

[B]The Storm[/b]

It had grown into a full fledged storm, and people were starting to question the wisdom of taking refuge in little tents out in a forest during such a storm. The howling of the wind was drowning out anything else aside from the roar of the rain around the tents as it beat against the fabrics. Miles for one was huddled in in his tent reading by flashlight, looking up ever so often as the storm went on.

A series of cracks as bolts hit the ground rapidly. For a moment, in a select few tents, small items forgot how gravity worked and started to drift upwards. Depending on what they were doing, the effect might not have been immediately obvious, it was something you would notice. If not that, then the walls of the tents suddenly lit from the outside would count.

Being struck by lightning is not a pleasant experience. Searing pain as the current of the earth and sky used the body as an impromptu conduit. Images flashing through the mind, lights and sounds that couldn't be worldly.

And then...

size=3][B]Chapter 2: Everything changes[/b][[/size]

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

Though blackness came first. An all consuming blackness, numbness drifting in the darkness. [roll perception]. It was like the eye of a storm and those moments were fleeting. Searing light returned and the complete and sourceless pain as if somewhere were ripping them apart atom by atom, surrounded by screams [roll a perception DC 25 here] and soundless terror, formless shapes hurdling around them at dizzying speeds before each person was slammed into the ground with what mentally seemed like bone breaking force, their belongings scattered around them haphazardly, tents somehow still standing.

The storm was still going, but it was rapidly blowing itself out, the wind's howling cutting down, the beating of the rain on the material of the tents slowing ever so slightly and the rumbling of the thunder getting weaker, the flashes of lightning not so bright.

Miles lay gasping under a pile of his bags, blanket, toys and even the bicycle. What the hell was that? Near death experience? Did he get hit by lightning or something? Jeeze... he really need to stop reading Harry Dresden before bed. That was one serious nightmare. He fell out of his bed, and he wasn't even [i]in[/i] a bed. It didn't even make sense. He was reading about pooka and zombies. Okay... maybe that was the Dark Hallow thing. Screaming souls, formless shapes moving too fast to see anything anyway. And damn it hurt. Things didn't normally hurt that much in dreams.

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/152106>]Perception checks 24, 18[/url]

Not to mention that little bit about floating in darkness and seeming to look out from within himself, or an image of himself, other people floating around him with a double image around

them. Sorta looked like the costumes they wore to the party. Then the screaming gallery... He shuddered and tried to get up. Okay... were his stuff always that heavy?

He struggled against it for a while before something hit him. Were they always that big? His tent suddenly seemed a whole lot bigger than he remembered. For that matter... so did his clothes. He managed to worm his way from under the stuff. Okay... something was seriously wrong here. His tent, which had previously only fit his lank when he lay out diagonally in relation to the entrance now seemed too big for him.

He stared around blankly, too big clothes hanging off him like a kid who decided to put on his father's clothes for fun; shirt bearly hanging from is neck, the long sleeves dangling past his arms and looking more like a frock, which was a good thing since his pants were falling off. And his shoes.

Elena returned to her tent quickly after the camp staff sent them all back. By the time she had returned her bunny headpiece was wet but not intolerable. Her tights were wet but thankfully she herself seemed mostly dry. She went to bed still wearing everything after all once she had semi dried the headpiece it would have been fine. She awoke with a start her tent now a big mess. But it seemed the storm had passed. She cautiously tried to remove the bunny headpiece only to find that it had somehow shrunk in in the night. Strange. She tried again to find it tight...and she was certain she didn't use rabbit fur to sew it. She had the strangest dream, perhaps her tolerance for booze had diminished since last month. Maybe if she was drunk she could better understand those images...and yet...she didn't even have a hangover.

Perception: [[url=http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4319832/](http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4319832/)]1d20+6=25, 1d20+6=20[[url](#)]
[Roll one: In the floating darkness, you see a double image. Double sensations like you were in two places at the same time. Around you, you see others, with an eye straining double image. Like a horrible 3D effect or two transparent layers on top of each other.
Roll two: there are countless voices screaming around you. Most in terror, some sounding perverse, some of them yours.]

Indeed, the images in her dream would make so much more sense if she was drunk, she tried to block it out. Regardless, there was something wrong with the headpiece. And yet, nothing was wrong, the headpiece even felt more comfortable than it did before, more natural in a sense. She felt her face again...still rabbit fur. She must be still dreaming, you know how you wake up in the middle of a dream but you're still in one...That must be it. She peered down to look over her body. More rabbit fur, in a creamy caramel color matching the tights she had wore the day before, her leotard was still in place, still the same one she had sewn tightly hugging her curves. She was human with odd features. She felt the top of her head, two long bunny ears. She yanked lightly on them and felt as if someone was pulling her hair. So she was a human with bunny ears, she squeezed her tail lightly, a tail and fur...She squealed in delight...it was rare that her dreams gave her exactly what she wanted. She felt fantastic.

Millions of mixed inputs and stuff like that, creepy voices and darkness and shiz, and then a knockdown. Denis used to get something like this in the end of his nightmares, except at the time

he thought it couldn't get worse and force that slammed him in the ground wasn't his own body just spazzing for a moment.

If that was a nightmare, it was the king of all nightmares. Or queen. Or lord. Whatever. Denis groaned as he slowly pulled himself up a bit on his elbows. What the hell...

Denis groaned and grabbed his forehead with his hand. Goddamnit, what the hell happened... when did he even manage to take off his fursuit--

--wait, did he even take it off? Denis jolted into consciousness. Wait, no, he doesn't have a fursuit on him. He didn't take it off. He slowly gave himself a look. That was helluva fursuit, if it were one, and he couldn't remember himself being that good. He decided to tap his tail and yeah, it tapped the ground. No doubts left... He's a furry. And probably sleeping.

Definietely a better dream than the one that was a prelude. He can swear that he feels his spine hurt from that landing... Or maybe that's his imagination, he could never tell.

He felt curious now. Like having a voice deep in your mind that tells you to go out and look around. Buuut didn't know what exactly to explore, except than, heh, his body. So he started doing some things that you'd better not know.

Sylvia made a mad dash for her tent and was hoping that it will hold together and not cause her to get rained on, "Yeesh this is some crazy weather... oh well." She simply took out a book from her backpack to read a chapter before attempting to go to sleep. Before she was able to sleep though, she noticed various items, like her battary powered light pretending that gravity doesn't exist, "...Alright what's going on here. Is there a gh-" Before she could finish that sentence and tell off any supernatural sprits that were joking with her. The tent lit up and... well, pain. Sylvia wasn't sure how to exactly describe it other then it was painful and left a tingling sensation through her. It stopped though and she looked at the pitched darkness only to see herself like some bad 3d effect. Before she could question it, the light came back and so did the pain. There was screaming everywhere, but the darkness made it impossible for her to know if the screams were someone else or if it came from her. She soon screamed for her brother to help, but even she knew that was a vain call; her brother was sick which was why he didn't came to the party. Something seemed to have answered her though and she 'fell' to the ground with what felt like a bone breaking thud.

Rolls: 15, 10

["You just see through your double image on the first check but you don't see anything in the VOID OF DARKNESS. You just hear screaming on the second"]

Sylvia slowly wakes up in her tent curled up into a ball... a nightmare? That was one hell of a freaking nightmare if it was, "Wow, that was one hell of a storm if I gotten that kind of nightmare... Can't remember the last time I got a nightmare." She slowly got up and stretched. She felt something very weird, yet natural on her shoulder blades, but shrugged it off as her wearing her wings when she went to... oh crap! She blinks a few times and felt nothing, "...oh, for a second there I thought I slept with the contacts in! That might have been bad, haha! ...where did I put the case though? ...eh." She shrugs them off for now and opens the tent.

[it's still raining some, and the place looks weird. Darkvision being black and white and all. Granted, it doesn't help you since it's not lowlight.]
//speaking of which what do I see with low light vision

Daniel moaned as he awoke from a strange nightmare of sorts. "No more screaming..." He grumbled and tried to roll over to go back to sleep. If any changes happened to him, he wasn't aware of it. He just wanted to get more sleep. And didn't want to go outside after the pretty severe rainstorm. Or that's what he was going to do when he felt a lot of pressure on his tail and had to shift his weight some to let it floop out. It took him all of three seconds for that to click in and when he did, he bolted awake and let out a very feminine yelp.

"WHAT THE FUCK!?" He yelled, looking over himself. He was covered in fur again! Still not thinking clearly, he tugged at his arms and felt the pain of skin being pulled on. "Oh god... What the hell is going on?" He asked and lept at the door... Forgetting to open it and sending the tent off it's anchoring to roll with the impact.

Perception: 13 and 16

new HP: $7+2=9$, $+8=17$

[He tumbles over with much splashing into the wet, mucky and muddy ground. Lovely way to introduce him to fur care.]

Elena stumbled out of her tent, barefoot. The pads on her feet helped a bit, and she had the cutest tail. She wiggled her tail a little, whatever this was, it was awesome. Slowly she looked around.

Perception: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $19 + 6 = 25$

Look. Trees and bushes. It was still raining and the ground was muddy between her toes. In the sky, there are clouds. Lots of them. It's dark too. You might here Damitch's yelling. Oh, the ground around your tent is charred.

Miles stumbled from his tent. Literally. Between the ill-fitting shoes and the pants and boxers falling off him since his belt didn't cinch that tightly. Trying to make your way through a sodden forest floor holding up your pants with one hand and trying very hard not to loose your shoes wasn't a picnic. Oh, he also found he had a tail. It was twitching behind him at the moment. He tried not to think too hard about it.

After a while Den got bored of touching himself for the sole purpose of feeling his fur. He might as well check up on others. He got out of th 11:40 PM

Irbynx (Android): his cosy sleepy place and looked around, seeing no one. Okay, that was bad. He looked around for his backpack, grabbed it and decided to search for the others. 11:41 PM

Irbynx (Android): Or other stuff. He wasn't sure what was going on.

Daniel yelped as he splattered face down into the mud, feeling something else on his chest. "Oh no... Nope. NO! NO FUCKING WAY!" He bolted up out of the mud, but not used to his new foot structure, he fell again, landing on his tail. He yelped in pain while his hands grabbed onto his *gulp* Breasts!? He yelled in pain as his claws sank into the tender new flesh. "This... this is just glue. It has to be glue! Some sick fuck put glue into my suit and put it back on me!"

[DC 10 for people to notice this yelling]

[**Irbyn**x rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 3 [+5]. ~~Maximum obliviousness.~~ [+7] updated form stats, forgot to do that a day before. Now he can hear it, lol.]

[**Φαιόσγαλή** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10+9 19]

Sylvia exits the tent to find that her vision was... off, "umm... where did most of the color go?" As much as she wanted to question the lack of color in her vision, she heard the sound of a girl having glue problems. As worried as she was about her sight, she should check on the screaming one first. She had to admit though, everything on her felt weird, "I wonder whats going on..."

Perception check: hearing: 17+8-Shaken = overkill.

"Danny, are you done shouting yet?", Elena said to him. She walked over to roughly where Danny was, roughly, since it was still dark now and she could only see outlines of people. She just wanted to smack Daniel now for the shouting, what could be so surprising he needed to scream like...No offense brain...but scream like a girl

Daniel yelped like a wolf would and looked at Elena. His eyes adjusted easily to the light and he backpedaled, falling onto his tail again. "Get away you giant rabbit thing! Take whatever you want! don't hurt me!" He said, his voice having long since adapted a feminine tone.

"Giant rabbit? Honestly...it's Elena, my fursuit's just gotten strangely tight...I shouldn't have slept with it still on, but it was late...and your voice is sweeter...much better acting than earlier...I'm still embarassed about yesterday.", she said to him, wait...he looked different...his suit looked even better despite being covered in mud in this lack of lighting.

"E-Elena?" He asked, still trying to crawl away now. This had to be a trick. He was losing it.

"Wait...come to think of it...what are you doing in my dream?", Elena asked.

"More like a nightmare..." Daniel muttered and tried to pull his fursuit off. "OWW!" he barked, like a dog would.

"I'm more concerned about the actual rabbit fur I'm covered in, and this headpiece is tighter and yet...it feels great.", Elena said, "And wait...did you just bark Danny or should I call you Vivian?"

[i]I'm hearing voices all around. I'm hearing voices calling out. What would they say? What would it change?[/i] Song lyrics popped unbiddenly into Miles head as he stumbled about. They sounded like some female. Either way, voices meant people and people meant possible answer. Or, if this was just a dreamception moment, still meant interaction. So he plodded off in that direction.

"No!" Daniel said. "I'm Daniel!" He honestly wanted to ignore Elena now and check something, a sinking feeling in his gut.

"Um...ah nevermind, okay Daniel, there's no need to shout...I know it's you.", Elena said.

Daniel grunted something non committal and his hand went to his inner thigh, knowing what he should feel there. Only... It wasn't. He felt the colour drain from his face as his hand pawed at his crotch. "OH FUCK NO! I'M A GIRL TOO!? WHY AM I A GIRL!?"

"Please, Danny there's no need to shout.", Elena sighed. For some reason she was more sensitive to noise. She also glimpsed him touching himself but wisely kept that to herself.

Elsewhere: Sylvia had no problems at all following the screamings, its almost as if her ears are more sensitive. It didn't help that she was able to feel the wind on her ears and fake wings... They are fake, right?

//....sowwy if Elena seems creepy that's because she kinda is...

"Oh! So I'm just supposed to casually accept the fact that I'VE TURNED INTO A GIRL!?" Daniel... Or rather... Danielle said. He shivered and curled into a ball, hugging his knees and started to sob.

"No one said that...all I ask is that you stop shouting about it", Elena said gazing at the curled up Daniel, pretty little thing...how did the dream glue on his fursuit like that. She crept over to him/her/whatever.

"I don't wanna be a girl..." Daniel whimpered.

Elena hugged him tight, enjoying it a little too much, "There's nothing wrong with being a girl...you seemed to be having fun with it yesterday.", she whispered to him.

Daniel meeped, and squirmed. "No... Don't touch me..." He said pitifully.

While they weren't all that far from where he had been, only a hundred or two feet away, he was used to having that awesome long legged stride. And proper fitting clothes and shoes. He tripped no less than three times on the way, so he was a tad mucky when he found his way over. He had an open mind. Ish. But an anthro rabbit and an anthro wolf, both female, looking very intimate wasn't something he was prepared for. "Holy..." he backed up a bit and tripped over his shoes and pants again and ended up tumbling head over heels. And tail.

Elsewhere: Sylvia was walking very slowly through the forest towards all the noise as something simply felt off about herself. curiosity finally got the better of her and she looks at her wings: They appared more real then fake and thats were she gently tugged on one. She easily felt where she was touching it and there was a mild strain on her shoulderblade, "oh... umm... Am I a humanoid bat??" After a moment, she found the muscles connecting the wings and they extended out. Not only that, but she felt the movement and is feeling the wind hitting them now. She shuddered a little and closed them as she looked at the sky with mild annoyance, "Hey! I was joking about something happening due to you!" She soon shrugs and picks up the pace.

Daniel didn't hear anything as she just tried to shrug off Elena. "Please stop touching me..." he whimpered.

Perception: **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $3+1=4$

Elena let go, "Alright...I see you need some time...however that goes." She released him and stood up again, she considered petting um...her but decided against it. The main problem with the bunnysuit was that she couldn't bend over easily.

Perception: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $20+8$

11:47 AM

mew77: O.o

"Wait...did you hear that?", Elena said softly. She heard a yelp of Holy...and then the faint sound of someone falling over.

Daniel curled back up into his ball and tried to block out the world, tears dripping from his eyes as he tried and failed to process everything. "Hear what?" Daniel whimpered.

Somewhere around that time another cat was making his way through the forest. Good thing he had his clothes with him, not just fursuit. He actually could put on pants and jeans. Although he didn't really mind if some certain person would see him naked, but...

...Oh look, there was a small midget guy stumbling backwards out in the forests that Denis could have stepped onto. "Uh." Denis muttered, standing few meters behind the guy. He couldn't really figure out what to do, aside from staring at the army of furries and a shorty with cat ears.

Daniel's ear twitched and he placed his hands over them. "I wanna go home..."

"That sound...ah nevermind...don't worry Danny-boy it's just a dream.", Elena said. She sighed and left Daniel there, and trudged over to where she heard the sound.

Miles decided to just lay there, looking up at the sky, squinting against the rain that was still drizzling down from the dark cloudy sky.

"Who are you little fella?", she asked the creature, bending at the knees since the bunnysuit prevented her from bending at the waist.

"Fae syn dae!" he swore, trying to scumbled away from the giant rabbit person and only getting even more tangled into his pants and boxers.

"...who the hell are you as well..." Denis asked the creature that blatantly ignored him for (actually quite cute and kinda attractive) short dude.

Daniel perked up and gave a growl to the small cat. Not sure where it came from, he stopped and held his head, getting mud all over it. "God, what's happening to me? I don't even..."

"It's okay little guy, I'm not going to hurt you.", she said. She wondered what the other cat dude standing near her was doing but she didn't worry about it yet.

Now he was very embarrassed since his scrambling got him untangled, which translated to him getting out of his pants and boxers [:D]. True, his shirt was huge now, and was pretty much a frock, but really... "Huh..."

Φαιόγαλῆ rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 20 + 5 25

"Wait a sec... Fae sin dye... Miiiiiles...?" Denis asked staring at the lil' guy and his not so lil' friend. "I thought you were kinda... tall..." He decided not to comment on other thing, not to embarrass him further.

"Who else would say that...?" Daniel grumbled.

"Miles? How odd...I recall you were um....", Elena was about to say something before she averted her eyes, turning to face the other cat. "And who are you?", Elena asked addressing the other cat dude.

"Considering that i used to be a..." Daniel shuddered. "I think we have a lot of that going around..."

Denis wasn't the one to avert the gaze, although he had a bit of conflicting emotions about that. Miles won't see it anyway, he came from behind. "...Denis... Kinda melded with fursuit... Hey, you ignored MY previous question, who you are!"

"Oh I'm Elena... my own fursuit got pretty tight...feels natural though...almost like a second skin.", she said to Denis. "You alright...I found Danny-boy earlier...he..um...wasn't well."

Miles looked back and forth between them. "Denis? Elena? Seriously?"

"Elena... Huh..." Denis still tried not to say anything dumb "Seems like you've turned from giant tibbit into small tibbit... Justice..."

Miles scowled at him, baring teeth. "This is one messed up dream."

"Well whoever's dreaming this, can you PLEASE give me back my parts?" Daniel asked, no one in particular.

"Indeed. Hey, maybe you can turn into a cat so I won't-- I mean, so you could get some coverage of your bits." Denis suggested and coughed.

Miles ears and tail twitched angrily and he drew his legs in and pulled his shirt down over them to cover it all. "Where are you looking anyway!"

Denis coughed and turned away, "At the... Bits?" he said, confessing.

Daniel grumbled. "You can perv out later you know..."

Elena resisted smacking Denis for that, "Cover up you, and wait...you are Miles...hmm...big cat, and little cat...this would be funny if I didn't have to witness this."

Miles growled at the both of them and kept on holding his shirt down. "Well ha, ha!" he said in ill temper. "Not my fault my clothes are too big!"

"I can refit the old ones, no big deal." Denis replied, now keeping his gaze averted.

"Now that we've dealt with that...anyone have any idea what's going on? I woke up and my fursuit was too tight...". she said to them.

"I'm apparently having one of those naked in front of your class dreams," Miles muttered

"While I'm in some sort of turned into a furry dream...nothing more crazy has happened to me yet, dunno about Denis...and Danny...well I dunno what to say about Danny...he...I mean she is very self concious right now.", Elena mused.

Daniel's ears twitched as he heard his name. "Yeah... this is me. Daniel Jacobson..." He said raising a mud covered paw. Slowly, she got to his feet and reflexivly covered himself with his paws, one covering the breats (his mind on the assumption that there was stuff to see) while his other hid his... New parts.

"You could pass me my pants..." Miles ground out.

Elena tentatively snatched what she figured were Miles' pants and handed them to the little cat creature. "So this is a true tibbit huh.", she said to him.

He took his pants back, but then didnt have a way to put them on with them watching. "Shut up..."

Elena walked away from the little Tibbit, her back turned to allow Miles a chance to get his pants on. Wow, this dream is turning stranger by the minute.

This was when Sylvia finally found them all and waved, 'Hey guys! Anyone else know what the heck is going on? Cause this makes no sense at all!' She opens her wings to prove her point.

Miles swore and held his bottoms at waist level. Yep. Definarely a nightmare. Why else would people keep turning up. And the shirt-turned-psuedofrock wasn't good enough for him. Okay, maybe it technically covered enough to be decent, it wasn't enough for him. At least, not without underwear. "Seriously?"

"Oh yay... Another member to the peanut gallery..." Daniel muttered. "Hello. Introductions. Elena, Miles, Denis, Daniel... Yes, I know. Don't say it. I'm trying to block this out now."

Denis chuckled silently and looked around "I think if you guys really mind about being unclothed, we can try to make something makeshift."

"Eh, my clothes are fine, well except for the tail...dunno about Danny or yourself.", Elena said to them, she was concerned with how the tail was smushed up against the cottonball that had served as her tail. She didn't notice earlier due to the whole shock of everyone turning into a furry.

"I only brought some spare clothes but there's no way they'll fit me anymore..." Danielle whimpered, taking a hold of his tail.

Sylvia looks at her wings again, "Mine should still fit, but now I have wings to worry about..."

Miles ground his teeth, but didn't protest on that, since he was realizing something. Dreams didn't normally work this way. Especially once you thought it was a dream. So it momentarily distracted him from thoughts of proper clothing. "Um... this is a dream, right?"

"If it is, I want out now... This isn't funny." Daniel commented.

"At least your not tiny," Miles muttered. He was stuck at everyone's waist level.

"I'd take short then this..." Daniel gusted to his chest and shuddered.

Sylvia wasn't sure if this was a dream, hence why she was kinda scared to be honest, "If this was a dream, then I wouldn't be the human version of what I dressed up as..."

"Both of you, well if this isn't a dream I can add tail holes to your clothes...eh still would be surprised if it was a dream...I mean it can't be real right...", Elena said to them.

"Clothes. Don't. Fit," Miles reminded them with a glare. He'd given up on the idea of getting the pants back on. Not like it was going to fit anyway.

//cause I'm picky, I've calculated that Miles were's size 2 children's clothes.

"I might as well get a whole new wardrobe too because of these... Things..." Daniel shuddered, looking down, the tip of his nose neatly fitting into the valley of his chest.

"Just do your best...hmm let me check something...I might be able to help with that clothing thing heh", Elena said rushing back into her tent.

Perception: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 18 +6 = 24 perception to see what was still in her tent

[pretty much everything she would have had in there. A mess, though. Char marks on the grass around it is remark worthy. Ring or blackened and flattened grass and dirt (with concentric rings of glass if you would check the dirt) extended about two to three feet around the tent]

//mayhaps her sewing kit is still intact...

Miles watched her leave with frustration. "She's a bit too excited about this..." Which... made the dream story flimsier. His ears dropped. "You... you think this is real?"

//who's he talking to? lol. everyone?

//pretty much.

"Well... I really hope so..." Daniel said to his feet... paws... "What else could it be though?"

Miles glared at Daniel (his face was gonna get stuck like that if he kept it up). "Why does it sound like you want this to be real..."

"Because otherwise we're doing some kind of collective hallucination which can't be good for anybody. At least if this is reality then we can actually do something productive instead of sitting here waiting to be woken up. And who knows how long that can be? And besides, it feels too real to be fake..." Daniel added, rubbing his arms from where he had tried to pull off his fursuit.

Denis sighed and glanced around the place "You guys know how we can do reality check? Just to reassure ourselves in what is real and what is not?" Denis suggested.

"I could whack him with a rock," Miles said, getting self conscious about his outfit again, tugging at the end of his [s]freak[/s] shirt.

"Or I could whack a rock with you," Denis replied with a unamused expression.

"This has got to be a dream..." Miles muttered. "How else do you explain me having a tail and talking to a giant cat guy and dog girl who claim to be people I know in the middle of a rain storm? Dream land."

Daniel shuddered. "And I take it the old 'ask me something only I would know' trick isn't going to work here is it? Still, I suppose we could pinch ourselves awake."

"I... Honestly have no idea... Maybe try to do the reality checks of the lucid dreaming sites?" Denis asked, and tried to fly.

Irbynx rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 5 10:14 AM
[Fly roll. Modifier +2. Total 7]

"Ummm... What are you doing?" Daniel asked, blinking.

"Idiot," Miles commented, rolling his eyes.

Denis grumbled and glared at Miles "Shut up," he said "At least I know that this is probably not a dream. Hoorah?"

Daniel snapped his fingers, having an idea. "I got it. The whole 'tell me something only we would know' isn't going to work. Because from your perspective, this would be a dream and you would already know whatever i'd say at some point. So the thing to do is to share something only the person speaking would know." Daniel said.

Denis sighed "And how the person that is listening would be sure that this is not his imagination?" he pointed out. "I could easily say that I, say, slept with Miles at some point, you'd think it's legit even if I'd said it in a dream." Denis then sighed "Although that'd happen only in a dream."

"Oi, what?" Miles said, snapping out of his funk.

"Considering we have Miles to back that up, or not in this case, we can safely rule that one out. But it obviously has to be something that could be a thing that would make sense given the personality. For instance..." Daniel said and took a deep breath, blushing under his fur. "Before this, I was a furry. I kept it secret from you guys for... pretty much up until now." He said. "I wanted to keep it hidden so that's why i took so long doing anthro stuff. Because I wanted to make it look the best it could and was so irritated when people here wanted me to do more anthro art. Espicially of the same species... Though that one did miff me a little to be honest."

Elena returned to the small clearing that the group was chatting away at. She had finished finding her stuff in her tent. Everything was there, well most everything, she wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not...Regardless, "A furry...and a crossdresser? well it's not crossdressing anymore for you is it Danny-boy..."

"Wait.. what?" Dammit they were shattering Miles' little retreat.

"That was... Dammit Elena, I'm not a crossdresser! that was just something I added at the last second to promote my story. I told you this!" Daniel said.

"Alright...settle down miss Danny, don't get your panties in a twist.", Elena teased.

"Don't call me that! And don't say that! I. Am. A. GUY!" Daniel said, flatly denying the changes.

"I don't see why you are so upset.", Elena said.

"Imagine you suddenly woke up with a dick and no boobs. How would you feel?" Daniel countered.

Denis face[s]palmed[/s]pawed at the whole situation, "This is getting ridiculous!" he stated

"Eh fair point...I still don't see why you have to make such a big deal about it.", Elena said.

"ARE YOU PAYING ANY ATTENTION TO WHAT HAPPENED?" Miles suddenly yelled at her. "What part of this is normal? Or explainable? We don't even know where we are!"

"I was referring to Danny-boy's condition, not the greater problem facing us all.", Elena said, "And as far as I can tell that was my tent at the camp no doubt about it...well i guess it's my dream tent now or hallucinated tent or something...I'm just not that worried about which one it is...as for being a rabbit? Is it odd to think that it's natural...I mean it feels natural."

"You know, I'd be really frustrated if I'd lose my male features as well," Denis stated.

Daniel shivered at the mention of it feeling natural. "Now that you mentioned that part... It's like... I dunno. It feels like I know how walk... Use everything." She demonstrated by twitching her ears in various positions going from confusion (tilting one ear to the side), fear (pinning his ears back), and happiness (perking her ears straight up)

"Nope. Nothing natural about anything," Miles cut in with a psychic cleaver of denial. "I just want a pair of pants that fit and I'm going back to my tent and going to sleep and when I wake up, I'll be back at the farm."

"Hey give me the time and I can get you a properly sized pair of pants...complete with tail hole if you want.", Elena said. "Heck, Danny-boy, you alright without a tail hole in your pants?"

"One thing at a time..." Daniel chimed in. "Though sure Miles... I guess i'll be... Doing... something." She shrugged.

Denis sighed "Never would think Elena would be so stubborn at missing the point..."

"I don't see why you feel a need to deny it Denis.", Elena said, "After all, why question what happens in a dream."

Daniel meanwhile suddenly gave an uncontrollable shake that he was suppressing to get rid of the mud on his fur. "Geah!" She yelped. "Why did... You know what, never mind..." he grumbled and decided to make the most of this by taking a deep whiff of the air, wondering how bad the backlash of scents would be. It always happened the first time.

Perception (wolf scent) : **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: *17 Green and Rain.*

Daniel smiled as she took in the scents. "Oh wow... Not nearly as bad as I thought it would be." standing up, she began to do some simple moves. Stretches to see how his new muscles moved.

Miles tossed his pants and boxers at her. The latter was more accidental. It was just wadded up with the pants and he didn't remember it until after it was airborne.

"I can't do a darned thing without your measurements...ack...well I...nevermind.", Elena said catching the clothes.

Denis groaned "This is going nowhere. You know what, I'll just copy Miles here and hide at my place as well."

"How should I know... last I checked I was 36, 34. And those don't fit anymore," Miles said grumpily.

"I'll just go with about half of that then...", Elena said to him. She wasn't sure if she should spend the time in her lucid dream sewing...but she wasn't sure if flying would work.

Miles muttered in a non-committal manner. Grumpy cat midget in the ring in a shirt big enough to be a frock.

Denis sighed. "I don't think sewing up new clothes should be our priority anyway... And wait, I've just realised that Elena actually brought a sewing kit with her on the event. Wut?"

"No matter...you ever consider that this may be more than just a dream Denis?", Elena asked.

"I need pants," Miles said.

"And you can't just dream up new pants?", Elena asked, "Still I'm curious..it's possible this isn't a dream....and yet I don't think any of us do drugs."

Miles picked up a stick and poked Elena with it. "More sewing."

"Me, sew, in my own dream...why would I?"

"Maybe you should make yourself a loincloth, huh. Easy enough to make and covers everything, right untill we figure out what the hell is going on." Denis suggested.

"Dunno...Miles...you want a kilt?", Elena asked.

Miles gave her a look that would wither stone. "You know what... I'm just going to find a pair of shorts and punch a hole in my belt..."

"Ah...you don't have to do that, honest it'll be easier for me to just make it...but are you really real Miles or just part of my dream?...and no one's answered my question yet...I'm starting to feel this may not be a dream.", Elena said.

"I am fairly certain it's not a dream" Denis replied

"Fairly certain this isn't a dream... I'm kinda scared..." Sylvia, the strangely quiet one replied.

"Well either way, I think my subconscious brain is telling me to get to work.", Elena said taking the pants and boxers and prepared to return to her tent.

Denis glanced at Miles, "Sorry..." he said, for all the stuff he said earlier, cause he really had no idea what to say now.

"We are in a forest somewhere, I'm tiny, I really need pants and it's raining. Stuff can wait," Miles grumped, starting after Elena. Then he stopped. "Should probably find my stuff first..."

"I'll have your pants ready, hopefully soonish.", Elena said to him.

"Wait... hold up... which way is your tent?" Miles said.

"Down that way", Elena said pointing towards her tent.

Denis sighed "Maybe we should bring our tents together and make a camp?"

Around that time, a howl, canid, could be heard.

"I'm going to take a wild guess and say that's Michelle...I mean Daniella...I mean Danny", Elena said, "We need to get her to answer to the name Michelle."

"I don't like that howling..." Denis muttered.

As if to underline Den's comment, there was another set of howls that followed the first. Then the first one repeated. "Um... if that was... Dan... how did he do that?"

"Okay, now it's getting to be a concern...do you mind if your pants wait until we figure out what that howling was?", Elena asked.

"You mind if we not head towards something howling in the woods?" Miles said nervously.

Denis meanwhile rummaged through his possessions and searched for something to defend himself with, just in case. Wolves near them == always bad.

"Okay...well I'll be in my tent...come tell if if that howling becomes lethally important okay.", Elena said trudging back to her tent.

"Hear wolves and she wanders off on her own," Miles hissed. He looked up (the humanity... him, looking up at people...) at Denis. "I have a pocket knife, but it's back at my tent."

Denis took out his knife from the backpack after a while and checked to see if he had claws. "Huh," he replied to Miles "So you might need the knife more... It'll be just as big as sword for you though" Denis said, handing the puukko knife to Miles.

"You brought a knife? I mean, like this knife?" Miles said, between confused, grateful and very confused.

Elena was able to get the sewing kit out and started modifying the pants. Fortunately it wasn't a full set she had to make, just waist adjustments and shortening the hem. and snipping a small hole for the tail.

"I use it to cut sticks for bows and make arrow-like things. Handy knife. Everyone in Finland has one with them all the time as well, so I might as well do that as well," Denis replied "Can't believe it might help even more..."

"But you're russi-" Miles decided not to push it and just looked around. Dark and spooky forest, rain, wolf howls. "Um... you mind coming with me?"

"Of course," Denis replied "And what me being Russian stops me from being curious about other cultures?"

"Nothing," Miles said. His tent was off in a different direction from Elena's, but when they did reach it, nothing seemed to have taken a bite out of it or anything. Miles' scabbled (well, walked with his current size) inside and pushed his bicycle aside to get at his bags under it.

Denis helped Miles to gather up his stuff. "You need a hand with that tent, or we aren't going to move it up to one place?"

Miles struggled with his backs, which were heavier than he remembered. And a bit too big for him. "Yes thanks..."

The feline guy helped Miles with the tent gathering up as well "You have any idea where to place it?" Denis asked "I would have suggested near the bank of a river or something like that, but we don't really have privilegues to be picky..."

"You people and treating this like its completely normal," Miles scowled, frustrated and struggling with his bag.

"What..? If I would have considered it normal, I wouldn't have even bothered with thinking of safe places in first place," Denis replied "You know that not everyone who gets into improper situations can't handle themselves?"

Taking 10 Craft Sewing: 19

Elena had Miles' pants done, and after zipping up the tent flap, she removed her bunnysuit so she could add a tail hole for her own suit.

Sylvia was watching everyone while trying to get used to her small wings with increasing worry: Where the heck was Daniel? All the howling she heard didn't help much, "Umm, guys? Where's Danny?" She looked around for a bit and kept her ears open while waiting for a hopefully good answer that didn't suggest Daniel was in a bad situation. It was entirely possible she was worried for nothing though, but she was scared enough as it is with this insanity.

Perception: $16 + 5 = 21$

[Spooky sounds of the forest all around you. Sound of falling rain and wind, howls didn't repeat.]

"I'd think this is a bit more than just an 'improper situation,' don't you?" Miles scowled. pulling the bicycle as well. "I can't even fit on this..." After all the trouble of finding one comfortable for his long, previously long, legs.

Denis sighed "Don't remind me... I just feel quite a bit scared. Really, just let's just get to do the security stuff done and then figure out what the hell happened"

Miles stood there, hampered with two back, both just about big enough for him to fit in, and a bicycle taller than he was and glared at Den.

"What now? Oh..." Denis figured out that Miles might need more help "Need assistance with the bags?" he offered.

"That would be lovely," Miles' deadpanned.

Denis grabbed the bags, feeling down because of the angry reactions of Miles.

Miles was still muttering under his breath when he tried to take up the tent. Mutters which slowly got skewed towards complaints about being the size of a brat as he struggled with the pins.
//still need to collect the pins

He paused after a moment, actually getting a good look at the charred (and sodden) grass.
"There's glass in this..."

Denis carefully placed the stuff back on the ground, "What?" he asked, moving towards Miles, trying to find the said glass.
[seven concentric rings of glass, about six inches apart each, hid in the ring of blackened and flattened grass around the untouched patch where the tent was. What could turn sand into glass?]

Denis tilted his head to the side and his tail tapped on the ground, he was a bit confused. After a moment of thinking he turned to Miles and asked "You had a dream, right? Do you remember crushing right into the ground right after it?"

"Avidly," Miles said with some irritation. His shoulder was still throbbing.

"Interesting... Seems like we did crash into ground... But why weren't tents damaged while the ground was, as if it was hit with a small scale explosion or... Lighting bolt?" Denis looked up at the sky "...why do I think it could be possible?" he questioned no one in particular. Then he looked back at Miles "You have your phone with you, right? Can you take a pic of this place so we could get to it later and then get to our movement? Daniel and Elena might get into trouble while we are absent."

"Sure. That does make sense," Miles said, looking around thoughtfully. Fell from the sky? It was storming both here and when this all started. Now he was convinced more than ever that the trees looked off. The leaves didn't look like the ones from the farm. "Lovely... just LOVELY." He pulled the phone out (which was a bit big and was awkward to handle for a moment) and took a few pictures.

Denis nodded, picked up all the stuff that was too heavy for Miles to handle and walked onwards to the place where they wanted to set up the camp, watching out for Miles, in case he'd get lost.

And onward they trudged, back the clearing where everyone had been before. "How much do you want to bet Dan got himself lost?"

"Gotta bet 4000 roubles and a skirt." Denis replied, looking around "And the other ladies are gone as well..." Denis added, concerned

"Strange forest and the first thing everyone wants to do is wander about the place," Miles muttered.

"And worst thing we now have to risk ourselves getting lost to find them," Denis muttered

"Oh Joy," Miles said, his voice severely lacking in the emotion he named. "I suppose we head in the direction of Elena's tent?"

Denis placed stuff on the ground, "Sure, that's the most sane place to go to"

"Okay... Horror/Survival movie logic... Don't split up, don't wonder off on your own, black guy dies first, don't leave stuff behind." Miles started counting off on his (tiny) fingers. "We already failed the first two, can we try not to mess up the other two too?"

Denis sighed "You know that your existance already messes up the third rule?" he said, picking up Miles' stuff, "Besides, we don't have a lot on there anyway. Oh well... Whatever."

"I like being alive, thank you," Miles countered. "No killing me off."

"Bah, I won't kill you off" Denis replied with a chuckle.

//Those Pleased with Everything: Elena

//Those Content: Denis

//Those Panicked: Damitch

//Those Pissed: Miles

//Those who haven't really done much on the reaction front [Those WHRDMotRF]: Sylvia

//Those worried/Scared: Sylvia

//XD

//Well, if Miles went in Denis' fursuit, he would be content I guess XD

//at least you don't have to deal with the size change :p

//Yep. :3

//you realize he's literally half your height, right?

//Yep :P

=====Meanwhile with Daniel=====

Daniel's stretches found where his new muscles were and how they moved. He poked at his toes, his new stance making him seem taller than he was. "Right... Vivian was digigrade..." She muttered to no one in particular. Taking a closer look, she blinked. "Huh?" She poked her foot. Still in its human shape... That was interesting. She was just naturally taller it seemed. She looked up to see the others talking amongst themselves. Being alone wasn't something she was resistant to.

Blinking, Daniel looked to his body, doing his best to ignore the... new anatomy and focus on the other parts. Black nails... "Mirror..." She muttered. "I need a mirror..." She looked around, trying to see one, or at least a pool of water. How close did he actually look to Vivian?

"Bugger..." She muttered seeing nothing. There was no way he could find anything like this. Sighing, she turned back to the group and headed back to her tent to hole up for the duration of the storm... Only to find that, as with many a camping trip before him, he had completely lost track of where he was. "Wait... Didn't I...?" He asked, trying to find where he came from... Only to see that it all looked the same. "Dammit I'm lost... this is not good, crap crap crap!" he said in a singsong voice.

Perception: spot: 19+1

Trees. Shrubs.

nothing that would suggest water nearby?

It's dark. It's a forest. It's raining. You look around and you see trees.

Deciding to use his new body and let his new self in a little, he lifted his head up high and let out a howl.

His howl was answered. By other howls.

Daniel blinked. "Wait what...?" He asked. "Not what I was expecting..." He howled again, and closed his eyes, hoping his ears would twitch in the direction of the sounds.

The howls were coming from a point a few degrees to his left.

Daniel pointed his snout in the direction his ears were telling him. Carefully, he crept along the forest, wondering if he could see the wolves. Or at least what he thought were wolves. They were howling and he was in a forest after all... Made sense to him. He just hoped he wouldn't spook them since he always wanted to see a wolf up close even if they were really timid creatures.

Stealth: **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $12-2=10$

[he lumbers through the woods like a drunk frat boy who did a month of scouts]

As Daniel got more and more lost, the more he was thinking that this was a terrible idea... Much like the long, sad history of terrible ideas that lead to this day. Finally coming to a stop, she looked up. Still pouring rain. Another uncontrollable shake, even if it didn't help much. Sighing, he started to look for a cave or at least a dry spot.

Survival: **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $10+2=12$

//roll perception

Perception: **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $5+1=6$

It was with near absolute silence, marred only by light growling, that the wolf pack slid out of the forest around Daniel, already surrounding him. [stealth 21]

Perception: **Yellow 13** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $13+13+1$

Daniel was unaware of the wolves for the most part. He didn't hear a thing as they encircled him. When he caught sight of them though, his eyes shot wide open, his mouth forming a clear 'oh shit...' and crouched down. He whimpered, knowing it was what wolves did when surrendering and even going onto his back. Hands curled up, tail curling and looking away from the other wolves.

The alpha ducked in and clamped his jaws over Dans neck.

Daniel yelped as the teeth clenched around his neck. He saw his life flashing in front of his eyes. "Please no..." he whimpered. "Don't kill me!"

The wolf shook his/her neck feircely, fangs cutting through thin fur easily.
[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/152631>][url]: [u]1d6+2[/u] [b]5[/b]

Daniel yelped as his throat was attacked, crying now. The fear was so great. He was going to die here. Not even in his own body and by one of his favriote animals!
HP: 12/17

The wolves snapped jaws, growling and snarling at him to chase him off.

Daniel didn't need to be told twice. As soon as he was let go, he took off, hoping to get away from the wolves. He was getting hopelesly lost. ssuming he lost them after what felt like a long time, he scampered up a tree to wait it out.

Climb: Yellow 13 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $4+6=10$

The wolves snapped around the base of the tree (as if you could outrun wolves), slavering and snarling at him.

Daniel held onto the tree branch he was on for dear life, thankful that wolves couldn't climb. His heart was pounding in his chest and breaths came in short pants.

The wolves circled the tree for a few minutes before one of them look off to the side, yipped something and they all broke off.

Daniel meanwhile stayed right where he was. A flash of knowledge from the anchient Franklin the turtle books, not to mention a presentation on how to have people find you when lost in a forest, echoed in his mind. Stay where you are. If you move, you'll just make it harder and get yourself even more lost. So that's what he did.

//you'd think the book would say 'don't howl and call the wolves to you.'

//that was just about how to not get even more lost and make it harder for the people looking for you to find you.

There was a slight pounding that got louder coming from the direction the wolf had looked. I suppose he could guess it was horse hooves after a while. Because movies.

Daniel's ears, once again, perked up when she heard that. "HEY!" He yelled. "HEEEEEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYY!!! OVER HERE!!!" He said. Horses meant people. People meant someone who could help him!

The horse man galloped into view, his steed a heavy blue roan horse with thick short horns on his head, snorting and grunting protest as he was reined to a halt. The rider was garbed in light armour of an odd fashion. Actually... it was armour. It would be odd no matter what it was. So armoured man on a mount. "Hold! Who is up there calling!" the rider called in a stern yet curious tone.

"I.. My name's Daniel! I got seperated from my friends! I'm lost and a wolf bit my neck!" Daniel called, not seeing any sense to lie.

"You there! The wolves have fled! Come down!"

Daniel nodded and came down and covering herself as best as he could. "Thank you so much. I thought for sure they were going to kill me. What's your name, by the way?"

The man scowled at Daniel. "Keidran bitch. How dare you address me in such tones!"

Daniel yelped a little from his tone and looked down, not saying anything else. He was shaking a little now, both from the cold weather and his own lingering fear.

Roughly, and without much [will add word when it returns adu?], he lifted her neck by the muzzle, then turned her head from side to side. From this angle, Dan could see the large sword strapped to the man's back clearly as he examined her. "Minor wounds... no mark... in whose holding do you stand?"

"I'msorryi'msorryi'msorry!" Daniel yelped, seeing the sword, hoping he wouldn't use it. "M-- mark? Holding? I don't... I'm lost... Please don't kill me!"

"Quiet Keidran," he hissed. "Wild one at this age... might be with the ferals... You will hold your tongue unless otherwise told, understood Keidran?"

Daniel just nodded, shivering.

The man got a stout length of rope and secured Daniel's hands behind his back with it, then lopping another around his neck and fastening that one to the saddle.

Daniel's jaw quivered in fear.

The rider remounted and jerked the rope. "March," he said as he set his horse to walk.

Daniel, not having a choice in the matter, followed along, trembling in terror. [i]Why is this happening!?![/i] She thought.

The man was leading Daniel along when a few calls of some sort echoed over the canopy. The man muttered something, spat off to the side and changed his bearings somewhat.

Daniel heard the noise, wondering what it was, but kept his pace with the horse. There was nothing else she could do at the moment. "What's that noise?" He asked softly.

The man didn't overhear Daniel's comment, but picked up his pace some, forcing Daniel to adopt a fast walk or jog to keep up.

Daniel kept pace with the horse, amazed that he could do so. Normally, he tired himself out too quickly, but now he was easily able to keep pace with this manic.

//the two groups crossed. as in look down below.

Elena-----

Elena finished alterations on Miles' clothes and a little tail hole for her own bunnysuit and left her tent to find she didn't know where Miles and Denis were. With Miles' new clothes in her arms and some of her stuff collected she set out looking for them. "Hey Miles. I have your pants!", she called out to him.

[roll perception]

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $8 + 8 = 16$ perception

An arrow slammed into the tree trunk in front of her. "Halt!" a command came from off to her right.

Just in case: Sylvia, upon noticing Elena walking off, quickly follows her, "Hey, I don't think we should-" An arrow hits the tree in front of Elena... lovely.

Elena stopped immediately and hugged her possessions and Miles' clothes tightly to her chest. She was too afraid to say anything.

There was a man in armor astride his grey horse, who for some reason seemed to have a pair of heavy horns, flanked by too lightly armored men who held bows trained at them. "Wild ones! On the dirt else we riddle you with quarrels!"

Sylvia would question why the hell they're using bolts in bows instead of crossbows, but it felt a lot smarter to stand in a non-threatening manner with her hands up, "Eep, Elena? Remind me to never joke about abnormal storms ever again. I can handle suddenly looking like this, buuut this is a bit much."

Total Defense: +4 dodge bonus.

//quarrel can be used for both.

Elena didn't want to argue with the man in armor and got down on the ground stuffing everything she owned in the bag and lay down. "I think it isn't safe to resist here...", Elena whispered. "Please we're unarmed, don't hurt us.", she said to the man.

"Sire... neither of them..." the archer on the left started.

"I can plainly see that," he scowled. "You two. Your master and your stand in his holdings," the man commanded of the girls.

"Excuse me what, my master?", Elena asked.

"Polymorph spell... some freaking witch tried to turn me into a bat but she got interrupted. I ran when I had the chance, got lost, and I honestly have no idea how to reverse this by myself."

Sylvia said blandly, her distaste of the entire day helping to voice her white lie.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4322074/> bluff: 18

"Wild," he said, voice dripping with disdain. "Cario. Dismount and bind them. Rolan. Shoot them if they resist. I will be taking to the city." The archer on the left quickly dismounted as the one on the right shifted his aim ever so slightly. The man went on. "Without a master no more. Once verified at the registrar, you will be in my holdings."

As if today couldn't be any worse, now here was some idiot who wanted to enslave her... Well he was the one with the bow and arrow, but she'd play along for now. Well correction, she didn't have a choice.

Cario had a length of rope and deftly set about binding them, starting with Elena.

She sighed. If there wasn't a guy with a bow and arrow pointed at her she would have tried to do something. There was always the possibility this was a larp... nah... it would be stupid to test that theory.

"The registrar will determine that," the man they called sir said as Cario moved to on binding Sylvia's wrists.

Elena Perception: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 11 +8 - 19

[There is a metal band around the ranger's (an elf) neck. There are two dark stones about the size of marble set in it.]

Around that time the snatches of the two blundering guy's conversation carried over as they searched for the girls. Rolan, a crack shot, fired as soon as he judged then close enough.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4321985/> 25 (crit) and Den

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4321989/> Confirm

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4321990/> Dam. 10, -3 dex, half base speed, prone, DC 12 fort save vs Useless

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4322286/>]Fort: 11. Goodbye leg[/url]

"АХ, ЭТО ЖЕ ЧТО ЗА ЕБАННЫЙ ПИЗДЕЦ!!!" Denis loudly swore and jumped aside to get behind the nearest tree or anything he could use as impromptu cover, dropping the stuff he used to hold. Well, not exactly jumping, that was more of falling or something due to the arrow hitting the joint, right in the most painful spot, ruining the ankle, passing right through it. Denis growled

loudly, feeling a bit of fear, a lot of pain and even more hate towards whoever shot him, but for now stayed near the tree because of the damn pain. He grabbed his leg with both hands and groaned out of pain.

Miles wasn't sure what happened at first. He half heard, half felt something whoosh past and heard it hit the ground with an oddly squishy sound. He turned to ask Den what the hell he was saying in Russian and the words caught in his throat. Den had fallen, and there was an arrow through his ankle. It seemed like a joke at first. But, eventually, like anyone raised in the modern day, he responded as anyone not used to seeing blood in such quantities anywhere except on television. Copious amounts of manly screams.

"ROLAN!" the man snapped.

"Pardons, milord!" the Rolan said, swiftly drawing another arrow as Cario whirled, still with his hands on the rope holding Elena and Sylvia. Rolan's skills of perception were much better than his master's. "I heard them approach and acted proactively."

Denis just tried to get his leg into a more comfortable position, groaning from the giant pain that the arrow was causing him. The blood from the ankle was causing even more confusion and panic, and Miles' screaming didn't help at all. His head went limp and he closed the eyes, trying to fight the agony in his leg, which didn't work at all of course.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4322534/>]Will: 7[/url] Compusure Save

"Your pre-emptiveness is to be commended, but you have crippled him, adding to our chore. Bind them both," the same take charge guy said. Miles was torn in intentions and confused in motivations. The girls were tied up, Den's leg shot to hell, literally, so he couldn't just leave them. Nor did he want to run with that guy aiming another arrow at him.

"You wild ones will consent or Rolan will let loose once more," he pointed at Cario. "Bind them as well. Rolan, the injured keidran will be secured to your mount."

[By the way, binding is done from behind; ie hands behind back]

Sylvia settled for giving the archer who shot Den a death glare. She kinda wished her brother was here though since he was going to be a simple human for the party because these guys were clearly racist as fuck.

Denis yelled in pain as he was moved around to get tied up and thought that he wouldn't have got tied up if not that goddamn unlucky arrow. And now he really wanted to get rid of that thing in his leg because it hurt as hell.

Miles joined the two girls in the procession, Rolan linking them together and tying off the rope train to his horse, confused as all hell as to what was going on. As soon as he was close enough, and two of the three concerned with the items Den and Miles had dropped (Rolan busy with at least staunching Den's bleeding), he hissed worriedly at them. "What's happening?"

Rolan's help didn't make Denis feel any better about the situation at all, he even felt his claws sliding out sometimes and he was hissing at the air through all the process.

"Your guess is as good as mine...I have theories though...just a hunch that we're being enslaved.", Elena said sarcastically.

Sylvia rolled her eyes, "I bet ya some kind of Archmage or Witch or something is behind this; that's the only way to explain abnormal storms that turns you into god knows what and teleports you in the exact location a bunch of Slavers just happened to be at." Hey, say what you will, but all of this was a too convenient and last she checked, they're not actors in a movie.

"Aren't you taking this a bit too well?" Miles hissed, his hackles up again. Seriously. They were talking as if things like this happened often. Or as if magic was really and standard. The little kittenette probably spoke, well hissed, too loud and attracted attention back to them again.

"Hold your tongue Bastion!" the man in charge snapped.

"What?" Miles said, not sure what they were talking about.

Rolan jerked the rope. "He said silence," the man, ears pointed, hissed.

Miles got the message that Bastion was him and he shut up.

To say Sylvia was biting her tongue at the moment would be the understatement of the century.

"Put these with our goods," the man in charge said, remounting his own steed. "Then call to Jae. Summon him back." The caravan was starting off when Cario blew a few notes on his curved hunting horn as he brought up the rear.

Denis went a bit more silent after a while. Pain didn't hurt as much as it did, but he still felt awful. Leg went quite numb after a while, and that was scaring him a lot. "Can't be good..." he muttered to himself, speaking of the situation in general.

On the bright side, for those forced to walk, the train was moving at a pace they could match without unduely straining themselves as they marched over the sodden ground. And considering many of them were bare footed, it was a less than pleasant experience.

About five minutes into the walk, which was far from the most pleasant walk they could have had, even if allowances were made for when they tripped or stumbled, it was a 'lovely' way to break in the new body. And a chance to reflect, if you weren't totally caught up in seething at the people, on the fact that you were in pretty much alien place and you were speaking the language. But back to the point I was making before I somehow got sidetracked; the third (well, fourth) rider caught up with them, howler girl in tow.

"Milord!" the man said, his thunder of having found a wild keidran stolen by the fact that the others found some four times as much as he did.

"Another one?" the man in charge said, raising an eyebrow in trace disbelief.

"I thought this was the only one, milord," Daniel's warden said.

Denis bared his teeth. Partially out of lingering pain (the numbness in leg started to compensate for that, but that isn't too good), but partially because he saw Daniel, and he got caught by these people too. On the upside, he won't get lost in the forest. Muttering a swear under his breath he decided to look around, trying to see if there was anything remarkable right now.

Elena trudged along behind them. She didn't want to admit this wasn't the first time she was tied up, but that was irrelevant now. She walked in front of the boys given that she and Sylvia were caught first. It was painful, but not unbearable. But whatever this was it seemed way too real.

Look; Daniel. Look; he's captured too. Miles a strong suspicion this was all Daniel's fault anyway. (When in trials, look for the most convenient scape goat. Most times the first or last to arrive.) Though this was getting confusing. All four of the guys seemed normal enough (looking, armour notwithstanding). If they were locals... what kind of place was this?

Welp, the fact that Daniel was caught as well only reinforced the suspicion that some higher power seriously can't take a joke for Sylvia