

THE ELDER SCROLLS/BBFRPG PLAY REPORT # 10

Dominion: Lalastare Vestibule & Lalastare Threshold, Tirdas 11th - Middas 12th of Midyear 4E 206

Date: 081113, 3 hours.

Players:

Brian: **Jo'Rak**, Khajiit Assassin

Amanda: **Filbyn**, Wood Elf Scout/sneak

Tina: **Riala**, Breton Mage

Logan: **Yngvar**, Nord Warrior (Stormcloak Rebel?)

Tony: **Talan**, Redguard Warrior/leader

George: **Cocius Mantedi** Imperial Legionnaire



With the party now assembled on the far side of what had been the most deadly trap so far, Jo'Rak felt it was high time to share the journal he had found. With the revelations it contained, now known by all, there was some discussion of returning to Kvatch and warning the blades if what was in the journal was true. But it was decided that if the group had been sent here by renegade blades agents then **here** is where they should be.

<See Journal of Ja'Darr in files section.>

Before going onward, Riala and Cocius put spells of protection on the scouts and front liners. Proceeding to find out just what was so important down here the next room was just ahead. The room was lit by two welkynd stones flanking a doorway with carvings of a tree. The tree's leaves were made of welkynd stone fragments and glowed softly.

A magical image of the ayleid who created this place, in resplendent ayleid wizard robes, addressed the group as they entered the room. He pointed out four spots in the corners on an otherwise smooth flagstone floor that glowed a soft blue. "Recite and demonstrate that which all ayleid mages know. They are the basics of all of creation." Riala, a scholar of all things ayleid pondered the words and eventually remembered that the four elements (air, earth, fire and water) were different for the ayleid in that, fire was replaced by light, specifically starlight. Kalarus put a brick on one of the glowing spots and asked Riala what the ayleid word for earth was. When he recited it, the glow changed from blue to red. Kalarus immediately did the next one by casting an illusion of a night sky over the next corner and recited the word for star light he got from Riala and it too turned red. Meanwhile Jo'Rak was trying to check for traps on one side of the room but Yngvar was boldly heading to other parts of the



room to see what was there. The room also contained three triangular alcoves, each sealed off by portcullises and containing a larger metal lever. There was also a narrow door in the NW corner of the room.

It was when the four corners were glowing red that some fiery eyes could be seen in their depths. Before the group could move the eyes got closer and large sharp toothed maws came up and out of the glow followed by rising stone till the smooth floor was now a large magma fountain with lava pouring out of the mouths of demon head carvings. Other than the incredible heat the group was not in any real danger as the laval poored into holes in the floor. There was one demon head at each of the four corners. Between each demon head was an inscription. The ayleid lord appeared before them again, and gave them a riddle and a challenge to recite the names of the four brothers.

*You can see me, the firstborn of four
You can't touch me, a sign not to ignore
You can smell me, as I creep under your door
steal your breath and leave you with no more*

*Where the first appears, I will follow
all things I touch, I try to swallow
Always hungry, always must I be fed
And fingers I lick, will soon turn red*

*I glow softly in the night
Ready to bring you warming light
with gentle breath, perhaps I'll ignite
To the cold, a welcomed sight*

*My brothers are gone, but here I'll stay
For years and years, my debt to repay
Blackened all they left behind
A trail of destruction easy to find*



The group really got into solving this problem. Since tamrielic is derived from Ayleid they could gain clues as to the inscriptions if they could just figure out one. The inscriptions were indeed ayleid words but written in with daedric letters. After the group puzzled out the name of the first brother and recited it in ayleid one of the portcullises rose. It was then Yngvar fell into a hidden pit. Cocius pulled him out, he was little the worse for wear. Reciting the fourth and final brother opened the small NW corner door. Cocius started checking for pit traps with his backpack which was cleverly tied to a rope so he could retrieve it if it fell and sure enough he found yet another pit. Four pits in all were discovered in the room. Without hesitation Yngvar pulled on a lever and sounds could be heard of movement within the wall that held the ayleid tree motif door. When all three levers were pulled the ayleid door still had not opened.

So Talan and Yngvar boldly went through the small door and entered a narrow corridor. This was the first time Talan had done anything remotely bold since the first trap in this complex

almost ended his life. His confidence was returning. Cocius meanwhile cast some defensive spells on Yngvar and Talan. After turning a sharp corner the hallway continued another twenty feet and ended at another small door. Seeing this, Talan announced he was headed back to the lava fountain room and that the scouts had something to check out.

After Jo'Rak examined the door for traps, as did Filbyn they opened the door and a small twenty by thirty foot room was revealed with a wicked clockwork contraption of Dwemer origin against the far wall. It looked like some kind of lock and clock mechanism. Deep inside the device was a lever, and keyholes were on the outside. To complicate matters the ceiling was riddled with small nozzles and magic appeared not to work within the room. There was a strange grove just outside the door that ran along the walls and ceiling and it looked as though another portcullis could drop down. Taking all this in and realizing that they had no way of finding the original keys that the owner of this place must have sent to his relatives they decided to brave all and try and pick this complicated contraption. To do that, both scouts would work together with Jo'Rak doing the main work assisted by Filbyn. When they realized how hard this would be, especially if one of them had to hold onto the lever they looked askance at their party. Yngvar barely volunteered before Cocius and stepped into the room. He rolled up the sleeve of his left arm and with a nod from the scouts reached in and grabbed the lever.

When Yngvar pulled the lever metal straps clamped tightly and painfully down on his arm immobilizing him. Jo'Rak and Filbyn began methodically to use all their skill to start picking the locks. A window opened up at the top of the clockwork mechanism and revealed a large blade that would no doubt descent at any moment and sever Yngvar's arm. As if that wasn't enough motivation to hurry, poison gas began to spray into the room from the nozzles in the ceiling. No help could come from the hallway as a large slab of metal crashed down behind the door sealing them in. Cocius tried doing everything he could to get past the metal slab but the barrier proved to be impenetrable.

As the poison gas began to sting their eyes, noses and throats and pool around their feet in a green haze the clockwork mechanism started changing, making the process more difficult and another panel opened revealing several hundred pounds of weights that were loaded behind the blade. Just when things got most difficult, Jo'Rak with help from Filbyn pulled it off and picked the final lock releasing Yngvar from his doom and the poison gas was blown out through openings that appeared near the floor along the walls. The metal slab descended from in front of the door. Talan called out to the group that the ayleid door was opening.



The tree motif stone door descended into the floor and led to a room lit with four more welkynd stones. A bright large white glowing crystal rested on a sconce on a pillar in the center of the room. The room had four other pillars supporting the forty foot ceiling. The far end contained the most marvelous sight of all. A door, nearly forty feet in height with a tree motif and welkynd stone fragments took up the center of the northern wall. As the group came into the room to explore they saw the ayleid apparition one last time.

6th apparition –“ it was inevitable, Ayleid lordships have been outlawed. My own lands were sacked and I lost many servants. But no one found Lalastare. The traps of Lalastare Vestibule have not even been needed so well hidden was the entrance. Lalastare Threshold is almost complete. The last greater welkynd stone arrived yesterday and I’ve spent the time in meditation, preparing for The Opening. Men are sacking the ruins of my people’s cities. I watch on in disgust. Maybe I should have used my knowledge to fight the Slave Queen over 350 years ago. But no, Hermaeus Mora promised I would be able to save that which was most important. I’ve sent letters to my cousins. They will be arriving in a few weeks and I can show them our new lands, untouched by men. I’ve already glimpsed the other side, rolling green hills, forests, streams. It will provide exactly what we need.”

The ayleid stiffens and goes up on his toes, “Ah! Who slays me? “

“A simple craftsman my lord, one who knows all the ways past your traps. One who was left only one way out of your evil magicka.” The man leans close to the slumping ayleid and whispers in his ear, “He comes to deliver on HIS promise.”

A tear in reality forms, a dark jagged wound in the air, and you are assaulted by it’s awesome might (all but Cocius and Talan fell to the floor and covered their eyes in the awesome presence of a daedric lord.).

“Kelathil – I have come at the end, as I promised to preserve that which is most important. But I’m afraid a couple of points of fact are not quite as you may have imagined. You see that which is most important is knowledge and secrets, both of which are mine” (a tentacle comes out of the dark mass of eyeballs and midnight and grabs Kelathil’s journal). “I will preserve them for all time. And the end I’m quite happy to announce, is yours.”

With that, the daedric lord slips back through the rip pulling it closed as he goes. His laughs echoing and fading.

The trap maker yanks the dagger out of the ayleid’s back. Kelathil falls to the floor reaching upwards, grasping at nothing, a look of utter anguish on his face. The poison of the dagger making it impossible to speak. The trap maker kneels before him. He reaches into his vest and pulls out a wad of letters. “Thank you for providing the location of your family. We’ll show them the same kindness you would have shown mine.” He puts the letters back in his vest.



He calls to a few accomplices. “Take these large glowing stones. Leave the rest. Our families will be set for generations.” He drops the knife next to Kelathil.

Kelathil’s grasping hand falls to the floor as his body burns with eldritch fires and Hermaeus Mora claims him... forever.

With this final revelation the party knew they had found something important but the prospect of opening a gate to oblivion was not at all what they wanted to do. They decided to carefully gather up the four welkynd stones. Cocius found the burn mark still on the floor where Kelathil met his tragic end. The iron dagger, had partially melted into the stone but was mostly rusted away. Cocius tried to put the spirit of Kelathil to rest and when he performed the rights he felt a breeze and could hear the sound of pages turning, as if a strong wind was flipping pages of a book left open on a table.

When Riala grabbed the white glowing stone at the top of the central pillar all of the traps were locked, the acid bath was sealed and it was now safe to travel the corridors of Lalastare once again.

Making their way back through Lalastare Vestibule they came across the room that had the illusion of the fine rug and chests of treasure. One chest remained and the group quickly claimed the gold within.

Once back through the underhalls they found Brahnlor and Joslin waiting for them. They asked for privacy and Brahnlor and Joslin joined them on the underhalls side of the thrice-barred-door. Cocius began the conversation by handing Brahnlor the unfortunate Ghajit’s journal. He studied it for a moment before handing it to Joslin who could not contain her incredulity. She dropped the act when Brahnlor admitted they were Blades agents and he handed the discussion over to Joslin.

Joslin explained that while the gates to oblivion were closed, The Empire once had had access to a realm between the planes of Oblivion and Mundus. “This pocket realm was known as Battlespire and she told of a hidden training center for warriors and wizards secreted there by pathways created by the now defunct Mages guild. The Shadow Legion was at one time The Empire’s best kept secret weapon. Long ago it had fallen to the depredations of the daedric lord, Mahrunes Dagon.

Battlespire was since visited by one Morian Zenas but he stayed only long enough to confirm that the way to Oblivion was shut before moving on. We now may have the means to open a doorway to Battlespire, to train a new Shadow Legion in secret, away from the prying eyes of the Thalmor AND safe from daedric influence. I have in my possession a fragment of the Weir Gate stone originally used to open the doorway to Battlespire and with it and the power of this place, I believe we will be able to open it again.



We'll need to find three greater welkynd stones, and we'll need to find a way to secret troops here. I'm going to start research on where to find these stones. I'll contact you when I have a good lead."

This is where we ended our session. This was going to be the end of our summer game but we decided to continue on in place of the Morrowind game we were going to start again in the fall. Several immediate quests were still on the player's minds: the nearby ayleid ruins outside of Kvatch, the Khajiit (assassin?) Shabhi, and Brahnlor also brought up that he had recently heard that a dragon had attacked a town a few days ride away...

In a realm between realms, thrust up from a sea of unknowable mists rises the Battlespire, empty for now, till reclaimed by heroes in the name of The Empire.



So ends Dominion: Epilogue, In The Empire's Service.