

# Mordern-2-Fantasy

## MODERN-2-FANTASY

[Cast] <http://img716.imageshack.us/img716/558/9qmo.png>

[Males][Dudes]

Keith, Miles; <http://www.myth-weavers.com/sheetvie...sheetid=700664>

- Silver tongued, enigmatic, tale spinning dungeon master.

Koshin, Denis <http://www.myth-weavers.com/sheetvie...sheetid=700765>

- Quiver toting, surly, fashionista teen.

[Inbetweens][Du-dudu-dula?]

Jacobson, Daniel; <http://www.myth-weavers.com/sheetvie...sheetid=701404>

- Nervous, strugglingly, fumbling artist.

[Females][Dudettes]

Kenneth, Elena; <http://www.myth-weavers.com/sheetvie...sheetid=700911>

- Girl Crazy, busy body dressmaker.

Carter, Sylvia; <http://www.myth-weavers.com/sheetvie...sheetid=701170>

- Rich blooded, singing gymnast.

## Chapter One: A Normal Adventure

The first day went well. Better than the organizers could have hoped. The disused land had lots of room for them to play around on, even with the designated parking and camping areas. For the most part, the first day was registration and few preliminaries. They had a quick warming LARP in the form of sparring between a few attendees, and tried out a revolving DM idea with the five or six regulars a few pregenerated characters randomly assigned with lots that was a hoot and a half.

The day wrapped up in the first 'party' of the event. Those on camp duty had cooked up a decent sized meal and they set up banquet style in the barn with a few tables and chairs, an impromptu cash bar with an eagle eyed tender in one corner, a gaggle of folk trying to get their sound systems working in another and laughter all around.

That's where Miles was. In the barn, that is. He might have, technically, been staff, but his job ended after registration. It role was pre-event, and now he dropped the weight on his brother and the others so he could enjoy the party on his own terms. Armed with a styrofoam box (just as disposable as paper plates while being far less prone to spills) loaded with food and his water bottle filled with pop, we was making his rounds through the room.

Daniel meanwhile was talking to one of his friends about an artist on deviantart. In reality, the artist was himself, but no one knew that. Not unless they were lucky in searching for 'anthro art' on the deviantart search engine. His voice was his absolute best impersonation of a female voice. Part of his plan all along. Spread the word of the artist, get his friends to do the work themselves of finding out his artistic talents and preferences. sadly, he knew he had to reveal himself for the meal. While he had taken parts of the costume off in private in order to cool off, he knew everyone would see him... wearing a costume of a female wolf.

Taking advantage of the limited field of vision fursuits imposed, Miles appeared behind Daniel, dropping his hands on his shoulders with a snicker. Still staying outside the limited line of sight, he leaved forward just enough that his chin was in line with the fursuited one's ear (ish.) "My! What a deep voice you have grandma!"

Meanwhile there was dat creepy kid walking around, not using fursuit to gain privacy and anonynty - at least that isn't original intent. Denis had confused feelings - partying was a rare thing for him so he just was spending his time staring at people or coming up with something to do. Also he felt like sating his curiosity for alcohol finally - but would he be able to do it with his current age? No one knew, so he decided to look around for opportunities.

Daniel yelped in suprise. "Mi--" He started in his normal voice then coughed. "Miles!" He finished, pitching his voice up to his 'female' voice tone. "How are you?"

"Roaming, just roaming," Miles said in a less then enlightning manner. He nodded at the people Daniel had been talking to. "Ladies, gentleman."

"Hey Miles," one dressed like an elf said with a slight smile. "What are you supposed to be anyway?"

Daniel gave Miles a look under the mask that screamed 'don't you dare'. but didn't say anything.

"Why, a Tibbit," Miles grinned, shifting so his arm was casually resting on Daniel's shoulder. As close as he could get on his limited budget. trimmed fake vampire fangs stuck on with denture glue, fake nails (trimmed) for claws, whiteglue+fuzz for... fuzziness, and a wire hanger sacrificed to add rigidity to a sleeve of felt stuffed with the innards of a slain dollar store teddy bear (who's pelt was harvested for even more fuzz).

Daniel looked to Miles, nervously. "What are you planning...?" He whispered, hopefully so he could hear him.

"Wouldn't you like to know," Miles whispered back, hiding his malicious grin under the pleasant one he was going.

"A tibbit?" the second girl asked. She was in the sexy witch get up.

"A little cat critter from his games," the guy, Paul the NPC/Staff playing an armed guard supplied. "Aren't you a little tall for a tibbit?" he joked.

"I drank my milk and ate my veggies. Now I'm a big strong boy," Miles responded, putting a slight emphasis on the boy part.

"Yes..." Daniel said. "We know. You're a guy." Daniel shrugged, trying to slip away from Miles, sidestepping some to get his hand off 'her'.

Racheal (Elf) and Hannah (witch) joined in Paul's laugh. For his part, Miles let Daniel go, but not without another comment. "My dear, you wouldn't need a halls, would you? You sound ever so hoarse."

"No thanks," Daniel said cheerfully, thankful that Miles had let him go without making a scene by removing his costume head. Still... he'd have to do it soon to enjoy the meal. His stomach was growling and wanted food. Not to mention the little stint with Miles had raised the temperature in the suit a bit. Instead, he just kept walking around, posing for a few more photos before going to the \*gulp\* women's washroom and into one of the stalls to partially disrobe. Removing his paws, he took some toilet paper and used that to wipe away some of the sweat. He was careful not to say anything, lest someone find out his secret. At least, not until he was ready.

Miles chuckled and wandered off, leaving the three to their own fun and games as he mulled over the next fun way to harass Daniel about his get up. So many possibilities... really, going like that was just begging to be harassed. Maybe he could bring in a few others from the registration team and tag team him. Or relay... it would be fun to have his all flustered running from place to place trying to avoid them...

Daniel stayed in the stall for quite a while, then finally put on the costume again and looked in the mirror wondering if he was making a huge mistake with this. Probably, he decided. He couldn't bring anything else to the party. Not his sleeping bag, his backpack, hell even the basic stuff he would bring for just sleeping over at a friend's house. The fursuit had taken up all of his commission income. Not to mention a little bit of his OSAP. *First world problems* he thought. There was nothing else for it. Just an hour or two. Then he'd show himself. He could survive an hour... Surely Miles could wait one more hour, right?

Stepping out, he went back to doing the barn floor and kept a sharper eye out for Miles.

Elena felt silly. She needn't have worried about which costume she had on this evening. She still got to trade tips and tricks with other fursuiters and show off the fine set of tights with bunny head, tail and complete with a modified leotard for her bunnysuit. She also spent some time posing and handing out cards for her costume commission business. She had made her partial fursuit out of breathing fabrics that wouldn't hold in sweat hence it wouldn't get too hot and she could stay in it all day. The tights neatly hugged her curves hence she looked to be a bunny anthro. She crept up near Daniel.

Miles was in a rather good position. In fact, the best. How else would he have spotted Daniel emerging from the women's side? In that instant, he decided on his next course of actions. Would you really expect him to pass up an opportunity that was practically gift wrapped?

[Notice \(1d20+6=17\)](#)

Due to the nature of the suit and him being slightly distracted by searching for the evil, evil, chaotic and evil tibbit, Daniel didn't notice the anthropomorphic bunny creeping up on him. Perception: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4300176/> bah

Elena hugged Daniel from behind. She leaned in next to him and said, "Hello beautiful..." Her

voice was slightly slurred as sauntered into full view.

"ACK!" Daniel yelped, voice quavering. "Stop DOING that!"

"Stop what, sister?", Elena asked her voice a drawl, cupping her hands over Daniel's fake breasts. Hmm, oddly firm. The wolf lady was obviously excited to meet her.

"Nope." Daniel said, trying to squirm free, her voice going back to her female tone. "No touchie!" Daniel felt nothing from the grope, not usprising considering softballs and douvle sided tape didn't transmit sensations.

Elena removed her hands and walked in front of Daniel. "Sorry, there miss, what's your name?"

"Michelle," Danie lied, having thought out this for a while ever since he came to the party. "What brings you to this party?"

"I'm here to inspect my handiwork, and also meet some fine ladies like yourself. Drum up busines for my costume designs. I made this one I'm wearing myself you know."

"Ohh," Daniel said, as though he just realized something. "You must be Elena. Daniel told me about you before I came."

"Ooh..what have you heard, Michelle right?", Elena asked.

"That you're a really good costume designer and that--" Daniel started but was interrupted by Miles.

"Elena! And... Mitch was it?" Miles said, calling out cheerfully as he walked by.

"Michelle..." Daniel said. "My name isn't that hard to remember."

"Oh hey, um...Miles was it...I was in a few games in the past.", Elena said.

"And you saw me at the registration table this morning," Miles added, aiming another malicious grin at Daniel. "So what are you... guys is an appropriate term, up to?"

"Not to much. Mostly just talking to people," Daniel admitted truthfully. "Telling everyone where I got this." She guestured to his costume.

"Good for you! I'm busy busy. Checking to make sure everyone's properly registered and such. Bathrooms properly labelled... You look hungry. Chicken wing?" He offered.

"Little bit later, sure. Talking to people though first, it's really relaxing. Not having people see ya while speaking." Daniel said, honestly feeling slightly comfortable for the fact that no one could see him.

Miles snickered. "Well, back on the beat for me! Later Elena... Mitch." And he left.

"Daniel told me about him too," he said. "And that he's usually like that. Scatterbrained and seldom making much sense."

"Miles is like that yes. You seem to know Daniel very well. By the way, that suit is lovely...", Elena said leaning in a bit too close. Elena still didn't know what Michelle really looked like, "I just wanna touch your adorable fur.", she slurred sliding her hands sensually down Michelle's sides, savoring the feeling. "Simply adorable, my little wolfie...", she attempted flirting.

"He's a friend of mine." Daniel said and looked at Elena. "Ummm... Well i guess you can... But well..." Daniel said, wondering how he could break this to her gently. "I am stright ya know."

"Don't let that stop you," Miles, who it turned out snuck back, commented.

"Ah...true...it's just some friendly, heh, flirting...no harm done", Elena said, "It's not like we can kiss, with these fursuits on..."

"Who knows what's hidden under all that faux fur," Miles said solemnly. "Could be a surprise all for you."

"Do you mind?" Daniel asked, looking at Miles with a dirty look underneath the mask. "I thought you were doing important management stuff." She commented.

"Of course, that's the whole point isn't it Miles...and yet everyone seems to already know who I am.", Elena said to Miles.

"Was, am, will be," Miles said cheerfully, tugging on a bit of his glued on whiskers that was bugging the hell out of him. "And of course everyone know's who you are. You've been dropping 'hints' about it he gave hints air quotes, "for weeks. Said hints being more like meteors."

"Ah yes the cards for my commission work...think I overdid it, I see several people wearing costumes I made."

"And the talk about the skin tight latex... and the white fur you found... and the dress that would go perfectly with it..." Miles started counting them off on his fingers. "Want the full list?"

Daniel smiled. "Yeah, Danny did mention that you had something planned for this."

"And now you see it...my first bunnysuit...how'd I do? I'd love to get some comments on my hard work.", she said to Michelle.

"I think it looks pretty good. Must be really hot though. I've heard latex doesn't breath at all. Least with this, there's some breathing... Not much, but some."

"Actually I decided on a silk weave, little more expensive but these breathe just like normal

clothes...heck I could wear these tights comfortably all day.", Elena explained.

"Ahhh, nice. I decided to go full on fursuit. I think it'd be better if we were outside. Seriously, this thing could make a nice winter coat." Daniel said.

"A full fursuit is beyond my budget, and besides the bodysuit is more flattering.", Elena said, "Although you remind me of a cute little plushie, well large huggable plushie...."

"Believe me, this didn't come cheap either." Michelle said. "Had to dip into some of my OSAP and stuff. But that's not important right now."

Elena slinked behind Michelle, "Looks great...now be a good plushie wolf girl now...", she flirted while she slinked back to cup Michelle's fake breasts in a teasing manner. Hmm...still firm.... "Interesting..."

"Ack!" Daniel yelped backing off some. "No touchie!"

"Sowwy, plushie girl...I couldn't resist...but those melons are awfully firm...sure they are real?", Elena asked.

"Well there is a bit of support to them. Otherwise they wouldn't be showing as clearly as they are now." Daniel explained, hoping this would be enough.

"Ah padded, I see...", Elena whispered, Michelle might be self conscious about that. "Well it's a nice suit either way....by the way, I don't think I've seen you at any of the larp events...", she said in a slurred but normal volume.

Daniel smiled. "Nah, I don't show up to them a whole lot. Never have enough ideas or a good enough costume. Might see more now though," 'she' said, posing a little.

"Alright.", Elena said enthusiastically. She posed alongside Michelle. "Bunny girl, and wolf girl...think that would make a fun photoshoot...wanna do it?"

"More like a predator/prey shoot, but it can still work." Daniel giggled. "Unless you want others to get in on it?"

"If you want...I mean there's only so many variations on wolf chasing bunny we can do right?", Elena said to Michelle.

"Yeah. That's why we should get others in on this," Daniel said.

"Sounds good, but we could always just start with the two of us.", Elena said.

Daniel nodded. "Sure. Might as well. Got any ideas on where to start this?"

"Whereever seems right then...I mean whereever we can get a photographer really.", Elena said

to Daniel.

"Did you bring a cell phone?" Daniel asked. "I would, but well... no place to put it."

"I did too, maybe we can get someone to take the picture.", Elena said to Michelle.

"You got one or you left it behind?" Daniel asked, confused.

"I have a cell phone in my bag.", Elena explained.

"Ahhh nice. Might as well use that." Daniel said,

"Now who can we get to take our picture?", Elena wondered.

Sylvia was sneaking around the moment random antics were happening and it was only now that she decided to creep up towards them while suppressing a giggle. She likes to think there's a reason why she's playing as a Rogue in the games and this might very well prove it. Course, it'll be fun either way since she doesn't think they're suspecting anyone nearby.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4300823/> stealth stuff: 17

Perception: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4300833/> 17

Perception: [1d20+6=24](#)

Daniel this time was keeping a better eye out and waved to Sylvia as he spotted them. She waved happily. "Hey there!" She smiled. "I'm Michelle!" She extended a furry costumed hand to Sylvia.

Sylvia blinked and quickly got out of 'stealth mode' in an attempt to look normal, "Oh, hia! I was not trying to sneak up on you two and scare ya! Nope!" She grins in a slightly nervous manner as she knew for a fact this was the worst bluff in the history of bluffs, but she happy shakes her hand anyways, "Nice to meet you Michelle, I'm Sylvia!" This time she gives a happier smile. She also appears to have yellow eyes, which stood out a bit from the rest of the (mostly) cheep costume she was wearing.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4300842/> Bluff: ...nat 1 🏰

Daniel chuckled. "Don't worry, you're not the first. Probbaly not the last. I guess cause they think this cuts off my vision a bit... and it does. Nice to meet you though. What brings you here?"

For shits and giggles, sense motive: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4300850/> 18

"Oh you know, just exploring around and I heard something interesting happening here, so I decided to see what's going on!" Sylvia cheerfully replied until she paused in thought for a moment, being careful not to bump into anyone or anything with one of her 'wings', "Well, since I'm here, I guess I can help out with the photoshoot..."

"You must have really good hearing," Daniel commented. "But yep. That's it exactly!"

"We ladies should stick together.", Elena said to Sylvia, "By the way, my name Elena, you're not very good at this sneaky thing are ya."

Sylvia almost took offense to that and she pouted a little, "Hey, you're one of the few to actually notice me when I decide to scare someone!"

Daniel giggled. "Well I almost didn't see her if that helps your ego." She said, petting the bat dressed woman.

Elena smoothed out her tights and adjusted the bunnysuit leotard. She added the pink trims to make her look more provocative. "My apologies.", Elena said. Elena took Michelle's cue to pet the bat girl a little. Which led to an overeager caress. She found she was often more physical when it came to greetings. In some cultures, people greeted each other with hugs more often, she would be fine. "Good to meet you, what's your name?", Elena asked.

"She said already..." Daniel teased. "It's Sylvia."

Sylvia eeped a little due not not expecting a hug... that was a normal hug right? "Hello to you too Elena!"

Elena moved out of the hug, "Alright then Michelle...", she said, "Well, I guess Sylvia can help us with the photoshoot."

Daniel took a clear spot in the room and struck a pose.

Elena handed Sylvia her cell phone so Sylvia could take the picture then got on all fours and struck a cute pose at Michelle's feet.

Daniel changed his pose, seeing Elena's, making it seem like she had finally got her and was about to nom her. In fact, she put an ear against the muzzle of his costume as it couldn't open.

Sylvia made her way to the phone app and fixed the sharpness and lighting settings a little. Once she looked up, she giggled at the sight and, after waiting a small moment for the phone to focus on the pair, took the picture, "Nice one you two!" she smiles at the theme and was happy that the picture came out well on the first attempt.

Elena struck a sexy pose, lying on her side.

Daniel complied, and made a similar one, lounging out on the floor.

Sylvia grinned and took the picture, "What are these pictures for again~?" Sylvia said in a teasing tone.

"For fun.", Elena quipped.

"Pretty much," Daniel said, giggling. This was a little more relaxing. Embarrassing as all hell, but it was fun and there wasn't the threat of Miles lurking around like a creeper.



Sylvia giggled, but said nothing else since she knew this was just for fun, however she quickly got another angle and took another pic once it focused just for the heck of it, "Any other poses in mind or should I keep taking this at different angles?"

"Well if you have poses in mind for us to try, we can do them." Daniel said.

"Or just get this one from different angles, then you can suggest things...", Elena said.

Sylvia shrugs and takes a picture from another angle, "hmm... Maybe Ele turned the tables from the last pose? Or..."

"Turn the tables...what are you asking?", Elena asked.

"I know what she's asking," Daniel said chuckleing.

Sylvia perks up, "Oh! I'm just suggesting things is all; maybe the rabbit outsmarted the wolf or something." She wasn't sure why, but somewhere in the back of her mind was a little bit worried that they'd get the wrong idea... eh, what's the worst that can happen? Its just a random photoshoot for fun.

Daniel went onto her back, paws curled down like a wolf would when being submissive.

Elena took the opportunity to climb on top of the wolf girl, straddling her. She leaned down over Michelle. "This good?", she asked.

*Pleeeeeeease don't notice...* Daniel begged mentally.

Sylvia looked them over as if she was giving actual thought about the pose, well the rabbit did indeed turn the tables on the wolf, soo... "Looks good!" she then takes a picture. If the wolf was thinking of anything, she likely didn't notice.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4300909/> sense motive: 5

It was no good. Daniel's man reaction was pressing agint Elena's body.

Perception:

[1d20+6=26](#)

"Michelle, I can feel something strange...", she whispered as she heard the shutter sound from her phone. Oh my gods....seriously, how could she have missed that, she blushed beneath the bunny head. She didn't know how to break the news lightly. "Umm...Michelle, your...um...how to put this...are you a boy or a girl?", she asked.

Daniel meeped in fear as he was found out, unable to say anything in particular to defend himself.

"Nothing to say for yourself?", Elena asked, "Hmm, no matter, you make a good girl...I'm just

curious, what's your real name Michelle?"

*Well... Since I'm found out...* Daniel thought and took off the mask to reveal himself.

"Daniel? Oh wow, um this is awkward...", Elena said removing her own bunny headpiece, "I never knew you liked being a girl."

"No! That's not it at all!" Daniel sputtered. "I'm just here to..." he trailed off, unable to really finish that thought and state his plans. He looked over to Miles, knowing he was having the time of his life at his expense.

"Well you make a lovely girl, but sadly you're not a real girl.", Elena said to him, "You feeling alright? When you claimed you were straight did you mean you liked men or women? I mean you were still a girl when you said that."

"I like girls!" Daniel said, blushing brightly. "I... I mean I'm... I was doing this for..." Daniel said squirming and tried to get Elena off him. "I was... The..." Daniel muttered.

Elena climbed off of him, "You were what?", she asked. "It's okay, I like girls too.", she told him. Elena blushed a little. "Again, you were surprisingly convincing if it took me doing this long to spot you."

"I wanted to tell people that I'm a furry..." Daniel whispered. "That I really enjoy doing anthro art..."

"And that was clear, but why the wolf girl fursona?", Elena asked.

"She was my most well developed... My deviantart account. The one I said earlier before you caught me out there." Daniel said pointing out the bathroom. "Figured it would be the best..."

"And it's really good, however why didn't you just tell me you were a guy...for all that time I thought you were just another girl.", Elena said.

The chords of a light metal riff came across the air as the staff responsible finally got the sound system working. A few moments later, there was a pattern less buffeting as someone fiddled with the mics.

[Turn to 357]

[A Quest for Booze. Illegal to Boot]-----

There he was, standing 10 meters from the stand. 10 meters and a giant amount of awkwardness separated him and the target of his research. And some time was spent manning up for this. He walked up to the corner and asked "You sell drinks here... Right?"

"I do, but I'll need to see ID," the tender said.

"...eeeh, why?" Denis asked, still doing a search through his possessions (he isn't actually searching of course, that's a fake)

"Because I'd rather not lose my liquor license and get fined for selling to a minor. Not everyone here for the event is of age."

"There are that many minors here?" Den said still looking through the items "Never seen anyone caring about that law before anyway"

"You haven't been looking then."

"Whatever..." Denis muttered and added, moving away "Think I left my ID at tables, gotta try to find it"

He really wanted to swear a lot now. But instead he searched for someone he could trust. Miles, Sylvia, Elena, someone of them

Miles had wandered off from the Dan/Mitch and Elena group. In a way, he was doing his work. He wouldn't have much left to do till the last day, but his roaming today was part of it. Keeping tabs on people, checking enjoyment and such.

"Hey! Hey, Miles!" Denis called out as he spotted him "Can you help me out?"

"Huh? What's up?" Miles said, sacrificing some of his valuable time to respond. He could have been plotting more trolling with this time. Okay, so he was really wasting time in the guise of working.

"Not much... Just asking if you can buy something for me?" he asked, tilting his head to side.

Miles paused and eyed Den contemplatively. He had a general idea of what they had selling at the moment, and, well. He could at least give him the benefit of the doubt. "And what, pray tell, would that be?"

"Not drugs or dildos. Although I'd probably ask you to buy latter one day if I'd ever run into trouble-- Aaaaaanyway," Denis said, feeling that he went too awkwardly far away from topic at hand. He glanced in the general direction of stand "Eh, you can buy me some drink? Just don't do it in your trolly/snarky manner and come back with tea saying you didn't get what I mean. Please?"

"You know I don't drink, right?" Miles said after a moment to sigh internally.

Denis scratched his head and tilted it to another side "And?" he asked "That's not for you and I'll give you money, if you are concerned."

"Aren't you 16?" Miles commented.

"Seventeen actually. And is this a problem? I think I am old enough to handle that" he countered.

"Yeah...." Miles said blandly. "Here's how this goes. I don't encourage people to go things I wouldn't do, I try to avoid helping people do things I wouldn't do, unless it would get them in minor trouble or be hilarious, I'd come back with kool aid or juice instead of tea, alcohol sucks anyway, and I'm not gonna support underaged drinking." He'd started counting them off on his fingers as spoke. Realizing he had hit four, he thought of one more to make it a round five. "It's a drug too, by the way."

"You are not fun. Not even for curiosity sake?" Denis replied "I am really just curious what do people find in this. And bored a bit, food/parties are sending me into trance. And it's a light drug if it is anyway. And a legal one." he went on and then made a fake frown (that was hidden by his mask) "And I am not underaged!" he suddenly added.

Finger counting again. Miles had a thing for that it seemed. "You can't vote. You also can't get surgery, tats or piercing, legally, without parental approval. And, legally, you're a minor. Oh, and you're still under the legal drinking age."

Denis growled. "Well, okay, maybe legally I am under their "adult" age. But really, I can handle that stuff! No one's going to kill you for buying me a drink anyway, if you are concerned about that part. Because caring about my health is dumb."

"Ah, you poor belligerent child," Miles said, shaking his head slowly and patting Denis on his shoulder. "There, there, it's going to be alright."

Denis glared at Miles' hand on his shoulder. "I take that as "no" to my original question. You know I am stubborn enough to get trouble on myself." he said with a slightly irritated tone. "I guess I'll find someone else." he added, without leaving just yet. He was kinda hoping on guilt/whatever sense in Miles. Probably his hope was in vain.

There was a exasperated but faintly jubilant exclamaiton of 'finally' as the first cords of music, weak at first but stronger as they adjusted it, announced that they finally got the sound working again. It was accompanies by a few cheers as well. Miles looked up, then over at the corner where they had been working on it.

"Anyway, still no beer for you," Miles said, turning back to Denis. "You aren't going to be missing anything anyway. And aren't you going to eat? There isn't anymore food provided until morning."

"I will miss a lot. You said you don't drink, how do you know? And well, I'd find something to eat. Soonish. I have some meat in my backpack anyway. Why are you so insistant on that anyway?" Denis said.

"Probably because the fee for this event included food?" Miles said, waving his hand over his own contain so the smell of wings would waft in Denis' direction.

"I meant the drink part." Denis replied, being oblivious to the smell, as the fursuit impaired lots of senses, and smell wasn't an exclusive to it.

"Because it's called 'impaired' for a reason. Now come on, they have one last event planned for the night," Miles said, aiming enis in the direction of the impromptu stage.

"Way to kill the fun..." Denis muttered and glanced at the stage "What is it?" he said, referring to the event.

[Universal/Room wide]-----

"And spoil the surprise?" Miles said in his typical cryptic manner. Why give straight answers when you could frustrate them with enigmatic statements? (Or just outright denial of information. That works too.) He kept on leading Neis as the sound made the noises of someone getting ready to use it.

``Good evening everyone!`` the male said. Miles groaned. It had to be Duane... ``How has the first day been so far!``

Denis growled again. Whatever. If you are losing an argument, you need to quickly change the topic. Whatever. He still hasn't checked out the others, they'd probably be less caring about that dumb "hurr durr alcohol is bad" thing. The question from the strage was adressed to all people and Denis wasn't the one who usually answered them, and today wasn't an exception.

Daniel squirmed out of Elena's grasp and gave her some space. "I'll... be over here." He muttered and slipped away, glaring at Miles under his mask. He wanted to blame him for this. Screwing him up, throwing him off and a wrench into his plan.

"You scared him off didn't you Sylvia.", Elena said and asked for her phone back.

Sylvia looks at her as if she was crazy, "What? No! The only time I tried to do that was before the photoshoot! Didn't know he was a guy though..." She shrugs at the last thing she said and hands Elena her phone back.

A light cheer when up through the crowd of people, though most of them where wandering away from this group.

"I know right, gotta be more careful around furies...", Elena said retrieving her phone and putting her bunny headpiece back on.

"Eh, he wasn't that bad... but if I known this I would've been more careful with my suggestions." Sylvia said with a small laugh.

There was a murmur through the people, excited in some places.

"Hey it wasn't until I crawled on him that he cracked under pressure so to speak.", Elena said giggling.

Sylvia giggles as well and looks at the guy in the female fursuit, "Think we should check to see if he's alright, or would it just be even more awkward for him?" She said with a smile, poor sod was likely going to be the butt of a lot of jokes tonight.

Someone in the background keep on talking, though the poor sound made it hard to make out.

"I have to admit, his suit looks really nice...he went all out to be a woman...we should let him try.", she said to Sylvia.

Sylvia looked cheerful, "I know! That suit must have been expensive!"

Daniel meanwhile had slinked off to a corner, cheeks completely red even though no one could see it. He was seriously debating if he should leave and live with a paper bag over his head for this little stunt. d

"What about yours? Batgirl.", Elena asked.

There was a groan, but accented with light laughter and a couple people well started heading out.

Sylvia blinked at the question, which she didn't expect for some reason, "oh, well... It was mostly pretty cheep, kinda. The wings are the most expensive part, commissioned someone who was really good at making these kind of things. Then I just looked around for stuff. Had to get creative with the ears, sowed on some fluff to elf ears, got a pair of vampire teeth... oh! The contacts were kinda hard to find and a bit pricy, they actually glow a vivid yellow in the dark!" She seemed pretty happy about that and haven't noticed how long she went on about the costume, "All in all... just barely under a thousand dollars. Yours?"

"My costume was homemade, it took me a long time to get it done...the material costs weren't too bad.", Elena said, "The tights are pure silk, the threads cost me a pretty penny, same with the head, the cheapest pieces are the leotard and the tail..."

Sylvia nods as she went through her costume as well, "Well its a nice costume, you did a pretty good job with it!" she said in her usual cheerful voice.

It was only by this time that Elena noticed people were shuffling out of the barn. There was likely some activity. So that was the muffled announcement and cheering she heard earlier. "Hey Sylvia, people are leaving...I think we missed something...sorry for keeping you", she said leading Sylvia out of the barn and towards the outdoors.

Sylvia blinked as she actually bothered to listen what was going on. Even if she didn't quite get all the details, it was that time of day, "...oh! That one thing is starting! We need to hurry! I am NOT missing my first LARP game!" With that, she hurried outside, pretty much leading Elena out instead.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4303168/> Perception 17

Elena Perception (Just in Case): [1d20+6=16](#)

The crowds were, for the most part, queuing up by the smaller building nearby. People were chatting about making teams and how going at it in the woods in the dark would be different. Someone, one of those loud obnoxious types that didn't have an indoor voice, laughed about his friend who'd have to sit it out since he had been drinking.

"The big thing is starting?", Elena exclaimed, remembering her skim of the camp schedule, sort of...a little groggy. "Hope we didn't miss the starting. Um... we don't have a team, maybe we can find Michelle.", Elena said while allowing Sylvia to drag her out quickly. She

Sylvia stopped for a second when she remembered about the team thing, "oh yeah... Welp, everyone is likely getting weapons anyways, so he should be where everyone else is! To that building!" She pointed at the building where the crowds were and continued dragging the bunny girl along. Due to the fact it was night, her contact lens were glowing a bit, so if anyone didn't notice the vivid yellow color before, they know about it now.

"Wow, I didn't know they glowed, that's so cool.", Elena called to Sylvia as they ran. She was panting a little, she wasn't used to running, especially not in dress shoes. She was glad she remembered to leave the high heels at home.

//how far away is the other building

Sylvia giggles, "Thanks! The good 'furry' versions of what I had in mind was too pricey, so I wanted to make sure I got every other detail right. It was a bit hard finding them, but I think it was worth it." [Happy smile goes here]

"Well line looks like it'll take a while.", Elena said, she smiled, but the bunny head hid it. "So, how are ya enjoying camp so far?"

The two of them were behind so at the back of the line more or less.

Sylvia lets out a sigh when she sees the line, but perked up a bit when Elena continued to make small talk, "It's fun, its rare enough for me to play DnD in the real world, everyone is friendly *annnd* this is going to be the first time doing this LARP game, what's not to love?"

"And the fine wenches...", Elena slurred, "Um...I mean friends...er...it's been a long time since I was able to do a larp." She could feel the two drinks she had acting up...Perhaps it was one too many.

Fort 1: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4303255/>

Fort 2: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4303256/>

[-1 to dex and Wis]

"You okay?" the guy behind her asked.

"Yeah I'm goodful, grateful even...", Elena said with equal eloquence.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Only a lil, nothing major.", Elena said

"They might not let you play," her companion said.

"Aww, that's unfortunate. Do they have a breathalyzer up there?", she asked.

"They've got the guy who sold the stuff. He's got a steel trap memory," someone else muttered.

"Aww...", Elena sighed, she recalled the other times she was barred from playing, but she was much more drunk then, she figured just two drinks wouldn't be too bad.

Sylvia lightly hits Elena upside the head with a bit of worry on her face, "What are you doing drinking *before* the game?? You were going to be one of my teammates too!" She groans sadly.

"I'm not drunk, they should still let me play.", Elena protested.

Sylvia could only hope after how she talked, considering what the others said, "I hope so..."

"Maybe a little bit buzzed earlier with Michelle, but I should be fine now.", she said to Sylvia.

Sylvia merely sighed, "We'll find out when we get there..."

"Guess there's nothing I can do then...", Elena sighed sadly. "I guess I'll cheer you on then, if I can't join in." Then again she did care more about outfits than bashing people upside the head with foam bats.

The line kept moving, and eventually, Sylvia and Elena got to the head of the line and had their turn with one of the weaponmasters.

Sylvia shook off the potential fact that Elena wasn't going to play awhile ago and was looking at everything, "So what's left? Any... lets see... daggers or short swords? Don't want to try using anything *too* big since I've never done this before." needless to say, she looked happy.

Elena peered over at the weapons. "So I can take one of these on the larp?", she asked, "Hmm...probably daggers...just a set of daggers."

"Ah tu tu!" someone said. It was the bar keeper and he was pointing a finger at Elena. "You heard the rules. No one who's had a drink is going out."

"Oh that, I'm not drunk or anything...And those drinks were a while ago.", she said sheepishly. Just her luck, drinking before the rules were doled out.

"Less than two and you know it," he said. "No go."



The weaponmaster (name tag identified her as Susan) recovered from the minor distraction. "A long sword might be better for your first time. It has a better reach and is easier to guard with than the shorter one."

"I had only one drink today, I'm fine, honest.", Elena said.

"Two glasses," he said blandly.

Sylvia smiled nervously at what was going on, "Umm, how strong are those drinks anyways?" Sylvia, being one who dislike the bitterness of alchoal, didn't drink any of those, but she knew the ones she tried a year ago didn't have THAT much alchoal in it.

"It's a safety issue. We are going around swinging weapons, foam or not, at each other," Susan said. "And it's dark. THE chances of twisted ankles are bad enough without someone half drunk out their."

"I'm not even half drunk", Elena sighed, "If that was the case, I'm just curious, why serve alcohol at the pre-party.", Elena asked, "Alas, are there activities for people who aren't doing the evening larp?"

"There are, you can ask back at the barn, but it's rude to hold up the line," Susan said.

"Fine, well, have fun batgirl she called to Sylvia.", Elena sighed dejectedly and walked past Susan. "I guess I'll see you tonight back at the tents, see if you can bring along our new friend Michelle.", Elena said a few parting words to Sylvia.

Sylvia sighed a little as well, "Aww... see ya Ele." With that she looks back at Susan, "Hmm... ya sure? I have a bit of a 'finesse' with martial arts, so... wait, would my natural dexterity even translate well to using a weapon or am I thinking in DnD due to this party? Maybe I should get a longsword and have a dagger as a backup, hmm..." Sylvia said with a cute pouty expression.  
//...Yellow! XD

"Have you decided?" Susan asked Syliva before rummaging through the crate and pulling out a long sword and dagger. "That will be 7 points."

Sylvia blinked when Susan suddenly pulled out the two weapons she said in her idle rambling, but was honestly happy that she helped speed this up a little, "...Yep, that'll work!" With that word of confirmation, she hands Susan her card.

Susan took the card and added the adjusted figure to it before handing it back. "You can head around back now. The carts that are taking all the players out into the fields are waiting."

"Okay~ Thanks!" With that bit of cheerfulness out of the way, she eagerly grabs everything and runs on over... although she DOES need to find a team... well, nothing a few diplomacy checks cant solve!

When she got around, There were two carts left and people mingling around. Look! Potention minions to use as step stools to greater glory! I mean, team mates.

[At the Barn]

Elena dejectedly began walking back to the barn. She was upset over not getting to play but what can you do. She might as well find something else to do this evening.

Elena Perception(On the way back):

[1d20+6=24](#)

There were a few other people hanging around. Not all of them were upset about it, since some hadn't planned on taking part anyway, not up to tramping about in the brush and across fields at night. Some of the people were not into LARPing at all, in any case. This party was about more than that anyway. Back in the barn, those that remained, probably half of the eighty or nightly people attending, were still getting their grub one. A few others had pulled out card or board games. In one corner, they had the works of a Warhammer game set up and ready to go.

Elena decided to check out the board games. Surely she could join one of those. Or if there were tabletop rpg stuff starting up soon. Alas no that she could see. Though they did have Warhammer, though she never played that.

It was the typical stuff. Risk, Clue, Civilization, Cards Against Humanity. She did pass a table where an enthusiastic gaggle of folk were handing out cards larger than playing cards and scribbling some stuff on a dry erase board and setting up some figurines amidst laughter.

Elena had seen most of the other stuff already, but the people sitting around with oversized cards and a dry erase board. This she hadn't seen before. "Hey, what's this?", she asked them.

"It's a game we're beta testing. DnD meets Civilization meets Warhammer meets Empire," one guy said. He seemed to be the DM or whatever the equivalent was in this game. As the others sorted their cards, he started making scribbles, quickly sketching out a crude map.

"Sounds complicated...um...how does it work?", Elena asked.

"It's pretty much... what an epic level does after he retires," another player said, checking his cards. "A conquer and hold thing." He held up his cards. "Some of these are like feats, some are spells or martial techniques based on archetype. You start controlling one city and spread out. Tokens are different classes of minions with different strengths."

//this is literally a game I came up with a few days ago and still working out.

"Sounds interesting...hmm...if you guys haven't started yet can I join in?", Elena asked.

"Sure I guess. Characters break down based on archetype and have less customization than regular classes, mostly being history fluff. Arcane, Divine, or Martial?"

"Arcane then...well it's more a board game...more accessible than true dnd.", Elena said to him.

He shuffled through the papers. "Let see... learned, as in wizard and such that has more spells to select from, but only the ones picked each turn, or spontaneous that has less but can use any any turn?"

"Um..what...can you speak full sentences...I'm confused right now.", Elena said.

"That was a full sentence," he laughed. "There are two tracks for Arcane magic. The Learned Path or the Inate. Learn are wizards and sages and the like. They get more spell cards, but have to set them one turn in advance. Basically, at the end of your first turn, you select spells you can use on your second. Inates are more like sorcerers and warlocks. They only have a few spell cards, but can cast whichever one they want." He explained a bit more, but before he was finished, the barn shook with the rumble of thunder.

"Sounds cool, I think I'll try the learned path.", Elena said, "Wait what's that sound....thunder perhaps...maybe a storm's coming." She walked up to the window to see if there was a storm.

Perception:

[1d20+6=17](#)

//just move down to the end

[For those listening]----

"Come one Belligerent One, we got us some points to win!" Miles grinned at Denis.

Denis grumbled "Are they serious about "no drinks" part? First they sell drinks there, then they say that you must be as sober as a 17 years old virgin. Awesome." he said "...I guess I don't have a choice yeah?"

"Would you get off that one already. Jeez. You're like an old lady about it," Miles said, thrusting Denis before him in the direction of the doors. "Tell you, we ever end up in a place where 17 isn't underage, I'll buy you a drink."

Denis was a bit grumpy as he was pushed but as Miles mentioned the other part he started moving a bit more on his own and replied "Really? Taking your word on it, even if such places don't exist today."

"Just nod and accept. In the very least it's your first legal drink free," Miles said.

Denis nodded as he was told to and asked "Think we should gather some people for our army?"

"I dunno... smaller group is stealthier... and they do limit team size..." Miles said thoughtfully. "You do archery, right?"

"Yes... They actually allow bows in here?" Denis said "What is the group size? Smaller than our

24 man band that we managed to gather up for dat "orgy monday"?"

//Orgy Monday is term that is used to referr to Dat Monday only by Denis because he's virgin like that 🙄

"I told you not to call it that..." Miles groaned. "But anyway... much. Something like five man teams. We do have to find three different colours. It's more like scouting parties than a war group. And they managed to source foam tipped arrows. Bit cumbersome, but way better than the bags of bird seed they were using before."

"Curious... Just don't aim in the eye with them, eh?" Denis replied "But well, it's better to have five people than two. Even though you are awesome. Except when you are not. Still, need more people."

"The things have heads about five inches across. When I said 'a bit' I mean 'a lot'. Still cooler. And more realistic," Miles said. He's always been the voice for 'tossing bags made achery too easy' in those discussions. "But since you refuse to follow the 'two cats sneaking though the night' idea..."

"Cats would take the credit and spoils while their minions would fall. It's that simple. Do they give out bows there by the way? I think if I'd bring my own it'd kill someone even without sharpened arrowheads" Denis chuckled.

"Yeah, they have a few..." Miles said, looking around. "Hey!" he yelled suddenly, spying someone familiar. "My good buddy MITCH!"

"Yes Miles..." Daniel deadpanned, not even bothering. "What do you want?" *As though it couldn't get any worse...*

"What? Not trying anymore? That's no fun," Miles said, pulling on a sad face.

"Hey Dan." Denis said "Got yourself a pair of boobies, I see. You were sexier when flat, honestly."

"Why bother? People already know." Daniel shrugged and sighed, then looked at him confused. "Ummm... thanks?"

"Notice how unsurprised he is?" Miles said, pointed a thumb at Denis. "You'd think he's be more animated about your cross dressing."

"Exactly. Everyone already knows. Why bother hiding it now?" Daniel shrugged. "Least I told people of my deviantart account."

"Wait you bothered hiding it? Seriously? You know how bassy your voice is? I don't believe anyone would fall for that" Denis said with a grin, hidden under his mask. "Anyway, you want to be our resident sorcorer (or witch, looking at your suit) in our scouting party?"

"Not even gonna humour me for a minute, huh?" Daniel asked. "But sure. Might as well. Just so long as SOMEONE here keeps his snark to himself." He shot a dirty look to Miles, which was invisible under the mask.

"Blasphemy! Snark is a gift you share with all!" Miles said with much ado. "But seriously, you in? We wanna get going before they start. That's a whole 20 points to the grand prize." [grand prize is a share of a donation pool to the highest point getters]

Denis growled "So I don't count as snark? I tried hard, you know." he remarked.

"I did say 'might as well'." Daniel deadpanned.

"Excellent!" Miles said, following the crowd to the building next door to the barn. "Three enough or do you still want to get more?"

"Well we could bring in everyone. More eyes means more chances to find the things." Daniel pointed out.

"We can have only five. I am working poorly in every group bigger than four." Denis replied "Also splitting up is not a good idea, and having more than three pair of eyes at the same time isn't going to be worse than four or five. Unless we have time"

"Who said anything about splitting up?" It's night. It's gonna be hard enough to find other teams as it is, much less looking for each other at the same time," Miles said. "Oh, who's gonna be keeper?"

"Since you're taking charge, you might as well." Daniel shrugged.

"Sure... give the guy half a foot taller than everyone else the job to keep it..." Miles said blandly. "Still... might be better than the two guys in fursuits..."

"Yeah, at least you'd see stuff coming..." Denis said.

"And considering people want to sneak up on me, I really doubt I'd be good at being a keeper."

"If you two get me killed so help me..." Miles muttered.

"Of course. I have a bow! Surprise attacks!" Denis replied

"If you get killed, then I have a feeling the courts are going to get involved and they'll have lots more problems." Daniel pointed out.

"You don't have a bow yet," Miles countered. "Meh. I suppose if I get killed everyone loses. Never let the keeper die. He's like the cleric. Just... without any healing spells... Oh, and no. They aren't using the magic module in this game. Straight skirmish."

"No magic? Okay... Hey, let's hustle then, I want to grab that bow!" Denis said, increasing his speed.

"lovely." Daniel said, looking at his costumed feet. He wasn't sure how fast he could go, and had stumbled a few times as he had moved. "Really hope I can do a scout role..." he muttered.

"Sneak and destroy, then grab the prize," Miles said in a sing song voice.

"Sounds like a plan" Denis said, feeling a bit excited.

"Right behind you," Daniel said smiling.

"Hey, it's my job to be behind guys!" Denis replied.

Since Miles was in the know, he managed to get the trio near the head of the line of people getting their supplies. So it didn't take long to get to one of the guys manning the table. "Hail and salutations, Fredric! I am Lord Milesor of Keith, Keeper of the Blinking Star. These are men." Miles gestures lightly with his left hand. "Den the archer and Lady Mitch of Daniels."  
//THESE ARE MEN! "No I am not!"~Daniel

Daniel rolled his eyes, hidden under the mask, though looked at some of the others, wondering who really had caught on. He still waved to the crowd.

Denis waved his hand as he was mentioned. "Can I have a bow?"

Fredric, who's name was really Fred, grinned. "Hello to you too Miles. And sure. Equipment cost points, just so you know."

"Right... forgot about that," Miles sad, snapping his fingers.

"Everyone starts with 100 points from begining to end. Each kill is one point, winning is 20. The Bow cost ten points. Comes with ten arrows. Swords are 5, greatswords 8, daggers 2, spears 6, sheilds 4..." he listed them off.

"I believe the keeper really might need a shield and a pokey pokey spear." Denis said "Dibbs on bow'n'dagger"

"I'm a very proactive keeper. Short sword and dagger for me. Two of the latter actually," Miles said. "That's... 9 off my points right?"

"6. Short sword is 4. Less reach, and only two weapons," Fred said, gathering things.

Denis poked Daniel with his free hand "Your choice, Midan?"

Seeing that Daniel would have to take on his female voice again, he did so. "Longsword, please." He said. Wolf folk were known for being strong instead of fast like fox folk. Okami, kitsune,

wolf and fox folk. Same thing, different names.

"That's five points off your total," Fred said. "Cards please," Fred said, taking them and marking the detracted value down in the grid on the back.

[lets just say you were all given cards.]

[Inventory:

Miles: Foam Dagger [def+1], short sword [def+2]

Denis: Bow, Arrowx10, dagger [def+1]

Mitch: Longsword [def+3]

Denis took out his card and glanced at the amount of people behind him, wondering if these extra weapons would be enough to equip everyone who wants to do the play.

"So we are armed, where to from here?" Miles questioned.

"When you are, O Fearless Leader." Daniel said, temporarily having his accent take on a very (intentionally) bad female Russian accent. In his mind, it was a homage. He fully expected a punch comming from Denis.

"I was asking Sir Fredric," Miles laughed.

"Don't worry, they've got some carts hitched to vans and will be ferrying people to one of four dispatch points. From there, you work your way back here." He handed Miles one of the bottles. "They should be waiting around back."

[NixP]Denis chuckled at the accent, as a dude doing this one, even with great voice control, would sound like a dude always "What a bass laiddy" he just replied, making word "laddy" sound a bit like "lady" and vice versa. "I guess we should go"

Daniel didn't respond. At least he was trying. and when he played back recordings of himself (thanks to Audacity), he thought he sounded girly enough. Not like a girly girl, but enough to be professional and somewhat close to his original intent for Vivian.

And off to the back they went, were they were a few pick ups with flat beds, probably what they used to carry some of the stuff here in the first place. People were already staking claims to spots to sit for the ride out.

Daniel looked to Miles. "We traveling together?" He asked.

"It is a part of the concept of a 'team', you know," Miles said with a slight quirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"Hey, I've never done this before, I dunno what's going on." Daniel shrugged.

"How do I teamwork" Denis muttered and then checked his bow "O well, I hope arrows won't deviate from my intended targets by more than fifty degrees..."

"aren't you good at archery?" Daniel probed.

"This is a low power bow with foam arrows. I don't think it'd be reliable with such set up past ten meter distance" Denis replied

"Now, now, Denis... this is a larp, not a killing field," Miles admonished. Then he paused thoughtfully. "Okay... I suppose it is a killing field... but not actually killing. Just imposing the title of 'killed' on someone."

"Yep. Still I'd probably blame my bow on my misses. Or myself..." he said.

"Because the darkness would have nothing to do with it," Miles said. He hopped up on the trailer bed and snaked his legs through the rope rails they had rigged up. He did a quick head count of the number of people their "More than thirty... lovely assortment of targets."

"This can't be safe..." Daniel muttered. "Or legal." He siad, but till complied and held on for good measure, just to be sure he didn't fall out.

"If it is illegal, Midan, so is paintball," Denis replied, staring at the people.

"What? Never went on a wagon ride on a farm before?" Miles asked, folding his long legs beneath him. "Or ridden in the back of someone's pick up? Such a sheltered life, Mitch..."

"No. never, because so far as I know it's illegal." Daniel said. "And yep. For the most part, I'm a pretty boring guy."

"In Manitoba, yes. Ontario? No," Miles said. "But you can walk if you want. We'll probably start before you can get there, but if that's the price you want to pay for being unadventurous Mitch, who am I to stop you?"

Daniel muttered something and settled for enuring that he wouldn't go flying if they hit anything.

Denis meanwhile chuckled at both of them and just waited for them to reach the destination.

[moving on though we should see Sylvia, Fen's taking too long]

Their ride, pulled by a large Ram owned by one of the staffs, set off as one of the first to leave, taking its passengers down the somewhat rough dirt road. Not enough to toss people like a certain Mitch was worried about, but enough that conversation wasn't the wisest idea. Not after someone swore when a bump made them bite their tongue.

A few minutes seemed to pass before they pulled into a cleared spot in the field. The grass was high and over grown, as was the harvest that was left to go wild. The driver hopped out.

Daniel hopped off, thankful that nothing bad had happened. He was thankful that he was outside now as well since he could probbaly stand to be in his costume longer now. With the cold air, the



fursuit would be a pretty good set of winter gear. Totally enclosed too so no cold air could bite at his face.

"Used to be a corn field," he said as people started climbing off. "Now, they've gotten too old to tend it, and use it for events like ours. And corn mazes."

"It's purty. I like this place." Denis stated, looking around. He kinda liked abandoned places, there was some... charm... yeah, that's the word. They had some charm.

"I'm going to give you some last minute instructions. You're basically making your way back to the barn. They'll have the beacon light going so you can see which way. When you are dead, play fair and stay down." He was pulling a pile of what looked like chem light sticks. "When you're down, break these. Only people with sticks are counted as fair players. If you don't turn your in, lit or not, you'll be penalized."

"Seems reasonable" Denis said, grabbing a light stick "Huh, now that's why all these shiny furry dongs appear in art..." he muttered, glancing at it.

The man hading them out pretended he wasn't close enough to overhear that. Miles, who was also close enough, gave Denis a dope slap.

//Can I have a reflex roll to dodge? XD

//Probably vs Ac

[1d20+1=15](#)

//Meh, hits.

"Ow." Denis said "What was that for?"

Sylvia heard it as well since she wanted to be close enough to hear all the instructions due to this being her first time, so she decides to answer for the guy who hit him upside the head, "For saying something perverted in public of course!" Sylvia replied as she cheerfully grabs a glowstick and pockets it, "Sooo, who needs an extra teammate? Promise I wont bite ya!" Sylvia happily asked as she accidentally shown off a just a bit too much of her vivid yellow glow in the dark contacts and fake fangs.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4306434/> Perception, close range hearing: 14

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4306435/> Diplomacy: 9

//DC would have been 15 for a whispered thing, and Sylvia was to be with another group, but you know what? It doesn't matter...

Three's already a crowd, was what ran through Miles' mind, but decided not to say anything mroe out loud and settled for retreating with his glow stick.

Daniel looked back and forth, then followed Miles, keeping a death grip on his glowstick. He tried keeping his eyes and ears open, but his costume was really good at softening the sounds and blocking his vision.

Perception: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4306946/> 6

Denis glanced at Sylvia. "You guys really are sensitive about such stuff, huh." he muttered "Whatever. That'll bring us up to four... Miles' idea of super sneaky operation won't work."

Sylvia giggled a little and held onto her weapons, "Na, I wasn't really sure what you said, I just went with what Miles did." [insert Denis' comment here] Sylvia smiled at that, "Hey, this might be my first time, but I can pull that off! ...Usually."

"Ixnay on the Eaky-snay 'round the eople-pay," Miles hissed at Denis.

The sky, which had been slowly getting overcast as clouds rolled in (they promised a dry night anyway) suddenly lit up as a small ball of fire rocketed into the sky and exploded in yellow sparks. The site manager for there start point had them scatter the moment the first yellow fire work was set off. "Go! Go! Go! You have two minutes to scramble before the second shot signals the start of combat! Have fun!"

Daniel saw that and looked to Miles, not sure what he was supposed to do. He wasn't good under pressure but he just settled for staying close until he knew what Miles was doing.

First round

Heroes Search Stealth Perception

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

Kitonabus rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10

Kitonabus rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 13

Others Search Stealth Perception

Kitonabus rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 18

Kitonabus rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 4

Kitonabus rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 7

Despite the represented species of tibbit and cat and wolf and bat being good at stealth, the people dressed up at them didn't and lumbered about like a drunk elephant and looked around just at clearly. At least they were paying somewhat more attention. At least the first team that spotted them were just as elephantine and drunk and make a total hash of sneakign and got spotted.

"Crap! Weapons my guard! To Arms!" Miles yelled.

Denis grabbed the bow and quickly placed an arrow on the string, preparing to fire. "Shouldn't have yelled, Miles" Denis muttered.

Daniel drew the longword and kept his head on a swivel to find where the attackers were. "Well they know where we are now." Daniel muttered, the words being swallowed by his suit.

Perception: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4309377/> 5...

Sylvia was trying to play it stealthy at first, but after a few moments of watching her team sneak around about as well as a big drunk elefant, she decided to just walk along with weapons in

hand. When Miles yelled out their enemies and thus alerted pretty much everyone nearby, she quickly got into a combat stance, "That they do Danny. Hope you guys can fight better then you can sneak around!" Granted, while Sylvia has some Martial Arts going for her, the transition from that to a sword is bound to be different.

Perception: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4310059/> 21

Init's please.

Miles [23], NPC 1,2,3,4 [19,18,16x2], Sylvia [14], Den [13], NPCK [8], Daniel [4]

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4310222/>]Miles' Initiative: 23[url

Guard, Guard, Guard, Guard: 19, 18, 16, 16

[Denis Initiative: 13](#)

[Sylvia's Initiative: 14](#)

Keeper: 8 [Guard=16, Guard=16, Guard=18, Guard=19, Keeper=8](#)

Daniel: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4310402/> 4

//I am regretting not going with a shortsword and shield already XD

//you poor child.

Miles was a very proactive keeper and charged in, swinging his sword at the closer on with a yell of passion. "Charge Men! For the Tibbit empire of Keith!"

[Attack \(1d20+1=8\)](#)

The one Miles attacked was caught off guard and fumbled his own counter strike as off balance as he was with avoiding the short sword.

[Attack \(1d20=7\)](#)

The other three charged at the rest of the guards.

[Attack \(1d20=11, 1d20=3, 1d20=17\)](#)

[Roll a D20 Yellow]

"Yeah, an empire that enslaves the mighty Okami!" Daniel retorted with his female voice, managing to repel one attack, but got hit by the other two.

Presuming flat roll, <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4311533/> 10

[Sylvia]

"I got ya!" Sylvia yelled and jumped at the closest guard that attacked Daniel with her longsword, only to somehow miss. It was either the darkness (which she was pretty sure her eyes adjusted to already), or simply not being used to the weapon's reach.

Move action: toward nearest enemy threatening Daniel

[Sylvia, longsword attack: 13](#) Miss

"Oh snap," Denis yelled and fired an arrow stepping back if anyone was close. He aimed for the nearest foe, just so he won't get too damn close.

Move action: 5ft step.

[Denis Attack: 21](#)

[1d20=1](#) He swore at the arrow hit him solidly. "Damn! And I just started..." sulking, he dropped to the ground, playing dead.

//lol

//I'm basically tossing in MM rules to determine if it was a clean hit (read dead)

The keeper held back, and after seeing Den take out one of his guards, tossed a dagger at him.

[1d20+1=15](#)

[Denis Mystery \(Dodge\) roll: 16](#)

//What distance he is at? They get range increment penalty after... 10 ft, no? And they are cardboard and shiz. Not that if it matters with Den's roll XD

[Dan/Mitch]

Daniel, knowing he seemed to be drawing a fair bit of fire, decided to strike at one of the guards that was already weakened. He slashed with the mock longsword, but due to the awkwardness of his fursuit, he was almost certain to not hit.

attack: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4314464/> 8

//Wait, weakened? Isn't all the damage here OHKO?

//It's yellow. Just smile and nod.

//Lol

//You should have totally had that dude say "What the hell, I am down already!"

Miles darted in with his sword, making a rather flamboyant and flashy swing that had about as likely a chance to hit as... well... a metaphor about a fly and stealing a grape might be apt, but the scale is a bit... either way, he missed.

[Attack \(1d20+1=3\)](#)

The guards, on the other hand, decided that they didn't have to waste time on the Retainers of Keith with the Keeper himself was right there. Thank the all spark their swings were only somewhat better than Miles', meaning they still missed. Though... one did swish awefully close.

[Attack \(1d20=6, 1d20=12, 1d20=7\)](#)

"Jobs people! JOBS!" Miles yelled.

[Den]

Denis growled, and knew that he could take simple potshots at the people that attacked their keeper, but at the same time he knew he could take a hard, but so rewarding shot to get rid of 4 people at once. And he wanted a revenge for that thrown dagger. So he aimed and fired at the enemy keeper...

[Denis Attack: 21 \(crit?\)](#)

Keeper Down

[Sylvia]

Sylvia was somewhat confused what Miles said, but soon remembered that they were considered 'guards'... whoops, "Ack, cut me some slack, I'm new to this!" She quickly switches her dagger to

her main hand and the longsword to her offhand and charges at one of the offending enemies, figuring that if the reach of the longsword felt a bit awkward, then the short reach of a dagger should be more at home to her Martial Arts classes. Just more stabby then punchy. Of course newbie nerves started to kick in and she was focusing more on protecting herself instead of the VIP, although dagger found the back of its target all the same.

[http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/vi...AC this round.](http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/vi...AC+this+round.)

[Keeper]

The keeper swore more vehemently than his guard and obligingly bent his stick to set it glowing.

[Victory music here]

[Damitch]

Daniel whooted in joy, his voice dropping back down to his normal tone, before catching himself, pretending to cover it up with a coughing fit. He looked to the others, then the keeper. "Better luck next time, huh?"

The keeper scowled at them, but tossed his bottle over at Daniel anyway. "Probably shouldn't have tried for such an early kill..."

"Woot! Spoils of war!" Miles said. "And, if you don't mind, me and mine will be making our leave, before you guys have a chance to recover from the death of two of your comrades and try for retaliation. Oh, by the way," Miles snagged the dagger and longsword that the two dead guys had. He tossed the shield at Damitch. "The dead have no need for weaponry."

One of the guards laughed, but the keeper and the other fallen one looked less than pleased, thinking about the points lost in battlefield claims.

Denis chuckled quietly and picked up the pair of arrows he fired, placing them back in quiver and then took the dagger that was thrown at him from the ground. "Let's roll. Maybe the others'd figure out that we are a better target now." Denis suggested, looking around.

"Yeah, yeah," Miles said, snagging the bottle from Damitch. "Let's see," he said as he peeked inside. A small red LED winked at him. "Epic. We are golden! Well... bronze. Silver actually. Yep, silver."

Current: Green, Red. Missing: Blue.

The sky above them continued to cloud over, blocking out the stars and a chill started to ride the winds that drifted across the farmland, if somewhat stronger than earlier in the day. Miles looked up and grinned. "Cover of darkness. Nice. Hey! Group name for us: oncoming storm."

"Shouldn't that be 'Oncoming Storm'?" Daniel asked, still glad that he was wearing the fursuit. The cold air wasn't hindering him too much. In fact, he was getting more than a little uncomfortable again. With the shield in hand, he felt his chances of getting through this improve. At least he wouldn't get one shotted... hopefully.

"Either or. Onward!"

Denis shrugged and went onwards, looking around.

The game went on, and it took them a while to find the next group, and this time they managed to sneak up on them, a combination of three people sneaking up from one side and Den's arrows from behind took out the Keeper before the battle really started. It was another red, unfortunately, so it wasn't enough for them. Still, two kills. Unfortunately, the winds had kicked up to something fierce and the clouds were heavy. The first flash of lightning was sudden and unexpected. And the rumble of thunder was immediate, and seemed to rattle the trees. It didn't take long for the flare of emergency end to go off.

At this point Sylvia had a semi-decent style going on with using the longsword to block and the dagger to make actual attacks. It might seem a bit flipped to some people but it works for her. She was honestly enjoying herself until it started to rain and a gust of wind sent a chill through her. She looks up at the sky with a very confused look on her face; the weather app said it wasn't going to be like this, "...Why?"

"What the..." Miles said as the first heavy drops of rain started falling from the heavens. "Looks like it's time to call it quits," he said, pointing at the fading remnants of the fireworks in the sky. "Weatherman lied again."

"Damn." Daniel said, thankful they were alone so he didn't have to keep using the female voice. "And we were doing so well too."

Miles, meanwhile, meditated on the mind muddling matter about the measures of rain falling on them. "Okay... that's weird..." He held out a hand and let the heavy drops splash on it.

Daniel didn't feel the droplets as the rain was just starting. Instead, he only noticed when he saw the effects on the others and heard a few drops hitting his suit. "Awww crapola... This is gonna suck... This thing's going to be a pain in the ass to dry..." He grumbled and picked up his pace, wanting to stay with his group, but to get inside quickly. "What's weird though?"

//he didn't hear it hitting the suit?

//that too I suppose.

//Now have to wait for Nix... or you could comment about Miles' comment ^^

//okay lol.

"Huh, weather is a fickle thing..." Denis said and looked around and grumbled as one of the droplets hit him yet again.

//roll notice.

"It's... warm," Miles said, confused.

"Rain can be i guess... I mean if we were in the tropics. I'll take your word for it though." Daniel said, not wanting to get wet inside as well as outside. "Can't say that's good for me though considering it's like an oven in here already..."

"It... Is... Surprisingly warm, indeed..." Denis said "Curious anomaly..."

Sylvia, the cheerful one of the group, was actually kinda quiet as she looks up at the stormy sky, "Huh. Anyone else think there's something wrong with this picture? I don't think rain is supposed to be warm here..."

"And they call me paranoid," Denis replied to Sylvia with a smirk

Sylvia kept looking at the sky for a small moment longer before looking at Denis, "What? You dont see it? Sudden unkown thunder storm, crazy wind, warm rain? Something crazy mondo insane is about to happen!" She wore a 'we're all doomed!' face for a good second before bursting out laughing, "I'm just kidding! But you have to admit the warm rain is strange at this time of the year."

"Warm rain in october is weird. Very, even," Miles said

"But not unheard of." Daniel said, getting very warm inside his suit. "Geah, dammit..." He grumbled and removed the suit head, reflexivly wiping the sweat off his brow with a gloved hand, getting his forehead even more wet since the paws were getting wet too. "Phew... Next time Miles, if I ever suggest something like this for a costume again, I want you to hit me. Hard." fort check to see how hot it is in there: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4319552/> 12

Miles' punched Daniel.

"Ow! What was that for?" Daniel said.

"I've seen weirder shit, Syl, like snowfall midsummer outa blue, so I still think you are overreacting. Cmon, hurry up, we need to get to cover!" Denis replied

Sylvia gives Denis a look before moving at the same pace as the rest of the group to where ever we're going for cover from the rain, "Hey I was just having fun when I said that. And Miles agrees with the warm rain thing! If I'm overreacting then so is he."

"No need to get defensive," Denis replied "Sheesh"

"You asked for it," Miles said. "Warm rain is weird."

"I said if i ever have an idea like this AGAIN." Daniel said, rubbing his shoulder. "You got one hell of a punch though."

By the time they made their way back to the barn, they were ordering people back to their tents to take shelter from the storm.

Daniel took cover inside his own tent. Rain pounded on the top of it by now and Daniel sighed. His fursuit was soaked and he could feel the rain going through it and onto him. Grumbling, he

set the head aside and began to take off the fursuit and laid it out on the floor of the tent where it could hopefully dry. His socks went to the side as well. Making sure no one was going to sneak up on him, he switched clothes too, setting the wet clothes aside, again to dry as well.