You see, these are no ordinary magical keys. They hold a power so great that any man wielding them will be able to persuade even the most stubborn of men to follow him... But there is hope. Not all men can be persuaded by this key. These people are rare, but they do exist, and no doubt are being wasted, tortured, or killed at the hands of the Lord. They were given to your father as a gift of jest. For their maker knew that your father was good at heart and would seldom, if at all, use the power of the keys. The wizard did not realize that in forging the keys he left them to later and crueler generations.

I am that wizard.

“What is the mark of these people you speak of? Have they some lineage that allows them the gift of true free will?”

Hafdhun

“Sire, if you would bid me but a word,” he bowed his head and waited on his Master’s permission. It was given reluctantly but not without warning, for the Lord knew what Parthun had to say.

“You know the penalty of treason, Parthun. Too many men in this court have fallen prey to the desires of their hearts, leaving their lives to be wasted.”

“So it is the victims you blame for your own call of execution? Are you so blinded by this power?” Parthun retorted in haste for even as he spoke the Lord’s guards had been given a swift order to seize him. The Lord’s glare was heavy upon the mind of Parthun, but he struggled on, “Sire, did you not once fight alongside the very man who opposes you now?!”

This, the Lord did not expect. His gaze faltered sharply and he stepped back. “From where did you hear this?” he questioned, but he received only a solemn stare of resonance in return. The King hesitated, but eventually spoke again, “Kill him.”

Parthun silently struggled. He had spoken his duty and if the King so willed him to die, then he would rather be killed than serve any longer in the company of the carriers of evil.

My grandfather was an evil King like... His undoing came early in his years... He wished for his only and son and heir to be wed... His son brought him shame for he was kind and soft-spoken. He brought the commoner... You are the daughter of Hundgar, who I banished from these lands. For it was a deep sin to kill your own kin... Those who slay their kin live cursed lives.

Only one other can use the key, but not for its given purposes. You must find the one who can weild the key but only to find the Kings brother.

Deep in the woods of Mendle a king of thieves strayed away from his weary men. They had plundered for a fortnight in the testing days of winter and had naught but a single bag of wealth to show for it. However, not yet did the King despair, for in the loot he had found a very curious object. Amidst the sacred glimmers and golden goblets, the rubies like blood and sapphires like sky, a very small key had hidden itself at the very bottom of the bag. It was overlooked by many of the company who were concerned more with the worth of their findings than their findings themselves. But not the King of Thieves. He took note of the small key and when his men slowly dwindled in to slumber, he crept off with it into the woods.

The woods were old and mysterious. Long had they sheltered the King’s thieves, and in return the thieves made a home of the forest, tending to the trees and... We are men of the woods! We do not eat our own kind.

The apple that falls and the fish in the stream...