**Oghma’s Faithful**

**by Alexis Álvarez and Microsoft Copilot**

**Chapter 8: The Fellowship of Oghma**

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**Abstract:** Four heroes of Oghma—Artemis, Banshee, Eldrin, and Sebenzi—began their investigation of a Cyricist cult operating in the slums of Secomber. They quickly realized that the cult preyed on the vulnerable, providing security and a sense of belonging to the disenfranchised. The team decided to infiltrate the area discreetly, hoping to gather more information about the cult’s operations.

Their investigation led them to two suspicious men, who were part of the cult. Banshee and Sebenzi followed these men, but their presence was soon detected. Despite being pursued, Banshee managed to capture her target, while Sebenzi encountered and secured another cultist. Interrogations revealed that the cult, led by Professor Farleigh, was working on a powerful artifact to control minds.

The team then faced a group of cultists, including a barbarian, a ninja, a paladin of slaughter, and a swashbuckler. The battle was intense, but the heroes fought bravely, leveraging their spells and combat skills to defeat their enemies. They managed to capture key information about the cult’s operations and learned that their main targets, Professor Farleigh, Father Pompeii Vesuvius, and Penelope Verminswarm, could teleport to escape capture.

After regrouping and healing their wounds, the heroes were debriefed by Xiomara and the Municipal Guard. They learned about the cult’s waypoints and the locations where they were ferrying captives and contraband. With this new information, the heroes prepared for their journey to intercept the cult’s operations at these locations. Determined to bring justice and stop the Cult of Cyric’s sinister plans, the heroes made their final preparations and set out at first light, knowing that the fate of many innocents depended on their success.

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3 Nightal, 1372 DR

The sun was setting earlier every evening these days, and the nip of the north wind coursed over the sand of Secomber, far from where **Banshee Mondflüstern** called home. She’d grown up in the bustling streets of Waterdeep, where she quickly learned the importance of wit and agility. Her keen sense of observation and knack for tracking earned her a place among the city’s rangers, though her erratic disposition often led to unconventional methods that set her apart from her peers.

A person in a garment

AI-generated content may be incorrect.

Dedicated to the worship of **Oghma**, the god of knowledge, Banshee sought to unearth secrets and mysteries wherever she went. Her current mission was to track down agents of the Cult of Cyric, a task given to her by Waterdeep’s officials who have grown increasingly concerned about the cult’s activities.



When she arrived in Secomber, Banshee sought out Eldrin Thistlebrook, knowing that his knowledge and resources as an **archivist** would be invaluable in her quest. Their partnership, despite their differing alignments, promises to be a powerful one—combining Eldrin’s vast knowledge with Banshee’s streetwise skills and determination.

She was now in his home, and had just spent the last twenty minutes in conversation with Eldrin regarding the case; given his credentials and social standing with the City of Secomber, and his penchant for the Lawful path in all things, she’d brought with her the notary that he’d requested in order to sign the necessary permits and paperwork that would allow him to take a job for the Municipality of Waterdeep.

“It’s an honor to be of help,” he said to both of them as the notary—a young half-elf of maybe 40 years—waited patiently for Eldrin to be convinced to accept the proposal. “So to summarize,” the archivist capitulated. “The same diabolists that I reported last year as being actively conducting operations in Dragonspear Castle are now based in Waterdeep? Let me look at their files again?” he asked, squinting at the files.

“Three of the four that you reported based on the documents that you recovered from that site last year, yes,” Banshee pointed out.

He read through each file…

**Professor Farleigh, Silverbrow Human Conjurer (6) / Diabolist (1)**

**Specialization:** Conjuration

**Feats:** Spell Focus (Conjuration), Augment Summoning

**Skills:** Knowledge (Arcana), Knowledge (The Planes), Spellcraft

**Description:** A Conjurer Wizard can summon fiendish creatures and bind them to their will, making them a natural fit for the Diabolist class. The Spell Focus and Augment Summoning feats enhance their summoning abilities, making their fiendish allies more powerful.

**Skills: Knowledge (Arcana) 8 ranks, Knowledge (The Planes) 8 ranks**

**Feats: Spell Focus (Conjuration)**

**Spells: Ability to cast 3rd-level arcane spells**

**Father Pompeii Vesuvius, Cleric (Evil Domain) of Loviatar (6) / Diabolist (1)**

**Domains:** Evil, Trickery

**Feats:** Spell Focus (Evil), Extra Turning

**Skills:** Knowledge (Religion), Knowledge (The Planes), Spellcraft

**Description:** An Evil Cleric with the Trickery domain can use their divine powers to manipulate and control fiendish entities. The Extra Turning feat provides additional uses of their Turn/Rebuke Undead ability, which can be useful for certain Diabolist abilities.

**Skills: Knowledge (Religion) 8 ranks, Knowledge (The Planes) 8 ranks**

**Feats: Spell Focus (Evil)**

**Spells: Ability to cast 3rd-level divine spells**

**Penelope Verminswarm**

**Warlock of Asmodeus (6) / Diabolist (1)**

**Invocations:** Summon Swarm, The Dead Walk

**Feats:** Fiendish Heritage, Fiendish Power

**Skills:** Knowledge (Arcana), Knowledge (The Planes), Spellcraft

**Description:** A Warlock’s innate connection to dark powers makes them a perfect candidate for the Diabolist class. Their invocations allow them to summon and control fiendish creatures, and the Fiendish Heritage and Fiendish Power feats enhance their abilities.

**Skills:** Knowledge (Arcana) 8 ranks, Knowledge (The Planes) 8 ranks

**Feats:** Fiendish Heritage

**Invocations:** Ability to use least invocations

“Oh, right, we ran the battle sorcerer off. I submitted some documents on him as well,” recalled Eldrin, having worked alongside a quartet of heroes who ventured north after the labor of cleansing Dragonspear Castle was achieved.

**Mercury Drinkenthrive**

**Battle Sorcerer (Infernal Bloodline, Unearthed Arcana 21) (6) / Diabolist (1)**

**Bloodline:** Infernal

**Feats:** Spell Focus (Conjuration), Fiendish Heritage

**Skills:** Knowledge (Arcana), Knowledge (The Planes), Spellcraft

**Description:** A battle sorcerer with an Infernal bloodline has a natural affinity for fiendish magic. The Fiendish Heritage feat enhances their connection to their fiendish ancestors, making them more adept at summoning and controlling fiends.

**Skills:** Knowledge (Arcana) 8 ranks, Knowledge (The Planes) 8 ranks

**Feats:** Spell Focus (Conjuration)

**Spells:** Ability to cast 3rd-level arcane spells

“We recovered Mercury’s body a few tendays later. If *you* didn’t finish him off, the elements did,” the urban ranger posited.

Eldrin sighed, “A minor relief, but yes, I definitely want to see these three brought to justice, especially if your intel on their current schemes is true. Waterdeep is such an important trade hub; who knows where their product is going if that’s the waypoint?”

Banshee had ridden her Moonshae wolfhound, Deneir, here part of the way, whenever the two were not riding in a wagon. Similarly, Eldrin also kept a wolfhound for riding, and her name was Colonel Curna. His former companion dog—Barge—had passed away of natural causes, and Eldrin was still processing the loss; the Colonel was a consolation and a loyal steed out in the field.

The notary shifted in his chair, billing by the hour, so not really complaining.

Eldrin reviewed the rest of the information before filling in some information on a form, and handing it to the notary to also sign it, stamp it, reproduce it via an *amanuensis* spell, and later submit it to the Secomber Municipal Clerk’s Office for archiving.

The archivist was far from packed, and had not donned his armor and borne his gear since Marpenoth, when he and his outdoorsy friend, Korik, had gone spelunking under the sewers looking for and finding a malaugrym’s laboratory, and liberating troves of artifacts for the city’s benefit. He’d gotten to keep the thousand-year-old haversack they’d found, and was eager to fill it with scrolls and the rest of his goodies.

“We should begin tomorrow, here in town,” the urban ranger urged him. “The trail that led me here suggests that the conjurer—Professor Farleigh is here on ‘sabbatical’ under a false identity.”

Eldrin asked, “Do we know anything else? The false name? The alleged academy from which he would hail? Who might be lodging him?”

“We do not, but I have a contact in the Temple of Oghma—Lorekeeper Xiomara Kordamant? Do you know her?” asked Banshee.

“I don’t believe so, but I’m familiar with the function of the Lorekeeper,” replied Eldrin.

“She’s a respected orator from Waterdeep, and is our resource for all local information on the suspects. She has eyes on the parts of town where Cyric worshippers have been confronted before, and in order to safeguard the anonymity of her operatives, the authorities of both cities have approved our collaboration.”

Eldrin thought to go stock up on scrolls. “Last time I stretched my legs for a job like this, I ended up sorely underprepared. Let’s head to the Scribe’s Nook,” he invited Banshee and the notary to the reading parlor where Eldrin got the best deals on scrolls, potions, and publications.

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Eldrin and Banshee were at the Scribe’s Nook, a place frequented by the most bookish of Secomberites. They’s made their way past the impulse buys and swag at the front of the store, and were now at the scroll vendor’s counter, perusing the available wares.

“You’re looking for divine scrolls? Yes, I’ve got almost anything on the market up to 3rd-level scrolls,” the half-orc woman who had helped Eldrin in the past presented them with a menu. “If you need anything higher, I’d have to check the stock.”

“Oh, that’s fine,” Eldrin explained. “I’m not looking for anything more potent than that.”

He ended up getting about 10 scrolls altogether, adding to his current inventory:

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Scrolls and Potions** | **Qty.** | **Level** | **CLev** | **Notes** | |  | **Value** |
| Scroll of Detect Poison | 1 | 0 | 1 |  |  |  | 12 |
| Scroll of Message | 1 | 0 | 1 |  |  |  | 12 |
| Scroll of Remove Paralysis | 1 | 2 | 4 |  |  |  | 200 |
| Scroll of Resistance | 1 | 0 | 1 |  |  |  | 12 |
| Scroll of Comprehend Languages | 1 | 1 | 1 |  |  |  | 25 |
| Scroll of Detect Undead | 1 | 1 | 1 |  |  |  | 25 |
| Scroll of Divine Favor | 1 | 1 | 1 |  |  |  | 25 |
| Scroll of Endure Elements | 1 | 1 | 1 |  |  |  | 25 |
| Scroll of Dispel Magic | 1 | 3 | 5 |  |  |  | 375 |
| Scroll of Remove Curse | 1 | 3 | 5 |  |  |  | 375 |
| Scroll of Stone Shape | 1 | 3 | 7 |  |  |  | 525 |
| Scroll of Lesser Restoration | 1 | 2 | 4 |  |  |  | 200 |
| Scroll of Shield of Faith | 1 | 1 | 5 |  |  |  | 125 |
| Scroll of Summon Monster I | 1 | 1 | 1 |  |  |  | 25 |
| Scroll of Barkskin | 1 | 2 | 4 |  |  |  | 200 |
| Scroll of Fire Trap | 1 | 2 | 4 |  |  |  | 200 |
| Scroll of Flame Blade | 1 | 2 | 4 |  |  |  | 200 |
| Scroll of Flaming Sphere | 1 | 2 | 4 |  |  |  | 200 |
| Potion of Cure Light Wounds | 4 | 1 | 1 |  |  |  | 200 |
| Potion of Cure Moderate Wounds | 4 | 2 | 4 |  |  |  | 1600 |

It was as he was organizing his new additions into his masterwork scroll case, a priestess of Oghma from the local temple approached the counter and recognized the faithful congregant, “Eldrin!”

“Sebenzi!” he was happy to see the wise spiritual advisor of the community, and introduced her to their fellow Oghman, Banshee.

A character in armor holding a staff

AI-generated content may be incorrect.

They spoke while the half-orc produced a prepared bag for Sebenzi full of spell components and potions, and handed it to her. “Much obliged, Sabrina,” Sebenzi smiled.

The three Oghmans took the conversation to a less crowded part of the establishment, and sat down briefly at the lounging parlor, enjoying infused drinks and some scones as they talked about the local congregation. The topic of Lorekeeper Xiomara Kordamant was raised, seeing as she was their point of contact at the temple for this case, and Sebenzi worked directly with the Lorekeeper. The topic consequently turned to the case at hand, and Banshee and Eldrin both agreed that they should impart their knowledge of events upon Sebenzi.

They were surprised to learn that while she had no specific knowledge of the case, she and the rest of the clergy had been advised to remain vigilant of newcomers, infiltrators, and saboteurs loyal to Cyric. They agreed that this being a matter involving the Temple of Oghma in both Secomber and Waterdeep, that Sebenzi join in the investigation, so they finished their snacks and drinks, went over to the Temple, and formalized the commission of the cleric’s time to the cause for the immediate time.

And so it came to pass that the three heroes of Oghma were ready to embark upon the next step in the investigation, which was to review the Lorekeeper’s document that they’d just been handed while they were here in the temple. Shortly after they began to do so, Xiomara entered once again, and presented them with an agent who had just returned from a stakeout of the Cyricists’ hideout.

“Ah, so we know where they are!?” Banshee excitedly asked, having been pursuing the Cyricists for tendays now all the way from Waterdeep.

“Yes, and not only that, our clairvoyants have sent intel stating that their leadership is due to arrive this afternoon,” the agent reported, then introduced herself, “I am Artemis, favored of Oghma.”

A person in a garment

AI-generated content may be incorrect.

The five Ohgmans spoke at length about the intricacies of the case, particularly what the suspects had been setting up, which amounted to the smuggling of a drug they called meimer, along with the trafficking of halflings and other peaceful country folk too weak to defend themselves.

Xiomara excused herself, as she was due in a meeting on another case, and she asked that Artemis lead the others to the site in a leisurely fashion. “We have no rush, as the main suspect—Professor Farleigh—will not arrive until later in the day, and you don’t want to be spotted loitering around there for very long.”

“Why not storm the place now, and neutralize the existing threat, waiting for the leader to arrive to a site with no backup?” Banshee asked.

“Alas, they are likely to be using *sending* spells to communicate, and we don’t want to alert the Professor as to any irregularity. We need him to be expecting business as usual when you execute any offensive; otherwise, he’ll be gone with the wind and as many lackeys as he can take with him.”

“Right,” Eldrin was following the logic, “we need stealth and subterfuge for as long as possible, but we don’t seem like the stealthy types. An archivist, an urban ranger, a cleric, and a favored soul? We’re not exactly ninjas.”

Banshee argued, “I usually don’t need to hide in plain sight; I just need to play a convincing part.”

Artemis felt the same way, and Sebenzi said, “I just need to play my real role of sharing the good news about Oghma. That’s convincing enough.”

The band of heroes, now bolstered by Artemis, favored of Oghma, decided to put their plan into motion with care. Despite their differing methods and alignments, each brought a unique strength to the table.

As they gathered the necessary supplies and went over their plan, they reviewed the valuable information provided by Lorekeeper Xiomara. The document indicated the approximate location of the Cyricists’ hideout, the layout of the building, and potential points of interest inside.

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Afternoon

After a leisurely tour of the city, Artemis had led her Ohgmite colleagues along the streets of Secomber to one of the most marginal, disenfranchised slums. It was fitting that the Cyricists would set up shop here, given the lack of security in the area. The likely were providing security for those around them, thereby drawing in the guttersnipes and lowlifes with a sense of belonging.

There were looks of contempt coming their way, even Artemis, who was the most charismatic among them, and it was no surprise that sneers and jeers accompanied the looks. The favored soul had seen the cultists using diabolical hand gestures, and had earlier mimicked them for the others in case they needed to bluff their way into or out of a situation.

Now, Banshee spotted two commoners doing exactly that in a dissimulated fashion... but she caught it, and nonchalantly mentioned it to the others.

Eldrin—the tactical mastermind—noted this, and suggested they keep walking, and maybe enter a shop. “One of us should try to keep an eye on the two you just pointed out Eagle Eye,” he referred to Banshee.

They did enter a bakery, and Banshee asked the clerk, “May I cast a spell here? It’s an abjuration.”

“Certainly, miss,” the young man was intrigued, and wished to see the spellcasting.

The urban ranger, accustomed to blending in with a crowd, cast *eyes of the avoral [expired in 50 minutes]*, upon herself. The whisper gnome then nodded to the young man, and said, “Thank you. My friends will probably buy something good.”

*Banshee gained +8 to Spot.*

Sebenzi was about to cast *detect magic [expired in 5 minutes]*, and did so after asking for a small kahwa.

Eldrin also requested a kahwa and a hoagie bun, and cast *detect evil [expired in 5 minutes]*.

Artemis could have also cast *detect magic*, but she’d already done so twice this morning, and she heard the others kickstarting their respective perception spells, she deferred to them to get a sense of things she’d already seen during her previous time here just hours ago. She would cast *detect thoughts* when the time to do so approached, as she would not want to waste the spell. She’d also cast *comprehend languages* earlier, which lasted longer, and went ahead with re-casting it now *[expired in 50 minutes]*.

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“This place has changed,” Eldrin noted quietly. “It wasn’t always like this.”

“The Cyricists prey on the vulnerable,” Banshee replied, her eyes scanning the area. “We need to be careful. They’ll have eyes everywhere.”

“Indeed,” Artemis agreed. “Let’s stay close and keep our wits about us.”

As they walked, they noticed children playing in the streets, but their laughter seemed hollow, and their eyes were sharp and observant. Banshee suspected that some of these children were lookouts for the cultists. She made a mental note to be cautious and avoid drawing attention.

Upon reaching a more secluded spot, they paused to discuss their plan. Eldrin pulled out a map and spread it out on a nearby crate.

“Here’s the layout of the hideout,” he said, pointing to the various points of interest. “We need to position ourselves strategically to observe without being seen.”

“I’ll take the eastern side,” Banshee volunteered. “I can blend in with the market crowd there.”

“I’ll watch the north entrance,” Artemis said. “There are some old, abandoned buildings I can use for cover.”

“Sebenzi and I will cover the west and south,” Eldrin added. “We’ll keep a lookout from the shadows.”

With their plan in place, the heroes of Oghma moved into position, each taking care to blend in with their surroundings. They knew they had to be patient and wait for the right moment to strike. The fate of many innocents depended on their success.

The sun dipped lower in the sky, casting long shadows across the slums of Secomber. The tension in the air was palpable as they settled in for the long watch. They were ready, and they would not fail.

The two fellows who’d been spotted making diabolical gang signs now nodded, and went their separate ways along the road that the heroes were on. One went Banshee’s way towards the east, and the other ventured towards where Sebenzi had gone: westward.

Eldrin had taken the southern street, and had no line of sight to the eastbound and westbound men, and the same was the case for Artemis, who had taken the northern street. With buildings in the way, they would have to both return to the intersection and peek around the corner to see what was happening.

Banshee’s body language was now that of a performer as she did her best to seem like anything other than an urban ranger who’d been trailing the head Cyricist here from Waterdeep.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Banshee, Bluff** | 0 | **Cha (+1)** | 0 | 1 | 11 – 15 | ?? |

*See below.*

She did not realize it quite yet, but she’d just been made, and it was now the man’s turn to fake an uninterested glance.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Banshee, Sense Motive** | 7 | **Wis (+3)** | 0 | 10 | 9 | 19 |

*See below.*

She happened to glance over at that moment, and sure enough, that was more than a passing glance; this dude was on to her.

And he knew it too.

The man booked it, continuing eastward, and for the moment, the other man going west didn’t notice what had happened.

Sebenzi did, however, as she was paying close attention to the matter despite the dozens of bystanders among them. She discreetly followed the man heading west. She maintained a safe distance, blending in with the crowd while keeping him in sight.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Sebenzi, Bluff** | 0 | **Cha (+0)** | 0 | 0 | 16 – 20 | ?? |

*See below.*

It appeared that she had not alerted the human male as to her pursuit of him.

Meanwhile, Banshee’s heart raced as she realized she had been made. She quickly assessed the situation, knowing she needed to act fast to prevent the man from alerting the others. With a burst of speed, she closed the distance and reached for her rope, ready to entangle him if he tried to escape. Just as he was about to turn a corner, Banshee threw the rope, expertly wrapping it around his legs.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Skill** | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Banshee, Use Rope** | 1 | **Dex (+3)** | 2 | 6 | 16 | 22 |

*See below.*

The man stumbled and fell to the ground with a grunt. Banshee quickly approached, her hand on her weapon.

“You’re not going anywhere,” she said firmly, her eyes locked on his.

At the same time, Sebenzi noticed the man heading west had entered a small alley. She followed him, her steps cautious. As she approached, she saw him reaching for a hidden door. Sebenzi’s heart pounded as she moved silently, keeping her eyes fixed on the man as he reached for the hidden door. She knew she had to act quickly to prevent him from entering and alerting the others. With a whispered prayer to Oghma, Sebenzi cast **Omen of Peril**, seeking guidance on the immediate future and the potential dangers that lay ahead. The divine insight reassured her, and she steeled herself for what she needed to do next.

She took a full six seconds to cast the spell with her holy symbol in her hand, and the man slipped further ahead in the meantime. He must have been 40’ ahead now, and was nearing the end of the alley. He might soon turn and be out of her sight! Sebenzi felt the divine insight from Oghma surge through her, giving her a brief glimpse of the potential dangers ahead.

With renewed determination, Sebenzi invoked **Longstrider** to enhance her speed. She felt a surge of energy course through her legs as she began to move faster, closing the gap between her and the fleeing man. It took her another thirty seconds or so, but she finally acquired a visual on the man again, and when he saw her he ran some more.

Able to run more quickly now, she sped up and caught up to him, placing her hand on his garment and saying, “In the name of Oghma, you will stop.”

With the man within her grasp, Sebenzi cast **Sanctuary**, creating a protective barrier around herself that made it difficult for the man to harm her. The divine magic compelled him to hesitate, giving her the upper hand.

Seeing the man’s hesitation, Sebenzi took advantage of the moment to secure him, ensuring he couldn’t escape or alert the others. Her determination and divine protection allowed her to maintain control of the situation. “You’re not going anywhere,” Sebenzi said firmly, her eyes locked on his.

Sebenzi had managed to subdue the fleeing man with words, though she held her quarterstaff at the ready should he get back onto his feet. He sat on the curb as she began to question him.

~\*~

Meanwhile, Banshee kept a watchful eye on her captive, ensuring he stayed put. She hoped Sebenzi had succeeded in intercepting the other man, and they now had a brief window of opportunity to gather information.

Sebenzi kept her grip on the quarterstaff firm, her eyes never leaving the man’s face. The man glanced nervously around, but seeing no immediate escape, he resigned himself to his fate for now.

“You’re going to answer a few questions for me,” Sebenzi said, her tone unwavering. “Who are you working for, and what are the cult’s plans?”

The man hesitated, but the determined look in Sebenzi’s eyes made him realize he had no choice.

“We... we work for the Cult of Cyric,” he admitted, his voice shaky. “Our leader, Professor Farleigh, is planning something big in Waterdeep. He’s trying to create a powerful artifact using dark magic.”

“What kind of artifact?” Sebenzi pressed, her grip tightening on her quarterstaff.

“I’m not sure,” the man confessed. “All I know is that it’s supposed to give him control over the minds of anyone who comes into contact with it. He thinks it will make him unstoppable.”

Sebenzi’s eyes narrowed. This was more serious than she had anticipated. She knew she needed to get this information to Eldrin and the others as quickly as possible.

Meanwhile, back by the intersection, Eldrin and Artemis moved cautiously towards Banshee, who was still guarding her captive.

“Any luck?” Eldrin asked quietly as they approached.

“He’s not talking yet, but I think he’s starting to crack,” Banshee replied, her eyes never leaving the man.

Eldrin and Artemis joined Banshee, forming a protective circle around the captive. They knew they needed to gather as much information as possible.

“Let’s try this again,” Eldrin said, his voice firm. “What are your orders, and what does Professor Farleigh have planned?”

The man looked around nervously, realizing he was outnumbered. He took a deep breath and shouted, “Eat meat!” then ran westward.

Eldrin cast *hold person*, hoping to get him to freeze in mid-run.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Save vs.**  *hold person* | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Dude, Will** | **4** | **Wis (+2)** | 0 | 6 | 4 | 10 |

*Fail.*

“The spell will not hold for long,” Eldrin announced as they caught up to him and restrained him before he could snap out of the spell’s effect.

~\*~

Sebenzi’s eyes studied the man’s mannerisms. She’d bound him up, but he didn’t seem very bothered by it, and then she realized why. He was stalling her, probably making up a story about an artifact to get her to wait while backup came. Children had no doubt witnessed the pursuit in broad daylight, and alerted the four armed people that now came up behind Sebenzi, inspiring even some of the street rabble to come closer and taunt the cleric.

A person in armor kneeling on the ground holding a spear

AI-generated content may be incorrect.

The cleric was alarmed. No way could she fend off more than two of these combatants at a time. It was either run or perish and compromise the mission.

~\*~

“Now then,” Banshee and Artemis held the other man as he came out of his *held* state. “We need you to talk.”

Then, they, too, began to notice that the commoners around them were beginning to grow belligerent in their slurs, and one said, “Leave ‘im alone; ‘e ain’ don’ nottin’ to you!”

“Narcs!” one woman called the trio of Oghmans. “Fuck you guys!”

Eldrin, Banshee, and Artemis tightened their grip on the captive, realizing the situation was becoming more volatile. The crowd around them grew more aggressive, and they knew they needed to act swiftly to avoid escalation.

“Let’s move to a safer location,” Eldrin whispered to his companions. “We can’t afford to lose control of the situation here.”

Banshee and Artemis nodded in agreement. They quickly and discreetly began to lead their captive away from the growing crowd, making sure to keep a firm hold on him.

~\*~

Sebenzi faced the armed men approaching her. She knew she couldn’t take them all on alone and needed to get out of there quickly. With a quick decision, she cast **Sanctuary** upon herself, creating a protective barrier that would make it difficult for the attackers to harm her. She then took off, running back towards the original intersection, hoping to regroup with Eldrin, Banshee, and Artemis.

“Get her!” one of the armed men shouted, but they hesitated, unsure if they could break through the divine protection.

Sebenzi’s feet pounded against the cobblestone streets as she dashed north, then east through the alleyways, her breath coming in quick gasps. She prayed to Oghma for guidance, knowing that her companions were counting on her.

~\*~

Back at the intersection, Banshee, Eldrin, and Artemis managed to find a secluded spot where they could continue their interrogation without attracting too much attention.

“Now, tell us everything you know about Professor Farleigh’s plans,” Eldrin demanded, his voice firm but quiet.

The captive, realizing he had no escape, began to speak. “The professor is using several—aaargh!”

A flechette dart entered the man’s eye socket, puncturing his brain and dousing it with quick-acting poison. He was a goner within seconds.

~\*~

Sebenzi was outrunning all but one of the armed people following her: a woman with a saber and a buckler. She had one more block to go before she would be back at the intersection where she’d left the others.

~\*~

The heroes looked up to see a figure darting behind the rooftop, and disappearing southward towards the next block. They would be hard pressed to pursue it from the ground, and thus took a moment to decide their next steps. The crowd, however, was growing ever more displeased now that their neighbor lay dead.

One of the locals came from around the corner, saw the dead man in the women’s hands, and asked, “You bastards killed Stevie?”

“Aw, what?” and the misunderstanding began to grow that they were responsible for the death of the guy at their feet.

“Friends! We have company!” they then heard Sebenzi from about 100’ away yelling as she ran, winded by now, and being followed by a black-clad woman with a saber and a buckler.

Banshee, Eldrin, and Artemis glanced at each other, realizing the situation was quickly spiraling out of control. The growing crowd was becoming more aggressive, and now they had an armed woman pursuing Sebenzi.

“We need to get out of here,” Banshee said urgently. “The locals are getting hostile, and we can’t take on the whole neighborhood.”

Eldrin nodded. “We need to regroup and find a safer location to plan our next move. Let’s help Sebenzi and get out of here.”

As Sebenzi approached, they moved to intercept her, ready to defend their companion if necessary. Artemis readied her weapon, keeping an eye on the black-clad woman pursuing Sebenzi.

“Get ready,” Artemis whispered, her eyes narrowing as the distance closed.

Sebenzi reached them, gasping for breath. “We need to move, now!” she panted, casting a quick glance over her shoulder.

The armed woman hesitated as she saw the group gathering, but the crowd’s anger was still rising.

“We have to go,” Eldrin said, his voice calm but urgent. “Stick together, and we’ll make it out of here.”

The heroes of Oghma quickly began to move, trying to navigate their way out of the hostile area without drawing further attention. They kept a wary eye on their surroundings, ready to defend themselves if necessary.

As they moved, Banshee spotted a narrow alleyway that seemed less crowded. “This way!” she called, leading the group towards it.

The armed woman and the angry crowd hesitated, unsure if they should pursue the group into the confined space. The heroes took advantage of the momentary confusion and quickly slipped into the alley, making their way through the labyrinthine streets of Secomber.

With every step, they felt the tension in the air, knowing that they were not out of danger yet. But they also knew that as long as they stuck together and remained vigilant, they had a chance to uncover the truth and put an end to the Cult of Cyric’s sinister plans. The fate of many innocents depended on their success, and they were determined to see it through.

A person wearing a mask and holding a sword

AI-generated content may be incorrect.

They were at the midsection of a 10’ wide alley, with 50’ of alley to their north and 50’ to their south. In front of them were two figures—one dressed in primary colors in the guise of a ninja, and the other an ironclad knight of sorts with a broadsword and the look of a professional killer.

A person in armor with a sword

AI-generated content may be incorrect.

Behind them was the swashbuckler with the buckler and saber, and a fourth aspiring combatant, a bald woman with a barbarian getup.

A person in a garment

AI-generated content may be incorrect.

None of the heroes were dedicated frontline combatants, so they had a motive to do the most damage soon and from a distance before these thugs closed in.

Round 1

The foes consisted of a barbarian (Dharma), a ninja (Kugan), a paladin of slaughter (Bloodletter), and a swashbuckler (Thalia); all humans, and they all closed in, the barbarian and anti-paladin making their way southwards 40’ and the other pair walking northward 40’, and now commencing their respective charges.

Eldrin cast **Hold Person** on Bloodletter (the paladin of slaughter) to prevent her from charging.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Save vs.**  *hold person* | **Rank** | **Ability & Mod.** | **Misc. Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Bloodletter, Will** | **1** | **Wis (+3)** | 0 | 4 | 5 | 9 |

*Fail.*

Bloodletter remained in place as Sebenzi cast Shield of Faith on herself for additional protection.

*Sebenzi gained +2 Deflection bonus to AC.*

She then moved northward 10’ to deny her assailants a chance to charge her with momentum.

Banshee unshouldered her bow to attack Kugan (the ninja), aiming to weaken him before he could close the distance.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Ranged Weapon** | **Dmg.** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Rng.** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Composite Shortbow | 1d4 | +0 | 1 | x3 | 70’ | 1.0 | +9 | 10 | 19 |

*Hit. 1.*

Artemis cast *spiritual weapon*, and directed a spiritual longsword (ls on map) towards Thalia.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| Spiritual Weapon (Longsword) | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | - | +2 | 8 | 10 | Weapon Focus included |

*Miss.*

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | B | D | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  | S | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | E |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | A | B | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | ls |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | T | K | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |

Round 2

Dharma didn’t have enough of a running start to charge attack, so she moved 10’ south and swung at Sebenzi.

*Failed Will save to bypass Sanctuary. Attack fails.*

Bloodletter charge-attacked Eldrin.

*Hit. Dmg: 12 + 3 + 2 charge = 17 [21/38].*

Thalia fended off the longsword as it made an attack of opportunity while she passed by it on her way to Artemis.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| Spiritual Weapon (Longsword) | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | - | +2 | 16 | 18 | Weapon Focus included |

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

Kugan charge-attacked Banshee.

*Hit. Dmg: 1 + 3 = 4 + Paralysis [26/30 hit points].*

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Save vs.**  Paralysis | **Rank** | **Ability & Mod.** | **Misc. Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Fortitude** | **4** | **Con (-1)** | 1 | 4 | 13 | 17 |

*Success. Paralysis negated.*

Thalia reached Artemis and swung her saber.

*Miss.*

As she drew her own longsword, Artemis considered which of her spells to cast next, or whether to lunge at the swashbuckler with her sword.

|  |
| --- |
| **Spell** |
| Cure Minor Wounds |
| Summon Holy Symbol |
| Guidance |
| Amanuensis |
| Detect Magic |
| Read Magic |
| Comprehend Languages |
| Conviction |
| Detect Undead |
| Grave Strike |
| Longstrider |
| Detect Thoughts |
| Spiritual Weapon |
| Find Traps |

Eldrin also considered his next spellcasting, holding his dagger high in a parrying position against Bloodletter’s broadsword. “You die for nothing today!” she blurted out. “Cyric’s faithful will dine on your souls.”

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Prayer** | **Level** | **DC** |
| Cure Minor Wounds | 0 | 15 |
| Detect Magic | 0 | 15 |
| Light | 0 | 15 |
| Mending | 0 | 15 |
| Cure Light Wounds | 1 | 16 |
| Protection from Evil | 1 | 16 |
| Sanctuary | 1 | 16 |
| Shield of Faith | 1 | 16 |
| Cure Moderate Wounds | 2 | 17 |
| Silence | 2 | 17 |
| Spiritual Weapon | 2 | 17 |
| Searing Light | 3 | 18 |
| Stone Shape | 3 | 18 |
| Summon Nature’s Ally III | 3 | 18 |

Sebenzi also inventoried what spells she had left to cast, and kept her gaze on Dharma’s spiked club.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Spell** | **Level** |
| Detect Magic | 0 |
| Detect Magic | 0 |
| Read Magic | 0 |
| Read Magic | 0 |
| **Longstrider** | 1 |
| Healthful Rest | 1 |
| **Detect Thoughts** | 2 |
| Estanna’s Stew | 2 |
| Find Traps | 2 |
| **Fly** | 3 |
| Clairaudience/voyance | 3 |
| Summon Monster III | 3 |

Taking a 5’ step back to maintain distance from Bloodletter, Eldrin cast Cure Moderate Wounds on himself to recover from the damage taken.

*Eldrin gained 10 + 5 = 15 hps [36/38].*

Sebenzi cast Summon Monster III to bring forth an ally to assist in combat. She can summon a celestial bison, placing it just to her west, but not for another six seconds.

Artemis cast Conviction on herself to gain a +2 morale bonus on all saving throws for 10 minutes as her spiritual weapon attacked Thalia again.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| Spiritual Weapon (Longsword) | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | - | +2 | 12 | 14 | Weapon Focus included |

*Miss.*

*Artemis gained +2 to her next save.*

Banshee had no spells left to cast, and thus swung her kukri at Kugan.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Kukri+1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +6 | 4 | 10 |

*Miss.*

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  | D | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  | S | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | B |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | E |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | A | B | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | T | K | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | ls |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |

Round 3

Thalia swung with her saber at Artemis.

*Hit. Dmg: 3 + 1 = 4 [21/25 hps].*

Kugan swung at Banshee again.

*Miss.*

Bloodletter swung her mighty sword at Eldrin, hoping to kill him this time.

*Miss.*

A bison appeared and attacked Bloodletter.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bison | Gore | 1d8+9 | 3 | 5 | 8 | **20** | 28 |

*Hit. 7 + 9 = 16.*

Dharma wasn’t able to penetrate Sebenzi’s *sanctuary* spell, so she went for the Celestial bison instead.

The longsword attacked Thalia again.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| Spiritual Weapon (Longsword) | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | - | +2 | 2 | 4 | Weapon Focus included |

*Miss.*

Eldrin cast Protection from Evil on himself to gain a +2 deflection bonus to AC and a +2 resistance bonus on saves against evil creatures.

*Eldrin gained protection bonuses.*

Sebenzi directed the Celestial Bison to continue attacking Bloodletter while she cast Fly on herself to gain aerial mobility, ascending to gain a better vantage point and avoid direct melee combat.

Banshee attacked Kugan again with her kukri, aiming to finish him off.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Kukri+1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +6 | 16 | 22 |

*Hit. Dmg: 3 + 1 = 4.*

Artemis and her spiritual weapon continued to attacked Thalia.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| MW Longsword | 1d6+1 | -1 | 1 | 19-20/x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +4 | **20** | 24 | Weapon Focus included |
| Spiritual Weapon (Longsword) | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | - | +3 | 5 | 8 | Weapon Focus included |

*Threat, miss. 1d20 = 15 + 4 = 19, critical hit. Dmg: (2 x 2) + 1 = 5.*

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  | D | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | **CB** | S | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | B |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | E |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | A | B | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | T | K | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X | ls |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |
| X | X | X | X | X |  |  | X | X | X | X | X |

Round 4

With Sebenzi up in the air now, Dharma attacked the bison.

*Hit. Dmg: 11 + 3 = 14.*

Kugan attacked Banshee.

*Hit. Dmg: 3 + 3 = 6 + Paralysis [20/30 hit points].*

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Save vs.**  Paralysis | **Rank** | **Ability & Mod.** | **Misc. Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Fortitude** | **4** | **Con (-1)** | 1 | 4 | 19 | 23 |

*Success. Paralysis negated.*

Bloodletter attacked Eldrin again.

*Miss.*

Thalia swung at Artemis.

*Hit. Dmg; 6 + 1 = 7 [14/25 hps].*

Eldrin cast Cure Light Wounds on himself to recover some hit points.

*Eldrin gained 6 + 5 = 11 hps (capped at 2) [38/38].*

Hovering above the battlefield, and keeping an eye on her companions and the surrounding area, Sebenzi directed the Celestial Bison to continue attacking Bloodletter while she used her aerial advantage to cast *clairvoyance* to survey the area for any additional threats or reinforcements.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bison | Gore | 1d8+9 | 3 | 5 | 8 | 14 | 22 |

*Hit. Dmg: 7 + 9 = 16.*

The bison bested the paladin of slaughter, and trampled her to death.

Sebenzi targeted the corner where they’d spotted the majority of the action earlier, and she was now able to see a man being carried in a sedan eastwards. The heroes were about 300’ east of that intersection, and half an alley north of it now.

Banshee attacked Kugan again, aiming to finish him off.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Kukri+1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +6 | 6 | 12 |

*Miss.*

Artemis cast Cure Minor Wounds on herself to recover a small amount of health while continuing to attack Thalia with her longsword and spiritual weapon.

*Artemis gained 4 + 5 = 9 hps [23/25].*

Round 5

Dharma swung her club at the bison.

*Hit. Dmg: 1 + 3 = 4.*

Kugan swung his katana at Banshee.

*Hit. Dmg: 4 + 2 = 6 [14/30].*

Thalia swung her saber at Artemis.

*Miss.*

The bison turned to attack Dharma

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bison | Gore | 1d8+9 | 3 | 5 | 8 | 5 | 13 |

*Miss.*

Sebenzi hovered above the battlefield, her eyes scanning the surroundings as she took in the sight of the man being carried in a sedan eastward. She knew they had to finish this skirmish quickly and investigate the new lead.

Eldrin, seeing Bloodletter defeated, turned his attention to the remaining threats. He decided to cast **Sanctuary** on himself to create a protective barrier and buy some time.

Artemis gritted her teeth as she felt the sting from Thalia’s attack. She swung her longsword with renewed determination, aiming to take down the swashbuckler. The spiritual weapon continued its relentless assault on Thalia, seeking to weaken her further.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** | **Notes** |
| MW Longsword | 1d6+1 | -1 | 1 | 19-20/x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +4 | 6 | 10 | Weapon Focus included |
| Spiritual Weapon (Longsword) | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | - | +3 | 16 | 19 | Weapon Focus included |

*Miss, hit. Dmg: 4 + 1 = 5.*

Banshee, although injured, maintained her focus. She swung her kukri at Kugan once more, hoping to finally bring him down.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Kukri+1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +6 | 20 | 26 |

*Threat. 1d20 = 3 + 6 = 9, not a critical hit. Dmg: 2 + 1 = 3.*

Round 6

Dharma attacked the bison.

*Miss.*

Thalia attacked Artemis.

*Hit. Dmg: 1 + 2 = 3 [20/25].*

Kugan attacked Banshee.

*Miss.*

The barbarian took a heavy hit, but was a stalwart opponent, as were the ninja and swashbuckler.

Sebenzi continued to clairvoyantly oversee the man in the sedan being carried by thralls along the street.

Artemis’ longsword and spiritual longsword cut down the swashbuckler.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Longsword | 1d6+1 | -1 | 1 | 19-20/x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +4 | 14 | 18 |
| Spiritual Weapon (Longsword) | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | - | +3 | 5 | 8 |

*Hit, miss. Dmg: 5 + 1 – 1 = 5.*

Thalia was badly injured by now, and looked to Kugan for guidance, but Kugan was struggling, so Thalia lost morale, and darted southward.

The longsword took an attack of opportunity.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Spiritual Weapon (Longsword) | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | - | +3 | 4 | 7 |

*Miss.*

Eldrin held his ground, confident in the protective power of his sanctuary spell. He saw Thalia retreating and knew they had to take advantage of the situation. Eldrin decided to cast **Spiritual Weapon** to aid in the fight against Kugan.

A second spiritual longsword joined in the fray. A spiritual longsword appeared beside Kugan, striking with divine force. Eldrin’s eyes were focused, determined to end the threat.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Spiritual Longsword | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20, x2 | Slashing | 0.0 | +5 | *1* | 6 |

*Miss.*

Sebenzi, still hovering above the battlefield, kept her eyes on the sedan being carried eastward. She realized that the man in the sedan might be an important figure in the cult. She directed the Celestial Bison to continue attacking Dharma, knowing it could handle the remaining threats. The bison attacked Dharma.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bison | Gore | 1d8+9 | 3 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 16 |

*Hit. Dmg: 8 + 9 = 17.*

Banshee, despite her injuries, swung her kukri at Kugan once more, putting all her strength into the attack. She knew she had to finish him off to protect her companions.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Kukri+1 | 1d3+1 | +0 | 1 | 18-20/x2 | Slashing | 1.0 | +6 | 19 | 25 |

*Hit. Dmg: 3 + 1 = 4.*

The battle was intense, but the heroes of Oghma remained resolute. Each of them played their part, using their skills and spells to fight off the cultists and protect the innocent. They knew they couldn’t let the cult’s plans come to fruition.

Round 7

Kugan swung at Banshee, then noted the spiritual longsword behind him, and fled.

*Miss.*

The spiritual longsword got an opportune swing in as Kugan fled southward.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Spiritual Longsword | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20, x2 | Slashing | 0.0 | +5 | 14 | 19 |

*Hit. Dmg: 3 + 1 = 4.*

Dharma was the only combatant left in the fight, and now swung at the bison.

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

Artemis’ spiritual longsword swung at Thalia’s back.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Spiritual Weapon (Longsword) | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | - | +3 | 17 | 20 |

*Hit. Dmg: 7 + 1 = 8.*

This swing slew Thalia.

Eldrin lost the sanctuary protection once he cast the spiritual weapon and directed it to attack, so he now cast *flaming sphere* from a scroll, and directed it towards Dharma, the barbarian.

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Save vs.**  *flaming sphere* | **Ranks** | **Roll** | **Result** |
| Dharma | Reflex | 2 | 13 | 15 |

*Fail. Dmg: 7 fire.*

The bison gored at the barbarian.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **Attack Type** | **Damage** | **BAB** | **Str Mod+** | **Total Score** | **Roll** | **Total** |
| Bison | Gore | 1d8+9 | 3 | 5 | 8 | 18 | 26 |

*Hit. Dmg: 3 + 9 = 12.*

Artemis pursued Kugan and swung one more time at him.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| MW Longsword | 1d6+1 | -1 | 1 + 2  charge | 19-20/x2 | Bludgeon | 8.0 | +6 | 13 | 19 |

*Hit. Dmg: 2 + 1 – 1 + 2 charge = 4.*

Rounds 8 – 10

Nearly dead Kugan fled at full speed until he reached the alley’s southern opening into the street, stopped in his tracks, took a crossbow bolt to his chest as a male human voice down the street called him a coward, and fell to the ground, bleeding to death.

Dharma was already running away northward, did reach the end of the alley, and turned out of sight.

Artemis was about 20’ from the street to her south, and thought to go there and see who was calling the now dead ninja a coward.

Eldrin and Banshee were about 30’ north of her, and the bison was running northward to try to catch the fleeing barbarian, though the animal would dematerialize as soon as it got out of range. No matter, its duration was almost up.

Sebenzi observed the longhaired human approaching on the sedan, realizing he must be a key figure in the cult. She knew they needed to act quickly to intercept him before he got too far. Sebenzi began to descend from her aerial position, ready to alert her companions.

Eldrin saw the bison chasing after Dharma and knew their summoned ally would soon disappear. He decided to focus on aiding Sebenzi and Artemis. He moved south towards Artemis and prepared to cast **Summon Nature’s Ally III** to bring forth another ally to help in their pursuit and confrontation of the cultist leader.

Banshee, seeing Kugan fall and Dharma flee, took a moment to steady herself. She then began to move south towards Artemis, keeping an eye on the approaching sedan. She readied her bow, knowing that they might need to take down any thralls protecting the cultist leader.

They joined Artemis, and took a moment to get their bearings. Sebenzi reported what she could still see clairvoyantly. “He’s about to come into view. Steady yourselves.”

Round 11

They had no time to cast any spells before the man in the sedan came into view, carried by his loyal subjects. They had heard word of the incursion, figured there was no reason to continue to lay low, and the diabolist was now here to make a stand, and show his thralls and minions what a *real* cult was.

“Fools! You *dare* incite the wrath of Cyric!?” he asked. Dressed in the garbs of a university laureate with an octagonal hat and tassel to match, he cast *fireball*, hoping to kill the Oghmans outright.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Save vs.**  *fireball* | **Rank** | **Ability**  **& Mod.** | **Misc.**  **Mods.** | **Total** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| **Artemis, Reflex** | **4** | **Dex (+1)** | 1 | 6 + 2  Conviction | 8 | 16 |
| **Banshee, Reflex** | **4** | **Dex (+3)** | 0 | 7 | 5 | 12 |
| **Eldrin, Reflex** | **1** | **Dex (+2)** | 0 | 3 | 16 | 19 |
| **Sebenzi, Reflex** | **1** | **Dex (+0)** | 0 | 1 | 19 | 20 |

*Success, fail, success, success.*

*Dmg to Artemis: ½ x 18 = 9 fire [11/25].*

*Dmg to Banshee: 14 fire [0/30].*

*Dmg to Eldrin: ½ x 18 = 9 fire [29/38].*

*Dmg to Sebenzi: ½ x 20 = 10 fire [25/35].*

Banshee dropped to the ground, the last thing she saw being Sebenzi, who dropped to her aid, sacrificing her *Estanna’s stew* spell in order to cast *cure moderate wounds* upon her associate.

*Banshee gained 7 + 5 = 12 hps [12/30].*

“Whoa!” Banshee awoke and rose to a sitting position.

Artemis—scorched as embers—was upset now, and channeled her spiritual longsword the diabolist’s way, as did Eldrin.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Melee Weapon** | **Dmg** | **D+** | **TH+** | **Critical** | **Type** | **Wt.** | **Atk** | **Roll** | **Check** |
| Spiritual Weapon (Longsword) | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20/x2 | Slashing | - | +3 | 2 | 5 |
| Spiritual Longsword | 1d8 | 1 | 0 | 19-20, x2 | Slashing | 0.0 | +5 | 10 | 15 |

*Miss, miss.*

Artemis and Eldrin each drank a potion of *cure light wounds*.

*Artemis gained 6 + 2 = 8 hps [19/25].*

*Eldrin gained 7 + 4 = 11 hps [38/38].*

Round 12

Banshee rose to her feet as the heroes now stood in defiance of the Professor.

“Blast! You’re still alive!?” the diabolist was dumbfounded, and continued the bravado before his followers, enthralling them further. He was about to cast another spell when a dart punctured his neck, and he began to feel a narcotic numbness. “Nooo! Not like thissss...” he said, as he immediately abandoned his flock to the incoming squadron of Municipal Guards and other reserve agents now approaching from both the east and west. Professor Farleigh cast either *dimension door* or *teleport*, the Oghmans couldn’t tell for sure, and disappeared from sight.



Sebenzi took a measure of their physical state. They all had suffered serious trauma in a matter of seconds.

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Character** | **TAC** | **FFAC** | **AC** | **Melee** | **Fire** | **Good/ Pos** | **Chaos** | **Law** | **Total Damage** | **Healing** | **HPs** | **Current HPs** |
| **Artemis** | **11** | **14** | **15** | 14 | 9 |  |  |  | 23 | 17 | 25 | 19 |
| **Banshee** | **13** | **16** | **19** | 16 | 14 |  | *Imm* |  | 30 | 12 | 30 | 12 |
| **Eldrin** | **12** | **16** | **18** | 17 | 9 | *Imm* |  | *Imm* | 26 | 28 | 38 | 38 |
| **Sebenzi** | **12** | **16** | **16** |  | 10 | *Imm* |  |  | 10 |  | 35 | 25 |

The bulk of the bystanders—who were verging on supporting the Cult of Cyric at this point—began to dissipate, and every reputable citizen remained behind to vouch for the Ohgmans.

Sebenzi assessed their injuries and quickly decided they needed to regroup and heal. She looked at her companions, who were battered but still standing.

“We need to fall back and tend to our wounds,” Sebenzi urged, her voice steady despite the urgency of the situation. She moved to support Banshee, helping her to her feet.

Eldrin, seeing the incoming Municipal Guards, knew they needed to act fast. He turned to Artemis and Banshee. “Let’s get to a safer location and heal up. We can’t face another fight in our current state.”

Artemis, despite her own injuries, nodded in agreement. She took a moment to steady herself before guiding the group towards a nearby alley where they could find some cover and regroup.

Banshee, still feeling the effects of the *fireball*, allowed Sebenzi to help her. She knew they needed to stay together and remain vigilant. “We can’t let that diabolist get away. Once we’re ready, we need to track him down.”

Round 13

The group moved quickly, finding an officer who let them catch their breath. Sebenzi cast Cure Light Wounds on Banshee to further aid her recovery.

*Banshee gained 5 + 5 = 10 hps [22/30].*

Eldrin and Artemis took turns drinking their potions of Cure Light Wounds, restoring their vitality as much as possible.

*Artemis gained 7 + 4 = 11 hps [30/25, maxed at 25].*

Eldrin observed the area for any signs of danger.

Round 14

The Municipal Guard recognized the Oghmans as allies, and his squadron had been alerted of the situation by the Temple of Oghma, yet another reason for Eldrin to have been so thorough with the notarized documentation.

The guards briefly explained that they had been tracking the Cult of Cyric and were here to support. “We can help secure the area,” one of the guards offered. “You should rest and recover.”

Sebenzi, grateful for the support, nodded. “Thank you. We’ll rest here for a moment, but we need to continue our pursuit. The cult leader, Professor Farleigh, cannot be allowed to escape.”

“One of the Municipal Diviners stepped into earshot, and overheard this, assuring them, “That was a *teleport* spell. The villain could be anywhere on the continent by now.”

Eldrin turned to the guards. “Do you have any leads on where he might have gone? We need to track him down as soon as possible.”

~\*~

The last few hours had been harrowing. They’d effectively depleted all of their spells tracking down the diabolist leader and culling a handful of his thugs, but in doing so, they had alerted him to their pursuit, and he had fled as soon as he realized that he would be outgunned.

The heroes had gotten the remaining healing they needed, and now had not a scratch or blemish on them. They were at the local Municipal Guard Precinct Office, and their testimonies had been notarized per Eldrin’s request. “You can never be too thorough, particularly when there’s time.”

In the meantime, Loremaster Xiomara was finalizing a briefing report for the teams now working on this case. The Oghman clergywoman was one of the liaisons to law enforcement, and now entered the room with a handful of squires and intern clerics, presenting the facts for the audience.

Within minutes, the team had learned, “The remaining members of the leadership of this Cult—Professor Farleigh, Father Pompeii Vesuvius, and Penelope Verminswarm—habitually prepare a *teleportation* spell, or have such a scroll at their avail at all times. They will default to a getaway as soon as it becomes apparent that they cannot hold their position, and they enthrall so many poor souls that they generally desert them to us and their other enemies.”

“And he was calling the ninja a coward,” Artemis scoffed.

“They embody the diabolical worldview, a mindset bent on self-preservation by any means, particularly subterfuge and fraud,” Xiomara stated factually.

They articulated their various viewpoints on the matter, and then listened to the rest. “We have divined and otherwise discovered the locations of four of their waypoints via which they ferry meimer, the children and elderly of our most remote communities, and other contraband.”

More chatter and murmuring at the diabolists’ atrocities broke the monologue for a moment.

Xiomara continued as one of her interns handed her a map, which she unfurled and showed to the others. “These are the locations.” She pointed to red marks on the map along two roads leading towards the coast from Secomber: the road that paralleled the River Delimbyr to the southwest, and the road that crossed the River Dessaryn to the northwest. “Between these trade routes are the Ardeep Hills, and beyond them the Ardeep Forest, and it is here where the diabolists are kidnapping kiddos, and anyone too weak to resist.”

“Damned diabolists!” someone said, followed by three worse comments.

“The four hubs of activity, particularly now that the Secomber cell is disintegrating without their leadership, are the Red Larch, the southwestern foothills of the Golden Fields, the Ardeep-Daggerford Turnpike, and a desolate spot with no settlements nearby that lies just southest of the Ardeep Forest.”

“Couldn’t the Professor still be in the city?” asked Sebenzi.

“Yes, it’s possible, but given their operations outside the city, all they need from Secomber is our roads, seeing as the meimer is being imported from Loudwater to the east. In any case, we’re still gathering intel on their former lair here. We’ll have to take a few more days to analyze the evidence, but we’ve at least stopped them from recruiting thralls and even voluntary slaves for their smuggling operation.”

“We may also want to consider a public health service plan for the slums,” Eldrin suggested. “Our neediest denizens are hovering around diabolists because they find comfort and security; that says more about our level of public concern.”

“Eldrin,” one of the functionaries of the city asked, “Are you saying we’re to blame for this?”

“Certainly not,” the archivist clarified, relying on his reputation preceding him. “The diabolists get the credit for this debauchery, but a few of us who are here to deal with the problem have spent ample time in Secomber ensuring that such evil does not gain a foothold here. And I—for one—won’t rest easily until I know these Cyricist devil worshippers are gone for good.”

“Didn’t you confront them last year?” asked one of the interns, having heard tell. “And ran away barely with your life?”

“Not exactly,” explained Eldrin. “I was supporting a team of mighty heroes who had already invested a great deal of time and resources breaching Dragonspear Castle, and although these three escaped our breach of their lair, their battle sorcerer associate thought he’d remain behind and finish us off. We nearly killed him, and I just learned today that his body was later found, so one down; three to go.”

“Good riddance,” the mercurial and transparent Artemis said.

The heroes of Oghma took a moment to process the information shared by Xiomara and the Municipal Guard. They realized the gravity of the situation and the importance of their mission.

Artemis, ever the pragmatic one, asked Xiomara, “What’s our best lead on where to find these leaders? If they have teleportation spells ready, we’ll need to hit them hard and fast before they can escape again.”

Xiomara nodded in agreement. “Our diviners are working on narrowing down their potential hideouts. The locations marked on the map are our best bets, but we’ll also need to be vigilant for any new information that comes up.”

Eldrin turned to the Municipal Guard. “How well-guarded are these waypoints? Are we likely to face resistance, or are the diabolists relying more on secrecy and deception?”

A guard responded, “We’ve seen a mix of both. Some locations are heavily guarded by their thralls and minions, while others are more hidden and rely on their followers to keep them secret. Be prepared for anything.”

Xiomara confirmed, “Yes, they do vary. The desolate area is guarded by its anonymity and distance from any settlement. The crossroads at Ardeep and Daggerford Roads is guarded by a team of bandits turned mercenaries, and it’s likely that they’ll end up converting to Cyric’s cause as well.

Sebenzi, always concerned for the well-being of others, added, “We should also be mindful of any captives they might have. We can’t let these diabolists continue their reign of terror.”

Banshee, still recovering from her injuries but determined, spoke up. “We’ll need to be strategic. Taking out their leadership will be crucial, but we also need to disrupt their operations and free any innocents they’ve captured.”

“Next order of business,” Xiomara continued. “At morrow, the expeditionary force comprised of Artemis, Banshee, Eldrin, and Sebenzi will be dispatched along the southwestern road towards Daggerford. A hamlet called Deluvium lies just a few miles before the Turnpike. Take this writ,” she handed a furled up parchment to Artemis, who was her trusted agent and confidante. “You already know your contact there. Best that you don’t reveal this to the others to minimize the chances of a *detect thought* prying it from them.”

Artemis nodded, and smiled to Banshee, Eldrin, and Sebenzi to assure them that she knew the person she’d already been working with on this case, and who had recently been dispatched there. The contact will provide you with the information you’ll need once you arrive at the location by the Turnpike, which hosts another small hamlet just called Turnpike.

The heroes of Oghma prepared themselves for the journey ahead. They knew that the road to Daggerford would be long and potentially dangerous, but their mission was too important to delay. With Xiomara’s briefing in mind and the writ in Artemis’ possession, they made their final preparations and set out at first light.

Xiomara and Sebenzi—both clerics of Oghma—discussed the dogma around the current situation, and agreed that for tactical reasons, they should all sleep in the Temple tonight under vigil. “We’ve gotten too close to the diabolists,” Sebenzi urged the group. “So many spells could be cast to find out where we live.”

Eldrin instantly thought of Colonel Curna, his wolfhound, named after an Oghman heroine. Banshee, too, had a wolfhound, Deneir, named after an Ohgman hero, and he was already being boarded at the Temple.

With little more fanfare, the tired Oghmans left the Precinct Office and headed for the Temple of Oghma. Duly paranoid from the day’s conflict with devil worshippers, they half-expected to be ambushed on their way there, though they weren’t.

In fact, it was a quite serene walk, if not a lovely one.

Arriving at the Temple of Oghma, they checked in with the on-duty Loremaster, and within minutes were in a common space with four adjacent bedrooms, and Colonel Curna had just been brought over by a faithful admirer of Eldrin’s work for the Temple, a young, shy spellscale lad named Levon, who presented the riding pooch, and excused himself before he started to blush too much.

Curna and Deneir got to know each other as the two humans and two whisper gnomes also discussed the case at hand, unwinding with food and water at the end of an arduous day.

The heroes of Oghma settled into the common space, grateful for the chance to rest and regroup. The gentle glow of lanterns illuminated the room, casting a warm and comforting light. The scent of food and fresh water filled the air as they prepared to unwind after their long day.

Eldrin petted Colonel Curna affectionately, feeling the bond between him and his loyal companion. The wolfhound’s presence brought a sense of calm and familiarity. “I hope you enjoyed your quiet day today, old friend,” Eldrin whispered to Curna, who responded with a contented wag of his tail.

Banshee watched as Deneir and Curna got to know each other, a small smile playing on her lips. She then turned her attention to the group. “We’ve come a long way, but we still have a challenging journey ahead. Let’s make sure we’re prepared for whatever comes our way.”

Sebenzi nodded in agreement, her mind already thinking about the spells she needed to prepare for the next day. She glanced at Xiomara. “Thank you for your guidance and support. We’ll ensure we’re ready for the mission.”

Artemis, always the pragmatic one, took a moment to review the writ she held. She knew their contact at Deluvium would be crucial, and she mentally prepared herself for the meeting. “Rest well, everyone. We have a lot to do tomorrow.”

The group took their time enjoying the food and water, their spirits lifted by the brief respite. They discussed the day’s events, shared their thoughts on the upcoming journey, and made sure they were all on the same page.

As the night deepened, the heroes of Oghma began to prepare for sleep. Eldrin took out his spellbook and carefully studied the spells he would need for the journey. He made sure to prepare defensive and supportive spells to protect and aid his companions.

Sebenzi, too, focused on her prayers, seeking Oghma’s guidance and strength. She chose spells that would provide healing and protection, knowing they would face many dangers on the road.

Banshee cleaned her weapons and checked her gear, ensuring everything was in order. She knew that staying vigilant was crucial, and she mentally reviewed her strategy for the journey.

Artemis quietly reflected on the day’s events, feeling a sense of determination. She knew that their mission was vital, and she was ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead.

With their preparations complete, the heroes of Oghma settled into their beds, their minds focused and their spirits resolute. They knew that the fate of many innocents depended on their success, and they were committed to seeing their mission through to the end. As they drifted off to sleep, the gentle sounds of the Temple of Oghma provided a soothing backdrop, offering them a brief moment of peace before the next day’s journey.