

Grimwald's chronicles part 107

We are charged with removing the Pit Fiend's influence over the tribes of the High Moor. Indeed without a strong leader to unify them they will soon revert to their usual squabbling and raiding especially when the army is ready to stomp any emerging leader which might keep them united. The Red Wizards may be powerful magicians, but the greenskins appreciate brute force much more than knowledge and skill in their leaders.

We are given a ring which will allow us to speak to the Black Network spy if we get within a mile of his location. Apparently stronger communication magic could not be masked well enough to bear the Red Wizard scrutiny. I wonder why the Red Wizards would want a place like the High Moor.

If we can break the contract it is unlikely the Pit Fiend will continue it's mission to unify the tribes of the High Moor. But without knowing the conditions this may be hard to do. The unholy idea arises that we could strike a better deal with the Pit Fiend so it might betray it's current masters. Fortunately for Nethander devils never break a contract if they get a better deal, they have ways of forcing the other side to break it. There might be a way the Pit Fiend would be willing to help us break the contract. Still since we do not know what it is after it will be hard to convince it. After some discussion it is decided we should both contact the Pit Fiend directly as well as try to contact the spy to see if we could remove the Pit Fiend's commander somehow. This will probably mean sneaking again. How inglorious and cowardly.

Still I have to agree that the armor I provided our group with is not very good at withstanding magical attacks yet. I'll need to remedy that so there won't be any more need for sneaking about in the future.

On our way to the pass held by the enemy Nethander decides to heckle a peasant coming over to trade some fish. I caution the man it is hardly safe to travel around the area and ask him if he will be alright traveling by himself. He assures me he will be fine and I just want to get on with our mission, but Nethander has detected some subterfuge. Well as they say "the people living in the sewer know what floats down it". It is not long before Nethander manages to find out he is a spy send by some magical means. We decide to negotiate with his master for magical transportation so we can contact the Black Network spy before trying to talk to the Pit Fiend.

At dusk a gate opens and we step through. To my amazement we are back in the stone tower in which the wonderful sword resides. Then my caution catches up with me. This is also where the grudge keeper has her lair and when she finds Reed having entered without express permission she might try to kill her. I step closer to Reed and remain watchful. Fortunately it does not take long for the lady Iliana to bid us welcome and we can legally enjoy the protection of her hospitality against the grudge keeper. Just when I am starting to relax a drow sneaks into the room. I rush over to the lady while transforming my buckler into a towershield to protect her from the drow's poisoned bolt. Just when I have placed myself in the proper position for Osthalion to do it's duty in shielding the innocent I notice the drow is not drawing any weapon, damn a magic user! Before I can rush him he speaks "So I see you forgot to mention I am here, again...". The lady mumbles some acknowledgement. How can a drow enjoy the hospitality of an elven lady! Still I have no right to judge her so I will have to accept this strange turn of events. When I turn back to resume my place I find I have knocked over the table with our dinner. I humbly apologize to the lady and the drow dares answer for her telling me it's alright while pointing to a damaged wall where a throwing axe was hurled at him by the previous dwarven visitor. Although my blood runs hot and cold I bite my tongue and do not ask what was done to the dwarf. The drow would be in his rights...

The drow does not let up and forces me, a priest devoted to Dumathoin, to acknowledge I don't know when would be the best time to leave. Then to heap humiliation upon insult he presents me with the elven version of the runes. A flimsy disk which when broken will release a spell. He tries

to get me to break one. I don't sense strong magic, evil intent or poison, I guess he is content with mere humiliation for the moment. Upon breaking the disk the fragments form a clear “no” to the question if we should leave immediately. At least I can spend some more time admiring the sword and the incredible skill which went into crafting it.

Cleric 4/Crusader 1/Prestige Paladin 3/Stalwart Champion 4