

WRATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS 10/12/2014

Attendance

Bruce surprises everyone by showing up in person. He proclaims, “Not to worry, everyone! I brought a whole bag of anti-crazy chow!” *Georgina* enters, making a grab for the bag as she does. She notes that the weather in the Dallas area has been rather unpleasant. *Chris* points out, “Yeah, everything around here is just better than where you are these days.”

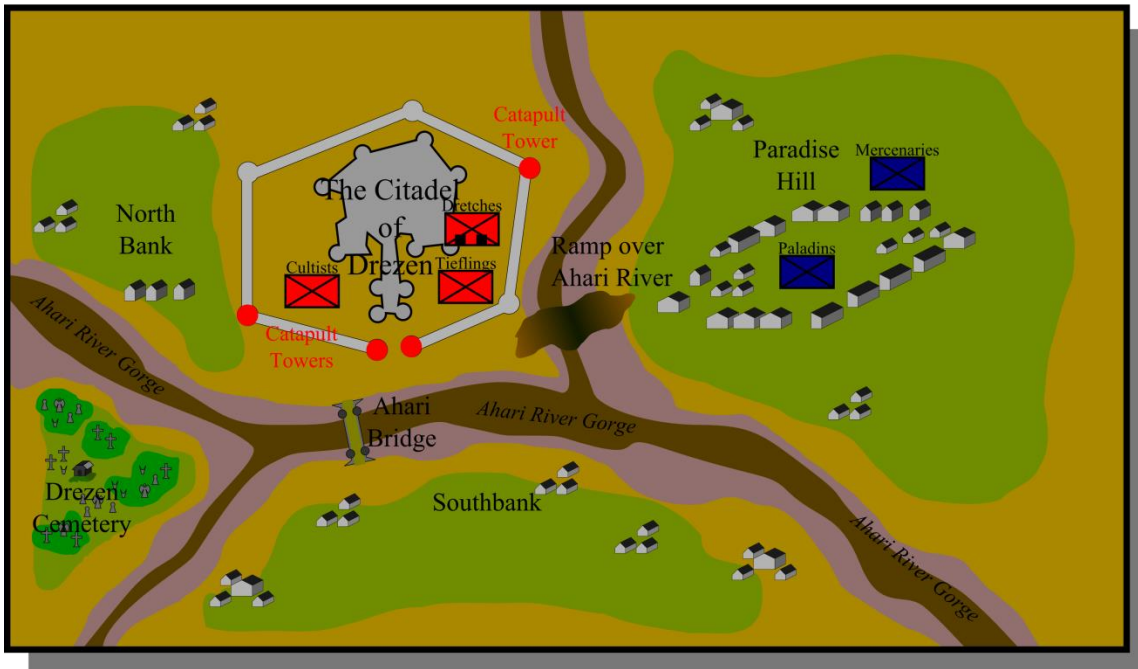
Ernest enters, noting, “Hey, Dallas people! You know you’ve got another Ebola case on your hands?” *Matt* goes on to explain that one of the nurses who treated the first Ebola patient is now showing signs of the antibodies.

Tim stomps in. He is actually awake, enough that he is able to distinguish between *Pimms Number One* (which is a rather questionable alcoholic beverage drunk by deranged Britons) and “Timm’s Number One”, which does not actually exist. Ernest notes that *Pimm’s* is like a spiced-rum version of gin. *Paul* is just distracted by Chris’ wallpaper, showing the *Something Positive* “For Yooou!” image.

<i>Character</i>	<i>Player</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Level</i>
Tabregon	Bruce	Male Half-elf Oracle of Iomedae, Touched by Divinity	6M2
Tsuguri Chiba	Chris	Male Cleric of Tsukiyo, Child of the Crusades	6M2
Antonius	Ernest	Male Tien Paladin of Irori, Stolen Fury	6M2
Trystan	Matt	Male Half-elf Paladin of Shelyn, Touched by Divinity	6M2
Shawanda	Patrick	Female Mwangi Paladin of Iomedae, Exposed to Awfulness	6M2
Calanthe	Tim	Female aasimar Sorcerer of Shelyn, Riftwarden Orphan	6M2

Preparing the Assault

The Citadel of Drezen



When last we saw our heroes, they had defeated various forces comprised of cultists, tieflings and dretches. They had taken Paradise Hill outside of the Citadel of Drezen. And they had defeated a mythic chimera named *Soltengrabe*. More unfortunately, they also destroyed the Ahari Bridge in an attempt to take it. To compensate, the characters have moved their forces into the semi-fortified (like any good urban housing project is) Paradise Hill and charged their troops with building up ramps to cross over the dry riverbed.

After four days, the ramps are built and the assault is ready!

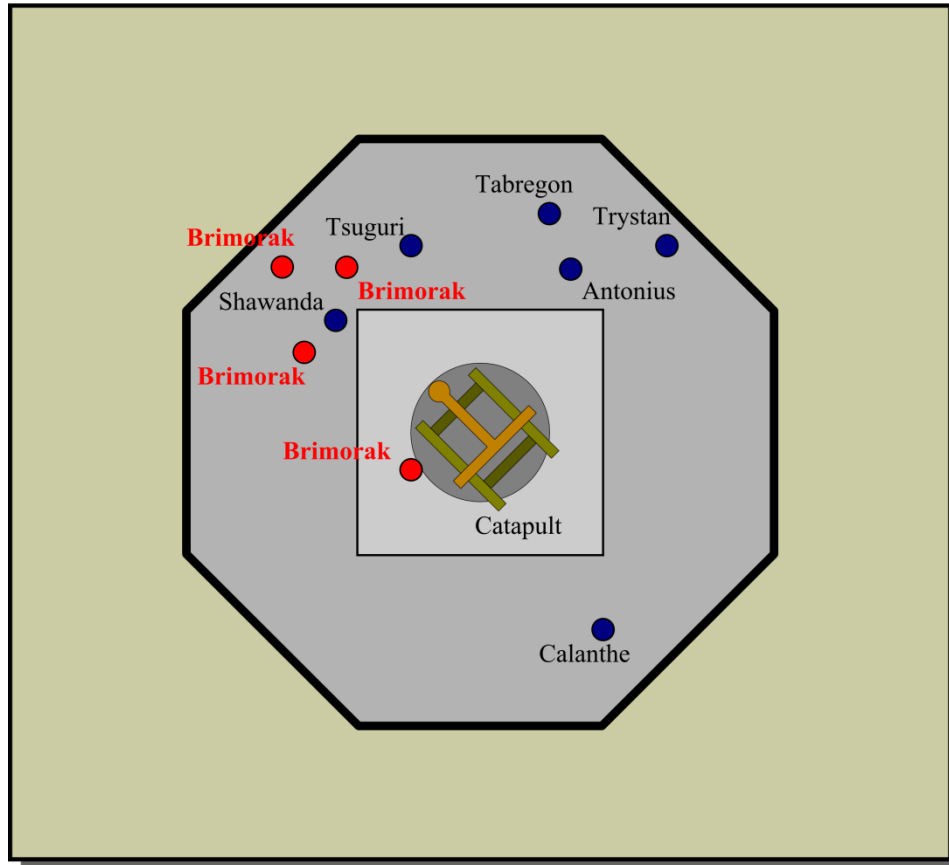
The Infiltration!

The characters follow a simple plan: become *invisible*, slip across the dry riverbed, and then *levitate* up to the top of the tower. This plan is complicated somewhat by the fact that *Shawanda* and *Tabregon* cannot possibly be stealthy. A piece of the ancient, crumbling dwarven tower comes loose in Shawanda's hands alerts the brimorak on duty. He glares at the characters with his smoldering gaze.

Calanthe casts *haste* upon the entire group, apologizing because it is only mundane *haste* and not *mythic haste*. *Antonius* executes a *fleet charge* and cracks the

brimorak in the head with his cold iron three-section staff. He rings the creature's bell, inflicting INT damage! The brimorak collapses under his flurry of blows, but Antonius is splashed with its boiling blood for his trouble.

Drezen Catapult Tower Assault



Tsuguri casts *prayer* while Antonius flexes his mighty thews in triumph.

The other three brimoraks from the other towers *teleport* in and breathe gouts of boiling blood over Antonius, catching the still-invisible *Shawanda* on the side. She mourns, “Why did I stand next to the flexing man?” and then joins the attack.

Tabregon notices that Shawanda is looking roasted. He casts *mythic cure serious wounds* to almost heal her completely. Tsuguri finishes the job with some tasty positive energy.

Trystan unleashes a barrage of archery against one of the newly-arrived brimoraks, leaving it leaking smoky blood from multiple wounds. Antonius rushes up and performs a snap kick to the guts of one of the other brimoraks and then touches it with the palm of his hand. His attack leaves him with supernatural understanding of the

brimorak's weaknesses. He calls out, "They are vulnerable to cold!" as the brimorak explodes, *Scanners*-style.

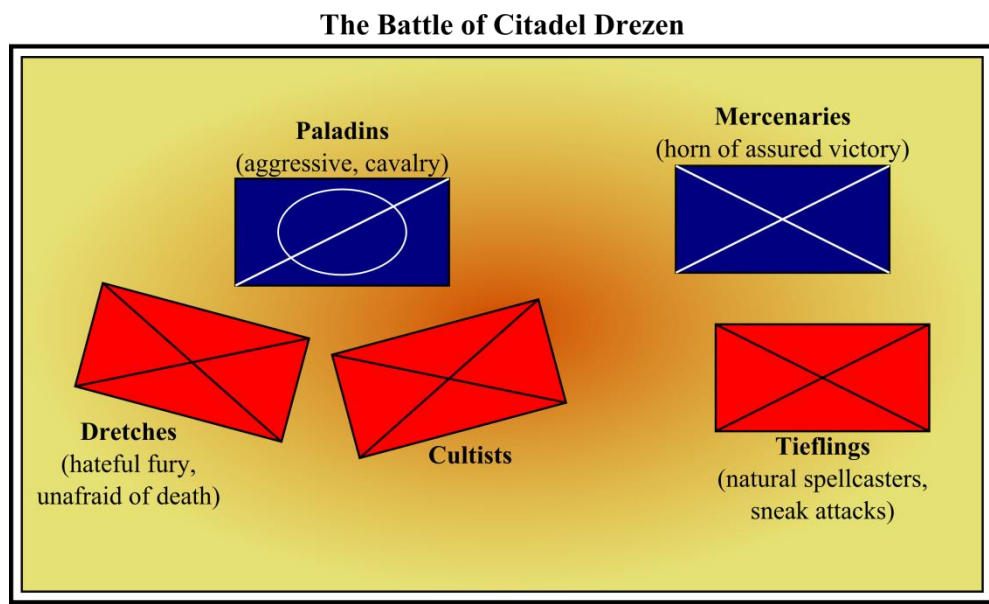
The brimoraks, who are starting to look critically wounded, decide to *fireball* the area. Shawanda points out, "That one is in my reach for an attack of opportunity, due to mythic bullshit." She strikes the brimorak, cutting it down. The other brimorak casts a *fireball* on itself, filling the area with flames. Tabregon and Tsuguri both channel positive energy to heal the effects of the *fireball*.

And at this point Calanthe's lantern archon appears and casts *aid* on everyone.

Noting that the defenders of Citadel Drezen are starting to clamor and storm up the towers, the characters decide that the best option is to destroy the catapults rather than to try and take them. Calanthe casts *fly* on Tabregon and they travel from tower to tower, *shattering* catapults as they go.

The Final Battle – Citadel Drezen Courtyard!

The defenders of Citadel Drezen include armies of tieflings, cultists and dretches. They get defensive bonuses from their walls and their siege engines, but cannot count on support from outside the citadel, nor can they enjoy support from the *fireball*-spewing, catapult-manning brimoraks on the towers.



The paladin knights deploy against the dretch force, which is fortified by a hateful fury that dramatically improves their offense at the cost of defense. The mercenaries are

slightly overmatched by the tieflings, but supported by their commander Trystan and Tabregon and Tsuguri as healers they should be able to hold their own. Calanthe commands the knights, supported by Shawanda and Antonius. The dretches wheel to strike at the paladins.

The knights move on the dretches, destroying them utterly. The paladins storm across them, scattering their ranks. Their return attack is ineffective. The mercenaries stand strong against the tieflings, who charge against them with reckless enthusiasm and inflict awful damage.

Cultists and tieflings move to desperate attacks as the mercenaries pull back from an aggressive posture to heal. The cultists engage the paladin knights, and are mercifully crushed to a man! Upon seeing the fate of their villainous allies, the tieflings' morale fails. They break and flee, leaving the characters' forces in command of the courtyard.

Surgical Strikes?

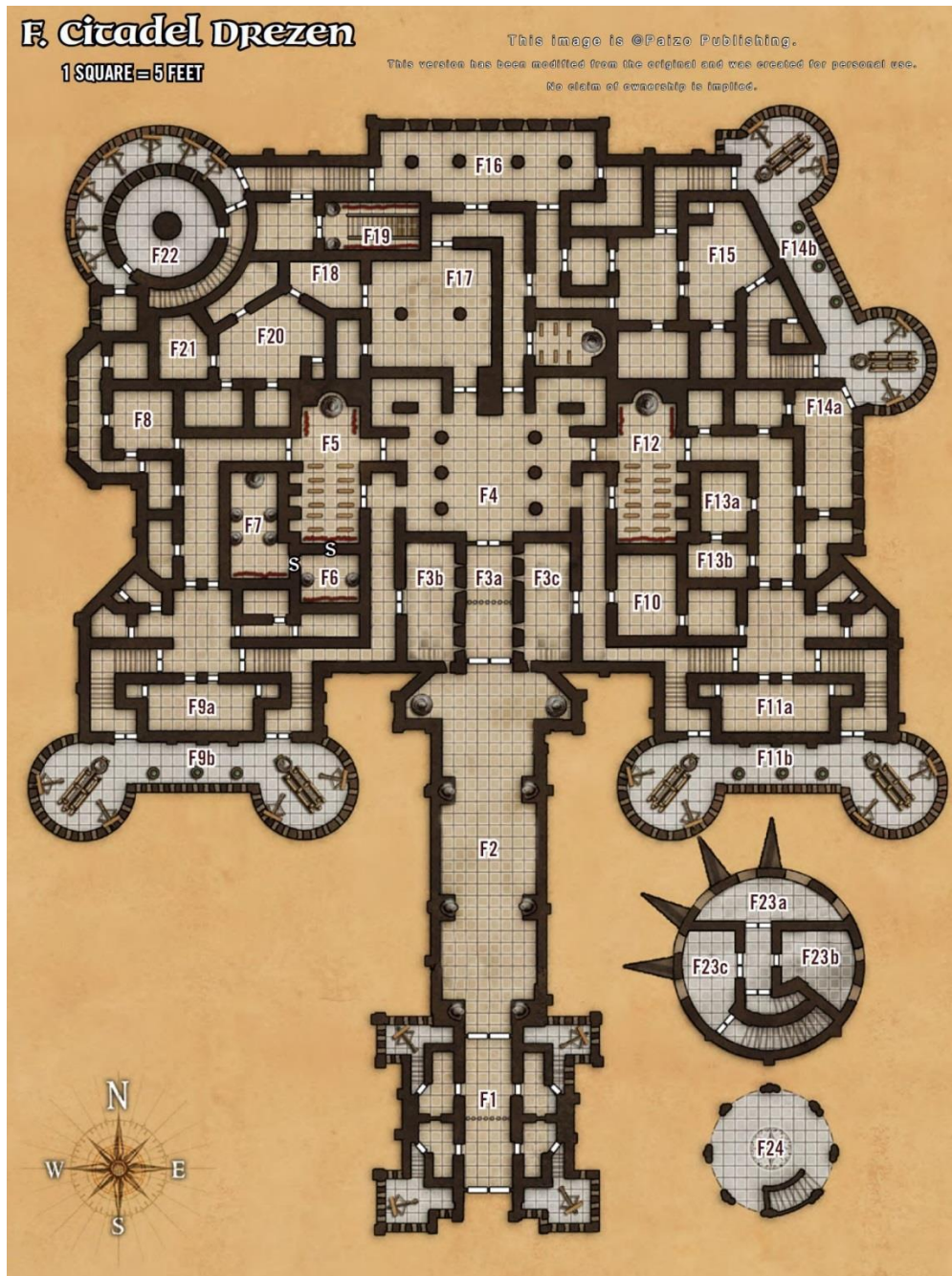
With the forces in the courtyard crushed, the characters find out from their prisoners that the antipaladin *Staunton Vhane* is inside the citadel, accompanied by various demonic and mundane allies. The characters immediately strap on their SEAL gear and prepare to infiltrate the citadel. It is at this point that the characters' advisors *Aron Kir* and *Sosiel* suggest, "That is a dwarven citadel. It is best to try surgical strikes inside to take out the leadership!" The characters roll their eyes – that is *obviously* the best approach, *especially* given that it is a dwarven citadel. To help in this plan, Aron Kir provides the characters with a map of the citadel, dating back to better times when it was a bastion of the Crusades.

Into the Citadel

The characters decide to enter the citadel through the northeastern catapult platform. Brimoraks have been spotted on the platform, so Antonius encourages everyone to avoid using sharp things and rely upon cold. And then he goes off to spike his hair anime-style in preparation for battle.

The characters storm the platform. Calanthe casts *haste* and moves away from the rest of the group to avoid AOE attacks. Tabregon *aligns* Shawanda's weapon and moves onto the platform.

Tsuguri starts the excitement proper by channeling positive energy and lighting up the two nearby brimoraks. The two brimoraks on the other platform simply cast *fireballs* at everything on the platform. The third brimorak spits a line of burning blood at Shawanda, Tabregon and Tsuguri. The fourth brimorak attacks Antonius with flaming longsword and its hooves! Antonius evades all but one strike, crushes the creature with two mighty staff strikes, and executes a *fleet charge* upon a very surprised brimorak who had assumed he was well out of attack range.



Shawanda grimaces at the brimorak in front of her. It flinches back, then she quarters it with *Radiance*.

Trystan observes that “demon-boy” off on the edge of the platform lacks cover. He sends a flight of arrows at the billy-goat demon. It grumbles as the arrows bite deep. Then it and its surviving ally spray burning blood upon half the group.

Antonius and Shawanda stomp on the brimoraks, leaving them dreadfully wounded. At that moment, Calanthe’s summoned lantern archon appears and inflicts enough holy damage to burn the worst-wounded brimorak down into a pile of scorched, sulfurous bones. Calanthe then peppers the other brimorak with a *magic missiles* to leave it horribly wounded. Trystan finishes the job with two shots, clean through the creature’s eyes. It falls from the parapet, screaming like a hell-muppet.

Tabregon and Tsuguri bathe the group in enough positive energy to heal everyone.

The interior areas nearby were used as an entry area for flying demons and have been pretty much destroyed. The characters move further in, finding that the place is completely unlit. They are untroubled – almost everyone has darkness vision of some kind and *Radiance* sheds a steady light. The demons haven’t particularly been fixing anything, but at the same time they have been quite tidy for chaotic evil creatures.

The Defiled Shine of Torag

The characters enter a chamber dominated by a massive statue of an armored dwarf with a hammer. Three additional dwarf statues stand watch from alcoves. But the entire shrine has been completely ruined. The decorations have been torn from the walls, the walls themselves smeared with filth. Three statues have been etched with demonic runes associated with evil and war. Then they start to move.

The characters prepare for the constructs with *prayer* and *haste*. The constructs continue to move. They move fast! Shawanda slashes one of them with *Radiance* as it approaches. Trystan points out, “Any weapon carried by one of these becomes *keen*, even if it is bludgeoning!” Everyone else thinks that this means that Torag was very lazy in assigning sensible powers to his guardians, even if they have been turned evil.

Antonius announces that the creatures are *graven guardians* as he destroys the lead guardian, smashing it into broken bits and pieces. Trystan faces down a second with

his adamantine morningstar, crushing it just like its companion. The third guardian continues to fight, because its intelligence is “-“. Calanthe shoots it with a *magic missile*.

The last guardian swings at Antonius, who evades its ham-handed strikes. Antonius strikes it in return, cracking its torso and sending broken bits of stone spinning across the floor. Calanthe shoots it again with *magic missiles*, leaving it on the verge of collapse. Tsuguri jabs it with the end of his cold iron mace in just the right spot. It's top half slides off the bottom half. The whole thing falls into ruin.

The Central Court

The characters force their way through rubble into the remains of the great central court of the citadel. They find that the walls have been decorated with demonic graffiti depicting angels and crusaders performing various inappropriate actions with demons of different types. The characters are impressed with the realism of some of the work.

A big old *vrock* demon stands in the center of the chamber. Trystan tries a single arrow against it. The vrock casually swats it aside. Calanthe casts *haste*! The vrock gazes at her insolently and emits a stunning screech! Calanthe and Tabregon are stunned. They drop whatever they are holding and stand in place like cattle. Also, everything nearby hears the vrock screech and comes running.

Antonius moves in with a *fleet charge*, taking an unenthusiastic swipe from the vrock as he runs.

Tsuguri moves to the center of the group and invokes *weapons against evil* for Antonius. Shawanda approaches the vrock and finds out that it has combat reflexes and can launch another attack of opportunity against her. She responds by stabbing it in the mouth with *Radiance*. The vrock spits out broken, vulture-like teeth as gouts of blackish ichor splash.

Trystan shoots the vrock cleanly through the cheek, spoiling both its looks and its spellcasting chances. He shoots again and buries a shaft into its gullet.

The vrock stands threateningly, ready to unleash vengeance... and then it bleeds and collapses.

The Cultist Squad Arrives

Four half-orc cultists rush into the room and ready their bows. Antonius does not waste a moment in crushing one and horribly injuring their leader *Gimp-face*. Tsuguri critically wounds him in turn. Shawanda starts with Gimp-face (smashing him to the ground) and slashing *Ass-Bucket*.

Tabregon finds himself no longer stunned. He moves up and casts a *mythic cure serious wounds* on the wounded Trystan, who takes revenge upon the cultists for shooting him full of arrows a moment earlier by slaying *Horned-head* and crippling Ass-bucket with archery. Calanthe, also recovered from stun, shoots him down with *magic missiles*.

Besides a brace of potions on the cultists, none of the enemies have anything of interest.

The Party Is Really Getting Started

The group moves to the front door and lets in their allied forces, since such a large percentage of the defenders have thrown themselves onto their weapons already. Antonius, with others assisting, lifts the first portcullis leading to the gates enough for Trystan to slip under. Tabregon begs off, claiming he has “the vapors.” He finds an illusion of rubble covering a 10’ pit covering the entrance to the gateroom. He bypasses it easily and cranks up the portcullis. The group gets all the way to the front gates, open them, and wave a flag madly to summon their paladin vanguard. They come in and man the catapults on the front door and encamp in the long entry.

The Defiled Temple Of Iomedae

Our heroes head towards the place the *Sword of Valor* was once kept. They enter a temple of the Inheritor, where Iomedae and four armed knights stand ready. “Come and be healed, heroes!” she says. None of the party is clinically retarded despite being lawful good, and so Tsuguri uses an Alignment Channel. “Iomedae” doesn’t show pain but smoke wafts up from under her robes. The group attacks.

Trystan lectures the false deity, “Your honeyed words fall upon our ears like unholy rain, sweet to listen to but still false. Stop your nonsense and drop your illusions or be destroyed!”

“Stop mixing your metaphors!” shrieks Tsuguri, and casts *prayer*. Calanthe follows this up with a *haste*.

Shawanda really wants to believe this tableau. She casts *challenge evil* and demands the truth from the godlet. The godling passes the test! “Iomedae” steps forward and embraces Shawanda. She doesn’t even notice the negative level she gets from the over-lascivious grapple. “This is my favored servant, destroy the rest!” she says, returning to nibble on Shawanda’s neck. The knights move forward to engage. Tsuguri strikes one with his longspire as it advances and dodges its counterattack.

Antonius charges forward, taking a sidelong blow from one of the knights, and closes with the demon whore. “You know how I knew you were lying? You’re a woman and your mouth was moving!” He rains smiting blows upon her with his cold iron three-piece rod, and as she collapses from the barrage the illusion drops, revealing a super hot horned, tailed, winged woman. Shawanda recoils in shock.

The knights are confused but still hostile – they are crusaders charmed by the succubus, and their enchantment does not end with her life. Trystan talks them down with a mythic-boosted 47 Diplomacy check. “You have been tricked! Come join the true crusade!” This calms them enough that Tsuguri can put a communal *protection from evil* on them. One of them gets a grip, but the three others remain unconvinced. “That evil woman! The things she made us do! With her... and with... each other!”

Calanthe uses *dispel magic* on the other three and gets two more freed from the succubus’ bondage. The characters detail the three crusaders to tie up their charmed buddy. They tell a sad tale of sexual rituals and debased prayers. The characters send them back to the lines.

They all pause to pray at the altar of Iomedae. “Forgive us our lusty thoughts!” mumbles Shawanda under her breath. The other crusaders try to make sense of her words. “Lusty slots?” thinks Trystan. “Hungry slots?” thinks Tsuguri. “Lusty sluts?” thinks Antonius.

Secret Doors Are Not As Secret When They Are On Your Map

Trystan finds the secret door in the south of the room easily. He opens it to reveal a room with a tapestry and broken chests. There is also another secret door, and behind it a shrine with a banner, four armored statues, and a large statue with a banner at the front.

Calanthe sends in a couple of elementals. The statue and altar grow pseudopods and open sharp mouths and attack! Trystan shoots at them to some effect. Their pseudopods lash out and strike Shawanda and Trystan, and stick them to the mimics' bodies! Shawanda stabs hers to death as Calanthe and Antonius try to smack the other one. She's still stuck to its giant amorphous body. "Pee on it!" suggests Tsuguri. The paladin just glares at him.

The mimic unsuccessfully tries to squeeze Trystan for his juices, Akira-style. He lashes out at it in vain. Calanthe sends a couple waves of *magic missiles* into it. Antonius beats it to death with his three-piece rod, but both the rod and Trystan remain stuck to it. After several rounds of death and Tsuguri attempting to urinate on his party members, they all come unstuck.

They find four suits of masterwork full plate, one of which is magical, mithril, and painted gold and Iomedae-y. Shawanda swoons. Trystan starts to explain how he might benefit from it as well and she yells, "Bling bling honky!" and flees the room with the armor.

Mop-up

The group secures their hold on the front half of the first floor. The two front turrets are the weak points. One is manned by Kellid siege engineers and the other by a *nabassu* demon. They decide to try to parley with the Kellids and get them on their side. When they enter that area, all the Kellids have been decapitated! Their bodies are stacked in one side of their barracks and their heads in another. A feral barbarian woman with an adamantite greatsword remains. "They died by my blade but you killed them! Lord Stanton Vhane will stay his hand if I bring him your heads!" She runs forward, shrieking.

Calanthe casts *bleed* and Trystan shoots her in the solar plexus with a well-aimed arrow; she grunts with pain. She still staggers towards the group with murder in her eyes. Antonius grabs her in a wrestling hold, depriving her of her ability to swing her greatsword, and Tsuguri uses *gentle rest* to stagger her. Shawanda beats on her with the flat of *Radiance*. Calanthe steps out in the hallway and turns herself into a replica of Staunton Vhane in an apparent attempt at death by fratricide.

The barbarian struggles but fails to escape, and surrenders. Calanthe wanders in to the room and causes quite a stir until the rest of the group divines from his actions that

“he’s” pretending to be with them. The barbarian turns meek and says “I’ll join you. I will serve you as loyally as I did Vhane.” It turns out she figured Staunton Vhane would demand an accounting of their failure and so she killed her men to make good. “She’s not going to be an officer in my army,” declares Calanthe.

Her name is *Jestak*. She goes in a tiger cage. The characters discuss the pros and cons of trying to convert her, but are concerned about leaving her anywhere she might be tempted to murder the current CO and try to take command.

The End of the Session

The session ends with the group looting an armory and retrieving some very nice goods. Also, everyone rises up to 7th level!