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Aether Story Ridge Bunker Quests
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Ridge Bunker Area Questlines

Glossary Of Sections:

- Quests
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QUESTS:

Quest Title: Remnants Of War

- As I explored another unknown region, I came upon an engineer, passionate and zealous. She talked about revolution, mutual aid and helping those less fortunate, she caught me eavesdropping on her ramblings and asked me for help, something about old technology.

Objectives:

- 0/10 - Find Golem Heads
 - It appears she wants to use these old war golems to protect people, a fairly noble goal. They are old technology, weapons of war made from long ago. She has the torsos but she is missing the heads, they should be around the area of that bunker I passed, better keep an eye out.
- 0/10 - Return Each Head To The Engineer
 - Crap, this head is really heavy, it's like I'm carrying ten cannonballs! I should return this to the engineer as soon as I can back in the Ridge. Wonder how exactly these things work. Can the engineer really bring these back to life?

Quest Start:

Blast those councils of fools, if they will not send us protection then I shall create it! For power does not belong to a crown but in the hands of the people-- What are you looking at!?

No wait, do not depart! This is perfect! Yes, fate smiles upon the revolution! Greetings friend, my name is Lilian Knuckleduster, Revolutionary Techno-Mage. You heard me ramble about those golem heads right? Splendiferous!

This region is very far away from the mainland, so the crown does not care much about us. They do not send us any troops to protect ourselves! My objective is to find all the parts of these old war golems and use them to protect the good, noble folk of these lands!

Problem is I got my leg hurt so I cannot really move much! I need your help gathering them so that I can get these golems to work. Old tech is my passion and I am the only that knows how to make them work. If I compensate you, oh great adventurer, would you lend me your aid in this quest?

Quest Accepted/In-Progress:

Wonderful! I only need ten of these macguffins seeing as I already have the torsos. You heard? Ten, more than nine, less than eleven, one-zero, five plus fiv-- you get the idea. They are quite heavy though, so be careful when you carry them.

[The player to themselves] This is really heavy, I can barely carry it with both hands, its best I deliver this quickly, I don't want to carry this forever.

Head Delivery Dialogue Prompt:

One: HAHA! I knew my compatriot would return! Look at you, stronger than the very stars in the sky! Thank you my friend, I assure you my gratitude is as vast as the ocean itself! I will get to work right away!

Two: Do mine own eyes deceive me? Is that the most handsome revolutionary in the world? Good to see you too my friend, thank you for another successful delivery! I shall dedicate all my speeches to you when the revolution spreads! Promise!

Three: Hello again comrade! Say, I hope this task isn't too tiring for you, I can understand if you wish to take a break! Breaks in this village are mandatory! So rest a bit, maybe eat at the tavern, see ya!

Four: Well, if it isn't the best sight for sore eyes. Good day my friend, same as always, I have faith that people like you make the stars shine brighter. Go on, get going you rascal!

Five: Head Delivery, ding ding ding! Are you a miracle my friend, cuz you just keep delivering no matter what happens! Still, miracles need their rest and I am sure you do too.

Six: Another day, another head huh? Oh come on that was a good one, I worked real hard on it!

Seven: HAHAAHAHAH! We are almost done friend, you have no idea what this means to me, thank you so much! I'll get back to work now.

Eight: Incredible, just plain incredible, we are almost-almost done my friend, I just need a bit more time to work on these and we should be good for now!

Nine: And the prodigal son returns! Knew you wouldn't let me down, comrade!

Ten: That makes ten... Wow, it all seemed to pass by so fast. Tell you what, come back later today and I'll get a display ready with all the golems, you can do the honors of flipping the switch and see them come back to life!

Final Demonstration/Quest End:

Our titans of might and metal, ready to make the world a bigger place! I could not have done this without you, my compatriot. Let it be known, that if you are ever in a time of need or with sore feet and nowhere to rest, you can always count on me!

You can always count on the revolution, because you are a part of it now. My gratitude for you will be as eternal as our bond in labor and blood. Here, this is for you, an armband, one that will label you a member of our glorious movement!

It's the highest honor I can bestow upon you, my friend. Oh, that and your money, can't forget about that, obviously!

Well, this is goodbye for now, take good care of yourself my friend.

Item Description:

Revolutionary Armband:

An armband that belongs to Lilian's faction, The Knucklebuster Revolutionaries. It is made of rough cloth, purple in color with a white circle on it, a white wolf's skull in the middle of it, to symbolize both unity and ferocity against one's enemies. When you wear it, you feel a prideful fire swell in your chest. It does itch a little bit however.

Money Amount: To be determined by boss

After Quest:

Lilian seems too busy in her workshop, I should just let her be for now. Maybe we will meet again some other time.

Aftermath Conversations: When the quest is completed the player may go back to talk to Lilian after a while.

Lilian Knuckleduster:

Ah, my fellow compatriot has returned, good to see you again! Tell me what can I do for you on this wonderful day that is ours and ours alone?

Dialogue Options:

-What is this revolution you are always talking about?

-Why do you like machines so much?

-Is what you do magical or related to magic?

-Do you have dreams?

What is this revolution you are always talking about?

Tell me my friend, what makes someone a king? What exactly makes the noble greater than the peasant? I'll tell you what, nothing. All that a noble has is a higher grade of responsibilities and duties, to take care of the people, for they too are servants, not superior, but equal.

And yet, that is not what we see, we are not treated as such, our sweat is not worth a single coin to them, we sacrifice our time for mere copper and silver, while they enjoy the fruits of our labor. I might be a little insane from all the mechanical fumes but that doesn't seem right to me.

Our 'revolution' is about the creation of a world that is free of nobles. One that will take care of the farmer, the blacksmith, the fisherman, so that every mortal that walks these lands, will never be a noble, but shall be a king or their own castle. Do you get what I mean?

It is very idealistic, it seems impossible, but winning the Old War seemed impossible, the survival of our species after so many eons is ludicrous. I will never give up, not while I draw breath. I will bring the world into a golden age of technology and reason and everyone shall benefit from it!

Or... well, that is what I believe.

Why do you like machines so much?

Well, that is quite the question. Why do you quest? What pushes you forward? A sense of duty? Moral compulsion? To me it all started when I was a kid, as most blessings and curses often do.

Whenever my dad bought me toys, I played with them, but when I got bored of them, I would pull them apart, see how they worked. Now that was fun! I loved that ability of mine, to understand the machine, because it was just way simpler than understanding others. It brought me comfort.

People are much more complex than machines could ever be. But they can bring so much joy to people. See, one day there was a fair in town and my dad helped me make a small wooden doll for a competition.

Then this kid shows up. Limp arms, he was the vision of just... dead inside. I really wanted to win the fair, but you know what I did? I gave the kid that doll and his eyes just lit up like stars. I didn't think much of it at first, until six months ago, when I saw that same kid, now an adult, give that exact same toy to his son.

The word Toy needs its definition changed. Here's mine, Toy: "An object that makes you happy," by that same definition, a toy can be a beer, a sword or a wooden idol of dubious origin. That world, that I will one day build in the great revolution, will be one where everyone, from child to adult, will have a toy to call their own.

Is what you do magical or related to magic?

And just like that my mood is ruined.

Okay, look, it's not that I don't like magic, I just find it very... unreliable. I just cannot find any way for me to trust something that I cannot understand through my logic and reasoning.

Don't get me wrong my dear friend, having the ability to do magic is to be admired and Gods above only know what the true limit of arcane might is and what it will do to society at large if someone industrializes it. I just... can't see myself as being a part of that, not really.

I mean, you just have a spell and then you do it and then you get too tired if you do it too much... I don't know, but it just feels unreliable to me. It also doesn't help that I've never had a magic textbook on hand so I can't break down the mechanics of it, which makes me feel... weird.

But hey, magic is like a hammer, like any tool, so long as that labor is used for love and the good of all, I really don't care how far it develops. Although, I do get that fear sometimes, that magic will just outright replace... me. Everyone like me. So I guess there's a bit of spite in my respect for it.

Sorry if it sounded depressing, I guess I just really needed to tell someone about it. Everyone else just calls me a “paranoid old lady” and ignores me. So, thanks.

Do you have dreams?

Do you?

Everyone should have a dream, in my opinion, even if that dream is something like, living a quiet life or kissing that cute girl across the street. Not all dreams have to be world-changing, or rather, they all are, because you are changing your world! That is what I think anyway.

I too have dreams. We can mold metal and shape it into tools and monuments, that is nothing short of magical. But what is this joy of creation, if it cannot be shared with others? That is my dream, to create a school, where everyone can toil together to become experts in the field of metal and bring their unique talents to the world.

The means to make a greater world does not belong to the blue-blooded only, no. It belongs to everyone, to the tired soldier, to the poor man spat on. Too often we think of inventors as reclusive creators born and raised in isolation, but that is not how it should be.

We could learn so much from one another by just sharing our ideas, our knowledge, our expertise. I just hope, beyond hope, that this school will become a beacon of knowledge and inspiration for everyone who comes to it. It might take me the rest of my life, but I know that hand in hand, with people like you, I will make it happen.

Is that all my friend? Well, take care and have a wonderful day!

Quest Title: Bleak Bunker Blues

- I've been hearing many rumors regarding The Ridge Bunker. This old man named Hackerion wants to find out what happened in the bunker, his grandfather used to be stationed there. He told me to check it out and save anyone that I can find.

Objectives:

- 0/1 - Explore The Depths Of Ridge Bunker
 - Hackerion's grandfather was a soldier and he fought valiantly alongside others at The Ridge Bunker. No one can agree on what exactly went wrong there. I need to find something to bring Hackerion some peace, after so long, he deserves it.
- 0/1 - Return To Hackerion With Your Findings
 - So much misery in such a relatively small place, guess that is what war does to people, fishermen become murderers and farmers become grenadiers. I need to get back and tell Hackerion what I have found.

Quest Start:

Random Villagers In The Tavern When Asked About Rumors:

- Hmm. Rumors, eh? Ya ever check out that der Bunkeh in the outskirts? Heard my uncle say he heard my cousin say she heard my sister say she heard my maid say that ders a mighty big beast roamin' that place, would steer clear of dat if I were you.
- The Ridge Bunker, a haunting necropolis of lonely souls, my great-grandfather fought there during the war, he was never the same after he left. Don't go in, that place is like a maze, just stare at it from outside and be grateful to be in a world not at war.
- Don't know many rumors pal, I ain't exactly a gossipin' man. The Ridge Bunker though, that place gives me the creeps, it's real old, I'm talking back-in-the-war old, heard there's some ghosts haunting it, spooky stuff.

Hackerion Sawl/Quest Start:

Hello kid, would you entertain an old man? I heard you're asking questions. Questions about "The Death Box," place where soldiers were placed for slaughter. Old, crooked Ridge Bunker, eh?

You look like a good kid and you look like you want a job. I can give you one, pay you real nice. That sound good?

Good.

Name's Hackerion Sawl, my grandfather fought at The Ridge Bunker, he and his squad held on for many years, held on for years, no provisions, no backup.

I want you to go to the bunker and do some... detective work. I want to know what happened there, what happened to my grandfather and his friends. Get in that bunker and snoop, find me some answers. I want to close this chapter, the window, the door to these memories, whatever and move on... as best as I can at my age, I guess.

Quest In Progress/Encounter With The Three Soldiers:

Josiah: HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM? Do my own eyes deceive me? Or is that a--

Phelinxien: BAH! Of course it is, probably some poor schmuck they sent to deliver terms of surrender!

Mirage: NUTS! You backwater, bulbous, blubbering, bumpkin! NUTS!

Phelinxien: An enemy of us is an enemy of the nation! We must not give in, we must not give up! NUTS, you moronic child, NUTS!

Mirage: So, who wants to pull the pin on the grenade? I volunteer Mirage.

Josiah: I also volunteer Mirage!

Mirage: Thank you everyone for all the volunteering, first I must thank the academy!

Throws grenade at player, fight starts and ends soon after

In The Battle:

Phelinxien: No surrender! / Let him get up! / I'll dig you a nice pit, make it nice and comfy.

Josiah: Your shoes look terrible! / I will enjoy stomping on your corpse! / I'm hungry, I think I'll make myself a sandwich.

Mirage: I will pour liquid metal down your throat! / Wanna see my ear necklace? Pretty sure I got one of your friends. / Ohohohoho! This kitty's got claws.

Items & Lore Text:

Old War Money:

Back when gold became more of a rarity, with various banks failing due to constant strain during times of war, Bank Notes were created, which could be exchanged for gold at said banks. Unfortunately, The Great Gold Boom would not arrive until fourteen years after the war was over, leaving this money as worthless and setting the stage for an era of economic collapse.

High Rank Officer Monocle:

Do not wear this, it will make you look like a pretentious knucklehead, looks pretty though.

Fourth Regiment Bayonet Handle (Broken):

Regiment Bayonet, often used in large-scale charges. The handles were often customized by soldiers with small carvings, stickers or insignias to differentiate them, this one had all of them scorched off.

Military Medal Wooden Case:

Inside there are nothing but broken and melted medals, probably because of shell fire and extreme heat. These medals would be awarded to soldiers in ceremonies usually held either in the palaces, military academies or in the soldiers own homes.

Old Regiment Patch:

A jacket patch of a military regiment known as the “Verdant Dogs,” it seems worn and deteriorated, the design is barely recognizable as is. These sorts of patches would be sewn into the jackets of the soldiers when they graduated from the military academy and got assigned to a unit. This soldier regiment was known for its use of hit-and-run tactics and almost supernatural ability to camouflage with the surrounding vegetation.

Whetstone Box:

A box containing several whetstones, certainly used for sharpening all sorts of bladed weaponry. These would become rarer as the war went on.

Professional Primer:

A manual determining all the things a soldier needs to know before engaging the enemy, containing cartoonish representations of enemy kingdom military and instructions to “show no mercy,” and to “consider all enemy combatants as less than human,” among other propagandistic material.

Battle Reports (3): (200 words)

Battle Of Ridge Bunker:

P.O Alecxzander Truthseeker

[UNINTELLIGIBLE]

Data On Previous Engagements

The enemy outnumbered us greatly, I estimate their sizes to be about 13,000 in total and that is without counting any backup, whereas we have only a small garrison of 3,006. We have sent word to our allies up north, the ETA of the Verdant Wolves is six days. Our enemy gets here in three.

Corporal Sawl recommended we send the golems towards the enemy with explosives attached, which, while effective in damaging the enemy, would leave us even more defenseless. Our

medic bays filled with the unbreathing, the unfeeling, we barely managed to send them back, thank the storm their golems failed to reach us and our cannons made their ascent towards us even harder.

The battle lasted two days.

The Verdant Wolves have been ambushed at the mountain pass.

We are now sixteen-hundred.

In these painful moments of silence, I think not of my soldiers, but of someone else.

At the time of writing, back home it should be fifteen-hundred hours. I wonder what my Mom is doing.

Siege Of Ridge Bunker:

From: Lt. General Balbor Alceny

To: General Ludo Magnackits

Address: [UNINTELLIGIBLE]

General Magnackits,

We are currently under heavy fire, the Verdant wolves have just arrived and are aiding us on our south-west flank, you need to send aid as soon as possible, preferably heavy artillery and—

[The rest of the page is smeared in ink.]

Last Stand Of Ridge Bunker:

I wish I had something clever to say

I found a lot of pictures, some of them had babies, some had women. I lost my picture a while ago, can't find it, so I just keep staring at these and the pile of letters behind me, all of which shall never be delivered.

Ridge Bunker stinks of death, we can't dig any more pits and we ran out of wood to burn, so now they just stay there, new homes for the rats and maggots. The siege lasted so long our calendars

ran out and we just started carving tally marks on the walls, but sometimes they erode away after a while and we have to start all over again.

Time gave up and God doesn't care.

Old Man Ludo, "Six-Eared" Alecxzander, "Babyface" Sawl, Kenton, Georgio, Jasper, "Little" Linton. Among the mountains of fallen I can't find them, and I am afraid that one day I will.

Soldier Logs:

From: Reginald Sawl

To: Mary Ciaphas Hughes & Patrick Sawl

Address: [UNINTELLIGIBLE]

HELLO MY BABIES!

Would you look at yourselves! Haven't aged a day! Don't ask me how I can tell, I just know. And you! Patrick my boy, twenty five and you already look like you are ready to retire! :D

Things are just getting messier and messier around here, I can't remember the last time I slept. But that was the least of my worries, as due to some unfortunate artillery strikes, I am currently all right.

I know it's not funny, but that's all I got.

Thankfully everyone has stopped calling me "Babyface," and I was just starting to grow fond of the nickname. I wonder if we will all be together long enough for me to get a new one.

I will not avoid the problem at hand, I know that today is a very important holiday, I know it's [UNINTELLIGIBLE] and I had promised that I would come back just in time for it, but I don't think I will. In other news, I am so happy for you Pat; your own little boy to care for and raise, even countries away, you make me proud, although I will say Hackerion is not that good of a name, I would formally request for you to change but much like a tree you are rooted to the ground.

AND THAT'S JUST HOW I LO- [The rest of the paper is burnt off.]

From: Zaldensod Humblethrow

To: Gram Humblethrow

Address: [UNINTELLIGIBLE]

Dear Gram,

I apologize for not having written for quite a while, it is awfully tumultuous here at Ridge. Fortunately, Corporal Sawl managed to scavenge some paper for me to write on.

War is a tiring deal son, it's nothing like the stories grandfather told you and me. There's rats everywhere no matter where I look. Thankfully Mrs. Mauler, our "bunker cat", seems to be taking care of them quite beautifully. You've always wanted a pet son, so when I come back, guess who I am bringing with me? That's right! I just know you two will get along swimmingly.

When the stars align in the sky my son, I just know we'll meet again, on a day when we can forget all the meanness of this horrible conflict. I cannot wait to kiss your head and tell you goodnight like a-- [BURNT OFF]

Unlabelled:

I killed my first man today.

I am writing to you from Ridge Bunker, where I have been stationed for the past few months. The siege has been hard and I have not been able to sleep for weeks, the shelling just keeps pounding at the walls and the rats keep nibbling at my feet, but I am thankful that I have been blessed with such great friends here, fellow soldiers willing to lend a hand. One of them brought a cat yesterday, we collectively named her Mrs. Mauler, her nonexistent husband, is a deadbeat.

Tremors of terror shook my body as I stared at him, his body impaled on my sword, on the floor, gasping for air, scared, cold, alone. It was a split decision, he would have killed all three of us if I didn't do anything. It was necessary, but with that same sword strike, I killed myself, something inside me that I know can never come back.

I'm still a good person, right?

Book Of Soldiers:

[Most of it is burned off and torn.]

Jonathan Yolenko [K.I.A]

Zaldensod Humblethrow [K.IA]

Reginald Sawl [K.IA]

Ludo Magnackits [K.I.A]

Alecxzander Truthseeker [K.I.A]

Josiah Mondragon [K.I.A]

Phelinxien Drenkovi [K.I.A]

Mirage Brekiavic [K.I.A]

Ending Quest Line Dialogue:**Hackerion Sawl:**

Oh my, you came back, would you look at yourself! Come here, you can take my seat. Are you alright?

Thank you, I don't know what I would have done without you. Now what is all this...?

.....

I-I... Grandpa, I n-never got to kn-know you. You never gave up, and you lived your life exactly as you wanted to, you rascal, you always did what no one would expect.

T-Thank you, adventurer, you have no idea what this means to someone like me... or maybe you do.

All the words in the world would never be enough, not gold either. You will have to settle for an old man's gratitude, who doesn't have much long in this world. Thank you, from the bottom of my heart, thank you, for reuniting a family after so many years.

After Quest:

Hackerion is enveloped in a deep sense of contentment and calm, that hole in his heart, that gap in his familial soul, after so many years, is full. Now, he may enjoy the rise and fall of the sun.

Quest Title: Maws Of Danger

- Lucinda Fellbushien is looking for help for an expedition into The Ridge Bunker. As someone who already has experience going there I volunteered as soon as I heard. She keeps talking about a beast inside, but I never saw one.

Objectives:

- 0/1 - Help Lucinda Find Her Sister
 - Lucinda's sister is missing, last seen wandering Ridge Bunker in search for evidence regarding the existence of some mighty beast, it is best she is found quickly, God knows what she might have found there.
- 0/1 - Defeat The Corpse-Mouth
 - A Corpse-Mouth, known for its destructive power despite being a scavenger-type monster. I can't defeat it, I am not strong enough... I just need to buy more time, just enough to get Marrion and her friends free.

Quest Start:

Hey, you are that famous adventurer right? [PLAYER NAME]?

Awesome, if you would not mind could we perhaps discuss a small business venture that I think would greatly benefit us both, sound good? Great!

My name is Lucinda Fellbushien and my family are known for being explorers, which includes not being able to keep our nose out of people's businesses, you know?

My sister decided to explore The Ridge Bunker, based on some rumors about this great, big, run-away-from-it-really-fast kind of beast you know? Well she went there with some colleagues and hasn't come back...

Now, me, Lucas, Turinini and you are gonna go into that Bunker and try to find them, get them out, maybe find some cool stuff along the way, sound simple, sound dandy, right?

Anyways, follow me, the other should already be at the outskirts of the bunker.

Meeting Outside Ridge Bunker:

Lucas: Well if it isn't little Lucinda, I was beginning to wonder if you would show up at all.

Turinini: Knock it off, dude, we've only been waiting for like ten minutes.

Lucinda: Here they are, adventurer, this is my team...

Lucinda: We are gonna die aren't we?

Lucas: Hey! We are right here!

Turinini: Hello my guy, let's just get this over with, I am Turinini, he's Lucas, we get paid by the hour so we can do this as fast or as slow as you want.

Lucinda: Get inside! Go! Go! Go!

Lucas: You had to open your mouth.

[Lucas walks into Ridge Bunker.]

[Turinini sighs and goes after him.]

[Lucinda goes inside Ridge Bunker. They are all waiting for the player inside.]

Inside Of Ridge Bunker:

Lucinda: Alright here we are, now we should begin our search, lead the way my brave adventurer.

[After a while of exploring, fighting and reaching new areas into the bunker, going through a hall, the entrance behind them caves in, locking them all inside.]

Turinini: This was no natural cave-in, it was a trap! I've never seen one like it before.

Lucas: And you couldn't tell us this... before we stepped on it?

Lucinda: It's strange, for a war bunker, here's a lack of bodies here. Not even the skeletons have been left behind, could there still be somebody here?

Lucas: That's the weird part, how would they even dispose of them? I highly doubt they were just left in the infirmary, maybe they—

Turinini: Please let's not talk about corpses too much! Okay?

[After much more exploration and reaching the lower levels they find Marrion's pink bandana.]

Lucinda: Look, it's my sister's bandana, she must be close!

Turinini: Doesn't seem that damaged, she must have just dropped it.

Lucas: There's a compass here too, says it's hers on the back of it.

[As they go deeper inside the bunker, and see all the things described in the first document, they find themselves in a long winding tunnel leading into an almost impenetrable darkness. The screen shakes a bit with the stomps of something big]

Lucinda: Guys, do you hear that?

Lucas: You know maybe we should just leave, I guess we could just—

Old War Titan: HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHA!

FOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLS!

[We see Josiah, Phelinxien and Mirage piloting the titan. Josiah is on the head, and Phelinxien and Mirage on the left and right shoulder respectively.]

Oh it's these guys again.

Josiah: Prepare, foul enemies of our great nation, for now you face the might of...

Josiah: That's your cue Phelinxien.

Phelinxien: Oh right, ehem... THE M.K II DEATH MECHA TITAN ALPHA VERSION 1.19.2!

Mirage: Hell yeah! Let the suffering begin.

Turinini: I can't believe all I brought was this grappling hook.

Lucinda: Where is my sister?

Josiah: Oh, your sibling will get her just desserts very soon! Now perish!

[Epic battle is fight. They lose, and run away deeper into the tunnel.]

Turinini: Come on, we can't let them get away!

Lucinda: Let's go, my friend, maybe they know where my sister is!

[They find her sister above the pit, chained and everything as described in the document.]

Lucinda: Marrion!

Lucas: Wait, there's a pit, slow down!

Turinini: I think I can use my grappling hook to drag them back, but it's gonna take a while.

[They see inside the pit, dark red eyes start to light up and so on and so forth, I am just writing here to establish a chronological order to this dialogue.]

Turinini: I need some time to pull them back! Buy me some time! Go!

[The Three Soldiers, Josiah, Phelinxien and Mirage, pop out, seemingly out of nowhere and stand in their way, their backs facing the Corpse-Mouth.]

Josiah: Oh no you don't you filthy cur!

[The fight is very intense, but they don't manage to defeat the monster, but rather beat him back and hold it off. Turinini manages to pull them close enough for Lucinda to grab onto the chains wrapping around Marrion and her two assistants, they release them and both sisters hug.]

Lucinda: Marry, I am so glad you are okay!

Marrion: Gods, me too Lucy, I am so sick of this place, I want to leave already!

Lucas: Right behind you lady! Come on, let's get out of here!

[They make it outside of the bunker as it quakes.]

Marrion: Gods, that was close, I am never going out of the house again.

Lucas: I'd tell you not to be dramatic but then again, that was a giant Corpse-Mouth we just fought.

Lucinda: I am just so happy you are alright, thank you so much adventurer—

Turinini: Hey!

Lucinda: Oh, right you guys too. I hope this covers the cost of your services. Thank you adventurer, may we meet again... under better circumstances, heh.

[The player may now leave as all the other characters make their way back to the town. Perhaps they could also approach Turinini and Lucas to ask how much they charge for them to become party members, like mercenaries, but that is just an idea.]

[As the player leaves, he is stopped by Josiah, alone.]

Josiah: Hey, kid! Listen, you look like a spry young lad don't you, fresh recruit? Straight out of the academy? That's good, those usually run the fastest.

Josiah: Could you deliver these letters to one named Hackerion Sawl? And to tell him that his grandpa loves him very much. Anyways, you must have news from the front to deliver so you better get going.

[Josiah throws a smoke bomb on the ground and we see him run through the smoke cloud past the player and back to the bunker.]

[The player may deliver the letters to Hackerion who replies that he will, “give them a look later.” thanking the player for his service yet again.]

Quest Title: Legend Of The Crab Empire

- This kid called Gregor wants children to be able to play on the beach once again, but there is an infestation of crabs which attack anyone who comes close. Gregor has decided to hire me to act as an impromptu exterminator, this should be fun, but what is this “Crab King” he keeps talking about.

Objectives:

- 0/13 - Clear The Beach Off Crabs
 - “Kill all thirteen crabs that are causing problems on the beach,” seems simple enough, they are not that strong either so I should be done in just a bit.
- 0/1 - Defeat The Crab King
 - You have got to be kidding me.

Quest Start:

Gregor:

Hello, mister! Wow, you look mighty strong, you do! Hey, would you mind helping me with a problem? There’s all these crabs on the beach and I want to teach the kids how to make sandcastles, but none of the meanie crabs will allow us to play.

Could you please kill all of the crabs with extreme prejudice and overwhelming force?

Gregor As Fight Commentator:

Our intrepid hero fights the crabs with his overwhelming might, who will win this battle of power and spirit?

Aghast! This foul crustacean seems to have our hero on the ropes, will they be able to turn the tables on this glorious combat? Will they get the girl or boy or “hear met out” character, this and more on the next episode of Crab Slayer!

Ah yes, the sword strike, a sword strike is when someone takes a sword and swings it in the direction of their opponent to cause great damage, a complex technique that only few can master.

No, our hero has been wounded, damn you foul creature, you do not belong in this... beach.

And the foul crustacean falls, with all the grace and glory of a seagull's poop. All hail the Crab Slayer!

BOOM! CRASH! KAPOW! And they have been... destroyed.

Did you know that a Crabs pincers can exert as much force as the weight of a thousand-thousand-thousand boulders? No, yeah me neither, I just made it, somebody's gotta do the power-scaling.

Ah yes, the hero just moved from one square to the other, this is colloquially known as “evasive maneuvers,” something that very few can do, but horror! Terror! Every time the hero does this, he shaves off five years of his life span— Yeah okay this is getting tiring.

Heh, nice job *crustacean*, you just made the protagonist use 1% of his power, not bad.

No, my brother, this is OUR FIGHT!

joins the fight for a bit, hits the crab, gets hit once.

Yeah this isn't for me, sorry bro.

This is the power of humankind, the power of red-hot bloodedness and willpower. We are the warriors of light, defenders of justice and champions of might! In a war against hatred, bigotry and intolerance... except for crabs, crab racism is okay.

[PPlayer can go: I thought we were the Crab Slayers?]

Yeah, we still are but I'm trying to build a shared universe here.

Oh, by the way, if you kill them all I could make you some crab soup, they are very good for the liver!

Final Conversation Before Final Fight:

And that is another one down. But do not relax your bloodlust yet my comrade, we are yet to destroy the mightiest challenger to our righteous crusade yet! A beast so foul, so incredibly horrible and terrible that the mere utterance of its true name would break reality, those that know of its existence can only call it by its epithet: The Crab King!

[The player fights the crab king, he's killed in one hit]

Gregor: Damn, that was kinda anticlimactic don't you think? Here's your money... I just... need a moment.

Quest Title: Junior Wolf Slayer

- The tavernkeeper told me that the wolves around the area have been attacking his customers, and wants me to take care of them... personally.

Objectives:

- 0/10 - Kill Wolves
 - Lucinda's sister is missing, last seen wandering Ridge Bunker in search for evidence regarding the existence of some mighty beast, it is best she is found quickly, God knows what she might have found there.

Quest Start:

Excuse me, you are that adventure that has been going around helping people like it's their job, right? Well, I have an offer for you.

My name is not important, everyone here just calls me Barkeep anyways. You see kid, my business is flourishing, plenty of customers as you can see, but not without its problems.

Some very hairy problems, I am of course talking about wolves. How about you go out there, kill a whole pack of them wolves? Should send the message that this is a dangerous area.

My customers would finally stop getting attacked. I of course don't expect you to do this out of the kindness of your heart, so I will pay you handsomely for it, sound good?

Quest End:

Ah, beautiful, now that's what I call honest work, and honest work deserves honest pay, doesn't it? Here you go.

Hell maybe if you're lucky you'll finally break the record, that madwoman Lillian killed forty wolves in a single fight, they all just kept attacking her, maybe one day you'll surpass her. Ha! I really hope to live long enough to see that day.