

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

**Date:** September 12th, 2024

**Session 50:** The Sunken Gloom

**Campaign Date:** 12th Forest, 3,524 SD

## Characters

**Corbin Pryme**, Human War Cleric (Tony F)

**Sonny Skylark**, Human Monk (Sara)

**Toro**, Minotaur Paladin (Nicholle)

**Tortos**, Turtle Cleric (Andy)

**Bubo**, Owlin Druid (Lynn)

**DM:** Rew

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.

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*12th Forest, 3524 SD*

The Wise Owl sent Bubo to Wavewood to determine why the spirits of the bog are active and how to set them at ease. Corbin was asked by others of faith to look into the case of some missing missionaries who were last seen traveling west from Wavewood. There is a concern that they may have lost their way and ended up in The Sunken Gloom, a sunken bog at the foot of the Pine Highlands. Toro was also asked to search for missing missionaries who were last seen traveling west from Wavewood. He pointed out that there is a reward for their safe recovery. Tortos received a vision. A hurricane is coming, and it threatens to overwhelm much of the Welmet area. Tortos learned of a node of energy that has recently been activated deep within the Sunken Gloom just west of the coastal city of Wavewood. He considered whether this was the beginning of the Great Storm promised by the threatening Volibear.

The ghost that haunts Sonny Skylark is not a figure that drifts in and out of rooms or lingers ominously in doorways; it is a silent presence that has nestled within Sonny's very being, a phantom of lost purpose that twists his own actions to communicate its desperate message. Whenever Sonny glances into a mirror, he sometimes catches his own reflection moving just a fraction of a second too slowly, eyes clouded with an ancient sorrow that doesn't belong to him. An extra pair of spectral arms acting of their own accord, trace symbols on fogged glass or scratch faint words into soft wood, cryptic messages that leave Sonny reeling as if he's betrayed himself without knowing why. In quiet moments, when his guard is down, Sonny's voice occasionally slips out in a rasping whisper he doesn't recognize, a half-formed plea that dies in

his throat before meaning can be grasped. Laughter and sobs, neither of which feel truly his, bubble up unbidden, as if the ghost inside is fighting to be heard through his lungs, his breath, his very heartbeat—a haunting without form or substance, living in every gesture and every hollow, aching silence that falls between. Now the ghost is active, cajoling Sonny toward the Sunken Gloom as well. Together all these Well Met heroes set out in search of the missionaries, the source of the storm, and whatever it is that Sonny's ghost desires.

The heroes learn about two points of interest within the Sunken Gloom. In Wavewood, the Corpse Willow is the stuff of fearful whispers and wide-eyed tales, a cursed tree that looms ominously at the edge of the bog. Locals speak of its gnarled branches as skeletal fingers reaching out to snatch unwary travelers, its bark mottled with dark stains that resemble dried blood. They say the tree thrives on the runoff from the nearby bog, which appears as a disturbing, blood-red stream that exudes a nauseating stench of decay. Legends claim that the Corpse Willow is a hungry sentinel, drawn to the scent of living flesh and capable of ensnaring those who venture too close, its roots wrapped around their very souls. To the superstitious townsfolk, the tree is a malevolent force, a reminder of the ancient curses that linger in the darkened corners of their world, waiting for a chance to claim the next unwary soul.

The locals of Wavewood know of Rotveil Priory mostly through old, half-whispered tales passed down from their grandparents and carved faintly into the collective memory of the town. To them, the Priory is a place of faded warnings and superstition, a grim silhouette on the horizon shrouded in the creeping mists of the bog. Stories of the monks, once revered protectors of arcane secrets, are now little more than chilling fireside anecdotes—somber men who spoke little, their faces hidden beneath shadowed hoods, rumored to have bartered with powers beyond the mortal realm. Children are still told of how the monks guarded a dangerous artifact—a throne that could twist reality itself—and how those who sought to misuse it brought only ruin.

As the Well Met heroes enter the bog, they are attacked by a patrol of Malmyrdons. These demons made flesh threaten the party but they are ultimately eliminated. The heroes find evidence of the lost missionaries. It appears a similar patrol of Malmyrdons captured them and took them to Rotveil Priory.

Along the way, the party stopped at the Corpse Willow. Bubo and Tortos approached the large tree. It evidenced signs of being cursed by the power of the storm, and the talons of the deity Volibear harmed this tree greatly. As they got closer to investigate, a minion of the Greatstorm attacked. This lumpy, gigantic frog-monster threatened the party with tentacles, but its greatest threat was a great tongue that snatched heroes up so that they could be bitten by the great behemoth's mouth. It was a close battle, but eventually Tortos destroyed it by igniting his flaming hammer from within the beast's jaws. By



destroying the minion, Tortos stopped the threat from his deity's nemesis - at least for now. Inside the hollowed out willow, the heroes found [a book describing the monastery that would once come to be known as Rotveil Priory](#).

The heroes took a short rest and then continued to the priory. There they encountered more Malmyrdons, serving two warlocks who clearly worked for the Moonlit Mafia because of the moon symbology they wear. The weakened missionaries worked pulling mud and peat out of a pit, excavating what remains of the ruined monastery for something. [One of the warlocks clutched an aged journal entry in his hand](#).

The Well Met heroes snuck in closer and attack. Toro charged the warlock holding the journal entry. Corbin called on his Spiritual Guardians and Spiritual Weapon to hammer the Malmyrdons. Sonny threw a bomb and then charged the other warlock.

The heroes are thrown out of the frying pan into the fire, as [The Throne of Veils](#) rises on a pedestal from the moist pit. It carries several undead monks, as well as two more powerful undead beings thirsty for the essence of the living. These monks attack without mercy, targeting warlocks and Malmyrdons as well as party members.

The Throne of Veils, is an ancient artifact of immense power. Crafted from blackened iron and adorned with faded symbols of forgotten deities, the throne is embedded with shimmering gemstones that pulse with an unnatural light. It is a gateway, allowing those who sit upon it to traverse beyond the boundaries of time and space, reaching hidden realms where conventional magic cannot penetrate.

In ages past, the monks of Rotveil Priory once used the throne to commune with divine beings and guard against extraplanar threats. However, its true purpose is much darker: it offers not just escape, but the power to alter one's presence within the fabric of reality itself, becoming a shadow that neither past nor future can fully grasp.

As described in the journal entry, Ara Elamyar desecrated the Throne of Veils by infusing it with the blood of the slain monks, corrupting its magic once it was used to hide from all of reality. Anyone attempting to use the throne now is overwhelmed by the vengeful spirits of the monks, who tear at the intruder's mind, driving them to madness. Only one animated by the enchantment of the monks can bypass this deadly ward, and even then only for a bit.

The battle raged. Tortos squared up against one of the monks, and managed to hold his own. Toro's soul was nearly torn away as he fought against them. Bubo continued to pepper the battlefield with arrows and magic, but it was looking grim for the Well Met heroes. Sonny approached the Throne of Veils, and at his ghostly arms' touch the curse was lifted and all the monks were released from the curse put on the artifact.

The throne remains a dangerous item. Surely the sinister mage Ara Elamyar left more defenses. However, by securing the throne, Sonny's ghost may be able to help the Well Met heroes learn where in the universe she may be hiding.

**Rewards:**

Each member of the party gained a total of 3000 XP from this adventure as a reward for recovering the missionaries. Additionally, each member of the party received a total of 3000 gold coins as well as a number of magic items.

## Excerpt from "The Chronicles of Sacred Relics" by Lila de Lucian

The Throne of Veils stands within the heart of the priory, a testament to the enduring faith and vigilance of the monks who guard it. Crafted from iron blackened by time and consecrated with divine rites, the throne is adorned with radiant gemstones that gleam like embers in a perpetual twilight. It is said that those who sit upon the throne may glimpse into hidden realms, places untouched by the flow of time or the boundaries of space, where secrets both wondrous and terrible lie waiting to be discovered.

The monks of the priory are steadfast in their charge, for they are not merely keepers of an artifact but protectors of a delicate threshold between worlds. To them, the Throne of Veils is more than a relic; it is a sacred link to powers beyond mortal ken. Their days are dedicated to meditation, study, and the careful upkeep of the ancient wards that guard the throne from unworthy hands. Only those of the purest heart and clearest mind may approach the throne, their souls tempered by years of prayer and discipline.

Beneath the watchful eyes of the monks, the priory's library holds the secrets of the throne's activation—rituals that have been passed down through centuries, written in languages now forgotten by most of the world. The Throne's power is not freely given, but earned through devotion, humility, and the unyielding pursuit of knowledge. It is said that those who commune with the throne often return transformed, their minds touched by glimpses of a grander design that guides the cosmos.

For as long as the monks maintain their vigil, the Throne of Veils remains a beacon of hope, a safeguard against the darkness that lurks beyond the mortal realm.

—Lila de Lucian, \*The Chronicles of Sacred Relics\*

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There is a footnote on the page by an individual named "Luther":

*Oh yes, a "beacon of hope." Just ignore the fact that it's a beacon with an open-door policy for all manner of cosmic weirdness. Honestly, these monks are just one bad day away from being lunch for the next ambitious undead thief or eldritch horror that happens to stroll in. But hey, at least they have faith, right?*

*A copied journal entry from Ara Elamyar*

*The monks of the Priory of Veils, in their self-righteous zeal and misguided piety, are the perfect pawns for my grand design. Their unwavering devotion is both their strength and their weakness—a weakness I will exploit to secure my sanctuary. Tonight, I overheard snippets of their rituals and their hollow prayers, the very essence of their existence laid bare before me. How convenient that their greatest asset is also their greatest vulnerability.*

*The Throne of Veils stands as a beacon of unimaginable power, a relic so potent that its mere existence threatens the fragile equilibrium of the cosmos. It is the key to my ultimate escape, my own sanctuary outside the constraints of time and space. With this throne, I shall not only disappear but also bind these monks' souls to guard my haven against any who dare seek me out. Their spectral presence will ensure that no one—neither mortal nor immortal—can breach my hidden sanctum.*

*The thought of Connel's futile pursuit brings me a twisted sense of satisfaction. The fool has been doggedly hunting me for years, his obsession with my demise evident in every glowering glance and frantic letter. His love for me, however, is both a weapon and a weakness. It is no longer a matter of whether he will catch me, but rather when I shall choose to reveal myself to him. His misguided affection has kept him at bay, allowing me the freedom to maneuver as I please. The irony of it all—his affection has unwittingly shielded me from his relentless pursuit.*

*As I prepare for the night's ritual, my thoughts are filled with anticipation. Soon, the monks will be no more than whispers in the bog, their souls entwined with the throne, their existence forever entwined with my own. And in that hidden realm, free from the reach of those who once sought to destroy me, I will finally be safe. Safe from Connel. Safe from the world. Safe to revel in the power and solitude that is rightfully mine.*

*—Ara Elamyar*

## **The Throne of Veils**

The Throne of Veils, as it was known, stood as a somber monument to both faith and arcane mastery. Forged by hands unknown in the Age of the New Gods, it served as the priory's greatest treasure and its darkest secret. The throne was guarded with reverence by the Silent Brothers, a monastic order sworn to uphold the balance between the mortal world and the realms beyond. Seated upon the throne, one could converse with celestial beings, pierce the shroud of the unseen, and glimpse the truths of past and future alike. The monks, however, viewed these gifts with caution, allowing only the most devout to approach. For every boon, they believed, came a price paid in suffering—visions of eternity are not meant for mortal minds. The throne's magic was a doorway, but never without a guardian, and the brothers were the vigilant keepers of that key. Their lives were a living prayer, binding the throne's power within the priory's walls so that its secrets would never fall into unworthy hands.