

Drafts (May 11, 2024)

Scenes with the ROs. Meeting Tyler: The smell of iron, roasted meat, and horses was as strong as the smell of wet earth. It flowed around you as your boots sank into the ground with each step. The tent where the so-called bastard son of Lord Krevan was white, with two guards on each side of the entrance. They parted the flaps, and you walked inside. The tent consisted of a table with food and drink on top. Fruits, meat, beans, and rice on plates. Aluminum cups available on a silver tray and a single bed right behind the table. It was untouched. Not a utensil, cup, or food seemed out of place, but he could have grabbed something to eat and drink, and you wouldn't know. There were chairs around the table, although one was farther away, next to the bed. Where he was. Wearing a long-sleeved black shirt and brown pants that reached below his feet. It seemed too big for him, and not without reason, as the clothes were borrowed from one of the camp's soldiers. The boy was huddled behind the chair, and he seemed to shrink even more in the tent at your approach, which made you stop, but not him from squeezing against the tent flap and the rock beyond it. His eyes were silver, so gray and light they reminded you of the color of freshly molded steel. His dark brown hair was a mess, covering his ears and forehead, but still showing the cautious and fearful expression he had on his face. "You're Tyler, aren't you?" You ask, somewhat calmly. Your armor was already stained with blood, and you didn't need to scare him even more. "Yes, Your Grace..." The boy greeted, briefly lowering his head but keeping his eyes on yours. "My father wishes to speak with you." You tell him. "Can you accompany me?" He nodded, slowly getting up, with his shoulders low and hunched, but as soon as he took a step forward, his knees buckled, and he fell to the ground. The sound must have been heard even from outside, as the guards opened the tent flaps and entered, but stopped right behind you when they saw Tyler on all fours on the ground. You hurried to kneel beside him and grabbed his arm, but he jerked his arm out of reach, getting on his knees on the ground, breathing heavily and looking at you sideways with what seemed to be fear. Which made you hesitate. Did the blood scare him that much? Or was it because of what happened before, with his father? Maybe that had disturbed him? "It's okay," you say, raising your hands and not touching him. "I won't hurt you." You look him straight in the eyes. "You're safe." He still seemed afraid, but that gradually changed, a more suspicious than scared look adorning his face. You hear footsteps approaching, and when you turn your head to look over your shoulder, beyond and between the two soldiers, a man enters the tent.

(If Lord Campos is alive:) This being Lord Campos, his armor and even his face and beard stained with blood. His hands in leather gloves, but with some tears between the fingers and the back of one hand. There was also blood, and a rather red burn was on the right side of his neck. (If he's dead) This being Lord Balek, with a dark purple leather jacket and pants. There were no bloodstains on his face other than a small cut next to his dark cheek, but his jacket and pants had cuts and blood, although it didn't seem to be his. His hair was loose and messy, with sweat making his skin shine and his clothes wet in some parts of his body. *Meeting Cecilia and Caio (academy) As you approach the training yard, the first thing you notice is the sounds. Sounds of beating and cutting. The beating sounds were rhythmic, but the cutting ones were more random and loud. When you passed through the corridor and reached the entrance, which had no door, but was made of stones, just like the walls of the immense castle. You see

her in the distance, her short red hair swaying as she moves to attack the training dummy, which moved with each attack and had wooden and iron spikes that Cecilia dodged. She wore a sleeveless white blouse and light brown pants, with two wooden swords in hand. Her fair skin was sweaty, and her hair was wet, while the sun with its light made her sometimes turn her face to avoid looking at it. It was a large green field where she was, with other people training with each other or with training dummies and obstacle courses. Some even using elemental powers like fire and air. Next to it were tall wooden pillars that supported dark tiles, while below there were tables and chairs, where some drank, ate, and talked. As you put both feet inside the area, you soon realize that next to you, leaning against the wall on the ground and with knees drawn up, was Caio. With a book in hand and wearing a black shirt and loose white pants, barefoot. He seemed so absorbed in his reading that he didn't notice you until you cleared your throat. Almost jumping in surprise when he looked up, and breathing deeply when he saw it was just you. "Caio." You greet. Caio swallowed dryly and nodded. "Hey." He moved a little to the side.

*Meeting Hayden again (Academy) They seemed like a nest of wasps. Maybe it was an exaggeration, but they were an exaggeration. They, all around Hayden, some talking, others quiet, but all smiling and wanting a chance to catch Hayden's attention. Who, although laughing and chatting somewhat excitedly, with a crooked smile that made his dimples appear, did nothing to hide the look that seemed to convey boredom. His cousin, whom you don't remember the name but have heard from Kori that it was her, had a hand on

Hayden's shoulder, gesturing to her, Hayden, and the others, and you heard her voice saying. "And we're all going to the lake, it's going to be amazing, many foreign nobles from Devorn and Valian are coming too. I heard even a faerie noble is coming, and they say he's one of the most beautiful in all of the Aeris nobility..." "They seem like a bunch of vultures, huh?" Asther tells you, getting right by your side, but you don't look away. "Everyone wants a piece of your highness, it seems." Kori laughs, the sound of a thump when you glimpse him elbowing Asther. "A piece of that too, huh...." Asther sighs and shakes his head. "Carstairs." *Depending on your choices in the demo, some scenes that you may read and choose...Spoilers! (Dungeon) Every time the wind passed through the bars behind you to your back, the chains moved. It was irritating, it was constant, and cold. It shouldn't bother you, not at all. But the collar around your neck... the shackles on your feet and hands... You never thought you would feel so strange, so empty, and in pain like now. As if a part of you was screaming, trying, fighting to break free, but it was all in vain, and the feeling of exhaustion was even worse. As if you were on the verge of fainting but couldn't close your eyes, couldn't sleep, not like this. There was a fire, a relentless burning in the shackles and collar that made your skin reddened with burns, which although didn't prevent you from breathing, was still uncomfortable, and you avoided breathing through your mouth or even moving your throat and jaw, trying in vain not to make it worse. Your vision was blurred, but you could still see the torchlight beyond the cell bars, still see eight to ten silhouettes scattered around the cell. Until you hear the distinct sound of a door being opened, steps approaching, and the guard taking a step forward. "Hey, what do you think you're--" Something shines, a green light hitting the floor and like something breaking, with sounds of things being thrown, and then the guards, one by one, choking, and you think you saw something similar to blood beneath their bodies before the cell door is opened with hurried movements on the key. The person walking towards you was still a blurry silhouette, but you could focus enough to see their hazel eyes. Eris... "You know, this wasn't exactly how I expected my weekend to go. I mean, who could've expected?" You feel them tinkering with something on the shackle of your right

hand, it sounded like a key or something like that. "Me, Rescuing the \${gender} from a murderer who can turn me into an ice statue, what a sane thing to do while I'm surrounded by a village of lunatics. But mages can't choose, can they?"