

# *The Sun Never Sets*

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*<https://discord.gg/rphq>*

Revaxis sat at his table at the Setting Sun Tavern, the bustle at a minimum on this slow fall day. Going on a month now, he'd stayed in this town, Returning with his life and not much else, following a failed quest. The young orc felt...lost, staring into the mug of beer in front of him, untouched. Why was he still here? It was over...it was time to move on. So why couldn't he? What made this time so much different from the others? His sword, shield and armor hadn't moved from the spot where he sat them, clean and begging for use. Find a Quest. Go to the Guild. Ask around. Get up. Move. Please. Just do *something* besides sit here and drink...while he still could. Just then, his pointed ears perked as he heard something near the bar...someone was having a disagreement with the Innkeeper. Curiosity bid him to turn around in his seat to see what was going on... "What do you mean there's *no* vacancy in the *entire* city?!" A white haired spit elven woman snapped, slamming her small fist on the table. A tall and rugged gold dragonborn male glared down at her from behind the bar. He leaned over, standing easily three feet above her.

"Like I *said*," He grumbled, "There's a shortage of rooms due to the Adventurer's Guild making their way here. Adventurers all over come to-" "Spare me the exposition." Faelyn muttered, waving her hand.

The pale skinned elf had been traveling all day and was exhausted! She just needed a room to sleep in! "I'll take a fucking broom closet at this point!" "I can't just rent out a closet..." Faelyn groaned in frustration. "Fine...I'll...figure something out I guess." She muttered. "Give me a pint of ale. Please. I need it." She placed a silver coin on the bar. She slumped onto the counter, glaring daggers at the wall. Where the fuck was she going to sleep now? Revaxis watched and listened, drinking from his mug as he watched the elf haggle with the innkeeper. He wasn't wrong, it was pure good fortune that the orc and his...that he had a room before the influx of Adventurer Guild quest seekers practically swarmed the town. Revaxis himself had come here for a reason, after all.

Tragically, that reason was a quest as of yet unfulfilled that had cost him dearly. He felt sympathy for the poor elf, and furthermore decided that this was a sign from the gods to finally act. The fact that she was attractive didn't hurt, either.

He sidled up to the bar, placing his empty mug on it. "Another?" He asked with a silver coin, the barkeep taking the mug with a nod. While not quite as tall as the barkeep, even he stood far taller than this diminutive elf. "I couldn't help but hear you're needing a room, friend." the orc spoke, "I'd be more than happy to make an arrangement of some sort, if you're willing?" He spoke in a tone that was all business, nothing implied; he wanted to play it straight with this woman out of respect for her and her plight. Faelyn was busy chugging her ale when she noticed someone sit down beside her. A large orc male called for a drink, and Faelyn simply ignored it. That is until he began to speak to her. "Hmm? An arrangement? How so?" She asked, tilting her head,

silvery hair tipping down towards the wood of the bar.

The orc was tall, much taller than her, but he was rather handsome. Perhaps he wasn't a full orc? Or maybe he was and she just never met a handsome orc before. If she glanced around she wouldn't say she found a handsome human man either. Faelyn turned towards the man, holding her ale close.

Faelyn was dressed in a tight black bodice with metal plate armor across the chest. Her pants hugged her legs nicely and while they didn't have plate armor, she had leather garters on her thighs. She wore a heavy cloak and her head was adorned with a silver circlet. Her ears had several silver earrings dangling from the pointed tips.

She extended her hand to the Orc, "My name is Faelyn, *friend*," She smirked. "What's your name?" The orc smiled in return, unfazed but liking this lovely girl already; her eyes and hair were particularly gorgeous, truly representative of the beauty that elves were known for. "My name is

Revaxis, at your service." He gave a nod of his head. He himself at the moment merely wore his gray breeches, tan shirt, and brown boots. Everything else was in his room, save for the platinum ring with etched designs he wore on his right hand.

He grabbed his fresh mug and chugged a bit before speaking. "My offer is simple; I'll share my room, and you'll share your quest...and before you tell me you're not with the Guild, believe me I can tell. I'm in the business too, you're just not...catching me at my best right now. No tricks, no deceptions, split the quest bounty evenly. Does that sound fair, Faelyn?" Faelyn gave him a smile and sipped her own mug. The orc was definitely good looking so she was happy to watch him. The orc introduced himself as Revaxis, and then, he announced his proposal. She would share her quest, and in exchange, she'd get to share his room, thus, getting a place to sleep! Faelyn admired his bluntness. He wasn't trying to rip her off. He was being honestly. He was also with the

Adventurer's Guild, although he did not appear to be.

Faelyn tapped her chin as she thought it over. "Hmmm, welllll...." She pretended to think. "Sure. Why not. I could use a partner anyway. I'm not exactly great at hand to hand combat, but it looks like you might be." She smirked. She held out her mug of ale, grinning at him. "Do we have an official deal, Revaxis?"

Revaxis grinned. He loved it when plans came together and deals worked out! He clinked his mug with hers. "We have an official deal, Faelyn. Pleasure doing business with you." With that, he chugged the rest of his beer and set the mug down with a sigh. "You won't regret it, I'm VERY handy with a sword and shield."

He motioned to his table, walking towards it. "Shall we? we can discuss the particulars further over some duck. I'm assuming you're here for the Goblin infestation, right?"

"Reason why I ask is because I guarantee that job won't be the walk in the square that people think it is. In fact, I might recommend we find a couple others before going in."

The goblin infestation was, indeed, why so many from the Guild were flooding into the town. Word had it that a particularly large horde had gathered in the nearby Dragontooth range to the north. The task was not nearly as easy as one might think...as Revaxis had learned the hard way. This time, however, he would be ready...this time, he would carve their names into those animals Faelyn smiled wide, pleased that she had been able to find someone to join together with! An adventuring party or even a pair was always better than a solo adventurer. Pairs and parties got more gold, more treasure, and were less likely to be killed out in any dungeon or quest they did.

Faelyn got up and followed Revaxis, "I'm handy with magic and daggers. I think we can compliment each other perfectly." She smiled. "I am here for the



goblin infestation. You are correct." Faelyn nodded in understanding. "Yeah, that's probably a good idea. Two more would be extremely helpful." She said.

"What about you? What brings you to this quest in particular? I hear the pay is pretty good, but it's just a bunch of Goblins. Right? Or...is there more to this than I know?" She asked, leaning forward, smirking a bit in curiosity at the orc. Revaxis sighed, "Same as everyone else, at least at first...a good price for a seemingly easy job in a time of relatively slim pickings..."

He ordered the duck and another beer, then continued, "There were four of us, in the beginning: Me, a Wizard, a Ranger, and..." A pause, "A Cleric. We moved in not long after we came into town, not fully considering why there was such a big bounty for this job. We made a common rookie mistake of thinking that anything involving goblins would be easy, a few bumps and scratches at worst." His thumb idly fingered the platinum ring on the ring finger of the same hand. "We were wrong."

He looked into Faelyn's eyes with a new fire. "It's not just about the money anymore. I want them dead...every last one of them." There was a venomous finality to the way he spoke the last few words.

There was a pregnant silence before the duck finally arrived. "So..." He continued, "Two more sounds good; pros, no rooks. You know how to spot the difference?"

Faelyn called for another ale for herself as Revaxis spoke. She sipped hers as she listened to what happened to his old crew. His crew had made a fatal mistake, and it seemed that all but he had perished. Faelyn frowned sadly, and she reached for his hand. She gave it a gentle squeeze, nodding. "Absolutely. We'll kill them. All of them." She said, giving him a determined smile.

She nodded at his question, and she took a fork and knife and cut some duck. "I do. Rookies are too greedy. They are too confident and far too eager to get going. Pros... now they'll make a plan. Strategize

and understand their enemy. They know that it can take a day or two to get everything ready. Rookies want to get in, and not take their time." She said softly.

"It's...it's how one of my best friends died." She said softly. She went silent for a moment. "We joined the adventurer's guild together." She sighed. "He was too damn...too damn greedy for his own good." She said, a single tear running down her cheek. She brushed it away, then looked at him. "So. When should we look? Tomorrow?"

Revaxis felt Faelyn's hand on his, squeezing it gently. That simple act of affection roughly back a flood of memories, both pleasant and unpleasant. He didn't want to remember...but he would make himself see it and live with it...he owed it to all of them to keep them alive somehow; especially...

Then the beautiful elf spoke of her own loss...her best friend, also lost to a simple mistake that by all rights they should know better than do to...but it's a hard thing, to resist the ecstasy of treasure,

especially when one lives day to day, as so many adventurers do. He squeezed her hand gently in return. Her hand was remarkably soft for a seasoned adventurer. "I'm truly sorry. We will honor them...by being better, wiser."

When the question arose of when to seek out others, he nodded at her choice, "Yes, tomorrow. You've been on the road a long time, I can tell."

With that, they ate and drank in relative silence, until the Orc decided to give his own resume of sorts. "I'm not big on magic, but I can use just about any weapon you give me. I'm decent enough at survival and stealth, but I'm no ranger or rogue, that's for sure." He chuckled. "I once tried to track an animal...then our ranger pointed out I was tracking the wrong direction...bastard never let me live it down, either." He sighed, but with a smile. He missed that snarky asshole.

Once they had finished dinner, the two of them went up to the room. Revaxis went over to all his gear, stored in the corner. it was cleaned, oiled, and ready

to go, as were his supplies. He removed his bedroll from the pack and spread it out over the floor near the bed. "The bed's yours tonight, I've slept there plenty already." He assured his new elf companion with a smile. To get more comfortable, he removed his shirt, revealing a heavily muscled body, with scars to denote experience, but not so much as to convey possible ineptitude. The muscles seemed to bulge and ripple beneath his green skin as he bed down for the night. Faelyn appreciated Revaxis's kindness and empathy. It seemed they both had losses and tragedies that made them smarter and wiser, all though the pain never truly went away. Faelyn continued to eat until Revaxis spoke once more. She nodded in understanding, and as he recalled his tale of tracking an animal in the wrong direction, she couldn't help but laugh. "My old partner... Monvy," She said, smiling and shaking her head, "He could track an animal for miles. But, I was always better at capturing them. He was never able to hunt. Not even fishing could be mastered by him!" She laughed.

The two shared their tales of adventure, and by the time they retired to Revaxis's room, both seemed to be in kind spirits. Faelyn was about to remove her bedroll when Revaxis offered her the bed. "But... Are you sure? I mean, this is *your* room after all!" She watched him get comfortable and he removed his shirt too. Her pale cheeks suddenly burned with blush and she turned. "A-Alright. Well, thank you. Next time we sleep, you get the bed." She said softly. She set her belongings down beside the bed. She had cast a tracking spell on them earlier in the day just in case someone stole her belongings in the city. She doubted she would need it, but it was better to be safe than sorry. She stripped her armor off, now leaving her in just her black shirt and pants. She climbed into the large bed.

Pulling the massive furs up to her chin, she nestled into the bed with a soft sigh. She was so tired. So sleepy. Sleep came to Faelyn swiftly, and she managed to sleep for a few hours peacefully. However... much like every other night, several hours

in, Faelyn began to whimper and shake, a cold sweat breaking out on her face. She could never forget the day of Monvy's death... the way his body had been mutilated and torn apart by a large beast. His screams, his begging, all of it replayed in his head. Like clockwork, as Monvy's hand reached for hers, Faelyn woke before she could grab it. She woke up with a start, sobbing painfully. She covered her mouth, her body shaking with absolute fear, sorrow, and pain. Revaxis would sleep soundly; it was an effect alcohol had on him sometimes. Sometimes it didn't work, and he would still experience sad dreams of painful memories...recent memories. He felt guilt for surviving where those he'd once called family died, but otherwise he knew and understood that he'd fought as hard as he could and that there was nothing more he could have done. Yet...the pain was still there for the simple reason that his family was gone now.

"Mmmh!?" He would awaken to the startled sounds of Faelyn awakening from her own slumber, sobbing

and trembling. The orc knew and understood perfectly, standing from his bedroll and sitting down on the bed beside her. He gently pulled her into an embrace, just holding her, supporting her while her emotions poured out. Slowly, he would feel her shaking subside and her breathing calm, patiently waiting and holding her.

"I'm truly sorry." He said simply, his voice low and soothing.

The embrace only further pushed Faelyn into her sorrow. The embrace did not upset her, rather, it allowed her a sense of comfort that she was able to fall into. She sobbed quietly against the man's chest, her arms tightly wrapped around his like a vice. His words did soothe her, and yet, she still sobbed as if she was watching Monvy die all over again. In a way, she was.

She didn't stop crying for what felt like hours, though it was only a few minutes, less than ten even. She brushed her tears away, her pale cheeks now blotted red and her crystal blue eyes darkened.



"Thank you... Forgive me for...For being so emotional. It...It never gets easier. I've seen that same nightmare over and over... and I..." She stopped, biting her lip. "It never gets better. The outcome is always the same. I lose him... every single time. I'm never fast enough. I was *never* fast enough." She gripped her pant leg, muffling a small sob.

Taking a deep breath, Faelyn looked up at the orcish man. "I have...a request." She looked down. "I find that... I sleep better when I have someone beside me. It seems to keep the nightmares at bay." She sighed, sheepishly looking up to him. "Can you please sleep beside me?" The orc's heart broke at her story, for it reminded Revaxis so much of his own family's fate. He looked at the platinum ring on his hand. He showed the ring to Faelyn. "This is the ring I wore when I married my wife. I put her ring is in my pack...after I took it off her finger before burying her. She was the Cleric of our party; a good hearted woman. I try not to blame myself for what happened, because we loved each other, and knew that we

meant no harm to one another. It is clear as day that you had no wish to harm Monvy...therefore, if he loved you, then he forgave you long ago. All that remains now is that you try to forgive yourself."

He smiled warmly at her request for a warm body to protect her. Far be it from him to deny someone comfort in their dreams. "Very well."

The pair lie in bed together. Revaxis lie behind Faelyn, a strong, muscular arm wrapped around her body protectively, his breath warm against the back of her neck. his nethers were also quite...close, but he tried not to let his mind drift there, focusing instead on sleep.

Faelyn's eyes widened as he revealed why he wore a platinum ring on his finger. It was the ring he married his wife with. Her ring was in his pack... Faelyn felt her heart clench at his story. She had lost a friend, and he, a lover. The idea of them losing people they truly loved was... somewhat comforting. He knew what she felt. She knew what he felt. The misery was shared.

"Thank you, Revaxis." She said softly, smiling up at him as he agreed to lay beside her. The two got comfortable, and Faelyn held onto his arm as he wrapped it around her. Though she had only asked for his protection... her body began to crave more. It wasn't intentional, and she tried to ignore it, but, it had been far too long since she had felt the touch of someone else. Faelyn was by no means a virgin, but, she had chosen not to be close to anyone since Monvy's death. But she was human, and... she craved the affection of another.

'He had a wife. He probably wouldn't want to do anything like that. It would be rude of me to ask.' She thought to herself. But, being this close to him, her body started to get hot. She shifted her legs slightly, accidentally brushing against him. "S-Sorry. This bed is somewhat small." She said, trying to excuse the touches.

Revaxis grunted softly as she shifted and slid against him. It was getting very difficult to ignore the feel of the elf's warm body against his, the way her hair

smelled...his member pressed against both his pants and her buttocks. She held his arm close enough that he could feel her breasts moving as she breathed oddly heavily. She gave a half-hearted apology, and he could only grunt in reply.

Yes, he wanted her, and she seemed to desire him, as well. It wasn't so much that he felt guilt over it, per se...after all, at one point, he and the rest of his old party had actually entertained the notion of becoming a polycule; as tensions both romantic and sexual had come up between each of them over the years they'd known one another. His wife, the human Gloriana, once tearfully confessed to him that she was having feelings for the halfling Ranger, Leopold, and had actually kissed him in a moment of weakness that she was utterly ashamed of. Revaxis would forgive her, even confessing himself that he'd wanted the tiefling Wizard, Triana, for some time now. While he'd never acted on it, he feared his flesh would one day fail him. This led to all four of them discussing things at length, and learning that they all

had some kind of feelings or attraction for each other, or even everyone in the case of Leopold, who was bisexual.

This was different, however. It felt like...he didn't know. Would it be too soon? He resolved that He would not want Gloriana to have to wait or feel guilty about being happy, and she would want the same. he made his decision...

His lips gently kissed the back of her neck, as his hand began to gently squeeze her breast. His hips pushing forward to make sure he could feel his hardening member through his pants.

Faelyn blushed heavily as she suddenly felt Revaxis's lips on her neck. His large hands moved to her breast, squeezing the tender flesh. Faelyn let out a soft moan, shivering with pleasure as she felt him push against her. "R-Revaxis...?" She questioned quietly. While Faelyn and Monvy had been intimate before, they had never confessed their love to one another. It was a semi unspoken love...

It was difficult to believe this night had turned into this. Was she now going to become this man's lover for the night? Most likely. However, she had seen the ring on his finger. He had told her about his fallen party. She wasn't stupid... she knew that perhaps one of the members of his party had been his love, and because of this... she felt nervous.

Turning onto her side, Faelyn's blue eyes met his. A look of pure desire and lust crossed her face, and despite the intensity of her need, she quietly asked. "Is this alright? I mean no disrespect to you nor any....fallen." She said, glancing down towards his hand. Her hands went to cup his cheeks, and she swallowed. "I seek your comfort, tonight. Do I have your permission to seek it?"

Revaxis's green eyes looked into Faelyn's beautiful blue ones. She desired this so much, he could tell...and yet, she still hesitated. He understood, of course; she meant no disrespect to the memory of his wife any more than he did, and she made sure he knew, by asking for his permission. He smiled,

caressing her soft white hair. She had a good heart, just as Gloriana did; utterly beautiful, both within and without.

"You do them no disrespect. In mutual respect for those whom you have loved, I too ask you for your permission to seek comfort in your embrace, and pleasure from your body. I admit that I need it as much as you. I give you my permission, and all of my body, holding nothing back."

He did need it. For days, weeks, months, he mourned. Never leaving the Inn, drowning himself in drink, dying a little more inside, until he could finally forgive himself and try to stand tall and move forward again. he would not move until she said yes. If she said no, so be it, he would still protect her that night if she needed it.

Faelyn felt relieved as he confirmed that she has done no disrespect to his late wife. She blushed as he stroked her hair. He too needed her embrace. It seemed they both needed this more than the other truly knew. With a smile, Faelyn nodded. "I give you

my permission. You are not disrespecting anyone.” She said softly. Carefully, Faelyn leaned towards him, kissing him fully, her soft pink lips pressed against his darker green ones.

Her hands moved down from his cheeks to his chest, then up to his arms. She let out a soft moan, her fingers feeling the curve and swell of his muscles. His body was nice, and his personality was gentle and caring as well. She was glad to be able to share his company, and his comfort. She scooted closer to him on the bed, pressing herself close to him.

Revaxis smiled, meeting the elf's kiss and deepening it, wrapping his arms around her. She felt her firm-yet-soft breasts press pleasantly against his hard muscled chest. His loins stirred at the feeling of her pelvis against his own, his member rubbing slowly against her, begging to be released, begging to have the prize before it. The orc ran his fingers through Faelyn's hair, while the other hand gripped and gently squeezed at her buttock.



"I need you..." The orc half-growled to his elf lover, rolling her to a position where she now straddled him, sliding his hands under her shirt to feel her bare breasts beneath, gently squeezing and kneading them, a silent command to remove her shirt.

Faelyn moaned against his kiss as he began to grind against her, his hands taking what they pleased. She shivered with delight, her back arching up against the orc. She gasped as he rolled them over so that she was now on top. She reached down to his chest, digging her fingers against him. "I need you too..." She whispered. She felt his hands move under her shirt, and she reached down, clutching the hem and lifting it up and over her head. She tossed it to the floor, and her hands went to his hair as well, tangling her pale fingers in his dark locks.

Her hips began to grind against his, desperate for the friction that she could feel starting. A needy sigh left her lips, and she reached down to his trousers, undoing the laces. "Revaxis..." She whispered, trailing her kisses down his jaw and to his neck.

Revaxis reveled in how she desperately responded to his touch, arching her body against him to beg for what he could give. Her slender fingers dug pleasantly into his skin before finally removing her shirt to reveal her gorgeous breasts. He growled in response, wanting nothing more than to go wild and ravage her. Her fingers entangled in his hair, and he would kiss and lightly bite at her arm, his bottom incisors threatening to break the skin in barely controlled lust.

When she let out that heavenly sigh and began to remove his trousers, he finally had enough, sitting up to bite at her bare breasts, marking her. "Faelyn..." He breathed into her ear, full of desire and sheer need. He took one of her tender nipples into her mouth, sucking on it and tugging it in his sharp teeth.

He gripped her pants and began tugging down down hard on them to yank them off, struggling against the impulse to rip them apart. He kissed and bit at

her neck like an animal barely holding back from devouring a piece of succulent meat.

Faelyn shivered as he breathed her name against her ear. The two were almost drunk on one another, and Faelyn moved her hands back up, grazing his firm muscular body with her nails. She let out a loud moan as he took her breast into his mouth.

"Revaxis!" She gasped, her eyes fluttering. She tangled her fingers in his hair, pushing him closer. "Please... Please Revaxis... I can't wait anymore."

Her voice was full of desire, and her hips kept grinding and thrusting against his now bare ones. She reached down and tugged her pants off. She wore a thin black pair of panties, and she knew that all he had to do was rip them off and enter her, and she'd be lost to his pleasure. "*Revaxis...*" She whined, her nails digging against his shoulder. "Please hurry..." She moaned, grinding her barely clothed core against his member.

Driven into a primal state from his desire, Revaxis ripped off Faelyn's panties, and used them to bind

her wrists behind her back...an instinct of his savage ancestors who used to kidnap and rape gorgeous elves like Faelyn, using them for breeding stock; which incidentally accounted for the more muted physiology today of himself and many others of his kind...such as more traditionally handsome features and shorter lower incisors for example.

These teeth were no less sharp, however, as he bit Faelyn's tender neck, hard enough to actually pierce her delicate skin and draw a trickle of her elvish blood. He gave the bite a long, lingering lick, growling excitedly. "So sweet!" He growled at her, "Faelyn mine!"

He groped her bare ass with both of his strong hands in a vice-like grip, forcibly sliding her now-bare vagina back and forth over his cock, now hardened like iron and pushing between her pussy lips, sliding back and forth quickly. This was yet another holdover from ancient orcs; an instinctive method to force their captives to lubricate themselves for orcish cocks to impale with little resistance.

"Faelyn mine...Faelyn mine..." Revaxis grunted, lost in a lustful variant of berserker rage.

Faelyn gasped as Revaxis suddenly tore her panties straight off. The thin material snapping without any hesitation. He bound her wrists behind her back, making her whimper not out of fear, but out of ecstasy. See, Faelyn *loved* this kind of treatment. While Monvy was a more gentle lover, she always craved the rougher treatment. As Revaxis bit her neck, Faelyn arched her back, moaning loudly, her eyes fluttering. She ground her hips as hard as she was able in this position, panting as Revaxis growled to her.

"Revaxis! Oh Gods, Revaxis!" She panted, her chest rising and falling. Faelyn's body was on the slender side, but her breasts and ass were plump, perfect for any lover. His hands ignited fire after fire within her, and Faelyn was ready to scream as he started to rub his cock against her exposed pussy. "*Revaxis... Oh Gods, please enter me...*" She begged. She pushed her hips back against his cock. "I need you inside of me!"

Please don't keep me waiting anymore..." She begged, her voice full of ecstasy.

Elves had their own ancestral advancements, and one of them was that their bodies were made for passion. Elves could become aroused easily, and when they were aroused, their bodies *demand*ed attention. Faelyn's pussy was already dripping wet, and her nipples erect and ready to receive pleasure. She looked back at Revaxis's, tears running down her cheeks as she pleaded once more. "*Please...*" She needed him. Now.

Revaxis finally lifted Faelyn up, sliding her entrance over the tip of his member. It seemed far larger and thicker than she could accommodate, but in his heavily lustful state, he didn't care. He pulled her down hard, thrusting his cock in, forcing it in and forcing her womanhood to stretch. Finally, in frustration he pulled hard with a loud grunt, feeling something give inside her as he hilted his thick cock up to his pelvis.

"RRRRNNNAAARRRHH!" He roared in triumph, gripping her hair and twisting her head forcibly to meet his lips and claim his prize even further. He grabbed her breasts in a crushing grip, massaging them roughly as if milking cow teats. He thrust his hips hard enough to buck Faelyn on his stiff mast, impaling her over and over with lustful grunting, yanking her head back by her hair to bite her neck, marking her yet again. This time he held her throat in his jaws, a primal method of animals to hold their ruts in place so they can't run while being fucked; he could feel her blood pulse in her tender neck beneath his lips. Faelyn arched her back, her eyes fluttering as she cried out in pleasure. Revaxis's cock filled her to the brim, even going so far as to penetrate her cervix. Faelyn screamed, but not from pain, from pure ecstasy. Elves bodies were able to accommodate some rather intense lovers, and an orc was no different. Faelyn's lower belly seemed to be filled with her orc lover, and she let him grip her hair, pulling her head back. His domination was intoxicating, and Faelyn didn't fight him. She curled

her fingers and her toes, her eyes fluttering as he fucked her, slamming his massive cock in and out of her petite form.

"Revaxis! Revaxis! Oh *fuck!*" She screamed, her ass bouncing back against his hips as he fucked her. He bit her neck and another cry fell from her lips.

Faelyn's body was bouncing quickly with each harsh thrust from Revaxis. Her belly bulged slightly with his cock as it filled her, and her breasts bounced lewdly. Her cries were constant, yet full of pure ecstasy. She was in no pain what so ever. Moans and cries of pleasure left the elven woman's lips.

"Revaxis! Fuck! You're so fucking big! Oh Gods! It's so good! You're going to make...oh Gods! I'm cumming! Revaxis!!" She screamed, unable to hold her release in.

Faelyn writhed and clawed at the orc as best as she could with her hands tied behind her back, her nails scratching the underside of him. Her pussy clamped down on his cock, spasming and milking it for the



pleasure it was providing her. Faelyn was in heaven, her body burning up from the inside out.

He grunted and moaned as he got closer to his own climax, the huge orc practically mauling the poor petite elf, his cock hammering her with every bit of his strength, whilst his arms locked her in place to take every hard pounding of her cunt. "Faelyn!" He roared, "Faelyn! Fuck! RRNNH! UUUNNHH!

Her moaning and screaming his name only drove him harder and faster, maddening lust driving him to completion. He nails digging into him were spurs, driving him to ram into her harder still. "Faelyn! Mine! UNNNGH! MINE!"

With all the bruises and bites he'd given her, there was only one last thing he had to do to claim his woman. He felt her cum hard, her pussy clamping his cock and milking it desperately. He got closer...closer...

"RRRNNNAAAAGGGGHH!" He was so close, and her pussy stopped milking his cock, her orgasm

completed. With frustrated, angry strikes, he slapped her ass as hard as he could, never stopping his jackhammering cock.

"Faelyn! CUM!" He shouted, slapping her ass over and over, as if punishing her for not obeying her master by cumming on command. "Faelyn! CUM! GGRRHHAA!" SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. Faelyn's ass was red, bruised, and still he struck her, over and over, forcing her to orgasm again... Faelyn yelped at the painful slaps, however, for whatever reason, the slapping of her ass only made her more aroused. Faelyn bit down on the sheets of the bed, crying out with both pain and pleasure as he shouted at her. His cock was filling her to the brim again and again. Having just released, she was already sensitive, and his rough treatment was only increasing that sensitivity.

Screaming with pleasure with each slap, Faelyn suddenly arched her back again, her eyes fluttering. "C-Cumming! Revaxis! Revaxis!! *REVAXIS!*" She screamed, tears running down her cheeks as she came again, this time, even harder than the first. Her

feminine essence splashed down their legs and onto the bed. Faelyn screamed and moaned loudly as she came, her body writhing under her lover, her hips grinding and thrusting back to get him to cum as well. "Cum! Cum inside me! Come on, fill me to the brim! Please! Revaxis!!!" She cried, her release so strong that she was certain she was going to pass out.

FINALLY FINALLY, She came again, her pussy once again milking his cock, coaxing it again to seed her body...

*"FAELYN!!!"* He roared, groaning loudly as his wrapped his arms around her, bear hugging her as his muscles locked and tensed, his cock throbbed as he went over the edge, exploding deep inside of the elf, claiming her fully at long last; and wanting to make sure every drop goes inside her and stays inside.

He remained like this for a couple of minutes, moaning and groaning loudly as he kept cumming inside her, leaking out at his pelvis. Finally, he began to wind down, kissing his elven lover deeply.

"Faelyn..." His senses came back to him as he saw her wounds. "I've rarely had such...intense lovemaking, before. Are you alright?" He caressed her face gently, rubbing her back; she remained on his member, he rocking her back and forth slowly. Faelyn screamed with unbridled ecstasy as she felt Revaxis fill her with his seed. Her hips pushed back hard against his, letting him take her against him as he captured her in a tight hold. She was unable to move, and yet, she didn't want to move. She panted heavily, shaking with the aftermath of his passion.

Her insides felt hot, filled to the brim and then some with her lover's essence. Her chest rose and fell with the pleasure, her eyes getting heavy. Revaxis kissed her and she tried to kiss him back, but she was so exhausted! She gave him a weak and lazy smile as he questioned if she was alright. "I am... more than alright. I am quite honestly, better than ever." She chuckled. "My wounds will heal. Elves are natural healers." She laughed quietly.

Reaching up with her own pale hand, she brushed her hand against his cheek. "So... that's the passion of an orc, yes? That felt amazing. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did." She cooed softly. She leaned up and kissed him once more. "We may want to wash up before returning to bed." She said, looking down at her body which was covered in his seed, her juices, blood, and sweat. Revaxis chuckled at his lover's humor. "I very much enjoyed it; elf bodies such as yours truly are made for lovemaking." He stood up, lifting her smaller body easily in his strong arms. "Please, allow me to care for you, my Lady Faelyn."

He carried her over to the large basin reserved for bathing, activating the fire rune carved into it to heat up the water. Gently, he placed her inside the luxuriously hot tub, gathering soap to gently spread over her nude body, giving particular attention to the marks he gave her, and especially her womanhood. The contrast was night and day; primal and vicious in bed, but gentle and loving afterwards.

he gently kissed both bite marks on her neck, followed by her lips.

Then, using the water rune on the tub, the water cleared again, as he entered the tub with Faelyn, simply lying in the tub with her, embracing and caressing her body. He playfully nipped at her pointed ears on occasion, gently massaging her breasts, running his thumbs over her nipples. Faelyn blushed darkly as Revaxis suddenly lifted her into his arms. He called her his 'Lady' and for some reason it ignited a burning fire in her chest, one that she didn't want to stop. The bath tub started to fill with warm water thanks to the water and fire runes that were on the sides of the tub. She hummed softly, loving the feeling of his hands on her. The roughness he had exhibited hadn't frightened her, but this gentle touch was extremely welcomed. She moaned softly as he kissed her neck, then her lips.

She made room for him, humming as she laid with her back against his chest. She gasped softly as his hands started to rub against her breasts. "Revaxis~"

She shivered, letting her head fall against his shoulders. "That feels good." She looked into those beautiful eyes of his. Her own icy blue ones sparkled in the orange firelight. "Will...Will these passionate moments only be a one time thing?" She asked suddenly, curious to know if he wished to do this again, or if this night of passion was going to be a one and done deal. She hoped not... She moved her hands to touch his thick legs, feeling the muscles of his body.

Revaxis smiled, enjoying the feel of her body resting against his, her body approving of his ministrations. Her eyes were absolutely gorgeous, like twin sky-blue sapphires. When she sought to know whether or not they would do this more often. He chuckled in response; truthfully, he wanted to know as well, and her eagerness confirmed it. He kissed her delicate hand. "Every night, if you so choose, my Lady. You're one of the most beautiful women I've ever known in my life; to make passionate love to you is nothing less than pure ecstasy."

Smirking, he slid his hand under the water, between her legs. "Shall I prove it to you again? Or are you truly spent?" He asked with a tease in his voice. She truly was a beautiful thing, he knew tomorrow was another day and another dangerous adventure; he didn't want this night to end...but in truth, unless she stirred his loins again, he would welcome sleep, and prepare for their quest in the morning. Faelyn blushed heavily, but smiled at his compliments. "I agree. That was some of the best love making I have ever had. If this is what your passion is like, Sir Revaxis, then I want it forever." She nuzzled back against him, humming softly. "If you are willing to go once more, how could I ever refuse?" She smirked. She turned so that she was straddling his lap in the bath tub.

She wrapped her thin arms around his muscular shoulders and neck, leaning forward so that her breasts pressed against his chest, slippery from the soap and the water. She moaned softly, keeping their kiss deep and sensual. She enjoyed this, and she



enjoyed him. Her hand slowly went down his chest, feeling the expansive muscle structure. "You are truly a magical specimen, Sir Revaxis." She whispered, leaning up and kissing him firmly.

Revaxis returned the elf's kiss just as firmly. "And you, Lady Faelyn..." The orc replied, sliding his hands down her wet, soapy back, down to her deliciously ample and perfect rear, gripping and squeezing it. "Are a Demigoddess." He lowered her over his stiffened iron rod once more. "Ohhhh gods your silken folds feel incredible, Faelyn."

The warm bathwater moved as he did; an immovable rock meeting the tide striking against it. He went slow, as not to spill the water out; this deliberate slowness drawing out the pleasure at a pleasant pace. This gentler lovemaking certainly had its merits, but the orc felt a new impulse to dominate this elf, as she also seemed to enjoy. Gripping her hair and tugging it hard enough to get Faelyn's attention, he spoke, "You are my lover, Faelyn...you belong to me, do you understand? Henceforth, if you so much as

gaze upon another without my express permission, you will be punished. Is this clear to you, concubine?"

Faelyn's back arched as she was slid down into Revaxis's hardened cock once more. A gasping moan left her lips and her nails sunk into his arm. "Oh Gods! Revaxis!" She moaned, her hips shaking and her hips against his immediately. However, as he suddenly grabbed her hair and tugged it, gaining her attention, he informed her that she was *his* lover. She belonged to him. Shivers ran down her spine, but not from fear. Oh no. From arousal.

"Yes, Sir. This is clear. However, I expect the same of you. As long as you have me, do not let your gaze wander to another. Only look at me..." she moaned as she bounced up and down on him. "Only think of me, and only fuck me..." she moaned, her nails sinking further into his arms. "Revaxis...Revaxis!" Revaxis moaned when Faelyn sank onto his massive cock...easier this time, as she had so recently...accommodated him. "How could I possibly look upon another? As you are mine, so too am I

yours." He kept a firm grip on her hair, keeping her head properly bent backward and neck exposed to show her submission.

This drove him to greater heights of arousal as he thrust his hips harder and harder. "Faelyn..." He moaned, "Faelyn, my elf..." He reamed her pussy harder and harder, the way her nails sunk into his flesh literally spurring him on like a lust. He began to grunt like an animal in between moans, now once again devoted only to climaxing in his lover once more. "Uuunnnh...Faelyn!" With loud moan, he came deep inside her yet again.

Faelyn smiled as he agreed with her request. He tugged her head back, keeping her eyes up. His thrusts got deeper, harder, filling her with every inch of him and then some. The water splashed around them, and despite their best efforts to prevent it from spilling out onto the floor, the water splashed onto the wooden floors. Faelyn's moans and cries filled the room along with Revaxis's grunts. Faelyn sank her nails into his arms as she arched her back,

screaming with pure pleasure as she came with Revaxis, "Revaxis!! *Revaxis!!*" She cried, her hips bouncing and her torso writhing against his as her pussy spasmed over him, milking his release until she collapsed onto him, panting heavily.

Her body twitched every now and then, completely spent and exhausted. "W...Wow..." She chuckled. "Twice in one evening? I am truly a lucky lady to have a lover with such great stamina..."

Revaxis held Faelyn, his beautiful elf lover who nearly trembled in his arms with ecstasy. He had never felt so completely content and satisfied in a very long time. He laughed with her, "Indeed, my lady; and I am fortunate to have a lover who is always ready and able to accept and meet my stamina with such wild fervor." He ran his fingers through her hair, gently pulling her head in for another kiss. "Stamina which I can now confidently say is well and truly spent. Let us find comfort in our bed together, Faelyn."

He lifted her out of the tub, and carried her to the bed. They wrapped up in blankets of cloth and fur, falling asleep in one another's embrace.

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The next morning, Revaxis felt like a new man. Finally, he felt quite ready for another adventure...and a chance at vengeance for himself and justice for his family. Organizing his armor on a table, the young orc put it on piece by piece: First, the leather underarmor, freshly oiled and supple. Next, the ringmail shirt, large enough to go down to his upper thigh, providing protection of his most vital organs. Next, the pauldrons and poleyns for his knees and shoulders, vital as both protection and enhancement of certain unarmed attacks. Strapping the pauldrons and his belt afterwards held the chainmail shirt tight against his body; the hood of the mail currently off, but easy to quickly don if need be. Finally came the leather wrist bands and boots, worn from travel and battle alike, yet still strong.

He rotated his arms, neck, and shoulders, getting used to the feel of his armor once more. His shield leaned against the table, ever ready to defend and deflect attack. Then...there was his sword...a fine weapon, masterfully crafted by his father, one of the few blacksmiths who still carried the secret to making legendary Black Steel...a metal marked with veins of black carbon that denoted it's superior strength to ordinary steel. Like so many others, Revaxis knew the legends of the *Radiant Blade*: a sword unlike any other, crafted by one equally skilled in both magic and metalcraft to the extent that they had achieved the impossible...a blade superior even to Black Steel, for the black carbon had become as diamond. Revaxis reverently sheathed his father's blade, now his own. As any good steel, he would not break, but temper.

Faelyn slept far better than she ever had in her entire life. The bed was alright, but her lover's embrace was far better. She dreamt of her lover, and their passionate moments just a few hours before.

When she woke in the morning, she rolled over to see Revaxis changing into his armor.

"Well, now. What a wonderful sight to wake up too." She smiled. Swinging her legs over the side of the bed. She stretched her arms over her head, a small 'pop' coming from her back. She stood and went to her pack. Thankfully she had an enchanted bag of holding, which would carry a lot more items, especially armor.

Faelyn pulled out a basic black tunic and a pair of leggings. She slid both of them on, and then she reached in and pulled out a pair of silver shoulder pads, a silver breast plate with filigree curving around the breasts and down the sternum plate. The chest plate had thick black leather straps that covered her back, giving her a little extra protection, though not much. She reached into the bag once more and removed more silver plates that would cover her thighs. If it was one thing she knew, it was to protect the arteries in her legs. One wrong dagger slash or strike and she'd be bleeding out.

Once she was dressed, she fluffed her hair and grabbed her two daggers, slipping them into two dagger holders on her hips.

"Are you all set, my dar..." She stopped as she saw Revaxis. He looked... *Powerful. Strong. Gorgeous...*

"Wow. My darling you truly are a sight to behold." She said softly, smiling as she walked over to him, wrapping her arms around him and kissing him.

Revaxis turned to see his love Faelyn before him. She looked magnificent, even more so than when he first met her. She looked capable then; Today she looked unbeatable. The way her hair framed her delicate elvish features was exquisite. "If I am seen at all, my lady, it is only because I have caught the faintest glimmer of your shining countenance." He spoke, kissing her again, "I'm not going to be arrested for kidnapping and seducing a Princess, am I?" He playfully asked.

Thus equipped, the pair went downstairs to the tavern. "What I suggest we do is make our way to the cavern entrance and look for Campers."



"Campers" were a slang term for the unattached adventurers who tended to "Camp" at the entrance to any given dungeons, ruins, or caves, waiting for other individuals or small groups to accompany for the long or short term.

Faelyn chuckled softly, returning his kiss. "Not at all, my darling. If anything, we may be known as one of the most unstoppable duo." She said. Her arms wrapping around his neck. She loved the way he kissed her. It was so tender and loving and it made her heart ache with pleasure and desire.

Once they were satisfied with their romantic exchange, they headed downstairs. "Agreed. Campers would be beneficial. When we look, let's make sure we get some who are seasoned and able to take down goblins. If any have experience with goblins, that's a plus." She knew that goblins could be fickle creatures and despite their small size and low health, they can be intense if they are in groups.

"Do we need to stock up on supplies before we head over? Before I came to the city... Monvy and I had

used the last of our supplies so... I don't have anything." She sighed.

Revaxis nodded. "It's all right, I've still got money enough to get us plenty of supplies for the journey." He smiled.

Together, the pair made a run of all the stores and market stands in town. Pooling their respective resources, they purchased basics such as food and water, as well as more uncommon fare such as wine and spirits, herbs and spices, chocolate, and Pipeweed. Also, of course, they purchased plenty of Health and Mana Potions...a staple of of adventurers and explorers such as they.

The young orc also made a point to purchase a tent large enough to fit both he and Faelyn...but not too large, as to give him an excuse to keep his new lover close. As for his equipment, he'd already been maintaining his armor and weapons well enough, and felt no need for upgrades at the moment. Finally, he purchased a bag of caltrops and pair of five foot walking staves for himself and Faelyn that could also

be interlocked together to become a ten-foot pole...perfect for trap scouting.

"Anything we missed, darling?" He asked Faelyn.

The two finished their shopping spree and it was several hours later. Though the sun was still high in the sky as it was mid day. Faelyn made sure to stock up on what magical ingredients she could so that she could perform spells. She also spent a little bit of her remaining coin to sharpen her daggers. A sharp weapon would be her life line if her Mana was dwindled. That had happened only once... and it cost her everything.

Pulling herself from her sorrow, Faelyn smiled softly. "No, my darling. I think we got everything that we could. Should we head to the Goblin's hideout? If we head out now we can get far enough to make camp and be there by first light tomorrow morning if we get up early. We can then pick up some campers. What do you think?" She tilted her head, her silver hair falling down toward her shoulders.

"Let's be on our way, then." Revaxis spoke, hefting his backpack onto his shoulders easily, passing a walking stick to Faelyn.

They left the safety of the town, its doors closing behind them. The pair would proceed on foot along the well-worn road, passing other travelers and the occasional patrol of soldiers, whom represented the greater Ondeserai Empire. While Town Guard wore gambeson and chainmail, the Imperial Army wore far superior scale mail and full plate. Unlike the travelers they met, which varied intensely, the Imperials seemed almost strictly human; a source of debate amongst many citizens within Imperial borders.

Once they reached a certain point in the road, however, they needed to stray from the normal road, going down a far less worn path, but visible all the same. Where once life sprang vibrant with the sounds of animals and birds, now far less sounds could be heard. Even the sunlight itself diminished slightly, the canopy of trees becoming more dense as they ventured deeper into the forested area.

((d20 roll: 15))

To say that there were Campers near the cavern was an understatement; there was, in fact, a full blown camp here; several tents surrounded the entrance in a haphazard fashion, large communal pots of coffee and stew were brewing, and a massive slab of rock (the relatively smooth nature of it implying it's erection by magic) barred the entrance, lined with traps both magical and mundane.

Revaxis made a face of mild impression at Faelyn. "The last time I was here, it was far less...populated." The journey towards the Goblin camp was uneventful. The terrain towards the camp was a bit shaky at times but it kept them together. They stayed together without an issue. Faelyn didn't fall behind and neither did Revaxis. They passed the time with chit chat and sharing stories of their previous tales of adventure.

When they arrived at the camp, Revaxis and Faelyn found that there were *way more* campers than they originally expected. Faelyn's eyes widened. "Holy

*fuck.*" She said softly. "That's absolutely insane." She said, shaking her head.

She looked over at Revaxis and took his hand in hers. "Why don't we set up our camp, and then we can mingle with the campers? It's about to become late and I know we want to get this over with." She looked towards the sea of tents. "Despite the amount of people here... we need to pick only the best. Who knows if these people are just amateurs?" She didn't want their newest person to be some rookie that didn't even know how to hold a sword properly. That would only end up with another death... and Faelyn couldn't handle that right now."

"Agreed." Revaxis replied.

The duo made their camp quickly with practiced ease, propping the tent and securing their belongings. They wandered the camp for awhile, determining the capability of the myriad of Campers to be found. Some could be found near the entrance; geared up and conversing amongst themselves about potentially grouping up and venturing inside.

Revaxis looked among them with an eye of experience...

Some had top quality equipment...but equipment hardly used, which spoke of deep pockets, but no experience. Of course, there were many reasons for that, but it was usually because of foolish thrill-seeking nobility who would come to know quickly that this life was not for their ilk. A knight in shining armor is a knight who hasn't had their metal tested.

Some had well-worn equipment, heavily scarred skin, and eyes that seemed to speak volumes of their trauma. While well-experienced, these veterans were far too haunted; traumatized by the harsh life they led, to be trusted to hold onto their sanity in the heat of a battle. Besides, you didn't necessarily want the warrior with so many scars; you wanted the one who gave them those scars.

Some had shifty eyes, with hands ever on their weapons. These were the pure mercenaries, or perhaps not even that, as even mercenaries had

some code of honor and loyalty. These were folk who constantly looked over their shoulders, always expecting a dagger in the back from someone they'd double-crossed, leaving them to die while they ran off with the loot. It was these people that made Revaxis glad he and Faelyn took the time to make certain their wares were secured.

These people made up the majority of the Campers. It occurred to the orc that this was the reason why this small army didn't simply storm the caverns, slaughter the goblins within, and pick it clean; too much instability, not enough experience, lack of trust...

Finally, he saw someone with promise.... The tiefling seemed young, her equipment sparse; but at the same time, the way she carried herself, the way she interacted with others...like Faelyn, this person's look and manner spoke of experience and skill alike. After a bit more searching, he found another with potential... The fire Genasi had an air of age and wisdom, but more importantly, he literally crackled



with power...and he even carried a pistol; a fascinating device that few could even acquire, let alone operate.

Yes, these two would do nicely. Revaxis pointed the two individuals out to Faelyn as possible candidates. Faelyn and Revaxis made their way around the camp. As Revaxis and she had discussed, seeing those with bright shiny armor was definitely a red flag, and those with heavily scarred bodies were off the table. Neither needed any additional red flags, and those that couldn't handle a fight were just dead weight that would get either themselves, or worse, Faelyn and Revaxis, killed.

After some time wandering around, Revaxis found two individuals that he deemed appropriate; a male fire genasi and a female pink skinned tiefling. Faelyn nodded and gestured to two others who were sitting beside one another in a tent not too far from Faelyn and Revaxis.

She pointed out a red scaled dragonborn. Attached to his back in their sheaths he held two long swords.

The swords were shiny, yet his stature and armor had their own marks, indicating his skill in battle. The white and black tiger tabaxi was sitting on his tail like a seat, showing off his magical abilities. The tabaxi's armor was clean of marks, but along his arm were a few scars. Magic seemed to be more of their skill, yet they didn't seem to shy of that fact. Faelyn looked to Revaxis. "Shall we ask these four to join us for a meeting?" She asked, giving Revaxis a smile.

Revaxis smiled in return at Faelyn, approving of her potential choices of the tabaxi and dragonborn. "Indeed."

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The four potential recruits were invited to sit near the cookpot, evaluating one another as much as they did Revaxis and Faelyn. In turn, they introduced themselves...

"I am called Orissa." The teifling Ranger spoke, "Of the Green Guardians of Wynngard Forest. The goblins here have attacked man and beast alike with

impunity, so I am here on the Guardians' behalf to eliminate this potential threat to the surrounding wilds." She restrung her bow as she continued, "I am an excellent shot with the bow, and I wield this..." She indicated the long dagger at her back, "For close combat. My survival skills and knowledge of nature are second to none."

"My full name is Lord Brylo Renovald Pyrovain, you may refer to me as simply Brylo." Spoke the genasi Wizard/Artificer in a strange accent. "As you can no doubt tell from my accent, I hail from the deserts of Tarostan. In my land, I am high nobility; I have come to these lands on a sort of 'holiday;' looking for business and political alliances to further strengthen my family and the subjects under our care." He smiled. "And perhaps have an adventure or two." He drew his pistol with a twirl to show it off. "This is but one of the innovations I carry with me; I am well practiced in it's use. I am quite knowledgeable in both invention and magic as well."

Faelyn and Revaxis sat around the crockpot with their four new partners. The tiefling introduced herself as Orissa. She was one of the Green Guardians of Wynngard Forest, and judging by her story, she was going to be a huge asset. The second individual, the fire genasi, was Lord Brylo Pyrovain. A fitting name for the Wizard. His story was rather... lack luster, in Faelyn's mind, but he was skilled and oozed power, so he seemed compatible. Faelyn looked over at the dragon born.

"I am known as Th'un Malbog. I come from the Mountains of Wendigram. I am known for my fighting skills. If you travel to Wendigram and ask who the best fighter is, you would no doubt hear my name from every mouth you ask." The dragonborn was easily eight feet tall and nearly twice the width of Faelyn and Revaxis standing side by side. He was *massive*, but he seemed agile in a barbarian kind of way. "I lost my sister to the goblins... and I intend to avenge her." He said, touching a tooth pendant that hung around his neck.

"I am known as Abraxi," the Tiger Tabaxi spoke. Faelyn went to speak and the tiger held up his hand. "Yes. My name rhymes. My mother thought herself hilarious. Call me Abra," He said firmly, but a cheeky smirk tugged his lip. "I am a wizard, but I am also very skillful in stealth." He said, waving his hand and vanishing. "I am what one would call, crafty." The Wizard/Rogue smirked.

Faelyn looked over at Revaxis, "I think that settles it then?" She smiled and looked at the ground, "I am Faelyn, and I am an elf. I come from the kingdom of Marabelle, and I am more of a rogue sorceress. This is Revaxis," She gestured to Revaxis, but she grabbed his hand and squeezed it lightly.

Revaxis smiled and squeezed Faelyn's hand gently in response, before introducing himself. "I am as my lovely lady says; I am an orc; a Fighter from the Kaliem Isles." At the looks some of their new comrades made in his direction, he chuckled, "Though I freely admit I was a pirate at one point...that has not been my world for a very long

time. I am a man of honor, and will fight by your side as such."

He looked to the massive dragonborn Barbarian called Th'un Malbog with a solemn expression. "I absolutely understand your motivations, my friend; I lost my wife and closest friends to these creatures, and I, too, seek vengeance. We **\*\*will \*\*bring** our families to justice, I swear it."

He looked next to the Wizard/Rogue Abraxi the tabaxi, or Abra as he wanted to be called. While seemingly whimsical, the orc could see the power he wielded quite well, and did not doubt their craftiness.

"We would be honored if you would join us as we venture into these caverns. Together, we will eliminate the goblins within and share in the spoils of victory! What say you all?"

((Orissa: 4)) : Orissa's tail slid along the ground, her eyes darting between the would-be adventuring party. "I have learned to trust my instincts over the

years. Forgive me, but I feel as though I would be...out of place, here." She looked sideways to the dragonborn, as if trying to hide a certain...disdain.

((Brylo: 6)) : "I'm afraid I must voice my concerns as well..." Brylo spoke up, "Formidable though we may seem together, I cannot help but have my own doubts about our compatibility. Besides, you'll forgive me if I would rather not work with a pirate..." He nodded to Revaxis, "Even a former one, good sir."

((Th'un: 16)) : Th'un struck a fist to his chest. "I will stand with you! It would be an honor to fight at your side to slay these monsters."

((Abra: 17)) : "I, too, will be happy to aid you!" Abra agreed with a grin. "These fiends won't know what hit them!" Revaxis nodded to Orissa and Brylo as they voiced their concerns. "No offense taken, friend." He replied to Brylo, "Though I would ask you to reconsider..." He looked to Orissa, "I assure you, we wouldn't have approached any of you if we didn't feel you were a proper 'fit,' so to speak.

He looked to Faelyn; perhaps she would have words to sway them, or otherwise allow them their leave...

Faelyn looked between the group. Revaxis spoke first and Faelyn nodded. "I agree. Your skills are beneficial to us." (Faelyn: 6). Orissa frowned, shaking her head. "I'm sorry. I just... don't agree. I can't really trust you all, and in my line of work and experience, if I can't put my full trust in you, then there is no way I would entrust my life to you. I hope you all stay safe." With that, Orissa stood, took a polite bow, then left to return to her tent.

Brylo shook his head, standing as well. "I do not wish to put my trust or my life in the hands of a pirate, despite you being a former one. Forgive me, Sir." Brylo said to Revaxis. "I will be taking my leave as well. Good day to you all." Brylo said, turning and returning to his tent as well. Faelyn let out a disappointed sigh. "Dammit." She looked over to Revaxis with a disappointed frown. "Forgive me, darling... I didn't intend to lose two potential partners."



Th'un shook his head, "I wouldn't concern yourself with them, Lady Faelyn. They are simply missing out on the possibility to be on this adventure!" He clapped Faelyn on the back with his massive hand, making her grip Revaxis's hand so she didn't fall.

Abra nodded as well. "Exactly. While we can wish them luck, they will simply be missing out. Have you fear, My Lady." He turned his head to Revaxis, "My Lord, shall we discuss a plan? Or should we reconvene in the morning?"

"Let us plan for now..." Revaxis spoke, grabbing a bowl of stew, "And start inside in the morning."

As the others gathered their own food, the orc began. "I've been in these caverns before...they are vast and intricate, easy to get lost in. By my calculations, they go half a mile below and in each direction, at least. Also, expect to find many kinds of goblins here...goblins, hobgoblins, and bugbears. I'm sure you've all heard the rumors that an orc leads them; unfortunately, I can't confirm those rumors. They'll have treasures scattered about here and

there, but some of them WILL be trapped or mimicry, so exercise caution!"

He produced a roughly-drawn map of the area.

"Expect initial resistance the moment we go in; they prefer ambushes and sneak tactics, especially when their larger friends can act as a distraction. Speaking of distractions, they're not above using illusions or blinding spells, so prepare accordingly."

"What I recommend..." Revaxis pointed to Th'un. "Is that you and I shall be at the front, whilst Faelyn and Abra keep behind us, magic at the ready." he pointed to Abra. "In times where light fingers and a certain 'expertise' is required, then I would ask you and Faelyn to take the lead, with myself and Th'un flanking or behind."

Faelyn, Th'un and Abra all listened intently as Revaxis described the cave systems and what traps they may encounter and even what types of goblins. Faelyn felt a shiver run down her spine as she remembered her last attempt at conquering these Goblin hoards...

How Monvy was killed by such a being... She inhaled nervously, looking at Revaxis.

She leaned in to see the map. Revaxis made his suggestion of how they could enter, and Faelyn nodded in agreement. Abra did as well. Th'un seemed to be the only one with a quizzical look.

"That's a good idea, but what if we get ambushed from the front? If we can not see these beasts then-"

"That will not be a problem." Faelyn said, giving him a small smile. "I will make sure to see ahead." Abra nodded. "I have Dark Vision, and I am able to see far ahead. We will be alright from the front."

Th'un nodded once the two settled his concerns.

"This makes the most sense." Abra and Th'un seemed to be in agreement. "Do we have enough supplies between the two of us? There seem to be a few merchants here that we could pick up any last minute supplies from." Abra said. "I believe we have enough supplies, but it may not hurt to get some extra rations and potions, just as a back up." She said softly. "I suggest in taking turns for watches, Revaxis

and I will be a group, and Abra and Th'un will be the other." Abra nodded again and Th'un smiled. "I agree!"

Faelyn looked to Revaxis, her eyes sparkling in excitement. "Anything else, darling?"

Revaxis looked into Faelyn's lovely elvish eyes, his own practically shining with delight. "Not a thing, my love. We will not underestimate these monsters again." The orc looked to the others. "Gather your supplies, purchase whatever else you need, as shall we." He put an arm around Faelyn's waist. "We leave in the morning."

With that, he made his way back to their tent, keeping his arm around Faelyn's waist to gently pull her along with him. He bent down slightly to whisper into the elf's ear, "And since we still have quite a few supplies left, I want to ravage you while I still can." He nipped the tip of her ear and slid his hand down to her ass to give it a firm squeeze. "So let's go make the other Campers envious, hmm?"

Faelyn, Th'un, and Abra all nodded and gave their acknowledgements. This would be a fight truly worth remembering. All three would seek their vengeance and avenge those that fell due to the monsters that resided in the caves. As Abra and Th'un departed, Faelyn felt Revaxis's hand run down to her ass. She gasped softly, her cheeks tinting red. His words made her entire body grow hot! She shivered with delight, turning in his arms. She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling herself close. Their height difference was rather average, but she loved being able to pull herself up to kiss him, which she did so happily.

"Yes, please. I don't know how long we will be unable to be intimate again, and I don't want to forget what you feel like." She smirked. She kissed him firmly, her hands moving to hold the back of his head and his neck, keeping him close to her. "I wish to feel every part of you, Revaxis... I don't want to forget this moment." She whispered against his green lips, her pale pink ones getting even darker with her desire.

Wrapping his arms tightly around Faelyn, he gave her his own passionate kiss, lifting her slightly off the ground, before setting her back on her feet. "Right now, my love, I feel like I would sooner forget to breathe than forget your face or your touch."

Not far from their tent, the orc easily picked the elf up bridal style, carrying her to the tent, grinning at her with mischievous and lustful intent. Kneeling, he lay her down on the stacked together bedrolls, moving beside her in the close quarters of the tent. He would reach beneath and around Faelyn to remove her clothing, piece by piece, slowly and sensuously, caressing her soft skin, massaging her every muscle, kissing and biting at her neck. "I need you, Faelyn..." He growled, "I want this body...now."

He gripped her now nude rear, pulling him against her roughly and giving a hard squeeze.

Faelyn blushed heavily, wrapping her arms around his neck as he lifted her. She giggled softly, nuzzling into him as he brought her inside. He began to strip her and she in return did the same. She unbuckled

each strap and set it aside. "I need you too, Revaxis," She breathed, moaning as he assaulted her neck with kisses and bites.

His rough treatment made her moan louder. Faelyn didn't care if the other campers could hear. This was her lover and she was allowed to feel pleasure with him. She arched her back, pressing her soft pale breasts against his chest. "Revaxis... Please," She whimpered, grinding her hips against his. "I need you now!"

Revaxis bit harder into Faelyn's soft neck as he rolled to move over top of her body, thrusting his cock deep inside of her in one smooth motion with a growl of desire and pleasure. He gripped her ass hard enough that it would assuredly leave bruises in the morning, his fit, hard-muscled body pinning her down against the bedrolls. He thrust his hips slow and strong at first, his cock stabbing inside her over and over like a spear.

"Faelyn..." He moaned, "Feels...so...good!" He growled, his thrusts penetrating her with the orcish

ferocity that had become part and parcel for his lovemaking.

Faelyn yelped as Revaxis grabbed her ass, his fingers curling into her hips. She could feel the welts already starting... She moaned loudly, arching her back high up, her head falling back onto the bedroll. "Revaxis!" She cried. He was filling her to the brim!! Her fingers curled against the bedroll, wrinkling the furs and materials. His thrusts sent her into the depths of pleasure and she couldn't stop her moans and cries of ecstasy.

"Revaxis! Oh Gods! You're so deep! More! Please go harder!" She cried, her arms wrapping around his neck. She pulled herself up against him and slammed her lips against his, moaning loudly. She ground her hips against his, matching his thrusts as much as possible, but she was no where near as fast as he was! "Revaxis! Revaxis!" Her voice was sharp and loud, clearly filled with the pleasure that her orcish lover was pushing into her.



Revaxis rammed his cock into his elvish lover as fast and as hard as he could, meeting her arching hips with his own pelvic assault, slamming her into the bedrolls in a flurry of thrusts; one could almost swear the earth itself shook against his passion. "RRRNNNN!! UUNNFF! HHRRRR! FAELYN!!" He roared, "Gods, Faelyn!

He dug his fingers into her hips now, degenerating into loud animal grunting as he approached his climax, his mate trapped beneath him, her words and body begging for him to rut her; to breed her, to claim her as his. "Faelyn!" He growled, "I'm about to...!" He didn't have a chance to finish, as he slammed into her one last time, his essence exploding deep inside of her. He thrust a few more times, as his muscles tensed and his body stiffened, groaning in absolute ecstasy.

Faelyn wrapped her arms tightly around Revaxis's neck, kissing him back harder and harder as he did her. Her hips bounced and thrust in time with his as much as possible, her legs tight against his hips. His

cries and groans made her moan and scream in response, as did his rough thrusts. "Revaxis! Revaxis!" She cried, her fingers digging into his back. "M-Me too, Revaxis! Oh Gods, keep going! I'm gonna...gonna- *O-OH GODS!!!*" She screamed, her back arching and her nails sinking into Revaxis's back as she suddenly came. Her pussy clamped down on his cock as they both came together, her insides milking him for as much as he could give.

Completely exhausted, Faelyn collapsed onto the bedrolls. Her chest rose and fell rapidly as she struggled to catch her breath. Weakly, she lifted her arms and cupped Revaxis's cheeks. "I...I am so glad I met you." She whispered, a soft smile on her lips. She leaned up and kissed him, pulling him down to lay on top of her.

Revaxis looked into Faelyn's beautiful eyes. caressing her hair, smiling even as he pant to catch his breath. The feel of her hands upon his face made his heart pound. "And I you, my beautiful Faelyn." He rolled to the side, bringing her with him. He held her in his

arms, simply wanting her against him, as the pair fell into restful slumber.

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The following morning, the quartet gathered at the door, a pair of magic users stationed at the large rock slab. Others had gathered around the party, ready to defend against anything that came through the cavern entrance. With their arcane words and gestures, the magic users dropped the slab...

Several goblins rushed out mere seconds later....only to be struck down by the arrows and blades of those outside, Revaxis included, as his blade flashed, removing the heads of two out of the ten goblins to rush out.

"That was nothing, an attempt to lure us into a false sense of security." The orc warned, "Remain on your guard; they'll no doubt jump us once we're fully inside."

The party slowly moved inside. Revaxis nodded to the mages, who raised the slab anew, sealing them inside.

"Close your eyes and hold still, friend..." Abra whispered to Th'un, sprinkling a pinch of dried carrot over the dragonborn's eyes while speaking words of power. The large barbarian blinked a few times, before nodding, now endowed with darkvision like his new comrades.

"Forward." Revaxis spoke, the group moving forward through the long dark of the caverns...

((d20: 19))

Fortuitously, they were not met by an ambush...rather, they instead heard a voice in the distance...a female voice, weakly calling for help...

Morning came far too soon, and Faelyn and Revaxis awoke in each other's arms. Faelyn reluctantly pulled herself from his grasp and she got up and made sure she was properly dressed. She and Revaxis met their two new compatriots outside and once all four had

concluded that they were ready, they approached the slab that blocked the goblin's cave. Faelyn held her dagger in one hand, her left hand held out with a fireball prepared. As the slab fell, Faelyn threw the fireball into the cave, burning two goblins that rushed out.

Within a minute all ten goblins were defeated. Several rookie fighters cheered as if they had won entirely. Faelyn knew better. She nodded to Revaxis, staying quiet. The four of them moved in, and once the slab was shut, the four were alone. Abra performed a small spell to grant Th'un darkvision. She patted his back gently and then they moved forward upon the command of Revaxis.

As they walked further into the cave, Faelyn held her hand out as she heard the female voice. "Stop." She whispered. She shut her eyes and listened.

(d20: 5)

"There's a woman in here?" Faelyn gasped. She immediately rushed forward, her eyes scanning the

walls as she looked around. "Wait! Faelyn!" Abra hissed. He rushed forward, cursing the elven woman as he went. Th'un looked to Revaxis. "Come on!" He too followed the elf and the tabaxi.

Faelyn turned a corner of the cave and immediately she saw a young woman, curled against the cave wall. She was curled up tightly in a ball and wearing a dirty brown sack like dress. Her skin was covered in dirt. Faelyn slowly approached her. "Hey...Hey, it's okay now. We're here to help." Faelyn reached for the woman, and the woman's head lifted. It wasn't a *human* woman, but a goblin. The female goblin was wearing the scalp of a dead woman, and her dress... The goblin grabbed Faelyn's arm and sank its sharp pointy teeth into her arm. Faelyn screamed in pain, driving the dagger into the goblin's head.

"Fuck!" Abra shouted as the sound of goblin laughter and growls filled the air. "This was a trick!"

Revaxis followed Faelyn and the others, hearing Abra attempt to stop Faelyn; did his tabaxi ears hear something they could not? As Faelyn approached,

the orc couldn't help but remember what happened with his own party...his deceased wife had come upon someone, her caring nature demanding no less of her than to aid them...and here Faelyn was, acting in a similar manner. As much as he wanted to stop her, there was still the possibility that it wasn't a trap...

Revaxis growled in anger as the chorus of goblins could be heard surrounding them. From the tunnels, ledges, and hidden crevices around them, they emerged... ((d20: 13)) ((d4: 4)) 13 goblins and 4 hobgoblins made up their number.

To some, this might have seemed intimidating; but these creatures didn't realize who they were facing...a group of people quite eager for vengeance.

Revaxis roared, jamming his blade into the heart of one of the hobgoblins, shield bashing the goblin nearby, practically crushing it's skull in and killing it instantly, as well. Th'un bellowed a war cry as well, charging with abandon into another group, trampling one of the goblins underfoot while

swinging his blades to behead another goblin and a hobgoblin. His breath immolated yet another goblin foolish enough to stand in his path.

The goblin laughter became screaming in terror very quickly...

Faelyn stood and held her arm, groaning in pain for a moment. She bit her lip and cast a healing spell, sighing as the wound sealed shut. She cast only a small one, just enough to seal the wound. She stood and swung her dagger at the goblin that came rushing at her. There were so many goblins and four Hobgoblins appeared. "Shit!" Faelyn hissed as she backed up, casting a fireball into the fray.

Th'un growled and swing his great sword. He slayed several goblins and a hobgoblin to boot. Abra cast several ice blasts, freezing six goblins in place before he shot out a lightning bolt, obliterating them in a moment.

Faelyn held her arms up to cover her head as a hobgoblin swiped her with its claws. It tore her skin



but thankfully her armor protected her from being shredded. She drove her daggers into its eyes and it fell. Soon, the four compatriots had slain all the goblins that had stepped forth. Faelyn panted, sweat and blood running down her forehead. Abra appeared beside Faelyn and shook her by the front of her shirt.

"Do not *ever* do something so stupid again!! You nearly got yourself killed!!" He snarled. Faelyn looked down. "I thought it was someone who needed help." Abra scoffed. "Well it *wasn't*. It was a goblin. Nothing in here needs our help. Remember as such. If you don't, you're only causing us problems." He hissed before he headed forward. Faelyn felt shame creep up her face. She couldn't even bear to look at Revaxis... Th'un sighed softly and looked at Revaxis. "Let us continue, friend." He then also continued forward behind Abra.

Faelyn rubbed the sealed by still exposed wound on her arm. She didn't look up at anyone, especially Revaxis. He had even stated to her earlier how his

wife had passed before, and she nearly perished the exact same way because she wasn't careful. Faelyn sighed softly. Growling, Revaxis was quick to clamp a hand on Abra's shoulder, turning the tabaxi around to face him; his fanged teeth grit and his stare intense, rage barely controlled. "She needs no reminder of the terrors to be found here." He spoke, his voice low and deadly. "She lost someone very dear to her down here, as have we all...and yet, she still shows compassion; if we lose that, we are no better than those things. I say we can afford to take such risks in the future...and if this isn't to your liking, then we shall go our separate ways."

He moved a step closer, his voice lower still and grumbling. "And if you EVER touch her or speak to her in such a manner again, then I don't care what arcane power you bring to bear, I will END you!"

He stepped past Abra to the front. "Follow me, or go back while you're still close to the entrance." He spoke, marching forward.

Abra scoffed, shaking his head. "You are going to regret those words when she gets us all killed..." He muttered, but he silenced himself once more. He didn't wish to be separated from the party, as he too had his own desires for vengeance upon all of these goblins. With that in mind, Abra continued forward.

Faelyn watched Revaxis scold Abra, his voice low and full of anger. She heard some of the words he said, and she felt touched that he defended her. She scurried past Abra and gently took Revaxis's hand in her own. "Thank you. But... he is right. I should have been more careful. I don't want my actions to get anyone hurt. I...I will be more careful." She squeezed his hand lightly, giving him a sad smile.

"If I cause harm... then Monvy's death would be in vain. I need to be mindful of those around me..."

Revaxis squeezed Faelyn's hand gently in return, looking lovingly into her eyes. "We can still be good people while being mindful of our enemies' deception; my wife believed that, and so do I. We

must honor the fallen in more ways than one, after all."

As they moved further on, they would keep watch for more Goblins, slaying the odd stray while navigating throughout the caverns. As they did so, they found evidence that there was, indeed, an orc living among them that held dominance over them...and furthermore, was apparently planning an assault on the town in the near future; only the presence of the mercenary camp at the entrance gave them pause...for now.

As Revaxis turned one corner, he suddenly raised his shield to block an arrow, stepping back behind cover. "GET DOWN!" He shouted to the others, "We've stumbled on one of their camps!"

Faelyn gave Revaxis a small smile and nodded. "Thank you... I... I needed to hear that." She had almost let her insecurities take control of her, and this was partially what got Monvy killed. She had to be stronger, now more than ever, especially since she

had three more lives to protect. If she wasn't able to protect these individuals than what good was she?

The group continued into the cavern further and further, discovering a few stray goblins here and there, but the biggest discovery was that an orc was living amongst them all and had become their leader. This massive beast planned to attack the town soon, and there wasn't much time left until it struck. Turning a corner, the group stumbled upon a camp of goblins.

(d20: 17,5- 17 goblins, 5 hobgoblins)

This camp was for smaller goblins and hobgoblins which gave the group a semi advantage, though it wasn't much. Faelyn stepped back and extended both of her hands. Her palms lit up with a bright orange glow, her eyes going completely white. With both hands extended, the fireballs formed one massive flame, and when Faelyn threw it into the hoard, at least 13 goblins fell. Ten were instantly killed, three were wounded. All five hobgoblins remained.

Abra growled and he too raised his hands, though this time he shot a large flurry of ice, freezing a few of the goblins to the ground by their feet, though the beasts shattered the ice. Faelyn looked over at Revaxis and saw a hobgoblin attempting to rush him from behind. "Revaxis!! Duck!" She yelled as she aimed another fireball and threw it at the hobgoblin.

Revaxis marvelled at Faelyn's conjured inferno, causing many of the goblinoids to perish quickly in flames. Abra would next conjure his ice at them to hold them in place; It worked for mere moments, but the creatures managed to break free.

As Faelyn shouted her command, The orc Fighter ducked down with his shield over his head on pure instinct, feeling the heat of the fireball pass over him and explode behind him. The Hobgoblin, feeling the full brunt of her fiery attack, would fall dead, severely burnt. Revaxis would nod and wink at her in thanks, then turn and charge forward to meet their fast advancing foes with a bellowed war cry! Th'un

would charge forth as well, blades raised and letting out a draconic roar of rage!

Revaxis would ram into a hobgoblin to knock them back while engaging another, parrying their clumsy attack before stabbing them through the heart. Just as the first hobgoblin got to their feet, the orc would spin towards them, beheading them with a backslash across their neck. A goblin would jump on his back, trying to bite him, but Revaxis would fall on his back, landing on the hard stone floor with the goblin beneath him, crushing them instantly while breaking the Fighter's own fall. With a roll, he was back on his feet, cutting down the remaining two goblins who tried to stab at his legs, only to be bisected or skewered.

Th'un slashed at the remaining three hobgoblins in a whirl of mad, flashing blades, the Hobgoblins fearfully stepping back. Finally, one was caught flat-footed, sliced to pieces by the dragonborn's large swords, causing the other two to panic completely; One lost their sword arm, followed by

the head, the other one was impaled by both swords through their back as they tried to run.

With the camp's inhabitants slain, Revaxis spoke, "Make sure they're all dead...then we see what they have that we can use."

((D20: 15))

Upon searching, a chest was found near the smoldering cooking spit in the center of the camp! Faelyn panted as the hobgoblins and the goblins fell to the ground, most charred to bits or slashed to pieces, the rest were just about gone, so Faelyn and Abra went around and quickly dispatched every single one until they were completely gone.

She went over to Revaxis as she saw the chest sitting there. This had been an all too familiar scene, and she hesitantly went over to the chest. She looked back at Revaxis. "Should... Should we open it? Or...Or not?" She asked nervously. She didn't want to open another mimic, or get surprised again!



Abra looked at Faelyn, "I...I can open it this time. As... an apology." He stepped forward and went to the large chest. He knelt down and he opened it up.

(d20: 9)

As Abra opened the chest, several large spikes appeared from the walls. With his tabaxi reflexes, he was able to jump back, but several of the spikes slashed his arms. "Dammit!" He hissed. However, the spikes retreated into the walls, and he realized he missed a trap wire. "Gods...*Dammit!*" He felt so foolish!! He sheepishly looked over at Faelyn.

"Again... my apologies for earlier..." He sighed softly. Faelyn gave him a gentle smile and walked over to him. She knelt down and she began to tend to his wounds. She shut her eyes and cast a healing spell. Abra's wounds sealed shut and he sighed. "Thank you." Faelyn looked at Revaxis. "Shall we open it?"

Revaxis was too busy killing a goblin that was still alive to notice Faelyn asking about the chest, or Abra approaching it. By the time he looked behind him, he shouted "Wait-!"

But it was too late, as the tabaxi tripped the trap on the chest, barely evading them with his life, but not unscathed. Fortunately, Faelyn was quick to attend to the sorcerer's wounds with her own healing magic, much to the man's gratitude.

Revaxis placed a hand on Abra's shoulder. "Are you alright, friend?" He sighed. "Forgive me; I tried to remind you..." He took a pair of interlocking 2 1/2 foot sticks from his gear that connected into one of the 5 foot staves that he and Faelyn purchased earlier for just such an occasion. "The right tools for the right job can save time, effort...and lives."

He approached the trapped chest. "Here...allow me..."

((D20: 14))

With Abra having found the trap, it was easy for Revaxis to cut the trap wire with his blade, rendering the crude but cunning mechanism useless. Using his staff, he jabbed at the chest...nothing.

With a nod, he bashed the lock on the chest, opening it to reveal... ((D20: 5))

...A crude wooden totem. Perhaps it held some religious value for the creatures in the cave, but for the adventurers, it was practically worthless.

The orc growled. "Damned goblins..."

He made his way back to the others. "I don't suppose any of you see significance enough in this trinket to use as a bargaining chip towards these creatures?"

((D20: 14))

Th'un spoke up. "I've seen these! The goblins carry them into battle, make sacrifices with them!"

((DC: 8))

Abra took the totem, studying it. "I sense no magic from it; it seems quite mundane." Revaxis opened the chest and he pulled out a wooden totem. She cocked her head, her eyes scanning the item. "What the heck is this thing?" She said softly. She

approached Revaxis and she took the totem in her hands after Abra inspected it.

(D20: 10) She sighed softly, shaking her head, "Yeah, it's just a wooden totem. It's probably just some sacrificial item that they use, like a cross. It has no actual properties of its own." She tucked it into her bag, "Maybe we can sell it or enchant it back in town." She said.

The group trekked on and they arrived at a fork. Two paths were available, one going left and one going right. Faelyn hummed softly, "Which way should we go?"

(D20: 1)

Th'un pointed towards the left. "I say we go left."

(D20: 9)

Abra nodded, "I agree, let's go left."

(D20: 7)

Faelyn nodded as well. "I think left is probably best. Revaxis? What do you think?" She smiled, turning to her lover. She reached for his hand and she laced their fingers.

Revaxis took Faelyn's hand into his own, giving a gentle squeeze. "I believe the consensus is clear; left we go."

The party continued on through the labyrinthine tunnels and caverns, some dark as pitch, some with the occasional light source or bioluminescent oddity to shed a hint of improved visibility. the pungent aroma of the goblin horde was a constant...

((D20: 20))

Everyone could also easily pick up the smell of a certain type of animal as well...giant moles. Fortunately, they had yet to meet any of these creatures, but now prepared themselves for any future encounters. There was also the scent of giant centipedes; less noticeable usually, but unusually potent at the moment... Having moved further

through the endless caverns without incident, it was decided to make camp in a particularly defensible rocky alcove. Due to the small quarters and the desire to not be noticed, the group relied upon dry rations and would huddle close for protection and warmth, rather than risk any kind of heat or light source.

Revaxis took first watch, sitting at the mouth of the alcove, his sword in his lap as he busied himself by making progress on drawing the map to what they'd explored so far.

As the group finally set up camp, it had been hours since they entered the cave. The entire party was exhausted and it was time for a break. Faelyn busied herself making a quick meal out of the rations, though little could be done without a fire. But, they made do. Abra and Th'un decided to rest while Revaxis and Faelyn stayed awake for a little bit. Faelyn went to sit beside Revaxis, perching herself on a small boulder to his left, she glanced over at the map. "That's impressive. Have you always made

maps? I don't think I can remember every tunnel we went through..." She said with a small laugh, shaking her head. She rested her head on his shoulder, letting out a sigh. "Today has been quite long... though we still have so far to go."

The orc grinned at his elf lover, kissing her on the head as she lay it upon his shoulder. "Before this life, I led a much different one, as you've heard; a life upon the seas. I've always had a good sense of direction, so I became a cartographer of some skill...to say nothing of the fact that after my last foray into this accursed place, some of these corridors are practically burned into my memory, as I traversed bad memories over and over again."

Finishing his work for the moment, Revaxis held it out as he put an arm around Faelyn, pulling her closer against him; the warmth of her body was every bit as pleasant as the sound of her breathing and the scent of her hair. "There we are; Perhaps after we're done here, we can make copies of this for a modest sum."

He looked into her eyes, sparkling even in the darkness of the cavern. "We have a long way to go, indeed...but there's no one in the world I'd rather have by my side."

He put the map away, settling in next to Faelyn. "What of your own life, my lady? Tell me more about how you lived before you answered the call to adventure."

Faelyn listened as Revaxis spoke of his life before now. All the journeys he had been on and all the places he had been. However, not all of these journeys were pleasant and Faelyn looked up at him, a sad frown on her face. "Revaxis..." She knew only some what of the experiences he had, and they tore at her heart as he spoke them again. He had lost his wife previously, as well as his entire team. Perhaps those were the unpleasant memories that he spoke of, but then again, perhaps not. Revaxis was young but he was still mature.

He pulled her in close and she hugged him tightly. "That would be very helpful for this town. Perhaps



they can excavate these ruins and try to mine some of the resources." She said. It was a great idea and she leaned up to kiss him. He then asked of her own life... and Faelyn smiled sadly.

"My life... consisted of nothing good. Not for a while. As a child, I lived in the forest with my mother and father in a small village. We lived modestly as the village healers. But... one day... a noble whose wife was unable to be saved due to the severity of the toxin that was used to harm her... he... he killed my parents. Knowing that I had proof of his murder, he shipped me to some unknown land. I was sold from individual to individual until I was a teen.

That's...That's when I met Monvy. He was one of my master's children, but he was the runt. He was always trying to prove his worth, and one day... his father ordered him to kill me. 'Show me that you have the strength to do what is commanded.' But... Monvy couldn't. I...I was never mad at him. But, he promised to make it up to me. So... we ran away. We went on the run and... I've been living this life of

adventuring until now." She rested her head on Revaxis's arm again. "I'd like to think Monvy would be proud of me. He knew I was always adventurous... and he had dreamed of proving himself. Which is...why he passed. He wanted to prove to me that... that he could make our lives better." She said sadly. "I never needed that... I just... wanted him to be happy." She brushed her tears away as they ran down her cheeks. She blushed nervously. "I-I apologize... I doubt this is the last thing you wish to hear..."

Revaxis leaned down to kiss Faelyn deeply. "I loved Gloriana. I wanted her to be happy, as well. She wanted the same for me, just as Monvy did for you. I know all of this deep in my heart; which is why I don't feel shame or guilt for loving you, or for knowing that you were loved by others. Here...now...I love you with all my heart, Faelyn."

He kissed her again, deeply, for good measure. He continued to hold her close, until it was time to awaken Th'un for his watch

((D20: 16))

The remainder of the night is uneventful, and the group soldiers on, exploring yet more of the caverns...

((D20: 13))

At long last, after several more hours of twists and turns with nothing to show for it, save for new additions to Revaxis's map, the party arrived, at long last, to a massive open cavern... The incredible expanse was practically an open field compared to the claustrophobia of the rest of the cavern system. This area also looked quite inhabited...everything from ramshackle huts to dug-in holes in the ground signified the domicile of several goblins...hundreds, at least.

((D20: 18))

"There..." Revaxis whispered, pointing to an obviously large hut at the highest point of the expanse, decorated with feathers, fur, and even mandibles. Then, a large figure stepped out from the

hut: A massive, heavily muscled orc, flanked by two hobgoblin women.

"If that isn't the leader of these filthy things, I'll eat my wand." Abra spoke.

Th'un growled low, gripping his swords tighter, smoke wafting from his nostrils.

Revaxis rubbed his chin in thought. "If we can kill that Chieftain, we'll deal a crippling blow to these little bastards; maybe even lay the groundwork for clearing them out permanently. Any suggestions as to how to proceed?"

"Goblins have no honor..." Th'un spoke, "But perhaps the Chieftain does; the strongest of us could fight him in single combat."

"I recommend something less 'straightforward;' we sneak around, sabotaging the camp however we can...poisoning their food, setting fire to their huts, that sort of thing."

"If I could get my hands on a bow..." Revaxis suggested, "I could kill the Chieftain from afar." The group rested and took their turns watching out for the team that rested. Thankfully nothing happened and when they were ready, they continued deeper into the caverns. It was quickly discovered that a large orc male had taken the role of Chieftain amongst the goblins and hobgoblins.

Faelyn looked around as Revaxis mentioned a bow. "I don't see anything close... But Abra and I can try to distract it with spells if you want to try to locate one?"

Abra nodded, "That's a good idea. If we throw fire at them, it'll definitely distract them, but can also blind them if we aim them properly." He said. Th'un nodded, although he wasn't a magic user. "Revaxis and I can then head into the fray and attack the remaining goblins and hob goblins. I believe they have archers, so if you are able to take one or all of them out, a bow will become available." He suggest.

Faelyn turned to Revaxis, "Does that work for you, my love?" She asked, taking his hand in hers.

Revaxis gave Faelyn's hand a gentle squeeze. "It does indeed, my love. Both of you stay as hidden as you can; Faelyn, please guard Abra as he uses his magic; between your stealth and the 'distractions' we'll be creating, they'll be hard-pressed to notice the pair of you."

He gave her a quick caress on her cheek. "Be safe."

With that, he prepared his shield and sword, whilst Th'un drew his own blades, smoke already wisping from his nostrils. With a final nod to Abra and Faelyn, and then to one another, the pair of warriors began to advance...

((D20: 10))

Abra threw a volley of fire bolts to set the huts alight. They did not burn as quickly as anticipated in the dampness of the cave, allowing the goblins and hobgoblins gathered to have an easier time putting them out.

((D20: 1))

This lack of initial distraction caused more defenders to be able to engage Revaxis and Th'un. Formidable though the two warriors were, the sheer overwhelming numbers were always the greatest strength of a goblinoid horde. Despite their best efforts, the two were swarmed and clubbed by the defenders.

*NO!* Revaxis thought, prone on his back, bleeding and bruising from the relentless assault.

*Faelyn...Gloriana...my family, forgive me...!*

Then, a booming voice...

"ENOUGH!!!" Spoke the orc Chieftain, approaching the goblinoids who parted before his heavy footfalls, massive broadaxe in hand and a grin on his face.

"A noble effort, warriors, but it seems the gods are not on your side today." He looked to Th'un "Was it you who threw the fire, dragon man?"

"Yes; a pity it failed to incinerate you." Th'un half-growled with a snarl.

((D20: 2))

The Chieftain laughed, raising his axe. "You're a terrible liar, dragon man. Besides, I know the difference between dragonflame and magic fire. Where are your allies? The first one of you to tell me will live."

TW: Violence, blood, death of monsters, sexual content, possible death of side characters Faelyn gave Revaxis a kiss before the group separated. Abra fired several bolts of flame, but unfortunately they didn't stick. The flames fizzled out from the damp leaves. Faelyn threw two fire bolts as well.

(D20: 13)

Unfortunately, hers didn't stick either, and Revaxis and Th'un were quickly over rule. Faelyn gasped as Revaxis was tackled to the ground, clubs landing on him hard and quick. "No! No!" This was just like Monvy all over again!!



Without thinking, Faelyn rushed down into the rocky pit where the hobgoblins and goblins surrounded her friends. "Faelyn! Stop!" Abra hissed, reaching to grab her.

(D20: 17)

He snagged her wrist and he yanked her back. "If you die too then what does it accomplish?" He growled. Faelyn squirmed in his grip, her body flailing. "Stop! Stop it!! Let go!"

As the Chieftan appeared, Faelyn struggled harder, "Abra, let *go!*" She snarled. She shoved out of Abra's grasp and she rushed down towards the Chieftan. "Stop!!" She screamed. She flung her hands out as she stood in front of Revaxis. "I...I'm the one who threw the magic fire." She said, struggling to be firm.

Revaxis's stomach turned to ice when he saw Faelyn reveal herself to the Chieftain. He watched as goblinoids surrounded her and the Chieftain approach where she stood. Horrified of her potential

fate, the orc Fighter surged upward to try and get to his feet! Th'un joined him with a roar! ((D20 14))

Such was the fury of Th'un and Revaxis that they might have regained the upper hand; but alas, prior wounds and a lucky shot or two knocked them off balance enough for the mass crowd of foes to overtake them once again, beating them down until the Chieftain shouted for them to cease.

The Chieftain bellowed with laughter as he witnessed Revaxis attempt to fight once more. "By Gruumsh, I've not seen such fire since...myself!" The sycophantic goblinoids around him cackled at his poor humor. He then caressed a finger over Faelyn's cheek, jagged teeth in a hungry grin. "And I've not seen such beauty since..."

"RRRRAAAAAHHH!!!" Revaxis roared, trying once again to break free from the hold of his captors, but they held fast this time, keeping him in place with great effort against his struggles. DO NOT TOUCH HER!!! I WILL RIP YOUR HEART OUT, AND YOU'LL DIE SCREAMING!!!" ((D20: 10))

Th'un roared anew, the dragonborn Barbarian drawing from some deep pit of anger and becoming mad with rage, fire erupting from him! Despite the leverage the mob of goblins had against him, his sheer brute fury was enough to throw them off! Unfortunately, his freedom was short-lived, as a particularly muscular hobgoblin Slammed a warhammer to the back of Th'un's head, knocking the dragonborn unconscious.

The Chieftain looked to Th'un, then Revaxis, the lust in his grin now one of blood. "Truly, you are warriors dedicated to vengeance! I can see it in your eyes! Perhaps it would surprise you to know that I, too, came here for vengeance? They killed my entire gang, including my brother! I came down here as you did, seeking to slaughter them all for what they did!"

"As I was both mighty and cunning, I tormented these creatures for months, slaughtering them by the hundreds! Finally, I had become enough of a predator that they came to fear me, presenting me

offerings to keep me at bay, like some accursed demon!" He chuckled at the memory.

"It was then I had a revelation: What better vengeance...than to rule over them? Using what I had learned over the months of their language and culture, I strode into this very domain, proclaiming myself to be their god Maglubiyet made flesh! It was not hard to convince them, given all that I had done to them thus far."

"And now? Here I stand, as the great Warchief that will lead them to the surface in victory! We have been biding our time ever since; gathering from the endless stream of fallen adventurers we've trapped down here, training in the art of war and tactics, preparing for the day of our final emergence!" "And it is good that you have all emerged here today..." He looked then at Revaxis, "For it is you that shall warn them of our coming....one of you."

He spoke something in goblin, and the mob began moving both Th'un's unconscious form and a struggling Revaxis to another area of the camp. He

looked next to Faelyn with a grin, "You, on the other hand...will never leave." He spoke more words in goblin, and the mob overtook her to try and lead her elsewhere... Faelyn stepped towards Revaxis and Th'un, her eyes wide. "Stop! Stop hurting them!" She begged as two goblins grabbed her arms to keep her still. She flinched as the Chieftan's large gnarled finger ran down her cheek. She cast a harsh glare up at him.

However, as Revaxis roared, she looked towards him, her eyes begging him to stop. She gasped as one of the goblins smacked Th'un with a war hammer, rendering the dragonborn unconscious. "Stop!!" She yelled, terrified as to what they would do to Revaxis if he kept speaking. The Chieftan began to ramble and all Faelyn could do was listen, her eyes never leaving Revaxis. What if this went south... What if... he died just like monvy did...

Tears pricked at her eyes and as the Chieftan turned, telling her that *she* would never leave, she lunged, snarling until the goblins grabbed her. "No! No!!

*Revaxis!* Unhand me! *Revaxis!!*" She screamed, writhing in the goblins grasp.

--

The group was lead to a massive tent, Th'un and Revaxis tied to a massive wooden spike in the ground, and Faelyn tied to another, but this one beside the Chieftan's chair. The goblins surrounded all of them, and Faelyn made one last attempt to get this madness to stop. She looked to the Chieftan, tears running down her cheeks. "Let them go! Let my friends go... a-and...I'll stay. I'll stay willingly. I won't fight! Please! Just let them go!" She begged, her voice shaking and tears pouring down her cheeks.

(D20: 3....) Revaxis would struggle anew to get to Faelyn, but a sharp blow to his head ended his resistance before it began.

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The Chieftain, referred to as "Druloch," laughed at Faelyn's pleas. "Perhaps I want a little fight in my women, eh? Makes it all the more satisfying once I

break them. As for your friends...they will be tonight's entertainment!" The goblinoids surrounding Druloch's throne cheered.

"They will face the creatures of The Pit." He continued, "The one that survives will be taken to the surface to tell their countrymen of what comes for them."

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By the time Revaxis and Th'un awakened, they were inside a large and deep hole, dug out by crude magic and tools. Built into and above the walls were benches where many, many goblins and hobgoblins currently sat, chattering and growling. There were multiple cages suspended and swaying above them, each one containing an unsavory beast of some form rattling around inside.

The pair would look at each other, then their surroundings; a few old and crude weapons littered the ground. Th'un would pick up a club and a spear, while Revaxis took up a blade that looked more like a

large cleaver than an actual short sword, and a plank of wood with leather straps vaguely resembling a shield.

Above them, sat Druloch, with Faelyn still bound to his throne, having been lifted and moved to this new location. Druloch stood tall, raising his massive axe to the goblins and hobgoblins, to the roaring cheers of the gathered crowd. He spoke a long tirade in goblin speech, to the continued cheers of the crowd...

"I think I could hit the Chieftain with this spear."  
Th'un spoke.

"Perhaps..." Revaxis spoke, "But the goblins above us may retaliate."

"Unless you have a better idea, we are about to die anyway, so I'm taking that orc bastard with me!"  
Th'un retorted. ((D20: 13))

"As a matter of fact, I do." Revaxis spoke, pointing at one of the cages. "The giant spider in that cage...look



how it moves...not flailing or struggling...it's prodding it's cage...testing it for a way out."

Th'un cocked it's head, confused. "Wha...?"

"It's not a beast...it's a Druid!" Revaxis spoke, "It remains in a beast form, to fool it's captors until it can escape! Perhaps we can reason with it, have it aid us somehow?"

((D20: 4))

"Even if you are right, I doubt they will help us. Reason with them if you must, but I'm doing this my way!"

As he spoke these words, Druloch finished his speech, giving a signal to the roar of the crowd...

((D20: 12))

With all his might, Th'un threw the spear towards Druloch's heart...only for the orc Chieftain to deflect it with his powerful axe, to the further cheers of the crowd as he roared in triumph. Fortunately, the

goblinoids did not respond to this, apparently desiring the beasts to kill the adventurers instead...

The menagerie consisted mainly of the spider-like beasts the party found chittering earlier in the caverns, as well as a pair of rabid-looking giant moles...and one giant spider, which Revaxis inched towards in a fighting stance. "I know you're a Druid!" He spoke, "Please, help us! One of our number is still free, and can help all of us to escape! At least help her, and we'll provide a distraction!" He motioned to where Faelyn sat, still tethered. The spider stopped, as though contemplating...

((D20: 19))

"I will help you!" Spoke a decidedly feminine voice, though garbled slightly. "What must I do?"

"Can you transform into a dragon?"

"I cannot."

"Then transform into a mosquito, leave this pit, and seek out a Tabaxi sorcerer near the eastern side of this expanse."

"Right!" In an instant, the giant spider shifted into an imperceptible mosquito, to the amazement of the crowd, and the anger of Druloch. "A DRUID!!!" He shouted, "FIND IT! KILL IT!!" Many goblins leapt to their feet, immediately trying to look for the little bug, without success.

Revaxis dodged an arachnid leaping for him, bringing his cleaver down onto it's head, killing it. "Th'un! Our new ally seeks help! We must survive until then!"

Th'un nodded, roaring as he brought his club down on a mole's head after side-stepping it, continuing to bash it's head until the creature was no more. The two men moved closer to each other to watch each other's backs, buying time for their Druid friend to hopefully find Abra before it was too late... Faelyn growled as 'Druloch' refused her offer, and she worried for her friend and lover. There was no way Th'un and Revaxis would survive these fights!! She

felt panic rise in her throat as Druloch dragged her towards a large pit and chained her to his throne. There were numerous large cages above the Pit, one holding a massive spider, another holding what was possibly a werebear, and several others.

Faelyn could not hear the discussion between Revaxis and the spider, but all of a sudden, a massive spear came flying up from the pit towards Druloch. Faelyn felt hope build up within her until Druloch simply deflected it, shards of wood splintering against the floor. "Fuck..." Faelyn cursed, shaking her head. This was going *horribly*. What if Revaxis didn't survive this? What would become of her? What would she do?

*Abra...* Abra was still alive! That's right! While Faelyn was lost in thought, there were sudden eruptions of screams from the crowd. One of the monsters in the cage, one of the spiders, suddenly shifted into a mosquito and flew off. As the crowd went insane and monsters leapt into the Pit, Druloch suddenly grabbed Faelyn's neck and yanked her towards him,

her chains nearly ripping her arms out of their sockets.

"Listen up!! Either you two fight, or she dies now!!"

He roared. The druid woman felt fear run through her veins and she quickly flew through the Pit until she was far enough away. She shifted to a large bird and she flew faster, hoping to look for the third party member that Revaxis spoke of!

Thankfully, the bird quickly spotted a tabaxi hiding behind a large column in the pit. The tabaxi readied a fire bolt in its hand, aiming for the druid, until she dropped her wild shape and landed before him.

"Wait! I know your party! They are down in the pit!" She said, holding her hands out.

(D20: 16) Abra stiffened as a druid suddenly dropped before him, his hand held out and a fire burning in his palm. However, as she spoke of knowing his party, he hesitated. "Are...Are they alive?" "Yes! There's a large dragonborn, an elf, and a half orc. All are alive, but I fear that they won't survive long without our help!"

Abra nodded, dropping his hand. "Then we better hurry! Can you lead me through this arena?" "I think so. But let's be quick and alert. There's goblins everywhere."

With that, the two scurried through the shadows through the arena back to the Pit.

Th'un grabbed another discarded great sword and swung it down on one of the monsters, a large wolf. "Fuck! Revaxis!! We need to get out of here!" He said, glancing up at Druloch.

Druloch crushed Faelyn's neck again, making the elven women cry out. "I hope your little boyfriend makes it. He was fun." Druloch smirked. However, as he spoke, Faelyn suddenly dug her nails into his arm as hard as she could. Druloch let out a growl, but his grip only tightened against her neck. "That's right... I like fight in my women." He snarled. Faelyn felt her vision grow dark as he cut her air off. "Rev...axis..." She squeaked. Her pale face began to turn red, then purple...

Even through the baying for blood from man and beast alike, Revaxis heard Faelyn cry out, blood boiling and teeth gritting as he saw Druloch harming her. He leapt upon one of the large wolves in the arena, attempting to leap from it to one of the lower hanging cages...

((D20: 8)) Only to lose his balance as the wolf twisted beneath him, trying to rip his throat out. The sword-sized cleaver carried by the orc Fighter instead found purchase in the beast's head. Growling, he got to his feet, throwing his cleaver at Druloch attempting once more to kill him. The Chieftain caught the blade with a grin, then threw it back, trying to kill his would-be assassin, like some deadly game. Revaxis simply caught the blade, and in one smooth motion, also cleaved into a nearby spider, slaughtering the monster.

The Druid, briefly revealing herself to be a halfling, introduced herself as Taea. She had transformed into a giant eagle, swooping in towards Th'un and Revaxis, with Abra throwing a fireball towards the

side of the arena! The explosive outburst of flame, while spectacular enough to get the attention of the majority, didn't take out as many goblins as the tabaxi had hoped, as many other spectators tried to fire at Taea with bow and spear... "UNH!" Taea half yelped, half screeched, as a few arrows grazed her. Still, she managed to hold her course, gliding over Th'un and Revaxis, who leapt upwards simultaneously, flawlessly gripping the large bird's talons and leaping off once they were out of the Pit, weapons swinging.

An armored hobgoblin guarding Druloch drew a sword Revaxis recognized as his own, charging at the orc. Revaxis dodged the attacks expertly, before beheading the attacker, then throwing the cleaver at another goblin. Taking up his sword and shield once more, Revaxis pointed the blade at Druloch, who grinned and took up his massive axe.

Revaxis dodged the heavy axe swings, as deceptively fast as they were powerful, one attack actually colliding against Revaxis's shield, sliding him



backward before the Fighter spun in riposte, slicing into Druloch's arm. both orcish men growled and bared tooth and tusk, as blows were traded while battle erupted around them.

Th'un, Abra, and Taea fell back towards where the duel was happening, with Abra letting loose whatever magic he could muster, the goblinoids' cowardice and the abundance of fire created causing panic and retreat. Suddenly, Taea swooped into one of the cages, rending it open and releasing a sizeable albino bat from the cage. "Eezah! Hurry! We must escape!" Taea and her familiar Eezah would rejoin the fight, with Taea transforming into a large saber-toothed cat. Revaxis's shield shattered against the Chieftain's blow, falling to the ground. He rolled to dodge two more strikes, before finally jabbing his sword into Druloch's midsection. "UURRK!!" Druloch reeled, staggering back a step before charging forward once more! Revaxis dodged the blows, before finally slashing his blade across Druloch's throat. The orc gurgled, chocked and gasped, before

finally toppling over, dead. With a defiant roar of victory, Revaxis gained the attention of all within earshot. Seeing their Chieftain and "Avatar" of their war god dead and bleeding out, many goblinoids began chattering words in their language, while fleeing. The orc Fighter didn't need to understand goblin to know that he had demoralized the horde dramatically with his victory.

Quickly, he was at Faelyn's side, embracing her with worry in his eyes. "Faelyn, my love! Are you alright??" Abra threw fireball after fireball down into the pit, his eyes scanning for his friends. (D20: 11) Thankfully his fireballs did not strike his friends, but they did miss several enemies. He cursed and rushed down the stairs into the pit, a large spider dropping down before him. He threw his hands out and blasted it with fire. "Get out of my way!" He cursed. He burned the spider to a crisp, the spindly legs shriveling down into the body. Abra didn't stay long to watch, he rushed down onto the pit, finding Th'un and the druid, Taea battling several more monsters.

Meanwhile, as Druloch collapsed, Faelyn was released, dropping into a heap on the floor. She coughed hard, her face turning from purple to red then back to normal as the air flew back into her lungs. She reached for Revaxis, her eyes hazy with tears as her lungs burned. She panted softly, her chest rising and falling rapidly.

"R-Rev...Reva...Axis..." She panted. She wrapped her arms around him tightly, holding onto him. "I...I was worried you wouldn't make it out of there!" She was so relieved that he was alive! He was also safe for the most part, but now was not the time to lose control. "We must help our friends! Let's go!" She stood up, wiping her eyes. She took his hand and ran down the steps from the throne area into the main pit.

Snatching up Faelyn's weapons from yet another dead goblin as he moved, Revaxis ran alongside Faelyn down the steps into the fray, slicing into a hobgoblin archer before they could fire their bow at Taea. With the group whole once more, they all

stood back to back while Eezah flew overhead. Seeing an opening in one of the many tunnels leading back into the smaller Cavern system, The orc shouted, "TO THE TUNNELS!!"

The party sprinted towards the exit, dodging and blocking the occasional projectiles flying their way and striking down anyone or anything that got too close. A horde of goblinoids amassed to charge after them in a bid to overwhelm and, this time, slay them all.

((D20: 12))

Abra hurled a thundershock spell against the roof of the cavern entrance, causing a partial cave-in and blocking off their pursuers. Safe from the goblinoid horde's remnant for now, the party slowed to a walk, but still kept a quick pace.

"We won't last long without our supplies." Revaxis said, returning Faelyn's weapons to her, "Just as well, we've been down here long enough, anyway."

"Do you still have the map you've been making?"  
Th'un asked.

"No..." The orc replied, "It won't help us anyway, we didn't come through this entrance; we're in another part of the caverns entirely."

"So we're lost?" Abra asked.

"I know the way!" Taea spoke up, holding Eezah in her arms and petting him, "Follow me."

She began walking, the others following suit. Revaxis walked at Faelyn's side, his arm around her as they walked.

The group dove down into the tunnels as they came together once again. Thankfully all members of the party were safe, while injured a bit, so they ran into the tunnels to avoid the swarm of beasts. They were intercepted by a hoard of goblins, and Abra threw a thunder shock spell.

They made it inside and as they settled for a moment, Faelyn panted, wiping sweat from her brow

She took her weapons from Revaxis. "Thank you, my love." The party came to the sad realization... *they were lost.*

However, as their new partner, Taea, stated that she knew the way, Faelyn and the group followed. Faelyn wrapped her arms around Revaxis as they walked down the tunnel. "It's a blessing that you noticed Taea was in the pit. We are able to help her out and she can help us too." She said, smiling at Revaxis. She took his hand and laced their fingers. "I was so worried that you and Th'un were..." She didn't want to think about it.

She squeezed his hand, biting her lip. She took a deep breath. "I'm glad you both survived. And thank goodness Abra did too. This was... intense." She sighed.

"Yes..." Revaxis agreed, "This was harrowing, to say the least...but we got through it together...and with a new friend, as well. We don't have many supplies left, but we'll make it, if we don't stop along the way."

"There are things to hunt and forage if we need, and places to sleep, as well!" Taea offered, still walking the paths with confidence.

"I'd rather not sleep on moss-covered rocks, if it's all the same to you." Abra commented.

"It's not so bad, when you get used to it." Th'un replied.

Hours passed, as Taea led the party around the labyrinthine caverns...

((1D20: 4))

Suddenly, the ground rumbled and cracked; then all at once, a pair of horrid creatures emerged from the ground! "Ankhegs!" Taea screeched, leaping back and drawing a wooden war club and a bone dagger.

Revaxis drew his blade, shield raised. Th'un had lost his great swords, only having his claws and flame breath to smolder in his maw as he took a deep breath. Abra's hands made a thin layer of frost as he prepared a cone of cold spell...

((1D20: 11))

Abra focused his might on a single target, as the pair of monsters were too far apart. The cold did its job, though, as the creature slowed and a sheen of ice formed upon its carapace. While Eezah dive-bombed the creature, Taea and Th'un worked together; a spectral green vine grew around Taea's war club, imbuing it with power enough for her to bring down a Shillelagh attack on the creature. Th'un's strong fists also smashed into the ice-covered monster, before he let loose a gout of flame breath into the creature's face! The combined assault was too much, and the creature fell, severely bloodied and trying to dig its way back into the earth!

This left only Faelyn and Revaxis to face the other monster.

((1D20: 8))

Revaxis blocked a strike from the creature's massive claws, then swung his sword in riposte. His counterattack did little injury to the monster, save



for few slices into it's carapace... Faelyn nodded as Revaxis recanted their adventure. "Thank the Gods we all survived. I was really worried that perhaps... one of us would fall." She sighed, shaking her head. She grabbed his hand and held it. Their new companion Taea showed them the way and offered to help them hunt and forage in case their rations ran out.

"I don't mind hunting or foraging. We can also make camp on some of the mossy areas if we find some more." Faelyn suggested, though Abra seemed pretty against the idea but Th'un didn't seem to hate it.

The further along they went, Faelyn felt more on edge. What if they were attacked again? What if they were ambushed- However, Taea had failed to notice the ground shaking and a hoard of monsters appeared. Faelyn braced, her hands immediately lighting up with fire.

She threw several fire balls into the hoard.

((1D20: 11))

Faelyn's fireballs exploded, knocking only two or three of the nearly fifteen monsters that appeared. She cursed and threw more fire.

((1D20: 16))

This time, the fires seemed to grow bigger and brighter with her anger. She watched as several of the beasts fell to their friends, but even then, they were encumbered with the remaining swarm. Faelyn turned and threw the large fireballs at the last monster. It crashed into the beast and its hide began to almost melt away. It screeched and roared with fury, blood and chitin dropping off of it in chunks. It swung its claws at Faelyn.

((D20: 3))

But it missed entirely. Faelyn leapt into the air and ran along the beast's arm, grabbing her daggers from her hip belt. She jumped off of the beast's hide and she drove the dagger toward its head.

((1D20: 5))

However, the dagger simply bounced off the beast, not even leaving a scratch. Faelyn was thrown from the beast's head. She crashed onto the ground, growling. "Dammit!"

She threw her hands out again, her hands ignited with fire. "Revaxis! Duck!" She yelled as she focused all her energy into this blast.

((1D20: 19))

Her hands seemed to almost explode as two large blasts of fire exploded from her hands, incinerating the large beast until it disintegrated into ashes. With that, the last of the beasts were vanquished.

However, Faelyn felt light headed. She dropped to her knees, panting heavily. She was covered in sweat and she was trembling, struggling to catch her breath. This was so much energy that she had used! "Did...Did we...win?" She gasped.

Abra made his way over, wiping some bug guts from his eyes. "I believe so. Is everyone alright?" He asked,

looking around to see if anyone had any injuries that needed to be treated.

Revaxis was quick to crouch down, keeping his shield over his head, as Faelyn fired an inferno at the beasts they fought. Hers was the strongest fire on the field, as she incinerated many of their foes, until at long last, they were defeated. Removing insectoid entrails from themselves and retrieving anything useful from the bug corpses, they all spoke in the affirmative at Abra's inquiry of their health...

((1D20: 2))

"Mnnh..." Taea whimpered, sitting down and cradling her arm. The others were quick to her side. "Let me see..." Revaxis spoke, examining the arm. The halfling winced when the orc moved it a certain way. "It looks like a sprain."

"I can heal it, I think." Taea spoke, holding her hand over her arm. Spectral vines wrapped around her arm, and seemed to melt into her flesh. She sighed in relief, moving her arm. "Better, now...but I'm tired."

"As are we all, I wager." Revaxis said with a smile. Let's see if we can find a secure place to stay tonight."

((1D20: 14))

After another half hour of travel and searching, a part of the cave was found that looked both secure and comfortable. Taea encouraged a large section of moss to thicken and grow with her magic until it was soft enough for everyone to sleep on. Abra and Th'un looked for any kind of kindling in one direction, while Revaxis and Faelyn looked in another direction.

Once the two of them had a bit more privacy, Revaxis pulled Faelyn into an embrace and a long kiss. "You've been nothing short of magnificent, Faelyn. Are you faring alright?"

Thankfully, everyone escaped from the battle with minimal injuries, and any injuries that were not minimal were fixed thanks to each others magic. Taea seemed capable of holding her own, which Faelyn appreciated, especially since she was running

low on her magic for the day. She approached the druid woman and smiled, extending her hand. "It's nice to meet you. My name is-" "Faelyn, right? I caught your name a few times in the battle. Nice to meet you! I'm Taea." She grinned, shaking Faelyn's hand. Faelyn smiled, pleased that Taea was friendly and helpful!

The group managed to find a comfortable spot to rest and everyone went about their business to gather kindling or making a bed.

"I'm....faring better now that I'm not being held by some troll." She laughed softly. She wrapped her arms around him, returning his kiss. She savored the feeling of his lips on hers. It felt so nice to have him close to her again.

"I was...I was really worried that those goblins and troll were going to kill you and Th'un... I don't know what I would have done if...if you got hurt." She said, feeling the anxiety from earlier finally hit her. She grabbed him in another embrace, pressing her head against his neck.

Revaxis held Faelyn in their embrace; feeling her warm breath on his neck and taking in the wonderful scent of her hair. She meant so much to him, and always would. He gently caressed her back, simply enjoying her presence, the feel of her body against his, the sound of her steady breathing. He vowed silently to leave these caverns and never return to them; to leave the tragedy of his losses behind him while still holding onto the precious memories, and embrace a future with his beloved.

"I love you, Faelyn." He rumbled into her ear, "One day, we will live a long, safe life together. Until then, we will protect each other to the best of our ability." He held his elven lover tightly, kissing her deeply.

The pair returned to a small fire and a comfortable looking moss-bed. Th'un and Abra were roasting some large mushrooms on sticks, while Taea slept curled up with Eezah in her arms; the fuzzy albino bat was as large as Taea herself, giving a little squeak as it adjusted itself in the sleeping halfling's embrace.

Abra handed off two of the mushrooms to Revaxis, who smiled and nodded in thanks to the tabaxi.

Th'un gave one of his own mushrooms to Faelyn.

"Anyone know how we're gonna convince the Guild that we actually took out the Warchief?" Spoke the dragonborn.

Faelyn felt relief as he started to rub her back. She nuzzled against him, her head resting comfortably on his shoulder. "I love you too, Revaxis. I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with you." The idea of spending her life with Revaxis was honestly better than she could have ever hoped. She returned his kiss, her hands cupping his cheeks. "I love you." She whispered once more.

As they got back to their friends, Th'un handed some mushrooms over to the couple. "Hmmm..." Faelyn thought for a moment. "Is there any chance we have something from that pit? A tooth? A claw? If we attempt to go back, we could try to take his head if the goblins haven't buried him already." She thought.



The Guild would need evidence, not just someone's word, so tangible evidence was prominent. "His treasure chest wasn't in that pit. Perhaps if we locate it and steal it, then we can use that to prove that he is dead. Clearly we would never be able to take his treasure unless he was dead, right?"

((1d20: 16))

"That won't be necessary." Revaxis spoke with a smile, revealing that he had the foresight to remove an ear from Druloch's corpse before they ran.

"Besides, once they take note of how much the goblins' zeal has diminished, that too will serve as evidence."

With this news, the mood of the camp lightened, as everyone ate quickly before lying down near Taea and Eezah on the moss bed, eager to rest in their mutual exhaustion. It was surprisingly comfortable, as Revaxis held Faelyn comfortably against him, falling asleep to her scent and the steady rhythm of her breathing while the embers of the fire smoldered.

The party awoke, continuing their journey through the caverns. After so long navigating the many labyrinthine corridors of naught but bare rock, one would start to think that they all looked the same...

((1D20: 9))

Even with Taea and Revaxis working together, it was slow going, as they had few discernable features to rely on to keep from going in circles.

"Do any of you recognize how close we are to the exit?" Revaxis asked.

((1D20: 4)) "Not even a little." Abra grumbled, renewing the darkvision spell on Th'un, who blinked and nodded in thanks.

((1D20: 10)) "I...think I know where we are...I want to say the entrance is...southeast?"

"And you, Faelyn?" Revaxis encouraged.

((D20: 5))

When Faelyn and Revaxis awoke the next morning, the group ate breakfast and then they decided to head out. They all headed through the tunnels and they headed out through one, and out another, then through one... and out another... and soon, they all grew lost.

The group discussed to see if anyone knew where they were and when asked, Faelyn sheepishly shook her head. "No. Sorry."

Abra pinched his temples and sighed. "We should have marked the tunnels. I *knew* we should have marked them as we went. Dammit." He grumbled. Faelyn thought for a moment. "Well, why don't we just *pick* a direction and start marking them now? We can't get much more lost than this, right?" She looked to the group.

Taea nodded, grinning. "I could use a rock to make a long scratch along the walls to give us a path!" She lifted a rock and she scuffed the wall with it, revealing a long white line. "This should help, yeah?"

Marking their progress as they went, the party found it easier to know where they were going. Meanwhile, Revaxis did his best to map out the caverns as they traversed them. Hours passed as they moved, the chalk proving quite effective, as they even made up a system for navigation that they hoped others might follow perhaps, even going so far as to make permanent scoring with blade or magic at important junctions.

"We should consider having them pay us for effectively mapping this place out." Abra commented.

Revaxis chuckled. "That was my plan, actually. Even now, I'm doing my best to commit this place to memory so I can make a map later."

"You know where you are very well!" Taea commented, "Like an animal knowing the forest."

The orc smiled as fond memories came back. "I worked on the sea for many years; good navigation

was the difference between life and death on the endless ocean."

"Why be an adventurer?" Abra asked, "Surely a cartographer might be better use of your talents...less dangerous, as well."

Revaxis grinned now. "I am...or I was, at one point. Mapmaking required exploration. That was how I met my old comrades; together, we would go where no other had been, chart the area, and make a tidy profit...both from the maps we made, and the treasures and rewards of our journeys." He chuckled, then. "There's a saying I've always been fond of. My first Captain said it to me once: 'To follow your heart is to follow the sun itself; so long as you keep following...the sun never sets.' I've tried to live by that credo all my life. It's brought me both pain and pleasure...but rarely has it brought me regret." He took Faelyn's hand as he said this.

With growing elation, the group began to know familiarity once more, as they finally made it back to the carved slab of rock that made up the entrance!

Th'un, Abra, and Teah joined hands and danced around in glee. Laughing heartily in joy, Revaxis took Faelyn in his arms and spun her around, before kissing her deeply and passionately.

Such was their celebration that it caught the attention of the outside, as they moved the slab aside with magic to let the group emerge. Abra let loose some fireworks to proclaim their victorious return, and throughout that evening, as the party rested and refreshed by a roaring fire, delicious hot food and strong drink ever available to them, they would regale the entire camp with their harrowing tale and news of the Warlord's defeat, to rousing cheers and appreciative applause!

When Revaxis and Faelyn finally retired to their tent, the orc held his elf lover close and tightly as he fell into slumber, content and with no regrets. Faelyn listened to Revaxis' tale of how he used to be a sailor, and she felt so proud of his past accomplishments. Learning about how he became an adventurer made her think about why she too

decided to fall into this line of work. The thrill of the adventure and the experiences that they began to experience together was truly just... a blessing in disguise.

She took Revaxis' hand as he took hers and she laced their fingers. "I feel as though I have no regrets in life. Not now..." She whispered, thanking Revaxis internally for helping her heal from her trauma involving Monty...

As the group moved on, their joy grew as they started to recognize where they were, and finally, they exited to cavern! Faelyn returned Revaxis' kiss, her arms wrapping around his neck as she held him tightly. They made it! They had made it out alive!

The other adventurers found the group and a celebration was held. At the end of the night, Faely laid in the tent with Revaxis, her arms wrapped around him and her head on his chest. As the two drifted to sleep, Faelyn thought of the past few days and how her life had changed; and she held no regrets on the path she chose to walk.

She dreamt of her and Revaxis sailing on the high seas and having stronger adventurers. It was beautiful, and she was excited for their future. Life couldn't be better.