

**MODERN2FANTASY****Chapter 2: Everything changes**

"Thank you," Daniel said and dug into the food, doing her best to chew with her mouth closed in the new body. "So..." she began, hoping to fill some dead air. "On a scale of 1 to 10, how are we doing here?"

"We are doing fine I guess, I'll say about a 5.", Elena said to Dani.

"Three," Miles said, grumpily jabbing at his food more than attempting to eat it. He tried a bit of the bread and made the face a face would make. Facepalm. And he thought the breads his father liked were bad. "... I hate bread..." he muttered.

"Two, apparently I got a slightly shorter straw than Danny..." Sylvia replied as she examined the 'food'. Heck, even her subconscious mind was against this pre-modern food and wanted something else, even more so when she took a bite out of each one, "Bleh... think I'd rather have some fruit or something. Anyone see any fruit in this room?"

"Do ya think I'll even be able to eat bread?" Danielle said, her voice slipping to what it's new natural tone would be.

"They gave it to you, didn't they?" Miles grumbled some more. He tried the meat. Which wasn't that great either. Yep. The trials just kept on coming.

"I can't have meat anymore anyway.", Elena said, "Rabbit teeth can't chew much more than veggies." //just a reminder that this food ain't gonna be anything like what they are used to.

Daniel made a face as he tried the bread. "It's because they're behind the times. Has to be it..." She mumbled and continued eating. She was sure she'd get used to it. Besides, they hadn't had anything to eat at all and her stomach was growling quite loudly.

"Hand ground grain in all it's glory..." Miles would toss the bread away, but he needed the nutrients. And that would only reinforce the child image. "Look on the bright side. At least you are bite sized."

"Bite size?", Elena said nervously to Miles.

Miles waved his hands, emphasizing the fact that he was about three feet tall at the moment. "Hoozah... I don't even like kids and now I'm smaller than one..."

"Well I wasn't going to bring it up..." Daniel said, tail lowly moving back and forth as she ate. Periodically, she glanced over at Sylvia as he usually did when her attention was elsewhere.

Sylvia take one more bite out of the bread in vain hope that it would suddenly taste better and soon stands up to look around the room for what she was hoping to find and needless to say the fruit bat bit of her was happy to at least be looking for it. Although it wouldn't surprise her if it's hidden away... outside the room, "So! What are the chances of finding something more tasty in this room? One out of twenty? Zero?"

perception: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4468054/> 15 + 5

[[Sadly, no. Just bread, meat and some leaves.]]

[[Aww...]]



"I'm sure it's not inedible, Sylve." Daniel said, using her nickname. "Plugging your nose could work to block it." He offered.

"Well I said 'tastier' not 'editble'. Still wouldn't hurt to look~!" Okay, Sylvia's bat side is clearly fruit related if she was feeling just slightly more cheery because of this. She suddenly starts to comically dig into some stuff she found, "...Aww, just more pre-modern bread and meat... and leaves? Meh." She sighs and sits back down, idly chewing on the bread she was given.

[[leaves as in things like lettuce and spinach.]]

[[That's something bunny girl will need to pick up on her own, tried to had a dash of lol into this]]

Daniel nodded and continued eating his fill, hoping that his stomach would subside soon. As soon as he was done, she'd give her a big hug. In the meantime, he tested out her wolf-based anatomy by taking a little bit of everything to see what tasted best.

"I would kill for a big mac..." Miles said, dropping a piece of bread in some water and prodding it with his finger, making it bob up and down. Maybe it would be better to make some porridge from this. Well... gruel... can't make porridge with condensed milk... or nutmeg... or cinnamon... did they even have cinnamon in this world? "I don't even know if I can do anything useful in this place the way I am..."

"We'll all have to adjust," Daniel said once his stomach was more or less filled. Getting up, she went to Sylvia. "Need a hug?"

Miles muttered something under his breath about being ignored and jabbed at his meat some more. On the one hand, it was meat. On the other... modern food stock was really better...

(One coin flip later) Sylvia hugs Daniel, "Yes, thanks Danny. I needed one."

Daniel smiled. "Thanks. I needed that too."

"We should totally bring a food revolution here," Denis suggested, feeling that this bread is certainly not as good as the bread he ate in modern times.

Elena was mostly wondering about food at the time when Sylvia hugged Daniel. Regardless, "There's nothing we can do about the food here...but about this species thing..." Elena said.

"Still hope you all are holding up well.", Elena said joining in the hug.

"Like I said earlier, my brain is just a puddle of mush more or less until I sort everything through. Besides, am I the only one that wishes to have some excitement in their life? Or at least something interesting to happen." Daniel said.

"You turned into a girl, is that not enough excitement for you Dani?", Elena said to him/her...whatever.

"For one day, yeah." Danielle admitted.

"We don't need much more than that.", Elena said, "We're all furries, Miles is tiny now...and well...I feel fine....rattled by the experience, but fine..." She continued to hug danielle. Fur felt so soft.

"You need a hug too?" Daniel asked and hugged Elena. She was slightly worried if he had instincts. Rabbits and wolves and all. He was glad that he had just ate. Hopefully that would satisfy the instincts.



"Thanks, it's not every day this sort of thing happens...", Elena said, "But on the other hand I'm an actual bunnygirl now...Hmm there's gotta be something else to talk about...how do you feel about this apprentice thing the natives talked about?"

"To be perfectly honest, I think it's good. Considering that we don't know anything about this world and this is a way to learn.

Sylvia shrugs, "Could be worse if what was happening hours ago told us anything."

"Quite true.", Elena said sitting back down, "And it's great that it's not slavery..."

"Amen to that." Daniel said. "Just think of it as some volunteer stuff."

"I suppose...", Elena said, "You know I kinda miss eating meat."

"Have you tried eating meat? I mean I'm a wolf and I just ate some of the greenery. I feel fine." Daniel pointed out.

"Rabbit teeth didn't work so well.", Elena said to her, "They're more for mashing than cutting."

"You can still try, i bet." Daniel said. "Just make sure it's small pieces."

"Perhaps yeah.", Elena said.

"Might have to get used to it given this is a pre industrial society." Daniel said. "I just hope none of us get fleas..."

"Lovely..." Miles muttered. Now he had to worry about FLEAS. He tried the bread he had been soaking. Bleh. Now it was soggy bread. At least it was a bit more... it was less dry. "Wonder if they would let me help out in the kitchen..."

"Ack I didn't even consider fleas.", Elena said.

"...Do bats get fleas?" Sylvia said with curiosity and concern.

//Just looked it up. Yes, they can, but actual bats groom themselves to the point that only specialized parasites can stay on them.

"I just want to go home..." Miles said.

"I wanna go home too... I also have a small craving for fruit now, yay..." Sylvia said in reply.

"I want to go home too, but I'm willing to stay here for as long as it takes to get us home." Daniel said.

"Come on guys, think of it like this: How many people ever get to do something like this? Once in a lifetime opportunity."

"Right. Because everyone wants to be a midget," Miles muttered. He gave up on trying to eat anymore and pushed his plate away. "... how do I get down?"

"Jump?", Elena said, "Oh...ah...maybe I can catch you when you jump.", Elena said.



"I am not sure if this is awesome opportunity or awful one. On the upside, I am a catguy. On the downside, I am in a medieval setting. Medieval stuff sucked, even with magic." Denis replied.

"Considering that this world even has magic at all, i think we should be grateful. Besides, most settigs with magic are midieval from my experiece." Danial countered. "As for your being a midget, well... I didn't want to turn into a woman, but here we are." She shrugged.

"Says the person that crossdresses regularly," Miles muttered. He contemplated, then just decided to go with it, somehow leaping off with awe inspiring grace. "Wow..."

**Miles** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 20

"You think it's our custumes we turned into?" Miles asked.

"I only did it this ONE TIME I'll have you know." Daniel huffed. "And... I guess it's possible. Only way to explain these things..." She said looking down at his bust and shuddered a little.

Sylvia examines her fangs, her hair (which she needs to get around to redoing), her ears and her wings. When you think about it and use her for an example, it was pretty clear it was their custumes that they changed into.

"... are.... are they real?" Miles asked, his own tail twitching behind him.

Sylvia looks at Miles, "Yup. They're very real. And my eyes are also yellow too I bet..." She shrugs. Whelp, could be worse? Actually that'd take a bit since this means that one time the sun blinded her was not a one time thing, so she asks a question with a nervous smile, "Anyone have sunglasses? This race doesn't like the sun." She also gives one last overthought, "And thank god I picked a good shade of purple for my hair. Looks like that transformation got me down to the last detail."

Well... Miles was actually pitching that question to Daniel[le? He wasn't sure how to think about him[er]] in relation to the boobs, but that probably would have been a very creepy question. So he rolled with it. "Great... so I turned into a midget cause I thought tibbits were cool? And I though he said I was a tamaxi thing?"

"Maybe one of the DMs has actual magic and flung us into a world he created? If so, he's a jerk!" Sylvia, the source of outrageous ideas said.

"You think?" Miles said, running over the guys he knew. "But why only us, thought? Unless you think there are other people running around this work somewhere."

Daniel smiled. "Purple looks good on you," He added and, as usual, he spoke before he thought. Thankfully, Miles bailed him out of potential embarassment. "Well... it is possible. I refuse to believe we're the first people from our world to come here. And i guess it was because we were going to bed in our costumes. Maybe it only takes people that look close enough to the races here?"

"I know there is magic and all, but Daniel insists on holding on to some weird delusions, doesn't he. Er... she? Uh... whatever..." Miles sighed.



"How is it a delusion?" She countered. "And just refer to me as a guy. please. Least until i get used to this..." She winced. "Sheesh... how do you two," she said, gesturing to Sylvia and Elena, "cope with these things?" She asked, trying to adjust her breasts to a more comfortable position.

"Okay... as one guy to another..." Miles said after watching for a moment. "You've got to... you know..." he made groping motions. "It's like the unwritten guy code. And it's the written on in all our games."

"You want me to grope myself?" Daniel asked, unsure of what Miles was trying to get across. "Or to stop?"

"It's in the bro handbook," Milo insisted, though he looked really awkward. "If a bro unexpectedly gets boobs, his bros get to verify them." You know, this was even weirder considering his current size.

"Well... I guess?" Daniel blinked and knelt down. "If i didn't know better though, i'd say you were just looking for an excuse to cop a feel."

"... your point?" Miles grinned, the first real grin he had for a while.

Daniel waited for Miles to get his fill of her new boobs, and as a passing thought, he wondered if he could put the small catman inbetween them. She banished that thought as quickly as it came though and braced himself for what it might feel like.

Miles tentatively poked Daniel's new boobs (fur covered and weird) but they were boobs. Really ones. Seriously. Of all the stuff that happened, Daniel turning into a wolf bitch (no offense intended) was one of the weirdest ones.

//how big are they anyway?

Daniel yelped. "Ack! Yep those are real!" She backed off, falling flat onto her tail as she backed up and stood up too fast. "Owww..." She groaned. "Stupid tail..."

"Sorry," Miles said sheepishly. At least he didn't tweak nipples. No the thought never occurred to him at all. "You okay?"

"I think it's safe to say that I've been better. Like I said, my brain is kinda mush right now and I'm just rolling with this." Daniel said.

Miles sighed and sat on Daniel's lap. "This is like one twisted game," he admitted, leaning back and resting his head on her chest like a kid with his mother. Which was comfortable. "What do you think Mitch?"

"Could be another reason why we're here. Some... thing pulling us here. Only thing is why would it do that and does it intend to give us back?" Daniel said after a while, when she realized that he was talking to her. "Could even be some random magical accident some dude was doing."

"I'm not even sure about this whole 'magic thing', really," Miles admitted. Sure, there was the teleporting thing, but... "Heh. If it was really, I could turn into a cat, being a might-be tibbit and all."

"Maybe you can, but don't know how?" Daniel offered. "I think i'll be stuck like this if the thing decided to make me like what i based my costume out of."



"You think I should try, don't you?" Miles sighed, half worried.

"That's your call, Miles. I wouldn't recommend it. Remember when Noah morphed that first time?" Danielle said, her voice slipping back to what would be her new tone of voice. She had been going all over the place with it, especially in the last five minutes.

Denis meanwhile, was suddenly concerned about the laws of the place. "People, how much different from the actual medieval society do you think they are?" Denis asked, "I mean, they have slaves... Do you think they still have some stuff as a criminal offense that is legalised in modern countries?"

"Sorry what was the question Danielle", Elena asked, she was jealous Miles took her favorite spot.

"I asked how you girls cope with these things... They're killing my back." Daniel replied.

"I always figured if men had boobs they couldn't even walk straight.", Elena chuckled, "um those are real?" "I always figured if men had boobs they couldn't even walk straight.", Elena chuckled, "um those are real?"

"Yes." Daniel said flatly. "Miles here just established that."

"Aww Miles looks so cute like that, wish I could do that...", Elena said embarrassed she said that. "Anyway, I've never really considered it", Elena continued.

"Great..." Daniel complained, but otherwise didn't move.

"The added weight never bothered me, I can help you adjust too.", Elena said to Dani.

"Just one of many things to get used to..." She said and looked down.

"I can help you with that too", Elena said

"Uhhhh... no offence, Elena, but I'd rather not and get used to it at my own pace. Please. And when we get back, I don't want you to feel weird."

"Alright, but you were the one who asked how to cope with boobs.", Elena said to Dani.

Sylvia was mostly unaware of what was going on as she gave searching the place another go, with the same results, "Huh, these leaves are bits of lettuce now that I look at them..."

"I just realized something," Miles said after an epiphany. "You're gonna have to deal with a woman's cycle.... wait... do... wolf women have monthly cycles?"

//Guy asking Guy, technically. Isn't creepy.

"Oh God!" Daniel yelped, eyes widening. "I wasn't even thinking about that! And in this day and age too... Oh FUCK!"

Sylvia blinks at the sudden yelling, "huh?"

"I don't think they have tampons..." Miles said with a pained smile. "Seriously. Females get the short end of the stick."



"Thank you for telling me about this, Miles." Daniel said annoyed at him and got up, hugging sylvia. "Can you teach me about this stuff? please? And can we talk about something else? Please?"

Sylvia blinked again, but returns the hug, "Uhh, sure Danny."  
//This shall be awkward!

"Hey!" Miles protested as Daniel's sudden action of getting up cause him to tumble to the ground.

Daniel hugged Sylvia tightly, shaking a little from all the physical revelations that were starting to hit him full force. Time on the month, the result of... other things, boobs, the fact that he had a thick coat of fur.

Elena didn't object, she had much more to deal with.

[Since only a few people are posting here and SOME PEOPLE refuse to participate in character development, I'm just going to shimmie the plot along.]

You know what. I don't know jack diddly squat about medeival culture. Why do you think I do modern games? So I'm gonna make crap up because that's what I do best. And I'm pissed and have mental tension. Deal with it. Anywho. I had thought about letting you guys have nice fun times, probably living/worling in an inn type deal, but knowing you people, it would take forever. As such, I'mma just jump-skip to about a month or so down the road when researcher boy (... Ken was it?) finally calls people together.

About a week into the their time amongst the people (miserable days for some, like Miles who had much difficulty adjusting to the world with it's chamberpots instead of toilets and buckets and kettles instead of showers [though, to be fair, he had used the latter before; when storms put out the power and such, but still]). His solace was his ereader and the power of the sun {which those locals around him took to be magic plaques} and the stories stoored on it) Uzair stopped by for another visit.

"I see you all are adjusting," he said, nothing the way the old inn was coming together. It was something for them to do, and to earn a few coins. At the moment, only two people had used it, but even that; drawing and heating water, getting meals together, getting the food from the markets, getting the rooms aired and dusted with staw brooms. It was a lot, even for the five of them.

Elena's days had been better but thankfully she was afforded a private chamberpot. She still had her sewing kit which she used to make simple things in the evenings. She still had her old bunnysuit leotard which she kept around, but skin tight really disagreed with fur. She modified one of her dresses so it was loose fitting. Her phone had died the morning of day one, not that it would have helped her.

Sylvia was doing pretty well adjusting to this madness and was thankful that she wasn't crazy about technology like her brother seems to be. Although hyigine here left a lot to be desired, but it could've been worse in a way. She was a bit 'slow' during the first couple of days, but once she got over it and worked up a routine she seems to be back to her cheerful self. She decided to try singing about three times this week and (I'm assuming) she has some fruit to nom on, so all and all this week was mostly pretty decent. Singing rolls in the week: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4477234/>

"Adjusting," Miles said gruffly, perched on the chair that they had rigged up for him. Basically, it was a gnome chair that would in the inn when they were cleaning it up to be run by them. Which... was an experience in itself. He had experience in customer service, but not here. Or in the hotel industry. Much



less an inn. He was *still* learning the currency. At least since he grabbed kitchen and desk, he didn't have to put out the chamberpots. (even if he had to do two runs for water to everyone else's one.) "I wouldn't really call it adjusting."

Uzair afforded him a shrug and a half smile. "I suppose it is different compared to what you you described of your home. Still..."

"Yeah... well," Miles said. Grumpy has been his default mood most of these past few days. "Any word from Ken on his.... research."

Uzair leaned against the desk and shook his head. "It may seem like a long time, but a week is hardly enough time to begin find references for a topic like this. How are the rest?"

Miles might grumble, but most of that frustration was born from knowing how difficult a task it was. "Fine I guess. They are around." He reached over and rang the bell that would echo through the smallish inn. Hopefully one of the others would turn up.

Daniel hadn't been a happy camper either. As a female, her entire biology had changed, and not just from his species change. That part, he was still having trouble with too. He could smell all the bad teeth, fermenting bodily wastes, and assorted diseases. Still, if there was one thing he was glad for, it was that if he had instincts, they weren't showing up very strongly. He hated bad smells, and had a somewhat delicate palate as well... not to mention, he didn't want to do a glomp of death on someone who was coming down with something. Instead, he would politely ask if they were feeling okay before moving on. She only hoped that his new body would be strong enough to fight off some of the bugs here. Older, magical, either way, immunity to them was next to nil.

Miles and Uzair waited in uncomfortable silence to see if anyone would turn up.

Putting her thoughts aside as the bell rang, Daniel's ears twitched and headed up to see what happened. He gave a short growl and flattened his ears down over her head. They were always doing that lately... He could smell Miles and Uzair nearby. maybe he found something out? either way, he headed there. "Hey guys. How are you?" She asked.

"Hello Danielle," Uzair said in greeting. "How has it been going for you?"

"If I say 'I've been better' that wouldn't be enough to cover it." She said simply. "I'm just trying to block out a lot of this until I can get used to it." He was reminded of what would be happening in their world. Their parents were worried sick.

Uzair sighed. "Fine, I get your point. You are not the largest fans of what has happened. Still..." Uzair took a roll of parchment from his belt. "While I can't say I know what Ken will find in his research, it's rare that you find these kinds of solutions in civilized lands. You will likely need to venture into dangerous areas." He set the paper on the table and let it unroll.

It took the two of them a moment, a moment for the symbols on the paper to resolve into something they understood. It had been happening a few times well. Miles figured that voice had something to do with it, how they first got their new bodies, and how they could not only understand and speak whatever language this place used, but how they could read it as well.



But more about the paper. 'Combat Training.' It mentioned the upcoming sessions that the citadel guards were hosting. Combat training session, both for the militia and general training for any citizen who was interested in picking up on some skill. "Chards and I believe it would be best if you and your friends looked into this."

"Huh?" Miles said, standing on one of the cross supports so he could see better.

"Well if i had time to prepare and still be male for it, i'd like it better but yeah... moving on." Daniel said and looked to the paper.

"I don't know how your world operates," Uzair said, "But even women in our culture are fully capable of defending themselves if they wish it. The story of five people apparently appearing from another world.... that is the start of an epic tale. It's best you prepare yourself. If you want to find a way back to your home, it will be in the uncharted reaches."

Miles cringed. He had to admit that Uzair had a point. It was the type of thing that he'd make a campaign from. "... fine. When does it start?"

Daniel had a similar look on her face, fully intending to base a game with one of her friends at home off this.

"Nineth hour," Uzair said. "Jan is directing it. Just let them know I sent you. Of course, most of the people have heard of you. It will be held at the foot of the great Siyacaa, the large tree at the base of the hill."

"Already?" Daniel asked. Even without digital information, news spread fast it seemed. "Still, should be interesting at least. Even if none of us know how to fight."

//it has been a week. And the citadel is a small community. It's the rebel headquarters.

"That's why I suggested lessons," Uzair said, smiling. "I'll leave this with you. Pass the word to the others. Oh, and the fish monger said that he has your order ready Miles."

"I'll go tell the others. And maybe sometime, you could tell us that story." Daniel smiled. With that, she left and headed to find someone, Sylvia most likely, to tell them the good news.

"What? Fish is far cheaper than meat," Miles shrugged, not even bothering with being defensive. "We only have two people rooming and seven people to feed. There there is all the stuff Elena wanted to replace the linen, and the supplies for the kitchen, and there's firewood to buy for the stove," Miles said, listing off the stuff they needed. "Maybe we should take this training seriously. The militia might get a stipend."

"Sylvia?" Daniel asked. "Elena? Denis?" She called. "Anyone here?"

"Yeah, I am," Denis replied.

"Hey there. Looks like we gotta do some combat training. Also, there's an epic tale in regards to some previous people like us." Daniel said. "Tell Sylvia or Elena if you see them."

"No, he said that we sound like the start of an epic tale," Miles corrected, getting depressed by their meager funds again. It was going to be fish and dumplings again for dinner. Maybe they should start a garden in the back... grow some of the herb they need.



"Ack!" Daniel yelled, not expecting Miles to be right there. "Where'd you come from?"

"There," Miles said, pointed to the way he and comes from, which was the same place Daniel did. "You know. Following."

"Make some noise next time..." Danielle grumbled.

"Not as funny," Miles grinned.

The wolf woman gave miles a look, but shook her head and went to find Sylvia or Elena.

Miles' smile faded after Danielle left and he sighed. "You got the gist of that, right?" he asked Den. At least over the week he had more or less gotten used to all the fantastic things around this place. The not the least of it all.

Denis shrugged, "I want to believe so," he replied.

"At least you already know how to use a bow," Miles sighed, vigorously running his fingers through the shaggy mess his hair became. "You have a leg up on the rest of us."

"And I'd probably end up without these fingers if I'll get captured," he said, rising his right arm up in the air and showing "V" to Miles, "And hey, at least you won't have limits on love. At least not a death penalty for that."

"Aside from size, I bet," Miles muttered. "But I'm guessing that's not what you are talking about."

"Yeah, I was just talking about gay executions," Denis said. Gay wasn't meaning what it's meaning now in medieval, right?

"You aren't a big history buff, are you?" Miles asked. He looked around, wondering why they were just standing in the middle of the hall like that.

"What do you mean? Wasn't that a crime, like, nearly everywhere in medieval?" Denis replied

"Pff no," Miles side, scrambling up the railing and sitting on the top. "Some places boyservant was another name for boy toy. Lots of the rome brass were known for gayness. British folk in shakespeare's time might have frowned on it, but they say good ol' Will swung for the other team, so..."

"Uh... Okay... Hey, maybe someone would need a boyservant!" Denis said (hopefully) joking. Knowing him, it's an uncertain thing.

"Hah ha... you keep your ass here, thank you," Miles said blandly. "Did you go watch Sylvia sing?"

"Aww, you care about muh ass," Denis said, clapping his hands, "How nice of you. Anyway, I didn't. Maybe heard parts of it. Maybe didn't."

"I caught part of it. Had to go see Chards about some stuff. And get the wagon," he pointed to the wooden cart he'd gotten repaired when they started. "Uzair wants us to learn fighting and I hope it's free cause we're running out of coin."



"Or better yet, we'd get paid," Denis replied, "Think he'd show us how to cast magic spells?"

"Paid for what? The only thing we get paid for is Fran and Thomas. Even that's hardly anything." Miles grumped. The last part processed last. "Eh?"  
[[the two guest at the inn]]

"Bah. Surely they won't pay for bows/swords/hands/claws for hire later though?" Denis replied, "And I mean, they can do magic stuff, maybe they have combat magic that can be taught too..."

"One class doth not a mercenary make," Miles said blandly. Some people just got images of glory in their head and weren't practical. "And what makes you think you'd be able to learn magic?"

"Eh, I have no idea how does magic work, so I'd hope it's learnable somehow," Denis replied.

"Let's just focus on the regular stuff for now," Miles said, rolling his eyes. You would have to forgive him for not holding magic in the highest esteem after it apparently ripped them out of a storm and into the middle of medieval land.

"Bah, you are no fun," Denis replied.

"If you want to think that," Miles shrugged, kicking his feet idly. "Can you sing? Or act?"

"Uh... No, not really..." Denis replied.

Miles sighed.

"What, is it mandatory now?" Denis asked.

"I'll thinking out using the big room in the front for a show type deal. I'm pretty sure they would have never heard our songs and stories before. We could use it to earn some money," Miles said.

"Oooh, that might be a good idea," Denis said, "Sure they won't burn us for witchcrafting?"

"... witchcrafting?" Miles echoed. "What?"

"A joke," Denis replied, "Whatever. Forget it."

Miles rolled his eyes again.

Denis grumbled, "What did I do wrong this time?"

"Nothing Den. Jeeze," Miles said. He shifted his position to one a bit more comfortable on the wood railing. "Need to ask Uzair how to set this up..."

"Figures so," Denis said, "I could have said that I had archery skills but compared to the actual professionals here I suck so hard..."

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[Daniel finds Elena somewhere]

Elena was keeping busy around the inn when Danielle found her. She turned to greet Dani and then hugged her. "Hey, how ya holding up?", Elena asked her giving her a good friendly hug. In truth, Elena was impressed with how well Dani-boy was adjusting.

"Daniel was a little uncomfortable with the hug, but returned it, trying not to be awkward. "Hey Elena. We're going to be doing some combat training soon. No word on whether or not people from our world have made it here yet, but yeah. We'll be going soonish. It'll be held at the large tree at the base of the hill." Danielle explained.

"Combat? Training!?", Elena said with a shock, "I'm a costume designer, not some sort of kung fu monk."

"Because according to Uzair, everyone in this world, even the women, are able to defend and take care of themselves.

"At least they aren't sexist...just fantasy racist...or is that speciesist.", Elena quipped, "Well, guess it can't hurt too much...maintenance on this place already makes me sore...by the way how's our new maid fitting in?"

"I've been better. trying to suppress whatever I can't handle until I'm ready." Danielle explained.

"Ready to accept it?", Elena queried. Elena considered the combat training bit, "They still expect me to show up for combat training huh." Although she was already picking up skills just by attempting to live in this sort of world.

"One thing at a time, Elena. I'm starting to, but I have the feeling that would change sometime soon." Daniel shuddered at the thought of the time of month which would likely come up.

"Still, not too keen on combat training...but okay then...", Elena said to Dani, she had to remind herself that inside the wolf lady was still the mind of a boy.

"Well given that I almost got eaten by wolves, I think I need it at least." Daniel said. "Still, gotta go tell Sylvia what's going on. You haven't seen her, have you?"

"Dunno where Sylvia went...", Elena said, "you know a dress would suit you" she finished not fully meaning it.

"I'll... think of that later." Daniel said, looking at the clothes he had on. Meant for females, but more for working stuff. Things she wouldn't mind getting dirty.

"I had this idea for maid uniforms, if you're interested", Elena said

"Maybe later. once this place is spruced up enough to warrant them." Danielle replied, being practical with things.

"Fair enough, still our situation turned out okay in the end, being a maid in the inn ain't so bad.", Elena said, "and the local drinks aren't that bad either."

Some people believe she came out of nowhere, others believe she was cleaning behind a barrel or something, either way, Sylvia is suddenly here, "Hello Danny! Hello Ele!" Well, that week, as potentially



craptastic as it was, did a lot of good for her spirits it seems, "Did I miss anything? Was busy cleaning things." ^^

//The temptation to use emoticons was too great! D:

Elena yelped and jumped up at Sylvia's arrival, "Ack, next time ya do that I'm stuffing you in that barrel.", Elena said in a joking tone.

Daniel barked in suprise, hair standing on end. "Ack! Oh there you are. Hey Sylvia. How are you?"

"Great, thanks! This really isn't all that bad. The working part I mean." Sylvia replied in a tone that suggests that she is indeed feeling better, "How has everyone else been doing?"

"Coping," Daniel said, using her new normal speech tone. "It's been... interesting. Anyways, we'll be going to the big tree by the hill at the ninth hour today. Combat training. Everyone has to do it." She bit the inside of her lip. "Canwetalklaterinprivite?" Daniel blurted out in a hurry, his heart pounding in her chest.

"Simultaneously excited and terrified", Elena said, "its been hard grooming this fur, the works been alright", she said showing the sheen on her fur

"Well at least whatever you're doing is working so far Ele." Sylvia said in reply to how her fur looks. Looking at Daniel, she was tempted to say she already has some, but this isn't modern times anymore, its likely going to take a bit more then knowing how to fight without weapons to survive here if they got into a fight, so she replies with a simple, "Okay then~!" She blinked when Daniel suddenly spoke really fast, but she caught the more important bits from it, "Hmm? Sure Danny, we can if you need to!" she replied with cheerful obliviousness.

:Puppy love

"thanks!" Daniel said and began to slink off, hoping she could find a spot where the two could talk without prying ears. It would be tough enough to declare his feelings to her as it was, let alone having others peep in. Taking her hand, Daniel smiled nervously. She guided her to one of the back rooms. "Well Sylvia... do you know that I like you?" Internally, he winced. *Horrible lead in... horrible.*

"Aww, thanks!" Sylvia happily replies, "I know you do Danny!"

Daniel smiled. "But I mean that I really like you. More then as just a friend. I've... done some sketches of you before." He admitted, hoping that it wouldn't sound creepy.

"Oooh, really?" Sylvia says without showing any hint of losing her smile, thus hinting that either she simply doesn't mind or that she likes Daniel as well, "Can I see?"

"Well they're not here, but I can do another one if you want." Daniel said. "You're smart, sylvia. Smart, funny, beautiful even." Underneath her fur, Danielle was blushing. He was thankful for the reddish fur that he had on her body.

Unlike Daniel, Sylvia had no fur to block the mild blush that was appearing on her face, "Hehe, thanks, and you can if you want too. I kinda like you as well, in terms of what you're talking about I mean." We aren't talking about love at first sight, but we are instead talking about a natural pretty good (very good even) chance of relationship status or whatever. The trick for her is ignoring Danny's temp body, they'll get out of this madness sooner or later, hopefully.



Daniel's tail wagged, without input from him as she smiled and knelt in a little. "Thanks! I was so worried that you'd think I was a creeper or something... I've snuck looks at you in class and drawing you out... I thought I was a creeper for a while now..." Taking a chance, she nuzzled Sylvia. "When we get out of this..." He gestured to his new body. "Can... Do you want to go out with me?" Her heart was pounding wildly in his chest again, but this time happily.

"You're lucky that I do like you after telling me that Danny!" Sylvia laughed, but quickly stops and took the next part more seriously, "...And yes, I would like that very much." She smiles a bit more.

"In the meantime though... I suppose we could just play things platonically. I mean..." he looked at her claws and fiddled with some dead skin around them. "It'd be weird... you're stright and I am, but then this happened and..." He trailed off.

Sylvia giggles nervously, "Yeah, dating now would be... strange I'll admit." Although it may serve as a valid weapon against perverts; make them bleed to death.

Daniel gave Sylvia a quick kiss on the cheek and smiled. "For now, that'll have to do. But thanks, honey." He said grinning, grateful that this had went so smoothly. "I suppose we'd better get to work though. Can't wait to hear your next song though." He admitted.

Sylvia blushes more and suddenly hugs Danny tightly. She was going to do that anyways because soft fur, but now was a better time than later, "Yep, I guess we should. And thanks, I'll be sure to sing even better next time!" Cheerful smile is cheerful.

Daniel smiled and squeezed Sylvia carefully before letting go and exiting first, positively beaming.

//and scene ^^ That was good, feenie.

//thanks ^^

Elena remained outside, despite what Daniel said, her rabbit ears picked up bits and pieces of what they were saying. Elena remained still, she already knew the way Daniel would eye Sylvia at these events. Regardless she hoped they could all remain friends. After all, they only had each other in this strange new world.

Perception:  $10+8 = 18$

*Later....*

Regardless of what idly discussion in some places or soap opera quality drama was going on in others, there was still the days work to do before their evening appointment. Miles set the lolly gagers off doing stuff (Such as getting the fish he needed for dinner. He cooked. That was his priority).

But evening did come eventually, though they still had to get food to their clients.

Fran and Thomas were eating in relative silence. A traveling minor Lady, in the sense that she had land to her name. Lady Fran Evnann. Land, but much wealth. Which was why she was grateful for the cheap services the out of place group could provide. Hey, Miles wasn't complaining. She liked his cooking. Her protector and manservant was more the surly type and often cast glares at them, tempered by a touch from Fran.



"Are you all ready for your class this eve?" she asked about halfway into her meal.

"I think so at least." daniel said, still happy from the earlier talk with Sylvia.

"I think so, still quite nervous about it.", Elena said.

"Yep!" The cheery Sylvia said as she finished cleaning up the room for hopefully at least a few good hours.

"You would be best to give it your all," she said. She was a small slip of a woman. A girl, really, thrust into things she probably wasn't quite ready for what she had been entrusted. "You're going to need it soon."

"I'll do my best, yeah. Even if it's like nothing i've had to do before." Daniel promised.

"How do you even know about that?" Miles demand, glaring at the girl.

"And why would you say we need that sort of training soon?", Elena said.

Thomas scowled and reached for his weapon belt. "How dare you speak in that manner to Lady Evnann! I-"

"Calm down, Thomas," Fran said cheerfully. "I'm a seer. I have glimpses..." he stopped when Elena started talking again.

"Is that what you meant by needing combat training...do we have to defend ourselves from your overzealous bodyguard now?", Elena

"It's rude to interrupt someone when you asked them a question," she pointed out with a slight pout.

"My apologies, but you know It's rude for your bodyguard to threaten us without provocation.", Elena said.

"Warned or not, your lack of knowleadge is appalling," Thomas scowled. "You speak with respect to those of the court. To fail to do so is grounds for a challenge by their guard. Woman or insolent little ones alike."

Elena kept her head low, dejected and more wary of this world than ever.

//see? That's why you don't be snappy and jump around before posts are done :p He was mad at Miles.

//and now I gotta reroll a character after thomas kills her right?

//Since when are you this suicidal? Seriously. We get enough of this from Nix and Rev. I don't think I can juggle three of you.

//hey marina almost died several times...

//now that elena messed up she's going to die

"Thomas. Their world is different," Fran said soothingly. Thomas moved his hand from his belt and settled for glaring at Miles.

Miles glared back. "Yeah, sorry and what not. How do you know about our world anyway? You weren't around..."



Fran wagged a finger with a smile. "I was saying it before. I am a seer. I see glimpses and visions. Sometimes of the future. Sometimes of other planes. I never saw a whole other world before. Not until I came here."

"Ooooh." Sylvia said in intrigued curiosity.

Elena backed away from the table to hide behind Daniel. She was legitimately convinced Thomas would try to kill her without warning.

Danielle quietly excused herself, claiming the chamber pots needed their daily cleaning. Her nose was going to hate him, but intruth, he didn't want to be around the over-protective or aggressive bodyguard.

Elena returned to serving after Daniel left.

Miles, still hanging off the sill of the opening between the kitchen area and the main room. "Wha...?" he said, giving a blank look (that earned another scowl from Thomas. That guy seriously needed a chill pill).

"A seer. She sees Across and Between," Thomas said, his . "Her magic allows her to make predictions. Often highly accurate. A rare and prized ability."

"Shhh!" Fran said to Miles waving her hand at Thomas before sighing. "But anyway. It looked fun, what I saw. Spells flying and you all with the..." she waved her fork around in a vague approximation of weapon play. "So practice hard. Can I have some more please?" she said, pointing to her plate.

"Uh, yeah... sure..." Miles said, hopping down from his perch so he could get another plate for her (woo, more coin!). Didn't Elena and Daniel appear out of nowhere insisting they do the serving? Were'd they get to?

"It's okay Miles...I'll get that.", Elena said taking the food Miles cooked and serving food to the lady and then curtsied, trying to at least get on the Lady's good side, if not the bodyguard.

Sylvia wisely decides not to connect the haphazardly placed dots about her seeing their LARP game, "It was! Till... well, this." She gestures to the world, "...Could've been worse though!" Considering what almost happened a week ago? Yeah, could've been worse indeed.

Fran giggled, but there was nothing more from her aside from relatively awkward silence. At least she enjoyed the meal, and left the coin on the table before she left for her room, Thomas stoically following. She did leave one last cryptic saying. "Oh! Don't ignore your own talents. You'll need to accept it and work on it."

"Well that was... interesting," Miles said after she left.

"It's something else...but perhaps she can help us get home...if her bodyguard doesn't eliminate us first.", Elena said that last part below a whisper.

"Don't start," Miles said, rolling his eyes. "What is with you and thinking everyone is a murderer?"

"Ahh he's fine!" Sylvia said as her way of pretty much saying what Miles said to Elena.



Daniel came back down later, having found something else to do and clean instead of human(oid) excrement. "Hello again." She said. "Turns out, they didn't need cleaning all that much."

"Not something I want to hear details about, thank you," Miles said, making a face and holding up a warding hand. The lack of plumbing was a horrible thing and he was considering teaming up with the rest of the group and introducing Uzair and Ken to the idea of it. If only the roman style one. In the very least flushable latrines. He's been mostly using the outdoor one. Or going in cat form.

"You guys ready to head down?"

"Yup!" Sylvia said, putting away any cleaning supplies that happened to be out.

"Ready as I'll ever be." Danielle said.

"Yeah, I guess so, sure they don't need any more service now?", Elena said. They barely got customers to the inn as it was.

"You can stay here if you want to," Miles said, not in the mood to debate with Elena. He pulled his apron over his head and tossing it back into the kitchen.

"See you there," Daniel aid and left for the combat training, her longer legs taking her there faster then Miles' much shorter ones. That and even in this form, Daniel seemed to be faster then everyone.

"I could carry you there little Miles.", Elena offered Miles. She was only semi-serious.

"Ha. I'm still a fast walker you know," Miles grumped and followed after Daniel.

Elena chuckled and followed close behind Dani-boy.

Sylvia follows along next to Danny. Longer legs are no match for someone propelled by naturally regenerating cheerfulness and optimism!

Daniel smiled as Sylvia kept up with her and took a hold of Sylvia's hand, slowing down to keep up with her pace. He didn't say anything, just looked to her, smiling shyly.

-----

There were already a few people gathered in a loose group assembled under the canopy of the Siyacaa tree. About a dozen of them. Sitting on one of the boulders that sat amidst the tangle of the roots that meandered above ground for a while before they were satisfied enough to start burrowing.

She was stern in face and body, muscular arms and legs, black skin covered in the scars of old cuts and nicks, weathered by the sun and other elements. Her brown curly hair was cut more in a mans style, short to be less of a handhold in a tussel. She frowned slightly as she looked over the people gathered together, assessing them, likely.

"5 bucks say she is Jan," Miles commented, pointing her out.

"I'll pass on that one," Daniel said, still holding to Sylvia's hand, though getting ready to let go since they were about to get down to buisness.



"Why? You're no fun," Miles muttered.

"Because you're probbaly right and I'd be out five dollars." Danielle replied.

"And I'd be up five dollars," Miles agreed with an innocent smile. "I don't see what the problem is."

"It's not like dollars matter anymore," Denis commented with a sad smirk.

"Tell you what, once we get home, I'll give you a character sketch. IF you're right." Daniel said.

"Home as in the inn? Because we could get you some art supplies if you really want," Miles said. Maybe they could sell pictures of their home. Get some extra cash.

"I was reffering to home as in back on earth, but sure. What do you want to be drawn?" Daniel asked.

"Home as in back on earth. Sell it. Novel," Miles said.

"Well I will write up a book on this." Danielle said. "Though when we get back to the inn, if you're right, what do you want me to draw for you?"

"I would slap you if I could reach," Miles said, glaring at Danielle with narrowed eyes.

"What?" The wolf woman in question asked.

"Novel as in new."

"Oh. So stuff from home? Yeah, i think I can do that. Maybe some vechiels first, computers... Our normal bodies and stuff..." She mused.

"Start with a city scape before you go to cars," Miles said. "Or a valley. Something general and relatable."

"Our hometown?" Daniel offered.

He shrugged. He didn't have a chance to add anything more to it, not since they reached the place they were actually getting to.

"You! You lot there!" the lady who might be Jan said, raising up and pointing with a determined look on her face. "You're the lot that Uzair brought in, ya?"

Sylvia blinked, unsure how to answer that due to how she looked, but lying wansn't something she does unless it leads to a joke or a prank (or to protect someone), "Yes?"

"That's us," Daniel said.

She frowned at them appraisingly. "Bah. We will just have to work with it. All right People!" she yelled, turning her attention away from the outworlders. "Time for your first lesson! From this point on, your going to be doing what I say, from an hour before and two hours after sunfall! You got a problem with that, you get out now and don't waste my time!"



Jan was not forgiving. She started them out with basic fitness to get them limber, not shy to 'help' anyone who wasn't quite up to it. With the help of a few magelights when the sunfell, she introduced them to weapons ('This is a dagger. You might recognize it from your kitchen drawers. I'd advise you that this one is for killing flesh, not cutting it. Grab a wooden dagger from the bin and we start on forms!').

Between the work at the inn and Jan's intense lessons, the group was starting to be worn a tad thin, but they were at least learning. Still...

*-Three days later-*

"If you intend to do something more, there is only so much I can get into your skulls here!" Jan roared, which was pretty much her normal tone when directing the classes. "If you really want to advance! Then you need to find someone who can really teach you!"

That was what had led them to asking around a bit about the weird stuff.

Daniel dex/acrobatics checks: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4519975/>

[Each charrie roll diplomacy please]

**Miles** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $16+9=25$

--- Finds out about his sorcerous talent by chasing leads around town. Not very helpful since it's a self taught thing. Probably followed the same leads as Den.

**Femix S4** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $17+5=22$

**Irbyne** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $16+4=20$ .

**FemYellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $15+3=18$

**mew77dress** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed:  $3+8=11$

Okay... since this is likely us moving as a group. Let's get this over with in a rather casual non-epic manner.... first off; only the inherent magic users get useful information, for some odd reason. Between Miles, Denis and Sylvia, they get a few leads about people who might be willing to teach magic.

Couple places came up:

The Wizard's Hall on the far side of town. Best place for magic info.

Bit of poking also recommended that Sylvia check the entertainer's Guild.

Nothing on Elena's domestic worker thing

Because of the majority rule, they headed for the Wizard's Hall. It sounded the most impressive anyway. It had some other exotic name they couldn't really pronounce, but most people called it the Wizard's Hall. Not every one could pronounce things in the mythic tongues.

And it was... decently impressive. Lots of glazed glass. Seemed like it might resemble an X from above, with four halls extending from the main building, five towers at the end of each one, though they were only about five, six stories high with peaked roofs, each one having a strange symbol topping it with glittering glory. So a bit more than just decently impressive.

(Their tenants left for a few days.)



"Wow..." Daniel said, seeing everything. "Just like being at college... except nothing like it at all." For safety's sake, he stuck close by to Miles, just in case. That way, if she got lost, it would be on him.

"Cooooo..." Sylvia replied as she looked around, trying to stay near the group and not run off to explore. It was surprisingly hard to do this.

There was a fair bit of activity outside, people practicing flashier spells and magics or testing out creations of various sorts in the mostly grassy area between the halls. At times, it was maddeningly distracting; like the man pelting after the stout rope attached to what looked to be a clockwork dragonfly. That spit out random jolts of electricity. Said jolts were contributing to the 'mostly' descriptor on the area.

The smell of assorted... chemicals and such hovered in the air, amongst many other scents (like that of burned hair). A guy in the expected wizard-esque robes, deep blue and sullied with a few char marks on the left sleeve, noticed their arrival. "Greetings and well met!" he called out. "Welcome to the Jiann q'lqra; the place for those interested in the arcane and the esoteric."

"Well met!" Daniel said turning to face the wizard. "My name's Daniel," She said and pointed out the names of her friends.

Sylvia cheerfully says hi when her name was said by Daniel.

"So what brings you here today?"

"Well, we were hoping to get some insight into the magic of this world." Danielle said and looked to Miles, expecting to be hit by the muchkin.

Ready action: Run away when Miles tries to attack.

Miles didn't even bother. "We got told we might have the potential of magic." He grimaced. "Actually, we were in the training group. Jan ordered us to get checked out. Her exact words were something like 'get your asses assessed before you hurt someone and make me have to hurt you'. And she had a look in her eyes...."

"Yes, that does sound like her," he laughed. "I am Adept Dillen. I can show you the way. Come along," he said, opening the doors so they could be admitted.

Danielle followed close behind, tail softly wagging as she went. "She's pretty scary... Still, a good teacher."

Inside the hall was just as impressive as you would think. Glowing crystals provided light from the walls, much like they would have seen in other more important buildings across town. But these were far more detailed, shaped into creatures from fantasy. Actually, considering where they were, it might have been someone's idea of a fun bestiary.

People were moving about, most with books, scrolls and the like (one even had what Miles was certain was a bundle of flat sticks bound together with string), the air was somewhat charged with barely suppressed energy and there was a lot of hustle going on. "You came at the best and worst time. People are moving between rooms since more booking periods are rolling over now."

"That's fine. It's no different than college when classes get out." Danielle smiled. "This place is beautiful."



"Yep, this place looks awesome and the people just makes it look better!" Sylvia said with a smile as she looks around while making sure she doesn't end up bumping into someone.

Danielle smiled and held Sylvia's hand, blushing happily under her fur. "The people we're with help a lot too." He said.

Because I sorta lost were I was going with this... \*FLASH\* Magic man! \*FLASH\* Magic Room! \*FLASH\* Magic Test! \*FLASH\* Magic Results!

[Testing: very... memorable. Lots of poking, dipping hands in water. Oil. A few gropings (not sexual, but in very intimate areas). And sticking sticks with crystals tied to the end in their mouth, and breathing on strips of paper.]

Results: Dan and Elena are mundane. Miles has inherent magic (sorcerer), some get some pointers before he blows something up. Denis and Sylvia have some aptitude. Needs a teacher. Here's a list. Now git.

The assessor kicked them out with the scroll of the results as soon as he was done and shut the door. Testy gnome, he was.

Dillen laughed when they got kicked out. "How was it?"

"Akward," Daniel said, protecting his chest. "They touched me..." She took the scroll though and opened it up, frowning. "Can you read this?" She asked politely.

What else can I say besides that Sylvia is now hiding behind Daniel because she was being touched in unmentionable places? Poor Naive One.

"Hmm..." Dillen ran a finger down the scroll. "So... the little one..."

"Hey!" Miles snapped.

"Sorry, but you are a sorcerer, apparently. A basic assessment won't be able to tell which bloodline, but you'd be better off talking to someone before your magic goes out of control..."

Miles got a curious shell shocked appearance and started mouthing words silently.

"The catfolk... he set a list of recommended mentors to talk to. Same for the winged girl. Both of you have have the aptitude for magic."

"Nothing for me or Elena?" Danielle asked.

"Yay! I can magic!" Sylvia said cheerfully. Getting touched like that was worth it! Not that she ever wants to have that done again, ever... Can she have some ice cream please? Oh, nevermind; medevil crap.

"Not as far as he could tell. Magic isn't common, after all. From what I hear, your world doesn't have any magic at all," Dillen said. Miles looked up and gave Dillen a mixed look. "Hey, I may not be the most power thaumage, but I am in the upper rankings of administration. Even if I do watch the doors. Being magic touched is rare in most races. Some have a lot of natural talent since they were born from or because of magic, such as the little one-"



"Oi!" Miles snapped again.

"It's true though. But as I was saying, natural magic is rare. I'm honestly suprised that many of you have the gift. I only expected one or two of you." He looked at Miles and Sylvia. "Tabaxi tend to have a strong connection to magic, their natural shape shifting abilities being inherent magic. Narsha are also known for having strong magic ties. Legends tell of their hidden empire that floats above the seas of the south."

"Oh." Danielle said, his ears drooping down. There was one option out the window, not to mention the only option to boot. She sighed a little bit, though was happy for Sylvia. Still, where did that leave her? Not strong, not fast, certiently not agile, not magical... This was going to keep her up all night, she could tell, just like when he tried recalling the names of all the Bond movies from memory or something else that she almost always forgot the night before. "Well it was worth a shot, at least." She said shrugging. "Still, congrats to you guys for getting it."  
//that's why you keep going to combat classes :p

"Well, maybe the fact that every one of us got hit by a magic-thing before getting poofed to this place could explain these rates," Denis suggested.

"I guess some of us just took it better then others." Daniel shrugged.

"I haven't even tried the shape shifting..." Miles muttered.

"You should watch out for these two," Dillen warned. "There will be some that don't like the idea of a Touched Narsha around, and other less... moral Touched who would do much to bind a Touched Tabaxi in a Master-Familiar contract."

"So they gotta keep their magic a secret. Nothing new with fantasy, really." Danielle translated. "And if it helps, I'll do anything I can do to help you guys if you are found out."

"...this is disturbing," Denis commented.

Sylvia haven't quite gotten these names down, so she honestly wasn't sure whohe was talking about from those names alone, although, she did remember the test results: one was gifted while two were touched, she groans, "Great. This place is racist AND has selective Witch Trials... I wanna go home..."

"You and me both..." Daniel said sighing. "I want my... thing back." She instinctivly covered her chest with a hand and tried to look smaller, blushing under her fur.

"What do you expect from a place that doesn't have a high-speed information data highway?" Denis asked, "Tolerance would come only when people would globalise and integrate. But yeah, going home might be good... But the existance of magic is intriguing... Sure we can do something about that!"

"This community is, for the most part, accepting. It comes from the fact that we are something of a major hub for a resistance moment against a corrupt empire," Dillen said with almost modern levels of sass and snark. "But for the same reason, we have... pockets of those who hold to the less than ideal opinions."

"Sounds just like home in that respect." Daniel said, a little weary. "I hate racist pricks like that..."



=====

darn it...so elena is the only one who doesn't get the chance to level up  
and Daniel too, morsel.

Um... did I say anywhere that these rolls determine wether or not you level up?

^ You people need to take a chill pill sometimes you know that?