**Celestial Freezing: Level II – Malice at McGuire [Level Text Script]**

**Level Two – Malice at McGuire**: The first main level in the game with a larger level, more NPCs, and side quest that play a larger role in the town’s story.

* Real Life Location: Huntersville, North Carolina/ Town Name: Torrance
* Area(s): The Baron’s Tavern & Trove (Merchant and Grill), Hunter’s Pointe (H.U.N.T.R), Birkdale Village (Military), Nuclear Power Plant, Outside of Tavern (Town Square)
* Side Quest(s): (6) – Familial Relations, Gooner Pokemon Battle, Arm’s Dealer’s Side Quest, Julian’s Contraption, Hungry H.U.N.T.R Soldiers, Lone Wolf Recruitment
* Key Item(s): Uncooked Steak, Birkdale Arm Band, Computer Part Pack D, Engagement Ring, Touch Screen attachment, Temperature Sensor attachment, Processor chip attachment, To-go Meal (x2), The Baron’s Crest
* Respect Gain/Loss Chances: (+5/-2) - Player chooses to support/oppose Camille for winning at arm wrestling and throughout the mission (RESPECT +3/RESPECT -2), Julian’s tool (RESPECT +1), Conversation with Julian about a place to belong (RESPECT +1), Feed and aid the wounded wolf-dog with Alistair (RESPECT +1)
* Death(s) during Investigation Period: (3) - Answering the H.U.N.T.R password wrong and instigating a fight, instigating a fight with the military at the refugee center entrance, instigating a fight with the townspeople at the Tavern

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[Introduction – Initial Arrival]

\*Despite the bright sun blinding you in the passenger seat, you and Gaia’s Advocates have made it to your destination: Torrance in Huntersville, North Carolina.

\*Peering through the cracks of your fingers blocking out the sun, you notice Alistair walking back towards the driver’s side of the truck where Lowen sits before climbing up to the window.

Lowen: What’d he say?

Alistair: This is it.

\*Camille and Julian make their way up towards the driver’s cabin to listen in.

Alistair: He’d said to park around back for our briefing on the current situation.

Lowen: [wave amp=50.0 freq=6.0 connected=1]Roger~ that![wave]

Alistair: …

Lowen: So, just follow behind you guys then?

Alistair: That’s right.

Alistair: Try not to hit us, will you?

Alistair: We can’t suffer any casualties from the sounds of things.

Lowen: Wait a second.

Lowen: We **all** matter for once on a mission?

Alistair: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] Just drive the truck, Lowen. [shake]

\*Alistair uses his abilities to slowly float down from the truck and walks alongside a man wearing a plaid red and black coat.

\*Looking at Alistair’s expressions the conversation seems serious.

Player: He might be serious right about the situation thing.

Lowen: He’s always serious about the situation thing.

Lowen: He just wants us to be just as serious about the job.

Player: Look at his face though.

Player: It’s the same face he makes whenever he looks at me, but way worse.

Julian; Yeah, your right.

Julian: He must be really mad at that guy already.

Player: Or he’s agitated at whatever he’s hearing.

Player: What’s this briefing going to be about?

Player: Did things already get worse before we got here?

Camille: Considering we’re in H.U.N.T.R territory, I wouldn’t be surprised.

Lowen: …

Lowen: Let’s not jump to any conclusions, alright?

Lowen: From the looks of things, this seems like a more than normal town with normal people doing normal things people would be doing before all this started.

Lowen: Just look around.

\*You, Julian, and Camille look out the windows to see people happily conversing and walking around in winter clothing.

\*Even children play amongst each other throwing snowballs while using adults as cover.

Camille: Hm…

Lowen: Huh?

Lowen: Where are they leading us to?

\*You look out the windshield to see a beat up building that looks to have a bar-like establishment at the entrance and a hotel above it.

Player: ‘The Baron’s Tavern and Trove’?

Player: What is this?

\*Lowen scoffs

Lowen: Looks like a bar and breakfast.

Lowen: And you guys were worried about things being so serious!

\*Lowen makes a final turn and Alistair motions for him to park around the back of the building.

\*The brakes hiss before the engine cuts off and everyone makes there way out.

Alistair: Everyone, this is Bruno, our contact I mentioned before who works with Gaia’s Advocates as a scout for potential candidates that could benefit Plan PHOENIX.

Alistair: We appreciate your work alongside ours in the field despite the risk it may pose to yourself.

Bruno: Thank you, sir.

Bruno: I could easily say the same for your team as well.

Bruno: To have such a vital member of Gaia’s Advocates such as yourself in the field is truly inspiring and it’s an honor.

Bruno: I can’t think of a better leader to have here given the change of circumstances.

Player: [i] Alright, man, we get it…[/i]

Player: [i] I guess it makes sense that Alistair has the ego he does with people like this around, but…[/i]

Player: [i] Who is this guy really? [/i]

Lowen: Does that change in circumstance mean we get to drink some beer?

\*Alistair glares at Lowen with disdain.

Alistair: My apologies for this one.

Alistair: I didn’t know we had an alcoholic for a marksman.

Bruno: To be honest, sir, I think he’ll blend in perfectly with the clientele here at The Baron’s.

Alistair: Unfortunately…

Alistair: Do you mind telling them what you explained to me earlier?

Bruno: Of course, sir.

Bruno: Although the site for Gaia’s filtration system is at the McGuire Nuclear Station, this town has essentially been split into three zones.

Lowen: Three?

Lowen: One has to belong to H.U.N.T.R, right?

Bruno: Correct, Hunter’s Pointe at the center of Huntersville.

Bruno: Birkdale Village, at the North.

Bruno: And where we are currently, West of Hunter’s Pointe and South of McGuire.

Lowen: Then that’s good for us then, right?

Lowen: We’re not too far from the site and we’ll know what direction not to go to since we don’t want any problems.

Alistair: As we should.

Bruno: This area acts as a choke point to both Birkdale and Hunter’s Pointe in accessing the plant which is good and the Tavern Owner, Arthur, has made it so that this area is a neutral zone outside of the influence of either faction within the city.

Bruno: Thanks to the services he provides and the increased danger of Hunter’s Pointe, it’s essentially become the new city center.

Bruno: That’s why I said earlier that people such as yourself, er…

Lowen; Lowen.

Bruno: Lowen, would fit in well.

Bruno: Being near a major crossroad, many different kind of people are constantly passing through and it doesn’t take much to determine the kind of people they are based on where they’re going.

Lowen: I see.

Lowen: So why this tavern in particular?

Bruno: I’ve talked with the owner and he’s agreed to house Gaia’s Advocates, for free, while you all complete your mission.

Player: Really?

Player: That’s awfully kind of him.

Player: I didn’t know Gaia’s Advocates had that kind of influence.

Alistair: Thanks to our committed members doing their part.

\*Alistair smiles at you with a fictious grin while patting Bruno’s shoulder.

Bruno: Thank you, sir.

Bruno: However, there’s a condition.

Camille: Something only we can talk to him about in order to find out I take it?

Bruno: That’s right.

Julian: Not sure if I like the sound of that…

Bruno: Knowing him and the kind of ‘vibe’ he wants his place to have, I can’t imagine it’ll be anything serious.

Bruno: He can be…

Bruno: Unusual at times, but given the bigger picture things should be fine.

Alistair: ‘Should be’?

Alistair: What aren’t you telling us?

Bruno: Well…

Bruno: He and the patrons tend to get rowdy which can lead to…

Lowen: A damn good time!

Lowen: When do we met the man?!

Lowen: I’m excited!

Alistair: This isn’t some vacation, Lowen!

Alistair: We have more important things to handle outside of getting into bar fights for fun!

Alistair: More importantly, we don’t have time to waste.

Alistair: There’s are rumors of a battle ensuing between the two factions here in the upcoming days.

\*Lowen’s joyful spirit immediately wanes to concern.

Camille: A battle?

Julian: You didn’t tell us about a fight going on here!

Lowen: You mentioned two factions before, right?

Lowen: One’s H.U.N.T.R, but who’s the other?

Alistair: The government has dispatched a military unit to Birkdale in order to protect the citizens from H.U.N.T.R who’s been attacking the people.

Alistair: Not some disbanded unit with a commander still power-hungry like in Limerick.

Alistair: Actual United States Army and Coast Guard soldiers working in conjunction.

Alistair: Unfortunately, they’ve underestimated the strength of H.U.N.T.R.

Alistair: Many soldiers have been critically injured in their conflicts and with the central hospital being in Hunter’s Pointe many have died not receiving needed medical treatment.

Camille: The government’s forces are losing to H.U.N.T.R?

Camille: How is that even possible?

Alistair: A lack of knowledge on the enemy.

Alistair: Many people don’t know this, but H.U.N.T.R has existed as a terrorist organization around the world for quite some time, but only recently was a split within the organization.

Alistair: H.U.N.T.R is the part that decided to go public after seeing the opportunity to change the world in their vision with the explosion of the ozone layer.

Alistair: Meanwhile, the original members chose to stay silent, instead of jumping immediately, and continued to operate covertly.

Player: All of this happened recently?

Alistair: Ignorance is truly bliss.

Alistair: The world had to move fast after what you did.

Player: …

Bruno: Wait…

Bruno: They’re the one who…?

\*Alistair nods

Alistair: Disappointing, isn’t ‘it’?

Camille: If H.U.N.T.R defected from their parent organization, how do they have the strength to beat trained soldiers being funded by the government?

Alistair: That’s the question that everyone wants answers to and the government is willing to find out by force.

Alistair: Pretty soon, they’ll be deploying a larger unit of soldiers with the intent of destroying the H.U.N.T.R faction that resides in Hunter’s Pointe.

Alistair: Literally.

Bruno: Although these are rumors, I’ve overheard from soldiers in Birkdale, they plan on bombing the entirety of Hunter’s Pointe.

Lowen: What?!

Lowen: Blowing an entire city off the face of the Earth?!

Lowen: They can’t do that!

Lowen: What about the civilians?!

Lowen: H.U.N.T.R couldn’t have killed them all just to have the town all to themselves!

Alistair: That’s the problem.

Alistair: H.U.N.T.R has recruited many of the people of the town to work alongside them and are using them to fight the soldiers.

Alistair: Since they’re much more familiar with the city, they can better stage attacks and have proven so to great effect.

Lowen: Then they had to have been forced!

Lowen: Coerced into doing so.

Alistair: It doesn’t matter to the government.

Alistair: How they see it, they’re terrorist rapidly radicalizing the weak and they need to show that it won’t be tolerated during this crisis.

Lowen: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] Shit… [shake]

Bruno: As of right now, the ‘Mayor’ of Birkdale has asked for a week to try and handle negotiations with the ‘Mayor’ of Hunter’s Pointe, but the soldiers are impatient.

Bruno: They want revenge.

Camille: …

Julian: Oh man…

Lowen: ….

Lowen: We have to help.

Alistair: We absolutely **will not** help them.

Lowen: What the hell are you talking about?!

Alistair: We have our own mission to complete here.

Alistair: With a time limit as you’ve all just been made aware of.

Alistair: The mayor of Birkdale might have been allotted a week, but as far as I’m concerned, we have three **days** to complete our mission.

Alistair: We don’t have time to get involved.

Alistair: The people of Hunter’s Pointe made their choice by siding with H.U.N.T.R.

Alistair: That’s not something we can change with your ‘positivity’, Lowen.

Alistair: If the government won’t negotiate with terrorist, I assure you Gaia’s Advocates are no different.

Alistair: We have our own negotiations to deal with when it comes to the tavern owner, Arthur, correct?

Bruno: That’s correct, sir.

Alistair: Let’s guarantee our lodging first before anything and then, and only then, can you cry your life away into a bottle if it makes you feel better.

Alistair: Is that understood?

Lowen: …

Player: …

Camille: …

Julian: …

Alistair: Lead the way, Bruno.

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[Introduction – Meeting Arthur]

\*You and Gaia’s Advocates enter the Tavern to see a warmly lit oak wood interior decorated with the heads of various stuffed animals and frame pictures of various hunters showing off their successful hunts.

\*More men than women fill the bar eating food, drinking, and rough-housing with one another irritating the staff carrying drinks to other tables.

\*Despite never being here, a feeling you can only describe as nostalgia fills your smile.

\*As if you’ve always been here and you can see the same excitement in Camille and Julian.

Julian: It’s so loud in here, but I like it!

Camille: Something about the energy in here…

Camille: My hands are shaking from it.

\*You look over to Lowen to see an infectious ear-to-ear grin.

Lowen: Now **this** is what I’m talking about!

Alistair: …

Lowen: Aye, you!

Random Drunk Man: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] \*hick\* Y-You talkin’ to me, white boy?! \*hick\* [shake]

Lowen: White boy?!

Lowen: You’re white, too!

Random Drunk Man: shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] Oh shit…[shake]

\*Lowen pulls a chair and sits directly in front of the drunken man and his buddies.

\*He snatches a pint of golden beer from the table!

Lowen: Bet I can finish this [wave amp=50.0 freq=6.0 connected=1] whole[wave] beer before any of you fat asses at this table can!

Alistair: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]] He’s lost his fucking mind…[shake]

Men at the Table: HA HA HA~!

Random Drunk Man: \*hick\* O-Oh yeah? \*hick\*

Random Drunk Man: TOMMY~!

Tommy: I’m right here, Paul, Jesus.

Random Drunk Man: Drink this twink under the fucking table!

Lowen: Yeah, Tommy!

Lowen: Do it!

Lowen: Unless you’re a…

\*Lowen takes an exaggerated deep breath and leans back in his chair.

Lowen: PUSSY~!

\*Lowen’s outburst calls the attention of everyone in the Tavern instantly attracting a crowd as they screamed in response.

Drunken Rowdy Crowd: PUSSY! PUSSY! PUSSY!

Alistair: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] In a matter of **minutes**, this…**ingrate** has completely lost sight of what we’re here to do and he hasn’t a drop of alcohol yet. [shake]

Alistair: He really is an alcoholic!

\*Alistair takes a step to intervene, but Bruno stops him.

Bruno: Wait.

Bruno: Look up to the second-floor balcony.

Bruno: You see the large man with the ginger beard?

\*You look up to see a tall, large man, with a long red beard smirking as he gazes down on the cheering crowd.

Alistair: The Tavern Owner?

Julian: That’s Arthur?!

Julian: He’s huge!

Bruno: Just let things play out for now.

Bruno: He’s an eccentric guy, so if whatever your partner is up to, it just might work.

Alistair: …

Alistair: What can possibly be gained from such a barbaric display of drunkenness?

Alistair: How can one find a modicum of respect for such…

Alistair: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] Deviants?[shake]

\*The crowd counts down Lowen and his competitor before they rush to gulp down their pints of beer.

\*Although Lowen’s progress was slow initially, he turns his head sideways to make eye contact with his opponent and almost instantaneously inhales his entire pint!

\*The crowd cheers as he victoriously shouts standing on the table lifting his empty pint!

Lowen: What’d I tell you, huh?!

Lowen: What’d I tell you?!

Lowen: I’m da best you bastards have ever seen!

\*You, Camille, and Julian rush over to get Lowen off from the table as people in the crowd pat Lowen on the back and rustle his hair into a complete mess.

Alistair: Plastered and victorious…

Alistair: Outstanding.

Random Drunk Man: HEY!

\*Lowen fixes his hair and looks over at the drunk man.

\*He slams his elbow on the table offering his hairy hand for an arm-wrestling match.

Random Drunk Man: You think you and your friends can just steal a beer from me and boys and get away with it?!

Random Drunk Man: If you and your band of scrawny toothpicks can beat all of us in some real man shit right here, I’ll buy you all drinks!

Female Bartender: Shut the hell up, Paul!

Female Bartender: You got a tab of damn near a hundred dollars right now!

Female Bartender: You ain’t buying nobody any drinks!

\*The crowd explodes with laughter.

\*Lowen raises his hands motioning to calm down.

Lowen: Alright, **Paul~**!

Lowen: How about I do ya somethin’ even better?

Lowen: I bet me and group, the Amazing Gaia Advocates, can whip the god damn~ **floor** with you and your bozos for one hundred~ dollarie doos!

Alistair: What?!

\*The crowd cheers at Lowen’s wager as he frantically pumps his arms in response.

Camille: I’m game.

Alistair: WHAT?!

Random Drunk Man: Oh yeah, little lady?

Player: Huh?

Julian: R-Really?

Julian: A-Are we actually doing this?

Alistair: NO!

\*Alistair rushes over to Lowen grabbing his arms and pulling him away.

Alistair: That’s enough!

Alistair: We’re not doing this!

\*The crowd groans and boos at Alistair.

\*Lowen flips his hair revealing an extremely red and flushed expression as he shrugs his shoulders grinning.

\*He whispers something in Alistair’s ear.

Alistair looks past Lowen’s shoulder towards the tavern owner and reluctantly gives Lowen a few bills.

Lowen: [wave amp=50.0 freq=6.0 connected=1]ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, BABY~![wave]

\*The crowd cheers in response.

\*Lowen hands one of the bills to the female bartender.

Lowen: Let’s get it fat man~!

Lowen; Us against you guys!

Random Drunk Man: Alright, then, bitch!

Random Drunk Man: Better talk to your buddies and figure out which one of you losers is getting their arm broken first!

Lowen: Yeah, yeah, yeah, good idea!

Lowen: I don’t wanna send out our hardest hitter from the jump!

Lowen: Gotta keep this shit interesting, ya know?

\*Lowen cockily walks back bumping into you, Camille, and Julian, almost making you all fall over.

Lowen: Alright guys, so I’ll admit…

Lowen: I’m~ a wee bit tipsy if I do say so myself.

Player: Yeah, no shit, man…

Player; Alistair actually agreed to this?

Lowen: Yep~!

Lowen: One **hundred** percent!

Player: W-Why?

Lowen: Because!

Lowen: This how these people communicate!

Lowen: We gotta show ‘em we’re tough shit and deserve respect.

Lowen: Straight from the jump!

Player: [i] This man is **drunk drunk**! [/i]

Camille: I completely understand.

Player: What?!

Player: Camille, what are you talking about?!

Camille: I could feel it the second we entered this place…

Camille: Strength is what drives these people.

Camille: Proving your resolve through raw physicality is the only way to survive here.

Camille: And this is the best way to validate our power.

Camille: I’ve never used all of my Altered strength before and every fiber of my being is screaming me to do it.

\*Camille glances down at her trembling hands with an unseen amount of excitement.

Camille: Please, let me compete!

Camille: Let me do it!

Lowen hooks himself around Camille.

Lowen: Now this is the kind of volunteeringship we need~!

Lowen: I know we can do this!

Lowen: Alistair does, too!

Lowen: Right, Ali?

Alistair: No, I don’t.

Alistair: I don’t believe in brain-dead brawny showcases of muscle power as a means to convince the people of our capabilities.

Alistair: However…

Alistair: \*sigh\*

Alistair: Lowen, in his drunken supposed wisdom, is right.

Alistair: I won’t participate in such debauchery, but I do think this may benefit us and Gaia in our mission here.

Alistair: Do what you must to ‘win’.

Lowen: Told you guys~!

Lowen: What’d that one guy say?

Lowen: Oh!

Lowen: Believe the me that believes in you guys, broskis!

Lowen: I think…

Player: [i] He’s somehow getting worse~! [/i]

Julian: Oh, man…

Julian: I don’t want to get my arm broken…

Julian: I still have some parts I need to complete my latest creation.

Julian: What’s the plan here?

\*You, Julian, and Camille look over at Alistair who scoffs before kicking a chair sideways and sitting down.

\*Disinterested, he offers his hand towards Lowen who’s being given two more pints of beer to drink!

Alistair: Ask your ‘fearless’ leader.

Player: Jesus Christ, Lowen, stop!

\*You, Camille, and Julian rush over to Lowen and stop him from drinking the second beer he’s already managed to drink halfway through.

Lowen: We got it, boys~!

Lowen; And girl!

Lowen: Can’t forget the girl!

Lowen: \*hick\*

Player: Fantastic…

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[Introduction – Arm-Wrestling Mini Game (Round 1 – Drunk Man Paul)]

\*Arm-Wrestling Mini Game

\* Goal: Beat the five men in arm wrestling with Camille, Lowen, Julian, and yourself at your disposal.

\*A brief description of you opponent will be given prior to the match providing you the opportunity to gauge their strength and select a competitor who might be able to defeat them.

\*Before a match begins, you will have the option to bet an additional amount on your competitor.

\*When a competitor loses, they will no longer be allowed to compete and you will lose any amount of money you bet for that match.

\*If all available competitors lose, your team loses the game and one hundred dollars.

\*Although Alistair is not a competitor, you can ask him to use his scan ability to sense the strength of the opponent.

\*However, there is no guarantee that Alistair will be interested in helping you.

Alistair: Involve me with this foolishness and I assure you, I will make you lose every possible match.

Player: W-Why?

Player: You gave us the money to do this in the first place!

Random Drunk Man: You pussies done talking?!

Random Drunk Man: Send yer first victim!

\*The crowd erupts with an electric fever!

Player: Alright…

\*Drunk Man Paul sits at the table as your opponent!

\*He struggles to roll up his sleeves revealing chunky arms and a heavier set build.

\*He’s clearly drunk, but determined to win.

Drunk Man Paul: \*hick\* What’z da matter, scared? \*hick\*

\*Who will be his competitor?

**\*(Lowen/ Julian/ Camille/ You/Consult Alistair)**

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**(Lowen)\*\*Win**

Lowen: \*hick\* Damn, right it’s me! \*hick\*

Lowen: Let’s go fatso!

\*Lowen loudly bangs his elbow on the table glaring at his opponent with a drunken smirk.

\*How much will you bet?

**\*($10/$20/$30/$40/$50)**

Drunk Man Paul: \*hick\* I got $30, easy, on this bitch. \*hick\*

Lowen: Yeah, right!

\*As their hands clasps together, an eruption escapes their dap throughout the bar.

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]THREE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]TWO![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]ONE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]GOOO![shake]

\*The match begins!

\*Lowen instantly curls his wrist and leans in with his shoulder.

\*His larger frame adds to his leverage and already has him winning against his opponent!

Drunk Man Paul: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]Shit! Shit! Shit![shake]

Male in the Crowd: Come, Paul!

Male in the Crowd: He ain’t got shit on you!

Female in the Crowd: I got money on you, pretty boy!

Female in the Crowd: Beat his ass!

\*The crowd roars in anticipation!

\*Lowen yawns faking boredom as he progressively brings his opponents wrist closer to the table faster than before.

Lowen: Imma tired~!

Lowen: Tired of fighting this LOSER!

\*Lowen slams his opponent’s wrist on the table!

Lowen: YA LAAAWST!

\*Lowen is victorious!

\*The crowd explodes at Lowen’s triumph!

\*Lowen shoots up from the table, high fiving people in the crowd, and shouting with veins bulging in his neck.

\*Alistair scoffs with his arms crossed and slightly shaking his head.

\*Drunk Man Paul reluctantly hands over $30!

Drunk Man Paul: Whatever, white boy!

Drunk Man Paul: We’re still beating the rest of you!

Drunk Man Paul: None of you got shit on Will!

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**(Julian)\*\*Lose**

Julian: I-I thought this would be fun, but this guy looks out of my league…

Lowen: \*hick\* Belieeeve~, Julian, BELIEEEVE~! \*hick\*

\*Julian hesitantly sits down offering his hand to arm wrestle.

\*How much will you bet?

**\*($10/$20/$30/$40/$50)**

Drunk Man Paul: \*hick\* I got $30, easy, on this bitch. \*hick\*

Julian: (Y-You bet less than that one me, right?)

\*Drunk Man Paul’s hand consumes Julian’s crushing it inside his grip.

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]THREE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]TWO![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]ONE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]GOOO![shake]

\*The match begins!

\*Julian grits his teeth as he flexes his arm.

\*His eyes widen and veins bulge in his forehead as he grips the side of the table.

\*Drunk Man Paul smirks as he turns his shoulder in as he quickly forces Julian’s arm down towards the table.

Lowen: Come on, Julian~!

Lowen: GO, GO, GO!

Lowen: Come on, guys!

Lowen: We gotta support our-

\*Julian’s wrist bangs against the table!

Lowen: Boy…

\*Julian was defeated!

\*The crowd explodes at Drunk Man Paul’s victory!

\*Julian sheepishly walks away from the table rubbing his hands and wrist.

Julian: He was way too strong…

Julian: It felt like he was going to turn my hand to dust the second he grabbed it.

\*Alistair scoffs with his arms crossed while slightly shaking his head.

Drunk Man Paul: Better pay up!

\*Lowen reluctantly hands over [Bet Money].

Drunk Man Paul: The taste of victory goes down good with another beer!

Drunk Man Paul: Especially when it’s on another bum’s dime.

Lowen: Whatever, man!

Lowen: You won your first and last match!

Lowen: The rest of our team’s got hard hitters!

Lowen: Come, let’s show ‘em!

\*Julian is no longer a selectable competitor.

\*\*Julian Lose Value = 1

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**(Camille) \*\*Win**

Camille: Really?

Player: Part of me wants to tell you to be careful, but I know I should be telling them that.

Player: Show ‘em what you can do.

\*You can see the swelling excitement in her eyes as she struggles to hold back her smile.

\*Camille takes a deep breath before carefully pulling her back before sitting down.

Drunk Man Paul: A fucking girl?

Drunk Man Paul: What the hell is this shit?

Camille: Let me show you…

Camille: My strength.

\*Camille places her elbow on the table, her small hand ready for her opponent.

\*Drunk Man Paul gazes at Camille and quietly holds her hand while becoming red.

Drunk Man Paul: D-Don’t think I’m gonna hold back, because your pretty or something.

Camille: I’d prefer if you didn’t.

Camille: I certainly won’t.

\*Camille’s calm demeanor, but excited smile, irritates Drunk Man Paul as he smacks his face and sits straight up.

Drunk Man Paul: \*Disgustingly snorts multiple times and spits into his pint. \*

\*How much will you bet?

**\*($10/$20/$30/$40/$50)**

Drunk Man Paul: \*hick\* I got $30, easy, on this, bitch! \*hick\*

Camille: So be it.

\*Drunk Man Paul squints his eyes as he glares at Camille while intensifying his grip.

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]THREE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]TWO![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]ONE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]GOOO![shake]

\*The match begins!

\*Drunk Man Paul puts his entire being into forcing to twisting Camille’s arm, but it doesn’t move an inch.

\*Completely shocked, the crowd begins to murmur before he tries again using his other hand to grip the table side.

\*Twisting and turning his entire being into his attempts, Camille’s arm didn’t move in the slightest.

\*Camille looked at his attempts with confusion as to why she wasn’t being challenged enough to even try.

Drunk Man Paul: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]What the hell?[shake]

Male in the Crowd: What the hell are you doing, Paul?!

Male in the Crowd: Stop playing around and destroy this bitch!

\*He looks up and around at the crowd, worried, before looking back at Camille who remained stoic, almost disappointed.

Drunk Man Paul: What is with you?!

Camille: I…

Camille: I thought you would be stronger…

Camille: I can’t prove myself against someone so weak.

\*The crowd burst with laughter angering Drunk Man Paul!

Camille: What’s so funny?

Camille: I’m confused.

\*Camille looks back at you to see Lowen’s keeling over laughing while hooking himself on your neck.

\*You can’t help, but chuckle and shrug your shoulders.

Player: (Go ahead and wrap it up.)

\*Camille chuckles.

Drunk Man Paul: CUT THE SHIT!

Drunk Man Paul: QUIT FUCKING AROUND, EYES FRONT!

Drunk Man Paul: I’M STRONGER THAN-

Camille: I don’t take orders from people weaker than me.

\*Without turning around, Camille viciously slams Drunk Man Paul’s hand into the table!

\*Drunk Man Paul quickly snatches his hand away and painfully rubs it.

Members of the crowd bunched together to see that the table was dented and splintered!

Man in the Crowd: She busted the damn table!

Man in the Crowd: H-Holy shit…

Man in the Crowd: HOLY SHIT!

\*Camille is victorious!

\*The crowd explodes at Camille’s triumph!

\*Lowen violently shakes Camille’s shoulders as she laughs while her hair flails about.

Lowen: You did it, Camille!

Lowen: None of these grown-ass men got shit on you!

Camille: I think you might be right.

Camille: But there has to be someone stronger.

Camille: Someone to challenge Gaia’s blessing upon me.

\*Alistair scoffs with his arms crossed and slightly shaking his head.

Alistair: Admittingly it’s impressive, but I doubt someone like that exist amongst these drunks.

Alistair: You stand far above the rest here, Camille.

\*Camille smiles with a strong sense of pride at Alistair’s supportive praise.

Lowen: \*hick\* Daaamn~, right you do, Camille! \*hick\*

\*Lowen hooks his arm around Camille placing his cheek against hers.

Camille: Ugh!

Camille: Your breath stinks!

\*Camille laughs as she tries to push Lowen’s face away.

Lowen: \*hick\* Look! \*hick\*

Lowen: She’s holding back! She’s holding back!

Julian: I knew you were strong, but I didn’t think you’d beat him like that!

Julian: Geez Louise!

**\*(Be Supportive / Be Discouraging)**

-------------------------------------------------------------------

**(Be Supportive)**

Player: I didn’t think so either.

Player: I knew.

Player: Lowen’s drunk, but he’s right.

Player: Believe in the ones who believe in you.

Player: And we completely do believe in you.

\*Camille smiles, but avoids eye contact with you.

Camille: T-Thanks.

\*Camille shyly offers her fist and you fist bump her with a cartoonish grin.

\*Camille’s respect for you has risen! **(+1 RESPECT)**

--------------------------------------------------------

**(Be Discouraging)**

Player: I didn’t think so either.

Player: Must’ve been luck.

Player: Let’s hope you can keep that luck up until we can get out of this.

Camille: …

Camille: Understood…

\*Camille’s respect for you has fallen! **(-1 RESPECT)**

Lowen: Aye, whoa whoa whoa!

Lowen: We’re supposed to be fighting **against** them!

Lowen: Not each other!

Lowen: We’re off to a great start, so let’s keep it that way!

Alistair: Drunk, yet somehow sane.

----------------------------------------------------------------

Alistair: You fools aren’t done yet.

\*Alistair nods looking past you causing you to turn around.

\*Drunk Man Paul reluctantly hands over $30!

Drunk Man Paul: Whatever!

Drunk Man Paul: We’re still beating the rest of you!

Drunk Man Paul: None of you got shit on Will!

-----------------------------------------------------------------

**(You)**

Player: Let’s step up to the plate.

Lowen: Aw, hell yeah~!

Lowen: You’re done, Paul, you’re DONE!

Julian: You’re really gonna do it?

Player: I’m a team player, aren’t I?

Camille: He looks strong, but so are you.

Player: This’ll be easy money.

Lowen: CONFIDENCE~!

Lowen: I~ love it!

Drunk Man Paul: Put your money where your mouth is and sit down already!

\*You sit down and slightly bang your elbow on the table offering your hand for your opponent.

\*Your elbow tingles from the impact and your hand shakes with anticipation.

\*How much will you bet?

**\*($10/$20/$30/$40/$50)**

Drunk Man Paul: \*hick\* I got $30, easy, on this, bitch! \*hick\*

\*As your hands clasps together, an eruption escapes the dap travelling throughout the bar.

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]THREE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]TWO![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]ONE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]GOOO![shake]

\*The match begins!

\*An intense pressure grips your hand and burning strain builds in your forearm!

\*What will you do?

**\*(Grip the Table/ Curl your Wrist/ Brace for Leverage)**

\*You adjust your position and change your tactics!

\*Drunk Man Paul puts more tension on your forearm as he tries to force his victory.

\*Pain radiates through your entire arm as you grit your teeth resisting as much as you can.

\*You need to change tactics quick!

\*What will you do?

**\*(Squeeze with your forearm for increased Dexterity/ Rotate your Shoulder for increased Strength)**

\*You concentrate and adjust your power accordingly.

\*Veins bulge from your arm and you feel an unrelenting pressure swell in your head.

\*You hold your breath as you force yourself to bend Drunk Man Paul’s arm against yours.

\*You can feel Drunk Man Paul’s strength wanning!

\*You’re starting to feel light headed, but this could be your chance!

\*What will you do?

**\*(Close your eyes and Concentrate/ Scream with all your Might)**

-------------------------------------------------------

**(Close your eyes and Concentrate)**

\*You close your eyes and deeply exhale.

\*The noise of the crowd bangs inside of your head.

\*The heat searing inside of your arm is unrelenting.

\*You take a deep breath in.

\*A deep breath out.

\*A deeper breath in.

\*A deeper breath out.

\*The noises subside and cool, soothing, sensation comes over you.

\*Everything becomes silent and you feel at peace.

\*You’ve unlocked the skill: Meditation!

\*You feel a tick in Drunk Man Paul’s arm moving it slightly closer towards the table.

-----------------------------------------------------------------

**(Scream with all your Might)**

\*You take a deep breath and briefly relax your arm.

\*Drunk Man Paul notices this and begins to bend your arm towards the table.

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!![shake]

\*You put every fiber of your being into beating Drunk Man Paul with your vicious roar!

\*The crowd yells in turn shaking the entire tavern.

\*Alistair, annoyed by the unrelenting noise, scrunches his face while covering his ears.

Lowen: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!![shake]

Julian: GOOO~!

\*Suddenly it feels as if your entire arm has been given a new untapped source of power you’ve never had before!

\*You’ve unlocked the skill: Second Wind!

\*Drunk Man Paul’s arm trembles at your increasing advantage!

\*Sweat drips on to the table and soaks Drunk Man Paul’s shirt.

\*Hyperventilating, he struggles to keep himself mere inches from the table.

Drunk Man Paul: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]No![shake]

Drunk Man Paul: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]No fucking way![shake]

Camille: This is it!

Camille: DO IT NOW!

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!![shake]

\*Your arm burns, turning bright red, as you clench even tighter before exploding with an uncontrollable force!

-------------------------------------------------------------

\*BAM!

\*The crowd is silent.

\*Drunk Man Paul’s forearm lies on the table in defeat!

\*You are victorious!

\*You fall back exhausted in your chair, your arm on the verge of bursting into flames, gasping for air.

\*A waiter places a towel on your forehead and pats you on the shoulder as you struggle to stand up lifting your fist into the air.

\*The entire Tavern erupts in celebration as they joyfully shake you!

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] T-Thanks…[shake]

Lowen: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] You did it, man! [shake]

Lowen: You did it!

\*Lowen embraces you with tears and snot all over his face.

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] Ew, dude, get off! [wave]

Julian: That. Was. INSANE!

Julian: That fight had whole story arcs to it!

Julian: It was a literal movie!

Camille: I wanted to believe you were strong, but not that strong.

Camille: Where did that come from?

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] I don’t know…[shake]

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] I just concentrated…/I just felt this new wave of power all of a sudden… [shake]

\*You look over to Alistair who scoffs.

Alistair: Don’t look at me.

Alistair: I wouldn’t dare waste my abilities to help you win a measly match of brute strength that you barely survived.

Alistair: Congrats on winning one out of four matches.

Alistair: Let’s see if you got the vigor to be ‘inspirational’ for the remaining three.

Lowen: Aye, don’t listen to him!

Lowen: We’re a team, alright!

Lowen: Together, we’ll ride this out!

Lowen: To victory!

Lowen: Ain’t that right?!

\*The crowd cheers for you and Gaia’s Advocates!

------------------------------------------------------------------

Alistair: You fools aren’t done yet.

\*Alistair nods looking past you causing you to turn around.

\*Drunk Man Paul reluctantly hands over $30!

Drunk Man Paul: Whatever!

Drunk Man Paul: We’re still beating the rest of you!

Drunk Man Paul: None of you got shit on Will!

--------------------------------------------------------------------

**(Consult Alistair)**

Player: Hey, Alistair.

Player: What do you think?

\*Alistair glares at you before erupting in sarcastic laughter.

Alistair: What do I think?

Alistair: I think I’m watching apes in a zoo fight over a bunch of bananas.

Alistair: I think-

Alistair: I know we have better things to be doing right now than this.

Player: Yet you still gave us the money.

Player: So enough of the mightier-than-thou act and use your powers to see the toughness of that guy or something.

\*Completely appalled, Alistair scoffs.

Alistair: You’re the worst comedian I’ve ever met behind Lowen.

Alistair: You’re joking right?

Alistair: You want me, Gaia’s chosen, to salvage this planet from ruin.

Alistair: To use the blessing Gaia has bestowed upon me to gauge the strength of that drunken beast of a man over there for your game?

Alistair: Are you drunk?!

**\*(Yes/ No)**

----------------------------------------------------------

**(Yes)**

Player: That’s exactly right.

Alistair: Is it now?

Alistair: You being as much of an alcoholic cesspool as Lowen is, wretch?

Player: You using your ‘blessing’ to see the strength of that man over there.

Alistair: …

Alistair: This is the first and last time, wretch.

Player: Fine by me.

\*Alistair subtly raises his hand towards Drunk Man Paul and it begins to glow.

\*His hair rises and he closes his eyes for a brief moment.

Alistair: Send Julian.

Player: Julian?

Player: You did it that fast and picked Julian?

Alistair: As the rightful leader and forecaster of Gaia’s Advocates, I gave you my answer.

Alistair: Do what you will with my guidance.

Alistair: Frankly, I don’t give a damn.

Alistair: Gets this over with so we can proceed with our mission.

Alistair: Now get out of my sight.

**\*\*Return to Initial Options**

--------------------------------------------------------------------

**(No)**

Player: Never mind then, no.

Player: I’m not drunk and we won’t use ‘Gaia’s blessing’ this go around.

Alistair: You won’t use my abilities for your shenanigans at all!

Alistair: Now get out of my sight.

**\*\*Return to Initial Options**

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[Introduction – Arm-Wrestling Mini Game (Round 2 – Wasted Will)]

\*The crowd erupts with an electric fever!

Player: Alright…

\*Wasted Will sits at the table as your opponent!

\*Wearing a pair of dark green suspenders and holding a pool tick, Wasted Will sits down.

\*He’s short, but stocky with extremely hairy arms that he flexes after taking his coat off.

\*He’s clearly drunk, but determined to win.

Wasted Will: \*hick\* Rack ‘em up! \*hick\*

Drunk Man Paul: It’s arm-wrestling, not pool, Will!

\*Who will be his competitor?

**\*(Lowen/ \*\*Julian/ Camille/ You/Consult Alistair)**

------------------------------------------------------------

**(Lowen)\*\*Win**

Lowen: \*hick\* Damn, right it’s me! \*hick\*

Lowen: Let’s go, baby~!

\*Lowen loudly bangs his elbow on the table glaring at his opponent with a drunken smirk.

\*How much will you bet?

**\*($10/$20/$30/$40/$50)**

Wasted Will: \*hick\* I got $10 somewhere. \*hick\*

\*Wasted Will slams a $10 bill on the table.

\*As their hands clasps together, an eruption escapes their dap throughout the bar.

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] THREE! [shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] TWO! [shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] ONE! [shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] GOOO! [shake]

\*The match begins!

\*Lowen instantly curls his wrist and leans in with his shoulder.

\*His larger frame adds to his leverage and already has him winning against his opponent!

Wasted Will: Whoa ho ho!

Wasted Will: This guy knows what he’s doing!

Male in the Let’s go, Will~!

\*The crowd rhythmically claps.

Hyped Crowd: Let’s go, Will~!

\*The crowd rhythmically claps

\*The crowd roars in anticipation!

\*Lowen yawns faking boredom as he progressively brings his opponents wrist closer to the table faster than before.

Lowen: Imma tired~!

Lowen: Tired of fighting this LOSER!

\*Lowen slams his opponent’s wrist on the table!

Lowen: YA LAAAWST!

\*Lowen is victorious!

\*The crowd explodes at Lowen’s triumph!

\*Lowen shoots up from the table, high fiving people in the crowd, and shouting with veins bulging in his neck.

\*Lowen bows as he shakes Wasted Will’s hand who cheerfully grins.

\*Alistair scoffs with his arms crossed and slightly shaking his head.

\*Wasted Will hands over $10!

Wasted Will: This guy’s good!

Drunk Man Paul: WE’RE TRYING WIN, WILL!

Drunk Man Paul: WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!

\*Wasted Will grabs his pool stick.

Wasted Will: I’m going to go play pool!

Wasted Will: That’s what I’m doing!

Wasted Will: What’s his name’s got it under control!

Wasted Will: Big Boy Ben!

Wasted Will: Yeah, Big Boy Ben!

Drunk Man Paul: Yeah, yeah!

Drunk Man Paul: Big Boy Ben’s got that corn-fed strength!

Drunk Man Paul: You guys are fucked now!

----------------------------------------------------------------

**(Julian)\*\*Lose**

Julian: I-I thought this would be fun, but this guy looks out of my league…

Lowen: \*hick\* Belieeeve~, Julian, BELIEEEVE~! \*hick\*

\*Julian hesitantly sits down offering his hand to arm wrestle.

\*How much will you bet?

**\*($10/$20/$30/$40/$50)**

Wasted Will: \*hick\* I got $10 somewhere. \*hick\*

\*Wasted Will slams a $10 bill on the table.

Julian: (Y-You bet less than that on me, right?)

\*Wasted Will grips Julian’s hand and happily nods with a drunk smile.

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]THREE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]TWO![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]ONE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]GOOO![shake]

\*The match begins!

\*Julian grits his teeth as he flexes his arm.

\*His eyes widen and veins bulge in his forehead as he grips the side of the table.

\*Drunk Man Paul smirks as he turns his shoulder in as he quickly forces Julian’s arm down towards the table.

Lowen: Come on, Julian~!

Lowen: GO, GO, GO!

Lowen: Come on, guys!

Lowen: We gotta support our-

\*BAM!

\*The crowd is silent.

\*Julian’s forearm lies on the table in defeat!

\*Wasted Will is victorious!

Lowen: Boy…

Wasted Wil: You did good, kid!

Wasted Will: \*hick\* But not good enough~! \*hick\*

\*The crowd explodes at Wasted Will’s victory!

\*Julian sheepishly walks away from the table rubbing his hands and wrist.

Julian: He’s a lot stronger than he looks.

\*Alistair scoffs with his arms crossed while slightly shaking his head.

Drunk Man Paul: Better pay up!

\*Lowen reluctantly hands over [Bet Money].

Drunk Man Paul: The taste of victory goes down good with another beer!

Drunk Man Paul: Especially when it’s on another bum’s dime.

Lowen: Whatever, man!

Lowen: You won your first and last match!

Lowen: The rest of our team’s got hard hitters!

Lowen: Come, let’s show ‘em!

\*Julian is no longer a selectable competitor.

\*\*Julian Lose Value = 1

--------------------------------------------------------------------

**(Camille) \*\*Win**

Camille: Really?

Player: Part of me wants to tell you to be careful, but I know I should be telling them that.

Player: Show ‘em what you can do.

\*You can see the swelling excitement in her eyes as she struggles to hold back her smile.

\*Camille takes a deep breath before carefully pulling her back before sitting down.

Wasted Will: [wave amp=50.0 freq=6.0 connected=1] Oooo~!

Wasted Will: I might have to lose this one, boys!

Camille: Please, give it all you have.

Camille: Let me show you…

Camille: My strength.

\*Camille places her elbow on the table, her small hand ready for her opponent.

Wasted Will: Yes, ma’am!

Wasted Will: We’re gonna make it hot in here!

Wasted Will: I can already tell.

\*Wasted Will rubs his chest with his free hand as he delicately wraps his fingers around Camille’s.

\*Camille is disgusted and irritated by Wasted Will presence.

\*How much will you bet?

**\*($10/$20/$30/$40/$50)**

Wasted Will: \*hick\* I got $10 somewhere. \*hick\*

\*Wasted Will slams a $10 bill on the table and blows a kiss at Camille.

Camille: …

Camille: I deeply regret wanting to compete in this game now…

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]THREE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]TWO![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]ONE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]GOOO![shake]

\*The match begins!

\*BAM!

\*The crowd is silent.

\*Camille swiftly slams Wasted Will’s arms against the table in a matter of seconds!

\*Wasted Will’s forearm lies on the table in defeat!

\*Camille is victorious!

\*The crowd explodes at Camille’s triumph!

Wasted Will: W-What the hell?

Drunk Man Paul: You weren’t supposed to let her win, Will!

Drunk Man Paul: God dammit!

Wasted Will: I-I swear I didn’t!

Wasted Will: I didn’t even have a chance to try!

\*Lowen violently shakes Camille’s shoulders as she laughs while her hair flails about.

Lowen: You did it, Camille!

Lowen: None of these grown-ass men got shit on you!

Camille: I think you might be right.

Camille: But there has to be someone stronger.

Camille: Someone to challenge Gaia’s blessing upon me.

\*Alistair scoffs with his arms crossed and slightly shaking his head.

Alistair: Admittingly it’s impressive, but I doubt someone like that exist amongst these drunks.

Alistair: You stand far above the rest here, Camille.

\*Camille smiles with a strong sense of pride at Alistair’s supportive praise.

Lowen: \*hick\* Daaamn~, right you do, Camille! \*hick\*

\*Lowen hooks his arm around Camille placing his cheek against hers.

Camille: Ugh!

Camille: Your breath stinks!

\*Camille laughs as she tries to push Lowen’s face away.

Lowen: \*hick\* Look! \*hick\*

Lowen: She’s holding back! She’s holding back!

Julian: I knew you were strong, but I didn’t think you’d beat him like that!

Julian: Geez Louise!

**\*\*Skip respect opportunity if completed in earlier rounds.**

**\*(Be Supportive / Be Discouraging)**

-------------------------------------------------------------------

**(Be Supportive)**

Player: I didn’t think so either.

Player: I knew.

Player: Lowen’s drunk, but he’s right.

Player: Believe in the ones who believe in you.

Player: And we completely do believe in you.

\*Camille smiles, but avoids eye contact with you.

Camille: T-Thanks.

\*Camille shyly offers her fist and you fist bump her with a cartoonish grin.

\*Camille’s respect for you has risen! **(+1 RESPECT)**

--------------------------------------------------------

**(Be Discouraging)**

Player: I didn’t think so either.

Player: Must’ve been luck.

Player: Let’s hope you can keep that luck up until we can get out of this.

Camille: …

Camille: Understood…

\*Camille’s respect for you has fallen! **(-1 RESPECT)**

Lowen: Aye, whoa whoa whoa!

Lowen: We’re supposed to be fighting **against** them!

Lowen: Not each other!

Lowen: We’re off to a great start, so let’s keep it that way!

Alistair: Drunk, yet somehow sane.

----------------------------------------------------------------

Alistair: You fools aren’t done yet.

\*Alistair nods looking past you causing you to turn around.

\*Drunk Man Paul reluctantly hands over $30!

Drunk Man Paul: Whatever!

Drunk Man Paul: We’re still beating the rest of you!

Drunk Man Paul: None of you got shit on Will!

-----------------------------------------------------------------

**(You)\*\*Win/Lose**

Player: Let’s step up to the plate.

Lowen: Aw, hell yeah~!

Lowen: You’re done, Will, you’re DONE!

Julian: You’re really gonna do it?

Player: I’m a team player, aren’t I?

Camille: He looks strong, but so are you.

Player: This’ll be easy money.

Lowen: CONFIDENCE~!

Lowen: I~ love it!

Drunk Man Paul: Put your money where your mouth is and sit down already!

\*You sit down and slightly bang your elbow on the table offering your hand for your opponent.

\*Your elbow tingles from the impact and your hand shakes with anticipation.

\*How much will you bet?

**\*($10/$20/$30/$40/$50)**

Wasted Will: \*hick\* I got $10 somewhere. \*hick\*

\*Wasted Will slams a $10 bill on the table.

\*Wasted Will grips your hand and happily nods with a drunk smile.

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]THREE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]TWO![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]ONE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]GOOO![shake]

\*The match begins!

\*An intense pressure grips your hand and burning strain builds in your forearm!

**\*\*If Meditate/Second Wind skill was obtained in previous fight, use below (Lose)**

\*Your arm still burns from the previous match and you’re at half strength!

\*What will you do?

**\*(Grip the Table/ Curl your Wrist/ Brace for Leverage)**

\*You adjust your position and change your tactics!

\*Wasted Will puts more tension on your forearm as he tries to force his victory.

\*Pain radiates through your entire arm as you grit your teeth resisting as much as you can.

\*You need to change tactics quick!

\*What will you do?

**\*(Squeeze with your forearm for increased Dexterity/ Rotate your Shoulder for increased Strength)**

\*You concentrate and adjust your power accordingly.

\*Veins bulge from your arm and you feel an unrelenting pressure swell in your head.

\*You hold your breath as you force yourself to bend Wasted Will’s arm against yours.

\*You can feel Wasted Will’s strength wanning! / \*Your strength is wanning and you can’t hold on much longer!

\*You’re starting to feel light headed, but this could be your chance! / Your arm feels like it could melt at any second and you’re beginning to get light headed. **\*\*Skip to Lose Route**

\*What will you do?

**\*(Close your eyes and Concentrate/ Scream with all your Might)**

-------------------------------------------------------

**(Close your eyes and Concentrate)**

\*You close your eyes and deeply exhale.

\*The noise of the crowd bangs inside of your head.

\*The heat searing inside of your arm is unrelenting.

\*You take a deep breath in.

\*A deep breath out.

\*A deeper breath in.

\*A deeper breath out.

\*The noises subside and cool, soothing, sensation comes over you.

\*Everything becomes silent and you feel at peace.

\*You’ve unlocked the skill: Meditation!

\*You feel a tick in Wasted Will’s weakening arm moving it slightly closer towards the table.

-----------------------------------------------------------------

**(Scream with all your Might)**

\*You take a deep breath and briefly relax your arm.

\*Wasted Will notices this and begins to bend your arm towards the table.

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!![shake]

\*You put every fiber of your being into beating Wasted Will with your vicious roar!

\*The crowd yells in turn shaking the entire tavern.

\*Alistair, annoyed by the unrelenting noise, scrunches his face while covering his ears.

Lowen: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!![shake]

Julian: GOOO~!

\*Suddenly it feels as if your entire arm has been given a new untapped source of power you’ve never had before!

\*You’ve unlocked the skill: Second Wind!

\*Wasted Will’s arm trembles at your increasing advantage!

\*Sweat drips on to the table and soaks Wasted Will’s suspenders.

\*Hyperventilating, he struggles to keep himself mere inches from the table.

Wasted Will: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] Holy moly, kid! [shake]

Drunk Man Paul: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] I should’ve just stuck to pool! [shake]

Camille: This is it!

Camille: DO IT NOW!

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!![shake]

\*Your arm burns, turning bright red, as you clench even tighter before exploding with an uncontrollable force!

-------------------------------------------------------------

\*BAM!

\*The crowd is silent.

\*Wasted Will’s forearm lies on the table in defeat!

\*You are victorious!

\*You fall back exhausted in your chair, your arm on the verge of bursting into flames, gasping for air.

\*A waiter places a towel on your forehead and pats you on the shoulder as you struggle to stand up lifting your fist into the air.

\*The entire Tavern erupts in celebration as they joyfully shake you!

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] T-Thanks…[shake]

Lowen: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] You did it, man! [shake]

Lowen: You did it!

\*Lowen embraces you with tears and snot all over his face.

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] Ew, dude, get off! [wave]

Julian: That. Was. INSANE!

Julian: That fight had whole story arcs to it!

Julian: It was a literal movie!

Camille: I wanted to believe you were strong, but not that strong.

Camille: Where did that come from?

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] I don’t know…[shake]

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] I just concentrated…/I just felt this new wave of power all of a sudden… [shake]

\*You look over to Alistair who scoffs.

Alistair: Don’t look at me.

Alistair: I wouldn’t dare waste my abilities to help you win a measly match of brute strength that you barely survived.

Alistair: Congrats on winning one out of four matches.

Alistair: Let’s see if you have the vigor to be ‘inspirational’ for the remaining two.

Lowen: Aye, don’t listen to him!

Lowen: We’re a team, alright!

Lowen: Together, we’ll ride this out!

Lowen: To victory!

Lowen: Ain’t that right?!

\*The crowd cheers for you and Gaia’s Advocates!

-----------------------------------------------------------------

**(You) Lose Route**

\*The time for a comeback has passed long before the match even started.

\*You take a deep breath…

\*\*BAM!

\*The crowd is silent.

\*Your forearm lies on the table in defeat!

\*Wasted Will is victorious!

\*You fall back exhausted in your chair, your arm on the verge of bursting into flames, gasping for air.

\*Lowen helps you up from the chair and carries you back to Gaia’s Advocates.

Lowen: What happened?!

Lowen: It looked like you had it!

Camille: You got burned out.

Camille: The last match took a lot out of you.

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] Y-Yeah… [shake]

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] M-My arm.. [shake]

Player: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] Is it still even there? [shake]

\*Julian crouches down to inspect your arm before giving a thumbs up.

\*Alistair scoffs with his arms crossed and slightly shaking his head.

Drunk Man Paul: Better pay up!

\*Lowen reluctantly hands over [Bet Money].

Drunk Man Paul: The taste of victory goes down good with another beer!

Drunk Man Paul: Especially when it’s on another bum’s dime.

Lowen: Whatever, man!

Lowen: You won your first and last match!

Lowen: The rest of our team’s got hard hitters!

Lowen: Come, let’s show ‘em!

\*You can no longer be selected as a competitor.

\*\*Player Lose Value = 1

------------------------------------------------------------------

**\*(Win Route continued)**

Alistair: You fools aren’t done yet.

\*Alistair nods looking past you causing you to turn around.

\*Drunk Man Paul reluctantly hands over $30!

Drunk Man Paul: Whatever!

Drunk Man Paul: We’re still beating the rest of you!

Drunk Man Paul: None of you got shit on Big Boy Ben!

--------------------------------------------------------------------

**(Consult Alistair)**

Player: Hey, Alistair.

Player: What do you think?

\*Alistair glares at you before erupting in sarcastic laughter.

Alistair: What do I think?

Alistair: I think I’m watching apes in a zoo fight over a bunch of bananas.

Alistair: I think-

Alistair: No…

Alistair: I **know** we have better things to be doing right now than this.

Player: Yet you still gave us the money.

Player: So enough of the mightier-than-thou act and use your powers to see the toughness of that guy or something.

\*Completely appalled, Alistair scoffs.

-----------------------------------------------------

**\*\*(If Alistair Arm-Wrestling Sense = 0)**

Alistair: Did I not tell you I wasn’t wasting my time and talents on your caveman games before?

Alistair: Waste away whatever grams of intelligence you have with the rest of the hairless apes.

Alistair: Get out of my sight, wretch.

**\*\*Return to Initial Options**

------------------------------------------------------

Alistair: You’re the worst comedian I’ve ever met behind Lowen.

Alistair: You’re joking right?

Alistair: You want me, Gaia’s chosen, to salvage this planet from ruin.

Alistair: To use the blessing Gaia has bestowed upon me to gauge the strength of that drunken beast of a man over there for your game?

Alistair: Are **you** drunk?!

**\*(Yes/ No)**

----------------------------------------------------------

**(Yes)**

Player: That’s exactly right.

Alistair: Is it now?

Alistair: You being as much of an alcoholic cesspool as Lowen is, wretch?

Player: You using your ‘blessing’ to see the strength of that man over there.

Alistair: …

Alistair: This is the first and last time, wretch.

Player: Fine by me.

\*Alistair subtly raises his hand towards Wasted Will and it begins to glow.

\*His hair rises and he closes his eyes for a brief moment.

Alistair: Send yourself or Julian.

Player: Myself or Julian?

Player: You did it that fast and picked myself or Julian?

Player: Either or?

Alistair: As the rightful leader and forecaster of Gaia’s Advocates, I gave you my answer.

Alistair: Do what you will with my guidance.

Alistair: Frankly, I don’t give a damn.

Alistair: Whatever gets this over with so we can proceed with our mission.

Alistair: Now get out of my sight.

\*\*Alistair Arm-Wrestling Sense = 0

**\*\*Return to Initial Options**

--------------------------------------------------------------------

**(No)**

Player: Never mind then, no.

Player: I’m not drunk and we won’t use ‘Gaia’s blessing’ this go around.

Alistair: You won’t use my abilities for your shenanigans at all!

Alistair: Now get out of my sight.

**\*\*Return to Initial Options**

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[Introduction – Arm-Wrestling Mini Game (Round 3 – Big Boy Ben)]

\*The crowd erupts with an electric fever!

Player: Alright…

\*BOOM BOOM BOOM

\*The entire room shakes as Big Boy Ben approaches the table!

\*He easily could be six feet tall and three hundred pounds of solid muscle!

\*He stares at you with soulless, unblinking, eyes.

\*He’s stillness makes it impossible to tell if he’s breathing or not.

Drunk Man Paul: Sit.

Big Boy Ben: \*grunts\*

\*Obedient to the command, the towering giant sits on the chair which creeks under his weight.

\*Drunk Man Paul struggles to put his cannon for an arm on the table.

\*BOOM

\*The empty pints and plates fly off the table from his sheer heft!

\*Drunk Man Paul points at Gaia’s Advocates.

Drunk Man Paul: Arm. Wrestle.

Big Boy Ben: \*grunts grunts\*

\*Big Boy Ben is silent, yet determined to win.

Player: Uh…

Player: T-Team huddle really quick.

Lowen: Y-Yeah…

\*You and others bunch together.

Julian: That’s not a human being, right?

Julian: He’s taking orders like a robot or something?

Julian: Do you think it’s an actual robot or an android?!

\*Camille puts her hand up and shakes her head.

Julian: We’ll who’s going against him that isn’t me?

Lowen: You’re not gonna go?

Julian: NOOO~!

Julian: I’m not breaking my arm!

Julian: You go!

Lowen: I’ll give it a shot, but…

\*Lowen looks over at Big Boy Ben.

Big Boy Ben: \*heavily breathes\*

Lowen: How in the hell are we doing this one?

Lowen: This is actually insane.

Alistair: You bastards better find a way to win.

Alistair: You fools lose and that’ll be all of our money for this mission!

\*Who will be his competitor?

**\*(Lowen/Julian/ Camille/ You/Consult Alistair)**

-------------------------------------------------------------------

**(Lowen/ Julian/ Camille/ You)**

???: HOLD IT!

\*The crowd quiets down as a large man with a ginger beard steadily descends the stairs from the second floor.

Bruno: It’s Arthur.

Alistair: …

\*Arthur steps up to the table and rips off his shirt throwing it to the ceiling!

Arthur: I SHALL BE YOUR OPPONENT, BEN!

\*With toned pale muscles and a hairy chest, Arthur cartoonishly poses with a confident grin!

\*The entire crowd cheers in response!

\*Julian winces as he grips his head in pain.

Player: What’s wrong?

Julian: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]T-That guy…[shake]

Julian: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] Something about him is provoking Silas! [shake]

Julian: Just like Sayoko!

Julian: He’s an Altered!

Hyped Crowd: ARTHUR! ARTHUR! ARTHUR!

\*Camille watches, fixated on, Arthur as he makes his way to through the crowd as people slapped his muscles leaving red hand prints.

Drunk Man Paul: Hey, t-that’s not fair!

Drunk Man Paul: This between us and them, Baron!

Arthur: FRET NOT, PAUL!

Arthur: I propose a new deal!

Player: A new deal?

Alistair: …

Arthur: I fight for my own amusement!

Arthur: I am not here to fight alongside them or you!

Arthur: I seek the strongest out of all of the warriors here today!

Arthur: Anyone who defeats me shall have their food and drink paid in full!

\*The crowd stomps on the floor boards in anticipation of the new stakes!

Arthur: And! And!

\*He reveals a small black and gold jewelry box.

Bruno: Isn’t that?

Bruno: Ronan’s…

Alistair: Hm?

\*He raises up a golden cloak clasp in the shape of a shield with a silver sword and a ruby gem at its handle.

\*Camille’s eyes shimmer with awe seeing the glistening cloak clasp.

Arthur: They shall be rewarded with the Baron’s Shielded crest, become the city’s greatest treasure, and…

\*Arthur points at a wooden wall with a list of names beautifully carved into a plaque with the largest name reading ‘Ronan’.

Arthur: Be placed on the Wall of Warriors!

Arthur: An achievement worthy only for anyone that can best me!

Camille: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1] The strongest warrior…[shake]

Camille: TAKE YOUR SEAT THEN, BARON!

\*The crowd looks over at Camille shocked.

Camille: S-SHOW GAIA’S ADVOCATES YOUR S-STRENGTH!

Hyped Crowd: PROVE IT! PROVE IT! PROVE IT!

\*Arthur smirks as he sits down at the table while looking at Camille.

\*As their hands clasps together, an eruption rings throughout the bar.

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]THREE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]TWO![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]ONE![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]GOOO![shake]

\*The match begins!

Big Boy Ben: HRMMM!

\*Big Boy Ben’s shirt sleeve rips to pieces revealing tightening muscles!

Arthur: HO HO!

Arthur: You’ve gotten stronger since our last bout, Benjamin!

Arthur: But are you strong enough?!

Drunk Man Paul: Beat his ass, Ben!

Hyped Crowd: ARTHUR!

Hyped Crowd: BIG BEN!

Hyped Crowd: ARTHUR!

Hyped Crowd: BIG BEN!

\*Big Boy Ben’s face intensifies as he forces his arm over Arthur’s to press his advantage!

Arthur: So you **have** gotten stronger!

Arthur: But are you strong enough…

Arthur: FOR THIS?!

\*Arthur’s skin begins to turn red all over as he grits his teeth!

\*Steam begins to radiate off of his body as the redness travels to his arm in the mist of battle.

\*His arm gets brighter and brighter as it begins to swell!

Player: What the hell?

Player; How is that even possible?!

Camille: I haven’t seen an Altered ability like this before…

Alistair: He’s somehow controlling his blood and supplying oxygen to his muscles to force accelerated growth and expansion.

Alistair: It’s impossible to tell by how much, but he could be doubling-

Alistair: No, tripling, his strength.

Julian: T-Tripling?!

Alistair: I can’t gauge anything with how rapidly he’s altering his physicality.

Alistair: But it’s not sustainable.

Alistair: The steam that’s coming off of him has to be his body trying to keep up in order to prevent overheating.

Alistair: Through brute force, he’s forcing a dangerous state of homeostasis.

Alistair: If done for too long, he could explode his limbs…

Alistair: Fascinating.

\*Arthur’s bloodshot red forearm hisses as his sweat evaporates and he slowly brings Big Boy Ben’s arm.

\*Big Boy Ben whimpers as he struggles to keep his wrist inches away from the table.

Arthur: You’ve fought well, Benjamin.

Arthur: Not many last this long.

Arthur: You should be proud.

\*Arthur smiles.

\*\*BAM!

\*The crowd is silent.

\*Big Boy Ben’s forearm lies on the table in defeat!

\*Arthur the Baron is victorious!

\*The crowd roars in celebration!

\*A young waiter brings over two large pints of water to Arthur.

\*Arthur rapidly drinks both with the crowd cheering him on.

\*Once done, he flexes his deeply red muscles causing a huge burst of steam to shoot out from them.

Arthur: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]WOOOOOOOOAAAAAAHHHHH![shake]

Hyped Crowd: [shake rate=60.0 level=8 connected=1]WOOOOOOOOAAAAAAHHHHH![shake]

\*His skin slowly returned to normal as he continued to drink even more water.

Arthur: WHO SHALL FACE THE BLOOD IRON BARON?!

Lowen: This…

Lowen: This is Arthur?

Lowen: The man we’re supposed to barter with?

Bruno: The very same, yes.

Player: Shit…

**\*\*Transition to Next Scene**

--------------------------------------------------------------------

**(Consult Alistair)**

Player: Hey, Alistair.

Player: What do you think?

\*Alistair glares at you before erupting in sarcastic laughter.

Alistair: What do I think?

Alistair: I think I’m watching apes in a zoo fight over a bunch of bananas.

Alistair: I think-

Alistair: No…

Alistair: I **know** we have better things to be doing right now than this.

Player: Yet you still gave us the money.

Player: So enough of the mightier-than-thou act and use your powers to see the toughness of that guy or something.

\*Completely appalled, Alistair scoffs.

-----------------------------------------------------

**\*\*(If Alistair Arm-Wrestling Sense = 0)**

Alistair: Did I not tell you I wasn’t wasting my time and talents on your caveman games before?

Alistair: Just look at that him!

Alistair: No one’s beating that behemoth!

Player: N-No one?

Player: What do you mean no one?

Alistair: I mean, you all are too weak to beat that ‘thing’!

Alistair: He’s Altered and somehow still in control of himself.

Alistair: His brain might as well be mush.

Alistair: All he knows is brute strength.

Player: You’ve gotta be joking…

Player: They sent a literal monster as our opponent.

Alistair: Waste away whatever grams of intelligence you have with the rest of the hairless apes.

Alistair: Get out of my sight, wretch.

**\*\*Return to Initial Options**

------------------------------------------------------

Alistair: You’re the worst comedian I’ve ever met behind Lowen.

Alistair: You’re joking right?

Alistair: You want me, Gaia’s chosen, to salvage this planet from ruin.

Alistair: To use the blessing Gaia has bestowed upon me to gauge the strength of that drunken beast of a man over there for your game?

Alistair: Are **you** drunk?!

**\*(Yes/ No)**

----------------------------------------------------------

**(Yes)**

Player: That’s exactly right.

Alistair: Is it now?

Alistair: You being as much of an alcoholic cesspool as Lowen is, wretch?

Player: You using your ‘blessing’ to see the strength of that man over there.

Alistair: …

Alistair: This is the first and last time, wretch.

Player: Fine by me.

\*Alistair subtly raises his hand towards and it begins to glow.

\*His hair rises and he closes his eyes for a brief moment.

\*Alistair scoffs.

Alistair: No one’s beating that behemoth.

Player: N-No one?

Player: What do you mean no one?

Alistair: I mean, you all are too weak to beat that ‘thing’.

Alistair: He’s Altered and somehow still in control of himself.

Alistair: His brain might as well be mush.

Alistair: All he knows is brute strength.

Player: You’ve gotta be joking…

Player: They sent a literal monster as our opponent.

\*Alistair places his hand on your shoulder with a disingenuous smile.

Alistair: As the rightful leader and forecaster of Gaia’s Advocates, I gave you my answer.

Alistair: Do what you will with my guidance.

Alistair: Frankly, I don’t give a damn.

Alistair: Whatever gets this over with so we can proceed with our mission.

Alistair: And it sounds like the end is finally near!

\*Alistair expression swiftly changes to a scornful frown.

Alistair: Now get out of my sight.

\*\*Alistair Arm-Wrestling Sense = 0

**\*\*Return to Initial Options**

--------------------------------------------------------------------

**(No)**

Player: Never mind then, no.

Player: I’m not drunk and we won’t use ‘Gaia’s blessing’ this go around.

Alistair: You won’t use my abilities for your shenanigans at all!

Alistair: Now get out of my sight.

**\*\*Return to Initial Options**

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[Introduction – Arm-Wrestling Mini Game (Final Round – The Blood Iron Baron: Arthur)]