

Campaign/Game: Well Met Adventures - D&D 5e

Date: March 5th, 2024

Session 11: Lair of the Satin Fist

Campaign Date: 5th Tundra, 3,524 SD

Characters

Cragor Ironveins, Dwarven Battlerager (Luke)

Dunbeg Nimblepaws, Badgermon Swashbuckler (Stuart)

Emery Nobleweaver, Human Diviner Wizard (Andrew)

Valmeross Ness, Tiefling Hexblade / Paladin (Danny)

Gibbert, Human Gloom Stalker Ranger (David)

Shenzaiah Oneiros, Tiefling Evoker Wizard (Hal)

Tortos, Turtle Battle Master / Cleric of Ornn (Andy)

DM: Rew

5th Tundra 3,524 SD

These adventures within a shared universe of settings describes associations of unlikely heroes who band together for a common cause. For some, they explore the unknown in search of answers. Others are in it only for the riches. Many are driven by destiny. As a group, they are known as the “Well Met Heroes.” This is their story.

The Halting Swamp are the ruined lowlands just south of the city of Welmet. The city of Welmet is an outpost of the Sanguine Order, the greatest naval power in the world of Aperta-Mundi. In ages before, The Halting Swamp once held delicate gardens and proud buildings of careful elven and dwarven construction. Now this area is nearly a wasteland.

There is a cult of undead beings that lair deep in the Halting Swamp. They call themselves the Brotherhood of the Satin Fist. Rumors are that these restless dead were cursed by the notorious criminal archmage Ara Elamyar all the way back in the Age of Antiquity following a caper wherein they stole platinum bars from the mansion of a demon lord on Avernus. It is said that even now they serve her by guarding a trove of her treasures.

After a day’s travel from Welmet into the Halting Swamp, the Well Met Heroes find themselves at the hut of Karlo the Hermit. Karlo asks the party a few questions, learning more about their motivations for coming. He mentions that he has gotten a “nasty scar” from the notorious turtle warlord “Tortos,” prompting Tortos to give a different name to the hermit. Karlo asks whether any of them will buy his “magic rock.” Karlo insists that this rock will keep anyone from death. As proof of its magic, Karlo reasons that he has had the rock by his side for weeks now and he has not died!

Gibbert arrives and guides the heroes to the ruined lair. Along the way he warns about the dangerous and delicious flora and fauna of the swamp. They find that it is the temporary home of a gang of Vitriolaks. The party faces its first challenge fighting off these demonic beings made flesh by the magic of a dark ritual to serve. After turning these beings back to the sand from whence they came they venture down into a surprisingly dry vault.

Inside, they find a monolith of abyssal metallic stone carved with necromantic runes. Shenzaiah and Emery surmise that its function is to keep a cadre of undead creatures there to defend the lair. They soon realize that these undead creatures are what is left of the Satin Fist. A goliath undead creature with a gaping maw where it should be attacked from a side room supported by zombies that have been made mute by a parasitic demonic being that has consumed and taken over their jaw attack. The party overcomes this threat, with Shen's golden cloud of daggers doing much of the work.

Cragor identifies a secret panel in a corridor, he pops it open with glee only to have it reveal an undead juggernaut which immediately attacks. As the Well Met Heroes finally defeat this being, Cragor charges headlong into a passage wherein a pair of Vampire Knights lurk invisibly in the shadows. The battle is joined by an undead necromancer and four more of the parasite undead. The hallway fight is tight, and Tortos and Cragor are nearly defeated. Thanks to Emery's Grease spells and Gibbert's flaming arrows the party manages to be victorious.

The party locates the Archmage Elamyar's office. They spring the fireball trap, which vaporizes much of the valuables left in the room. However, they do find a library of reference texts as well as some scrolls and a single journal entry:

Journal Entry of Ara Elamyar

It's done. The threads of my vengeance have been neatly woven together, forming a tapestry of retribution that even the denizens of the Feywild would admire. The debt has been paid in full, and I have emerged victorious from the shadows that once threatened to consume me.

The Feywild, with all its beauty and treachery, held the key to unlocking the shackles of my past. With meticulous planning and unwavering determination, I ventured into its depths, confronting ancient powers and weaving a web of deceit that would ensnare even the most cunning of fey beings.

Now, as I stand on the precipice of Avernus, the first layer of the Nine Hells, I am filled with a heady mixture of anticipation and satisfaction. The Brotherhood of the Satin Fist, unwitting pawns in my game of manipulation, eagerly await my command. Their loyalty, bought with promises of power and riches, will soon be their downfall.

My plan is simple yet elegant in its execution. Together with the Brotherhood, I shall infiltrate the devil's mansion, its halls dripping with opulence and corruption. The treasures within are but a means to an end, a mere stepping stone on my path to ultimate dominion.

But the true masterpiece lies in the aftermath. As I revel in the spoils of my heist, the Brotherhood will slowly succumb to the darkness that I have planted within their souls. Their once selfish aspirations will wither and die, replaced by an insatiable hunger for power and control.

And as they languish in their newfound depravity, I shall vanish into the shadows once more, leaving behind a trail of breadcrumbs for my erstwhile pupil to follow. Lonnell, ever the seeker of truth, will not be able to resist the allure of the mystery that I leave in my wake.

For deep down, beneath the layers of deception and betrayal, lies a spark of admiration. Lonnell may despise me for what I have done, but he cannot deny the brilliance of my mind nor the depths of my ambition.

So let him chase me, if he dares. Let him unravel the secrets that I have woven into the fabric of reality itself. For in the end, it is not the destination that matters, but the journey.

And oh, what a journey it shall be.

Ara Elamyar

The party locates a set of clearly cursed “platinum” bars bearing the seal of the Nine Hells. Gibbert greedily collects them all only to find that the treasure’s curse destroys all his newfound wealth and limits future treasure-gathering. Only a single bar is left of all the treasure he has when he returns to civilization. He spends it, only to find that as the accursed the bar returns only to cackle at him menacingly.

Rumors:

There is a misty giant that one might see in the midst of the Halting Swamp. Most flee at the sight of this titan. Those brave few who pursue have never been able to catch the giant to figure out what it is.

In the fantasy world of Aperta-Mundi many monstrous humanoids such as the Malmyrdons, Wyrmslugs, Ragejaks, and Vitrolaks are demonic forces made flesh rather than sentient races of their own.

Any spellcaster who knows anything has heard of the great Elven Archmage Davion Rose. It is from his teachings that many popular spells such as Firebolt and Thunderwave were created. He would be analogous to Plato or Socrates in our world.

Ara Elamyer was an elf who grew in power from a lowly child thief into one of the greatest archmage criminal masterminds of all time. During the Age of Antiquity she had even once been the headmaster of the Glimmerford Academy. There are still stories of how she nearly managed to steal the spellbook of the Davion Rose, oftentimes known as the Limitless Codex. At one point, the entire continent of Civorea was searching throughout the universe for this notorious thief.

Rewards:

Each member of the party gained 1000 XP and 1000 GP from the clothes and gems left by Ara Elamyer. They also find a library of arcane books, some magic scrolls, a ring of protection, and a robe of many things along with a variety of other artifacts.