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CURRENT OBJECTIVE

- ★ Find out where Viola went while babysitting the children on their field trip along the way.

ENVIRONMENT

Location: Alicorn Woods

Weather: Amicable, sunny, a bit chillier than expected. The gentle breeze of spring is rolling in. Fog casts the forest in a hazy glow as you travel.

Time of Day: Evening

CAST

1. **Greyham** (played by Aka)
2. **Quincy** (played by Ozzy)
3. **Ubeu** (played by Wing)
4. **Edward** (played by Summers)
5. **Leo** (played by Gen)
6. **Roan** (played by Sorrel)
7. **Venture** (played by Mikael)
8. **Viola** (played by Elliot)

CHECKPOINT 6

The dueling stallions had little regard for the cats between their legs as they fought. Blood oozes from the fresh cuts in their sides. They lock horns and *push*. Back and forth the struggle went. It wasn't looking good for the older unicorn. Slowly but surely, its hooves were forced backwards. If it breaks their hold first, it leaves itself open to a vicious strike. Running away is conceding defeat. So it stands against its challenger proudly, drenched in sweat and nostrils flared.

Leo's distraction rings true. The sudden sharp -*CRACK CRACK*- of his stones startles both horses. They jerk around, scrambling to get away. Were it not for **Roan's** warning, their legs might have claimed one of your heads. Her shouting tips their instincts towards jumping. They slow down once there's more distance between them and your party.

Their necks snap to **Ubeu** when she approaches. She can see the whites of their eyes as they discern her threat level from afar. When she looks between the alicorn and unicorn, she notices the alicorn's wounds sealed themselves up once it stood still, as if they were never there. The same soft green glow from the unicorn's wounds was faint. Its light flickers in and out, leaving scars on its pelt.

In this calmer moment, everyone can more clearly hear crying. Behind one of the trees, there's a trembling ball of pale fur. You'll have to get past the thick tension between these animals to get a better look.

Back on the right path, **Edward's** keen eye spots danger. Perhaps not the one he bargained for. As he gets closer to the towering pine and its foreboding crack, his fur stands on end. Looking up, he notices Venture's star-shaped tail. **Venture** can now see the tiny face of her old teammate.



APPLICATION SHE/HER POST 6/4

Luckily, things didn't go *completely* pear shaped.

The noise Leo made did spook the horses, but Roan's advice kept them all from getting kicked.

And with the horses now frightened, they *did* make more distance between the cats and themselves. Ubeu let out a little sigh of relief, taking the chance to peer closer at them both. She noted the whites of their eyes, and saw their fear, but she knew she was in no danger from this distance.

At least, she hoped.

“The one that’s injured... it looks like it can’t heal itself. Like its magic is gone,” she said to her companions quietly. Her eyes had a knowing glint to them. Who else nearby would be sapping magic from creatures besides Viola?

Then, she heard the sound of crying. Ear swiveling towards the noise, Ubeu scanned the trees until she saw a trembling ball of fur. The tortoiseshell wondered if it was best to leave the stranger to those with *less* animal experience, while maybe she and Roan could keep the equines calm. Or, at the very least, distracted.

“Roan,” she whispered. **“Can you help me keep their attention on us? That way Quincy and Leo can get to the cat.”**

She looked back at the horses, before slowly making her way closer and trying to circle around them. Hopefully they would keep their eyes on her, or maybe she could herd them aside in the opposite direction of the stranger.

ILLUSION

&

PUPPETRY

-1 STR +2 DEX +2 INT -2 CHA

Perception (+5) Survival (+3) Stealth (+1) Nature (+1) Insight (+3) Intimidation (+3)

SUMMARY

Ubeu reassesses the situation, and tells the others that she thinks one of the horses has lost its magic. It’s clear she thinks Viola is behind it. She then suggests that she and Roan distract the horses while Quincy and Leo go to the crying stranger.

ACTION: Try to gently herd the horses away from the stranger.



◆ **Edward Garance** ◆

[Bio] | [Visual] | He/Him | Lv.4 Puppetry | Lv.1 Umbrakinesis

♥« STR -2 »« DEX +0 »« INT +1 »« CHA +2 »

◆ POST 5 ◆

Edward wouldn't forget the faces of the kittens as they got a chance to interact with his puppet alicorn. It wasn't the real deal, sure, but it still brought them joy. Even if Edward hadn't chased down Grey to babysit a group of kittens he's still glad that it had happened. Now that the group of kittens were gone and on their way home they could shift their focus to their original missions.

"Phew! Glad that was dealt with." Edward let out a breath. He smiled at Grey, a bit of smugness shining through. **"Bet you're glad that I decided to come along on the mission now after all, hm?"** The fact that he felt comfortable enough to joke about it was a pretty good indicator that he wasn't mad anymore. Maybe a little bit. But he had already made that known, so at the very least he wasn't covering up anything. All his cards were on the table for the first in a very long time.

The sky was beginning to shift in hue. They didn't have much daylight left to complete it. Still, it was too early to give up hope now. Edward looked to Grey, they were the only cats now walking on the right path. He gave him a look of reassurance. Edward had no regrets coming along on this mission and he hoped that Grey felt the same. Not only because he handled the unforeseen kitten situation, but that he wanted him here for... well, being himself.

Edward couldn't just be staring at Grey the entire time though. His eyes were drawn to the strange cuts to the trees around them along with a big crack in one of the pines. **"Hm, how strange..."** his brow furrowed as he cautiously looked around. Even if he had lived in the woods he never took an interest in studying the wild animals and their behavior. *Is this something that an alicorn can make?*

Slowly and cautiously he approached the tree, high alert for any potential danger that might jump out on them. He then saw the speck of yellow in the corner of his

eyes. He followed it for the source of the crack as the smell of burnt wood truly hit him. *No wait, could it be..?*

“Venture?” He looked up at the tree to find his former teammate. It had to be them. **“Venture!”** He pointed with his whole arm to alert Grey as well. He felt frozen in place. Not sure what he was supposed to do or feel in this situation. Venture eluded him. A walking contradiction. Venture and Leo had appeared so close when they were in the desert together, was it all just an act? Leo hadn’t just gotten close to someone he knew was dangerous to get more information like with Viola, had he? If the letter they had all received called them a dangerous killer, then why was she one of the first ones to want to spare Silas? There were too many things that just didn’t add up in his mind.

“Please, wait–” Edward had been still for too long, leaving ample time for Venture to make their move first. **“Come down from there we need to talk, what exactly is going on?”** He pleaded to his former teammate. He wanted to understand. He felt the power to do so at his fingertips, but he refused the call. He wasn’t going to use his puppet strings to force the information out of them, he wanted to hear it from her.

◆ SUMMARY & ACTION ◆

Edward reflects a bit on today's mission and his feelings around it. Time was running out but they weren't done yet. When he investigates the trees he spots Venture and alerts Grey to their presence. His mind races as there is so much he doesn't understand about his former teammate.

[Edward pleads for Venture to come down and talk to them]





◦. ✧ Venture the Deep Sea



Application | She/They | Lvl 4 | 5
Lightning & Traversal

STR > 0 DEX > +2
INT > -2 CHA > +1
> +3 Stealth > +3 Intimidation
> +3 Insight > +2 Performance
> +1 Survival > +1 Magic



Venture grabbed onto the swinging branches of the tree, needing to compose herself before she can make any other harsh jumps and teleports, wouldn't it be that she would splat her face on the ground.

Their claws dug at the bark, heart racing from the tension. They needed to get to Viola and warn her, maybe it would even be a good idea to take a detour, just to make them all lose their trail...

“Venture!”

The whole world froze in place. *Fuck*, they were found, *but that voice...*

“Ed-Edward?” Her voice was restrained, almost like a whimper. What was he doing here with Ubeu? Did they come here together? Was the whole guild looking out for them? This might be worse than she originally thought...

And yet, *this was Edward*. He was her friend, wasn't he? He did mediate her and Ubeu before, so maybe he was trying to solve this...? Was he here to confront her about what she did, or could he see that she was trying to fix things up?

“Come down from there we need to talk, what exactly is going on?”

She slowly turned back to him, still apprehensive. She couldn't just leave him, or might make things worse, but also she wouldn't dare to go down– What if this was a trap? And Ubeu was just waiting amongst the bushes to jump her the moment she set a paw on the ground.

So instead, Venture got out of the tip of the tree, instead landing in a large branch that should make their communication easier– And a quick escape if she needed to

“Edward!” Her throat was dry, and trying to sound casual didn't make it better **“Listen, I understand that what I did is wrong– But I promise you I'll fix it! We are working on it!”** How could she explain herself to him? How could she explain to whoever might be listening? **“I understand you don't want me running around anymore, b-but I promise I am not trying to hurt anyone else!**

I need you to leave and let us try to solve this on our own! Then everything will be alright...”



➤ **Summary:** Venture is surprised and afraid when Edward asks her to talk. She decides to try to at least convince him to leave them alone– She is trying to fix things after all, right?

➤ **Action:** Venture tries to talk Edward into leaving and taking the other wayseekers with him

°.◇INVENTORY◇.°

- **Metallic Cutlass**
- **Conceal-Dagger**
- **Gear Bag**
- **Laurelstone Charm**
-
- **Lucky Coin x4**
- **First Aid Kit x1**
- **Fish Oil x1**





GREYHAM (GREY) WHELK

ELITE SENTINEL OF THE HOUSE OF WHELK

Application . He/Him . 43yrs . New Star City

Flora Lv.4 Air Lv.1

STR +I DEX +I INT 0 CHA -I

Survival +3 History +I Nature +I Culinary +I

Perception +I

🌟📖 Post 4/4 🌟

Woohoo rewards unlocked!

Prior Checkpoints

“Bet you’re glad that I decided to come along on the mission now after all, hm?” -Edward

Grey turned to Edward and frowned— serious. Eventually his expression relaxed into a gentle smile. He huffed, crossing his arms.

“I suppose you out of all cats would know how to entertain kittens. I am at a loss without you,” he shrugged.

“I know I know, what about what happened at the Phantom’s Keep? Well, I wouldn’t have been able to achieve it without your support, that much I know to be true.” Grey nodded.

“What I mean to say— yes, I’m glad you’re here now.”

Checkpoint 4

“Do you think we’ll find the alicorn?” -Edward

Grey’s brow furrowed, thinking.

“I do not know— all that I *do* know is that we cannot leave any stone unturned...”

He crouched down to examine the tracks once more.

“While I do not think these to be our apothecary’s tracks, we must remember that she is crafty. It would be like her to try and lead us astray.”

Even as he said it— he wasn’t sure if he could ever be convinced that it was true. Even now, he was still hoping that there was some terrible misunderstanding— that he *didn’t* have a reason to doubt Viola. He knew that that was precisely what she would want him to think, however— and he couldn’t let himself be fooled by her any longer. He had to hold onto his assumptions— unfounded or not.

Checkpoint 5 & 6

Grey was a little disappointed to find that the trees had nothing to say to him— it was almost *suspicious*. Perhaps it meant that they were going the wrong direction? Despite his better judgment, he decided to continue, at least for a little longer. They were losing precious daylight— so if they were to anything, it had to be now.

Edward looked to him to give him reassurance, and Grey tried to nod with confidence. Still, he seemed a bit preoccupied. Why weren’t the trees telling anything to him? Were they keeping secrets? Were they even *capable* of keeping secrets?

As the terrain changed and the smell of smoke caught his nose. Grey let Edward investigate. Something was definitely afoot here, but what?

“Venture?” -Edward

Grey’s head suddenly snapped in Edward’s direction. What? *Venture?*

“Venture!” -Edward

His body was drawn towards the tree— his legs just moved on his own. He heard him right. *Venture. Venture. What was Venture doing out here, was she okay??*

Grey remembered the letter they had all received— he had been worried *sick* about her. He didn’t understand— not one bit. Was she truly running from a darkened past, or was someone trying to defame her? There was only one cat who could give him the answers, and in the most unlikely of circumstances, they had found her.

“Come down from there we need to talk, what exactly is going on?” -Edward

The puppeteer had beckoned him over. Grey was now by his side— staring up at the tree. There was no mistaking it— that tail only belonged to one cat.

Why?

“Venture...” he had trouble saying much more— all he could do was stare at her— hurt plain as day on his face.

“Listen, I understand that what I did is wrong– But I promise you I’ll fix it! We are working on it!” -Venture

Grey’s brow furrowed. *We?*

He...didn’t understand.

“I understand you don’t want me running around anymore, b-but I promise I am not trying to hurt anyone else! I need you to leave and let us try to solve this on our own! Then everything will be alright...” -Venture

He was becoming more and more bewildered by her words. *Solve this?* What was there to *solve*?

Us...

Us...

What was she—

“Venture, what are you talking about?” Grey was so lost. He didn’t know what to make of any of this. He was suddenly aware he might be scaring her— he didn’t want her to feel like he was going to prosecute her, or get angry at her. Edward was right, they just needed to talk.

“P-please, come down. I don’t know what’s going on but we should talk about this first. We won’t harm you, or try to capture you, I promise. I give my word. Please.”

Summary

Grey heads along the path with Edward! He is shocked to find none other than Venture in a nearby tree. He's terribly confused— but begs her to come down so they can talk.

Action

N/A



◆ Edward Garance ◆

[Bio] | [Visual] | He/Him | Lv.4 Puppetry | Lv.1 Umbrakinesis

♥《 STR -2 》《 DEX +0 》《 INT +1 》《 CHA +2 》

《+ 4 》Deception《+ 3 》Culinary, Performance, Survival

《+ 2 》Culture, Medicine, Perception 《+ 1 》Insight, Stealth

◆ POST 6 ◆

Edward frowned with concern as Venture tried to explain the situation. He didn't understand. Grey voiced both of their confusion while Edward was starting to get a sinking feeling in his stomach.

"I understand that what I did is wrong- But I promise you I'll fix it! We are working on it!" - Venture

"We...?" he leaned in to whisper for Grey's ears only. ***"Is she talking about Viola?"*** He didn't want that to be the case but that's the only way he could make sense of it. Venture must not have known better, to help a cat that was only interested if it

benefited herself first and foremost. How could Venture be so sure that Viola held the answers to their problems?

“Venture... I know you’re scared but we're not here to get you.” he echoed Greys sentiment, holding his paws up. **“It's only me and Grey here. Don't you think we have lived long enough to understand? We all have skeletons in our closet, don't we?”** Edward glanced at Grey, he was really glad to have him by his side during all of this.

Through the branches and leaves Venture could see his pleading eyes as he looked back up at her. She had seen his shameful past on display back at the desert. They all had something they wish they deeply regret. A past that haunted them. But Edward knew that he couldn't let it define him. Nor could he change it, *fix it*. Whatever Venture thought they could fix sounded like someone, an apothecary perhaps, was trying to sell her something. Something that wasn't real or what she truly needed.

“After what happened to Silas I don't want to see anyone else in the guild get arrested. Venture, you’re a part of the guild... it doesn’t just let you be in there to keep an eye on you – we want you there, we need each other. Whatever it is that you're trying to do... don't make it harder for yourself. Let us help you through this.”

◆ SUMMARY & ACTION ◆

Edward tries to get through to Venture.

[N/A]





Roan Whittaker □ She/Her □ 25
Mattershift Lv. 4 □ Shapeshift Lv. 1
Post 3/4 □ [APPLICATION](#)

“The one that’s injured... it looks like it can’t heal itself. Like its magic is gone.”

In an instant, Roan’s blood surged with red-hot fury, distinct from the adrenaline that was already lighting every nerve. **“If that bastard managed to get his claws into the Alicorn Woods,”** she growled, **“I’m going to request a recount.”**

“Roan, can you help me keep their attention on us? That way Quincy and Leo can get to the cat.”

Roan did not have to be told twice. Despite the harsh sting of sorrow for the drained alicorn—they’d have to see to that later—she throws a smile over her shoulder at Ubeu as if to say, *Leave it to me*. By her confidence, one would think she was about to steer a lost foal back to the stables, instead of throwing herself in the mix between two wild, crashing stallions. How different could it be from a boar, really? It wasn’t like those things weren’t capable of flattening a cat with very little provocation, and she’d faced off with plenty of them.

Of course, most of her encounters ended with her sitting very, very still in a tree, willing the thing to go away, but she lived to tell the tale. There were trees where they were. She’d be fine. Probably.

She knew that if the sickly stallion’s concentration broke first, this could get ugly. *Oh, stars, do alicorns fight to the death?* So she set her sights on the healthy challenger. Positioned at the horse’s side, safely out of kicking range and well in its field of vision, she stood to her full height and bellowed, singsong:

“Hey-ho, bronco!” Eyes locked onto her target, she reached into her satchel and pulled out the carrot she’d packed in case she needed a pick-me-up. She couldn’t imagine this would stop a testosterone-fueled territory dispute, but it was all she had to show she was no threat. She didn’t have any rope on her like last time, and shapeshifting into a baby alicorn from the elbows up would take at least a minute—and if anyone even breathed in her direction, the spell would shatter. It was

just her, a wild animal, and a little bite of food, just like the old days.

She waved the carrot above her head like a flare stack, stepping backward further away from the stranger on the other side of the clearing. She didn't have to *calm* it, she told herself. She just had to get it trained on her.

“Over here, buddy! I’m not gonna hurt ya!”

STR +0 DEX +1 INT +2 CHA -2

+3 Perception, Magic, Nature, Animal Taming || +2 Survival || +1 Stealth, Performance

Weapons: Frostbite Claws, Pack-Attack Spear

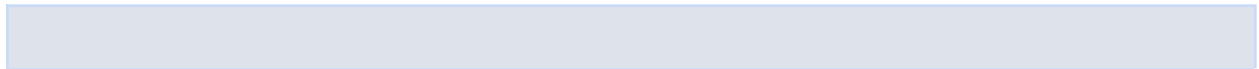
Accessories: Laurelstone Charm, Utility Belt, Delicate Necklace, Scaled Bracelet

■ SUMMARY

Roan faces off with a wild alicorn stallion at Ubeu's request. It's just like she always dreamed, but with 50% more risk of being turned into a roancake.

■ ACTION

Roan uses her voice and a conveniently packed **Carrot** to draw the healthy stallion's attention to her and away from the stranger. {+3 Animal Taming}



CHECKPOINT 7

Both of the equines watch as **Ubeu** circles around them— still as statues. It's hard to read either of them at the moment. It might look like they are about to charge, or that they are simply just making sure that the tortie doesn't get too close. Either way, the tension doesn't last for much longer. Finally, they look at each other once more. The alicorn taps its hoof and whinnies at the weakened unicorn, shaking out its mane. It seems to be a challenge to continue this fight. Though the unicorn is weakened, it does not back down from this taunt.

The two seem to be ready to engage in battle once more.

The shout of a little blue cat gives them pause. The alicorn swivels its head towards **Roan**, eyeing the carrot in her grasp. It's accustomed to offerings. Eventually, it trots over to claim its prize. As far as it was concerned, it already won. It bends down to take it.

Big mistake. The unicorn rams its horn into the alicorn's neck. Its scream can be heard for miles. Now at the weakened stallion's mercy, its weapon gathers light. Blood drips at Roan's paws. The two mollies barely make it out of the way before the alicorn is hurled like a potato sack with a full frontal energy blast. Thankfully, it flies away before you're able to see the damage that would leave.

It wobbles right where the stranger was hiding. - *THONK* - The alicorn backs away from the tree, shaking its head. With a thrust of its wings, a powerful gust propels it upwards and over the canopy. Your party is left alone with the blood-stained unicorn. Its ears and tail droop as it tucks its legs inward to lie down. The king has defended his throne for another day.

Amidst the chaos, you hear wheezing behind you. The silver tabby stranger was a kit. Their body was pressed to the floor mid-crawl. They're the same one that accidentally caused a ruckus among Acorn's class earlier, though much dirtier than you last saw them.

Nat looks up with glistened, reddened eyes. They blubber, **"I'm soooooo sowwy. The other kids said it was my fault we got into trouble. My mama taught me how to talk to a horsie so I thought if I met a real one then today wouldn't be so bad. The nice knight told me I could find a unicorn if I went that-a way."** They gesture to your right.

Meanwhile on the right path, **Venture's** standoff with her old teammates is interrupted by the sight of an alicorn with translucent green flowers over its neck rising above the trees in the distance before falling under for good. **Greyham** and **Edward** can hear the sound of scratching against bark grow closer.



◦. ✧ Venture the Deep Sea



Application | She/They | Lvl 4 | 6
Lightning & Traversal

STR > 0 DEX > +2
INT > -2 CHA > +1
> +3 Stealth > +3 Intimidation
> +3 Insight > +2 Performance
> +1 Survival > +1 Magic



Venture could feel her heart sink like an anchor when she heard Grey. Truth was– She was afraid of him. Not just of him being a knight, although that was a big reason why, but truly because she didn't want to see him disappointed in her.

Both Greyham and Edward saw the type of cat she used to be, and yet they offered her a place in the guild, and she couldn't bear the idea of how they would react to learning she still did such awful acts while standing alongside them. One thing was seeing a memory from years ago, the other was not realizing a terrible

crime occurred right under your nose by someone that would then act like nothing had happened.

But his pleading tone and confusion broke something in her. She wanted to believe him so badly, and truly, she did! She just didn't trust Ubeu, or other cats that voted to execute Silas...

Edward's words dug deeper into her- They wanted to help...? Viola didn't seem too trustworthy of the others, and with good reason, but maybe...?

Slowly, listening to see if they could catch any other cats around them, she climbed down the tree. They still tried to keep their distance, something in their mind told them so- That pirate part of them, the one that always kept them in the shadows of those more powerful than them.

But Venture touched the ground, her breathing coming out short- What could she say? What did they want her to say? She shifted in her paws nervously, before clearing her throat.

"What do you want from me?" She asked, annoyed how shaky her voice came out **"What do you want to know? There is somewhere I must be soon..."**

While listening for their answer, something else caught her attention. The shifting of trees and bushes made her jump, as she noticed the alicorn rise above the view...



➤ **Summary:** Venture is torn at hearing both Grey and Edward plead for her, so she decides to go down and ask what do they want from her...

➤ **Action:** N/A

°.◇INVENTORY◇°.°
➤ Metallic Cutlass
➤ Conceal-Dagger
➤ Gear Bag
➤ Laurelstone Charm
—
➤ Lucky Coin x4
➤ First Aid Kit x1
➤ Fish Oil x1



GREYHAM (GREY) WHELK

ELITE SENTINEL OF THE HOUSE OF WHELK

Application . He/Him . 43yrs . New Star City

Flora Lv.4 Air Lv.1

STR +I DEX +I INT 0 CHA -I

Survival +3 History +I Nature +I Culinary +I

Perception +I

“Is she talking about Viola?” -Edward

“I do not know,” Grey whispered back. It seemed as if they both had the same thought, but Grey didn’t want to be too hasty.

“We all have skeletons in our closet, don’t we?” -Edward

Edward glanced at him lovingly, but Grey only looked mildly annoyed when he looked back. Was he suggesting *he* had skeletons in his closet? He supposed that was somewhat true, but still, it wasn’t something he could explain to Venture right now, so why risk making her curious! Despite having nothing *really* to hide, he felt oh so conspicuous right now.

Grey could feel his heart pounding in his chest as he waited for Venture to make a decision. Finally, she decided to climb down from the tree. Grey let out a mental sigh of relief.

Venture kept her distance, however— and Grey was very aware that he had to respect that. The situation was still tense, and he couldn’t risk overstepping her boundaries.

“What do you want from me?” -Venture

Grey’s ears twisted back.

“What do you want to know? There is somewhere I must be soon...” -Venture

What? No— she couldn’t *leave*, not again.

“Venture— I don’t understand. What are you planning to *do*? Who’s *we*? Where do you plan to go? We— I— we’ve been looking *everywhere* for you! You left with nothing but a letter— please, can we not just talk?”

He found himself breaking his own rule, taking a few steps forward, paws outstretched. He frowned at himself for a moment. This...this wasn’t enough, he needed to make a proper display of his sincerity.

Grey stopped, fiddling with the fastening of his cape before tossing it aside. At this moment, he didn't want to be represented by the Whelk insignia that was carefully embroidered on the garment— he didn't want Venture to think it was at the forefront of his mind either. Here— he was a Wayseeker. That mattered more to him— Venture mattered more to him.

“I’m not a knight while I am here. I’m your friend. We can make this work—”

He was so focused on detangling this issue that he barely managed to notice the sound of the Alicorn approaching them...

Summary

Grey approaches and pleads with Venture to reconsider her actions. He notices the sound of the Alicorn, but barely.

Action

Grey is alert and prepared to defend from any incoming attacks or actions!



[Leonardo D'angelo](#) || He/Him

Lvl. 4 Puppetry Lvl. 1 Lightning

STR 0 DEX -2 INT +1 CHA +2

Perception +5 Performance +4 Insight +2 Magic +1 Culture +1 Survival +1

Post 4/4

Leonardo watched the tense standoff unfold between the alicorn and the weakened unicorn, both magnificent creatures poised in a moment of silent challenge. Ubeu circled them with a cautious grace, and the tension was palpable. The atmosphere was electric, and Leonardo held his breath, waiting for the next move.

The alicorn's hoof tapped, followed by a whinny directed at the unicorn. It was a clear challenge, and despite its weakened state, the unicorn did not back down. The two were ready to engage in battle once more when a small shout pierced the air. Roan's voice, accompanied by the sight of a carrot in her grasp, caught the alicorn's attention.

As the alicorn bent down to take the carrot, the unicorn seized the moment. With a powerful thrust, it rammed its horn into the alicorn's neck. The renewed battle unfolded in such a raw and powerful way that the detective's natural response was to back away and make sure the beasts didn't get too close.

The alicorn landed with a resounding thud near the tree where a stranger had been hiding. Shaking its head, the alicorn backed away before propelling itself into the sky with a powerful thrust of its wings.

Amidst the chaos, Leonardo heard a wheezing sound behind him. He turned to see the silver tabby stranger, a kit, pressed to the ground mid-crawl... *wait, he remembered the kit from earlier! What were they doing here now?!*

Leonardo sighed, taking in the scene. There was much to process, but first, he needed to ensure the safety of the small cat in front of them. The equine battle seemed to be over but the dangers in the forest could be far from finished if Viola was around.

The writer crouched down to the kit's level, looking at them with a mix of sternness and patience in his eyes. The little tabby stared back with tear-filled eyes, trembling slightly.

"Are you okay? Did you get hurt?" Leonardo said in a firm yet calm voice. Carefully, he tried to feel the small one's head and paws for any injuries or bruises. He had no idea what he'd do if he found an injury, but he had to try. What else could he do? **"Do you have any idea how dangerous that was? Those weren't horses, they were beasts!"** His voice, stern and

aggressive, reminded him of his father's reprimands when he was younger. He sighed, all of that didn't matter now; what mattered was that the kit was alive and apparently safe.

"Nat, right?"

"You showed incredible bravery coming here and trying to talk to the alicorn," he admitted, a soft smile touching his lips as he ruffled the kit's fur. **"But bravery without caution is recklessness, and that's not the mark of a true hero you know"** Who was he kidding? They were just a kid, still years away from grasping the delicate balance of tempering impulsiveness with cautiousness. It was a struggle even for him, a seasoned detective on the brink of his 30s, constantly wrestling with the wild creativity that surged within and made him act foolishly. Just like it had happened with Viola not too long ago. *Viola*... He needed to get Nat to safety before they got too close to her.

SUMMARY:

Leonardo discovers the silver tabby kit from earlier, trembling and wheezing on the ground.

Checking for injuries, Leonardo scolds the kit for their recklessness but softens, acknowledging their courage, realizing the kit is still too young to grasp the balance of caution and impulsiveness. He gets tense when he remembers his own recklessness with Viola and knows he needs to get the kit back to safety before they face her ACTION:

Leo talks with Nat.



QUINCY WISEACRE-(REYES)

✧ THEY / THEM || APPLICATION || TRACKER ✧

✧ WATER ▸ LVL 4 || ENERGY ▸ LVL 1 ✧

[POST 3/4]

Of course they had taken Leo's paw. They would have given his offer an endeared roll of their eyes, maybe thought to themselves that this wasn't the time for his gestures, given how serious this endeavor was going to be for Quincy. For the both of them, actually. But Leo was always going to keep his chest puffed up and his chin to the sky no matter

what he'd been dragged through with this all. At least they could savor it for now, until the hellish mood could fully set in to their plummeting stomach.

Going down the left path seemed to be going right into its own physical hellscape; as soon as they'd set forth, the wildlife bristled with tension.

Branches went flying, hardly enough time for Roan and Leo to examine the tracks guiding them before two massive beasts had barrelled across their route. Two equines, one with wings and one without. Quincy took way too long to guess at least one of them was an alicorn. Which one? They didn't know. And it didn't matter. *Both* of them were a threat, and nearly exactly as Leo had depicted them. Perhaps they were lucky now that none of Acorn's kits were around to see their dreams crushed with such violence. Roan was lucky enough to jump away from the branch that had dropped her way. Leo's tumble was too close for Quincy's liking, and they just barely scrambled out of the way of the dispute, fighting every urge in their bones to dive forward and put themselves between. His words relentlessly rattled in their skull as they had for days now. So they pulled back, finding refuge with the fallen branch as a shield, watching out for the detective from a distance whilst he began to formulate his plan.

But they didn't do anything from behind this branch. What could they do? They hardly understood what was happening, other than animals being animals. The only thing that managed to whisk away their attention was the faintest sound of... *crying*?

Quincy didn't move towards it. The clacking of Leo's stones quickly broke their focus.

It wasn't until the horses had slowed their mutual mauling and begun to warily trod from where the Wayseekers were grouped that the shudders of frightful sobs were loud enough for all four of them to make out. Quincy continued to ignore it, though the rest of their group seemed to have a little more heart. Roan formulated an even more interfering distraction by offering the one with wings a carrot. They watched incredulously, the words *foolish* at the tip of their tongue quickly swallowed but proven as the elderly equine drove its horn into the neck of the winged one. The two held one last standoff together until the younger of the two flew off, splattering fresh blood in its wake.

There's a brief moment in this battle that Quincy felt this kinly feeling to the horses. They don't like it by any means, don't understand it, but their whiskers tingle with vigor each

time vibrant fragments of light would dance about in the chilled air. As the elderly unicorn strained its powers forth in its victory, Quincy's chest tugs uncomfortably.

They did not go towards it. Instead, Quincy followed Leo towards the brush, where the muffled cries and a holler had originated from. A silver kit came crawling out to where they and Leo had crouched, dirtied and shaken. And they very swiftly recognized this kit as the same one who had pounced on them so impolitely. Their backside still ached from that — or maybe it just ached in general still. They were going to blame the kit for it, though.

Quincy blinked at the sheer speed in which Leo started checking over the kid for injuries while they sniffled on about talking to the horses. Lesson clearly hadn't been learnt. Again they shoved their nose where it didn't belong, and look at them now? A mess.

Their gaze wavered slightly, but their expression remained stern. *We don't need this.* Quincy internally groaned, briefly looking to Leo as he spoke to Nat, *we're just wasting daylight now. Send them off already...*

Unfortunately for Nat, the healer present hadn't gotten the memo. Leo had nothing to patch up any potential injuries or soothe the kit in any physical way, and neither did the rest of their entourage. Quincy watched him fret over any scrapes and bruises without lifting a paw. This was... annoyingly typical. Reaching out with their energy for anyone but the chimera's paw was never their first thought, but it was something they ought to work on.

After a moment, they fully tuned in to Nat's justification for wandering off.

Ah, a *knight*, they say?

Quincy only assumed they meant Grey. No other knight traveled with them.

"He's nice enough, I suppose." Quincy murmured to Nat's words, but then paused with a blink. They stared at the kit with steadily narrowing eyes. **"Wh— I was *there*; I don't need you to remind me."** Their tone came out rougher than they would have liked, but they didn't seem to correct it wholly yet. **"If you wanted to listen to him you should have followed him. We aren't tracking horses... I'm afraid you're out of luck, kid."**

Quincy gave a snort of a cat with their whiskers in a mighty twist.

Then they shared a glance with Leo. Their expression abruptly shifted.

A slight grumbling sound itched their throat, then they spoke up again. **“Well.”** They cleared that itch with a cough, irritated scowl morphing into something with less bite. **“You’ll definitely have something to offer them to make up for that, huh? Reality’s brutal, but you got to see the real thing.”** Quincy straightened up to stand. **“They won’t be able to get under your skin once you tell them about this. No, they’ll be hounding you to retell the tale all the way home.”** That’s just how kids were. Not that they had much experience on either end of it, but if there were ever any stories to drag out of their old man, they wouldn’t have stopped until they heard of them.

Quincy sighed. When they turned to Leo, then Roan and Ubeu in the form of a swift glance (begrudgingly, they were still wary of Ubeu’s prior outburst), their gaze was stern. **“Remember— this is time sensitive. We don’t have any room for delay.”** They had already begun to step in the direction the tracks continued in, no matter how scuffed and unreliable they were now. They had to keep going, else they’d be too late. **“Your supervisor hadn’t gotten too far down the way we came by the time we got here.”** *You’re on your own.* The words went unsaid, but it probably wasn’t a sentiment any of the rest of them shared. They echoed in Quincy’s head alone, an aching shoulder to be rolled and reminded of why they were so hellbent on pressing onwards. Turning back now for the sake of a kit would mean throwing it all away.

STR 0 ✨ DEX +1 ✨ INT +2 ✨ CHA -2
INSIGHT (+5) ✨ INTIMIDATION (+3) ✨ SURVIVAL (+3) ✨ STEALTH (+1)
MAGIC (+1) ✨ PERCEPTION (+1) ✨ NATURE (+1)

🔗 SUMMARY & ACTION

Quincy doesn’t want to stick around or turn back to guide Nat back to Acorn — they want to get moving! Viola’s not getting any closer! (sorry lazy summary)

[Quincy talks to Nat 🧙]

🔗 INVENTORY

- *Magnificent Cloak (Usages Left: 1)*
- *Nostalgic Snow Globe (Usages Left: 2)*

- Scientist's Muffin (Usages Left: 1)
- Lucky Coin (Usages Left: 3)



CHECKPOINT 8

Leo's scolding makes Nat shrink inward, their gaze firmly stuck to the ground. They couldn't bear to look at his face. Or any of the other adults for that matter. **"I-I didn't think they were so scary. Ough..."** They trembled as the detective did a cursory examination of Nat. He notices they're holding their right foot at an odd angle. They yelp when he presses it. **"I twisted my paw when I was trying to run away. Mama's gonna be so mad."**

When his voice softens, Nat slowly tilts their head. **"Okay... I promise I'll be more cautious. I wish I could be a hero like you."**

Quincy's sharp tongue left its mark. The silver kit cowered behind Leo. They wailed, **"I TRIED TO!"** –SNIFF– **"But he wasn't there... I thought I was so lucky I found another one. If the horsies weren't so angry, I could have done it on my own!"**

Puffed up, they hesitate to believe their reassurances. **"Um... I guess..."**

Their green eyes bulged out of their skull when they realized Quincy was leaving them behind. **"WAIT! TAKE ME WITH YOU!"** They cling tighter to Leo's leg.

"I DON'T WANNA GO BACK ON MY OWN!"



APPLICATION SHE/HER POST 7/4

"If that bastard managed to get his claws into the Alicorn Woods, I'm going to request a recount."

Ubeu could've swooned. That's right, *FUCK SILAS!* Oh — right, the equines.

She stayed nearby just in case as Roan approached. It was nostalgic, almost, watching her speak to the horses the way she'd spoken to the boar. Or, at least *relatively* similar. Ubeu was going to pretend it was just like before and be a little Roan fangirl as she watched. And watch she did, with big round eyes and ears perked forward to capture the moment in all its glory.

Roan, offering a carrot to the alicorn. The alicorn taking it, the tension abating, *oh she was so cool* —

And then the alicorn got stabbed.



“ROAN!”

Ubeu ran *towards* her for a moment, desperate to shield her from whatever danger was about to befall her, as bloody as it was. But she was already scrambling back, and the two of them were able to book it out of there before they became flattened by horse hooves. The alicorn landed by the stranger, and Ubeu felt a flurry of panic as she realized the other cat might be in danger next. But luckily, the injured horse flew away and left the old unicorn to its victory.

Ubeu let out a soft breath of relief as she watched the unicorn lay down. No more threats for now, it seemed. She let her fur lie flat and glanced at Roan. **“Good try, regardless.”**

She watched as Leo and Quincy approached the kit, who was the one from before she'd taught to track. Nat mentioned a *knight*, and her first thought was probably Greyham, but... Greyham hadn't told Nat to follow a unicorn, had he? Ubeu let her suspicions sit for a bit, as Leo and Quincy spoke to the child. Leo handled the situation a lot more like she would have, but Quincy was *far* harsher. She frowned slightly as she came to join them both.

“It's time sensitive, but I don't want to just abandon them,” she murmured to Quincy. Her ear flicked as she glanced at the kit. Quincy had assumed the knight was Greyham, and the kit didn't correct their mistake. But then again, maybe they were too busy pleading to be kept around to realize.

“We’re not going to leave you alone. Or at least *I* won’t.” She glanced sidelong at Quincy with narrowed eyes. **“I’ll walk them back to Acorn and catch up with you all after,”** she added to the group.

Hesitantly, she nudged the kit back along the way they’d come and questioned, **“Can you describe this knight for me?”**

ILLUSION

&

PUPPETRY

-1 STR +2 DEX +2 INT -2 CHA

Perception (+5) Survival (+3) Stealth (+1) Nature (+1) Insight (+3) Intimidation (+3)

SUMMARY

Ubeu thinks Roan is *so cool* and then there’s blood everywhere and things go pear shaped. She offers to take Nat back, at least. She also wants to know who this ‘knight’ really is.



QUINCY WISEACRE-(REYES)

✱ **THEY / THEM** // **APPLICATION** // **TRACKER** ✱

✱ **WATER** ▸ **LVL 4** // **ENERGY** ▸ **LVL 1** ✱

[**POST 4/4**]



Quincy scowled in response. They were struggling with how the way they looked up to the chimera made them internally squirm with a feeling that should have been warm in any other circumstance, but only felt clammy now, and uncomfortable in a sense. Leo had the child calmed by his words, though they knew the hero Nat spoke of was not who Leo saw himself to be. He climbed towards the same title but he might not believe he’d reached it yet. At least Nat saw what Quincy did. It was the only point of understanding between

the two, apparently.

After a moment of carefully observing the exchange, they too noticed that Nat held their hind paw awkwardly.

That looks bad. They can't carry themselves home.

They're perfectly capable of it.

“Right,” They huffed under their breath, rolling their eyes to Nat’s argument, **“You would have had them eating out of your paw, I’m sure.”** Quincy shook their head and kept on walking for a few more paces. Nat began to wail out a miserable plea, and it made Quincy stop and whip back around. A paw gripped Leo’s ankle, and the fur along their neck began to prickle. Each step a little closer to the edge. All because of a *kit*. *Damnit!* For a tense few heartbeats, they stared down at Nat.

Then their lip curled and their tail began to lash.

They stepped forward towards the kitten.

“Don’t be such a—”

“We’re not going to leave you alone. Or at least I won’t.”

“Go, then!” They quickly shot back with a groan, throwing their head back and their paws up in the air. **“Escort them back. I am not going to wait for you.”** Ubeu’s narrowed gaze was met with a sharp glare of their own and an unshakeable determination. Of course she would believe she had the liberty and the time to be so kind. Her motivations for following the apothecary couldn’t have been born from hurt and spite, but something petty, wasn’t it? Or perhaps righteous in nature as much as Grey’s were. She knew nothing of the strain of guilt pressed upon her throat like the very heavy and very real blade of the dagger in Viola’s paws. Blood that streamed from their shoulder and from Leo’s face.

Quincy flinched.

Abruptly, they grabbed Leo’s shoulder to prompt him forward. Their grip is tight out of desperation but not an unmerciful force. **“I’m not wasting any more damn time. Goodbye.”** Quincy hissed and spun around the other direction, stomping away in a storm towards the

muddied tracks they had left to follow. Their pelt was hot and their paws shaky, but they wouldn't stop. *Enough* seconds had been spent. Doubts started creeping in: too late, what if they're too late? She's going to do it, she's going to do it — there'll be no score to settle after it's said and done. She'll get her wish after making their life a living hell and then they'll move on. It sounded nice in theory, but Quincy's a *spiteful* creature.

They had let go of Leo's shoulder somewhere in their outburst of walking off, but offered a beckoning gesture with their tail's angry flick to welcome him to follow. If he didn't, it didn't matter. Quincy was no longer afraid of facing Viola alone if they had to.

STR 0 ✱ DEX +1 ✱ INT +2 ✱ CHA -2
INSIGHT (+5) ✱ INTIMIDATION (+3) ✱ SURVIVAL (+3) ✱ STEALTH (+1)
MAGIC (+1) ✱ PERCEPTION (+1) ✱ NATURE (+1)

🐾 SUMMARY & ACTION

Quincy has a real asshole moment 🙏 my guy it's a CHILD!! Calm down!!

[Quincy goes off down the path without waiting for the others.]

🐾 INVENTORY

- *Magnificent Cloak (Usages Left: 1)*
 - *Nostalgic Snow Globe (Usages Left: 2)*
 - *Scientist's Muffin (Usages Left: 1)*
 - *Lucky Coin (Usages Left: 3)*
-



Viola Howler

🌹 The Lost Apothecary 📖

Necromancy LV 4 | Void LV 1 | She/Her | [Reference](#) | [Application](#)

Post 4 of 4

Viola Howler has hit rock-bottom.

In a literal sense, her body struck against granite. It was a miracle the impact was mostly absorbed by armor. Rushing water roared behind her. *Good god, was I that close to falling in?* Sliding onto her back, still clutching her camera in an iron grip, she takes a few precious minutes to breathe. If she went down an offshoot of Sweetfire River, then it means her plan worked. She's almost out.

Sweat matted her fur. It was a close call. She was almost caught by another kitten. All it took was telling a sweet little lie into wandering the opposite direction. Perhaps it was unwise to send them there right after a stampede of deer almost crushed her under their hooves, but better to run away from what threatens prey than linger. Maybe she should have sent a ghost to protect that child after seeing two magic forces of destruction barrel into each other where she sent them. Terrorizing a few wolves into leaving her alone *might* have started a chain reaction that led to that fight.

Who's to say if it's her fault really? Children talk. She can't risk the animals recognizing her either. There could be a lifespeaker out there. When she scanned her surroundings through the viewfinder before her tragic misstep, she saw warm bodies. Feline ones. It might have been hasty to assume they were Wayseekers, but she can't trust anyone from that wretched place. Greyham was already prowling outside her door. Leonardo would have revealed to everyone what he learned.

Mud sticks to her clothes, *pulls* her under. It's fine! The Wayseekers will fix it. They *always* do. The world fixed itself without a care for her plight. It's like she isn't even there. In the dimming light, the dirt coating her body turns to tar.

Did she hit rock-bottom when left her old classmates to die from the monsters she brought instead of getting help? When she abandoned Ferris in the harsh winter? When she stole the bones of Quincy's father to hold his spirit over their head? Left him helpless to watch as she pressed her dagger against their throat? Gouged out their boyfriend's eye to keep him from following her under?

Reaching bedrock is only the end if you have a limited imagination. She doesn't cower before reality. She blasts it to bits.

Viola dunks her head in the river. One arm after the other. Bones rise and click together under her paws. Keep digging. Let the current wash away the grime in between gasps to clear her resolve. What's a grave to a necromancer?

I'll hit the bottom and escape.

—
-3 STR | +1 DEX | +1 INT | +2 CHA
+5 Perception ♦ +3 Performance ♦ +3 Deception ♦ +2 Medicine ♦ +2 Stealth ♦ +1 Intimidation ♦
+1 Magic ♦ +1 History ♦ +1 Culture ♦ +1 Insight ♦ +1 Survival ♦ +1 Culinary
—

SUMMARY: Viola finds herself at the outskirts of Alicorn Woods after narrowly avoiding falling into the nearby river. She reflects on how much further she has to fall. There's nowhere to go but down, but this pit is bottomless.

ACTION: Viola keeps running.

CHECKPOINT 9

Quincy's visible irritation makes the little silver tabby cry again. *Loudly.* Thankfully, **Ubeu** stepping up to take them home soothes their fears.

Nat rubs their eyes before hopping over to Ubeu. **"THANK YOUUU!"** They squeeze her like a plushie. **"Oh I dunno, we didn't talk for long. She was wearing a cloak over blue armor. Talked kinda funny? Like she was in a hurry. I joked if she was going to fight Peter in that and she just stared at me. Rude..."** Their walk back towards their classmates was uneventful. After filling in Acorn on the details, he thanks you profusely. He reassures the little silver tabby he's just glad they're safe.

After sending Nat back home, the party can turn their attention to the mess of tracks before them. (Giving the sleeping unicorn a generous berth.) All eyes search for rounded rectangles. Between the thinning animal marks, the boots remerge. You follow them until you can spy the moon rising past milky violet clouds. The faint impressions left by hikers years before you became imperceptible in the darkness.

The bootprints come to a halt. It was as if Viola vanished into thin air. As easy as it would be to say she was carried away by an alicorn, you know better. One by one, you slide downhill, following the crushed plants and wayward logs by her long tumble down. There's a few scares from the stray hare or raccoon crossing paths, but the woods are peaceful. Gentle cricket cries underscore footsteps. The temperature continues to drop. Breathe in, breathe out. Bear the cold.

Your paws and hers stop at the bottom, a riverbank. The pine trees thin out here. There are no ripples to betray movement elsewhere besides fish lazily passing by. She could have jumped across the rocks to the other side, but when you cross it, there's nothing to follow in the mud. Like a ghost, she slipped away...

You swim back. Before you could mull over your next move, your party is surrounded by cats in flowy uniforms, raising their bow and arrows at **Quincy** and **Leo**.

"Oi! You got a license for bringing those weapons here?"

Their leader steps forward and rolls her eyes. **"Stand down Arthur, they clearly aren't locals."** She crosses her arms. **"I'm sorry for the inconvenience, but you all need to come with us for questioning. We're investigating a poaching incident and you're possible suspects."**

On the right path, heartfelt words were shared. Inconsiderate of the emotional mire it soared into, the alicorn burst into the clearing. Its grandest tree was ruined by lightning. Furious at the sight, it dives at **Venture**. She's able to teleport to the top in the nick of time. It leaves a long, winding scar in the bark of its claim. Before **Greyham** and **Edward** could react, they're pulled away to safety by a team of cloaked cats, far, far away from their wayward friend. By the reflective insignias on their backs, she recognized they were the rangers of Alicorn Woods. It was time for her to get going.

The gang is reunited at their headquarters. It's the back of a large cabin where visitors can check in for tours. You learn that part of their responsibilities is to patrol the forest to fend off alicorn hunters. The situation has only grown more dire with the decline of magic leaving the ethereal herd more important than ever to the ecosystem's health. A unicorn with scars means someone went at it with an enchanted weapon. The punishment? Steep fines and time in the slammer.

You can't involve the rangers in your hunt for Viola. She's too dangerous, the revelation a Wayseeker went rogue would cause mass hysteria. So you assert your innocence. They insist you stay under their custody for the night. You have no choice but to wait until morning to contact Acorn. His testimony and Nat's clears your names and you're free to continue your search.

Unfortunately, his help comes with grave news: the local Laurelstone mine was robbed. According to eyewitnesses, there was a sudden fierce thunderstorm that made the night shift workers clock out to find shelter. When they returned, their cart of ore and dynamite was gone. The only evidence left behind was the overwhelming stench of rotting flesh at the scene of the crime. No bodies were found.

Time is of the essence. Viola and Venture could be anywhere and putting all their eggs in one basket could mean magic's balance tips further towards oblivion. With tearful goodbyes, the group parts in two. Roan and Edward head north to find them. Grey, Ubeu, Quincy, and Leo head south towards Mistmeadow.

What does the future hold?

END OF QUEST