

Report to Queen Amlaruil Moonflower on House N'Letur's right of assistance

Chapter 118: Part 4b: Twisted Art (Greengrass 1371)

Barricading ourselves on the top floors I suddenly felt the tiniest shift in wind direction. No not really a shift, but the controlling magic of the wind was gone. Did that mean the storm had served its purpose? Did I dare to hope that some brave defenders had managed to break that enchantment? Then a second pressure from my mind disappeared. Something had been hunting me, every elf on the island and it was no longer there. I saw some of my students look up with certain hope. I smiled at them, even if I knew the force wards would soon fall. Then I felt a student outside. Gwardan Dawnspeaker! Perhaps not the person I would have preferred, but he was there and I was not. With Sarpilon with the group I hoped they could talk some sense into him: he had never left the island and was a good theoretician, but not a true battlemage.

As I had hoped the group turned toward the Tower of the Sun. I spent my last power to grant them access, but my Art felt thin and uncertain. Then the wood elf turned towards the tower of the Moon. Why? There was nothing she could... the Arcana Ooze shuddered and twisted, shattering twenty millennia old furniture. We looked at each other, stunned. A single warrior against... and then it just stopped moving! A rather peeved voice ordered us to cut or burn the beast and then come and assist them. Uncouth and impolite, yet nobody in the tower was not extremely happy to hear that voice.

Locked in muscle spasm the ooze might be, but it still absorbed any magic in the neighborhood. We were forced to use arrows and could only slowly break the magic infused health. I tried to keep tabs on what happened in the Tower of the Sun, where the woodelf was such a sore that I could track her even with my very tentative lock and Gwardan was an over convinced shadow. They worked themselves up, when suddenly, through the senses of Gwardan, I saw a elder Daemon! I won't mention his name, but I knew of him, one of the 'servants' of the cursed house Dragolath. The Countess, which I though still held in the Unnamed Dungeon, was here!

Opposing such a creature was, unless I was very mistaken, outside the capabilities of that group. Poison might have been the best weapon against the Arcane Ooze, but it would not harm a greater daemon, nor were the skills of Gwardan or Sarpilon up to that task. To my shame I had to admit that I didn't really know the training of the rangers, but neither he, nor the priest seemed to be of such standing that I had high hopes. The demon blooded human might have been capable of such act, but they showed commendable insight by blocking the creature in a room while they hurried past. Why wasn't their lady present? Although house N'Letur was never much interested in the deepest mysteries of the Art, I had heard that the lady was most capable in the Art of Abjuration. *Addendum: she was, of course, fighting the Ityak-ortheel*

Realizing the ooze was no longer moving because it had died, I had three of my strongest student use a stout table to shield us from the still lethal acid. We hurried down, the magic allowing flight long absorbed by that monster. As we entered I was at a momentary loss. With the few lesser spells we still had, we were totally incapable of assisting in the fight. Then again I felt a change, and suddenly the power of the Towers was, if not totally, then at least mostly under my command again. I hurried up to see the Daemon break out and fly up to kill the valiant group which had driven off the Countess, but now I was capable of sending it back to the endless layers of the Abyss, incapable of returning for a year and a day.

Your former teacher, Tanyl Evanara