

"I think I can almost see it!"

Shouted Erica, the party's cleric, the gentle slope of her breasts causing her prayer robes to tent out slightly before they were reeled back in by a simple belt at her waist.

"Be quiet, you dont think there will be a trap or something near the entrance?"

Snapped the rogue, her dark cloak casting shadows across her thin but strong build beneath her dark leather armour.

"Oh dont be so paranoid Sylvia, its been a long journey and we should be glad to begin properly."

The paladin of the party, Clare, stood tall and proud, her armour molded around ample breasts and her battle dress flared off of her impressive rump.

The three party members emerged into a clearing in the forest, a small lake had formed in a depression in the ground and an ancient stone tunnel that they knew plunged deep into the ground as the entrance of a dungeon faced them from the opposite side of the lake.

The three took in their surroundings and made note of their supplies.

"Its getting late. We should make camp before heading inside, I want a full rest before we begin."

Clare announced, facing the setting sun and watching its descent through the trees.

"We don't know if we're safe here, something could come out of the dungeon and attack us while we rest." Sylvia responded, eyes narrowed on the dungeon entrance.

