

# The Defias Mystery

## Chapter 1: Lost Love

A brisk and cold morning broke over the city of Stormwind. A lonely mage wakes from his slumber. He had been up all night in the mage district in a tower, reading. A young high elf approaches.

"Magister Scotrin," she began, "I thought I might find you here. Did you fall asleep again?"

"Yes," Scotrin replied. "I suppose I thought I could get away with it."

"You know how much..." she said, getting cut off.

"You hate it when I stay up all night with my books," Scotrin finished. "I know and I'm sorry. But, you don't understand the tiring work that I must do."

"I don't?" she asked. "I suppose being a priestess means I have the easy life."

Scotrin looked at the elf.

"Forgive me," he began, "I did not mean it like that."

"I would hope so," she said.

"It is just that..." Scotrin said, pausing a moment.

"You can't stop until you can avenge your lost love," she finished. "I know you are dedicated to revenge. I just wish you could let it go and move on."

"Not revenge." Scotrin corrected. "I seek justice. If the bastard who killed my love dies at my hand, would anyone care?"

"I would," she said. "I fear you may lose your heart to vengeance. I recall a young prince who had a similar problem and he WAS a paladin!"

"You really compare me with Arthas?" Scotrin asked.

"He wanted to avenge his kinsmen," the elf said.

Scotrin paused once again for a moment. His face began to show anger and then quickly returned to a quite calm.

"Arthas," he began, "was a young troubled man."

"Just like you," she pointed out.

"Yes, but I will not make the same mistake he did," Scotrin claimed. "I will not allow my emotions to override my judgment. I am a mage, we hold intelligence to be dear and we make smart decisions."

"And some mages," she began, "allow themselves to become corrupted by demonic power or worse become liches to serve the Scourge."

Scotrin stands up from his desk. He looks around the room and then back at the elf. He attempts to cover his face to hide his tears which form and drop from his eyes. The elf walks close to Scotrin and puts her arms around him in an embrace. She holds the mage for a few minutes until he drops his hands down. She lets go and then looks him in the eyes.

"I will stand by your side, magister," she says. "If this is something you must do, then I will not stop you. You want to find the monster that killed your love. I will help you, but we will do this my way. We will not use violence unless it is necessary. When we find the murderer, we will take him alive and see him locked away in the stockades. We will seek justice and to honor

your lost love. Otherwise, if you decide to do this your way, you risk losing yourself to madness and I cannot bear to see that happen. “

“Lylia,” Scotrin began.

“No it is this way, or nothing,” she said.

“Fine,” he said, feeling defeated, “I shall follow your lead.”

Lylia smiles at Scotrin.

“Did you really think you could best me?” she asked.

“I wanted to believe.” Scotrin said. “However I see now the error in my ways.”

“I am glad,” she said. “Once this is finished you will finally be able to move on.”

“Yes, all I seek is release from this emotional torment,” Scotrin said.

“It is hard to see you struggling with such pain deep inside,” Lylia said.

“I know,” He said. “I wouldn’t blame you if you left me to my own devices.”

“But I shall not,” She said. “I will not abandon you, not when you need me the most.”

“You are surely a good friend,” Scotrin commented.

Lylia smiles at Scotrin.

“Yes, just a friend,” she mutters under her breath.

“What was that you said?” he asked.

“It was nothing,” she said. “Now, off you go. I don’t want the other mages seeing you like this. They will surely be concerned if they find out you were here all night.”

“Yes, I should go,” he said.

“I will come visit you later at your home,” she said. “Then we will talk about how we plan to proceed with your, quest.”

“Investigation,” Scotrin corrected.

“This is going to be official Kirin Tor Business?” she asked.

“Well, not really,” he said.

Lylia looked concerned.

“I have had a temporary falling out with my masters,” Scotrin said.

“Oh,” she said.

“That is why I haven’t returned to Dalaran,” Scotrin claimed. “I’ve been suspended, pending a review.”

“Why?” she asked.

“I wouldn’t take their latest assignment,” he said. “It would have taken me away from Stormwind and I cannot leave here until I find the one responsible for her death...”

“I’m sorry about Sarah,” Lylia said.

“You don’t have to say that,” Scotrin said. “I know you are.”

“Alright then,” Lylia began, “go home. Clean yourself up, quickly, the other mages will be hear soon.”

Scotrin bowed before Lylia. She smiled and grabbed his arm, pushing him out the door.

## Chapter 2: Investigation

The sun was shining intensely over the destroyed fields of Westfall. The warm breeze blew dust and ash around the empty farms. The smell of death permeated the air around the Craw farm. Scotrin and Lylia were on horseback. A couple of Stormwind soldiers were talking with militiamen from Westfall. Scotrin stopped his horse and Lylia shortly followed. Scotrin looked at the soldiers.

"Any luck yet?" Scotrin asked.

"It's the Deifas gang alright," said a soldier.

"We've seen them everywhere," a militiaman said. "They took over Moonbrook."

"I come back from the war and my home town is destroyed," Scotrin commented.

"They attacked these farms too?"

"We assume they did," the soldier said. "They also turned the harvest reapers against the farmers."

"We thought them to be just bandits and thieves," Scotrin commented, "but, murderers?"

"It's probable that one of them killed Sarah," Lylia commented.

Scotrin looked at Lylia.

"Yes," he said, "I think that is the case. But, who exactly is responsible?"

"That will be more difficult," Lylia claimed.

"Maybe Stoutmantle will have an idea," Scotrin said. "Or at least he might know where to start looking."

"You go ahead and ride to Sentinel Hill," Lylia suggested, "I'll take a look around. There might still be survivors who need help."

Scotrin nodded and then commanded his steed to begin a trot. Lylia dismounted and approached some nearby militiamen.

Sentinel hill was the head quarters for "The People's Militia," the only defense left in Westfall. The Stormwind armies were called away to help defend against the Scourge in the Plaguelands. Gryan Stoutmantle was their leader. He stood at the opening of a scout tower up on the top of the hill. A dwarf hunter with a large turtle was there talking with Gryan. The dwarf noticed Scotrin approach on his horse.

"Well, who do we have here?" the dwarf asked. "Well, if it ain't my old friend from the war."

"Good to see you again, Baredin," Scotrin commented. "I wasn't expecting to see you here in Westfall."

"Aye, a bit surprised me self," Baredin said. "I have been talking to Gryan here and it seems he has a bit of a problem with some ruffians."

"That's putting it mildly," Gryan spoke up.

Scotrin got off his horse and walked up to Gryan and Baredin.

"The Defias gang, to be exact," Scotrin said.

"Yes," Gryan said, "that is what they call themselves. Baredin has been doing some snooping for me."

"Is that so?" Scotrin asked, then turning to Baredin, "Nice turtle, where did you come across such a beast?"

“Down in Blackfathom Depths,” Baredin answered. “I named it, ‘Akumai,’ after some old god.”

Scotrin smiled. He then looked at Gryan.

“So, what is there to know about the Defias gang?” Scotrin asked.

“They were once members of the Stone Masons,” Gryan claimed.

“Really?” Scotrin asked. “They rebuilt Stormwind after the orc invasion. They were considered honorable men.”

“Aye, till they didn’t get their paychecks,” Baredin said. “They were none too happy.”

“Yes, I know about that,” Scotrin said. “It’s not an easy time right now with the King not making any public appearances. Lady Prestor now handles the King’s public affairs.”

“She’s not one to talk to,” Baredin said. “Anyway lad, I’ve learned that the leader of this gang is Edwin VanCleaf.”

“I should have suspected,” Scotrin said sadly, “he was once a good man. I suppose even good men can become evil.”

“Aye,” Baredin began, “and this one in particular wants to have revenge upon Stormwind.”

“We can’t let this happen,” Gryan chimed in, “and to stop him we must find him.”

“Leave that to me,” Baredin said, “I’ll trap one of those Defias buggers and bring him back alive.”

“I know just the fellow to arrest,” Gryan proclaimed, “my spies report that there is a messenger that walks along the road between Moonbrook and the Gold Coast Quarry. I suggest looking for him there.”

“Great,” Baredin began, “this is gonna be fun!”

An hour later, Scotrin was crouched in a bush near a large naked tree. He was talking into a small oval shaped crystal orb. Baredin’s voice was heard coming from the orb.

“Lad, I’m in position,” Baredin said, “I’ve got me turtle hidden well. As soon as I see the messenger, I’ll have Akumai chance him into one of my frost traps. He won’t be able to move!”

“That’s the plan,” Scotrin said, “just stay quite now until you see him.”

“Ok lad,” Baredin said.

Minutes passed. Scotrin was starting to become impatient.

“Ok Mr. Deifas guy,” he said, “where are you?”

Scotrin decided to move from his position and slowly walked towards the Quarry. He was up above the mouth of a cave. He could see Defias smugglers and bandits entering and exiting the cave. Scotrin knelt down to stay out of sight. Moments later, a man walked out who stood out from the other gang members. The man spoke to a few of his cohorts. Scotrin could not make out what they were saying, but he did hear the word “Message.”

Very quietly, Scotrin backed away from the ledge. He walked back to the bush and the tree. He could see the road very clearly and watched as the Defias messenger walked up to the road. Scotrin waited as he saw the man pass by the tree. The messenger did not see Scotrin. Baredin’s voice suddenly boomed loud from the orb.

“I have not see em yet, lad,” Baredin said.

The messenger stopped walking and turned around. He saw Scotrin in the bush.

"Why hello there," the messenger said.

"Great," Scotrin said into the orb, "now he knows I'm here. Thanks Baredin."

"Sorry lad," Baredin said, "I've never used one of these things before."

Scotrin stepped out of the bush.

"I assume you have a reason for hiding in that bush, mage?" the messenger said.

"Well," Scotrin began, "I just like felt like taking a little nap."

The messenger drew a dagger from his belt.

"Why do I not believe you?" He asked.

"Because you're smart, for a traitor," Scotrin said.

The messenger pulled something out of his pocket and threw it to the ground in front of him. There was a flash of light and smoke. The messenger was gone.

"Damn it." Scotrin spoke aloud. He felt so close to discovering the location of VanCleaf. Now he would have to find another way.

Scotrin decided to meet up with Baredin at the fork in the road near Moonbrook. His eye lit up when he met up with Baredin. The Messenger was lying on the ground with a large turtle sitting on top of him.

"Hey there lad," Baredin began, "weren't ya looking for this guy?"

"Baredin!" Scotrin shouted. "You did it!"

"Well, it was really Akumai," Baredin said.

"I've never been so happy to see a turtle in my whole life," Scotrin claimed.

An hour later, the messenger was brought to Soutmantle. He questioned the man for thirty minutes, but Gryan couldn't get the messenger to talk. Gryan suggested that Scotrin and Baredin go help some of the reaming farmers for a few hours. Apparently, Gryan had some ideas on how to get the Defias thug to talk. When Scotrin returned, by himself, Gryan had some good news.

"I know where VanCleaf is hiding," Gryan said.

"How did you manage learning that?" Scotrin asked.

"I have connections with a few friends," Gryan said. "They were able to get him to talk. I didn't ask questions on how."

"I see," Scotrin began, "so what did you learn?"

"Moonbrook," Grayn stated, "he's hiding in the old mine. 'Course, the new entrance to the mine is hidden in an old barn. It's the perfect place for him to organize his forces."

"Moonbrook?" Scotrin asked. "I figured he had a hideout somewhere else, like in Duskwood."

"Nope," Gryan said, "he's here. It's going to be a difficult task getting in there. He has a small force in Moonbrook, watching over the entrance to the mine. My scouts have observed a lot of moment in the ghost town. Once you get inside I am sure there will be plenty of opposition to fight through. There's no telling how far the mine goes now. I'd suggest that you not go alone."

"Aye," Scotrin said, "you're probably right. I've got Baredin and he's got a friend he can bring along. I can go back to Stormwind and ask Lylia to come along."

"Sounds like a good bunch," Ryan said. "What about that druid friend of yours?"

“Fellelian?” Scotrin asked. “I suppose I could teleport to Darnasuss and ask him to come. Do you really think I’ll need him?”

“It can’t hurt,” Ryan said. “That should be enough for you to capture VanCleaf.”

“Assuming I want to capture him,” Scotrin smirked.

“I know about your past,” Ryan began, “and I have to say that you don’t know if he is directly responsible. Kill him if he gives you no choice, but it is better to capture him alive and through him into the stockades.”

“Always the paladin, Grayn,” Scotrin frowned.

“I’m just looking out for your soul,” Grayn claimed.

“Yes I know,” Scotrin said, “I do appreciate it. One way or the other, Edwin will be brought to justice, I will see to it.”

### **Chapter 3: A gathering of friends**

Scotrin returned to Stormwind with his dwarf friend Baredin and a gnome by the name of Fondala Sproketbolt. She was a warlock. Scotrin wasn’t so sure about having a warlock venture with them, but he wasn’t about to say anything about it. It was really important to Scotrin to find the truth about the death of his lost love. He didn’t want to take any chances of failure.

Lylia was in the cathedral attending a religious service. It was coming to an end as Scotrin, Baredin, and Fondala reached the square.

“Alright,” Scotrin began, “its best that I go alone. I don’t know how Lylia will react when I tell her what we found out. She’s very loyal to me. However, she does worry about me a lot. The last assignment I had with the Kirin Tor, before I was suspended, Lylia was constantly sending me letters. Let’s just say she worries a lot.”

“Aye, not a problem,” Baredin began, “and not to mention a warlock is ill advised to enter a cathedral.”

“I certainly don’t see the problem,” Fondala exclaimed.

Baredin gave Fondala a stern look.

“But, I don’t want to cause any trouble,” she said.

“That’s the spirit lass,” Baredin said.

“Alright,” Scotrin began, “I’ll be back in a few minutes

The cathedral was busy with priests and scribes about their business. There was a small entryway that leads into the main hall. The ceiling was high and there were stain glass windows on the opposite side of the hall. A red carpet separated both sides of the room and lead up to the pulpit.

Scotrin walked in quietly as the service was coming to a close. He sat in the back and waited. People started to stand and praised the light. Then the people started to leave the cathedral. Scotrin stood up as Lylia approached.

“Did you enjoy the service?” Lylia asked.

“I, sort of came about five minutes ago,” Scotrin said.

"You never were much for attendance," She said.

"I'd just end up going through the motions," he said.

"So, what have you found out?" She asked, changing the subject.

"A gang of misfit bandits have ransacked Westfall," Scotrin began. "They call themselves, 'The Defias Brotherhood.' Their leader is Edwin VanCleaf, former member of the Stonemasons."

"The Stonemasons rebuilt Stormwind after the war, correct?" She asked.

"Yes and Edwin is hiding out in Moonbrook," he said. "His hideout is in an underground mine to be exact, which is under Moonbrook. I need you to come along with me."

"To hunt down VanCleaf?" she asked.

"Precisely," he said. "I'm going to need a healer and you're the best one I know."

Lylia blushed.

"You plan to kill him don't you?" she asked.

"If it comes to that," he said.

Lylia looked down at the floor for a moment.

"What?" Scotrin asked. "It's not about vengeance, I told you that."

"I'm just concerned," Lylia began, "perhaps you could stay here? I am sure we can find someone to go in your stead."

"Why?" he asked. "This is my responsibility."

"How is that true?" she asked.

"Ok fine maybe it's not," he said, "but I will not be able to sleep knowing I could have done something. It's important to me that I see this through."

"It's going to be dangerous," she pleaded.

"That's why you're coming," he said. "You'll make it less dangerous with your healing powers."

Lylia looked disappointed.

"I suppose I will not win this argument," she said.

"I am sorry," he began, "but this is how it is to be. I need you on this Lylia, I need your strength."

"Alright," she said. "I'll come."

"Thank you," he said. "I'll owe you one."

"You owe me nothing," she smiled. "Just don't fall into darkness like Arthas did."

It was late afternoon by the time Fellelian arrived in Stormwind. He was planning to stay at an inn in the park district. Scotrin had sent a message to Fellelian instead of traveling to Darnassus himself. Had Scotrin made the long trip, he would have learned of Fellelian's assignment too late.

Fellelian met with Scotrin and his friends near the moonwell at the park. Scotrin introduced Fellelian to the group.

"Everyone, this is Fellelian Moonfeather," Scotrin began. "I met him when I was stationed with Jania Proudmoore."

"Hello," Fellelian said.

“Fellelian, allow me to introduce my companions,” Scotrin said. “This is Baredin Smithbeard. I fought alongside him during the second and third great wars! He’s the best friend a human can have.”

“Thank ya lad,” Baredin said. “Good to meet you, Fellelian. I’ve always respected you druids. With the whole, nature thing, we have that in common.”

“Thank you, dwarf,” Fellelian said. “I’m sure we have much we could talk about.”

“Over here we have Fondala Sprocketbolt,” Scotrin began. “I don’t know here that well, actually.”

“She’s a fun gnome to have around,” Baredin said. “I know her being a warlock may worry some, but she’s saved my arse in the past. She’s very loyal.”

Fondala curtsied.

“I can assure you that I will prove my worth,” she said.

“The way’s of your kind trouble me,” Fellelian stated. “However, I am not one to be judgmental. These dark times call for unique measures. I have only been out of the Emerald Dream for a short time, so perhaps it is not my right to judge your path, Fondala.”

“My name is Lylia,” Lylia spoke up. “I am pleased to make your acquaintance.”

Fellelian bowed.

“You are a priestess of the light,” Fellelian began, “I can tell by your aura. I am honored by your presence.”

“Thank you,” Lylia said.

“Well now that we are all friends,” Scotrin started, “I think it’s time we talk strategy. There is much to discuss about our mission. Let fill you all in on what we are facing...”

## Chapter 4: Assailing Moonbrook

Nightfall arrived with a brisk cool wind blowing across the canals of Stormwind. The city was fairly quiet with the exception of a few people walking around and talking. Shops were closing up and some vendors were putting away their goods.

Scotrin and his friends left the stables, each on their own different mount. A horse for Scotrin, a strong ram for Baredin, a graceful storm saber for Fellelian, a hawkstrider for Lylia, and a flaming horse for Fondala. They rode out of the city and followed the path through Elwynn Forest and into Westfall.

Moonbrook was a bustle with thieves and other Defias members. Scotrin made sure his group was out of sight.

“Here is what we are going to do,” he said. “We are going to split up. Fellelian, you come with me and we will sneak around back near the stables. Lylia, Fondala, and Baredin you three go straight through to the main entrance to the town.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Baredin said.

“With you three distracting the Defias,” Scotrin began, “Fell and I can flank them.”

They split up in their two groups. Baredin took position on the main road. Lylia and Fondala stayed out of sight, back a ways from Baredin. The dwarf then commanded his pet to

walk into town. The Defias men looked startled and confused seeing a large turtle wandering in. Baredin waits a few moments, letting Scotin and Fellelian get into position. Then, Fondala summoned her imp with a flourish of dark magic. Baredin held his boom stick firmly and aimed for one of the Defias thieves and fired a bullet. It shot out of the muzzle and spirited to the target. Fondala began to channel a shadow bolt in her hands. The dark energies surrounded her hands until she unleashed it on another thief.

Scotrin and Fellelian and suck into the abandoned barn and found the way inside.

"Let's secure this area," Fellelian suggested.

"Agreed," Scotrin began, "just watch out for more thieves."

As soon as he spoke, Scotrin was grabbed by a hidden Defias member. Scotrin couldn't move. Two Defias smugglers entered the barn and attacked Fellelian. He shape-shifted into the form of a bear and pounced on the thief. Scotrin was able to move again and cast a mana shield. Then he began to use his arcane power and exploded magical energy all around the room. Burned by the arcane magic, the smugglers ran outside of the barn. Fellelian had handled the thief.

"I suppose it's safe to venture further," Fellelian suggested.

"Let's go outside and make sure our friends are ok," Scotrin requested.

The battle outside must have been intense as Scotrin and Fellelian met up with the rest of the group. Baredin had suffered a minor injury and Lylia was patching him up. There were dead Defias bodies littering the ground. Fondala cleared out the last house near the stables. The noise of battle had ceased and an eerie calm settled in. There was much more work to be done. The five friends gathered up and took a short rest.

"Alright, we have to start clearing the mines soon," Scotrin said. "There will probably be a lot of twisting tunnels, so we will have to be careful not to get separated for too long."

"When we come to any forks," Baredin began, "I can scout done always and let ya know where the tunnel goes."

"We'll take it slow," Scotrin said. "No need to hurry, VanCleaf is stuck down there."

"Lad, I think there are goblins working for 'em too," Baredin said.

"Greed is their drive," Scotrin claimed.

An hour later the group had ventured into the mines. There were tools strewn all about and chunks of loose rock on the ground. Ore carts filled to the brim sat on tracks leading towards the entrance.

Baredin became wary when they reached a purple colored tunnel. Another tunnel was also available.

"Be careful lads," Baredin said, "there be undead around here."

"Undead?" Lylia asked.

"Aye, there was a tunnel collapse," Baredin began. "We lost a lot of good dwarves to it. I was down here when it happened. Saw some of them turned into undead by dark magic. Probably the Defias' doing."

"Maybe we should go to other way," Fellelian suggested.

"Are you all really scared of skeletons?" Scotrin asked.

"I'll scout down the other tunnel," Baredin suggested. "I'll come back in a few minutes to see what's down there."

Baredin left the group and went down the other tunnel.

"So, we don't want to check out the pretty purple tunnel then?" Fondala asked.

"Baredin isn't fond of the undead," Scotrin began, "because we had to fight a lot of them during the last war. I'm pretty sure that has something to do with it. I say we go."

"I think we can manage," Lylia said. "The dead won't care much for me, I am a priest after all."

The rest of the group agreed. They ventured down the purple tunnel, mushrooms glowed eerie colors, and rats scampered to escape the glow. Scotrin could sense an evil presence, Lylia felt it too.

"Ok, let's be careful," Lylia said. "The dead must be close."

"Everyone be at the ready," Scotrin requested.

The tunnel wended around and slipped into an open cavern. There was evidence of rock slide, but it had been cleared away. There were fire pits full of skulls scattered around the room. There was another tunnel leading further into the mine.

"I don't see any undead," Fellelian stated.

"They must be close," Lylia said, "let's keep moving."

The next tunnel lead deeper into the mine, narrowing a bit, the group had to walk single file. A few minutes later, the group entered a large cavern, with a humongous ship sitting in the middle.

"Wow, that's big," Fondala said.

"We found a short cut," Scotrin said. "I'm willing to bet VanCleaf is on that ship."

"Probably," Fellelian said. "I'll shift into cat form and take a look around."

As Fellelian went on ahead, Baredin caught up with the group. He had ventured through the purple tunnel.

"Oh, I see ya didn't listen ta me," he said.

"Sorry Baredin," Scotrin said, "but we couldn't resist."

"No undead?" Baredin asked.

"Actually," Lylia began, "they are right over there."

A sudden wave of undead Defias bandits came rushing towards the group. They were coming out of the water near the bow of the ship. Baredin took out a looking class from his backpack and searched the docks.

"Looks like the Defias are attacking their fallen friends," he said.

"Here they come," Scotrin shouted.

Another battled ensued. Scotrin again magically shielded himself. Fondala began to channel various shadow spells and used her curses. Lylia used her powers of the light to heal the others.

"There's too many of them," Baredin screeched. "I wish they would just stay dead."

Wave after wave of undead Defias came from the waters. The living Defias retreated from the docks and back onto their ship.

"Keep the dead at bay," Scotrin said. "I have something that should help; I just need a little time to set it up."

"Hurry lad," Baredin said, "the undead don't want to stop."

Baredin fired upon the advancing undead army, slowing them down. Scotrin had some sort of device on the ground. Starting it up, a small ball of magical energy began to form high

above the group. The device itself was made of bronze metal and had a circular shape. It looked like a ball of some sort. The magical energy was growing and it began to flash quickly.

"Alright, just about finished," Scotrin said. He flicked his fingers in the air and unleashed a small stream of arcane energy into the device. A blast of power shot out and hit a group of undead skeletons. They shattered and fell to the floor. Another blast fired into the air and landed down on another wave. The undead army soon fell to the power of the device.

"That should do it then?" Baredin asked.

"Yes," Scotrin said. "Now it's time to confront VanCleaf."

The docks were barren. However, the remaining Defais gang scurried across the ship. They saw Scotrin and his friends approaching. Edwin VanCleaf was on the top deck, watching the events below.

"Smitty!" he said. "Don't let them get aboard!"

"Not a problem," the tauren said.

The rather large tauren dashed off the ship and onto the black stony ground near the deck. He unleashed his fury onto Scotrin, knocking him to the ground. Fellelian emerged from out of nowhere and shifted into bear form. He roared at the tauren and bashed him in the head. Smitty crashed to the ground and became unconscious.

The group stormed the deck of the ship and was attacked by the surviving Defais pirates. The fierce onslaught proved tough for the heroes. Scotrin used his polymorph power to stop the enemies he could. Fondala used fear while Baredin and Fellelian used their physical might to stop the attackers. Lylia brought her healing powers to full benefit. The wounds that were caused and the pain received to the heroes were handled by her healing magic.

The fray was over, but the danger was still there. The heroes reached the top deck. There, Captain Greenskin and Edwin VanCleaf were waiting. Fellelian made sure to stealth in his cat form so VanCleaf could not see him. Scotrin stood in front of his friends and faced VanCleaf unafraid of what might happen.

"Lapdogs," VanCleaf said, "all of you! You serve a corrupted government."

"This is when you give us the speech," Scotrin said.

"You think I am the enemy," VanCleaf continued, "but you do not know the true evil that inhabits Stormwind. It is your precious government. The Stormwind Nobles care not of its people. They only care for money and power."

"You have gone mad, Edwin," Scotrin claimed. "You really think they are all corrupt? Sure, I know of your past. My father was a stonemason. He helped rebuild Stormwind City and yes he was never given full restitution for his work. However, he did not betray his people, he worked hard as a farmer. He eventually made enough money to support me and made me who I am today."

"You're the real traitor!" VanCleaf snapped. "You have forsaken the working man!"

"Ack, he's daft!" Baredin chimed in.

Scotrin looked down at the floor for a moment. Looking up, he gave VanCleaf a tired expression.

"I've worked hard all my life," he began. "and I never stopped. I may no longer be a farm boy, but I have not halted my support for the common man. I continue to help those who are in need. You are a murderer, a pillager, and a no good thief. You believe to be in the right,

but you commit heinous acts to get what you believe is owed. You are no better than Prince Arthas."

You are no better than an errand boy," VanCleaf said, "and I grow tired of your rantings. Prepare to meet your maker!"

Edwin VanCleaf drew his swords and ordered his remaining men to attack. Captain Greenskin, a goblin, lunged at Scotrin. Fondala used her fear spell, but the Captain resisted it. Baredin sent his turtle Akumai after the goblin. The Captain was distracted by the turtle and started fighting it. Two thieves, who had been hidden, revealed themselves and attacked Lylia. Fellelian then appeared and fought with the thieves, shape shifting into his bear form. Fellelian pounded on the thief with all his might while Baredin handled the other one. Baredin's sharp axes allowed him the advantage.

Scotrin has used up his magical power as VanCleaf approached him.

"It's time, mage," VanCleaf said.

"You killed my only love," Scotrin began, "now it's your turn."

"I don't know what you are talking about," VanCleaf said. He struck at Scotrin. Scotrin dodged the strike and then drew his sword.

"You mean to fight me with that?" VanCleaf chuckled.

"Before I became a mage," Scotrin said, "I was a footman in the Stormwind Army."

Scotrin thrust his sword at VanCleaf, he dodged and then swung both his swords at Scotrin. Scotrin parried them and pushed hard as VanCleaf pushed back. They were locked in a stalemate.

"Give up," VanCleaf said. "You aren't strong enough to defeat me."

"You're a fool," Scotrin said. "I'm not going to let Sarah's death be in vain. You will pay!"

"I think you are confused, mage," VanCleaf claimed. "I never hurt anyone named Sarah."

"You lie," Scotrin said.

"I've never hurt a woman in my life," VanCleaf proclaimed. "I wouldn't dream of it."

"Why don't I believe you?" Scotrin asked. They broke their stalemate, VanCleaf jumped back and Scotrin followed. Scotrin swung his sword, VanCleaf parried and then lunged forward. He stuck Scotrin in the left shoulder with the other sword. The mage dropped his sword and covered his wound with his arm. He knelt on the ground.

"I told you," VanCleaf began, "you aren't strong enough to defeat me."

"You are forgetting something," Scotrin said.

"And what is that?" VanCleaf asked.

"I'm a mage," Scotrin said. He quickly reached into his robe and removed a magical stone. He squeezed it tightly and its power infused the mage with a little bit of mana. It was enough for Scotrin to begin to channel a fire bolt. VanCleaf, seeing what was occurring, began to walk up to Scotrin. He was about to stab the mage when Scotrin finished channeling his spell and unleashed his bolt of fire. It hit VanCleaf square in the chest igniting in a flurry of light and heat. The Defias leader was sent up a few inches into the air and then came crashing down onto the deck. He lay on the ground in searing pain. Scotrin stood up and grabbed his sword off the wooden deck. He walked up to VanCleaf and pointed the sword at the Defias leader's neck.

"Go ahead," VanCleaf said, "end my life. You're just like all the others."

Scotrin stared at the man for a moment. The mage's eyes were filled with intensity. Lylia approached Scotrin.

"You did it," she said, "now is the time to show mercy."

"I should kill him," Scotrin said. "Why should I let him live?"

"We talked about this," Lylia said. "You are not a murderer."

"Am I not?" Scotrin asked. "I've killed before."

"In the war," She said "but you were a soldier. You only kill to defend yourself or others. You only kill when it is necessary. It is not necessary to kill Edwin."

"But, he killed her," Scotrin claimed, "he killed Sarah."

"I did no such thing," VanCleaf pleaded.

"Does it matter?" Lylia asked. "Let justice be done, let him rot in prison. Do not give in to your rage!"

Scotrin looked at Lylia and then back at VanCleaf. He wanted so badly to kill him.

"You're quite lucky, Edwin," Scotrin said. "I'm going to let you live."

Scotrin removed his sword from VanCleaf's neck and sheathed it on his belt. He took Lylia's hand in his and knelt to the ground. Baredin, Fondala, and Fellelian had finished battling. Gryan Soutmantle had arrived with a band of his militia. They were ready to take Captain Greenskin and VanCleaf into custody, as well as the rest of the Defais gang.

"You're injured," Lylia said. "Let me help you."

Scotrin looked up at the priestess.

"You have already done enough," He said.

## Epilogue

A month passed. Fellelian had returned to Darnasuss. It seemed the Cenarion Circle was in need of his talents. Fondala and Baredin stayed in Stormwind, hanging out in the local pubs and talking about their most recent adventure. Scotrin had fully recovered from his wounds.

The mage tower was busy with discussion regarding the now defunct Defias Gang. Scotrin had finished his tale and the other mages were going back to their studying. Lylia had entered the main library at the top of the tower. She found Scotrin packing up his things.

"So, I see you are off somewhere," she said. "Another adventure?"

"Yes, so to speak," he smiled. "The Kirin Tor have reinstated me. I'm a full agent once again."

"Oh, I see," she said. "I suppose that means you will be returning to Dalaran?"

"Yes it does," he said. "I'm going to help with the rebuilding. You'll be happy to know that I will be safe. There is a magical barrier covering the ruins of the city. Nothing can get in or out without the approval of the wizards of Dalaran."

"You must be happy then," she said. Lylia looked surprisingly sad. She did not want Scotrin to leave.

"I don't understand," Scotrin said, "I thought you would be happy for me. I mean, you were right all along. I didn't need to kill VanCleef. Knowing he will spend the rest of his life in the stockades is enough for me."

"It's not that," Lylia said, "I'm going to miss you."

Scotrin looked at her with compassion.

"So will I," he said.

"Well, I suppose this is goodbye then," she said.

Scotrin thought for a moment. He began to realize how close he had become to Lylia.

"It doesn't have to be goodbye," Scotrin said. "Come with me, to Dalaran."

Lylia's eyes perked up.

"Really?" she asked. "You think I could come?"

"Why not?" he asked. "We'll just say you're my doctor."

Lylia laughed.

"That will work?" she asked.

Scotrin gave Lylia a smile.

"Actually," Scotrin began, "probably not. But, I do need a new partner, and who better than a priest?"

Lylia wrapped her arms around the mage and kissed his mouth. She looked into his eyes. Scotrin was pleasantly surprised. He kissed her back.

"I promise to be good to you," she said lovingly.

"I know you will," Scotrin said.