**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: Hunter’s Pointe, 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 Hunter’s Pointe, 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: This seems like a more than normal town with more than normal people doing more than 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 playing with 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 their way out.

Alistair: Everyone, this is Bruno, our contact I mentioned before.

Alistair: He works with Gaia’s Advocates as a scout for potential candidates that could benefit from 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] Why? [/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 Hunter’s Pointe.

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.

Bruno: 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 kinds of people are constantly passing through and it doesn’t take much to determine the kind of people they are and 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: 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 there 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 arrogantly sighs.

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 done 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 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 days to complete our mission and a few of them.

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 – Entering the Tavern]

\*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 Competition

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

\*A brief description of your 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, they money that was bet and will owe 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)**

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

**(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.

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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\* Damn~, 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**

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

[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 crowd: 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 snatches his pool stick and chugs a can of beer!

Wasted Will: I~ DON’T GIVE A SHIT, MAN~!

Wasted Will: I’m gonna go play pool~!

Wasted Will: \*hick\* That’s what I’m doing! \*hick\*

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~![wave]

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: …

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)**

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)**

\*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!

\*You currently have [Money]!

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 plants 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: Well, 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: I like my arms…

Lowen: Unbroken, actually…

Lowen: This is 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 bends 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 IRON BLOOD BARON NEXT?!

Lowen: This…

Lowen: This is Arthur?

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

Bruno: The very same, yes.

Player: Shit…

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

**(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, meant 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 Iron Blood Baron: Arthur)]

\*The Iron Blood Baron Arthur rowdily sings with the other patrons, arms over shoulders, as they sway side to side.

\*A strong sense of comradery fills the Tavern and you can’t fight the infectious feeling of wanting to join in.

\*Arthur notices you and points with a feverish grin.

Arthur: Choose your warrior!

Arthur: Best me and this could all be yours!

Player: Fine then.

\*Who will be his competitor?

**\*(Lowen/Julian/ Camille/ You/Consult Gaia’s Advocates)**

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

**(Consult Gaia’s Advocates)**

Julian: I think we’re screwed guys…

Julian: This has got to be the end of the road for us…

Lowen: N-Now hold on!

Lowen: Just because the Baron beat the Meathead of Nostradamus that doesn’t mean we can’t win.

Player: Are you sure about that?

Lowen: Ah, well~…

Lowen: We just need to put our heads together and think of something.

Lowen: Maybe our strength if he lets us all wrestle him at the same time, maybe?

Alistair: Absolutely not.

Lowen: Come on, Alistair~!

Lowen: What choice do we really have here?

Lowen: You said it yourself earlier, he’s using his Altered abilities to beat his opponents.

Lowen: The only one we have here who’s like that is-!

Camille: Me.

\*Everyone looks over to Camille with shock and worry except Alistair who smirks.

Camille: Why…

Camille: Why does everyone look ‘concerned’?

\*You can hear a slight tone of offense taken from Camille.

Player: I-It’s just-!

Lowen: It’s n-not that-!

\*You and Lowen look at each other anticipating the other to carefully speak first.

Alistair: It’s because you’re a woman, Camille.

Alistair: They think you’re not strong enough.

Player: WHAT?!

Lowen: ALISTAIR!

Julian: I mean…

Julian: I was kind of thinking it to be honest.

Camille: …

Julian: That guy is freaking huge compared to you!

Julian: If Lowen is worried about getting his arm broken by the last guy who lost, he’s gonna obliterate you in seconds!

Lowen: IF!

Lowen: If you aren’t careful!

Lowen: Right?!

\*Lowen nudges you to join into the conversation!

Player: Yes!

Player: **That** was our main concern here!

\*You glare at Alistair who scoffs.

Player: Out of all of us here, your Altered abilities are combat oriented and probably best suited for this situation, but-

Alistair: They’re speed based.

Alistair: You have exceptional agility, but this is a battle of raw strength.

Alistair: Strength, you seem confident to test.

Alistair: I’ve seen your expressions while watching these games.

Alistair: ‘This is the one chance I might be able to go all out and test myself.’

Alistair: ‘Even if it’s a game, this is something I might lose at and it makes me want to try even harder!’

Camille: …

\*Camille slightly turns, hiding part of her face.

Camille: You used your powers on me…

Alistair: Or it’s easily written on your face.

Alistair: Although you’re normally hard to read and I’ve considered using my powers before, there’s never truly been a need to do so with one of Gaia’s greatest disciples I’ve met.

Alistair: However…

Alistair: Seeing the expression on your face when witnessing these battles of power has been the most expressive I think I’ve ever seen you be.

Camille: …

Camille: …

Camille: I think I have a chance to win.

Julian: Against the Baron?!

Camille: Yes.

\*Camille focuses her attention on Alistair.

Alistair: Hmph.

Alistair: We might be on the cusps on a new era for you and this battle might be exactly what you need for such an evolution.

Alistair: I normally wouldn’t encourage such…

Alistair: Activities.

Alistair: But…

Alistair: With the determination that burns within you right now, for your sake, I hope you can.

\*Camille smiles before turning towards you and Lowen.

Camille: Please.

Camille: Let me fight.

Camille: Let me be the arbiter of Gaia’s will.

Camille: For Gaia’s future.

\*An unheard-of sense of conviction radiates from Camille that both you and Lowen notice.

Lowen: Alistair might be on to something here.

Lowen: This is the most I think I’ve seen you talk before, Camille!

Lowen: This boldness!

Lowen: This persistence!

Lowen: This confidence!

Lowen: It’s different and I’m diggin’ it!

Lowen: If this is something you feel like you need, then I’m all for it!

Lowen: People need to overcome challenges in life to become the best version of themselves and this might be it for you!

\*Lowen rustles her hair and she holds his hand to stop him.

Lowen: I believe in you.

Lowen: Just, you know…

Lowen: Be careful.

Lowen: That’s a big ass dude!

Camille: I know.

Player: Well, I guess it’s settled.

Player: Good luck, Camille.

\*Camille nods.

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

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

**(Lowen/Julian/ You)**

\*Camille grabs your shoulder.

Camille: Let me go instead.

\*Everyone looks over to Camille with shock and worry except Alistair who smirks.

Camille: Why…

Camille: Why does everyone look ‘concerned’?

\*You can hear a slight tone of offense taken from Camille.

Player: I-It’s just-!

Lowen: It’s n-not that-!

\*You and Lowen look at each other anticipating the other to carefully speak first.

Alistair: It’s because you’re a woman, Camille.

Alistair: They think you’re not strong enough.

Player: WHAT?!

Lowen: ALISTAIR!

Julian: I mean…

Julian: I was kind of thinking it to be honest.

Camille: …

Julian: That guy is freaking huge compared to you!

Julian: If Lowen is worried about getting his arm broken by the last guy who lost, he’s gonna obliterate you in seconds!

Lowen: IF!

Lowen: If you aren’t careful!

Lowen: Right?!

\*Lowen nudges you to join into the conversation!

Player: Yes!

Player: **That** was our main concern here!

\*You glare at Alistair who scoffs.

Player: Out of all of us here, your Altered abilities are combat oriented and probably best suited for this situation, but-

Alistair: They’re speed based.

Alistair: You have exceptional agility, but this is a battle of raw strength.

Alistair: Strength, you seem confident to test.

Alistair: I’ve seen your expressions while watching these games.

Alistair: ‘This is the one chance I might be able to go all out and test myself.’

Alistair: ‘Even if it’s a game, this is something I might lose at and it makes me want to try even harder!’

Camille: …

\*Camille slightly turns, hiding part of her face.

Camille: You used your powers on me…

Alistair: Or it’s easily written on your face.

Alistair: Although you’re normally hard to read and I’ve considered using my powers before, there’s never truly been a need to do so with one of Gaia’s greatest disciples I’ve met.

Alistair: However…

Alistair: Seeing the expression on your face when witnessing these battles of power has been the most expressive I think I’ve ever seen you be.

Camille: …

Camille: …

Camille: I think I have a chance to win.

Julian: Against the Baron?!

Camille: Yes.

\*Camille focuses her attention on Alistair.

Alistair: Hmph.

Alistair: We might be on the cusps on a new era for you and this battle might be exactly what you need for such an evolution.

Alistair: I normally wouldn’t encourage such…

Alistair: Activities.

Alistair: But…

Alistair: With the determination that burns within you right now, for your sake, I hope you can.

\*Camille smiles before turning towards you and Lowen.

Camille: Please.

Camille: Let me fight.

Camille: Let me be the arbiter of Gaia’s will.

Camille: For Gaia’s future.

\*An unheard-of sense of conviction radiates from Camille that both you and Lowen notice.

Lowen: Alistair might be on to something here.

Lowen: This is the most I think I’ve seen you talk before, Camille!

Lowen: This boldness!

Lowen: This persistence!

Lowen: This confidence!

Lowen: It’s different and I’m diggin’ it!

Lowen: If this is something you feel like you need, then I’m all for it!

Lowen: People need to overcome challenges in life to become the best version of themselves and this might be it for you!

\*Lowen rustles her hair and she holds his hand to stop him.

Lowen: I believe in you.

Lowen: Just, you know…

Lowen: Be careful.

Lowen: That’s a big ass dude!

Camille: I know.

Player: Well, I guess it’s settled.

Player: Good luck, Camille.

\*Camille nods.

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

**(Camille)**

Camille: Thank you.

Camille: I won’t disappoint.

Lowen: W-Well, hold on just a minute.

Player: What?

\*You notice Lowen and Julian looking at Camille with shock and worry, but Alistair is arrogantly smirking.

Camille: Why…

Camille: Why does everyone look ‘concerned’?

\*You can hear a slight tone of offense taken from Camille.

Lowen: It’s n-not that-!

\*You and Camille look at Lowen who nervously hesitates as he finds the correct words.

Alistair: It’s because you’re a woman, Camille.

Alistair: They think you’re not strong enough.

Player: WHAT?!

Lowen: ALISTAIR!

Julian: I mean…

Julian: I was kind of thinking it to be honest.

Camille: …

Julian: That guy is freaking huge compared to you!

Julian: If Lowen is worried about getting his arm broken by the last guy who lost, he’s gonna obliterate you in seconds!

Lowen: IF!

Lowen: **If** you aren’t careful!

Lowen: Right?!

\*Lowen nudges you to join into the conversation!

Player: Yes!

Player: **That** was our main concern here!

\*You glare at Alistair who scoffs.

Player: Out of all of us here, your Altered abilities are combat oriented and probably best suited for this situation, but-

Alistair: They’re speed based.

Alistair: You have exceptional agility, but this is a battle of raw strength.

Alistair: Strength, you seem confident to test.

Alistair: I’ve seen your expressions while watching these games.

Alistair: ‘This is the one chance I might be able to go all out and test myself.’

Alistair: ‘Even if it’s a game, this is something I might lose at and it makes me want to try even harder!’

Camille: …

\*Camille slightly turns, hiding part of her face.

Camille: You used your powers on me…

Alistair: Or it’s easily written on your face.

Alistair: Although you’re normally hard to read and I’ve considered using my powers before, there’s never truly been a need to do so with one of Gaia’s greatest disciples I’ve met.

Alistair: However…

Alistair: Seeing the expression on your face when witnessing these battles of power has been the most expressive I think I’ve ever seen you be.

Camille: …

Camille: …

Camille: I think I have a chance to win.

Julian: Against the Baron?!

Camille: Yes.

\*Camille focuses her attention on Alistair.

Alistair: Hmph.

Alistair: We might be on the cusps on a new era for you and this battle might be exactly what you need for such an evolution.

Alistair: I normally wouldn’t encourage such…

Alistair: Activities.

Alistair: But…

Alistair: With the determination that burns within you right now, for your sake, I hope you can.

\*Camille smiles before turning towards you and Lowen.

Camille: Please.

Camille: Let me fight.

Camille: Let me be the arbiter of Gaia’s will.

Camille: For Gaia’s future.

\*An unheard-of sense of conviction radiates from Camille that both you and Lowen notice.

Lowen: Alistair might be on to something here.

Lowen: This is the most I think I’ve seen you talk before, Camille!

Lowen: This boldness!

Lowen: This persistence!

Lowen: This confidence!

Lowen: It’s different and I’m diggin’ it!

Lowen: If this is something you feel like you need, then I’m all for it!

Lowen: People need to overcome challenges in life to become the best version of themselves and this might be it for you!

\*Lowen rustles her hair and she holds his hand to stop him.

Lowen: I believe in you.

Lowen: Just, you know…

Lowen: Be careful.

Lowen: That’s a big ass dude!

Camille: I know.

Player: Well, I guess it’s settled.

Player: Good luck, Camille.

\*Camille nods.

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\*Camille takes off her coat and hands it to Julian revealing well-toned muscles on her arms.

Lowen: Holy~!

Lowen: Camille’s buff as shit!

\*Camille confidently scoffs before she sits down.

Arthur: Hmph.

Arthur: What is your name, warrior?

Camille: …

Camille: I am … Camille.

Camille: Daughter of Haider Sayed Umar.

Camille: Embodiment of Gaia’s will.

Camille: I Challenge you, Iron Blood Baron, to a battle of true strength!

\*Camille bangs her elbow on the table offering her tense open hand to Arthur.

Camille: Test my mettle.

Camille: My caliber is like no other.

Arthur: …

Arthur: So be it, Camille.

\*Arthur claps his hands with Camille erupting throughout the bar!

Arthur: SHOW ME YOUR RESOLVE!

\*The crowd erupts with an electric fever!

\*Arthur looks over at you and nods for your attention.

Arthur: Count us down.

\*You walk over and place your hands on top of Camille and Arthur’s.

\*When you look over at Camille, she’s laser focused on Arthur and something about her seems to be radiating, visually.

Player: Three…

Player: Two…

Player: One…

Player: Go!

\*You step back and an intense burst of air pulses from Camille and Arthur as the battle begins!

\*Both Camille and Arthur’s arms tensely stay still, not moving an inch!

Arthur: Impressive, you’re not one to underestimate-

\*Suddenly, Arthur’s arm starts to bend towards the table!

Arthur: W-What the?!

Camille: You said it yourself.

Camille: I’m not one to underestimate.

Camille: So don’t underestimate me, Baron.

\*The crowd cheers at the anticipation of Arthur getting closer to defeat!

Arthur: Fine then, Camille!

\*Arthur grips the side of the table as the arm he’s wrestling with begins to turn red!

Arthur: Feel the strength of a steeled warrior!

\*A great pressure weighs on Camille’s arm as Arthur begins to bend her arm back between them with ease as the crowd chants.

\*Camille grits her teeth while wincing at the pain.

Player: Camille!

Lowen: Shit, this is bad…

Alistair: Look closer, fools.

Alistair: This is by design.

Alistair: Her design.

Alistair: Through that pain…

Alistair: She’s having the time of her life right now.

\*You look over at Camille and you can see her with an indescribable smile that you’ve never seen before.

\*Arthur gains the advantage and starts bending Camille’s hand towards the table as steam radiates from his arm!

\*Viens begin to bulge in Camille’s forehead as she begins to hyperventilate while struggling to fight back.

Arthur: You’re strong, Camille.

Arthur: Very much so.

Arthur: But you know it’s not enough.

Camille: …

\*Camille’s arm tilts a bit closer towards the table inching closer to defeat.

Arthur: I can feel it.

Arthur: Not that this is it.

Arthur: That’s there’s more to you and your strength.

\*Camille’s arm tilts even closer towards the table.

\*You can see slight panic in her face seeing she could lose.

\*Thoughts are racing through her mind despite all of the noise from the surrounding crowd.

Player: Camille…

Player: Camille!

Player: CAMILLE!

\*As you cheer for Camille, she looks back at you.

Lowen: Camille!

Lowen: CAMILLE!

Lowen: CAMILLE!

Julian: CAMILLE!

Julian: CAMILLE!

\*Eventually the entire crowd begins chanting Camille’s name all over the Tavern.

\*Camille looks around seeing the overwhelming amount of support gathered for her and her eyes begin to tear up.

Arthur: Hey!

Arthur: Don’t underestimate me, little lady!

Arthur: Courageous as you are, you’re still on the verge of losing to the Baron!

\*Steam radiates from Arthur’s arm as he bends her arm closer to the table causing her in wince in pain!

\*Camille grips the side of the table and jerks her arm against Arthur’s slowly fighting away from the table!

The crowd erupts seeing her progress as she slowly works her way back to the center causing Arthur to strain to fight back!

Man in the Crowd: You got him sweating bad, kid!

Man in the Crowd: Keep it up!

Female in the Crowd: Beat that son of a bitch, Camille!

Arthur: You think you actually have a chance against this ‘son of a bitch’, Camille!

Arthur: I’ll admit, you’re the only one who’s pushed me this far before!

Arthur: So, reach for the stars and grab your victory if you can!

Camille: ….

\*Camille tightly grips Arthur’s gigantic hand, digging her nails into his skin.

\*Her hair slightly begins to float as she gets covered in a faint rainbow glow of aura that surrounded her.

Camille: I can…

Camille: And I will, Baron!

\*As Camille focuses her strength to her arm so does the rainbow aura before being absorbed into it.

Camille: WOOOORRRAAAAGGGGHHHH!

\*Camille’s overwhelming strength and battle cry take Arthur by surprise as she begins to turn the tide towards her favor!

\*Caught off guard by Camille’s new found strength, Arthur’s arm begins to swell a dark red as he tries to fight back.

\*The blood vessels in his eyes burst as he struggles to provide any kind of answer to Camille’s determination!

\*Camille’s arm begins to turn red and as sweat begins to pour down her it quickly turns to steam!

Alistair: Has she-?!

Alistair: Does she have the same ability as Arthur?

Alistair: Or did she just now learn it to try and beat him?

Lowen: GOOO~!

Lowen: CAMILLE~!

Player: LET’S GO, CAMILLE!

Julian: KICK HIS ASS, CAMILLE!

Juliain: YOU CAN DO THIS!

Camille: I-I…!

\*Mere centimeters away from the table, Arthur’s hand trembles near defeat!

\*Arthur takes a deep breath and softly smiles at Camille.

\*He says something, but you can’t make it out from all of the cheering.

\*A large, blinding, burst of steam suddenly erupts filling the entire tavern blasting pints and napkins away!

\*Low murmurs could be heard within the mist, but no one can see anything.

Male in the Crowd: Open the doors and windows!

Male in the Crowd: Get this musty ass smell the hell outta here!

Male in the Crowd: It’s burning my eyes~!

\*The staff eventually open the doors and windows clearing away the steam and the smell.

\*As your vision clears you see Arthur, exhausted, leaning back in his chair with his forearm pinned against the table with Camille hunched over and heavily panting.

Player: C-Camille won…

Player: CAMILLE WON!

\*Camille is victorious!

\*The crowd explodes at Camille’s triumph!

\*Delirious and on the brink of passing out, Camille looked back at you with a completely flushed expression.

Camille: I-I caught them…

Camille: I can see them all around me right now~!

\*You rush over to Camille’s side and hold her shoulder and look at her empty hand.

Player: I don’t understand.

Player: What’d you catch?

Player: Your hands are empty.

\*Camille softly caresses your face with a smile.

Camille: The stars…

\*Camille passes out falling out of the chair against you!

Lowen: C-Camille!

\*Lowen and Julian rush over to help you put Camille back into her seat.

Alistair: She’s fine, Lowen.

\*Alistair walks up wiping his nose of blood with a tissue before raising his hand glowing of an ethereal rainbow energy.

Alistair: I’ll do what I can for now, but she needs to rest.

Player: …

Player: I thought you weren’t going to get involved.

Alistair: Whatever shenanigans are over as far as I can see.

Alistair: Against my wishes, you all have best the Baron and the brutes of this Tavern against all odds.

Alistair: Some would consider that a feat worth respecting.

\*As the crowd cheers congratulating you, Lowen, and Julian on your victory, the staff bring over water and towels to give to Gaia’s Advocates for Camille who begins to come around.

\*Arthur, drinking from a large pint of water, comes over.

Arthur: HAAAAAH!

Arthur: You’re a strong one, Camille!

Arthur: Not many have bested me before!

Camille: T-Thank you, sir.

Arthur: As promised, your food and drink are completely paid for.

Arthur: In fact, you’re all welcomed to stay in our lodging for the night completely free as well.

Alistair: You have our thanks, Baron.

Arthur: HA HA HA!

Arthur: Call me Arthur!

Arthur: The ‘Baron’ is just a performance for the people!

Lowen: A pretty fun one, I’d say!

\*A staff member comes to Arthur with a small decorative box and a folded cloth with brown fur on the outside.

Arthur: Of course!

Arthur: Your reward as well, Camille.

\*Arthur wraps Camille in a large Navy-blue cloak lined with brown fur and attaches the golden sword and shield cloak clasp with a ruby gem at its center.

Arthur: With this, you bear the crest of true warrior!

Arthur: That gem right there symbolizes is the blood that runs through the veins of men and women with the power to protect and defend whatever it is they desire most in the world.

\*Arthur lightly taps on the gem with a smile.

Arthur: This strength resides within in you, Camille.

Arthur: I trust you’ll use it wisely.

\*Camille nods.

Arthur: You really gave me a good run for my money there!

Arthur: Let’s see if you can beat the Baron when he’s at his full strength.

Arthur: Enjoy yourselves until then!

Alistair: Hold on, Arthur.

Arthur: Hm?

Alistair: As I’m sure you know, we are-

Arthur: Gaia’s Advocates.

Arthur: I knew once I saw you all come in with Bruno here.

Alistair: I know you have an ask for us and I’m sure it’s more than just some a bout in arm wrestling.

Arthur: Straight to the point with this one, eh?

Arthur: You must be Alistair.

Alistair: That would be correct.

Alistair: We’re not exactly plentiful with time considering what’s going on in this town.

Arthur: …

Arthur: Come with me.

\*You look back at the others and Lowen waves for you to go with Alistair.

Lowen: We’ve got things here.

\*You, Alistair, and Bruno follow Arthur up the stairs and walk towards an office door away from the rowdiness of the bar.

Arthur: This should be good enough.

\*Arthur leans over the railing looking down at the patrons enjoying themselves and sighs.

Alistair: …

Arthur: I appreciate your team and Bruno for coming here.

Arthur: The night was kind of slow, but now the energy has picked up way more!

Arthur: Look down there.

\*Arthur points at three men talking to one another as one passes a beer bottle to another as the server lowers her plater.

Arthur: A rule everyone follows being inside my tavern is that any beefs, any quarrels, and problems are left at the door.

Arthur: Those men used to hate one another.

Arthur: Any night they were in here at the same time, they’d pick a corner and mean-mug each other never saying a word.

Arthur: Today that’s changed.

Arthur: They reconnected thanks to you all.

Arthur: Community.

Arthur: Unity.

Arthur: That is at the heart of this establishment.

Arthur: It continues to stand today.

Arthur: Despite everything going on in the world it’s the last frontier for some to have a home.

Arthur: Whether they’re passing through or they’ve lived here for years.

Arthur: It’s important to know they’re welcomed.

Alistair: And we can see and appreciate your hospitality, but I remember stating earlier that our organization is limited on time here.

Alistair: I also know that you have something that you want from us.

Alistair: I’d appreciate it even greater if you’d inform us of what it is already.

Player: [i] Jesus Alistair…[/i]

Bruno: What he means is-

Arthur: It’s fine, Bruno, really.

Arthur: He’s right.

Arthur: I’m sure he’s ‘limited time’ is based on the events transpiring in the town.

Alistair: That would be correct.

Alistair: We’ve been informed that there’s are warring entities occupying the nearby areas and we can’t involve ourselves with this town’s politics.

Arthur: Politics?

Arthur: These aren’t political battles being waged, Alistair.

Arthur: Human lives are at risk, because people are scared.

Arthur: Scared of the damage outsiders are causing by pretending to be the solution they need to their problems.

Arthur: How are you and your advocates any different?

Alistair: What we do is inconsequential to the people of the town.

Alistair: We are here to repair the planet from the destructive nature of human beings.

Alistair: If it benefits the inhabitants of this town, then so be it.

Alistair: But we do not are to stay and stake claim in any part of this place.

Alistair: We do what is necessary and we leave.

Alistair: That’s it.

Arthur: I’m aware.

Arthur: Bruno’s explained to me what your ‘converters’ are capable of doing if you can safely get access to the power plant.

Arthur: It sounds amazing and all, but who’s to say your technology to repair the atmosphere or whatever will last?

Player: What do you mean?

Arthur: The government and H.U.N.T.R aren’t worried about taking care of the people.

Arthur: Their focus is the power plant.

Arthur: I don’t know how they plan on doing it, but if they control the power to the cities, then they control the people.

Arthur: Even if you do set up your generators or whatever there, they’ll find a way in themselves, probably destroy them and take over the plant for whatever means suite them best.

Alistair: I wasn’t told of this…

\*Alistair glares at Bruno.

Bruno: T-This is news to me!

Bruno: I only knew about the planned attack against H.U.N.T.R.

Arthur: What d you think that attack is for?

Arthur: It’s a distraction at the cost of our people, Bruno.

Arthur: The government plans on destroying the main base that H.U.N.T.R. has established in Hunter’s Pointe and send the National Guard to ‘people the people’.

Arthur: Meanwhile, they’ll be making their way to the plant.

Arthur: For what specifically, I don’t know, but it’s obviously to try and control resources that the people have access to.

Alistair: A better question to ask is when not what.

Alistair: When is all of this supposed to transpire?

Arthur: …

Arthur: At night, in three days.

\*Alistair sighs in annoyance while closing his eyes.

Alistair: Politics or not, we want no part of this.

Alistair: There’s nothing we can do even if we wanted to.

Arthur: There’s nothing you can do even if you wanted.

Alistair: …

Alistair: Is that some kind of threat?

\*Alistair slowly reaches towards his hip!

Player: You can’t!

Player: We just got here and the Baron is helping us with lodging and food for tonight.

Player: There’s no way he would threaten us!

Player: Even if he did, we’re completely outnumbered here.

Player: He has an army of patrons down here that would destroy us in seconds.

Arthur: Plus, one of the rules is that there isn’t any violence inside of the Tavern, so you’d be a rule breaker~!

Alistair: …

Alistair: I see…

Arthur: What I meant was that you can’t access the facility on your own.

Arthur: Only workers of the plant have access and there’s only two left in town.

Alistair: Where are they?

Arthur: You gotta give a little to get a little, Alistair.

Arthur: You and your team have the potential to reunite this town and rally them to fight against both the government and H.U.N.T.R riding them altogether!

Alistair: W-What?

Arthur: That bout of arm wrestling wasn’t just some game.

Arthur: It proved to the people of this city that ordinary people are still powerful, capable, individuals.

Arthur: That cloak clasps is a badge of honor in this town meaning anyone who lives here, regardless of what side they support, will respect the bearer of that crest.

Arthur: Use that to rally both sides to fight for the town that rightfully belongs to them.

Arthur: That is what I ask of you and Gaia’s Advocates.

Arthur: If you do that, you’ll be able to work with the people of our town to find the remaining workers in this town can complete your mission.

Alistair: …

Alistair: You’ve put too much faith in your town’s fancy crest to think that’s all we need to gain trust with the people here.

Arthur: It’s not.

Arthur: But if you are the people who you say you are, I trust you’re capable of doing much more to help others.

Alistair: We’re going in circles with this…

Alistair: We don’t have time for community care and charity work right now.

Arthur: Then let me say this.

Arthur: You don’t exactly strike me as a man of faith.

Alistair: No, I’m a man of science.

Arthur: Yet you believe in Gaia in order to be its advocate, right?

Arthur: You and your organization believe that there is some kind of presence, entity, something that directs you to do what you’re here in this town to do.

Arthur: Healing the planet or whatever right?

Alistair: Your point?

Arthur: Whether it’s Gaia, yourselves, or whatever you have some kind of faith, a belief, that what you’re doing is right and things will work out.

Alistair: Because they have to in order to return Gaia to its rightful state.

Alistair: I believe in our mission, our members, and in turn Gaia believes in us.

Arthur: And because of that I believe in you and your team to do what’s right.

Alistair: T-That’s not the same though.

Alistair: Our ‘faith’ is guided by the work we’ve done, the results of that work, and our plans for the future to continue that work.

Alistair: Constantly evolving and striving for ways to complete our mission.

Alistair: Your faith is a gamble on strangers you don’t even know.

Alistair: How can you have faith in us changing the fate of this town in three days?

Arthur: Because I’ve also put in the work and can see the results of that work right now.

\*Arthur looks over to see many of the patrons talking to the other members of Gaia’s Advocates below where Lowen is drinking excessively to the cheers of drunken men.

Alistair: Damn that drunkard!

\*Alistair rushes down the stairs!

Alistair: LOWEN!

Alistair: STOP DRINKING DAMMIT!

\*Arthur chuckles.

Arthur: Listen, kid.

Player: Hm?

Arthur: I meant what I said.

Arthur: I do believe you guys have the potential to help the people of this town for the better.

Arthur: I know the men who have access to the planet live in H.U.N.T.R territory, so it could be dangerous.

Arthur: But they’re people.

Arthur: Our people who matter.

Player: Do you know their names or the last time you’ve seen them?

Player: Anything for us to work off of?

Arthur: Stefan is one of them.

Arthur: He was a manager or something at the plant.

Arthur: He also had a brother he used to work with, Ronan, but I’m guessing he left town since the town’s crest was returned in that box you saw earlier.

Arthur: I’m not sure about the other guy, but if you can find Stefan you’ll find him as well.

Player: Got it.

Player: …

Arthur: What is it?

Player: I…

Player: Don’t have the greatest influence in what we do or don’t do.

Player: At least when it comes to **him**.

Player: But I’m sure I can work something out with the others.

Arthur: Thanks.

Player: Do we really only have three days though?

Arthur: That’s what we’ve gathered from people and soldiers passing through the other towns in the Tavern, right?

Bruno: That’s right and it corresponds with the information my contacts have given me.

Player: [i] Alistair’s right. [/i]

Player: [i] That’s not a lot of time…[/i]

Arthur: Don’t stress the time.

Arthur: Just…

Arthur: Try.

Arthur: I have faith in you all and that should be more than enough.

\*Arthur gives you a comforting smile.

Arthur: I’ll be here if you find anything out and need more information or help.

Arthur: But I think your pal might need some more help right now.

\*You look over and you see Lowen, completely plastered, being slapped by Alistair!

Player: T-Thanks!

Player: We’ll keep you posted!

\*You quickly rush towards the stairs.

Arthur: Talk to the mayors of the towns!

Arthur: They’ll have more for you to learn about the town!

Player: R-Right!

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[Reconvening with Gaia’s Advocates]

Alistair: Shit…

Alistair: He’s completely useless right now!

\*Alistair aggressively thrust Lowen back in to his seat with a delirious grin laughing to himself.

Player: He really is wasted…

Alistair: You…

Alistair: Don’t make promises we can’t keep wretch.

Alistair: You do not speak for Gaia or it’s advocates.

Player: Yeah, I aware…

Player: And I didn’t, trust me.

Alistair: …

Alistair: What was that?

Player: Nothing, don’t worry about it.

Alistair: I trust in the mission that I’ve devised.

Alistair: Wasting our time with anything else will only get us behind schedule and in more trouble than we can afford to deal with.

Alistair: We can’t entertain his ask or the politics of this town.

Camille: What was it?

Camille: His ask?

Alistair: He’s withholding information from us if we don’t get involved with the upcoming battle.

Camille: He wants us to fight?

Alistair: No, much worse.

Alistair: He thinks we can rally the people and…

\*Alistair scoffs at the idea.

Alistair: Stage a revolution against the government and H.U.N.T.R factions!

Alistair: Free the people of the rule they’ve put on themselves out of incompetence and fear!

Alistair: He thinks that you, Camille, are essential to this!

\*Alistair fails to stifle his laughter!

Camille: Me?

Alistair: You and that town crest, apparently.

\*Camille looks down at her cloak clasps and slightly tilts it up to get a better look at it.

Camille: A coup d'état?

Lowen: \*hick\* A soup of grass?! \*hick\*

Lowen: \*hick\* N-No one’s eating that shit, man~! \*hick\*

Alistair: \*groans in disgust\*

Alistair: This isn’t exactly what would be considered a coup d'état…

Alistair: Regardless of whatever is going on, we might have to get involved.

Alistair: Only slightly.

Alistair: The Baron claims that there are specific people in this town that have access to the power plant and we need to find them.

Player: A manger by the name of Stefan.

Player: He and some other guy, but he didn’t know who exactly.

Alistair: If you can use that crest to figure out who and where they are then so be it.

Alistair: But that is all.

Alistair: We get what we need to complete our mission and we leave.

Camille: …

Player: He also said that the ‘mayors’ of the towns might have some info.

Alistair: Fine.

Alistair: If that’s the case let’s avoid H.U.N.T.R. territory and go to…

Bruno: Birkdale.

Bruno: It’s about a fifteen-minute drive from here.

Bruno: I can take you.

Alistair: Thank you, Bruno.

Lowen: \*hick\* Yeah~, do that! \*hick\*

Lowen: \*hick\* Stay away from the tricksters and their evil evil~ lies! \*hick\*

\*Alistair groans

Alistair: It’s time, wretch.

Alistair: Pick your babysitter and find out what you can.

Alistair: I’d recommend Camille, so you can test that crest from the Baron.

Alistair: But for once, I wouldn’t mind breathing your air if it means leaving this cesspool of alcoholics.

Julian: I wouldn’t mind going either!

Julian: A bigger town might have better parts for us to find!

Julian: It could be like a scavenger hunt!

Player: And you?

Camille: Me?

Player: You don’t want to come and see what it’s like being the talk of the town?

Camille: T-Talk of the town?

\*Camille smiles.

\*Select a Partner

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

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**(Camille)**

Player: I guess we’re up.

Player: Let’s see just how popular the crest bearer’s become.

Camille: If it can help Gaia, then…

Camille: I don’t mind, I guess.

Player: It’s going to be a lot harder to take a back seat when you’re the talk of the town though.

Camille: …

Camille: I-I’m ready.

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

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**(Lowen)**

Player: I guess we’re…

Lowen: \*hick\* We’re what?!\*hick\*

Lowen: \*hick\* We’re…\*hick\*

Lowen: Hmmm~…

Player: …

Player: We were supposed to go and-

Lowen: NO, NO, NO!

\*Lowen’s reaction surprises you.

Player: O-Okay, we won’t go!

Lowen: \*hick\* I-I can’t go over there…\*hick\*

Lowen: \*hick\* empty handed. \*hick\*

\*Lowen follows his right arm to his hand holding an almost empty pint of beer.

Lowen: Oh, hey~!

\*Lowen begins drinking from the pint!

Alistair: Dammit, Lowen, stop it already!

Player: *I probably shouldn’t leave him here, but I definitely can’t take him like this either.*

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

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**(Julian)**

Player: I guess we’re up.

Player: I think you might be on to something when it comes to looking for parts.

Player: Any idea what you’re trying to build this time?

Julian: Honestly, I’m not sure!

Julian: But when I see the’em, they’ll speak to me and I’ll know!

Julian: Let’s go already!

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

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**(Alistair)**

Player: I guess we’re up.

Alistair: So, it seems.

Alistair: I’ll tolerate this being it’s the lesser of the two evils here…

Alistair: Your job is to focus solely on the mission at hand.

Alistair: We don’t have time for-

Player: I got it.

Alistair: Then get to work.

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

**[DAY I –The Baron’s Tavern & Trove]**

\*For this assignment, you have a limited number of days to complete your mission as a part of Gaia’s Advocates.

\*During this mission, you have the ability to rest at the Baron’s Tavern & Trove or complete a certain number of side quests within a day to progress time.

\*Some side quest can be only be completed or advanced during certain days.

\*What would you like to do?

**\*\*(Gaia’s Advocates/Speak to Patrons/Arm Wrestle/Shop/Travel/\*Rest)**

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**(Gaia’s Advocates)**

\*Who would you like to speak to?

**\*\*(Camille/Lowen/Julian/Alistair/Leave)**

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

**(Camille)**

\*Camille is sitting next to Lowen trying to get him to drink some water while other patrons happily talk to her.

\*You can tell she’s a bit overwhelmed, but also enjoying the energy.

Camille: O-Oh, hey!

Camille: Can you give us a moment?

Camille: I need to talk to my partner about our work?

\*As everyone disperses, the men murmur over her calling you her ‘partner’.

Camille: H-How can I help?

\*Select an Option

**\*\*(How’s Lowen Doing? /Getting Popular/What do you think? / Select as Partner/ Leave)**

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

**(How’s Lowen Doing?)**

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

**(Getting Popular)**

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

**(What do you think?)**

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

**(Select as Partner)**

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

**(Leave)**

**\*\*Return to Previous Options**

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**(Lowen)**

Lowen: \*hick\* H-HEY~, MAN~! \*hick\*

Lowen: How’s it-

Lowen: How’s it hangin’~?

\*Lowen leans over in his chair and almost falls off before Camille snatches his coat!

Lowen: Camille~!

Lowen: You’re so sweet~!

\*He’s still clearly drunk…

\*Select an Option

**\*\*(Are you alright? /What were you talking about before? /What do you think? /Select as Partner/Leave)**

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

**(Are you alright?)**

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

**(What were you talking about before?)**

\*\*\*Lowen will drunkenly expresses to the player that they should be able to do more than take advantage of the people’s dismay, but can’t exactly think of a way to go about that and encourages the player to find a way to do so by talking to the people, preferably the government faction.

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**(What do you think?)**

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**(Select as Partner)**

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

**(Leave)**

**\*\*Return to Previous Options**

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**(Julian)**

\*Julian seems to be surrounded by a couple of other young men engaged in conversation.

Julian: We’ll after that the fourth season started with the arc being destroyed, remember?

Male Patron: Yeah, yes, but that wasn’t what actually happened!

Male Patron: That ship was a decoy!

Young Male Patron: A decoy?!

Male Patron: Elis knew that the R&D team couldn’t finish converting parts of the solar reactor for the particle cannon soon enough for the ‘final days’ set by the Neolytes and he kept telling the council that.

Male Patron: They didn’t listen and framed him to the colony as some kind of self-proclaimed martyr willing to destroy the colony out of revenge for his father!

Julian: Right!

Julain: And the people were scared since he was their best pilot and only option to fight against both the E.V.E and the Neolyte forces.

Julian: They believed the council since he was known for being brazen, not listening to orders even though it was him not listening that would save the colony over and over again!

Julian: The council was trying to convince the colony that Elis was a going to turn against everyone if he was allowed to continue like this.

Male Patron with Beard: It’s obvious that they didn’t want us to trust the council from the jump.

Male Patron with Beard: The council’s ominous ‘project’ that they’ve been working on for generations has brainwashed the people into thinking this kind of lifestyle is normal.

Male Patron with Beard: HOWEVER!

Male Patron: Here we go…

Male Patron with Beard: Listen to me, man!

Male Patron with Beard: It’s a necessary sacrifice!

Male Patron with Beard: I think the council is secretly trying to breed their own warriors to retake Earth from the E.V.E and they have the chance to do so!

Julian: What?!

\*The Male Patron throws his hands up in the air in disbelief.

Male Patron: Which makes no sense!

Male Patron: Why would the council, known for being conservative with the remnants of the human population-

Male Patron: Constantly running away from any kind of battle, focusing their efforts on defensive research to protect the colony ships-

Male Patron: Why would they waste their time trying to breed ‘warriors’ to fight a planet infested with the E.V.E while constantly having to fight the Neolytes that they rather run from?

Male Patron: They have a better chance defeating the Neolytes, taking parts from their ships, and using their solar reactors to actually finish the particle cannon or developing an intergalactic jump drive!

Male Patron with Beard: It’s because of Elis!

Male Patron with Beard: You guys said it yourselves!

Male Patron with Beard: He’s the only one who can actually protect the colony, but he doesn’t listen to anyone.

Male Patron with Beard: The council can’t control him, but they can see the benefit of having an effective pilot of the MK IX!

Male Patron with Beard: You think that Meredith was sent from colony ship 4 after his first few battles **solely** to help with repairs and development of the MK IX?

Male Patron with Beard: She’s a council plant sent to take his pilot data, create a simulator for future pilots of the MK IX and its successor that’s being built, and find a way to control Elis in the meantime by making him fall in love with her!

\*The Patrons look at Julian who seems to be quietly considering the claim.

Julian: Well-

Male Patron with Beard: SEE~!

Male Patron with Beard: He knows, he knows!

Male Patron with Beard: He’s already read ahead, I know it!

\*Julian zips his lips shut and shrugs his shoulders.

Male Patron: No, no, no, don’t do that!

Male Patron: We’ve been arguing about this shit for months and I need to know that this dumbass is wrong about this!

Male Patron: He’s reaching right now!

Male Patron: The development of the MK X was talked about since the show started, but creating a sim for genetically engineered future pilots?!

Male Patron: There’s been nothing shown about that!

Julian: I’ll say this and only this.

\*The other patrons get silent in anticipation.

Julian: Oh!

Julian: We’re you standing there the whole time?!

\*The listening group of patrons groan!

Player: I hate to interrupt, guys, but…

Male Patron: It’s alright, it’s alright.

Male Patron: I know you guys got work to do and stuff, right?

Julian: Yeah, the stuff I was talking about

Male Patron: We can nerd out later if that’s the case.

Male Patron with Beard:

Julian: Is it time for us to go?

\*Select an Option

**\*\*(Made some friends? /Don’t let me interrupt /What do you think? / Select as Partner/ Leave)**

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**(Made some friends?)**

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

**(Don’t let me interrupt)**

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

**(What do you think?)**

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

**(Select as Partner)**

**----------------------------------------------------------------**

**(Leave)**

**\*\*Return to Previous Options**

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**(Alistair)**

\*Alistair is sitting at a table talking with Bruno and just finished eating something.

\*The waitress comes by and takes his plate and he, shockingly, gives a pleasant smile and thanks her.

\*As she passes, you can see that she’s blushing from the encounter.

Alistair: Ah, it’s you.

Alistair: For once, you have good timing.

Alistair: I take it you’re ready to work?

**\*\*(What did you eat? / You know that girl? /What do you think? /Select as Partner/Leave)**

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

**(What did you eat?)**

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

**(You know that girl?)**

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

**(What do you think?)**

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

**(Select as Partner)**

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

**(Leave)**

**\*\*Return to Previous Options**

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(**Speak to Patrons)**

\*Groups of people who cheered you and Gaia’s Advocates during the arm-wrestling games sit enjoying each other’s company.

\*The Tavern is teeming with people; the energy is electric and inviting!

\*Who do you want to talk to?

**\*\*(Group I/ Group II/ Group III/ Single I/ Single II/ Leave)**

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**(Group I)**

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**(Group II)**

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**(Group III)**

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**(Single I)**

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**(Single II)**

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**(Leave)**

**\*\*(Return to Previous Options)**

**////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////**

**(Arm Wrestle Intro – Initial)**

\*In a loud corner of the Tavern, you see a group of rowdy men arm wrestling each other.

BAM!

\*An arm is slammed on the table!

\*A winner declared and a shower of affirmation is given to a man with his arms up celebrating!

Arm Wrestling Winner: Hey it’s you!

Arm Wrestling Winner: You and your guys back for more?

\*Here you and Gaia’s Advocates can compete in arm wrestling matches and wager money to increase your prize money.

\*When victorious, you will be given a set amount based on how many rounds you’ve won on top of the money you wagered and your opponent.

\*Upon defeat, the amount you’ve wagered will be taken from you and you’ll be ridiculed.

\*If your funds reach zero, you will not be able to wager anything or compete any longer.

\*You will be able to choose between yourself, Camille, Julian, and Lowen as competitors.

\*Access the strength of your opponent, select a competitor to defeat them, and claim victory!

**\*\*(Yes/No)**

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

**(Yes)**

Player: Hell yeah, man!

Arm Wrestling Winner: That’s what I’m talking about!

**\*\*Transition to Mini Game**

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

**(No)**

Player: Eh, maybe next time.

Player: We got some stuff to take care of.

\*The group of men groan in disappointment.

Player: We’ll beat your asses next time!

**\*\*Return to Previous Options**

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

**(Arm Wrestle Intro – Main)**

In a loud corner of the Tavern, you see a group of rowdy men arm wrestling each other.

BAM!

\*An arm is slammed on the table!

\*A winner declared and a shower of affirmation is given to a man with his arms up celebrating!

Arm Wrestling Winner: Hey it’s you!

Arm Wrestling Winner: You and your guys back for more?

**\*\*(Yes/No)**

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

**(Yes)**

Player: Hell yeah, man!

Arm Wrestling Winner: That’s what I’m talking about!

**\*\*Transition to Mini Game**

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

**(No)**

Player: Eh, maybe next time.

Player: We got some stuff to take care of.

\*The group of men groan in disappointment.

Player: We’ll beat your asses next time!

**\*\*Return to Previous Options**

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**(Arm Wrestling Mini Game)**

**REFER TO THE FOLLOWING DOCUMENTS: ‘Arm-Wrestling Mini Game Explanation’ & ‘Arm-Wrestling Opponent Guide’**

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**(Shop)**

Female Waitress: What would you like to order?

**\*\*(Food 1($ cost)/Food 2 ($ cost)/Food 3 ($ cost)/Key Item 1 ($ cost)/Key Item 2 ($ cost)/ Leave)**

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**\*(Purchase check)**

Female Waitress: That’ll be [cost].

\*Confirm purchase?

**\*\*(Yes/No)**

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**(Yes – Successful)**

\*You pay the waitress.

Female Waitress: Alright!

Female Waitress: I’ll have that out for you in a couple of minutes!

\*A few minutes passed.

Female Waitress: Here you go!

\*You received your food!

\*It tasted amazing!

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

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**(Pay – Insufficient Funds)**

\*You pay the waitress.

Female Waitress: Um, excuse me…

Female Waitress: This isn’t enough to for the food you ordered.

Female Waitress: You’ll have to order something else.

Player: O-Oh!

Player: S-Sorry about that.

\*The female waitress gives an annoyed, but accommodating smile.

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

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**(No)**

Female Waitress: No worries!

Female Waitress: We have other things on the menu you might like!

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

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**(Travel)**

Player: Hey, Bruno.

Bruno: Ready to go?

**\*\*(Yes/No)**

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**(Yes)**

Player: Yeah, let’s get moving.

Camille: Gaia needs us. / Lowen: As much as I want to stay, we got a job to do. / Julian: We gotta get out of here to find more parts, right? / Alistair: Times not on our side here and we’ve wasted enough as is.

Bruno: Where would you like to go?

**\*\*(Birkdale/ Hunter’s Pointe)**

**(Birkdale/Hunter’s Pointe)**

Player: Birkdale/ Hunter’s Pointe

Bruno: Understood, follow me, please.

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

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**(No)**

Bruno: No problem.

Bruno: I’ll be standing by whenever you’re ready.

Player: Thanks.

**\*\*Return to Previous Options**

**---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------**

**[Day I – Birkdale Townsquare]**