

Path in the woods, blah blah blah, you come face to face with the princess. Stern Princess mood.

[Slay the Princess...?]

Narrator: "You lunge forward without a moment's hesitation." | "Except... you do. You do hesitate. Just before striking, you stop. You uncurl your hand and... offer the blade- what are you *doing*?"

Princess: "So... there is a soul in there after all." | "I could've gone without that little stunt, but I suppose I shouldn't complain."

Voice of the Hero: "Oh- I thought we were about to..." | "Well, in any case, I'm glad you're doing the right thing."

Narrator: "No, you're making a mistake. If you allow her to escape, you'll be damning an entire world to destruction." | "*sigh* - The princess takes the blade from your palm and presses it against her wrist." | "The blade cuts through flesh, slipping seamlessly into bone." | "Stop trying to help her. Take the blade back and *finish it*."

Voice of the Hero: "Don't listen to him. You're doing the right thing." | "Maybe just... look away from her dismembering her own hand?"

[Take the blade back]

[Save the Princess]

Narrator: "You don't know what you're doing. There will be serious consequences if you allow this to continue." | "The Princess stands up, softly smiling at you as the blood from her wrist drips rhythmically onto the ground, the pristine blade locked in her hand."

Voice of the Hero: "She... barely made a sound through that whole thing..."

Narrator: "No. She didn't."

Princess: "Now then, let's leave, shall we?"

[Take the blade back]

[Leave with the Princess]

Narrator: "You can't just let her escape into the world. ...no. / can't just let her escape into the world." | "Your hands slowly move towards the Princess's neck, her back turned to you, oblivious as you advance."

Voice of the Hero: "Wait- no, you can't just *do* that!"

Narrator: "Watch me."

[Slay the Princess x50]

[Resist]

Narrator: "You throw your arms to the side just as you lunge forward, throwing yourself onto the ground, your forearms breaking your fall." | "Stop that. Stop trying to resist me."

Princess: "I thought this was a little too easy...."

Narrator: "You feel a foot being pressed against your back. Her heel digs into your spine." | "You first hear a crack, and then feel your entire body flare up in *agonizing* pain."

Princess: "I don't know how you could have possibly missed me... I didn't even try to dodge. But maybe you're just stupider than you look."

Narrator: "After a few moments of silence, you feel a piercing sensation grace your neck, slide down through your throat, and fall to the ground... the pristine blade dropping before your eyes with a dull clang, coated in blood."

Voice of the Hero: "This can't be it... right?"

Narrator: "Oh that's rich, coming from you. But, I'm afraid it is." | "Everything goes dark, and you die."

Chapter II: The Deceiver

Narrator: "You're on a path in the woods-"

Voice of the Deceived: "Ah yes! A path that we most definitely haven't seen before! A path that leads to the cabin we haven't seen before in our lives!"

Narrator: "... well, yes, I would assume you haven't seen it before... but then, how did you know it was there?"

Voice of the Deceiver: "How did I know what was where? Who knew what? I don't know of any cabin! No siree!"

Voice of the Hero: "If he really doesn't remember what happened, maybe it's best to keep it that way?"

Voice of the Deceiver: "Remember what? That we died? Don't be silly! We totally didn't slip up and let the blade cut through our neck! Nooooo, nooooo. Nothing of the sort!"

Voice of the Hero: (Scoff) "Well, aren't you just bloody pleasant to chat with."

"This... This has happened before."

Narrator: "If you lot are done with your jokes, I would like to clarify that you have most certainly *not* been here, and even *more* certainly, have *not* died." | "You are on a path in the woods, heading towards a cabin. This is the first time you are doing any of this."

Voice of the Deceiver: "Ahh, right you are, right you are! The first time we've ever met with a princess that we will *definitely* kill!"

Narrator: "What- I haven't even said anything about the Princess yet!"

Voice of the Deceiver: "Did you not? I remember you speaking of a deceitful princess who will try anything in her power to stop us from slaying her not too long ago!"

Narrator: "I- I assure you, I haven't mentioned... I'm sure I haven't mentioned her yet... have I?"

Voice of the Deceiver: "It must be your imagination! Now, onto definitely slaying that princess that we utterly despise!"

Narrator: "As much as I admire the enthusiasm, can we just make sure that I didn't mention the Princess before you did?"

Voice of the Hero: (Snicker) "What do you mean? I heard you loud and clear."

[Choice] "No, He didn't mention her yet."

[Choice] "Yeah, I heard you mention her and how totally dangerous she is."

Narrator: "I... well, if you're all so sure that I did, I suppose it's no use arguing. Carry on then, head to the cabin."

[Continue to the Cabin]

Narrator: "A warning, before you go any further..." | "She will lie, she will cheat-"

Voice of the Deceiver: "And she will do anything in her power to stop us! Yes, try to stop us from slaying her, she will!"

Narrator: "Would you please allow me to finish?"

Voice of the Hero: "I don't see a reason to, seeing as mister enthusiasm over here's done your job for you."

[Proceed to the cabin]

Narrator: "The interior of the cabin is dark, yet comforting. An ominous sense of security hangs in the air, as if something could jump out at any moment, but nothing of immediate danger." |
"The only furniture of note is a seemingly steel table, with a pristine blade perched on its edge." |
"The blade is your implement. You'll need it if you want to do this right."

" 'Seemingly' steel? What's that supposed to mean?" [Approach the table]

Narrator: "The table seems to be made of steel, but examining it closer, you find that it is, in fact, actually composed of wood. The paint coating the table grants it the shine steel assumes."

Voice of the Hero: "Why would someone do that? Seems pretty pointless to me."

Voice of the Deceiver: "Oh, why would you say that? Wouldn't someone want to feel like they have a sleek and shiny new table instead of a dull wooden one? I know I certainly would!"

Voice of the Hero: "...Alright, I'm getting a bit sick of hearin' you blabber on. Let's just get on with it already."

Narrator: "Yes, let's."

[Take the blade]

Narrator: "You take the blade. It would be hard to slay the Princess and save the world without a weapon."

Voice of the Deceiver: "Ah, yes! Slay the Princess! That is what we will do, and do efficiently!"

Narrator: "...yes. That's what you *need* to do if you *don't* want the world *to end*."

[Descend the stairs]

Narrator: "As you walk down the stairs, you feel the cold wind envelop your body, and yet you feel as though you've never been warmer." | "It feels as though the very cabin itself is playing tricks on you." | "An enthusiastically agitated voice prances up the stairs."

Princess: "Is that my sweet little saviour up there? Don't be shy, come on down! I want to thank you for not killing me!"

Voice of the Hero: " 'Saviour'? Wait, does she remember what happened, then?"

Narrator: "Don't let her honeyed words fool you. It's all part of the manipulation."

Voice of the Deceiver: "Yes, yes! She's most likely daydreaming! Definitely not recalling past events!"

Narrator: "Just get the job done."

[Stay silent]

[Descend the stairs]

"Hey, I'm here to not kill you!"

"Hey, I may or may not be here to kill you!"

Narrator: "As the Princess comes into view, you see that she, too, has a pristine blade... donning dried blood. It is nearly identical to the one you hold." | "That's not right, she's not supposed to have a weapon. She's meant to be unarmed, what is happening?"

Voice of the Hero: "That's... not too reassuring."

Princess: "Hey there! Thanks for not killing me! I don't know how you missed, but I'm sure it was some kind of internal conflict or something!"

Voice of the Deceiver: "Ooh! That voice! I'd know that tone anywhere! This will be interesting!"

Voice of the Hero: "Wait, what's that supposed to-"

Narrator: "Before you can ponder that, the Princess dashes at you without a moment's hesitation, free of her bindings in the blink of an eye." | "You're just barely able to block the tip of her blade with the flat of your own. You then realize, she's severed her own hand to free herself."

Voice of the Hero: "Well, so much for trying to talk her up. Any ideas? We could use one, quick!"

Voice of the Deceiver: "Dodge left!"

[Dodge left]

[Knock away the blade]

Narrator: "You dash to the left, but the Princess is quick to follow up, slashing at your side just before you're able to steady yourself, stopping another attack."

Voice of the Deceiver: "Dodge left again! Do it! Do it!"

[Dodge left again]

[Dodge right]

Narrator: "You step left, and the knife slices through your shoulder, your bone giving way as if there was nothing but foam in its place."

Voice of the Hero: "Alright, maybe listening to this guy ISN'T the right thing to do. Try ducking! Anything that isn't what *he* says!"

Narrator: "Don't try to dodge. Slay her. You have a clear shot."

Voice of the Deceived: "I disagree! Dodge to the left one more time! Do it! It'll work this time, I promise!"

[Dodge left]

[Duck]

[Slay the Princess]

[Panic]

Narrator: "*What?* What are you *doing*? You're supposed to be saving the world right now, do you hear me?"

[Dodge left]

[Duck]

[Slay the Princess]

[PANIC]

Narrator: "I can't believe this..." | "Your hand, in its incessant indecision, releases the blade, letting it fall to the ground with an unceremonious clang." | "And then... you hear another one. The Princess's blade fell along with yours."

Princess: "Oops! Sorry for attacking you."

Narrator: "You heave breathlessly as your hand presses against the gash in your shoulder, the excessive blood loss catching up to your senses." | "Your knees buckle, and you fall against the wall, blood pouring out of the gash in your arm whilst you come down from your recent adrenaline rush."

[Explore] "Why'd you attack me? And why are you apologizing?"

[Slay the Princess]

Princess: "I must have felt like you were going to try something, so I decided to first!"

Voice of the Hero: "Well... at least she's not trying to kill us anymore."

Narrator: "You notice a distinct twitch in her eye. She has an innocent smile across her face, not unlike the one she did when you first entered... but you can practically taste the malice behind it." | "The blade is just to your right. If you're quick about it, you can finish her. End this."

Voice of the Deceiver: "Yesss, do it! Pick it up! You can slay her!"

[Slay the Princess]

[Slowly reach for the blade]

Narrator: "As you reach for the blade, you can see that the Princess is also extending her hand to pick it up." | "You're running out of time. End this, now! Before you succumb to your wounds!" | "Pick! Up! The! Blade!"

[Slay the Princess]

[Knock the blade away]

Narrator: "Have you gone mad? You do know what happens if you follow through with this, right? Everyone dies! The world will *end*! Does that mean *anything* to you?!" | *sigh* "With what's left of your strength, you smack the blade away from you. The Princess... does the same."

"Why is she copying me?"

[Explore] "Why are you copying me?"

[Sit still and wait]

Voice of the Hero: "I don't know and I don't think I'd like to find out... can we get out of here now?"

Narrator: "No. You still have a job to do. You can do it without the blade."

Voice of the Deceiver: "Yes, come on now! Let's see how this goes!"

[Explore] "Why are you copying me?"

[Get up and sprint for the exit]

[Stand up and stay your ground]

[Attack the Princess]

[Sit still and wait]

Narrator: "Good. Better to lure her in before making your intentions known."

Voice of the Hero: "No, I *really* don't like where this is going. Something is very wrong about this, and I don't want to know what it is."

Voice of the Deceiver: "Oh come now, you're fine! Nothing's going to go wrong at all! Trust me!"

Voice of the Hero: "Now that? That's how we know something's not right. Get up and get out of here already!"

Narrator: "The Princess approaches you and falls to her knees, gracefully sitting in front of you." | "She inches closer, her lips parted, almost as if she's expecting a kiss." | "This is your chance. Slay her."

[Slay the Princess]

[Embrace the Princess]

Narrator: "Before your hands can lift off the ground, you feel a sharp, yet blunt sensation, almost as if you've been pierced by a wooden club." | "You look down and see the Princess's bone crammed into your stomach, blood splattered on her arm. You can already feel your body giving out."

Princess: "Maybe next time, you'll learn not to bring a knife to a chat."

Voice of the Deceiver: "Ohhhhh nooooo, woe is me! This can't possibly be our end, right?"

Narrator: "As much as you've tried, I'm afraid it is." | "Everything goes dark, and you die."

[. . .]

[Pick up the blade]

Narrator: "Wait, what? You... You feel your hand wrap around the handle of the pristine blade. No, that's not right-" | "Your arm swings forward, and you feel the resistance of flesh give way, a squelch echoing in your ears. You feel a pulsing sensation course through the blade." | "Your vision quickly adjusts, blurry and unclear." | "As the image in front of you clears, the first thing you notice is the Princess... the knife deep in her chest, a thin slice in her chest."

Princess: "O-Oh... Oh my..."

Narrator: "How did you do that? You *died*! I don't... how?!"

Voice of the Hero: "Wouldn't exactly be the first time, I suppose..."

Narrator: "First time? Have you- no, that can't be possible... but it would explain how you could have been able to refuse death itself..."

Voice of the Deceiver: "No, just like you said! We died! We're dead! This is all a dream, in our head!"

Narrator: *sigh* "There's just no use in denying it anymore. Even if you'd already been here before, there's no use in dwelling on it. I guess you had to take the Princess down with you

somehow.” | “The two of you fall to the floor, the Princess’s expression holding an infuriated grin.”

Princess: “Well well... seems you aren’t as stupid as I took you for... just stupidly stubborn...” | “But... I have to wonder...” | “**Did you really think this was enough to kill me?**”

Narrator: “Before you have time to ponder that, everything goes dark, and you die. Again.”

Chapter III: The Fearful

Narrator: “You’re on a path in the woods-”

Voice of the Thrilled: “Come on! Let’s get in there and slay that princess!”

Voice of the Deceived: “Ah, the princess we’ve not met yet? What a fine idea!”

Narrator: “What? Wait, how do you know about the princess?”

Voice of the Hero: “It’s a bit of a long story, really.”

“There’s no use in debating it. We’ve been here twice already.”

Narrator: “Twice...? You mean to tell me you’ve done this all before?”

Voice of the Hero: “Well, not *exactly* like this, but-”

Voice of the Thrilled: “The scenery changed so nicely! Almost... a little *too* nicely!”

Voice of the Deceived: “Just admire the greenery a bit more! Nothing to worry about!”

Narrator: “Right, I think I’ve heard enough out of you two already.” | “The fact you’ve been here before means that you all have already messed up. The Princess’s influence on this place has grown too large.” | “Even if I’ve said too much, it probably doesn’t matter anymore. Move along, then.”

[Proceed to the Cabin]

Narrator: “The interior of the Cabin boasts a sleek shine among its walls, as if inviting anyone who enters to touch them. The floor feels uneven, but lacks the appearance of even a single bump.” | “The only furniture of note is a smooth, splintered table, and a pristine blade perched on its edge.” | “The blade is your implement. You’ll need it if you want to do this right.”

[Take the blade]

[Proceed down the stairs]

[Run your hand along the wall]

Narrator: "Upon touching the wall, it's smooth and shiny surface turns to one roughness and jagged edges, almost sharp enough to break skin upon contact." | "The aforementioned shine rubs off, becoming dust upon your fingers."

Voice of the Hero: "Well, that's not unnerving at all."

Narrator: "A voice rings from behind the door."

Princess: "Hey! Don't come down here, okay?! I'm warning you!"

Voice of the Hero: "What? But we haven't even-"

Voice of the Excited: "Would you look at that! An invitation!"

Voice of the Deceived: "Well, we certainly wouldn't want to disappoint our fair maiden! Let's trot on down!"

[Take the blade]

[Trot on down]

Narrator: "Good. It would be difficult to slay the Princess and save the world without a weapon."

Voice of the Deceived: "Can't we, though? I vote that we... throw it out the window! Try our hand at unarmed combat!"

Voice of the Hero: "Don't listen to him. I say he's gone mad." | "In any case, I reckon you just do what you can to save the Princess. Something about all of this still doesn't sit right with me."

[Proceed down the stairs]

Narrator: "As you walk down the stairs, you can feel the floorboards creak under your feet, but no sound emits from them. Almost as if your very muscles are shaking." | "A voice blitzes up the stairs."

Princess: "D-Don't come down here! I-I-I have a weapon!"

Narrator: "She's bluffing. Don't let her fool you, it's all a part of the manipulation."

Voice of the Hero: "You say that, but..."

Voice of the Deceived: "Oh, stuff and nonsense, hero! She could never have a weapon! He said it himself, after all!"

"Hey, just calm down."

"Better get ready! Here I come!"

[Stay silent]

[Proceed down the stairs]

Narrator: "The moment you step into her view, the Princess dashes straight for you, but is immediately pulled back by her restraints." | "Two chains bind her wrists to the wall."

Voice of the Hero: "That's strange... she only had one chain before-"

Voice of the Excited: "She's vulnerable! Go on, take the shot!"

Narrator: "The Princess has a blade in her hands, matching the pristine appearance of your own." | "A large, diagonal scar is plainly visible on her chest, a deep crimson shade. Scratches run along her arms, as if she's gone mad down here." | "Be cautious. I don't know how she got her hands on a blade like that, but if you hesitate now, it'll be too late." | "Slay her."

Princess: "D-D-Don't come any closer! I'll k-kill you! I swear!!"

[Slay the Princess]

[“Slay” the Princess]

Narrator: "You spring forward without a moment's hesitation." | "Your blades clash together, their metal screeching against each other like nails on a chalkboard."

"Drop your weapon! We have a common enemy here!"

[Push your attack]

[Jump back]

Narrator: "What are you talking about?"

Voice of the Hero: "Good. Best to make our move now."

Princess: "Why sh-should I listen to my attacker?! Y-You don't belong here! LEAVE!!"

Narrator: "The Princess's grip shakes, her hand trembling. Her form is unsteady." | "End this."

[Slay the Princess]

"You know that isn't why I'm here!"

Narrator: "What are you saying? End this!"

Voice of the Hero: "Just keep going, you got this!"

Voice of the Deceived: "What's this? Trying to convince the murderous princess to stop murdering us? My goodness!"

Princess: "I... no, I know you're only here to kill me! And I won't let that happen!!"

Narrator: "The Princess breaks the clash and swings at you. You narrowly dodge her swipe and collect yourself." | "Stop stalling and SLAY HER already!"

"You have no reason to be afraid! Just drop your weapon, and I'll drop mine!"

Narrator: "The Princess's hands tremble as her grip tightens around the handle of her blade, her voice shaky." | "I swear, if you truly are trying this..."

Princess: "Y-You first! Drop yours, a-and... I-I'll drop mine."

Narrator: "Absolutely not!"

Voice of the Hero: "Go on, do what you have to."

Narrator: "Don't listen to him. Slay. Her. NOW!"

Voice of the Thrilled: "Come on, come on! Keep fighting her!"

Voice of the Deceiver: "I, for one, am perfectly content with fighting this woman!"

"I won't feel the need to drop it unless you drop it yourself."

[Slay the Princess]

[Tighten your grip]

"Listen, I know you're scared, but I'm trying to help you." [Drop the blade]

Narrator: "What- *no!* What are you *doing?*! You... you-!"

Voice of the Hero: "Uh-oh. Looks like you've really ticked him off now."

Narrator: "No, I can't let you do this. I *won't* let you do this." | "Your hands-"

Voice of the Hero: "Good luck trying that again. We've already been controlled once, you aren't doing that again."

Narrator: "Excuse me? Since when did you have any authority here?"

Voice of the Hero: "There's more of us than there are of you. Not so easy controlling so many of us, is it?"

Narrator: "You little... urgh." | "Fine. The blade hits the floor with an unceremonious clang... and you follow up by kicking it away from yourself, leaving yourself utterly defenseless and absolutely deserving of what comes next." | "The Princess, with a slightly softened yet scared expression, drops her blade as well, and kicks it over to yours."

Princess: "O-Okay... just don't t-try anything..."

[Approach the Princess]

Narrator: "The Princess doesn't say anything as you walk forward. You stop in front of her, and you can see her eyes lock onto your own, frantically analyzing your every movement." | "She's too dangerous to be left alive. You can still do this without a weapon, and she's vulnerable. End th-"

Voice of the Hero: "Alright, I've heard enough from you. Shut up already and let him decide on his own."

Narrator: "Excuse me?! Since when were *you* the one calling the shots?"

Voice of the Hero: "I said shut up."

Narrator: "The audacity you have, to first taunt me about trying to save you, and proceeding to-"

Voice of the Hero: "Bloody hell, he's never gonna stop."

Narrator: *Monologuing intensifies*

Princess: "Um... Are you going to... say anything?"

[Keep staring]

[Look away]

[Slay the Princess]

"Sorry, just... thinking about stuff."

Princess: "Like... trying to get me out of here, maybe? I haven't seen a key anywhere around her, so..."

As the Narrator prattles on, you notice the Princess's eyes dart towards the crossed blades on the floor. You see a flicker of realization in her expression.

Princess: "Maybe... maybe you could... c-cut me out of here?"

She seems apprehensive to suggest it, but she knows that this would be the only way out of this dungeon. Her body trembles with fear and caution.

"I've already tried that before, and... it didn't end well."

"No, there has to be another way."

[Inspect the chains silently]

As you examine the chains, the Narrator finally stops talking and does his job.

Narrator: "As you examine the chains, you realize that they're wracked with rust and wear, as if they'd been sitting here for decades." | "Stop trying to find a way out of this and *slay her* already."

Voice of the Hero: "To hell with your warnings. He's clearly not listening." | "You could probably just-"

Voice of the Thrilled: "Go on! Do what you're meant to do! Slay that princess!"

Voice of the Deceived: "Or! Pick up those blades and make it easier! Two razors are better than one!"

[Slay the Princess]

[Lunge at the Princess]

[Pick up the blades]

[Pull the chains with all your might]

Narrator: "Oh for- why must you make this so *difficult*?! Are you doing this purely to spite me? *sigh*" | "With all the strength you can muster, you manage to rip the chains from the plates nailed to the walls, metal cracking and shattering into iron shards that *cut*, *scrape* and *pierce* your skin." | "Despite the *burning* pain of rusted metal embedded deep in your very muscles, you look at the Princess, and see her shocked, terrified expression slowly shift." | "She smiles, her expression radiating sincerity, for the first time since laying your eyes upon her. Eugh."

Voice of the Hero: "*This* is what it's about. I knew you could do it."

Narrator: "If damning an entire world to utter annihilation is your idea of a happy ending, then I suppose you would say that."

Voice of the Deceived & Thrilled: "Now slay her!"

[Slay the Princess]

[Leave with the Princess]

[Slay the Princess]

Narrator: “*sigh*... As you ignore the two *correct* voices telling you what to do, your hands tenderly meet the Princess’s hands, gently locking fingers with each other.” | “You both walk up the stairs, one step at a time.” | “As soon as you reach the door, it slams shut. You hear the click of a lock sliding into place.”

Voice of the Deceived: “Ah, is someone else here? How interesting! Our options are quite limited now!”

Narrator: “Yes. Quite.” | “The Princess flinches at the slam. You look back to see her scared expression return, her fingers trembling against yours.” | “This is your only choice. Finish it.”

[Slay the Princess]

[Slay the Princess]

[Slay the Princess]

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[Slay the Princess]

[Slay the Princess]

[Slay the Princess]

[Slay the Princess]

“Shut up.” [Kick the door down]

[Slay the Princess]

[Slay the Princess]

[Slay the Princess]

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[Slay the Princess]

[Slay the Princess]

Narrator: "Excuse- oh, to hell with it." | "With whatever strength you have left, you kick the door, and..." | "...with a crash, it explodes through the door frame. The lock shatters from the impact, scattering shards on the ground." | "That wasn't supposed to happen, but I suppose I shouldn't expect anything less..."

Voice of the Hero: "Nothing to stop us now, Mr. 'You must do this or the world will end'. What now?"

Narrator: "You'll see *quite* soon."

Voice of the Hero: "What's that supposed to mean?"

Voice of the Deceived: "It means our journey is over! We've won! We've prevailed against the odds!"

Voice of the Thrilled: "Let's find out! Let's go, let's go!"

[Leave with the Princess]

Narrator: "The two of you walk to the cabin's door, and gently push it open. Without another moment of hesitation, you exit the oppressive space, and step out into the field." | "She smiles at you, circling to face you cheerfully, right before you..."

Voice of the Hero: "Right before what? ...Hello?"

Princess: "Thank you! Thank you!! I- I didn't think you would actually... I didn't think you'd actually help me. I thought that you would just..." | "...o-oh. It's... colder than I expected. Is it meant to be this... cold?"

The Princess is taken.

Cue ending with the mirror, etc etc