

Corruption of Champions II
Minotaur Border Guard
Savin

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Room Description Addition

//Add to the King's Gate EXT. room:

Beneath the towering black gate, a small camp has been established against the rockface. Four tall, burly figures are sitting on the stones scattered around a campfire, while a fifth stands in the path between you and the gate. As you draw near, you can see these are hardly orcs or harpies: the figures are each nearly eight feet tall, and covered with thick pelts of shaggy fur beneath worn links of silvery scale armor. Their faces are sculpted like those of bulls, complete with mighty horns and in half of their cases, big golden rings through the nose.

{PC hasn't dealt with the camp:

The bull-man standing in the path raises a hand to you, less in greeting than to stop you. A glance shows that a broad, spade-pointed blade is slung at his hip and a circular shield is strapped to his other arm. His head is mostly hidden beneath a weather-worn, red-plumed helm.

"Ay-ah, traveller{s}. The King's Gate is closed. Turn ye and be gone."

[Minotaurs]}

Talking with the Guard

[Minotaurs]

//What's with the gate guard? Go up and talk to these bull-folk.

//First time var.:

You step up to the towering bull-man in the middle of the path and ask what he means.
What's a King's Gate, and why is it closed?

The minotaur snorts {down} at you, resting his meaty paw on the hilt of his blade. Behind him, the other men, soldiers you suppose, glance up from their repose and lock you{ and your companions} with their black eyes.

"King Kelsaz has ordered the gates closed," the plume-helmed leader says, his accent thick and guttural. "Things are not safe in the Deeplands. Monsters and folk go mad in the tunnels. Not safe anymore for outsiders."

Glancing at the black gate behind them, solid and imposing, you can hardly imagine {orc dungeon not done: that the orcs are causing whoever lives behind that bulwark any trouble. //else: that any of the local factions could have mustered enough brute force to punch through that bulwark.} Could this be Kasyrra's doing?

//Repeat var.:

You step up to the towering bull-man in the middle of the path and ask why the gate's still closed. Is whatever problem the minotaurs are facing really that bad?

He lets out a deep, bellowing breath. "Aye, traveller. I cannot say for certain how bad things are, but the king would not order the gates sealed without cause. Hmm, perhaps if a hero rose on the surface, one worth the king's attention... but no. We have heard of none such."

[Ask Entrance] [Trade?] [Leave]

[Leave]

"Good. Nah-sayya, surface walker{s}," the lead minotaur says. "With fortune, the gates will open again some day."

You turn and withdraw up the path, back into the foothills below.

[Ask Entrance]

//Try and persuade the minotaurs to allow you entrance. {DK: No mad monsters are going to stand in your way //else: Maybe you could help?}

//Play below if Alissa undefeated; else go to the invitation scene at end of document

The plumed 'taur grunts, a deep sound from the gut like crunching rocks. "No, traveller. King Kelsaz himself has decreed the gates remain closed to your kind. We will not have your fate on our hands... nor do we wish you to see our homeland in chaos. Get gone, for your sake.

//Unlock [Brute Force] option.}

[Brute Force]

//You will not be denied by these oversized cows. Fight your way through them and make your way into the mountain.

"Get out of my way," you snarl, grasping your [pc.weapon].

[party.has brint|"Uhhh, [pc.name]?"] Brint groans, stepping back. "What are you doing...? "[party.has brienne|"Uhhh, [pc.name]?"] Brienne sighs, stepping defensively between you and the Chargers. "What are you doing...?"

[party.has kiyoko|"Beloved... why are we declaring war on Khor'minos?"]

The minotaur soldiers all stand, most grabbing at two-handed axes and another at a stout bow. Their captain scowls at you, drawing his blade and levelling the edge at you.

"You mistake yourself, traveller," he growls. "We are the king's honor guard. Chargers of Khor'minos. Back down or suffer."

Not likely.

[party.has arona|"Fuck yeah, time to take some bulls by the horns!" Arona howls, already charging in!]

[Fight]

Trade?

//Since you can't get into the Deeplands yourself, you don't suppose the guards would be willing to do some trading?

You ask the gate guards if they might be open to some personal trading. You came all this way after all...

"Eh-saara?" the leader grunts, rolling his head to the side and staring at you quizzically. "Trade? Hmm... there is no harm, I think. We have some comforts from the homeland."

[party.has Brint|"Bloodwine?" Brint asks hopefully.

The plumed 'taur nods. "Bloodwine among them. Take care for your friend, son. Surfacers are not used to such strength in their drink."]

//Go to shop menu. The minotaurs sell their TF item, as well as camping supplies.

Hirrud Grune's altercation with the minotaur guard

//Trigger if Hirrud Grune in Hawkethorne has been resolved one way or the other, and the player steps into the minotaurs' tile.

{//first time (gate guard not met):

As the mountain's base draws near

//else:

As the high black ramparts of the King's Gate come into view once more
, a most unsubtle plodding echoes from the rope bridge behind you. Turning, you see a dark, shaggy shape storming up from your rear, each heavy footstep sending the stout bridge to creaking along its chasm-spanning length.

Oh boy. It's <i>him</i>.

{PC fought HG:

While giving Hirrud Grune a good smack on the snout might be satisfying, it's probably not worth it with him like this. After all, you don't want to give him any excuses to avoid admitting his defeat at your hands — there's no fun in claiming victory over weakened prey.

|

Given what happened the last time you met, you just want to avoid the shaggy bastard as much as possible.

} As luck would have it, there's a nice, fat boulder big enough for you[party.som|| and [party.compNames]], [party.compNames]] to keep out of his view.

Hirrud doesn't notice you at all. The minotaur mercenary seems lost in his own dark thoughts as he storms past you, up the path and right up to the looming black gates ahead. [silly]If he were in any more foul a mood, he'd have thunderclouds orbiting his brow.]As you peek out from your hiding place, the minotaur gate guard rise and attend to their posts, the plume-helmed leader taking his position in the middle of the path.

<i>""Ay-ah. King Kelsaz — "</i> he begins, then clears his throat and drops the formal accent as he realises who's approaching, assuming a much more conversational tone. <i>"Oh. It's you. The gate is closed by order of the king. Go away."</i>

The Charger captain's refusal just serves to incense Hirrud even further, and the mercenary raises his voice to a bellow. <i>"I am a citizen of Khor'minos, with all its privileges! You would deny me entry to my homeland, pitiful sentry?"</i>

There's a moment's tension, a spark in the air between the two, then one of the guards comes up and whispers something to his captain, who nods.

<i>"Very well. My subordinate has just reminded me that citizens are permitted re-entry, subject to a quarantine duration of two weeks. We will prepare a tent for you off to one side of our encampment, and you will stay there in isolation until this time is up. One of the high womenfolk will also be summoned to see to you and determine if you have been infected by the corruption that is said to be spreading on the surface. Are these acceptable terms?"</i>

<i>"This is outrageous!"</i> Hirrud roars, already reaching for his weapon. <i>"You can't do this! I am a citizen! I have rights, rights that I served six years in the legion for!"</i>

The captain meets Hirrud's gaze levelly. <i>"I can and I am, under that same authority that you claim to derive such rights from. I suggest that you do no violence here; the odds are against you. We are many, and you are but one."</i>

<i>"I need no companions! I am an army of one, as opposed to you, who cowers behind his underlings!"</i>

The captain sighs, looking absolutely disgusted as he pinches the bridge of his muzzle. Then in one swift blow, he sinks his knuckles into Hirrud's face, the resultant crack echoing along the rocky walls of the foothills. Hirrud reels, and two of the Charger guards come up, grab him from under the shoulders, and firmly whisk him away down the path. The last you see of the vexatious mercenary is him clutching his bloodied snout, roaring invective at the captain.

<i>"You cannot do this, whoreson! I have rights! I know you derive pleasure from watching other men mate with your wife! My father will hear of this! I — "</i>

The sound abruptly fades, leaving blessed silence rushing in to fill the void.

[party.has brint]

<i>"Well, what do you make of all of that?"</i> you ask Brint.

Your minotaur companion scratches the back of his neck. <i>"Khaak. On one hand, I can't say I don't see where he's coming from. Two weeks in a small tent doing nothing is torture for a hot-blooded minotaur. If the king doesn't want anyone returning, it's a good way of doing it without actually saying no.</i>

<i>"On the other hand, the Chargers are the king's personal guard; if he's sent them up here as sentries, he seriously means to keep the gates closed. Anyone — let alone a minotaur who should know better — who raises a hand against them deserves what's coming their way."</i>

]Either way, one thing's for sure: considering how they took out an experienced mercenary like Hirrud with ease, these minotaurs are pretty tough for gate guards. Challenging them probably isn't going to be a smart idea unless you're really confident in your sword arm. Now, it's your turn to approach.

Minotaur Charger Fight

Between you and the King's Gate stands squad of ferocious minotaurs, towering bull-shaped men clad in glistening mail and flowing red capes. Most carry great two-handed axes, though the more grizzled bull that seems to lead them carries a blade and shield, and a fifth standing at the back of the company carries a tall war bow, taking pot shots over his companions' shoulders.

[combatName] is {standing tall and proud, a ferocious look on his face. The bull seems relatively unscathed. // huffing and puffing, belaboring every breath due to his mounting injuries. // growling with need, his eyes flaring with desire. // kneeling on the ground, unable to rouse himself to further violence.}

Minotaur Charger Stats

This fight is meant to be a stout challenge for a level 5 party, probably equivalent to a boss battle. Should be outright overwhelming for anyone below that.

There are three different stat blocks of taurs in the fight: a **Minotaur Captain**, three **Axemen**, and a **Minotaur Archer**. All are Warriors, with the perks to go with it. They all have very heavy armor and lots of health, making a physical victory pretty hard. They're most vulnerable to magic (very low Cunning), and average against lust (modest Will).

Maneuvers: Minotaur Captain

The captain has the highest Health of everyone and a Leadership score of 16, so his troopers all get a damage bonus from him. He carries a Short Sword and a Hoplon Shield. Damage isn't great, but he's got good accuracy.

Defeat

The minotaur captain groans and drops to a knee, trying to support himself on the tip of his short blade. {It looks like you've knocked the fight out of him! // If the huge bulge in his armor is any indication, he's completely consumed by his lusts now!}

Guarded Stance

//As per Warrior ability. Always active.

Second Wind

//As per Warrior ability. 1/encounter.

Bull Rush

//Recharge 4. Causes some Penetrating damage, and a Knockdown if the target fails a physical resistance check.

[attacker.combatName] throws [attacker.hisHer] head back with a feral roar, locking eyes on [target.combatName]. Snorting, [attacker.heShe] charges head-first, using [attacker.hisHer] horns like battering rams. {[attacker.combatName] manage[tps s] to dodge, ducking out of the way of the mighty bull rush! // [attacker.combatName] slams into [target.combatName], throwing [target.himHerYou] back with the tremendous force. {[target.combatName] {is/are} knocked down!}}

Rallying Strike

//Recharge 1 power. Has +50 Attack Power, and adds high Threat to the target on a hit or a miss.

[attacker.combatName] shouts a bellowing war-cry, lunging at [target.combatName]. {[target.heSheYou] duck[tps s] out of the way, but nevertheless feel[tps s] like there's a huge target on [target.hisHerYour] back regardless. // [attacker.combatName] slams weapon-first into [target.himHerYou], slashing viciously to drive [target.combatName] back. Even after the assault ends, [target.combatName] feel[tps s] like there's a huge target on [target.hisHerYour] back!}

Bellow

//Recharge 4. All enemies must pass a Mental Res. check to avoid being Terrified for 1-2 turns. [attacker.combatName] throws [attacker.hisHer] head back and lets out a mighty bellow, echoing off the stone all around. The roar carries terrifying power, leaving {victims} fearing for {his/her/your // their} {life/lives}!

//Recover from terror

[target.combatName] shakes off the terror from the minotaur's bellowing!

Maneuvers: Axemen

Warriors equipped with Poleaxes and breastplates.

Defeat

[combatName] slumps to the ground, {moaning with agony // desperately clutching at his codpiece}. The fight's gone out of that one!

Guarded Stance

//As per Warrior ability. Always active.

Second Wind

//As per Warrior ability. 1/encounter.

Ground Pound

//Medium recharge. Only/always used against Prone enemies. Has +100 Attack Power.

[attacker.combatName] swings [attacker.hisHer] [attacker.weapon] up over [attacker.hisHer] head and brings it down hard on [target.combatName]. {[target.heSheYou] manage[tps s] to roll out of the way just in time! // The [attacker.weapon] comes down with bone-crushing force!}

Staggering Strike

//Fast recharge. Has +50 Attack Power and automatically staggers for 1-2 turns on a hit.

[attacker.combatName] sweeps [attacker.hisHer] [attacker.weapon] in a thunderous arc at [target.combatName], {though luckily [target.heSheYou] manage[tps s] to roll out of the way. // slamming into [target.himHerYou] with staggering force!}

//Recover from stagger:

[target.combatName] manages to shake off the staggering force imparted by [attacker.combatName]'s strike.

Maneuvers: Minotaur Archer

Less Health than his bros, but has much higher AGL/Accuracy and Evasion. Carries a standard War Bow; same armor as the others. Doesn't use Guarded Stance like they do, meaning he generates way less Threat.

Defeat

The minotaur archer slumps to the ground, {moaning with agony // desperately clutching at his codpiece}. The fight's gone out of that one!

Second Wind

//As per Warrior ability. 1/encounter.

Feather

//Makes three basic attacks with -20 Accuracy against the same target. Each hit inflicts normal damage + Bleed for one round (max 3 rounds of Bleed). Recharge 3.

[attacker.combatName] draws [attacker.hisHer] bow back and looses three arrows in rapid succession, shooting as fast as [attacker.heShe] can at the price of accuracy. {Luckily, [target.combatName] manage[tps s] to dodge the flurry of attacks! // {One of /Two of /All three of} the attacks manage{s} to hit home, tearing into [target.combatName] and leaving a bleeding wound!

//Bleed Persists

[target.combatName] grunt[tps s] in pain, clutching at the bleeding cut in [target.hisHerYour] flesh. Ouch!

//Bleed Ends

[target.combatName] manage[tps s] to staunch the flow of blood from [target.hisHerYour] wound!

Minotaur Charger Fight: Party Victorious

You stand victorious over the collapsed forms of five defeated minotaurs, all looking down at the ground and breathing hard from your vicious fight. Glancing between the bull-men and the huge stone gate, an idea crosses your mind.

"Get up," you shout, grabbing at the warriors and pulling them up. With a few harsh words, you point them to the gate and command them to open the way. The grunts huff and scowl, looking to their captain for direction.

The leader of the minotaurs lets out a long, heavy breath. "Do as [pc.heShe] says, men," the captain sighs. "We'll not throw away our lives."

He gestures to his men, causing them to unsteadily rise to their hooves and go to the gates. Two stand on either side, planting their hands on the cold stone, and they begin to push. For a moment, nothing happens... and then with a mighty shudder, the gate rumbles and starts to open. The 'taurs grunt with effort, digging their hooves into the dirt and shoving the titanic stone slabs open.

"You won't get far, surfacer," the minotaur captain grunts as his men finish, clearing the way for you into the yawning darkness of the path ahead. "The tunnels beyond are more dangerous than anything you've faced before. And our great king does not suffer trespassers lightly."

You'll cross that bridge when you come to it. For now, you've got a whole new underworld to explore.

//Remove minotaur guard from room. PC gets a big reward of EP, and can now explore Undermountain.

Minotaur Charger Fight: Party Defeated

You're thrown to the ground with the thunderous impact of a minotaur headbut, sent sprawling and tumbling over yourself in the rocky dirt. Before the stars stop exploding in your vision, a powerful hoof plants itself on your chest, and the tip of a sword graces your vulnerable neck.

"Yield!" the captain bellows, even as his soldiers are grabbing your weapons {and securing {comp names}}. A pair of them grab you by the shoulders and haul you up to your knees, facing their commander. "In the name of King Kelsaz, for this blatant assault on Khor'minos' sovereign land, I, Captain Fenraus of the Chargers, condemn you to bondage."

The victorious bulls chuckle lecherously, pushing you down into the front of Fenraus's tassets. The reek of an untended bullcock hits you almost as hard as his skull had moments ago, making you recoil... right into the the other two bulls that have already dropped their kilts and let their stiffening manhoods flop free.

"We've been assigned here since the quarantine began," Fenraus drawls evenly, planting a huge, muscular hand on your head. "We are denied our homeland by the king's command. Denied our wives, or even the gentle touch of familiar courtesans. You will become our camp's whore[party.solo||s] as punishment for your attack. Hmmp. Thank you for giving us an excuse to rectify our monarch's oversight."

The captain pushes his leather guards aside, revealing a tumescent shaft of musky man-meat that slaps the bottom of your chin. The hand holding the top of your head guides you down, brooking no resistance until your [pc.lips] are on his flared crown. At this range there's no escaping the overpowering reek of manliness, the earthy musk of a man so horny he can barely maintain his composure. He's gritting his teeth and snorting even so.

"Suck it," one of Fenraus's men barks.

Your lips are breached by the flat battering ram of mino-cock a moment later, tonsils crushed into its cumvein. Eyes wide and watering from the sudden assault, you try and fail to choke out some words of protest, some means of apology for your insolence before such a pillar of masculinity, but it's too late for that. Too late by far.

Fenraus starts to thrust, rolling his hips slowly at first, but soon giving into his bestial nature and letting loose on your submissive mouth. Soon his trunk of a dick is pounding its way down your throat, using your whole upper body like the captain's personal fucktoy as he vents all his pent-up lusts on your abused mouth. Your body goes limp, held in place by strong arms and turgid cockmeat, and your sense of self fades as the first steaming-hot streams of minotaur seed pump into your belly.

"Khaaaaaaaaak!" the captain bellows, blackened balls clapping against your chin. "Take what you deserve!"

His cock's swollen so massively mid-orgasm that your jaw's stretched to the point of pain and blocking your throat so totally that your vision starts darkening. What little air you can steal is mired by raw and potent virility. Even when Fenraus pulls himself free of your maw, your head stays reeling from the potency of his load settling inside your gut.

[party.has cait]

Off to the side, you can vaguely make out Cait splayed out face-down on the ground. One of the other soldiers has grabbed her wrists up behind her back and hiked her skirt up so he can thrust right into her. The pink kitten's mewling and cumming all over him already, tits bouncing against the rocky ground every time she's hilted. You've looked over just in time to see the bull pull back and flop his cock out onto Cait's [cait.butt], spurting streams of white all over her pale cheeks.

"Alright!" he chuckles. "This one loves it. Who's next?"

[party.has kiyoko]

Unfortunately, you can see your foxen wife just a few paces away, grimacing as one of the bulls finishes inside her... and immediately slumps forward, gasping for breath as she drains him body and soul. At least she's making them work for it.]

[party.has brianne]

"You're a damn big girl," one of the troopers is busy saying to Brienne, one hand in her mouth and the other shoved into her pussy while he violates her ass. "Like a bull with tits! Hmm, you'll bear a lot of big, strong calves for us, won't you, cow?"

Brienne just moos wordlessly as the Charger fills the wrong hole for making his dreams come true... but then, with Fenraus done with you, the towering black-furred bull turns his attentions to your breedable bovine and smirks. Oh no.]

You're given no time to contemplate your fate, however. The two minotaurs who'd been holding you steady for their captain's use descend on you before you have time to swallow the last of Fenraus's seed, shoving you roughly down on your back and tearing your [pc.armor] away between their big, calloused hands. Your legs end up kicked apart by the squad's archer, bent back over your [pc.belly] as he lines his flared member up with your [pc.vagOrAss]. The other 'taur makes like his captain and unceremoniously thrusts himself into your mouth, taking your [pc.feet] from his comrade and using them for leverage while he pounds your face. Your voice catches in your throat as the archer's shaft hammers into your fuckhole; whatever pitiful sound manages to come out is drowned in the taut ballsack rubbing all over your [pc.face] and the medial ring stretching your lips. You're nothing but meat to these men, a conquered foe to be used to sate their lusts... and they've been unsatisfied for quite a long time.

The next two loads blown into your belly at just as huge as the captain's, leaving your gut jiggling with the sheer liquid weight you've been forced to carry. You groan, drooling white down your cheeks as the two soldiers high five over your prostrate body and stand... only to be replaced by the other two members of the unit, cocks rock hard and ready to partake of you. You barely notice when they clap your wrists into restraints -- the only way you notice the collar slipping around your neck is when it becomes a little harder to choke down the, what is it, third load from Captain Fenraus. He gives you a snarl of a smirk as he slides his cock out and wipes it dry on your cheeks, and one of his men hooks a leash to you from behind.

"We'll let you rest, now," the captain states, resting his hands on his hips. "But the real fun starts tomorrow. We'll set up rotations for you to take care of, won't we boys?"

The bulls grunt in unison. Your day's going to be busy... all of your days, from now on.

GAME OVER

Party Invited Into Undermountain

//Replace the normal "Ask Entrance" text with this after gaining the Champion of Frost title.

The plumed 'taur grunts, a deep sound from the gut like crunching rocks, but his eyes wander over you for a longer moment. Finally, his black lips scrunch up and he lets out a rough chuckle. "Ah, yes, I recognize you. News travels fast, when it concerns heroes and villains... Champion of Frost." The captain of the Chargers rests a hand idly on the sheathed hilt of his sword. "Your reputation has proceeded you, even into the halls of the great King Kelsaz despite the quarantine. By ancient treaty we were forced to allow elven diplomats to pass, and they carried word of your deeds to the throne of deepest Khor'minos."

[party.has etheryn]Ryn cuts her eyes over to you and shrugs. Maybe Elthara sent them?

The dark-furred officer grunts with annoyance, hard enough to make his sizable nose ring rock against his muzzle. "And so just today, orders have come from the throne itself that we are to let the Champion of Frost pass into the Undermountain. But take heed, surfacer: the under-roads are not as they once were. Demons and creatures of darkness stalk the once-lit tunnels between these gates and Khor'minos. Our soldiers are hard-pressed to maintain even a single path to the surface; you will likely have to put your slaying skills to the test if you wish to reach our great city. Its walls are strong and gates unbreached, though -- of that, let there be no doubt. Khor'minos stands."

"Khor Aterna!" his subordinantes bellow in unison.

After a moment, the minotaur steps aside, removing himself from your path. "Perhaps... perhaps one such as you could change things. If a demon queen cannot stand in your way, you may possess the strength to survive in our homeland. Perhaps even to aid it, for why else would our own beloved Champion have begged the king's leave for you to come below?"

You thank the minotaur captain and step past. The other 'taurs rise to their feet and, at a booming word from their leader, go to the gates. Two stand on either side, planting their hands on the cold stone, and they begin to push. For a moment, nothing happens... and then with a mighty shudder, the gate rumbles and starts to open. The 'taurs grunt with effort, digging their hooves into the dirt and shoving the titanic stone slabs open.

"Good luck, Champion," the minotaur captain says as his men step away, granting you passage into the dark embrace of the undermountain.

[Next]

//Set King's Gate to open.