

The Dice Must Roll

Chapter 3: The Luck of the Dice

By Draconicon

They started playing, but almost immediately the game started going off the rails. Greg started describing the tavern they were in, and to a one, Charlie and the other players covered their noses.

“What the hell?” Ryker grunted. “It smells like someone spilled a keg of beer or something in here.”

The husky blinked, looking down at the notes in front of him. His eyes widened.

“Uh...That was...the next sentence on the module, actually.”

Charlie stared at the husky, who just turned the book around for proof. Right there, written on the old, faded pages of the module write-up, was exactly that. A tavern at the edge of a forest, the floor soaked in blood and stale beer, and only a few customers with the long-lasting terror that had taken over the land.

That's crazy...

Then again, the whole thing had been crazy. They were dealing with magical dice, to start with, and they had magic, and new abilities, and...

Well, he had a pet snake, he was reminded as he felt it slithering along his arm and up his shirt, but that was the least of their problems right then. If they were this involved in something magical, then they were in trouble for more than just stealing Darren's cursed game.

The only thing keeping him from quitting was the fact that he knew how these things tended to go, at least in the movies and comic books. You start a cursed game, you gotta finished the cursed game, or it just got worse. It was that way with Jumanjii, it was that way with pretty much everything else. If they didn't beat the big bad, he was pretty sure that the whole magic thing would spread to everywhere that it could in the city.

“Let's...let him keep reading,” Charlie suggested.

“Just describe something different, please?” Ryker asked. “It stinks.”

“Well, um...okay. The tavern smells of beer and blood...I mean, it smells of blood and beer. I mean...Uh, guys? I swear, I'm trying, but it's not letting me say anything but that.”

“Okay, let's see if we can knock it off-script.” Ailsa picked up her dice. “I roll to get everyone's attention. Perform check.”

“What are you performing?” the DM asked.

“Strip-tease.”

Charlie, Ryker, and Lorkos all blinked, looking up. The stingray shrugged.

“Hey, paladins can have an interesting backstory. Just say that I'm drunk enough to be going back to my days of sin for the night. What's the DC?” she asked.

“Uh...16 for a discount, 18 to get the crowd paying?”

The stingray nodded, tossing her d20 on the table. The yellow block spun around until it came face-up with a 17.

To everyone's surprise, Ailsa was suddenly yanked out of her seat, her eyes going wide as she dragged herself up on the table.

“Uh, guys? Guys? Someone get me the fuck down from here!”

“As the paladin got more and more drunk,” Greg recited, his eyes wide as if his mouth had been possessed beyond his control, “she stepped onto the table. Her armor came off, and with it her undergarments.”

Clang. Armor that had *definitely* not been there a moment ago slammed into the floor of the game shop, followed by a large-ish bra. The panther whipped his eyes from the ground up to the ‘dancing’ stingray, his cheeks turning bright red as he saw her breasts swaying back and forth in front of him.

“She reached up to tease her nipples, making them hard and pointy,” Greg said, and Ailsa's hands obeyed his commands. “It isn't quite enough to get the attention of the entire tavern, but the owner leans around the bar and says -”

“Alright, Ailsa,” Darren said. “You keep that up for another half hour, and you get half price on anything that you buy.”

The jaws of everyone at the table had long-since fallen to the floor, and the fact that the black store owner had just popped his head around the corner, offered a discount, and then

disappeared again without any complaint for the stripping going on in his establishment was just the icing on the cake.

“Someone shut the DM up!” Ailsa begged, her hands already moving to her lower half.

Ryker was nearest, and the folf did just that. He clapped his hand over the husky’s mouth before another word could be said. The show stopped, the soft music of a saxophone everyone had started hearing fading away, and Ailsa immediately hopped down from the table. Her cheeks were purple with a bright blush, and she was quick to stuff her breasts back into her bra.

Everyone expected the armor to fade away, as well, but no. It remained. The stingray looked at it, looked at them, and looked back.

“Anyone happen to know how to put on a breastplate?” she asked.

“Uh...”

Ryker held up a hand, the folf stepping around behind the purple woman. Charlie shook his head, looking down at his character sheet.

Okay, so the game doesn’t go off-script that easily. Then again, it’s a tabletop RPG. It should be able to hold to script in some way no matter what the players do, unless they completely break it.

Which meant that they were going to have to play it long enough to learn the rules. They couldn’t really break the game without knowing how the game was played in the first place.

“Is there anyone besides us and the staff in the tavern?” Charlie asked.

“Yes. There are several shady figures, a snoozing mercenary, and a traveling sorcerer,” Greg said.

Ding ding.

They turned, the door opening as...several shady figures, a sleepwalking soldier, and a man that had to be cosplaying as the most gaudy sorcerer ever to exist stepped into the game shop. They slowly rotated back to the game table, leaning over their character sheets and rubbing their heads.

“Greg...you swear you’re just reading the notes?” Charlie whispered.

“Swear. I swear, I swear, I swear. It just...”

“It’s the game,” Ryker said. “This is messed up. If this is how it works, I’m going to be -”

“You are not finding a goddamn brothel,” the stingray muttered as she adjusted her breastplate. “Thanks for getting that on, by the way.”

“Welcome.”

The folf paused, looking over at the newcomers. Charlie knew the look in his eye. That was the expression that the big guy always had when it came to starting mischief.

And just like that, he was already moving, having picked up his dice and wandered off, muttering something about talking up the locals. The rest of the party sat there, shaking their heads.

“What do you want to bet he rolls diplomacy to seduce one of them?” Charlie asked.

“I’m not in the mood to lose money tonight,” Lorkos muttered.

“Yeah...”

None of them were particularly surprised when the folf approached the sorcerer. There were a couple of dice rolls done, some at a distance, some by Greg at the far end of the table, almost as if the husky knew the results without seeing the player’s die. Charlie waited, watching as the chat got slowly more intimate, the rogue leaning in and whispering into the wolf’s ear. A few licks were exchanged, and -

“Yep. Groping already,” Charlie said, shaking his head as the folf squeezed the wolf’s ass.

“As you talk up the Sorcerer of the Mists, you hear him gasp a few interesting bits of information between his moans. The lands before you are under the thrall of Rodrigo the Ruthless, according to the panting sorcerer, and there are monsters aplenty ahead of you. From werewolves to vampires, to mind-controlled humans, they have either bent knee to the great evil overlord, or have been made to bend.”

“How’s he talking with his mouth wrapped around Ryker’s cock?” Ailsa asked.

“I have no idea,” Charlie said, shaking his head. “Pretty eloquent for that kinda mouthful, though.”

It was pretty impressive how quickly the folf had gotten the wolf down on his knees, and even more impressive how much of the folf’s meat the wolf was managing to get down his throat. It wasn’t exactly a small thing, as Ryker tended to enjoy reminding them during his photo sharing sessions every week.

Charlie blushed a bit as he watched the show, occasionally fondling himself and trying not to get too excited. They still had a job to do, after all.

“You also hear - between sucks - that he has just returned from a failed job in the forest, and he advises you to be wary. There are vampires out there, and many of them with a strong grasp of the hypnotic power of their master,” Greg said.

“Hypnotic powers. Right.”

“Yeah.”

“Uh-huh.”

The scene only grew more surreal as Darren reemerged from the back, carrying a few boxes of stock between them and the blowjob scene that was unfolding before them. Ryker had managed to get the other guy up on a table, bending him over backwards to get a good angle to fuck his throat.

And yet, the human didn't even seem to notice. Darren just sat down behind the counter, unwrapping cards and laying them out, organizing them before putting them into sleeves. He didn't even seem to notice when the cards started transforming into scrolls, his inventory changing as the shop changed around them.

Charlie only noticed that he'd gone from wearing a t-shirt and jeans to wearing leather when he leaned back and felt the difference in texture against his back. He looked down, staring at the brown, smooth leather armor that he wore, blushing slightly at the way that it hugged his crotch but finding it surprisingly comfortable. He looked down at the side of his neck, seeing his little viper curling up like a scaly necklace around his throat.

Well, done weirder things...

He idly petted the snake, watching the face-fucking oral continue without anyone else watching. The rules for this particular setting must have either been very lax towards sexuality, or the game was played with everything else taking a pause for this sort of player interaction with the world.

It seemed to be the former when there was a knock at the store front.

“Hmm?” Darren said. “Oh, those must be the police.”

“Police?!”

They must have been louder than he thought, because the human paused, blinking as he stared at them.

“Yeah, I called them when that fight started. Um...”

They looked at the spot where the bodies had been. Long gone, now, there was very little evidence of a fight at all, let alone one that had caused casualties.

“That might be a problem, but...I can explain it. One moment, everyone.”

Even as the shop owner made his way to the door, Charlie whipped around, leaning in and whispering.

“Police? Ryker’s fucking someone over the table, and cops are about to come in. Not to mention all this...crazy stuff,” he said, gesturing at the new people. “What the hell are we going to do?”

“...Act natural?” Lorkos suggested.

“Screw that,” Ailsa said. “There’s an alley door. Let’s just get the hell out of here before they come in.”

“I’m going to agree with Ailsa on this one,” Charlie said. “Come on.”

The stingray grabbed Greg, the husky still reciting the sex scene with copious levels of detail. They rushed past the table, grabbed Ryker by the tail - much to his verbal complaints - and hurried to the side door. Darren was still talking to the cops when they reached the exit, and Charlie had to push Ryker through to actually keep him moving.

“You are going to pay for giving me blueballs, you know that?” the folf grunted. “Fuuuuuck, that hurts.”

“Yeah, well, getting prison fucked would probably hurt too,” Charlie said. “And besides, if this is getting that weird, you can always come back. Hell, you could probably found your own brothel.”

“Stop encouraging him,” Ailsa muttered.

“He’ll never leave,” Lorkos added.

Greg shut the door, then froze. Everyone turned to him, watching as the husky covered his mouth and muzzle. It didn’t help; something forced him to speak.

“But as the party left the tavern, they found themselves in still-greater danger. For a vampire was waiting for them.”

“Oh, come on!” they shouted in unison, turning this way and that.

An opossum walked out from behind the dumpster, white facial fur bristling around a series of whiskers. Pink fingers folded over each other as the black-suited creature chuckled under its breath.

“Most excellent. Four new servants for Rodrigo and myself,” it said. “Look into my eyes, and be mine.”

“Roll Will,” Greg said, sounding for all the world like he hated what he was saying.

All four of them tossed a d20 on the ground, the dice rolling about and coming in with low numbers across the board. Not one of them managed to get above a six, and most of them did quite a bit worse.

The panther groaned, feeling a pressure in his head, almost as if he had been pushed to the back seat of his own mind. He shook his head, trying to fight it off, but when the opossum curled his fingers, he was forced to step forward, his body carried along by a will not his own.

The black-furred feline stood in front of the vampire, unable to move as those dexterous pink fingers found the buttons of his pants and pulled them apart. His zipper came down, and then his underwear, his pants falling down to his ankles. His cheeks burned, knowing that he was exposed from the front and the back, and it only got worse as the vampire started teasing his cock, pulling at it with one hand stroking a finger along the tip with the other.

“Mmm, you will be one to watch, little pussy cat. And you, folf. Step forward.”

Ryker was soon standing beside him, the rogue’s face the picture of pissed-off. The folf grumbled, biting his lips as his spit-slick cock was tugged. Feline and canine were soon mirror images of arousal, forced as it was, and their dicks bounced in the hands of the vampire.

“Yes, such lovely cocks. And now you, wolf. Come forward.”

Lorkos stepped up to stand beside the panther, his pants falling down in the same way that the druid’s and rogue’s had. Unlike them, his cock was already up and throbbing. Charlie wondered if it was a class feature or if he had just been enjoying the show.

Either way, the vampire seemed happy to see it, running his tail up and down the underside of the shaft. The three of them groaned almost in unison as they were teased, tugged, and played with.

Only Ailsa had yet to be called. Charlie would have looked behind him, but he couldn’t move. All he could do was stand there, cock throbbing and begging for release, his hips twitching in time with the wolf and folf on either side of him. They were grunting with him, their pleasure rising despite themselves.

Mmmph...goddamnit...stupid...dice...

“And so, as the three males fell under the spell of the vampire, their cocks throbbing as their will was drained into their erections, the beast turned his attention to the last of the party,” the DM husky recited.

“Come to me, woman,” the opossum said.

“Do I get a roll to resist since I'm not technically a woman?” Ailsa asked.

“Uh...sure.”

She knelt down and picked up her d20 again, throwing it across the alley.

“Seven,” Greg said. “No dice, sorry.”

“Damn it.”

“The stingray was forced to step forward despite her valiant efforts to find a loophole in the spell. Her cocks were throbbing in her armor, starting to rise against the inside of her chastity belt.”

“Oh, you fuck - owwwwww stop growing stop growing stop growing!”

The stingray resisted longer than the rest of them, but soon, she was standing in line with them. The vampire was just starting to reach for her armor when -

“Oh, right, I should roll for something real quick,” Greg said. “Almost forgot about making the Listen checks for the people still in the tavern.”

“ROLL HIGH! ROLL HIGH!” Ryker shouted.

“We're dealing with a vampire out here!” Charlie added.

“Police!” Lorkos shouted.

Greg rolled.

It worked. The door came bursting open, but rather than police, it was a squad of armored paladins, each one gleaming with golden light. In the center was a cleric, one wearing a sunburst on his chest, and he raised it with certainty in his eyes and confidence in his stance.

“Turn!”

The vampire gasped, eyes going wide. There was a clatter-rattle sound as if dice were being rolled.

Whatever it was, the opossum didn't have much luck. He screamed as he was disintegrated in the holy light of the cleric's power.

All at once, the compulsion to stand there with their pants around their ankles disappeared. Charlie blushed worse than ever, knowing that there were paladins behind him

staring at his ass. He pulled his clothes back up as fast as his hands could manage, covering his bulge as he turned around.

The rest of the party did the same as he muttered his thanks to the police officers, trying to keep it calm. The officers - the paladins - shrugged the thanks off, the cleric assigning one of them to take statements.

God...what the hell is going on? Even the normal people are changing now?

“Do any of you require healing?” the cleric asked. “Were any of you hurt?”

“Mmmph...” Ailsa nodded. “I wouldn’t say no...”

“Where are you injured, my child?”

She pointed down, and the cleric groaned.

“Perhaps you require a paladin, if you are so eager to experience the laying of hands...”

Despite the situation, everyone laughed. Well, everyone but Ailsa. She just spread the death-glare around.

The End