*Chapter 50: Malar’s Mischievous Minions*

In the end, they settled on a smaller group led by the four heroes whose efforts had already been catalogued as exemplary service. Each of the heroes would, in turn, lead a band of four specialists. One of the junior staff wrote the names and specializations of each participant on one of the boards on the northern wall.

**Immaline**

Beguiler, enchanter, diviner, illusionist

**Saradette**

Duskblade, hexblade, spellthief, warmage

**The Seeker of the Misty Isle**

Favored soul of Solonor Thelandiira, archivist, elf paragon/swashbuckler, scout

**Tore**

Favored soul of Lurue, monk, paladin of freedom, human paragon/sorcerer

Those noted had already been notified that they might be selected for such a mission, and were standing by downstairs in anticipation of the northward trek. Their primary objective was to eliminate the enemy’s offensive capacities, and their secondary objective was to apprehend at least some of their elders in order to bring them to justice before a public jury.

“We have made preparations to take the entire contingent north on a convoy of wagons for a dozen miles or so, then let the party continue on foot in order to maximize your element of surprise,” the moment’s leader spoke up. “Spell preparation for today will have to suffice in case you encounter any of their sentries patrolling the roadside, but tomorrow’s preparation will prove to be more crucial.”

After some discussion, the vetting of the intel and resources available to deal with this matter shifted the plan with respect to transport. And so it came to pass that they strategized on a partial trek by light barge commissioned by the Baron’s Commissar. It would take them upstream to the halfling-run Thistlewood Docks beyond which the depth and width of the channel shallowed and narrowed to the point that only a kayak or such craft could get through.

A map of a town

Description automatically generated

Arriving at the Fishersgate, they noted the barge already waiting for them, and boarded with a few nods to the crew and Captain. They were told they could expect the wind to hold, and the trip should be about 2 hours to Thistlewood, and 4-hour trek on foot to a defensible campsite known to Hinto. Hinto was chosen as the de-facto guide, while Shivers and Borboleta led the rear group, following the recent tracks of the lead party for want of knowledge of the discreet campsite.

A map of land with water and mountains

Description automatically generated

They expected to rise at dawn, whereupon the party would split; the groups led by Saradette and Tore would go on ahead while those led by Immaline and the Seeker would follow anon to serve as a remote reinforcement, should the advance party have to retreat. The next day’s hike would take another 4 hours, reaching the epicenter of Malarian activity as the next Highsun approached.

Hinto led the way as each member of the party walked between 10’ and 20’ from the adjacent agent of the Barony. Saradette, Tore, and their assigned specialists could occasionally see the second group a few thousand feet behind them.

Saradette walked with her group, watching around them as she went along. She was ready to cast her *mage armor* spell as soon as they encountered an enemy.

The occasional heron, egret, stork, crane, and flock of flamingos graced the backdrop of blue above and behind them. The masoned bridges that linked stable landmasses in the midst of a mire-and-swamp environment that swirled with new and old peat growth and other vegetation.

The drainage system comprised by this ecosystem fed into an inland estuary that eventually collected in a pond that in spring was brimming with life, but now in the midst of Flamerule, it had begun to dry up until the monsoon season picked up in late Eleasis.

Hinto—the fellow most familiar with these lands—stopped as they heard movement from behind them; then they all spotted a fist-sized frog being eaten by an even larger frog as it had perched atop a log.

Tore looked at the larger frog and used his granted animal domain ability and asks, “Have you seen creatures like us since the light came?”

“Creatures no pass like you ‘round here,” the frog unwittingly butchered the Common language.

Tore nodded, “Thank you friend.” He looked up at the others, “I doubt they travel this way much. We should be able to surprise them.”

“I would have someone scrying or just plain watching this road,” Saradette replied.

They trekked along the unkempt road that cut through the swamplands for another ten minutes or so, and then began to see the incline in the horizon, foreshadowing dryer terrain ahead. Another ten to fifteen minutes of travel got them to a point where the road was no longer raised on rock mounds above the damp soil, but just a blazed trail along the firm soil.

Now with the swamps behind them, and with the breeze blowing in from the west, where they were now headed, they could smell the distinct scent of rotting flesh. Hinto waited for the others to catch up and then murmured a warning that they were approaching the site where the sorcerer had last seen traces of the savage cult’s presence.

“Well, that’s not good,” Saradette said quietly. “Everyone, stay alert.”

Tore’s nostrils flared as he recalled the same scent the night before in the Malarians’ now defunct dungeon under the illegal gaming hall. The cleric nodded, “Though I’m not sure if the smell means they are still here with recent kills or have moved off.” He had his bow ready in one hand and an arrow in the other.

As they moved he whispered a short prayer to Lurue, “Protect us as we go forth in the name of good to rid the world of evil.” He then mentally prepared to cast *protection from evil*, waiting to see just what was ahead of them.

The absence of chirping birds among them gave Brother Kizzer cause for concern. He mentioned it to the others, who had not yet noticed.

“Alright, let’s go get them, instead of standing here wetting our breeches,” Saradette said quietly. She moved her group forward.

A minute later, they happened upon a trail of blood coursing under a short, makeshift tunnel made of earth and wood debris.

A tunnel with red liquid in it

Description automatically generated

Tore looked at the tunnel and wondered just why it was there. Was it a trap to lure them in, or was it supposed to look like a trap, so that you triggered the real trap as you went around.

He turned to the others, “I don’t feel comfortable going through the tunnel. Perhaps we split up and one team goes on either side.” It was more a question than a statement as he tried to gauge the group’s concerns about the tunnel as well.

As he carefully stepped over the trail of blood without touching it, Tore cast *detect magic [expired in 70 rounds]* and studied the tunnel, trying to discern if it was made with magic or by hand. He also scanned the area to both sides of the tunnel to see if there were any magic traps or anything in the area.

“See if there is another way forward besides this tunnel,” Saradette instructs her group. “But be careful and watch each other’s backs.”

To their right was a downward ravine, not quite a sheer precipice, but steep enough that the porous and leafy ground would likely cause them all to slip down into a stream below. To their left was a much more reasonable incline to negotiate, and Hinto agreed that it was a far less sketchy path than through the Malarian tunnel.

“The left then?” asked Felcity, the group’s spellthief.

Tore nodded, then said to Saradette, “Move carefully. Everyone else,” he added, looking around, “keep your eyes open. Follow along at 20’ intervals.” Tore then followed Saradette, about 20’ behind her as he continued to scan using his *detect magic* spell.

Tore’s eyes scanned for auras as they walked another few hundred feet uneventfully behind Hinto. Then, the Thayyan sorcerer stepped on a noose that upon pressure, was triggered, caught the human’s ankle, and quite efficiently hung him upside by said ankle. The man inadvertently yelled as his left knee twisted and broke, adding to the agony of the hanging.

Any element of surprise they might have had was now compromised, as the poor guide’s voice likely carried as far as the party that followed anon a mile or so back.

A string of leather from a tree

Description automatically generated with medium confidence

Then, as Brother Kizzer cautiously approached Hinto, looking for adjacent snares in his path, he and some of the others in the front of the formation spotted the skins and skulls adorning what appeared to be the threshold of an abandoned enclave.

Tore continued to scan with his *detect magic*. He also moved forward slowly and methodically, “Be ready with your weapons,” he added, his shield and Rod of Defiance both at the ready. He scanned the plants and everything else around him, and gave the ground around himself a look now and then for any traps.

Saradette went to the man’s aid, first checking for any additional traps. She then turned to the two nearest people. “Cut him down, carefully, and take him to one of our healers.”

Brother Kizzer and a few others cooperated in getting Hinto down as Arcanea cast *cure light wounds* on the guide.

*Restored to full hps.*

And then they noted that they were surrounded by a dozen—no—at least two dozen Malarian tribesmen. Some toted spears and javelins, while others trained bows and arrows on the group. Some bore their humanoid faces, while others wore their werejackal guises, and others still were in full jackal form.

Seeing the Malarian cultists, Tore said, “Fire off any ranged attacks as soon as you have a good target.” Tore then cast *protection from evil [expired in 7 minutes]* upon himself and moved to have a tree to his right and in front of him to block some of the Malarians from having a line of fire on him.

Saradette thought to stall the Malarians long enough for the secondary party to catch up, whereupon they might have had a chance to fend off this many able warriors and others, but that would entail stalling for several minutes, which was likely not a viable option.

Tore saw their fellow adventurers—a duskblade, a hexblade, a spellthief, a warmage, a favored soul of Lurue, a monk, a paladin of freedom, and their sorcerer guide—and turned to Saradette to get a sense of the situation.

Anticipating a fight, Tore was ready to cast *nimbus of light* upon himself, though for now, the warriors around them stayed back and engaged in ranged combat. The priest hung his mace on his belt and quickdrew his bow.

Saradette glanced around, evaluating the area. She looked for a place that would offer both cover and shorten their line so they couldn’t be flanked. Otherwise, they’d have to run back toward the other group and make a stand along the trail behind them. She saw little potential in repositioning themselves, though a few formations came to mind that would maximize their defensive capacity against the barbarians all around them.

As the heroes faced the west, one figure on their right stepped forth, with two bowmen stepping to both of the figure’s sides. The central figure was a woman, as it became evident once she removed the hood of her wooly cloak. She studied the ten men and women who had blundered into the Malarians’ territory, and likely took a measure of the armaments and prowess of the strangers.

Tore looked at the woman as she stepped forward and said, “We give you this opportunity to leave. What say you?!” Tore knew what her answer would be, but he figured it could buy them a little time. As he waited for her reply, he hung his mace in his belt and grabbed his bow, ready to let loose with a few arrows when it came time for that.

“Form a circle,” Saradette told her cohorts. “We will have to fight our way back the way we came.”

But most of the heroes were reading a very different vibe from their would-be adversaries, and now it was only the woman who had unhooded herself that now approached, albeit cautiously.

“No doubt you were sent here by the Barony,” she initiated the dialogue with whomever among the newcomers would speak.

Caase of Lurue—the group’s paladin of freedom—introduced herself and replied, “We were *indeed* dispatched by the Barony of Mintar, and are here to see to it that your nefarious operations in our fair city come to an end.”

“Then you have already slain or apprehended our brethren,” confirmed the unhooded woman.



“We apprehended most; some chose a grislier fate for themselves,” the paladin nodded.

“And you believe your cause is just,” smirked the barbarian woman.

There was hesitation in the paladin, though Tore did not feel the same hesitation. Instead, the latter responded, “Based on what we saw in town, yes. If you are in league with them, then the countryside needs to be rid of your evil influence.”

A few of the barbaric, hide-donning humanoids in the distance chuckled, and some nodded encouragingly to one another.

The woman speaking on behalf of the locals continued to step forward, her demeanor betraying a collected nature despite the savagery that these beast-people likely practiced.

It was then that—neither the paladin, nor the fighter-priest—but the group’s warmage spoke up. Lassiter Wright was his name, and evocations were his main game. He took a few steps forward like he had this, but he lacked the diplomat’s edge that had trained Caase’s and Tore’s tongues, and furthermore bore the accent of a Turmish peasant. “The fuck!? We heard about the cannibal orgies where you make your Malarian pâté, brah, and then eat and fuck in it!”

“These two witnessed it,” the paladin placed a hand on the warmage and felt she needed to bandage the callousness of Lassiter’s delivery. She pointed to Saradette and Tore, adding, “… an entire cell of converted savages who once lived fully urban lives, but yet you hesitate to kill us... why?”

The unknown lady in the woods continued to meander towards the cluster of newcomers with her backup behind her, twin male figures with no apparent sense of humor. “We like to fuck, and we’re carnivores, and some of us enjoy the taste of humanoid and monstrous humanoid flesh as much as you all enjoy a good venison or other animal.”

The paladin retorted, “I’m actually a 5th-level vegan.” This caused an uproar from the warriors, some of whom asked for permission to finish these intruders off on the spot.

The woman was now about 140’ from Hinto, and denied the request, “Nay! This *vegan* and his friends are our guests tonight. We’ll have Earpiercer explain the rules to them so they get out of here alive, but much the wiser.”

Saradette didn’t pick up at all on what was happening, but Tore and a few of their allies got the message that they weren’t in a position to refuse. The artificer looked at her friends, and Arcanea whispered the clarification to her.

Tore nodded his agreement; however, he added, “We will listen to what you have to say, but I doubt it will change anything. Your filthy and evil ways have no place in a civilized world.”

~\*~

Tore and Saradette sat on the earthen floor amongst their peers as a plate of cooked meat was passed from person to person. It was a boar that had been slaughtered and butchered within minutes before being skewered over a woody fire with impressive finesse. The woman who had brought them here stood by at a distance as their Chieftainess—Anæsthesia—beheld the newcomers and greeted them, sitting before them. With a handful of spearmen and slingers in her midst, she introduced herself, and bid the heroes, “Welcome. So long as you do not seek to harm anyone here, you will be treated as guests. When you have had your fill of meat, and perhaps meat within meat...” she pointed to the orgying going on around them, “... perhaps we’ll speak.”



Saradette brought out her plate and eating utensils, along with some bread and spices. She also took out a linen bag containing another brightly polished brass plate and a set of matching utensils, which were part of her trade stock. She held the bag out to Anæsthesia. “Please. accept this small token of our appreciation. We would much rather make friends than fight with people.”

The heroes had been here partaking in savage pleasantries for about ten minutes when a sentry announced herself approaching with their reinforcements in tow. Immaline and the Seeker of the Misty Isle had also opted for a peaceful resolution of the conflict they’d come here to address, and were now walking in single file, conscious of the spearpoints trained in their direction as they joined the festivity.

Anæsthesia proceeded to confirm that these reinforcements were not intended to reactivate any conflict, and it was clear that she saw a red flag in Saradette’s and Tore’s reticence to disclose the second party to her. Nevertheless, she invited everyone to have some food and drink, then nodded her head to her guards, who reinstated a more vigilant stance in the midst of the newcomers.

Saradette put her fork down on her plate. “We weren’t trying to deceive you, but we had to be careful. I’m sure that there are things you haven’t revealed to us. I’m fine with that. We are getting to know each other, and there are always secrets.”

Drinks infused with heady substances were passed around as consenting adults from the city comingled with those they’d called savages only hours ago.

Tore passed on the offered drinks, instead using his own Everfull Mug for his beverages. He was also disappointed in those of his team that were being drawn into the activities of the Malarians.

“I agree with what my friend has said,” Tore said nodding to Saradette, “I am sure there is much you are hiding from us and if you as so offended, then that is not our problem. Now, if you wish to discuss some agreement between yourselves and the city, we will stay and talk. If all you want to do is try and turn us to your ways, then I for one will not do so.”



Shivers BcGee—a whisper gnome beguiler with a predisposition to exploiting elaborate illusions—had gotten a wee bit inebriated, and was now picking a fight with one of the locals, which warranted some intervention from their leadership, namely, Immaline, Saradette, the Seeker, and/or Tore.

When he heard the commotion with Shivers, he walked over to the gnome, “Shivers, that is enough. I will *not* tolerate you endangering the rest of the team. Now, I need you to sit and behave, understood?”

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| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Saradette, Diplomacy** | 2 | **Cha (+0)** | 0 | 2 | 16 – 20 | ?? |

*See below.*

“Aw, Shivers!” Shivers said as he shivered a bit, muttering something about a buzzkill. Those around him in their group nodded to the gnome in gratitude and deference, worried that this was all part of the Malarians’ plan.

Afternoon had by now given way to sunset, and as twilight approached, the expeditionary force found itself sated, somewhat sedated, and perhaps as compromised as they could be, given the leadership’s shepherding of moderation and abstinence.

Alim—a half-elf duskblade from Tethyr—discussed local folklore with a few Malarians, alongside Jarid, Felcity, and Lassister, all of whom reported to Saradette. This group of mage variants had started off incohesive, but they seemed to be getting along finely now that the mead had lubricated the gears of sociality.

Under Tore’s wing were a favored soul of Lurue named Arcanea, as well as a monk, paladin, and sorcerer loyal to that deity. These five now partook in conversation with Anæsthesia, and the topic there was the battle with the deities that they’d had just tendays ago. It seemed to Saradette and Tore that Lurue had been closer to them that day than she was now, or perhaps this was all part of a greater challenge whose fulfillment would further unravel the manifolds of fate by the heroes’ hands.

Immaline, Shivers, Mìngyùn, Yorig, and Allegory were now the rowdiest of the non-Malarians, and the illusionist had actually cast a figment of herself standing by before passing out behind a tree.

The Seeker of the Misty Isle was mentoring what he was calling his Butterflies: a quartet of women comprised of a favored of Solonor Thelandiira, an archivist, a swashbuckler, and a scout. Their group was—for the moment—not interacting with any Malarians, and stood at the periphery of the gathering.

And then there came from a far-off sentry the warning of an attack. “Unidentified dragon!” one of the voices called out as a green-scaled, winged monster came gliding into view.

Tore was in the best position to identify the creature as a greenspawn razorfiend, a vicious magical beast related to green dragons. He had enough time to say, “It’s a razorfiend! They are immune to acid, paralysis, and sleep, and their breath weapon is corrosive.”



Then, two more of the chartreuse dragonoids came into their line of sight, flapping their wings and licking their lips with forked tongues.

Round 1

“Blades up front,” Saradette barked. “Let’s take the one in the middle.” She cast *mage armor [expired in 1 hour]* on herself and readied her glove.

*Saradette gained +4 to FFAC and AC.*

Tore followed Saradette’s lead, “Melee warriors front, ranged warriors can engage as soon as they are within range.” Tore then swapped his bow for his mace and shield. He decided to wait to activate the barrier until their foes approached closer.

Immaline did the same as Saradette, manifesting a *mage armor [expired in 12 hours]* spell around herself, as did Shivers, Mìngyùn, Yorig, and Allegory *[expired in 9 hours for each caster]*.

*Immaline, Shivers, Mìngyùn, Yorig, and Allegory gained +4 to FFAC and AC.*

The Seeker led his flock—Farfalla, Shmetterling, Lepidopterum, and Borboleta—into a patch of bushes from where they could maximize their respective strategies.

Alim drank a potion of *cat’s grace [expired in 4 hours]*, and drew her falchion, ready to cleave one of the dragons.

*Alim gained +4 to Dexterity.*

Felcity drank a potion of *eagle’s splendor [expired in 9 minutes]*, augmenting her charm and spellcasting mojo.

*Felcity gained +4 to Charisma.*

Arcanea identified all green dragons as lawful, and had a particular dislike for that alignment. She cast *protection from law* upon herself.

Brother Kizzer stood about 15’ from the duskblade drinking a vial of *owl’s wisdom [expired in 4 minutes]*, readying his bare hands for any melee that would ensue.

*Brother Kizzer gained +4 to Wisdom.*

Caase cast *bear’s endurance [expired in 7 minutes]* upon herself.

*Caase gained +4 to Constitution.*

Hinto cast *fireball* upon two of the dragons that were within 30’ of one another.

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| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *Fireball* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Razorfiend | Reflex | 10 | 16 | 26 |
| Razorfiend | Reflex | 10 | 2 | 12 |

*Success, fail. Razorfiend 1 saved for ½ damage.*

*Dmg to R1: ½ x 24 = 12 fire.*

*Dmg to R2: 29 fire.*

The razorfiends made way quite quickly towards the group, and now that they were in Lassister’s range, he opted for an *orb of fire* to lob at the center drake.

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| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| Ranged Touch Attack | 9d6 fire | +3 | 1 | 10 | 16 | 26 | Weapon Focus Included |

*Hit. Dmg: 30 + 3 = 33 fire.*

The Malarians that were close enough to hurl javelins at the dragons did so, though most would opt to run to defend their leader.

*3 javelins hit razorfiend 1. Dmg: (6 + 1) + (4 + 1) + (1 + 1) = 7 + 5 + 2 = 14.*

Jarid had also waited until the closest dragon was within 60’, and now released his hexblade’s curse upon it.

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| **Character** | **Save vs.**  Hexblade’s Curse | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Razorfiend | Will | 5 | 3 | 8 |

*Fail. Razorfiend 1 suffered –2 to attacks, saves, checks, and weapon damage rolls for 1 hour.*

The lead drake was hardly scathed by the attempts to fell it. It swiped down at Felcity and one of the Malarians.

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| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** | **Target** |
| Greenspawn Razorfiend 1 | Wingblade 1 | 2d6+8 | 10 | 5 | 15 – 2 | 13 | 26 | Felcity |
| Greenspawn Razorfiend 1 | Wingblade 2 | 2d6+8 | 10 | 5 | 15 – 2 | 2 | 15 | Malarian 21 |

*Gratuitous non-canon 2nd flyby attack.*

*Hit, miss. Dmg to Felcity: 4 + 8 = 12.*

The other two followed close behind, each nipping at a different Malarian.

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| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** | **Target** |
| Greenspawn Razorfiend 2 | Wingblade 1 | 2d6+8 | 10 | 5 | 15 | 15 | 30 | Malarian 3 |
| Greenspawn Razorfiend 3 | Wingblade 2 | 2d6+8 | 10 | 5 | 15 | 5 | 20 | Malarian 11 |

*Hit, hit. Nominal damage dealt.*

Anæsthesia cast an unidentified abjuration.

*No map for this encounter.*

Round 2

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| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Initiative** | **Roll** | **Modified Roll** |
| Immaline | 5 | 17 | 22 |
| Seeker | 5 | 13 | 18 |
| Razorfiends | 7 | 7 | 14 |
| Malarians | 2 | 11 | 13 |
| Saradette | 3 | 4 | 7 |
| Tore | 2 | 2 | 4 |

Immaline knew better than to cast *Melf’s acid arrow* on an acid-breathing dragon, so instead she went with her signature *magic missile*, targeting the most wounded drake (R2).

*Dmg: 8 + 3 = 11 magic.*

This wasn’t quite enough to down the beast, but it got them that much closer.

Shivers called, “Let me have the slow one!” He then targeted that foe, and cast *charm monster [expired in 9 hours]* upon it.

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| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *charm monster* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Razorfiend 3 | Will | 5 | 17 | 22 |

*Success. Effect negated.*

“Aw, frogs!” cursed Shivers.

Mìngyùn cast *mass enlarge person*, causing a handful of Malarians around him to grow alongside him.

*Mìngyùn and 4 Malarian gained +2 to Strength, -2 to Dexterity, and -1 to AB.*

Yorig cast *true strike*, anticipating being in range momentarily.

Reciting a haiku a few times over, Allegory had just enough of a window to cast *rainbow pattern* pointed above her head while the third dragon flew over her.

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| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *rainbow pattern* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Razorfiend 3 | Will | 5 | 5 | 10 |

*Fail. R3 was fascinated.*

The dragon swooped back around, hovering before the illusory rainbow on which Allegory now concentrated.

The Seeker saw that the dragons were susceptible to magic. He cast *righteous wrath of the faithful*, which burst a buff outward from the elf’s form, boosting a dozen of the Malarians, and his own followers.

*12 Malarians and the Seeker’s followers gained +3 to melee attacks and an additional attack with a full-attack action.*

Farfalla cast *barkskin* upon herself.

*Farfalla gained +2 to FFAC & AC.*

Shmetterling relied on her Dark Knowledge to discern any weaknesses in their adversary.

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| **Dark Knowledge: Tactics** | **Rank** | **Ability & Mod.** | **Misc. Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| **Knowledge: Arcana** | 12 | **Int (+7)** | 2 | 21 | 8 | 29 | Trivial Knowledge, best of 2 rolls |
| **Knowledge: Arcana** | 12 | **Int (+7)** | 2 | 21 | 9 | 30 | Trivial Knowledge, best of 2 rolls |

*Friendlies gained +2 to AB vs. razorfiends.*

Lepidopterum drew her rapier, quaffed a potion of *cat’s grade [expired in 4 minutes]* and prepared for battle.

*Lepidopterum gained +4 Dexterity.*

Borboleta drew her longbow, positioned herself about 10’ off, and fired at the third razorfiend.

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| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| Longbow +2 | 1d8 | 2 | 2 | x3 | 100’ | 3.0 | +11 | 6 | 17 | +2 vs. razorfiends; +1 within 30’ |

*Hit. Dmg: 1 + 2 + 1 Skirmish = 4.*

The razorfiends struck at the barely armored Malarians, whose flesh looked tastier than the pastier city slickers.

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| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** | **Notes** |
| Greenspawn Razorfiend | Wingblade 1 | 2d6+8 | 10 | 5 | 15 | 18 | 33 | 18-20/x3 |
| Greenspawn Razorfiend | Wingblade 2 | 2d6+8 | 10 | 5 | 15 | 4 | 19 | 18-20/x3 |
| Greenspawn Razorfiend | Bite | 1d8+3 | 10 | 0 | 10 | 10 | 20 |  |
| Greenspawn Razorfiend | Wingblade 1 | 2d6+8 | 10 | 5 | 15 | 13 | 28 | 18-20/x3 |
| Greenspawn Razorfiend | Wingblade 2 | 2d6+8 | 10 | 5 | 15 | 14 | 29 | 18-20/x3 |
| Greenspawn Razorfiend | Bite | 1d8+3 | 10 | 0 | 10 | 5 | 15 |  |
| Greenspawn Razorfiend | Wingblade 1 | 2d6+8 | 10 | 5 | 15 | 13 | 28 | 18-20/x3 |
| Greenspawn Razorfiend | Wingblade 2 | 2d6+8 | 10 | 5 | 15 | 8 | 23 | 18-20/x3 |
| Greenspawn Razorfiend | Bite | 1d8+3 | 10 | 0 | 10 | 17 | 27 |  |

*Threat, hit, hit, hit, hit, miss, hit, hit, hit. 1d20 = 9 + 15 = 23, critical hit.*

*Dmg to Malarian 16: (3 x [8 + 8]) + (9 + 8) + (8 + 3) = 48 + 17 + 11 = 76.*

*Dmg to Malarian 5: (6 + 8) + (4 + 8) = 26.*

*Dmg to Malarian 9: (9 + 8) + (2 + 8) + (5 + 3) = 34.*

The lead drake chewed the head off one of the barbarians, and ate it, discarding the rest. The other two did their best to finish off their pickings, but the warriors held their ground despite the ravaging wingblades that lacerated their hide armor and flesh.

The Malarians responded with fierceness and bravery*[+2 vs. razorfiends]*. Anæsthesia cast *Abyssal might [expired in 90 minutes]* as her guards flanked the lead dragon, and the rest of the barbarians skewered the other two dragons.

*Anæsthesia gained +2 Strength, Constitution, and Dexterity.*

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str/Dex**  **Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total**  **Score** | **Roll** | **Total** | **Threat** |
| Malarian Guard 1 | Scimitar +1 | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 1 | 2 flank | 16 | 19 | 35 | ý |
| Malarian Guard 2 | Light Mace +1 | 1d6+4+1 | 12 | 2 | 1 | 2 flank | 19 | 17 | 36 | ý |
| Malarian Commando | Spear +1 | 1d8+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 2 flank | 15 | 17 | 32 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 6 | 19 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 3 | 16 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 2 | 15 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 9 | 22 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 19 | 32 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 19 | 32 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 12 | 25 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 17 | 30 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | **20** | 33 | þ |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | **20** | 33 | þ |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 15 | 28 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 9 | 22 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | **20** | 33 | þ |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 19 | 32 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 3 | 16 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 11 | 24 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 14 | 27 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 12 | 25 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 2 | 15 | ý |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 13 | 10 | 23 | ý |

*Hit, hit, hit [R1].*

*Dmg: (4 + 3 + 1) + (6 + 4 + 1) + (5 + 3 + 1) = 8 + 11 + 9 = 28.*

*Hit, miss, miss, hit, hit, hit, hit, hit, threat, threat, [R2]. 1d20 = 5 + 15 = 20; 9 + 15 = 24, two critical hits.*

*Dmg: (1 + 3 + 1) + (4 + 3 + 1) + (2 + 3 + 1) + (1 + 3 + 1) + (4 + 3 + 1) + (6 + 3 + 1) + ([2 x 5] + 3 + 1) + ([2 x 3] + 3 + 1) = 5 + 8 + 6 + 5 + 8 + 10 + 14 + 10 = 66, though DR absorbed most of this damage.*

*Hit, hit, threat, hit, miss, hit, hit, hit, miss, hit [R3].*

*Dmg: (5 + 3 + 1) + (2 + 3 + 1) + (6 + 3 + 1) + (3 + 3 + 1) + (2 + 3 + 1) + (6 + 3 + 1) + (5 + 3 + 1) + (2 + 3 + 1) = 9 + 6 + 10 + 7 + 6 + 10 + 9 + 6 = 63, though DR absorbed most of this damage.*

The second drake had been hit the hardest by the humanoids’ collective offenses, and the last few javelins did the trick of bringing it down with a dull crash.

A green dragon with long tail and long wings

Description automatically generated

*[Assume a distance of 15’ to 100’ between any character you control and one of the two remaining dragons, at your convenience. That gives melee combatants the chance to charge-attack, if needed.]*

The middle critter never came into her range, so Saradette zapped at the third one instead.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | | | **Dmg.** | | **Rng.** | **Notes** | |
| Glove of Lightning Bolt | | | 8d6 Electric | | 120’ | Ref DC 16 for ½ | |
| **Character** | | **Save vs.**  *Lightning Bolt* | **Ranks** | | **Roll** | **Result** | |
| Razorfiend | | Reflex | 10 | | 14 | 24 | |

*Success. Saved for ½ damage.*

*Dmg: ½ x 27 = 13 electric.*

Alim charge-attacked the lead dragon.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Alim | Falchion +2 | 2d4+1+2 | 9 | 2 | 2 | 13 + 2 Charge  + 2 vs. rzrfnd | 1 | 18 |

*Miss.*

Jarid had hexed this dragon, and now cast *magic missile* upon it.

*Dmg: 9 + 3 = 12.*

Felcity popped a dart onto the drake.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **W+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Felcity | Dart +1 | 1d4+1+4d6 Sneak | 6 | 3 | 2 | 11 +2 | 19 | 30 |

*Hit. Dmg: 1 + 1 + 12 Sneak = 14.*

Tore aimed his bow and fired off as many arrows as he could at the razorfiend that looked the healthiest to him.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Longbow +1 | 1d8 | 1 | 1 + 2 *vs.* | x3 | 100’ | 3.0 | +16 | 8 | 24 |
| Longbow, 2nd Shot | 1d8 | 1 | 1 + 2 *rzrfnds* | x3 | 100’ | - | +11 | 14 | 25 |

*Hit, hit. Dmg: (6 + 1) + (5 + 1) = 13.*

Now, both of the remaining dragons looked equally unhealthy.

Arcanea charged the closest razorfiend, the one Tore had just injured, swinging at it with her sword.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Arcanea | Longsword +2 | 1d8+1+2 | 6 | 1 | 2 | +2 vs. razorfiends | 11 | 13 | 24 |

*Hit. Dmg: 4 + 1 + 2 = 7.*

Caase charged in next to Arcanea, quick-casting *rhino’s rush* and striking with her bastard sword.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Greatsword +1 | 2d6+2 | +10 + 1 | 3 + 2 vs.  razorfiends | 17-20/x2 | Slashing | 8.0 | +18 | 8 | 26 |

*Hit. Dmg: 2 x (6 + 2 + 10 + 1) = 2 x 19 = 38.*

The paladin of freedom cleaved the torso of the third dragon with a mighty downward swing as she landed on her feet with enough momentum to dig the blade in even further.

Hinto cast *enlarge person* and touched Brother Frostbeard’s shoulder before the dwarf charged in to attack.

*Brother Frostbeard gained gained +2 to Strength, -2 to Dexterity, and -1 to AB.*

Brother Frostbeard, with his increased size, charged towards the lead dragon, using his Ki powered flurry of blows on the only remaining razorfiend.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Brother Kizzer | Unarmed Strike | 1d10+1 | 6 | 3 | 9 + 2 charge | 9 | 20 |

*Hit. Dmg: 3 + 1 + 2 = 6.*

Lassister hesitated for a moment, seeing that the remaining dragon was intelligent enough to know that the next attack would compromise it, and thus, it flew upwards, eliciting a sigh of relief from some of the outlanders, and an outcry for more blood from the barbarians.

Round 3

Then, as if the Malarians’ prayers had been answered by their deity, there came crashing through the canopy to their north a true green dragon, a full adult, no less. Kallionastiryne was his name—Kallion to humanoids—and torturing was his game. Hinto proclaimed this, and warned everyone to not get captured as they all turned their attention to the lumbering dragon that now landed near its dead spawns.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Check** | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 13 | 17 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 19 | 23 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 12 | 16 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 3 | 7 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 15 | 19 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 5 | 9 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 5 | 9 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 5 | 9 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 9 | 13 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 20 | 24 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 16 | 20 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 7 | 11 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 1 | 5 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 17 | 21 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 1 | 5 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 11 | 15 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 17 | 21 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 17 | 21 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 8 | 12 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 12 | 16 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 19 | 23 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 16 | 20 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 4 | 8 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 18 | 22 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 8 | 12 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 8 | 12 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 17 | 21 |
| Malarian | Will | 4 | 16 | 20 |

*5 Malarians saved; all others were Shaken, and suffered -2 to attacks, saves, and checks.*

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Save vs.**  Frightful Presence | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Alim, Will** | **Wis (+0)** | 6 | 2 | 8 |
| **Jarid, Will** | **Wis (+0)** | 6 | 5 | 11 |
| **Felcity, Will** | **Wis (+1)** | 5 | 10 | 15 |
| **Lassister, Will** | **Wis (+0)** | 6 | 16 | 22 |
| **Arcanea, Will** | **Wis (+1)** | 8 | 3 | 11 |
| **Brother Frostbeard, Will** | **Wis (+3)** | 12 | 12 | 24 |
| **Caase, Will** | **Wis (+2)** | 7 | 4 | 11 |
| **Hinto, Will** | **Wis (+1)** | 8 | 6 | 14 |
| **Shivers, Will** | **Wis (+2)** | 10 | 4 | 14 |
| **Mìngyùn, Will** | **Wis (+0)** | 6 | 15 | 21 |
| **Yorig, Will** | **Wis (+0)** | 6 | 12 | 18 |
| **Allegory, Will** | **Wis (+0)** | 6 | 15 | 21 |
| **Farfalla, Will** | **Wis (+0)** | 6 | 5 | 11 |
| **Shmetterling, Will** | **Wis (+0)** | 6 | 2 | 8 |
| **Lepidopterum, Will** | **Wis (+0)** | 3 | 8 | 11 |
| **Borboleta, Will** | **Wis (+0)** | 3 | 10 | 13 |

*Lassister, Brother Frostbeard, Mìngyùn, and Allegory saved; all others were Shaken, and suffered -2 to attacks, saves, and checks.*

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Save vs.**  Frightful Presence | **Rank** | **Ability & Mod.** | **Misc. Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Properties** |
| **Immaline, Will** | 8 | **Wis (+0)** | 0 | 8 | 1 | 9 |  |
| **Saradette, Will** | 5 | **Wis (+1)** | 0 | 6 | 18 | 24 | +1 vs. Fear |
| **Seeker, Will** | 7 | **Wis (+3)** | 3 | 13 | 20 | 33 |  |
| **Tore, Will** | 7 | **Wis (+3)** | 0 | 10 | 3 | 13 |  |

*Saradette and the Seeker saved. Immaline and Tore were Shaken, and suffered -2 to attacks, saves, and checks.*

“Let’s move left to flank him,” Saradette told her group. “Wait until he’s engaged, and then strike from the side.” She moved her force to the left end of the line in preparation to move forward in the flanking move.

Alim, Jarid, Felcity, and Lassister stayed their hands for the moment, and followed the gnome into position.

With Saradette going to their left, Tore nodded as he put away his bow and drew his Rod of Defiance. “Form up a line on me; Hinto, cover us,” Tore said to his group as he moved forward to join the oversized Brother Kizer, Arcaena and Caase. As he moved forward, he cast *nimbus of light [expired on Round 113, or see what follows]* upon himself, planning to hold the spell for a minute *[Round 14]* before releasing it.

At Tore’s request for cover, Hinto smiled and launched a *fireball*, placing it between the front legs of the newly arrived dragon.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *fireball* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Kallionastiryne | Reflex | 12 | 1 | 13 |

*Fail. Dmg: 40 fire.*

One of the dragon’s wings was seared, causing the reptile to flinch.

Arcanea cast *magic circle against evil [expired on Round 603]*, enveloping herself and Caase within her tight radius.

*Arcanea and Caase gained protection from evil bonuses/wards.*

Brother Kizzer saw the dragon engaged with a handful of frenzied Malarians, and thus moved in to attack from the side.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Brother Frostbeard | Unarmed Strike | 1d10+1 | 6 | 3 | 2 charge +  2 flank | 13 | 18 | 31 |

*Hit. Dmg: 2 + 1 + 2 charge = 5.*

Caase cast *rhino’s rush* and charge-attacked the dragon.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Caase | Greatsword +2 | 2d6+2 | 10 | 3 | 2 | 2 charge +  2 flank | 19 | 10 | 29 |

*Hit. Dmg: 2 x (8 + 2 + 2 charge) = 24.*

Satisfied with his *fireball* spell, Hinto thought to repeat the casting in a few seconds.

Immaline saw Hinto’s success with that spell, and cast her only prepared *fireball* upon the drake.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *fireball* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Kallionastiryne | Reflex | 12 | 6 | 18 |

*Success. Saved for ½ damage.*

*Dmg: ½ x 53 = 26 fire.*

Again, the dragon was scorched, though not as badly as before.

Shivers used her cloak to render herself *invisible*, then crept around for a choice shot to the dragon’s vulnerable spots.

Mìngyùn cast *charm monster* again, this time upon the dragon.

*Automatic fail; reason unknown.*

Yorig cast *magic missile* upon the dragon.

*Dmg: 8 + 3 = 11 magic.*

Allegory cast an unidentified abjuration upon herself.

The Seeker cast *flame strike* upon the depraved dragon.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *flame strike* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Kallionastiryne | Reflex | 12 | 4 | 16 |

*Fail. Dmg: 23 fire + 23 divine = 46.*

Farfalla cast *fly* upon herself, and flew up to distract the dragon.

Shmetterling cast *hold monster*.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *hold monster* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Kallionastiryne | Will | 15 | 20 | 35 |

*Success. Spell effect negated.*

Lepidopterum got into position to charge-attack on the next round, and Borboleta moved into a better skirmishing position.

The Malarians were inspired by this mighty adversary whose name Anæsthesia now repeated after Tore pronounced it. “Kallionastiryyyyyynnnnne, dieeeeeee!” she launched two dozen spears with her voice.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Dex Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 | 5 | 18 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 | 19 | 32 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 | 8 | 21 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 | 2 | 15 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 | 16 | 29 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 FP | 10 | 21 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 13 | 24 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 6 | 17 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 18 | 29 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 17 | 28 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 8 | 19 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 14 | 25 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 18 | 29 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 7 | 18 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 3 | 14 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 15 | 26 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 19 | 30 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 8 | 19 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 7 | 18 |
| Malarian | MW Javelin | 1d6+3+1 | 10 | 3 | 13 – 2 | 1 | 12 |

*5 hits. Dmg: (1 + 3 + 1) + (4 + 3 + 1) + (1 + 3 + 1) + (3 + 3 + 1) + (6 + 3 + 1) = 5 + 8 + 5 + 7 + 10 = 35. Partial damage negated.*

Those with a seasoned battlefield acumen could tell that the dragon was about half-way slain. Still, the dragon had crushed a few Malarians, and its right foot had Felcity pinned such that she could do nothing but struggle against the weight. Kallion squirted a cone of acid unto the rest of Saradette’s and the Seeker’s groups.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **Range** | **Save** |
| Kallionastiryne | Breath Weapon | 12d6 acid | 50’ Cone | DC 25 Ref ½ |

*Base dmg: 52 acid.*

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Save vs.**  Breath Weapon | **Rank** | **Ability & Mod.** | **Misc. Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Saradette, Reflex** | **10** | **Dex (+3)** | 2 | 15 | 13 | 28 |
| **Seeker, Reflex** | **7** | **Dex (+5)** | 3 | 15 | 18 | 33 |

*Both saved for ½ damage: 26 acid.*

|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Save vs.**  Breath Weapon | **Ability & Mod.** | **Misc. Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Alim, Reflex** | **Dex (+3)** | 0 | 9 | 17 | 26 |
| **Jarid, Reflex** | **Dex (+2)** | 0 | 7 | 17 | 24 |
| **Felcity, Reflex** | **Dex (+2)** | 0 | 7 | 11 | 18 |
| **Lassister, Reflex** | **Dex (+2)** | 0 | 7 | 19 | 26 |
| **Farfalla, Reflex** | **Dex (+0)** | 0 | 6 | 4 | 10 |
| **Shmetterling, Reflex** | **Dex (+0)** | 0 | 3 | 8 | 11 |
| **Lepidopterum, Reflex** | **Dex (+2)** | 0 | 9 | 16 | 25 |
| **Borboleta, Reflex** | **Dex (+0)** | 0 | 6 | 15 | 21 |

*Alim, Lassister, and Lepidopterum saved for ½ damage: 26 acid.*

Jared and Schmetterling were dying, and Felcity was dead now.

Round 4

|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Group** | **Initiative** | **Roll** | **Modified Roll** | **Speed** |
| Tore | 1 | 2 | 19 | 21 | 30’ |
| Immaline | 1 | 5 | 15 | 20 | 30’ |
| Saradette | 1 | 3 | 11 | 14 | 20’ |
| Seeker | 1 | 5 | 6 | 11 | 30’ |
| Kallion | 3 | 7 | 3 | 10 | 50’ |
| Malarians | 2 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 30’ |

Then, as if the Malarians’ prayers had been answered by their deity, there came crashing through the canopy to their north a true green dragon, a full adult, no less. Kallionastiryne was his name—Kallion to humanoids—and torturing was his game. Hinto proclaimed this, and warned everyone to not get captured as they all turned their attention to the lumbering dragon that now landed near its dead spawns.

Saradette sent her melee fighters forward while she zapped the dragon with a double power shot, and her remaining magic users selected their most destructive spells to cast on the dragon.

Alim swiftly cast *blade of blood* and charge-attacked the dragon.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **W+** | **Other+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Alim | Falchion +2 | 2d4+1+2+2d6 BoB | 9 | 2 | 2 | 2 charge | 15 | 7 | 22 |

*Miss.*

Jarid put a curse on the dragon.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *Hexblade’s Curse* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Kallionastiryne | Will | 15 | 17 | 32 |

*Success. Effect negated.*

Lassister cast *orb of fire* upon the acid-resistant dragon.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| Ranged Touch Attack | 9d6 fire | +3 | 1 | 10 | 10 | 20 | Weapon Focus Included |

*Hit. Dmg: 30 fire.*

Immaline cast *lightning bolt* upon Kallionastiryne.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.** | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Kallionastiryne | Reflex | 12 | 13 | 25 |

*Success. Saved for ½ damage: ½ x 40 = 20 electric.*

Kallionastiryne was nearly done for, and the Seeker now rapid-fired on the dragon, hoping to end its existence.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| Bow of the Wintermoon +4 | 1d8 | +4 +5 +4 | 4 | x3 | 110’ | 3.0 | +16 | 19 | 35 | +1 within 30’ |
| Bow, 2nd Shot | 1d8 | +4 +5 +4 | 4 |  |  |  | +11 | 7 | 18 | +1 within 30’ |
| Bow, Rapid Firing | 1d8 | +4 +5 +4 | 4 |  |  |  | +16 | 19 | 35 | +1 within 30’ |

*Hit, miss, hit. Dmg: (5 + 4 + 5 + 4) + (2 + 4 + 5 + 4) = 18 + 15 = 33.*

And that was enough to set its soul adrift unto the Hells.

Tore, Arcanea, Brother Kizzer Frostbeard, Caase, Hinto, Farfalla, Shmetterling, Lepidopterum, Borboleta, Shivers, Mìngyùn, Yorig, and Allegory witnessed the dragon fall flat onto his belly, his neck twisting haphazardly as the smell of cooked reptile emanated from the fizzing head of the beast.

As they continued to hack away at the reptile, the Malarians cheered and with zero delay began to work on butchering the skull of the creature, as this was chockfull of delicacies, particularly the tip of the tongue, and the brains.

“Oh, rejoice!” Anæsthesia beckoned her flock of wanton carnivores. “The Bloodgod has chosen us to feast yet again. The fallen dragon and its drakespawns will sustain *our* flesh, and with the blood of our offenders shall we coat the land!” She made a few other assertions to give confidence to her mostly illiterate congregation, and then joined in the skewering of the monsters’ eyeballs, which were also a good source of proteins.

Saradette went to check on Jarid and Felcity. “Can anyone help these two?”

Tore responded, “I can help.” He cast *cure light wounds* stabilize the two dying heroes, unable to do much for the already deceased one.

When an adequate amount of butchering and devouring had taken place, Anæsthesia approached the heroes once again, noting that most of them were full, and resting now. “Outlanders,” she said as the guards kept a distance of about 15’ from their leader. “You have fought well this day, and we have vanquished a common enemy. I am aware that you represent the sedentaries, and I care not, for you have proven yourselves in the midst of unmitigated battle. We wish to give you these regalia,” four guards then came forth at the wave of her hand, each presenting to the four leaders of the expeditionary force a headband woven of hemp with about a dozen outward-facing thistles resembling tiny horns.

Saradette nodded respectfully to Anæsthesia and took the headband.

The Seeker approached Saradette, and said, “There’s nothing we can do for Felcity here. Arcanea is casting *gentle repose* on her remains, but we *must* get her back to the city so a proper cleric can revive her,” the cleric-archer said, by proper meaning a priest with a prepared *raise dead* spell or anyone with a scroll who could cast it.

There were casualties among the Malarians as well, and these bodies were placed on a pyre that was then set ablaze as the dragon-flesh feasting continued all around. Vile words were spoken to curse the dragon and razordrakes that they were eating, and cutting up for subsequent meals.

Those among the expeditionary force were exhausted from fighting, feasting, and otherwise maintaining pleasantries with the feral humanoids who had graciously invited them into their space. Shivers, in particular, was expressing angst over their chumminess with these savages, and Immaline was now debating the situation with him, weighing the potential resolution of this conflict with diplomacy versus sticking to their moral convictions.

The Lawful Good beguiler—who was more of a locksmith extraordinaire—shook his head, denouncing their practical interpretation of their mission objectives. “We’re in the wrong to have gone along with this.”

“In the slaying of the dragons?” Immaline frowned.

“No, that’s about the only thing we’ve done right,” clarified the whisper gnome. “We shouldn’t be here. We came to vanquish evil, not mingle with it.”

There was clearly some division amongst the city folks around the way that this was unraveling, but the majority of those with whom Saradette and Tore spoke held the opinion that this had been a successful forging of a possible armistice. As to whether it would be a lasting one, this remained unclear.

Saradette pulled Tore aside to confer with him privately. “No matter our differences, these folk are showing us that we can interact and not fight. I say that we take a small delegation back to Mintar. There, they can air their differences and hopefully come to an agreement.”

Tore listened and nodded. “They may have fought a mutual enemy with us, but that does not change who they really are. They will never be able to accept civilized laws, though I admit some laws are a waste of the paper they are written on. However, I do believe we have reached a point where we can see about some sort of verbal negotiations instead of those at the end of a blade.” Though he was not fond of the more evil slant of the Malarians, he did agree with some of their rejection of law, but only some. Without laws, even Tore had to admit that total chaos would not be a preferable way to live.

“I am in agreement,” the Seeker said to the idea of a Malarian delegation. “What does Anæsthesia say?”

“We haven’t asked her yet,” Saradette clarified as Immaline also came into the conversation, being amenable to the idea.

Tore did the speaking, asking Anæsthesia what she thought of the idea.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability & Mod.** | **Misc. Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Tore, Diplomacy** | 2 | **Cha (+3)** | 0 | 5 | 6 – 10 | ?? |

*See below.*

The Chieftainess had to confer in private with her guards and some of the senior members of her tribe. She then returned to the urbanites and answered, “You may take these loyal congregants,” and she pointed to a handful of werejackals, most of whom were in their innate humanoid form. “Their quest will be to return to us with our brothers that you have imprisoned. For this gesture of armistice, I will offer the Mintari heathens a truce, and vow that we will stay out of their walled city. If Mintar does not agree, our congregation will—in time—engross the Barony in lycanthropy, and Mintar will be a place of unbridled debauchery... and it *shall* be good!”

Tore shook his head, “So you couch diplomacy and a promise of peace inside of a threat. How can we believe you will hold true to your word?”

He was about to say more, but she interjected, “What would you have us do now that we know that you were sent here with the same contingency?” *[Tore can either address this before or after the text below.]*

“And what of the congregation, should you be overthrown or are replaced somehow, what promise of peace do we have?”

“By Malar!” the woman yelled out, and her werejackal family fell silent from their many conversations and boastings. As the outlanders, too, fell silent, they all turned to hear whatever she was about to say. “If and when I die, it is my living will that our words with these slickers be honored. As they were sent here with the will to kill, we will speak the language of coercion that Mintar has already used against us.”

Her congregation cheered, some turning into werejackals, others donning their humanoid faces as they waved their arms around.

Tore added: “I do warn you that the city officials will not appreciate a peace offering backed by a threat.”

“If...” she waited for the cheering to die down, “our brethren are not returned to us, *we*—who are returning our would-be slayers to them—are either being taken for fools...” again she waited for booing and hooing to subside, “... or we *will* speak their language to them.”

Cheering continued for a moment as the Chieftainess turned back to the heroes. When it was once again quiet, she called out, “Eat those who oppose you!”

Her words were echoed by her flock.

She continued, “… that their opposition may settle in your flesh and forever remind you that you are in conflict with those who are in conflict with Malar. Rage and might shall triumph in the wake of order and intellect.” They cheered and roared with rage as she continued the dogmatic shpiel that emboldened the faithful, “Let our passion outweigh their reason, and our bloodlust outweigh their worldly gains and social statuses! *Death* unto those who wish for our demise!”

Roars thundered as most lycanthropes took on their feral semblances and partook in an ad-hoc rolfing session.

“I know all too well how Mintar dispenses diplomacy. They’ll do the same to you once they’ve gotten what they want. You have my assurance that we will treat your benefactors with the same accord they will give our brethren once you all arrive intact,” she then said before herself growing a few inches, assuming the guise of her werejackal form, turning to her faithful, and joining them in their reveling of Malar’s might.

The dragon flesh all around them was about one-fifth butchered, with the rest still being on the corpses of the dragon and its two razorfiend spawns. The expeditionary force had partaken in the gamy flesh, and everyone from this band was ready to set out for the city, dark as it was getting now.

“We can camp here for the night, and return to Mintar in the morning,” Saradette proposed to Tore and their companions.

The Seeker and Immaline were prepared to do so, but wanted to know what Tore thought as well.

Tore looked at the others and shook his head. “After her speech, I do not trust them. I am sure that a few of her congregation see her treaty with us as a sign of weakness and don’t want to be nearby when they challenge her or decide to come after us. I suggest we camp a few miles away. She can send her representatives to us in the morning.” Tore did not trust lycanthropes in the least, especially chaotic and evil ones.

“The distance won’t matter if they come after us,” Saradette said quietly. “I will follow your lead, though.”

~\*~

And so they did camp at the edge of the Malarian huddles.

The term campsite was loosely used here, as there were bodies upon bodies of well fed and sexually sated people. To some, it was nasty debauchery; to others, it was an inspiring way to distance themselves from their quotidian customs of hygiene and social distancing. The junior members of the party spent part of the night soundly, while other parts were peppered by instances of half-drunken advances upon their bodies by werejackals.

It never got past a falchion being held upwardly by a rudely awakened Alim. “Not that kind of man, friend,” he simply explained before the lycan went to one of its friends to frolic instead.

The night passed with no attacks from wild beasts—nothing wilder than the Malarians—and even before the sun rose, they were all standing in the midst of a twilight sky, longing to put this place behind them as they headed towards the pinkening horizon to the east.

The night passed with no attacks from wild beasts—nothing wilder than the Malarians—and even before the sun rose, they were all standing in the midst of a twilight sky, longing to put this place behind them as they headed towards the pinkening horizon to the east.

Saradette ensured that the scouts went out ahead of them, not even waiting to break fast until they were on the road back to Mintar. She stayed close to the Malarian delegation, for both their sakes.

Tore was glad to be leaving the main portion of the Malarian congregation behind. However, he was wary and mistrusting of the lycanthropes that were accompanying them back to the city. He did not think that the city’s ruler or council would accept the offer of a truce. Then again, Tore would not blame them if they did reject the offer as that is what he would do. It would mean a fight against the Malarians, but he was certain that Mintar could enlist the aid of other cities and governments in the area to fight a common foe. After all, he’d just been a part of that type of fight himself with the Malarians.