

Given your current dire financial situation, you haven't had the luxury of being picky when it comes to jobs lately. So when you were approached by a mysterious black-robed Vect offering you triple your normal rate to deliver cargo for its "master", you could hardly refuse. It was only after the huge iron crate wrapped in heavy chains was loaded onto your ship and you were given a delivery address deep in Dead Space that you started to have second thoughts. Furthermore, the package had no listed recipient, only an address: the first moon of the Bloodbound Trine. But with the binding contract already signed and the cargo already on your ship, you were left with two choices: either deliver the package to fulfill your obligations, or endure a very unpleasant visit with the pact-enforcers of the Cabal.

Dead Space is a largely-unexplored region of the Western Galactic Frontier, a blank space on most maps of the 'verse, the origin of many a superstitious spacer's tale of dread and mystery. You can't help but feel trepidation as you plot your course through the multiple Maw jumps that will take you to the very edge of the 'verse. Your ship, a well-worn Dwarven starship that started its life as an asteroid miner before falling into your hands at a scrapyards auction, rumbles forward towards the Maw. The ancient voidbeast's colossal skull now forms part of the network of hyperspace gateways that connect the galaxy, and the portal held within its jaws crackles with energy as your ship enters, slipping into the Void. The ship's automated systems take control for the week-long journey through the alternate dimension, giving you time to rest and relax before reaching your destination.

At this point, have the PCs introduce and describe themselves.

You shoot out of the Maw on the very edge of the Galactic Frontier, the Black stretching out in front of you, millions of lightyears worth of empty space, silent and cold. For a moment, the boundless emptiness is almost overwhelming, your eyes inexorably drawn towards the vastness of infinity before you. In fact, it's only after your ship's console beeps to let you know that the sensor scans of the surrounding space have been completed that the spell is broken, and you're able to tear yourself away from the looming expanse of the Black and focus on the task at hand.

Much to your dismay, the Bloodbound Trine lies at the center of a large arcane nebula, a massive spaceborne storm crackling with eldritch energy. You carefully navigate your ship through the stormy nebula as the cloud around you is illuminated by flashes of lightning, before finally emerging into a relatively calm pocket within the storm. Within, a system of three small planetoids, each only a few hundred feet across and linked together by truly colossal chains, slowly rotates against a swirling background of angry purples and greens cast by the surrounding nebula. The smallest of the asteroids is flat on top, and what is clearly a cemetery has been built on its surface, dotted with numerous tombstones and mausoleums, the whole thing surrounded by a tall wrought-iron fence. The second-smallest is covered with impact pockmarks and riddled with tunnels and holes borne through it, as if it were some great apple attacked by a monstrous worm.

But the largest of the three is clearly the crown jewel of the trio. A huge chunk of jagged rock, like the peak of a mountain that was lopped clean off, and topped with what can only be

described as an grotesque gothic castle, balanced precariously atop the mountain, seemingly disobeying any laws of physics or gravity. The castle is made of huge chunks of black stone, with towers jutting out at bizarre angles, and flickering light filtering out through tall stained-glass windows. A massive set of wooden doors sit at the front, decorated with wrought-iron filigree, and flanked by two huge statues depicting grotesque humanoids, which each hold hissing and spitting torches in their stone hands. As you take in these details, a bolt of lightning forks across the sky above the castle, and thunder rumbles through your ship ominously.

A winding road leads down the mountain from the castle for a hundred or so feet, and at the base a number of odd vehicles are parked. Appearing almost like carriages that have been modified for space travel, each one is harnessed to a mechanical horse-like creature with glowing red eyes. There's just enough room around these carriages to land your ship, though carrying the heavy iron chest up the winding path to the castle's front doors will be quite difficult.

If/when the PCs decide to haul the crate up to the castle, have them make a DC 16 Strength check (with Advantage if the other PCs help). If they succeed, they struggle but manage to get the delivery to the castle doors without too much trouble. If they fail, whoever is carrying it gains one level of Exhaustion.

The winding path is lined with rows of black rose bushes covered in unnaturally large thorns, and the occasional skeletal, dead-looking trees bereft of leaves. The trees are filled with black birds that watch you with unnerving interest, occasionally calling out to each other with harsh "CAW!"s. As you draw closer to the castle, you can just barely make out the sound of laughter, conversation, and the clink of dishes filtering through the thick front doors. A couple of bizarre scaled creatures with pointed snouts and leathery shells scurry away from the door as you approach, grunting and squeaking. A heavy iron knocker in the shape of a clawed hand holding a bone is fixed to the door.

If the PCs succeed on a DC 14 Nature check, they recognize the animals as armadillos, a mammalian species found on some arid planets.

You knock, and the booming sound echoes through the castle. You hear conversation inside instantly come to a stop, and after a few moments, the sound of tapping footsteps crossing the stone floor. Then the door slowly creaks open, and the round face of a pale man with tousled black hair and a matching goatee peers through the small gap, a strange winged weasel-like animal sitting on his shoulder. "Oh, visitors! How...unexpected!" He smiles a thin smile, his eyes clearly assessing you, but for what, you don't know.

The man is Astaroth Crux, the son of the lady of the castle, Lysithea Crux. He knows nothing of the package the PCs are supposed to deliver, but supposes his mother might. She is currently getting ready for her hosting duties for the evening, but in the meantime, he tells the PCs to bring the crate inside, and invites them in: "Yes, yes, we were just sitting down to dinner. Won't you join us for...a bite?"

You step inside, and find yourselves in a grand hall, its tall ceiling illuminated by dozens of flickering candle-laden chandeliers. Suits of ancient armor line the foyer, while archaic weaponry and hunting trophies adorn the walls. Towering stained glass windows covered in abstract designs offer distorted views of the nebula outside, the occasional bursts of lightning bathing the room in flashes of colorful patterns. At the far end of the room are two long tables set before a grand staircase. About twenty surprisingly pale people are seated at the tables, and you can feel twenty pairs of eyes silently watching you as your footsteps echo through the hall. The tables seem to have been set for a grand meal, and although you can't see any food yet, everyone seems to have full goblets of red wine that they are eagerly drinking from, as servants come through side doors carrying large pitchers to top off any cups running low.

Astaroth gestures for you to leave the crate at the foot of the entryway stairs, and then leads you before the tables and speaks to the room. "My friends, this is Tides, Gerick, and Nitflick, starbouncing emissaries of some renown. They have been so kind as to accept my invitation to join us for dinner, so treat them as you would any guest to our home. Please, please, scoot down, make room." A couple of people at the right table shift uncomfortably, making just enough room at one end for you to sit. You find yourself seated next to a tall and willowy woman with braided dark brown hair, who leans over to Nitflick. "Oh my, aren't you just adorable. I could just...eat you up! Ohohoho!"

Have the PCs make a DC 18 Perception check. If they succeed, they notice that despite the copious quantities of wine everyone seems to be drinking, they smell no hint of alcohol on the woman's breath.

You can't help but notice that everyone seems to be very interested in your arrival, those near you craning their necks to get a glimpse of you while the partygoers seated at the other table whisper to each other while glancing your way. This continues uncomfortably for a few moments before the heavy doors at the top of the grand staircase swing open, and a pale human woman in a long black evening gown begins descending the stairs. Her long hair is shockingly white, and frames a surprisingly young looking face. You expect she couldn't be much older than 30, which makes Astaroth's next words very surprising. "Mother, you finally join us! We have some visitors. It seems they have a parcel for you, but they have also agreed to stay for dinner." The woman looks you over, her eyes scrutinizing every inch of you. "Ah yes. The delivery. Just in time. Bring it to me. If all is as it should be, I will sign the contract, releasing you from your pact."

As the PCs go and retrieve the crate, have them make a DC 15 Perception check. If they succeed, they notice shadows moving just outside the massive stained glass windows, and can roll for Initiative with advantage during the next encounter.

You catch a flash of movement out of the corner of your eye, and suddenly the towering stained glass windows of the great hall shatter and explode inwards as shadowy shapes burst through them and swiftly spread out into the room. Humanoid shaped but covered in fur and with bestial heads, some run on all fours, snarling and slobbering, while others walk on two legs, carrying blasters and laser swords, and decked out in battleworn hardsuits. As the partygoers

cower, the largest of the brutes lets out a horrible howl that echoes through the hall. Werewolves!

The werewolf pack splits into two parts, half of them menacing the partygoers while being held at bay by Lysithea, while the other half blocks the PCs from leaving the entry hall. It's not necessary to keep track of the group involved with the NPCs, as Lysithea can handle them while the rest of the partygoers escape out into the back garden. Astaroth cowers during the fight, hiding in the nearest corner.

The two Jackalweres attack with laser halfswords (1d6 + 2 radiant damage), while the Wererats use their Swarm Pistols (2d4 radiant damage, Automatic (attack twice with disadvantage). The Werewolf is armed with a pair of laser claws (2d4 + 2 radiant damage) and stays in hybrid form, attacking whoever did the most damage to it last turn in melee, trying to infect them. Everyone is wearing armor, increasing their AC by +3.

WEREWOLF

Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger), chaotic evil

Armor Class 11 In Humanoid Form, 12 In Wolf Or Hybrid Form

Hit Points 58 (9d8 + 18)

Speed 30 ft., 40 ft. in wolf form

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	13 (+1)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)

Skills Perception +4, Stealth +3

Damage Immunities Bludgeoning, Piercing, and Slashing from Nonmagical Attacks that aren't Silvered

Senses Passive Perception 14

Languages Common (can't speak in wolf form)

Challenge 3 (700 XP) **Proficiency Bonus** +2

Shapechanger. The werewolf can use its action to polymorph into a wolf-humanoid hybrid or into a wolf, or back into its true form, which is humanoid. Its statistics, other than its AC, are the same in each form. Any equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its true form if it dies.

Keen Hearing and Smell. The werewolf has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

Actions

Multiattack. (Humanoid or Hybrid Form Only). The werewolf makes two attacks: two with its spear (humanoid form) or one with its bite and one with its claws (hybrid form).

Bite (Wolf or Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d8 + 2) piercing damage. If the target is a humanoid, it must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or be cursed with werewolf lycanthropy.

Claws. (Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 7 (2d4 + 2) slashing damage.

Spear (Humanoid Form Only). *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 20/60 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage, or 6 (1d8 + 2) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

JACKALWERE

Medium humanoid (shapechanger) , chaotic evil

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 18 (4d8)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+0)	15 (+2)	11 (+0)	13 (+1)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)

Skills Deception +4, Perception +2, Stealth +4

Damage Immunities Bludgeoning, Piercing, and Slashing from Nonmagical Attacks that aren't Silvered

Senses Passive Perception 12

Languages Common (can't speak in jackal form)

Challenge 1/2 (100 XP) **Proficiency Bonus** +2

Shapechanger. The jackalwere can use its action to *polymorph* into a specific Medium human or a jackal-humanoid hybrid, or back into its true form (that of a Small jackal). Other than its size, its statistics are the same in each form. Any equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its true form if it dies.

Keen Hearing and Smell. The jackalwere has advantage on Wisdom (*Perception*) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

Pack Tactics. The jackalwere has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of the jackalwere's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally isn't *incapacitated*.

Actions

Bite (Jackal or Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4 + 2) piercing damage.

Scimitar (Human or Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) slashing damage.

Sleep Gaze. The jackalwere gazes at one creature it can see within 30 feet of it. The target must make a DC 10 Wisdom saving throw. On a failed save, the target succumbs to a magical slumber, falling *unconscious* for 10 minutes or until someone uses an action to shake the target awake. A creature that successfully saves against the effect is immune to this jackalwere's gaze for the next 24 hours. Undead and creatures immune to being *charmed* aren't affected by it.

WERERAT

Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger), lawful evil

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 33 (6d8 + 6)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)

Skills Perception +2, Stealth +4

Damage Immunities Bludgeoning, Piercing, and Slashing from Nonmagical Attacks that aren't Silvered

Senses Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 12

Languages Common (can't speak in rat form)

Challenge 2 (450 XP) Proficiency Bonus +2

Shapechanger. The wererat can use its action to polymorph into a rat-humanoid hybrid or into a giant rat, or back into its true form, which is humanoid. Its statistics, other than its size, are the same in each form.

Any equipment it is wearing or carrying isn't transformed. It reverts to its true form if it dies.

Keen Smell. The wererat has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

Actions

Multiattack (Humanoid or Hybrid Form Only). The wererat makes two attacks, only one of which can be a bite.

Bite (Rat or Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d4 + 2) piercing damage. If the target is a humanoid, it must succeed on a DC 11 Constitution saving throw or be cursed with wererat lycanthropy.

Shortsword (Humanoid or Hybrid Form Only). *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.

Hand Crossbow (Humanoid or Hybrid Form Only). *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, range 30/120 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.

The last of the werewolves attacking you falls, and you're able to finally assess the whole situation. Lysithea stands at the other end of the hall surrounded by werewolf corpses and breathing heavily, a glowing laser sword in her hands. She takes a moment to sweep her hair back out of her face and regain her composure before walking over to you. "My apologies. They have been such pests lately, but I did not think they would attack while I had guests. Let me accept the delivery so you may leave before another foolish attack occurs." She looks around expectantly for her package, and it is only at this moment that you notice that the hulking crate is not where you left it. In fact, you don't see it anywhere in the hall.

The only people left in the grand hall are the PCs, Lysithea, and Astaroth, the rest of the partygoers having fled out the hall's back doors into the garden during the attack. If the PCs reveal that the crate is missing, Astaroth goes to the front door and looks out, confirming that none of the guests' carriages have left, meaning whoever absconded with it is still on the moon. Lysithea is sympathetic, but as the PCs signed a binding contract, she cannot release them until she's in possession of the object. She suggests checking to see if all the guests are in the garden, and if not, questioning them about whoever is missing.

You open the rear doors of the castle and are greeted with a miraculous view. A wonderful garden grows under the multicolored aurora of the surrounding nebula. Black rose hedges sculpted into the shape of knights, monsters, and spaceships surround a magnificent fountain

spraying water high into the air, where it sparkles and twinkles in the light of the cosmos. Beyond the hedges, a garden filled with pumpkins stretches to the edge of the asteroid, a mechanical scarecrow jerkily walking through the patch.

A quick headcount reveals seventeen of the party guests are here in the garden, spread out on benches and among the topiary, clearly still shaken by the attack inside. A few have small rips or tears in their clothes, but no one seems to have gotten badly hurt.

The PCs can spread out and question groups of NPCs. Instead of playing out each conversation, simply have each PC attempt a DC 13 Deception, Insight, Intimidation, or Persuasion check. If any of them succeed, they find out the names of the missing partygoers: a dwarf named Dunnard Starforge and a human named Tham Edison. Every additional PC who succeeds, or any who beat the DC by 5 or more, gain one more piece of information (pick randomly):

1. Dunnard and Tham came to the party together, and didn't seem to know any of the other guests.
2. The two of them apparently arrived extremely early, an hour before anyone else showed up. Astaroth had to entertain them on his own, giving them a tour of the castle and grounds
3. While mostly dressed appropriately for the party, Tham was wearing a strange belt covered in dials and a matching set of bracers (if PCs succeed on a DC 20 Technology check, they can assess that this is a *flip belt*, a magical device that allows the limited manipulation of gravity, often used by dockworkers to expedite loading of heavy shipments)
4. While everyone else arrived in small personal carriages used for local travel, Dunnard and Tham's carriage was very large, the kind you'd usually use for interstellar voyages
5. Dunnard and Tham came into the garden with everyone else during the attack, though Tham was walking oddly. Perhaps he got hurt? The last they were seen was heading towards the side of the castle, away from the group

Alternatively, if the PCs search the area with a DC 20 Investigation check, they can find two sets of footprints and strange drag marks leading around to the side of the castle. If questioned about this, a partygoer can give the PCs clue #5.

If the PCs follow the footsteps, they come to a set of steps that descend down alongside the castle, ending in a set of cellar doors. Scrape marks on the ground show that the door has clearly been opened quite recently. If asked about the cellar, Lysithea or Astaroth tells the PCs that nobody has been down there in ages, ever since the castle's sewer system was upgraded with modern technology.

The cellar door creaks open, and a flood of stale, mildewy air rushes past you. Peering into the darkness, you can see a long cylindrical tunnel that runs perpendicular to the door, with a groove cut into the floor containing a trickle of fetid water. The tunnel is about 20 feet in diameter, and a narrow walkway, barely large enough to walk along in single file, is carved into

the wall. Sputtering torches provide smoky illumination, somehow still lit after all this time. The tube slants slightly downwards, leading under the castle proper, and a grate in the ceiling above you seems to be the source of the stinking water.

If the PCs succeed on a DC 14 Investigation or Perception check, they notice a few wet footprints along the walkway, indicating that someone passed this way very recently. In addition, if they succeed on a DC 20 Perception check, they notice a shimmering magical rune cast on the walkway. Investigating it (with a DC 18 Arcana check, or an Identify spell) reveals it to be a rune of Conjuration, set to summon an object when activated. In addition, it seems to be linked to another rune further down the path.

If the PCs fail to notice the rune, they step on it and it activates, summoning a huge rolling stone behind them that fills the width of the tunnel. As soon as it appears, have the PCs roll Initiative against the boulder, which gets a +8. The sphere already has momentum thanks to the manner of its summoning, and on its turn, it moves 60 feet in a straight line. All PCs in its path must succeed on a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw or take 3d10 bludgeoning and force damage and be knocked prone. Alternatively, a PC can attempt a DC 20 Strength check to try and slow the stone down. If they succeed, the sphere's speed is reduced by 30 feet and does not reach the second rune until its next turn. If the sphere's speed is reduced to 0, it stops moving and is no longer a threat. At the end of its turn, the stone reaches the second rune and vanishes, only to appear again at the start of its next turn at the first rune, carrying all of its momentum. For the second round, the DC of all checks related to the sphere are increased by +2 and the damage it inflicts is increased by 2d10. This continues until the PCs either stop the stone, move out of the tunnel where it attacks them, or disable the runes somehow.

The cylindrical tunnel ends suddenly at a huge round iron door, with a tiny groove cut in its base to allow water to pass through. Testing the door, it seems sealed shut, although you cannot see any mechanical lock on it.

The door is under the influence of an *arcane lock*, requiring a DC 22 check to bypass.

The heavy hatch swings open, and you're greeted with a bizarre sight. In the center of a hexagonal room sits a large pumpkin, rumbling slightly. As you step into the room to investigate it, the pumpkin seemingly comes alive, unfolding and splitting apart into segments that extend out to form mechanical legs, until a bizarre robotic spider-like creature stands before you, its eyes glowing red and staring right at you. Two doors offer exits beyond the robotic creature, but it obviously will not let you pass unchallenged.

GOLD-FORGED SENTINEL

Large construct, unaligned

Armor Class 16 (Natural Armor)

Hit Points 76 (8d10 + 32)

Speed 40 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	13 (+1)	19 (+4)	3 (-4)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)

Skills Perception +6

Damage Immunities Fire, Poison

Condition Immunities Charmed, Exhaustion, Paralyzed, Petrified, Poisoned

Senses Darkvision 120 ft., Passive Perception 16

Languages understands one language of its creator but can't speak

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Proficiency Bonus +3

Charge. If the sentinel moves at least 20 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a ram attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra 10 (3d6) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Spell Turning. The sentinel has advantage on saving throws against any spell that targets only the sentinel (not an area). If the sentinel's saving throw succeeds and the spell is of 4th level or lower, the spell has no effect on the sentinel and instead targets the caster.

Actions

Multiattack. The sentinel makes two ram attacks.

Ram. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 13 (2d8 + 4) bludgeoning damage.

Fire Breath (Recharge 5–6). The sentinel exhales fire in a 15-foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, taking 27 (6d8) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

The mechanical monstrosity crumbles to the ground, and a hatch opens up in its rear. A weedy gnome, looking somewhat worse for the wear, climbs out of the gourd, wiping blood from a gash on his forehead. "Okay, okay! You win! Just...stop hitting me, please!"

The gnome is named Ricket Thimblestar, and will tell the PCs pretty much whatever they want to know if they let him live. He was hired by Dunnard and Tham to slow down anyone who might be following them while they try to open up the crate. Ricket tells the PCs that the two are beyond the door on the left, while the one on the right leads to a trapped room filled with explosive gas. He is telling the truth, a fact that the PCs can confirm with a DC 14 Insight check, as he's already been paid for the job and owes the rogues no loyalty. If asked how he got down here with his mech, he produces a small remote from his pocket and presses a button on it. When he does so, the entire construction shrinks down to the size of a small decorative pumpkin, which it can also do while he's inside.

You open the door that Ricket indicated, and find yourselves in the ruins of a wine cellar, hundreds of casks and barrels collapsed and rotted out, the floors covered in a thick, sticky

juice. In the distance, hidden among the empty wine racks, you can hear a quiet clicking sound, followed by a whispered curse, and another urgent voice. “Come on, come on! Ricket can’t hold them off forever!”

If the PCs attempt to stealthily approach, have them attempt a DC 13 group Stealth check. If so, they see a young dwarf nervously watching an elderly human attempt to pick one of the massive padlocks on the crate the PCs were supposed to deliver. The dwarf is holding a phaser loosely in one hand, as if he was supposed to be on lookout, but is currently completely oblivious.

THUG

Medium humanoid (any race) , any non-good alignment

Armor Class 11 (Leather Armor)

Hit Points 32 (5d8 + 10)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	11 (+0)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)

Skills Intimidation +2

Senses Passive Perception 10

Languages Any one language (usually Common)

Challenge 1/2 (100 XP) **Proficiency Bonus** +2

Pack Tactics. The thug has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of the thug's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated.

Actions

Multiattack. The thug makes two melee attacks.

Mace. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) bludgeoning damage.

Heavy Crossbow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, range 100/400 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d10) piercing damage.

Whether approached stealthily or confronted directly, both of the thieves are complete cowards and will immediately start to bargain with the PCs to spare their lives, promising they’ll leave and not cause any more trouble. Canny PCs might think to ask for Tham’s *flip belt*, as otherwise getting the crate back to the surface is going to require more Strength checks. He readily parts with it, as long as the PCs will allow them to leave.

You return to the surface, lugging the heavy chest behind you. In the garden, you find Lysithea gathered with her other guests, clearly still attempting to be a good host. When she sees you approach, her pale face lights up, and she hurries over to you. “You were successful then? What of Dunnard and Tham? And my delivery?”

Lysithea takes your datapad and signs her signature with a flourish. When she does, you suddenly feel as if a weight you hadn’t even noticed before has been lifted from your soul, as if you have a newfound sense of freedom. “Now then, you’re probably wondering what was worth all of this trouble?” she asks as she produces an old-fashioned key from within her dress.

She inserts the key into the heavy padlocks, and one by one they click open and the chains fall free. The other partygoers have gathered around at this point, peering over each other’s shoulders in order to get a glimpse of the mysterious item. Finally, the last chain falls away, and

Lysithea lifts open the lid of the chest. The inside is lined with dark red fabric, and cradles a disk-shaped container made of steel. She delicately lifts the object out, and you can see a label stuck on the side with writing on it in a language you don't recognize. "It is an ancient script, there are not many who can still read it. Do you know what it says?"

She opens the container, and inside is a circular object, almost like a wheel, with a thin silvery tape spooled around it. Lysithea holds it up to the light, examining it closely, before turning to you and smiling wide, revealing two fang-like canine teeth. "It says 'Scary Movie...3!'"