

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

Date: October 27th, 2024

Session 61: The Legacy of Grentall Woods

Campaign Date: 27th Farm, 3,524 SD

Characters

Celica Berriman, Elven Bladesinger Wizard (Danny)

Flynn Artus, Circle of Spores Druid (Karen)

Jarxis Euclid, Leprechaun Artificer (Jim)

Ingyirixywyckliff "Kliff" Rimeclaw, Dragonborn Ancestral Barbarian (Declan)

Wren, Pixie Bladedancer (Gabe)

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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27th Farm, 3524 SD

The Well-Met Heroes returned to the Feywild. They met Bartleby the gnome as they arrived. He seemed to remember them and reluctantly brought them to meet 'Olldail in the archfey's grove. The elder Fey spirit told the assembled heroes about Wren's parents, Alep and Raya. He explained how as bladesingers, the two fought in the War of Shadows, a conflict that consumed the Feywild sparked by accusations that the Unseelie had stolen the shadows of the Seelie. 'Olldail shared Wren's father's last minutes in the battle of Grentall Woods as a vision from his mind's eye.

Narrator: The night air over the Grentall Woods hums with an eerie, electric tension. The magical Feywild, realm of the faeries, is embroiled in a vicious struggle between the Seelie and Unseelie courts. Here, amidst towering, twisted trees, Aelp Leraam, a Seelie spellsinger clad in mage armor, commands his unit of warriors, his slim blade glinting under the haunted moonlight. The distant thunder of the Unseelie Bombast Cannons shakes the ground, turning the forest into a twisted, splintered battleground.

Aelp (with steely resolve): Stand firm, Seelie warriors! We are guardians of this realm, and today we fight to keep it whole. With me, now—forward!

Narrator: But before they can advance, the deafening roar of a Bombast Cannon echoes, and a burst of fiery energy slams into Aelp's unit. He watches, horrified, as his comrades are thrown like leaves in a storm, their spells shattered, their forms strewn lifeless across the forest floor. Aelp stumbles, clutching his side, where a fresh wound seeps through his enchanted armor.

Aelp (voice strained, murmuring to himself): Raya... Wren... I'm sorry. It seems fate has called me to the other side. I won't be joining you in the new world after all.

Narrator: Across the battlefield, framed by the dark trees and flickering cannon fire, Aelp catches sight of a figure moving through the chaos. The Unseelie champion, Yaar Larmeal, strides toward him with calm, almost fluid purpose. A masked helm conceals their face. The champion's electric-blue bodysuit shines and their rapier is alive with crackling magic.

Aelp (calling out): Yaar Larmeal! They call you the finest bladesinger of the Unseelie. Let us test that in battle and see if your name endures the night!

Narrator: Yaar stops a few paces from him, her masked helm tilting slightly, acknowledging his challenge. The air between them hums with arcane power. Aelp, bloodied but resolute, raises his blade, his voice a soft song as he weaves a spell.

Aelp (chanting): By dawn and dusk, by star and flame, grant me strength for one last claim.

Narrator: His blade glows with a fierce, blue light, encasing him in a shroud of protective magic. With a sudden burst, they clash—blades ringing, spells crackling, two elite spellsingers locked in a deadly, elegant dance. Yaar's movements are fluid, almost hypnotic, dealing strikes swift and unerring, while Aelp's own blade moves with desperate precision.

Narrator: Blow after blow, they parry, strike, and weave spells that flash like lightning. But Aelp, weakened by his wound, falters for a split second. Yaar seizes the moment, her rapier slicing through his defenses, piercing his heart.

Aelp (gasping, voice soft): No... this can't...

Narrator: As Aelp sinks to his knees, Yaar stands over him, still as a shadow. Slowly, almost reverently, the champion reaches up and removes the concealing helm. Aelp's eyes widen in shock, then close in grief and despair. Aelp's hand reaches out, fingers trembling, as his vision fades, his heart breaking in his final moments. With a last, shuddering breath, his soul slips from his body—a small, silvery ball of light rising into the air.

Aelp (barely a whisper, stricken with grief): Wren!

Narrator: The silvery orb hovers for a moment, drifting through the darkened woods, a mournful glow that haunts the battlefield. Aelp's spirit lingers in Grentall Woods, a ghostly remnant of a love betrayed by fate, until he is, at last, forgotten by time. The scene fades to silence, leaving only the faint echo of Aelp's last whispered word.

The heroes also learned that Walfo McBeans had been spotted testing out a new “ultimate weapon” in the Grentall Woods. After some discussion, they decided to head to the Grentall Woods. Along the way, they were met by Jarxis’ old friend Crowley Twangle. He confused the party at first, telling them that he is “in Aljebra prison” despite the fact that he was clearly not. He described the rough treatment of Jarxis’ allies there, and asked for help to find the way back. Luckily, another gnome introducing himself as Bartelby arrived to take Twangle back to prison.

The heroes arrived in the Grentall Woods. It bears the scars of a great battle. Trees remain splintered and marred with the rainbow-colored rounds from the Bombast canons. The Well Met heroes decided to split up. Jarxis, Celica, and Flynn crossed the battlefield looking for the location of a ruined Bombast cannon abandoned in the fighting. Meanwhile Wren and Kliff stayed behind and followed the strange ball of light that Wren recognized as all that was left of her father. They eventually found the site of a pendant worn by bladesingers of the Feywild, an artifact connected to Aelp. The Well Met heroes all had another vision.

Narrator: Beneath a canopy of ancient oaks, where darkness drifts and whispers linger, Princess Raya Leraam stands, her hand resting over her belly. She had dreamed of leaving the Feywild, of seeking a life in the material world with her husband, Aelp, and their soon-to-be-born daughter, Wren. But those dreams were cast aside, swept into the bitter conflict between the Seelie and Unseelie courts. As practitioners of the powerful new art of bladesinging, both Raya and Aelp have been pulled into the conflict. Now, in the heart of twilight, her younger sister, the charismatic and clever Markessa, watches her with a glint in her eye. Across from them, the wiry and restless Penculous—a spriggan functionary of the Seelie—waits, a sly smile tugging at his mouth.

Penculous (with a coaxing tone): Lady Raya, I know you’re caught in this war you never wanted. But you’ve been deceived about who started it, and why. They’ve told you the Unseelie are to blame—that they tore shadows from the heart of the Feywild, leaving our realm fractured. But this is a cruel trick, a shadow play of lies.

Raya (narrowing her eyes): A trick? And who, then, would benefit from such lies?

Penculous (leaning in, voice low and urgent): The Leprechauns, princess. They covet shadows as they do gold, hoarding every flicker and secret. They pulled the shadows from our world, spinning these dark tales to turn us against each other—leaving the Seelie and Unseelie both weakened. We are at their mercy while they hide in their enchanted workshops and hovels, laughing at the chaos they’ve sown.

Markessa (with a smirk, circling Raya): Isn’t it just like them, sister? Leprechauns always hiding, hoarding, and hatching schemes to pit us all against one another. And the Seelie court, noble as

they may seem, gobbled up the tale like honeyed wine. They couldn't imagine the tricksters would dare deceive *them*.

Raya (hesitating, touching her belly): But Aelp believes this. He fights on the Seelie side, and I... I wanted to leave all of this. Take him and Wren to the material world, away from court games, and live freely.

Penculous (his voice softening, almost sympathetic): And you *could* have, had the Leprechauns not torn shadows from the Feywild itself. This war between the courts—it's only grown to pull in those like you and Aelp, those who would otherwise escape. You are bound to this conflict because of the lies they spun.

Markessa (pressing closer, her voice low and persuasive): Think of it, Raya. The Leprechauns' greed already binds you, and one day it will bind your daughter, too. Shadows twisted for gain... Wouldn't you rather fight and end it, let Wren be born into a world of truth?

Raya (her voice catching, torn): But if I side with the Unseelie... I turn my blade against Aelp. I'm not able to reach him now. How could I fight him?

Penculous (calmly): You won't be fighting *him*, my lady. You'll be fighting for him. For Wren. And when Aelp sees the truth—the real reason he's been bound to this struggle—he'll understand. If anyone can make him see through the veil, it's you.

Markessa (smiling, lifting her chin): Imagine, sister, being the one who revealed the truth, who saw past the lies no one else dared to question. Imagine Wren knowing her mother stood against a tide of deceit.

Raya (her voice almost a whisper): But if the Seelie court turns on me... if I am cast out, and Aelp does not see as I do...

Penculous (stepping forward, speaking with quiet fervor): The Unseelie will shelter you. They are not the fiends the Seelie court makes them out to be; they are fighters for balance, for truth in all its rawness. They'll see you as a hero, a bladesinger who dared to defy the shadowed lies that threaten all of us.

Narrator: Silence falls as Raya considers Penculous' words, her eyes shadowed with doubt and resolve. She looks to Markessa, who watches her with a sly but supportive smile, then down to her belly, where Wren lies waiting.

Raya (determined): Very well, Penculous. I will take up my blade for the Unseelie, for Wren's future—and for a world that isn't torn by greed and lies. But if I find I have been misled, my wrath will not be so easily swayed. I'll tear the entire Feywild apart to find you and make sure you are forever forgotten.

Penculous (bowing deeply, a triumphant smile playing on his lips): Your courage shines through, Lady Raya. The Unseelie shall count themselves blessed to fight alongside one such as you.

Narrator: And so, with a heart full of both dread and purpose, Princess Raya takes her first step into the War of Shadows, leaving behind a world of light for one steeped in mystery and danger.

Meanwhile, across the forest the other heroes saw a sinister cloud with an angry face rise above the old battleground. On it, the artificer Walfo McBeans and his toadies cackled with glee. They had caught the Well Met heroes unawares. There was an extended battle in which Jarxis was struck repeatedly by the cloud's twin lightning batteries, and Walfo took fire from the newly repaired Bombast Cannon. Jarxis leapt to the deck of the Angry Cloud, grabbed the opposing artificer, hurled him to the ground, and then cut power and dropped the elbow.

The heroes caught the smell of rotten fruit and burned pancakes. The Sugarplum Spectre appeared and moved to attack! Jarxis propelled Walfo McBeans toward the monstrosity as the heroes made their escape with the Bombast Cannon in tow on the stolen Angry Cloud platform. They fled just in time to catch the sight of the Spectre tearing the Unseelie artificer to bits. The Well Met heroes decided to return to Aperta-Mundi and re-visit the Feywild another time.

Rewards:

Each member of the party gained a total of 4000 XP from this adventure. Additionally, each member of the party received a total of 4000 gold coins as well as a number of magic items taken from the cloud weapon created by Walfo McBeans and his henchmen.

Artifacts:

The following magical items were captured during this adventure. Of course, they only work in the Feywild.

Bombast Cannon

By spending an action, an artificer may use the cannon to cast the Disintegrate spell.

Angry Cloud

The Angry Cloud platform allows a group to levitate 30' off the ground. It moves at 45' a round on the controller's round using their move action. The controller may use their action to fire two lightning bolts at targets located directly below the cloud. Although the cloud is solid enough to stand on, anything coming from beneath is not stopped. The cloud grants cover, but not full cover.

