

## Twitter Story #2 - A Gruesome Picnic

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*Content Warning: Silly*

Prompt from @fluffyshadowfox:

"Sasha and Sixen have a picnic \*nod.\*"

Sasha and Lumnar both were horrified. Never before had they seen such terrifying indulgence, a shameless beast gorging itself upon an unexpected mass of offerings, each one oblivious to the doom they were set before.

It was almost enough to stop the tigress from taking bites at her own sandwich. Her eidolon didn't even try to eat. They hadn't expected to be witness to a massacre, their charge not even chewing most of what was in front of them before cramming it into an ever bloated gut.

**HUOORHP!**

The kobold merchant grinned after their burp. "Good food! Sixen not have picnic before. Can eat more?"

Sasha nodded, dumbfoundedly gesturing to the nearby basket upon the blanket. The oasis at least made for a calming contrast to this scene.

"This may have been the most dangerous mission we've ever taken," the summon remarked, voice lacking much of the sarcasm it often had as he observed the pinkish-red draconic girl huck an entire turkey leg down her gullet.

"Are all kobolds like this?" the tigress thought as she chewed what was certainly the only food she'd be allowed.

"I hope not," Lumnar thought back to Sasha, "or else we have far more to fear from our kobold neighbors across the sea."

The rock merchant wasn't bothered by the stares as she upturned the basket over her yawning maw and consumed the remaining food. "Ahh...Sasha food good! Glad for vacation from city, yes yes," Sixen cheered happily. The bright, innocent eyes turned towards them. "...is more food?"

Sasha and Lumnar turned to each other. "...can...do we tell her?" she thought to her summon.

"We're doomed," despaired the eidolon.