

TEETH OF THE BLOODWOLF

A One-Shot Mini Campaign

“Deep in shadow and mist a forgotten clan seeks to restore glory to their ancient name, but at what cost?”

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With All Things, A Beginning

“A village shrouded in mist sits low in a valley. The dim glow of distant torch light peeks through the dense fog. As you look out upon it a piercing wail shatters the silence, followed by a deep sorrowful howl. The somber cry is quickly echoed by several more in the distance.

The village lies ahead to the north, with the distant howls fading out farther north beyond that.”

[Game Start]

The party begins in the deeply wooded lands of Moldovar, the Country of Mist. Moldovar is known for its antiquated and rural nature, consisting mostly of farmers, shepherds, and other such folk living quiet lives in moderate seclusion.

Dirusholm

“The town is a small and simple one. A modest town hall lies in its center, surrounded by a small market with wood and thatch homes beyond that.

Nestled deep in the Moldovar mountains it is small, isolated, and out of touch with the world.”

Dirusholm contains:

- Market
 - Town Hall
 - Town Square
 - Villager Homes
 - Outlying farms and ranches

 - Ravenwood Forest
-

Scene At The Market

“In the center of the market a crowd has gathered, fearfully chattering in a hushed whisper as they look upon the grisly scene.

A young woman's body lay torn and bloody, draped harshly upon the edge of the fountain in the market's center."

Additional Details:

"The woman appears to have died from a massive gash across her abdomen and has several bite and claw marks on her body.

Especially fevered marks are seen around her neck and clavicle."

Market contains:

-A merchant stand for healing potions. The potions are herbal and very basic in nature.

-A stand selling a selection of farming tools. Typical implements of harvest, woodworking, and other rural trades.

-Various vendors of home goods and foods. Odds and ends such as bedding, cookware, and basic foodstuffs.

The Quest

"A man approaches the players and introduces himself as the mayor. He looks weary and disheveled but speaks in a kind and wise tone."

Mayor:

"You there, you are not from this village, who are you?"

The Mayor approaches the party, prepared to offer a quest to search for those tormenting his village.

Mayor

Town Leader

Geregor Postosch is the Mayor of Dirusholm. As an elder of the village, he is well versed in the old stories and legends that have come to dominate the cultural beliefs of his people. Reluctant to embrace outsiders, he acknowledges he has no other option and does so warily but respectfully.

72 Years Old | Patient | Superstitious | Serious but somewhat dramatic

The Quest: Investigating The Forest

Mayor:

"Each month on the eve of the new moon when the night sky is nearest pitch, these attacks happen. At first it was just our livestock, but in the last months they have grown bolder, making their way into town.

They have now killed three of our townsfolk, good men and women each.

We believe they come from the Ravenwood, but it is a dangerous and cursed place. We are just farmers and carpenters, not warriors, hardly a single man in this village has ever held a sword in his life. You all carry instruments of war, do you have any experience tracking and fighting?"

The Mayor offers a quest to enter the Ravenwood Forest to track down those responsible for the killings in the village.

"If you could help put an end to these attacks we would be eternally grateful. Although we do not have much gold, we would offer it all to you if you could save us from our plight."

The Quest: Extra Forest Info

If the party inquires further this information can be supplied.

Mayor:

"We fear the attacks come from the great beasts that once inhabited this land. Once only spoken of in story and myth, they are the only creatures daring enough to commit such terrible and beastly deeds.

To us they are known as the Blood Wolves, terrible creatures. The build and ferocity of a wolf, but the size and cunning of a man.

Legend tells of pack of Blood Wolves inhabiting this land, deep within the forest to the north. I'm sorry I can not tell you more, but until recently these creatures were just a fairy tale, a bedtime story used to frighten children. After all that has gone on though, we have all started to believe they are more than mere myth."

The Quest: Mark Of The Slain

If the players choose to press the mayor (or townsfolk) for details of the woman that was slain they can find out a few details

- She was unmarried
- She was mute
- Though she lived in the town since childhood, none know her true name as she is mute.

“The girl wandered into town from the Ravenwood when she was just a child. Covered in dirt and scrapes she could not, or would not, speak. She was taken in by an elderly family here who passed away several years ago. Though we do not know her true name, the old couple called her Lucy.”

- She wore a pendant on her neck
- The pendant had an insignia upon the crest, a clawed paw.

“The clawed paw is a symbol used by many groups. In this region it once referred to a group of legendary hunters. Little is known about the hunters other than the fact that they lived in isolation and had few dealings with the people our village.”

The Piercing Eyes of Ravenwood

The forest is still, almost lifeless. The cold mist at your feet and deathly quiet gives the land a feeling of dread. At entrance to the woods a small broken necklace chain can be found.

(perception)

You feel eyes upon you at all times, yet see and hear nothing.

The players enter Redwood Forest and are stalked by an unknown entity.

Allow the players to look around, then move to the First Blood encounter when they are ready.

First Blood

“Suddenly the party is enveloped in an incredibly dense fog. A howl breaks the silence and is followed by several more.

Roll for initiative.”

The players are enshrouded in a dense supernatural fog, making it difficult to identify the quickly moving creatures they are fighting.

If the players kill any enemy or any member of the party becomes bloodied:
End combat, a howl is heard, attackers flee, and fog clears.

Wolf

2-6, depending on PC count and level

A trained wolf, loyal to the Bloodwolf clan. They will attack aggressively but prefer to stay in pack formation if possible. They will not flee unless commanded to (or unless all Bloodwolf Hunters are slain).

Health: Low | Speed: Quick | Perception: High

Bloodwolf Warrior

1-2, depending on PC count and level

The primary combatant of the Bloodwolf Clan. These warriors are dressed to appear as man-sized wolves. They fight on two legs rather than four, but have distinctly animal like movements. Their primary weapons are clawed gauntlets (in the style of wolf claws) made of sharpened bone and hide, though a higher level party could encounter some equipped with bows as well.

They often use their wolves to corral weaker enemies while they go after the larger threats themselves.

Health: Medium | Speed: Medium | Perception: Above Average

A Hasty Retreat (victor)

Abandoned Battle (loss)

In the haste of their retreat, the beastly attackers leave an obvious trail.

If the players kill a Wolf or Blood Wolf before any member of the party is bloodied:

Dead Wolf: The players find a dead wolf, only slightly larger than average size. It looks well groomed and fed.

Dead Blood Wolf: The players find a dead Blood Wolf. Closer inspection reveals not a giant humanoid wolf, but instead a man dressed in wolf's skin with large clawed gauntlets made of bone and hide.

As (member of the party) becomes bloodied a howl is heard in the distance. At once your assailants cease combat and retreat. After a moment the fog clears and you are left alone in a small clearing of the woods.

(Perception)

You see a small trail of broken twigs and displaced leaves leading to the north.

(Arcana)

You sense magic still lingering in the air from what was surely a magical fog. The source of the magic is faint, but seems strongest from an area to the north of you.

If any player character is bloodied before an enemy can be slain they must pick up the trail on their own.

The Wolves' Den

As you reach the end of the trail left by your assailants you see a clearing in the brush. At the end of the clearing is a large cave with many animal bones scattered around.

The cave entrance is marked with a symbol. Upon closer inspection the symbol is that of a clawed paw, it is unclear if the mark is made of paint or blood.

(same symbol as on the pendant)

Following the trail led by the retreating wolves takes the players to the entrance of the Wolves Den.

Into The Den

The cave is dark and cold, the space is impressive in size, extending far from the simple entrance. To the rear of the cave you can see a wide chasm.

Several thin beams reach across the void, leading to a lifted drawbridge on the other side.

(Athletics/Acrobatics)

Cross the beams and climb the wall to reach the other side, featuring a lever that was out of sight from the other side.

(Insight/Dungeoneering)

Your keen eyes notice a rock face on the wall which is worn much smoother than the others.

Release Lever (Side opposite of entrance):

The lever releases the bridge quite loudly (optional: **Wolves In Waiting** encounter)

Release Rock:

The rock switch releases the bridge slowly, making little noise.

Wolves In Waiting (optional)

The sound from the lowered drawbridge alerts two wolves, resting just beyond a bend in the cave past the drawbridge.

Roll for initiative.

Wolf

2-6, depending on PC count and level

A trained wolf, loyal to the Bloodwolf clan. They will attack aggressively but prefer to stay in pack formation if possible. They will not flee unless commanded to (or unless all Bloodwolf Hunters are slain).

Health: Low | Speed: Quick | Perception: High

Thane To The Throne

Across the bridge is a doorway carved into the rock.

The door opens to a large, dimly lit throne room. Before you stand several figures, what appear to be man sized wolves, along with shadowy figure sitting upon a throne of sinew and bone.

(If they don't already know they're human)

As your eyes adjust to the darkness you realize that the creatures in front of you are not giant wolves, but men in wolf dress. Several actual wolves sit by the feet of the throne.

One of the largest of the group steps forward toward the party. His skin has the lines and scars of age, though he is unquestionably fit. His braided grey beard distinguishes him from the younger men behind him.

The players enter the throne room of Wojten Blutjager (“woah-ten” “bloot-yah-ger”)and his chief hunter Gorraak Greybeard (“gore-rahk”).

Wojten Blutjager

Bloodwolf Clan Leader

The leader of the Bloodwolf Clan, Wojten is a man of medium stature. Dressed in finely arranged leather, pelt, and metal armor he has a commanding presence. Although typically quiet, when he chooses to speak it carries great power in a booming din.

Of a royal bloodline, his ancestors are the founding family of the Bloodwolf Clan. He would do anything to restore the once mighty name of the clan.

Health: Above Average | Speed: Medium | Perception: Above Average | Charisma: High

Gorraak Greybeard

Chief Huntsman

The Chief Huntsman of the Bloodwolf Clan, Gorraak is a large, imposing man. Despite his age he is exceptionally muscular and fit. He favors power over finesse in his attacks and general demeanor. Although aggressive, he is a man of honor, believing deeply in the ancient ways of

the clan and the importance of tradition and loyalty.

He carries a two-handed battle axe and wears a mix of chainmail, leather, and pelts. He prefers to personally lead a battle and will actively seek out and engage the strongest opponent.

Health: Above Average | Speed: Below Average | Perception: Average | Constitution: High

Branch A - Rejecting The Blood

Depending on the player's choice, follow Branch A if they reject Gorraak's offer to join the Bloodwolf Clan, or [Branch B](#) if they accept it.

Speech To The Victors

If the party was successful in slaying one of the scouting party from the First Blood encounter then use this point.

Gorraak:

Ho, warriors of the forest.

So you are the troop that felled one of our pack in the scouting party. I commend you for your strength in battle.

My name is Gorraak Greybeard, I am chief hunter for our clan.

With your capabilities in battle already proven I offer you a chance to join us. We are on the precipice of a new era, where the Blood Moon rules high amongst the stars.

Stinging Speech

If one of the players was bloodied in the **First Blood** encounter before slaying an enemy then use this plot point.

Ah, you must be the ones who crossed blades with our scouting party. I am surprised you made it this far after the unimpressive display you managed in the woods.

Nevertheless, you are warriors, and all warriors shall be given fair chance to prove themselves in front of the Blood God.

You have two choices, either you can choose to join us, and be tested in combat to prove your worth; or you can die.

Rejecting The Blood

The party rejects Gorraak's offer to be tested and / or join the Blood Wolf Clan.

Fools! If you will not join us then you must die!

*Gorrak, 0-2 Bloodwolf Warriors, and 0-4 Wolves step forward.
Roll for initiative.*

Gorrak Greybeard

Chief Huntsman

The Chief Huntsman of the Bloodwolf Clan, Gorrak is a large, imposing man. Despite his age he is exceptionally muscular and fit. He favors power over finesse in his attacks and general demeanor. Although aggressive, he is a man of honor, believing deeply in the ancient ways of the clan and the importance of tradition and loyalty.

He carries a two-handed battle axe and wears a mix of chainmail, leather, and pelts. He prefers to personally lead a battle and will actively seek out and engage the strongest opponent.

Health: Above Average | Speed: Below Average | Perception: Average | Constitution: High

Gorraak Defeated

Once all wolves have been killed, all Bloodwolf Warriors have been killed, or Gorraak has been bloodied the fight comes to a stop, interrupted by Wojten Blutjager.

Once any of these conditions are met:

The man at the throne suddenly snaps up from his meditative trance.

Wojten:

"ENOUGH! You sully our woods and soil our caves with your presence! You reject the truth of the Blood God and spill the blood of my brothers!

I will bear witness to no more of this! The Great Wolf Blood God has made it clear to me that you must all die NOW!"

(remove the other units from the board and replace them with Wojten)

Wojten Blutjager

Bloodwolf Clan Leader

The leader of the Bloodwolf Clan, Wojten is a man of medium stature. Dressed in finely arranged leather, pelt, and metal armor he has a commanding presence. Although typically quiet, when he chooses to speak it carries great power in a booming din.

Of a royal bloodline, his ancestors are the founding family of the Bloodwolf Clan. He would do anything to restore the once mighty name of the clan.

He attacks swiftly and fiercely with both a clawed gauntlet in one hand and a short sword in the other. He is reckless from his rage but is not slowed down by injury or pain.

Health: Medium | Speed: Above Average | Perception: Medium | Rage: High

A Sacrifice Unto Madness [A]

Defeated, Wojten lets out a slow laugh as he stumbles back to his throne;

"You pathetic fools, from the mouth of death I laugh at you. As this bloody husk soaks the seat of my great throne so the seeds of your destruction grow and flourish.

From this simple pendant, tarnished and stained with the blood of my kind hearted sister, I now break the ancient seal of the Blood God.

I pity the fools cursed to stand before him, beset with the fear and anguish he justly utters forth.

Enjoy your feeble victory, enjoy your labored breaths, they will be your last."

With his last ounce of strength, Wojten removes a bejeweled dagger from the sheath on his waist, plunging the blade through the amulet and into his chest.

With a thunderous roar, the walls and floor of the room quake as the floor gives way to a cavernous space below.

The party tumbles down with the wreckage and is knocked unconscious.

Wojten is defeated in combat.

Branch B - Joining The Pack

Speech To The Victors

If the party was successful in slaying one of the scouting party from the First Blood encounter then use this point.

Gorraak:

Ho, warriors of the forest.

So you are the troop that felled one of our pack in the scouting party. I commend you for your strength in battle.

My name is Gorraak Greybeard, I am chief hunter for our clan.

With your capabilities in battle already proven I offer you a chance to join us. We are on the precipice of a new era, where the Blood Moon rules high amongst the stars.

Stinging Speech

If one of the players was bloodied in the **First Blood** encounter before slaying an enemy then use this plot point.

Ah, you must be the ones who crossed blades with our scouting party. I am surprised you made it this far after the pathetic display you managed in the woods.

Nevertheless, you are warriors, and all warriors shall be given fair chance to prove themselves in front of the Blood God.

You have two choices, either you can choose to join us, and be tested in combat to prove your worth; or you can die.

Trial of The Blood God

Gorraak:

"Ha, I am pleased to see you make the right choice.

You shall earn your right to join our clan, or you will die trying."

Gorraak Greybeard, 1-2 Blood Wolf Warriors, and 0-4 wolves step forward.

Roll for initiative.

The party chooses to join the Blood Wolves, but must be tested to gain entrance

The Chief Huntsman of the Bloodwolf Clan, Gorraak is a large, imposing man. Despite his age he is exceptionally muscular and fit. He favors power over finesse in his attacks and general demeanor. Although aggressive, he is a man of honor, believing deeply in the ancient ways of the clan and the importance of tradition and loyalty.

He carries a two-handed battle axe and wears a mix of chainmail, leather, and pelts. He prefers to personally lead a battle and will actively seek out and engage the strongest opponent.

Health: Above Average | Speed: Below Average | Perception: Average

Brotherhood Of The Wolf

The party chooses to join the Clan of The Blood Wolf.

Gorraak:

"A wise choice. Let us rejoice now, for we have the Amulet of The Blood God and the strength to destroy the binding it carries!"

Gorraak turns to the man upon the throne behind him.

"Wojten, hear me from within your commune with the Elder Spirit. The Amulet is ours and there are none who can oppose us!"

Wojten's head raises, and though his eyes have been open since your arrival a look of sudden awareness comes over him.

Wojten:

"Gorraak, you have done well. The time has indeed come. Everyone, approach the altar behind my throne."

As everyone approaches him, Wojten places the Amulet upon himself and slowly draws a bejeweled dagger.

Grasped tightly in both hands, he raises the dagger above his head before suddenly plunging the blade through the center of the crest and into his chest.

Gorraak:

"Wait, Wojten, why?! Was this truly the path the Elder Spirit decreed in his counsel?"

A Sacrifice Unto Madness [B]

As Wojten's body slumps to the floor Gorraak rushes in to catch him, but is knocked back by an unseen force.

A voice echoes through the room, emanating from no where, yet seemingly everywhere.

Great Wolf Blood God:

"Ha, ha, ha... You pathetic fools, from broken chains of this rotten cell I laugh at you. As this bloody husk soaks the seat of your pitiful throne, so the seeds of your destruction shall grow and flourish.

From this simple pendant, tarnished and stained with the blood of of Wojten's own sister, I now break the ancient seal that has imprisoned me for all these years.

With a thunderous roar, the walls and floor of the room quake as the floor gives way to a cavernous space below.

The party tumbles down with the wreckage and is knocked unconscious.

With the death of Wojten, the Ritual of Blood is completed, unleashing the horrible beast from his ancient prison.

Depending on their level and the difficulty of the previous encounters, you may choose to give the party the effects of an extended rest.

A Light In The Darkness

The party eventually gains consciousness amidst the rubble of the room above only to find the Blood God appearing bit differently than foretold.

A short time passes and the party slowly regains consciousness, awoken by the sound of deep, slow breaths, the volume of which can be felt strongly in each of their chests.

As your eyes adjust to the darkness you see Gorraak, as well as three Blood Wolf Warriors, have survived the fall as well and are awakening beside you.

The breathing grows louder, until the sound is masked by the breaking of massive chains and a thunderous roar.

The room is flooded with light as flames erupt from the cavernous space in front of you, blasting upward and blowing a hole through the cave clear to the night sky.

Standing before you is not a god, or even a great wolf, but a Red Dragon.

Low Level Players: *Gaunt and exhausted from a millenia of captivity and covered in the scars of a great battle, stands Betrugar, The Deceiver. A shadow of his former might, he stands weary, but ready for battle. Fueled by hatred, he lurches forward toward the party to address them.*

Mid Level Players: *Gaunt from a millenia of captivity and painted with the scars of a great battle he is still a tremendous sight to behold. Betrugar, The Deceiver. Though not at his full strength, his hatred fuels him, propelling him from the crumbling shackles toward the party to address them.*

High Level Players: *It is as though the millennia of captivity has had no effect on the incredible beast. He stands tall, unburdened by the faded scars of a battle long passed. Free from his prison cell, he approaches the party to address them.*

The Great Wolf Blood God

The "Blood God" Is exposed as a massive Red Dragon.

As the tower of flame dissipates, a gaping hole is left in the cave, stretching all the way to the night sky.

The intense glow of a Hunter's Moon floods the now exposed cavern in brilliant red light.

The Dragon surveys the room, and erupts once more into laughter.

Betrugar The Deceiver:

"FREEDOM! Never has the stagnant air of this damnable tomb smelled so sweet!

A thousand years I have rotted in this pit, held captive by the arrogant dogs who sought to seal me away for eternity.

Behold, pitiful fools, your own descendants complete its undoing!"

Battling The Deceiver

With a flap of his mighty wings, Betrugar's bones creak and pop as he stretches his [atrophied / weakened / muscular] body.

Gorraak and his 3 Blood Wolf Warriors call out to you:

Gorraak:

"[Brothers (allies) / Warriors (previously enemies)], we have been deceived! This foul beast defiles our home and dishonors our ancestors.

Though we may be undeserving, we ask that you lend us your strength to slay this profane demon!"

Roll for initiative.

Betrugar The Deceiver

Ancient Red Dragon

Depending on the group's level, this can vary a bit. For lower level groups, Betrugar is unable to fly and has limited use of fire breath, relying primarily on physical attacks. For mid level groups, allow for more varied attacks and short bursts of flight. For high level groups, Betrugar can use his dragon fire and flight at will, staying airborne for as long as the DM/GM wishes.

Betrugar is a proud ancient red dragon. Even in his weakest state he will prefer to target only the strongest of enemies, ignoring those he sees as lesser combatants. Aching for revenge he looks to crush all that appear before him, friend of the Bloodwolf clan or not. He will not be reasoned with.

Health: High to Exceptional | Speed: Below Average to High | Perception: Exceptional

The Tomb of The Deceiver

Defeated, Betrugar draws his last breaths before finally collapsing in the prison that is now his tomb.

Gorrak (should he survive):

“By the eyes of the great raven, never in the wildest fever dream would I have imagined such a foul beast to be held below our own feet. My heart is heavy for the losses of our clan and the part I have played in this terrible deceit.

Wjoten’s own sister...how did I not realize the absurdity of it all?

Words cannot express the shame of our actions. Though Wjoten has paid the ultimate price for our dishonor, there is no atonement great enough for our sins.

As long as I live I will bear the scars of our misjudgement.

Thanks only to the might of your action is the world spared from the terrible consequences of our failure. I am humbled by your great action.”

If asked what he will do now:

“I...I do not know. I shall wander the mountains in search of an answer from the true Great Wolf’s Spirit. I pray he has not forsaken us for our deeds. Perhaps it is my fate to fade from this world, or indeed to be consumed by it. The gods will decide.”

Should the players return to the Bloodwolf den, they will find it fully caved in with no trace of Gorrak or any surviving Bloodwolf clan members.

Town Epilogue

Upon emerging from the forest, the party is met by the Mayor as well as a small group of terrified townsfolk.

Mayor:

“Thank the great spirit, you’re alive! The mountains beyond the forest quaked and plumed with fire. I feared the spirits of earth and fire had stormed the mountainside, raging over the evil that has befallen our town.

Pray to you, tell us what happened there?”

(Should the players not wish to role-play this conversation, skip down to the next segment below this)

Reactions:

1. Mention of the Bloodwolf Clan
2. Mention of The Great Wolf Blood God
3. Mention of the slain girl, sister of Wjoten
4. Mention of the dragon, Betrugar (not by name)
5. Mention of Betrugar (by name)

None Role-Play'd Reaction:

“By the nine...Bloodwolf...Clan, you say? My, that does make much more sense. Not beasts, but men. And our Lucy, the sister of their leader? Just incredible.

To think, for all of these years, in our own woods, not only a clan of warriors but a dragon! Unbelievable!

The legends spoke of “the ancient one,” a great red serpent that was captured and imprisoned by the wolf-brother, but surely it had to be a myth...to think it was true...Betrugar...

(the man shudders)

There are no thanks imaginable to compare to the greatness of the deed you have done for our people. To have saved us from the Deceiver himself...You will be remembered here for all time.

Please, stay with us for the night. Beds will be made for you in town hall. In the morning we shall pool together all the gold that we can and in the evening will be a feast in your honor!

And so as promised, a feast was held in the adventurer's honor. Townsfolk gathered from villages across the land to participate in the celebration and bear witness to the dragon slayers. For many generations the tale remained told on the cold autumn night after the season's final harvest.

“The Day of The Wolf,” it was so called. A great celebration of a once forgotten clan and heroes who returned their honor after slaying a dragon of legend.