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## Dungeons and Developments

### Chapter II: Roll for Initiative

“The pair of goblins square off against you, Auralia is first to act.”

Anna finished chewing a mouthful of nachos.

“Auralia uses **Taunting Cry**.”

*“Come at me you foul creeps! Just try and lay your filthy little fingers on my pure maiden’s body!”*

Sam cocked an eyebrow at this, then rolled dice behind his screen.

“O...kay, that’s your action, –um– Camilla?”

Mandy took a long gulp of her not-diet cola.

“Camilla drops to one knee, eyes closed in silent prayer to her patron who–“

“I thought you were playing a bard?” Anna interrupted.

“Oh shoot, sorry. I changed my mind. Here, Sam.”

The dark haired girl slid a new character sheet across the table.

“Thanks Mandy. Sorry guys, Mandy messaged me she was changing her character yesterday, I figured you all knew.”

“Who are you playing now?”

Sasha asked through a mouthful of chips.

“Camilla Whitecrest, Human cleric! With blonde hair coiled in a complex bun, she wears a dark blue dress with steel gauntlets and boots, layers of plate covering her voluminous skirt and a breastplate unable to disguise the divine swells of her double D-cup breasts!”

Mandy spread her arms and gazed toward the ceiling with her best expression of ‘righteous humility.’

Anna rolled her eyes.

“Whatever, you’re still doing like, buffs and healing shit though, right?”

“Yes Anna. Don’t get your panties twisted.”

Sam cleared his throat.

“–*ahem*– Alright then, everyone good?”

There was a round of nods, and a noisy slurp of sugary coffee.

“Go ahead then Mandy.”

“Camilla drops to one knee, eyes closed in silent prayer to her patron, the great and generous Fulla, seeking the blessing of her bounty on her allies, that they might strike our foes with all the weight of a bountiful harvest.”

Sam’s eyes met Mandy’s through her glasses and his expression was nonplussed.

“Oh, sorry. It’s um, **Divine Inspiration.**”

Sam checked the character sheet.

“Alright, everyone has +1 to attack and damage rolls. Do you—“

“Wait! I have one more part.”

“Go ahead.”

“The air around Camilla and her two companions glows with a green-gold light. They can feel their arms grow more steady and sure, their minds more nimble and quick, and their bodices just a little tighter. Especially Camilla, feeling the strain of her solid breastplate.”

Sam blinked slowly, then looked to the blonde who was munching on a cupcake.

“Tavara?”

“—*ulp*— Tavara prepares to cast **Firebrand’s Spark!**”

“Alright, which targ—“

*“Ancient Spirits of the Eternal Forest! Lend unto me thine aid! Grant thy humble servant the blessing of thy sacred flame!”*

Sam had never seen someone play a spell caster with such pageantry, but it was a nice change, if a little over-the-top.

“Okay, which target?”

“Um, —*nom*— the left one.”

She rolled to hit and then for damage.

“Alright, he’s bleeding pretty badly but is still in the fight. It’s Goblin Two’s turn first, and thanks to Auralia’s taunt he’s attacking her.”

*“Oh no, don’t touch me with your tiny, probing little green fingers, you brute! —chomp—”*

“He slashes with his blade and does... two points of damage.”

*“How dare you try to slice off my robes with your tiny little tool!”*

“Allright, Goblin One limps forward as well, he slashes and... it’s a miss.”

*“Ha! The blessings of my ancestors will protect my maiden’s flesh from your probing, you cretin!”*

These girls were *really* into role-play.

“Top of the round, we’re back to Auralia.”

“Auralia attacks the wounded one.”

“Alright and, he falls. Go ahead and describe the action.”

*“Her katana flashing in the sunlight, Auralia winds up, generous curves outlined against the sky. With two perfect steps and a half-moon slash, she splits the goblin in two! Blood sprays and droplets blend into the red of her kimono as her breasts wobble for several seconds after she stops moving.”*

All this breast talk was making Sam increasingly aware of his female companions’ bodies. Anna’s own curves were well on display today, in a snug tank top and shorts, and he could see she had decent handfuls.

“Okay, Camilla?”

Mandy swallowed her mouthful of nachos.

“Um, Camilla uses **Righteous Rebuke**.”

“Alright, and what does she say?”

*“Your mother was a hamster! And your—“*

“No!” The other two girls spoke at the same time.

“**No** Monty Python.” Anna said.

Sasha added, “bad Mandy, bad!”

“Fine... uhh *You’re not worthy to even stand in Fulla’s great shadow, green skin!*”

Sasha rolled her gorgeous blue eyes.

“Okay, Goblin Two has **Demoralized** for two rounds and has a penalty on defense rolls... Tavara.”

“Tavara casts **Invocation of Flame**.”

Sam waited this time.

*“Holy fire of the unseen depth, come forth now and smite mine enemies!”*

“You’re using your level two spell already? On a goblin?” Mandy asked.

“You bet I am, short stuff.”

Sam blinked at this exchange as Mandy pouted. Sasha rolled the dice and did enough damage to kill the goblin twice over.

“Alright, describe the kill.”

*“As her enormous witch’s hat flops on her head, Tavara holds her staff back and thrusts her hand forward, pale cleavage jiggling in the lacy white bodice of her robes. A torrent of blue-green flame streams from her fingertips, colliding with the green imp and making it explode in a shower of sparks.”*

She paused to look over at Sam.

“Was it an overkill?”

“Uh, yeah.”

“By how much?”

“About four HP, why?”

“I have a curse effect on overkills.”

Sam scanned Sasha’s character sheet and found it.

“O...kay... do you want to describe that too?”

“I’d like you to, if you don’t mind.”

Was this gorgeous blonde blushing?

“Uh, sure that’s fine.

–*ahem*–

Tavara’s attack had used too much mana, and the excess magical energy snapped back from the fire bolt and up her arm. The mana found a –*um*– storage space, in the sorceress’ body, causing her chest to grow two cup sizes, to –*uhh*– H... cups?”

Sasha *was* blushing, Sam was sure of it now. Her cheeks definitely looked a little more pink than they had been a moment ago.

She grabbed another nacho and said in a small voice,

“That’s right. Thanks, Sam.”

“Sure, uh, no problem.”

Sam wasn’t sure why she was thanking him, but pressed on.

“Okay that’s both goblins. You guys wanna heal or anything, I think only Auralia took damage.”

“I can heal you.” Mandy chimed in, licking icing off her index finger.

*“Keep your hands off me, you dirty human!”*

*“I’m not even going to touch you, now stand still.”*

“Poppy crosses to the sword-wielding elf and extends one hand, a green-gold glow emanates from her palm and Auralia’s wounds close.”

Anna didn’t miss a beat.

“Auralia feels the warmth of the human’s divine magic wash over her body, and it tingles. Timidly she looks up at the golden-haired woman...”

Anna met Mandy’s eyes.

“and says,”

*“Thanks.”*

Now Mandy’s cheeks were a little pink.

“Camilla blushes slightly.”

*“You’re welcome.”*

Sam and Sasha were both watching this little interchange, until the spell was broken when both girls looked back to Sam.

*“-cough- uh, okay, so...”*

“You continue on through the forest, make camp for the night, and early the next day you arrive at the entrance to the caves. There is an ancient sandstone wall built into the natural formation, and you can see the outline of a door.

“And since we’ve only got ten minutes left on our time, I think this is a good place to stop for tonight.”

“That was fun, Sam.” Anna said, as the group began packing up their books and papers.

“Thanks Anna, do you guys have any notes or requests for next week?”

“None from me, this is going great.” Sasha said, as she scooped the last of the toppings from the nacho platter.

“I might have some, but I have to think them over and give them to you next week?” Mandy added, her green eyes emphasized brilliantly by her glasses.

She was wearing another graphic tee this week, it was black with a blue police box on the front. Snug like last week’s had been, Sam couldn’t help but admire the pair of near handfults that distorted the design as the black haired girl interlaced her fingers and stretched.

“Are there going to be human enemies in the dungeon?” Anna asked.

“Um, there can be. Monks don’t have like a ‘favored enemy’ or anything in this system, do they?”

“Not exactly...” The brunette replied cryptically.

“Can they be female?”

“I guess...”

“Actually that’s the main thing. They don’t *have* to be human, just like, ‘human-ish’.”

“Humanoid” Mandy corrected.

“Yeah, that.”

“Um, sure, that’s fine I guess.”



Sam was baffled by this request, but it didn't affect the stats one way or the other so he figured it didn't matter.

Zippering up his bag, Sam reached for the box of cupcakes just as Sasha was plucking the last one in her long, manicured fingers. The snacks were gone. There had been two boxes of a dozen cupcakes and three big plates of nachos. The girls had basically snacked the whole session. Sam supposed he would have to be a little faster if he wanted to get any for himself next time.

Sasha grabbed her bag and stood first. She had a light pink A-line dress on today, and while her figure was more narrow and willowy than Anna's, she also had decent handfuls up top.

Sam had never considered himself much of a boob guy. Not that he disliked them, he just didn't think about it too much. He usually considered the whole package; face, body, hair, sense of style...

These three though, they all had all of that. In slightly different flavors, yes, but he would have considered himself a lucky man to be seen out in public with any one of them.

On top of that, they were cool! Sure, they were a little odd, but what D&D nerd *wasn't* odd? And yeah, they talked about breasts a lot, which seemed very odd, but maybe girls did that when guys weren't around? Maybe it was only odd that they were doing it in front of him. And with him... Sasha had looked at him kind of strangely after that whole 'mana feedback' thing...

'Oh well' Sam thought, slipping his arms into his backpack. It was going great so far, and he was already looking forward to next week.