

Chapter 1

Modern to Fantasy

*The bones and rods have been cast, the signs have been read.
Stand, Avatars, the time has come.
To those of whom much is desired, much in turn is promised.
Serve well; for circumstances both favourable and skewed.*

M4-DHE might have been oddly named, oddly planned and oddly pronounced (really, Emfour Dee, just a tad weird), but there was no denying that it was a good time. People were mingling (or not, depending on their personality), a few games had started here and there, three televisions were going in different sections of the building, and the mess staff for the first day was handing out some surprisingly good grub in disposable recyclable boxes for those that didn't bring their own containers. No need to hurt the environment. They even got a liquor license for the night and three tenders were keeping their eagle eyes out as the party continued for the night.

Miles was roaming the room, looking for Daniel. He had some fun to poke at the loser of the the bet.

The young man in question was at the same time looking for Miles. He just wanted to get the teasing over with so he could enjoy himself. He was wearing a full fursuit, in particular one of a wolf. A little overdone in the furry community perhaps, but he liked them. Still, he never thought his first fursuit would be one of a woman. He shook his head and grumbled for losing his bet to Miles.

Daniel had called in with an unusual request but after talking over the phone Elena realized his commission was serious. In any case she knew of the young artist and had no idea he was into that sort of thing. Then again she wasn't one to judge. And so while, still clad in her homemade bunnysuit complete with partial fursuit. She greeted the Daniel. "Oh hey....um....Danielle, err...what should I call you miss", Elena teased.

Trevor walked in wearing a greenish blue scaly mask holding a drink of water in one hand and a suit case in the other hoping this was a quiet room, it clearly wasn't so he walked back out trying to avoid all signs of life, he finally reached a door to the outside

"Is it that obvious?" Daniel asked, looking to Elena.

"If we have time, I should teach you how to strut like a proper lady.", Elena said to Daniel.

"Pass." Daniel said, lifting up the mask so he could get a drink. It was so hot in there.

"Yeah nothing solves the heat retention problem...still you have to admit, it looks great on you.", Elena said again.

"Thanks. I'll have to use this again, but if I do, can you make it male? It's really tight around the... Lower areas."

"Hey, you were very specific about the gender of the character...don't you remember the drawing you sent me...well that your friend Miles sent me.", Elena said to him.

Trevor decided to text Daniel "im out side the party, still nervous where are you?" it says

"I blame him on that then..." He said and slipped the mask back down when he was done getting liquid refreshments. "Still, thanks."

"Miles said something about the bet, but the picture was your art...it was very nicely done.", Elena said.

"Oh that one? Yeah, that's one of my older ones." Daniel replied. "And speaking of, where is he? I want to get his taunting over with."

"Excuse me," someone called out from beside them.

"Speak of the Devil. Hey Miles." Daniel said, turning, not missing a single beat.
Sense Motive: **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 20
DC 14 (shudda taken 10)

"A great man takes no pleasure in the pain of his conquered rival," Miles said, failing miserably at holding back the giggles as he took pictures of Daniel with his phone. "I guess that makes me good man." He looked down at the phone, chuckled a few more times before raising the phone and taking even more pictures. "Aw, I'm alright."

"Yeah, yeah, laugh it up, fuzzball." Daniel said, resigned to his fate. "You know, you should have used one of my more modern pics I made later. Digigrade feet since I know how much you hate them."

"Ah Miles...so it was you, can you explain what's going on...Daniel's fursuit I mean.", Elena asked, "It's not every day a guy asks me to make a wolf girl fursuit."

"Lost a bet..." Daniel grumbled.

"As if you could afford a digitigrade rig," Miles said with a slow smile.

"And dare I ask how you know what is and isn't within my price range?" Daniel countered.

"Hello um boys...um and girls...", Elena said, "Um...anyway Miss...um Danielle, what was this bet all about?"

Daniel facepalmed. "Please refer to me as a guy... And the bet was that I could raise more funds for the club than he could," he said, jabbing Miles with a thumb. "in one month."

"We can still call you Danny-girl. We have to respect the choices of those who want to dress up as the opposite gender without judging," Miles said in a very understanding tone. Then he added brightly. "And I know because I reviewed the price lists for the community last month and I help moderate the forums the sales I logged through."

"Don't make me slap you. Because I will." Daniel said, growling a little.

"Alright then...and slapping isn't very ladylike, I'd recommend kicking him.", Elena said, "Though not now...we're still at a party...and you're still a wolf lady."

"Yes, we established that. Anything else?" Daniel asked.

"The bet was his, her idea. Don't get mad at me because I'm enjoying the spoils of victory," Miles grinned, taking another picture.

"Hey, we can all enjoy....besides I think my work looks good on her.", Elena giggled and posed seductively next to Danny-girl as Miles took the picture.

Daniel sighed loudly and in an overly dramatic way. "If you post these online and try to tag me, you DO realize I'm going to deny all attempts at it, right?"

"Hey, as the costume maker I have the proof.", Elena said, "and you do make a pretty convincing lady, except for the strut...and the voice...."

"Anyone can make a convincing lady. You just need a padded chest and something to cover all the skin. Especially the face."

"That's why I had the bet written up as a formal contract," Miles said, still pointing the phone and smiling. "Nothing you can do Daniel."

"I'm still going to deny any and all requests on Facebook."

"You sure about that?" Miles asked, grinning broadly.

"It's about much more than that Daniel, we'll have to see if you have what it takes to become a woman.", Elena said.

"No we are not." Daniel said firmly. "I refuse. Wholely and completly. This is embarassing enough as it is and I don't want to make it worse."

"And... that's a wrap!" Miles said. "I'll post this vid on the club site in a few days. Title it 'All the fun at the M4-DHE'. Or something to that effect. Want to sign a media release, El?"

"Sure it would probably help drum up business...I need all the free advertising I can get.", Elena said.

"Yaknow... I don't even care anymore. I'm still going to deny everything." Daniel said and lifted the mask off again to get some more water.

Miles recorded it. "I love technolgy."

"Still denying it." Daniel said, then splashed the camera with his drink. "Oops."

Miles moves his cellphone out of the way. "You would have been praying for that. And I'm not kidding about that."

Greykitten rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 12

"Why would I pray for a cell phone?" Daniel asked confused.

"She does have a point, I'm not entirely sure if any god or gods would grant you a cell phone Miles.", Elena said.

"Praying and paying," Miles commented.

Daniel shrugged. "Perhaps that was the point."

"You'd be praying nothing happened to it, then paying for it and it's replacement if it wasn't," Miles yawned. "Damn I'm hungry... haven't eaten since midday. And the mouthful I stole from the kitch doesn't count for anything."

"So that was you I saw in the kitchen.", Elena said. Of course she wasn't serious. "Well, shall we go get dinner?"

Deciding that it was getting too stuffy, Daniel took the mask off and held it under his arm. "Phew... burning up in here. Out of curiosity, what would your costume for this have been?"

"Have been? I'm in costume. A cheap ass costume, mind you," Miles said with a grin. "Tibbit. A freakishly tall tibbit but a tibbit nonetheless. See the bit of fuzz glued here and there that will be a totally pain to get off later and I'm seriously not looking foward to?"

"Make it yourself?", Elena asked.

"Assembled creatively," Miles specified. "I might be administration, but that doesn't mean I have money." ACT-Tivities was non-for-profit and they don't get paid much despite the work. Mostly incommunity discounts.

"That's still good.", Elena said, "Plus, you helped organize this and got Danny-boy in a fem wolf suit...that's fine by me."

"I meant if you had lost the bet. Would you be a female tibbit or something?" Daniel clarified.

"Definately. Gag boobs. Skirt and tights. Wig, probably. Would depend on if I could find one cheap. No heels though. They don't really make female shoes that would fit me. And that would be about \$30 dollars. Roughly 200% more than I would want to spend." Miles nodded. "Probably look hot too. I'm sexy and I know it." He did a little dance.

"I'll believe it when I see it." Daniel chuckled and put the mask back on.

"You know there was a simple loophole in the contract, right?" Miles grinned brightly.

"Really it's not that bad Danny.", Elena said to him.

"What do you mean?" Daniel asked to both of them.

"It didn't say you had to dress as a girly girl. It could have been gender neutral," Miles declared. "Even tomboy."

"Huh." Daniel said and shrugged. "Oh well. I suppose I just wanted to do things right instead of cheaply."

"So you're calling tomboys and flat chested girls wrong!?" Miles said, taken aback (mockingly of course, but he was a decent actor). "I expected better from you."

"To the letter of the challenge, not the spirit." Daniel said. "Besides, what's the point if you can just go along with it? It's gotta be something memorable."

"Well this is surely memorable...", Elena said to them.

"Meh," Miles shrugged, emailing the video and pictures to himself so he could mess around with them on his computer later. "Any plans for the rest of the night?"

"I think I hear someone calling me. Better check it out." Daniel said, wanting to very much get away from Miles before he could ruin his life any further. He left before

"Look at yourself" Trevor said to himself "you came to this event knowing full well that there weres gonna be lots of other people around, suck it up, get in there and make some friends." He walked in there, his mind trying its hardest to get him to leave, he made his way to a costume booth "may be it would be better if I was in costume, may be I wouldn't look out of place" he got into his mermaid tail and slipped on the webbed scaly gloves, he hopped out of the booth and went to a quiet corner of the room and sat on one of the sofas. A couple of people came along to feel the silicone scales on the gloves and tail but never enough for him to feel uneasy, some complimented on it and some asked where he got them. He saw the two fur suits and a budget Tibbit costume, he had known about Daniel's bet and the cost of losing that bet, after a couple of minutes of mental debating whether or not he should wave over to them, he flipped a coin and it decided he should wave over to them. As he did so the light court one of the scales and it glistened.

Denis arrived at some point later too, having obtained a much less baggy variation of usual fursuits (and, to his sadness, these kind of fursuits were still hot as hell. So he did look a little bit closer to actual anthro, at the price of "oh my god I will die in this banya". But hey, at the very

least, he looked more sexy than other people in fursuits. He looked around for the people, primarily searching for clusters of fursuit people (he knew some of the people that went in fursuits). And ran into a guy with a mermaid tail that waved to one of the cluster of fursuit people. Which he mistook as him waving at Denis, which caused Denis to awkwardly wave at the mermaid cosplayer, not realising the cascade awkwardness that it would bring afterwards. "Hi?"

"H-hi" Trevor said sounding nervous

Denis smirked and walked over to Trevor and said, "Sup?" now completely confident that Trevor was waving to him.

"Im fine, how are you?" Trevor was starting to get used to the busy party

"Good, although this fursuit's gonna make me melt at some point," Denis said, smirking under the feline mask.

Trevor holds a glass of water out to the guy in the fursuit "Here you go, I haven't drank out of it and it seem like you need it more" he starts to smile

Denis shook his head and replied, "No, don't worry about it, it's not like I can drink with this mask anyway.

"Cant you take off the mask just for a drink" he chuckled

"Maybe, but hey, maybe I like having a catface?" Denis replied, grinning (again, under his mask).

Trevor laughed "Maybe this tail isnt a costume" he joked

"Your tail?" Denis asked

"Yer" he said flicking it up and down a bit "you can feel it if you want, everyone else has"

"I've got a layer of carbon all over my body, can't really feel much through it," Denis confessed.

"Oh ok" Trevor said "are you sure you dont want some water?" he asked again

Denis sighed and nodded, "I suppose I could take a glass," he said and with a swift motion lifted the mask up, revealing his face that was glistening with sweat from all the sauna he'd been going through at the moment. He extended his hand for the glass of water after that.

"That must be very hot in that, how do you do it? How do you survive in it?" he asked, the smile was rather clear now

Trevor waved again to the man in the Tibbit costume trying to get his attention

"I just try not to spend a lot of time inside, that's all," Denis said.

"Oh well it looks nice" Trevor said

"How nice?" Denis asked, grinning and taking a sip from the glass of water

"Well, if im wrong please say, it looks hand made and it suits you perfectly allmost like as if you are a catman" he complemented then Trevor looks at the guy in the Tibbit costume "I assume he's our host for this event? I would like to introduse my self but as you can see walking over there isnt a really a option" he said.

"I could probably, maybe, take you over there," Denis said, "Or help you over. If you don't mind, cause it might look kinda out of place..."

"That would be nice of you, thanks" Trevor smiled even more, he undid a strap around his elbow the strap was for arm webbing, it was clear this guy had a thing for merfoke

Denis put his hands under Trevor and lifted him up, staggering backwards as he got the merfolk cosplayer in his hands. And then, feeling that he overestimated his lifting ability, laid him back down, shaking his head, "Sorry, I think I might be a bit too skinny to pick people up like that..."

"Don't worry then," he said "He'll come to us at some point, but thanks for trying," he flicked the strap back on his arm, "We can talk some more if you want?" he asked

"Sure," Denis said and then realised that his mask wasn't back on. He put his hand on it, hesitated for a while and left it alone, and spoke, "What's your name?"

"My name is Trevor" he said sticking out a webbed hand for a hand shake "whats your name?"

"Denis," he replied, going for a handshake, "You seem to like that tail, don't you?"

"How could you tell?" he asked jokingly

"Magic," Denis replied, jokingly as well

"Yer I've tryed that hundreds of times, but it didn't work," he said surprisingly sadly, almost as if he believed magic would work

"Awww," Denis coosed, "Yeah, magic could be cool if we could become anthros, or mermaids in your case"

Trevor chuckled "But alas I've come to the conclusion that magic dosn't exist" he said

"That's why we make these suits, eh?" Denis asked.

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"Eyup" he nodded

Denis smirked and looked down at Trevor's tail and shuffled awkwardly. "It's kinda cool, your tail..." he said.

"Do I make you feel uncomfortable?" he asked sensing the awkwardness of the situation

"No, not at all!" Denis replied, "I just find you and it actually kinda..." he started and went silent, realising he might have gone wrong here.

"Me and it are what?" he asked huddling the tail close to his chest

"Forget it, I'd sound like a creep," Denis said, biting his lip.

"No go on I want to hear" he asked curiously

"Well..." Denis muttered, shuffling a bit, remembering the times where not keeping himself in the closet costed him a lot, "You won't hate me for that?"

"Of course not" he said sincerely

"Well... I find it kinda... Attractive I guess?" Denis confessed, blushing and biting his lip..

At first he flinched then sighed "I- I felt the same for you" he stuttered also blushing and he almost curled up into a ball of silicon scales and human flesh

"...huh," Denis replied, still blushing, "We", um... just don't take it too far, we barely know each other but-- oh, you want my number? Phone number, I mean,"

"O--ok" he got out his phone "I- I'm normaly too shy for things like this," he said the nerves creaping back but intrest is holding it back

Denis took out his phone as well and showed the shy merman his number, smirking, still all blushing.

Trevor typed in the furrys number and attempted to hug the cat man but the arm webbing got in the way.

Trevor recided and just lounged about in the sofa watching the others.

Denis noticed the attempt and chuckled, then said "Can you call me so I'd get your number too? Oh, and I suppose I can take a seat besides you, right?"

"It would be my pleasure" he patted the seat then got out his phone and called Denis

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Denis sat besides Trevor and dropped the call as soon as he got it, recording it in his phonebook. "Got it," he then added, smiling. And waited in silence for a bit.

Trevor shivers unlike the furrys hes not wearing much to cover his upper half

"Hey, I wonder, do you have a hobby or-- are you freezing?" Denis asked.

"I have many hobbies: I colect shells, swim, I go fishing sometimes," he swished his tail and huddled into a ball to keep warm but he's still shevering

"I think you might need some warm up..." Denis said with concern.

Trevor pulls out a jumper, undoes the straps for the arm webbing and dorsal fin then slips on the jumper, you knowtis the fact that the webbing on the gloves dosent hinder the prosess "It's ok now" he said still chilled but he looked warmer.

"Sure?" Denis asked, still concerned a bit.

Trevor wrests his head on Denis's sholder and snuggles up to him "your fur is so soft" he said.

Denis smirked and patted Trevor's head. "Shame it's not real, eh?"

"Yer" he sighed "its a shame theres no pools, I could show you how this works" he said flicking his tail

Around them people were starting to comment in soft voices. [roll perception if you want to notice it. Dc 20 with a -5 for the crowd/party and another pen for not paying attention]

aquaica wolfern (pc) rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10

Irbynix (Cintiq) rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 12

"You'd have time for that in future, it's your tail, right?" Denis said.

"Yup" he said

"You bought it off from someone or made it yourself?" Denis wondered

"No, my parents got it for me alter my first day at college" he said, being rather open with it

"Cool," Denis said, "I've comissioned mine though..."

"Mine was also commissioned, but my parents got it for me" he said snuggling into Denis's arm

Denis glanced at Trevor, not really protesting against all the snuggles, but being quite considerably surprised by the amount of snuggles he got from someone who was looking quite shy at first. "Well... Yeah. You've said so before."

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Trevor instinctively rubbed Denis's arm, the suit probably reminded him of a cat too much.

Denis awkwardly glanced at Trevor again. "So... I kinda like knives..." he said, trying to do something about the topic and silence.

"Really me too" Trevor got out his phone and showed Denis his throwing knife collection, most are in mint condition, others show signs of use

"What a coincidence, huh," Denis said, smirking, "You know how to use these sharp thingies, though?"

"Of course I do" Trevor smiled

"I hope you do," Denis replied.

"Why?" he asked curiously

"Some people think they actually know what are they doing and then just end up being liars or stabbing themselves during a knife trick" Denis replied.

"Oh" Trevor laughed "Do you know any tricks?"

"Tricks? Not really, unless you can call some of the movements like that," Denis replied.

"Oh ok, I could teach you if you want" he said happily

Denis just shrugged in reply.

Trevor rested his head on Denis's arm again.

"What other costumes do you have if any?" Trevor asked

Denis shook his head. "No, really, that's just one costume. I might need to hit a changeroom soon, getting a heat stroke would suck..."

"Oh my, go the changing rooms are over there if you didnt know" Trevor said pointing to the chaingeing rooms

Gordan looked around aimlessly, trying to find the changing rooms. He needed to fix a couple spots of make-up for his costume, and he didn't bring a mirror with him. He passed by two people, one of them snuggling up to the other. "Hey, do you two know where I can find the Changing Rooms?" Gordan has a trenchcoat, jeans, a black devil tail, two elk-like horns that have a purple base and red tips. his King chess piece piercing hanging from his right ear, and patches in his make-up.

Trevor nervusly snuggle closer to Denis

While a group of people were teasing the hell out of a person who lost a bet and there's another couple apparently about to make out, two other people were in an actual game and having fun with [insert NPC names here] The two in question are brother and sister with the brother playing as a wizard and the sister playing as a rogue, since this game used the basic classes. Together with the other players they made their way through most of the dungeon and are currently solving a riddle written in an 'ancient' script, which was really just a simple babblestone translation. Solving it would be simple enough; figure it out yourself or beat an int check. The Wizard decided to try the former, "Hmm... this appears to be simple enough, may I?" The DM, since no one else offered to take an actual crack at it, allowed the Player in the Professor Layton costume to go for it. He looks at the script for a moment before reciting it out loud, which causes a hidden door to open, revealing various types of loot along with silver weapons for most of the party. The table cheers the wizard's name as this will make the boss fight so much easier. The sister hugs her brother, "That was awesome Jesse! You actually translated it!" Jesse chuckles, "See? I told ya I could pull off a Professor Layton!" Someone at the table was all too happy to ask for a quote, so he puts on his best impersonation, "A true gentleman leaves no puzzle unsolved!" The table cheers once more and Sylvia suddenly lets out a gasp, "There's no mangos in this secret room! Whhhhy?!" Most of the table laughs at the overdramatic outburst of the fruit loving Lunar Touched antics who clearly called dibs because Rogue class. Needless to say, they were having fun.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4679761/> Jesse's decipher script roll: 20 (simple script)

Night one was a hit. Everyone was and had fun for the most part, even those weird 'I hate everyone but I came anyway' people. It was about eleven thirty when they announced that the evening activities were wrapping up (and the bar closing) so everyone could get moving towards their tents for the night.

Night happened, sleep with it. Dreams happened. And for some, rather strange dreams.

Down a corridor. Walking yet detached from it all. Like molasses, the air, dense, heavy, cloying, almost suffocating. Chills and burns, phantom sensations rippling through your body. Likewise, a haze on the mind, thoughts hard to pin down, mind drugged.

Like fire, it spoke; You two will serve me, the flames itching their mind. Of fire and fury you will be born.

Yes, these are mine, as the ocean and rivers it said. Shaped by, touched by, quenched in me.

It rumbled like stones sliding down the crag face, as peaks breaking the sky, mine own with a steadfast hold.

Yes, like the breeze and gale it sang, choices made at last to prevail.

With wind and gale and sky, and mist and rain and cloud, to dust and soil and ground, on heat and blaze and flames.

They woke in a storm, unforecast and sudden, bending tree limbs, driving raindrops to pelting speeds. Dark clouds churned above, deep rumbles as lightning danced cross and through the foreboding mass, the clouds rippling and moving almost like a living thing. The sky twisted as the eye hovered overhead, the sky still obscured by the surging within.

http://25.media.tumblr.com/004d09af9281c01596e035d4e57302e0/tumblr_mtpqasHLD21sjnono1_500.gif

Distorted and almost lost in the intensity of the weather, voices yelled out for people to take shelter, the loud speakers that pelted music hours before now straining to make announcements heard.

In eight specific places, gravity forgot it's role, the earth letting go of what was once in it's hold. Before the mind could even begin to comprehend, Fire from Heaven fell, lightning guided to an end.

Again the mind was assailed with baseless sensations. Of light blinding in the total darkness, of wordless bellows and screams in a soundless void. Like a myraid of tiny pinprick feet racing across sense less forms and pungent tastes and smells in a form capable of neither.

Quiet whispers of voices heard once before, before the world snapped back in place, and the ground rushed up to slam them into place.

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for fun stuff; everyone reached naked! Yay!

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-----Miles and Denis-----

Miles groaned, tasting the dirt and grass and other such forest ground residents that decided to pay this mouth a visit. He spat, forcefully expelling the unexpected and unwanted visitors and bringing an end to the party they were having on his property. Er, tongue. He groaned again, wondering if something hit his head in the storm why he was on dirt and couldn't remember leaving his tent.

Wait... [Consciousness] Brain; Query: Why are we naked?

[Brain] Response: No idea. Records missing. Memory File Damage.

Okay? That wasn't good. He looked around at the forest, because last he remembered he wasn't in a forest. Trees from the somewhat untended farmland, yes, but not a forest. Definitely not one with trees that huge.... wait...

[Con.] Brain... Query: was... was *that* always that big?

[Brain] Response: Records... say no... Error Log: Brain functionality down by 23.46%

"What..?" Miles said, blinking as he stared at it. Okay brain, don't go down on me now. I kinda need you. [I'm trying. Stress and shock levels still compromise several high thought processes.] Since when do you contract? [Since shock and stress.] Advantage, Brain. [We don't even know what that means. Functionality restored to 82.4% normal levels.] Ha! Randomness wins! [Reviewing visual logs... priority 1: look left. Priority 2: look behind you.]

Miles went with 2 first. And... found a tail.... Haha... no! Priority 1 it was! He looked left. And saw an anthromorphic cat person sprawled out on the grass. Dammit Brain! [How is this my fault?] Dammit Universe! [Better. Functionality compromised once more.] Like hell it is! Biggus Dickus, Tail and now anthro cat? [You forgot to include the increased prevelance, coarseness and thickness of body hair, as well as the foreign location in your accessment] Shut up brain. [No. Now, talk to the creature.]

"Um... you awake mr... large... anthro cat?" he asked, trying to hid his endowments.

Denis was so confused about everything that he couldn't not only even, he could barely uneven or think. For a while he was just lying on the ground, trying to convince himself that he's just dreaming and thus could just take it into a lucid route (which he always wanted), but either his dream was too stubborn or he actually got drunk (or roofied by a creepy guy and thrown in a van and then out of a van) and got into a forest.

The theories weren't broken even as he had seen his own body; he did have a skintight fursuit after all. Probably intoxication stopped him from feeling as hot and stuffy, but...

--his train of thoughts was derailed slahack way by the familiar voice from side. He turned his head to the source of voice and his expression turned from surprise to a smirk, to horrified surprise.

He was roofied. By a midget with catboy cosplay gear. And then thrown into a forest and roleplayed with. That's, like, a 100% (okay, 99%) chance theory. But he shouldn't let him know he's weirded out by that. Probably his own fault he got spiked. "...hello..?"

"You speak english? Awesome!" Miles said. [Not awesome. Concerning. The likelihood of that are...] We have nothing to base those stats on, brain... [... Conceded]. Also... why are you so talkative? [Storm. Ground. Naked. Tail. Endowment. We are teetering on the brink.] Point; brain. "I'm Miles. Normally I'd be freaked out by a giant talking cat guy, but my brains in shock at the

moment and I think my regular terror response pathways are one of the compromised ones. So... I got nothing. Wanna talk till reality finally kicks in and I start yelling in panic?"

Ooohkay, what? "Uuuuuuh..." Denis muttered in confusion. Did what happen now? His theories start to rumble again. Maybe he wasn't raped by a midget. Maybe the midget's got poisoned too, so the predator is nearby, which actually makes more sense.

"...giant talking cat guy? It's just a fursuit," Denis said, smirking and decided to prove that it is a fursuit by taking off the mask.

To his surprise, horror and amasement, and the ruination of all the theories he had, the "mask" didn't come off. He didn't even have one. It was an actual cat face there, and he spent a couple of moments just grabbing on the fur and jaw and teeth and nose, poking cheeks and jolted upwards, still grabbing his face. HOW WAS THAT A THING NOW?

"...it's not a fursuit? Hold on... Hold on for a second..." Denis muttered, still clawing at his face. Which only ended up with him poking at his skin and hurting him. "I-i-it got stuck to my face... Uh... I... It was a fursuit... What the hell?"

<http://i.imgur.com/owhAQiD.jpg>

"... Well... Fursuit?" Miles said, picking out something important. Brain... you don't think? [Possibly. Pose the question.] Sure, make me do all the work. [The premise of your complaint is flawed. Labour is experienced equally.] Not the time brain~ "You didn't happen to be at the M4-DHE, did you? Because I don't remember any giant people registered."

"Giant people? Uh... You kinda look like you'd claim any people are giant at your size..." Denis replied, "And yeah, I was... You too, huh?"

"Hey... who you calling small!" Miles protested. [Considering the evidence, it wou-] "Just because you're giant and these trees are huge and that bush is... big..." [As I was saying, it seems

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we are the ones who shrunk.] Miles' gesturing hand fell (gesturing meant he forgot to protect certain asset). His eyes widen and ears fell. "Oh hell I'm a midget..."

"...yeah..." Denis said, "I think I am actually might not be in a fursuit anymore, too..." The catboy did try his best not to stare at Miles' giant asset. He really tried not to. "What the hell happened anyway?"

"I'm a midget... A midget with a tail... A naked midget with a tail and a big..." Miles murmured [Aha! Functionality restored! All subsystems back in order! Oh.. right... The panic response was restored...] {You have horrible timing...} [Sorry.] Outwardly though, he was near catatonic. [Was that a pun?] {What?} [Nevermind].

Nononono... You just had to do it, you naked midget with a tail and a big gun... Denis glanced at Miles's "gun" in question and rolled over as he had realised that he might as well got himself out of control for a moment. "Why did you have to mention it? It's stuck in my head now, agh..." he said, trying not to think too much about it, fearing that it'd get so awkward if he'd let himself free.

[Full conscious reboot is almost complete]{So I guess that means I'll be on my own for a while?}[In a manner of thinking. My contributions will still be there. You just have to acknowledge them. Remember the dream] "Wait what?"

Miles blinked and stumbled. Still tiny. Still had a tail. Still naked. And there were still howlings in the air.

"Wait what what? Denis reasked.

"I... don't know?" He looked around, trying to make sense of where he was, the trees and sky (though the canopy blocked out a lot of the sky he could tell it was daytime, not that that was hard to do). He... ignored the lack of clothing thing for now, though he was still very self conscious and trying to face away from the gia- regular sized naked anthro cat guy.

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ἀπάθεια rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 18+2 Survival

ἀπάθεια rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 13+3 Nature (Need to be trained. Alas)

ἀπάθεια rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 19 State of mind

"I should have paid more attention to that botany class they made me take... I'm not sure where these trees are from... climate wise... they should be turning autumn colours though... not this green..."

"...does this give us anything?" Denis said, still trying not to look at Miles.

"I have no idea..." Miles admitted. "Um... what's your name, by the way."

"...Denis... I guess..." Denis replied, "If I still have it right... Yours?"

"Miles Keith," he said, looking around. He pointed on one direction. "Wanna go that way?"

"...Miles... Uh... I remember a guy with the name, although... No, not you... He was much bigger," Denis muttered and glanced at the direction, "I suppose, yeah... It's not like we have anything better."

"Just because something shrunk me doesn't mean I won't find a way to kick your ass," Miles grumbled. "I was supposed to be running the second phase of the MM campaign this morning? Tomorrow? I don't even know anymore..."

Denis glanced at Miles, "So wait... Are you that Miles, but got turned into a midget?"

"I will kick you in the shins and see who's a midget then," Miles ground out, glaring at the cathro.

"...sorry," Denis replied, his ears going down quickly, feeling like a douchebag he was, his eyes looked down as well and the tail swished slowly. Instincts did let his emotions show, "You've.. got... um... nice looks though..." he added, trying to apologize.

"Just walk," Miles grumbled, keeping an eye out for something to use as covering. Adam and Eve it. "I just... don't know what's going on..."

ἀπάθεια rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 13+2 Survival. Right way!

ἀπάθεια rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 8 Nothing clothing worthy...

"Neither do I," Denis replied, sighing, following grumpy Miles.

"I mean..." Miles continued, half hearing Denis. "How the heck did this happen? You... I mean... I've got a tail... and fuzziness... you've got full on fur... And why in the name of the Cat Lord would they take our clothes?"

"I got tail too..." Denis stated, "Maybe the clothes interfered with whatever made us different or something?"

"I don't want to be naked in the middle of a forest!" Miles complained.

"You asked 'why'," Denis countered, "Be glad that this is a middle of a forest, not a middle of a city or a gay bar or something..." he then added, mentally facepalming at the last sentence. Old closet armor seems to have stayed on him, "--not like it's a bad thing. The bar. I mean. Uh. Sorry."

"No... I did not need that image in my head..." Miles groaned.

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"Sorry..." Denis muttered again.

Miles just groaned and rubbed his now small fists into his temple, trying to get the images out, muttering under his breath. At least there was one bright side to all this; his feet had callouses. His palms too, actually, but either way, it was thick enough that walking barefooted wasn't painful. Yay...

There was a figure in the distance, well, a couple dozen feet away, anyway, through the trees. "Hey, there's another person! Hey! HEY!"

[down to the Herm and hir kinky pet]

-----Sylvia and Trevor-----

Trevor grumbled feeling rather dry and thirsty "uhg" he moaned, he was face up, as he opened his eyes the light almoste blinded him "ahk" he yelped he coverd his eyes with hes hands, he saw the scales but the bluey vision made it hard to tell if thay where real or part of the costume he beleaved he was still wearing

"Uhg my head" he moved his hands but there was a strainge feeling on his nose, a tickeling feeling of something small and light, he looked to hes right to see a HUGE bat like humanoid lieing there on the grass, in shock he tryed to get up and fell flat on his face again soon alfter takeing his hands off the ground he backed up to a tree panicing, not only could he not feel his legs but there was a huge bat on the floor near by

"H--hello" Trevor said paniced he looked at where he was lieing before he moved to the tree and saw a pile of scales raingeing from flesh coloured to a sea green colour "what the hell is going on!!!" he yelled

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It was still breathing but it wasn't moving, Trevor didn't move he was waiting for the bat to make the first move to see if it was hostile no point in attacking the only one that could help me get back to the party

//water is near 200ft away. Bit far for even fait... roll perception.

//**aquaica wolfern (pc)** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 4 ,_ ,

He could feel the webbing connecting his fingers and under the arms too and leaning against the tree made his dorsal fin feel weird, uncomfortable even, he pulled on the webbing on his hands and yelped and it hurt a little, he started hyperventilating as he did so he could feel his neck pulsing, he put his hand to it to find he had gills but he could still breathe, only one thing was left to try, he flicked his new tail in ways that was impossible for human legs, it was certain Trevor was now a merman

Trevor was confused and didn't know whether to be happy that he was what he always wanted to be, sad that he was alone well aside from the bat near by or whether he should be amazed that magic was real.

Sylvia groans quietly as she slowly regains her motor functions, yet she keeps her eyes closed as she did her best to remember what the heck happened: Storm, brother, sirens, no gravity, brother, blackness... Where's Jesse?!

She suddenly awakes, bolting upright with her eyes opened, "Jess-ahhh!" And was soon greeted with the wrath of the brightness settings set **WAY** too high, poor eyes. She quickly covers them, "Why is everything so bright?!" It was so bright that she didn't even see the person next to her, what is even going on?!

[Blind: 1 turn]

"BAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH" Trevor screamed as the bat came to life, then he noticed it was either in pain or blinded, he knew bats didn't like the light, he slowly slithered towards the bat fella "h-hello" he said hoping that it could talk

Sylvia calmed down enough that she was able to notice that her eyes were quickly adjusting to the light, however everything was still very bright, but thankfully it wasn't as painful... poor eyes.

Oh, someone said hello. She eases her hands away from her eyes and looks around. It didn't take long for her to spot a... is that a merman? Na, it has to be someone with a (admittedly very high quality) fake merfolk tail, "Hello! You're that one guy with the mermaid tail at the party. What's going on? The party was not in a forest last I checked." Seems friendly enough... and suddenly there was a small breeze for a moment, which causes her to scream and hide behind a tree for *clears throat* obvious reasons, "u-umm, I never got your name, but where's my clothes?" She nervously smiles, accidentally revealing two small fangs.

"BAH, IT CAN TALK" Trevor said his face leaked panic and worry "w-what are you?" he asked, his tail flicked in ways no human could manage and his gills pulsed with every hyperventilated breath he took, it was clear that this was no fake.

Sylvia sounded annoyed and paid no real attention to the tail, "Of course I can talk you jerk! Where are my clothes?!" This was when her wings fluttered in anger and... well her wings moved, "eep! What the... are these wings?" She was now completely behind the tree examining her 'fake' wings which, after a few careful tugs, were indeed very real. Colour drained from her face as she attempted to process this.

Trevor started to ease up and slowly calmed down had a sudden moment of recollection "S-sylvia? i-is that you?" he asked.

"Y-yes, umm..." Boy, if she knew this she probably would've went with the anthro version instead of the 'mostly human' one so she'd have fur covering her at least! She looks back at him carefully, come to think of it she only seen one person who decided to go through the hassle of hopping around in a mermaid tail, "You're... Trevor, right? What's going on?" She starts moving the muscles in her wings attempting to figure out their use. If nothing else she can probably cover herself with them until she finds her freaking clothes, although she probably needs to cut a couple of holes in them for the wings, "I hope these aren't permanent..."

"I hope this is" Trevor said swishing the tail back and forth "and yes i am Trevor" he stuck out a webbed hand for shaking

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"If you and me are here then i can only guess that some of the others are here too, we should try and find them" Trevor said had his arm still stuck out

Sylvia slowly moves out from behind the tree with her wings acting like a bra and her hands covering the lower area, seriously, where the hell are their clothes?! Actually, Trevor brought up something important, "Hey you're right! My brother should be around here too! I mean, he did try to help me when things got wierd last night." she looks away in thought, thinking that surely he was brought along too, all things considered. She looks at his hand and blushes a little, "Umm, I would shake your hand, buuuut..." But her hands (and wings) are busy substituting for clothes, sad.

"Oh right sorry" he started to blush as well "maybe we could find some water, ya know since i am a merman now, i dont know how long i can be witout it".

"Well this is a forest, so there might be a river somewhere..." Sylvia said simply.

"you have wings, maybe you could fly up and look for it?" Trevor said pointing to her wings

Sylvia looks at her wings for a moment, still wishing for a way to turn down the brightness settings, and shakes her head, "Don't think so. If I AM a Lunar-Touched, then these are for gliding, at most." Sylvia stands there in a cute little thinking pose for a moment (with a noticeable strain on her wings to keep them from not performing their temp. bra duty) "Well, unless you have an idea which direction to go, the only way to do this is to pick a direction and go for it."

Trevor poured to think for a minuit, "Lets go that way" he pointed to the west at random

//**aquaica wolfern (pc)** asked Chatzy to choose between "north, south, east and west". Chatzy chose: west"

Well Trevor picked a direction, that was better then anything else, "Works for me, lets go! ...And keep an eye out for clothes please." With that, she does her best to not run in the direction that

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was pointed at, mainly due to lack of clothing and mostly due to Trevor having a mobility problem.

Trevor crawled along not knowing which way to go, along the way he searched the ground for something useful

aquaica wolfern (pc) rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $18+2 = 20$ Perception

Trevor couldn't see anything useful in terms of weapons but maybe he could make one, he picked up a rock and a rather thick stick and attempted to craft a weapon

aquaica wolfern (pc) rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $20+2$

He ramed the rock's sharp end into the sticks flat end and much to his serprize it got weged in there (aquied a stone club)

"That will have to do for now" he said looking at his make-shit club "it may be worth you making something to defend your self, god knows what is out here with us" Trevor said to the bat

-----Elena-----

Elena awoke to find herself naked. She shrieked in fear and wondered if there was something funky in her drink. Maybe she was dead, how else would she explain why she wasn't wet despite the storm. And this rabbit fur, what the hell was this about? She fell to the ground and cried. when she regained some semblance of sanity she did her best to cover up, but unfortunately there were no clothes to be found. And then she saw her own white fur...it was soft...almost as if it was rabbit fur. She shrieked once more but the sound came out more like a grunt than a scream. Also words were hard to form. She began walking, the padded feet of the rabbit body making it hard to move as she limped towards the south. She felt nauseous and suddenly lost her lunch by the side of the road. Well maybe it was dinner, dinner was before the crazy ass storm.

-----Gordon Ramsay-----

Gordon woke up face first in a pile of leaves, unable to see anything. "What, . . . the actual hell happened?" He stood up, and felt a slight breeze betwixt his legs. With the agonizing slowness of sleeping too long, Gordon turns his head down. The first thing he noticed, after the nakedness, was that he had a set of breasts. Also, his skin was bluish with grey markings highlighting *certain* body parts. Now, this left Gordon three options: one, scream bloody murder, two, feel himself up to see if anything else changed, or three, pass out.

He took options one and three

He wasn't quite sure how long he's been out out, but something woke him up. Something wet, sloppy and licking around the area of his crotch, highlighting an old friend, and that friend's new companion (she would need to start paying rent, most likely). The closer to wakefulness he got, the more aware he became of the blossoming throbbing he was used to, and a strange warmth and need he wasn't.

Oh, and the light pressure of four paw weighing down on his torso, one on a boob (more tenants... might as well open Gordon's Home for Wayward Organs), and two other long weights draped over his form.

Gordon looked at what was resting/standing on him.

Above the mounds of his new breasts was a fuzzy black and brown rump with a tail wagging above it. Feeling movement, the creature scampered off him and ran a few paces away before stopping and looking back at him, long hanging out. It was a dog. Ish... A large puppy, about a foot or two long, with black and brown and tan splotches all over like an african wild dog, but a heavier body. The weird thing was the row of tentacles on it's back, two of them two or more feet long, the rest only a few inches long and running in a double crest, merging into one row about half way down, each shorter than the one proceeding it, ending just shy of the base of it's tail. And it had a few wiggling tentaclelets around it's nose, like a star mole.

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Gordon rushed into a crouched position, ready to run away from the thing, though the stirring in his loins was not helpful, especially the new feeling. Whispering, Gordon looked down, "Down boy, down. Not helping." Not that he had the best view of that, his new breasts were in the way. Gordon edged slowly away, hoping not to draw attention.

The little dog thing yipped and pranced back over to him, tongue lolling out of it's mouth.

"Umm, hi there, uhh, little fella." Gordon reached out with his right hand, just now noticing that his voice wasn't as manly as it used to be. Now it had a smoky sexy female sound.

Lupus(Library) rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $6+3=9$

The creature sniffed his (her? Because the scales are typing. If it wasn't for that third leg...) hand, then bit it. Well, it tried, but it missed, small jaws snapping at the air.

"HEY! Be careful! I pass out and you stand on me, I offer you my hand, and you bite at it. Figure out what you want!" Gordon shouted back at the creature.

The puppy, I'm calling it a puppy, whimpered and whined, sinking low to the ground, ears and tentacles dropping.

Gordon's face softened and he relaxed his stance. How could he be so mean to this, what looked like, puppy. "I'm sorry, but biting at someone isn't the best way to make friends."

Lupus(Library) rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $18+3=21$ *handle*

The puppy looked up at him and wagged it's tail hopefully, tilting it's head to one said. It's tongue even started lolling out again.

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"Well then, I guess it could be worse. You could have tried to eat me. Hahahaheeh," Gordon laughed with as little enthusiasm as possible. He patted his leg, signalling the puppy to come over beside him.

The puppy hesitated, not really understanding, but ran over anyway and propped himself up, forepaws on Gordon's leg, panting happily.

"Hey!" a voice called out from somewhere behind them. "HEY!"

Gordon's Gordon was being tickled by the minicles, when he heard the voice, "Down, stop it, it tickles." He turned around and saw, two cat people, one with a larger piece than his size should allow. "Ummmmmmm. Hey?"

Miles froze mid wave when he made out the figure. Blue skin for one. Not blue blue, but blue enough. Wow, that was a lot of b words in that sentence. Perhaps a pale blue like periwinkle? Current events resulted in him checking out a certain area first (he would blame the weird grey markings that outlined the hanging member)[Not that he was one to talk, considering the faint stripes on his skin]. And hanging... as in... er... ready for action.

Then there was his rack. And his rack. One was on his head, black with intimidating red points. The other on his... her? chest. Oh, and there was a tail. Forgive him if he was distracted by the... poise of one thing, the... perkiness of two others, and the Cat Lord forsaken set of hor- antlers on his (her?) head. To his eternal shame he felt rebellion brewing amidst his form as one eager fellow wanted to say hi. Cat Lord damn hormones. Damn them good.

Oh look! A puppy! Aw... wait... tentacles..? By the gods it was some sort of perverted demon(ness). (S)he must have been the one to kidnap them and now she was going to rape them in the woods with her tentacle dog watching!

"...are you thinking what am I thinking?" Denis whispered to Miles, staring at the sexy, but somewhat disturbing couple in front of them. Yep. His rape theory was right!

"Maybe we should just... turn and run?" Miles whispered back, treacherous eyes looked on the thrusting weapon ready to be used.

Gordon saw the two whisper back, and slowly covered his rising flag. "Umm, pardon me, but, do you know where we are, last thing I----"

"AHHHH DON'T RAPE US!" Miles yelled suddenly. Dammit Panic! You visited twice today already! What'd you come back for this time.

"GOD Damn it, I won't fucking RAPE YOU! Last thing I remember was chilling with Denis and Trevor at M4-DHE, and going to sleep with a weird dream." Gordon shouted back at Miles.

"You want me to do you!?" Miles said, still panicking, then he paused. "Wait... am I not good enough for you? I'll have you..." he slapped himself to abort that train of thought. "M4-DHE? Denis? Dreams?" Remember the dream. That's what the weird... What Brain told him. Maybe he should name his Brain... Kilo? As in Kilometers? Wow his thoughts were random...

ἀπάθεια rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 7+7 14-2 panic

"...don't tell me you were that guy in demonic makeup..." Denis muttered.

Lupus rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 17+4=21 *Percep to hear*

"Fine, I won't tell you I was that guy in demonic makeup with the chess piece earring." Gordon stated in a deadpan form.

"So... not a demoness?" Miles asked. "Just another... victim?"

"Victim, though abductie sounds more accurate."

"Great... But what's up with the dog?" Denis asked.

"Him. . . well, he woke me up after I passed out seeing, . . . this." Gordon motioned over a certain pair of assests.

"I really need clothes..."

"Meh," Denis stated, "Everyone does..."

-----Daniel-----

Daniel moaned. His head was splitting and he twitched, writhing on the ground. "Owww..." She whimpered then bolted awake, adrenaline pushing past the pain. That wasn't his voice... There was something crushing her tail and he suddenly had felt a wave of dread. "I'm going to regret this..." He said and braced herself. Opening his eyes and looking down, he was greeted by two massive ki pools. The scream that followed could be heard through the entire forest as his hand explored around, only to discover his dick was missing.

He curled up into a ball and whimpered, his brain unable to process this. Her brain had, in computer parlance, encountered a problem and needed to shut down. His eyes glazed over while she shivered.

-----Jesse-----

Eventually, the last of the naked party awakes with a groan, rubbing his forehead as he slowly stands up, "Agh... my head... What happened? ...More importantly, where am I?" He looks around the forest he was in, which clearly had nothing to do with the DnD party they were at. It took a bit of looking around, but soon a breeze got a bit too curious and the naked one realizes

something. Needless to say he was quite shocked, "WHY AM I NAKED?!" He was going to miss that Profession Layton costume for more reasons than one it seems.

Have you ever had a feeling you couldn't really explain, never knew about or thought about till it happen, and found nigh impossible to properly express to someone else? Here's one of them. Breath caught in your throat, unseen force pressed in from all sides and light turned to darkness then turned to nothing.

Nothing at all.

No sound aside from your own breath whistling in and out, and your heart beating in your chest, sending blood pounding through your veins. No light aside from what tingled when you clamped your eyes shut and the weird impossibility of your form as bright and lit as if under a noon day sun despite the surrounding darkness. No sight aside from imagined shapes conjured to break up the otherwise unsettling monotony of the darkness all around you. No smells aside from your own musk, and the traces of the forest you were just in that still clung to your skin and in your hair. No feelings aside from touching yourself, and the support under your feet.

Slowly it changed...

[Valerian and Elena]

The humidity rose, the air smelling both of fresh and salt waters with chill to it, the soft sounds of waves rippling around you. Your stances shift slightly as your support turned to chill sand.

[Daniel and Jesse]

The sounds of grating stone caught your attention, slow, infrequent, as pebbles tumbling down the face of a cliff or badlands. The smell of rich earth and growing things touched your nostrils and your support turned into the packed earth and stone of a well-traveled path.

[Denis and Gordon]

The air warmed as did the source less light that was apparently spilling on you, making you feel slightly toasty, the air dried and you could feel solid ground beneath you as sun warmed air assailed your senses.

[Miles and Sylvia]

Nippy source less wind brushed across you as something crushed beneath your feet. Leaves and cool air filled your nostrils and a faint rustle surrounded you with its soothing music.

[all]

Your isolation ended suddenly. First an awareness of the other beside you, were there was none before. Still the darkness existed, yet they were there, looking as if standing in light, with no light around them, lacking any garb but strangely not revealing anything. The light pooled around you, forming a circle, illuminating the...

[V+E] patchy ground you stood on, damp sand and icy looking water worn rocks.

[Da+J] packed earth and cobblestone path under you, grass and weeds springing up here and there.

[De+G] bronzed dirt pathway, broken with patches of grass.

[M+S] the trail littered with leaves that suffered in the unseen wind.

The strangely selective illumination continued to reveal the path behind you and below you as it spiraled steeply to an impossibly darker point in the darkness, till you seemed to be standing on the tip of an impossible coil tower. Three more paths started growing from the same point your path ended, raising to stand even with yours. Four coil towers, of sand and ice, and earth and cobble, and grass and dirt, and leaves and rock.

And Eight Beings. On the path of earth and cobble, a being furred and canid with a man human and more. The path of grass and dirt hosting a furred feline figure and one with the tail of a demon and the horns of an elk. The path of leaves held a small figure with the tail and ears of a

beast, but only hints on his person. On the path of sand and stone a figure scaled in near blues, and another with white fur.

In this realm of impossibilities observation came, despite no time for it, and recognition followed, despite no bases for it. Yet they knew. But speech did not follow, could not follow.

They stepped from the darkness, it parting around them like a wall of dense mist. One before each path.

Before the sand and stone a solid man stood, elderly, muscular, a solid club like staff in his hand, used as a casual support, heavy black cloth on him, a large shield on his back.

Before the earth and cobble, a sinuous woman in azure and green patterned wraps emerged, curves drawing the eyes to her feminine form as the ends of her wraps trailed behind her.

Before the dirt and grass, a strong female in red and orange, a feathered mantle flaring around her over fitted garments of the same shades, sharp eyes burning with emotions.

Before the leaves and rock, a lithe male, bare of legs, a horned circlet on his head, fabric in the browns and orange of fallen leaves, and the greys and blues of a storm sky stood.

"I am Guardian of the North, the ruler of the water and the depths, the one of winter, the great turtle," the heavy set man said, his voice soft and feminine, like the waters of sea and stream.

"I am Guardian of the East, the ruler of the earth and level places, the one of spring, the great serpent," the sinuous woman said, her voice rumbling like the land and the mountain.

"I am Guardian of the South, the ruler of passions and heat, the one of summer, the great phoenix," the mantled one said, her voice strong and fearsome like wildfire.

"I am Guardian of the West, the ruler of the high places and skies, the one of autumn, the great tiger," the lithe one said, his voice as cacophonous as a storm.

They spoke as one, yet in turn, as time was confused in this place.

"The deal was offered, the terms accepted, you eight are our Emissaries in a grand mosaic," East said, her voice becoming as a forest and flowering field.

"Should you succeed, riches untold, glory and power will be yours," West added, the cacophony suddenly melodious.

"Should you not and fallen instead, still a place will be awarded based on merit alone," North said, voice cold and hard like frozen ice.

"Victory or Failure, your service will be to your benefit," South continued, the fearsomeness now warmth.

"Twain Questions will be granted, here at the starting point, twain to each of you, till the sixteenth is reached," they said together. Time seemed to flow again, if that was what was wrong, but the sensation of baited breath was alleviated, and tongues were made loose.

"Twain? Like that utility program for printers? Or was it for scanners?" Denis thought, the world becoming too weird for his mind to take seriously for a while, "No... Wait... sixteenth... Twain sounds like two... So... two questions per each of people? I can see that demon gal... Guy... Whoever... Miles there... Trevor... I think... What is he doing here? Actually, that's the dumb thought.. Goddamnit, what the hell is even going on!"

Okay, at the very least he could talk now. He felt so at least. He could before, no? Not at that skewered dreamlike state, at least he felt that he wasn't dreaming (well, not as deeply dreaming,

because time felt so skewed it was ridiculous). Okay... "Emissaries? What are the Emissaries?" Denis asked in confusion. Chosen? Why? He should probably ask that next... But that'd waste his second question... Ah fork...

"Emissaries. Mortals granted a small portion of power, trusted to represent their Patrons in a world apart, trusted to succeed and topple the Adversary, rewarded for what they do," South said, her voice like a crackling fire.

"what the hell is going on here" Trevor thought to himself.

"Uhhh hello" he said sounding scared and worried.

Valerian found that no sound came out when he opened his mouth, and his intended words remained thoughts.

Daniel just sat there stupified. Her brain had partially reset, though he still wasn't at 100%. More like... 10 or 19 tops. "Where is my dick?" She asked, not functioning enough to be outraged. He felt she should be, but that was 20% from now.

"It no longer is, in nonbeing, no longer matching your image," East said, tone as a blossoming flower or ripe fruit to be picked.

"why cant i speak?" he tried to say

"Only Questions, Answers and Truths are allowed," North rumbled.

"who are you?" he asked hoping that this time he could speak

"We are the Powers, that are and were. Known by many faces and guises. Too many to list save for those already given. Your Patrons," South responded to the fish, a comforting warmth in her tone.

Across from Valerian, North's left eye glowed pale blue. The Guardian of the Winter and the Depth's voice crashed in his Valerian's mind like a breaking wave, numbing his body. The Allotment has been reached.

"What can you tell us about this place" Trevor asked north, north felt like a second father to him. Unfortunately, he found his voice lost again, his Allotment of queries reached.

"Why were we all turned into our costumes?" Danielle asked, rebooting up to 25%.

"Contact was made a two moons before, time given for the Emissaries to craft their self image in accordance," West's voice rumbled like an afternoon storm. "Events were set in motion to facilitate your preparations."

Rebooting to 30%. Anger protocols restored. "I did that because I lost a bet! You could have made me a male wolf anthro instead of this!" Danielle said and pointed to her boobs.

Dan wanted to say that, instead, she found her voice wouldn't come and her limbs numb. East's right eye glowed. The Allotment has been reached, her voice said in Dan's mind like the scent of a hundred spring flowers.

"Wait... what did you do to us?" Miles demanded suddenly, trying to make sense of what was going on in this place., Four crazy people... beings? Things? Whatever in this crazy (yet oddly relaxing) wherever was and them saying all that messed up whatever about all that wacked out whyever and nothing about the however... Bah. Missed the whenever.

"As per the Accords, you were Chosen, Removed, Changed and Granted the power and skill needed to represent us against the Adversary before being Placed," South said, her voice like a raging bonfire, making Miles flinch.

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To say Sylvia what confused was rather an understatement, if only she had more slots for the thousand questions she has. All she can do is try and figure out which question is most important, like this one! "What Deal?"

"Twain moons past, Autumn's Wind and Summer's Warmth quested the Convergence of stream and power for suitable mortals, looking both thence, hence and whence. The Soldier/Servant/OneWhoPleases/Merciful/Miles, HeWhoActsUnderGod'sJudgement/Daniel, SunRay/Elena, OneOfTheForest/Sylvia, GreatFort/HillNearMeadows/Gordon, GodIs/HeSees/Jesse, GreatSettlement/Crossing/Trevor, FollowerOfTheGodOfVine/Denis."

There was some freak weather about two months before. Weird cold snaps and heat waves that no meteorologist could explain over the city and a few miles out.

"Potential was realized, the Challenge Presented, rewards promised, the Accord Accepted, Foreknowledge removed yet Drive retained to this point in respect to the Accords." East gave the answer with her voice like dessert sand, the names translating oddly, as if it was more concept than words, which might have said a lot about that place, whatever it was.

Jesse meanwhile, stood in his spot and processed what was being said and that was mostly these patrons being cryptic, which means they wouldn't get a straight answer out of them, or at least the answer would be buried in cryptic stuff. He had questions himself, but of course he can't ask whatever he pleases. So, what would help? Well if he took everything into account, then he probably had at least one, maybe two questions, "Who, or what is this "Adversary"?"

"The Advesary is your counterpoint, your opposite in this scheme," Autumn started, his voice like the heavy wind of the night. "Where as you go to challenge him bearing our power, he stands bearing the power of those we oppose."

"It is he who is the final hurdle to complete the Accord," North grumbled like a sheet of ice cracking in a minor thaw. "Until then, till he falls or you do, the challenge continues."

It seemed that it was an important topic, two of them people responding to it.

Daniel tried looking towards the others, wondering if she could recognize any of them. If they really had turned into their costumes then... He looked and tried to keep an eye out for another woman. Not a rabbit, but... wait! There was another. a bat! She tried to wave to get her attention.

Wait, opposites? Powers they oppose? If it was one person answering these questions then Sylvia would be reminded of a random Final Fantasy game she played a few times, "Wait. So who are the ones you oppose?" That wasn't on the big list of things she wanted to ask, but eh, at least they're getting some answers. Chances are asking if they can redo their costumes or something would've resulted in a waste of a perfectly good question to boot.

The atmosphere changed. Those who had been feeling a nip suddenly felt the air chill, those who had been feeling warmth suddenly felt the temperature soar.

South spoke first, her voice as a hidden flame wating to combust. "We are Guardians, of the Cardinals, of the Seasons, of the Elements, many apsects and faces of facets of one world."

"But only one world, one reality. The Accords attribute power to the Powers, a flux between worlds. As we have our Emissaries, and the Advesary your counter, the challenge is against Others, bound within the Accord, limited within the Scheme." North, South's opposite continued, his voice the blistering chill of a deep winter day.

"The Others are not your challenge, only moving against you through the Accords and Advesary and Challenges, and Against your Patrons," West said, a windstorm through a forest.

"But such you discover them through the Accords, but nought from your Patrons directly," East finished, the warning rumble of a spring shower.

The rush of West's wind pressed on Sylvia's mind as his right eye glowed. *The Allotment has been reached.*

Miles had one question left. He didn't know what to ask. Something things got short answers, others got long and for the life of him he couldn't figure out which one was which. Still, Gordon and Elena hadn't said anything. Maybe he would save it till after they asked.

Elena was reeling from the sensation of nothingness as the world decided to do a kaleidoscope of sensory deprivation followed by flat sensory deprivation until her world returned to see a number of strange sights. She was still very concerned over the nakedness, but the sight of wolf girl, bat girl, tiny cat, and the others kinda snapped something in her precious little head. Maybe it was the rampant furies or the strangeness of the guardian's speech or the fact that all these strange critters saw her naked. But somehow she thought they resembled her friends...in the party before all this nonsense. In any case, she was still fairly confused even after listening to the others.

"So we were chosen...and you brought us here to oppose the what not...but why...why was it us?", Elena asked. She was dazed and confused.

"Compatibility, Promise, Premise, Contract," North listed, his voice like the rain over a lake. "Maybe considered, you were Chosen."

Gordon thought about what has not been asked, like what Twain means. The fishy looking person asked two questions, but looked like he wanted to ask more. Maybe that was the limit, two questions. Gordon put his, or was it her, hand up to the chin and thought. "If, if you had the power to bring us here, change us, and summon us again, why don't you have the power to deal with this challenge yourselves?"

West smirked, and his rustling leaves like voice spoke up. "Greater Forces and Aspects of two Worlds shall disagree, have conflict, clash. When two of the same conflict, the world suffers. When those of separate World Conflict, the suffering is vast, spreading two far to allow. Accords afford compromise. Emissaries representing Forces and Aspects, Constraints limiting Powers to maintain cohesion of worlds and realities. To exercise too much Power within a World, one's own or no, is to risk that World falling back into nonbeing."

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South's left eye glowed, and a voice like a hearth fire warmed Gordon's thoughts. *The Allotment has been reached.*

Okay... Miles was getting in over his head.... Oh lordy he just made a hieght joke. He ground his teeth together and covered his face with his hand. For the moment, thoughts were on hold as a scream rippled over the mindscape. Brain rolled his eyes as he held the handset, muttering about consciousness' lack of logic. Subconsciousness reminded him that Consciousness didn't have the benefit of mental time dilation to process these things.

Since their names are long, lets call them [Brian], {Conner} and |Sebo|. [He's not going to ask the right question,] Brian muttered as hold music played. It was the theme from My Little Pony. It was aggravating. [Of course he isn't. That's when I get to slap him with retrospect!] Sebo said happily. [Do you want to do the AV work or should I?] [For this music? I'll go full sensation Relativity Recollection in a dream,] Brian mumbled as their was a click on the line as Thoughts finally picked up the phone again and Conner got working.

Conn-... er... Miles tried to think which questions were asked and which weren't and which would give more answers and which were more vital. And also, wich were too vague to give good responses. Like 'Where were we.' Lovely! Now he had three questions... What this place was, where they were before and what they got... Fine, last question is a go.

"What did you give, grant or do to us so that we can fight this advesary for you?" Miles asked. Please be a good question, please be a good question, please be a good question. Wait... this is the same question I asked earlier! Just more specific! Dammit Brain! [How is this my fault?] Brian muttered. [Told you he wouldn't ask the right question,] Sebo commented. [That's eighty cal's you owe me.]

"Knowledge, skills, capabilities, unfolding in your minds. Abilities greater than the common mortal, powers to match the realm hosting," East responded, like gentle breeze.

West's left eye glowed and his voice, like a cold snap, rippled across Miles' mind, numbing his body. *The Allotment has been reached.*

One question left for himself, one question, truth, or answer. "You brought us here to do this Challenge, changing us and empowering us to do so. I think there is only one really important question left, since our success is the only thing that can send us home. What exactly is the Challenge?"

"The Challenge is a scenario on a neutral world. The Adversary stands as a king and lord to be felled, the Others shift forces against you within the constraints of the Accords, the Adversary has leave to act directly as you have, wielding and using whatever power he has amassed. As an Emissary Champion, the Aggression has had time to amass power and prepare, as Emissary Avenger, your powers develop swiftly. The Challenge is complete when either Adversary Champion falls, or Emissary Avenger's are defeated." North's voice was like the sun's glare on a lake.

Trevor tries to look around knowing that everyone was turned into their costume from the party "*where is Denis and Sylvia?*" he thought to himself.

Elena thought through what she heard. So they were chosen for some sort of test...challenge. Because they were somehow worthy. But what to ask next. "What will we have to do to complete this challenge?", Elena asked.

"There are too many possibilities. Victory comes when the Adversary falls. Through death, through surrender, through loss. The Accords afford for many victories, and with victory comes completion." South answered, sounding like summer birds.

North's right eye glowed, and a voice like a drag under the surf flowed through Elena's thoughts. *The Allotment has been reached.*

Denis didn't like the whole premise of it at all. Some sort of powers given. Can't control directly, they say. Yeah, so they put out random people from some unrelated place, throw them in, talk in a cryptic way as if they were some sort of shady gang recruiter and then promise some abstract "power and golden hills". Seems like a bunch of egoists. He didn't know what else would he

need to know from them, aside from probably... A worst case scenario. They talked of something along the lines of "being chosen is awesome even if you fail, yadda yadda", so maybe he could at least know that failing against something he has no idea how to beat wouldn't be that bad. Although... That might make them think that he implies that he is aiming for a loss. Which is probably not too far away.

"What would await us if we'd fail or die?" he asked, thinking that this wording would probably not be the best.

"The World Hosting is not your own, you lives are outside it's Cycle. Failure or Victory, you will be rewarded, for the act of taking on our challenge and standing as Emissaries, greater still if Victory falls in our favour." West spoke first, his voice like flashing thunder. "Should you fall, mortal life claimed, your soul and spirit and being return to me, on my winds, for I am Death; the Reaper of Souls, Guide of the After."

"Should you fall, mortal life claimed, your soul and spirit and being return to me, held in my depths, for I am Death; the Warden of the After, the Keeper of the Death," North spoke, like a wave of ice.

"Should you fall, mortal life claimed, your soul and spirit and being are returned by me, borne in my bosom, for I am Life; the One of Birth, the One of Beginnings" East said, her voice like fragrant flowers.

"Should you fall, mortal life claimed, your soul and spirit and being are returned by me, kindled in my flames, for I am Life; the One of Vitality, the One of Spirit," South said, like a warming flame.

South's right eye glowed, and a voice like cinders burned in Denis' mind. *The Allotment has been reached.*

"The Sixteenth has been Alloted," their voices once again using that strange timeless quality of the place to speak in unison while in turn. "The Accord shall begin in earnest."

There was a flash of sound, light, feeling, scents and tastes, and each person found themselves alone.

[Valerian]

He was alone. Surrounded by water. Light was sourceless, but no surface hinted anywhere. Before him North floated, no stood, looking as he did before.

"Emissary of the Right, I grant thee skills and knowledge, power and force, ability and capacity beyond your own," he held out his right hand and a current, visible by the faint blue aura, guided a gold plated shark tooth toward Valerian, almost identical to the one he had before aside from it's make over, a leather cord hanging from it. "Accept it."

He wraped the cord round his arm as not to disturb the gills on his neck "thank you north" he said gratefully.

"Would it be too much to ask for a hug" Trevor said "i-i just feel so lonely" he added.

"Yes. It would. My Right must be strong as he represents," North said. "That tooth bears a small portion of my power. Your chosen form represents me well, but there will be times when the world is illsuited for it. With that fang of the sea, you can conjure water to protect you and use it to find water you need."

"Where are we meant to go?" he asked not entierly sure what was this quest about.

"To where your quest leads," North said. He waved his hand and the water pressure crashed into Valerian and when his vision cleared he was in the forest again, laying in a puddle of water. And he somehow knew which direction the others were.

Logic mode engaged: choice detected: one: test new device to find water two: crawl to friends
three: lay down and cry

choice made: test new device, runing test-new-divice.exe

Trevor looked at his new token "*this shark must have been a pimp*" he thought to him self, he focused all his enegys into the

[Elena]

Elena found herself on a small island in the center of a lake. Before her the water rose and took form. It was North, but this North was a female. Despite that, the same large form of the heavy sheild hovered behind her, but her form was nude and pretty damn hot for the mistress of winter.

"Emissary of the Left, you have sworn to serve me in the words of the Accords. My blessing and power I can give you." She held out her hand, and as she did water swiftly rose from the lake, gathering in her hand and freezing into a goblet. She held it out to Elena and as she did water condensed from the very air to fill it, swirling with strands of gold within it. "Drink and have my blessing."

Elena graciously took the goblet. This North was much nicer than the first one. She felt at peace compared to the cold deathly nature of the previous North. And she even looked better thanbefore...hot and sexy for the spirit of winter. Although courtship was a process and this was an itnerdimensional being...it would never work out. In any case she drank the goblet and accepted the blessing.

The goblet broke apart in her hand as she drained it, leaving her holding her pressed penny charm, though the words 'lucky penny' were replaced with some script she couldn't read. "My last gift. Fortune clings to it. Call on it and fate may favour you. Dip it in impure waters and it may cleanse them."

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"Thank you...", Elena said, though she still didn't know what her penny was doing there. Still if the strange being said it was magic, she figured it would pay to believe. "What do I need to do now?", she asked. "I still have so many questions...", she said.

North raised her hand and a wave of water rose. "Now... your quest begins."

And the wave crashed down on her. Fortunately, she didn't drown. She woke up wet in the forest.

[Jesse]

It was indistinct. He was in the middle of a level area, tall structures around him made of stone. Before him was a serpent. A huge one, its body encircling the level area, watching him with cold eyes. East stood between him and the serpent, dressed in a complex wrap, textured like the scales of a snake and shimmering between Azure and greens and blues. She was barefooted, and a serpent coiled on her body, its wings waving gentle as it watched him, opening its mouth, fangs unfolding.

The left of her formerly closed eyes opened, reveal its yellow and blue snake like nature. "Emissary of mine, the earth is endless, giving life yet forming boundaries. From it I gift you power to stand as mine. And from it you will be rewarded."

With a low rumble a pedestal rose from the ground, the lump at the top crumbling to reveal a small book the size of a paperback, a serpent embossed on its leather cover, a band of silver holding it locked. "Take it."

Seeing no alternative (and hey, free book that looks cool), Jesse nods once and picks up the book and examines it without opening it up just yet.

East blew a cloud of dust on him. "That tome... I admit to recrafting one of your possessions. It hold many secrets, one of which is to fill it's pages with the words of another book you lay it on for a time, in words you can understand. And to put your thoughts into script."

Jesse closes his eyes and turns his head out of reflex from the dust. He was still listening though of course and for now he's assuming the dust was part of this whole thing that they were dragged into, "Well I can forgive that, all things considered." Mostly because he will likely be unable to go to his personal library in lord knows how long, "This should prove to be helpful, thank you. And to clarify, you mean that its ability to copy a book into my language is temporary? Meaning I'd have a limited time to read what has been translated?" It probably wouldn't bother him much if that was the case since he is a pretty fast reader, although it wouldn't hurt to know if he should keep an untranslated copy of the text with him if possible.

East smiled. "Your time for questions passed, now is the time for gifts and blessings. Take pleasure in the journey of discovery that book presents, much like any other written tale." Her shoulder snake hissed. "But our time closes. Be strong, my Right."

She motioned, and the giant snake that had been lazing struck, swallowing Jesse whole, dragging him into the warm press of flesh, then when it ended and he was back in the forest.

[Daniel]

She was standing before East in the middle of a forest, but this East was male; solidly build and lounging on a throne grown from the tangle of roots that supported it. Somewhat counter to what you would expect from the natural environment, he was dressed like someone on the red carpet, a suit in azure, a white shirt, a green tie and hair like grass.

"Curious Emissary, Curious. Such lust, I can feel it through the roots and soil..."

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"Uhhh...?" Daniel asked, but going along with this. Instinctively, she covered her crotch, modest and embarrassed, while seeming to forget about the two large ki pools that had formed. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

"Oh? I suspect you do know, Emissary."

"I'm... not the best person to talk to when it comes to this cryptic stuff." Daniel admitted, kicking at the ground a little, shivering when she spotted her breasts. "Could you do something about these?"

//i'll allow it.

"Such lust," East repeated with a contemplative expression. "You bear the form well suited to the earth. Capable of bearing and supporting life." Tendrils grew around her, some forming into a vine, that vine bearing two berries. "Eat of my fruit, it contains the abilities you need."

The vines continued to build, forming into a cocoon around her. He was looking off at something else though. He said nothing, then nodded. "Someone should be waiting for you on the other side."

Danielle's stomach growled and he sniffed the berries. they smelled good to eat so... "When in Rome." He said and ate them.

The vines shuddered and pulled Daniel down into the earth.

[Gordon]

"Fearsome," South approved, not a man in the same dress he had when he was a she. He smiled, exposing sharp teeth. "Most Fearsome a form you have taken, Emissary, and appropriate to one who stands for me."

South rested perched on an outcropping, apparently on some cliffside. The rocks were scorched here and there, and a cave stretched behind them, the empty void to the other side. South waved his hand and three tongues of flames formed in the air, one gold, one red, one blue. The red one approached Gordon.

"Take it Emissary that what you need may be burned into your soul."

"Ok," Gordon said hesitantly as he reached out with his right hand.

The flickering flame surged, embers running along his arm and coursed over his body like a lit wick, intense heat searing him for a moment. The blue flame flared and extinguished itself with a pop, the gold one darted toward his right ear and there was a momentary sharp sting before a cold and slight weight hung from it.

"Ahh!?! " Gordon shouted as the fire burned through him/her/hir. "Thanks, I guess." Hir hand slowly and subconsciously went up to hir right ear, where there Gordon felt what the other fire had bestowed.

Gordon found his chess piece earring hanging in place once again. "A gift to you, my Left. Wield my power well. That token holds a small part of my power. Tapping into it, you can command existing fire for a fleeting moment. Just wearing it lets you ignite the flammable. With those, your journey begins."

South waved again and a ring of fire formed around Gordon. It crackled for a moment, then turned into a pillar that blocked out his surroundings with it's flare and roar. As swiftly as it started, it ended, leaving hir in the forest, Den and Miles nearby, a charred ring around hir.

[Denis]

"You want power," South said, her right eye a small flame. They stood on rocks that looked as if they had endured flames before. "You would not have bound yourself to the Accords had you not. Yet, do you want more?"

The female form, bronze skinned, wings of fire on her back, her hair soft flames despite hanging as one would expect shoulder length locks to, nude, likely due to the embers that continually flickered over her form, the small fires on her nipples and the larger on around her nethers.

"I can grant you the power to stand for me, but I can also grant you the power to be more. Do you plead to serve me?" Her wings flared and a ring of fire surrounded them.

Denis swallowed nervously. He was doubting everything at this point - reality of events, the sanity of accepting the deal or declining it and even his unorthodox sexuality. Still, he thought for a while. South seemed like she had done that before, and buying off someone with power is quite a hellish thing. But who may they meet? Would taking the offer down just give more problems as it would insult the goddess? After thinking for a while, the final choice was made by curiosity. Denis nodded, in the end, accepting the offer, his breathing slightly off norm from slight anxiety and investigative desire clashing in him. "Yes," he said, trying to speak firmly.

"Then take my hands," she said, extending them towards him.

No chickening out from that one, no second thoughts allowed. Denis did as she asked, both curiosity and anxiety mixing in his mind into some sort of weird and confusing feeling.

South flashed a fierce grin and the embers on her arms blossomed into full flames that surged and consumed his own. The rest of her flames surged as well, her wings flaring up, the flames on her nipples and groin kindling into full flames, the ring of fire whipping into a bonfire, her hair whipping into a wildfire.

Her left eye filled with red flames as she forced him to his knees as the fire seared his flesh. She let his hands slip from her grip as flames still flickered and burned in his pelt and flesh. She loomed over him, both illuminated and cast in shadows by her own flames. "My gifts do not

come without cost. You will bear my blessings willingly, my mark for all to see. When the fires of combat and fire flood your soul, you shall inspire fear in your enemies and mine in the words of my children! These are the gifts I give you!"

Denis couldn't anticipate that. He could have probably figured out that there was a catch, but totally not a catch of catching on fire. Literally, apparently. With the pain from burns going right through his flesh, he closed his eyes and gritted his teeth, groaning from the sensations. He didn't have any idea if South was actually giving him the power, guiding him through some test or just being plain sadistic. In all of these cases, it's better not to go full out crying or begging to stop, apparently.

Then he felt slight relief as she let his hands go. Not for too long, as the fires still burned, as if still motivated to get his flesh off... And with her force, he was on his knees already, not really being able to resist that. Then - a truly flaming speech and his feelings mixed - the pain and fear mixed in with awe and inspiration into some weird cocktail. What was his power anyway? Being on fire didn't seem like something very powerful. Still, he listened and felt something in him "warming up"...

Still on knees, he wondered how to ask South to elaborate. He was curious. He was still feeling the burns though, and that clearly didn't help him to formulate the question. So he just looked up at her who was looming over him, trying to make his expression not to look as pained as it did before.

"My last gift..." She held his butterfly knife in her hands. She ran the digits of her free hand through her still whipping hair and pulled out a few strands. A wave had them coiling around the knife, changing it, black and bronzed patterns like heated and charred metal, overcoming it. "Firebranded. My heat remains in it. A heat that can be called out to burn alongside your passion."

A gift? Held out in hands... Denis anxiously took the knife, not entirely sure if it was safe to touch and he won't get on fire for the second time. He had enough of the first time, even if it got a bit less painful as the time went on. "Thank you," he replied, anxiously, figuring that remaining silent would have done very damn bad for him.

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She smiled again, and the swirling bonfire around them collapsed inward, a wave of heat and light and pain that a wind extinguished, blowing the flames out. And he was back in the forest. With a sense of where the others were.

[Miles]

They were in a forest far up a mountain side, so far up that there was a layer of clouds beneath then, leafless autumn trees ringing the area. Wait, back up. Miles looked again. Yep... thick blanket of clouds a stretching out some distance below were he was. Combined with the autumnized trees, it was pretty intimidating.

"Why a cat, Emissary?" West asked as small eddies of wind danced. He was a she now. That was different. And she was was naked. And hot. A naked hot tibbit woman. And she had sparks of lightning dancing in her eyes and hair. "Like the rest you choose and discard many forms. Why that one, my Left?"

"Because it's the best of both worlds," Miles said. When a deity asks you a question, you answer. Especially a hot one. Giving you a come hither look. "I didn't count on the size though..."

"The lack of size of the unexpected size?" West laughed, scattering the leaves. She twirled her fingers and a ball of charged air formed and darted towards Miles. Miles looked at it in confusion.

"Break it in, Left. It holds the knowledge you need Emissary," West encouraged, making the motions. Seductively. God dammit West.

Miles shuddered, but did it anyway, leaning forward and inhaling. Instantly he started to choke and spasm from the force of the wind packing into it and the jolts of lightning added for spice. West laughed and gestured again, wind picking up leaves and swirling them around Miles' neck,

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somehow forming into a choker with a nemean lion medallion hanging from it. "So long as you wear that, Emissary, you will have speech in your beast skin.

"Still, our time ends, Emissary. Your journey begins... now." And he threw Miles off the cliff. Over. the Fricking. Cliff.

"DAMMIT!" Miles screamed, er, yelled as he plummeted. He fell and fell, screaming all the way, and with a pomf hit the cloud layer.

[Sylvia]

It was a perfectly clear night, the stars blinking vibrantly above them, the few clouds that remained framing the sky. "Such an odd race, the Lunar touch." West commented as he lay on the soft fallen leaves, stargazing with Sylvia. "Mine yet not of mine. As the moon is mine yet still she calls to my brother."

He reached up and made a pulling motion. The air wavered and for a moment the image of the moon in the sky seemed to waver and distort, but it was merely an illusion as West gathered a moment's image of the moon into a small mote of light. He gestured again and the lights formed into an image of the moon much closer, in arms reach. "Well, Emissary, she of the Moon touched. Care to touch the moon?"

Sylvia stares in awe for a moment before, assuming he meant to actually do that, moving a hand to touch the illusion of the moon, "Umm, okay." A part of her felt excited about the idea though, it was probably the new Lunar side of her, but still.

The illusion rippled as if she was touching the reflection of the moon in a pond and a wave of cold flowed down her arm into her core, filling her with the intrinsic knowledge and skills promised. It lingered in the center of her chest for a while before spilling out, pooling and collecting into a small crescent moon shaped pendant hanging from a silver chain.

"That necklace is a gift, Emissary. It holds a few charges of darkness in it. Just enough to give you some shadows for a few minutes in the day. Your kind has those ever so sensitive eyes. "

"Yeah, I kinda noticed that when this whole thing started." Sylvia chuckled nervously and realizes how her eyes are fine right now... going back was going to suck. Still, nice necklace, which she happily holds and looks at. She was tempted to ask how to use it, but for some reason she felt like she knew, which was likely what she felt when the necklace was formed.

"Observant, a good trait, my Right," He looked up at the moon that was slowing becoming eclipsed. "Still, our time draws to a close. Now... hold your breath." He inhaled, then blew. The sky blew with him, getting gusty, driving the clouds away, the trees bending, the leaves lost in it, yet through the force pushed against her, Sylvia wasn't moved. Until she realized the gale was blowing into her and blowing her apart, making her one with the wind.

Her senses swirled into a chaotic mess of confusion as up and down switched places then became one and did all sorts of other things mortal minds weren't supposed to know before she was back in the forest, her hair windswept.