

### **SPRING//GOLDHELM**

After a violent and quick attack from the assassin, the remaining Wayless spring into action and deliver some violent ‘justice’ back. Vasira and Phoebe are left stabilized but still unconscious in Siggy’s care, Harlow and Elska are left in stunned silence with the dead body, and Berry and an unknown cloaked figure wait to see what The Party will do next...

Siggy brings back Vasira and Phoebe, and Vasira immediately gets into an argument with the gnome, Isabella, about ‘effective running away strategies.’ Isabella gives Vasira until 5 minutes after dusk to show up at the gates and get safe passage into Vuun, and away from Greysky. Meanwhile, down by the assassin’s body, Harlow steals the cloak from the corpse to cover a blood covered Elska who is barely holding it together.<sup>1</sup> Both take a look around and find that no one (except maybe a bystander?) saw them. Berry soon comes to join as they leave, in order to remove the corpse. As soon as she sees that Vasira and Phoebe are up and moving, Elska drops down to hug them both and Phoebe offers to to Prestidigitation everyone’s garments, but only Harlow takes her up on it

The Party manages to make their way back to the Pewterpail Estate, managing to not draw any more looks than usual. Harlow steals glances at Elska who is firmly focused on putting one foot in front of the other at a walking pace, and not running away and breaking down like her mind is shouting at her to do. After dumping their gear in their bunk room, Vasira, Phoebe, Harlow, and Elska make their way to the bathing area to scrub the blood off themselves. *Elska dunks her head underwater and just screams until there is no air left.* Siggy meanwhile, lays their bedroll out on the floor to lay out on the hard ground when they hear a noise at the window and turn to see Berry crawling through before sitting and giving herself a foot massage.

**Berry:** *Eventful day*

**Siggy:** *Mmmmmm not my fav*

**Berry:** *Not mine either. Been a while since I’ve disposed of a corpse*

**Siggy, nose wrinkling:** *Ya i’m sure it’s not great*

**Berry:** *Certainly not my favorite part of the job*

**Siggy:** *Can I ask you something, its my favorite question to ask, what the fuck is your job?*

Berry goes on to explain that their job is serving the interest of the Calix Triumvirate, upholding the peace and disposing of those who would do harm. She reiterates that *she* knows the Wayless are harmless to the safety of the country, but her bosses remain unconvinced and fond of insulting The Party. She also explains that her being in the bunkroom is a courtesy, and that she cannot be gone from her diplomatic suite/prison for too long and that she must be going as everyone else begins to trickle in from the

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<sup>1</sup> <https://www.dndbeyond.com/magic-items/4608-cloak-of-the-bat>

washrooms. A plan is put into place to reach out via Sending if Berry is needed and with that Berry takes her leave, once again through the window. Once she is gone, it is Vasira's turn in the hotseat as the group begins to play some good, old fashioned What the Fuck is up with That!?

**Phoebe:** *I- If I may- Um \*pauses\* I mean- On the one hand Vasira, I- Isabella's offer is sound, in theory. I- I mean it makes sense. And I- I don't want to see you get hurt or killed but on the other hand, you're- you're right to think about the long run- What's going to happen if Greysky isn't stopped? If this war spills over the borders even further? We don't know what's happening, or what's already happened! We don't know how much worse it could get!*

**Vasira:** *Someone should do something about that*

**Phoebe:** *We should do something about it!*

**Vasira:** *I knew it! I knew you'd say that!*

**Siggy:** *Not to be the paranoid one but how much do we trust [Isabella]*

**Vasira:** *I have a feeling I'm not on their good side, but the heart of her statement is true*

**Siggy:** *I don't know, people do weird shit for money. Look at us! Even if you do leave, I don't think I can live in a world run by Greysky*

**Vasira:** *Neither can I. He's kind of a douche. Kind of wish I could stuff my head in a hole for a year*

**Siggy:** *I mean we could put you in a grave and then in a year put your soul back in your body*

**Vasira:** *Sounds like a good plan*

**Elska, in horror:** *No!*

**Siggy, eyes closed, still on the floor:** *I wasn't being serious*

**Vasira:** *I guess I'm not running to Vuun. I want to run so bad*

**Siggy:** *Isn't that what you've been doing though? Also if you go to Vuun, who's to say the things you care about will still be here?*

Ultimately the conversation dies along with everyone's lingering energy left from the adrenaline. Siggy continues to lay on the floor, while Phoebe and Harlow sit back in silence. Vasira makes her way back to the washroom where it is now her turn to stick her face in the water and scream. She screams again when Elska startles her, and tiredly asks if Vasira knows anything else about the coup in Rhyst, and when she only answers in confusion, Elska leaves to collect her letters to write them in the dining area, and Vasira goes back to screaming. Meanwhile, Harlow checks in on Phoebe after their conversation back in the Headless Hydra. Phoebe assures them that she is fine, and that Harlow doesn't need to worry about checking in anymore

**Harlow:** *Are you feeling alright? Obviously you just were stabbed, but last time you came to me and Siggy to check on you if something like that happened?*

**Phoebe:** *I think so? Yes? Yes*

**Harlow:** *I don't know what I'm looking for but I trust you*

**Phoebe, blinking in confusion:** *You do?*

**Harlow:** *You would know better than I would*

**Phoebe:** *Oh. I- that. Um, no. I think I'm- I'm ok*

**Harlow:** *Ok. Ok*

**Phoebe:** *There's- like I said, you really don't have to keep checking it's really only um...I don't- I don't think it's a concern at our current moment? But really, it's fine but I appreciate you're being attentive about this but like I said it's not an especially well thought out request-*

**Harlow:** *If you don't want that anymore then ya I'll drop it, it's not a difficult ask, I don't mind*

**Phoebe:** *Ok. Oh, ok*

**Harlow:** *I'm glad you're alright*

**Phoebe:** *I'm glad you're alright too*

**Siggy, from the floor:** *I'm glad you're alright three*

As Elska comes back in and grabs her letter and her pack, Harlow stops her at the door and asks her to not include any mention of them. Tiredly, Elska asks why and is shocked when they agree to tell her, away from the resting Wayless. The two make their way back towards the dining hall, grabbing some of the mushroom liquor, before finding a spot away from the bustle of the food lines. The two sit for a moment before beginning to talk. Both Elska and Harlow come clean about their relationships with their respective orders, and as they part ways, Elska slumps against the table before sitting up and writing some letters

**Harlow:** *Listen, we should talk about a lot of things. But I have to ask a favor. I'm assuming this letter is being written in some official capacity, not just to your dads? Can you not include my name? Or the Iron Brand?*

**Elska:** *Of course*

**Harlow:** *Thank you*

**Elska, feeling tired and curt:** *Any chance I could ask why? I'm not going to do it but I'll admit I am curious*

**Harlow, looking around:** *Do you want to step outside?*

**Elska:** *As long as we can grab some alcohol on the way?*

**Harlow:** *That sounds like a good plan*