You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

A robed conjurer stands in the center of the packed crowd of inn patrons. He waves his hands in grand gestures, performing feats of minor prestidigitation. Not quite impressed, you instead scan the crowd and notice two gnolls picking pockets and cutting purses. They must be confederates of this performer.

Attack the cutpurses.

You draw your weapons and exclaim that the mage is nothing more than a thief. People within the crowd pat themselves down and notice that their pockets and purses are considerably lighter. The wizard cries out in rage and sprints toward you, followed by his companions. The crowd quickly disperses as you find yourself in the midst of a battle.

Enjoy the show.

Better to not draw attention. After all, they seem smart enough not to rob armed patrons. You watch as the wizard shoots sparks from his hands and applaud when appropriate.

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

As you recline upon a fine wooden chair, a purring tabby cat strolls up to you. It must be the innkeeper’s.

Pet the cat.

The cat winds itself between your legs, curling its tail around your calves.

The cat jumps into your lap and lies down, an adorable pile of fluff.

The cat gives an affectionate meow while slowly blinking at you, a sign of endearment.

After a while, the cat begins to strut toward the inn’s door, but pauses. It looks back to you, waiting for something. You stand and decide to follow the cat outside. It leads you to a nearby field and stops in front of a broken lockbox. The cat places its paw on the box and then taps your leg. It’s giving you a gift. How sweet. (add minor weapon to inventory)

Shoo the cat.

The cat hisses and sprints away. Mangy animals could carry diseases!

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

The kindly old innkeeper hobbles toward you. “Welcome,” he says, “Come, sit, enjoy some soup!” You follow him into the inn, as he leads you to a table dressed in a white linen. Upon the table are bowls of a rich yellow soup. “You look freezing. Please, have some of our famous soup and warm up.”

Accept his offer.

“Wonderful!” You sit at the table, grip a silver spoon, and ladle some of the broth into your mouth. Wow! Compliments to the chef. It’s unlike anything you’ve ever tasted before, savory yet light, with a flavor you can’t quite put your finger on. However, there’s a lingering aftertaste at the back of your mouth that’s rather off-putting. “What do you think?”

Tell him it’s delicious.

“I’m glad you like it,” he rasps, reaching behind his back. “I’m still tweaking the spices, but the protein is the most important part.” He draws a cleaver from behind him, eying you with ominous eyes. “Always a fresh supply here…” You quickly stand, draw your weapon, and attack the cannibal. (combat: cannibal)

Tell him about the aftertaste.

“I’m sorry to hear that,” he says in a sympathetic tone. “The flavor takes a little while to get used to…” His voice trails away and you notice his lips watering. “But apart from that, how was it?”

Tell him it’s delicious. (see above)

Ask to leave.

Ask to leave.

The innkeeper throws his head back and screams an unworldly screech, charging at you with a cleaver. “FLESH STAYS!” (combat: cannibal)

Refuse his offer.

“I insist. Travelers like you can use the nourishment.” He beams a wrinkled smile at you.

Accept his offer. (see above)

Refuse offer.

His face becomes suddenly more sullen, the wrinkles in his face deepening into canyons. “I insist,” he repeats. It’s obvious that you won’t be able to refuse him.

Accept his offer. (see above)

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

You relax in plush chairs beside a crackling fireplace. As you lean into the soft material and bask in fire’s warmth, a glow on the mantle catches your eye. The dull sword resting above the fireplace emanates a slight aura.

Wave the innkeeper over.

You raise your hand and catch the attention of the portly man behind the inn’s desk. He walks over to you and you inquire about the sword. “That old thing? Never been sharp, even after grinding the blade down for a day. I just like keeping it above the fire now.”

Ask to buy it.

“Sure, it’ll be 50 gold.” You ask about the ludicrous price, to which he simply replies, “Demand suddenly skyrocketed.”

Purchase the sword.

Begrudgingly, you remove a large handful of coins from your pack and place it inside of a pouch, which you then hand to the innkeeper. He gives you a furtive nod before you grab the weapon from the mantle. (add low-quality sword to inventory)

Decline.

“Then why ask in the first place. Adventurers and all of their questions…” The innkeeper mumbles to himself as he walks away, leaving you alone by the fireside.

Magic: Examine the aura.

As the wizard’s hand gets nearer to the sword, the blade glows a brighter and brighter shade of red. He grasps the hilt, at which point the sword bursts into light. Once your eyes readjust, you notice that the color of the sword has turned to a glimmering silver and the edge of the blade is razor sharp. “Bloody hell,” the innkeeper mutters, backing off from the fireplace. “You can keep that thing, just get it the hell out of here.” (add magic sword to inventory)

Return to relaxing.

You thank the innkeeper for his time as you sink deeper into the armchair.

Ignore it.

It’s probably just a trick of the light, you tell yourself as you relax in the fire’s presence.

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

You’ve long-since retired to your room. The worries of the world seem to melt away as you rest upon your soft, downy bed. However, it only feels as though you had slept for a moment before the door explodes open. A well-armed man, weapon drawn, storms into your room, exclaiming, “Don’t move! I’ve…crap, wrong room,” before hastily exiting.

Talk to him.

You hop out of bed, rush toward the well-armed man, and inquire why he’s banging down doors in the middle of night. The man scratches his beard and replies, “I heard tell that the thief Balthasar was hiding in this inn, and I believed I had tracked him to that room. I guess I was incorrect.” He had just finished his sentence before, across the hallway, a hooded man carrying a large sack skulks out of a room and creeps toward a window. The creaking of the floorboards alerts the bearded man, however, and he moves to attack the thief.

Join the battle.

You decide to assist the man, drawing your weapons. The burglar drops his bag and unsheathes two daggers, ready to strike.

Go back to sleep.

This really isn’t your concern. You retreat back to your room, falling back asleep to the sounds of battle.

Attack him.

You hop out of the bed and charge at the well-armed man. He turns around to see you and your companions, dressed in pajamas and wielding weapons. “Of all the luck…” he sighs.

Go back to sleep.

Why does this stuff keep happening to me, you think as you drift back to sleep. Maybe tomorrow will be a more normal day?

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

The moment you enter the door, you hear holy chanting loudly emanating from within. Your eyes catch sight of a white-robed man, preaching about goodness to the inn’s patrons, while drinking heavily from a tankard. The innkeeper stands near the entry door, scowling at the holy man. “Been here all night, drinking and shouting gospels. I’d throw him outta here, but the law states you can’t manhandle a person of the faith.”

Abate the innkeeper.

You assure the innkeeper that if the inn’s customers were truly unhappy about the enlightened fellow, they’d make more of a ruckus. “I suppose you’re right,” the innkeeper grunts, “Just don’t see why he has to do it here.”

Talk to the holy man.

You walk over to the holy man. “And Light be upon you,” he says to you, hiccupping and slurring his words. “Have you come to hear of the salvation?”

Ask him to preach.

“Another servant of holiness!” He grabs and places you in a tight embrace, spilling foamy liquid on your clothes. The innkeeper continues to huff and puff in the corner as the holy man, now giggling, rambles on about the state of the world. It would be rude of you to get up and leave.

Ask him to quiet down.

His reddened and cheery face suddenly sulks down into a frown. “And who are all you, to abandon the right path? I know there are those who will listen.” He stumbles across the inn and makes his way out of the door. The innkeeper, now sporting a smile of his own, thanks you for ridding him of the headache.

Throw out the holy man.

Striding over to the holy man, he opens his arms warmly toward you, and without hesitation, you grab him by the collar and drag him to the entryway. “Demons! Foul monsters!” he shouts as you fling him through the doorframe and into the muddy street, dirtying his immaculate robes. The innkeeper looks down at him for a moment before laughing and slamming the door closed. At least now it’s reasonably quiet inside.

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

Outside of the inn stands a shapely woman, dressed in next-to-nothing. She beckons you over. “Come spend the night here,” she says in a silken voice, “My friends would just love to meet you.” From within the building, you can hear the telltale sounds of giggling and moaning. It sounds like your kind of party.

Join the courtesan.

Against your better judgment, you stroll up the stairs to the inn and follow the swaying hips of the woman inside. Once your eyes snap away from her, however, your focus falls on the people inside of the inn. It takes a second for you to register the horns, wings, and hooves that many of the customers seem to be sporting. Turning around, you see the woman, now sprouting similar appendages, grinning at you with fanged teeth. “Relax, I’ll take care of you…”

Decline.

Sticking to better judgment, you realize it’s probably a better idea to get a real night’s sleep. You continue your search for another inn, while the woman turns away from you and keeps her eyes on the horizon, waiting for new patrons.

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

Although all of the lights are on, the door to the inn is locked. You stand there, knocking, until the telltale click is heard. When the innkeeper finally opens the door, you are stunned to notice a swarm of rats covering him from head to toe. He falls at your feet and the rats turn their attention to you.

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

Sitting at a nearby table, you’re surprised to see a demon walking over to you, tray of drinks in hand. Without saying a word, the demon places tankards in front of you and your companions before moving to the next group. You manage to pull your eyes away and gaze at the oily liquid within your mug. Demon brewmasters are said to make some delicious ales, each uniquely different, so you take your chances, throw your head back, and down the drink in one gulp. You feel a growing warmth within your belly. (add random magical effect)