

The Spear of Salamandra

Intro

The war is over. Two years past now. But its scars still remain. On the bodies of men and women, and on their minds. Memories of dread Iuz and his hordes of monsters, his foul daemon guard, his wretched magics. Such memories do not fade easily, or turn to soft nostalgia with the passage of time.

King Belvor led his people in defence of the lands of Furyondy. But the victory was pyrrhic. The land has been impoverished. Crops failed. Towns razed to the ground, communities scattered. The only thing that keeps the countryside and the cities in check is the iron rule of the king. He is not loved, but he is feared.

The king's eldest child and heir to the throne is Prince Thrommell. He infamously refused to fight with the king's regiment during the war with Iuz. His refusal became known, quickly, throughout the nobility, and then to the people. In a countryside full of veterans, and those mourning the loss of loved ones, his refusal was unforgivable.

Namur, a barbarian warrior; her sister, the druid Auberon, and their dark elf companion, Kouvan, found themselves guarding Prince Thrommell on a riverboat headed for the capital, Chendl, on the Crystal River. Drunks, outcasts, gamblers, the three were unlikely guardians, but the prince's retinue had been disappearing – the heir's life threatened – and desperate times allowed for desperate measures.

The journey to the capital brought revelation upon revelation. Prince Thrommell was a werewolf. Not made, either, but born. His father, the King Belvor, a werewolf lord.

For his whole life, Prince Thrommell fought against his nature. This is why Thrommell never fought in battle. Not from cowardice, but from fear of the beast he would become.

King Belvor, on the other hand, embraced his nature. Indulged his dark bloody desires. On the battlefield, and elsewhere. As did his daughter and Thrommell's younger sister, Princess Arulean. The King, seeing his son as weak, sent assassins to kill him.

Our heroes made these accusations in the royal court, with the land's nobles in attendance, the prince at their side. Without evidence. Without additional witnesses. They barely escaped the throne room with their lives.

King Belvor is now an enemy, implacable and relentless. His agents scour the land for our three heroes - now called the Traitor's Trident. They travel with Prince Thrommell, the Usurper.

Scorned, hunted, reviled, our heroes could have found their way to the border long ago, taken mercenary work in far distant lands. But Namur is determined to right the wrongs of the accusations against them, and to reveal the truth of a monstrous king. Whether she wishes this because it is right, or to restore her honour, or simply for revenge, is unclear.

But where Namur goes, her loyal sister, Auberon, follows. As for Kouvan, he keeps his motivations to himself.

Rumours of a visit by Princess Arulean to the bustling trading post of Crockport have lured our heroes out of hiding.

The adventure begins:

You find yourselves in your natural habitat. An Inn. Mugs of ale at hand, immersed in the raucous night life of dubious establishment.

You carry no obvious weapons with you here, and do not wear armour. That would mark your identities immediately

You are dressed as travelling minstrels, with colourful, if road-worn, silks. Kouvan is the juggler, Namur as the strong woman, Auberon the star attraction – wild-shaping into a fearsome bear in order to wrestle her sister. It is an undignified lot, and you strain with the humiliation. But that shame does not outweigh a larger concern: the need to keep breathing.