

Fitting Roles by Eli Lapso

“So who’s DM for the campaign you think?”

Marty shrugged and held up a small binder. “I can do it if no one else wants to. You know how long I’ve wanted to run that campaign I set up last summer.”

“The one with the Necromancer king and his harem of witches?” Andrew asked, the opossum tapping his pencil against the tabletop.

The raccoon smiled and nodded, “Yeah. That or I can run the one I was working on last night while I wondered if Jeff was going to make it.” He unzipped the binder and rummaged around quickly, pulling a small stack of papers from a plastic sleeve and dropping them onto the table. “If I know Jeffery as well as I do then all I have to do is say metamagic and he’ll be begging me to run this one.”

Andrew smirked and reached into the pocket of his brown hoodie, pulling out a small blue bag and tossing it onto the table. Just as he did, the bell above the café’s door rang and caught his attention. Turning, he saw a tall, slightly pudgy brown bear in a raggedy pair of jeans a green t-shirt walk in. Andrew waved and said, “Hey Donald!”

The bear waved as he walked over to the back round table of the coffee shop and took a seat in one of the metal chairs. The chair groaned slightly beneath him, unused to having a nearly seven foot grizzly drop into it. “So Jeffery called and said he is DMing tonight. Something about last minute inspiration or something. Where’s Sarah?”

“In the back washing dishes I think. She should be out in a second. I’m just glad we get to use her parent’s coffee shop after close and get free coffee,” Marty said with a bit of a sigh. He tucked his papers back into sleeve in his binder and pulled out a fresh, clean character sheet. Grabbing a few pencils, he handed them out to the other two and said, “Guess my harem can wait another night.”

“Oh god,” Donald said, giving a deep groan, “You actually made that?”

“He even gave stats for all twenty seven witches,” Andrew said with a laugh. He pulled looked around for a second and said, “Hey, where’s my character sheets? Did I leave them in the car Mart?”

Marty nodded and said, “Yeah, I think so. I figured you were just gonna grab a clean one from me.”

A loud clatter from somewhere in the back of the shop signaled Sarah's completion of her dish duty, or at the very least her giving up and throwing something into the sink to be cleaned the next day. A few seconds later, the coyote strolled out and picked her glasses up from the counter. With a soft groan, she untied the apron she was wearing and proceeded to dry off her fur. "I hate dish duty so much."

"Better than bathroom duty," Donald said, making a reference to his day job as a truck stop manager. "I don't get a janitor during the day shift you know."

Sarah shuddered and said, "Yeah, okay, I like dish duty again." She dropped into the chair next to Donald, leaving a space between her and Andrew for Jeffery. "So where is Sir Squeak?"

"That ferret's always late with something or other," Marty remarked. He tapped his chin and said, "Okay, you know what? I'm pirating tonight. Everyone grab a character sheet."

Andrew gave a small laugh and said, "Jeffy isn't going to like this you know."

Marty smirked and said, "I know, but you're the one that he'll be complaining to tonight in bed."

"Oh sure, make me suffer why don't you," Andrew said. He gave a false sigh and added, "Now I guess I get to listen to him complain instead of listening to him moan. You know if you snag his chance at DMing he's just going break the game over his knee."

"Doesn't he do that most days anyway?" Donald asked as he pulled a character sheet from a folder he had brought along. "Standard rules or house?"

"House but I'll wait until Jeff shows up to... ah, here he is now!" Marty cried, clapping his hands together as Jeffery rushed in through the door.

"Sorry guys," the ferret said as he walked over to the table, one hand on his chest as he tried to catch his breath. Taking a seat next to Andrew, he leaned in and gave the opossum a small kiss on the cheek. "Hey hon."

Andrew returned the kiss as he asked, "What took you so long, huh?"

"Ended up having to go buy a new set of dice. I can't seem to find mine anywhere today," Jeffery explained, setting a small plastic bag on the table and looking them over. "It was a good excuse to buy the green translucent set I wanted though."

Andrew rolled his eyes and said, "You didn't check in the nightstand, did you?"

Jeffrey groaned and muttered under his breath. "Of course not..." He shook his head and said, "Oh well. So, do you guys mind if I take charge tonight?"

“Marty called it before you got here,” Sarah explained, opening her dice bag and letting her pink and purple set tumble out across the table. “Unless he doesn’t mind giving up the seat.”

Marty shook his head and said, “Not a chance. I’ve wanted to run this new campaign of mine all summer.”

“Is it the metamagic one?” Sarah asked. “With the mages and such?”

“Sadly I chose to hold off for now on that one. I believe I need to give it a bit more thought. No, this one I wrote up last June when I got out of my final early.”

Jeffery groaned and replied back with, “I spent like... half the night making this one though. I know you’d like it!”

“No way!” Marty protested, “You always kill me and Donald off first.”

“Well, that kind of is my job,” Jeff retorted. He rolled his eyes and said, “Whatever. House rules then I take it?”

“Yup. In this campaign I forbid the use of cleric spells outside of designated holy grounds. You can however bless the ground you are on if a non-cleric performs the blessing.”

“What? That’s so lame!” Jeffery argued, “You know I always play clerics!”

“So play something else,” Sarah said with a shrug. “I’m playing a new class today. I decided that I’m playing a druid tonight.”

“We could always use another paladin,” Donald replied, digging around for his dice set. Dropping a paw full of black dice onto the table, he said, “Or you could make a rouge like Andrew does.”

“Can I at least pull a class out of, I don’t know, complete Mage or something?” Jeffery asked as he slumped forward. Digging into the pocket of his shorts, he pulled out a folded up slip of notebook paper and said, “I’ve got all the spells I’ll need written down.”

“Not a chance dude,” Marty replied, “Every time I let you play a mage you end up ripping a hole in the fabric of time or something. Come on, just play a base class.”

Jeffery huffed and said, “Oh fine. Seriously man, you love to take away all my fun.”

Andrew rolled his eyes and said, “Oh come on now hon. I know you will love this campaign if it’s anything like how Marty was describing it earlier. I promise you’ll have fun, one way or another.”

Jeffery nodded and said, “Alright then, though I still have no idea what to play. I’m not really into muscle-headed characters.”

“Be a rouge like I play,” Andrew told him, putting his head on the ferret’s shoulder. “You know you love being sneaky.”

Jeffery gave a small smirk. “You love being sneaky. You know what? I think I’ll do a ranger then. At least they have good hit die.”

“See? There you go!” Marty replied. He opened his binder again and pulled out another bundle of papers before pulling out his Dungeon Master’s Guide. “Everyone have a handbook?”

“I’ll share with Andrew,” Jeffery said, something he had taken a habit of doing far before he ever started dating the possum. He opened up the large book, flipping to the pages about Rangers. He watched Andrew from the corner of his eye, seeing him fill out a character sheet purely from memory. Looking down at the blank sheet in front of him, Jeff began to fill it out slowly; constantly having to refer back to the book. The ferret gave a disgruntled groan but as he felt something wrap gently around his ankle he couldn’t help but give a faint smile.

The game started around nine after nearly half an hour of character creation. The start up was a bit new for the group as they were told they were awakening on a ship cast adrift at sea. On the plus side they were allowed previous knowledge of one another and could skip over that. Jeffery smirked inwardly as the boat was rocked by a large school of sharks. It was easy enough to get rid of them for him, a simple charm animal spell on one shark that would cause it to attack another and then a whole frenzy would start up.

Jeffery huffed as his role failed, just then realizing that the sharks were already under someone’s control and were helping to actually keep the boat on a set course. They were attacked from the fog, of course, and of course the boat was damaged and started taking on water. Harpies weren’t the most interesting foes and Andrew managed to kill one with a sneak attack after it was knocked onto the boat. Jeffrey was the only one to take any real damage during the battle and had to rest and heal.

The ferret put his head on Andrew’s shoulder and muttered, “This is so boring for me. Marty keeps making anything I want to do impossible.”

Andrew chuckled and said, "You want to break the game. He's just not letting you. Besides, you have a water elemental ring from that harpy so you can breath underwater whenever you want and use some water spells."

"I guess..." The ferret didn't sound convincing at all but he seemed to act like he was getting into it.

Andrew's tail kept rubbing up and down the ferret's leg, at least keeping him from getting too angry when he failed his reflex save and ended up face first on the beach after the boat crashed. Jeffery was out of his element, not used to playing anything but clerics and mages. He should be having fun but... he just wasn't relaxing enough to get into the game.

Andrew thought for a moment, his tail still wrapped around Jeff's ankle. Getting a mischievous thought, rather befitting of a rouge, he rested his head on Jeff's shoulder and whispered, "You having fun yet?"

"Not really," Jeff muttered as his ears folded back. "Marty's getting revenge on me for last game when his fighter died."

"It's not that," Andrew said as Marty rose to excuse himself and headed towards the restroom. "He just wants you to try something new. You always play clerics, which aren't bad, but he knows that you have a tendency to take advantage of a gap in plot. This is his way of evening the odds a bit."

"It just isn't interesting to me tonight I guess," Jeff said with a slight shrug. "It happens."

"You just need something to keep your interest," Andrew told him with a grin.

"Like what?" Jeff asked. When the opossum didn't respond, he was about to speak again but his voice caught in his throat and came out as a small squeak. He cleared his throat when Sarah and Donald turned to him and said, "S...Sorry guys; hiccups." He gave a chuckle as he looked at the opossum from the corner of his eye, catching that playful grin that Andrew was so good at.

Andrew chuckled as his tail slowly began to move up the ferret's leg, until the tip was teasing at the bottom of the khaki shorts. "Like I said... something to keep your interest."

"Not sure if that's the kind of interest I need," Jeff said with a small blush. He cleared his throat again as Marty walked back in hopes of making Andrew stop. Instead, the opossum used that second to slip his tail under the cloth and into the ferret's shorts.

“Everyone ready to play?” Marty asked as he took his seat on Andrew’s opposite side.

Sarah nodded as she rolled one of her die back and forth casually. “Yeah, but I think Jeff needs some water. He’s got the hiccups or something.”

“I’m fine,” Jeff replied, picking up his pencil and begging to chew on the end. “Really, I’m just fine!” He suppressed a small whimper as Andrew’s tail slid under his boxer shorts, slowly rising up his leg until the tip of the tail brushed against the tip of his cock. Damn that opossum, making him show pink so easily.

Marty chuckled and said, “Okay then. You seem a bit livelier now at the very least.” He started the campaign up again, leaving the party standing outside the mouth of a large cavern. Inside, the sounds of screams could be heard along with a surprising amount of sensual moaning.

“Oh god,” Donald said as he put his paw over his eyes, “A harpy harem?”

“Not really,” Marty said with a grin. “More like... a harpy breeding ground where you don’t want to get caught without your Viagra.”

Andrew snorted and said, “They kill the guys who can’t keep an erection? Glad I never have that problem.” He smirked as his tail tip rubbed along Jeffery’s now growing shaft and said, “What about you Jeffy?”

Jeffery shook his head and said, “N..Nope, can’t say that I have that issue...” His voice was trembling slightly, but not enough to arouse suspicion from the others.

Sarah rolled her eyes and said, “You boys and your cock talk, I swear. Can we just keep going please?”

“Sure,” Marty said with a chuckle. He cleared his throat and said, “As you travel deeper into the cavern you notice it branches off in all directions much like the beginning of a network. The walls around you are smooth, save for a few scattered claw marks, preventing you from scaling the walls. This leaves you with only two passages you can take. One passage slopes down and is lined with burning torches that burn a normal orange. The other travels slightly upward and is lined with blue-burning torches. Which path do you choose?”

“Do you think we should split up?” Donald asked as he weighed the options. “Or should we stick together?”

“I’d say stick together,” Sarah replied, looking to Andrew and Jeffery with a slight tilt of her head. “What do you two think?”

"I say stick together," Andrew said with a nod, "but take the blue path. I like the idea of a little danger and the blue path does seem to be a bit more ominous in nature; or so it sounds."

Jeffrey just nodded as he leaned back in his chair a bit. Beneath the table, Andrew's tail was curled around his shaft, pumping the ferret's length teasingly slow. Jeffery put a hand to his forehead and said, "S...Sorry guys. Bit of a headache tonight. Let's ke...keep going though."

Andrew nodded and said, "Okay, so we stick together. What path do you want to take though? The upper or the lower?" As he spoke the last line, his tail slid from the ferret's shaft and traced along his sack. Tickling the ferret's taint, he finally lined up his tail tip with the ferret's hole and began to give a teasing push.

"Lower!" Jeff said as he put his head in his arms. He groaned softly and said, "S..Sorry... just... not feeling so well."

"You want to stop here? It is getting kinda late," Marty asked with a grin.

"No, I'm fine," Jeffery said as the opossum's tail slid back out of his shorts. He caught a teasing glance from Andrew and said, "I just need a little air. Be back in a moment." Jeffery stood and walked quickly from the table, grabbing his binder in the process and holding it in front of him as he walked.

"I'll go make sure he's alright," Andrew said with a false note of worry in his voice.

"Oh yes," Marty smirked, "I think you had better do that right away."

Andrew exchanged playful, knowing glances with the raccoon as he slowly rose from the table; taking his time as he walked out of the café and around back. He licked his lips a bit as he saw Jeffery already there waiting for him, an embarrassed and slightly curious look in his eyes. He was leaning against the dumpster, trying to straighten out his tented shorts when he finally spotted Andrew approaching.

The ferret groaned and said, "What was all that about in there?"

"Just keeping you interested," Andrew said with a chuckle. He walked right up to the ferret and slid his arms around the mustelid's waist before embracing the ferret in a tender kiss. Pulling back, he growled playfully and said, "So... are you interested?"

Jeffery gave a small groan and said, "You really are a rogue, I swear."

"Is that a yes?"

"What do you think?"

“Still want the lower path?”

Jeffery nodded as he stepped back, reaching into his back pocket and pulling out a small foil package. Watching as Andrew turned and leaned against the wall of the shop, Jeffery stepped back up to him and reached around to unfasten the opossum's pants. With barely a sound, they fell to the ground, with the ferret's following soon after.

It just took a second to unwrap the condom, and a few more to work it around Jeffery's already aching shaft. This was going to be short, but the ferret figured the opossum had planned it that way. Putting a paw on either side of the Andrew's hips, Jeffery smiled as he watched that wonderfully talented tail wrap around his waist. Leaning in, he rested his chin on Andrew's shoulder before pushing himself inside.

Andrew gave a small groan, but it was that high, squeaky moan that came from Jeff that turned him on the most. Pressing back, he took the ferret's length with only slight discomfort, and held it deep inside his ass. He was well-accustomed to the ferret's shaft already and his passage was perfectly snug around that hard, invading length. One arm braced himself against the brick in front of him while another reached down to wrap delicately around his own firm arousal.

It ended up taking at least ten minutes; which wasn't as nearly long as either boy would have liked. Jeff's thrusts into that hot, warm space were perpetuated by Andrew's lustful moans. The tail wrapped around the ferret's middle curled and uncurled almost perfectly in time with the clenching and unclenching of its owner's hole. A few more thrusts and both ferret and possum gave a high, loving cry as they spiraled together across the edge.

Ten minutes of fucking was followed by tender kissing and loving words. The two remained joined at the hips through most of it but, as a cool drift began to send a chill over Andrew's still exposed shaft, they thought it best to make their way back inside.

As he went about refastening his pants, Jeffery looked to the opossum and asked, “So why the... you know...”

Andrew smiled and said, “You were so unhappy in there because you weren't in control. I guess I wanted to remind you that you are always in control of something. Even if, you know, it involves us being naked.”

“Even then,” Jeffery commented, “You were the one in control. You teased me until I was past the point of saying no and basically told me to fuck you.”

“So you weren't in control? Did you still have fun?” the possum asked.

“Of course!” the ferret told him. He chuckled and said, “So was this some back-ass way of telling me I can have fun even when I'm not in control?”

Andrew didn't reply outright. Instead, the opossum gave a teasing sway of his hips and led the ferret back inside. No one said a word as they entered and, as the boys could probably guess, they had likely heard at least the final moments of what had taken place outside. Jeffery took his seat next to Andrew and their hands brushed gently under the table.

Andrew took a deep breath as he picked up his pencil and let his tail resume its usual location around Jeffery's ankle. Sitting back in his chair, he looked around the group and grinned. "So... lower path it is then?"