

Ecclesiastical Reorganization

The high priest's sneer was majestic as the room filled with green haze. "Too late, heroes! The ritual is complete! Behold THE SPIDER GODDESS ARMENA!" Only: where was the screaming? The reek of blood? Was that *incense*?

When the goddess appeared, it was even more disconcerting. She still had four arms, and even the fangs, but she looked, well, *peaceful*. And maybe a little sorrowful.

Armena pointed to two acolytes and a priest. "Him, her, and him, I can salvage. The others..." A sad shrug.

The priest goggled. "Dread Goddess?"

"I am truly sorry, but I wasn't talking to **you**."

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