

WRATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS 10/11/2015

Attendance

Chris starts off the day with a rousing description of how his players encountered a room with two mimics, both of them disguised as treasure chests. The players decided that one chest was trapped, but trusted the other one implicitly. As he put it, “It’s a real problem when the treasure chest can hear you plan.”

Ernest notes, “Mimics can be tough that way. In other news, I’m between laptops so I’m going to try and do this with pen and paper. Old school!”

Patrick observes, “Like I’ve always done it?”

Matt comments, “That’s because you’re Old School for real.”

Paul spends some time bubbling over about his Friday *Paranoia* game (which had a 150% casualty rate) and the classic adventure *Stealth Train*.

Georgina notes that her cable is longer than *Bruce’s*. He grumps that she might not consider him enough of a man. She attempts to reassure him by pointing out that he gave her the cable, and that she’d asked for the longest cable he had. Ahem. We don’t need to hear any more on this.

Tim shows up with the surprising news that the State of Texas is now farming out the job of Governor on Glassdoor. He notes that it could not possibly go worse than the current system.

A Cultural Aside: Go see the movie *Bone Tomahawk* with Kurt Russell. It features cannibal Indians and a guy with a spyglass. Also go see *Only Lovers Left Alive*, featuring Tilda Swinton and Tom Hiddleston as ennui-tormented vampires.

<i>Character</i>	<i>Player</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Level</i>
Tabregon	Bruce	Male Half-elf Oracle of Iomedae, Touched by Divinity	15M9
Tsuguri Chiba	Chris	Male Cleric of Tsukiyo, Child of the Crusades	15M9
Antonius	Ernest	Male Tien Monk/Paladin of Irori, Stolen Fury	15M9

<i>Character</i>	<i>Player</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Level</i>
Trystan	Matt	Male Half-elf Paladin of Shelyn, Touched by Divinity	15M9
Shawanda	Patrick	Female Mwangi Paladin of Iomedae, Exposed to Awfulness	15M9
Calanthe	Tim	Female aasimar Sorcerer of Shelyn, Riftwarden Orphan	15M9

The Demon Army Returns

The characters have been enjoying their status as Heroes of the City in Drezen for some time. Then the lookouts on the walls send out an alarm (they start to cry out!). There is a flight of *nalfeshnee* locust demons flying in! A massive army of demons follow them! The sentinels from the opposite wall also send up an alarm – the city is being attacked from multiple directions. A huge illusion of the six-armed marilith *Aponavicius* stands behind the demon army, urging it on to greater and greater savagery in the attack.

The flight of six *nalfeshnee* demons land upon the Citadel and do their best to kill everyone in reach. They are massive pig-demons with tiny little wings, but somehow they are still able to fly. Nobody understands how.

Calanthe exclaims, “I can hear their horrible, horrible oinking!”

Tsuguri points out, “It’s a *nalfeshneenado*!”

Calanthe casts *mythic dimension door* to create a portal and steps through to the Citadel.

Aron Kir the rogue and spymaster and *Sosiel* the Guardian of Drezen are fighting on top of the Citadel. *Anevia* is plinking away at *nalfeshnees* with her bow from a nearby tower, doing almost nothing because the demons are really quite tough.

Trystan steps through *Calanthe*’s portal, draws a bead upon a *nalfeshnee*, and lets loose a flight of arrows. He inflicts deep wounds, piercing the creature through with multiple shots. It falls from the sky, smoking ichor gouting from its shattered body.

Calanthe and *Tabregon* fire *dismissal* spells at the demons. The demons laugh at them, barely noticing the magic. The *nalfeshnees* cast *feblemind* spells at them in response. Calanthe and *Tabregon* ignore the spells in turn. Undeterred, the demons move to invoke a *nimbus of unholy light*, turning themselves into writhing balls of unholy disco light. It's not clear what actual use this has.

A *nalfeshnee* charges Calanthe and bites her. It bites her with its big, piggy tusks. Nobody understands how this is even possible, but that's why they're chaotic. She casts *quickenened mythic haste* upon all her friends and tries *dismissal* on the demon again. Zap! It's gone.

Tsuguri steps on the scene, invokes an *aura of madness*, and leaves one of the remaining *nalfeshnees* *confused*. Antonius finishes flying up to the Citadel, having spared some time to check out how many demons are attacking the city. His conclusion is that there are many, many of them. Then he uses a *Crusader's charge* to evade underneath a demon's clumsy strike, reaching out to crush the creature's spine and rupture its organs. The *nalfeshnee* feels the horrible fingers of death steal away its soul, drawing it to the dark clouds from which blessed rain never falls.

Shawanda steps in and slashes at the next-to-last *nalfeshnee* with *Radiance*, cutting the creature down. Death reaches out with long fingers to claim its soul to its own.

The last *nalfeshnee* takes a swing at *Tabregon*. His strike raises a significant welt. He and Calanthe both try to *dismiss* the creature. It ignores them. Trystan notices that the spellcasters are having problems, so he simply executes the creature. Death creeps up from the depths of the Citadel and lay claim to the creature's essence.

Apocalypse Locusts in the Basement

The former Runelord of Wrath *Alderpash* shows up. He very helpfully comments, "Down in the basement, one of the walls is glowing! Your little elven friend told me that there is a portal there that might go back to the lair of Aponavicius! She must be activating it so she can send troops directly into the basement."

The characters agree that troops coming in from the bottom is bad. They insist this without even admitting that there could be a double entendre in their statement. They

head down to deal with the situation, with instructions to Guardian Sosiel that the B team should come down with mops and buckets in a few minutes.

The Portal Room is just on the other side of the Purity Forge (formerly the Corruption Forge). Calanthe casts *dimension door* to get everyone down. Tabregon passes out some *mythic shield* other spells.

The characters arrive to find that the wall is glowing and six *apocalypse locusts* are entering the room. The elf mage *Aravashnial* is there, looking quite concerned. The glowing runes fade once the last of them has emerged. Tsuguri starts by placing an *augmented mythic blade barrier* into the room. Trystan follows up with another *blade barrier*. Tabregon adds a third *augmented empowered mythic blade barrier*. And then Calanthe puts the cherry on top with a *wall of force*.

The apocalypse locusts try to cast some spells. Calanthe explains, “They were trying to cast summoning spells on top of us, and they can’t get through the wall of force.” Everyone feels bad for the apocalypse locusts. Everyone feels worse for them when the *augmented mythic blade barriers* start to move, becoming magical lawnmowers that reave the demon locusts down. The weaving blades of death separate their spirits from their bodies and draw them to the dark clouds of the sky that never part to reveal the life-giving sun.

Shall We Take the Fight to Them?

The characters think about trying to close the portal until *Aravashnial* points out that if *Aponavicius* can send demons at the Citadel from one side of it, the characters can surely send themselves through to hit her. The *ball of twine* confirms that *Aponavicius* is on the other side.

Alderpash performs a short ritual and tears the portal open with a massive backlash that stuns anything on the other side. The characters step through and see a vast audience hall surrounded by pillars carved in the shape of coiling snakes. Two alcoves contain metal statues of *Deskari* the Locust Lord. On the opposite side of the chamber there are two iron portcullises, both of them raised.

The area is part of the Rasing Rifts. The whole plane is heavily aligned to chaotic evil, which creates all manner of problems for unwanted intruders. In particular:

- Anyone not chaotic or evil takes a -2 penalty on INT, CHA and WIS-based checks. Lawful good people take a -4 penalty; and
- Spells involving light, good, flying or preventing falling are impeded.

Aponavicius steps into the hall. She hisses at them, “Your story ssshall end in thissss place!”

Calanthe responds by hitting her with a *dimensional anchor* and granting *quickenened mythic haste* to all her friends. She is disappointed that the spell doesn’t seem to affect the *marilith*. Then she realizes what is going on and tells the others, “It’s just an illusion!”

Trystan walks over to check out the statues, which immediately animate. Of course. Because that’s what giant metal statues of demon lords do!

Tsuguri casts *true seeing*, confirms that the Aponavicius image really is an illusion, and *levitates* up to see if he can figure out where the *marilith* actually is. He spots her lurking about sixty feet behind the edge of the balcony. Antonius follows his lead, scrambles up the balcony like a spider monkey, and charges her. His blessed fists deliver horrible wounds to her, but her vitality is such that she is only lightly injured.

A gargantuan dark phoenix named *Pyrolecia* emerges from one of the portcullises. She is a mythically famous creature, but that fame avails her not because all the characters are too ignorant to have ever heard of her. She flings four burning chunks of rock the size of cannonballs at Shawanda. They slam into the paladin, and then *explode*. Shawanda shakes her head once to clear the ringing and forges ahead, not even slowed a bit.

Shawanda notices that *Pyrolecia* is flying out of blade reach, so she turns to attack one of the Deskari-shaped iron golems instead. The thing proves to be quite durable, but she still leaves a number of dramatic scrapes on its flanks.

Aponavicius executes a full attack on Antonius. She hits him with a remarkable array of weapons. Thanks to a combination of *stoneskin* and *mythic shield other* he survives, though his precious lifeblood drips from multiple wounds.

Calanthe casts *mythic stone to flesh* on Aponavicius, partially converting her to stone and *slowing* her.

Trystan attempts to move away from one of the iron golems. It whacks him hard enough to rattle his teeth. *Mythic shield other* helps turn the injury into nothing more than an annoying bruise. He takes aim at Pyrolecia. His bowstring snaps in a harmony of death. Death's cold fingers reach out to extinguish the phoenix's flame as it falls. But it shall return!

Shawanda steps up to a golem with *Radiance* and carves huge chunks out of the creature. It collapses into pieces.

Antonius gathers his full mythic powers together and hammers upon Aponavicius three times, strikes that would easily break solid rock but which Aponavicius withstands with inhuman endurance. To ensure that she sticks around to the end of the fight, Tabregon strikes her with a *dimensional anchor*.

Aponavicius thrashes about like an enormous snake, sending massive chunks of stone flying as she frees herself from her stony casing.

Calanthe, knowing that the phoenix Pyrolecia will soon return, casts *disintegrate* upon the body. Pyrolecia is reduced to pieces smaller than dust. And then Trystan transports the dust to another plane of existence in a glow of white light and an angelic chorus. Whoof!

Tsuguri heals Antonius.

Antonius reaches out and touches Aponavicius with a single finger that inflicts 63 points of damage and sends her flying back into Tabregon's *augmented mythic blade barrier*. She demonstrates her virtue by ignoring the slicing, clashing blades. Turning and charging like a typhoon of scales and blades she slashes into Antonius, her blades relentless and devastating. Antonius uses his *jingasa of the fortunate soldier* to eliminate a critical hit, and Tabregon's *mythic shield other* protects him from the full brunt of her attacks. He's still going. On the other side of the battlefield, Tabregon yells out, "Ouch!"

Calanthe flings an *augmented mythic magic missile* cluster at Aponavicius. The wounded *marilith* gets pretty much chopped to bits by the force damage.

Shawanda destroys the last remaining iron golem.

Trophy-Taking

Calanthe creates a *floating disk* and arrange to get Aponavicius' head parked on it as a trophy. The marilith also had five magical weapons.

The Rest of the Compound

The characters quickly investigate the rest of Aponavicius' compound. Beyond the portal room they find a large nest of bone, rubble and half-melted weapons, but not a single phoenix egg. To the east they find a bone-dry fountain. Noting that the entire complex is likely to be overwhelmed by more demons than even they can handle, the characters head back to the portal, sealing it behind them.

The Scene on the Battlefield

With Aponavicius and many of her most powerful minions slain, the demon armies are demoralized. They flee from the field. The human defenders of Drezen raise up a tremendous cheer!

But their celebration is short lived. The land rocks with earthquakes. Shawanda has a waking dream. She sees that the demon lord Deskari has lost patience. His minion Areelu Vorlesh is performing the ritual to absorb the rest of Avistan and the Worldwound into the Rasping Rifts.

The End of the Session

The session ends with the characters victorious in the defense of Drezen, but faced with the emerging possibility that Deskari will reclaim the entire landscape into his own Abyssal realm.