

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

Date: November 24th, 2024

Session 67: Ara Elamyar

Campaign Date: 24th Village, 3,524 SD

Characters

Calledras Shadowblade, Shadar-Kai Grave Cleric (Sheila)

Celica Berriman, Elven Bladesinger Wizard (Danny)

Flynn Artus, Circle of Spores Druid (Karen)

Jarxis Euclid, Leprechaun Artificer (Jim)

Ingyirixwyckliff "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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24th Village, 3524 SD

The Well-Met Heroes returned to the Feywild. They scouted out Aljebra prison. There, they found all the LOSERS (Leprechauns Operating Stealthily Endeavoring Rearrangement of the Seelie) trapped in a facility covered by a powerful Wall of Force protected by a titan who serves as the prison warden. The prisoners perpetually chant in unison, numbing their brains and directing all their efforts away from hope of escape.

*In quiet halls, the numbers creep,
Their whispers waking you from sleep.
At first, it seems a harmless game,
Just adding up what's yours to claim.*

*But soon the sums begin to grow,
Each fraction sharp, each number slow.
The digits twist, a web they weave,
A maze you cannot hope to leave.*

*The clock is ticking, hours fade,
But still the sums in shadows played.
You find the ratios in dreams,*

Where nothing's real, or so it seems.

*Subtraction eats away your day,
Division takes the life you'd say.
No simple sum can satisfy,
For every answer brings a lie.*

*The symbols twist, become your friends,
Each theorem whispers, never ends.
The numbers crawl beneath your skin,
A cruel and endless, tightening spin.*

*You check the time, the math is there,
It's in the air, it's everywhere.
The constant need to count and solve,
And still no peace, no chance to evolve.*

*You calculate each breath you take,
The perfect form, the perfect wake.
No simple joy, no way to flee,
For math controls your destiny.*

*Each decimal, a shackle tight,
Each sine and cosine steals your sight.
In numbers, you have lost your soul,
The sum of life's now out of control.*

*Now trapped within this ordered strife,
You see no way to change your life.
For math, once pure, now takes the throne,
And leaves you helpless, all alone.*

As the heroes advanced using the floating cloud platform taken from Walfo McBeans the mighty ancient magics of Aljebra gripped the heroes, and many of them swooned at its power as they wrestled with logic problems and algebraic equations. The titan leapt onto the cloud platform and knocked Jarxis to the ground below with his titanic club.

Using the reconstructed Bombast Cannon, the Well Met Heroes manage to bust open the prison. As the prisoners flee, the titan weeps at the destruction of his mighty prison. The LOSERS are represented by Jarxis' old friend Crowley Twangle. He reveals that Oleg had taken over a laboratory once used by Ara Elamyar in Sablerest Hollow, and that Penculous had assumed control of the cosy Feywild village. Callie was worried that Crowley was a liar because of his seemingly manic energy, but Jarxis consoled the cleric telling her that's "just the way Crowley is."

Jarxis offered to check if any of the Well Met heroes are actually clones. None in the party are interested in him looking at their skulls.

The Well Met heroes traveled to Sablerest Hollow. There, they could have chosen to find Penculous at the mayor's mansion or explore the Leeram family castle in which Markessa, Wren's aunt still lurked. They decided to visit the laboratory that Oleg had taken over. There they found evidence that the Feywild Assassin Oleg had a long-standing feud with Kliff's partner Akani, which fueled his hatred and spite. In a journal entry, the party learned more about that feud and figured out that the dreaded Sugarplum Spectre is in fact Oleg, twisted by malice into a deadly confection of death and destruction.

Shimmering Month of Frog's-Last-Breath, 117th

I have crossed paths with Ekani the orc only thrice, and each encounter has seared itself into my mind like a brand on flesh. Her smug face, her hulking indifference, her blatant refusal to acknowledge me as worthy of her regard—oh, the ways I could repay her arrogance! When I close my eyes, I see her crushed under mountains of sand or stumbling through a hall of mirrors, every reflection whispering my cruelest jokes back to her. But that's too simple, isn't it? Perhaps, instead, I might create a curse to chain her mind to the scent of rot, so that every sweet memory she cherishes turns bitter, every taste is sour. Yes, these things are but seedlings of my true vengeance. This loathing—I can taste it on my tongue, feel it fester in my marrow. I shall unearth something so hideous that even Ekani's very spirit quakes. She will rue her apathy; her every breath will carry my rancor.

Luncheontime the first

Finally, a plan worthy of my hatred. Varruk, that lumbering brute, left Ekani's village of Hearthvale for a mercenary life with The Rictus. That oaf thought he could simply abandon his people, yet it seems he has unwittingly provided me with a weapon. Through my contacts in The Rictus, I paid handsomely for their allegiance and set their swords upon Hearthvale itself. They will burn her village to the ground, leaving naught but ashes and memories. Ekani's family, friends—every face that mattered to her—wiped out, erased.

Season of Wilted Roses, Darkening Moon

Ah, Ingyirixwyckliff—what a fool! In his futile attempts to console Ekani's spirit, he has bound her to his own flesh, that I may kill her as many times as I desire. With each death, I taste my satisfaction anew. How exquisite, how thrilling to watch her rise, only to see the light of life snuffed from her eyes over and over. The cycle of death and rebirth—it's intoxicating. I could do this for all eternity. And Ingyirixwyckliff himself? His rage, his sorrow—it turns inward, as if against himself, the curse thickening like tar in his blood. He will never avenge her, never unleash his anger upon Varruk or The Rictus. No, his rage will fester, impotent and bitter, as Ekani dies by my hand again and again. The Well-Met Heroes, his self-righteous, stiff and ossified friends, can do nothing to break this bond. They watch helplessly, bound to a cycle they cannot escape. My hate has become a symphony of suffering, and it sings for me.

Month of Biting Blossoms, Eve of the Bitter Feast

Looking back, she could have simply avoided her fate if she had just laughed. I told her of the time I slipped a glamour onto the dragonflies of Faemarch Lake so they'd mimic the great birds of the sky. It was a jest of beauty, of wit—pure genius. She looked on in silence, her face

impassive, her mouth unsmiling. Ekani didn't understand, didn't appreciate my brilliance, my artistry. She let my jest fall flat, as if I were a fool. I could have forgiven anything but that.

Now, I seek a power she will not mock. In Ara Elamyar's dark tomes, I have found a recipe to weave magic into sweet confections—a ritual to transform myself into a being of unquenchable malice, the Sugarplum Spectre. In this twisted form, I shall embody all the rage, all the bitterness she forced upon me. I will be an instrument of terror, the very essence of hatred given life. Mindless evil. She will not laugh now. No one will. They will only scream.

A local wandered in, offering some food and shelter. When asked about Wren's parents, he mentioned that Wren's mother Raya Leraam took her role in the War of Shadows poorly. After mistakenly murdering her mate, Wren's father Aelp, she went on a crime spree throughout the Feywild. As the authorities got close to her, the last anyone knew she had "changed her name and gone to the material plane to teach magic at the Glimmerford Academy." From her research, Celica immediately made the connection. Wren's mother was the notorious war criminal and thief Ara Elamyar.

As the heroes struggled to make sense of all that was happening. Penculous arrived with a brace of demonic guards. He cajoled the Well Met heroes, threatening to send them back to the material plane with a quick death. After trading a few insults, the party attacked.

Flynn threw Cloudkill on the demons, weakening them significantly. Penculous grew into a huge rage-filled monster, scooped up Flynn and bit her with bone-crunching force "like she was a burrito." Wren waded into the demons, protected by her bladesong. She was supported by Kliff who sent the monsters back to the hell from which they spawned. Meanwhile, a cadre of Markessa clones in some sort of Jarxis-style powered armor with specially built heavy crossbows arrived. They are led by Sablerest Markessa, who appears to be the leader of the group. The leprechaun mowed down these clones with efficiency. Celica dropped a lightning bolt on Sablerest Markessa.

Markessa trapped Celica in a Maze spell. Celica met the essence of Ara Elamyar there. Ara explained that Celica was nothing more than a fake personality created to learn more about the Well Met heroes while animating the clone that would eventually hold Celica's soul when she returned from beyond time and space. The war criminal commented that she was pleased with the Toymaker's work. Ara pulled Celica's memories from the clone body, leaving her in the maze while Ara returned to the Feywild with Celica's body.

Meanwhile, the smell of burned pancakes and rotten fruit heralds the arrival of the Sugarplum Spectre. The heroes try to flee but Ara stops time itself and tortures the party with savage attacks sending them crashing painfully back to the material plane.

Rewards:

Each member of the party gained a total of 4000 XP from this adventure. No treasure was taken from the Feywild.

A Handy Timeline:

- Raya Leeram and her partner Aelp are the first Bladesingers.
- They have their first child, Wren and live happily for a bit.
- The War of Shadows breaks out between Seelie and Unseelie.
- Raya is manipulated into fighting for the Unseelie under the name Yaar Larmeal.
- Raya slays her partner Aelp in a duel between Bladesingers.
- Raya is understandably upset about this. She secretly swears vengeance. She takes up a life of crime, taking out her feelings on the powerful beings who rule the Feywild.
- As her reputation grows, the heat on Raya grows. She leaves for the Material Plane, changes her name to Ara, and joins a magic academy named the Glimmerford Academy to research ways to destroy the Feywild.
- Ara takes on a pupil, Lonnal, who reminds Ara of her pets Arafis and Helynna.
- Ara leaves the school to destroy the Feywild by releasing the demon lord Juiblex there. Lonnal and a bunch of his friends named The Beacons stop her.
- The Beacons include Link's mom Hilda and Lietra the Mushroom Goddess.
- Ara escapes, and Lonnal pursues her through the planes.
- Ara has several adventures in the background of the setting including helping Zelligar and empowering Markessa.
- Ara flees reality to a place beyond time and space to be with the King in Yellow.
- Using a catspaw, Ara creates a clone, Celica, to be a failsafe to escape capture/cheat death. Celica is memory wiped using Modify Memory to have a happy home life and be a hero to fly under the radar in case Lonnal returns.
- The "first draft" of this clone may have been Gondra.
- Celica makes many friends and starts her own studies into Ara, not realizing the connection.
- Celica finds Ara in the Maze spell cast by Markessa. Ara takes control of Celica's body, now revealed to be a clone created by the Toymaker for Ara Elamyar. Celica is left to haunt the maze forever as a disembodied spirit.