The Demise of Denethor

[Enter player name]

Welcome to the Kingdom of Denethor. [Player name], you were raised in a village on the outskirts of the Kingdom. Life had been fairly normal, simple. Three months ago a fog surrounded the Kingdom, and those who went out into it often disappeared, never to be seen again, with ever increasing stories of monsters in the fog. On this day, you receive a summons from Kind Denethor himself which reads as follows.  
“It is with concern that I bring you here. The fog is a curse put upon our lands. A curse which I bear the responsibility for, and for that I can only apologise. My daughter, Princess Agnes, In my desperation someone take her, they said her sacrifice would lift the curse. To the north they went, past the swamps. I realise my folly now. Please save my daughter, and the Kingdom.”

What do you do? (Agree, and leave immediately, disagree and go home, ask more.

Disagree

You decide to let the king handle his own problems. Someone who would sell his own daughter deserves whatever fate has in store for him. You return to your humble farm. Only a few days later, on the full moon, you are mauled to death by your neighbour, who had now transformed into something that resembled a werewolf.

Ask more questions

You ask more questions of King Denethor, during your conversation he mentions something which maybe of help. “There is a Seer in the village. She can be mysterious and often confusing. Here, show her this if you find her.” He offers you a silver coin with an eye emblazoned on it.

You head out of the castle and back towards the village. It is eerily quiet apart the the tapping of a blind woman’s stick. Her glossy eyes seem to peer into your soul. Speaking as if she knows everything you have ever done. “Yes… Yes… I see what you will do. Your path diverges here hero. Answer my riddle and I will show you the way forwards.

I open locks yet hold no teeth,

Silent I stand, with secrets beneath.

Though I am small, I hold great might,

To open doors and grant you sight.

What am I?"

Leave straight away

Swamp

The swamp is difficult to move through, wading forwards with the grimy, stagnant water up to your thighs, and not enough trees to make use of them to be above it. What takes you by surprise the most is the stench. However, the creatures that inhabit this region mostly keep to themselves. It takes about an hour of trudging through. At one point you lose your footing and fall in completely, rising again covered head to toe in muck. You think on how bad you will smell when you eventually meet the Princess. Three distinct paths lead from here. Do you take the left path, right path, or continue straight ahead?

Left

It turns out the swamp is more deadly than would first appear. Losing your bearings, you get stuck in quicksand. There is no-one around to help. Each time you struggle you sink further and further in. This is where your journey ends.

Right

You come across a huge snake. It chases you through the swamp. Venomous fangs poised to strike as It slithers along. As it constricts around your waist, you reach out for your trusty axe. Holding it out in front of you just in time as the snake attempts to bite you. The sharpened edge piercing through its mouth. You wriggle out of its grip, and only a little wounded continue to make your way to the cave.

Straight

Falling once more, you feel something cold between your fingers. Pulling them out of the swamp and wiping away the muck, it appears to be a key of some sorts. You pocket the key and continue towards the cave.

Cave

Weary, you sit down to rest a moment, and try to wipe dirt and mud away from your hands and face. Just before the cave turns into darkness there is a chest.

If key: Opening the chest you find a great sword with the heraldry of the Kingdom etched into the blade. It seems to shine even as you head deeper into the cave, driving back the darkness.

Do you still wish to press on or do you turn back? If no key: You head into the cave, hearing noises from within, some which sound like nothing a mortal creature should make. Guttural and deep. A dark language. Do you still wish to press on or do you turn back?