

The Tale Of the JellyFish

''

Prologue

''/'"...What followed was the bloodiest war in recorded history, all eight of the Great Kingdoms pitted against each other. Indeed, the most unnerving travesty of this war is that nearly half of the total casualties were not soldiers falling on the field of battle, but those marked by magic being cut down and used as mere components in spells meant to weaken the opposition. Marked individuals were in more danger than anyone, due merely to the circumstances of their birth. The worst offender was the Enchantress-General of the Roc Kingdom, Hera Brandt. Herself possessing the mark of the hawk, Brandt justified the slaughter of the Marked as a sacrifice for their home Kingdom, one that they should have been honoured to make... and in the wake of the battle at Lilac Valley, it was decided that a revolution of values was needed if the war was to come to a close. The rulers of the Great Kingdoms came together and together created a most significant pact. It came to be known as "The Marked Treaty," a solemn vow that within the bounds of civilization no magically-marked human would ever be harmed or killed for the sake of creating magic of any kind. Only the lesser life forms, plants & beasts, can be-''/'

[[Continue Reading->Meet the JellyFish]]

(set: \$Intellect to 0)

(set: \$Muscle to 0)

(set: \$Charm to 0)

Meet the JellyFish

(set: \$selectedItem to "")

//You are pulled from your reading by a soft knocking at your chamber door.//

"One moment," you say, marking your place in Gaume's ''//Histories//''. //You walk to the door and slide open the hatch that sits squarely in the middle of it.//

"The King has called for all advisors to assemble in the grand hall, it is a matter most urgent!" squeaks the page from the other side, barely tall enough to peer through the hatch.. //You lean a little bit closer to the hatch so he can see you clearly.//

"Of course, I'll be there straight away. Thank you," you say, nodding to the lad.

//He straightens up to attention for a moment and then rushes off to spread the message further. You slide shut the hatch in the door, turning around to face your chamber.// A large window fills the room with natural light, the morning sun shining brightly outside.

"Well," you mutter to yourself, "if it's an audience with the King then I'd better look presentable."

'You grab:'

Your (link: "Cloak from the Royal Academy")[(set: \$selectedItem to "Cloak")(set: \$Intellect to 2)(goto: "Clothing Choice")]. It is a deep purple, indicating the highest level of scholarly achievement. ''+2 to Intellect''

A pair of weighty (link: "Silver Gauntlets")[(set: \$selectedItem to "Gauntlets")(set: \$Muscle to 2)(goto: "Clothing Choice")], a gift from your first mentor. ''+2 to Muscle''

A (link: "Brightly Colored Hat with a Feather")[(set: \$selectedItem to "Feather Hat")(set: \$Charm to 2)(goto: "Clothing Choice")] sticking out of it, the latest rage in the fashion world. ''+2 to Charm''

Clothing Choice

As you put on your (print: \$selectedItem), you examine yourself in the mirror across from the bookshelf. You're no stranger to maintaining royal appearances, though it didn't always come easy to you.

"Look what Jellyfish has on today! What trash bin did you pull those out of!"

You think back to your early days at the Academy, when the only proper clothes you could get were second-hand. Your hand unconsciously drifts to the pattern on the side of your face, one that you've had since birth. The mark of the jellyfish.

[[To the Great Hall]]

To the Great Hall

//You snap out of your memory, and rush out of your chamber. Being late to a meeting with the Dragon King is never a good idea. You leave your room and duck out of a side door that leads to the palace's courtyard, the most direct path to the grand hall that sits towards the middle of the sprawling collection of buildings. The courtyard is blanketed in verdant green grass and bushes. As you're walking

past a hedge trimmed in the shape of a dolphin, you hear a jolly voice from your rear.//

"Ho there! Jellyfish!"

You turn to see who is addressing you. It's Tatiana Messier, better known as the Boar. Unlike you, she chose to nickname herself after her mark, and it certainly suits her. She's bigger and stronger than most of the men at court, and twice as aggressive to boot. You've known her since you entered the academy, and she's always been friendly with you.

"What d'you think this meeting is all about then?" Tatiana the Boar asks, jogging up alongside you. She walks briskly, and you struggle to keep up with her long stride.

"Who knows? Perhaps the King just wants someone to talk to." you reply.

"Oh wouldn't that be something. Reminds me of our last year at the academy, when those sots from Lutz tried to court us. You sure got us out of a pinch then."

You remember these particular sots, aristocrats from the neighboring Phoenix Kingdom who paying a diplomatic visit. They had pursued you and Tatiana endlessly until you finally got rid of them.

'It was as simple as..'

[...giving one of them a good sock in the nose. Scared them right off!]<Choice1|'+1 to Muscle''

|Choice2>[...asking as many annoying and dull questions as you could think of until they couldn't stand to be around you anymore.]'+1 to Charm''

|Choice3>[...feigning that you didn't understand what they were saying. You are fluent in three languages, all you had to do was pick out one that they didn't know.]'+1 to Intellect''

(click: ?Choice1)[(set: \$Muscle to it + 1)(goto: "Memories with Tatiana")]

(click: ?Choice2)[(set: \$Charm to it + 1)(goto: "Memories with Tatiana")]

(click: ?Choice3)[(set: \$Intellect to it + 1)(goto: "Memories with Tatiana")]

Memories with Tatiana

You share a chuckle with Tatiana over the memory and walk the rest of the way to the grand hall in silence. Despite your joking, you both know that a meeting called this urgently could only mean trouble. Other advisors are heading in the same direction as you are, coming from all corners of the palace. When you approach the

large doors to the grand hall, you find that they're already open. You follow close behind Tatiana as she sidles inside.

//[[Time to meet the King]]//

Time to meet the King

As much as your don't want to, you're forced to split up with Tatiana once inside. You're an advisor on city planning, and she's an expert in military matters, so you both have to sit with the other advisors from your departments. There's a low murmuring throughout the room, everyone speculating about what the cause of the sudden gathering might be. You awkwardly take your seat, and wait another few minutes for the rest of the advisors to trickle in.

The King's arrival is preceded by the sound of his lumbering footsteps. The door at the rear of the grand hall, specially made to accommodate his great height, swings open. He steps through, slowly. He's clad in his typical opulent attire, but he does not carry his usual air of regality. His eyes are sunken, his shoulder-length hair is unkempt. He does not, by any account, look well.

As soon as the King enters the room, everyone rises from the table. The silence hanging in the air is broken by the screeching of the King's vast metal chair as it scrapes against the marble floor. He doesn't even need to strain to pull it aside. The King slumps into the throne, and stares at nothing for a few moments before motioning for the advisors to sit. There are a few moments of shuffling before silence once again overtakes the room.

//[[The King Speaks]]//

The King Speaks

"I shall keep this very straightforward," the mighty Dragon King's voice shakes, "my wife, the queen, is dying."

The dreadful silence resumes. The King takes in a heavy breath, and continues:

"She has a sickness that we cannot identify. I have summoned the most esteemed doctors and alchemists in the kingdom here. They can offer me nothing..." he trails off, wrinkling his brows. You look at his cast-down eyes, and realize that you're holding your breath.

"...They can offer me nothing that I am able to agree to on my own. It is not

often that I find myself so completely doubtful. That is why you are here. Every one of my advisors."

With those words the King raises his eyes and sweeps them across the table. For one terrifying moment he locks them on you, and you release the breath you've been holding in a quiet gasp.

"After trying every conventional treatment we can think of, only one option remains. Trozzo," he says, turning to the person seated closest to him, "Tell them."

Luce Trozzo, an alchemist from the Gryphon Kingdom, had arrived at the palace a few weeks ago. The King had made great efforts to put her in a position in his court. She gulps, and stands.

"It's just as the king says. So far as I can discern, to conventional spells or rituals can possibly save the Queen's life. They just aren't potent enough. If, however we were to use, uhm..." her face blanches, and she continues, "...human parts. To perform the healing ritual, that is. It just might work."

//[[Silence Breaks the Room]]//

Silence Breaks the Room

The silence that has been weighing down on the room is broken as everyone at the table erupts. Trozzo cowers back into her chair, and the king sits silently for what feels like a long time. Shouts bounce around the room, directed nowhere in particular.

"Preposterous!"

"But it's for the Queen!"

"It's against the law!"

"She can't be seriously considering--"

"What do a few peasants matter?"

The King rises and slams his massive fist down on the table,

"ENOUGH!"

//[[The Angered king]]//

The Angered king

His shout rings through the grand hall, and you think it was probably heard

throughout the palace.

"I am aware of the... shortcomings of that solution. Still, I believe that complete transparency is necessary to come to the right decision. I trust that your loyalty will not waver in the face of this crisis," he glares sternly around the room. The first person who dares to speak is a foreign affairs advisor. You don't remember their name.

"Your Majesty, surely you can't believe that would work? Where do you think you'll get the people? Word will get around if you kidnap anyone, it always does. Even using prisoners is risky. Unless you believe that you can somehow persuade people to willingly give their lives for this endeavor."

Someone else pipes up,

"What're the components we'd need for this ritual, anyhow?"

"The human parts, if that's what you're asking," answers Trozzo, "are the liver of one who bears the mark of the monkey, the blood of one who bears the mark of a pheasant, and the heart of one with the mark of the dog. If the old texts are to be believed, that is."

//[[The King Notices you]]//

The King Notices you

The room begins buzzing again with murmurs. The King leans to one of the advisors close to him and motions in your direction. The man he's questioning nods, and whispers something back. The King rubs his right temple. Another minute passes, your nervousness begins to worsen as you notice the King glancing at you repeatedly while deep in thought. He stands, and walks towards your part of the table.

"Would you join me for a moment?" he says, peering down at you. You blink, your nerves getting the best of you for a moment. The King raises one eyebrow, not breaking eye contact. The advisor seating to your left nudges you and you hurriedly stand.

"Y-yes. Of course." you stutter, and the King leads you away from the central table.

"Am I to understand that you were not born of noble blood?" he asks bluntly, once you're more or less out of earshot from the rest of the assembly. You feel your cheeks flush.

"That's right. I had to do much to be admitted to the academy." you admit. The

circumstances of your low birth are not usually something you like to discuss, particularly not with the Dragon King. He looks you up and down before continuing.

"No one- and I do mean no one- has ever done what you have done. Not in my kingdom and not in any of the other Great Kingdoms, to the extent of my knowledge. You transcended the caste system that is the basis for our society. I should congratulate you on your extraordinary achievement."

You manage to stammer out your thanks, though you're not sure if that's what the King wants. He continues:

"That is why I consider it very lucky that you are present here. For you see, you are very uniquely positioned to save the Queen's life."

//[[The King Awaits your response]]//

The King Awaits your response

(set: \$randomChance to 0)

The King looks at you solemnly, seemingly waiting for a response. Your silence speaks for you.

"What was said a few moments ago about the people needed coming to the palace willingly gave me cause to consider your peculiar circumstances. I am well aware of the divide that exists between the nobility and the common folk in my kingdom. The contempt that much of the lower class holds for the upper is no secret to me. Thus, there are very few who I could send on this errand to bring those ever so critical individuals back here for me. Anyone in my service would be sniffed out immediately, become suspicious. Anyone, save for you."

You can hardly believe what you're hearing. A task given to you, given personally no less, by the King himself. You think back to the endless days and nights you spent in pursuit of a chance, just a chance at escaping the grit and hardship that comes with being born amongst lowlives. And now you have the opportunity to do something that will cement your place as invaluable on the King's court. But what of the task? You close your eyes and rub the mark on the side of your face as you consider the magnitude of the crime you are being asked to commit. [You Hesitate to Reply]<link|

(click: ?link)[(set: \$randomChance to (random: 1,6))(goto: "Your Reply")]

Your Reply

You open your eyes and glance across the room, and see that all eyes at the table are fixed on you and the King. You're sure they can't hear what was said, but they don't need to. You lock eyes with Tatiana, and it's as if she knows exactly what you've been asked to do. Thoughts whirl in your head, visions of grandeur as the King's right hand, and of the look on Tatiana's face when she finds out what you've done.

You turn back to the King, and reply:

[[“Your majesty, it would be an honor and privilege to serve you so.”->Agreeable JellyFish]]

[[“I'm sorry your majesty, but I cannot do what you ask. It just isn't right.”->Bold JellyFish]]

(if: \$randomChance is 6)[//[You flip off the King->Secret Ending 1]]//]

Agreeable JellyFish

The King tightens his lips into a forced grin. It's clear the stress of the situation is weighing on him, but he's nonetheless pleased with your cooperation. Now dismissed, you return to your seat. The short walk across the room feels like a thousand miles with the eyes of everyone fixed on you. You fall into your seat, beginning to feel the weight of your new responsibility weighing down on you.

“Thanks to my new friend,” says the King, “I've come to a decision. If we can find any who would come to the palace... willingly...” he puts an odd strain on the word, “... to aid this cause, then we shall resolve the issue using the magical method. If there are not, then it was not fated to be.”

He forces those last words out, and you can tell he doesn't believe them. Or, perhaps, doesn't want to. He gives one last stern glance about the room.

“If any of you have any objections to this course of action, you may discuss it with me personally.”

As he turns and leaves the way he came, no one dares to follow and question his decision. The meeting concluded, you are whisked off by a pair of guards to a [[cramped room in a wing of the palace you've never been to before.->Traveling to TailorShop]]

Bold JellyFish

You look into the King's cold eyes as you speak, watching them narrow with each word. You feel a pit in your stomach as his face contorts into a mask of rage.

"You would dare to defy your king?" he asks quietly.

His fists are clenched so tightly that you think they may burst. No one at the table dares to move. He cuts you off as you open your mouth to reply.

"You have worked very hard to get where you are. It would be a terrible shame for all that effort to amount to nothing. For you to rot in a pauper's grave, having done nothing with a miserable excuse for a life."

His voice has risen now, and you feel as though you are shrinking at his feet.

"But that does not need to happen, does it? All it would take is a wave of my hand, but I shall not do that. Not yet. Your luck continues to hold out this day. You are being given a second chance. Do what I have asked, and you might yet do something with yourself. Do not, and it will be as though you never existed." All you can muster is a half-hearted nod. Your body is shaking uncontrollably. A guard takes you by the arm and escorts you out of the grand hall.

"Do not disappoint me!" the King booms as the door closes behind you and the guard.

[[You are led through the winding halls of the palace to a small cramped room in a wing you have not visited before.->Traveling to TailorShop]]

TailorShop

(set: \$Dice to 0)

"Name's Hugo." the old man says. His voice sounds just as slimy as he looks. He leads you inside the tailor shop, hobbling at a snail's pace. Inside, you find a completely ordinary shop. Mannequins with different outfits are standing posed all about the front room. The walls are covered with velvet wallpaper of a deep crimson color. The wood floor is polished to the point that when you look down, you can see your face in it.

Hugo, though slow, has crossed the room as you gawk at everything.

"Come on then, we ain't got time to waste 'ere."

He waves you to the back room. Following him inside, you suddenly grasp just what adjustments had been made to the shop. Three armed individuals are lounging on piles of clothes around the room. In the center, a massive stone cylinder that looks like it weighs a ton has four sets of shackles attached to it. You wonder how they got a thing like that inside without breaking something.

"This is where we'll be keepin 'em." Hugo says, looking around the room with a flicker of pride in his eyes, "You just get 'em in the building and we'll handle getting 'em chained up and all."

You stare at the stone and wonder if the fourth set of shackles is meant for you if you decide not to finish the job. After admiring his handiwork for a few more seconds, Hugo returns to the front room. You do the same, not wanting to be left alone with the burly characters surrounding the miniature prison.

"Right, then. Here's where to find the poor buggers we picked out from the registry to be used in this endeavor."

Hugo hands you a slip of paper with three names and locations on it. You read it carefully, letting out a sigh when you get to the last name on the list. Serge Leroux. You know Serge Leroux, the two of you grew up in the same neighborhood. You stuff the paper in your pocket and walk out the front door, determined to get the task done.

You head:

(link: "To the market district, to find the shopkeeper called Hector Dubos")[(set: \$monkeyPath to true)(goto: "The Monkey")]

(link: "Downtown via steam-trolley, to the home of Serge Leroux: your old friend.")[(set: \$dogPath to true)(goto: "The Dog")]

(link: "A few blocks over to the Beacon Theatre, to find a woman called Olivia Beaumont")[(set: \$pheasantPath to true) (goto: "The Pheasant")]

Secret Ending 1

The King is in disbelief along with the other guards that he is in shock as to how to respond. He realizes that you weren't as trusty as he thought you were and

decides to make an example out of you. You are knocked out by the Kings executioner Horns blared throughout the kingdom to alert the townfolk of an upcoming public execution, one of most common past times of the people that they enjoy more than the sports games that the kingdom hosts.

You start to come to after being knocked very hard on the back of your head. You noticed that you are strapped on a table, hands and feet clamped down with you body facing towards the people. You feel slightly wet from the blood that has slowly been coming down your head due to the massive blow from the executioner; and also noticed that you have soiled yourself.

People are cheering and praising the the King as he walks up from the side of you and holds up his hand, the crowd silences.

"Today marks the day that I will lose such a trusted advisor and friend. I asked him to do such a task that would have saved the Queen but he insisted on ignoring my plea and cry for help in such time of peril..." The crowd boos and throws rocks in your direction, one of which strikes dead in the chest knocking the wind out of you.

''//You think to yourself that maybe you should have chosen to help//''

"Now to make an example, we will remove parts of him starting from the legs up"

''The crowd cheers''

You are gagged to not be able to let out any screams as the executioner slowly saws off your feet...then your legs...then your hips..and slowly works his way to your arms while you dangle and sqirm there helplessly crying and screaming.

After removing all your bodyparts, all that is left is your torso and head, which the executioner places the board you've been strapped to face down and holds an axe above your head. The executioner looks at the King who gestures the final strike and the axe falls directly on your neck, removing your head from your shoulders completely.

[[Darkness Falls]]

Darkness Falls

As the darkness comes upon you, you can't help but notice that you seem to be swaying back and forth

You hear the sounds of horse hooves trotting along a wet muddy path and your eyes begin to slowly open

You see yourself bounded by the hands in a carriage as a guard is steering the horse to an known destination. You look up to see a familiar face who notices that you have awoken and replies

</style>

<img

src=https://i.kym-cdn.com/entries/icons/original/000/027

/553/Quotyou_youre_finally_awake__1002f069a64ef5426a2aa33b2b92e4f2.jpg>

</div>

["Hey, you, you're finally awake. You were trying to cross the border, right?"

Closing your eyes thinking it was a bad dream]<link|

''//You got a secret ending, let me know if you got this//''

(click: ?link)[(set: \$randomChance to (random: 1,6))(goto: "Your Reply")]

Traveling to TailorShop

//The room you are deposited in is plain, very much unlike the rest of the palace. A few candles dimly illuminate the dark wood walls and simple furniture. There are no windows. A small round table and two wood chairs have been placed haphazardly in the room. You are left alone to wait for some time. As you watch the candles melt away, you wonder what exactly the King has in store for you.//

You're beginning to nod off when the door to the room opens and you are joined by a woman that you recognize as the head of the King's spy network. After closing the door behind her, she sits down across the table from you, meeting your gaze and staring at you intently.

"Right then," she says, "You've landed yourself in quite the rut."

You nod in agreement.

"I've pulled everything together to make this as easy as possible for you. King was wise to pick you for the job, everyone in my employ are cutthroats and thugs, and they're watched constantly. I spend half my time trying to keep snoopers from the other kingdoms off my arse." she grins wryly at this. You don't find it as amusing.

"But you, you're an unknown. Nobody'll recognize you. So, then, the setup is this: I've arranged to use a small tailor shop not far from the palace. My boys are gonna make some, ah, adjustments to the space to better suit our needs. Do whatever you have to to these saps to get them to return with you to that shop, and we'll take care of the rest. When the King says he wants them to come willingly, note that he doesn't necessarily mean that they'll know why they're coming willingly. Simple enough for you?"

You nod again, and she cracks another smile. Once again you don't know what's so funny, but she doesn't bother explaining anything else to you. As quickly as you arrived, you are again pulled from the little wooden side room. You're taken to the stables and put hurriedly in a carriage that has been made to like it belongs to some kind of merchant. You find inside a change of clothes, those of a commoner. The carriage pulls out from the palace, and you change into your new garments during the ride. When at last you are deposited at the [[TailorShop]], an old man with pale and pockmarked skin greets you.

The Monkey

(set: \$monkeyPath to true)

You make your way on foot to the city's central market district. Though it's been some time since you walked the streets, you have no trouble at all getting there. The market is the beating heart of the city, and if one walks around long enough they're bound to end up there. Most everywhere in the city is busy these days, but the market is something else entirely. As you close in on it, the crowd grows more and more dense.

The market consists of both storefronts and street vendors. Merchants do as much as possible to call attention to themselves, most decorate their tents with brightly colored banners and shout as loud as possible to turn heads. Between them and the crowd of customers and passers-through, you can barely hear yourself think. No way anyone who grew up in the palace or some manor could navigate this place, you think. It takes you a while, but you eventually spot the shop you're supposed to visit. You push your way through the crowd and duck inside.

The calm atmosphere inside the shop is jarring compared to where you came from. Much of the shop space is taken up by countertops lined with all kinds of alchemical equipment. Different liquids bubble in glass bowls and bottles, and a stove sits alight in one corner. On the back wall is a large shelf that has numerous preserved animal parts in jars. A man is stooped over a table covered with papers in the center of the space, and when he looks up at the door as you walk in you can tell he's the one you're looking for. On his forehead is the mark of the monkey.

[[Talk to the Monkey -> Speak to Monkey]]

The Dog

(set: \$dogPath to true)

You are greeted by the cacophonous sound of hustle and bustle as you step off of the trolley downtown. It is hard to believe this is what has become of the small village in which you grew up. The familiar buildings of old have been either demolished, or assimilated into the new regime, built over and gentrified to better suit a growing populace. After seeing all this change, you begin to wonder whether Serge is even the same person you spent your childhood with, or if he too has been assimilated like the neighborhood you used to call home.

You are snapped out of your reverie by a sudden collision with a pole.

As you begin to pick yourself up off the ground, a familiar voice greets you:

"Are you alright?"

"Yes, I'm alright," you grunt, "thanks for asking."

You look up at the source of the voice, to find it coming from a rather gruff-looking man, wearing an oil-stained tool-belt and a red shirt. As you look a bit longer, you begin to recognize this person: he is none other than [[Serge Leroux.]]

The Pheasant

(set: \$pheasantPath to true)

It isn't a long walk from the tailor shop to the Beacon Theatre, the crown jewel of entertainment in the Dragon Kingdom. Olivia Beaumont is supposed to be performing there today. In the five or so minutes it takes you to get to the theatre, you wonder what kind of performance she'll be doing. The place is crowded, and almost as garishly decorated as the palace. Hand-painted posters at the front of the building showcase their upcoming talent. You note that Beaumont is absent from these.

"It is just a matinee, I suppose," you think, "I hope they didn't give me the wrong place."

You enter, and are immediately greeted by a sharply dressed attendant.

"Good day to you! Thank you for your interest in the arts! Have you already purchased a ticket?" she says, almost too enthusiastically.

"Oh, uh, I'm here to see Olivia Beaumont, if that's here. And no, I don't have a ticket." you reply, caught off guard by her bubblyness.

"That's not a problem! Tickets are available right over there," she motions to another worker behind a desk in one corner, "Miss Beaumont's performance will start in about forty minutes."

"Alright, thank you." you say. You head over to the ticker counter and buy one. The worker there sells you a ticket just as cheerily as the door attendant greeted you. Ticket in hand, you [[Head into the main stage room]].

Speak to Monkey

"Good day to you, sir," says the man called Hector Dubos, if the information given to you by Hugo is to be believed. He's short, and has a tangled rats' nest of chestnut hair atop his head. His clothes are plain, and he wears a pair of thick spectacles. His face is framed by thick sideburns, slightly darker in color than his hair.

"In what way may I assist you?" he finishes the customary shopkeeper greeting.

"I'm interested in making use of your, ah, services." you reply.

"Something important?" Dubos asks. Your heartbeat quickens as you think he may already be onto you. He seems to see the look of concern on your face, and adds:

"You're awfully clean compared to my usual clientele. Those clothes look brand new. Don't see that much these days, at least not in this part of the city."

"Oh. Yes. Well, to tell the truth, I did come here on business from the palace. You see, it's a royal matter that I was sent here to inquire about." you say, trying to play off your nervousness about being discovered.

[[Time to 'Charm' hector -> Charm Roll]]

Charm: (print: \$Charm)

Muslce: (print: \$Muscle)

Intellect: (print: \$Intellect)

Charm Roll

"You don't say? What exactly could the royal family want with me, a humble servant of the people?" Dubos responds, narrowing his eyes.

''//This is going to be your first of many different skill checks, each of these are essential to game so make sure that you pay attention to whats being checked//''

Charm: (print: \$Charm)

Muslce: (print: \$Muscle)

Intellect: (print: \$Intellect)

''[You reply:]<diceRoll|''(click: ?diceRoll)[(set: \$Dice to (random: 1,6) + \$Charm)
(goto: "DiceRoll")]

Failed Charm Roll

(set: \$randomChance to (random: 1,6))

Dubos' expression sours completely.

"Flattery, I'm afraid, will get you nowhere inside these walls. Nor will blatant lies."

"You misunderstand, all I meant was--"

"I don't believe I've misunderstood anything. The door is right behind you, I suggest you use it."

With that, Dubos goes back to whatever he was working on before you came in.


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[[Take your leave. ->Leave Monkey]]  
[[Continue hounding him.->Hound]]  
(if: $randomChance is 6)[[Kill the Monkey -> Secret Ending 2]]
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SuccessFull Charm Roll

Dubos cocks an eyebrow.

"I'll have you know that I won't change my prices for a royal matter. If anything, I'll charge more, since it seems you'll require me to leave my shop unattended."

"But of course," you say, having fully regained your cool, "You'll be well compensated for your services."

Dubos nods, and sets about loading some of his equipment and ingredients into a stachel. Once he's fully packed, Dubos follows you out the front door of the shop, locking it behind him.

The two of you push your way through the crowded market square. You have to struggle to keep up with Dubos for a time, as he is far more used to worming through the mass of humanity that gathers there every day. Once you're through and onto a less crowded street, you walk side by side. A few minutes pass, and Dubos starts to engage you in conversation.

"I never imagined that I would be summoned to the palace for my work, especially for a matter as simple as a rodents' nest. Does the King not have many people on staff for that sort of thing?" he asks.

"None that can deal with it as swiftly as some enchantment could. The King favors efficiency, but would rather not have too many alchemists about the palace all the time. This wouldn't be the first time he's sent for someone from outside the royal circle." you reply, confident that you've got the situation under control.

"I see. Yes. I was just thinking that it is awfully strange, since it is ever so

rare for any outsider to be allowed into the palace, particularly common folk such as myself."

//[[Let's see if we can out Smart him -> To Intellect Roll]]//

DiceRoll

"You don't say? What exactly could the royal family want with me, a humble servant of the people?" Dubos responds, narrowing his eyes.

Dice Roll: (print: \$Dice)

'You reply:'

[[["Why, your talents are known throughout the city! Truly, you're a master of your craft. The King himself has taken notice of you, and wants to employ you as his personal court alchemist!"->Failed Charm Roll]]

(if: \$Dice < 4)[~~"Nothing terribly urgent, at least not for the royal family. In truth, it's a simple matter of performing some kind of ritual to rid the palace of a rodent infestation. The court alchemist couldn't be bothered to tend to it."~~]

(else:)[[["Nothing terribly urgent, at least not for the royal family. In truth, it's a simple matter of performing some kind of ritual to rid the palace of a rodent infestation. The court alchemist couldn't be bothered to tend to it."->Successful Charm Roll]]]

Leave Monkey

You close the shop's front door, and are back out on the street empty-handed. You swear, not quietly, but no one can hear it under the cacophony that blankets the market square. You stalk back to the [[tailor shop->Main TailorShop]], cursing your bad luck all the way.

Hound

"You're turning down the opportunity of a lifetime! You should really reconsider. You won't regret it." you blurt out, trying desperately to convince the alchemist. You take a few tentative steps towards him. He doesn't look up at you, instead leaning down to pull something from beneath the table he's working at. When he stands up, he has a glass vial filled with a swirling golden substance clutched in

his hand.

"I won't ask again," he says, cautiously stepping out from behind the table and towards a backdoor, tucked between two shelves along the back wall where you couldn't see it at first.

[[Back up to the front door and get out of there before you find out the hard way what he has in that bottle.->Leave Monkey]]
[[Try to take him down!->Fight Monkey]]

To Intellect Roll

Not wanting him to question your motives too much, you try to convince Dubos of his importance:

//Can you outsmart ''The Monkey''//

[Intelligence Check]<diceRoll|(click: ?diceRoll)| (set: \$Dice to (random: 1,6) + \$Intellect) (goto:"Intellect Roll")]

Charm: (print: \$Charm)

Muslce: (print: \$Muscle)

Intellect: (print: \$Intellect)

Failed Intellect Roll

The alchemist considers this silently for a moment, scratching the side of his head.

"If it's something so special, then there's some extra things I'll need to retrieve from my shop. I apologize." he says, slowing his pace.

"What? No, I'm sure we'll have everything you need," you reply, not wanting to have to go all the way back.

"I'm afraid it's specialized equipment of my own design. If we're doing something so intensive I'm afraid I must have it."

You sigh and rub your temples.

"Fine. Let's go."

The two of you travel all the way back to Dubos's shop, the situation beginning to grow irritating. You squeeze through the swarm of people in the market square and once again are cloaked in the tranquility of the quiet shop. You lean against the wall and tap your foot while Dubos rifles around one of the shelves.

Dubos pulls a glass bottle with a spherical body from the back of the shelf. It's filled with a swirling golden substance. Dubos turns to you, and raises the bottle above his head, ready to throw it in your direction.

"I, unfortunately, will be unable to join you for the return trip to the palace. I don't know what exactly you want with me, but I can tell it's nothing good. So why don't you leave here and we can forget this whole thing."

As he speaks, Dubos is taking slow, careful steps towards the center of the room. Over his shoulder, you spy a back door tucked discreetly between two shelves. You're tensed, afraid of what the bottle clutched in the alchemist's hand might be capable of.

[[You back away, opening the door to leave without ever taking your eyes off the swirling golden potion.->Leave Monkey]]

[[Take Dubos by force!->Fight Monkey]]

Successfull Intellect Roll

After the words leave your mouth, you hold your breath, searching Dubos's eyes for some sign of whether or not he bought it. He nods in acknowledgement and continues walking, and you breathe a quiet sigh of relief. The rest of the walk to the tailor shop is quiet.

When you arrive, Dubos looks confused.

"I thought you said this was a royal matter," he says.

"I also said the King likes to maintain discretion. He believes that if word got out he was hiring commoners to do palace work he'd have an endless line of people begging for employment. So you'll need to wait here for a while, and then you'll be taken to the palace." you reply, thinking quickly on your feet.

Before Dubos has time to protest, you all but shove him into the [[shop ->Main TailorShop]]. The second the door closes behind you, Hugo's three thugs are upon the alchemist, pinning him to the floor. They do not make any effort to be delicate, dragging him to the back room, presumably to chain him to the large stone.

"Worry not, even with his magic tricks, there's no way the bugger will escape us." Hugo, who is sitting back with his feet propped up next to a mannequin says.

Intellect Roll

Not wanting him to question your motives too much, you try to convince Dubos of his importance:

Dice Roll: (print: \$Dice)

["I'm not supposed to tell you this, but it isn't actually rats that we need your help with. It's something far more urgent. You're needed to help with a very special spell." ->Failed Intellect Roll]]

(if: \$Dice < 4)[~~"The King tries to maintain discretion in matters of that kind, but in truth there is not as much disdain for the common people amongst royalty as many believe there is."~~]

(else:)[[["The King tries to maintain discretion in matters of that kind, but in truth there is not as much disdain for the common people amongst royalty as many believe there is."->Successfull Intellect Roll]]]

Fight Monkey

You throw caution to the wind and lunge at Dubos, trying to get to him before he can throw the strange potion at you. He sidesteps, and you very nearly lose your footing, but manage to recover. You whirl around to face the alchemist again, and make another drastic leap in an attempt to bring him down.

```
//Are you strong enough to take down ''The Monkey''?//  
Charm: (print: $Charm)  
Muslce: (print: $Muscle)  
Intellect: (print: $Intellect)  
[Muscle Check]<diceRoll| (click: ?diceRoll)[(set: $Dice to (random: 1,6) +  
$Muscle)(goto: "Muscle Check")]
```

Muscle Check

You throw caution to the wind and lunge at Dubos...

[[Dubos is faster than you, and throws the vial at your feet. It explodes into a golden fog that billows out to cover much of the floor around you.->Monkey Failed Muscle Check]]

Dice Roll: (print: \$Dice)

(if: \$Dice < 4) [~~ You're light on your feet and get to Dubos before he can so much as let go of the vial.~~]

(else:) [[[You're light on your feet and get to Dubos before he can so much as let go of the vial.->Successful Muscle Check]]]

Monkey Failed Muscle Check

Ignoring the strange mist that now cloaks the floor around you, you move to try to grab Dubos by the wrist as he darts towards the back door. After one step you lose your balance, thudding to the floor. You're left to watch as Dubos escapes out the back door. You roll onto your back to look down at your feet, and are horrified at the effects the strange golden mist had on them. Your feet, shoes and all, have been transformed into loaves of bread. You scramble away from the horrible mist before it can reach any other parts of your body.

Your panic subsides after about a minute, when the effects starts to reverse itself, but you're unable to stand until then. Once you've fully recovered, you [[stagger out of the shop->Leave Monkey]], frustrated and still in a bit of shock from the spell being cast on you.

Successful Muscle Check

(set: \$CapturedMonkey to true)

You wrestle Dubos to the ground, using your greater strength to pin him. He struggles, attempting to smash the potion bottle over your head, but he can't quite manage it. You grab his wrist and smack his hand against the floor until he lets go of the bottle, and you push it as far away from the struggle as you can. Dubos starts to scream, and in a desperate move you jump off of him and grab a very large book from the table in the center of the room. You swing the book in a wide arc, hitting Dubos in the head as he tries to get up from the floor. He falls back down, unconscious.

Breathing heavily, you pick Dubos's limp body up and haul him out of the store. "Step aside people, there's been an alchemical accident! Out of the way, move it! This man needs help!" you yell at the mass of people in the market square. There are numerous cries of concern, but no one questions your words.

You keep this charade up all the way back to the tailor shop. By the time you make it inside, your legs are burning so much you can hardly move them. You dump Dubos onto the floor on the shop and collapse into a large chair.

"So much for subtlety," says Hugo, looking up disinterestedly from a book he's reading, "If we get anyone on our arses for this, you'll be the one to blame." You barely hear his words over the thumping of your own heart. You're completely exhausted, and [[rest at the shop for a while->Main TailorShop]], planning your next move.

Main TailorShop

After passing a few minutes in the tailor shop, you're left to decide who you want to do next:

(if: \$monkeyPath is false) [[Hector Dubos, with the mark of the monkey->The Monkey]]

(if: \$dogPath is false) [[Serge Leroux, with the mark of the dog ->The Dog]]

```
(if: $pheasantPath is false) [[Olivia Beaumont, with the mark of the pheasant ->The
Pheasant]]

(if: $monkeyPath and $dogPath and $pheasantPath and $CapturedMonkey and
$CapturedDog and $CapturedPheasant)
[[Well, All is Captured, What Next?]]]

(else-if: $monkeyPath and $dogPath and $pheasantPath and $CapturedMonkey and
$CapturedDog or $CapturedMonkey and $CapturedPheasant or $CapturedDog and
$CapturedPheasant or $CapturedMonkey or $CapturedDog or $CapturedPheasant)
[[[Well, I hope what I have is enough, let's hope this enough for the King ->
Amnesia]]]

(else-if: $monkeyPath and $dogPath and $pheasantPath and not $CapturedMonkey and
not $CapturedDog and not $CapturedPheasant)
[[[Well, looks like I have to go back to the King, King be nice to me -> No Victims
Caught]]]
```

Head into the main stage room

You're early, so it's unsurprising that the only other people in the room are stagehands setting up the set and a couple of pit musicians. With more than half an hour to kill, you sit down for a few minutes, taking the opportunity to recuperate for a while from the day's events. If someone had told you this morning that this is where you'd end up, you'd never have believed them.

Despite enjoying the few minutes of relaxation, you start to feel that you're wasting time. There's still twenty minutes before Beaumont is supposed to perform. Looking down at the stagehands milling about, you wonder if you could convince one of them to let you see Beaumont before the performance is supposed to start. The sooner you get her back to the tailor shop, the better.

'You decide:'

```
[[To approach one of the stage hands and see if they can't be convinced to help
you.->Convince]]
```

```
[[To wait it out. She might not like being harassed backstage anyway.->Wait]]
```

Convince

Not wanting to waste any time, you get up from your seat and walk down to the

stage. In contrast to the people you spoke to in the lobby, these workers don't seem to have any interest in talking to you, let alone helping you with anything. You hesitate for a moment, but determined to get what you came here for, you haul yourself up onto the stage.

"Oi! What do you think you're doing!" one of the stagehands calls from above you. He's perched on a ladder, screwing in some kind of glass sphere to some copper piping that's suspended over the stage. He stops in the middle of his task and scrambles down the ladder. It wobbles, and you think for a moment that it may fall, but the stagehand makes it to the bottom without incident.

"Well? What're you doing up here?" he demands again, jamming a grubby finger into your chest.

//Maybe I can woo these guys//

[Charm Check]<Charm|(click: ?Charm)[(set: \$Dice to (random: 1,6) + \$Charm)(goto: "Pheasant Charm Check")]

Charm: (print: \$Charm)

Muslce: (print: \$Muscle)

Intellect: (print: \$Intellect)

Wait

Watching the stagehands run back and forth across the stage becomes almost hypnotic as the minutes tick past. The theatre starts to fill up as it gets closer to showtime, but it's still notably empty. You get the impression that Beaumont must be some kind of upstart. She's performing in the Beacon Theatre, so she must be good, but probably hasn't amassed the clout necessary to fill all the seats, even during the day. When the time comes around for the performance to start, only about three quarters of the seats are filled.

The audience gasps when the lights dim, and it is only then that you notice that almost all the lights in the theatre are steam powered bulbs.

"At this rate," you think, "Magic will be completely obsolete when compared to steam power."

Olivia Beaumont takes the stage and begins her performance. She's a dancer, as it turns out, and the show is entirely hers. She dances alone, with only the quartet of musicians in the pit for accompaniment. She's clad in a flowing dress colored various shades of gold, which billows around her elegantly as she moves. Her dark

hair is tied back, so as not to get in her way. Her movements are incredibly graceful, and you find yourself completely transfixed as she sails across the stage.

"This girl is going places." you think. Then you remember why you're here.

Beaumont's dance lasts about twenty minutes, no small feat for a solo performer. Everyone enjoys it, and the small crowd applauds enthusiastically when she finishes her dance. While the rest of the small group of people makes for the lobby at the end of it, you go the opposite direction, making your way down to the stage. You catch Beaumont just before she goes to the back.

[[Get Beaumont's attention]]

Pheasant Charm Check

"Well???"

Dice Roll: (print: \$Dice)

[[I was wondering if you would let me backstage to see Miss Beaumont. I'd love to meet her!->Failed Charm Check]]

(if: \$Dice < 4)[~~"Why, I'm quite interested in the field of stage and set management. I'd be delighted if you could tell me about it."~~]

(else:) [[[~"Why, I'm quite interested in the field of stage and set management. I'd be delighted if you could tell me about it."->Successful Charm Check]]]

Failed Charm Check

The stagehand's glare does not waver.

"Oh yes, of course, everyone wants to see the big stars. Well I've news for you, friend. They're people, just like you or me! Not a thing special about any one of 'em! Go sit down, 'fore I give you a tour of the back by way of throwin' you out."

By the end of his tirade, the man's face has become as red as a strawberry. You think it best not to trifle with him any further, and return to your seat to [[wait->Wait]]. It's probably for the best anyway.

Successful Charm Check

The stagehand opens his mouth to reply in anger, but stops, confused.

"Y- y'want to know about runnin' the stage?" he asks, almost suspiciously.

"Yes, I'd love to know more about the way everything works." you say. It's not entirely a lie, though you hope whatever explanation he gives you doesn't take too long.

"Well I never. No one's ever given a care about what I do for this place. These shows wouldn't be nothin' without me and the boys," he turns, arm extended, clearly proud of the crew working on setting up the stage. As he continues to talk, you find it more and more difficult to pay attention, but maintain a cheerful demeanor throughout. You're not sure how long the whole ordeal took, but at the end of it you feel like you've been following him around the stage for a year. But the stage still appears to be far from completely set up, so it can't have been more than 15 minutes or so.

"Well, suppose that's about everything, least all that's got to do with today's show," the stagehand concludes the tour, beaming up at you.

"Thank you for showing me everything, very much. If it's not any trouble, could I stay and look around the back for a while? I promise I won't touch anything," you ask, now that he's in better spirits.

"Well, I guess it couldn't hurt," he replies, "I'd best get back to work before we run out of time before the show. Just be careful."

[[Head to Back Stage]]

Get Beaumont's attention

"Excuse me! Miss Beaumont!" you call, and she turns. Now that you're closer, you can see the edges of her mark peering out from beneath her heavy makeup. She's beaming, clearly happy about her good performance.

"Yes? Did you need something?" she asks.

"That was quite an amazing show. I represent someone who would be very interested in your unique talents," you half-lie to her, sure that she'll see right through it.

"Is that so? I'll have you know I won't perform for just anyone. I need to know that you have a real appreciation for the art."

Beaumont starts to move toward you, exuding confidence.

"I assure you, we have plenty of apprecia--"

She holds up a hand, silencing you.

"Do you know the gavotte?"

You do know the gavotte, most everyone in the kingdom does. In your old neighborhood there would be parties where everyone would do the dance together.

"Well, yes, but I don't see--"

"You keep up with me in a gavotte," she says haughtily, "And I will consider your offer."

[[Get Ready for a Dance battle]]

Get Ready for a Dance battle

It's an unconventional deal, but what other choice do you have? The two of you walk out onto the now-empty stage. Beaumont sends the stagehands packing, telling them to take a break for a few minutes. She asks the pit musicians to play the accompanying music, and they heartily agree. You get the impression that they're out to see you embarrass yourself. You ready yourself, and the dance-off begins!

//Can your muscles keep up the pace with the all graceful beaumont?//

[Muscle Check]<Check|(click: ?Check)|[(set: \$Dice to (random: 1,6) + \$Muscle)(goto: "Pheasant Muscle Check")]

Charm: (print: \$Charm)

Muslce: (print: \$Muscle)

Intellect: (print: \$Intellect)

Pheasant Muscle Check

'Dancing with the Stars: So you think you can dance?'

Dice Roll: (print: \$Dice)

[[You start strong, but Beaumont quickly outpaces you, her years of training completely eclipsing your few party experiences.->Failed Pheasant Muscle Check]]

(if: \$Dice < 4)[~Your movements are not nearly as graceful or well-controlled, but you manage to match Beaumont's pace. By the end, you've broken quite the sweat and are left panting, but you succeeded in the challenge.~]

(else:)[[[Your movements are not nearly as graceful or well-controlled, but you manage to match Beaumont's pace. By the end, you've broken quite the sweat and are left panting, but you succeeded in the challenge.->Successful Pheasant Muscle Check]]]

Failed Pheasant Muscle Check

After a few minutes of your floundering, Beaumont motions for the musicians to stop playing. You hear them snickering as you bend over, out of breath from the effort. "Tell whoever you work for to send for me with someone who really knows dance." she says, strutting off the stage. You don't even have the breath to reply, and are left wheezing and nearly hobbling through the lobby back out onto the street [[Time to leave->Returning without Pheasant]]

Successful Pheasant Muscle Check

The dance lasts only a few minutes, but it keeping up with Beaumont makes it feel like much longer. When she finally calls for the musicians to stop playing you all but collapse to the floor. Beaumont laughs, and sits down next to you.

"You've surprised me," she says, "I didn't think you had it in you. I gave my word, so I'll hear out your employer."

It takes a good few minutes before you're able to stand and leave the theatre. Beaumont doesn't even bother to change, her garish golden dress shining in the sunlight.

[[Returning With the Pheasant]]

Head to Back Stage

With that, he goes back to setting things up and you're left to your own devices. You make a beeline for backstage to see if you can find Beaumont. Beyond the confines of the main stage room are somewhat cramped halls, lined with doors. On some of them are emblazoned the names of some of the regular big performers, given the privilege of having their own semi-permanent dressing rooms. There are about five of these, and the rest are unmarked. The only way you're able to find which one is Beaumont's is because she left her door cracked and you can hear her moving around inside. You knock on the door, and the sound stops. Moments later, the door swings the rest of the way open.

Olivia Beaumont is clad in a flowing gold dress, her hair pinned back, only halfway styled for the performance. The mark of the pheasant on her face is barely visible beneath the heavy makeup she's wearing. She looks more concerned than anything at your unexpected arrival.

"Yes? What is it? Is the show supposed to be starting? Oh, god, I lost track of time again. I'm so sorry." she starts panicking, scrambling around the room trying to put herself together as fast as possible.

"No, no. You have plenty of time, I'm not with the theatre." you say in an attempt to calm her down. She slows her frantic pace a little.

[She starts to question you]<Check| (click: ?Check)[(set: \$Dice to (random: 1,6) + \$Intellect)(goto: "Pheasant Intellect Check")]

//Looks like you need to fast with thinking in order to not get thrown out! Can you make it past?//

Pheasant Intellect Check

"Oh. Who are you then? How did you get back here?"

"One of the stagehands let me come back. I'm something of a fan." you reply, trying to get on her good side.

'You Continue:'

Dice Roll: (print: \$Dice)

[[“Would you be interested in doing another small performance later today? I’d be very appreciative, and would pay well.”->Failed Pheasant Int Check]]

(if: \$Dice < 4) [~~“And I work for another fan of yours, the King himself. He’s interested in having you perform at the palace, but wants to meet with you first. It would be very good for your career.”~~]

(else:)[[“And I work for another fan of yours, the King himself. He’s interested in having you perform at the palace, but wants to meet with you first. It would be very good for your career.”->Successful Pheasant Int Check]]]

Failed Pheasant Int Check

“I don’t know, it all seems rather strange. Usually when someone wants to talk to me about work they send me a letter or talk to me after a show. You’re the first to try to get into my changing room.” she says, starting to look uncomfortable.

“Oh, well, I was just in a rush to talk to you is all. I’m new to the world of the performing arts.” you stammer, realizing that this might not have been the best way to handle the task.

“I see. Well, I’m afraid I have a prior engagement. Thank you for your… interest.” Beaumont moves quickly and closes the door completely on you before you can get even one more word in.

“Great.” you think, and rush out of the theater, not wanting to run into anyone else who would question what you’re doing [[backstage->Returning without Pheasant]].

Successful Pheasant Int Check

Beaumont’s eyes widen.

“The King? Interested in my dancing? Are you sure?” she asks in disbelief.

“Yes, it’s true. You see, the King likes to go out into the city on occasion to take in the arts. He’s grown bored of the high-brow fluff that they make available in the palace, and wants to start supporting the common folk in their artistic endeavors.” you lie through your teeth, but she seems to buy it.

"My goodness. Well, of course I'll do it for the King! When does he want to meet with me?"

"Why, right away! We can leave right now!" you say, sure that she's fully on board.

"Oh, but I have my performance here right now. I can't leave."

"This small time show is nothing compared to what you will gain from performing for the King! Everyone in the kingdom will know your name."

"Well, when you put it that way..." Beaumont caves completely, getting up and [[following you out->Returning With the Pheasant]], still wearing her flashy golden dress.

Returning With the Pheasant

(set: \$capturedPheasant to true)

You hasten back to the [[tailor shop ->Main TailorShop]] shop, not wanting to call too much attention to Beaumont's attire. You explain that the tailor shop will serve as a meeting point to set up the details of the performance that she's wanted for. She buys it.

One of Hugo's thugs, light on his feet despite his large stature, moves silently behind the two of you and blocks the entrance as you walk in. The other two seize Beaumont and drag her, kicking and screaming, to the back room.

Returning without Pheasant

(set: \$capturedPheasant to false)

The cheery people and bright colors surrounding the Beacon Theatre irk you as you leave. Angry at yourself for acting the fool, you stomp back to the [[tailor shop->Main TailorShop]]. Hugo doesn't even look up from his book as you walk in. His lack of acknowledgement says it all. He clearly never thought that you would succeed.

Well, All is Captured, What Next?

As the thugs disappear into the back, Hugo stands from his spot.

"Tell you the truth, I didn't think you were gonna manage it. But you did, and that's good for you. All that's left now is to get you and those poor sods back to the palace. We've got the transport 'round back, let's go."

Hugo leads you through the back room, where your three prisoners have been detached from the large stone and chained up individually. The thugs led them forcefully and quickly out the back door, shoving them into the back of a carriage similar to the one you rode on when you departed the palace, but bigger. After all three of the prisoners are loaded on board, Hugo and one of the thugs jump up on the driver's bench, leaving no space.

"You two," Hugo barks down at the other two thugs, "get to work on cleanup in the shop. Jellyfish, you're in the back with your new friends."

You think he might be kidding for a moment, but the look he gives you tells you otherwise.

"They're all chained up. It'll be fine." you think, pulling yourself into the back of the carriage. You're half right. None of your prisoners do anything to harm you, but it's easy to tell that they would if they could. Dubos and Beaumont seem more confused than anything, but Serge looks like he's ready to break your nose.

The four of you sit in silence for a few minutes. It's Serge who finally breaks it.

"Why are you doing this? I don't know about these two, but I haven't done a thing to merit this kind of treatment. I'm no criminal," he says, glaring daggers at you.

[[You have to think for a second before you respond -> Continue All Captured]]

Continue All Captured

"I know you're not. You all may as well know, you're being taken to the palace to be used in a ritual to save the Queen's life. She's sick, dying. The only way to save her is to break the Marked Treaty and use you three in the cure."

"Oh, isn't that lovely," Dubos pipes up from his seat, "Warms my heart, truly. I'm glad that there are still those willingly to blindly commit atrocities in the name of the crown. How else would the nobility get by?"

His biting remark gets to you, but you do your best not to show it. Serge continues fuming in his seat. Olivia Beaumont has hung her head, trying to avoid looking at any of you. Dubos speaks again, a few seconds later:

"But, then again, maybe you aren't such a blind follower. The court can't have been happy with the King's decision to pursue this. From what I've heard most of his followers' loyalty stems from fear of what he'll do to them if they disobey. So what happens if the King is taken out of the picture?"

You don't know what to say to this, and neither do Beaumont or Serge. Dubos continues,

"The four of us could do him in, and that might give us a chance. Without the King there to threaten them, the court may let us off. We would be preventing a crime of the highest order, after all."

[[Make a Decision]]

Make a Decision

The three prisoners turn to you with questioning eyes. Whatever Dubos might have planned, it can't work without you.

You decide:

[[To maintain your loyalty to the King. The risk of turning on him and the reward for cooperation are both too great ->Loyal]]

[[To turn against the King and help the prisoners bring him down->Coupe]]

Loyal

You don't respond to Dubos for a long time. When you finally do, you say,

"I won't do that. Treason is treason, no matter why you're doing it."

Dubos nods solemnly, and Serge clenches his jaw, still glaring daggers at you. Beaumont finally makes her feelings about the situation known.

"You piece of filth! Who are you to decide who gets to live and who gets to die! If I get out of these shackles I swear I'll strangle you!"

She shouts until her voice is hoarse. You let her, trying to focus on how

relieved you'll be to have the whole thing over with.

The rest of the ride to the palace is uneventful. Once there, you are hauled away by Hugo to be debriefed. You're made to sign a vow stating that you will never speak of the plot to anyone. You don't need to be told twice. From there, you're sent back to your usual duties. A day passes, then another. Trying to return to your normal routine is difficult without knowing what has become of the queen.

A full three days pass before you receive any word. You're summoned to the King's chambers, an occurrence that is rare, even among advisors. You arrive to find the Queen on the mend, and the King very grateful. The rest of your days are spent in complete comfort, the King assigning you to oversee a small patch of countryside on the outskirts of the kingdom. Throughout the rest of your comfortable life, however, you often recall the three people who had to die for you to live a life of such comfort. Everything has a cost, and they paid dearly.

//ENDING #1 of 5 - The Loyal Success//

[[Want to see if you can get another Ending?->Prologue]]

Coup

You think about Dubos's words for some time and, to your chagrin, they start to make sense.

"Fine, then. Let's try!" you say, amazed that you're agreeing to such a completely dangerous scheme. The rest of the ride back to the palace is spent planning how the four of you are going to execute this [[plan -> Coup Plan]].

Coup Plan

When the carriage arrives at the palace stables and Hugo comes around the back to unload everyone, you have an almost-solid plan in place. The four of you did the best you could with the time you had. Hugo is joined by a fresh set of three thugs who begin to forcefully escort the prisoners into the palace.

"Hold on, that's not what the plan was," you lie, trying to deceive Hugo.

"What? 'Course it's the plan, we've got to get these three locked up, fast as

possible," he replies, confused and irritated.

//Looks like he won't be persuaded as easily as the others, maybe if I can come up with a ''Smart'' way to ''Persuade'' him, he'll give in//

Charm: (print: \$Charm)

Muslce: (print: \$Muscle)

Intellect: (print: \$Intellect)

[Persuade Hugo]<check|(click: ?check)[(set: \$Dice to (random: 1,6) + \$Charm + \$Intellect)(goto: "Persuade Hugo?")

Persuade Hugo?

You try to convince him:

[[["The court alchemist says that having them chained up for too long is bad for their bodies, they won't work as well for the spell if we do that."->Failed Persuasion]]

Dice Roll: (print: \$Dice)

(if: \$Dice <4)[~~"The King spoke to me directly about what he wanted done today. I don't know about you, but I'm in no hurry to stray from the King's direct orders."~~]

(else:)[[["The King spoke to me directly about what he wanted done today. I don't know about you, but I'm in no hurry to stray from the King's direct orders."->Persuaded Hugo]]]

Failed Persuasion

"I don't know what you're playing at, but if you think I'm gonna believe a yarn like that then you're dumber than I thought," Hugo turn away from you and continues marching the prisoners into the palace.

"Damn," you think. But you planned for this, none of you thought Hugo would be easy to fool. You follow as the group makes its way through the dark palace halls, the sun having set during the ride over. Only a faint light comes from the occasional candle lit on the walls.

With a sudden bout of yelling, Beaumont wriggles free from the grip of the thug

assigned to her and takes off down a side corridor. The thug runs after her, and you follow closely behind. You yell back to Hugo,

"We'll handle this, get them to the cell!" and continue in hot pursuit of Beaumont and the thug. The thug you're following is fast, but Beaumont is much faster. She outruns him easily and slips down another of the winding halls that fill the palace. The thug is almost out of breath when you catch up to him.

"Where'd she bloody get to?" he asks you in frustration.

"Try looking down that hall," you say, motioning to a right turn a few feet in front of you. The sharp corner and dim light make it impossible to see what's around the corner. The two of you peer around the corner, and you barely notice the glint of light coming off of Beaumont's gold dress as she moves quickly towards you.

[Now's your chance, try to over Power Hugo]<check| (click: ?check)[(set: \$Dice to (random: 1,6) + \$Muscle)(goto: Hugo Muscle Check)]

Persuaded Hugo

"Bugger, I guess you're right. What did the King want done with 'em then?" Hugo asks, showing the slightest amount of concern.

"He asked me to take them to his chambers, he's waiting there with the court alchemist. He wants to waste no time in getting this cure ready for the Queen," you reply. Hugo thinks for a second, then shrugs.

"Take this," he says, "The key to their shackles. We'll want those back once the deed is done."

You take the keys, and part ways with Hugo. His thugs, unfortunately, stay with you, continuing to shove the prisoners down the halls.

"Probably for the best," you think, "Without them we'd seem awfully suspicious." You make your way through the halls, to the large door that leads into the King's chambers. You motion for the thugs to wait for you outside.

"I'll let you know if you're needed inside. You know the King can handle himself." Without question, the three thugs stand off to the side. Hugo has them trained like dogs to take orders without question. You knock, and without [[waiting for a response push open the door...->Coup-de-ta]]

Coup-de-ta

You stride into the King's chambers, your three "prisoners" in tow. The King and Luce Trozzo the alchemist are both at the side of the bed, tending to the sick Queen by the looks of it. Upon hearing you enter, the King whirls around, one finger raised in anger at whoever entered unannounced. When he sees the marks on your three companions' faces, however, he softens and breathes a sigh of relief.

"Not a moment too soon," he says, "Trozzo! We can begin."

Trozzo does not look ready to begin. As soon as she catches sight of the three people you've brought to be sacrificed as part of the ritual, she goes as pale as a sheet. The King doesn't seem to notice, and moves for a dresser on one side of the massive bedroom to fetch something. You take advantage of his back being turned to quickly unlock the shackles on Dubos's wrists, then Beaumont's. The King turns around with a huge dagger befitting of his own large stature before you can get Serge's unlocked.

You all spring into action. Your plan went as far as getting to the King's chamber, and now you all have to think on your feet. Serge, still chained, runs to hold shut the door and keep Hugo's thugs out. Dubos darts over to Trozzo to make use of the alchemical supplies she keeps on her. She is caught too off-guard to put up much resistance. Beaumont run straight at the King. Upon seeing the four of you break formation, the King bellows as raises the dagger high above his head. Beaumont distracts him, ducking and weaving around his blows, her movement as elegant as they were at the theatre. Serge puts his entire body into holding the thugs back from breaking down the door, but he's outnumbered and they're starting to get in. Dubos is scrambling to mix together something with what Trozzo had on hand, but it seems to be difficult work. You are still standing in the middle of the room, so you decide to help out.

[[Help Dubos mix the potion]]

[[Help Serge hold the door]]

[[Help Beaumont distract the King]]

Hugo Muscle Check

"Try looking down that hall," you say, motioning to a right turn a few feet in front of you. The sharp corner and dim light make it impossible to see what's around the corner. The two of you peer around the corner, and you barely notice the glint of light coming off of Beaumont's gold dress as she moves quickly towards you.

Dice Roll: (print: \$Dice)

[[You try to restrain the thug so Beaumont can wallop him, but he's too strong & knocks you on your back before she can get to you.->Failed Overpower Hugo]]

(if: \$Dice < 4)[~~You grab the thug, pinning his arms to his side, and hold him still just long enough for Beaumont to leap into a kick to his head, knocking him out cold.~~]

(else:)[[[You grab the thug, pinning his arms to his side, and hold him still just long enough for Beaumont to leap into a kick to his head, knocking him out cold.->Overpower Hugo]]]

Failed Overpower Hugo

You new view from the hard floor lets you watch the thug move out of the way of Beaumon as she leaps into a kick, sending her careening to the ground herself. He quickly pins her and knocks her unconscious with a hard blow to the back of her head. You try to scramble to your feet to get away but the thug is too quick. He's upon you in seconds, and the last thing you see before losing consciousness is his massive fist descending towards your face.

When you finally come to, you are chained up by your wrists and ankles, alone. There's no light in the room where they have you, and you don't even know if you're in the palace or some other prison. The first thing that you find out is that you have been declared an enemy of the crown, and will likely spend the rest of your days in a cell. The guards who bring you your meals every day were more than happy to remind you of that. After a few weeks you overhear a couple of guards talking outside your cell about the King and Queen making a public appearance, confirming your fears that your three prisoners met with the grisly end that was intended for them by the King. You try desperately for a time to tell the guards what the King

did, but they won't listen. One of them, apparently very patriotic, beat you for insulting the royal family. You stopped trying to tell anyone what really happened after that.

You never leave that cell, living only a few years before expiring. All the while you wish that you could go back and just do one thing differently. Maybe then things would have ended better...

ENDING #2 of 5 - The Failed Coup

[[Want to see if you can get another Ending?->Prologue]]

Overpower Hugo

With the thug unconscious, you're able to get a key off his belt and pocket it for later. Together you drag the thug to a dark spot where you don't think anyone will notice him. Then you head to the cell where the other had been taken.

You arrive to find Hugo gone, likely to report to his superior that the job was done. Only one of the thugs is left to guard the cell. When you walk in, gripping Beaumont by the arm like the thugs had been earlier, he turns to unlock the cell door. You take the opportunity to quickly unlock Beaumont's shackles and the two of you pounce on the thug together, bringing him down with only a small struggle. The cell door now unlocked, you lead the group through the palace, creeping to the King's chambers.

You arrive to find the large door unguarded. You put Beaumont's shackles back on to keep up appearances. You knock, and swing open the door without [[waiting for a reply...->Coup-de-ta]]

Amnesia

Your final return to the tailor shop is not as triumphant as you'd hoped. Without all three people to provide components for the spell, who knows if it'll work or not? By the time you arrive back, Hugo and his thugs have set about returning the place to its normal state. Two carriages sit behind the shop. The thugs take one, loaded with your prisoners. You and Hugo are left to ride back on the carriage

that's hauling all of their supplies back. You do not speak during the ride. There's nothing to say. The closer you get to the palace, the more nervous you get for what's to come.

Your nerves are not eased by the fact that when you return to the palace, you are promptly escorted back to your own bedchamber. You while away the night, not sleeping, worrying about what will become of yourself and the Queen.

The sun is high in the sky the next day when you get a loud knock on your door. You haven't left your room. You peered out the hatch in the door earlier in the day and found two guards standing outside, where there normally would be none. With the impression that they were meant to keep you there, you decided to not try anything.

The knock comes a second time. You hurriedly step over and open the door. To your horror the King himself is on the other side. He has to duck down to get through your doorway, and you quickly get out of his way. He is followed by Luce Trozzo, the court alchemist. If you thought the King looked rough yesterday, you were dead wrong compared to how haggard he looks today. It seems you both had restless nights.

"You did not do as I asked," he says, sparing no time for formalities.

"Is... is the queen?" you stammer.

"Dead? Yes."

Before the words leave his mouth, the King has to stop to regain his composure.

"It seems to me you did all you could in this matter. It also seems that your best effort was not enough," he continues, "There is no place in my court for failures."

Your stomach drops.

"I am not a cruel man. You did what you could, so I will spare your life. You will, however, not be retaining your position here in the palace. Due to the... sensitive nature of your failed task, I cannot let you walk freely as you are, unfortunately."

You don't understand what he's trying to say. Is he exiling you? Sending you to prison? Your answer comes very soon. Trozzo steps towards you, muttering some incantation and fiddling with an alchemical tool. Your vision goes hazy, and you black out.

You never find out what exactly Trozzo did to you, but it is obvious to outside observers. You wake up in a small hamlet far away from the city, with no idea who

you are, no recollection of where you came from. You spend the rest of your days there, peacefully, though you never do regain your memory. You do, on occasion, dream of a life in the King's palace. You would never guess that it's a life that was once yours, if ever so briefly.

ENDING #4 of 5 - Amnesia

[[Want to see if you can get another Ending?->Prologue]]

No Victims Caught

As you return to the tailor shop empty-handed for the final time, the gravity of your situation starts to dawn on you. When you walk through the door, Hugo's thugs are already starting to resituate the place back to its normal state. Your stomach drops with the realization that you're going to have to return to the King having completely failed your task. It drops again when you hear the front door lock behind you. Hugo himself managed to creep around you and lock you inside the store with him and his goons.

"What are you doing?" you ask, your voice full of fear.

"Just my job. I've strict orders to make sure you don't tell anyone what's gone on today. It's nothing personal."

Hugo gives you a grim smile just before a hard blow to the back of your head sends into peaceful unconsciousness.

You awaken in chains, in the back of a jostling carriage. You're face down on the floor and can't move, so it's difficult to tell if it's dark outside or if there just aren't any windows. That question is answered a few minutes later, when the door to the carriage is opened and only pale moonlight shines in. You're pulled out roughly onto the hard ground, and are flipped over in the process. Looking around, you see no buildings or city lights. Only the night sky provides any light. Hugo and one of his thugs stand over you.

"Sorry it had to be this way," Hugo says, somberly. The thug leans down and hoists you up off the ground. You can see that you're being carried towards a dock,

and a large lake. The moon is reflected perfectly in the surface of the water. It's a long walk to the end of the dock, but you don't feel any panic. Your thinking is still very hazy from the hit on the head you got back in the tailor shop. You only snap out of it fully when you're tossed into the freezing water of the lake. The chains that bind you prevent you from trying to swim back to the surface, and you sink like a rock to the bottom. In your last moments, a couple of things cross your mind. You wish you could go back and do everything over again. Maybe if just one thing had gone differently you might not be here. You also can't help but find it darkly funny that you possess the mark of the jellyfish and will die by drowning. You let out your last bit of air in a weak chuckle. Then, nothing.

ENDING #5 of 5 - Fish Food

[[Want to see if you can get another Ending?->Prologue]]

Serge Leroux.

He offers his hand to you, and you take it, allowing him to pull you up.

"You seemed a little distracted there!" Serge chuckles, "Something on your mind, friend?"

"I was looking for someone, you actually. Serge Leroux?"

"The one and only!"

It is at this moment you realize, Serge doesn't remember who you are.

//So it seems that he does not remember, maybe if I can convince him I'm his old friend he'll take the bait or act Official//

[[Act Official]]

[Convince I'm his friend]<check| (click: ?check)[(set: \$Dice to (random: 1,6) + \$Charm) (goto: "The Approach")]

The Approach

"Don't you recognize me, Serge? It's me, Jellyfish!..."

[[...The won who you couldn't beat in poker?->Unsuccessful Dog Charm Check]]

Dice Roll: (print: \$Dice)

(if: \$Dice < 4)

```
[~~The one who broke his mother's china set with a flyball?~~]  
(else:) [[[The one who broke his mother's china set with a flyball?" ->Successful  
Dog Charm Check]]]
```

Act Official

"Anyway, Mister Leroux. I have been sent by the King to enlist your aid in a vital endeavour for the kingdom." You begin, "He has sent me to escort you to his palace."

"The king? What does the king want from a mechanic like me? There are plenty of guys like me with even more experience in the Upper District!" Serge protests, "What's the job anyway?"

//You can't tell him the truth, at least not yet. You need to come up with something.//

'Do you think you can outwit him or overpower him?'

You decided to:

```
[Lie to him]<check1|(click: ?check1)[(set: $Dice to (random: 1,6) + $Intellect)  
(goto: "Dog Int Check")]
```

```
[Put him in his place]<check2|(click: ?check2)[(set: $Dice to (random: 1,6) +  
$Muscle)(goto: "Dog Muslce Check")]
```

Unsuccessful Dog Charm Check

"Beat me in poker? I'm undefeated! You've got me mixed up with someone else, pal."

"Oh, right." You mutter, trying to save face.

You begin to wonder to yourself how much of a friend that Serge was if he couldn't remember you. It appears that you're going to have to take a different approach to convince him to come with you.

//[[Time to pull the ol' king advisor card->Act Official]]//

Successful Dog Charm Check

```
(set: $CapturedDog to true)
```

"Don't you recognize me, Serge? It's me, Jellyfish! The one who broke his mother's

china set with a flyball?"

"By the king! Jelly, I could hardly recognize you! I would say you've grown, but in truth we all have. To what do I owe the pleasure?" Serge says excitedly, enveloping you in a tight bear hug.

His hug nearly crushes you. He has grown, much more than you have. Years in the machine shop must have been good for his physique.

"Well Serge, the King is in dire need of your help. A critical machine has fallen into disrepair, and you're the only one who can fix it!" You lie, hoping that he doesn't try to pry too hard into your poorly-constructed cover story.

"My, my, that sure does sound important indeed. Do you happen to know anything about what I'll be working on?"

"I'm afraid not, it was on a need-to-know basis. Important security stuff, very hush-hush."

"Well, alright, I'll just have to bring all of my kit then! When do we head out?" Serge asks you, evidently having bought it.

"I'm staying at a royal safe house, run out of a tailor shop in town. We'll have to stop there on the way to the castle, but we can head there as soon as you're ready."

"Okay then, give me just a few minutes to grab some things from my shop, and then we can head straight there!" Serge says enthusiastically. You feel a pang of guilt as you see how blissfully unaware he is of his impending fate.

Serge takes a few moments to gather his tools from his shop, and as soon as he finishes and closes his shop you are on your way. It takes you a few minutes to reach the trolley station, and after an hour's ride you arrive at the shop. You guide him into the shop, holding the door for him to pass. Once the door closes behind both of you, one of Hugo's thugs smacks Serge on the back of the head with a baton. You watch as your old childhood friend collapses, face first onto the wooden floor of the shop. You stand there for a moment, staring at the crumpled form of Serge as he is dragged off into the backroom of the shop.

"What's the matter? Feeling alright?" Hugo asks, leaning against the wall in the corner of the room.

You say nothing in response, as you turn and [[leave the building->Main TailorShop]] to head after the next target.

Introduction to the Game

Hello there! Sorry to bother you but it seems that you may stumbled upon our game! But now that you are here, you are just in time to hear about the Tale of the JellyFish. But instead of hearing about the tale, you are going to be ''Living'' through their eyes. However there are a few rules to the game that you need to understand.

Decisions you make can determine whether or not things go as planned to what you are about to embark on, along with a higher power that likes to mess with how your decisions can be made. Here's the thing, you can help yourself with making sure that things go in your favor in the slightest; whether that may be how Smart, Charming or Strong you can be, these can be slightly manipulated.

''BE WARNED'' be careful on how you try to manipulate these traits of yours for once you change it, there is no going back. You can manipulate 1 or 2 of the 3 traits that you poses, the rest is up to how the higher power sees ''FIT''
//Although with that being said, you can just do it all over again and try to fix how the outcomes can be//

When speaking with certain people you can determine how the conversation goes, some will show the true colors of the ones you speak with, others are just casual. But when it comes to making a split decision, the traits you have decided to be manipulated will come into play; whether that hurts or helps you.

When a decision is going to be made, you will be prompted with a reply button that will ask the higher power what you can do, now the higher power loves to have some trick in its sleeve so don't get too down if you do not get the decision you wanted. However, know you will always have a route to choose, the higher power is the one that decides if it is okay for you to have another route or keep you on the path, your traits will help you in this regard...about some of the times.

Now I have taken the liberty to give you this long and boring explanation of everything because it's fun to torture people with long stories, some that can be skipped. Also, if you haven't noticed, any Text in Blue Are decisions or continuations of the story. So feel free to click on it once you have read the what

has been said, they are all important!

//I've also hidden secret endings throughout the game, if you find one, let me know which one you got cause it happens to pop in the game whenever it feels like//

[["To the Story we go!" -> Prologue]]

Secret Ending 2

You decided to ignore all odds and ignore the fact that you do not have the power to get the decisions you want and decide to execute the King's plan yourself.

You start to take your leave to say goodbye from the Monkey and before you are a bunch of vials that you can use for you do not know what to do with them.

At this point you thought maybe it can hurt me or help me, but you do not know how alchemy works and decide to grab all the vials in such a quick swift motion that the Hector didn't have anytime to react. In doing this, you uncap the vials faster than the eye can see and douce Hector in all the vials.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?!? HAVE YOU GONE MAD?!?! This is all experimental, even I don't know what each of those doe-"

As he is speaking, his body starts to spontaneously combusts along with him vomiting out his guts. He can't scream because his vocal chords has been burned from the inside and all you hear is weezing and him on the ground clutching his stomach in tears.

You have gone mad with power that you didn't think at all to stop and wonder why you wanted to do this, something drove you made and you wanted to let him pay. He had a wife and kids, and now they will go without a husband and father.

Hugo tackles you to the ground and shouts "WHAT IN THE KINGS NAME HAVE YOU DONE?!? THIS WAS NOT PART OF THE DEAL!!!!"

Hugo grabs his sword and stabs you right in the heart saying that you need to be perish for what you did, "In the name of the King, I hearby declare that this is an execution in his name!"

You start to tremble with the sword in your body and you are wondering as to what came over you to do this, it's like as if something controlled you to do this and you could do nothing to stop this.

//[[Did you go mad with Power? ->Failed Charm Roll]]//

Secret Bad Ending 2

Help Dubos mix the potion

You run to where Dubos is using Trozzo's equipment to try to mix a potion. Trozzo, at this point, has hidden herself behind one of the dressers to avoid the conflict. You don't know much about alchemy, but you are able to help Dubos work more quickly by handing him the things he needs when he asks for them.

Dubos gets all the ingredients mixed in a small bottle, puts a cork in it, and starts to shake it up. The reaction is immediately visible, as the liquid starts to glow brightly. As he shakes it, Dubos mutters an incantation under his breath. You look across the room and see Beaumont, still dancing around the King, who has only grown more enraged. Serge is struggling to hold the door shut.

It seems to you that everything that came next happened in perfect synchronization. Dubos finishes his incantation and hurls the bottle at the King right as Serge finally gives out under the strength of the men on the other side of the door. There is a bright red flash as the bottle breaks on the King's body, and bolts of lightning arc across the room and hit the thugs as they enter. The next few seconds are a cacophony of light and sound, and when it fades the King and all the thugs are lying on the floor, motionless.

[[Defeat the King]]

Help Serge hold the door

You sprint across the room and throw your body against the massive door. You can feel the thumping of the thugs on the other side and they all push to get in.

Time slows as you and Serge hold the door shut against a much stronger force than the two of you. It feels as though you're braced against the door for an eternity, and your body starts to ache from the exertion. You turn your head slightly to see what's going on with the others but have to quickly turn back away as you're blinded by a bright red light. The King howls in pain and the light persists for a few seconds before disappearing as quickly as it burst into existence. You and Serge finally lose your hold on the door and the thugs burst in, but immediately freeze when they see the King lying motionless in the middle of the floor.

[[Defeat the King]]

Help Beaumont distract the King

You don't want Beaumont to get hit by the nasty looking dagger that the King is swinging around. You start shouting insults at the King and he bellows again, drowning them out. Despite that, you accomplished your goal of distracting him.

He charges at you and you barely manage to avoid a slice from his blade. Beaumont follows your lead, skirting around the King and yelling obscenities at him. In his state of complete rage, the King has abandoned all reason and the two of you are able to keep him completely occupied. It's almost fun until you hear the door open and see Serge knocked to the floor as the thugs rush in from the hallway, weapons drawn. The King takes advantage of you being distracted and rushed you once more. Just before he reaches you, there's a flash of blinding red light. The King stops in his tracks and wails in pain, and bolts of red lightning shoot across the room and hit the thugs as well. When the light and sound finally dies down, the King and the thugs are left lying motionless on the floor.

[[Defeat the King]]

Defeat the King

"What the hell did you do?" Beaumont asks Dubos, rubbing her eyes.

"I just added a little extra kick to a protection ritual. The energy only affects those that mean the four of us harm," he replies. He looks relieved that it worked so well. It's not long before more guards rush into the room. The four of you are chained back up, and escorted to the palace holding cell. You don't stay there long.

Once word gets out that the King was plotting to violate the Marked Treaty, you are all set free. An inter-kingdom trial finds that the four of you did what you had to to defend yourselves and prevent an atrocity of the highest order. As more and more details of the King's intimidation and manipulation of his court members start to surface, it becomes clear that his rule was very corrupt. All of his advisors are pardoned for taking part in his plot.

The King and Queen had no heir, so in the wake of their deaths a new system of rule is established in the Dragon Kingdom. Those who were once advisors to the King become members of the first Dragon Parliament, and rule the land as a unit. Over the course of your career in the parliament, you make strides in shrinking the gap between the upper and lower classes, creating a better way of life by unifying the people. Dubos, Beaumont, and Serge are able to live their lives fully and without fear, and the four of you remain in contact until the end of your days.

ENDING #3 OF 5 - The Prosperous Kingdom

[[Want to see if you can get another Ending?->Prologue]]

Successful Dog Int Check

(set: \$CapturedDog to true)

"Due to security reasons, I cannot disclose what exactly the machine is or why it is so important. Take solace, however, in the fact that you were chosen for this task for your aptitude with machines of its caliber."

Serge stops and ponders on what you said.

"Hm, I suppose that sounds right.." He replies, "When do we depart for the castle?"

"In a few days," You respond, "but for now I have accommodations for you at a nearby location, if you will follow me."

"Alright, let me grab a few things and I'll be ready to go."

Serge walks into his shop, and you hear the shuffling of papers, and clanging of metal. After a few moments, Serge walks out onto the street again, carrying a rather large sack with various pieces of mechanical paraphernalia sticking out of it.

"That should be everything!" He says cheerfully, "Let's head out!"

You set out together, first to the trolley stop, and then back to the shop thereafter. You guide him into the shop, holding the door for him to pass. Once the door closes behind both of you, one of Hugo's thugs smacks Serge on the back of the head with a baton. You watch as your old childhood friend collapses, face first onto the wooden floor of the shop. You stand there for a moment, staring at the crumpled form of Serge as he is dragged off into the backroom of the shop. "What's the matter? Feeling alright?" Hugo asks, leaning against the wall in the corner of the room.

[[You say nothing in response, as you turn and leave the building to head after the next target.->Main TailorShop]]

Unsuccessful Dog Int Check

"When the royal family has need of aid, individuals are selected at random from this list. Your assistance in this matter is compulsory. You will be compensated well for your time."

"Royal Requirement of Aid Act? What kind of fool do you take me for?!" Serge

exclaims, "I am current on all of the legalities of my position, and that most certainly isn't one of them!"

You attempt to interject, but Leroux continues on, not intent on letting you get a word in.

"I try to help you out when you've fallen down in the street, and this is how you repay that kindness? By trying to scam me? Well, I won't have any of it!" Serge says, before immediately turning and heading down the street, quickly leaving your field of vision.

[[You leave without saying another word.->Empty Handed Dog]]

Successful Dog Muslce Check

(set: \$CapturedDog to true)

As soon as you are both inside, you swing at Leroux, taking him completely off guard. He falls to the ground like a ton of bricks. That line about "the bigger they are, the harder they fall" must be true.

"Now, I want to be civil, but you are making this far too difficult on me." You sneer at Serge, who is now crumpled on the floor. "You are coming with me, or his majesty will see to it that you and this ramshackle hovel of a repair shop will meet a most unfortunate end."

Serge stares up at you, spite in his eyes.

"Fine." he says, "But if this is the way the king treats his subjects, he will soon find he has bigger problems on his hands."

You escort Leroux out of the building, and take him back to the tailor shop. There, Hugo's hired hands restrain Serge and place a bag over his head, and despite Serge's resistance, [[quickly drag him into the backroom and out of sight.->Main TailorShop]]

"Not bad," Hugo says, "At least he came quietly."

Unsuccessful Dog Muslce Check

Immediately after he closes the door, Leroux swings for your head. You fall to the ground, as your vision blurs and your head begins to ring.

"Scum sucking wretch!" Leroux curses, "Did you think I'd let you try and rob me in my own shop with that King nonsense! No sir!"

Serge picks you up off the floor, and carries you towards the door.

"Don't come back, or you're gonna be six feet under!" Serge grunts, as he throws you out the door.

You hit the pavement, face first. You pick yourself up off the ground, and quickly [[head away->Empty Handed Dog]] to try and avoid being noticed.

Dog Int Check

Dice Roll: (print: \$Dice)

//After trying to find the Lie that is clever enough, you have decided to say://

[[You see, Mr. Leroux." You begin, "Due to the Royal Requirement of Aid Act of 1867, all individuals of a certain aptitude in a certain area are placed on a list.->Unsuccessful Dog Int Check]]

(if: \$Dice < 4)

[~~His majesty requires your assistance with the maintenance of a machine of vital import.~~]

(else:)[[His majesty requires your assistance with the maintenance of a machine of vital import.->Successful Dog Int Check]]]

Dog Muslce Check

"Do you mind if we speak inside, Mister Leroux?" You ask, hoping to steer your quarry someplace with less observers.

"I suppose so, official business and all." Serge replies.

He gestures to the door of his shop, where he opens the door for you, and follows you in soon after.

//something seems a bit odd...//

Dice Roll: (print: \$Dice)

[[Leroux Swings at you, catching you off guard->Unsuccessful Dog Muslce Check]]

(if: \$Dice < 4)

[~~As soon as you are both inside, you swing at Leroux, taking him completely off guard~~]

(else:)

[[[As soon as you are both inside, you swing at Leroux, taking him completely off guard->Successful Dog Muslce Check]]]

Empty Handed Dog

You leave the area without incident, despite the rather heated exchanges of words you found yourself involved in. Part of you is disappointed that Serge didn't recognize you, yet on the other hand you feel that that may indeed be for the best. At least your friend is safe.

"Good evening gentlemen," Hugo begins, before seeing that you've entered alone. "Oh, just you."

Hugo returns to idly reading the book held in his hands, and you start to plan your next course of action.

[[Think over what to do next->Main TailorShop]]