Act 1 Scene 1

*Intro v1*

*Chapter 0.1*

\* King Iren has been invited to Lord Gabriel’s kingdom for discussions. The game starts with a young servant finding his king, Iren, on a wounded watch tower, after the sudden attack of mysterious mercenaries on King Gabriel’s kingdom, and most of the people flee the attack, but Iren stayed. After an hour of mayhem, King Iren stood on a tower facing the sea, thinking on how to act against the attack. One of the servants that Iren brought with him found him standing there.

Servant: King Iren! We must leave!

Iren: Hm? Is everyone safe?

Servant: Yes! Two wounded, but none fallen.

Iren: You make me proud, good servant. But alas, there's something to be in this place. Something that I shall do.

Servant: What is it, sire?

Iren: The source of the attack, and the remaining traps. I must seek out whatever danger is inside before leaving.

Servant: I will help you, your Grace.

Iren: Certainly. I need you to unlock certain doors and scavenge some gear for me as we move.

Servant: Very well, your Grace!

\*Lines after the first attack of mercs/Arabs...

Servant: We need backup, your Grace.

Iren: The knights from our kingdom are getting near. They'll arrive on time.

Servant: May I ask, your Grace, which knights?

Iren: Human ones, my friend. They know what to do.

\*Iren and Servant get near the so-called "treasury room" of the kingdom, where mercs may be at.

Servant: Is this the holy treasury, King Iren?

Iren: Indeed. Don't show off avarice, good servant.

Servant: A-Avarice? Never!

\*Somewhere at the end of the level, they finally find the mercenaries...

Merc 1: It's Iren!

Merc 2: Iren?! Bloody flintlocks...flee, you fools!

Merc 3: Leave that monarch to me. Take all the goods to the bridge.

Iren: \*Throws his explosive dagger to make certain objects fall and block the exit.\* That form of cowardice won't help you.

Merc 3: \*Takes out metallic shards that transforms into a peculliar sword.\* Let's see how a king protects his commons.

\*After the fight...

Iren: \*Banishes Merc 3 out into the staircase, making him slide into a decorated window, breaking it.

...Well now, you played well, good merc. Alfried, do you see the-

Merc 3: \*Casts an explosion around him, teleporting in front of Iren, levitating. His eyes are blazing with blue, green, and the darkest sheen of purple, and an anonymous symbol appears to be printed on his face.

Iren and Servant: \*Gasp. !!

\*But then Iren's mighty knights step in and shoot their crossbows at the f%ggot. He doesn't die though, unfortunately. Just slows down. Iren and Alfried take their chance to run away.

(I thought if the player should actually run away from enchanted Merc 3 instead of putting in guards into the scene right away, but depends on what is more interesting. We can make the similar scinario appear with Victor where he is actually suppose to run and hide from an overdriven enemy.)

\*Iren and Alfried noticed that the mercs blocked the main entrances and spare exits, so they ended up in the broad balcony of the castle. All the commons, churchmen, and nobles, lurked right beneath the two.

Iren: Catch us! That's an order!

\*They all swarm up, thus allowing Iren and Alfried to jump down safely by catching them. However, right after that, Iren is swarmed with questions.

??? (A noble): King Iren! Are you alright?!

??? (Another servant): Your Grace, your ambassador is arriving!

??? (I dunno): ***MMEEDDIICC!!***

Iren: Alfried, come with me. I will pay you for assistance.

Alfried: E-Eh?!

Iren: Ah, servant Hayden! Good man, tell the ambassador that he should have came with me earlier. The distance is too huge to cross just on horses.

Servant 2: Yes Your Grace!

\*Horse carriage arrives for Iren and his men, with King Gabriel spares a seat exclusively for Iren and Alfried.

Alfried: ...L-Lord Iren, I don't think I can come with-

Iren: Ah, your wife. I understand. Go visit her!

Gabriel: Quite a sudden attack, Lord Iren. I am glad your servant have supported you.

Iren: Agreed.

*Chapter 0.2*

\*After Gabriel and Iren's short conversation, they departed. Gabriel forced himself into a different castle, and Iren went back home, with his servants.

\*At the throne room, Iren is alone with his ambassador - the man that failed to offer protection during the attack for reasons only Iren can figure out. Despite that, the ambassador is a strange but somewhat powerful individual in Iren's castle. He was once loved by a lot of women before syphilis triggered his beautiful face, so he wears a mask. He is nicknamed as Proceeve. Only Iren knows his true name.

Proceeve: \*Writes a letter to a noble lady of his interests, with mediocre grammar.

Iren: \*Assists Proceeve in his handwriting/words while anticipating for a meeting.

Proceeve: "Is this good, sire?" \*Shows the letter.

Iren: "Oh, certainly. This is sublime. You improve well at writing, Proceeve! Avona will adore this."

Proceeve: \*Makes a shy smile. "I appreciate your help, Your Grace...you shouldn't waste your precious time on me next time..."

Iren: \*Eyes narrow. "Wasting time? Nonsense! I am not wasting time. If you say that again, I will send you to a tutor, and hire a different ambassador while you are away. Is that what you want?"

Proceeve: "...I'm sorry sire, that's not what I meant. Heed my humble apologies."

\*Some woman enters the room to call Iren to the meeting. Everyone is waiting.

Iren: I must leave. Please don't run off without informing me next time, even if I am busy.

Proceeve: Yes, Your Grace. God bless you.

Iren: You too.

\*Iren leaves, and Proceeve sits in silence on the luxurious table beside the king's throne, holding that letter he wrote, with visibly best handwriting he could ever manage to make. Suddenly he ripped it apart and trashed it, attempting to write a new one.