

Untitled D&D Group Story

By BreaktheBar

Sponsored by Andrew

Chapter 19

The fight was supposed to be a mild challenge. It was obvious who, between the three of the girls, it was intended for. Fisticuffs in an open ring? Renee and her spellcasting wasn't going to last long. Olivia could have had a knockdown brawl, but with the way the rules worked she could only do a minimal amount of damage on any punch and she would only get one per turn at their current level.

Jade, on the other hand, with her monk abilities, not only could do more damage per strike but she could also use her 'foot flurry' ability to attack twice every turn.

Big Red Bronson, the hulking redheaded bruiser, had one trick up his sleeve and that was a second wind where he could dramatically recover a bit of health. Overall, the fight should have really only lasted a few turns.

Unfortunately, Tori's dice had betrayed her. She could barely roll over a five on the die and she needed at least a little hire to actually land a hit.

The girls, at least, were on the edge of their seats with each round and having fun. But things weren't looking good for Jade. Narratively she already had a bloody nose and Big Red Bronson was now trying to grab her instead of punching her, having gotten overconfident.

"Fuck!" Tori groaned, rolling her next attack.

Jade darted in and tried to lay out a one-two combo into Big Red's torso but ended up needing to dart out of the way of her grab, abandoning the strike.

"Alright, flurry attack," Tori said, picking up her dice again and looking like she wanted to huck it across the room. It wouldn't have been the first time a player had done that at my table over the years. Sometimes luck just ran cold.

"Hold on," Rhia said, turning to me. "This is round, like, thirteen or something right? So the fight's been going on for around a minute and a half?"

I did some mental math. "Yeah, approaching that," I nodded. "Do you have an idea to try and help Jade?"

“Wait, we can *help*?” Elyse said. “Fuck, I would have been casting a spell or something.”

“No, we don’t want to help too hard or else they’ll say we’re cheating,” Rhia shook her head. “And we don’t want a bar *full* of criminals calling us cheats.”

“Eh, good point,” Elyse sighed.

“So what’s your idea?” I asked Rhia.

“What if I distract Big Red?” she asked. “What kind of bonus would Jade get?”

“Depends on the distraction,” I said. “And he’s pretty focused on the fight right now. He seems like a veteran. But a good enough distraction would at least get Jade advantage on her next attack.”

“Ooh, that would fucking help,” Tori said.

“*But*,” I continued. “Depending on the distraction people might still accuse you of cheating. You guys made some bets, remember, and if you light a fire or risk stopping the fight or something the people you made bets with *will* be pissed off.”

“Oh, I’m not doing anything like that,” Rhia shook her head, smirking.

“Alright,” I said. “What do you have in mind?”

Jade spun away from the big, warding hands of Big Red Bronson, pivoting on one foot. This left Big Red, for a moment, looking past her towards the edge of the fight pit where Olivia of Parnassus and Renee de l’Ombres were cheering on their compatriot.

“Come on, Steel-toe!” Olivia shouted among the cheers and jeers of the crowd. “Bring it home for Mama!” And then she lifted the front of her chainmail shirt and flashed her tits.

My jaw dropped.

Tori guffawed, looking across the table at Rhia.

Elyse was stunned for a moment and then cackled.

Rhia was smirking broadly, the crop top chainmail of her costume pulled up over her chest and revealing her bare tits to the table as she bounced them up and down a little and made them jiggle. They were - well, they were pretty fucking spectacular. Big and plump, they hung heavily without looking saggy. Her areolas and nipples were just a shade darker than her skin and sat slightly pointing to either side, unlike her mother’s which I was very aware didn’t do that.

“Think these are good enough to distract him?” Rhia asked me with a laugh.

I closed my mouth, shook my head at her in wonder, and then picked up my die and rolled. I barely looked at it. “Yeah,” I said. “Big Red was about to turn to keep chasing Jade, but then he catches sight of Olivia flashing him and is momentarily distracted.”

“Well if one set of tits is distracting, what about two?” Elyse laughed, then scrunched up her nose and stuck out her tongue as she pulled her costume robe apart and down over her shoulders, flashing her smaller chest. Her breasts were super small, little more than swells, but her nipples were a cute ruddy pink and one of them was pierced with a little gold hoop. She put her hands under each small breast and jiggled them as she kept cackling.

“Oh my God,” Tori snorted, burying her face in her hands as she blushed and laughed.

“Double advantage?” Elyse asked.

“Not a thing,” I chuckled. “But never say that I’m a man who doesn’t think two sets of premium, Grade A breasts aren’t better than one. Tori, you can roll with advantage and then his next attack is going to be at disadvantage.”

“Yes!” Rhia grinned.

“Fuck yes,” Elyse giggled. She was fucking cute with her nose scrunched as she grinned.

Tori picked up her dice and rolled.

Jade spun, pivoting on one foot, and raised the other into a roundhouse kick that cracked against the side of Big Red Bronson’s head *hard*. His body recoiled from the impact, and Jade caught sight of her friends providing a distraction.

“Sluts!” she called at them with a roll of her eyes and a smirk.

Olivia and Renee both just shimmied their shoulders in response, making their tits dance, as they laughed.

Big Red tried to get up and lunge at Jade, but he was off-balance now and he stumbled in the sand. Jade capitalised, doing a ‘Sparta kick’ to his chest that knocked him back and leaping forward to follow up with a flying knee.

“It’s a...” Tori said, waiting for her die to stop spinning. The girls and I all waited with bated breath. “Sixteen!”

“Yes!” Rhia and Elyse both cheered, pumping their fists in celebration. They hadn’t put their tits away and I had a hard time not just staring and drooling.

“Alright, Jade leaps forward and slams her knee into Big Red Bronson’s face. There’s a crack - you’ve definitely broken his nose at least. Damage?”

“Four on the die, plus three, so seven,” Tori said, doing the quick math.

“Fuck yeah,” Rhia said, offering a high-five.

Tori accepted, then snorted again as she smirked. “I think you can put the girls away now, Rhia.”

Rhia chuckled and pulled her shirt down, adjusting it. Elyse shrugged and laughed, jiggling her boobs one more time before pulling her robe back up and cinching it closed.

“Big Red Bronson falls back onto his ass, blood streaming out of her nose, and he seems to have gone a little cross-eyed,” I said. “The crowd is roaring, the other Bronsons are shouting for him to get up. The bandits you laid your bets with are cursing up a storm. Big Red tries to get up, but his hand slips and he falls onto his back and exhales heavily and goes limp other than the slow rise and fall of his chest.”

Jade, standing the victor, raised a clenched fist and looked around with a feral grin as the bar full of bandits erupted once again in cheers, groans and swearing.

Chapter 20

Jade waved off the challenges of several other bandits wanting to get in the ring with her, hopping out of the sandpit to her friends. There were now at least a couple dozen of the bandits eyeing up the three women, both because of Jade's performance and the flashing. Olivia immediately started demanding the money from their bets, and they'd received good odds since Jade was maybe half the size and weight of Big Red Bronson. She got a bit of pushback after her antics and one of the men said he'd let it go if she gave him a private viewing, but Elyse let a magical glow darken around her hands ominously and they backed down.

Further revelry, or whatever they wanted to do, was cut off however when a strange change happened in the room. It didn't get quite like when some stranger entered a Wild West saloon - it was more like a change in the air pressure. It took a long moment in the crowded space to figure out what was going on, but then the girls noticed the hard-bitten criminals making way without complaints for a trio who sauntered through the room.

The lesser of the two, and there was no doubting who was in charge and who followed, were a pair of what may have been brother and sister though their differences were as stark as their similarities. The man was thin, with a pinched face that looked like he had something bitter in his mouth but he didn't necessarily care. He was scruffy and wore a pair of bandoliers across his chest that displayed at least a dozen throwing knives. The sister of the man had the same facial features, but she stood almost a head taller than taller and was as thickly muscled as he was thin. She wore a breastplate, patinated with age and slightly scarred but still functional. Her hands were clenched into what looked like permanent fists, and her hair was pulled back severely into a long braid.

On any street or in any tavern the two would have stood out as *trouble*, especially with their gold amulets hanging prominently from chains around their neck, displaying their allegiance to the Risen Wolf Gang. The third man, who led the way, was on another level.

All eyes of the bandits glanced and darted away as he passed, as if afraid of getting picked out of the crowd. If they were wolves, he was some sort of dragon.

The man wore a vest of leather that hung open, showing off a muscled chest scarred several times over from a lifetime of combat. His arms were thick like tree trunks and heavily tattooed. His moustache was a thick and full ruddy brown caterpillar across his upper lip, and his jaw was a chiselled block except for a cleft in the chin-

"He has a butt chin?" Elyse asked with a chuckle.

I rolled my eyes. "Yes, he has a butt chin."

"He sounds kinda hot," Rhia chuckled.

“How old does he look?” Tori asked.

“Probably in his mid to late forties,” I said.

“So he’s hot Daddy Henry Cavill,” Tori grinned.

“Oh my God,” I groaned. I was used to getting my NPCs ragged on or compared to celebrities - sometimes I even did it on purpose myself. I’d never had one called ‘Daddy’ before.

His hair was rough and shaggy, and his chest and arms were thick with body hair. He moved with a purposeful grace as he walked around the other side of the fight pit from the three ladies. The other bandits continued to shift out of his way without needing to be asked, and he approached a table near the back that seemed to have been left open for him and his companions. As he sat he cast his eyes about the room and it was like everyone in the rugged alehouse wilted just slightly before he pulled his attention from them and turned to say something to the man who had entered with him.

“That dude is definitely, like, a vampire. Or a werewolf,” Rhia said.

“What? Why?” Elyse asked.

“Because he’s too good-looking, and Shane spent too long describing him,” Tori said. “He’s all shaggy and rough, but muscley? And living out in the woods? *And* in charge of the ‘Risen Wolf Gang?’ And isn’t his name-” she checked her notes from earlier, “-Alexander Houndsfang? Definitely a werewolf.”

“Is he?” Elyse asked, turning to me.

“If *your characters* have a suspicion that might be the case, you’ll have to find a way to confirm it or not,” I said diplomatically, holding my poker face. I was going to need to decide if I wanted to change my plans now.

“Eh, we’re metagaming,” Rhia sighed.

“Sorry,” Tori said.

“It’s fine,” I said. “You can jump to conclusions about anything you want - just don’t be surprised if they might be wrong sometimes.”

The room returned to the vibe it had held before, just with a bit more glancing back into the corner of the building, and the girls needed to decide what they were going to do.

“We’ve made a good impression now,” Olivia said as she huddled up with her compatriots. “Good job, Jade. You’re not hurt, are you? I could give you some healing.”

"I mean, I'm not great, but I think that might be a good thing," Jade sighed. "Better to wear my battle wounds in a group like this, maybe? That way no one thinks I'll want to fight again, and it'll earn some respect. But I don't know if it was *me* who made the biggest positive splash with the crowd. What was with flashing everyone, you two?"

"I thought it was a good idea," Renee said. "And it worked."

"She's not wrong," Olive grinned. "I guess we should be careful about more guys thinking we're easy or something though."

"Well, let's use it to our advantage some more at least," Jade sighed. "Let's work the room, see if we can flirt and drink our way into some more info about what the hell is going on in this camp."

The others agreed, and I decided to make it a Skill Challenge - they would each roll twice, and depending on how many successes and failures they got would determine the information they would get out of an afternoon spent in the alehouse carousing with the bandits.

Olivia went first and decided that buying a round of drinks for anyone nearby was the best way to kick things off - she headed to the bar with a fistful of their gambling winnings and slammed it down onto the bar, ordering up drinks and starting to hand them out. I had Rhia roll a Diplomacy check for that and she got a mediocre result. People willingly took the drinks from Olivia, but their eyes were lingering more on her chest than their ears listened to what she was saying.

Jade went next and she thought being more direct would potentially get somewhere, so she approached the members of the Red Bronson family who were in the alehouse after buying a bottle of whiskey from the bar, grabbing a seat next to Big Red Bronson and pouring him a shot. Tori rolled diplomacy as well.

"Natural. Fucking. Twenty!" She crowed, actually jumping up out of her chair and pumping her fist for a moment.

"Natural twenty!" Rhia and Elyse both cheered.

"Very nice," I said.

The Red Bronsons were thrilled by the offer of some good whiskey for the table, and Big Red didn't seem to be holding a grudge.

Renee debated whether she should try to approach Alexander Houndsfang, but decided they needed more circumstantial information before doing that. Instead, she sat down at one of the smaller tables and drew her magic out of herself, giving off an ominous air as she tried to look like a Witch that someone would want to come to for her secret magics.

Elyse's plan was solid, trying to set herself up to trade information, and I gave her the option to roll Bluff or Intimidation. Unfortunately, she rolled a three on the die so she didn't get any takers.

"OK," Rhia said, quirking her lips a little in thought. "That's one meh roll, one crit, and one fail probably. We need to step up our game. Olivia is a Paladin of Revelry, so even if she doesn't like any of these people she's still got a duty to their party - if there's one thing I know, it's that two girls kissing gets a party kickstarted."

"And how do you know that?" I asked with a smirk and a look.

Rhia blushed. "No specific reason."

Tori snorted and Elyse laughed.

"Whatever," Rhia said. "I'm going to look for the hottest lady in the room who isn't Jade or Renee."

I had her roll for a perception check and Olivia ended up approaching a woman dressed in tight leathers that accented her feminine curves. She had roses woven into her dark hair and pale skin. Olivia introduced herself, and I made a snap decision and scribbled out some notes before asking Rhia for her Diplomacy bonus. I rolled behind the screen, scribbled some more notes, and then handed the page over to Tori.

They knew the deal now - Tori was going to play the pale-skinned woman and I'd given her notes on how to act, including the fact that Rhia had failed the roll pretty badly.

The two girls got into the scene and Tori was obviously playing 'hard to get' as Olivia flirted with the other bandit, but Rhia didn't know if that was intentional or not. Eventually, Olivia made her move, and I was surprised when Tori leaned forward and actually accepted the kiss; the two girls had positioned themselves next to each other for the scene at the table, and watching Rhia lean in and kiss Tori was... well, I wasn't some college-aged dumbass so I wasn't sitting there rock hard under the table, but they were both gorgeous girls and I hadn't expected it to happen.

Tori fixed the fact that Rhia had failed to roll, though, when she reached up and slipped her hand around Rhia's throat and then pulled away from her lips. "You feel a sudden panic," she said. "As a rope slips around your neck and tightens."

"Guh!" Rhia said, acting out the panic as her eyes went wide and she clutched Tori's hand at her throat.

"It's not rope, though," Tori continued. "It's vines. The woman leans back in, pressing her cheek to yours as she whispers in your ear. 'You might be a pretty one, darling, but I can smell the Gods on you and it disgusts me.' You get tossed back from the table."

“Hold on,” I said, quickly scribbling another note, folding it and sliding it down the table to Tori who read it quickly.

“The Tentacles won’t have anything to do with a bootlicker for the Gods,” Tori spat, then broke into a giggle and covered her mouth, unable to hold the venomous look she’d affected for long.

“Damn,” Elyse sighed. “Guess you failed the roll.”

“Guess so,” Rhia agreed with a shrug, then looked at Tori. “Good kiss though.”

Tori rolled her eyes and gave her a light shove, and then they both returned to their seats. It was the Indian girl’s turn next and she decided to keep working the Red Bronson Family. I reasoned that she couldn’t use the same roll on the same target so she would need to switch to a different skill, and she decided to try Perform as she told a story from her homeland to entertain them. She rolled an even ten, which wasn’t great, but she didn’t *offend* the Bronsons either.

Renee was last up, and she’d had time to think how to switch up her approach as she’d been doing her brooding act at the table.

“This is kinda like a war camp, right?” Elyse asked me.

“I mean, sort of?” I hedged. “What are you looking for?”

“Just, with all these people here and stuff, I’m wondering if there are prostitutes working,” she said.

I nodded and made a roll behind the screen. It made sense, so I gave her evens and rolled an 8. “Yeah, from your calm position at the table, you can see that there are several women who seem to be ‘working’ at the moment.”

“Any men?” Elyse asked. “Like a pretty boy or something? I can do my idea with a woman but it would make more sense with a man.”

I hesitated a moment. The Game had featured prostitutes in - well, they generally made appearances in every campaign. Brothels and seedy taverns were fun locations to roleplay in. I couldn’t think of a time I’d ever played a *male* prostitute though. “Sure,” I said. “You spot a young man, maybe twenty years old. He’s slimly built and has a soft, sweet face and is wearing a yellow vest with his shirt unbuttoned most of the way down to show off his sleek physique.”

Renee approached the male prostitute and perfunctorily hired him, leading him out of the alehouse and around the side of the building. Once they were away from prying eyes-

“Hold on, I want to act this one out too,” she said, standing up and motioning for me to stand as well. I went with it and she positioned me near the wall. “So, when we’re in the shadows I’m going to start drawing on my magic again, but before he can see it happening I spin around-” She did so and then planted her hands on my chest, pushing me back lightly. “And I pin him up against the wall of the alehouse and I kiss him.” Elyse went up on her toes, grabbing me by the collar of my shirt with both hands and pulling me into a kiss.

I grunted as our lips pressed together. The little chain from her nose to her ear, part of her costume, pressed against my nose, but I was enraptured by her lips as she kissed me fiercely. Her tongue darted out, teasing against mine, and I was about to reciprocate and deepen the kiss when she pulled away. Her eyes were a little dilated as she looked up into mine, and I wasn’t sure if it was surprise, shock or a slightly manic look that she was giving me as she grinned. “And as I kiss him, I release my Charm Person spell through it,” she said.

I let out a breath and smirked as I shook my head and blinked. “Alright,” I said. “I’m gonna say he rolls at disadvantage for the circumstances. Rhia, roll twice and give me the lowest.”

“Seven,” she called to me after rolling.

“Well, he fails to resist,” I said, realising I was gently holding Elyse by the waist while she kept holding onto my shirt collar.

“I spend the next hour interrogating him about what he knows,” Elyse said.

“What do you do at the end of the hour?” I asked.

She shrugged. “I let him go, paying him for his time.” She let me go, smoothing her hands over my shirt for a moment as she blushed a little.

“Great idea,” I said, giving her hip a soft pat before letting go of her and we separated. “OK. That’s the end of the skill challenge. I’ll write up a brief with all the things you ladies found out during your afternoon and evening in the alehouse. The big question is where you intend to stay for the night? Are you leaving camp, or do you feel safe making a campsite around the bandits?”

The girls talked for a few minutes and ended up deciding to use the rest of their gambling winnings to buy a six-person tent from someone, and then pitch it up near the Red Bronson Family since Jade had made friends with them. The three ladies and Fergus, who had been uncomfortably drinking all afternoon while keeping an eye on them, could bed down there in relative safety.

“That,” I said, “Sounds like a great spot to call it for the evening.”

Chapter 21

“Thanks for the extra game time today Shane,” Elyse said as she came out from the back first. Considering most of her costume was a robe and jewellery, it didn’t take her long to get back into her street clothes. The painted runes on the shaved portion of her undercut probably took the longest overall, but when she dropped her dirty blonde hair out of the bun she kept it in for Renee it hid them so she could wash it off at her leisure at home.

“Hey, my pleasure,” I said. “It was a fun bonus session.”

Elyse smirked a little and blushed again as she started putting her gaming stuff into her knapsack. “Yeah, I guess it was your pleasure,” she joked.

It was my turn to blush a little. “Things took a bit of a left turn there,” I said. “I wasn’t exactly expecting that. Not that I’m complaining, you and Olivia are both gorgeous girls. But please don’t think that’s *expected* of you-”

“Oh, no, I know,” Elyse said, shaking her head. “If I didn’t think it was funny, I wouldn’t have flashed you. Not that I have as much to ogle as Rhiannon. I mean, for real, that girl has some *tits*.”

“You’re not lyin’,” I chuckled. “But, to be clear, yours are pretty fantastic too. And you’ve got that nipple ring that looks super cute.”

“You think?” she grinned, one hand going to her chest for a moment.

“What’s the story there? Just some youthful rebellion? Lost a dare?”

Elyse sighed and gave me a chagrined look. “It was for an ex at the end of high school,” she said. “He wanted me to get both done, and I thought I was in love or whatever, so I went to get it done. It hurt so fucking much that I couldn’t do the other one. Plus I ended up breaking up with him before he ever got to see it in person. But I think it looks cute too so I keep it.”

I took a breath and let it out. “Tattoos and piercings for a relationship are never a good idea,” I said. “Not that I need to tell you, I guess.”

“What, you don’t want me to tattoo ‘Shane is my Dungeon Master’ on my lower back?” she chuckled.

“No!” I laughed. “God, no, please.”

The other girls were coming down the hall and the conversation shifted naturally as they packed up. I ordered them to take the leftover pizza so that I didn’t have it in the house for late-night snacks, and when I came back from the kitchen with it packed up they were ready to go.

“Bye, Shane,” Rhia said, coming to me and hugging me tightly. I shouldn’t have been, but I was a little shocked when she kissed me right on the lips for a long moment. “Thanks for the game today!” She took the pizza from me as she headed for the door.

“Bye,” Elyse said, next up as she hugged me with her arms over my shoulders, pulling me down as I wrapped my arms around her. And then I was getting kissed again, just as firm and long as Rhia had. “Thanks again for the fun. Best night of my week, two weeks running.”

“You’re welcome,” I said, not quite breathless but still off-kilter.

Tori was shaking her head at Elyse as she stepped up and gave me a sweeter hug and a soft kiss on the cheek. “Thanks for hosting us every week,” she said. “And thank you for an awesome game.”

“You’re welcome, Tori,” I said, not feeling slighted in the least for not getting another kiss. “Have a good week.”

“You too,” she said, and then all three of them were calling another goodbye as they piled out the door. I shut it after them and shook my head.

“Yeesh,” I sighed, rubbing my chin. Rhia was moving even faster than her mother had way back when. I headed back into the game room and started to clean up my own game materials. There was a session of The Game in two nights and I needed to make sure I had everything prepped for that since I was hosting that week.

Knock-knock-knock, came a dull rapping on the front window.

I frowned, looking over at it. I rarely had the curtains open, let alone during game time, so it was buttoned up pretty tight. And I didn’t exactly have a friendly neighbour who liked to knock on my windows.

Knock-knock-knock. “Shane, it’s us,” Rhia called.

I rolled my eyes and went to the window, pulling the curtains aside and freezing in shock as my eyebrows shot up.

Three sets of tits were pressed to my window as all three girls giggled like mad.

“Thanks for the game, Shane!” They chorused and then pulled back. Elyse and Tori, whose breasts I only got a brief glimpse at but noted her dark brown areola and nipples, immediately lowered their shirts but Rhia gave an extra wiggle of her chest before covering herself up as well. All of them were sticking out their tongues and generally laughing.

I shook my head and waggled a finger at them through the window, making them laugh even more as they turned and headed for their cars. I stayed there, watching them walk away, and waved as they pulled out of my driveway.

Life was weird.

Amazing, but weird.

Chapter 22

“So did you fuck any of them last night?” Mel asked me.

I spluttered as I’d just started taking a sip of my coffee. “Mel!” I said.

“What?” she asked. “We both know what’s going on, and what Rhia wants.”

“What did she tell you last night?” I asked.

“Nothing,” she replied. “She just said that she was burnt out from the double-length session and would tell us the story tonight at dinner.”

“I feel like whatever happens, I should probably leave it up to her to decide what to reveal to you guys,” I said. “For the sake of their privacy.”

“Oh, please,” Mel sighed.

“Melissa.”

“Fine, you’re right,” she said, giving me a look.

We both sat in silence for a moment as we drank our coffee.

“No, we didn’t have sex yesterday,” I finally said. “I *should* ask your daughter to come over and clean up the mess they made though.”

Melissa raised her eyebrow. “And what mess is that? The game room looked clean.”

I motioned for her to follow me and I led her to the game room and pulled aside the curtains at the window. Melissa turned her head to the side as she frowned and then she snorted hard and covered her mouth as she tried not to laugh.

Three dust prints of different-sized tits were very clear on the window in the light of day.

“Pretty sure it was your daughter’s idea,” I said.

“No doubt,” Melissa said, taking out her phone. “I need a picture of this so I can embarrass her right back when she tries to do the same to us.”

“Be nice,” I laughed.

“That girl has a metric tonne of parental embarrassment owed to her with the shit she’s pulling,” Mel said.

I sighed and shrugged. "Yeah, you're probably right."