

You round the corner and find yourself entering a room. It's perfectly average; neither big nor small, messy nor clean, empty nor crowded. Nothing about it stands out.

Nothing but the giant armillary sphere in the center of the room — and the wizard standing next to it. He lifts one manicured eyebrow at your sudden entrance.

"...Well," the wizard says, after an awkward pause. "I'll admit, I was expecting a few more of those silly Red Priests, but this is much more interesting." He lays one hand on the outer ring of the sphere, and Iggy bristles.

"Pryor," he mutters. "Skulking around as usual. He'll try to trick you. Don't listen to him."

Pryor smiles. "I'm here for the same reason that little demon is," he says. "To activate the sphere." He cocks his head to the left and looks you over. "But you didn't know that, did you?"

"Shut up," Iggy snaps. "You're not going to turn us on each other. Give it up."

The rock demon turns to you. "We're getting out of here," he insists. "And our way out is through him."

Pryor chuckles. "That's the story you've been telling? That you're just trying to escape? I'm not sure whether it's admirable or pitiful that you keep clinging to your lie," he says. The wizard's gaze shifts to you. "And you. You've been buying his story? Really? You never thought this demon might have something else in mind?"

You look to Iggy.

He squirms like a fly caught in a spider's web. "I just wanted to restore Theranos to what it used to be, the way Quartz says it was when the sphere still worked. And sure, maybe I lied, but you wouldn't have come if you knew the truth."

"The only way to make the sphere 'work' again is with blood," Pryor says. "Did he tell you that?"

Iggy glares at Pryor, shoulders hunched.

Pryor grins. "This sphere is tied to all the magic in the Ruined Lands," he says. "It sits on a powerful juncture of magical energy. Whoever controls the sphere controls all of Theranos."

He steps forward. You nearly step back, but manage to steady yourself at the last moment.

"Igneous was never planning to let you out of here alive. Didn't you find it odd, that he would stay by your side all this time? I'm sure you've noticed he isn't the most companionable sort," Pryor says. "He only brought you here to kill you."

"No," Iggy says, voice ragged. "Maybe at first, but...no. We're friends now. Aren't we?"

Are you?

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Iggy leads you on a jaunty stroll down the length of the tunnel. To your surprise, it leads right back out into the Blue Frog Tavern's cellar, where Quartz is waiting for you. Iggy looks extremely pleased with himself.

Quartz looks...less pleased.

"I can't *believe* you," Quartz snaps, and a little of the spring goes out of Iggy's step. "...And you!" He levels you with an impressive glare. "You were supposed to bring him back! Not tag along!"

"I lied," Iggy says quickly. Quartz makes an affronted noise, but Iggy keeps talking. "I said I knew the way out, then led us to the sphere instead. But it worked! I made a tunnel leading straight here! The sphere works!"

Quartz looks like he wants to keep arguing, but then all the fight goes out of him. "What's done is done," he says finally. He looks up at you. "I'll give you the reward I promised — after I talk to Igneous." He waves you off.

The Blue Frog Tavern and its surrounds undergo some major changes over the next week. Iggy is a constant presence at the tavern, strutting around like he owns the place. Which he more or less does, now — Quartz spends most of his time with the armillary sphere, rearranging the Ruined Lands.

When you finally do leave, it's with your reward, and the promise of a lifetime of free room and board at the Blue Frog Tavern.

The No-Longer-Ruined Lands stretch for miles in every direction, lush and green and new.