

ALRIK OF MALKEBORNE THE ALABASTER PRINCE OF CHAOS

This terrifying prince aided the downfall of his own decadent empire; and wherever he wandered, death of love and beauty was sure to follow. He grants summoners the ability to charm anyone, curse foes, brew potions, and strike opponents with the power of primal chaos.



LEVEL: 6
Fiend Constellation

Legend

Servants ushered the poet into Alrik's lavish bed chambers. The carved bone doors closed behind him. A morning breeze wafted through silk-covered windows.

Alrik eyed the poet but said nothing. The man showed signs of dirt and age. *Who allowed someone of ignoble birth to enter here?* Alrik wondered. Then he remembered that he himself had invited the poet. "You may speak," Alrik commanded. "I am not a man to stand on formalities."

"Yes, your majesty."

"Remember," Alrik began, as he rose in the torn remains of his silk sleeping gown to fully face the small man. "I like surprises."

"I am not an assassin," the man said in all earnestness.

"Now," Alrik responded with joy, "that is a wonderful start to your poem for me. And you say it so seriously. Remember as you continue that life is humor as well as tragedy. That is why I brought you here."

The poet eyed a sleeping figure in the bed. Alrik had spotted the pretty boy in the marketplace and had him brought to the palace, made clean, and introduced to the finer things.

"I do not wish to disturb the sleeping," the poet said. "Shall we go elsewhere?"

"Again, a good line, that first one," Alrik said. "But come and sit here by me. I inspired the boy, and now he will inspire you. Such is the circle of life and death."

"And the poet sat," Alrik hymned as the man sat down. Alrik reminded himself to have the sheets burned later, which was a pity. The boy's corpse left no blood, since Alrik's brotherly blade in battle, Spotta Corigaine, had drunk it all. And his soul too. But the lingering scent of the boy's soul left a faint residue.

By now, the poet realized that every word he spoke might tie his own noose. Yet he had been brought here to speak. At least the prince's themes were clear enough. His hand tremored with nervousness.

Alrik eyed him, betraying no sentiments.

"Forgive me," the poet finally said, "I am used to composing alone."

"You are alone," Alrik replied.

Just as Alrik had hoped, the poet was now inspired. The man embraced his fears and sang a dirge. A few lines through, he rose and took to the window to excoriate the villainy of the sun, the evil of the sea, and sadness of men's lives amid the glories just beyond their reach.

"And so we are assured that all life dies," he sang.

The poet fell silent. His palms were sweaty and his eyes blurry with tears. A few minutes passed as he just stood there, enraptured by the acceptance of his own mortality.

"Are you dead now?" Alrik asked, with curiosity.

The poet emerged a hint from his reverie.

Alrik wished for him to stay with that note and not lose it entirely, so he made his words brief.

"It is my joy," Alrik said, "to bring all of my subjects at least one moment of ecstasy, of rapture, for what is hopelessness without the rediscovery of joy against all odds?"

A mighty blade ran through the poet. It was Spotta Corigaine. The sword had been hovering in the corner, still savoring the boy but not yet satiated for the day. After all, Alrik had a battle ahead of him that afternoon, against the last of the priests who held against Alrik's rule.

Spotta Corigaine lapped up the poet's blood, and his soul, and a talented if empty shell crumpled to the marble floor.

Spotta Corigaine whispered in Alrik's mind. *Feed me more.*

"Patience," Alrik replied aloud. "I wish to clean my body before I used it again."

When Alrik returned from his bath, the room had been cleared and dainty plates of fruit, meats, and nuts laid out on a wooden table.

A serving girl came in. Her dark locks fell around her neck with innocence, and her eyes were like a dryad's.

"Where are you from?" Alrik asked her.

"The woods of Avon d'Alvelor." She correctly assumed that he knew the name of his own conquered lands.

"Come over to me," he requested. She trembled lightly. His heart sang at the coming feast.

"Don't be shy. I am not a man to stand on formalities."

The serving girl slowly came to him; impatient, Alrik intercepted her and threw her onto the wooden table to enjoy her.

He stopped and asked, "Your mother was a dryad, wasn't she?" From the girl's look, he knew.

Malboshk, the demon that arranged Alrik's daily needs, often thought in terms of arrangements rather than single entrees. Surely, Alrik thought, the table was the tree of the girl's mother. Perhaps a vestige of her spirit was still trapped inside.

Pressing the girl hard against the table, he spoke softly into her face, "I shall grant you a pleasure that so many mortals yearn for without hope. I shall return you to the womb of your mother."

Spotta Corigaine was hovering nearby. This one they would enjoy together.

As Alrik fed himself and Spotta Corigaine on the moans of pleasure and agony of the girl, he ruminated.

"How odd is it, Spotta, that I have chosen the path of a hero rather than the path of a god?" He could have joined the other atlan gods. He could have had priests of his own. Lord Corigaine, Spotta's previous divine owner, had offered him as much. But no, Alrik thought, how much more pleasurable to walk amongst mortals, to taste their souls.

Summoning Rules

The following rules describe the requirements and rituals for binding Alrik of Malkeborne, The Alabaster Prince of Chaos.

Binding DC: 25.

Requirements: To be worthy of Alrik's spirit, you must have defeated a foe of 8 or more Hit Dice in single combat that you made love to earlier that day.

Ceremony: Make light slits across your wrists to release a small stream of blood, which you pour onto the pact seal. The ceremony inflicts 1 hit point of damage.

Manifestation: Your mind is pulled apart by a dozen noble thoughts, from founding empires to picking roses, and your body is torn with a dozen moods, from cruelty and competitiveness

to masochism and kindness. The manifestation fades but does not fully leave you. If you failed your binding check, you finish the summoning consumed by one of the eleven moods listed in the table below.

Granted Abilities

Alrik of Malkeborne grants the following supernatural abilities.

Charm Anyone: You can use the *charm monster* spell at will, except the effect lasts 24 hours. You cannot dismiss the effect, and you can influence a number of creatures at once up to your Charisma bonus (minimum 1). You cannot exceed this limit until the charm on a previous creature ends, which can only occur if the creature is dead or your pact with Alrik ends.

Curse of Unluck: You point at a creature and utter a terrible ancient verse, branding its soul with a curse. This works like the *bestow curse* spell except that you do not need to touch the target. Instead, it only gets a Will save to avoid the effect, and even if it saves, it suffers a -1 penalty on all of its d20 rolls for the next 5 minutes. Curse effects do not stack.

Medicinal Lore: Apply a +6 bonus to Knowledge (alchemy) and Heal skill checks. Moreover, you enjoy the benefits of the Brew Potion feat and once per day can cast any 1st-level assassin or bard spell for the purpose of brewing a potion.

Royal Countenance: All who view you believe that you are of royal blood. Apply a +12 bonus to Knowledge (nobility and

royalty) checks. You can use this skill as if you are trained in it.

Ruinous Blade: You gain exotic weapon proficiency with the bastard sword, which allows you to easily wield it in one hand. Moreover, whenever you wield a bastard sword, you deal +4d6 chaotic damage, plus your critical threat range is doubled (from 19-20 to 17-20) and foes that suffer a critical hit also suffer 1d4 points of temporary Constitution damage.

Signs & Influence

This spirit may affect you in the following ways.

Physical Sign: You become an albino. Your skin and hair turn pure white and your eyes are a stunning shade of pink.

Alignment Shift: When you fail your binding check by 10 or more, your alignment moves one step closer to chaotic evil for 24 hours.

Personality Influence: Prince Alrik was a man of many whims and moods. He could be compassionate one moment and cruel the next. He compels his binders to follow their moods. Consider randomly determining your mood. At the start of each encounter or 5 minute period, roll 2d6 and consult the table at left.

Favored Ally: Atlans, constructs, fey, goblinoids, and titans. These folk were Alrik's allies against the gods.

Favored Enemy: Gods, angels and devils. Alrik knows these eternal foes all too well.

Capstone Granted Ability

You gain the following ability when you pass your binding check by 10 or more.

Aura of Disaster: Your aura causes foes within a 60-foot spread to suffer a -2 penalty to all d20 rolls. There is no save against the effect. Moreover, all creatures within the aura excluding you but including allies find that rolls to confirm critical threats and rolls to stabilize from bleeding always fail.

Tactical Bonus

While bound to this spirit, apply a +1 bonus to all your d20 rolls for the round you meet any of these criteria:

- » Deliver a killing blow to a creature.
- » Recite a nostalgic or angry poem as a move action.
- » Stand within 5 ft. of a humanoid with Charisma 15+.
- » Witness the death of an ally or creature under the sway of your charm anyone ability.

Role-Play Text

Read aloud the following points to quickly convey all or part of the legend of Alrik of Malkeborne.

- » *“Alrik was a powerful warrior mage and a royal heir to the throne of the Atlan Empire. In addition to his throne, he inherited a demonic bastard sword of high ambition and deviousness.”*
- » *“Alrik was moody and unpredictable. He both relished and despised the decadence of the gods and their habit of inflaming mortal affairs.”*
- » *“Alrik set aside his throne for a time to explore the wider world, gain allies, and search for a means to subdue the atlan gods. His travels took him back into the past and far into the future.”*
- » *“With the aid of cyclopes and others, Alrik meddled in the steam of time, seduced weaker gods to play them against each others, and killed the king of atlan gods, Fearsome. A killing blow by his sword transformed the slain god into a spirit bindable by mortals.”*
- » *“For his crime of deicide, elder gods moved to crush Alrik. But his demonic sword slew him first, transforming him into a spirit.”*

2d6	Mood	Example Behaviors
2	Kind	Aid a pitiful stranger, giving him or her an item of modest value to you.
3	Intellectual	Debate philosophical points and play devil's advocate with all you meet.
4	Cruel	Bully, harass and intimidate allies, enemies, and strangers.
5	Paranoid	Grossly misinterpret ally's actions and accuse them of treachery.
6	Competitive	Challenge an ally, foe or stranger to a nonlethal match.
7	Entertained	Sing and dance, or laugh heartily at the actions of others.
8	Nostalgic	Speak of past events in an unrealistically positive light.
9	Diligent	Energetically prepare for a future endeavor with goals and details in mind.
10	Sadistic	Romance a stranger to follow you to a quite place where you harm him/her.
11	Poetic	Recite a poem regarding a mood, event or feature of nature.
12	Masochistic	Cut yourself and ask others to inflict pain on you to “drive out demons”

ALTERNATE ABILITY

Alrik's binders have learned to tap into Alrik's skills as a sorcerer. You can forfeit Alrik's charm anyone granted ability to gain Medium Armor Proficiency and the ability cast arcane spells with a 20% lower chance of arcane spell failure.