

10/8/2021 Prompt: Harvest (Owen & Karina 8)

-KARINA-

“They were harvested for you,” the Master said, motioning to the three stiff bodies. “The finest in Irrenthall.”

“This isn’t necessary,” I stalled.

“Pick.”

I gulped.

The first was the cream of the crop – tall as a maize stalk with wavy golden tassels. The paladin’s eyes caught mine as the sun kissed my cheeks. Nope. Too distracting.

The second wore the armor of a warrior, muscles bulging like grains of green wheat. But it was the hungry look in his eyes that did it. And the snout. As a blob landed near my trainers, I hopped backwards. Ew.

“Remove him,” the Master decreed. “Incompetent fools.”

“But he ate Verone...” muttered the underling, his scythe herding the orc away.

“Karina, we have not got all day.”

“Three,” I blurted, feeling the paladin’s frown to my toes. Sorry, mate. Not today.

“The ranger. Come this way.”

As I trotted after the Master, gleaming eyes assessed me, but I refused to give in. I would not show weakness or fear. Not if I wanted to get home.

Alone at the targets, I licked my lips before facing my new companion. I stuck out my hand.

“Karina.”

“Quin.”

“Right. Show me what you got.”

“A crossbow.”

“Er...I know. May I?”

Quin jerked back. “Not on your life, beyonder!”

“Possessive, are we, ranger? I have experience, if you must know.”

Massive hazel eyeroll. “Have you ever shot a person?”

“No...”

“Didn’t think so. Watch and reap, sister.”

Inner ring, outer ring...

"You missed," I stated.

"Still would've hit you."

"True. My turn."

"Don't shoot your eye out."

Before I readied the familiar stance, I winked.

Bullseye!

"Practice yields a bumper crop, ranger."

"Don't bale wet hay." Quin tossed her barley-blonde pixie cut with the ghost of a smile. "You're in my world now."

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A little corny, maybe, lol.

TAG

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