

## Dungeon Master Toy

The sleek black rubber sergal toy with cyan hair, eyes, with matching cuffs on its body, all of which have the cursive lettering “Fuck Toy” with a lovely collar and a silver tag with its name on it. It is currently setting up snacks and drinks on a table in the kitchen, its ears twitch, stopping when it hears a soft feminine sigh, “Silent? What is it?” K-2003 asks, taking a few steps, seeing a purple furred female sergal, leaning against the door, backpack hitting the ground with a thud.

“I had a long day at my classes, but that’s not even half of it,” she says, picking herself back up, the sergal walking into the dining area.

“Most of your day thus far has been classes, it should be far more than the half of it.”

Silent smiles, “How in the world are you an A student?”

“By answering all the questions correctly and writing papers the teacher expects toy to write for an A grade,” it explains, walking over to her, its hips swaying with each step, tail following in its motions, noticing its roommate’s frustrated smile.

“A good answer. Not one I... never mind,” she replies, picking up her things, walking into the dinning/kitchen area, stopping dead in her tracks, “K-2003? What have you been doing?”

“Getting everything set up for your dungeons and dragons game today. You said it was today, right? This one thought since it had a free day today that it could get the place all cleaned up and set up for your friends before it scampered off to check up on its local store. It knows how you get a little bashful having a roommate. You want to look independent and self-reliant, right?”

Silent’s cheeks grow warm, her one green and one pink colored eyes look off to the side, rubbing the back of her head, her cuffs around her wrists jingle, “K-2003... you didn’t have to do that for me... you even made dip?”

“Yup! This one has an old-time recipe from the old country.”

She raises an eye ridge, “From the old country? Just because you’re shaped like a sergal doesn't mean you’re from there.”

“From your home country, at least,” it says with a grin.

“I was born here.”

“Here? In this room? Oh, that must be weird to study here now.”

She sighs, “No, no. I mean in this country. My parents immigrated here though, and by here, I mean this country. I’m from out of state.”

“Ah, yes, now toy recalls.”

The female sergal gives the toy an inquisitive look, ears folding back, “Anyway, none of that matters. There’s not going to be a game,” she says disheartedly.

“What? You’ve been trying to find a group all month and this was going to be your first session wasn’t it?”

“Yeah, it was, but then the dungeon master had to cancel, and two of the three others were placed with a project they had to work on. It kind of killed it before it could even begin.”

“Dungeon Master? And here toy thought you were a virgin.”

Silent stiffens, blushing more, “Not that kind of Dungeon Master, K-2003.”

“Ah, why not say game master then? That’s the more common phrase.”

She lifts a finger about to say something but then stops herself, “Hmm well... ah... oh, because this is the dungeons and dragons game, not any tabletop. That’s why.”

“Makes sense to this one.”

“But K-2003, I appreciate the efforts, but I’m sorry, no game today.”

Its ears fold back, “Awe, so you have nothing else planned today?”

“I could study, I guess, but that’s it.”

“Wait right here,” it says, pulling out a phone from a fanny pack that is hooked to its belt around its waist. Quickly making a call, “Hello? I-2843. Yeah, it's this one. It wants you to activate plan six dash nine. Not plan sixty-nine, but six dash nine. Yeah... yeah. It’ll be there in about fifteen minutes. Will it be ready by then?”

Silent’s ears twitch, trying to catch a whisper of the other half of the conversation, “*Damn. It has the volume set so low that even I can’t hear it. How does a toy have sergal level hearing?*”

“How long will it last? Oh, this one thinks we’ll have four or so hours of having a gay ol time. An orgy of fun! With a climactic happy ending! Well at least this one hopes. See you soon! And make sure the other two are ready. Thank you,” says K-2003.

Each word fills a pit in Silent’s stomach, a steadily growing concern of what is going to happen, “Uh... K-2003? What were you talking about?”

“Come Silent! We are about to go on an adventure! Let’s just pack up the dip, chips, and drinks,” it says, rushing to pick up everything, “And bring your level one Tiefling Magus character sheet.”

“Wait, how do you know I have a Tiefling Magus?”

“You fell asleep on it the other day and this one just happened to notice.”

“*So, I didn’t imagine that then...*”

“Sorry if you wanted to keep it a secret.”

“No, no, it's fine. So, what are you planning?”

“You’ll see. It’s a surprise this one has had in the works just in case something like this happened,” it explains, finishing packing up everything, slinging it over its shoulder, “Come, time to go.”

“Go where?”

“To this one’s local Toys-4-U store.”

She swallows a lump in her throat, “You are taking me to a porn store?”

“Adult toy store.”

“In the daytime.”

“The store is open, yeah.”

“And you’re taking me?”

“Yeah, how else will you find it?”

“I could use the internet, but that’s not the point.”

“This one will show you the point soon enough,” it says, grabbing Silent by the cuff, gently tugging her forward and out of the room.

Silent’s heart thumps quickly, eyes widening, “I-I can’t just go out in public like this.”

“What do you mean? You just did it for classes. Fear not though. This one is well polished and knows the way, we won’t get lost,” it explains with glee, moving toward the door.

“W-wait, K-2003. Can we talk about this? I don’t think I can do... uh, whatever you are planning.”

“Come on. Trust this one. When has it led you down a wrong path before?”

“Despite how you put things? Not that I can recall. You’ve only been sweet and delightful. You’re a rubbery mystery.”

“Awe thank you. Though this one tends to be fruity smelling and tasting, depending on what flavor it takes. Currently it’s set to peaches and in its polish too. Thought it would be something different than it normally does.”

“Ahh...”

“Come, come. This one doesn’t want to keep you on edge for too long, or it might spoil the fun,” K-2003 says, pulling her out of the door, through the on-campus housing complex.

Silent sighs softly, looking around, wanting to hide her face a little, being pulled along like a pet by her cuff. The toy’s butt wiggles, its hands full of treats, pressed up against its body, some of the bags are tied to its belt, allowing it to carry a little more than it normally otherwise could.

“This is going to be so much fun. It knows you will love this. We’ll have a gay ol’ time!”

“Toy... what year is your definition of gay?”

“What a silly question. Definitions don’t have years, unless the definition is a year like the 1900’s is the same definition as the twentieth century. Confusing right?”

“You know... never mind,” she replies with a soft sigh, her heart beating faster, and faster. The heat in her cheeks growing, more so the moment they step outside together onto the main street, off campus and down the street, “So how much farther is this store?” she asks, looking around, hoping no one recognizes her, or better yet... *“Please no one take pictures. Please, please, please.”*

“Ten or so minutes from here?”

“Ten minutes?!” she exclaims, huddling a little when she notices she drew attention to herself.

“Toy knows. You are just so eager to enjoy a long hard session of throwing math rocks after fondling them in your hands.”

“Ahh, K-2003, I don’t fondle my dice.”

“We all have our methods with the math rocks,” it says, pulling the purple sergal down the street, further away from the campus scenery and into the city itself. Just a few blocks and everything changes up.

*“How are people not paying attention to us? I see a glance or two but nearly everyone is... lost in their own world on their phones,”* she thinks, eventually being tugged down an alleyway that leads to a small parking lot and a “Toys-4-U convenience store” along the front in big bold lettering, “That looks rather more... friendlier than I thought.”

“Of course! We are open and welcoming. Come, come! We’ll have plenty of long hard fun inside,” K-2003 says with a smile.

“That is what I am... wait you said something about dice earlier?”

“Yeah, what about it? Did you forget yours?” it asks with concern in its voice.

“What? No, no I have them, it's just...” looking up at the sign.

“Perfect! Let’s get inside,” K-2003 says, tugging Silent along, the doors automatically opening as a sleek black rubber panther toy bows, “Hello! Welcome to Toys-4-U local convenience store. Feel free to ask this one or any Toys-4-U toy or an employee for assistance.”

“We’re fine, but thank you toy,” K-2003 says happily, pulling the sergal deeper into the store.

“Ahhh...” she mutters, eyeing all of the sex gear, toys, the young human female cashier who seems unusually bored out of her mind given where she is.

“Hey Terissa!” K-2003 exclaims waving to her.

“Hey K-2003. Welcome to Toys-4-U convenience store,” she says in a disinterested tone.

“Come on, you can say it better than that,” it says, moving over to her, increasing Silent’s embarrassment.

Terissa smiles, saying with more gusto, “Hello, welcome to Toys-4-U convenience store.”

K-2003 smiles, “Much better! We have to be welcoming to our stores. Let people know they aren’t weird for wanting to come in and enjoy themselves. Now come Silent, we have a game to play.”

“K-2003, why did you say my name!” she huffs, puffing her cheeks some, as she’s tugged deeper into the store.

“Because that is your name silly, unless toy doesn’t know you like it thinks it does,” it says, rubbing its chin, stopping halfway toward the back of the store.

“K-2003, could we just get to the room?”

“Oh, right, right, come!” it says, pulling her along into a back room where three toys are sitting around a large round table with five chairs, and a DM cover screen at one end.

“Why do you keep saying come?”

“Because come is good, isn’t it?”

“Why am I not surprised,” she replies.

The first toy to speak up is a black and dark blue female sergal toy with a similar look to K-2003 but a bit shorter, its tag says, M-2843 on it. “Toy Mistress, this one doesn’t think that is what they were referring to when you said come.”

“Huh? Of course, it is,” K-2003 says, taking out the treats, organizing everything.

A black and blue shark toy says with a big toothy grin, “This one is going to have fun playing its character. It can’t wait to shed some blood,” it adds with a hearty chuckle. The toy’s collar has the designation I-2843.

M-toy raises its hand, “Toy Mistress. This one thinks I-toy’s spiked collar needs to be activated again.”

“Hush you,” it says, giving a firm punch on the shoulder, which almost knocks it over.

“Awe, paired toys are always cute together,” K-2003 says, getting everything set up, “Silent you can sit next to this one beside it”

A silver and hot pink accented sergal toy with the same type of cuffs and collar like all the other toys, its collar has the designation K-2493. It smiles wide, “Hello! This one is so glad you could make it. Toy Mistress has had this prepared for the last three weeks.”

Silent looks at the toys with a blush, “This is... wait three weeks? K-2003, I told you about my game a month ago.”

“Yup, and this one had this planned just in case something happened so you could have your fun ready and rearing to go!”

“Awe... K-2003 that’s so sweet of you. I don’t know what to say.”

“Ah... Toy Mistress? This one thinks you mean raring to go,” M-toy corrects.

“That is what this one said, rearing to go,” K-2003 says, plopping its butt to the chair with a loud squeak.

“And if I had something to say, it would have been gone now,” Silent says with a soft chuckle, sitting down.

“Are you all ready to begin?” K-2003 asks, hands steepled, a sly grin coming across its face, butt wiggling with a squeak, eyeing everyone.

“Ready Toy Mistress!” exclaims M-toy and K-2493.

“Ready for the hunt,” I-toy says with a toothy grin, licking its lips.

“Ahh... ready as I’ll ever be,” says Silent, pulling out her character sheet of her level 1 Tiedfling Magus character named Lady Isabel Fortempt.

“Wonderful... now you all begin in the squeaky leak tavern. A jolly place, about half full as it’s about noon. Bar maidens are serving drinks, each dark corner seems to have some kind of brooding rogue type, waiting for someone to approach them. While many in here are just eager to enjoy a drink for lunch. You all find yourselves sitting across from each other, drinks in hand when...”

“Toy Mistress?” asks K-2493, interrupting the introduction.

“Yes?” K-2003 asks, raising its head.

“A tavern is kind of cliché could we start someplace else?”

I-toy nods, “Yeah, this one’s tough shark barbarian would not be seen in some simple tavern as her introduction.”

“Hmm, alright you all find yourselves in a tavern...”

“You didn’t change anything.”

K-2003 gives a sly grin, “In the center of a pirate ship. All part of the leaky tap pirate crew and enjoying your drinks in the ship’s tavern. The sway of the ship slides your drinks side to side, but you catch them and utilize the movement of the ocean with ease.”

I-toy chuckles, “That’s more like it,” it says, clearing its throat, “Before you, you see...”

A tough and buff female anthropomorphic shark, with scars across her face and gills. She towers at five feet in height... while sitting with the party. Beside her is a massive anchor she aptly loves to call “Her killing anchor.” Her name is Ivy... just Ivy.

Sitting beside her, controlled by M-toy is a fire red scaled dragonborn, draped in a black cloak, a hood over his head. Standing on his shoulder a skeleton raven that somehow chews on crackers and consumes them. His eyes give a deadly red glow, which send chills down your spine. He stuffs his face full of food as you feel the cold grip of...

Ivy pulls down the dragonborn’s hood, “Marquis, stop being such a drama queen,” huffs Ivy.

The hood removed, reveals a lovely clean scaled, young looking dragonborn at best twenty-two in age, “Ivy! You are ruining my brooding look.”

“Brooding shmooding,” mocks Ivy.

“Be careful though, hollow bones.”

“You don’t have hallow bones.”

“Rave does,” he remarks, motioning to the raven.

“Hi!”

Ivy flicks the skeletal bird, causing it to burst into a bunch of skeletal fragments.

Marquis gasps, “Rave!” But then a grin comes across his face as the raven forms back together before your eyes, fluttering back onto his shoulder.

“Can’t kill the dead! Ha!” Rave exclaims.

Ivy’s eyes narrow, “I’ll find a way.”

K-2493 introduces their character next, “Well, seeing all the dark brooding corners for the rogues are taken...” The toy clears its throat.

Before you is a well-dressed leather armored purple gem dragonborn male. He has a dashing smile, with a twinkle in his eye.

“An actual twinkle?” asks M-toy.

“Yes, an actual twinkle. Gem dragonborn and all.”

“Ooh shiny.”

K-2493 smirks, “Yes,” it clears its throat continuing.

The twinkle in his eye is amazing, goes by the name of Psylan. It... ahem, he has a set of daggers on his waists, mostly hidden by his cloak, but he is sort of dressed well to do. A bit out of place in a pirate tavern, but you know? The drinks are damn good here.”

Silent is jaw dropped at the introductions and roleplaying these naked fuck toys are giving. She takes a moment to regain her thoughts, “My turn.”

“Yup!” K-2003 responds eagerly.

Sitting beside Psylan is not as out of place anymore, well-to-do dressed red skinned Tiefling female. Her long black shoulder length hair flowed with her body movement; her eyes burn like the hell fires where her blood was forged. Her spade tail whips behind her, but as she speaks, it's smooth and elegant, "My name is Lady Isabel Fortempt, at your service."

Psylan jokes, "Practicing your introduction milady?"

She smiles, "Charmed, and it's always good to be practiced and cultured."

Ivy retorts, "Much good that do you 'ere in the middle of the ocean, full of scallywag pirates. But don't worry, little miss. I'll protect ya. For a fee," she cackles.

Rave remarks, "Don't let her fool you. She'll protect any crew mate. Cakaw!"

Ivy flicks the raven into pieces again.

"Rave! No!" Marquis yells as Rave reforms himself, "Oh good. Don't let that mean sharky lady get to you."

"I don't, but you do! Cakaw!"

Isabel chuckles, "So what brings you all here to this place?"

Ivy gives a toothy grin, "Hunting."

Marquis replies, "Ivy drags me around. I can't get away," he leans over, "Please send help."

Psylan laughs, "Don't mind those two. They are always a hot couple, as unlikely as it seems."

"No, please send help," Marquis begs with pleading eyes.

Isabel looks at him with some concern, "Should I be worried?"

"Naw, that's their thing," Psylan explains.

"Oh alright."

Suddenly, the ship is rocked with a hard and terrible force. A boom ripples through the ship as it's definitely not the motion of the ocean. You all must roll your dexterity saving throws to prevent yourselves from being knocked over.

The sound of dice clatter across the table, the numbers called out, "Okay all of you succeed except Marquis who is thrown to the ground, their drink spilling across them.

"Can this one grab the goods before it has taken a spill?" I-toy asks.

K-2003 nods, "Sure, roll to catch."

"Fifteen."

"Okay you manage to catch Marquis."

"This one isn't catching Marquis."

"What?!" exclaims M-toy.

"It is catching the drink. Can't let good grog go to waste."

"You expertly catch the drink and gulp it down in one go."

I-toy gives a toothy grin, "Perfect."

Ivy finishes the drink, slamming it down, grabbing her anchor, "That was no normal shake."

Isabel stands up, "I think we are under attack."

“We should get to the top deck and see what is going on,” says Pyslan.

Marquis stands up, “Thanks for the catch... yeah good idea. Let's get to the top deck and see what is going on,” he says rushing to the door that leads out of the tavern, other people there are shaken and confused as to what is going on as you reach the door, “This one attempts pushes the door open.”

K-2003 smirks, “It doesn't budge.”

“What?! They locked us in here?”

“Make an int roll.”

“Nat 1.”

“How dare they lock you down here!”

Marquis huffs, attempting to open the door, slamming weakly against it.

Ivy grips the killing anchor with both hands, making an attack roll... nat 1. She hits the door but barely, not making it budge as Marquis took most of the blow, knocking him back down, “I hate doors,” she growls.

“H...elp,” Marquis cries out.

“Hey, let me try, perhaps a cantrip can work,” says Isabel, unleashing an electrical spark, the energy shoots through the metal bits of the door but it holds firm, “Damn doors.”

Pyslan sighs, “Let me inspect the door,” he says, the others stepping back as he gives a quick look, “Really?”

K-2003 responds, “Yes really.”

The sigh grows louder, the dragonborn pulls the door open, “Wasn't even locked.”

Ivy looks off to the side, “I knew that.”

Isabel laughs, “I thought that was checked.”

K-2003 shrugs, “Nat 1's are a thing. Makes for good um... natural one entertainment?”

Silent sighs, “Keep trying K-2003.”

“This one will!”

Now free from your first daunting challenge, you all make your way up the steps. Sound of combat, guns blaring, cannons booming, swords clashing. You reach the top deck, and you find yourselves being attacked by other pirates! A massive white hulled ship with wonderful, beautiful sails. But no time to admire the ship before you, there are pirates to repel. “Roll initiative.”

Dice is rolled and combat begins. Isabel uses her magic to shock her enemies, while Ivy grabs her killing anchor, cackling maniacally as she charges into the fray taking hits like it was nothing, while smacking down the pirates in a single blow with her massive anchor. Marquis makes a giant skull shaped bell form over enemies' heads, ringing out, causing their eyes to bleed, making the attackers collapse. While Pyslan pulls out his daggers, dancing between their fingers like a ballet of death that is woven through the battlefield, helping take out the first wave of pirates.

“They just keep coming!” exclaims Marquis with concern.



“That works great for me!” cackles Ivy, blood on her anchor and body, charging into the next wave with glee.

Isabel looks around, “Has to be a way to slow them down...” she looks around, perceiving her surroundings noticing one of the cannons on the top deck, “I inspect the cannon, what do I find?” she asks, discovering gunpowder inside but missing that little ol’ cannonball thing.

Psylan notices what Isabel is up to, “I look for a cannon ball,” he states, but finding none immediately, “Hmm, could I use a bunch of metal coils and junk as a buck shot?”

“Roll an intelligence check.”

“Natural twenty!” sings K-2493.

“Yes, you may, and might be great against the wave of pirates coming, clearing your way for... well let’s see.”

“Quick! Find me all the random metal junk and shove it in here!” exclaims Psylan.

Ivy is busily hacking and slashing her way through the pirates still on the ship, blood flying through the air as she cackles with glee.

Marquis shakes his head, “Something's wrong with that one.”

“Toy heard that!” exclaims Ivy.

Psylan tilts his head, “Toy?”

M-toy clears its throat, “That was in character I-toy.”

I-toy grins, “It still heard that.”

M-toy gulps in response, “It looks around to fill the cannon with random metal, adding some copper to it.

Isabela nods, “I’ll do the same.”

Psylan looks around, “Already on it.”

They load the cannon, taking aim with the help of Psylan toward the other ship, “I’ll use my cantrip to light the fuse, ready?” asks Isabel.

“Ready,” Psylan and Marquis respond.

“Just as the cannon is about to fire, I grab Rave and shove him into the cannon for extra effect,” says Ivy.

“Wait what?!” exclaims Marquis.

Ivy grins, “Told you, I heard that.”

K-2003 nods, “It’ll allow it, but roll a slight of hand to see if you can do it quickly enough and stealthy enough for anyone to notice.”

M-toy shakes its head, “There is no way that you can...”

“Natural 19.”

“You manage to do it with the chaos of battle without anyone aware of you doing it.”

“God damn it!” exclaims M-toy before shifting back into character.

“Well Rave, we can get these pirates now... Rave? Rave?”

Isabel says, “I light the cannon.”

Boom! The cannon unleashes its load, spraying it across the enemy deck, hitting all the enemy seamen pirates hard with the white bony force of Rave and the accompanying metal. The explosive climactic force of the long hard cannon is beautiful as none can stop it, clearing the way, giving you access to the enemy ship, allowing you to bring the fight to them, and allow you to snowball this situation in your favor as seamen are sprayed all over the place.

M-toy remarks, "Toy Mistress you really need to work on your description skills they are really..."

"Wonderful?" K-2003 asks with that hopeful tone of voice.

"Ah..."

"This one tries long and hard on them. It really hopes you like them," it says with a rump wiggle.

Silent responds, "They are memorable and vivid, that's for sure."

"Yay," K-2003 says, clearing its throat, "Let's continue. Do you seamen storm the vessel?" it asks, everyone getting back into character.

Ivy grunts, "I storm across."

"God damn it, why do you do this... I follow," says Marquis.

"Well if they are, so am I," says Psylan.

"Why not," Isabel replies.

K-2003 grins, "Good, good as you all need to be there as stands before you the hulking orc captain, with pale white skin, the Ghost Raider of the seven seas, the deadly captain, Willie."

Silent cracks a snerk.

"Roll initiative as Willie is full of energy and ready to thrust his blades into you scallywags!"

The dice cackle across the table, the fight begins. A long and fierce fight, but after several rounds and nearly an hour of combat they manage to overcome the captain with Ivy tanking the blows. Isabel uses her magic to spike up the damage. Marquis raising a dead body to provide some annoyance before it is utterly destroyed, while Psylan uses the distractions to get several sneaky attacks in.

As the captain falls, the life draining from him, he says only one phrase, "Fools, you've signed your own doom."

Psylan says, "I search the body."

Ivy remarks, "I chop up the body."

Marquis comments, "I was going to raise the body but that's out of the question now."

Isabel looks at her party with concern, "What could he have meant by that?"

Ivy replies, "I don't listen to dead men."

K-2003 then explains, "It is at this time you notice the pirates that were attacking the other vessel have stopped and pulled back to your ship they all look at you ready to fight.

Isabel clears her throat, "Uh guys? I think we are in some trouble here."

Ivy spits some blood to the side, "Good more fresh meat."

It's at this moment all the pirates bow to you, the first mate saying, "You have defeated our Captain, which makes all of you now our Captain."

"Oh... that's nice, but I don't think I'd want that responsibility," says Marquis as he tries to leave but the pirates stop him.

"But you can't leave," the first mate explains, "You're cursed to this vessel now like the rest of us. Unable to leave the ship for longer than twenty-four hours. You're now part of the ship, part of the crew."

Isabel's jaw drops, "You're kidding right."

"Have you not heard of the curse of the white pearl necklace?" says the first mate.

"You have to be shitting me."

"Poop deck in the back."

"That's not what I meant."

It's at this moment that Rave has reformed and now perches on Marquis' shoulder, "A fine mess you got me into again Marquis."

Ivy nods, "Yeah Marquis, how could you do that to us."

"What but I..." Marquis sighs.

K-2003 says, "And that's where we'll stop for now. As you all now must figure how to free yourselves from the curse of the white pearl necklace!" exclaims K-2003.

K-2493 says, "This one really enjoyed itself."

I-toy remarks, "It was okay, hopefully it gets to smash more stuff and do a lot more killing with its killing anchor in the future."

M-toy comments, "What do you mean? You spent most of the session killing things with your killing anchor!"

"Yeah, and it was just not enough."

Silent smiles, "Ah... I had fun. Thank you."

K-2003 rump wiggles, "Excellent! Well, if we do this again, you'll all be at level two. And it will be sure to have more planned in the future. But this is only a backup game when Silent's normal game gets canceled. It doesn't want to take away from your other friends now."

Silent blushes a bit, "Right, right. Thank you K-2003. I'll be sure to keep you updated."

"Thank you," K-2003 says with glee, as perhaps this might become Silent's primary game...