal Charms which appear to invoke the Silent Wind as an attack or mobility aid can *tacitly* squeeze through *part* of a Yozi into Creation. Just, not the whole thing. As such, with regards to using OCP to actually and unironically free the Yozis as a whole instead of the funny little cope-escapes listed in the scenario: Fanwank responsibly. Gun to my head, I'd start thinking of solutions on the order of DC's shiniest plot device the Life Equation, high level Saint Seiya or Tenchi Muyo divine interventions, or going full metafiction with things like Opus.

Also in Exalted 3e, the prohibition against time travel, resurrection and (recently added) perfect immortality only applies to sorcery (and if we're being honest, were never take with absolute seriousness in prior editions given the Yozis' capability for it hedged against with their malice and Surrender Oath-enforced temporal limitations in Compass: Malfeas). Pages 81-82 of Exigents: Out of the Ashes actually includes advice that *recommends* against these capabilities amongst it's Charm design guidelines, implicitly acknowledging them as a

possibility. The same section acknowledges the possibility of effects in the setting that “approximate resurrection” such as sorcerous workings that manipulate the mechanisms of reincarnation and Liminal Exaltation. Other effects that skirt the line include the Solar Socialise Charm Soul Reprisal (which manually accelerates a Solar’s reincarnation, effectively trading their character sheet for one of their crafted personas), the Solar Craft Charm Dual Magnus Prana (which retcons a seemingly dead Solar to be an immaculately created sorcerous simulacrum. Yes, even if the Solar has previously been documented donating blood and reproducing, under the effect of infallible Awareness Charms. It’s not quite clear what’s going on there, by RAW), the Abyssal Charm Immortal Malevolence (the Abyssal is quite literally too angry to die. Rising from the dead comes at the cost of depleting their death-resisting anger for a very long while) and the Infernal Charm Adrian Falls, Adorjan Remains (which cheats death by dissolving to wind and taking over their nearest duplicate in the same realm of existence. Yes, in this edition somehow Infernal resurrection is more clearcut and straightforward than Solar “resurrection”). TLDR, **fanwank responsibly**.