

The City of...?

As the procession covered ground, the clouds died off. And the trees did too. The soft moss and soil ground gave way to rocks and packed earth. Even with that, the transition from forest to rocky mountainous range was sudden.

Miles for one stumbled on a rock, not used to such terrain with bare feet. Or without pants for that matter. They had been walking for over an hour now, without a break, and some of them were pretty much likely to be worn out from this unaccustomed exertion and forced march.

At first, it seemed they were walking right to the edge of a cliff, but they turned at the last minute down a path that was hidden till the last 20 meters or so. And it afforded them a view into the valley with the lovely striated rock in shades of red and brown, with a city nestles in the valley floor and climbing partially up the wall and, in a few places, *into* the walls. It was down the path carved into the cliff face towards that city that they were led.

Daniel looked around frantically, seeing the others in the same situation as her. "What's going on?" She asked, terrified and exhausted. He'd been made to walk for god knows how long and she just wanted to stop and rest.

Needless to say, Sylvia sees the 'city', "Yeah... not only are we now half and/or actual anthros, we're not in Canada anymore, let alone Kansas, woo..."

The leg kept on hurting, but at least not as much as it did before. The feelings of anything in that poor leg subdued; only faint traces of cold and pain insisting on coming from it. Well, at least he didn't have to walk with it. He'd probably die on his way there, looking at the poor people who were forced to walk... Although he'd rather walk than suffer through that and lose a leg. He looked around again. Oh great.

First thing that jumped into his eyes was stark difference from the forest they used to walk through just before. Mountainous. A valley. For some odd reason it reminded him of Shaman King - one of few animes he actually watched through (albeit really long ago). The city was located in an awful position - crammed in the depth of valley, offering a great view to any attacker that would have wanted to rain a volley of any kind of projectiles at the city. Not to forget the fact that natural foliage - the forest - was gone for a while already, exposing everything. The city was located in the worst possible position for fighting - so this either meant that the builders of city simply have no enemies that can get there - implying political, military or diplomatic strength of the country - likely an empire, having just one country in the whole place around or just plain short-sightedness of the city founders.

Of course such analysis didn't arrive first. The first were awe and vertigo and an urge to make some groaning sounds again. "Damnit, I can't feel my leg!" Denis stated. Didn't go on with the thoughts he had. These guys wore medieval armor. Used horses. Led them to obviously medieval city (aside from bad positioning). Seems like unless they are awesome, they also had medieval doctors. And thus he won't only lose a leg, he would lose it without any anesthetics. Medieval medicine sucks hard. He gritted his teeth. As if this day couldn't get any worse.

"Please..." Daniel said. "No more. Just let me rest a minute!" He pleaded.

Their protests were mostly ignored as they drew close to the guard station that stood just past the end of the path. One of the archers dismounted and took a small case from the leader before heading into the guard building. A little while later, he returned with someone in a uniform of some sort. "Do you have names Keidran?" he demanded of the group.

"Daniel! Daniel Jacobson! Please, this is some kind of mistake!" He said, all but panicking.

Denis growled. Holding off his name won't give him anything so, duh, "Denis," he muttered as a reply.

"Elena Kenneth, please there must be a mix up of some sort.", Elena said to them.

"Miles..." the person in question supplied.

"Sylvia Carter..."

The guard jotted things down on the sheet on the wood in his hand. "And these are heading to the registrar, yes?" The leader nodded. "Thank you milord... And of note; Lord Dyran left word that he would like to see you when you returned."

The leader on horseback swore softly and muttered something under his breath [perception 20][url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4332755/>] Denis Perception: 10[url]

"This wasn't what I had planned for this weekend.", Elena muttered. She wasn't in the mood to seriously jest. And her bound arms hurt.

"Yeah... you know, going from Canada in a half bat costume to medieval land as an actual half human, half bat wasn't in my plans either..." Sylvia muttered back to Elena, "This is why I dislike magic."

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4333319/>]Sylvia Perception Roll: 19[url]//Aww XD

"This is so humiliating..." Daniel complained, starting to cry. "I'm a man! I'm not supposed to be here!" He ranted.

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 19+9-28 *perception*
[I'll do it myself.]

"They are mad, it seems," Rolan supplied to the somewhat confused looking Guard. "Blathering on in that nonsense they have for most of the journey."

The guard nodded and jotted something else down. "Another thing for the registrar... it might affect the credit."

"No matter. Are we clear?" The man on the horse, apparently a lord of some sort, put enough edge in his tone that it was more of an order. The guard took the hint and let them pass.

The city proper was a revelation in and of itself. [second round perception checks for what you guys see.]

Perception: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 18 +8 = 26 perception
Sharp eyes of the frantic prey bunnygirl took in a lot of interesting sights as they went through the city.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4334283/>] Denis Perception: 14[/url]

Sylvia didn't really care about looking around at the moment since she was still mentally raising hell against whatever God teleported them here. The only thing she bothered with was trying to read whatever language the writing system was in.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4337583/>] Sylvia: Perception: 9. Int: 12.[/url] [God knew what those writings were, but Sylvia sure didn't.]

General Perception:

DC15: For one, it was mostly humans around. The other races were more limited. The signs you could see were in some writing system you didn't recognize. [you can make int rolls to try to pin it down if you like]

Construction was mostly clay, wood or brick, the buildings getting more fanciful and ornate, stylized art on the walls as they drew closer to the center of the city. People with different uniforms were mixed in.

DC18: As above and; there were a few other races. Drawing from fantasy, you could guess at the stocky dwarves, the slighter elves, the halflings you could snatch glances at. but every some with what might have been orcish blood.

DC22: Some of the non-humans had collars. Some leather, some metal.

DC25: Some in general had metal rings, about an inch across in their ears.

Denis looked around a bit, without making out too much details and figuring out the system of writing (he didn't bother to give it a shot to be honest) and just waited for them to stop somewhere, already plotting his revenge on that archer. He already managed to get over with his leg, but still felt pretty anxious about their close future. Registrar? 100% that this guy is just a fancy named governmental slaver. Probably they'd be kinda cheap slaves (wooo hoo, people making themselves looking like psychopaths), especially Denis, since he now had to wait for amputation. And the amputation itself doesn't seem any good... He had no idea what to do.

Daniel whimpered. "Please! Tell us where we are! Whatever it is, we didn't do it!"

"Dan, shut up before we get into deeper crap," Denis growled in response. Of course they'd think they are mad. With people like that...

"Guys, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore.", Elena said, "Odd number of metal collars...oh....darn...I hope this isn't what i think it is...no wait...it is..." Elena mentally facepalmed.

Denis groaned, "Elena, keep yourself silent too, jeez," he said, trying to facepalm but finding his hands tied.

"You will best learn to hold your tongues," the one Cario snapped at them. He raise a hand toward Daniel.

Daniel whimpered, ears pinned back in fear.

"I shall not accept you damaging my assets," their leader said in a level tone. "Now less so than ever."

"Pardons, milord," Cario said, chastised.

"There will be time enough for that after this is confirmed," the lord added somewhat ominously. They stopped at one of the larger buildings. The lord dismounted as attendants from came forward. The sign above the entrance way was in that weird script, but of significant note was the larger sigil carved into the wall and filled with a dark glassy seeming material, an effect that added an sense of importance and wealth.

[Sigil: a reversed question mark without the dot at the base, with a reversed 'C' nested within it and a large dot set in the center of the space the two curves make.]

[Bah. Forgot to mention how much it smells. Animal droppings and such in the streets, lack of regular hygiene, etc.]

As the lord entered, the attendants and two of the rangers took charge of the train. While the rangers seemed elven from the ears, the two attendants were human, one with a [DC15 perc. bronze] ring set in his right ear.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4339415/>]Perception 20[/url]

"Hail," Rolan said. "We are Lord Aemerth's men. He has come to get these wild ones appraised."

"Appraised!" Miles demanded, indignant. A violent tug on his rope silenced that.

"They lack proper training," Rolan added.

Denis didn't like that at all. These guys really need to be put in their place sometime... And training? Seems like it'll end up as a painful whipping thing to "teach" them their place. Awesome. Glancing at Miles, Denis didn't tell him to shut up, as it was implied already, "Miles, we are screwed," he just stated instead, closing his eyes, feeling awful. "Your ass lacks proper training," he mouthed soundlessly.

Daniel meanwhile looked at his restraints and squirmed more, wriggleing and writhing to get her hands out of the bindings. They held him fast, but he still squirmed and struggled.

Escape artist: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4340342/> 15 [No cigar][he might get noticed][indeed][duh]

mew711: Elena squirmed against her bonds trying to get free 8:40 PM

mew711 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10+4

The attendants noticed the sudden unset squirming from the line. "I can see that... Come, let us bring them to the back." Leaving Mahon (the guy that caught Daniel) to see about the horses, Rolan and Cario accompanied the attendants to a far less ornate entrance way, though it was still decorated in it's own way. A series of stone (which isn't suprising, cement is stone...) halls carried them through to the back. They stopped by a door and one of the attendants opened it by pressing his hand to a glassy surface, causing an audible click. Swinging it open, the group was ushering inside.

Daniel followed, his feet dragging a little from the sheer exhusition that he was being put through with the forced march from earlier.

They took Denis on a pallet. Well... a blanket they plopped him on and dragged.

Denis didn't like that at all too. Yeah, at least they didn't force him to jump inside with one leg, they are not nazis after all. Wait, they do have racism there, hold on... Denis closed his eyes and sighed.

[mew]Elena trudged along behind them still upset about the binding but couldn't deal with it. She sighed and resigned herself to her unfortunate fate. [/mew]

The room was a holding area. The door opened unto a balconey that overlooked an area below where there was a row of tables and some pallets for sleeping. There werent a lot of people there, only five; two elves, a short person, a human and a figure covered with a sheet at the back.

The only way down from the overlooking balconey was an ramp with a high stone wall/railing. It allowed clear sight from above, and the smooth walls prevent anyone actually down in the room below from seeing who, or if, anyone was coming, but it also kept them from climbing or anything like that. There was a slightly shimmering curtain of faint light at the entranceway at the base of the stairs.

They were directed down those stairs and into the room, feeling a tingle as they based through the curtain. They carried Denis down the ramp and placed him on one of the pallet and left without saying another word.

And as they left, Denis finally could swear quite a lot, "Why couldn't you keep your traps shut, people!? Couldn't you-- Ah whatever," he started ranting, and then just turned over on the pallet and closed his eyes, feeling all the mix of negative emotions crushing him

"Um... your leg okay?" Miles said, asking the obvious question, eying the other people in the room.

Daniel meanwhile kept an eye on these new people, ears pinned back in fear while her heckles rose subconsciously in a fear reaction.

"Of course it's okay. As long as the pain is kept away by the numbness it'll be fucking okay," Denis replied in a harsh tone.

"They will send the monk," the other short person (who was still taller than Miles was) said. He has slightly pointed ears and his dress was pretty simple cut pants held up with cord and worn looking top. He appraised them. "Get."

"...get what?" Denis asked in a confused tone. Huh. Miles ain't the only Tibbit out here... it's either that, or that guy is a midget elf.

"My name ye twit!" Get scowled at Denis.

"Oh," Denis muttered, dropping his ears in a bit of embarrassment, "Sorry. Denis is my name." He was expecting a comeback, so was kinda ready for any twists on his name.

Daniel looked to the two, though not wanting to get hurt, he just stayed quiet.

"Sylvia." she said while wondering when normal will kick back in.

"I don't get it... you don't got no collar or ring or mark on you..." Get said.

"We aren't... Local." Denis replied, turning over to the people, "And... Collar? Mark?" Denis knew this wasn't the best idea to ask him like that, but he needed confirmation.

"Why would we have one? Either of them." Daniel asked.

"You're in the middle of the empire!" Get protested. "You aren't human!"

"We are like... Really far not local. Some magic happened and we are now over here, bam," Denis said, hoping this kind of explanation is sufficient.

"Yes... And...?" Daniel prompted almost at the same time. "Besides, what's the empire got on non humans?"

Denis glared at Daniel. It's really the best time to ask the obvious questions, "You still haven't figured that part out?" he asked.

"How am I supposed to know? No one's told us anything." Danielle replied.

Denis facepalmed, "You know that if we knew only what we have been told we'd not know most of the stuff, right?" he replied with frustration in his tone.

[seriously out of place seeming... considering...]

Elena's feet are sore from the constant getting led around like.. well like a wild thing...she stopped when they stopped and walked when they tugged on her makeshift leash. She nudged Danielle..."best not insult the nice kidnappers further", she whispered to Danni.
[/soops...c...]

"This is... an human empire, right?" Miles said after a moment.

Get shook his head. "The lot of you are mad, you know that?"

"That was kind of implied yes...", Elena sighed. She didn't like any of this one bit.

"Well I wouldn't say mad." Daniel snarked. "Just annoyed, tired, cold, confused, tired and humiliated."

Get shook his head, spat to ward off evila and shuffled over to the other side of the room to avoid catching whatever it was that crazy group had.

"Great..." Denis muttered. They scared off the only one who could have told them a bit more on the current situation. And he didn't know what to do. Aside from trying to fall asleep and wait till situation updates...

There was a fizzle as someone entered through the tingly tingling doorway. A bald man in a rough cut robe, his hood was over his head, but he tossed it back as he approached to reveal a bald albino head with a large nose, black make up of some sort forming a bar across his eyes and touching his temples. A rope was around his waist and his hands were rough and heavy.

Miles, in somewhat foolish bravery considering his size, positioned himself between the person and the group.

"Stand aside little bastion. I am the monk."

And here goes the promised monk. Denis glanced at the new person with curiosity but didn't say anything, knowing that whatever he'll say will just make it worse. And he didn't seem threatening enough.

As the monk spoke, two others entered, dressed in more common clothes (going by what the group saw on the way in anyway) and only had the hood cut in a similar fashion to the monks.

Miles hissed at them, but monk generally meant priest, and he was going to try and keep an open mind while he was around three feet tall. Maybe this was a good thing? He was still suspicious though.

"Please, prepare him for the Blessing," the monk directed. The two stepped forward, one holding Den down, the other pulling a clay flask from his waist, positioning himself by Den's foot.

The monk stepped forward with sagacity, hands clasped as he intoned a prayer. "Grando et ego confitebor tibi in et accersi mihi impertiri tangendo fecit per licet oleum consecratum Domine."

He extended his right hand for the flask. As he held his left hand out, he exposed a tattoo that covered a good portion of his palm. "Mihi impertiri tangendo fecit per licet oleum consecratum..." he repeated as he poured the contents, a thick clear oil, unto his hand, some spilling over unto Denis' leg.

"Hold strong," he murmured at Denis before nodding at the closet attendant. The male quickly and firmly pulled the remaining bit of arrow from his leg firmly. The jolt of pain was quickly followed by another as the monk clamped his hand over the injury, which was followed by a surge of something intangible yet viscous flowing slowly and steadily from the firm grip up his leg and into his body.

The others would feel a slight tingle in the air. Like a charge from an exposed live wire or the prickle just before hit with a spark of static.

Denis hissed at the first spike of pain and closed his eyes, jolting his head backwards, just to get a second one, on which he replied with "OW," that went into a hiss and growl. This thing doesn't feel like anesthetic. Denis clenched his hands and tried not to fall down into crying and yelling. Well, he managed to success partially - tears were dropped though and he told himself it was just because he closed his eyes too hard.

Daniel sniffed and growled in reflex. "You're keeping that thing away from me." He said flatly.

Sylvia forced her anger of the situation down to watch this.

The cool viscous feeling faded, and took a good deal of the pain with it as the monk pulled his hand away. It was hard to tell with the amount of blood and oil mixed into Denis' fur, but the wound seemed to have closed up. In the very least, he could move his toes without pain. Still a lot of stiffness, but less pain.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4347154/>]3d6=8[/url]

The monk cleaned most of the blood oil mix from his hand with the rag the attendant handed him. "God's will be done," he said. With that, he turned and left, lifting his hood back over his head.

Denis blinked several times and then leaned over his leg, touching the place of non-existent wound with his hand. "Wow. How the..." he muttered and moved his toes on his leg. Okay, that was impressive. This gave too much implications again... Damnit... Alien worlds are so alien. He needed a nap to comprehend all of this. "Well, I guess my rants about losing a leg were overreaction, huh?" he stated and glanced at the people.

"Okay... what that just magic?" Miles asked after a moment, mouth hanging slightly agape. "I mean... it was a blessing, but... magic?" Maybe it was weird that seeing someone heal an injury

in a few minutes was more impacting than getting up and finding out that you somehow changed species, but seeing it happen before your eyes...

Sylvia merely shouted, "CALLED IT! It's ALWAYS magic!" in an attempt to make her feel better... the feeling didn't stay long.

"Yeah, it was," Denis confirmed, "And I have a feeling that this is just the tip of the iceberg of the information we'll get thrust into."

"So we're still in grave danger then.", Elena stated. She didn't like the mention of collars one bit.

"You're still keeping that crap away from me." Daniel said, a reflexive growl coming from his throat, but this one of fear. "And yes, I kinda thought it was magic when I turned into a GIRL!"

"Well I was turned into a freaking bat thing!" Sylvia complained back. Seriously, if she knew THIS would happen, she would've at least went all out on the costume... even better, NOT show up.

"I thought the whole turn into your costume thing was obvious...though Danni-boy...are you really a girl now...how's that working out for ya?", Elena asked. Perhaps humor could defuse the palpable tension in the air.

"Don't even start..." Daniel growled.

"Well if I knew THIS would happen I wouldn't have been cheep with this!" Sylvia said in retaliation as she points to a wing.

"And what happened to my pants!" Miles demanded of Elena. He hadn't been around for when the gils (Well, girl and the transgendered) first encountered the horsemen, and he wasn't quite thinking everything through, since it was a logical conclusion that they would take them away.

"Damn, they must have taken away our phones! And books!" Denis suddenly said with utter terror and rolled over to Miles and grabbed his shoulders, "THEY ARE MEDIEVAL BARBARIANS, THEY WILL WRECK OUR ONLY PIECES OF TECH HERE" he stated.

"You just realized that?" Daniel snarked.

"I had it with me when I was captured...then they took my stuff...it should be with what little remains of my stuff.", Elena said.

"Didn't have time to realise how crappy that was, you know, with arrow in leg," Denis replied.

Miles let out an involuntary snicker at Den's comment. Okay, so it was in bad taste, but really. Arrow in his heel. Still, he sobered. "Sorry..."

"Aaah, that's nothing now. I should have been more of a man and did something instead of turning into a crybaby though..." Denis said and glanced at the other people, "We might need to explain ourselves to the folks out there somehow, by the way. Seeming mad in the eyes of someone who might be on our side isn't cool..." Denis said, trying not to say that too loud so the folks that didn't need to hear it didn't hear it.

"Because it makes so much sense, our story," Miles muttered.

"We don't need to tell them our story," Denis replied, "We can freely lie something, omit the truth or something, just to make it plausible."

Any response Miles would have made was lost when people surged into the room. Armed even. "Prepare for auction!" one of them snapped.

Denis mouthed "Oh duck" (or so it seemed for others) and stared at the people surged into the room.

::Time Skip Since no one is paying attention::

"-Freshly caught wild ones! Untrained, true, but they got looks and strength a savvy investor could build on!" It was the winding down of the sales pitch the auctioneer hawking them off was making. The warnings of silence was still fresh in their minds. Not to mention the lashings from that barely visible whip that burned and stung without leaving nae a mark on skin.

Elena stood at attention. She felt humiliated by the proceedings.

"Start the bidding at say 300 shell?"

Immediately people starting calling out offers, most bidding on individuals or pairs, eventually moving from shells to bars. Then man that first caught them spoke up, stilling much of the crowd as he made his bid. "2000 bar for the lot."

In the silence, the actioneer spoke. "A bold bid, Lord Aemerth, Going once... going twice... Sold to-"

"300 crest," a cool voice cut across the room. Lord Garrens whirled, the room stunned by the bid.

"300 crest! Are you daft?" The auctioneer demanded. "As if you could carry su-" he choked when the man stepped into the light so his livery was visible. "Ah... A thousand pardons. Lord Dyran's man may bid as he wants... unless you can counter Lord Aemerth?"

The human lord was red faced, then calmed himself with effort. "No, I must yeild hawker. To Dyrian goes the spoils."

Daniel was horrified at what he wa seeing. "Nope!" She said. "Nope! not doing this. Not going anywhere." He said firmly. He was already looking for a way to get out of here.

[cue one of the attendants lashing his hand through the air and striking Daniel for
[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4355112/>]1d4+3=5[/url] damage Non-lethal]

Elena pretty much knew what was going to happen to Danny-boy but she kept her mouth shut. She couldn't help, if she got whipped too.

On the downside, they are pretty much sold to someone. On the upside, Denis now knew the prices... Shell - low; bar higher than shell and crest is apparently incredibly expensive...

And apparently someone wanted these slaves so much he was paying incredible amount of money... "DANIEL," Denis yelled at Daniel. "Don't be an idiot! Calm down!"

That was probably a mistake... By the way... why a price so high for someone who were "mad", who had their credit affected... Something's fishy here, unless mad slaves are kinda awesome out here.

[Cause they are exotic][Bah. Missed that option XD][You noticed I didn't mention many anthro type races in the city? And they are adult wild ones, costly to 'train' but even more exotic.][Bah... Should I change the thinkings then? Thought anthros were common slaves...][Someone didnt read the notice checks. Or pay attention to the slave in the holding room.] [Meh... I have a great attention span...]

The purchaser watched all that impassively. "Have them prepared. I need stay for the reminder of the action, My Lord will be content with these. Also prepare a transport. I shall see about payment."

They were [s]chased[/s] shuffled off the platform and moved to the back, where they were roughly herded through passages and had stuff done to them (considerng having them hit with a shower) before they were ordered into fully enclosed wagon with a bundle of stuff already in it.

Daniel meanwhile was looking for a way to escape. There had to be some way. Nothing was impenetrable and with his modern mind, she could figure a way out of this!

Sylvia meanwhile was idly looking around as she went through her own personal blend of the Stages of Denial. That freaking fireball of a sun in the sky wasn't helping much either... how was she the only one being blinded by that thing?

Denis grumbled and looked around the wagon, trying to figure out what was there inside. [It was your typical wagon with a wooden box frame around it. The top was wood panels with some sort of material stretched over it. Near the front were a pair of chests. About halfway up were some metal rings set into the floor.]

Elena could still feel her bonds tight against her wrists. Being paraded around for sale...horrible practice...She tried to think of how they were going to get out of this mess.

Miles... was recalcitrant. But, being tiny meant his resistance was token (they all but tossed him in the wagon in the end.) On the bright side, he got some pants. Itchy, coarse, but pants

nonetheless. The doors were shut and locked, and the only light was coming from the what little came through the covering and the slits set near the roof.

"So... utterly screwed, yes?" Miles said after a moment.

"Yeah..." Denis replied, sighing. He walked over to chests, trying to open them up to see the contents and then went to have a better look at rings.

[The chests were locked. The rings were iron, set into the wagon floor. About quarter inch thick and a four inch loop]

[Important forgotten information: They were given collars sealed with a magic key (you could tell because there isn't a real keyhole and the way they closed it. Also, they pierced your ears. Very painfully. At least they healed them up. Just stopped the bleeding, still sore.)]

Denis sighed. Great, now the chests were locked. Probably on magic locks too. The ears pierced really suck... They would be extremely noticeable even without the collars. Great. And the hoops are probably here to attach the ropes or other restraints to them and the slaves.

"Any ideas on what to do now?" He asked, rubbing his ear while still looking around the chest. [one ear pierced.]

"It's not like we can just slip out of these things," Miles said, fiddling with the collar. "These things fight tight."

"There's gotta be a way out of this..." Daniel muttered, still looking for a way out as well. "Some tools can probbaly bust these things up." He muttered, already thinking of ways to do so like a large rock or something similar.

"Fight?" Denis asked.

"Right. Because we have all seen just how well that's gone," Miles commented cynically. "How many times have they hit you with that this so far?"

"They probably expect us to run a lot. Y'know, wild and adult (mostly)," Denis replied, "Doubt there is no one outside to catch you if you if you will break out." He stopped rubbing his ear and muttered, "Damnit... Why did they have to pierce it like that... Let's hope the wound won't rot or something..."

There was a jolt and lurch [DC12 acrobatics] as the wagon started moving, a bit unsteadily at first before the horses got into the rhythm of things and hit the steady pace that evened out the ride some.

Φαιόγαλῆ rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 19

Irbynx rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 4 + 4 = 8.

Daniel: <http://orokos.com/roll/159133> Prettymuch expected

Sylvia: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4361443/> nat 20... okay then.

Elena: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10 + 6 = 16

Denis fell down on floor with a loud hiss followed by a swear and growl, not bothering to get up now.

Daniel meanwhile tripped over his new feet and tail, yelping as he crashed to the ground.

Sylvia simply had no problems standing... in fact she didn't even notice that the wagon was moving. The only indication that her body was aware of the moving wagon was her wings moving a little by themselves to correct her balance, "...What's wrong with you two? You're acting like gravity hates us too."

Daniel whimpered as he cradled his bruised tail, tears going down from the pain and everything that happened so far.

Elena did her best to help Danny-boy to his...I mean her feet. Wow...Danielle or whatever Danny was now was cute...if only she'd accept her new gender sooner.

Miles scampered over to the wall and pressed his new fangled pointed ears against it. Aside from the crunch and grate of the wheels on the road, he could only make out, well, nothing else. "Okay... we really need to find a way out of this..."

Sylvia shrugs as she looks around the wagon, "I personally prefer waking up... oh well."
[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4367142/>] Int: nat 20 (22). Perception: 15+5=20[url]
[Perception: The harder you listen, the more of nothing you hear. The mutters coming from the front were in a language you didn't understand.]
[INT: The wagon was pretty... wagony? Seriously, I didn't put much thought into wagon contruction, The doors are too solid to break without tools. You have ideas. Such marvelous ideas. Like making use of the skills that their races were supposed to have. They might come in handy.]

"Tried that, didn't work...", Elena chimed in. Her bunny ears perked up, listing for anything new...people talking maybe.

Elena: mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $18 + 8 = 26$ perception.
[See Fen's result.]

"You tried going to sleep?" Miles muttered irritably.

Denis sighed, "Seems like Miles' idea is most reasonable for now."

The wagon continued it's climb out of the city. Miles was looking at Sylvia's wings with interest. "Do those things work?" he asked her.

Sylvia blinked out of the trance of looking at the wagon for some way to get out of this mess, "huh? Oh..." She looks at her wings and flexes them a little, "...I think they're a bit too small to fly with..."

"Oh... sorry then. I was just... thinking... Everything we have that was can use, I guess," Miles said. "Considering... what's going on..."

"If we were going to try something we would have already.", Elena said to them.

The trip continued for a while until the cart jerked to an unstable stop.
[acrobatics DC12]

Denis rolled a die for acrobatics with 20 sides. The die showed: 10 + 4

Φαιόσυαλῆ rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 15

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 13 +6 = 19

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4398486/> Sylvia is still standing, although she noticed the suddenness this time.

"We stopped," Miles said, unnecessarily repeating the obvious.

Daniel, as usual, fell flat on her face, letting out a yelp as he did so. He huffed and decided to just not move from this position. "Why do I even bother standing up?"

Acrobatics: <http://orokos.com/roll/162889> 2

"I don't like it," Denis muttered, staring at the entrance.

"There isn't anything to like," Miles said. Shortly after, the sounds indicated that the lock on the door was being opened.

"I don't like it either, but dang Danny-boy, are those new boobs affecting your balance any? Youve fallen how many times now", Elena teased.

"Shut. Up." Daniel grumbled.

"Least she has spunk, don't you Danny-boy.", Elena giggled. She was going overboard on this one and she knew it.

"Stop picking on Danny, Elena... him turning into a woman AND going through the same idiotic madness that we are is bad enough." Sylvia said with slight annoyance at the situation in everyone is in in general.

"Thank you." Daniel said, still on the ground.

The doors were opened and two people, one of them the stern man who who did the actually purchasing of them all. His companion was shorter and slighter of frame, though the billowing clothing draped around their form and the hood did much to hide the true features and build.

"You all can come out now."

Elena cautiously exited the wagon, since she never got to change the bunny suit she wore at the party was the only thing she had on. Regardless, she was trembling in fear. Alternate dimensions, strange men, anthro form. She was being too hard on Danny-boy.

Miles, all three feet of him, tensed as he hissed, muscles bunching as he coiled, ready to spring out at them.

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 1

[Too sleepy to think of what happens. Something goes wrong. He's on the ground]

"Calm down!" the billowing robed one snapped, the voice hoarse and gruff. "There's no need for that!"

Daniel sighed and got up, very slowly and and looked down at the ground and her paws. He shuddered. "Let's get this over with." He grumbled.

Denis walked out, sighing, as he saw Miles fall. He offered him a hand to get up, "Damn, man"

Miles grumbled but accepted the help back to his feet. The size difference between his hand and Denis's, and the fact that up was only about a foot or so just got him even more annoyed at everything that was going on.

"Sorry about putting you through that," the first man said. "it was the only way to get you out."

"Out? I thought we were getting into something when those men jumped us.", Elena said, "You okay Miles?", she asked.

Danielle's paws hit the ground as he got off, looking at the man. "Fair enough. Can't be any worse than getting nearly eaten by wolves..."

"So, are you all okay? I know they can be rough with the slaves in their stock," the man said. He all but spat the last four words.

"Damn, no we're not okay...went from getting eaten by wolves to chained into slavery...", Elena said, her rabbit ears twitching.

"Well what did you expect? You are in the middle of the Empire's territory!" The woman gave one of those all encompassing gestures. "They aren't going to just shake your hands! What possessed you to do that? With two bastions at that!"

"We're not from here." Daniel said. "This isn't how we're even supposed to look like or be. I'm... Was a human. A human male. We were camping out and wearing costumes and the next thing we knew we woke up like this."

They just gave her a look. A look worth a thousand words. Most of them along the lines of 'she's a crazy one' and pity being expressed to her.

"Hey!" Daniel said. "I'm not making this up!" She turned to the others. "Back me up here, guys. Come on..."

Sylvia would've said something, but she would've bit someone's head off, she's tired of trying to explain the same shit over and over.

"My nose is bleeding..." Miles whined, distracted by the injury he garnered for himself after the unwilling faceplant he did when he slipped up trying to pounce on people.

"Well... I can say for sure is that we weren't supposed to be in the middle of the forest in the middle of empire territory for sure," Denis replied, trying to be at least somewhat ambiguous

"That's exactly the case, just as Danny-boy said.", Elena said backing up Danny. She would have pointed out her suit, but she had been accosted before and didn't have it.

"Thank you!" Daniel chimed in.

"Maybe they really are mad," the man said. The woman slapped him on the chest with the back of her hand.

Sylvia was just glaring at him.

"Shush," She said to him. "I am Seraff. This is Gaynes. We were slaves once, but now we are part of the Fianait." She eyed their reactions. "You don't have any idea what I'm talking about, do you?"

"Not at all...I can guess that the Fianait are some sort of anti slave thing...rebellion, liberation maybe.", Elena said, "But again, no clue...I'm not even from this world in the first place."

"I can take a wild guess and say that Fianait is a slave liberation movement?" Denis asked

"Not a clue. Like I said, we're not from this world." Daniel reiterated.

"OH JUST USE A MEMORY READING SPELL ALREADY OR SOMETHING!" To say Sylvia looked quite annoyed would be the understatement of both world's century. If this world had magic that did all of this to them, it surely has memory reading magic.

Gaynes shook his head. "It's not even supposed to be possible." He sighed. "Anyway, here is the key to the chest in the back," he tossed it at Miles (who managed to catch it a:17+). "All your stuff should be in it. We told them lord Dyrian wanted you all with everything you were found with and they were too happy to comply."

"You can either try and find your own way, or you can come with us," Seraff said.

"Let's try the chest first...then we'll follow you up.", Elena said to Seraff. Finally some nice people in this godforsaken land.

Sylvia sighs and simply checks her stuff... well at least her stuff was here... and needless to say that even if the phone had a charge left, it had no signal to speak of. She sighs again, turns it off and stuffs it into her backpack.

"I have a feeling that finding our own way ain't going to work out well "in the middle of Empire", " Denis remarked.

Daniel looked to the chest and waited for Miles to open it. "Thanks." She said and looked to Seraff. "I have a feeling that this is the first time anything like this has happened, right? Nothing like this in any library or at any point in history?" Getting no answer, he sighed. "Nevermind... for now, let's just pretend we don't know anything about anything. That we're thick or lost our memories."

"Seraff and... Gaynes..." Miles echoed. Huh. Slave, even though they looked human. He would figure that part out later. For now, he scrambled back into the wagon and tried the keys on the chest. It took a moment, this thing archaic compared to the locks he was used to back home (he shook the worry that thought dredged up aside) but eventually opened after a firm turn. True to their word, most of their stuff was inside it.

Danielle took his stuff from the chest and hugged it, protectively. "Well that's one mercy at least..." Looking back up, he looked up to the two. "So... What do we do now? Bop around the country, liberating slaves like you?"

"Bop... around?" Seraff echoed, not sure what the wolf girl was talking about.

"Do stuff in a non-specific order, wander around aimlessly doing stuff." Daniel explained.

Denis got into the wagon and grabbed his stuff, remaining out of that weird conversation for a while.

Elena gathered her things and finally was able to get Miles his new pants. "I fixed these before we got captured...hope they fit.", she said to him.

"Thanks," Miles said, taking them. Finally. The time he waited for these...

Outside, Gaynes was uncovering another object strapped to the front of the wagon. "They recovered this as well, but here unsure of what it was." It revealed Miles' bicycle to Sylvia and Denis, the two still outside.

Sylvia looks at it for a moment, "Oh, that's Mile's bicycle." She said it as if anyone who spent one day in the modern world would know what it was.

Heading out of the wagon, Daniel smiled. "I don't think they know what it is." She said. "It's a way people get around where we're from." She said and approached. "You sit here, put your legs on either side and rest them on these things, and then you move your legs as though walking, but the wheels spin and you go forward." Danielle explained, pointing out the bits.

"It's... a clockwork mount?" Gaynes tried, curious. He was interested in clever things like that. He bent and spun the pedals. "How does it work?"

Considering that Daniel was the only one explaining how a bike worked, and she didn't know how to ride a bike (Don't laugh, I actually don't.) she was a little nervous. "Hold it steady," She said and moved to get on. Making sure her fur didn't get caught in any of the gears, her tail trailing behind her, she began to move the pedles.

<http://orokos.com/roll/172604> 10 for balance, 2 for ride. Also: she falls.

greycat laughs

Gaynes looked surprised and impressed as she took off, then shocked when she fell. "Are you okay?"

"Owww..." Daniel said. "Some skill required obviously..." Getting out from under the bike, she rubbed her injured body.

Sylvia blinks and laughs, "I thought everyone learns how to ride a bike when they were a kid!" She quickly stops laughing as she walks over to 'her', "You alright Daniel?"

"Not really..." Daniel said, rubbing her side. "And well... I didn't. I'd rather not get into the whys now if that's okay with you."

Sylvia appeared to have gotten slightly more perky as she happily helps Daniel, "Its alright Danny! Its Probably the only bike in existance now anyways."

"Maybe it's the new..." Miles made cupping motions over his chest as he joined the group. "Anyway, um... Sarriff?"

"Seraff," she corrected.

"Right, Seraff." Miles chewed on his lip a bit. "So... if we go with you, what do we do?"

"Don't worry, it's not difficult," she said. "There is a scheduled check up on our progress in about a quarter hour. Then we can have them warp us out."

"Wait what? Warp us out?" Danielle asked blinking, her mind flashing to Star Trek for a second.

"Yes," Gaynes nodded.

Denis walked out as well, his ears twitching at sounds. Warp out? What? Teleportation again? Oh well.

"Warp out? But we've been through so much already to get here.", Elena said.

"Just how will we warp out of here? You guys don't have bikes, but you can instantly teleport us across god knows how far?"

"This is the middle of the Empire. Did you think we walked here?" Seraff asked with a smile. "It's how we keep the empire from locking on to us. There is a lot of magics that the bastions and kiedrans have they are unable to use as easily."

"Well... yes. Considering we don't have magic where we're from, this is all new to us." Danielle said.

"It comes now..." Gaynes warned. Gather together.

Someplace New

A few moments later, it happened. There was a loud noise that was hard to describe aside from disharmony, and searing light, a sourceless heat and cold simultaneously and the feeling of being pressed against from all sides, then a sudden abrupt release as they were popped out somewhere else. [Roll acrobatics, dazed for a turn.]

[Rolls here]

Miles rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 18+11 Safe!

Daniel: <http://orokos.com/roll/174215> 11

~~Ephynx~~ rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 17 + 4

Sylvia: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4433914/> 5 + 5 = 10

Φαίοςγαλή rolled a die with 20 sides for Gaynes and Sareff. The die showed: 3 and 2. Way to build confidence.

Elena: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 4 +6 = 10

Elena's body seemed to be moving, but her mind remained anchored to this point as she was teleported. She collapsed on the group and lay still as little swirls formed in her eyes.

[Response here] There weren't so much dropped as they weren't. I know that doesn't really make sense, but that's how it was. It was like standing on the bed of a trailer than suddenly hit the brakes, or being hit from behind by a breaker at the beach, blindfolded and earmuffed. They were in that places of sensation, then abruptly the normality of solid floor and normal sight hit them almost like a physical force that rolled through their bones.

Daniel as usual, failed to remain upright, tumbling head over heels. "Ahhhh!" He yelped and crashed to the floor, possibly into someone else.

Miles took it like a champ, barely losing his balance, though still dazed by the whole thing. He groaned softly and pressed a hand to his forehead.

Sylvia of course didn't expect this AT ALL and her built in super gyroscope didn't expect the sudden transportation that is teleportation either, so her body did its best to remain upright and

made her spin a few times, but she still ended up on her bum with her eyes being replaced with little swirlies to indicate her dazed status, "owie..."

Gaynes and Sareff, on the other hand, swore oaths as they joined Daniel on the earthen floor of where ever it was they were deposited.

"Owww..." Danielle muttered and picked herself up. "Was that supposed to happen?"

Denis didn't fall down as well, but was dazed by the whole experience and wobbled on his legs, trying to take a hold on something and not finding anything, "More teleports are going to drive me insane..." [Don't forget the dazed. And seriously. You've only been teleported once in your lifetime, the other one completely different. Should a bit of life.]

Elena's body seemed to be moving, but her mind remained anchored to this point as she was teleported. She collapsed on the group and lay still as little swirls formed in her eyes.

Sylvia slowly picks herself up while holding her head with one hand. Something was hurting, or maybe she was still dazed, didn't matter, "Was that supposed to happen?" Sylvia honestly had no idea Danny already said this.

There was a chuckle off to the side. "I thought you never lost your feet," someone called out innocently. "And to think, in front of the new recruits too."

Gaynes swore and got to his feet, stalking off to deal with someone.

Seraff was a bit more feminine and graceful in her rise. "Teleportation spell. It's a rough ride, but it's worth it."

"I- er- If you say so," Miles said, leaving it at that.

Denis sighed, "Of course a thing this awesome has to have the drawbacks"

"So where are we now?" Daniel asked.

"So what happens now.", Elena asked.

"Well I still have the flightless wings so I guess we're still in crazy land..." Sylvia said simply.

[Okay. Wellspring splash. No thoughts for this convo, so let's skip the possibly colourful introduction scene and just drag everyone off to a table with food and talking with the big wigs]

Names: Chards, Ken [halfelf] and Usair.

Their food was... interesting. The bread was coarse and heavy. The meat was a bit... different. The drink was something like beer, so Den finally had his chance to get a drink. On the down

side, it tasted horrible. I mean seriously horrible. They also had water. They let them eat for a while.

"So... tell me about this 'other world' of yours," Usair said.

"Where to begin...it's very different from this....how do I put this lightly.", Elena said, but her voice grew softer.

Sylvia wasn't exactly... happy about how everything tasted, but she was hungry enough to not complain, "The lightest way to put it that I can think of is that, we have no magic, but we have much better technology."

"By an example," Danielle said. "Picture two kingdoms. Miles and miles apart. It would take weeks or months to send a message by air, let alone by foot. In our world, we can do that as fast as i'm talking. and the person on the other end would have replied to me already. We can fly in gigantic metal birds. A different kind of bird took people to the moon. Oh and it's only humans there. Nothing like... whatever we are now."

"Already there is the communication stones that work through thought... and the windriders that sail in the sky like fish in water..." Ken started. Chards hushed him with a motion.

"I see... your world is one without magic? So they found ways to mechanically make do..."

"I guess?" Miles said, poking at his food. Man he missed home and some good chicken...
"Granted... science can seem like magic sometimes. They've just taught and trained people not to think about it like that."

"And we were wearing costumes before this. Kinda shaped like our current forms," Daniel chimed in. "Not that that helps anything, but like said, we have nothing like this here." She gestured to himself.

"Like what exactly Danielle?", Elena asked her.

Daniel started pointing people out. "Wolf, cat, cat, bat, bunny. Unless you know where we can find petting zoo people in our world."

"Furry conventions?", Elena suggested as a possible venue, "But in all seriousness, all we have in our world are boring humans."

Chards and Usair, both humans, gave Elena a look.

"Just ignore that first part." Daniel said. "But she's right of the last part. Also, if it helps, whatever happened is pretty specific. I was a male human before this. Now... Well... See what happened now."

"Apologies, I was a human girl once too, I know the feeling.", Elena said to them.

"Least you're still a girl both ways." Daniel huffed.

"How are you adjusting anyway...I'm curious", Elena said to Dani.

"Not the best time for that, ya think?" Daniel countered.

"Eh, touche...", Elena said, but gave Daniel a look that meant I'll ask you again later.

"If you could focus," Ken said with a severe look on his face.

"Sorry." Daniel said, fiddling with her fingers, searching for the dead skin to peel that collected there.

"This world of yours... it sounds does not sound dissimilar to the one the Emperor desires to create."

"Why would anyone want to take all the magic away from the world? And have it be only humans. Or is he just racist like that?" Daniel asked.

"We don't have relationships with the emperor," Chards said in a level tone.

"He's barking mad," Usair said at the same time. Then he paused and looked at Daniel. "No offense."

"Wolves rarely bark. It's okay." Daniel shrugged. "Anyways, another fun fact is that those metal birds I mentioned travel faster than sound. But that's besides the point. So, can you tell me what we are, exactly? Or at least what your world would call us. As a race i mean."

"Aren't you taking that a bit too... cavalier?" Miles muttered, looking distinctly disgruntled sitting on the medieval version of a pseudo child chair. Which was pretty much a smaller step stool sitting on on a regular chair.

"At this point, my brain's just a puddle of mush and I'm just going with it." Daniel replied.

"Hmm brain scoured, mind polished, head...ah...brain laundered, no brainwashed...that's the one.", Elena said to Dani.

"*What?*" Daniel asked, blinking, honestly not having a clue as to what the bunny was talking about.

"Exactly.", Elena said, "We need to rest."

"Ignore her," Miles said, his tail doing tail things. It was annoying. It would be cool in another setting, but at the moment it was annoying.

Ken shook his head slowly. "Still, it is rather odd, telling someone what, who they are."

"But necessary." Chards paused anyway. Perhaps it was odd. Awkward, anyway. "To make this simple... Danielle, if i pronounced that right," he added a slight roll to the i, "you look much like a Lupin."

"That's actually a translation. A corrupted one at that," Ken commented. "The right name, in their language, is Parsen. Roughly means Two halves at the balance a person. It comes from-"

"Interesting, but the expotion isn't needed at the moment," Chards said, hushing Ken with another motion before he could warm up to the subject. "Just the simple facts please Ken."

The tips of Ken's pointed ears reddened slightly. "Fine. Very well. Elena, was it? You are a Lesop. Also know as... as... ah, nevermind," he said as Chards raised an eyebrow at him. Miles smirked. "And Denis resembles a Drasc. Cousin to the Cinon. I will hazard a guess that you've heard the terms Keidran and Bastion?"

Miles tilted his head slightly, his own pointed ears twitching and he nodded. "We did."

"They are excepted terms based on how magic affects people. Originated in the empire long before it became as it is, when it was one of the first places to rigidly study magic. Keittra covers most common races, as magic works normally on them. Baast were one of the other categories. Others are Asnk, Vaneir..."

"Later," Chards said. "The emipre, in recent time, has been turning them into slurs. Keidran for none human Keittra, Bastion for Baast and so on. You three are all affected by basic magics the same. Miles and Sylvia, however..."

"Honestly, I've never met anyone else like you two," Usair said. "Heard and read about, and we think there might be a few others like you Miles around, but this close to the empire? They never venture."

"Cryptic. Not very helpful, but cryptic," Miles muttered. So he was a member of a *rare* midget race. Lovely.

Daniel leaned in, slightly dissapointed that Ken was cut off, but still kept listening. She'd have to remember to ask him more about this history and general knowlege of his new species.

"I am a bit better exposed than Usair," Ken sniffed. "I have met one or two. Sylvia, your people are the Narsha. Some call them demons, due to your exotic apperance, but you are far from it. As for you Miles, a definite name for you race... is in question."

"Huh?" Miles grunted.

"They don't have a set history or communites, as far as I know, and they roam a lot," Ken looked a bit abashed at not knowing. "But they have been called Komata, Tabaxi..."

[Verse edit: stripping the tibbit name. That's the name from the 'modern' world]

"Wow..." Danielle said, impressed with everything. "If we have time later, could you tell me some of the other stuff on the Parsens?" He asked. His gaze looked to Sylvia, a little worried about her race being compared to a demon. Would she be okay?

Well that was typical, give anything bat wings and they're labeled demons, YAY RELIGION! Sylvia merely shrugs since she kinda stopped giving a shit at this point.

"So this Lesop is an established species?", Elena asked, listening in to the discussion.

"How much more races are there?" Denis asked, tilting his head to side.

Actually, now that he thought about it, it was stupid to think, to not realize he would be a Tibbit. Everyone else turned into their custome. Great. Because he was cheap and snarky, he got stuck as a three foot tall midget. Marvelous. Just marvelous. "That's great and all, but do you know how we can get home? It's not that I don't appreciate the hospitality and all, but..." He tried to think of a more diplomatic way to say 'this place sucked', "It's not home..."

"And more to the point, do you know if anything like this has happened before?" Daniel asked, turning her attention back, away from Sylvia and to Ken.

"Yeah, I don't care about that," Miles said gruffly, "so you can ignore him. I mean her... Whatever. I just want to know how to get home."

"Hey!"

"Your question isn't that simple, and the two questions not unrelated." Ken was obviously getting into the swing of thing, a topic he was more comfortable with. "While the planes might be known of, and arcanist and the devout alike taking notes and records on them, this is a something further. An entire world, a part from what we have passing acquaintance with." His tone was much like a university professor. "It will take research. Much research and consultation to arrive at answers."

"Ken's specialization is in research, both arcane and divine," Usair explained once Ken stopped for a breath.

"Is there anything I can help with?" Danielle asked.

"At least this doesn't mean "No, there's no way", " Denis said.

Ken sniffed with haughtiness as he rose from the table. "I highly doubt that."

"What he means is that you would lack the skills needed," Chards said.

"I will get right on this," Ken said, not even hearing Chards. "It has been a while since I had a good challenge." He left, the ends of his long coat, a strange glyph on the back side, billowing around him as he turned. All in all, it was pretty impressive.

"Ken is good at what he does," Usair said by way of apology. "Social graces, however, are not a large part of what he does. I however, am. I oversee the population and labour force. You guys are all free to stay with us, but you will be required to contribute to the community."

Miles grimaced. Contribute to the community? What could he do to contribute to a place like this? All he wanted was a fun weekend of gaming and LARPing... not being tossed into the plot of a bad adventure guide.

"Contribute how?" Daniel asked, curious. "Mining? Doing stuff at the local inn?"

"Hunting?" Denis added. Yes, he was a crappy at lots of stuff that could have been of use here, but at least he could use a bow.

Sylvia takes an actual, hard look around when this came up. The local inn bit should be simple and easy, at worse she'd just need to wear something to hide her 'too small to be used for flight' wings. It was likely the fantasy setting, but 'Bard' ringed into her head once... That could work too if this was some crazy dream and they were in D&D land or something; sing and get paid while waiting for Ken to solve the riddle on getting them back home.

"Something on your mind, Sylvia?" Daniel asked.

Sylvia blinked and looked at Danny, "huh? ...oh, nothing really; kinda hoping I can get off easy by signing up as a bard or something. And who knows? I might start feeling better about this after a few songs." She shrugs after that. Well at least she knows she can sing, so maybe its possible.

Danielle smiled. "You do have a beautiful voice." He said. Then his eyes widened slightly and he turned away as though blushing.

"Ooookay...." Miles said, raising an eyebrow at Danielle and deciding he didn't want any part in that. He tried to adjust his position in the seat to something slightly more comfortable. "Usair... I don't know how we could contribute. I mean, this world isn't anything like what we grew up and lived in."

Sylvia blushes, "o-oh, umm, thanks Danny." she quickly takes a gulp of water. It could've been beer, but that stuff tasted REALLY horribad and should be thrown into a fire.

"Of course, I suppose you are right there," Usair said thoughtfully. He closed his eyes and thought about it for a moment. "I think I might have a solution."

"Do tell," Miles said

Denis leaned in slightly and got his ears angle themselves towards Usair. That sounded interesting. He decided to let Daniel(le)'s comment pass by. Is that a crush? Whatever.

"I will treat you as apprentices," Usair said. "That way you can learn while we still get to put you all to work."

Danielle nodded. "All right. Where are we going to start?"

"Okay... seriously. Are you a yesman?" Miles asked Danielle, giving her a look of exasperation. "You don't even know what he's talking about."

"Apprentices of... what?" Denis asked.

"Seems like a mere step up from a slave.", Elena sighed.

"We would have to find something, or course," Uzair said. "Apprentices are often unpaid, but provided for as they learn and work. Considering you don't sound like you have much in the way of applicable skills..."

"They have appretices and apprenticeships on our world too, Elena. Think of this as an expansion on the volunteer work we had to do to get our High school diploma." Daniel pointed out.

"Yeah I guess, well it can't be that bad.", Elena said perking up. She had been depressed about the slave thing for a while now.

Miles had no illusions that the aprentiship would be anything 'pleasant'. Or that staying here for any major length of time would be great either. Daniel apparently did. But then, [s]he was being all hunky dory about the whole thing. And considering [s]he was the one that got turned into a woman... His own fault for crossdressing.

"Enjoy the food, we will be in touch," Uzair said, raising from the table along with Chards.

"Gaynes, Seraff, a word please," Chards said, taking the two with him, leaving the group alone.