Hidden Signals

Chapter 3.2: Crooked Fortune



CathryneDelamort

THE LUCKY TANKARD

LEATHER GEAR. LOCKPICKS. A BELT WITH LITTLE POCKETS.

YOU COULD'VE PICKED ANYTHING, SUNSHINE.

I'M A ROGUE. OF COURSE I'M A ROGUE.

I PICKED BOOTS.

NOTHING ABOUT GETTING HOME. NOT ONE WORD.

WHO DO PEOPLE HERE ASK WHEN THEY NEED ANSWERS?

HEROES. CLEAR ONE FARMER'S WELL AND THE WHOLE VILLAGE TELLS YOU ITS SECRETS.

THEN WE CLEAR SOMETHING.

THIS ONE. FIFTY GOLD, FREE ALE, AND ANY LOOT FOUND.

CELLAR TROUBLE.
SEE THE BARKEEP.
FIFTY GOLD • FREE ALE
ANY LOOT FOUND.

THIS ISN'T SOME GAME, ROWAN.

IT LITERALLY IS.

WELL, FIFTY GOLD BUYS A LOT OF ANSWERS.

LOST GOAT

CELLAR TROUBLE.
SEE THE BARKEEP.

WE'LL TAKE YOUR CELLAR.

CELLAR TROUBLE. SEE THE BARKEEP.

BLESS YOU. SOMETHING DOWN THERE'S BEEN EATING MY CHEESES.

MORNING, MARIGOLD.

SHE'S CRAZY ABOUT ME. WE GO WAY BACK.

OBVIOUSLY.

CELLAR.

DARK CELLAR. MYSTERY MONSTER. FREE CHEESE.

CLASSIC LEVEL ONE.

CAN YOU STOP NARRATING FOR FIVE MINUTES?!

PAK

THE LANTERN BEARER'S TEMPER SNUFFS OUT THE PARTY'S ONLY LIGHT.

YOU KNOW I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, RIGHT?

WAIT HERE. I'LL GET MARIGOLD TO FIND US A LANTERN.

NO.

COME ON.

YES! SHANTI!

I'M DONE WAITING.

NEVER TRUST A CHEST IN A DUNGEON.

IT'S A CELLAR.

AND THAT, MY FRIENDS, IS OUR REWARD.

HEY!
HEY!

CHOMP

I LITERALLY TOLD YOU!

HOLD ON! I'VE GOT THIS!

IT'LL GET YOU OUT... AND MAYBE THAT GOBLET...

OW! PINEAPPLE! PINEAPPLE!

KRUNCH

PINEAPPLE?

MOVE.

LET.
HER.
GO.

PTOOO

...FINE. IT'S
A BAD
CHEST.

MEANWHILE...

LOCKED

DAMN IT!

FINE.

TIK TIK TIK

ELLA

ROLL HIGH, FIREFLY.

SHUNK

SNEAK ATTACK IN ONE HIT.

SOMEONE'S FUDGING THE DICE FOR US.

WHO'S FUDGING WHAT?

ELSEWHERE...

THORNE

DUVALL. GOOD, YOU'RE BACK.

WHO PUT THIS UP?

UM... YOU DID.

IT'S YOUR CASE.

WHERE'S THE KAINE FILE?

WHO?

TEAM'S ALREADY AT THORNE'S BASE. CATCH UP.

DUP

DUP

DUP

DUP

EVERY DRIVE'S WIPED, MA'AM. CLEAN.

SHE NEVER BUILT A ROOM WITHOUT A BACK DOOR. KEEP DIGGING.

THAT NIGHT.

YOUR MOVE.

THE LUCKY TANKARD. THAT EVENING.

WATCH AND LEARN.

MARIGOLD. YOU, ME, THE HAYLOFT, SUNRISE.

NO. AND YOU STILL OWE ME FOR LAST TIME.

OUCH!

ASTRID AURELIA. STRIKING OUT IN A TAVERN. HOW VERY YOU.

THAT'S FORTANA.

THE CLOCK TOWER ONE?

WE WERE TOXIC, DARLING. EVERYONE SAID SO.

YOU SAID SO.

I AM EVERYONE!

AND NOW YOU'RE MARRYING THAT STUFFED-SHIRT DUKE.

WAIT. YOU'RE ACTUALLY STILL MARRYING THE DUKE?

IT'S POLITICS! HE GETS A HERO FOR HIS PORTRAITS. I GET A ROOF.

OH, I HOPE HE'S WORTH IT.

MAY YOUR ALE GO SOUR...

...AND YOUR LUCK GO WITH IT!

KRASSH

SHE CURSED HIM!

WITCH!

BONK

UH... OBVIOUSLY THAT WAS ME.

TREMBLE!

POP!

FWUMPH

SHE CURSED HIM. IN FRONT OF EVERYONE.

IF SHE CAN DO THAT, SHE CAN SEND US HOME.

BY ORDER OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE.

FORTANA VALENTINA IS ACCUSED OF WITCHCRAFT AGAINST HIS LANDS.

HIS GRACE'S BETROTHED WILL FETCH HER.