

Featuring: Ragnar, Confeta, Pigeon and Kore.
Celestial feline added; 1161 word total.

Trial of Glamour

Depict your character as they show off what makes them a better a partner to potential mate.
Are they brightly colored? Do they have impressive wings or plumage? Do they fight for it?

It was another glorious day in Emyprean. The sun was shining, the grass was heavy with dew, not a worry or trouble in sight. The birds chirped overhead, and the occasional rabbit jumped to and fro. Wildflowers decorated the ground, and somewhere in the distance, a babbling creek played its lulling tune.

A scream pierced the air. Not one of pain, but one of pure frustration and defeat. The owner, Ragnar. This nautical, lepir marked warden had fallen to his belly, his legs stretched out to the sides, his face down, forehead resting along the soil.

"I've tried EVERYTHING, Confeta!" He whined, his head lifting and falling back on the ground with soft, little thuds.

"Clearly you haven't tried everything, or else you wouldn't be sprawled out like a child," the confetti emperor remarked, amusement bleeding through his tone.

Several feet away, Pigeon, an albino gryphon roared and rolled around with laughter, tears collecting at the edges of his eyes. "STOP, STOP, I'M BEGGING YOU!" He snorted, pleading with the warden to cease his whining, "MY – MY STOMACH HURRRRRRTS!"

Confeta scoffed and gently bapped the gryphon with his fluffy tail, "Knock it off."

"What's going on?" Kore, a lovely ravager dropped to the ground, her brows knit with confusion, "What's wrong with him?"

"He's upset because the warden he's head over heels for doesn't even acknowledge him," Pigeon smirked, "He thinks she doesn't think he's pretty enough to be a mate."

Kore's face twisted, irritated with the gryphon's nonchalance, and the wailing of the warden.

"That's not just it," Confeta interjected, "According to him, she looked at him and ran away."

"SHE THINKS I'M A LOOOOOOOOSERRRRR!!!" The warden wailed louder and rolled over onto his side, his aquatic tail flapping on the ground. His celestial feline lifted from his side and

huffed loudly, obviously annoyed with its partner. The cat drifted over to Pigeon and landed on his back with a thud.

With a heavy sigh, Kore walked over to the warden and patted his side, "There, there."

He sniffled, his big, doe eyes watery.

"You're a — handsome fella," she started, hesitating, "I mean, look at you! Your markings are very lovely - and your fins? Envy worthy. I'm sure she was just intimidated by your beauty!"

Confeta grinned and stomped his feet, "That's it! We all have our own desirable qualities. My markings resemble confetti, not a lot of dragons have that. Plus every painted dragon bears a different marking pattern. Some would find me desirable, but some also might not. No one has the same taste, Rag."

"Exactly! Some might like me for my dark markings and gold features, but not everyone thinks I'm a catch. The point is to find your own inner beauty and rocking it!"

Smirking, Pigeon leaned in, "And what about me?"

Kore stared over at him with such an *unamused* look, "I'm sure you're desirable to some."

Pigeon jerked back, feigning wounding, "Oh, my heart! How will I EVER go on?"

Confeta rolled his eyes, "Pigeon has an uncommon mutation, it makes him special. He has markings, you just can't see them due to his albinism. Some find that appealing. He has blush markings too, those pink markings are very pretty."

The gryphon smirked again and sat down, his front leg crossing over the other. The celestial feline slid off of his frame and rested against his side before falling asleep.

"Even so, it's not just about looks! I wouldn't care if my potential mate was the prettiest in all the land - if he has a shit personality, I don't want it. I prefer my mate to be caring and courageous and loves his clutchmates. Someone playful, but also knows when to be serious and protective," Kore read off of her list as if she were listing off groceries.

"Exactly, so long as your heart is kind, and you're not cruel and selfish, that should be enough to win her over!" Confeta exclaimed excitedly.

Ragnar perked up and sniffled once again before sitting up and rubbing his eyes with his paw. "So, what you're saying is, I don't have to be pretty to win her over?"

"That's exactly what we're saying!" Kore replied, thankful the warden was finally getting it. "Do something sweet for her. What does she like? She like flowers, or is she more of a fish girl?"

"She likes fish, but I'm sure she also likes flowers. She's – Gods, she's so pretty. She also has a nautical vibe to her, ya'know? She's a pretty pink and blue, also lepir marked. She's so sweet and kind too, loves kids, loves teaching them. She's still young at heart, but she—"

"Ugh, gag me," Pigeon rolled his eyes. "Tell me something, warden - have you even said hello to the girl?"

"Well of course he—" Kore was cut off.

"No, I haven't. I mean, I tried to, I promise I did!!" Ragnar's eyes grew three sizes as Kore turned to look at him. "I TRIED, I PROMISE!!!"

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T—" she breathed and closed her eyes, allowing a moment of peace before restarting. "What do you mean you haven't even said hello to her, Ragnar?"

"I — I tried to say hello. She just..." he started, trailing off to a whisper as he said, "made me so nervous, I panicked."

That tore at Kore's heart strings. She glanced over to Confeta who seemed to share the same sentiment. Pigeon, however, was snorting to stifle the giggles he kept inside. One look from Kore had him shutting right up.

"You have to say hello to the girl, Rag," Confeta started, "bring her some flowers and say hello. C'mon, let's go say hello to her!"

Kore looked to where Confeta had turned, a pretty warden with the exact markings Ragnar had described had walked into the clearing with another lepir marked dragon, a sapiere. The two were giggling to each other, a gaggle of young dragons dancing around their feet.

A dreamy sigh escaped Ragnar as he stared at her. His lower lip began quivering.

"SO," Kore quickly started, hoping to stop his crying before it even started, "tell me what makes you a good mate."

"I — I, well... I'm a good listener, I guess. I like to have fun, but I also know when to stop. I, uh.. I *GUESS* I'm pretty to look at, and I love to dote on those I care for – spoil them, I guess you'd call it. I'm not that confident.. and I require a little more reassurance than might be necessary, but I love hard."

"That's it. You got it. Go say hello to the girl," Confeta grinned, Kore sharing the sentiment.

Ragnar stood on shaky legs and without giving himself a moment to question himself, he marched over to the girl of his dreams. She stared at him, hearts in her eyes as he said the words, "Hello, I'm Ragnar, would you like to go fishing with me?"

For Pigeon and Kore

CE: Celestial Feline + 10 Added Dragon + 2 Added Dragon #2 + 2 Background + 4 Trial of Ouroboros Completed + 10 Trials + 2 1161 words + 11 Total = 41	For Cryptid and Dakelfell EE: Entry rolls gain points + 0 Trials + 10 Extra Dragon (1) + 2 Extra Dragon (2) + 2 Extra Dragon (3) + 2 150 Extra Words (1) + 1 Complex Background + 5 Total = 22
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For Confeta and Ragnar

CE: Celestial Feline + 10 Added Dragon + 2 Added Dragon #2 + 2 Background + 4 Personal bonus + 1 Trial of Ouroboros Completed + 10 Trials + 2 1161 words + 11 Total = 42	For Thundercat EE: Entry rolls gain points + 0 Trials + 10 Extra Dragon (1) + 2 Extra Dragon (2) + 2 Extra Dragon (3) + 2 150 Extra Words (1) + 1 Complex Background + 5 Total = 22
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Celestial feline attached to Ragnar.