

Character Creation

Chapter One – Charm Person

Two of the major driving forces of any good role-playing game: the increase of one's power, and the acquisition of loot. At the dawn of my retirement as lead content developer for Sorcerers of the Shore, the premier table-top gaming company in the world, I look back on years of making a great game system available to generations of players. In every vorpal sword, every poison needle trap, every dragon hoard, I see my imprint.

For forty years, helping players level and gear up has been my life's passion.

Some habits are hard to break.

"I said leave him alone!" Garrett Elfmann straightened himself up to his full height of 5'4", trying not to tremble in the shadow of the boy known to most in the neighborhood as Ogre. The bully circled around him menacingly, but Garrett kept himself interposed between Ogre and the prone form of the stranger on the ground behind him.

"You got a death wish, moron? Get outta my way, and I'll wait until I'm done with Re-Re here before I beat your ass."

"If you want him, you'll have to go through me."

Ogre gathered a disgusting phlegmy wad in his mout and spat it near his foe's shoe. "All right, but you won't be able to tell the coroner you didn't ask for--"

Garrett's clenched fist connected with the brute's jaw. He fully expected Ogre to shrug it off and beat him unconscious; his only hope was that he would absorb the brunt of the bully's rage and spare the poor kid he'd been picking on.

Instead, the brute staggered backward and fell on his butt. Before he could get back up, Garrett followed through and kicked him full on in the crotch. Ogre's face turned purple as he sputtered and gasped in agony; meanwhile, Garrett quickly helped the other boy to his feet and hastily made a retreat. The kid thanked him for intervening before running off in another direction.

As Garrett rounded the corner, he nearly ran headlong into an old man dressed like he was on his way to a Renaissance fair. "Sorry," Garrett apologized, but the man stepped into his path and deliberately blocked him.

"Well done, young warrior – a critical hit if I've ever seen one. About what it would take for the elf to fell the ogre, I should say, eh?"

"Do I know you?"

"No, I am not a player in this adventure, brave fighter – but I am here to reward you for the experience you just gained."

"Reward... what are you talking about? Was that dude picking on you too?"

The old man laughed and patted his shoulder. "Rest, and reflect on what you learned. Come morning, you will reap the benefits. In the future, you may resolve your conflicts with the power of persuasion rather than the fist."

"Sure, whatever. Nice costume, guy, but I need to get out of here before that beast gets back up."

“Of course you do. Gods speed!” There was just enough of a pause to tell he meant it as two words.

Garrett ran and didn't look back.

The next morning, Garrett indeed felt... different. He couldn't put a finger on it exactly; he just felt better. Maybe it was the feeling of having helped someone; maybe it was a manly vigor from beating someone up. Maybe it was just some uncommonly spectacular morning wood.

Whatever it was, there was a spring in his step as he got ready for school. His mom had made breakfast as usual, and he gulped it down hungrily. “Remember, you're still grounded and I expect you to come straight home after school – no more ‘missing the bus,’ mister.”

“Aw, but Mom!” Nothing to take the manly vigor out of you like being reminded you were grounded for flunking economics.

“Don't you aw-but-Mom me, young man. Straight home – I mean it!”

Then, some instinct took over him. Without knowing how he learned it, without understanding where the power came from, a surge of invisible energy started throbbing in his core. Somehow he knew he had but to speak the right words to loose it. “*Enetria por'amunk!*” he yelled, and the power flowed from his center to his eyes, and then in a barely visible shimmer, into his mom.

What the hell did I just do?

She blinked. “What was that, dear? I'm sorry, I must have spaced out.”

“I was just griping that my mom has taken my social life hostage.”

She narrowed her eyes, but then an affectionate smile stole over her face. “You don't need to be so dramatic about it, but... all right. You've been doing better, and I trust you. You're lucky you're such a good kid.” She kissed him on the forehead. “Now I need to go get ready for work – you have a good day, sweetie.”

Well... that was weird.

But it wasn't *that* weird. The encounter ended as abruptly as it began, and on he went to school.

Waiting near his locker stood Ogre.

“There you are, you little bastard – you're gonna pay!” He lunged forward, fists cocked.

“Wait wait – let's talk this out, no no no holy fuck *enetria por'amunk!*” There it was again – the same instinct, a desire to make someone see him in a more positive light, and then those words.

Ogre stopped in his tracks, fists lowering, then unclenching. “Uh... hey. I just wanted to talk to you, about yesterday.”

“Yeah, me too,” Garrett said, puzzled yet puzzled by the sudden change. “I was just trying to stop a bad thing from happening – it wasn't personal. I'm sorry things got so far out of hand.”

“What, *you* apologize to *me*? Fuck naw, man – I'm sorry I got so pissed. Sometimes, I... I dunno, man, I just get mad and I don't know what to do, and... hey, we're cool, right?”

“Um, yeah. Cool.”

Ogre smiled. He was missing at least two teeth that Garrett could see, and the rest weren't in great shape. "Friends?"

Friends? The last time I saw you was when I smashed your nuts up into your throat, preceded by watching you beating up on a middle schooler. "Yeah, sure."

"Awesome, man. You let me know if anybody's givin' you trouble, a'right?" He shook a fist menacingly at the phantom troublemaker.

"Yeah, will do, Ogre."

The suddenly amiable brute leaned down to Garrett's height. "Look, you can call me Albert."

"Sure thing, Albert. I'm... well, I guess you know who I am, since you found my locker."

Ogre – Albert – laughed. "See you around, Garrett." He slugged him on the back in a friendly fashion and headed off to first period.

Alas, if Garrett hadn't picked Intelligence as his dump stat, he would have easily solved this puzzle by now.

Instead, he went about his day, curious but clueless about this new ability he'd developed overnight. Art, English, pre-cal – all went smoothly. He'd managed to squeak out a D+ on his math test, which through yet another bit of sorcery he didn't understand somehow made his grade even better, albeit not much. Lunch was a little better than usual – Albert bought him lunch, and even volunteered his pudding cup.

In PE, things took a turn for the worse when he realized that in hurrying out of the house before his mom could change her mind, he'd forgotten his gym clothes. Embarrassed, he had to report to Miss Roper – never a fun experience for any student, much less one who'd given her personal cause to dislike him when he quit the cross country team mid-season last year. Besides, she was young and right out of college – Garrett's sister was older than her – and it was uncomfortable being chewed out by someone practically of dateable age.

Her office was inside the girls' locker room, right before the wall that blocked sight from the entrance. Just knowing there were several dozen semi-naked girls around the corner from him was enough to get his eighteen-year-old hormones raging.

The door was open but she had her back to him, bent over and tying her sneakers. It was a reminder that his PE teacher was only about five years his senior, fresh out of college and sporting a dynamite body – thin and toned, not an ounce of excess fat but not over-muscular. With her ass waving at him while she was bent over, he forgot why he entered until she noticed him behind her and turned, clearly displeased with where she'd caught his eyes staring.

She folded her arms across her petite chest. "It's proper protocol to knock when you enter someone's office, Elfmann. What do you want?"

He looked down. "I forgot my gym uniform."

"Again? This is what, the third time this quarter? You know you don't need to be punished with extra laps if you like doing them so much – you can just do them on your own without finding ways to screw up and make me force them on you."

“It was an accident,” he mumbled.

“Thanks for clearing that up – just so you know, my lowering your grade will be very much on purpose.” The pretty blonde gym teacher smirked condescendingly.

“Hey! You can’t do that – my mom’s on my case about my grades already! If I start failing gym, she’ll really flip out on me!”

“Well let’s hope that thought motivates you to remember your damn gym clothes from now on.”

Those words – whatever they are – they’d worked on his mom, they’d worked on Ogre... maybe he could just keep using it? No time like the present to find out.

“Enetria por’amunk!”

There it was, that shimmer in the air, that surge of *something* flowing from him to her. She shook her head as if to clear it, then looked back at him. “You know, Elfmann,” she said, a little smile creeping onto her face, “I was a kid not too long ago myself. We all make mistakes. What say we make this the last time, all right?”

He grinned. “Awesome – thanks Miss Roper.”

She waved a hand. “Don’t ‘Miss Roper’ me – it freaks me out when my friends call me that. Julie, please.”

“Oh. OK, Julie.” Wow, does this just... make people my friend? I wonder how good of friends we are?

Cognizant of girls starting to walk past the office on their way out to the gymnasium floor, he nudged the door closed with his foot. “Say, Julie... speaking of my grade, I don’t suppose you would consider... upping it a little? For a friend?” He smiled nervously.

She chuckled, shaking her head. “Elfmann, you pushy little fucker. Oh hell, why not. PE grades are mostly bullshit anyway – not like anyone’s gonna come to check my figures. Especially not for a good grade.”

She bent over to her computer and began tweaking figures in the gradebook as he watched – not the gradebook, mind, but that tight little butt of hers again. When she finished, she looked over her shoulder and saw him staring again, but this time she just rolled her eyes and grinned. “Enjoying the view, were we?”

“Oh! Sorry, Miss Roper.”

“I told you, call me Julie, weirdo. And don’t sweat it – you’re hardly the first guy to notice I have a nice ass.”

“Y-you sure do, Julie.” Damn, how far can I push this? If she’s OK with me looking... “Can I... see it?”

The little blonde belted out a disproportionately big laugh. “Are you seriously asking me to just drop trow and show you my butt? You know I could expel you for that, right?”

“No! No, I was kidding! Oh god, please, don’t expel me, I’m so sorry—”

Her expression faded into a peal of giggles. “Relax, Elfmann – like I would turn in one of my best friends for a little flirting? Geez.” He heaved a sigh of relief as she gave him a playful punch in the shoulder. “Gotcha good though, didn’t I?”

“Yeah, you sure did. I guess I should go, then, let you get ready for class?”

She blinked. “Damn, you sure give up easily, don’t you. Punk you just a little bit and you up and bail on me. Didn’t peg you for a quitter, Elfmann.”

“Wait. So you’re saying... you’ll...”

“If I do, you promise you’re gonna bring your clothes from now on? It’s weird having to bust my buddies’ balls for petty bullshit like that.”

“Uh, seems fair to me. Tit for tat, I guess.”

She arched an eyebrow. “Wow, I offer you the caboose and suddenly you’re a tit man?” Before he could sputter another nervous apology, she rolled her eyes and laughed. “Relax, I’m kidding. Geez, you’re never gonna get in my pants wound so tight.”

“Get in your...!”

Miss Roper – Julie – turned and put her palms on her desktop, thrusting that perfect little butt back at him. “So you’re saying you just wanted to *see* my butt? Where’s your go-getter attitude, Elfmann? Are you a Clark High lion, or just a pussy?”

“I-I’m a lion.”

“Good man.”

He watched as his gym teacher peeled down her shorts to reveal a pair of tight black silk underwear. “Whoa. That’s... that’s a lot sexier than I ever imagined your underwear. That’s some seriously hot stuff.”

“Oh, fine, ya flatterer – I guess I can be a little bold today.” She hooked her thumbs in her waistband and peeled shorts and panties completely off. Her pussy was neatly trimmed – and confirmed she was a natural blonde. When they were off, she picked up the panties and swayed over to him, tucking them into the front of his jeans.

“Here. Now don’t say your old pal Julie never gave you anything.” As her fingers brushed against his by-now full-on erection, she grinned roguishly. “Well, looks like she gave you *two* things.”

“Sorry!” he yelped as her fingers continued teasing it softly.

“Elfmann, the next time you apologize to me for no good reason, I swear, I really may make you run those laps after all.”

“Sor– err, nevermind.”

She grinned. There was a tense silence in the air as the gym teacher’s fingers shifted to simply stroking up and down his cock. His heart almost stopped when, without stopping the handjob, she nudged open the door and leaned her upper half around it. It looked like its position would stop passersby from seeing the rest of what was going on – but still!

“Hey, go ahead and have Tara run them through warm-ups, then just do some free shooting until I get out there, OK?” Whoever she was talking to said they would, and she closed the door again.

“Little nervous, Elfmann? Don’t worry – I’m not gonna blow my career just to give you a tuggy. Now take a deep breath before you pass out, geez. Or should I stop?”

He shook his head vigorously. “No! Don’t stop.”

“Well then get those pants off – trying to do it this way is a royal pain in my ass – as you can see.” She giggled as she turned to show off her butt again while he practically tore off his clothes.

She looked at his newly revealed cock as it throbbed in front of her. “Wow, you sure do like my ass, don’t you?” He nodded. “Well... I tell you what. Man, I can’t believe I’m doing this. You’re lucky I like you so damn much.”

Julie turned away from her student and backed up against him, nestling his cock in the cleft between her butt cheeks. She then leaned forward and started rubbing herself up and down against him slowly. “There – is that better than my hand?”

He nodded, then when he realized she couldn't see him, replied, "it sure is, Julie."

"Good. Now you just relax and let your teacher do what she does best, all right?" She gave a few vigorous twerks against him.

He came then and there, spurt after spurt jetting out over the back of her Clark High cross country team t-shirt. "Why you..." Miss Roper stood, turning around to give him a hard look. "You came all over my shirt!"

"I didn't mean to – trust me, I would've let you go all day, but... you're just so hot, and I've never..."

She sighed. "Yeah, I suppose I should've taken that into account. Ah well. Luckily, unlike you, I did bring a spare change of clothes." She handed him a tissue to take care of the trickle of semen still leaking from his dick, then stripped off her t-shirt in a quick motion.

Some sense of chivalry bade him turn around, but she just laughed. "I thought you said you were a lion, Elfmann! Geez, act like you've never seen a topless woman before."

Sheepishly, he turned back around, finding her facing him with hands planted on her narrow hips. The gym teacher's breasts matched her butt – small, but well-shaped and undeniably enticing. Her nipples protruded like the pencil erasers on the cup on her desk.

"That... those mean you're turned on, don't they?"

"Naw, I was just twerking my bare ass against your cock and didn't feel a thing," she said sarcastically as she retrieved her spare shirt from a standing closet.

She was halfway to getting the spare shirt on when he found the guts to press his limits. "Don't put it on!" he said in a rush.

She paused, the t-shirt still riding high enough to leave her little boobies exposed. "You telling me what to do, Elfmann?"

Her tone was more playful than angry – he hoped – and he decided to go for it. She *had* stopped, after all. "Take that back off."

To his relief, she grinned. "Well, there's that Lion spirit I like to see – going for the goal." To reward him, she lifted the shirt back over her head and set it on her desk.

"I want to have sex with you," he said.

"If you're looking for extra credit for originality, I'm afraid you won't make the cut with observations like that," she said dryly.

"Come on – you must want it, too, or they wouldn't be all... pointy like that. Let's do it. Let's... fuck." He tried out the word; he didn't miss the little upward shift in the corners of his teacher's mouth.

"Hey, I know we're close and all, but... I could lose my job."

"You could lose your job for doing what you just did!"

"Good point. Still... there's something else. I, ah, know we just did our state-mandated unit on the joys of pre-marital abstinence last month, but I'm not on the pill, and unless you brought a condom..."

He considered. "What about a blowjob?"

She smirked. "How chivalrous of you. Anything else I can do for you while I'm down there? Foot rub, braid your pubes...?"

"Well, there is another way, one where we could have sex with no risk of pregnancy..."

She followed his eyeline. "You wanna fuck me in the ass."

"If you're looking for extra credit for originality..."

"You're not a teacher. The line doesn't work that way. Don't steal my thing."

“So... can I? I promise I'll be real gentle.”

She sighed. “Gentle nothing. We can't manage that without some lube.”

He pointed. “There – your hand lotion! Come on, please? For me? Your dear old friend?”

Miss Roper eyed him a moment, then picked up the bottle and read over the ingredients.

“I don't see anything risky in here...”

“So we can do it?” Garrett pressed hopefully.

She rolled her eyes, just starting to grin. “All right. I've never done this before – and I broke up with my last boyfriend because he wouldn't stop pushing for it – but... well, I just trust you.”

“I'll make it so good for you, Miss... Julie.”

She spurted a big gob of the lotion into her palm and started slathering it around his cock; the senior was hard again in seconds. “That's sweet of you to say, but I mostly meant never ever fucking telling anyone. No bragging in the locker room, got it?”

“Take it to my grave, promise.”

She nodded, then turned and bent herself over her desk, ass pointed up at him, her tight little rear entrance waiting for him invitingly right above her pretty pink slit.

Garrett had never had sex before. He'd come close after the home-coming dance, but his date had been drunk and he'd felt bad taking advantage of her. Now, he was about to fuck a woman's ass – his hottie gym teacher's ass, no less – without ever even having lost his virginity.

On a whim... he aimed low.

Maybe it was the lotion, or maybe she was even more aroused than she'd been letting on, but Garrett's dick slid into her pussy like a hot knife through butter. Her silken cunt tightened in surprise – and it was already really tight – but he still pressed in without much impediment.

“Elfmann! I told you to fuck my ass!”

“Lion spirit, Miss Roper!” Calling her Julie was still unnatural. “I saw what I wanted and I reached for it!”

She moaned as he began thrusting into her. “Oh fuck, I should've been more, mmmm, specific when I told you to chase your dreams...”

“Your pussy is so fucking tight... I never dreamed it would be this good.” It was. With every thrust, her pussy squeezed and clenched around him as if trying to stop him from pulling away.

“Maybe your cock's just too big,” she said, gripping the edge of her desk hard.

“I can't believe I'm fucking Miss Roper!” He pinched her tight little ass.

“You know I'm right here on the end of your dick, right? I can hear you.”

“Sorry. You're just so damn hot!”

She moaned, then louder as he fucked her harder; hopefully no one was in the locker room, because the noise would definitely be audible out there.

Garrett gripped her hips and pulled her ass to meet his thrusts; her tiny runner's body was practically custom built for being man-handled like this. Her ass was right there for his viewing pleasure, but as he grew increasingly confident, he pulled out and flipped her over.

“I wanted to see your breasts,” he explained, gingerly cupping one.

“Breasts are what we call them on diagrams in our human sexuality lessons. These, Elfmann, are tits. Boobs. Titties. Treat them accordingly.”

Grinning, he took both nipples and pinched hard, then took one in his mouth and started sucking. She moaned loudly. “Good man – suck those tits, Elfmann!”

By instinct, his dick found its way back inside her, and soon he was fucking her with the savage intensity of a teenage boy as he groped and squeezed her tits. Miss Roper moaned louder and louder until finally he had to stick a finger in her mouth for her to suck on so she didn't alert the whole school she was being fucked like a little slut on her desk by one of her students. She still got pretty loud every time she came, but nobody was knocking on her office door as yet.

Luckily, she'd already gotten him off once so he had a little warning this time; as he felt the impulse building, he pulled his cock out. "Sank yuh," she mumbled around his finger, "Ah uz urried yuh wuh guh-uh cuh un muh pussuh."

"Nope – you taught me too well about the dangers of unprotected sex. So... here you go!" The lotion was mostly worn off, but her pussy had still coated him well enough that his cock head pierced her asshole with only token resistance. She squealed and tensed in surprise, but then bellowed out a moan as she relaxed enough to let him keep going. Her whole body shook in orgasm as she lost her own anal virginity, and the spasmic clenching fast massaged his cock into spurting right up into her butt.

"That... that was amazing," Garrett said a few moments later, after cleaning himself up with a bottled water and the t-shirt he'd jizzed on earlier.

"I like to think so," she said, hopping back up to her feet. "Why don't you take the rest of the period off, wander the halls, get into a little trouble? Don't want people wondering why we arrived late together – just in case."

Still in a state of mild awe at her naked body, he let himself test the limits just a little bit more. "Suppose I wanted to hang out with you the rest of the period? Play hooky?"

Miss Roper smiled. "You know I actually have a job to do, right?"

"Come on. Let's stay here, and you can suck my cock the rest of the period."

She looked wryly amused by the suggestion. "Look, I know we go way back, but..."

"Man, and I thought you were my friend..." he said sullenly. He pushed the bluff by picking up his jeans and underwear.

"I am!" she insisted. "I am. Just... you know. This is asking an awful lot, especially after I let you hump me, and fuck me, and cum in my ass. Doesn't that prove I care?" she insisted earnestly.

"It proves you were willing to use me to get yourself off," he said. *Nevermind that you got me off twice.*

"But... but..." Miss Roper looked around frantically as he began dressing, genuine looking like she was about to lose her best friend.

He pulled his shirt on and had his hand on the door knob before she broke – he'd really thought she wouldn't. "Wait! I'll do it," she said. "If it means that much to you, I'll do it."

His gym teacher sunk to her knees in front of him and began undoing his jeans again. "Wow, you're really going to...?"

She looked up at him. "Of course. If it's what you need from me, I'll do it. Sorry I got so selfish there. I was being a shitty friend."

Then she started licking up and down his shaft.

"Well... I guess I'll give you a chance to make it up to me," he said.

She wrapped her lips around his tip and slid slowly down to his base, her tongue licking him adoringly. When she slid back off, she smiled at him. "Thank you – you know how I hate it when we fight."

"Mhmm, just keep sucking."

“You got it, buddy.”

It wasn't until he heard the girls filing back into the locker room that he let her push him over the edge, spraying what he had left into her by-now eager mouth. She kept the blowjob up until he was well and truly spent. “We good now, Elfmann?”

“We're good now, Roper,” he said. “I'll bring my clothes tomorrow.”

She laughed. “Well, at least I taught somebody something today.”

Garrett rode that high for his last few periods of the day. He even heard a student whispering a rumor about how Coach Roper had ditched class to get high in her office – salacious, by high school standards, but far less so than the truth.

In his last class, he was as usual dismissed a few minutes early from class to help a classmate on crutches after breaking his leg in football carry his books to his locker. The hallways would still be mostly empty for the next few minutes before the last bell; with that thought in mind (along with fond images of Miss Roper's thorough and contrite blowjob), when he saw Dana Spectre in the hall, he approached her with confidence. She was one of the prettiest girls in his class, and he'd always had a bit of a crush on her – seeing her alone at her locker, on today of all days, had to be a sign.

“Hi, Dana,” he said as he walked up.

She turned, confused. “Oh, hi... you.” She obviously didn't recognize him.

“*Enetria por'amunk!*” he said, and as she looked at him like he was nuts, he reached out and helped himself to a serving of tender breast meat.

Then Dana punched him right in the face. “Fuck you, creep!” She kicked him while he was down, for good measure, then slammed her locker shut and stormed away.

It was then the young elf learned an important tactical lesson – when a power is usable 3/day, one must learn to ration its use carefully, and track remaining uses accordingly.