

GUILD REPORT

Bastion House

QUEST

Prisoner of Blackwater

LOCATION

Viniito, San-Fiorenzo

Reporter

Rirra Swiftrunner

Party Members

Clifford Amberglade

Haidar Battle-Singer

Irith

Russel Sprout

Right...

This is the first time I've sat down to write something like this. Gunther says to use it as a way to settle my mind after everything that happened. "A strong mind besets a strong body." is what he said to me as soon as I got back to Bastion House... or something of that ilk, anyway. Can't remember too well. Head's still spinning, but it's calmed a lot since we got back.

*At least the big man's looking out for me. Should've seen the state we returned in...
~~looking like we'd been dragged through hell and back~~*

So... This quest...

It started as a fairly mundane rescue mission: informant on the San-Fiorenzo situation wanted out with information from the inside that could be useful to us. Myself, Russel, Clifford, Irith and Haidar picked up the quest. Not sure the motivation on the other three to join me, but Clifford seemed interested in learning more about what the fuck the Durkag and Saverinos were doing combining forces.

~~Sorry about the swearing~~

Fuck it.

No.

You're getting all of me in this report. I'm not self-censoring after the shit that went down in that warehouse. Screw the fucking consequences.

Anyway... First things first, the guards we met at the Viniito Guild Hall were plastered out of their fucking minds. Two passed out cold completely, another thinking a cloak stand was the hottest Elf in the Underdark, and the final one singing sweet nothing to himself like he'd completely lost it.

Haidar, being the straight-shooting Paladin he is, decided to give them a talking to and see if they had any more information for us about the quest. One of them approached us. ~~I think it was the one that was fucked in the head? Can't recall for certain.~~ Either way, he just broke down in Clifford's arms, screaming about how we shouldn't have come here and we were all going to die.

Working around that booze-induced madness, we managed to get out of him that the mark was holed up in a brand new DeMontclair warehouse on the dockside. Must've sprung up in the time since I joined The Guild as I never recognised it when we arrived. Pretty sure that spot used to be some old ball sport playing field...

Using my local knowledge of Viniito, I led the party off the main boulevard and through the backstreets, hoping to use the tight spaces and tall buildings as cover from any prying Saverino or Durkag eyes. Unfortunately, we ended up bumping into a half-orc named Grumabak. Caught my attention immediately as he off-handedly mentioned a name I hadn't heard of in fucking yaaaarrrrsss....

~~MOTHERFUCKER~~

~~PIECE OF SHIT~~

MELTON KIRSK

(the name appears to be scrawled very jagged from a brief spout of rage)

Fuck...

New page...

In talking to him, we figured out the Saverinos wanted my head and he was going to try and collect on it after being fucked over by Melton with his work. He thought I was still working for them, too. ~~LIKE FUCK ID' STILL BE IN BED WITH THOSE PIECES OF SHIT, BITCH~~

Breathe for fuck's sake...

Well, after persuading him I wasn't, we managed to get some assistance from him in the form of using his worker colleagues to help distract the warehouse through a labour protest and give us an opening to slip in unnoticed.

Found a vantage point on the roofs and noted just how little guards the fuckers had stationed at this warehouse, yet it was lauded up as something significant for them. However, you should know not to underestimate them as they had lookouts set up on other roofs overlooking the warehouse, too.

I think it was at this point that it really started to set in for the others how much of a facade this fucking city really is. They play it up as a lavish city of commerce and trade, yet just under the surface, the Saverinos have us under their boot heel, ~~grinding us into the dirt they're too fucking stubborn to step on themselves.~~

The Warehouse breach was surprisingly uneventful.

We chose to use the city's sewer network as a way to sneak into the warehouse unnoticed as the front door was a death wish. Made contact with a creepy fucking automata in the sewer, but it got spooked and ran away before it decided to pounce on us.

The Warehouse was empty of any people. Fucking creepy. You could've heard a fucking pin drop even in the main storage area.

Oh yeah! Lot of the crates stored there had this black swan logo on the side of them. Definitely working in tandem with the DeMontclair on this Durkag/Saverino bullshit.

Hah! Just remembered Russel begging Haidar for uppies to get into the warehouse! That was a fucking sight.

Eventually made our way up to the main control room of this warehouse. A lot of the motherfucker's illicit dealings were just laid out on the desk for us. If you ask those of us I was with, I'm sure they'd be more than happy to hand over the ledgers they found. Some organisation called The Black Swan is involved. Surely yet another fucking slice of the underworld pie mess that we're in.

Fucker's even got teenagers on his payroll as one entered the warehouse and spooked us. Haidar managed to grab the poor little bastard before he could escape and warn others. He told us of the basement where our mark supposedly was being held and that the desk hid the ladder down. I knew that pillar holding up the control room looked suspiciously fat...

Once we got down into that basement room... It's hard to remember much of what happened down there. It's all blending into a blur of rage... anger... ~~AND HIS STUPID FUCKING FACE DISAPPEARING INTO THAT~~

Melton was fucking waiting for us. Motherfucker sprung a trap specifically to catch me. Tried bribing everyone to leave as I was his only mark, but they stayed. I'm fucking glad they did.

All I felt in that fight with him was rage. Nothing else mattered other than ensuring he never made it out of that basement alive, no matter the fucking consequences.

He ruined my fucking life by choosing to have sex with Patch and birth me. Ever since I learned from her that he was my blood father, it all made sense as to why they always hated me. Motherfucker started me on this life, so it was only right I finished it.

I remember he did get me down with that sneaky poisoned dagger of his, but I think it was Clifford that brought me back. I was too focused on making sure he paid for my shit life and that he wouldn't be able to screw with anyone else's life after this.

I didn't even notice the demon gate in the basement until the others started making efforts to close it.

Yeah... You read that right. Fucker had an unsecured gate under that warehouse. Probably why they set up the warehouse so fast, too. It wasn't a stable one like ours, though.

He paid his comeuppance with that gate, though. I remember Haidar knocked him off balance for me.

The gate ate him up, I made damn sure of it.

From what I learned after we got back, as they all said I was in such a blind rage with that piece of shit, the gate was about ready to spit out some demons waiting to cross over. Russel mentioned redirecting one of them, but didn't have enough control to get both. Thankfully, the others joined up to make sure it wouldn't by bringing it crumbling to the floor just as it was about to spit out Melton's entrails.

There's no doubt that that gate was going to be used for slimy dealings with the DeMontclair, this Black Swan group and the Durkag/Saverino alliance. Par for the fucking course with this shitstain of a city. Clifford said they found a lot of guns and explosives being smuggled in with those crates in the warehouse. Russel said he wanted to study them, so talk to him for his eventual report on that. It was going to bite them in the ass one way or another, though as they hadn't sealed it with the runes.

Anyway... The motherfucker's dead now. I hope he rots in eternal damnation and can never subjugate anyone ever again.

Grumadak should have an easy time making sure the workers there get equal treatment with Melton gone.

As a matter of fact, I'd like to use this report as a petition for the Guild to provide him with support from other Breakheart members. We rise up in the face of tyranny, after all, and San-Fiorenzo is a powder keg just waiting to explode. Light the fuse before the Saverinos do.

My fight with the Saverinos is far from over. That motherfucker ruined my life and they set up that piece of shit to try and get rid of me.

Well, they ain't gonna stop me that easily. I got nothing to fucking lose!

My family already hates me, anyway. Tossed to the backstreets and forgotten like everyone else in Viniito.

*These words are certain and someone from the guild can try and stop me, but I
FUCKING DARE YOU!*

I need to see this through.

For my sake.

For my family's sake.

For EVERYONE's sake.

The Breakhearts brought meaning to my life and it's about time I show them they picked the right gal to join their fight.

**THE SAVERINOS ARE GOING TO
DIE!**

**THEIR TYRANNICAL REIGN
WILL END!**