



# *Titan's Gambit*

A CRPG Pitch Deck  
By Duncan Sullivan



# Titan's Gambit

A CRPG Pitch Deck

By: Duncan Sullivan



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. What is Titan's Gambit?	Page	2
2. Inspiration Board	Page	3
3. Main Character Profile	Page	4
4. Supporting Character Profiles	Page	9
5. Taglines, Log Line, and Story Synopsis	Page	14
6. Gameplay Description	Page	15
7. Worldbuilding	Page	16
8. Worldbuilding Exploration in Prose	Page	20
9. Story Circle	Page	21
10. Intertexts	Page	24
11. Artifacts	Page	26
12. Dialogue Iteration	Page	27
13. Opening Cutscene - Little Changes	Page	31
14. Closing Cutscene - Make Me Love You	Page	40
15. Instructional Texts	Page	45

## What is Titan's Gambit?

Titan's Gambit is a western-styled CRPG using monster-capture systems similar to eastern games like 'La Pucelle: Tactics' and the 'Persona' series alongside the popular contemporary action point and grid combat systems from western titles over the last ~12 years. It's a unique blend of western gameplay and branching storytelling while using several systems popularized in the East which have found mainstream success in the west.

The Main PC and focus of the story is a woman named Emilia Bellamie. The setting is a steampunk/magicpunk victorian-styled pseudo-england. Swordsmen exist alongside Gunslingers, Magicians, and Scientists discovering the starting truths of Chemistry. It will focus on deep branching narratives where the players' every choice seems to have vast consequences on the sequence of events overall. Even sparing or killing certain enemies in combat will have consequences to the larger narrative. This would be a game that works off of a stat and rng system, both in story interactions and storybook animatics similar to the storybook cutscenes implemented in the CRPG's made by Owlcat Games. Loop wise, it would be broken into three distinct game modes, the narrative & exploration mode that is the main source of narrative and player choice, the combat mode, where consequences of choices are played out in a tactical grid system (A little more black and white than the Pause and Play CRPG's of old, closer to the contemporary classics like BG3 and Divinity Original Sin I+II), and the management hub where you grow your cult, set their missions, recruit more, interact with party members outside of the overworld, etc.

# Inspiration Board



- Dishonored and Lady Mechanika were active inspiration for the aesthetic of the world, with an active magical/arcane punk spin for Titan's Gambit.
- Fire Emblem Three Houses stuck out to me quite a bit with the training and companion systems, an energy I want in the game. The time reversal mechanic of Three Houses was also a large inspiration.
- La Pucelle Tactics is my core inspiration for how the capture and monster use system works, which is in tandem with the actual companions of the MC.
- Rogue Trader drives a lot of the inspiration behind the cult management concept as well as the large number of companions with them being able to be easily missed or killed.
- Pathfinder Wrath of the Righteous drives the management and mission systems in inspiration as well.
- Baldur's Gate 3 and Divinity are both big inspirations for depth of companions and the way they are interacted with. Gameplay is also actively inspired by these two CRPG titles



## MC: Emilia Bellamie

**General Description:** Beautiful porcelain skinned woman, reserved on the inside and a little broken when it comes to empathy, but code switches to the crowd she is working with very easily. A wolf in sheep's clothing

**Impressionistic age and health:** She appears to be in her mid-late 20's, her skin exceptionally clear and smooth, giving her a very healthy appearance.

**Impressionistic Height and Weight:** She is a fairly average height for women, clocking in at 5'6". You would think her to be a normal weight for an athletic woman of her height and age

**Body type :** Athletic Lithe with some curves

**Hairline/hair color:** Hair is long and slightly wavy, often pulled up in a bun with bangs framing her face. Hair is raven black.

**Eye color:** Vibrantly bright algae green eyes.

**Vanity:** Has a feminine swagger that exudes power when she isn't trying to keep to herself.

**Persona:** Smooth talking and Sexy Femme Fatale/Witch



**Nationality:** A Federation with a similar geography to industrial Britain, though larger. The culture is western euro inspired, a gothic Victorian spin on steampunk with less focus on steam and more focus on machinery and magic.

**Ethnicity:** Her homeland is Caucasian in nature, as is she. Though as a trade hub, her homeland is very diverse.

**Religion:** Outwardly gives false praise and worship to the trio of gods but is Misotheistic. This is not helped by the knowledge that the crusade the Divine will start against the Titans results in her death unless she becomes powerful enough and influential enough to destroy the crusade.

**Special Abilities:** Advanced Arcane Magic, Basic Dark magic, mostly defensive and utility with a general blasting spell. Main power is the ability to both dominate eldritch monsters and summon them for their skills and prowess to accomplish tasks and combat along with Time Freezing and Time Reversal. She can learn better

arcane and dark spells as the game progresses, up until she rediscovers and learns True Magic. True

Magic will be talked about more later.

**Education/Intelligence:** Extremely intelligent. Had multiple years education at a top magical academy before dropping out due to several incidents involving the study of taboo magic.

**Aspirations:** Wants to survive her impending doom, as well as make her mark/prove herself to both her and everybody else.

**Addictions:** The gathering of knowledge, regardless of what it is or where it's from. This has bitten her in the ass a few times as she often had to break the law to get her hands on artifact records and privately owned books.

**Wants:** To be recorded in tomes and read about in the far future, just as she reads about those that lived long in the past.

**Loves:** She had a girl that she loved as a teenager but Emilia hasn't seen her in many years nor exchanged letters. Emilia holds no love for her siblings, resents her late parents, and has made no effort to make friends except for a single woman that practically imprinted on Emilia. She doesn't even truly love herself, seeing herself as weak and a failure.

**Fears:** Dying in Obscurity, fading to nothing, with nobody to remember her. Also Wolves, because she nearly got killed by one as a child when she wandered into the forests.

**Emotional stability:** Early in the game, she would be pretty stable. As the game and narrative progress, that stability will slowly but surely break down. It will be up to the player if she can recover, or how deep the insanity gets.

**Alignment Type:** She will likely commit horrendously evil acts and work with dark powers on one hand but does not hate humanity or wish its destruction on the other. The extent that she goes in either direction on the alignment scale would be determined through player decision.

**Relation to other significant characters:** Emilia will gather close confidants to her party, grow a list of contacts, and leave behind a growing list of enemies. Perhaps some are rivals, but others are those that want her dead. Her close allies could become friends, one could even be a lover.

**Family:** Parents were rich merchants that sent her away to live with her now deceased Aunt, her

brother is a knight in the crusades, and her sister is a magician studying halfway across the planet. Parents are dead, Emilia hasn't spoken with her siblings in a decade, and the inheritance went completely to the church, leaving Emilia with nothing but her own meager funds.

**Family Boon:** Still has her family's connections into the aristocracy of the Federation she lives in, even if she is looked down upon for not having the wealth of her parents. This affords her access to parties and people that the majority working class could never dream of attending.

**Skills:** Smooth and seductive tongue, inquisitive and easily solves puzzles, innately knows how to most effectively utilize the skillsets of others that fall under her charisma and leadership. Fairly dexterous, can hold her own in a martial fight but avoids it if possible.

**Dialogue style:** Pays close attention to her speech and code switching, breaks it with body language but not words. May at times ramble about interests, but rarely and only with very well trusted individuals.

**Signature Tic:** Loudly clicks her tongue and grimaces if annoyed or frustrated, a tic she has a hard time masking.

**Dress Style:** Gothic Victorian, black and purple dresses of varying degrees of fanciness with modest covering of her skin. Wears black framed glasses. At times she will wear a blouse and leather trousers, usually when expecting combat or difficult traveling.



**Weapon:** A summonable tool that can mainly conjure as a Chain-whip Rapier or revolver that she casts offensive magic out of. It can hot swap between the two quickly.

## Emilia Background exploration: The Will

Emilia, dressed attractively yet unladylike in expensive and fashionable trousers, blouse, and suspenders, stepped out into the hot air of the township of Belarim. The cool air of the cabin of the aeroship left her as she headed down the departure ramp.

Her glasses, crystal green circular lenses in a bronze frame, sharpened her eyesight enough with their simple enchantments to see the head servant of the Bellamie family across the dockway by the elevators. Roche. Roche was an older gentleman, covered with far more wrinkles than last time Emilia saw him a decade prior. He wore a brown overcoat, leaning on a cane that Emilia didn't recognize, and staring her down from across the dockway with even aged eyesight.

Emilia allowed her natural strut to draw some attention, not hiding, even though no dockworkers seemed to realize who she was. Roche didn't move as he watched her approach. Emilia figured confidence and projected positivity with a dash of teasing was the best mask for now, so she spread a wide toothy grin on her face on her approach, dipping down her glasses to look at him from over the lens.

"Coming to pick me up, Mr. Roche? Color me flattered, but I'll have to warn you, you're a bit too old for me." Emilia practically purred as she cocked a hip and stood an arms length away. The stony fox-faced man pushing into his 60's didn't react past a narrowing of his eyes.

"Lady Bellamie, you've grown. I apologize that we only meet again because of this tragedy. You have my every condolence." He said with a heavy and somber tone. Emilia chuffed, stepping forward and pressing a palm gently against his shoulder.

"Yes, truly a tragedy. What was it, a storm that downed their Aeroship?" Emilia pouted with clearly no feelings of sorrow on her face. "The rich deserve better." The sarcasm was palpable. "But apologies, Roche? Is that all you'll say to your favorite daughter of the family?" Roche flinched on that last one, the smallest crack in the stone. Emilia could practically see the flashback in his mind, seeing her covered in blood and holding a knife as a young girl of 13, the body of a man at her feet.

"Lady Bellamie..." Roche swallowed noticeably, neck bobbing.

"Oh, please, Roche!" Emilia playfully smacked his sternum, dragging her fingers across the expanse of his chest as she stepped around him. "Call me Emilia, we aren't strangers. Now, let's go get my money, shall we?"

# Supporting Character Profiles

## Companions

### Nikki Frost

Nikki is a transwoman standing at around 6'0" with a well cut athletic body. Her hair is as white as snow, commonly kept up in a bun with a single long tress framing one side of her face, her green eyes sparkling bright. She is the scion daughter of the Frost family that rules a duchy of the Mainland Empire, employing the Dragoons commonly to handle monster problems in the mountainous region. While she is clever and cunning in politics enough to the point of earning the moniker "White Fox", she detests the noble life and wishes she could have something she views as meaningful in her life. Purpose, love, reason to live, anything really.

She has powerful ice magics through her blood, though she has extensive elemental training as a magician to complement the blood powers her family is named for.

### Valencia Tempastas

Valencia is a half-giant standing at a titanic 9'2", her hair long and bright purple like the arctic night sky, and her eyes ice blue with swirling sparks of electricity.

She wields a bulky wall of a shield and a large copper lance, battling with a style known as the Perfect Offense, a martial style taught to her by her adoptive father, Yorn. The Perfect Offense is founded on the ideal that the strongest attack comes arm in arm with an unbreakable defense, based on the fact that the mightiest predators, Dragons, from which Dragoons draw their namesake, have scales harder than steel and talons sharp enough to rend an Empirical Rune-Tank. The martial style seeks to emulate that mix of insurmountable defense and calamitous offense. The Perfect Offense mixed with her Valkyrie Armor and natural talent as a warrior makes her a fighter that demands veneration towards her abilities through action alone. Her armor is golden and skimpy, like a valkyrie in styling, a brag that none will get past her shield.

Valencia is a native to the mountains of the Empire to the east of the Federation, and bears a heavy accent as a reminder of that to all who meet her. On the side of her thigh is a tattoo the size of a human head in the shape of a curled roaring dragon, denoting her as a member of a Dragoon pack and a worshiper of the ancestral huntmaster. She has spent her life up to now living her life as a Dragoon, a monster hunter and slayer, a life filled with the bloodshed of both terrible beasts and her comrades.

Her surname was given to her by the Dragoon that mentored her and grandfathered her into the order, an axemaster known simply as Yorn. The name means "The Storm" and was gifted to her by Yorn soon after he met the young Valencia due to her powers of electricity, literally becoming a lightning storm in mortal form during the heat of combat. Everything she knows, she learned from either him or from her experience in the field.

## Jamira

Jamira is a shamanic warrior with dark brown skin and long black dreadlocks. She stands at an imposing 6'10" with wide shoulders and large muscles covered in cultural tattoos. She exudes a barbaric yet charismatic aura, smiling with predatory sharp teeth with threats as much as she does joy. Her crimson eyes are the embodiments of blood lust and promised violence. Ultimately, Jamira is the warlord of the united northern barbarian clans.

Jamira is intelligent in a military sense, quick to make decisions and stick to them. Does not handle overly complicated tactics well in favor of smashing or slicing through lines. Her personality is the same, cunning and straightforward.

Powers wise, she is able to withstand nearly any blow by covering herself in gem scales where needed. She has magic that grants total control over earth, metal, and the creation of gems. She often used this to make diamond gauntlets for battle.

She has control over aspects of the Guardians of Earth and Ore, two of the god realms in her religion, a power that has earned her the title of Shaman, a rare role in any clan of the North.

She wears the hide of a white chimera as a cloak that drapes over one arm, tight red leather armor underneath that does not cover her midriff made from the mystical blood panther, and bit-meal armor plates made from the crushed and molded scales of a leviathan, not for protection but for showing off the results of the hunt of such a monster.

## Ianira Springsnow

19 year old cervine centaur that is filled with native wild healing magics.

Pale white skin covered in small fey tattoos. Her fur is a soft white, and her antlers are pale brown. She adores jewelry, especially on her neck, earrings on her doe ears, and decorative dangling crystals from her antlers. She wears loose garments, often low hanging dresses that extend over her cervine centaur body or blouses that just cover her upper body and the connecting point between her upper and lower body. She carries her bags like saddle bags when traveling. She doesn't hold a weapon in her hands. 7 ft tall. Served as a medic in a war but maintained much of her innocent and lovely personality. She is friendly but not bubbly, soft spoken but not shy, nosy but not pushy.

\*\*\*\*\*

Vignette:

When I was young, to be fast was to be free. To gallop through flower fields until you were flying above them, to feel the wind race against your back as even mother nature played her games of chase with you. It was lightness and smiles and laughter. I would compete, I would win races sometimes, and my moms would always be proud of me! They would tell to me, they would say- "Tanira, your speed matters, not just for fun, no, it will matter some day." I would laugh and say 'yay'! Happy that a part of me would matter like my moms matter.

I didn't expect speed to be heavy. I didn't expect for speed to be chains. To be dragged forward like anchors in the sky unmooring me from the ground. I went from wanting to be fast to needing to be fast. When you race not for medals or smiles or parties, but to get that healing spell to your dying friend, to get your thread stitching shut their veins, to getting your comrade from the battlefield with bullets at your back... you're not racing mother nature anymore, you're racing the reaper. If you hesitate, or stumble, or gods above forbid, trip, someone dies. People you don't know die. People you love dearly die. I don't want to be fast. I don't want my speed to matter. But I am and it does and I can help people. The chains are so heavy.

But I run.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Faizura Karuzime

Fairuza Karuzime is a human woman standing at 6'3", is highly athletic, and has a lithe build. Her light brown skin and golden eyes contrast well with her hair as black as the night. Her ears, bottom lip, nostril, and nipples are pierced.

She is a beautiful but serious woman that takes no jokes and can often be perceived as a killjoy by others, except when she is alone with those she considers close to her heart, then she reveals her true colors as a girl that loves a drink and will gossip about any cute boy or girl she eyes while on duty. Her lean and muscular frame lends well to her martial vocation as Master of the Queensguard of the Queen of a kingdom to the south of the federation, Nos. She specializes in a supernatural martial art known as Hashi'Ranqin, known elsewhere as the Coiled Snake. This is one of several extremely secretive schools of combat from the Arkesh region of Nos passed down throughout generations.

Hashi'Ranqin is a very acrobatic martial art, more akin to a dance than a style of combat. The dancer spends more time in the air than they do on the ground, their feet only making minimal contact on the ground between each pirouette and spread leg flip. Wielding a pair of thin steel barbed spears, several feet long, one end on each razor sharp, with poison dripping from the ends of these "fangs" from inner reservoirs. The dancers connect mana crafted chains to the back ends of these fangs that let them throw them in a manner similar to javelins, using the momentum of their dance-like

movements to pierce the defenses of their enemies, as well retrieve the extended weapons using the supernatural chains all within the same acrobatic motion. The range of the fangs can reach upwards of 40 feet if the dancer is a master of the martial art, Fairuza is known as one. Fairuza has a dozen elite queensguard, known as the Cobra-Guard that she has trained for years in this martial art that act as her assassination squad that deals with threats that she identifies before the Queen ever knows that the threat exists.

## Ylva Fenrisdottir, The She-Wolf

An Amazonian woman that stands nearly 7 feet tall. Her hair is white as the fur of a winter wolf, her eyes gleaming black like that of a drake.

Ylva is a heavy lancegun sniper Dragoon. Lover of Valencia for over 15 years. MIA at the time of Emilia meeting Valencia for several years. Valencia believes her dead and moved on years ago, but she has never had a romantic relationship since, it's only been physical for her.

She is extremely spunky and wild, never listened to authority and did whatever she thought was best. Valencia fell into this behavior with her, and the duo were the first two members of the Storm Drakes, known at the time as "The Huntresses" since female dragoons were rare and they put most their male comrades to shame in sheer ferocity and results.

Valencia was the lance and the shield, Ylva was her support and the sniper that took down priority targets at priority times. Valencia would have died a dozen times in her younger days without her She-Wolf there, and Ylva would have died just as many times if not more without her Tempest.

When Ylva was taken, Valencia had been struck down by a great beast, bleeding from the head and chest, and quite unconscious under a demon of the wastes, a valley in the mountains usually devoid of normal life, filled with ruins and monsters that sometimes leaked out into the surrounding villages. Ylva took aim to destroy it, but instead it was unsummoned. The evil magician took her, but cursed his luck that the other huntress was dead, or at least he thought she was. Leaving Valencia to awaken in the cold several hours later, Valencia believed Ylva killed by the demon. She tried for close to a year to track down Ylva's body, but moved on for her own mental health, though it took a noticeable toll, and she has never pursued any form of emotionally intimate relationship since.

## Gale Felldottir

Gale is a fiercely beautiful young woman, her hair a flowing fiery red that is held up in a long braided ponytail, two long locks of hair left to frame her face. Her eyes are as blue as sapphires, sparkling just the same, and her skin a light bronze that almost glows under the sunlight. She is full bodied and just under 5 feet tall, though her graceful presence does much to offset her height. On her right arm sits a stone gauntlet that runs up to her elbow, too large for her arm and buckled down

tightly, metal in the joints to allow easy movement. It is covered in runes that run along it in lines. It allows her to channel runes for magical effects in ways that traditional spells can't emulate. Past that, she wears light gear, a black fur cloak covering much of her. She is unscarred, and carries herself like she has not yet drawn blood.

Her mind is brilliant and filled with wonder, the arts of ancient enchantments and the secrets of magic technology her main focus in the application of her mind.

And More...

# Taglines, Log Line, and Story Synopsis

## Tag Line:

- "The smallest changes can change everything."
- "Prepare to Serve"
- "If given a second chance, what would you do?"
- "Nintendo might sue us"
- "Fight smarter, not harder. Forcefully enlist others today!"

## Log Line:

- A scholar of magic is given a second chance to save her life from a holy crusade, forcefully enlisted by the god of time fighting to save his own life.

## Story Synopsis:

Titan's Gambit follows the journey of Emilia Bellamie through her young adulthood to her middle years. In its beginning, Emilia is working as a librarian for a mage's sanctum as a sort of work study program needed to make up credits to allow her readmission to the academy portion of the sanctum. Believing she would get the power needed for this purpose through hidden knowledge that is locked in the forbidden sections of the library, she breaks the chains of a demonic tome from hell itself. The consequences of this event is that demons are released into the library. While it is implied that she would survive this encounter, a Titan, the ruler of time named Kronos, interferes and dooms her to death unless she takes a deal that would force her into servitude as both a direct servant and the head of a cult she must build in his name.

Kronos makes this offer because a crusade against the Titans by the followers of the Divine kills all titans but himself because he escaped by traveling back in time. All he is able to do is move a single object a couple inches and grant Emilia power, before Kronos forgets his specific memories of the future. The reason he goes for Emilia is because she later creates the magic capable of making her a god while also being able to kill gods. If anyone can change the fates that bind both him and Emilia, it is Emilia herself.

## Gameplay Description

-A CRPG at the forefront, more specifically a Tactical Turn-based monster-catching CRPG. The tactical combat would be grid based, similar to xcom or the shadowrun CRPG series. This is important for cover mechanics, since most combat is ranged to some degree through firearms or magic, with summons or enemy monsters being the melee sources for the most part. Outside of tactical combat, free roam through point and click in overworlds would be the main gameplay, deep dialogue interactions with NPCs and interaction with the environment for story progression, character progression, or gathering loot/information, as the main goals. The final core of gameplay is organization building with resource use, personnel assignments, and events.

-The main PC and POV is a woman named Emilia Bellamie. Besides monster summoning in the form of binding eldritch creatures acquired through quests or binding them in the field and equipping them in a limited line-up through dark magic (think La Pucelle and the Persona series), the PC will be accompanied both in overworld and in combat by a 'strike team' of core companion NPC's with their own stories, wants, and goals, as is typical to a modern CRPG (such as Baldurs Gate III).

-There will be three main modes of play as previously described, the overworld, the tactical grid map for combat, and the menu system for either organization management (which is more narrative focused than crunchy) or storybook cutscenes (Look to the cut scene styles of the Owlcat CRPG's, such as Rogue Trader or Kingmaker) where decisions are made with random chance influenced by character stats and narrative elements for success or failure on decisions made.

-Interactions outside of combat will be focused on extensive dialogue trees, environment exploration, storybook cutscenes, and companion interactions both in dialogue and character story missions.

# Worldbuilding Write-up

## Summarized World Information

The setting of the game is known simply as ‘The World’ throughout the game, and has no official name dedicated to it. The main location of interest in the game is the city state of Illius, the capital of a federation of city states that make up Emilia’s homeland. The world overall is as widely varying in cultures as our own, though filled with many different fantastical peoples and magical places.

## In Depth World Information

### Factions

#### Illius Federation

The Federation of City States is known as the “Illius Federation”. They are considered the peak of civility by both themselves and a decent amount of the world, though they are not looked on favorably. Their leadership consists of a senate of aristocrats that believe themselves a different class of being than the ‘common peoples’. Very similar to the empire of Britain in this regard, though there is no large degree of colonization past the theft of artifacts and culture.

The Federation survives on a Industrial Capitalism economic system with a manufacturing focus that operates in the sense of a meritocracy, where the most successful can even find themselves brought into the aristocracy, along with extremely talented notables of other vocations. Currency stays on a gold standard, and the city states accumulate what wealth they can within their high walls.

The shores around the island that holds the Federation are purposefully kept limited to only a few trading cities. Treaties with those countries forbid a build up of society along the shores, an action that has caused the Federation to strike first and strike hard. There is the philosophy that not being able to set up shipyards or airship yards along the coasts facing the Federation will stop any invasions. These treaties were drawn up as a result of war that the Federation won.

Aesthetically, Illius has a gothic Victorian Britain feel to it with a steampunk/magicpunk twist, factoring in the emerging fashion trends along the lines of dark academia and the naughty nineties.

Factories for building firearms could be placed immediately next to a magician’s tower, immediately next to a shipyard that is building magic-fueled airships, immediately next to a spellword training dojo. The architecture of these would all be influenced by the Victorian and gothic standards cooked into Illius.

### Politics & Economy

The church of the Divine Pantheon holds quite a considerable amount of power and bases itself out of Illius, but has steadily been losing power throughout the surrounding regions, and even Illius.

Personal expression and the casting off of pseudo-puritanism are the emerging trends of the time alongside the growth of technology and its blending with magic. This is not an exciting trend for the Church.

This has seen noble women gain the right to hold positions in senate, lead houses, marry while staying in their houses if they so wish, ect. The common woman still struggles but has seen massive strides from their roles in the not so long ago past. Emilia will be part of the second generation of women that lived their entire lives with the freedom to be people. As such, her gender won't get too much in the way of her goals, but will still see some obstacles from the more obstinate and traditional figures in the world.

## Magic System & Technology

The technology levels of the World has surpassed our own in some regards while being woefully behind in others. Magic shores up a lot of the shortcomings of technology, but it is expensive, flashy, and hard to learn. Not to mention that the magic community is very harsh on those trying to break into the vocation. Technology has been an answer to this, an equalizer between the average person and magicians, as well as an equalizer between the genders.

The magic operates on a more traditional fantasy system of magic being more closely considered to mathematical equations processed in the mind to warp reality to their purposes just from the thought itself. As such, it takes a considerable baseline of intelligence and education to perform most magic. Some individuals inherently are able to cast magic without these equations, and those of the Church draw power from the Divine pantheon to have access to magic unique to them that the arcane cannot replicate. Same with those that draw power from the Titans.

There is the belief among magicians, who typically do not worship, that the gods are just beings that are incredibly powerful with magic and have ascended to a realm of power beyond imagination. As such, if a magician is talented enough, skilled enough, and knowledgeable enough, they too should be able to ascend and be a god themselves. The church has a strain with magicians for this reason, and has even been violent towards them in the long past.

Magic can, with the correct equations (Often puzzled together in tomes that are held deeply secret and treasured by magicians), do almost anything as they warp reality. Be it something as simple telekinesis, gravity manipulation, energy expulsion (Arcane bolts and attacks), the conjuration of materials and spectral things (like chains), and mind manipulation. Magic is always visible in its alterations of the world, often in brightly colored lights that reflect the style of magic. Speech is not required for magic, only lucid thought. Drugging a magician to loop up their mind is the most effective way of disabling their magic.

Magic dealing with universal truths of reality are blue, magic dealing with life is white, magic dealing with death is black, magic dealing with the energies of the world is green, magic dealing with the torrential forces of the world is red, dark magic is purple, and magic dealing with the mind is pink. Some spells combine these colors, such as some 'necromancy' taking on a grey coloration, such as the instilling of life into corpses.

## Religion

There are two pantheons, the Divine and the Titans. The Titans are best compared to the eldritch old gods of lovecraft in their domains and powers, but are mostly humanoid, much like the Divine are, who are a more traditional mythos-inspired pantheon. Churches exist in worship to the Divine, and the Titans are seen as evil and the source of all that is bad in the world. While the Titans are in no way good forces, they aren't the demons and devils they are made out to be. This doesn't stop the Divine having their worshipping forces kill those that look to the Titans for salvation. History is filled with these crusades against cults, seen only as good things.

If we were to put it as simply and straight as possible, the Divine Pantheon can be considered a recreation of the ancient Greek pantheon. The Titans are a pantheon that operates in a similar way, with every member either based off of an ancient Greek titan or a lovecraftian eldritch old one that is personified as a humanoid of some sort like the rest of the gods. They are a little less connected to madness, and have their purpose in the grand scheme of the operations of the world. All of the gods draw additional power from the number of worshippers dedicated to them, though it is not their sole course. The Titans struggle to maintain worshippers because of the violence of the minions of the Divine.

The Divine pantheon and the Titan pantheon do not like each other. The Titans will get in the way of the Divine, and mess with them, but do not tend to push for open attacks against the Divine pantheon. The Divine pantheon on the other hand will happily see the Titan pantheon die, focusing on the followers and artifacts of the Titan pantheon for the time being.

Where the Titans may call for blood shed against individuals or singular temples/churches, the Divine will call for genocidal crusades when possible. They have culturally demonized the Titans to be worse than they are, comparing them to evil demons that desire nothing more than the entire death of all life in the World.

There are other religions that worship powerful beings and spirits that can be called gods in their own rights, but no one religion claims to worship a true creator.

## Cosmology

The Pantheons exist in a set of higher planes known as 'Pillars', each with its own environment and culture. Some of the Divine and Titans exist in their own Pillars and interact with others of their pantheons, most of them gather in the two 'central' Pillars. Known simply as the Pillar of Celestiaity, and the Pillar of Madness. The Divine stay in the first, their version of Olympus, and the Titans stay in the second, their version of Hades. Our gods of focus are the goddess of light, the leader of the Divine, Eriical, and the god of time, Kronos, the leader of the Titans.

The afterlife belief is that you will go to exist with the god that you worship, to the central pillars as a servant of the god you most worshipped during your life. The belief there is that the servitude will last for an unknown amount of time, but you will be granted everlasting peace and happiness, or at least satisfaction, if you serve long and well. You might even ascend to a demigod if you are among the best and wish for it. Demigods can return to the world, acting with their second life in various ways as decreed by their higher masters. The gods themselves can walk the World, but rarely do so.

## Worldbuilding in prose form

A man and woman of older years, humans both with tanned skin and Gothic Victorian-styled wear, walk along the brick path beside the road, the air crisp in the morning. The sun, hot and yellow, is blotted by passing shadows in the path of the couple. The stone work of the buildings, lined with bronze piping, makes way for the pair to sight the curious scene of a flight of ornithopters buzzing about an aership of southern origins.

The aership, as large as a building and afloat with the rows of humming arcane sigil networks circling its hull, turns in place as the speakers of the dragonfly thopters filled with knights barks orders far too distant above for the couple to make out. A dark faced man working on unloading a horseless carriage for groceries, his skin sand-blasted leather, has his attention grabbed by the older gentleman just on the side of the road.

“Good Workman, if I could trouble you, what is the origin of the scene above? If you know of course, you’ve been here longer than my lady and I.” He chuffed in amusement, tilting back his widebrimmed hat to look above again. The worker stretched his back and wiped his hands against his shirt before lifting his own flatcap by the stiff brim, thumb looped in his suspenders, looking above.

“Not sure.” The worker grunted. “Not pirates, and nobody’s started shooting yet-” His voice trailed off as a silhouette of a man dropped from the side of the Aership. “Well damn.” The worker curses. With a quick motion, he grabbed the front of the older gentleman’s coat, yanking him back violently. Where the gentleman had been standing, the screaming and falling wide-shouldered man from above hit the stone.

The cracks of his body were audible, organs rupturing from splintered bones, his head exploding like a popped grape, brain matter and bone shards painting the road. A few nearby onlookers, rich in fine gothic Victorian dress and commoners in streetwear both, gasped, looking now more in entertainment than fear to the sight above. Gunfire rang out as arcane cannons peppered the top of the Aership above from the Ornithopters of the knights.

“Well, dreadful business then.” The older gentleman reaches down with a handkerchief to wipe some brain matter from his shiny shoe, more inconvenienced than horrified by the grotesquely mangled pancake of a man only a few feet away. “A good day to you, Workman.” The gentleman takes his wife’s hand, her own face one of boredom, the pair resuming their morning walk.

# Story circle

1. You
  - a. The main character and focus is Emilia Bellamie.
  - b. She is a 'Magician' [Title subject to change] that has been relegated to lessened-time and opportunity for her studies for punitive and political reasons at the magician's tower that she attends as a pursuer of non-religious 'enlightenment'.
  - c. She works as a librarian for the tower to gain access to tomes she isn't supposed to in hopes of getting a thread to pull at.
2. Need
  - a. Emilia has high ambitions, highly educated, silver tongued, and confident.
  - b. She has the discipline and drive but there is a wall in front of her progress in wanting to leave a mark on the world, to matter.
  - c. The wall is the restrictions on magical study, religious doctrine, embedded beliefs, and power dynamics all being factors in the reason the block is there.
  - d. Emilia needs a stepping stone to jump off of, and she can't find it yet, causing increasingly reckless behavior.
3. Go
  - a. While her original timeline would have her make massive breakthroughs several years down the line, the new timeline has her fate changed by the titan (gods perceived by mortals as bad) of time and he secures her servitude to save her life, granting her power and purpose.
  - b. Stepping stones in spades, she only needs to take the steps.
4. Search
  - a. Emilia starts out by looking to develop the Titan's power and build the cult as instructed, since it is the only path she knows.
  - b. Her influence, power, and infamy will grow increasingly and exponentially as events develop and attention of the followers of the Divine (gods perceived by mortals as good) is drawn.
  - c. Flees the city and travels, increasingly growing the power and the cult to the tune of the Titan.
5. Find

- a. As this all happens, Emilia starts to discover elements that get her to her discovery of 'True Magic' [Name subject to change] in the new timeline, the catalyst of all the events in the original timeline.
  - b. She pushes to develop the Titan power to the point of becoming nearly a slave to it, reaching the heights of it at that point.
6. Take
- a. Before that final step, Emilia discovers the truth of it and turns away from that last mote of power to maintain free will and the ability to grow.
  - b. It's at this point that she is able to finalize the unraveling of the secrets of 'True Magic' and can wield it.
  - c. This also comes with the knowledge that the Divine and Titans are not beings of greater power, but ascended humans from eons past that used 'True Magic'.
  - d. By consequence, 'True Magic' offers the ability to challenge and even slay the higher powers, and it is in her hands entirely in the new timeline, instead of the original timeline where it was stolen by followers of the divine, resulting in her death.
7. Return
- a. Emilia returns with her forces/companions in tow, or ready in the city, to the city. She goes to open/secret (depends on player what the ratio is) war with the institutions of the followers of the Divine.
  - b. She springboards from there to take action of some sort against the Divine and the Titans, a core of which is determined by the player.
  - c. The price is some element of power, or her companion (romance/bff) option, prizes from travels, or her own soul, no one ending can be made without some element of loss. Some are far greater than others.
8. Change
- a. At this point, Emilia can be several different things. A benevolent queen, a bloodthirsty tyrant, a religious leader, a god, a half-god, a spouse of the Titan of Time, or even a wandering magician who possibly has a companion with her.
  - b. Regardless of choice, the change all reflects her original goals of being powerful and known, leaving a mark on history that can never be denied and can never be forgotten.
  - c. The 'color' of that mark is the question, and how much she cares is up to the player.

- d. Some endings will see her no longer having to face significant challenges of the violent sort anytime soon, other endings have the springing up challenges never ending.
- e. The ending considered peaceful will be the escape ending, where she uses her power to rewind time to a time before Kronos gets ahold of her. From there, she avoids her fate and instead makes life what she wants it.

# Intertexts

## Intertext Writing Example in the Setting of Titan's Gambit

Story: Detective investigating the scene of a suicide, a magician that stabbed their own eye with a dagger. The detective thinks there is magical foul play. Reality is that a created 'Nightmare' (A ghost-like creature that causes maddening hallucinations and steals sleep) drove the magician to plunge a dagger into his own eye thinking it would save himself.

### Intertext 1-

Detective looking over initial medical investigation:

#### Coroner's Report

Name: Jaque Yuinn

Cause of Death: Excessive brain damage caused by a foreign object, inserted violently through the orbital cavity.

Time of Death: Approximately 4:00 AM, 10/12/3294

Declaration: Suicide by Weapon

### Intertext 2-

Detective finds secondary file of the unofficial comments from the Coroner:

Note of Interest: Degradation rates of red blood cells don't line up with time of death, showing signs that there was damage to the kidneys that impacted blood health. Eye shadows and heart strain caused by hypertension leads me to believe that Mr. Yuinn was suffering intense insomnia and was currently under acute sleep deprivation at time of death. Suicide possibly related. I will pass this observation along but it is too anecdotal to definitively enter into the records as official observations.

### Intertext 3-

Detective locates the hidden journal of the magician, reads last few lines of the last entry:

\*The handwriting is barely legible\*

I haven't slept in three days. I paced and I screamed to try to sleep the first night. I drank myself into a stupor to attempt to find sleep in near alcohol death the second night, but still I did not. I have taken

enough tranquilizer to put down a dragon and it pumps in my blood now, surely. I am awake. It laughs at me, it can see me writing. IT CAN SEE ME WRITING.

It isn't in the walls, no, it must be watching. It watches from nowhere, I have protective spells hiding my journal from all but me while I live and it laughs. IT CAN SEE. ONLY I CAN SEE.

\*the writing gets excessively scratchy\*

IT'S IN ME. I'LL CUT IT OUT AND I'LL BE FREE

# Artifacts

## Talismans

### Emilia's Choker

-Inside the brooch of the lace choker is a magic gem that regulates and stores excess power for use at a later time. It was the one and only gift given to her by her sister last she saw her sister a decade ago when Emilia was banished from her hometown after the accidental murder of a fellow merchant family's scion.

-Emilia keeps it and wears it constantly, but isn't sure why since she has strong negative feelings towards both her sister and her brother.

## Relics

### Claws of Rahn

-The gold fingertip claws jewelry of the first pharaoh of the southern lands, blessed as he was by divinity. His claws granted him the power to control the oceans of sands that surrounded his oasis cities, forming the sand into armies and weapons. While none can wield the Claws nearly as effectively, each leader blessed by Divinity in the southern lands wears them until they are unseated.

## Omphalos

### Flame of Beginnings

-A pillar-like blaze of pure white flames thirty feet tall and a third as wide. It is formed from a rip in space between the realm of the mortals and the immortal divine. To survive the flames, one must know the highest tiers of either granted divine magic, or true magic. If one can bathe in the flames, magic cast in its heat is amplified to an extreme degree. This Flame is how the current divine ascended to the seats of immortality they reside on. The holy temple of the Church of Divinity is built around the blaze, the holiest place in the entirety of the religion.

-As this is a ripple in space, the denizens of the divine realm can come through the Flame of Beginnings like a gate.

# Dialogue Iteration

Character cast:

PC - Emilia Bellamie

NPC - Valencia Tempestatas

Scene: Emilia and Valencia are discussing Valencia killing the creature that Emilia enlisted her to hunt so that Emilia could magically subjugate it.

Both women are at the caravan camp in the snowy mountain valley, sitting around a heat stone that glows a bright red. Emilia has a heavy coat over her shoulders, Valencia only wears her impractically mildly skimpy golden armor, the cold not causing her to shiver once. Emilia, on the other hand, has her hands out towards the stone and shivers consistently.

Scene 1) The player-character is angry, but the NPC is not.

Emilia

...I'm not paying for a corpse.

Valencia

Like hell you aren't. Job's done. Bars when we get back to town. That was the deal.

Emilia

No, the deal was that you keep the Dragon occupied while I prepared the ritual. It's dead.

Valencia

Ha! The deal, tiny woman, was for a wurm. A dead dragon or a live dragon, there wasn't a wurm.

Emilia

Fine, Fine! I was wrong, it wasn't a wurm. All the signs for my divining was just a wurm. A big one, but not a damn... not a dragon.

Valencia

Yea, not a dragon.

Emilia  
Half then.

Valencia  
500 bars. I take fingers for each missing  
bar, that's the Dragoon Standard.

Emilia  
...I could have had a dragon. You're such...  
Shit. I hate this. It all just-Gah!

Valencia  
Woah, sit down, you'll freeze your tits  
off-

Emilia  
Shut the fuck up! SHUT THE FUCK UP!  
Constantly told what to do, where to go,  
who to kill, I can't- I just fucking can't  
anymore! I was supposed to be somebody.

Valencia  
...I've been there, Butterfly. Just... sit.  
Talk if you need to, but don't show  
weakness. The snow sees.

Scene 2) The player-character is not angry, but the NPC is.

Emilia  
You realize pay's going to be deducted,  
right? I'm thinking I might even withhold  
it altogether.

Valencia  
What?

Emilia  
You killed the mark that I hired for you  
to take alive.

Valencia  
You said a wurm, I brought enough of my  
band for a wurm, not a dragon. Get your  
head out of your ass.

Emilia

We had a business deal, it wasn't upheld.

Valencia

Well your business deal was wrong, and one of my men lost an arm for it! You're lucky I don't just fry you and loot that aership of yours.

Emilia

I don't recommend it.

Emilia

No shit, you don't recommend it, you psychopath. You stood there and watched it rip a man's arm off with the gall to complain that I kept his head from being next.

Emilia

A sacrifice worth making for a dragon.

Emilia

You listen here, pretty miss butterfly. It isn't your sacrifice to make.

Emilia

And that is why I'm docking pay. It must be.

Scene 3) Both characters are angry.

Emilia

...I'm not paying for a corpse.

Valencia

What?

Emilia

"What?" You heard me, I'm not paying for a corpse.

Valencia

I did hear you, I was just positive I wasn't hearing the delicate butterfly saying something so gods' damned stupid.

Emilia

You killed the dragon, just to save one person. It would have held the beast long enough for me to finish the ritual if you let it eat him!

Valencia

Are you even hearing yourself?? One of my men lost an arm, he's out of work as a Dragoon at best. Homeless and starving in a year more likely, and that's because your information was shit.

Emilia

Exactly, he was going to die anyways in the future, why not make his death useful? I'm not paying for sentimentality.

Valencia

...I ought to kill you.

Emilia

I can't hire you for a new job that I'll pay on if you don't fuck it up if I die here. Besides...

Valencia

Trying to show off? You aren't the only magician here, Butterfly. Or are you forgetting how I exploded the brains of a dragon out of its eyes?

Emilia

Should we test it?

**Little Changes**

Opening cutscene from Titan's Gambit

By Duncan Sullivan

OPENING OF GAME AFTER START IS PRESSED ON MENU

FADE IN (Slow, hold black for a few seconds):  
we open to an oil lamp, the sizzle of the fire behind the  
silence. We hear the sounds of pages turning. Fade in is on a  
burning candle wick.

INT. MAGICIAN'S SPIRE LIBRARY - PRIVATE STUDY - NIGHT

We pull back the camera from the closeup, seeing a young woman,  
EMILIA, sitting at a desk in a room covered in books. She is  
wearing a lacy long-sleeved white poet blouse, her chest cupped  
by a black lower-torso corset. A bright blue gem is on a choker  
around her neck. She has a book in front of her that she is  
taking notes in with a pen, a demonic looking book with a hefty  
magic lock clearly visible on its front next to the book she is  
writing in. The camera slowly zooms in on the evil-styled book,  
as if the camera is entranced by it. We snap to Emilia as she  
loudly closes her own book. She groans, rubbing her eyes with  
her thumbs before staring at the book again.

Emilia

For the thousandth time, we'll try this  
again. You're going to listen if it kills  
me. Nevermind, you shall listen even if it  
kills you.

Emilia is clearly apprehensive while also excited. She begins to  
cast a spell over the demonic book. We really dig into the magic  
effects, they are bright blue and arcane at this point,  
geographic sigils appearing in the air around her magic.

The lock starts to shake, Emilia widens eyes and gets more  
intense. The lock breaks after a few more moments. Emilia gasps  
and then breaks into a wide smile. Emilia becomes excited,  
clapping her hands together with a squeal as she can't contain  
herself.

EMILIA

Yes! Yes! Months of effort for a single  
step, finally at an end! I deserve your  
secrets, tome! Tell them to me!

The book then shakes and flies open, floating off of the desk.

Books are flying off shelves, pages are flying open, and a demonic portal surrounded with sparks opens in the center of the study floor. Emilia stops her clapping, lowering her arms as she locks her gaze on the portal

EMILIA

That is not the ideal answer.

A large dog-like beast, a DEMONIC HOUND, the size of a person in length from snout to haunch and standing to the chest in height, coated in red flames from joints and its spine, crawls out of the portal, snarling, with magma foam dripping from its mouth.

EMILIA

Bloody unideal.

Emilia prepares a spell. Arcane and bright blue in nature. The Demonic Hound snarls harder, stepping forward once. A third eye opens in its forehead, rolling in its socket before glaring at Emilia. Emilia nervously laughs.

EMILIA

Down, pup! You're missing your leash!

Chains come out of the ground around the hellhound and wrap around its limbs. It is halted for a few moments, struggling and yanking at the arcane chains.

The Demonic Hound roars, flames whipping around it, and the chains shatter. Emilia is herself stunned for a moment as the Demonic Hound just stares at her with almost amusement at her attempt.

EMILIA

...Unideal doesn't cover this. New plan then.

Emilia throws a blast of arcane energy into the face of the Demonic Hound, turning and sprinting as the Demonic Hound shakes it off without injury. Emilia rushes out of the study, exposing a much larger library.

INT. MAGICIAN'S SPIRE - MAIN LIBRARY

Emilia runs through the aisles, heading to an unseen location. The Demonic Hound is bounding after her, barking and roaring. Emilia is knocking over shelves and throwing walls of books at

the Demonic Hound with telekinetic flashes of bright blue magic that she is throwing at the shelves.

The Demonic Hound is slowed enough to keep it from reaching Emilia, but not by much.

EMILIA  
Bad dog- Bad dog!

She reaches a room on the other side of the library after this chase, opening the door and slamming it behind her, locking it with a latch.

INT. MAGICIANS SPIRE - LABORATORY

We are now in a laboratory filled with vials, books and equipment of various types.

CAMERA PANS as she runs through the room. Halfway to the far side, the door slams, slams again, and explodes with a burst of hellflame, the same color as the flames of the Demonic Hound. It comes charging at her through the smoke.

EMILIA  
Shit- Shit- Shit- Shit-!

CAMERA CUTS to a table at the far side of the room, the one Emilia is sprinting towards. On the edge of the table is a large bright silver revolver. She reaches the table, reaching out for the revolver.

Demonic Hound reaches her, bites down on her ankle and yanks. Emilia's fingers brush the handle of the revolver and she barely manages to grab it as she falls. On the ground, the Demonic Hound lunges at her throat as it towers over her.

Emilia whips around, holding the revolver and pointing it at the Demonic Hound with a panicked look in her eyes. When she pulls the trigger, we fade into slow motion.

CAMERA close up on the bullet as it leaves the barrel, starting fast and getting slower. We hear the slowing ticking of a clock in the background. The bullet enters the mouth of the lunging Demonic Hound, and explodes very slowly now out of the back of its head with a shower of flames and gore, time is at a crawl and the ticking stops as the bullet stops, only a foot out of the back of its head. Everything has stopped. Everything starts

to reverse.

CAMERA follows the bullet in the same way it did when it exploded out of the Demonic Hound. The head of the Demonic Hound pieces itself together in the exact same way as it exploded out, time perfectly reversing. The sounds of the ticking clock speed up as the reversal speeds up as well, at the same rate as the slow down.

The reversal comes to a grinding halt just before her fingers reach the gun, the Demonic Hound about to bite her ankle. Time is frozen. We get a close up on Emilia, her eyes are darting around, the only part of her unfrozen. A man in a mid 20th century suit, wrong for the setting's time period, comes from out of camera, his face just out of frame, and stands at the edge of the table. This is KRONOS.

Kronos drags a gloved finger along the table near the revolver.

KRONOS

Hello, Doll.

Kronos taps his fingers slowly towards the revolver, finally tapping his index finger on the grip.

KRONOS

Isn't it amazing? How the slightest change-

Kronos pushes the revolver just an inch up the table, the slightest change. Time resumes in full speed and he is gone. Emilia has her ankle bitten and is yanked to the ground. Her fingers brush the handle of the revolver but it is just too far away for her to get a grip before she falls. Emilia whips around to look at the maws of the coming Demonic Hound.

Time stops. Kronos is now kneeling between them, face still out of top of frame.

KRONOS

-can change everything?

Emilia is glaring at him. Surprise and confusion both are evident in her eyes.

KRONOS

You're in quite the pickle, doll. I can help. Of course, that's for a price.

The man leans in now, his head dipped behind Emilia's with the CAMERA ANGLE, practically whispering in her ear.

KRONOS

If you want to live now, or die twenty years early, is up to you. Accept a drop of power, and you'll survive. You'll be serving me, but you'll survive all the same. Or-

(He waves his hand towards the frozen Demonic Hound)

-take your chances with the demon.

Emilia glares at him from the very corner of her eye. We see her struggle to move until her mouth begins to move once Kronos waves a hand, giving her the ability to do so. She gasps first, taking in a shaky breath as her eyes go between him and the hound. His face is still kept off screen.

EMILIA

Who are you?

KRONOS

A Titan.

Emilia's eyes widen in complete shock. Her mouth is hanging open.

EMILIA

W-What!?

Kronos chuckles with a sigh, as if the confusion of mortals is one of his favorite sounds. Like the sigh taken after finishing a delicious meal. He pulls back to where he was originally kneeling before standing up. His hands are in his suit pockets, CAMERA panned out enough for his shoulders down and Emilia and Demonic Hound to all be in frame.

KRONOS

I'm sure you can guess which one. You're an... intelligent mortal.

EMILIA

...You're Kronos.

Kronos snaps his fingers, and points at her.

KRONOS

Bingo! Right on the money, Ms. Bellamie.

EMILIA

What do you want from me? I'm nobody.

KRONOS

Tsk Tsk. You don't believe that for a moment. Or at least that won't be the case for much longer. You're brimming with the arcane, doll. I want that. And you want what I have.

EMILIA

Why? An insane cultist isn't my ideal fate.

KRONOS

Because if you don't take it, you'll die.

EMILIA

Because you killed me!

KRONOS

Don't say that to a future friend, Ms. Bellamie. You would have died not far from now regardless. I was just speeding things up. To make a point, or maybe this was more fun than asking.

Emilia's eyes start to take on a blue glowing sheen, trying to force through a spell.

KRONOS

I wouldn't try it, I'm the only thing between you and those teeth.

Emilia tightens her jaw, the glow staying but not getting brighter anymore.

EMILIA

What do you mean? That I die 'not far from now'.

KRONOS

[Motions to himself]

I've been a bit ahead of you, and your odds are pretty dim. dead and alone in your own study with a sword in your gut. Can't be having that, not when I have need of you. Enough questions though, that hound looks hungry. Your answer?

EMILIA

What does serving you entail?

KRONOS

Does it matter?

EMILIA

(Silent, eyes flicking back and forth between KRONOS and the Demonic Hound.)  
Fine, I accept. But I will kill you for this.

KRONOS

Good!

Kronos kneels again and touches his chest and a black mote of light appears at the tip of his finger. He pushes it into her chest and we hear the violent double thump of her heart. The blue gem on her choker turns purple.

KRONOS

You'll need that moxie. When time resumes, imagine not the demon dying from your magics, but you dominating its very existence, that you could kill it but choose not to. Release magic with that certainty. We'll be seeing each other again soon enough. Try not to die before then, will you, doll?

Kronos stands, only his legs in frame at this point.

Time resumes at full speed. Kronos is gone. Emilia raises an arm in the same way she had raised the revolver and says a word in an unknown language with a glitched static covering it.

The Demonic Hound freezes, magic with a purple coloration coming from Emilia's hand and wrapping around it. The flames of the

Demonic Hound take the same purple coloration. It falls to its feet and bows its head to her.

EMILIA

What in the hells-

(Staring at her own hand still wrapped in dark purple magic)

Barking identical to the Demonic Hound can be heard from inside the library. The purple Demonic Hound turns around, standing in front of Emilia and growls, its flames rising. Emilia stands up.

EMILIA

You brought your pack? That was more than unnecessary, now we're going to have to kill them all.

Emilia grabs the revolver and cocks the hammer, holding it in an upwards grip, purple magic flashing in her free hand as she takes a sideways firing stance pointed towards the door.

CAMERA PANS TO A DIAGONAL ANGLE ABOVE Emilia AND Demonic Hound. PLAYER UI APPEARS ALONG WITH DIALOGUE BOX WITH VOICE ACTED LINES. GAME TRANSITIONS INTO GAMEPLAY STATE IN TURN-BASED COMBAT. TUTORIAL OF CONTROLLING Emilia AND HER FIRST SUMMON BEGINS.

Make Me Love You

closing cutscene for one ending in Titan's Gambit  
Requirements: True ending path and full romance route completed  
with companion Lady Nikki Frost.

By Duncan Sullivan

The cutscene will start immediately after the final boss, the summoned avatar of war in this instance, has been slain. The player harvested the celestial core from the corpse and then interacted with the 'Flame of Beginnings' that the papal capital of the church of the divine is built around.

Int. PAPAL CAPITAL - VAULT

The camera picks up behind EMILIA and NIKKI, Nikki being a party companion with a white bun with a single tress framing one side of her face and wearing a tight magician's gown, a traditionally beautiful and noble woman.

Emilia is walking slowly and hesitantly towards the blazing white flame without heat in its brazier, the flames wider and taller than she is. Nikki skips along to catch up to Emilia, grabbing her hand and pulling herself into Emilia's side. Nikki's hands are smeared with divine blood, her face speckled with it, and her smile drifts away as she looks at the side of Emilia's face that she thinks is out of place in its seriousness.

Nikki leans in and kisses Emilia's cheek, which wakes Emilia up from her pseudo trance.

NIKKI

Why are you quiet, Emi, are you hurt?  
What's wrong? We've been working to this moment for months- years! We can finally kill that Titan bastard, and only most of our army died to get us here. That's a win! Just a little further and we can marry.

Emilia chuffs, trying to give a weak smile. Critically, Emilia breaks eye contact. Nikki's face drops slowly, her mind grinding through the truth she is realizing but hates.

NIKKI

You're going back, aren't you? You figured out how.

EMILIA

...I did.. and I am.

NIKKI

Then I'm coming with you. We promised forever, so let me mean that.

EMILIA

Nikki... you can't-

Nikki grabs Emilia's cheeks with her bloody hands, pulling Emilia into a deep kiss. Tears are on Nikki's cheeks when she pulls away. Emilia's mouth hangs slightly open.

NIKKI

I love you, I love you more than a heart can love.

Emilia reaches out and brushes some of Nikki's bloody hair behind her ear.

EMILIA

I know.

NIKKI

Do you love me, too, Emi?

EMILIA

I do. You know I do.

NIKKI

Let me hear it. Just once.

EMILIA

Nikki... I lo-

Emilia is cut off as Nikki leans in again, holding Emilia tight with another deep kiss, one that is a goodbye.

NIKKI

I changed my mind, save it, it won't matter to me. Find me back then, Emilia. Promise you'll find me.

EMILIA

I don't need to promise, that was always the plan, but... of course, Nikki. I promise.

Emilia leans forward and starts one last peck, the two of them practically shaking. Nikki steps back as the kiss finishes, holding Emilia's hand until she drops it because she's out of arms reach.

NIKKI

Make me love you, Emi. When I do, tell me then.

Emilia nods. She starts to turn to walk into the flame and stops, keeping her eyes on Nikki as she passes over the threshold.

Int. Schloss of the Frost family - Ballroom - Night  
We cut to a ball where we see a younger Nikki in a tight blue gown, leaning on the wall and being quiet, never comfortable in the noble life. A couple of men approach and she waves them off, clearly unhappy. Nikki turns, setting down a glass of wine and heads out onto a balcony through glass doors. The mountains of the valley her schloss oversees is blanketed with snow. She stares at the aurora glowing above under the bright stars for a few moments. Nikki sighs. The camera is close to her eyes, her eyes faded of spirit even lit by the aurora.

Emilia's voice comes from off screen behind her. Music swells from inside, something filled with mysticism and beauty.

EMILIA

Lady Frost... May I have this dance?

Nikki looks over and sees Emilia, who is wearing a red gown. Something lights up slowly in her eyes, like she's waking up from a trance. Maybe something akin to recognition.

NIKKI

I... would very much like that.

The camera will zoom in on Nikki's hand reaching out and slipping into Emilia's offered hand. The smirk is audible in Emilia's voice.

EMILIA

I know. Come, dear.

Emilia pulls Nikki close, putting her hand on Nikki's hip and putting them into a ballroom dancing posture with

Emilia leading. She takes the first step, and the Nikki follows, her breath taken away as she stares into the eyes of Emilia.

Nikki  
Do I know you?

EMILIA  
You will.

FADE TO BLACK. CREDITS.

# Instructional Text

Beginning of Titans Gambit:

Connection from opening cutscene in opening tutorial:

EMILIA grabs the revolver and cocks the hammer, holding it in an upwards grip, purple magic flashing in her free hand as she takes a sideways firing stance pointed towards the door.

CAMERA PANS TO A DIAGONAL ANGLE ABOVE EMILIA AND HELLHOUND.  
PLAYER UI APPEARS ALONG WITH DIALOGUE BOX WITH VOICE ACTED LINES. GAME TRANSITIONS INTO GAMEPLAY STATE IN TURN-BASED COMBAT. TUTORIAL OF CONTROLLING EMILIA AND HER FIRST SUMMON BEGINS.

Instructional:

The player will switch to an isometric third person pov, diagonal down from above and centered on Emilia. A second and third hellhound are on their way at that very moment, as is described in the script. Turn-based combat starts, and Kronos speaks directly into Emilia's mind to tell her how to fight and use her new powers, such as controlling the summon and manipulation of time, along with existing magic.

One prompt would be kronos advising Emilia to take cover behind a knocked over table. The hellhound enemy would belch fire over the table, Emilia protected from the attack by the cover. Immediately teaches the importance of cover.

A second prompt would be the Hellhound coming around the cover and ending its turn. Kronos would tell Emilia, and the player, how to control the enslaved hound and have it attack the hellhound that is about to get Emilia. Teaches not only how to use the summon, but also how to think about the tactics where protecting Emilia is more important than dashing ahead.

A third prompt would lastly be the second hellhound critical striking on Emilia and putting her to a near death state. Kronos reveals now that she can rewind time by a few seconds, aka rewinding a few turns. The player would go back one turn, taking cover further back this time so that the

Hellhound can't move and attack, letting Emilia and her enslaved hound kill the second hound. The player learns how to pseudo-savescum and what situations to save the power for.

With that reveal of the time power, Kronos makes clear how Emilia can come to true power because she can try again at the most important times. He says he must rest to refuel his power and he'll be in touch. The player gets full control of Emilia. After exploring the library with lore points, a friend who heard commotion bursts inside the library in a panic.