

Migratory Birds
Chapter 5

FOLIAGE



Written by **kodayu**

Additional proof-reading by **Nameless**



This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 3.0 United States License. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/us/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 171 Second Street, Suite 300, San Francisco, California, 94105, USA.

This story is a work of fiction, any resemblance to persons, living or dead or imaginary characters is mere coincidence.

The heart-rending honks echoed over the mist clad water and disappeared into the direction of the horizon where the red glowing sun slowly rose. But the cold mists were still occupying the lake so that none of its uncountable islands was visible, hidden somewhere behind the white cloaks of an early morning.

The figure at the rail, one of the few passengers of the wooden ferry, stood motionless. Lost in his thoughts the furr looked out into the foggy twilight. The deck of the ship was just slightly rocking. The Lake's waters were still, just lazily slapping against the sides of the ship, a dreamy, easing sound.

Most of the passengers sat inside the small cabin which had been installed on the deck as the early morning's coldness hadn't disappeared yet. They were still sleepy, the few conversations were quiet and trivial. Nobody was attentive enough to discuss anything of any importance or to be really aware of somebody else's presence. The captain's wife, a slender roe, had made some hot coffee and was busy handing it over to her passengers who were anticipating the warming drink.

The ferry slowly accelerated, cutting through the weak waves. The only sound, the splashing water. The Tide Cruise Ferries made no sound at all, they were drawn by some invisible force, a secret the captains had never revealed to an outsider. Just like Lake Moonfire, its islands and the whole Silver Coast, the ferries were of magical nature, just another strange phenomenon in a strange land. On a lot of the wood covered islands stood remains of a forgotten age, stone circles, monoliths and ruins that extended deeply into the heart of the islands. People said that there was a huge labyrinth under the Lake that extended from coast to coast and linked the different islands. Somewhere in this labyrinth was hidden an unimaginable treasure, a source of power, wealth or whatever the storyteller was dreaming of. But the ruins were there, with all their unexplored caverns and tunnels, attracting tourists, researchers, adventurers and especially all different kinds of magic users who wanted to grasp some small part of Lake Moonfire's mysteries. Most of it was gossip anyway. After all, few people remained there as Lake Moonfire was certainly a dangerous area where few people were able to resist the forces of nature during fall and winter for a long time. Nevertheless it attracted visitors who wanted to see it and it was the shortest way between Kastania City and the area of Fereau and the Romainent River.

The ferry would stop at several islands before it would reach the opposite shore. Some of the people aboard wanted to see some of the ruins or just enjoy the peace and tranquillity there before they travelled on. The ferries regularly visited everyone of the larger island. Thus a short visit to one of them was absolutely no problem.

The short dark brown hair of the figure at the rail fluttered in the airflow as the furr observed the spectacle of the mist slowly rising from the water and little by little vanishing in the sunlight. Thus some of the islands close by got visible. They were small pieces of land, scattered in the water, thickly covered by wood, most of it smaller redwoods, pines and firs. They were so close together that any good

swimmer would have been able to swim from one to another one, just the central part of the huge lake was partly free of them. The sun was now freely floating over the horizon and the coast had disappeared behind an island as the ferry slowly manoeuvred in between them.

The figure supported itself, head in its hands, on the rail. It was a lynx, just dressed with ragged shorts and a dirty T-shirt, a backpack stood next to him. Motionless he looked to the horizon the ferry was slowly travelling to.

"Nice view, isn't it?" somebody asked.

"Yeah!" the one at the rail said slowly, lazily turning the head.

A muscled young black bear stood on the rail close by, smirking into the direction of the lynx. As most of his kind he was impressively large although he was obviously not fully grown up yet. He was dressed in a leather jacket and blue jeans. His chest was bare, clearly exposing the tight muscles under the dark brown fur. A strange pendant consisting of teeth and a colored feather dangled from two leather straps around his neck. "I'm Rustlan!" the bear said.

The other one was slowly scrutinizing him. "My name's Jid," he presented himself.

"Jid..." the bear said slowly, as if he tried to taste the name. "Strange name!" he noticed.

The lynx shrugged the shoulders. "Haven't chosen it," he mumbled.

"At least as strange as Rustlan," the bear said and smirked again.

The lynx shrugged the shoulders again and turned to the horizon again.

The bear was seriously observing the other one's reaction and asked: "Where are you coming from."

"Kastania!" the lynx said shortly.

Rustlan nodded, turned towards the water too, lazily leaning on the rail. "Nice city. A little bit boring, but nice..."

"Better borin' than dangerous," Jid answered shortly.

"Oh, a little bit of fun wouldn't be so bad," Rustlan replied and smirked.

"Where're you from?" Jid asked, still looking to the water.

"Ah, we've just crossed the Blue Ridge," the bear said. He lowered his voice and leaned a little closer "But originally I'm from Black Pit."

The lynx was absolutely motionless for a moment.

The bear observed him from the corner of his eyes, still grinning.

There was something happening in the lynx' face: He screwed up his eyes, pressed his lips together and his ears twitched. For a moment the feline seemed to be just about to do something as the expression was frozen into his face. But just before his mouth might had opened, exposing his sharp teeth, the movement of his face must have stopped and before anything could have happened it changed back to expressionlessness. He shrugged his shoulders. "Everyone's born somewhere," he replied hoarsely. The frantic wagging of his tail went unnoticed.

Rustlan smirked even more. "Well, most certainly," he agreed, then he stretched himself a little bit. "It has been quite a trip from there. And now straight



Rustlan

through the mountains!" He sighed. "At least the weather's been good enough but it was quite a challenge, trust me."

The lynx gulped.

"Yeah, we haven't taken the easy way. We've gone straight through the wilderness and that's been quite an adventure," he explained and smirked.

"Yeah, really!" the lynx agreed.

"You don't believe me, do you?" the bear asked.

"No, no!" He shrugged his shoulders. "It's quite the challenge for a group." He was playing around with his fingers.

The bear screwed up his eyes, still smiling and then started laughing. After he had relaxed again, he stepped a little bit closer, smiling and let his hand drop down on Jid's shoulder. "I like you!" he said and leaned on the rail. "I really like you."

The lynx twitched when the paw touched him, he was instantly tense, glaring at the larger bear from the corner of his narrowed eyes. Then he rose from the railing, shaking off the bear's paw, observing the much bigger male who seemed to be busy looking at the clouds in the now fully illuminated sky.

"Hey, Rustlan! Tell these idiots to let me go!" somebody cried.

The bear and the lynx turned around. A boar went over to them, pulling a desperately struggling girl after him whom he held tightly by her arm. A fox followed close after them. "She was rummaging in your backpack again," the boar cried as they got closer.

The bear rose himself up to full height, standing motionless until the fox and the boar had placed the girl in front of him, the two boys waiting for a reaction of the bear. Slowly the girl rose her head and pushed her long hair aside which had gotten into her face. Although the lynx had already been able to recognize her feline shape it was not until now that he recognized her as a puma.

"You're a bad girl, Sheela!" Rustlan said quietly.

The puma girl turned her head away.

Rustlan violently grabbed her chin and forced her to look into his face. "Do you have understood me, Sheela? I don't want you to look into my backpack," he said coldly.

"Let me go, Rustlan. I've done nothing wrong," the girl begged.

The bear drew her face even closer to his own. "Do you have understood me?" he asked once again.

"You're hurting me!" the girl said and tried to turn away but the boy even enforced his grip.

"Do you have understood me?" he asked once more, glaring at the smaller puma girl.

"Yes!" she said, her voice quivered slightly.

"Good!" the bear said and finally let her go, turned around to Jid and smiled. "I want you to present you some friends of mine! That's Teryne," he said, pointing to the fox. The fox nodded slightly. "The boar's Merron! And this naughty little puma's Sheela!" The boar nodded too, while the puma girl looked away. "That's Jid! He's from Kastania!" Rustlan added.

Jid nodded too, slowly looking at the new arrivals. The gray fox was the smallest of the bunch, his straggly black hair hanging into his face. He was dressed in wide green camouflage military clothes. The boar was just slightly smaller than Rustlan. He was quite slender for a boar, but his face was still typically broad with short brown hair. He wore rough brown leather clothing. The puma girl was the only one remarkable: She was a little bit bigger than Jid but much less muscled than him instead she was rather plump but that just emphasized her pretty appearance with the beautifully shaped breast whose forms were visible under the generously cut sweater she wore. Her legs and the firm backside were hidden beneath blue jeans cloth. She wore her light brown, almost blond hair in a ponytail so that it framed her soft face where her eyes were now visible as serious golden lines. Those eyes were the only thing which was certainly not cute about her in this moment as she slowly eyed the lynx with the same angry seriousness and naive annoyance she had actually shown for her companions. But nevertheless these eyes shimmered strangely, like two small, golden pearls in their shell underwater.

Rustlan turned around to Jid. "What are you going to do on the lake? You certainly don't just want to cross it?" he asked.

Jid hesitated, eyeing the bear for an instant. "I wanna see Granite Island," he answered slowly.

"Great! We had the same intention!" Rustlan said effusively. "Didn't we?" he asked his friends.

"Yeah, yeah!" the boar mumbled. He and his vulpine friend leaned on the rail too. Just the girl stood a little bit at the side, rubbing the arm where the boar had held her.

"We could travel together!" Rustlan suggested. "Wouldn't that be cool?"

"Maybe," Jid replied hesitatingly.

"Come on, Jid! It would be fun for all of us," Rustlan said. "We're going to walk the same island anyway. So why not travel together?"

Jid nodded without saying anything while looking at the puma from the corner of his eyes but Rustlan seemed to interpret this as an approval. "Great!" he said. "It'll be fun, you'll see!"



Sheela

The wolf captain leaned on the rail, observing how the five youngsters walked down the plank. "Remember! There are two other land stages on the island. The first one is south from here and the other one is in the west. We berth there regularly," he shouted to them.

"Alright!" Rustlan yelled and waved his hand.

This was the sign for the captain to retire the plank and slowly the ferry set itself in motion, cutting the waves and the wooden ship left the island's coast.

Jid looked after the disappearing ship, threw away a blade of grass he had disfigured to the point of being unrecognizable by rubbing it in between his fingers and mumbled: "I'm gonna regret this!" and nervously looked around to the others, but none of them had heard him.

Rustlan, Merron, Teryne and Sheela gathered their stuff, stuffing it into their backpacks until they were able to shoulder them.

"Okay! Everyone ready to go?" Rustlan asked, collecting a miserable look from Sheela.

"Yup!" Merron and Teryne nodded.

Rustlan looked over to Jid who stood next to the water that lazily sloshed on the grass covered shore. Jid nodded slowly.

"Let's go then!" he shouted and began walking. Sheela followed him close by, visibly suffering from the weight of her backpack. Next were Merron and Teryne who were engaged in a discussion about the possible drive of the Tide Cruise Ferries. Jid was the last one, carefully setting his bare paws to the grassy but strangely even ground. The whole island appeared just like some kind of park: the grass was short with almost no undergrowth beneath the tall slender trees which grew in a small distance from the lake's shore. The few bushes and rocks seemed to have been consciously placed. The whole inner islands seemed to be covered by the forest while the shore was free from trees, just some rocks here and there.

Rustlan walked quite slowly but nevertheless Sheela and Merron seemed to have problems to follow him at this speed. Jid was almost bored by their slowness but adapted to their capabilities, mostly walking for himself while Rustlan and Teryne fooled around and sometimes joined by Merron when he was able to say anything in between two heavy breaths, they chatted about any kind of rubbish such as different weapons or Sheela's measurements. But Sheela wasn't even able to notice that as she fell back constantly as her backpack seemed to be too heavy for her.

Rustlan tried to engage Jid in his conversations as he asked him several times about his opinions but Jid just answered monosyllabically and without any kind of interest. After some time Rustlan gave up and left Jid alone who had began chewing on a short black stick.

Sheela fell back more and more. She panted and it was visible that her feet had started aching as she stepped more and more carefully. She didn't complain, just panted heavily, fixedly walking after the three boys in front her who didn't care about her.

Jid didn't care about his surroundings. He was busy thinking about something, absent-mindedly chewing on his hard stick, unconsciously finding his way by following Sheela's trail. Bitter taste filled his mouth.

The landscape changed as they went on. The grassy shore slowly disappeared, more and more rocks covered the shore. The forest got much more wild, it seemed uncultivated unlike the parts of the forest where they had landed. The rocks got larger and larger so that they had to find their way in between huge blocks just like this had once been some kind of labyrinth that had been crumbled with the time. They had no problem finding their way by the side of the lake, but nevertheless Merron, Teryne and Rustlan quickly disappeared from Sheela's sight as they were several blocks in front of her.

Jid suddenly woke up from his day-dreams when Sheela stopped. He had followed her, without being aware that Sheela had fallen back.

Sheela let her backpack down and rubbed her aching shoulders.

"Shall I carry it for ya?" Jid asked as he came closer.

"What?" Sheela asked, turning around to him, as if she had forgotten about his presence.

"I carry it," Jid said and picked up her backpack, shouldering it on his left shoulder while he placed his own pack on the right one.

"Thanks!" Sheela said instinctively while she was still busy realizing what was about to happen. "Hey, wait!" she yelled as Jid just went on while she had still been looking at him with amazement.

For some time they just walked wordlessly side by side, the only sounds the lazy sloshing of the lake's waters and their steps on the stony ground. It got darker. The sun had long time passed its summit and soon would disappear somewhere behind the horizon.

"You're from Kastania?" Sheela asked suddenly, breaking the silence.

"Yeah!" Jid nodded, fell silent and asked then: "Where're you comin' from?"

"I'm from Zirkel!" she answered, pausing too. "Rustlan picked me up there," she added.

The lynx nodded.

"I joined Rustlan when he passed through and... Well..." She sighed. "I had already thought about leaving the town and Rustlan seemed to be the right one and... Well, I... Oh, forget it! I just feel so stupid about that."

"It ain't," the lynx reassured her. She looked to him but his face showed no expression.

A smile flitted over Sheela's face. "Thank you! But I guess you would never leave your family for a such a... *bear*."

Jid nodded, but didn't reply anything so that they fell silent again and wordlessly walked on.

It had gotten almost completely dark. Just a faint ring of light shone down from the distant horizon, hardly illuminating their surroundings so that they had to be careful. Despite the two backpacks Jid wasn't slowing down a bit so that they walked much faster than before.

After they had walked around another huge rock, they saw the three boys who had settled down next to the trunks of the first forest trees and already had light a small fire.

"There you are!" Rustlan yelled when they got closer.

"Look! Jid's a real gentleman, carrying the backpack of a *poor, weak* girl," Merron joked, gathering a violent glare from Sheela. He laughed on nevertheless.

"Come here, Sheela!" Rustlan said and Sheela really walked around the fire and sat down next to him without protest.

Jid let the backpack down, carefully observing Sheela and Rustlan who generously laid his arm on her shoulder though Sheela made no effort to get closer, nor to encourage him in any other way. Then he rubbed his muzzle and finally sat down by the fire opposite Rustlan and Sheela.

"Now let's get something to eat!" Rustlan declared and gave Teryne a sign who stood up and began to rummage around in one of the backpacks. The first thing the fox drew out was a flip-top bottles of beer, followed by a huge water bottle, a loaf of bread, some long dried sausages and a can of beans. He handed over the bottles to Rustlan and the can to Merron who opened it with a small can opener which the boar had found in his pockets. Then he simply placed the opened can on the fire.

Jid observed them in silence.

When the can was about to get warm they took it from the fire, got themselves plates and a piece of bread, started to spread the beans and then started eating.

"Want one?" Rustlan asked and hold out one of the bottles of beer.

"No, thanks!" Jid answered.

"Ale, then?" Rustlan asked and rose the water bottle.

"No!" Jid said, observing the four eating furs for a moment. All of a sudden he stood up. "I'll get me some water." He cleaned his backside, removed his water bottle from his backpack and went over to the lake's shore.

The others looked after him who disappeared in the darkness.

"Strange guy!" Merron noticed.

"Yeah, a real gossip!" Teryne said laughing.

"Forget it, you idiot!" Sheela intervened. "He's just not such a jerk as you!" she added with emphasis.

"Watch out, Rustlan! Sheela makes eyes at somebody else." Teryne joked.

"Shut up!" Sheela said grimly.

"I like him!" Rustlan mentioned suddenly. "There's something strange about him... but I like him."

As Jid came back, they fell silent again and went on eating.

The lynx got himself an old hard roll from his backpack and something that looked like a rind with a little bit of bacon left. He started chewing on it, breaking the hard roll with his sharp teeth. Curiously Rustlan, Merron, Teryne and Sheela gave him a look from time to time, noticing his unusually large, carnivorous teeth that tore the resistant fabric rind apart that he ate completely.

"Hey, Rustlan, why don't you tell Jid something from your birthplace?" Merron mentioned almost occasionally.

Rustlan grinned. "Well, if it isn't too shocking for him..."

Jid rose one eyebrow.

"Come on, Rustlan," Merron insisted.

"Yeah, why not?" Teryne added.

The lynx looked at the bear. "What's 'bout it?"

The male's grin got even broader. "Well..." he said long drawn-out. "I don't know if that's the right conversation for dinner."

"Come on!" Merron encouraged him.

The bear inhaled with emphasis. "OK!" He sat up straight and looked straight at the lynx from below his eyebrows. "As you know: I was born in the place..." He paused. "...that is closest to hell: Black Pit!" He smirked roguishly.

Dusk had almost completely disappeared by now, there was just a shimmering line of yellowish and bluish brightness left in the west. But beyond this one the night had almost completely taken over the sky by now and the brightest stars had already come out, just like the golden moon which was about to rise above the horizon.

"...when the day had finally risen and we could see something in between the debris of the Inner City we realized that we had finally managed to break through the barrier of the Dark Order. So we climbed out of the sewers and sneaked through the camp. There were guards everywhere but they were all drunk and most of them slept anyway. After all they had had quite the party after they had been convinced that they had taken over our district. I had to go first, after all I was supposed to be the scout and I got us some weapons. You know: One could take them right out of the sleeping monks' arms. And when I brought them back we were finally able to make our way through the camp. We tried to be as sneaky as possible but from time to time we did have to cut a throat or two... But, well... That's the way things work in Black Pit after all. The monks had massacred lots of innocent people and I really had to hold some people back because they wanted payback right the same instant. But we had to get out. Once they would have realized we were gone, they would send all their troops after us and then we had to have found a hideout somewhere in the streets..."

The words seemed to flow out of his mouth, he was mimicking his moves and those of the other people. He was telling the story with all of his well trained body. The shine of the small campfire made his muscles stand out and emphasized the wrinkles of his face when he grimaced to show the expression of a some fiend that had haunted the deserted streets of the hellish city that he described.

Having finished their meals in the meantime, Merron and Teryne were now hanging on Rustlan's every word. Contrary to the lynx who did not display anything at all, he was sitting totally expressionlessly, just eating something of the left-overs of his meal. His slanting eyes reflected the flames of the campfire. But sometimes one of his pointed ears twitched because he was listening to Rustlan too after all, although he did not show it. Nobody but Sheela did notice that. She was yawning from time to time and sometimes eyed the lynx who sat opposite them.

“...then we jumped down from the ruin. First I was sure that we would die the same instant but there was a big heap of dirt in this alley and I fell right into it. However Goldakar was not that lucky and broke his leg when he fell onto the street. As soon as I was up I tried to get him up. But he insisted on leaving him behind as I was the only one who could get help in time. We could hear the noise of the monks battling that creature. The roar of the beast echoed through the cavities of the ruins and all over the black walls of the city. It was hard for me but I did abandon Goldakar. I promised him to be back in no time but when I was running down the street I could already see how those critters attacked him. Of course he did his best but he had no chance while I ran to get help. I knew that I had to get through contaminated territory but...”

It had gotten completely dark, the moons and the stars hid behind the clouds so that the only light was the faint reflections on the water of the lake and their own small fire. The forest was a wall of darkness behind them.

“...so I got my gun. He was begging for mercy but I knew that this was the only way to make him stop once and for all and that’s why I did not hesitate to shoot him.” He paused and nodded. “But that’s the way things work in Black Pit! Of course it did not become a better place afterwards but at least there was one less!”

No one said anything. The faint light of the campfire hardly illuminated the five furs that sat around it. Rustlan, Merron and Teryne had been drinking beer all the time, having emptied the bottles in no time. Sheela had sipped at the ale while Jid had just drunken some of the water from his own water bottle. Several times Rustlan had tried to pull the puma girl closer, but she had always pushed his hand away whenever he had tried to embrace her. Thus she had also remained silent (like the lynx) unlike Merron who had made quite some comments and the occasional laughter of Teryne. She had stared into the fire, just sometimes she rose her eyelash, eyeing the lynx opposite her who had glared at the three boys with an expressionless face.

All of a sudden Jid stood up. “I’ll get some sleep now!” he said and took up his backpack.

Merron, Teryne and Rustlan looked at him with surprise.

“You can’t sleep yet!” Rustlan said emphatically, slightly confused by the lynx’ intention. “I haven’t totally finished the story!”

“I gonna look for a place over there.” He pointed at the wood “I don’t wanna disturb you!” Jid said while he shouldered his backpack. “See ya!” he added shortly and then walked away, disappeared between the darkness of the trunks, pursued by the eyes of the surprised others.

Merron was the first one to get back his speech. “What a jerk,” he stated.

Sheela was still looking after Jid, slowly she turned around, took a huge gulp from her ale, put the top on the bottle and laid it aside.



Sheela was still looking after Jid...

Sheela seemed to be staggering at least it seemed that way to the lynx who observed her as he could see her despite the darkness because of his lynx eyes. His head was resting upon his arms while he was completely wrapped up inside his sleeping bag that he had lain down next to the trunk of a large fir.

"Jid!" Sheela shouted when she was still some lengths away. "Where are you?"

For a moment he bite into the cloth of the bag, trying to suppress an oath. "Here!" he replied after a while.

"Where?" Sheela swirled around, slightly wavering as she tried to maintain her equilibrium while blindly looking into his direction. The reflecting light made her eyes glance in the darkness.

"In front of you. At the bottom of the fir."

Sheela went over to him and let herself drop down onto the soft ground with a sigh of relief, right beside the lynx. "There you are! You're almost invisible down here."

He could smell her sour breath due to the ale. "I wish," Jid mumbled.

"What?"

"Nothin'!" he said and eyed the puma girl. She turned around and lay down on her belly and played around with her fingers, but then she sighed, gave it up and turned around onto her back, staring upwards like him. Beyond the darkness of the trees' branches some stars could be seen, faint spots of shimmering light which appeared and disappeared while the wind brushed through the trees and moved their branches and the foliage.

"That's beautiful!" Sheela stated with highly exaggerated emphasis.

The lynx stayed silent while the cool wind brushed through his hair.

"Don't you think?" she asked while she tried to look into his eyes, but his forearm lay on his frowns so her attempts were futile.

"Yeah,... that's why I've chosen this place."

"That's romantic...," Sheela fell silent but moved a little bit closer to Jid who rather felt than saw the approach. "You are not much of a talker, hm?" She turned around on her belly again to be able to look into Jid's face who still stared into the sky. "That's OK! Far better than Rustlan, he is nothing but a braggart."

For a moment they were silent.

"He's not from Black Pit," the lynx said. It was not a question but a remark.

"Nah..." Sheela mumbled. "He's from Eiche Island. He just wants to make people believe that he is- *Oh, so hard-boiled.*" She chuckled shortly. "After all you have seen how Teryne and Merron react. But they are stupid anyway." She grunted. "As anybody would believe that one can get out of Black Pit! If you ask me it does not even exist at all. It's just something to scare children with. Who would believe in a such a place anyway? *Pitch black! Deadly and dangerous! Hell on earth!*" When there was no reply she sighed after some time. "Rustlan is such a looser," she stated.

Jid smelt the heavy scent of the ale in Sheela's breath. "Why d'you stay with him?"

"You'd never understand that..."

"Why?"

"Because you're a boy..." She paused and observed her own fingers which were busy with removing some dirt which had gathered in the fur. "'Cause I am stupid!" she stated mercilessly after a while. "I'd leave him if I had a chance, but... He's always after me. I can't even talk with anyone without him getting jealous... He's such a... *Asshole!*"

"Why d'you stay with him?" the lynx asked again. He had turned his head around and tried to study her face.

She didn't answer him at once. "I can't leave him."

"Why?"

She hesitated with answering while she violently tore some longer hair out of her paw's fur. "What can a girl do out here? Alone?" she asked emphatically. She threw the hair away into the darkness of the night. "I'd be fair game," she mumbled.

The lynx observed her but she didn't go on. "Maybe you're too good for him." he stated

Suddenly she turned her face around and looked at him with a smile. "Do you think?"

"Yeah! You're clever and good-lookin'." He could feel the exciting cold shiver which crept down his spine and quickly turned his head away so that he had not to look at her shimmering golden eyes. "You deserve better." He could hear how she crept yet again a little bit closer and for an instant he closed his eyes and begged for release.

"That's nice!" she said. She was now that close that he could not only smell her breath but also feel it in his fur. "You're really nice, Jid!" she added. "You're the first boy who tells me that," she almost whispered. Her fur smelled too, it had the dry scent of leaves in the sun mixed with the cool fresh fragrance of some distant meadow whose smell was carried along by the wind.

The lynx closed his eyes and his lips whispered soundless curses and oaths. He could feel this damn strange tension in his breast and this stupid girl was coming even closer. He gritted his teeth and tried not to look at her, but it was absolutely sufficient to smell and to hear her whose faint irregular breath brushed through his fur.

"You're really nice!" she repeated and laid her hand down on the sleeping bag, slowly running it all over the smooth fabric and thus caressing his figure underneath.

`Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn!` He almost trembled from excitement although he was still able to restrain himself. He pressed his eyelids together. `You dunno what you're dealin' with!!!` But the cries in his mind were inaudible.

Now her hand ran up again, dropped down from the sleeping bag and thus quickly brushed over his face until it got stuck in his thick felted strands of dark brown hair. She raised one leg, seductively put it on the sleeping bag while she pressed herself against his side. Her face was now so close that he could even feel the heat of her breath, distinguish the different scents of her breath when she

inhaled and when she exhaled, the sour ale as well as a very specific exciting bitter scent.

His face burned just like his entire body, he felt uncomfortable in the clothes he still wore, he felt trapped in his sleeping bag, his breath was fast, his heart pounded powerfully in his chest. But he swallowed and fought it all back. "Sheela, you're doin' a big mistake,..." he was able to say, freed his arms and tried to get her off as gently as possible.

But she ignored his attempts, instead snuggled up. Her face was mere inches from his, her golden eyes glared promisingly, the eyelash shivered, her black nose twitched slightly. Her light brown, almost blond hair framed her face. Her mouth with the ample lips was slightly opened, just enough so that the faint blow of her breath could escape her throat. Her long, slender tail lashed about in nervous anticipation.

"Sheela, I... You shouldn't do that!" he was able to warn her, his own fast breath flowed down to her and caressed her face. "You don't know what's goin' on!" he begged while he tried to control himself to prevent that he would embrace her and... He tried not to think about that.

"Come on, Jid!" she whispered and rubbed her muzzle against his chin in a typical feline caress. "You want it, too!" And she rose her head and looked straight into his eyes.

The lynx swallowed and suddenly his face hardened. "Look! This ain't right!" He panted but he was able to focus on her. "I'm not the one you think I'm," he blurred out, his hoarse voice trembled but was direct nevertheless. His slanting eyes hid in the darkness below his eyebrows while his hair waved in the weak wind.

She looked down on him, supporting herself on her arms. Her face seemed to reflect her seriousness for a moment but then a smile flitted over it and she let herself drop down again.

He gasped as she fell down right onto him with this cozy body of hers. She lay on him, rubbed herself on the smooth fabric while she got closer to his face. The lynx let himself retire slightly, his jaw trembled, his pointed ears twitched nervously. But he could feel her body pressing down onto his own, it seemed like for a moment that he merged with her as he could feel every fiber, every muscle and curve of the puma so that his own responded equally. A new scent reached his sensible nose, the faint but distinctive smell of something juicy and promising and this pushed him over the brink: Gracefully it tore his defenses apart and thus he gave it up and put his arms around her and as he touched her soft fur the tension broke finally and a sigh of relief escaped his throat, his muscles relaxed and the first wave lashed through the body.

Sheela lowered her head and they joined in a kiss, she discovered the lynx' slender but smooth lips while he explored the softness of hers until they gave way and their saliva mixed, strange new tastes invaded them, the tongues reached out, intertwined, the rough surfaces caressed one another, explored the depths, the taste and structure of its counterpart, its heat and longing while their

lips just enjoyed their affection. Gently the lynx stroke the puma's long hair, the other hand ran up and down her back.

"Please, Sheelarr," he begged hoarsely, panting after they had broken the kiss but she kissed his cheek, his muzzle, his chin and neck, her lips brushing through the soft short fur, her mere breath enough to confuse him. Meanwhile she had grabbed the opening of the sleeping bag, while she still ran her muzzle over the panting lynx' one she rolled down from him, pulled the cover aside and with a quick feline movement she slipped inside, pressing her body against his so that he could feel the curves of her breast, her belly and her back as well as she could feel his muscles and its unexpected smoothness. He growled lowly.

She snuggled up to his side, pressed herself against the hard, tense muscles. Below his furry skin she could feel how his muscles trembled but in this moment he grabbed her head and tore it closer in a violent proof of desire and she gave in to another kiss which made them sink even deeper into each other's soft lips, the smoothness and warmth of the mouths. They let go just to meet again, their tongues separated for a moment just to give in to the drain of the kiss again, the mouth widely opened as they tried to grasp everything, the tongues danced through the cavity.

He let her head go and his hot lips swirled around her muzzle as he covered it with quick kisses. She moaned in delight as she could feel how he pressed the smooth fabric onto her furry cheek, every time she could feel how a little bit of warmth sank into her skin and gathered inside her and warmed her even more. His palm stroke her back and she shivered in excitement, snuggled up her head against his, she inhaled deeply while he kissed her neck and thus perceived his fragrance like a heavy musky coat of a wet forest and strange fruit.

The lynx growled while his lips brushed through the short fur of her neck, the hot breath almost burned the skin underneath.

"Wait..." Sheela panted and moved a little bit away so that he was able to finger on her shirt while she helped him by grabbing its base and quickly she pulled it over her head, threw it aside and thus uncovered her breasts. In the very same instance his hot breath already fluttered over its fluffy hair so that the puma could feel it like a warm shower. Her skin quivered as she could feel like her breasts slightly swelled through the caress, the cool night's air flowed around the touchy fabric. She moaned weakly as he stroke it with his muzzle and cheek, just cautiously caressed by the hard fur of his face. She breathed heavily as she drowned in this joined softness, moaned, laid her arms around his shoulders and tried to draw him closer but he lay still by her side, just caressed her chest from below the protective cover of the sleeping bag.

His cheek burned as he grasped her chest's curves, the softness of the fabric and the lightness of its fur. He could feel his own response which almost painfully reminded him of this misunderstanding but then his moist lips accidentally brushed over her nipple and in this instant he forgot about all that, he pressed his cheek onto her breast and thus perceived the swollen breast wart. Heavily panting he brushed all over it again, tried to grasp all of its seductive form at once, his lips stroke her neck while he reached out for her lips and suddenly her

hands tousled through his short hair, brushed it aside, exposed his dark brown eyes which shimmered in the darkness as they looked at one another.

The heat of their breaths mixed and after a moment of hesitation they joined in another luscious kiss, her hands holding his head while he hastily kissed her mouth, her lips, her chin and her muzzle. She moaned. His chest now lay on hers and she felt the surprising softness of his fabric which corresponded to her own, made it even more desirable as it seemed to stroke her carefully while it was still hidden underneath his shirt. He laid one of his hands cautiously on her breast so that its warmth sank into the fabric, caressed it just by its heat and the mere presence of the furless palm which met with the furless nipple.

He purred while he buried his muzzle on hers.

Quickly she lowered her arms and undid the buttons of her trousers and he took his hand off her breast and helped her to pull the trousers and the panties underneath aside. She kicked them away while he had already let go and with wide-spread fingers he brushed through the fur of her abdomen, explored its form, buried one in her navel, discovered its sweaty heat and went on just running it all over the snug belly and tousled its fur. A warm shiver was her response and she could feel how the tension in her abdomen increased, it seemed to expand and bulge as her mons got aware of his closeness.

She lay on her back, he partly on her, her hands ran over his head, sunken into the short hair. "Jid..." she moaned while he kissed her shoulder and she reached out her arms to grab his back and thus pulled him closer, took hold of his shirt and started to pull it upwards...

"SHEELA!" The yell broke in like thunder, echoed between the trunks of the trees and through the cool air.

They were instantly paralyzed.

"SHEELA!" It was a rather a short angry cry than a long-drawn call.

The stars shimmered in the dark blue sky far above the blackness of trees. The wind carried on the cold of the night as the leaves fluttered and rustled due to a breeze.

The lynx gulped and Sheela let her hands and the shirt go which hang around his neck.

"SHEE-LA!" The two syllables sounded like a threat and then he came into sight: A shadow stumbling over the branches and uneven patches he couldn't see. He cursed as he fell down, jumped up again and then went on to walk blindly into their direction. "SHEE! LA!"

The lynx was still partly risen above her, supporting himself on his hands as she had been trying to pull the shirt over his head. He breathed heavily just like she did. As carefully and slowly as possible he lowered himself.

"JID!" The yell sounded somehow desperate but certainly none less angry than before. "WHERE ARE YOU?" The echo slowly faded away in the distance as he already walked on, stumbled, rose up again and went on with mindless purpose, the wavering figure of a bear in between the surrounding trunks.

She felt like he laid his exposed chest on hers, its muscles, its softness, its curves, the erected nipples... She gasped!

“SHEELA!”

Violently the lynx' paw pressed onto her wide opened mouth, forced back her cry. She moaned underneath, her eyes glanced in sudden terror, she stared right into the lynx' face who tried to appease her with a suppressed “Shhhh...!” She stretched and almost bucked but the taut lynx body held her down. “Dorn't cry!” the hoarse voice begged, slightly trembling as it escaped the lynx' mouth.

The bear had suddenly stopped and rose his head.

“Dorn't cry!” the lynx hissed, pressing the hand down even stronger onto her mouth. The dark brown eyes glistened.

The bear had pricked up his ears and turned his head.

She moaned below the strong hold, quivered, stiffly staring at the figure lying on her.

“SHEELA?” the bear cried. He seemed to wait for an answer.

Nervously the lynx looked into the bear's direction, almost unaware of the puma's presence.

“JID?”

The fingers on her mouth hurt.

“Hey, Rustlan! Come back! It's no use!” The fox' voice was dulled due to the considerable distance.

“DAMN!” the bear cried in frustration. The oath reverberated.

They could see his white teeth reflecting the cold starlight.

“I'll kill 'em!” he hissed. “I'll kill this bastard!”

The leaves rustled in the wind which carried along a moist breeze from the lake.

The bear spun around and walked back. His feet stomped on the forest's ground. He stumbled, almost fell down, growled violently and kicked something away into the night and then headed for the direction he had come from, swearing and cursing until the figure disappeared in the darkness again and left the two girls behind.

They did not dare to move. For a long time they just lay there, the lynx still pressing the hand on the puma's mouth, now fully laying on her so that Sheela could clearly feel the lynx' small breasts. Their faces were mere inches apart.

Sometimes the wind brushed through the trees and pushed their branches aside. Thus the bluish night sky was exposed with its white spots of clearly shining stars. These uncountable lights blinked slightly. Bigger stars shimmered brightly among the numerous grains of smaller ones which formed a dark waterfall wherein countless reflections gleamed. And whenever the leaves of the forest rustled it seemed like the wind had carried along the sound of this waterfall beyond the horizon. Barely audible the lake shore's water lashed against the land.

Moist scents swirled around their muzzles, the damp smell of the wood and the lake but also their mixed fragrance.

The lynx still held her mouth, motionless lying on her, staring at the puma like she stared at her. Both of them plunged into the other one's eyes which seemed

to have no bottom as there was nothing but the darkness which hid away their emotions that swirled endlessly through their bodies.

The Silver Arc around Jiddy's neck swung to and fro in the wind, shimmering whenever it caught a ray of moonlight.

Sheela didn't move. Her eyes were screwed up, her frowns cramped in terror but she made no attempt to free herself. She just lay underneath the lynx and tried to grasp what happened to her. Her eyes trembled and she could barely see the lynx' brown ones which were hidden behind some wild strands of hair. But whenever a breeze pushed it away she could see the shivering reflections in the dark brown pupils which gazed at her.

"Shhhhh," Jiddy hissed. "Please, don't cry. I won't hurt you..." Very cautiously the lynx rose her hand. As slowly as possible she took it off Sheela's mouth and instantly she could feel like the puma inhaled, the weak airflow brushed over the furless palm.

Sheela's lips quivered as she sucked the fresh air into her mouth. Saliva had gathered inside her mouth and she swallowed it. She was tensed to the brink of being torn apart. Every muscle and limb had tightened and her heart hammered senselessly, unable to fill up the gap inside her chest. Something inside her cried that she should shake the lighter lynx off and run away, but she just lay there and stared into these brown eyes shimmering in the darkness.

Jiddy gulped. It was the only sound in the silence of the night. Her hand was still above Sheela's face while she eyed the puma's soft, desirable features: Her lush light brown, almost blond hair which was arranged around her head like some tapestry, her strong eyebrows, tense due to her angst, her nervously quivering eyes, her slightly moist nose and her luscious lips which inhaled the coolness of the night. Jiddy could feel the tension inside her breast which increased with every second she felt Sheela underneath her, the lush fur and the sweetness of her body's outline. The lynx breathed faster as it crept up into her throat, she tried to keep it at bay. She closed her eyes and watched to the flashing lights behind her eyelids but in the same instant she felt like falling down onto Sheela's soft breast and so she opened her eyes again and lowered herself as slowly as she could.

The puma girl saw Jiddy approaching, the shade of the lynx came down onto her.

"Shhhhhh," the lynx appeased her. "Shhhhhhhhhh..."

Their breaths mixed and their smells swirled around their muzzles, reminded themselves again of the other one.

It was nothing but a weak touch on Sheela's lower lip, which increased, strengthened until she felt the warmth of the lynx girl's mouth, her breath and the texture of her lips which pressed an impatient kiss onto her lips and then slowly let go again while the shadow of Jiddy rose again.

Her mouth had been shut, now she opened it to inhale and thus she perceived the lynx' fragrance, she could almost taste it as it still lingered upon her burning lips. Blood rushed into her head, overwhelmed her, her sight blurred, her mind

spun and while this subsided again she moaned almost soundlessly as she was released from this pressure. "Please," she stammered weakly. "Let me go!"

The slanting eyes above her were screwed up slightly. Slowly she rose her hand and very carefully brushed over Sheela's soft cheek. "Why?"

The puma quivered. "This is not right. I can't do this..." she stammered.

Jiddy's fingers played around with the puma girl's long hair, casually her fingertips ran over her cheek, a tickling sensation that rose and retired again and again. "What...?"

"Please, let me go..." Sheela begged.

"I don't force ya," Jiddy replied.

Her lips quivered as she tried to speak up but she could not remember what she had intended to say. She felt cold although she knew that she was warm, every limb of hers was surrounded by intense heat but her tensed muscles let it not get through.

Jiddy blinked and very slowly she let her head sink down. Anxiously the puma observed her and her blood run cold when she felt Jiddy's muzzle at her bare neck and how it pressed a kiss on the fur which instantly triggered another quiver which ran through her body.

The other girl caught her irregular breath. "I can't do this..." she gasped.

"Whyrr?" Slowly Jiddy let her lips sink onto her soft skin again but this time she gave her a short series of casual kisses while she inhaled deeply to catch as much of Sheela's intoxicating scent as possible.

Once again their faces were as close as possible without touching and Sheela could hardly bare the lynx girl's closeness who didn't turn her face away but looked straight into her eyes. She could feel the paw which carefully touched her face and stroke her cheek and then slowly rose and pushed the strands of hair aside which had covered her frowns. Thus there was nothing in between her eyes and hers and although she was barely able to distinguish something in the darkness, she could see the shimmer of the lynx girl's eyes and it seemed to her like they knew no bottom.

Her heartbeat had gotten faster and everyone of her muscles quivered. Jiddy ran her fingers over Sheela's furry cheek and slowly she lowered her mouth again but this time she pressed a careful kiss onto her lips before she retired again and watched the reaction. But there seemed to be none: The puma girl was perfectly motionless except for her faltering breath. Accordingly she went down again and this time she made sure that the puma girl would feel her caress as she opened her mouth slightly and let her feel the whole moist structure of her lips, she retired shortly just to repeat it once more. She could feel like her own desire increased every time she touched the puma as the feeling sank deeply into her and made her shiver from cold.

"I... I..." Sheela stammered.

Jiddy carefully placed a finger on the soft lips.

There was a moment of total silence. Meanwhile none of them was able to take her eyes off the other, they just looked at each other while their bodies radiated a strange unrestrained warmth. Almost mirroring one another their bodies trembled

but for different reason and after what seemed to be an eternity Sheela shyly shook her head.

A smile flashed over Jiddy's lips and exposed her sharp teeth. She lowered her head again to give the puma another kiss. But just when she retired again she could feel like Sheela's lips parted and the lynx didn't hesitate and immediately renewed the kiss, she let herself sink down completely onto her. It was a faint kiss, nothing but Sheela's attempt to try out Jiddy who responded with the entity of her longing and renewed the touch again and again, explored her smoothness.

It was nothing but a slight movement of Sheela as she rose her muzzle a bit when Jiddy was just renewing her kiss but Jiddy lost herself, opened her mouth wide and kissed her again but this time let her tongue slip out and opened Sheela with it until their mouths were both wide opened and adapted to one another while their tongues danced freely around one another, they could even taste themselves, the bitterness of their salivas while their rough tongues ran along one another. Sheela moaned as she was convinced that Jiddy's breath blew deeply into her, filled up her chest with her heat until her breast were full of gathered warmth and pressed against the lynx girl's chest, her nipple were so hard that they pinched into their interwoven fabric. Meanwhile Jiddy did no longer care about anything but this girl below her and all her desirable features and curves she was lying on.

Jiddy rose a bit and thus broke the kiss but Sheela's tongue followed closely after and so the lynx extended her tongue too until their tips met in midair, smoothly caressed each other. But then Jiddy let go again and lowered her head again, let its furry surface run over Sheela's muzzle. During this caress the puma girl moaned and this sound send an incredible shiver of excitement up Jiddy's spine and wiped her mind free of anything else but the sweet and salty fragrance of the puma. With a powerful movement Jiddy pushed herself up, so that her hair was flying out of her face and then she quickly glided down on her partner while offering her a decent look. Before Sheela was able to react Jiddy's head already rubbed the softness of her breast in a typical feline caress, continuing what she had started earlier: She brushed her head against them, slightly pushed them with her head, rubbed it with her muzzle and Jiddy felt her cheeks burn with such an intensity that even Sheela was able to sense it when they ran over her furry skin. The fabric was swollen and touchy and Jiddy intentionally brushed their furs the wrong way so that the small hairs pressed deeper into their skin and Sheela got more aware of the outline of her breasts than ever as they seemed to expand towards Jiddy's caress.

With a sudden movement Jiddy threw her head upwards, thus pushed her hair aside and freed her muzzle of it before she approached Sheela's face again. Longing lips awaited her and they joined in a small kiss which was instantly broken by Jiddy, instead she kissed the puma girl's lower lip, trapped it in between her own, playfully gnawed at it before she moved her mouth on towards Sheela's chin, dragging along a hot trail of quick kisses.

Swallowed by a whirl of desire, she was dragged down along a line of hot kisses which approached her chin. She gasped for breath while the caress

continued and Jiddy's moist tongue licked the outline of her muzzle, wet the fur with her saliva and transformed it into a waterfall which splashed down her chin, washed over her uneven stretched neck until Jiddy's mouth sank deeply into the fluffy fur of her chest and exhaled there so that it heated up so strongly that Sheela felt like being set afire but then new waves of pleasure drowned it when Jiddy went on kissing with fast, faint movements, barely touching her skin. It was such a gentle caress that it was enough for both of them as Jiddy contented herself with exploring Sheela's surface and inhaling the intoxicating scents of hers which stuck to her fur like the small drops of salty sweat she tasted whenever she kissed her. On and on the lynx girl kissed and it seemed to Sheela like she was stealing her breath when she descended furthermore. Her heart already hammered in the cavity of her chest and her gasping breath was barely keeping her conscious when Jiddy approached her chest and like a drop in an ocean sent forth never-ending waves of excitement, a faint but intense feeling of joy suddenly flooded her inside, broke against the skin where Jiddy's soft lips touched and increased the pleasure even more.

A cool gust of wind swirled around her erected nipples which poked out of the surrounding fur just before Jiddy reached one of them and kissed its surroundings and this time her tongue reached out and duck through the soft fur and touched the rough swollen skin underneath and a gasp escaped Sheela's throat as the transient touch which swirled around on her chest woke her breasts entirely, releasing uncountable bubbles which sparkled through it, gathering in the nipple which Jiddy carefully sucked into her mouth, enclosed it completely with her lips so that her tongue could freely access the swollen knot to lick and taste it. Sheela moaned while sweetness filled the lynx girl's mouth and she let her tongue slip into any unevenness. Then she slowly shut her mouth, running her lips over the breast until she trapped the knot in between her lips and playfully took it up a bit before it slipped out of her mouth and so she moved on to the other side to repeat her caress whose echo she felt in her own chest pressing down onto the softness of the puma's belly. Her saliva let the uneven skin get smooth so that her tongue glided over the nipple when she lapped it with her rough feline tongue. Sheela gasped irregularly due to Jiddy's tongue swirling around upon her touchy breasts, it tickled and grew in anticipation of Jiddy opening her mouth as wide as she could and taking as much of the breast into her mouth as she she was able to, so that her tongue pressed down into it before she closed her mouth so that her hot moist lips brushed all over them until they reached the nipple again and squeezed it gently. The caress made her full breast shake, caused wave after wave of unknown joy washing over her, dragging warmth behind that made her skin burn with an inner fire, her heart raced, skipping a beat whenever the lynx started anew, her furless palm resting on the other disregarded breast, carefully pressing into its touchy fabric and massaging it with slow circular movements.

She could not get enough of this taste, it sparkled upon her tongue although she was unable to define it. The only thing she knew for sure was that it aroused her more and more, triggered her own body's reaction until she felt like

imploding of unfulfilled desire. But on the other hand she was unable to let go the soft, luscious fabric beneath her lips. If she could have plunged into it, she would not have hesitated but this way she just let her muzzle sink deeply into the lush fur of Sheela's cleavage. She covered it with quick, gentle kisses, renewing again and again, filling her mind with this intoxicating smell whenever she inhaled. Every muscle was taut, restlessly awaiting its turn. But Jiddy would not offer any release right now, there was still much too much to be explored.

Sheela gasped slightly when she felt like Jiddy's paws ran down her sides, her body responded with a strong quiver that even the lynx had to have felt. "I..." Sheela suddenly started anew but almost instantly she was silenced by Jiddy's index upon her lips.

The lynx girl smiled and an almost childish laughter escaped the harsh face and it transformed into a growl from the deepest bottom of her feline chest and she leaned forward, let her finger go and kissed Sheela who was unable to resist this and joined the kiss with all the passion that had arisen in her body and now the furless pads that gently cupped her breast did no longer bother her but they added to the pleasure that was lingering throughout her and that she tried to express with the most passionate kiss she had ever offered to someone: Her mouth opened as wide as possible and then they both let every restraint go and just enjoyed the intensity of the softness of their joined lips, while their tongue swirled around one another and the moist heat of their mouths was completely absorbed in one another and the feeling sunk down into their chest like an unfulfilled longing. They kissed until their mouths hurt.

Shyly they let go although Jiddy was hardly able to stop, kissing the soft lips of Sheela repeatedly while she was already rising again. Beneath her own heartbeat she could feel the racing heart of the puma who was still quivering and somehow pretty tense and although there was quite a bit of remorse lurking in her mind, neither could she neglect the desire she felt nor could Sheela and thus before this thought got too powerful again, she quickly lowered her lips again and started her exploration of Sheela's neck and chest again. Although it still felt as good as the first time Jiddy was no longer able to keep her desires at bay, let her hands ran down Sheela's sides until they reached her full thighs that she stroke as gently as she could, brushing the fur the wrong way just to smooth it again while her she rubbed her muzzle and her cheeks against the base of Sheela's breast which caused the puma to giggle unwillingly as the lynx' messy hair tickled. Jiddy now lay completely upon Sheela, her head between the breast, her chest upon the belly, her belly between her legs and her hard muscled body was pressing down on the soft feline body beneath so that Sheela could feel every single fiber of the lynx, but most of all she felt the erected nipples which seemed to trigger yet another emotion, an almost painful, thrilling clarity.

Jiddy purred, kissing the base of the breast. But now there was something different on her mind and when her stroking hands rose again she carefully took hold of Sheela's paw and led it to her mouth and started to kiss the furless pad, carefully sniffed at it and then shortly licked it, so that Sheela had to shiver but Jiddy did not stop, going on to caress the paw that she led to her face and

carefully ran it all over her face so that Sheela felt the angular features, the strong outlines, the harsh lines and the very soft fur which covered them all and she was unable to deny the grim beauty of it. Jiddy moaned quietly when she brushed her cheek with this caring hand and led it to her mouth, nibbling at the fingertips for a moment, shortly sucking them entirely into her mouth before she let them go again and suddenly rose herself slightly, supporting herself on a single arm while with the other one she led Sheela's hand close to her now exposed chest where her Silver Arc was hanging.

For an instant the hand floated in midair, slightly trembling, but the tickling fingertips of hers almost moved by themselves and the only thing she could do was to observe how her paw approached the lynx chest all by itself and she was overcome by surprise when her fingers closed around the small breast and found nothing but softness which could vanish every instant. Curiously she let her fingers run over it, noticing its desirable shape with amazement. She could not remember ever having felt anything like this before, her own breast were rather firm and tight and she had never touched another woman there and thus Jiddy's breast seemed totally unreal to her, soft as the feather of a lost bird. But most of all, her trembling fingertips seemed to be infected with the strangest sensation and Sheela suddenly had to catch her breath as she was feeling like her own breast was carefully padded although Jiddy did not do anything at all. The puma's chest was sparkling, fountains of hot blood pelt down on the inside and almost pushed her upwards as her breast increased even further in size and her already hard nipple stuck even more out of her fur. Every sensation flowed back to her and suddenly Jiddy's caresses got completely real again just like she was about to repeat them. Sheela could almost feel the rough feline tongue on her chest again, the gentle touch of the lynx paw, the faintest nuzzling and her full bosom was overflowed with infinite joy as her last restraint was broken and now the unfulfilled desire was released and ravaged through her body, enthralling every fiber, removing the last remains of sanity and driving her into the sweetest fever of lust.

Jiddy was partly surprised, partly overjoyed by the sudden, unexpected reaction of the puma girl beneath her but Sheela did not notice this expression on the lynx' face as she let go a moan from the very bottom of her body. Her head lay back, her chest rose all by itself, having become completely weightless it rose towards Jiddy who willingly welcomed it, wrapping her arms around the puma and nuzzling the breast that stretched towards her. When her muzzle sunk into the soft fur she was instantly surrounded by Sheela's fragrance again, but unlike before there was no trace of fear, nor anxiety left, there was nothing but the musky, juicy scent of desire, more intoxicating, more charming than ever before and it almost drove Jiddy into total madness as she started to caress the anticipating bosom faster and harder than before, gnawing the nipples, pushing the swollen fabric with her head, sucking powerfully at it, squeezing and massaging it with her paws, stroking, pushing and nuzzling it, kissing Sheela, licking her, nibbling at her and she did that so frantically that her head rubbed over the chest at every moment, never stopping, never hesitating as she sought

more of the thrilling sensation that flowed into her mouth and let her quiver with lust, always craving for more just like Sheela did who moaned quietly, totally overcome by the sensations that she had surrendered to. The flame of her desire burned brighter and hotter than ever before, she quivered, trembled sometimes even bucked in Jiddy's hold who held her so that the puma lay back completely in these strong arms and offered herself entirely to the lynx who could not stop kissing, nipping and sucking at the swollen, soft breast so that Sheela felt like there was a bird trapped inside her chest which flapped its wings so strongly that she would get airborne soon. Leaning backwards, her wide opened eyes stared blindly into the darkness, her arms instinctively wrapped around her lover who fulfilled her unspoken desires. The faint sound of Jiddy's mouth no longer reached her, nor that her own breath had changed to an irregular gasping. The world was concentrated in her by the lynx' caress, she was reduced to her own body, unable to grasp anything different but the pleasure that shot through her like fireballs that exploded in her abdomen and her head in a never-ending cycle. There was nothing but the rough feline tongue that licked the curves of her chest, the lips that kissed it, the cheek which ran over it, the lynx in her arms.

As carefully as she could Jiddy laid Sheela slowly down on the ground again, her mouth never left the puma alone while new unexplored areas of the feline body were uncovered to her. The lynx nuzzled the touchy base of the breast, admiring the wonderful shape throughout her caress. The cool, moist nose brushed through the fur and Sheela quivered whenever her overheated skin was touched by it. Her body seemed to assemble itself again and she gasped strongly, staring at the foliage which was silhouetted against the night sky and seemed to cover them forever with its faintly rustling leaves, hiding them from everything else, hiding their lust, their desire and their pleasure. And when her sleepy eyes blinked she realized that it maybe hid just her.

She uttered a surprised yelp when Jiddy's mouth which had explored her tummy and had kissed her navel suddenly brushed through the fluffy fur of her pubic hair and this unexpected caress made her shiver with anticipation but on the other hand she was trembling with fear she could not deny and thus she tensed up what could not be hidden from Jiddy.

The lynx girl who leaned over her slowly rose her head and the glistening reflection of her dark eyes was turned towards her.

"I... I have never done this before..." Sheela stammered lowly.

Almost casually fingers ran over her breast and very lightly circled around her nipples. Instantly Sheela was overcome by her desire again.

This time Jiddy let her paw rest upon Sheela's tummy like some kind of a gentle protection that was supposed to prepare the puma girl for what was yet to come. But, of course, it did not.

First it was nothing but an exciting tickling when Jiddy's muzzle brushed through her pubic hair and the lynx' breath flowed over this sensual area like a warm coat. Just when she had gotten used to this feeling it intensified and seemed to gathered inside her as her entire body was going to respond like it had just been waiting for this signal that freed something inside her, that welled up

like nothing she had ever experienced before and it welcomed the caress of the lynx whose fingers seemed to melt her belly, sinking deeply into her and heating up her innermost and with another moan of hers every limb gave in to her yearning, relaxed and thus when Jiddy slowly and very carefully lowered her head even more Sheela slightly parted her legs without any resistance. Jiddy inhaled deeply and the fragrance that rose into her sensible nose was almost too powerful, struck her like her body was a bell that vibrated profoundly, made her tremble with carnal lust and she pressed her muzzle impetuously against the soft, touchy fabric of the puma girl's mons.

Sheela gasped, bucking upwards. Although she had expected something like that, she had not been prepared for it and when Jiddy's lips had kissed her nether lips it had hit her like lightning. Despite her powerful movements there was no way to escape anymore as Jiddy had now wrapped her arms around her thighs and held them apart, just like she held the puma down who rocked in total ecstasy that was caused by Jiddy's tongue, which lapped up every single drop of juice that flowed from her sex while her lips caressed her labia, pressed strongly down into the swollen fabric when Jiddy was about to renew her kiss. The puma was not even able to moan anymore, her mouth wide open she panted, inside being thrown around like a leaf during a storm, dancing in the wind and the rain, gathering more and more strength, rising higher and higher every time the rough feline tongue divided her labia slightly and ran upwards in between the tight softness. But whenever she flickered at the well hidden clit Sheela was in total bliss, her body relaxed and she was rising through the foliage her blind eyes stared at, far above the clouds, watching stars she had never seen before, just to drop down a bit again as Jiddy's thin lips closed again, the fur of her muzzle tickled, just to renew this avid kiss of hers. Greedily she devoured every single drop of the sweet, tangy juice, every nose full of the intoxicating, feminine fragrance, every touch either upon Sheela's smooth, furry thighs or upon the hot skin of her mons. Her caresses resonated within her like she had become a member of her lover's body, anticipating the fulfilment of her desires as much as she did. Her breast and her abdomen were trembling, she could feel every single heartbeat inside them as much as she felt Sheela's beneath her touch and thus Jiddy went on, fully enclosed the soft labia with her mouth, parted them with her tongue and extended it inside the glowing warmth of the puma girl's body. Sheela yelped shortly as every fiber of her body seemed to clamp around this rough, caressing limb which licked her inside where she had never felt anything like this before. Her hands instinctively took hold of the lynx head and pressed it even stronger against herself while impulse after impulse of joy and pleasure rose her even higher than the one before, enveloped her in warmth and desire, drowned her in love and lust until she was gasping for breath, eternally craving for more. Jiddy had freed one of her paws and now she pressed a thumb against the spot where Sheela's clit was hidden underneath and powerfully started to circle around it while she quickly retired her tongue, closed her mouth, sucked up all the juice, just to get inside Sheela again, spoiling her skilfully with her caress.

Her body was thrown upwards like spasming, a long drawn moan escaped her throat when all her desires, her passion and her lust released themselves. Something inside her broke, running all over her insides, dragging behind shiver after shiver of bliss. Cold crept up her spine and her abdomen exploded in heat, she melt and froze at the same time, she was thrown around by her bucks as her ecstasy tore at her body, shook it and enveloped it, wrapped it in warmth and happiness while she fell backwards, lightning blinking in front of her eyes, her ears hammering with the sound of her heartbeat, her abdomen and her breast tingling most pleasantly, satisfied and craving at the same time. It felt like falling but she knew her fall meant no harm, the wind tore at her fur, caressed her nude body with its furless pads, dried the sweat of her passion, cooled her burning body and the earth welcomed her with peaceful darkness, silence and satisfaction she could not remember ever having felt before. She was motionless, her body was tingling, her breath was slow and regular again.

Sheela hardly noticed how Jiddy lapped her clean, carefully fingering her breast. She just noticed the lynx girl again when she slightly rose a bit, crawling forwards. The cold silver of her pendant lay down in her fur when the lynx girl lowered herself so that she lay half way upon her, half way in between her spread legs. Their breast rested upon another and they could feel their heartbeats which made their chests rise and fall simultaneously. With weak movements Jiddy stroke her lover's cheek with the outside of her fingers while her other arm was trapped in between their bodies.

The wind rustled as it blew through the foliage, slightly pushed it aside and let the puma girl see the night sky far above her, the shimmering stars and the black and the golden shape of Koda and Tezu. The cool gusts dried the sweat which she had not noticed before but she did not feel cold as the lynx upon her was still burning. Somewhere the water of the lake sloshed like the mumbling of a old, tired animal which had lain down to rest and then the wind blew strongly for a last time, the leaves shivered, danced in the night before the foliage closed again, hid the sky away and left the two girls alone in the darkness.

Sheela was still absent-minded, half asleep as the heat inside her had retired and had left behind the comfortable warmth of happiness and thus she did not notice that Jiddy moved slightly upon her, just when the lynx moaned weakly and her tensed, muscled body shivered lightly Sheela got aware that Jiddy had not stopped yet. The trapped arm of the lynx girl moved faintly in between them and Sheela eyed Jiddy in lack of understanding but when she felt like something wet flowed down into her lap she started to grasp what was going on.

The fragrance of her lover had almost driven her crazy, had augmented her desires and her lust with every instant she had felt, touched, tasted, smelt, heard, seen, kissed, licked and caressed her lover but even though she had been carried away by the ecstasy of the puma girl Jiddy still lacked her own satisfaction and when she had introduced her fingers into her throbbing sex it felt like everything she had been seeking for. With slow motions the fingers moved inside her, triggered the long desired electric sparks that made her quiver with pleasure

while her inner muscles rippled around her fingers, clenched and relaxed in accordance to her own rhythmical caress.

The puma girl stared at the lynx who lay on her. There was a mess of feelings rushing through her mind but when the tense lynx pressed her head against her breast and mindlessly nuzzled her chest, dragging instinctive kisses behind something welled up in Sheela again and warmth took possession of her mind that left no space for any thought of shame, guilt or revulsion.

Her mons were tightly swollen and trapped her fingers inside her while every stroke released a little bit of her juice which wet her paw and her labia which quivered like leaves upon warm water that surrounded her. Her entire abdomen was like a well where she was swimming in while the water poured up around her as long as her fingers went on. Her head upon Sheela, she inhaled the intoxicating fragrance of the puma girl with every breath that build up the tension inside her and suddenly she was quivering strongly and a short, high moan escaped her and then she collapsed fully onto Sheela, pulling her damp fingers from her sex.

Sheela looked upon the hard breathing lynx upon her chest who was kissing her very weakly and cutely.

A late cricket or a similar creature chirped close by while the rustling foliage made up a constant background music. When they were silent for a while, calmed their own breathings, they could even hear the sloshing of the lake where the moons were reflected as if the whole water was afire.

The sleeping bag was soft and warm inside even their heads lay on the warm cloth. Just the fresh, certainly not cold air swirled around their burning faces which slowly lost something of their intense heat which gave way for a much more comfortable warmth which fit the tiredness of their exhausted limbs.

She looked right into the sky. There was a hole in the dense foliage just above her. The stars shimmered there, small bright spots in the bluish darkness of the night. She had never seen them so clearly as they seemed to be much more keen than ever, although their slightly yellowish light was a pleasant glow in the distance. A gust of wind brushed over her hair, blew it into her face and without taking any eye from the night sky she pushed it aside again. "What's your name?"

"Hm?" It was nothing but a weak response. The lynx girl's face lay on her chest, her cheek right in the fluffy hair in between her breast. She had wrapped her arms around her lover and hold her in a weak, tender embrace.

She giggled. "What's your name?"

Slowly the lynx rose her head. Her disordered hair hang into her face and covered most of it. The shimmer of her dark eyes was barely visible. "Jiddy! My name's Jiddy!" she answered.

The puma smiled. "Nice to make you acquaintance!"

"You're welcome!" Her hair fluttered in the airflow.

Sheela giggled again. "You really don't go to any trouble, do you?"

Jiddy quickly stretched forward and gave the surprised puma girl a quick kiss on her cool, moist nose and retired again. "Not anymore!"

Even though Jiddy couldn't see it, Sheela blushed.

The lynx girl observed her for a moment and then reached out to push cautiously some strands of fluttering hair out of her face. But the wind blew into her face again and Jiddy had to repeat it once more. Her fingers casually stroke Sheela's eyebrow, a faint touch which tickled slightly. "You're beautiful. Y'know that?" she said while she still tried to get the hair out of the puma's face.

Sheela blinked. She didn't know what she could or should answer.

For a while Jiddy eyed the puma then slowly she lay down again, snuggled up her cheek against Sheela's fluffy chest fur. Thus she was able to hear her heartbeat, a fast rhythm below the raising and sinking skin.

They lay in silence.

"I guess I have fallen in love!" Sheela said after some time.

"Silly cat," Jiddy mumbled wearily. "It'll pass."

The wind strengthened for a short moment, their hair fluttered once more. It carried along the sloshing of the water's waves, the foliage rustled and some trunks creaked due to the sudden blow.

Suddenly Sheela carefully freed herself from Jiddy. The lynx girl blinked in surprise. The puma rose herself slightly and then crawled more deeply into the tight sleeping bag. She turned on her side, shook herself and thus snuggled up to the warm cloth.

They were laying face to face now and the dim light of the night was strong enough to illuminate their features so far that they could recognize each other.

Her eyes were all sleepy, barely opened anymore. Her tiredness had smoothed her harsh face, the straight lines seemed to have fallen from her as the thin lips of her mouth had formed a tired smile so that her cheeks were small bulges of happiness. Even her shimmering slanting eyes had lost their seriousness between the heavy bags of missing sleep and her half closed eyelids. The messy brown hair hang into her face and exposed her sideboards on one side while the other was covered by the arm she had laid her head on. Her smile was weak and shy.

The puma had opened her eyes as wide as possible. They were almost gleaming in the darkness, just like they attracted even the slightest ray of light just to be able to reflect it again. She didn't smile, nevertheless her chubby cheeks radiated a strange warmth. Her nose quivered. She seemed to be expressionless. Just like the Lake Moonfire's watery surface her eyes reflected the light. A part of them was covered by her long lush hair. She blinked but she needed a little bit too long to open them again.

Then she felt the faint touch of Jiddy's fingers on her cheek and she opened her eyes again.

Weakly but affectionately Jiddy let her fingers run over the puma girl's cheek. "Don't listen to a stupid roamer," she mumbled. "It's not worth it."

"And if I wanted to?" Sheela asked cautiously.

Jiddy's sleepy eyes blinked. "Then gotta take care." She hesitated but then she gave Sheela a faint kiss on her nose. "Let's worry 'bout that tomorrow. Today's lasted long 'nough..." She looked straight into Sheela's eyes.

The puma girl bite onto her lip but then she nodded and just like this had been some sign to Jiddy she came closer and snuggle up to Sheela's side, pressed her face against Sheela's, her muzzle laying on the puma's neck and thus brushing cheek on cheek. Their furs intertwined as their bodies adjusted to one another.

Sheela took a deep breath. Something inside her was strangely tense again, but she could feel the pleasant warmth which seemed to be created by their joined limbs, her muscles relaxed and she realized that she had nothing to do but let go and she snuggled up to Jiddy, laid her head next to Jiddy's and after a moment of hesitation she laid her arm on the warm lynx body and was rewarded with a faint moan of pleasure.

They lay close to one another, felt their breaths and their heartbeats.

And just before she slipped off into sleep Sheela felt like Jiddy somewhat instinctively took her in her arms.

End of Chapter 5