



TORMENTOR CULTS

BESTIARUM
GAMES

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Entry 2876 - The Prison Realm

Among the interplanar entities that beset Doaden, few are as overtly insidious as the Jailor. A being intent on the total and brutal subjugation of all mortal kind, it sends foul whispers out from its great seat in the prison realm; promising to those desperate enough to listen the chance to unshackle themselves from our dying world.

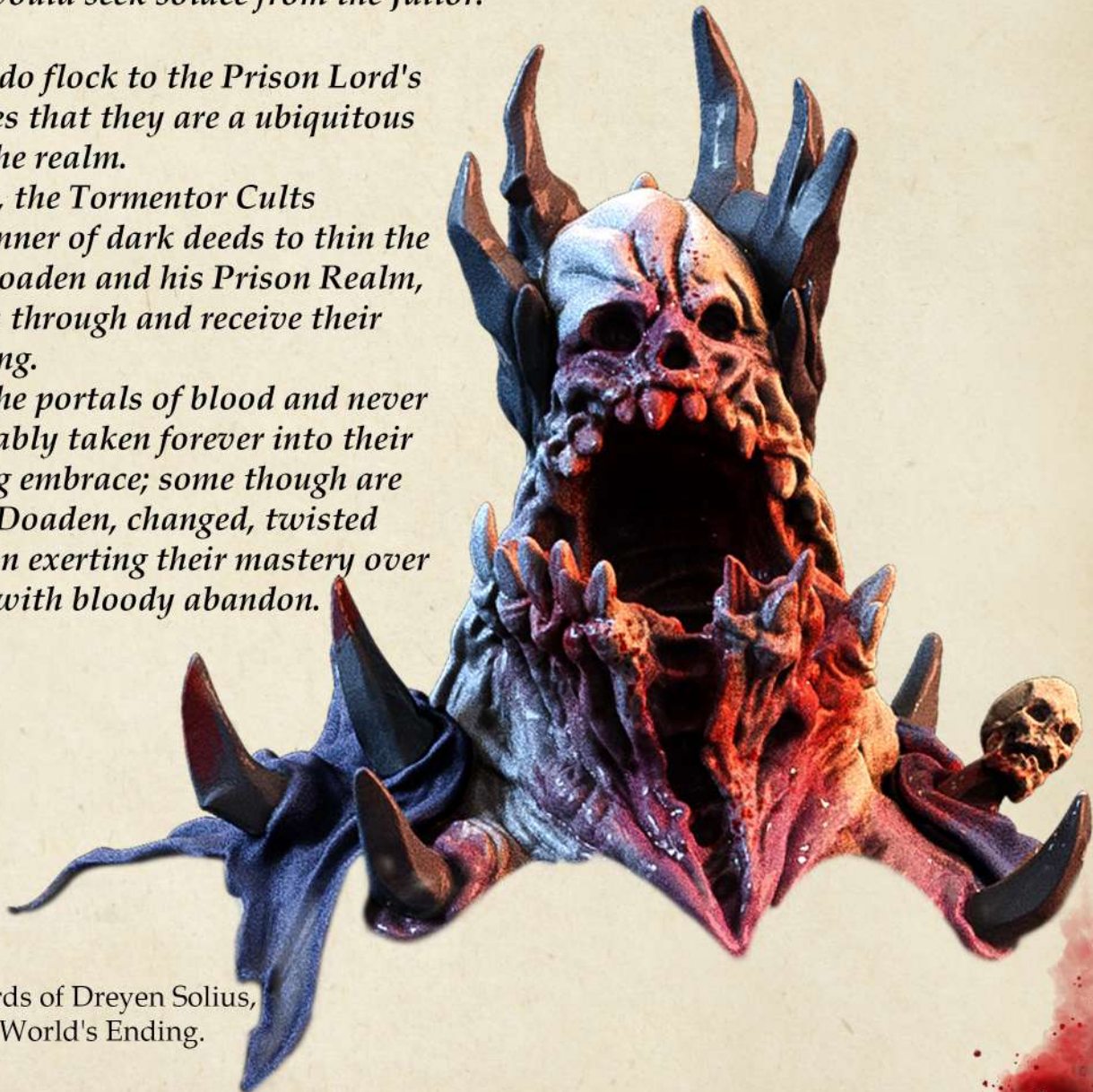
It is true that the Jailor exists in a realm beyond our own and it is an interstitial plane of existence beyond the physical. But it is a place of tyrannical subjugation, a mad asylum of twisted souls determined to express their mastery over the mortal realm and one another.

In fairer times, I doubt any could look upon this entity and consider it worthy of anything but fear and scorn. It is another sad example of the dark times in which we live that any would seek solace from the Jailor.

Still, enough do flock to the Prison Lord's callous shackles that they are a ubiquitous threat across the realm.

In his service, the Tormentor Cults commit all manner of dark deeds to thin the veil between Doaden and his Prison Realm, seeking to pass through and receive their master's blessing.

Many enter the portals of blood and never return, presumably taken forever into their lord's terrifying embrace; some though are cast back into Doaden, changed, twisted and hell-bent on exerting their mastery over their once-kin with bloody abandon.



These are the words of Dreyen Solius,
Chronicler of the World's Ending.

ASPECT OF THE JAILER

When the Tormentor Cults reach their zenith, and succeed in creating a rift between Doaden and the Prison Realm; what comes through the portal is not the Jailor itself, it is merely an aspect.

That is not to say these Aspects are without power, indeed they are possessed of prodigious strength and corrupting influence, capable of dealing unprecedented destruction before being inevitably hurled back to the Prison Realm to be reabsorbed by their parent-entity.





CULTISTS

All manner of Cultists and Dark Adherents exist across Doaden, worshipping a variety of dark creeds and entities beyond the ken of sane folk.

The followers of the Jailor are singularly vicious in furthering the goals of their interplanar master. Their singular goal is the capture and subjugation of their once-kin. Those captured are imprisoned in cages, brought forth only in times of foul ritual, the Cultists cut throats, impale and desecrate in the hopes of drawing some iota of their Lord's power into the mortal realm.

CULTISTS DEMAGOGUES

Leading their congregations, the Zealots of the Tormentor Cults direct the adherents to further the will of their dark lord.

Singularly blessed, it is the Zealots who hear the whispers of the Jailor, sequestered off in his far away realm.

The Zealots drive the cults into actioning their master's dark goals, without their presence, the cult would be leaderless, and unable to hear and interpret their Lord's command. Should they be slain, the rest of the cult shall eventually fall to catatonic madness, lest another rise to hear the Jailor's whispers.



ALTARS

Cruel and Violent is the fate of any who have the misfortune of being captured by the Tormentor Cults.

It is blood ritual and pledge of souls that best thins the veil between our realm and the Jailor's kingdom.

As the blood of their victims collects in great viscous pools, the Zealots chant arcane ritual, opening a rift in the thick vitae to a realm beyond our own.



HEKATOMB

The Hekatomb is the pinnacle of the Tormentor Cult's dark goals. A charnel pit of blood and death moving with the still twitching remains of the cult's victims and something far worse.

The viscous surface of the blood pool is a nascent doorway to the Jailor's Prison Realm, and with every note of praise chanted, and sacrifice given, the barriers holding the doorway shut grow weaker.

Once the veil finally breaks, the ritual is complete. With mad frenzy, the Cultists hurl themselves into the bloody pool, passing beyond into the Jailor's dark domain and therein, they are changed.



SNATCHERLORD

Some say he was the Jailor's first adherent, far away and long ago at the height of the Old Empire's power. Some Attendant or Vizier, his scheming and lust for power and control soon descended into obsession; it was this that brought him under the Jailor's dark influence.

While his name has been lost to time, the tale of the Snatcherlord has endured as a warning to the young against grasping too greedily to control the world around them.



SNATCHERS

Adherents of the Snatcherlord's frantic desire for mastery and lust for control of those around them, the Snatchers were once men before being changed in the dark magics of the Hekatomb.

Those whose avarice is deemed worthy of the Snatcherlord's attention emerge from the bloody pool as lanky, creeping characters, greedily snatching victims with their Mancatchers.



'THE CAGED

While little can be said with certainty about the nature of the Prison Realm, one can assume through simple logic that the foul place must have its own prisoners.

The Caged is clearly one such being, what crimes they committed, real or perceived are unknown, but the eternal torment to which it has been committed could only be justified as punishment to crimes more foul than bear mentioning.



BRUTE WARDENS

Amongst the guards and jailors who man the myriad prisons and stockades across Doaden, there are those who enthusiastically conduct their work for simple delight of inflicting their brute strength and power over those who cannot fight back. Bullies, abusers and monsters all, they lend sharp credence to the belief that mankind is beyond saving.

It is no surprise that amongst the ranks of the Jailor's Ascendant subjects, the same cruel motivations exist, and are indeed lauded by the realm's Master.



HUNTERS and HOUNDS

The Hunters are the Jailor's vanguard and bounty hunters. Brutish and powerful, they have the maniacal self confidence necessary to hold the Jailor's Hounds in check and keep their muzzles trained on the spoor of the guilty.

The Hounds are gifts of their Lord, emerging from the Hekatomb, they are rabid, vicious and possess a preternatural ability to track down those their master has deemed worthy of imprisonment in his dark realm.







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