

Dungeons Derailed

By: RaddaRaem

“The rules can’t be that hard to pick up,” the hyena gal scoffed. Letting the battered box slip between her furry fingers, it smacked loudly against the wooden table. The worn paper lid no longer fit quite as snugly as it used to, batches of duct tape holding it together at the corners. Lifting it up, the sides of the box wobbled uneasily. It could barely retain its shape anymore.

“We’ll be lucky if a rule book is even included in there.” Wincing at the layer of grime streaking against his fingertips, the sheep fished out a musty game board and spread it out upon the table. “Bahhhh, like I thought.” Directly beneath the game board, resting against the bottom of the box, were scraps of torn and faded yellow paper. Scattered amongst them were colorful lumps of plastic. Some approximated the look of a figurine of sorts better than others. “Fantastic, so we’ve got all of a whopping... two characters to pick from? I really shouldn’t be this disappointed considering what I paid for this.”

Doing all that he could to squeeze out his paycheck from one week to the next, the sheep had taken up walking the mile or two to work lately. On his way home the afternoon prior a graying vixen was hawking her crap at a yard sale at the mouth of the neighborhood. He grumpily recalled how loudly he bleated when she... ‘appeared’ before him, practically screaming at him to take a look at the ratty old board game sitting on the sidewalk. She rambled on about the terrible risks and rewards involved with playing it or something. “Not really my thing,” he recalled thinking before he shrugged and walked away. Next thing he knew she was digging those gnarled god damned fingers of her into his pockets and fishing out what few cents in spare change he had before shoving the game into his hands. “...It honestly might be worth my time returning this damn thing. I think she took a quarter, that’s good laundry money right there,” he grumped.

“Quit your complaining, you’re the one that wanted to hang out. And without spending any money, mind you.”

“I’m on a budget!” Allen feebly bleated. Sighing loudly as Jessica pat him atop his wooly head, he relegated himself to the current situation. “H-hey!” Nearly too flustered to speak, the sheep went mum when the hyena leaned down, poked her nose against the base of his neck and nuzzled his floof. “Stop that!”

“I can’t help it that you’re pillowy soft and cute as can be,” Jessica teased with a boop of her wet nose. Already standing a good head and shoulders above him, the hyena was no stranger to abusing her size. He always kind of sort of hated it okay maybe liked it a teensy bit when she flumped on him and quite literally used him as a pillow.

Rolling his eyes in an attempt to divert her attention from his cheeks burning hot, he set about getting to business. “Okay, so now that we have the flirting and the pessimism out of the way, who do you want to play as? We’ve got a uh... mage... cleric looking guy and a... oh. Well okay you’re just going to take the big and beefy warrior looking figure before I even get ask for your opinion. Awesome. Guess I’m a cleric then.”

“Nothing gets done faster than when I make the decisions for you,” Jessica smirked. “So... seeing as how we have no rules, want to just treat this like one of weekly Dungeons and Dragons games except with a healthy dose of improv and making things up as we go?”

“Might as well.” Flipping the box upside down, Allen shook out the remains of what was likely to have been the rule set.

“In that case... I think I’ll be a gnoll.” Squeezing her green figurine between her fingers, her imagination filled in the gaps where some probably Chinese manufacturer that had fresh run out of fucks to give had left off. Bulging with muscle, her barbarian was a force to be feared and respected. Looming tall at eight feet in height and adorned in a patchwork of armor, it just barely managed to stand up to and survive the rounds of abuse she put it through. Her ragged fur hid layer after layer of muscle beneath it. Plates of armor rusted various hues of browns and greens barely stretched down past her breasts. Her mountainous and impenetrable abdominals had rendered full armor unnecessary and would have just slowed her down more than anything else at this point. Clinging tight to her thunderous thighs and waist and contouring to the muscular landscape was a pair of shorts, patched together from the pelts of the most ferocious and monstrous beasts the land had ever seen, every single one of them felled by her hand.

Rolling around his orange little cleric in the palm of his hand, Allen’s imagination dreamed up a much less impressive mental picture. A scrawny but studious human, the cleric was average for his species, just an inch or two shy of six feet and pretty decent at the magical arts. Not exactly a shining example of bravery and leadership, the cleric wasn’t terribly eager to throw himself into the throes of battle. Instead, he educated himself in the healing arts and all manner of supportive spells and buffs in earnest, learning what he could to support those around him. It was more of an excuse to shun the typical duties of his class and cower behind others while they took the hard knocks for him. “Okay so what’s the campaign setting? I was thinking-”

“A big bad lord of darkness from a kingdom of evil is sicking his minions out upon the land, and it’s up to us to stop him!” Shooting him a toothy grin, the hyena smiled down at the sheep warmly.

Arching a brow, Allen scratched at his cheek. “That seems kind of bland and overdone. Don’t you want to dig into our characters backstory or go world building a bit as we go on quests here and there or-”

“Nope, there’s a big bad and we have to stop him. Come on, it’s just about impossible to screw something as simple as that up. Be honest, it’s not like we have much to work with here.” Gesturing towards the barren board, he had to admit she had a point. Faded and blemished inscriptions and drawings dotted the playing area. While it was disheartening to think of how fantastic and vibrant it must have once been, it didn’t really do much for them here and now. It was basically just a large square composed of four smaller squares that folded into each other. Each one was brown or a faded brown with lots of swirling lines traced into it.

“Alright fine, so there’s some big bad with a generic name and for whatever convenient reason we’re the ones destined to stop him. As for starting off... how about-”

“You stop wasting your breath and let me handle this as usual. Every single damn time we play you’re always so caught up in the details or crippled by indecisiveness that I have to butt in and decide everything for you. Don’t worry that poofy little head of yours, I’ve got this taken care of.”

“Hey hey hey you can’t be the Dungeon Master and a player!” He bahhhed out in annoyance.

Scooching her chair around the table, Jessica sidled up right next to him and glowered down at the sheep.

“Well you’re not supposed to...”

“Ahem, as I was saying. Let’s just cut straight to business shall we?” Slamming her figurine down on the board, the faded inscriptions dully glowed. Neither fur noticed, both of them too busy eyeing each other warily. Mumbling grumpily, Allen set his playing piece besides hers, eliciting another dull glow from the board that went unnoticed. As if trying to catch their attention, the dormant tracings sprung to life with renewed vibrancy and color. While seemingly unrelated to the plot, the weather outside was incredibly cloudy and overcast. For the sake of convenience that I assure you was not completely shoehorned in the story, the clouds parted. Anyway, the sun shined through the window, basking the board in a golden glow and completely masking the definitely not latent magic hidden within it. The board’s colorful display fizzled abruptly, almost as if in frustration at the lack of oohing, ahhing, and audible gasps.

Clearing her throat, Jessica locked gazes with Allen and began weaving their tale.

Located at the heart of a bustling town, one that the residents could never be bothered to settle upon naming, was a tavern. If there’s any secret to be told or sold, it’ll be here. Which would be a nice thing to mention if that was the way the plot was going but it’s not. Just a nice little tidbit to know in all honesty.

Rolling his eyes, the sheep elicited a nudge from the hyena.

Tucked away in a booth at the back of the bar, far out of earshot of the various heroes and assassins wheeling and dealing in knowledge, sat a cleric. Shirking off another day of studying, the human's eyes had grown bloodshot and tired from the successive days and nights of reading scrolls by candlelight. Sighing happily, he brought a chilled mug up to his lips and tilted his head back. The creamy foam trickled down his throat before what felt like a gush of needles raced after it. Blech, this hadn't aged well at all. Sticking out his tongue and pushing his mug to the opposite end of the table, the cleric was content to sit around and do nothing all day since getting drunk was turning out to be far too demanding an endeavor. The entrance's double doors spontaneously bursting off their hinges and flying through the air snuffed those ideas right out an instant later.

Standing tall and basking in the gaping hole that now marked the tavern's new entrance, stood the biggest and bulkiest gnoll that had to have ever lived. With a scrunch of her toes the floorboards beneath her cracked and groaned. "Who here thinks they're tough enough, brave enough, stupid enough to take on the incorrigible, the unspeakable, the unknowable evil that is... the dark lord Charles?!" Grinning maniacally she surveyed the reactions of the denizens of the tavern.

"The dark lord Charles? Really?"

Swiveling her eyes towards the sheep, she narrowed her gaze in annoyance. "You're the one who said he had a generic name."

"Ughhhhhh."

"Just shoosh! I'm on a roll here."

At the sound of his name nearly every patron in the bar cowered in fear. Those two syllables were something no sane man ever spoke aloud! I mean those two syllables aren't in and of themselves bad it's just that when you place the one after the other and... y-y-you know what I'm getting at! "It shall be a journey fraught with peril and danger at every step. An unnecessary amount even! Death will almost certainly be assured. Come now, is no one up to the challenge? Is no one willing to rise to the occasion?"

Sighing loudly, Jessica ground her teeth together as the sheep interjected yet again. “What did this dark lord Charles even do? Did he poke holes in some orphans or BAHHHHHHHH.”

“Shush!” Bopping the sheep on the muzzle, Jessica continued on.

“Count me out,” the cleric answered. There was no way in hell he’d be able to enjoy doing nothing with her yammering on like that. Sliding out of his booth seat he treaded towards the draft new front door, carefully sliding by the gnoll’s hulking form.

“You’re perfect for the job!” Wrapping a thick beefy hand around one of his arms, she hoisted him up into the air and draped him over her back.

“What are you doing?!” The cleric stammered out, his eyes growing wide at her heavy footfalls. Lumbering out of the tavern, the gnoll slowly made her way out of town with her captive err... new teammate.

“Why you’ve been gifted with a sense of self-preservation! That’s good, that’s exactly what I need. A cleric I take it? Even better! With you around you’ll be so focused on keeping yourself alive that you’ll frantically keep me alive so that I can keep you alive!”

“Orrrrrrrrrr I could just not tag along and save myself the trouble.” Squirming in her grasp, the human wheezed when she curled her tree trunk like arm around him, mashing him against her biceps.

“Which is why I’m kidnapping you.”

“What.”

And thus our heroes adventure begins! Ignoring the hour or so where the cleric screamed at anyone who was close enough to hear him, the human moaned and groaned on and on, questioning why in the hell nobody would help him. Or at the very least why no one would put in an effort to make it look like they were.

“For fuck sakes I am being kidnapped! This is not some ruse or incredibly lopsided relationship, people! I AM BEING FREAKING KIDNAPPED. AGAINST MY WILL. HELP. Oh come on this flagrantly illegal!” Gnashing his teeth, the cleric cursed out at the entire city.

Chuckling to herself, the hyena gal couldn’t help but mold the world their characters resided in to her liking. “Actually, in this part of the country, kidnapping is a common practice the strong and able bodied use to quickly form parties.”

“Oh now you want to go into world building?” Another bop from Jessica’s heavy hand elicited yet another bleat from the sheep.

“Anywho, now that we have a party it’s time for the best part. The battles!”

“Jesus, that was fast. What are we fighting?”

“Trolls!”

His jaw gone slack, the cleric gawked at the trio of monsters that had appeared before them only a dozen paces outside the city limits. Looming nearly ten feet in height, their thick green leathery skin flaked and mottled. Black sores and oozing boils crowded for space along their arms and legs. Cracked and gnarled teeth jutted between their dry and bleeding lips. Grunting loudly, one of the fiends slammed his make shift club against the ground, which was little more than an uprooted tree. Mounds of dirt shook free from its clump of roots upon impact, leaving a noticeable crater in the ground.

“What fresh hell is this? Since when were these things lurking just outside the city walls?!”

“It’s nothing we can’t handle,” the gnoll growled back. Flexing her arms, her biceps swelled thick with muscle. Slamming one paw in front of the other she cracked one of the monsters in the jaw with a bone shattering uppercut that sent the troll airborne! “That’s one down.”

“Fantastic! You can take care of the other two handily then.” With a relieved look on his face, the human ceased cowering and straightened his posture.

“Now I know you have some spells in that repertoire of yours,” the gnoll complained loudly, ducking to narrowly avoid a nasty swing from one of the remaining trolls. “How about you give me a hand here?”

“Uhhh... well I would but umm...”

“But what?”

“I don’t know any.”

Smiling nervously up at his teammate, Allen whined softly when the gnoll bit her lip and ground her teeth back and forth.

“... We never actually got around to setting what level we were at or what spells or skills we knew.” Allen realized rather dumbfounded. Poking at his orange figurine upon the game board, it wobbled back and forth uneasily.

Slamming her hands against the table the hyena glared at the sheep. “Oh for fucks sakes. Allen. I know you get off from religiously following the rules, but can’t you play a bit loose with them just this once? Be a little spontaneous? The whole point of this is to have fun, not obsess over character builds.”

“Okay okay okay.”

“Look, let’s say you know Cast Light, Cure Moderate Wounds, Poison, Inflict Light Wounds, and... ooh my personal favorite, Enlarge Person. Sound like a fair spread to you?”

“... Yeah. That is what I usually settle on anyway after all.”

“I may be heavy handed but I’m not all bad.” Wrapping an arm around him, Jessica pulled Allen close and nuzzled his hair. “We good?”

“We’re good,” Allen bleated back shyly.

“Back to business then!” Thrusting her arms up into the air, she immediately winced and curled back her lips. Looking down forlornly at the sheep she had knocked halfway across the room, Jessica blurted out a hasty apology and dragged him back to the table.

His gloved hands taking on a dark purple glow, the human shot a burst of magic at the troll advancing upon his fuzzy companion. Dropping to its knees, the monster’s head bobbed side to side. Its mud caked fingers relaxed their grip on the sapling he had been swinging around moments before. Groaning weakly, it tried shaking off the poison. Blinking its eyes a couple times, its vision cleared long enough to see a broad thick curled up fist sailing towards it.

Sporting a maniacal toothy grin, the gnoll relished the feeling of her beefy fist sinking deep into the ugly thing’s face, compacting in its nose and absolutely knocking it silly. Her satisfaction was short lived however. Enraged at how easily his brethren had fallen, the remaining troll smashed into the gnoll’s ribs with a brutal swing of his club. Digging her heels into the ground, the gnoll’s paws ripped up the ground as she slid back a couple of feet. Clutching at her chest, the barbarian growled angrily

“Jessica!” A tone of panic seeping from his voice, the human quickly cast Cure Moderate Wounds upon his ally.

“Quit your complaining I’m fine.” She snarled and rubbed a hand along her dented patchwork of armor. “Can’t believe that bastard actually got a hit in on me.”

“So he got a lucky break. Just knock him senseless with another sidewinder or something.”

“Nahhhhhh, an indemnity like that is deserving of something special. I know you have a buff or two tucked away in that magical repertoire of yours,” the gnoll cooed. “Why not give me just the little pick me up I need?”

The human remained hushed and shot off another Poison spell. The troll swung his club and broke the cluster of magic apart, rendering it ineffective. Stray wisps of purple magic floated up and dissipated instantly. Clenching his fists together a dull white glow surrounded his hands. With a swish of his hands a wave of white magic rushed towards the troll and smashed apart upon its bony shoulder. Snorting in disinterest, the troll scratched at the point of impact with a free hand. Suffice to say, the cleric’s Inflict Light Wounds spell wasn’t terribly effective.

“Come on, I know that you know Enlarge Person.” Poking at the cleric, the barbarian struggled to maintain a straight face. The beginnings of a giddy childlike grin crept up on her fanged face. “Come on. Come on.” Stifling a snicker, she continued poking at him.

“You’re already a handful as it is. No. Just clobber him so we can be done with this.”

“I don’t know...” Swinging an arm lazily, the gnoll trudged forward and tossed a wide punch, one that the last remaining troll dodged easily. “Oh no, my attacks have gotten sloppy and tired due to lack of buffs. Whatever shall I do?” Gently smacking a hand against her cheek in feigned surprise, she didn’t even put any effort into trying to sound convincing.

“Oh you are so full of it.” Pointing an accusatory finger at the looming lady, the cleric found himself growing ever frustrated with his uncooperative teammate.

“Woops.” Twirling to the side with far more grace than should have been possible given her size, the gnoll barely dodged the business end of the troll’s club. A clump of roots slammed into the ground just a inches before the human, kicking up a wall of dirt that subsequently rained down on him.

“Okay seriously, since when the hell were a group of trolls something that people fought fresh out of the gates?” Turning towards the hyena, the sheep was met by the sight of the gal happily drumming her fingers across the table.

“Since I said so. Figured I’d fast track things and get us right into the thick of it. I’ve got your back, don’t worry. Granted, that’s only if you do your best to keep me alive. And seeing as how you’re kind of slacking on your end...” Jessica chuckled while twiddling her fingers along the sheep’s muzzle. Raising her brows up and down, she poked at Allen’s chest, gently egging him on.

“God dammit.”

“FINE.” Letting out a frustrated sigh, Allen concentrated the minimum amount of magic necessary into his fingertips. Swirling his hand about, wisps of magic snaked out from his palm and coalesced into a multitude of pale yellow orbs. They whirled about just above his grasp. Pointing his finger towards the gnoll, the orbs sailed towards her and melded into her fuzzy form. Sinking into her fur, their soft glow spread out and covered her entire furry body. Growling in pleasure, the gnoll closed her eyes at the growing power welling up and out of her. Her body creaked and groaned as layer after layer of muscle packed onto her already swollen frame. Her legs, arms, and thighs thickened up tremendously, making her previously tree trunk like limbs look scrawny in comparison. Jessica’s impenetrable abdominals transformed into a veritable mountain of muscle, hard cut peaks and valleys of furred flesh so overwhelming in might, that swords and daggers would shatter immediately upon impact with them. Then of course was the boon to her stature. Up and up the already imposing gnoll swelled, until she stood at the Amazonian stature of sixteen feet tall, double her original size. Barely poking up past her knees, the cleric rolled his eyes. Considering she hardballed him into growing her into ginormity every damn game, the shock value had worn off long ago.

The troll that now barely came up to her chest was not as accustomed to such a sight however. Tilting his head back, he gawked at the looming barbarian, his awestruck mind not terribly cognizant of the fact that she was reeling her leg back. Tucking her leg against her back, she held it there until her muscles ached and stretched. Releasing the stored up energy, her leg cracked forward. Her cleric sized paw smashed into the troll’s chest, sending the monster hurtling airborne at subsonic speeds.

“Now that’s how it’s done,” she yelled, pointing a finger at the figure disappearing over the horizon. Dusting off her chest, the gnoll couldn’t help but be impressed by her handiwork.

“If you’re done showing off, can we gERRKKK.” Wheezing loudly, the cleric ground his teeth nervously at the feeling of the gnoll’s meaty hand curling tight around him. Grumbling quietly, he failed to stifle his flushed cheeks when she pressed her wet nose against him and slathered him with an affectionate lick.

“I am nowhere near done showing off little guy.” Resting her nose against him, Jessica narrowed her gaze.

“As the DM, I say that for whatever magically convenient reason I don’t care to bullshit up right now, Enlarge Person is a spell that stacks.”

“Oh for the love of-”

“And the effects are permanent.”

“You know damn well that spell is only temporary-”

“In DnD. We’re not playing DnD, remember?” Tapping a finger against his muzzle, Jessica giggled at the soft bleat that arose from his throat. “We’re just tossing a DnD framework on it and going from there.”

“There is no possible way that you abusing your size so regularly and so often, even in a fictional setting, can be good for you.” Bahhhing softly, Allen grunted when she laid her chin atop his head. “Well at least one of us is getting something out of this.”

“Keep at it, human.” Flashing her cavernous teeth, the gnoll did all that she could to ‘persuade’ her companion into continuously empowering her. Slumping his shoulders and posture, the cleric snuck in what few passive aggressive barbs he could manage. Maybe casting the spell slowly here, a backhanded compliment there. He knew it was an exercise in futility, but he still resisted in whatever ways he could.

“More... more...” the gnoll growled in delight. Thirty-two feet. Sixty-four feet. One hundred and twenty-eight. Two hundred and fifty-six. The titaness swelled and swelled with each passing second. Peering down at the human, she shivered in delight at the sight of him disappearing within the creases on her palm. “How about we pay that big bad dark lord a visit, hmmm?” Her voice rumbled low throughout the air, shaking the cleric and the shrinking city off its foundations. At sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four feet tall, the gnoll was pushing past three miles only after eleven castings. Lifting up a massive paw, the gargantuan lass strode towards the supposedly unscalable mountains that surrounded Charles’ kingdom. With one footfall her worn and padded soles smothered entire forests. With another her toes were the size of mountains. Covering what used to take days of travel within seconds, she swung her legs back and forth with purpose. Scrunching her powerful digits against the mountain ranges surrounding the dark lord’s kingdom, she effortlessly reduced them to gravelly craters.

“Minion, where is my dry ice?! You know I can’t make a menacing and spooky entrance without it!” Tapping his armored foot against the stone floor impatiently, the dark lord was in a rush to terrorize another hapless town. Or was it a city state? Bahhhh, all those different manners of self-governance only served to infuriate him further. To think, the gall of those people! All that time they could be cowering before his might and instead they’re trying to experiment with constitutional monarchies and other such rubbish! There were orphans to poke, cities to pillage, toilets to clog, and haunting death march melodies to compose!

“Y-your lordship, I think we have bigger problems than your entrance to worry about,” a cowering gremlin chimed in after looking out and promptly closing a lavish stain glassed the window. The gremlin covered his ears and trembled at the shadows spreading from the windows.

Scowling at his servant, the gremlin merely pointed him out towards his castle’s balcony. “Why on earth is it so dark out here and oh...” Tapping at his chin, Charles pondered while a gigalithic toe that stretched far past the horizon descended towards him, darkening and soon coming to replace the skies themselves. “Huh. Wasn’t expecting that. Well, look at it this way Charles, at least I can take some solace in the fact that I didn’t set myself up for my own downfall.” Crossing his arms, the dark lord nodded in satisfaction, content to have not become a trope. Humming aloud, he pondered whether or not he would have time to utter some kick ass last words before ... hup. Nope. He didn’t.

“That was the most unsatisfying conclusion to a power fantasy I have ever had to poor misfortune to sit through.” Leaning back in his chair, Allen put his hands behind his wooly head and furrowed his brows.

“And thanks to the growing gnoll goddess, ooh that’s some good alliteration, with a smidgeon of help from her unwilling human companion, the day was saved!”

“Even though she probably flattened everything and everyone in the process?”

“The day was saved!”

“Hundreds of thousands killed. Even more wounded.”

“And oh hey would you look at that, I saved the day.”

“Uh huh. Now what? What I thought would take up the entire afternoon was demolished in fifteen minutes because I caved in to your whims.”

“Wanna start with figuring out why the game board is glowing?” Pointing a clawed finger towards the table, Jessica warily scooted away from the game board, dragging Allen back with her.

“Kayyyyyy.” Shivering in the hyena’s embrace, the sheep stared worriedly at the game they had just steamrolled through. Rattling upon the table violently, it took on a blinding golden sheen. Sliding towards the edge of the table, it slid off and floated down towards the ground. Much to their surprise, instead of hearing it smack loudly against the floor, the sheep and hyena were instead greeted by the sight of it flapping its panels back and forth, gently rising higher until it brushed up against the ceiling. Maneuvering itself directly above the two players, the board looked down upon them, as much as a faceless piece of tabletop gaming could anyway. Directing its blinding rays of light directly at them, the board wobbled in the air spastically,

drawing in greater and greater amounts of energy. A brilliant all-encompassing light came to fill the entire room, prompting the sheep and hyena to blurt out some hurried and worried goodbyes to one another. Closing their eyes and trembling in each other's arms, the couple awaited whatever was to come. A sound approximating a balloon deflating brought them both to attention. Belching out a pathetic display of fizzling sparks onto Allen and Jessica, the board game cut off the theatrics and gave them the least dazzling magical display it could manage. If that sheep and yena gal didn't want to pay attention to its introduction then the game sure as shit wasn't going to put any effort into its departure. Bleating loudly, Allen bawled in response to the board abruptly ceasing the terrifying light show and plopping down onto his head.

"Did that just happen?" Jessica mumbled into the sheep's neck, hugging Allen tight.

Shaking his head, the ratty board left a layer of dust on his nose as it slid off his muzzle and onto his lap. "Apparently." Jessica's thick arms wrapped around his chest tight, Allen sat upon his gal pal's lap for some time, the two quietly contemplating what just transpired. After staring at the board absentmindedly and blinking a couple hundred times, Allen cleared his throat. "Should we go tuck this thing away and never speak of it again approach or--"

"Burn it and be done with it."

"Sounds good." Timidly plucking up the side of the board with his fingers, Allen slid off Jessica's lap and tossed it into the box it came in. Curling his hand around his orange figurine, the sheep's eye twitched when a sudden weight bore down upon his shoulders. Tilting his head down, Allen's eyes went wide. A thick orange cloak adorned his body and his hands were covered with thick mitteny gloves. "I look an awful lot like my character now, don't I?"

Nodding her head silently, Jessica's eyes darted back and forth between Allen and her own green figurine lying on the table. "Do you feel any different?"

"A bit warm but that's about it," he complained, tugging at the neck of his thick clothing.

Inching her chair forward, Jessica kept a close eye on her own playing piece. "Feel magical in the slightest?"

"Not really," Allen mused aloud. "I wouldn't even know what that would feel like anyway." Pulling off his gloves, the sheep was relieved to see they came off easily enough. Pulling his cloak up over his head, he valiantly fumbled with his heavy clothing. All the while, Jessica continued scooting closer and closer towards the table. "I mean, I don't think if I blurt out a spell it'll up and happen." His voice muffled, the sheep was having a hell of a time slipping his cloak over his head.

"Try saying 'Cast Light'," Jessica prodded.

“I am not going to purposefully try casting a spell. Even one as innocuous as ‘Cast Light.’” Bahhing loudly, the sheep’s body lit up brightly in response to his utterance.

Too embroiled with his battle with his clothing to notice his luminescence, Jessica squealed softly and grabbed hold of the green figurine lying on the table.

“Phew!” Flumping the cloak off his shoulders, Allen heaved a sigh of relief. “Alright, let’s grab...yours....” Arms draping down uselessly to his side, the sheep stared up at the mountainous muscular mass of hyena looming before him, even taller than usual. Snickering mischievously, Jessica scratched at her patchwork armor chest plate.

“Change of plans sheepy. How about we see whether or not a certain spell of yours still stacks instead?”

Backing away slowly from the hulking hyena, Allen fumbled for the door knob to the front door and slid outside. Closing the door gently behind him, he took a deep breath and composed himself. Setting one foot in front of the other at an increasing rate of speed, the sheep bleated loudly as he hightailed it the fuck out of there. The front of his home jettisoned out into the street a moment later, an Amazonian Jessica eagerly lumbering after him.