

Character Creation

By Abe E Seedy

"It's just straight 3d6? That's it for our stats?"

The DM nodded. "Yeah, exactly. I'm going for a more gritty, realistic feel. You're probably not going to be superheroes. Maybe you'll be lucky and get a decent roll or two, but you're probably going to be average overall, and outright bad in a couple of places."

"Hrm", Erin frowned. "Well, in that case, I have just the thing..."

Reaching below the table, she rooted around in her backpack for a few moments, before eventually coming up with a small, red velvet bag. She pulled open the drawstring, sending three ornate brown dice tumbling out into her palm.

"I picked these up just last weekend. They're hand-carved sandalwood, with mother of pearl inlays for the pips."

The entire table craned forward as one to look at the dice resting in her hand. Just to her left, Daniel breathed in deeply. "Damn, they even *smell* amazing."

Snapping her hand shut around them, Erin grinned. "I know, right? These babies are certified powerful, so I figure if I'm going to break them out for anything, why not this? I'm going to have to live with these stats for the next 20 levels, so better make them count."

The DM was perhaps the least impressed of anyone, settling back into his seat as Erin rolled the dice around in her fist. "Any idea what you're going for exactly?"

"Nah. Let's just let the dice tell me. Maybe start with something low stakes to get them warmed up though. So, this one is for charisma."

She let go, send the dice scattering out over the table. They came to a stop almost exactly in the center of her blank character sheet, and once again everyone craned forwards. A half-second passed, and then everyone reacted at once.

"Holy shit."

"No way."

"Holy shit!"

Erin was speechless, but recovered quickly, flipping two middle fingers to the entire group. "Fuck yeah! Read them and weep! 6 6 6! All of y'all can eat my ass, maximum charisma, baby!"

"Clearly", Daniel said dryly.

"You and your strength 5 elf can bite me", Erin retorted. "I'm on fire! Now, how am I going... to... what?"

There was smoke. Or steam, or something. Something was billowing out from underneath the dice, a great purple cloud rising from the table and spreading outwards. Only it wasn't going out in all directions, it was somehow making straight for Erin, and there was barely time for her look of triumph to fade as it swept over her. The last the group saw of her was a single raised middle finger that retreated into the gathering cloud, accompanied by a startled cry of "what the fUUUUUcckk...."

Then the cloud cleared, and her seat was empty. The room was dead silent, save for a quiet, subtle tinkling coming from her dice, sounding just like white-hot metal slowly returning to room temperature.

Erin fell. All she could see was that infernal purple smoke surrounding her, the wind shrieking past her ears as she tumbled head over feet. But then as she fell she began to feel something else, some other sensation pressing against her, pressing her limbs backwards even as she continued to drop. Her hands clenched, and then her *arms* clenched, and then the smoke parted just enough that she could see the loose shirt she'd had on melt away, leaving a ruddy red rash on her skin underneath. Except it couldn't be a rash, because as she watched it just grew brighter and brighter, the colouration taking over her arms like oil poured over water. It reached her hands and they somehow stretched, black nails sliding outwards until they were uncomfortably close to claws.

She tried to concentrate on all that, but now the redness was seeping down to her chest, while at the same time washing up over her neck and chin. Without realising it she bit her lip, the sudden sharpening of her incisors catching her off-guard. Her neck tickled as her hair grew outwards, sliding down her back as it darkened to an almost shining black, chasing away the last of her muddy brown from the bottom up. Then there was a moment of almost blinding headache, and twin horns pressed from her scalp like fingers through paper, curling backwards to complement her newly-pointed ears in their swept-back look.

And then, suddenly, she felt weight again. With an audible 'clack' she felt her feet hit the ground, the realisation hitting her a few seconds later that while she'd been distracted with her head the changes must have reached all the way to her feet, leaving them as... something between high heels and hooves.

That wasn't all that had changed either. Her outfit was completely different; a jet black leather corset criss-crossed over her chest, leaving almost nothing to the imagination while simultaneously managing to even further emphasise her unreasonably large breasts. Some sort of bandolier was slung casually over the top, fully loaded with a series of sharp steel daggers that were ready to be drawn at a moment's notice.

And that was just her. Finally taking a moment to look around, she realised she was standing in a cobbled alleyway between two thatched buildings, while in front of her was a hanging sign proclaiming the next building to be the 'Stonehill Inn'.

"Alright then", Erin said quietly. She took a moment to adjust her ridiculously revealing outfit, then walked towards the inn. "Charisma 18, here we go."

"And that's my character's backstory", Erin concluded, putting her character sheet down as she settled back into her chair.

From the other end of the table there was a long, drawn-out sigh. "Did you just make my campaign an isekai story for yourself?", asked the DM.

"Yep!", Erin answered happily. "Although if it helps my character is going by Eryn now. With a 'y'."

"Great", the DM said flatly.