**--You chose the cellar—**

Seeing nobody patrolling near the door, you open the door to be greeted with the musty smell of alcohol. After entering and closing the door, you take a good look at the innards of the cellar. Rows of wooden barrels lined up. Wooden floorboards that creak under your weight. Cool but humid atmosphere. You walk to the other end of the cellar and find a door.

Opening it a smudge, you peer through the crack to see if anyone was in sight. No one. Opening the door you creep out of the cellar and into the hallway. The cellar was at the end of the hallway, and you needed to get to the middle where the stairs were and use them to get up to the master bedroom. On high alert, you sneak towards the middle. No guards still. The stairs are to the right of you, and with no guards in sight, you go up.

You carefully dodge the guards as you make your way to the up to the third floor. Along the hallway were many doors, but the master bedroom door was obvious. Double doors with embroidery and design decorating the front. You knew that one has to be the master bedroom. One of the doors were open, so you scurry inside. Seems no one was in the master bedroom either. The master bedroom was spacious only containing the bed and night table. A shining sparkle catches your eye and you see the Ambassador’s Ring on the night table. Lucky!

You snatch the ring quickly. Before you could leave, you hear steps approaching the room. Not enough time to go out the window, you hide yourself underneath the bed. You see a pair of feet appear at the doorway to the bedroom.

“Hahaha! That fool will never know that the contract he accepted will backfire on him in the future.” A nasally voice says. It is Bentley.

He walks towards the bed and stops at the side. You feel the bed sag a little from the weight of him sitting on the bed. Abruptly he stands back up. “HEY, MY RING IS GONE!” he shouts. “GUARDS, BLOCK ALL ENTRANCES AND EXITS! WE MAY BE ABLE TO TRAP THE THIEF!” He closes the window and sits on his bed.

**--Choose to kill Bentley now and leave through the window or do nothing--**