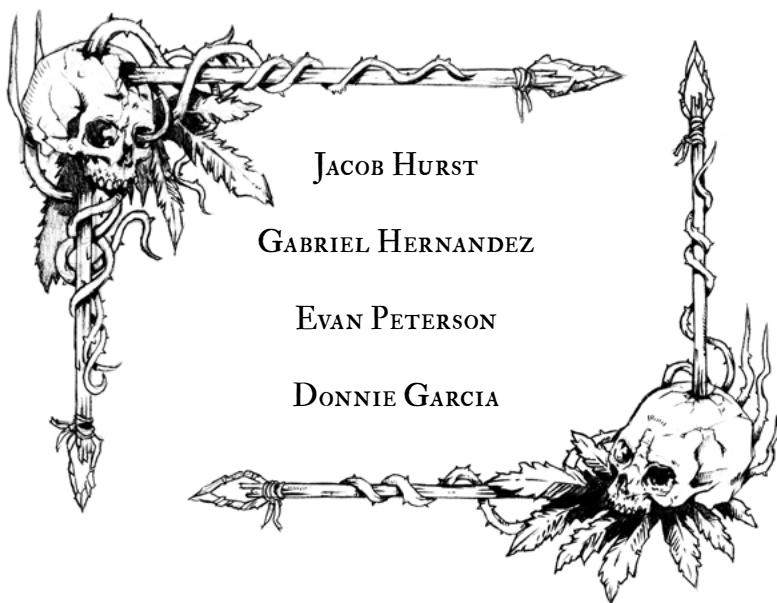


Toxic
Elven
Smut

TOXIC ELVEN SMUT

DIGITAL



JACOB HURST

GABRIEL HERNANDEZ

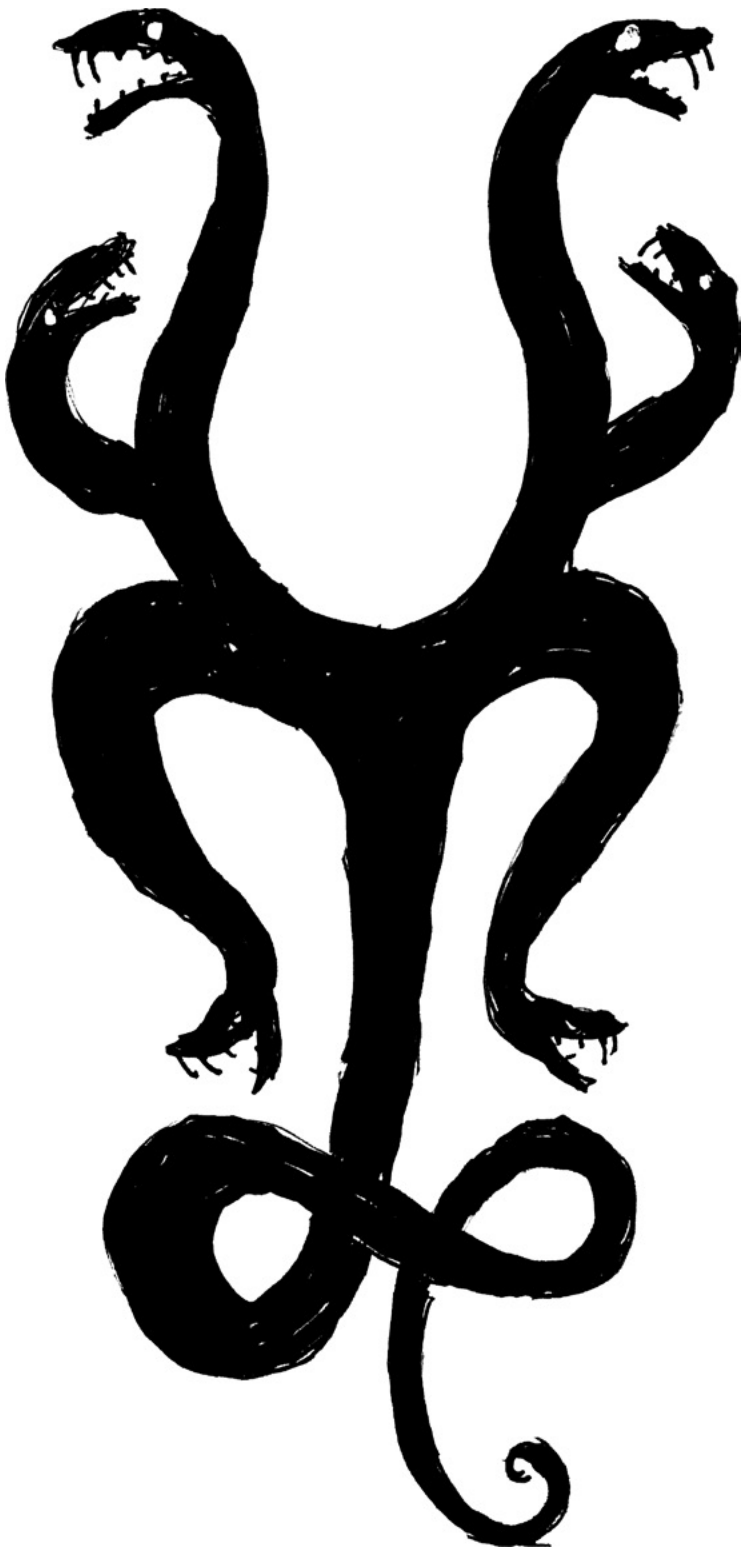
EVAN PETERSON

DONNIE GARCIA

THE SWORDFISH ISLANDS

ILLUSTRATED BY
GABRIEL HERNANDEZ

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY
SCRAP PRINCESS AND JASON THOMPSON



Once upon a time there was a tropical island inhabited by elves.



They lived a simple life; farming,
trading, and fighting the twisted
ones that lived beneath the jungle
canopies.



One day, the elves discovered
that a native plant could be used
to augment their natural magical
abilities.



They called it Sipopa.

Millennia passed, and the elves,
with the help of Sipopa, became
powerful.

They walked the
planes, trading in the
most exotic magical
commodities.

Brokering deals between
angels and demons and
primal lords of the
elemental chaos.

But they became decadent....







And corrupt.



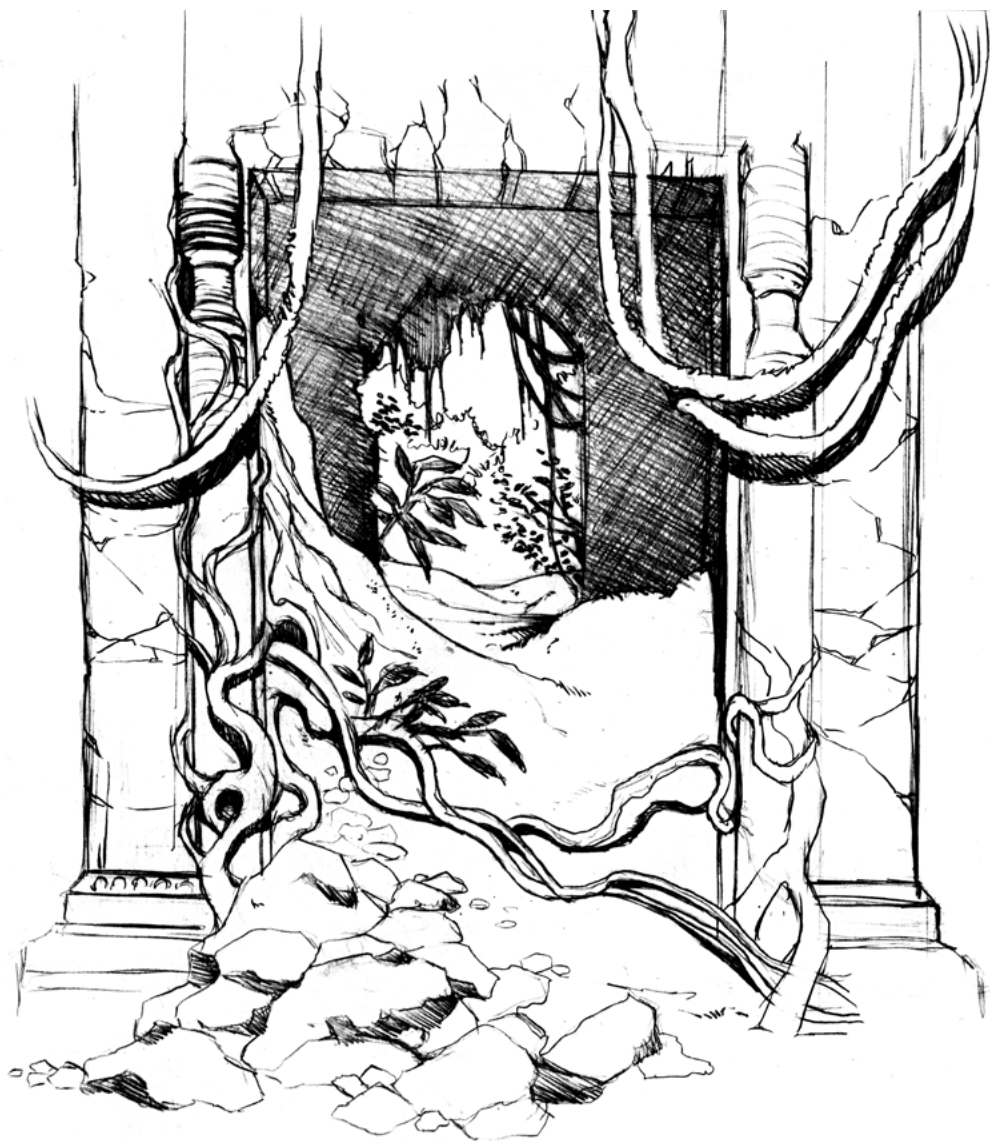
Then, at the height of their power,
light blossomed from the capitol
city, and the island was shattered.

Sinking into the mists of legend.

But... the island did not sink
completely, and elves of course,
do not die.



Some say the jungle choked ruins
of the Swordfish Islands are the
long forgotten remnants of this
legendary isle.



Beware the darkness shifting
through its broken splendor.



Trying to recall its lost form.



Hot Springs City



JASON THOMPSON

THE BATHS



THE CRUMBLING INFESTATION

THE BROKEN QUARTER

The Ruins of Hot Springs

Hot Springs City is in ruins. Spas, saunas, baths, palaces and other buildings once dedicated to sophisticated pleasurable pursuits crumble into dust amidst the picturesque, jungle covered lower slopes of a dormant volcano. When the cataclysm destroyed the Isle of Light the sea swallowed much of the city. Now the waves, jungles and warm, mineral rich springs work to reclaim the remnants of this coastal ruin.

Like all the elven cities here, Hot Springs was surrounded by a massive wall of smooth white stone, 34' high and 21' thick. Though the wall has collapsed in many areas, long stretches still stand, looking untouched by time but for the vines that curl and blossom in their joints. The wall is easily accessible from within the city by broad flights of stairs at most major thoroughfares. A number of large balconies stretch from the wall wherever there is a particularly scenic view and long ago these served as meeting places or exclusive restaurant patios.

During the city's heyday every residence, and most commercial buildings featured spring fed baths and fountains. An elaborate, and unmapped, system of pipes and tunnels carried the water up from boiling aquifers to these pools. Many of the tunnels and pool walls broke with the island, but water continued to flow. Over time, natural deposits of glittering white rock have transformed large areas of the city. Flows of stone, stair step down the streets, or encase rubble in translucent domes. Shallow caves were formed in the areas near the beach where hot springs built themselves over the tops of semi-collapsed buildings. The white stone is translucent creating dimly lit streets of underground ruins. Water in the natural pools is a bright blue and pleasantly warm. Where this water flows plants do not grow, so when the city is viewed from afar, the green of encroaching jungle is cut with stripes of rippled white stone and blue pools. Walking on the white deposits is dangerous because the surfaces

are smooth and slick with water, and because they are often little more than a thin sheet of calcification atop rubble that could break and give way to a tunnel or sunken street.

To the elves, Hot Springs City was a beautiful and luxurious resort. It was a place to relax, unwind and prepare for extra-planar travel. The great Bathhouse, standing at the highest point in the city, served as a purification and transportation hub. Elves would detox and then supersaturate their bodies with sippa before flickering off to their destination. It was also the place most elves chose to set as their return destination at the conclusion of their planar travels. Think of the Bathhouse as a hyper busy air port for the elite in a place like Dubai, Singapore or New York, and of Hot Springs City as the lounges, galleries, boutique hotels and eclectic restaurants frequented by the drugged out jetsetters.

The ruins of Hot Springs City can be played in a couple of ways. The first method is to treat it as any other hex on the island, utilizing the three points of interest detailed in the full hex key. The second method is to use the ruin map and crawl it with Patrick Stuart's elven ruin generator in The Dark of Hot Springs.



DAY

Encounter	Motivation
A Coppermane Prowler	Lost
2d4+3 Kiru Rangers	Hiding/Sneaking
2d6 Arva	Social/Creative
3d6 Duecadre	Just Passing Through
2 Adventurers	Interacting With*
1d4+1 Arva	Hunt/Gather/Fish
2d6 Adventurers	Laboring/Nesting
2 Arva	Fighting*
1d4+1 Adventurers	Wounded
An Astral Spinner	Setting up an ambush
1d6+1 Arva	Surveying/Scouting
A Muttering Serpent	Territorial Display
An Adventurer	Dying
3d6 Tabibari	Sleeping
An Obsidian Bladeguard	Ritual
A Vydeiac Matron and Colony	Eating/Drinking

What's Happening?!
3d6
3 2d6+2 Night Axe are scavenging the ruins for workable metal.
4 All functional singing golems attempt decorate for a city wide celebration.
5 The springs are overflowing. Boiling water floods the streets and flows into the sea.
6 Zeb glamourised 1d10+3 locations to be pre-cataclysmic for 1d4 days to show clients.
7 1d4+1 Dying adventurers are strung up on the city's ruined wall. Will not stop screaming.
8 1d4+1 Adventurers have established a camp in the ruins. Visible from the sea.
9 1d4+1 Adventurers have been captured by Arva. They're still alive, but not for long.
10 Plumes of smoke rise from 1d6 locations in the ruins.
11 It is utterly silent and cool in the ruins regardless of the weather elsewhere on the island.
12 Arva ritual day. Flashes of green and black light shoot up from the ruins with regularity.
13 2d6+1 dried out corpses are hung along a street.
14 Storm clouds make it dark enough for shadows to stalk the streets. No Arva in ruins.
15 1d4+1 rival ships are in the harbor. Base camps are being established.
16 The tabibari migration is moving through the ruins. There are thousands.
17 3d6+12 extradiemnsional traders were left at a "trade summit" here by a rivals "as a joke".
18 60+ Fuegonauts hunt an escaped nereid. Terrified of Arva. Stay in groups of 10+ .

NIGHT

Encounter	Motivation
3d6 Singing Golems	Art/Performance
An Arva	Lost
A Vydeiac Seeker	Patrolling
1d4+2 Adventurers	Fleeing*
A Singing Golem	Wounded
A Muttering Serpent	Eating/Drinking
1d4 Orange Sludge	Fighting*
1d4+1 Shadows	Mischief
An Orange Sludge	Investigating/Searchng
1d6+2 Shadows	Setting up an ambush
2d6 Astral Spinners	Waiting
3 Shadows	Hiding/Sneaking
An Arva	Dying
3d10x10 Vydeiac Swarmers	Just Passing Through
2 Adventurers	Mating
A Muttering Serpent	Sleeping

What's Happening?!
3d6
3 Astral spinners everywhere. The streets are an obstacle course of silver webbing.
4 Festive lighting, fireworks and music throughout. Shadows are gone. Sludges in turmoil.
5 1d6 groups of 1d4+1 Arva search the ruins surrounded by spheres of light. They hate it.
6 6d6 falling stars strike the city every 10 minutes, but cause no damage.
7 All water in the ruins is orange and viscous.
8 The sun still shines tonight on 1d10+3 ancient parks within the ruins.
9 Shadow's eyes are red and they attempt to kill foes immediately this evening.
10 In the ruins the sky froze at sunset. It's still dark enough for shadows and sludge though.
11 In the ruins the sky is clear for meteor shower viewing. All spell effects increased by 20%.
12 Fire and spellcraft flashes in the ruins with some regularity.
13 A ship in the harbor is firing indiscriminately upon the ruins.
14 1d6+3 Arva were unable to leave the ruins before nightfall. They are panicked.
15 1d4+1 rival ships have called a truce and are mounting a joint rescue of those ashore.
16 Thousands of tabibari sleep peacefully and unmolested in the ruins.
17 A thick layer of orange crystal coats the entire ruins. No orange sludge can be found.
18 The ruins are full of obsidian bladeguards (hundreds). The air feels purple.

Lady Hedonia

Because of the nature of their position, gods of hedonism tend to be transient and disposable things when compared to other gods. Since they almost always transition into a god of despair, corpulence, or disease, most renounce their godhood in spectacularly divine suicides at the apex of a party. Lady Hedonia, a marilith, has lasted longer than all those who came before because she is incapable of remembering physical experiences until they are locked into muscle memory. When not throwing the most lavish parties in the multiverse Hedonia leads her armies in a land war in the infinite hells against her on-again-off-again lover, purveyor of decay and abandonment, the demon lord Khazan.

Unlike other gods associated with bacchanalian celebrations, Lady Hedonia never wants the party or focus to be on her. She is the facilitator, enabler and encourager of self destruction and can be found at the fringe of the most intense partying. To use contemporary conventions, she is like the patron saint of slasher movies. When the sorority girl decides to leave a

flyer for the party with passed out hobo in the quad (i.e., serial killer) because "it'll be funny"... that's Hedonia. When the party winds down and a couple decides to go fuck by the pool but "forgets" to lock the door granting the killer easy access to the house... that's Hedonia. Her powers of suggestion, distraction and targeted forgetfulness can sow terrific amounts of chaos into any emotionally charged event. She loved the elves of the Isle of Light tremendously, back when she remembered they existed, and it really is just too bad about that cataclysm. They knew how to party.

What does she want?

- More power
- Immediate access to the newest experience
- To witness the sobering clarity mortals experience when they realize they've gone too far but it's far too late

What does she NOT want?

- To be bored
- For the party to stop
- For the land war against Khazan to stop being fun

What else?

Lady Hedonia has completely forgotten the Isle of Light/Swordfish Islands ever existed, or that she partied there. She has also forgotten there was a cult on the island that created relics in her name and augmented her power in the standard worshiper/god arrangement. If her land war against Khazan is going poorly, and if these relics are destroyed she will be surprised at the amount of latent energy they provided and may investigate their disappearance by proxy or even personally if it's bad enough.

Because of Hedonia's insatiable appetite for the new, she is one of the multiverse's leading tastemakers. The elf known as Zeb unknowingly supplied one of her agents with red crystal for personal, recreational, use and may have inadvertently started "the next big

thing". If it does take it will undoubtedly draw the attention of The Starfall and Ash Barons, and lead to both factions redoubling their efforts to discover the source of the crack in the Baron's red crystal monopoly.

Recently, a philosopher attending one of Lady Hedonia's supernova parties, posited the idea that land wars in the infinite hells mean less than nothing. Since realms can be infinitely large, or infinitely small, and since infinite is infinite, land is never truly gained or lost in the conflict since the size of all realms is static, i.e., infinite. Khazan had the philosopher immediately barbecued into the next round of hors d'oeuvres, but the idea has planted itself deeply into Hedonia and Khazan worries the smell of existential despair has clung, ever so lightly, to their recent skirmishes.



Sigils of Lady Hedonia





THE CULT OF THE VEIL

A group of elves inadvertently crashed one of Hedonia's feasts when a spell cast to take them home, took them to her domain instead. Their sudden arrival triggered Hedonia's bouncers, but the group managed to hold their own and even slay some of the guards. Impressed with their success, audacity, fine physical forms and taste in dress, Lady Hedonia brought the interlopers to her private chambers. At the time, she was infatuated with collecting the willing souls of pretty creatures for a shadowglass menagerie, so she seduced them with their heart's desires in exchange for their souls. The elves, succumbing to her advances, received the powers of telepathy and were sent home.

After a short time, the elves sought a way out of the bargain and (hoping to quickly increase the size of her shadowglass menagerie so that Khazan might seethe with jealousy) Lady Hedonia instructed them to convince others to take their place in the pact. With each recruit the elves found their powers increasing. Telepathy became suggestion. Suggestion became domination, and all the while the founders kept being invited to the most unbelievable parties. New followers were promised powers and VIP invitations to Hedonia's parties depending on the number of souls they could sign up, but the founders guarded the true gifts closely handing out little more than telepathy.

At the cult's peak a number of shrines were constructed "in plain sight" in each elven city. Hedonia blessed the shrines as conduits to a splinter of her

powers and debauchery, but after losing a number of key battles in her land war, and becoming bored with soul collecting (tiny figures dancing in gems no longer amused her), her focus shifted away from the island, never to return.

The cult continued to thrive despite her absence. Veils, distorted mirrors, and the serpent womb or serpent in the shadows, became fashionable iconography throughout the civilization. The founders, never realizing they had been forgotten, continued to push for new recruits and center their rituals around the shrines, bonding fresh aspirants to these foci.

SHADOWS

When the cataclysm destroyed the Isle of Light, and death blossomed outward from the Tower of the Sun, elves who had been ritually bound to one of Lady Hedonia's shrines ignited and burned. Because their souls had been pledged through sipopa and dark ritual to Hedonia, and because Hedonia had destroyed the shadowglass menagerie that was to store them, the elves became trapped between life and death. As they burned they left behind the sooty outlines of their bodies and disintegrated into hate filled shadows.

Shadows hunger for magic. If they kill a magic user, or innately magical creature, they revert back to their beautiful elven form and can cast a single spell. Their desire to wield magic is so great that they are rarely able to remain in this form for more than a second. At the completion of the spell cast their flesh blows away once more on ethereal winds and they become enraged, feeling the fresh sting of loss. The shadows in each

ruined elven city are bound to Hedonia's shrine, reforming at sunset the day after their destruction. Cleaning away the outline left at their transformation (or destroying the shrine) will free them.

What do shadows want?

- To cast magic. Desperately.
- To inflict fear. Pain is an acceptable, but lackluster alternative.
- Their old lives back
- To clean the spot where they burned out during the cataclysm. It calls them but they cannot touch it.

What do they NOT want?

- To see anyone else finish casting a spell. Masters of interruption.
- To fail Hedonia, but each shadow defines this differently.
- For anyone to live in the ruins.
- For Hedonia's shrines to be discovered.
- To be reminded of what they have become. They will break or deface any reflective surface.

What else?

Trapped between life and death, shadows cannot be turned or driven away as undead. They can however be pushed back and harmed when struck directly with fire, silver, or magical weapons.

It is possible that each time a shadow is "killed", the remaining shadows become more terrible and powerful until the defeated are reformed by the shrine at the next sunset. These more powerful shadows may be capable of consuming magic from items. Be advised that this may lead to tears and be derided by players as game breaking, so use this idea with caution.

Shadows may invade people's dreams to try and encourage them to clean away their sooty outline from the cataclysm. Cleansing the spot is probably as easy as writing the elf's name on the charred blackness, but the shadows all forgot their names when they burned without a soul to remind them.



The Architecture of Sipopa

Four distinct styles of sipopa usage emerged, influencing all aspects of elven culture.

The Drinkers

Sipopa syrup, cut with chilled cider, was the original way to use and it remained highly popular among the elves until the cataclysm. The practice of drinking became highly ritualized, with users gathering to imbibe sipopa daily at 10:00, 2:00 and 4:00, usually in a place with spectacular views. The discussion of "heavy ideas" was an important and celebrated part of these daily gatherings and Drinkers devised a myriad of magical, portable libraries in an attempt to resolve their frequent disagreements with well sourced documentation at a moment's notice.

Architecture of the Drinkers

Drinker ruins are often situated in locations with stunning natural vistas and are built with many nooks where small groups could gather to discuss matters over a drink. High backed chairs, expandable tables, and plenty of methods for rapidly chilling or heating liquids set these ruins apart from others. Highly focused, but eccentric collections of books, art, and biological specimens were often placed where Drinkers gathered to serve as both conversation starters and argument enders. Shelves, pedestals, cages and display cases were frequently built into the places they enjoyed.

The Smokers

Some elves dehydrated the fleshy globules of sipopa fruit to eat like raisins until it was discovered how potent these dehydrated granules were when smoked. Smoking, both collectively via hookahs and censures, or individually with pipes and papers caught on rapidly. The smokers, unlike the sitting drinkers, preferred to recline while enjoying sipopa and (perhaps because of this) heavily incorporated fornication into their usage.

Architecture of the Smokers

Smokers built low, enclosed areas with terrible ventilation to facilitate "hot boxing". Because this process quickly coated all objects in the room with thick orange residue, Smokers eschewed permanent ornamentation and furniture for things like curtains and pillows that could be rapidly changed. Pillars, hooks and small pits are typically all that remain in smoker ruins not preserved by orange sludge.

The Dusters

Some elves took to crystallizing sipopa nectar before grinding it into powder and snorting it. Dusters, as they called themselves, were normally overcome with feelings of restlessness and increased alertness and were always at least standing, if not running, playing or dancing.

Architecture of the Dusters

Intricate movement defined Duster style and their spaces were either built of it, or allowed for it. Open areas with standing tables, mirrored walls, golden rococo fractals, and collections of small objects that could be sorted or organized were their hallmarks. They loved curves and organic shapes (particularly floral) and incorporated them in their constructions at every opportunity.

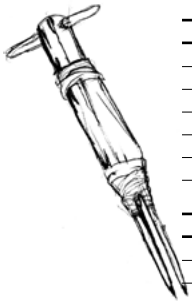
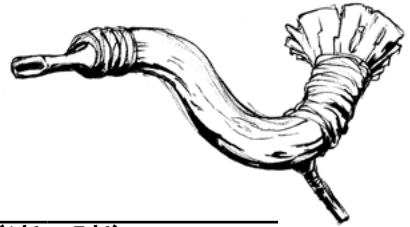
The Chasers

Chasers sought sipopa's highest highs and found them in the crystallization of sipopa nectar. They were the youngest "style" of use to emerge (being first documented 500 years before the cataclysm) and they would either melt the crystals and inject the sludge, or embed crystals beneath their skin as elaborate body modifications. It is likely these two methods would have split apart eventually, but the Isle of Light beat them to

it. Chasers spent the majority of their days in sipopa induced comas where they could more easily astrally project. When awake, they craved violence and would go on bloody, hedonistic benders until their newest subdermals were absorbed.

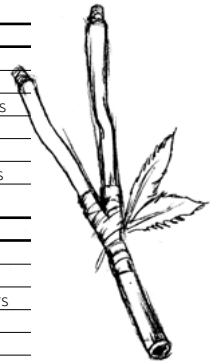
Architecture of the Chasers

Chasers funded the construction of numerous blood oriented buildings (like arenas) and popularized the use of blades as decorative objects, but they rarely, if ever made use of them. Their true places of congregation were constructed like well defended Japanese capsule hotels where an individual could stow their body to safely trip through the astral for months at a time.



Quick Drinker Dens (1d6 or 3d6)			
1	Reading nooks in	a library	of statuary
2	Tables for four in	a museum	of iridescent beetles
3	Pub booths in	an aquarium	of undead
4	Limestone hearths in	an aviary	of mechanical songbirds
5	Overgrown private patios in	a garden	of cacti
6	Small stone gazebos in	a trophy room	of impossible weather

Quick Smoker Dens (1d6 or 3d6)			
1	Heavy velvet curtains	hide	small private rooms
2	Screens of wood and pearl	hang above	soil filled pits
3	Carved stone pillars	encircle	embroidered cotton tents
4	Enclosed opium beds	hang above	plush conversation pits
5	A collection of small bells	hide	alcove beds
6	1000 floating lanterns	encircle	pocket pillow dimensions



Quick Duster Dens (1d6 or 3d6)			
1	A racetrack	made of	mirrored spheres
2	A gymnasium	covered in	visible sound waves
3	A dance floor	decorated with	ever shrinking fractal flowers
4	A squash court	made of	kinetic sculpture
5	A swimming pool	covered in	glowing petals
6	A shooting range	decorated with	distorted golden statuary



Quick Chaser Dens (1d6 or 4d6)			
1	A spiral of	hanging	multi-colored cubes
2	A wall of	graven	crystal hexagons
3	A sphere of	floating	metal sarcophagi
4	A pentagram of	ringing	marble sipopa pods
5	A pile of	bladed	giant skull beds
6	A column of	illuminated	glass stasis tubes

Elven Runes



A



B



C



D



E



F



G



H



I



J



K



L



M



N



O



P



Q



R



S



T



U



V



W



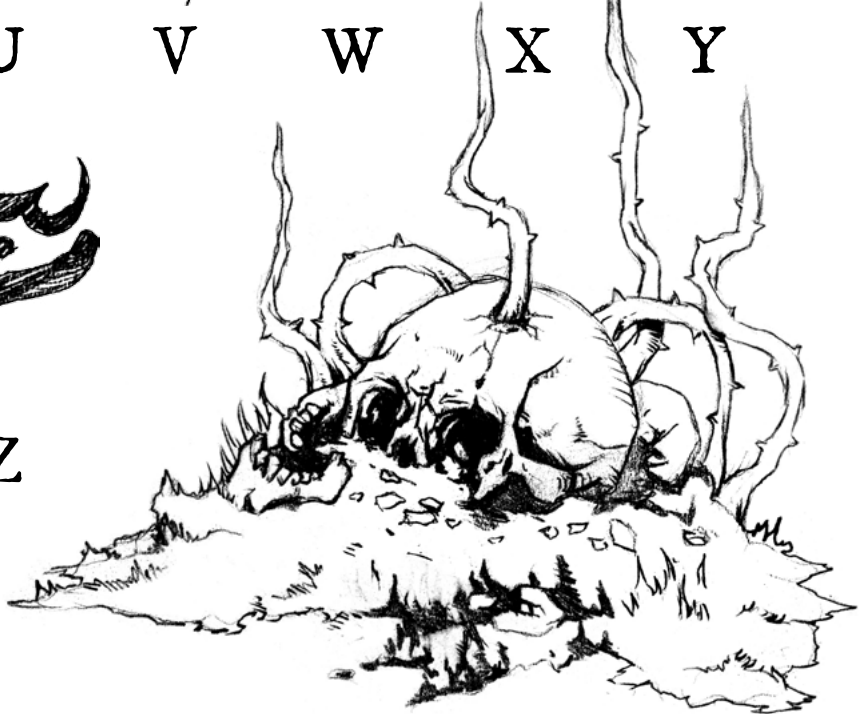
X



Y



Z





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