

All Work.
No Play.

Players:

K'tana- Dungeon Master

Revs- Halfling, Rogue

Marick - Half Elf, Female Paladin

Timeros- Sun Elf, Androgynous Sorcerer

Kord- Wood Elf, Druid

Skar- Tim's crow familiar

"Are you sure she's seated us correctly?"

"Knowing K'tana..." Marick sighed as he sat down, shrugging slightly at Kordath as the Ryn flipped over the sheet in front of him.

"I don't see the issue," Revs said with a slight smirk. Marick's facepalm must have been mental as he turned his flat gaze upon his apprentice, before turning back to the odd sheet of paper in his hands.

"We all have far more important duties to attend to. The Gatewarden should not be wasting our time with games."

Marick turned his too-blue eyes to the other Elder, who sat quietly in the corner with an unamused look on his gaunt face. His former Master did not flip over the sheet and merely scowled at the blank side.

"Don't you wanna see what she made you?" Skar was clearly entertained as he voiced his curiosity.

Almost as if on queue the door burst open and K'tana came waltzing in with a large grin plastered to her face.

"Greetings minions!" She laughed, sticking her tongue out at Marick as she took her seat at the head of the table. "So sorry to make ya'll wait, but I needed to attend to one last thing before play-time could start."

“Apprentice...” Timeros started, but cut himself off as K’tana’s smiled disappeared from her face and she locked him with a hard, dangerous glare. He cleared his throat and gave her a curt nod as he started again.

“K’tana, we all have important matters to attend today.”

“No ya’don’t. I talked to the Shadow Lady.” With a self-satisfied smirk and a raised eyebrow the Twi’lek tapped the desk. “Today, your only duty is to humor me with a quick game of Dungeons and Krayt Dragons.”

Marick nodded at Timeros as he pressed his fingers to the bridge of his nose.

“I wouldn’t be here if Atyriu hadn’t requested me to be here.”

“I do not...”

“Ka’re...You didn’t look at your character sheet!” The Gatewarden said with a pout.

“Hey, K’ta-”

“No, Revs. Shh.” K’tana held a hand up at the Miraluka, keeping her emerald eyes on her Master until he moved to lift the page from the table.

The Human lifted the page delicately by the corner with two fingers. As he picked it up off the desk, both Skar and Timeros erected instinctual barriers as the trap went off. A loud snap echoed through the room and a downpour of glitter coated the broody bunch.

Every eye turned to glare at the violet woman who giggled, smiling like child with a new toy.

Marick nearly visibly twitched when he realized the colored material had coated him unevenly and with no discernible pattern. Timeros, who was least compulsive of the two broody males, did not seem to care and let his barrier fall. A sudden snap of the Twi’lek’s fingers caused another rain of glitter, which poured down directly on top of the Entar. His cold eyes locked on her, sending a visible shiver across her skin.

“Did she just...?” Revs said, his senses not able to perceive the colorful specks of shiny plastic that were fluttering over his clothing, but able to feel them touch his skin.

Skar growled and clenched his jaw. “Yeah...She did it again...”

Kordath stared at K’tana in amusement before taking a swig from the flask at his side. He picked up a few pieces of glitter and flicked them at Marick.

“Excellent! Now that you’re all properly attired for this afternoon of fun, has everyone looked at their characters?”

Revs opened his mouth to speak, but K’tana jumped from her seat, rapidly crawling across the table on her hands and knees to grab his hand and placing it on the page. She moved his fingers over the lifted letters on the page and smiled as a grin of realization swept over his lips.

“No excuses this time, Revells,” she purred before gracefully slipping back into her seat.

“I think you gave us the wrong sheets.” Skar growled, scowling at the page and clicking his long claws against the table.

When silence filled the room, the Kaleesh looked over to the Gatewarden and swallowed as he saw blue light dancing across her fingers. He unconsciously placed his clawed hand against his chest and nodded.

“Crow it is,” Skar muttered as he looked back to his page.

“K’tana,” Timeros’ level voice pierced the air as he tapped a finger on his page, “this says ‘sexless’. I believe the word you meant was asexual.”

Without a smile or a giggle, K’tana emptied a bag of dice onto the table. She then looked at Timeros, her face was blank and devoid of humor.

“No.” she shook her head slowly, “I didn’t.”

Without letting tension build, the Twi’lek proceeded to hand out color coded die to each member. Revs got white, Timeros red, Skar green and she gave Kordath purple dice and a smile.

“Mar, you get the leftovers.” The Twi’lek smiled softly as she came around the table towards the Adept and handed him five mismatched die. A red, a yellow, a blue, a teal and an orange. They were different sizes, different shapes and different colors. Although the others did not see it, Marick could not hide his abject revulsion from the Twi’lek’s studious gaze. A slight twitch from his lip, the way his eyes flicked from the dice to her throat and back to the dice. Most of all the way he forced his breaths to be level and under his control with only the slightest hint of a clenched jaw.

She leaned over his shoulder watching for the slightest tension and whispered in his ear: “You’re welcome.”

The Gatewarden moved back to her seat and waved her hand in a dramatic flourish.

“Welcome, Heros of the Forgotten Realms! I will be your Dungeon Master for the day! Please, take a moment to look over your-” she paused, staring at Kordath with distress.

“What the *kark* are you- GET THOSE OUT OF YOUR MOUTH!”

The Ryn suddenly spit the dice back onto the table and looked at K'tana with shock.

“I thought they were snacks!”

“No and...Marick, what are you doing?”

Marick froze, his hand stopping mid-air and hovering over Kordath's dice, as he turned his cobalt gaze to Timeros. The Entar, in turn, folded his hands on the table and looked at them intently.

“Ow! Frak off, lizard-breath!” Revs suddenly shouted as Skar pelted him with a twenty-sided die.

“I hit Revs with Burning Hands!” Skar yelled back.

“You can't do that, you're a bird!”

“Actually,” Timeros piped up out of nowhere, “he can. As a high level familiar he can deliver touch spells for his master, if his master casts it for him. Which I do.”

The entire group became mute as they turned to face the Elder. Everyone had been shocked into silence and as their stares closed in on the Entar, K'tana's grin grew. She smiled until her cheeks burned, and before she knew it she was leaping onto the table and bounding at Timeros. Her arms clutched at the back of the chair and she braced herself with the thick platforms at the heel of her boots. The dexterous Adept was no longer seated by the time she reached him. He stood, instead, in the corner of the room refusing eye contact with anyone.

“I must get back to the Fading Light...I have matters to attend to.”

“What?” K'tana smirked, “did a new edition come out?”

The Arconae's face soured and, for a moment, there was a hint of red at his cheeks.

“Aww, he's blush-” Skar's words were suddenly stuck in his throat, caught on an overwhelming tide of fear.

“*It was the light,*” Timeros growled. A series of hurried affirmations resounded about the room, followed by silence. Eventually, K'tana scraped her throat as she stood up and moved towards her side of the table.

“Kay! So, at least stay for the plot explanation. Besides,” she said, giving the Human a level glare, “you clearly have an interest in it. I worked hard on this, at least lemmy show you what I've got. It even has all kinds of abstract maths and calculations!”

He made no motion of acknowledging her words, instead looking at the exit to which she now blocked. Everyone in the room knew that if the Elder were to deem it necessary, his apprentice would quickly find herself seated and out of his path. However, he instead gave K'tana a curt - if slightly awkward - nod and moved back to his chair. This immediately caused the Twi'lek to giggle and squeal like a child.

"Mmmkay, so! You guys are a group of heroes who have been hired by the local Kingdom to save the unicorns in the Everwild forest!"

"Everwild? Really?" Kordath snorted, taking another large drink of his flask.

"Said the rat that eats plastic! Shuttup!" K'tana snapped before continuing. "You're going there to kill the Night Hags that have been murdering the poor beasts, thus saving the forest and the Kingdom!"

"How do Night Hags kill unicorns?"

"They eat them, Revs. Marick, think of them like those puppies you gave everyone that time when we did stuff. Ya'know, like tha-" K'tana cut herself off, her eyes growing large as Marick actually glared daggers at her, "Yeeeah. Um, regardless! You wanna save them like their puppies!"

"Can we-"

"No! Goddess, damn you Skar! You cannot!. ROLL FOR INITIATIVE!"

"K'tana, you cannot...-"

The Savant snapped. A dagger suddenly whipped past Timeros' head just far enough away for him to turn and watch it as it flew by. When his cold eyes came to meet K'tana's, he was met with a burning emerald glare and an ice cool voice.

"I am the DM. The Dungeon Master. God. I CAN. I WILL AND ALL OF YOU WILL ROLL INITIATIVE!" Her voice rose in pitch from calm and level to angry and shrill.

The Twi'lek heaved for breath, trying to regain her composure as she watched each person pick up their dice. She swore she saw Marick smirk behind his hair as he looked over at Timeros, but she would not let him get the satisfaction of ruining her game.

Revs suddenly threw all of his dice on the table, causing Kordath - who had been noticeably shaken by the outburst - to jump in his seat. Several of the dice rolled off the other side of the table to be quickly snatched up by Marick, who casually rolled all of his own dice over to Revs.

K'tana simply looked on as Revs leaned over the table to touch the surfaces of the closest dice, moving several in the process.

Mine is..." he paused, flipping another die as he tried to make out its etched surface, "eighty-two. So, I win. Right?"

"You can not win with an initiative roll."

Suddenly, all the beings in the room shifted in K'tana's sight. She looked upon each member as the character she created for them and suddenly began to giggle to herself while they bantered amongst themselves.

Kordath's fur dissolved into deeply tanned skin, his pointed ears sliding down his - now feminine - face becoming gracefully elfin. Timeros hardly changed other than his, slightly, more angular features. Marick became a sight she would have killed for him to see. His once long raven locks were cropped just short enough to show off his strong, but womanly face. Revs simply shrunk to less than half his size and Skar shrank further still. Black feathers replaced his scales and a white beak took the place of his mask.

"DODGE!" Halfling Revs squealed as he flung a pebble at the Skar-Crow with his slingshot.

The rock stunned the poor bird and it squawked in rage.

"You need to roll an attack before you can actually hit anything." Elven Timeros said with a prudish and decidedly feminine voice as Marick crept around him and snagged two of his dice.

"I say we EAT the unicorns." A now drunken Wood Elf Kordath said with a slur, brandishing a staff at Revs for attacking the familiar.

K'tana snapped back to reality and growled at the Ryn.

"You can't eat the unicorns. Why would you want to?! You're a Druid, you love nature!"

"But you said the Night Hags were feasting on their flesh! Obviously it must be delicious!"

"They also eat children... and humans!"

"See?" Skar rumbled. "They have good taste."

People turned their heads at the Kaleesh, the Humanoids at the table sharing uncomfortable glances. K'tana sighed and looked around the table.

Marick was trying to hide his last mismatched die in one of Kordath's many pockets, Revs was looking for another die to throw, Skar was now brooding and Timeros just looked at her blankly.

“Guys, seriously. You get treasure if you kill them. Hell, I’ll ask Atty to get you all new lightsabers if you do.”

“She can’t-”

“Shuttup, Marick!”

“...but I really want to eat a-”

“OH FOR KARK SAKE!” K’tana yelled, grasping the bottom of her table and flipping it over as she stood up. “UNICORNS FALL! YOU ALL GET IMPALED! EVERYONE DIES!”

With that, the Twi’lek stormed out of the room muttering angrily to herself about not getting to have nice things as she slammed the door behind her.

“I cast immunity to piercing weapons earlier. I’m not dead.” Timeros remarked, causing all eyes to fall upon him once more.

“You’re kind of an ass.” Revs smirked, shaking his head and once again laying his hand on the page in front of him.

“So’ya think she’s comin’back?” Kordath asked, causing Skar and Revs to burst out laughing and even Marick turned his head to hide a small, self-satisfied smile.

The End.