A 5e Adventure for Character Levels 8-10

Dungeons of Despair





You can chain me, you can torture me, you can e en destroy this budy, but you will never imprison my mine - Matmy Sand

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> Heart of Darkness - Dungeons of Despair 2025 adventure module is compatible with 5th edition. Manufactured by ShadowRealm Adventures.

Credits

Designer & Story Creators: Mike Spice (ShadowRealm) Project Planners: Alex Pauls, Kati Pauls www.kpdesign.ca Art Images: Adobe Stock Images, Writesonic AI Graphic Designers: Kati Pauls www.kpdesign.ca, Mike Spice Cover Illustrator: Mike Spice, Writesonic AI Creative Inspiration: dscryb.com, Cole Wilson Maps/Cartography: Gabriel Pickard Token Art: Jan Loos www.Janloos.com, Greg Bruni www.gregbrunicreations.com, Devin Night www.immortalnights.com,

David North www.davidnorthillustration.com, Sean Reber www.elementalflame.net, Greg Taylor www.dungeonarts.com

Prologue

nity and de an abyss gloom of Bla rison safene Mounta guards land's most en arkest fears. ic secrets Within t byrinthine fo irits have , innumera been sacr their essen und in servi to the malevolent fo lurking wit its stone heart.

e threshold of this ss of PCs find ne or two paths. Some may be doom throu emned to these disn epths as a result of ill-fated ded fickle rolls of ice, stripped of their worldly and thrust int recarious predicament. The nives hang by a thread, bu t's truly at stake is the very essence of their existence

Others me cace the formidable front entrance, unwittingambling upon a death trap of monumental proportions that will push their courage and resolve to the limits. Dungeon Masters, show no mercy here, for the denizens of this dreary domain certainly will not. With each twist and turn of these stone corridors, a deadly challenge rears its head.

From the guileful demons that skulk in the shadows to the ominous constructs, danger lurks at every corner. The deadly succubi from the Order of the Dark Vain orchestrate every movement within this prison with a puppeteer's precision, leaving no stone unturned and no secret hidden. Much will be illuminated within the dreary walls of this dark pit of

PCs will find themselves pitted against formidable foes who will resort to manipulation, deceit, and sacrifice in their relentless pursuit to devastate their will. To stand a fighting chance against these horrors, the characters will need to form alliances, leverage their wits, and tap into every ounce of cunning they possess. For beyond their imposing prison walls, a myriad of deadly traps and challenges lie in wait.

Do not become consumed by the darkness and despair within these stone-cold walls. Fear not what lies before you, but that which lies within. Remember, the true prison is not the one made of stone and iron, but the one we build within our minds. Break free from the chains of fear and doubt, for while your body may be confined, your spirit remains unbound. Embrace the strength within you, and let your indomitable will be the beacon that guides you through the shadows.

Running This Adventure

Welcome to the world of sandbox-style campaigns, where your players have the freedom to explore every aspect of the game, uncover its secrets, form alliances, and shape its politics. In this expansive style of gameplay, every choice matters, every path can lead to a new adventure, and every storyline converges into an epic tale. This adventure, designed as the second part of the Heart of Darkness trilogy, can also be played independently as part of any seafaring adventure.

enture module, ling the second in a trilogy, is debe compatible with the 5th edition (5e) Dungeons & D s system. To successfully run this adventure, the e resources required: The Player's Handbook, The D on Mast de, and The Monster Manual.

Adventure A Trilo

Despair is a chapter within the second part of Dungeo the 'Hear Parkness' trilogy, ' ng of the Sirine'. Players ominous Blackstone find them s imprisoned on one or be included in Laland. Th enture can st ny ongoin can be the perfect solution for mockout (TPK). The teleportation circle ithin the prison can serve as one of the escape mechanisms, leading to a location of the DM's choice, or the PCs can find their way out through the entrance to make their escape. If the PCs ever find themselves unfortunate enough to be imprisoned in the dreaded Blackstone jail, they will quickly discover the inescapable nature of its walls. Within its grim confines, their spell books, cherished equipment, and formidable weapons will be stripped away, leaving them defenseless and at the mercy of their captors, waking up to this predicament:

Rust-coated manacles and a neck restraint tightly bind you against the cold, damp stone wall. The feeble light from a few dim torches that line the outer hall do little to chase away the encroaching darkness, obscuring anything more than a few feet in front of you. Hard iron bars, rusted by years of moist air, line the entrance to your cell. While most of the bars stand three inches apart, a display of incredible strength has forced a few to widen to about four inches, a testament to the desperate struggles of those who came before you. The cells' doors have thick iron boxes obscuring their locking mechanisms. The walls are scored by former prisoners' nails, recording their last bleak thoughts before death. Spiked chains covered in rust, dried blood, and bits of flesh dangle over a fly-specked splatter of gore on the walls and floor. More rust-coated manacles and a neck restraint hang from the far wall, dangling in a shadow stained into the stone from the sweat, grime, and blood of those those who previously languished within these very confines. A blood curdling scream echoes from a distance, a chilling reminder of the horrors that await those who dare to defy the dungeon's grasp.



Dungeons of Despair (Dap

Denizens of Blackstone Prison

Separated and placed in different cells, the PCs' surroundings vary. One PC finds themselves in an adjacent cell to Divora in area 13, a seductive succubus in human form, masquerading as another prisoner. She whispers promises of power and escape, attempting to lead them astray. Another PC observes the golem (area 9), an ancient constructs tasked with maneuvering the levers that control the prison gates.

Confined within the cells, the inmates represent various factions of political intrigue. The Crimson Syndicate, master of covert operations, share their time in prison with their ruthless adversaries, the Brotherhood of the Blade. Their alliances and fractured relations will share the PCs' journey, for in this twisted realm, they will get the help they can get.

This encounter demands a we pared DM, ready to role-play and bring together the large of what has transpired in the large of the large

re, for traps lu yond the pri valls, intricately to test the v of even the mos oned adven-Jackstone Prison, termind of turei the heart evil, t anless succubi from the er of the D agh to ready to toy with any intruders Vain, a challeng r dominion.

In this a confidence of darkness and despair, the PCs must rely on their cunn bilities, form unlikely alliances, and navigate the treacher will they have a confidence of the confidence of the

another cell. There, leaning against the cold iron bars, stands a figure of such intoxicating allure that your breath catches in your throat. Her ethereal beauty, so stunning and surreal, seems to eclipse the grim reality of your surroundings. It's as if she's a celestial being trapped in this worldly realm, her radiance making your heart flutter erratically.

You can't help but imagine her perched on a throne, commanding respect and adoration. This captivating mystery woman possesses an aura that would make anyone willingly brave the harshest trials for her sake.

Her hair, black as a midnight sky, cascades down her back, shimmering with a blood-red hue that dances in the flickering torchlight lining the prison walls. Her skin, as pale as moonlight, is unblemished, the perfect canvas for her full, ripe lips, painted a succulent shade of strawberry red.

She's dressed in a form-fitting black corset that accentuates her curvaceous figure, paired with sleek black leather pants that cling to her like a second skin. Adding to her enigmatic charm, she wears an amulet around her neck, its black heart-shaped stone nestling seductively in the valley of her breasts. Attached to the slender belt cinching her waist is a petite cage, intricately forged from a mysterious black metal. The contents of the cage remain elusive, shrouded in mystery, yet they emanate a gentle glow of pale red essence, casting an aura of dim light around her.

Beneath the veneer of bewitching beauty and exotic allure lurks a creature of cunning and chaos – Divora, the formidable succubus of the Order of the Fallen Vain, the Dark Vain as it is ominously known. Her captivating allure is not mere aesthetics but a well-honed weapon, a tool of manipulation designed to ensnare the unsuspecting. Her guise as a hapless prisoner is a meticulously crafted façade, a ruse purposed to breed discord amongst the PCs. Her enchanting charisma isn't just for show; it's a tool for control, a means of exploitation, or when the PCs are most vulnerable. Divora is captive of a Blackstone jail; her ability to shift into an ethereal form anows her a freedom her fellow inmates can only dream of. She plays the victim until her true nature is nveiled.

Divora will be ocated in area 12 on the dungeon map. The should be the imprisoned PC in an adjacent cell in on the mag enabling them to peer into Divora's cell. It clusory imprisonment offers a unique role-playing encour where she can delegate into the driving philosophies of the Her own philosophies are not to be overshadowed; she have them in the curse of exchanging tales of adventure thin her controllines. She brazenly challenges the controllines and constants but subjective constructs.

ro Divora, those who align with chaos, who embrace creativity in art and storytelling, who are open to new experiences and adventures, and who value freedom, are often unfairly opposed by the staid, law-abiding, and orderly archetypes who are as drab and colorless as the grey skies. This clash of natures, this divergence of archetypes, she argues, is the root of what one perceives as good or evil. It is this polarity and disagreement, she states, that ultimately determines one's alignment with good or evil.

Divora contends that souls cannot be reserved for a benevolent deity. She perceives the prime material realm as a mere reflection of the Blood Wars, replicating the chaos and disorder of demons and the order and regulations of devils in a parallel reality. She believes that inherent flaws predispose every creature to certain sins and struggles in the prime material realm. These shortcomings, she argues, determine the value of souls auctioned off in the markets of Hades (see Appendix A - The Blood Wars: Order and Chaos).

Divora, a fervent advocate of liberty and a misguided follower of the Goddess Lady Morravain, finds herself ensnared in a paradox. Her thirst for supremacy has ironically become her shackle. Once a denizen from hell of modest magical prowess, Divora harbored a burning ambition to command the mystic forces. In her frantic quest to manipulate the tapestry of reality, she seized an opportunity to align with malevolent forces. The repercussions of that pivotal day were unexpected, altering her destiny profoundly.

Divora's contractual agreement within the Dark Vain did not endow her with the wizardly might she desired, but it did enhance her powers. Despite savoring her newfound abilities, she detests her subservience to the demonic order. The Heart of the Vain, a cursed onyx amulet she wears around her neck, has corrupted her to such an extent that she is compelled to invoke the Soul Cage spell, imprisoning souls in a metal cage tied to her belt. These captive souls are vital for infusing Divora with additional magical strength.