



Migratory Birds
Chapter 12

WAITRESS

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As it was noon the sun was shining straight down into the valley, overflowing it with its brightness until the rock faces and the poor vegetation seemed to glow white-hot. The only thing that challenged it was the river that reflected every single ray of light until it was a stream of light that was searching its way in between the mountains, washing over the rocks with brute force or burbling lazily over the pebbles on its borders. Its never ending rush echoed to and fro between the corners of the valley and was carried along by the faint wind that was constantly blowing at the bottom of the valley, brushed through the few trees, danced over the plain rock and swirled over the small houses of Jaulesse until it caught up with the noises of the river again and mixed with them to some never-ending tune.

The glass had gotten warm due to the sunlight and it felt good. It had just the right temperature for a feline body and beneath the sensitive pads of her feet she could feel that the wood where the sunlight touched down had just the right temperature for sunning oneself as her feline nature demanded it. And she would most certainly had done it if she had not been here in this town where people were all about and looked at her, the strange waitress, whenever they were convinced that Jiddy was not looking. But Jiddy could feel their glares, she did not have to see that. But even when there was really nobody around for a short moment she could not get rid of this feeling and thus there was absolutely no way for her to let her guard down as far as allowing herself to sun herself somewhere.

She rose the mug she held in her hand and took a sip from her coffee. It had gotten cold and bitter and did not taste good at all. But she was much too absent-minded to notice that because she had more important business to attend.

Her arm was resting upon the warm glass of the front window of Ama's Café. In front of the building she could see the first part of the small harbor with its storage buildings and the low boats that had been tied to the poles. Some boat people were walking around, most of them busy with loading a ship which was most certainly close to set sail. They carried heavy bags with ore from the few remaining mines above the town aboard. There were not very many of these and thus most of the crew had no work at all. The ship's entire crew seemed to consist entirely of beavers and right now they were loafing around on the street, waiting for the others to finish loading the ship.

She did not spare them a single look while she leaned against the window and absent-mindedly gnawed on one of her claws, her eyes fixed on a group of young male furs that stood around on the landing stage. Occasionally one of them helped the crew loading their ship but most of the time they were talking to each other and some beaver girl that stood among them. The girl could not be very old and judging from the dress she wore she could not really be some member of the crew. Maybe she was the captain's daughter or so. Her long curly hair fluttered slightly in the wind and seemed to caress the hem of her blue dress. She was looking happy, her white teeth shimmered brightly in the sunlight whenever she



Spane

smiled. Obviously the young males around her were engaging her in some kind of funny conversation, she had to laugh a lot.

There were three young males standing around her: One of them was standing with his thumbs supporting his arms on his belt. The second one was leaning against the first one, relaxedly supporting himself on his elbow that lay on the first male's shoulder. The third one was supporting himself on one of the wooden posts he stood behind. He looked at the girl from below, his tail high in the air. It was Spane.

She stood behind the shimmering window of the café, that was dark compared to the outside and she observed the small group, gnawing on her claw while they stood in the bright sunlight and went on talking.

Jiddy's eyes were narrowed as usual when she had to look into bright sunlight. Her sensitive feline eyes were not made for the brightness of a summer day such as this. But no matter how much it bothered her she did not take her eyes off the small group of furs.

Whenever the three young males joked loudly the girl returned a bashful giggle. Her eyes darted from one of the boys to the other, never resting with one for too long. Sometimes she lowered her head and looked at one of them from below, a faint smile on her lips. The specific boy returned her smile and kept silent for a moment while his companions went on talking and a moment later the girl engaged in the conversation again and another moment later the boy would re-enter the conversation too, a little bit more fervently than before. They were all acting the same way. Spane did so too.

Suddenly the group was distracted. Somebody on the boat called them and they looked around. The crew had finished loading and without hesitation the girl stepped sideways, left the three boys and went aboard.

That moment Spane looked around. His eyes met Jiddy's and he waved towards her.

"Jiddy?" Dealine's voice echoed through the empty café.

The lynx girl had stood up straight, still looking outside, her tail wagging strongly. "Yeah?" She said quickly and turned around.

"Come, help us here," the skunk shouted from kitchen.

Jiddy turned around, but before she headed for the kitchen, she looked outside one last time: Spane was gone just like the rest of the small group of males, the beaver's boat was about to cast off.

The heat waves slowly sank to the ground, swirled around whenever the lazy leg of some wandering person whirled through them and thus carried them away another bit until they sank down again and flowed over the cobble stones, down the steep streets and finally over the harbor's edge where they drowned in the water of the river and its cool breeze and ultimately disappeared in the dark nothingness of the canyon as they were washed away by the current which disappeared in the darkness of the night. No wonder the coolness took over control again and finally appeased the town which had suffered from this hot

day's fever. Now in the dim, strange dim light of Heya, the red moon and the twilight of Koda which was about to raise above the edge of the canyon the town found the rest it had needed so much. Tezu, the golden moon was nowhere to be seen yet.

The sounds had already faded away and the only real noise was the regular rush of the waters which echoed to and fro in the canyon, reflected by the steep cliffs and the rocky walls which held the river captive in between and the town as well.

But there was still some activity left, remains of a fading day. There were still some people down by the harbor who were busy unloading a late boat which had arrived with dusk. Now its cargo had to be dealt with as quickly as possible so that the remaining workers could finally go home to their houses and their beds. But right now they were still working, carrying crates and baskets from the ship. And up the street there were still some bars open where late guests tried to drown the memories of this day in their glasses of ale and beer before they stumbled home, weakened by the merciless heat of the day, their efforts and the useless drinking that made them forget about all the rest.

Under the starry sky with the few but enormous shadows of clouds there was no scent of the day left. The cool breeze of the day had blown away all that except for the dull, tickling smell of hot stones which still had to cool down before this faint impression would fade away as well and leave behind nothing but moisture which sank down on the town and covered it beneath a thin coat of dew.

The marten which stood next to the small wooden house between the much larger run-down warehouses, the one with the plate which designated it as *Ama's Café* got rather uncomfortable as the moisture crept into his clothes, a checked shirt and blue jeans, and thus they got cold and stuck to his fur with this special unpleasant cold of moist cloth which stuck tightly to the skin and somehow seem to prevented it from breathing so that the sweat sooner or later got caught in the fabric too and it got even more unpleasant and annoying. But he just stood there, sometimes nervously making some steps to and fro, hitting his foot on the cobbled ground, looking about, up into town and down to the harbor and then walking around once more, swinging his arms uselessly around his slender body.

The lights had gone out in the café a long time ago. He could just see that there was still some faint light in the back of the room where some door was opened and light shone through, a bright line in the darkness behind the window with the plate with the lettering '*Closed*' in different writings.

The marten looked into the darkness for a while but as there was absolutely nothing to be seen he turned around again and walked around on the street into the light of one of the gas lamps which illuminated some parts of the harbor.

With a slight creak the door of the café opened and the marten already stretched himself and stood straight while he waited for someone to come out.

A skunk and a huge marmot left, the marmot carefully closing the door behind him.

“Sorry, Spane!” Dealine addressed the boy. “Jiddy is still occupied but she’ll join you in a few moments.”

The marten nodded. “OK!” he replied.

Ama yawned intensively. “Good night then!” he said and weakly waved his hand at the skunk.

“Good night, Ama!” the skunk woman replied and both turned around and walked away in opposite directions. His heavy steps and the almost inaudible sound of her shoes slowly faded away as the two figures fused with the surrounding night.

Spane exhaled and then inhaled with even greater emphasis. He looked into the dark room behind the window: It was just the same, light shone through the back door at the opposite end and everything was unchanged. No one to be seen.

He sighed and turned around, slowly stepped forward, stopped again, looked into the sky and watched the stars, the two moons and the movements of the huge clouds, lowered his head again, sniffed the damp air and then walked around again until he finally leaned on the house’s wall and buried his hands in his pockets.

The whole scenery changed as the light inside was turned off: Now the street was taken over by the darkness which could not be held back by the few gas lamps. He could not resist sighing as the front door finally opened and another one came out of the café, brutally slamming the door.

Spane pushed himself off the wall and went over to the rather small but muscled person which stood in front of the door and waited for him to come closer. “Hello! There you are finally!” he welcomed the lynx.

Her diamond-shaped lynx pupils were wide open and glistened with the dim light of the street lamps. “So...!?”

“Well, I’d say it’s a little late for bar hopping. I guess Trellay’s closed too by now,” he said. “But if you don’t mind I know a nice place over at the jetty. Why don’t we go over there?” He smiled at her.

Jiddy hesitated for a moment and then seemed to nod.

Spane was convinced that this was some kind of approval and he turned around and the two walked down to the harbor, the sound of their feet echoed through the lonely streets.

The river was flowing calmly, its gentle gurgling sound ruled the entire canyon and reverberated between its walls and the houses. The four steamboats that lay at anchor in the harbor rolled gently in the low water of the jetty. The water sloshed silently around the wooden landing stage and on the water’s surface danced the light of the Celestial River and the two moons. There were feathery clouds that shimmered as if they were a part of the night sky too.

Spane sat done at the end of the landing stage and invited her to do the same.

Once again she hesitated for a moment, carefully eyeing the marten. Her lynx eyes showed her every single hair of his fur. Her tail was wagging. Slowly she sat down by his side, her feet dangling above the shimmering water below.

By the riverside the air was cooler and there was a little bit of wind too that was constantly flowing through the canyon.

She inhaled deeply. The cool air was pleasant, it was a welcome change to the stale air of the café. She could smell her own sweat, but most of all she could smell him. This was the first time she consciously noticed his scent, it was humid and musky, like cut wood, fresh leaves and moist earth.

He looked at her from the corner of his eyes.

Jiddy noticed it and he lowered his head, smiling faintly.

"Tired?" he asked after a while.

"Yeah," she said slowly.

He nodded. "Tough job. Dealine's been looking for some support for quite some time. At least you get well paid." He paused for a moment.

She looked inquiringly.

"Take my job: I work my ass off just like you and I don't see a damn blue stone in weeks..." he explained. "But you deserve it. I mean, being a roamer and so." He paused. "I think, that's pretty cool. Makes you special."

The lynx girl looked at him.

Spane leaned back and eyed the lynx girl by his side. "You are not the talkative kind, are you?" he teased her. "Beneath the hard shell hides a bashful little girl, eh?"

She looked at him from the corner of her eyes. "Hardly," she mumbled.

She started when something touched her sideboards. She spun around on the spot and stared at the marten, her eyes narrowed and her lip twitching, showing the white of her teeth. His hand was still where her sideboard had been moments before.

"Sorry," he said with a smile. "They looked so soft..." He took his hand back. "They are soft!"

The spot where he had touched her was still feeling hot. Slowly she sat back straight again. "Uh..., thanks..."

"Tell me," he said suddenly. "Is it true that you're from the far east? You know there are many rumors about you. Ama's regulars can't stop gossiping about you."

Jiddy quickly shook her head. "I'm from Kastania," she said.

"Kastania...", the marten repeated, it sounded somehow disappointed. "That's east of Lake Moonfire, right?"

She nodded.

"So how long have you been on the road then?"

"Since... end of winter."

He nodded. "For more than a season then... Wow, that's pretty cool, living on the road for an entire season. I can't believe you're still looking that good..." He grinned. "No, really! I'd imagine someone to be starved and... you know, an entire mess, felted hair and such... But you are..." His voice died away.

She could feel his looks upon her. He had leaned backwards, his feet dangling above the water and he looked at her carefully, despite the surrounding darkness. She supported herself on her hands while she looked at the opposite side of the

canyon, her tail had started wagging again. Her eyes opened wide when she felt his hand at the tip of her tail.

"You've got a cute tail. I mean I know that lynx got small tails, but yours is definitely the cutest I have seen yet." One of his fingers brushed through its fur. "Very fluffy..."

"Cut that!" Quickly she added: "Please!"

Spane rose his hand in defense. "Sorry!" He paused. "You are pretty sensible about that, aren't you? You feel the slightest touch, do you?"

She looked at him from below the strands of hair that hang into her face: The way he sat there his shirt uncovered parts of his belly. His fur was lighter there and it emphasized his muscles. "You're flirtin' with me." Her hoarse voice was low but straight-forward.

"Yeah, well, maybe I am." The marten smiled at her. He leaned forward. "Don't you like it?"

The lynx girl did not answer, her slanting eyes were narrowed and she looked into his smiling face.

He leaned back again. "See, there are not many like you around here. This town's dull, everything is dull here and you are... special, really, you are. The moment I saw you in the café I knew that you are different. I have never met someone like you before: A girl, roaming all on her own...That's cool, I mean... *really* cool, you know what I mean?" He had looked down for a moment, but now he rose his eyes again and looked straight at her from below his eyebrows, his eyes glistening with the light of the moons that was reflected by the murmuring water of the river. "I would never had dreamed of meeting someone like you in a place like this."

Jiddy looked away. A silent gasp interrupted her steady breath when she felt his hand touching her back: It was only the back of one finger that moved carefully over the cloth of her vest where the valley of her spine had to be. But even so a powerful shiver ran through her body.

Only the back of his fingers moved across her back, up and down, in a very slow pace. He took his time exploring her back, he could feel her strong bones and the bulges of her muscles. It was like a miniature mountainside hidden underneath ragged cloth.

He stopped and leaned towards her pointed ear. "Hey, you know what...? Your taste in clothes isn't so fabulous either." He grinned.

"Smart-ass," she returned, but for a moment he could see the shine of her white teeth in her darkened face when she smiled.

She felt his hand again and this time she was not surprised. It touched her chin lightly and she gave in to its movement, thus turned her head and kissed the lips that had been waiting for hers.

Their tongues met, his smooth, wet one and her raspy, astute one and quickly they got an impression of the other one's taste, could feel the shivers of excitement that merged with their mouths' flesh and they closed their mouths and his soft lips caressed the hard texture of thin ones. Quickly they renewed their kiss until their tongues danced around one another, their saliva mixed, their

breaths sounded like one and their muzzles burned with elusive passion of the moment.

While they were still joined his right paw stroked her thigh.

Being so close her nostrils were full of his scent, it was so intense that it took her breath away. Her chest rose quickly and every time she filled her lungs she inhaled the strong, damp, musky scent of the male marten.

They broke the kiss and she opened her eyes slowly.

Spane licked over his lips as if he wanted to remind himself of the taste he had lost just now.

"Ahr guesss..." She cleared her throat. "I guess that's what y'do with all the girls, eh?"

The marten looked up and into her dark brown eyes that glistened with the reflections of the moonlight. "No!" he replied simply. "What makes you think that?"

"I ain't stupid!"

"What makes you think that I'd presume that?"

Despite her innate ability to see in the dark, she was unable to make out anything in his face: He was just looking at her, blinking slowly from time to time, a faint smile upon his lips.

Suddenly he took one of her hands. "Don't think wrong of me. Look, I don't know what you know about me, but I am sure that it is much more than I know about you." Gently he massaged her knuckles, brushing through the short fur on the upper side of her paw, while faint pressure of his fingers tickled upon her palm. "Nobody knew anything about you, but they were all putting their trust in you. Don't you think that I deserve a little trust too?" He looked into her face.

The lynx girl did not say anything. She was too confused to say anything.

"What would you loose if you did?" Suddenly he started smirking. "Don't tell me that you're afraid of me!"

She had hardly been able to listen to him, because the massage he gave her paw had taken her mind off his words. It felt good, his touch was light and gentle and any notion of confrontation fizzled out.

His nose nudged her. "Are you afraid of me?" he teased her.

She looked up and their eyes met: His eyes were brown just like hers, but it was a different shade of brown that was as light as the color of sandalwood, while hers were as dark as a tree by night.

"I gotta...?"

He smirked. "How could I ever force you...?!"

He looked into her eyes, just like she looked into his, so close together their faces were hardly recognizable anymore. But their fragrances were strong, mixing with the scent of the river beneath their feet.

He moved, got a little closer, so that they met in another kiss that was even more daring than the one before: It felt like a much too strong drink she was drinking much too quickly. And the marten deeply enjoyed the feeling of the lynx' thin lips, that puckered up against his own. For a moment he felt the dangerous hardness of her teeth but another moment later it was all gone and her

mouth opened up to him, giving way to the free dance of their tongues. She shivered.

He broke the kiss and nudged her gently with his nose, it brushed through the short fur of her cheek and gently rubbed his own cheek against hers, allowing her to take a deep breath that was saturated with his scent. He hardly paid any attention to the complexity of her fragrance, because he was certain to have caught a trace of sweet, female arousal that rose from beneath her clothes. With every beat of his pounding heart his sex got a little harder in his pants. Meanwhile his fur brushed over hers, he noticed that it was much thicker than his, but beneath it lay her hot skin. His muzzle ran around hers, he could feel her warm breath.

She opened her mouth slightly, exposed her sharp teeth and pressed her muzzle against his and whenever their mutual movement brought her close enough her pointy carnassial teeth scratched him lightly. It was not painful at all, it was just a strangely intense feeling that Spane neither liked nor disliked. Jiddy did not even waste a thought on what she did right now, she had already progressed beyond that point. His hands stroking up and down her thigh only added to her lust, it brushed the wrong way and smoothed it again, running along the inside of her thigh and this caress summoned a strange, well-known feeling of irresistible weakness and emptiness. If she had been standing she would have had trouble doing so.

"You're hot," he whispered.

Exhaling strongly was her only reply.

Spane nudged her muzzle one last time while his other hand run up her back until it reached her headfur and he grabbed it and yanked her head backwards.

Instantly she tensed but before she could react his lips were upon hers and she relaxed due to his kiss. His unexpected, brutal move had released a rush of adrenaline into her bloodstream that was now circulating through her veins, thrilling her even more. Her kiss was impetuous, her tongue was running wild and she renewed the kiss again and again, something that really pleased him, feeling her quick, agile tongue and the slickness of her mouth. It build a tension inside his entire body, it seemed to him as if his muscles were quivering beneath his skin, his fur ruffled up lightly and the pads of his paws had gotten hot. There was saliva running down his chin.

He broke the kiss by yanking her head backwards once again. But this time her eyes glistened dangerously.

"Dorm't do that!" She snarled through her gritted teeth he could see glistening in the dark. She was breathing quickly.

He let go off her hair and smiled innocently at the hard breathing lynx.

She was staring at him, his second, much more painful yank had alarmed her, instantly it had taken her mind off his caresses and she had tensed, but her lust was still running through her veins. She did not take an eye of him and so she did not even notice how he rose his paws until they came down on the spots where her breasts hid underneath her vest.

She gasped unwillingly and he smirked, looking deeply into her eyes while his hands and fingers started to move. He could feel how her erect nipples pressed hard against the cloth in his hands and her small breasts had gained a firmness that was unknown to him. It was as if they were made to be caressed by his hands, to resist the pressure of his touch so that he could knead them and squeeze them just the way he wanted to. He could feel that she liked it, he could feel how she responded when he closed his hands around her breasts and caught her nipples for a moment, teased them until he opened his hands again: She was breathing faster, a mindless toothy grin upon her lips. She wallowed in this feeling, her entire chest was full of warmth and tickling tension that was caused by his caress. She shivered from her head to her tail, a well-known and yet strange feeling of delicious cold running down her spine. Deep inside her abdomen she could feel a wantonly emptiness, drops of moisture gathering between her thighs.

Spane let go off her breasts and started to undo the leather straps that held her vest together. Although he tried to do it quickly he did not succeed, partly because Jiddy had not bothered tying the straps properly. The marten fumbled with them until the lynx forcefully pushed his hands away, grabbed the leather straps and pulled at them, almost tearing her vest apart. But somehow she got it and the straps dropped down and revealed her chestfur, her breasts and a silver pendant hanging between them.

A new, hot scent welled up from her thick chestfur, it was the scent of sweat with a clear note of female arousal. But he was intrigued rather by the sight than the scent, because despite the darkness he could make out the outlines of her breasts and the circles of her furless breast warts that had swollen and risen from the surrounding fabric with the hard nipples on top.

He sighed, having expected something bigger but still the sight and the scent that rose from her into his nostrils were quite appealing and he took hold of her breasts again, this time feeling the real thing. He leaned forward and she approached him too, so that they could join in another kiss while his hands went on caressing her breasts, massaging them to her delight. The kiss was taking her breath away, her lips sparkled and her entire mouth responded to the presence of his tongue. He inhaled deeply through his nose, her raspy tongue was twitching about and it was as if a hot taste was spreading inside his mouth, something that he had to gulp down but that kept on spreading throughout his body. His sex was almost painfully pressing against the confines of his pants. Saliva flowed down their lips and through the fur of their joined muzzles and still he fingered the round shapes of her firm breasts, squeezed and cupped them as if it was her entire body he held in his paws.

When they broke the kiss he gasped: "You want it, right?"

Instead of answering the lynx forcefully pulled him closer again and they joined in yet another hot kiss. It was as if her tongue was on fire, it shot into his mouth and moved so quickly about that it made him feel dizzy just trying to follow its moves inside him. But he tried to meet it with his own, to engage it in the hot, slick dance in their mouths. The pressure on their lips triggered sensations that

blinded both of them, she had her eyes closed while his eyelids fluttered, his eyeballs turned towards the dark sky. He felt as if she sucked his entire life force out of him and she felt just the same. She groaned into his muzzle when one of his hands ran over her body roughly, stroking her without any gentleness, pressed into her, dug into her fur, brushed over her tensed muscles, her sensitive navel and her swollen breasts and a moment later his hand moved downwards again and brushed through her thick pubic fur. Instinctively she raised her abdomen towards his hand, pressed it against it and this obliging move was everything he needed to move his hand further downwards, pressing it hard against the cloth of her shorts between her thighs. He rubbed it strongly, his fingers independently tracing the shape of her sensitive mons and the opening upon it. Every one of his moves spread throughout her entire body, wave after wave of sweat seemed to pour out of her pores, her body no longer able to take the heat he induced. She gasped.

His moves became erratic and hasty, his hand just rubbed over her crotch and her thighs. He shivered strongly and was no longer able to hold the kiss, his mouth just slipped over her face, kissing her randomly while he could feel like she licked him and nibbled at his muzzle. His paw grabbed the belt of her shorts and brutally pulled it open, then he yanked at her fly, forced the buttons to open and tried to push her shorts and the cloth she used as underwear down, while still breathlessly kissing her. Her hands got entangled with his, they hampered each other but when she rose her legs they were both pushing her shorts down, he even pulled them over her feet, threw them aside and his paw instantly went to his own trousers, opened the fly, yanked his underpants down so that his stiff sex popped out of its confinement and while he stopped kissing her, he moved between her legs, took hold of his sex and guided it while he lowered himself on her as quickly as he could.

She threw her head backwards, mouth and eyes wide open when the male sex entered her wet opening up to the hilt. A powerfully shiver rocked her entire body from her toes to her head, she was totally over-whelmed by the feeling of the member the inner muscles of her sex held on to.

“Oh yeah, you’re tight,” Spane gasped above her, still wallowing in the afterglow of the penetration. His entire body was ablaze with heat and when a cool gust of wind ran over him, he could feel the sweat in his fur and he tensed and started moving, impatiently craving for more of the glorious feeling of being deep inside her. He supported himself on his arms above her, so that he was free to move his hips as powerfully as he could.

Jiddy braced against the wood of the quay, so that her abdomen met the full power of his thrusts whenever his sex glided fully inside her and his balls and his hips came down on her swollen, touchy labia and her clit. His hasty, lustful movements were much too quick for her to grasp any specific sensation, instead she was overcome by the impression of this sex moving in and out of her own, stretching her labia, forcing her inner muscles apart that tried to hold on to it while it was already moving out again, just to push them apart again a moment

later, triggering yet another dose of raw carnal pleasure her entire body craved for. She was powerfully rocked by him, her mouth wide open, her eyes closed.

“Oh, Gods, yes...!” the marten exclaimed above her, totally taken over by the feelings that invaded his body through his loins. “Yeah...!” The hold of her sex was intense, it was powerful, hot and slick, he could feel her juices wetting their joined hips whenever he entered her and slapped his balls against her soft, swollen mons. His glans explored her inner muscles that seemed to caress his sex and the feeling spread throughout him as if it was only this part of his body. “Hoooh...!” He entirely merged with his movements, he could neither feel his tired arms, nor his gasping for breath, because his painfully hard member rested between her soft, dripping wet labia inside her hot, desirable depths and that was everything that mattered while he was absorbed by the pleasure all his senses were fixated on. “Ah! Yes!” And craving for more he reinforced his moves, gasping for breath, thrusting against her hips she had risen to meet his. “Unh!”

Jiddy’s entire body had tensed so much that it felt like imploding, every fiber of every muscles was so taut that it seemed as if it would tear apart any moment and still the only thing she could feel was the male above and his sex inside her while she was quivering constantly, totally unable to grasp if he was moving in or out of her. The only thing that mattered was that he kept on doing what he did, her opening taking his member in as deeply as possible.

He started to move erratically and just once moved particularly powerfully and in this moment the lynx tensed all up beneath him. Jiddy threw her head back, her eyes screwed up and her mouth opened wide in a soundless cry when her entire body was shaken by her climax, all of her muscles releasing their tension at once as if she was falling apart and finally a feeling of relief took over that felt like flying while she was twitching beneath him and her inner muscles held his member even stronger so that he had to move even more powerfully and finally wore himself out too, entering her with full force one last time.

“Yeaaaaargh...!”

He cried out at the top of his lungs, only feeling like his sex was about to swell as if it wanted to explode and then released its tension by releasing his semen into her, the marten mindlessly moving his hips, his mind rushed by the intensity of his climax, colors dancing in front of his eyes, blood hammering in his ears, his body sweating and quivering and cold, strangely pleasant shivers racing up his spine, freeing his mind of anything but a feeling of thoughtless satisfaction. His last remains of power left him and he collapsed onto her, his sex still inside her, twitching and spurting out his seed.

The lynx could feel how their mixed juices dripped down from her labia.

“Oh, gods...!” Spane gasped, breathing hard. He lay fully upon her, feeling satisfied and beaten at the same time.

Jiddy let go a sigh of relief, she was looking upwards into the sky with the stars and the three moons.

The marten grunted and started to move upon her, his slick member slipped out of her and he rose slightly. He moved above her and a moment later he was lowering himself again, sitting down on her chest. One of his paws glided

underneath her head and rose it while his other paw held out his limp sex. "Here." He guided his member to her lips.

It was glistening wet with their juices, smelling strongly of male and female arousal and she just had to open her mouth and the glans were inside her muzzle.

He took hold of her head.

Her mouth was instantly filled with the taste of theirs mixed juices, the bitter, tangy one of his semen and the sweet, sour taste of her own juice. It was not only in her mouth the strong scents were also reaching into her nostrils and they seemed to reach even further into her head while her tongue ran over the smooth sensitive skin of his glans, revolved about it while he came even closer, pushing more of his partly stiff sex into her muzzle.

He groaned: His sex was still so sensitive that her raspy tongue was almost too much for him. But it was also so exciting that he could not resist it. Her lips had tightly closed around the girth of his member, her tongue caressed all that was inside her and lapped off the remains of his semen as well as the drops that her lips squeezed out of his sex while he held her head in place all the time. "That was awesome," he gasped, while watching down on where his sex disappeared inside the lynx girl's muzzle. The constant attention she gave his member caused a strange feeling like something rhythmically pulling at the insides of his body in accordance to his heartbeat. Constant pleasure lingered at the edge of his mind, breaking through the strain of his previous climax while her tongue glided up the tip of his sex and triggered a slight shiver. "Oh! I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did," he said breathlessly. "Anybody ever told you that you're really good at this!?" He gasped when the caresses of her tongue were replaced by sucking.

The size of his sex inside her mouth was strangely appeasing to her, he was closer to her than ever before. Her lips, her tongue, her entire mouth was over-sensitive and the strong male presence was satisfying some need she had still felt despite her rushed climax. Being as close as he was, she did not feel like doing anything for him, his sex was simply there and she could explore its shape with her tongue, taste it and suck on it. It throbbed between her tightly closed lips, its mere presence stimulating them. Saliva dropped down her chin.

The marten could not get tired of looking down on the girl whose head he held in place. When he felt how she started to move, he let go all of a sudden and stood up in one quick motion, pulling his sex out of her mouth.

The surprised lynx looked up towards the darker shape of the marten against the dark moon-lit sky, his partly stiff member hanging down.

"That's enough!" Spane pulled his pants up and buttoned his fly. The fully dressed marten looked down on the lynx who lay beneath him, lacking pants and her vest widely spread, revealing everything, mixed male and female juices wetting her thighs and her abdomen, saliva dripping from her mouth. He smirked.

Her eyes glistened with the reflections of the moons and so did a silver pendant upon her chest he noticed for the first time. He looked at it while she wiped her mouth from her own saliva.

"What's that pendant?" he asked.

The lynx girl did not reply, she rose partly, supporting herself on her hands, looking away from him.

He held out his paw.

At first she did not see it, but then she noticed something at the edge of her eyes, looked around, looked at the paw at him and finally took it and pulled herself up on it.

Spane realized that she was really light but did not lack strength because he stood up with one fluid motion.

"That was pretty cool, don't you think?" he stated.

She just nodded, not looking at him, already about to turn around, searching for her shorts they had thrown aside during the action. She spotted them at the edge of the quay and went over there.

He eyed what he could see of her muscled buttocks when she leaned over and picked up her shorts. He liked what he saw.

A cool breeze whirled through the canyon and cooled the hot bodies of the two young furs. It made Spane aware of his surroundings again and the marten looked about, looking over the small harbor and the town. Except for the sound of the river and the chirping of distant cicadas everything was silent and lifeless.

When he looked towards her again, Jiddy was just about to close her vest as well as she was able to. The silver of her pendant flashed up again when it caught the moonlight.

"What's that pendant?" he asked once again.

Jiddy closed her vest above it. "Nothin'," she mumbled hoarsely.

"Come on, tell me!" he said playfully. "Or is it one of those,... you know..."

She looked up. "Eh?"

"You know... One of these..." He waved his hand. "...preemptive charms."

For a very short moment she looked at him, then she turned towards her vest again. "No!" she replied.

For a while he observed her until she had finished, then they left the quay, walking side by side but not speaking a word while they went towards the storehouses where some dim gas-lamps burned. They walked up the streets that led them to the upper parts of the town where Dealine's apartment was.

Jiddy looked down to her own feet, she had slightly tensed again. Her tail wagged slowly.

Close by the house with Dealine's apartment Spane suddenly embraced her from behind. She had been too occupied to even notice him approaching her, although his scent was instantly all around her again.

"You know that I was right that you are hot," he said cautiously into her pointed ear.

Instinctively she had tensed when he had embraced her.

With his lips he nipped her ears. "You know that? You know that?" he insisted and shook her lightly. "Come on, admit it! You were hot tonight!"

Jiddy inhaled.

"I almost burned myself!" He laughed. "The whole river could not had cooled you down! Admit it! Come on!" He rocked her in his arms and his moves relaxed

her, she allowed him to shake her. "Admit that you're the hottest feline in town! That you are going to burn it down! Admit! Because I know now! I saw through you!"

He was forcing her to move in accordance to him and she submitted to it, his embrace eliciting a pleasant warmth that spread throughout her body and while he fooled around behind her she could not help herself but to smile about this nonsense he was talking.

"Admit it! Admit it!" he growled playfully. "Admit! Admit!" And he shook her even more powerfully.

"'kay, 'kay!" Jiddy gasped. "'s alrite! I do! 'kay?"

He let her go and spun around her so that he could look into her face to see the smile she tried to hide away by looking down to the ground. Not allowing her to rest a moment he grabbed her by her arms and when she looked up in surprise he kissed her. Instinctively she gave in to it, inhaling deeply through her nose, taking as much of his scent into her as she could. But before she was truly able to grasp what was going on he broke the kiss again, leaving a feeling of absence on her lips.

"I'm going to see you tomorrow!" he said, smiling and looking deeply into her dark brown eyes. Then he turned around and without any other further fuss he dashed down the road. He jumped once, happily crying out loud and disappeared between the houses, leaving Jiddy in front of the house she currently lived in.

A total mess of feelings had efficiently blocked her mind.

"Hey, there!"

As usual Jiddy was instantly awake the moment there was a sound so close by her side. But unlike any other morning Jiddy did not react in any other way than a grunt.

The skunk who had tried to wake the lynx was surprised but she just smiled to herself and started to take care of the breakfast, knowing all too well that there was someone who would take care of that problem.

And Dealine was not disappointed as her daughter soon stormed out of the bedroom and assaulted the unsuspecting lynx girl who was instantly wide awake, spun around and grabbed the otter girl who was now laughing joyously because she thought of this as a game. Jiddy needed a moment to realize what she was holding in her paws and quickly she let go of the otter girl, hiding her gritted teeth again. To her relief neither Gelly nor Dealine seemed to have noticed her aggressive attitude.

Gelly pounced on Jiddy, still laughing loudly.

Jiddy was obviously annoyed by Gelly's presence, she was looking away and did not respond to Gelly's playful attacks, Instead she got up, climbed out of her backpack and walked straight into the bathroom, leaving the disappointed otter behind.

In the meantime Dealine tried to attract her daughter's interest and to convince her to sit down at the breakfast table.

Jiddy stayed in the bathroom for a long time until Dealine had to remind her of the time.

Jiddy came out of the bathroom, even more taciturn than usual. She had changed her clothes, wearing a pair of very miserable shorts and a ragged vest that she had closed so tightly that it was almost inconceivable that her breasts fit underneath. Her hair was even messier than usual and she did avoid Dealine's curious look.

Without having uttered a single word, the lynx left the apartment alongside Dealine. After having left Gelly with the squirrel family that lived in the apartment under Dealine's, the two female furs walked down the streets. The sun had already risen high although it was still early in the morning. There was not a single cloud in the perfectly blue sky and despite the comfortable coolness that was still lingering about, the heat of another summer day was already noticeable. The town's small shops were about to open and those who worked at the harbor accompanied the two female furs on their way towards the river.

Near the café they met Ama, the big marmot was as cheerful as usual, greeting them enthusiastically.

Dealine returned the greeting, but Jiddy did not even seem to notice the marmot.

Ama looked inquiringly at the skunk who responded by shrugging her shoulders and a noncommittal smile. Ama did not ask any questions.

When they approached the café, Ama got his keys and wanted to open up the front door. But he hesitated for a moment because there were flowers lying on the threshold: A small bunch of differently colored bell flowers.

"These are not for me!" the cook stated instantly.

Dealine looked over his shoulder. "Well, I don't know anyone who would bring me flowers, so..." The skunk looked around to Jiddy who was just about to stretch herself like only a feline could, yawning with her mouth wide open.

Dealine and Ama exchanged a look.

The marmot opened the door while Dealine picked up the flowers.

"I think that's for you...!" the skunk said and handed the flowers to Jiddy.

The lynx took the flowers without thinking and then looked at them with her eyes wide open. She was obviously surprised.

"You open yet?" an elderly beaver, a notorious regular of the café, asked, still walking down the road.

"Come on in!" Ama invited him and walked inside, followed by Dealine and Jiddy who was still looking at the flowers. When nobody was looking she smelled at them, the sweet pollen tickled in her nose.

But shortly thereafter Jiddy had no more time to dawdle as the café filled quickly. Soon every seat was occupied and there were still more customers coming in. Everyone wanted to get breakfast before work and Dealine was constantly making coffee and tea and pouring fruit juice Jiddy had to deliver. The lynx girl had to prove her agility, trying to get through between all the different

guests. It was quite a task, especially because she also had to deliver the meals Ama was cooking. The marmot and the skunk were already at the limit of their capacities but Jiddy, who had much more to do than the two of them, did not show a sign of weakness, on the contrary she seemed to be in an exceptionally good mood, showing an inexhaustible amount of strength. The way she slipped through the sitting people, stretching her muscled body without any shame, turning around on the spot her short tail flying about, attracted the looks of many customers, men and women alike, who peered at her and quickly turned away when somebody noticed it. Jiddy's good mood did not escape Dealine's notice either.

Finally after several stressful hours of work the café got emptier: The boat people returned to their ships that were about to cast off, the workers of the storehouses returned to their duties and the fathers and mothers who had taken a few moments off while their children who had been in the care of the town's teacher returned to their homes.

Ama and Dealine were totally busted, they sat down at one of the tables, drinking a well-earned coffee. The café was almost totally silent as Dealine had switched off the musicbox which had- for some unknown reason- only transmitted strange rhythmic peeping and lots of static noise. The muffled sounds of other people's work came in from outside.

Jiddy was still not showing any trace of fatigue, she stood at the bar and carefully counted the small gems that lay in front of her. It was much more difficult that she wanted to admit to herself as she was no good at calculating at all. If she had not taken notes all the time she would have lost herself in all these numbers shortly after having started counting. From time to time she stopped, closed her eyes and whispered numbers as she tried to add up figures. Her lack of concentration proved her lack of sleep, despite her physical powerfulness.

Ama sat slumped in his chair, just groaning from time to time.

Dealine stood up from her chair and went behind the bar, taking her own and Ama's mug along, which were ready for a refill.

Jiddy exhaled audibly and wrote down another number on her notepad.

"Everything alright?" the skunk asked while putting down the mugs.

Jiddy looked stared at the piece of paper. "Yeah...", she mumbled and quickly went on calculating.

Dealine looked over the small feline's shoulder and had a look at the notepad: She was surprised to see Hyakan Numbers¹, but despite this oddity her skills as a waitress had solved the calculation in no time.

Jiddy started to whisper numbers again and meanwhile Dealine picked up the last metal can that stood on the warmer and emptied its content into the two mugs.

Jiddy stopped whispering and made another note, then she started to count another small heap of gems.

"So you're from the east!" Dealine noticed casually while she put the can into the sink.

Jiddy did not answer anything but she got slower counting the money.

Dealine looked over her shoulder. "I should have known. I mean..." She moved her hands to her eyes and pulled at them so that her eyes narrowed slightly. Dealine tried to smile at the lynx girl, but Jiddy did not look at her.

"Yeah," the lynx said. "I'm from the east..." She looked at the skunk.

The skunk looked back, still smiling. "So that story about Kastania was just that...? A story?"

For a short instant there was something like a smile about Jiddy's lips but she quickly lowered her head, hiding her face behind her brown hair and turned away. "Yeah...", she mumbled.

"Was that... a smile on your face?" Dealine teased her, standing up again.

Jiddy did not answer.

"You were smiling, weren't you?" Dealine asked once again. "Come on, admit it...!"

Jiddy looked down at the bar.

Even from the side Dealine was certain to see her faint smile, but Jiddy did not look up.

Somehow this discussion had brought life back to Ama, the marmot had risen his head and gazed at the two females.

"You must tell me everything!" Dealine quickly changed the subject. "I have never met anyone from the east... Well, not any further than the Silver Coast."

"So you are not from Kastania, right?"

Jiddy nodded slightly.

"From Dyamaar?"

Jiddy shook her head.

"From the Forests of Bornau?"

Jiddy shook her head.

"Yyid al'maudi?"

Jiddy shook her head once again.

"Causion?" Ama asked suddenly, little by little coming back to life.

Jiddy shook her head.

Dealine knitted her brow. "The Pillars of Xos?"

Jiddy shook her head once again.

The skunk was running out of options. She did not know that much about far away lands.

Ama helped her out. "From the Salusian Woods?"

Jiddy shook her head.

The skunk inhaled deeply. "Well, Hyakan Numbers are coming from the Hundred Kingdoms but you...?"

"Fish! Fish! Fish!" The door was slammed open and Spane walked in, wearing his boiler suit and carrying a crate full of fresh fish.

Everybody looked at him.

"Hi folks!" He walked up to the bar. He stopped when nobody reacted to his arrival. "Am I disturbing something?" he asked.

Ama was the first one to reply: "Well, we were just wondering because Jiddy told us that..."

There was a strong rustling sound next to Dealine and when she looked around she saw that Jiddy's tail had suddenly bristled and was wagging furiously. The lynx had laid her ears back and still they were twitching strongly. The skunk reacted quickly. "...that she was having trouble concentrating today," Dealine finished Ama's sentence. "We had an awful lot of work this morning."

The cook looked at the skunk, not understanding why she had interrupted him.

Dealine made a partly hidden move, meaning that he should keep quiet.

Spane did not notice this, instead he looked at Jiddy and offered her a smile, simultaneously rising his eyebrows.

Jiddy looked away.

"Yeah, fish!" Ama said emphatically and stood up from his chair. "Let's deal with that first!" Ama walked over to the kitchen door and pushed it open for Spane who walked right through.

"Thanks," the lynx girl mumbled when Spane and Ama had disappeared.

"Don't mention it," the skunk replied and rose her mug to her lips: The coffee inside had gotten cold.

Jiddy was staring at the notepad and the gems in front of her, she was feeling uncomfortable although she should be thankful. She rubbed her sweaty palms against her shorts. She tried to return to her calculations, but the task had gotten even harder by now.

Dealine had poured the cold coffee into the sink and started to wash the two mugs and the metal can while the voices of Ama and Spane came in from the kitchen.

After a while the kitchen door opened again and the marten came back. Without hesitating a moment he went over to Jiddy and embraced the lynx girl from behind. "Hello, how's my favorite lynx today?"

The girl tensed slightly although she had expected something like this.

He pressed a light kiss against her neck.

As there was not much space behind the bar Dealine was standing right next to the two young furs. She tried not to stare at them, instead she went on washing the dirty dishes. But despite her efforts she looked occasionally at the younger furs from the corner of her eyes.

"OK," Jiddy answered the marten's question finally.

"I'm feeling fabulous. Do you know why...?" He grinned.

"Don't gotta tell me," she returned.

His grin broadened. "You know what: Some friends of mine want to meet on the beach tonight. Wanna go with me?"

"I gotta work," Jiddy said.

"Oh, come on! It'll be fun and Dealine is not so cruel to lock you up in here, are you, Dealine?" The marten looked at the skunk.

"Well, I don't know what's going on tonight...," the skunk said reluctantly.

"She can do whatever she wants," Ama yelled from the kitchen.

The skunk rolled her eyes.

"Thanks, Ama!" Spane yelled. He lied his chin upon Jiddy's shoulder again. "I'll pick you up before sundown, hm?" He nuzzled her sideboards with his muzzle. "You'll see, the guys are fun!"

The lynx just nodded after a moment.

"Sweet!" He gave her another kiss, then let go off her. "See you tonight!" he said on his way out of the café.

Jiddy looked after him until the door had closed behind him.

Dealine looked at Jiddy: The lynx' face was as expressionless as usual, but her tail was as stiff as a metal bar.

"Jiddy!" Ama yelled from the kitchen.

"Yeah!" Jiddy pushed herself off the bar she had been leaning on and went into the kitchen.

"Listen," the marmot said. "If you want to leave earlier tonight, you must help me prepare tonight's specials. Alright?"

Jiddy nodded.

"Well, I wanted to make some stew..." Ama said. "You could peel some Tolkit."

Jiddy did as she was told, she went over to one of the workplaces, picked up one of the huge kitchen knives and one of the strange vegetables: It looked like a small pumpkin or something similar but it was just a little bit bigger than a tomato and had a very rough, dark red or reddish brown surface. Its skin was rather thick and inside it looked rather dry and inedible.

Ama picked up a knife too and started to chop some onions.

For a moment they were both silent, there was just the sound of their work and the sounds Dealine made, washing the dishes.

"How long've you been doin' this?" Jiddy asked after a while.

"You already asked me that," Ama replied.

"No, I mean... Cookin'. How long y've been a cook..."

"Aah!" Ama exclaimed. "Eleven summers here and before that... Actually I had never wanted to stay here any longer than two autumns. Just long enough to make some money for my journeys. Before I had been a military officer in my hometown Ty Houanouk and there I've been doing something similar. But one day..." He paused shortly. "I got tired of it..."

"Why?" she interrupted him.

"I..." he started, hesitated and fell silent for a moment. "For... for no particular reason. I was just... tired, you know." He wet his lips. "However afterwards I decided to travel north and after some time I got to Fereau where I met this old stallion who told me that he had owned a café in a small town up the Romainent River, but that he had gotten too old for it and had not found a successor. At this time I had been really short with money and I said to myself that this was maybe the best way to get some money before I hit the road again. After all I had served as a supply officer so I said to myself that it could not be more difficult to deal with some civilian customers than dealing with an entire hungry army." He laughed shortly. His huge knife was clicking quickly while he chopped the onions. "So I gave this guy the rest of my savings and came here. I had in mind that I

would not stay any longer than one or two autumns. Just long enough to make some money for my journeys. The whole thing worked out pretty well and so I had to engage a waitress and another one and another one and then Dealine came along and then I could not leave her alone with a café *and* a child and so... Well,..." He shrugged his shoulder and smiled to himself. "Guess I got stuck in here. After all I got a good job, a nice apartment, friends... What should I be looking for out there on the road again?"

Jiddy nodded.

"One day everybody has got to settled down, don't you think?"

The lynx girl kept silent. She went on peeling the Tolkit. Shortly thereafter when she had just finished with one of the vegetables one hand rose shyly all by itself towards her chest and touched the Silver Arc that was hidden beneath the cloth of her shirt.

The small bell above the door chimed and the waitress and the two customers rose their head to take a look at the new arrivals.

The two customers stopped dead, staring at the two females who stepped inside.

Dealine stretched herself and carefully observed how the new customers sat down on one of the tables close by the window as if they were customers like any other.

The other two customers, two regulars, a female rat and a male otter eyed the new arrivals once again and then the female looked at the man and mad a sign with her head. Quickly they emptied their drinks, stood up and then headed towards the door, making a detour by the bar, putting down some gems to pay for their drinks. They eyed the new customers one last time before they left but then quickly went out the door.

Dealine went over to the table. "What can I do for you?" she asked.

At the table sat two lionesses, their headfur was cut short as if they had no headfur at all, their furs were decorated with ornamental paintings that were visible beneath the light leather clothes they wore. One had carried a backpack she had put down, while the other one wore a heavy belt that sported a great variety of knives and a small crossbow, a small, old pistol and several other weapons.

The skunk eyed their furlpainting as casually as possible: It was obvious that the worn paintings were clearly indicating that the two lionesses were on the warpath². The skunk had had little doubt but when she saw close up there was no mistake what the furlpaintings meant.

"We would like to eat something," the lionesses who had carried the backpack said.

"Of course," Dealine replied.

"Meat if possible," the other lioness specified.

"At this time I can only bring you something cold. Maybe White Lizard³ Lard?"

The lioness who wore the weapons growled.

"That will do," the other lioness said quickly. She was obviously younger than her companion, although she was not smaller, but her voice was much warmer and more soft. "We would like some milk with that."

"Alright!" Dealine went back to the bar. She could feel the eyes of the two felines resting upon her and she had to fight down the instinctive cold shiver that was about to run down her spine. She did not want to be affected by that.

Back at the bar, she got two mugs and a metal can she kept in a dark cabinet. Carefully she smelled at its content, making sure the milk had not gone sour due to the warm weather. When she was sure the milk was still alright, she poured it into the mugs and called out for Jiddy.

The lynx girl came in no time, wiping her dirty hands at her shorts.

"Bring that to our guests," Dealine said to her and handed her the mugs she had finished filling.

Jiddy looked at the two lionesses. Subconsciously she had already smelled the difference the presence of the two large felines made in the café, but she had not looked at them yet. Her eyes narrowed for a short moment.

Dealine observed the lynx.

The lionesses were looking out the window.

Jiddy did not hesitate any longer, took the two mugs and went over the table by the window. "Here y'go!" she said simply and put down the mugs.

The lionesses looked around as if they had not noticed her arrival. While the lynx put down the mugs, they studied her carefully, when the lynx turned around to go away, the lionesses exchanged a look.

"Tell Ama to prepare White Lizard Lard with the usual," Dealine told Jiddy when she came back.

Jiddy nodded and went into the kitchen where Ama was busy gutting fish. "White Lizard Lard, twice," the lynx girl said simply.

The marmot looked at her. "Now?" He sighed, grabbed a towel, cleaned his hands and started to gather the stuff he needed to prepare the meal. Jiddy helped him.

When everything was finished the lynx took the two plates with the greasy, strong smelling lard and carried them into the main room. She was surprised to see one of the lionesses (the one without the weapons) standing at the bar, having obviously engaged in a conversation with Dealine. "...our employees are not for *sale*. Ask herself if you don't believe me!" the skunk just said. There was a trace of sharpness to her voice.

"Her?" The lioness looked at the lynx.

The skunk smiled lightly and nodded.

The lioness offered the surprised lynx a smile, stood up straight (she had leaned against the counter) and made a few steps towards the lynx. "Would you like to come with us?" she asked without any delay. "We are on a mission for redemption and actually in need of a slave⁴. We would treat you well."

The lynx' eyes narrowed. "Fuck off!" she snarled, showing her teeth.

The lioness was surprised by this reaction, she looked at her companion, not knowing what to do. She hesitated for a moment and then went towards the table by the window again.

Jiddy followed her with her eyes. Her tail was wagging strongly.

Before Dealine was able to propose that she could carry the meals to their customers, Jiddy was already walking over to them.

The lynx' expression was grim, but she did not say a thing. She just put down the plates in front of the lionesses, avoiding their eyes.

The younger one seemed to be offended by the lynx' earlier reaction but her older companion showed no expression at all.

Just when Jiddy wanted to leave, the older lioness started to speak: "You know that it would be an honor to serve us⁵. We have been searching for a worthy slave for more than two months now and we never met anyone who was up to our expectations. Your moves show hidden strength and great agility, we sense that. Your pride speaks well of you, it is something most of your species lack, although you should not overdo it." The lioness leaned over to get a little closer. "We would even have taken you, if you had been male...⁵," she added meaningfully.

"I ain't nobody's fuckin' slave!" the lynx hissed aggressively at the lioness.

The lioness coolly returned Jiddy's glare. "Do you know what our request means⁵?"

"I don't fuckin' care," Jiddy growled.

Then a smile spread upon her lips. "Now I don't know if you are proud or just stupid," she stated. Suddenly she looked at her companion. "It's a shame, isn't it? She is quite talented."

"Those who don't know pride, don't deserve it!" the younger lioness returned. When Jiddy glared at her, her face was sporting a mocking smile.

For a moment there was silence, Jiddy could feel the fury in her veins, the rush of adrenaline that let her muscles flex and threatened to make her lose control. Her tail wagged strongly, underneath her lips she had gritted her sharp teeth. Right now it did not even matter that these lionesses were bigger and possibly stronger than her.

The younger read Jiddy's scent and body language, she had tensed too, but her older companion did not move at all, she acted as coolly as she had all the time, watching Jiddy with an expression of obvious arrogance.

"That was all, you can go now!" the lioness said coldly.

Jiddy's left ear twitched powerfully. Her heart was still racing and she had not relaxed a bit. There was a lump in her stomach and for some reason her nose tickled. But she pressed her lips together and turned around and went back to the bar.

Dealine looked at her with an expression of concern, feeling slightly guilty. "Go back to the kitchen, I will deal with them," she whispered to Jiddy when the lynx girl came by.

The lynx girl went straight through the swing door.

Ama looked at her when she entered. He saw the expression on her face: Her narrowed eyes, her laid-back ears, her screwed up eyes, as well as her wagging

tail. Even though he was a marmot he could smell the change of her scent. He eyed her.

For a moment the lynx girl just stood in the middle of the kitchen, trying to cool down. But then she just went over to the work she had left (chopping vegetables) and continued.

Ama was still looking at her, but then he just went on with his own work.

There was no work spoken for quite some time.

Then there was the shifting of chairs in the main room and a moment later Dealine came into the kitchen.

"They did not even have money, instead they gave me this!" she said and held out a small leather bag.

"Who?" the marmot asked.

"Two lioness warriors," the skunk replied, while Ama wiped his hands clean, turned towards Dealine and took a look into the opened bag Dealine held in one paw.

"That's yellow tobacco⁶," the marmot stated, reached into the bag and pulled out some of its content that he rubbed between his fingers, smelling at it. "Don't worry, we can easily resell that," he added. "It's a good quality. Back in my military days my stock never lasted long."

"Alright," the skunk stated. "I will take it to Mauralle tomorrow. I hope she gives us a good price."

"Erh..." The moment Ama had pronounced the word tobacco, Jiddy had pricked up her ears. Now she turned away from her work. "Can I get it?" she asked. "Y'can cut it from my pay."

The skunk did not hesitate a second. She held out the bag towards Jiddy. "Take it! You earned it. I feel partly responsible for them treating you the way they did."

"No, I wanna..."

"Take it!" Dealine insisted. "It's yours!"

Jiddy nodded in a restrained manner. "Thanks," she mumbled and took the small leather bag.

Ama looked at Jiddy, then at Dealine. "Why do I have the feeling to have missed something again?" he mentioned.

"Never mind! Wasn't important," Dealine returned.

The cook looked at her in playful disbelief.

"Can I've a break?" Jiddy asked.

"Sure," the marmot said.

Jiddy nodded and headed towards the back door of the kitchen, while Dealine and Ama started to talk again. The lynx did not pay any attention to it anymore, she was focused on the small bag with the tobacco in her paws.

She stepped out into the so-called garden, that was nothing but a small strip of lawn at the back of the building. The name was a serious exaggeration because the dry, poor soil nourished nothing but weeds that had grown up to the height of one's knees. It was limited by an small wall of stone that was actually the part of a terrace. The buildings opposite this side of the café stood on a lower level

and one could look over the low roofs of these storehouses towards the river and the canyon.

Jiddy had lost track of time and thus she was surprised to see that the sun was already about to disappear behind the edges of the canyon but its rays were still strong, being reflected by the mountains and cliffs above the river. A soft, warm light illuminated the entire canyon and it would still take quite some time before the sun would fully disappear behind a distant, invisible horizon and the canyon would go dark too.

Jiddy leaned against the wall. As she had hoped she had found some pieces of prepared parchment⁷ inside the bag too and quickly she started to prepare her cigarette. Her nimble feline fingers had finished the task in no time and she lit the cigarette between her lips with a match she had taken from Ama's kitchen.

She relaxed the moment she inhaled the first smoke.

But not for long. Once she had inhaled, her lungs cramped, it felt like her entire chest was about to contract, pressing all the air out and she retched awfully, gasping for air. She coughed like mad, hardly able to breathe at all. The cigarette dropped to the ground. It felt like there was something inside her chest that was madly fighting against the smoke, something whose movements she was convinced to feel while she was coughing.

Jiddy had slumped against the wooden wall of the house, hitting her chest with her fist, trying to get the last remains of smoke out of her lungs.

Slowly her breath got back to normal, the violent coughing subsided and the lynx girl dropped down to the ground, exhausted from the unexpected reaction to the cigarette she had yearned for since a long time.

She sat on the ground, occasional coughs still rocking her when the urge was too strong. She did not understand this, she had always fought off her instinctive repulsion against smoking, she had always overcome it and she had expected the usual unpleasant effects when she smoked again after a long time, but this fit of coughing was unknown to her. Breathing regularly she tried to gain back her strength and her composure. Not only the incident with the lionesses had troubled her but she was always feeling uncomfortable in the café. Being a feline, it was the constant presence of so many people inside the café that bothered her, she was constantly alert and tense. In the evening her muscles were as hard as stone as she felt incapable of relaxing as long as so many people were all around.

She longed for tobacco, but she did not dare to risk coughing again. There was still some sort of ache in her chest, but at least the strange feeling of movement inside her had vanished.

Her knees erected, head resting on one arm she observed the heavy cumulus clouds in the sky.

Suddenly the back door opened

"...that's unfair, don't you think I'd deserve it? Come on!"

Jiddy did not have to look around to know who was just about to walk out of the café. His scent was well-known to her. Quickly she stood up.

"Hey there!" Spane said when he stepped closer. Behind him the back door closed by itself. He was instantly by her side and lay an arm over her shoulder. "How are you?" he asked with a low voice.

Jiddy exhaled. "OK," she said simply.

For a moment they were both standing motionlessly while he tried to find whatever she was looking at.

"Skull Ravens⁸," he noticed, observing the birds that rode the up-current at the edge of the canyon.

"Uh?" she replied.

"The birds up there!"

"What birds?"

"There, at the edge of the canyons." He pointed to the small dark spots that flew far above the river.

His casual comment reminded her of her species: Despite her ability to see at night, her vision was rather poor in full daylight and also pretty weak when it came to long distance. She had not even noticed the birds at all, now that she narrowed her eyes and tried to look as hard as she could, she could see small black spots that could be birds. For some reason this unexpected hint about a weakness of hers was making her uncomfortable, although it was only Spane who was standing by her side.

He laughed and shook her lightly, possibly thinking something similar. "You ready?" he asked.

"Hmhm!" She nodded.

"Swell." He leaned forward and gave her a quick kiss on her lips. He let her go and stood up straight. "Come on, let's go!"

Lazily she pushed herself off the wall. She stood in front of the marten.

For a moment he looked at her: Her ragged clothes stretched rather tightly over her body, especially her old, dirty shorts that seemed to stick to her hips, emphasizing the muscled, tight shape and the curve of her buttocks with the short tail in between. Her hair hang into her face and over her eyes and her features showed no emotion at all. She was looking as if she had lain in the sun for too long, she was looking tired but equally powerful at the same time.

"Let's go!" he repeated, turned around and walked back into the café.

Jiddy stuffed the small bag of tobacco into one of her pockets and followed him.

They walked through the kitchen where Ama lay on a stool, taking a little nap. The chubby marmot looked quite happy this way.

As soon as they entered the bar Dealine looked up from the little sweater she was knitting. "You are going with him?" she asked without expecting an answer. "Have fun!" she added with a smile.

"I gonna be back soon," Jiddy said while walking through the bar.

"No, take your time!" the skunk said after her and went on knitting.

A moment later the kitchen door opened and Ama came in. The marmot stretched himself and walked over to the bar to get himself something to drink.

"I can't believe you let her go tonight," Dealine mentioned. "You know that it'll be crowded."

"Ah, come on!" the marmot replied while he poured himself a glass of juice. "We don't want to spoil the fun of those two lovebirds, do we?"

"Love?" Dealine asked in disbelief. "Aren't you exaggerating?"

"Why? Just look at them, all about each other when they are together," he replied and sipped at his juice.

The skunk inhaled. "We are talking about Spane here, aren't we?"

"So what? He is not that bad a guy!"

"You are a lost case, you know that!"

"Thanks for reminding me, I might have forgotten." He smiled at her, but she did not see it because she was checking what she had been knitting. He studied her: The way her perfectly white hair fell into her face while she looked down at her work she held close to the chest, her lush tail that she held close to her body. Strangely he did not feel bored by just watching the simple moves she made.

She looked up and when she noticed that he had been looking at her she rose her eyebrows.

The marmot smiled, opened his mouth, stopped and finally wet his lips. He put his empty glass aside and went back into the kitchen.

When the two young furs stepped out on the street the weather seemed to be differ from those in the garden: The air was full of moisture and one could smell a certain excitement in the air. The sun shone brightly and the rays pierced into their eyes despite the white shapes of the cumulus clouds. A cold shiver ran up Jiddy's spine and then spread throughout her entire body, sparkled in her veins and although it was faint it made the lynx hesitate for a moment. Her nervousness had reached a new level.

"We'll meet them on the beach. You know, where Gelly was swimming," Spane said and brought Jiddy back to reality who just nodded in return. She tried to ignore the alien sensation of something crawling beneath her skin.

Before she could defend herself Spane had laid his arm over her shoulder again and this way they walked through the town.

Soon they arrived at the small strip of sandy beach. Close to where the rocks were rising straight upwards from the ground was a fireplace. Two girls already sat there, a bunny and an otter and four boys, two otters, a squirrel and a goat, in much about the same dress Spane usually wore. The otter girl lay in the arms of one of the otters. A large bottle of unknown content lay between them.

"Hi, Spane!" the goat said and rose his arm.

"Hi there!" the marten greeted them. "That's Jiddy," he presented the lynx girl. "I guess you've already seen her around the café."

Jiddy nodded towards the gathered, young furs.

"Jiddy, these are Westry,..." Spane pointed at the first otter. "...Chearly,..." He pointed at the girl in the otter's arms. "...Kombachai,..." Spane pointed at the

squirrel. "...Camron,..." He pointed at the goat. "...Mawna and Shirleanay!" He pointed at the second otter and the bunny girl.

The young furs returned Jiddy's casual greeting.

"Finally we meet you," Camron, the goat, said. "I've already been wondering who Ama has hired. Spane has spoken a lot about you."

"He has?" Jiddy asked while she sat down by Spane's side. As soon as she placed herself on the ground, Spane laid his arm over her shoulder. Her tail twitched shortly. She tried to relax.

"Oh, yeah, a lot." The goat smirked and the squirrel laughed shortly.

Jiddy eyed the furs, everyone had a faint smile upon his or her lips.

"Hey, where are you from?" Cearly, the otter girl asked. "Spane told us you're a roamer."

"Kastania," Jiddy said quickly.

"Where's that?" Mawna, the second otter boy, asked.

"Ah, come on!" The bunny girl at his side exclaimed. "You gotta know that."

The otter shrugged his shoulders.

"No wonder, Master Quairallault has given up on you." The goat smirked.

The otter hit him. "Shut it, Camron! That old fossil can kiss my ass."

"That's quite some way!" Westry, the first otter mentioned.

"Did you travel all that way on your own?" the otter girl in his arms asked.

Jiddy rubbed her nose and nodded. "Sort of."

"Wow!"

"Yeah," Spane said, grinned broadly and embraced Jiddy. "Didn't I tell you that she's hot?"

Jiddy looked at him from the corner of her eyes.

Spane smiled at her and quickly pressed a kiss on her cheek.

"You know we've all been after this job at the café," Kombachai mentioned.

"Yeah, that's been pretty unfair that Dealine has given it to a stranger," Mawna complained. "I really don't understand why she'd give the job to someone like you!"

For a moment everyone was silent.

"I think that almost everyone here would had a better reason to get it, you know?" the otter added.

"Shut up, Mawna!" Spane said.

"Come on, man! You wanted the job yourself. Everyone knows that! Give me a good reason why some feline bimbo like her would earn it any more than we do?"

"Shut it!" Spane returned. Beneath his arm he could feel that Jiddy tensed. Her tail wagged strongly.

"What's she doing here anyway? Bloody roamer!"

"Well, maybe you think about this for a moment: If she's a bloody roamer, then why did Dealine prefer her instead of you!" Spane said coolly.

"Well, she just didn't want no lame ass like you!" Camron added and laughed.

The others grinned too.

Mawna gulped and fell silent.

Soon the conversation was taking a different turn. They started to talk about the current gossip of the town. Just from time to time one of them asked Jiddy about something about her travels but most of the time she kept quiet and listened. The bottle of booze got emptier, the light diminished. Much to the girls' discomfort the boys started to talk about some kind of sport event that had happened in Fereau. Their conversation was quite animated and every now and then Jiddy could feel Spane's hands fondling her. But most of the time one of his hands rested upon her backside and stroked it through the cloth of her shorts. Sometimes one of his fingers slipped through her shorts' tailvent⁹ and tickled the sensitive areas underneath.

Above the canyon heavy clouds had gathered in the sky while the sun had retired. It became darker and darker and soon the small fire was the main source of light.

Unlike the other furs around her, Jiddy's sight did not diminish. Summer's bright daylight was a constant nuisance to her, but now she could fully open her eyes and she saw the furs around her even more accurate than before. Thus she did not miss how Westry's paw slipped underneath Chearly's dress from time to time.

Suddenly the squirrel stood up. "Gotta go," Kombachai said while he wiped his backside. "Damn Bribaille assigned me to load one of the ships that leaves tomorrow."

"I'll come with you!" Shirleanay said and stood up too.

"Ah, come on!" Camron exclaimed. "The night's just getting started. There's going to be a party on one of the boats. They are celebrating somebody's birthday or something."

"No, thanks. I'm beat," the squirrel replied.

The goat grunted. "What about you?" he asked Mawna.

The otter shrugged his shoulders. "Yeah, we can give it a try."

"Alright!" Camron stood up. "At least one of you lame asses is coming along..."

"Look who's talking," Shirleanay mentioned.

"You could come along too." Camron mentioned.

"I guess, they'd like to meet their favorite...*bunny* again." Mawna grinned.

The bunny girl stared at him. "What are you talking about?" she snarled at him.

"Don't waste your effort," Mawna said and tapped on Camron's shoulder. "She is already busy tonight..."

Camron grinned.

The bunny was speechless for a moment, one of her ears twitched. Maybe she was waiting for something. "You damn asshole!" she hissed, turned around and walked away as quickly as she could.

Jiddy had tensed, but Spane had tightened his embrace.

"That was unnecessary," Kombachai stated.

"What? Come on, that was a joke!" the goat replied.

The squirrel did not answer.

"Anyway, I'm going to enjoy the party now," Camron said. "Anybody with me?"

Mawna joined him. "So we leave our lovebirds behind."

"We'll check on you later!" Camron exclaimed while the three male furs walked away.

In the dim, reddish sunlight of dusk the three shapes seemed to be even smaller while they partly disappeared behind tufts of grass that grew on the small strip of beach. They were quickly gaining the houses of the town where some lights were already showing in the windows.

"So you are a roamer." Westry broke the silence, returning to the long abandoned subject of Jiddy's origin.

Jiddy, who had been had been distracted, looked up at him. "Yeah,..." she answered reluctantly. "Guess so."

"That must be pretty exciting," Chearly said. "You can go wherever you want, do whatever you want..." While she said this she grinned at Westry and the otter boy returned the grin.

Jiddy did not understand what that grin was supposed to mean.

"I told you that she's cool," Spane said. "She can be pretty scary but actually she is a real romantic cutie, hmm?" He nuzzled against her and it tickled so that she bend her head and soon their muzzles were so close to one another that a kiss was inevitable. Their lips gave way to their tongues that circled around each other.

For a moment her knees got numb because of the intensity of this kiss. His tongue was truly caressing hers, his lips were firmly pressing into hers, everything was just as it was supposed to be. She could feel how the passion faded away when Spane stopped.

"Maybe I should do that too?" Chearly asked Westry.

The otter boy looked at the girl in his arms. "What?"

"Become a roamer," she replied.

"Yeah, why not? There's much better than staying in this damn dump forever."

"That's for sure!" Spane agreed. "Actually we could all go together and Jiddy could show us. You could, couldn't you?" he asked her, cuddled and shook her in his embrace, his muzzle rubbing against hers.

The caress teased Jiddy, for an instant she felt all ticklish and a suppressed smile showed on her lips.

"Don't mention the stuff she already showed me..." Spane added and smiled roguishly towards Westry.

"Yeah, I bet Chearly could learn a lot from her," he teased the girl in his arms.

"You think so?" she asked him very quietly, rising her face towards him.

He lowered his face and they kissed.

"There's no need to hurry, I suppose," he added afterwards.

"Jiddy's going to show me first anyway," Spane mentioned, he smiled at Jiddy. "Won't you?"

Before she could answer he had already kissed her again and while their mouths were joined and she could feel that soft tickling caress upon her lips,

inside her mouth and all around her tongue, she felt how her heart started to beat faster and her desire grew.

“Yeah, you have always got to be the first one,” Westry mentioned.

Spane broke the kiss and smiled at the otter. “I’m number one,” he stated shamelessly. “And Jiddy’s my number one.” He looked at her.

She nodded almost instinctively. Her tail had started to twitch impatiently craving for the kiss he gave her a moment later. Instantly her tail got stiff. The kiss was renewed again and again and Jiddy forgot about everything else as long it lasted, being completely absorbed in the feeling of his lips upon hers. And when his hands rose towards her breasts they were almost pushing into his palms as they had longed for his touch, her nipples already hard and the fabric swollen and sensitive. The feelings mixed and excited her even more, his kiss and his touch created a feedback that shielded off any rational thought. He massaged her chest gently and she could feel how her breasts responded to it, how the firm fabric slipped through his fingers, the blood gathering in the caressed areas and how hot her skin became as soon as one finger of his ran over it. Her nipples tickled and sparkled like crazy whenever his hands met them.

“Well, I’ve got a different number one!” Chearly said lowly.

The marten broke the kiss and smiled at her before he replied: “If you want better, you know where to find me.”

“Oh, shut up!” Westry said calmly before he was silenced.

Jiddy looked across the fire from the corner of her eyes and she saw that the two otters were kissing too, while their hands were pretty busy too¹⁰: Chearly’s hands rested upon the bulge in his pants and his hands rubbed and stroked her breasts that were still hidden underneath her dress. Nevertheless his hands outlined the curves of her chest and these were pretty voluptuous.

“Admit that you are just jealous!” Westry replied finally.

The lynx observed the couple while Spane’s hands were doing almost the same to her as Westry’s hands were doing to Chearly.

“No way! I know what I got!” the marten said.

Jiddy inhaled sharply when she felt Spane’s furless pads reaching under her vest. They brushed through the brighter fur of her belly, over its muscled surface. Instantly a pull was going through her entire body as if something deep inside her was tautened by his hands. A shiver ran up her spine and relaxed her muscles no matter if she wanted or not.

It excited him to feel how her tight muscles seemed to melt away beneath his fingers, how her hard body became smooth and sensible, something her quickening breath told him. He rose her vest a little further.

“Me, too!” Westry gasped somewhere.

The lynx puffed when his hands reached the base of her breast, ruffled the fur there and touched the sensitive skin underneath. She could feel the texture of his furless pelts that rubbed over it and a heartbeat seemed to be the only thing it needed to fully arouse her excited breasts, blood rushed into them, heated them and the skin tightened when her nipples rose waiting for a caress. But instead his hands covered them fully, pressing them together when they closed and they

caught her excitement and intensified it immensely. Her tail trembled a last time and then got almost painfully stiff, her entire back tightened from her buttocks to her neck and she leaned her head back and Spane knew that this was the moment to cover her eager lips with his own. They met and her mouth opened quickly, her tongue darted out and theirs tongues started to twist while his hands continued their massage of her small, round breasts. Their tightened skin resisted the attempts of his fingers to press into it, they seemed to escape them, the tight fabric slipping out of his hands' hold. So instead he pressed her breasts against her chest and no matter what he did he could feel how passionately she responded to it because of their closeness during their kiss: He could feel even the slightest tremble of pleasure that affected her. Meanwhile their tongues and lips were busy, almost obscenely greedy when they moved through the other one's mouth, filling the cavity, tasting each others' saliva, needy for the beautifully playful, tickling sensation of this kiss.

He broke the kiss, exhaled and looked over the fire towards the two otters: Chearly had turned towards Westry and they kissed. She was wearing nothing but her underpants anymore while she lay in his arms.

When Spane looked at the lynx in his arms, he noticed that she was looking at Chearly and Westry too. He grinned. "Do you enjoy the sight?" he whispered into her pointed ear.

His hands were already about to undo the straps that held her vest together. They unknotted the leather straps much more skillfully and quickly than the first time. He opened her vest and pulled it down. It dropped to the ground and instantly his hands went on towards her shorts. Her breath had gotten unsteady, while he watched his hands undoing her shorts she was intensively aware that she leaned against his chest, that he was just behind her, she could feel his quick heartbeat, his hot breath blew against her shoulder and down her chest and all of it was full of his male scent that contained exciting hints of musk. She inhaled deeply through her nose, taking in as much as she could, noticing the undeniable indications of her own arousal that rose when Spane opened her shorts. He pushed them down and she took over, almost tearing them off her legs. She threw them aside. Her loincloth was gone in no time and she was naked in his arms. They kissed again and during this kiss he inhaled her scent that had stuck to her fur, that strange earthy fragrance that no other girl he had known had possessed.

On the other side, Westry had pulled of his shirt and had buried his muzzle between Chearly's round breasts, not only enjoying what he had found there but also pleasing his girlfriend who moaned softly and held him tight.

Spane's fingers ran over the lynx body and while they wandered downwards they seemed to gather more and more sensibility. Her thick fur brushed over the rough, furless pads that parted it. Sometimes he could touch her hot, sensible skin underneath until his fingers dug deep into her even thicker pubic fur that emphasized the muscles that stretched over her pelvis until it thinned out and he could feel the soft fabric of her mons (she shivered) and that certain wetness that elicited a smirk of his.

She stared into his face, breathing strongly.

An instant later he touched slick, swollen skin and a little pressure was all it needed to make his fingers part her labia and slip inside.

A gasp escaped her when she felt him touching her sex and it transformed into a guttural growl when two of his fingers went into her, caressing the outer skirts of her inner muscles. It was the kind of resistance she needed to feel the pumping of her own blood inside her sex and it triggered the instinctive motions inside her abdomen that let her actively enjoy the presence of his fingers although they did not move. She tensed, her feline body seemed to contract in his hold as she lusted to get closer to the source of her pleasure, that marten's hand started to move between her thighs. The feeling sparkled throughout her body, the fingers were constantly injecting pleasure into her bloodstream. She doubled up, pressing her thighs together, trapping his hands between them. Her entire body had tensed, diminishing the distance her blood had to cover in order to pump her ecstasy throughout her limbs.

It was intriguing how she responded to his actions, it excited him even more. He could feel the sweat upon his forehead, trying to sort out the impressions his fingers transmitted him: The difference of the textures inside and outside her sex, her wetness, the almost overwhelmingly promising movement of her inner muscles, how her labia stretched around his fingers and pressed against his palm. The sensation clouded his mind, he pressed his muzzle against her neck and kissed her, going on with his caresses, alternately slipping one finger out and the other one in, the ball of his thumb pressing into her mons, massaging the hideout of her clit. His free hand had found its way to one of her breasts.

Her hand darted upwards and got hold of his hair, pulling his head downwards. "Ouch! Stop that!" he exclaimed.

But she did not let go, all the muscles of her body were twitching, feverish heat shot through her veins while his fingers slipped in and out of her sex, stroking the soft, touchy surface of her wet labia, stretching them apart while her inner muscles clenched around the fingers, let them go for short instants just to tighten around them again when they were inside her and her juice wet the short fur of his hand. Her eyes closed tightly, her mouth opened, exposing her sharp teeth. She rocked randomly whenever her body could not longer contain the constant flow of carnal pleasure.

She opened her eyes when his fingers stopped moving, the tension subsided and when he yanked his head backwards she let go of his hair. The lynx partly turned around when he moved away from her, she tried to grab him. But he did not care, his hands hastily undoing his pants, his stiff member instantly slipping out. Quickly he moved backwards, slipping out of her hold.

She slumped down on him. Her head landing just above his lap and instantly her nostrils were filled with the intense scent of male musk that saturated his fur and lingered all around him. The muscles beneath were tightened, she could feel their bulges and when she inhaled the intoxicating fragrances filled up her airways. She shivered.

Spane took hold of her head and pushed it downwards. "Come on!" he gasped.

She could feel his sex beneath her when she moved, it spread more of the male scent that surrounded him and added a sweetish note to it which she could clearly distinguish. It let her blood run thick, her heart beat strongly and it thrilled her even more than she already was. Despite her body's demand she was enthralled by the male body underneath her and when her muzzle reached his lap she did not hesitate a moment but took the member into her mouth, eliciting a grunt of approval by the marten.

He spread his legs wide apart, presenting his crotch to her. He leaned on one arm, supporting himself on it while his free hand pressed down on her head. "Oh, yeah!" Spane exclaimed, savoring the first time her rough feline tongue ran over his sensitive glans. He shivered and his mind cleared instantly, leaving an intense, pleasurable tension inside his body that made his muscles tickle. He gasped and shivered. Her lips were warm and wet, their uneven surfaces slipped over the smooth skin of his sex' head and it seemed as her saliva instantly evaporated on it because his sex felt so hot. The sensation stretched throughout his body, deep inside him it build up a powerful suction that reached every fiber. His buttocks tensed, his tail twitched (although he sat on it) and he felt so incredibly powerful while his body felt lighter and his muscles felt stronger than ever before. "Yeaaaaah..."

The marten looked over to the two otters who were busy too.

Chearly was kneeling in front of Westry's crotch.

"Hm, yes!" Westry gasped close by as Chearly had just kissed his sex.

Chearly's muzzle was only as wide as a finger from Westry's erected sex. Her hair hung about her face and she pushed it aside, flipping it over her shoulder that went on with her arched back and ended with her clearly defined backside. Her breasts hung down, still maintaining most of their round shape with their erected furless nipples on top. They swung lightly when she put her tongue out and licked his glans from their base to their tip and Westry moaned in delight.

The otter boy noticed that somebody was looking at him and looked up. Shortly he eyed the nude lynx who lay in between the marten's legs just like Chearly was nude and kneeling in front of him. But then the eyes of the two dressed males met and they grinned broadly at each other.

A sudden surge of pleasure made Spane gasp and shiver when her tongue glided over his glans and quickly settled underneath his sex again while her head moved forwards and even more of its length disappeared beyond her lips, inside the wet depth of her muzzle that seemed to be without limit. "Yesss...", he gasped.

Her muzzle moved upwards again while she kept her lips tightly wrapped around the round shape of his glans, exploring their curved shape with her tongue until her lips closed around its top and caught the power of his musky taste inside her. She allowed it to linger on her tongue, while his sex was right in front of her nose. Every breath she took was saturated with its scent, it was all around her mouth, it was primitive but overwhelmingly effective: She trembled in

wanton lust and when the pressure of his hand on her head increased her instincts drove her forward when she took his glans inside her mouth again, repeating what she had done and enjoying it even more. Her entire body was after it, sweat had spread upon her skin beneath her fur that felt much too thick by now. An untraceable sparkling sensation had spread between her thighs and her labia had swollen, becoming sensible for every possible touch. Her mouth opened once again and when she went down she wrapped her lips around his entire glans, her mouth closing around their base and her tongue started to feel up the entire smooth surface of his sex, swirling around all around it, licking over its side and its top, running alongside its underside and slightly pressing into the crack at its tip, wandering upwards and then whirling all around.

“Haaaa...” The raspy surface of her tongue was making it even more intense, but still he could not feel where her tongue was, sometimes he felt it shortly touching a special spot and then it was moving so fast again that it seemed to be all over his sex and he tensed in pleasure, pressing his body towards her muzzle that was so delightful. With their own rhythm heat waves spread throughout his body and called forth sweat that poured from his pores and soaked his fur. With his hot paw he pushed her down and she obliged and took his sex deeper into her muzzle, deeper than he would have thought possible. His member was completely surrounded by her mouth and the mere sight was mind-blowing to him. “Wow, yes!” he exclaimed.

Her tongue explored the entire shape of his shaft, the protruding veins full of blood that made his member throb with every heartbeat. Her lips met his furry sheath after they had ran over the entire length of firm fabric, she could feel his glans deep inside her where she had allowed them to go in the heat of her instinctive passion. She gulped and she heard how he gasped above her and she realize how he felt although she was no longer thinking at all. She did not need her mind to do what she did, her body was acting on its own, seeking pleasure and performing the necessary action such as rising her head and letting his sex slip through her wet lips until only his glans were still inside her mouth, something she could lick on, tease and suck before her head went down again. She took her time despite his urging hand at her head, savoring the moments and the taste of those droplets of bitter semen that she extracted from his member. It excited her even more, every movement of her head affected her chest and her breasts, hanging down, they shook and trembled, her nipples itching and sparkling, yearning for attention.

“Gods, you’re good! Uhm!” His entire abdomen was trembling, no matter what he did he could not get enough of it.

When her mouth was filled by his glans again, something her tongue could nestle against, a long moan nearby reached her through the haze of her passion and from the corner of her eyes she saw Westry and Chearly. The slender otter girl with the ample breasts had the top of his sex in her mouth, caressing the rest of his length with her paw, eliciting moans from her otter lover. It seemed as if her entire curved body was moving while she caressed her lover. Jiddy’s furless pads tickled while she eyed the otter girl’s body and a shiver went through her body,

from her head to the very tip of her tail, infusing even more lust into every fiber of her body. It was as if an exceptionally large, single drop of moisture formed on her labia and finally glided down on them.. For a moment it weakened her and Spane's hand pressed her down and Jiddy lowered her head, taking his sex to the hilt into her mouth and then she went up again, allowing the hard breathing marten to set the pace.

"Oh yes, that's right!" he hissed. "Uuuh!" It was totally indescribable how her saliva flowed down his sex while it was inside her mouth and how her tight lips pressed and squeezed it while her tongue caressed it even more, wandering up and down its length and swirling around it. His entire abdomen was like a vacuum that drained pleasure from every fiber of his body, pleasure he had not know existed inside him and now that it gathered all in one spot it was so exciting that it was almost too much for him.

"She's so good!" he exclaimed towards the otter next to him.

"Yeah," Westry panted absent-mindedly.

He became more and more impatient, faint shocks shot into his body, getting more powerful every time he felt how his sex was fully engulfed by the lynx girl's muzzle. An eager tension build inside his balls whose effect even rose into his head and began to shut out his senses, his heart hammered inside his chest that was full of pleasant warmth while he tried to keep up with breathing.

Even Westry was moaning louder.

And when Jiddy went down another time, her lips closed tightly, sucking strongly her tongue ran all over the male sex' underside, the marten shivered just once and then she could feel his member throb in the hold of her mouth and following her trained instincts she rose slightly and until the glans lay upon her tongue.

The marten tensed and then shook violently when he reached his climax, he even closed his eyes and threw his head backwards when his entire body reacted to the outburst of pleasure that shot throughout his body. His abdomen pressed upwards, his balls seemed to contract almost painfully around the base of his sex that seemed to grow in order to be able to contain all the seed it was about to release into Jiddy's mouth.

The lynx swallowed instinctively, her entire mouth filled with the intense, pungent taste of his semen. But when the first outbursts were past, she allowed the juice to linger inside her mouth until it dropped from her lips and she gulped down the remains, and taking more of the sex again, squeezing it softly with her lips, extracting all of his juice (he shivered powerfully in response). Meanwhile the member softened, but she still held it inside her warm, wet mouth. She took it in her paws while it got a little bit smaller, but not entirely loosing its tension.

Above her the marten inhaled deeply. "Yeeees!" Pleasure, joy and satisfaction were still lingering throughout his body, a cozy feeling he could wallow in.

Lazily he looked over to the two otter just when Westry was about to moan: "I'm coming!" and Chearly quickly retired. She held the male sex in one paw while semen started to spray from its tip. Westry moaned from the deepest bottom of his chest, shivered and rolled his eyes in blissful abandon while seed

shot from his sex. Finally Westry's orgasm subsided and the otter relaxed. He sighed.

He helped Clearly to rise a little bit. "That was wonderful," he whispered before they exchanged a kiss.

Spane was distracted by them, he was hardly aware how Jiddy's paw wandered over his belly, how she licked his member with even greater purposefulness. Her tongue slipped around it, surprisingly gentle despite its raspy surface, caressing the less sensitive sides and its underside, still avoiding the touchy, irritable glans whose strong, musky scent had gotten even more intense after his release. Her lips closed around the side of the shaft, playfully she allowed it to glide out of her mouth until it closed above it as if she kissed it. Then she pressed her muzzle deep into his pubic fur and the furry hood of his sex, inhaling deeply while her muzzle ran down until her nose met his balls which she nudged gently. Her mouth wandered upwards, the sensible fur between her nose and her mouth discovered the round shape of his balls whose light weight she could feel. Then her nose met his sex and her lips opened, her tongue dug into the narrow gap between his testicles and a moment later one of them was inside her mouth, she pulled on it until it slipped out of her mouth again, her lips running all over the round shape, saliva soaking the fur. Her hot breath flowed over the moist fur and skin, she had tilted her head. An instant later her mouth closed around the other testicle and she repeated her rough caress, a shivering spreading beneath her skin, triggered by the closeness of the male sex she caressed with the soft parts of her mouth. It added to the lingering desire inside her abdomen, something that was growing even stronger when she noticed that every heartbeat of his erected the male sex a little further. Instantly her tongue ran over the underside of it and her mouth closed around the glans.

The marten gasped and turned towards her, just to see how she came over him. "Hey!"

Jiddy's hands hit his shoulders and all her strength and all her weight pressed him down. He gasped when she forced the upper part of his body to the ground, kneeling above him. Her narrowed, diamond-shaped eyes glistened and her tail was stiff, exposing her glistening sex. Her mouth partly showed her sharp teeth, while her hot breath waved around his muzzle.

"I guess I got one hot pussy at my hands, eh?" he exclaimed towards the two otters.

Westry and Clearly looked around to observe the two furs. They had embraced, the male otter holding her tightly, pressing her breasts against his chest, enjoying the feeling of her hard nipples, while his hardening sex was trapped between their bodies, close by her sultry sex.

Spane tried to get up, but Jiddy was much too strong, despite her light weight.

A very low growl escaped the lynx girl while she eyed the male's body beneath her. The way he smelled was over-whelming: He was not only surrounded by the scent that was common to him, it mixed with the salty sweat of the saturated scent of musk that emerged from his sex and the bitter fragrance of his semen, that lingered about him, that partly stuck to her fur, that she had

tasted inside her mouth, that was still present upon her tongue. It was all around him and there was even more as she could also smell Westry and Chearly who were almost within the reach of their arms. There was the smell of the fire, the river and the beach and there was ozone in the air.

She lowered her head, opening her mouth, exposing her canines and her mouth closed around his neck, the sharp teeth grazing the skin without hurting him, before her lips closed around the hot spot, sealing her caress with a kiss.

“Huuuuuh....” The marten exhaled audibly, uncomfortable to feel her teeth at such a vulnerable part of his body.

But this was just the beginning. After her teeth had fully explored his neck, she became impatient, driven by her urging desire. Her caresses became hasty and erratic, her mouth wandered around his neck, plunged into his chestfur where she searched for his hard breast warts. Her mouth closed around one of them, her tongue licking off the sweat that had gathered on this furless spot.

He shivered, an all new sensation taking hold of him. His entire chest tightened, the skin pulled together, his muscles contracted and it seemed to him as if the feeling was propagating itself deeper into his body, his flesh pulling together around his heart that was hammering quickly, bumping against its confines. He inhaled deeply, feeling strangely peaceful all of a sudden.

Her muzzle between his chestfur, Jiddy inhaled his scent with every breath she took. It was almost too much, her entire body was hot and quivering, she longed to get yet closer to him, as even her muscled body could no longer contain the inner tension. She pressed herself against him, buried her muzzle inside his chestfur and in an outburst of craving she suddenly rocked violently, pulled and tore at him, her hands tugging at his chestfur, her muzzle rubbing against his chest, her entire body rubbing against his, her sensitive breasts pressing down on him, her legs tightly closed, creating as much pressure as she could to hold the excitement that gathered between her thighs and drenched her pubic fur.

Spane observed her in surprise, being treated that way was unknown to him, he could not make any sense of her behavior and when he looked over to the two otters, who had observed them all the time, he saw that they were as clueless as he was. But it was obvious that they were rather amazed by the way Jiddy dealt with him.

The lynx girl had stopped, still pressing herself against him, but except for her hard breathing she was motionless now and when he embraced her she looked up.

But the marten held her tight and turned her over, him now lying above her as she offered no resistance at all. They had gotten yet closer to the two otters.

Still holding her he grinned and one of his hands moved from her chest, over her belly, through her pubic fur and to her thighs where it instantly pressed deep into her, winding its way between her closed legs and finding her labia and the opening of her wet sex.

The moment his fingers penetrated her, she bucked, her entire body tensing. Her mouth and her eyes wide open, she gasped when her inner tension finally found the loophole his fingers shaped, rubbing her over-excited labia, his palm

pressing against her mons and her clit, the tips slipping through the wet fabric that tightened around them, quivered in lust, the muscles rippling around them, trying to gain as much pleasure out of them as possible, while Jiddy was overcome by the intensity of her own pleasure. And when the first shock wave subsided her body relaxed, she lay down beneath him, shivering under the caresses of his fingers. Her feelings gathered deep inside her abdomen, before her blood pumped them throughout her entire body. She felt empty except for her outer shell, her skin sparkled intensely and she could not get enough of that feeling yet. So she just lay there and her attention was drawn to his fingers that slipped in and out of her, that explored her depths, stroked her inside which tightened and relaxed around them, while her juice flowed. She could feel the throbbing of her hot blood in her clit as his hands was still resting upon its hideout, the movements of his muscles and sinews incidentally caressing it when he moved his fingers. Instinctively she shifted her position in order to feel his touch at spots he had neglected yet.

Above the squirming lynx the marten smiled to himself, thrilled by the powerful reaction he induced. She reacted to each of his hand's movements, he could feel her tensing, he could feel when she inhaled deeply, when she exhaled, when her nipples suddenly hardened, when more of her juice wet his paw, when the blood throbbed inside her mons, when her sex contracted around his fingers and when it relaxed again, a motion that affected her entire depth, from her labia deep into her abdomen, hot and salacious, something that instantly focused his attention on his own sex again that throbbed powerfully. His breath was hot and quick, excitement crawled underneath his fur, something tore just at the base of his tail as if it wanted to pull him away. But right now he could not imagine any better place than to lie upon the lynx girl, feeling her sex on his fingers and its contractions when they slipped inside and her reaction when she moaned soundlessly, tensing up, pressing her body against him, her eyes and her mouth wide open. The rhythmical movement of his fingers was already exciting when he just tried to imagine how it would feel when his sex would be in place of his fingers. Spane smiled to himself, let his fingers slip out of her, rubbed her swollen labia with them, then let them glide all the way inside again, his palm pressing down on the hidden knob of her clit.

A long-drawn moan made the marten look over to the two otters: Westry's hands were upon Chearly's breasts while his muzzle was between her thighs. The girl was quivering with lust. "Hey, man!" Spane called out breathlessly.

Westry's wet face showed up.

"Don't you think it's about time to ride 'em?"

"Absolutely!" The otter grinned. He leaned forward and the two otters exchanged a quick kiss before Chearly started to turn over.

Spane moved slightly forwards. "It's time for a ride," Spane said with a smile, his paw still active between her thighs.

The lynx girl stared wildly at him, her hot breath hissing between her gritted teeth.

He did not know if that was some kind of approval or not, it did not matter to him anyway. He took hold of her with both of his paws, rose to his knees and in the same movement turned her on her belly. She was now lying mere inches from Chearly who was already on her arms and knees.

The marten's hand brushed over her back, caressed the sensible base of her short, stiff tail, ran over her buttocks and went on between her thighs.

A shiver went throughout her entire body when he touched the base of her tail, that wagged automatically, shaking off the shiver that had traveled through her entire body and just a moment later her mons was touched again and the cold feeling was washed away by the heat of lust and pleasure. Her muscles which had tensed when he had handled her relaxed again, her legs opened and that was just what he needed to kneel down between them.

He took hold of her hip and pulled her upwards (instinctively she supported herself on her elbows), enjoying the sight of her buttocks whose muscles tightened and shaped her entire backside, his hard member nestled in the gap beneath her tail for a moment, tapped the base of her tail, skimming over her tasty tailhole, before he retreated a little bit, took hold of his own sex, carefully moved its tip up and down between her labia...

There was a moan from the otter girl right about this moment.

...and then he pushed forward.

Her eyes closed, Jiddy opened her mouth wide, she rose her head towards a sky she did not see while she was overcome. Her entire body seemed to align itself to the male sex that quickly glided inside of her, parted her awaiting sex, was surrounded by her bodily fluids and enclosed by her netherlips. Every fiber seemed to adjust to the direction of this, they got closer together, tightening around the male sex that was the cause of so much pleasure.

The marten pursed his lips and exhaled audibly, suddenly taken away the power of the feeling he did not expect.

"Tight fit?"

Spane looked over to his friend. "Bet your ass!" he replied, trying to get through the haze of pleasure that clouded his mind and he started to move just like the otter next to him did.

And the lynx responded to it, her ecstatic inner muscles clenched around the male sex, instinctively shifting the pressure, enforcing and releasing its hold on the entire length, tightening around the unknown parts, transmitting their shape into her head until she knew exactly what was there deep inside her, from its furry sheath over its veiny shaft to its round, bigger tip. Jiddy moved, unaware of his hands' grip on her hips and still moving in accord with them. She was unaware of anything around her, even unaware to herself, it had all gone under in the ephemeral satisfaction of the current action, something that fizzled out in such short instants that she had to renew it herself, had to push back her entire body, taking the male sex so deep that her buttocks met his loin and his tightened set of balls. Even though her inside had just given way to him, that instant later it closed around it, enveloped it entirely and held on to it while he retreated again and momentary emptiness took over her abdomen again, something that

corresponded to her state of mind, until the marten came onward again and the pleasure of the moment filled the void.

Resting upon her elbows, the Silver Arc dangling from her neck, she inhaled sharply through her gritted teeth, her eyes closed, her eyebrows risen. The air around her was saturated with sexual scents from the four furs, her nostrils were full of it as it mixed with the hot, sultry air. Her ears were full of the sounds of rushing water and pants and moans; and when she opened her eyes there was the otter girl right beside her, on her arms and knees, shaken by her lover's moves, panting breathlessly, her mouth wide open, her eyes closed, her lips sometimes whispering soundless messages of love, her breasts swinging to and fro. For Jiddy it was all a powerful whirlpool that had sucked her down long ago, she stared at Chearly without seeing her, but the vision fuelled the intensity of her emotions, added to the fire that burned inside her and that drove her on, expressing itself by the heat of her skin and the drops of sweat that found their way through her fur and soaked it slowly.

"Oh, yeah... Oh, fuck, yes..." Above her Spane enjoyed his position, the sight of his rock hard member slipping into the lynx' round, muscled bottom was nothing in comparison to the feeling of it: Every fiber of her body seemed to have arrange itself around the length of his member. He could feel in detail how his glans spread the moist fabric, how it tightened around it once he was fully inside her, caressed the sensible upper side whose touch released uncountable sparks into his bloodstream and the robust downside which fully experienced the pressure and was flowed round by her inner fluids while her swollen labia held on to it when he retired. And in the meantime he could observe how the muscles of her back, those which showed beyond the curves of her tight buttocks, were moving beneath her dark brown, spotted fur, as if they were all involved in this: They tightened and relaxed, shifted and twisted as if they were all around his shaft which absorbed the feeling just like any other inside his body, drained it.

"Ah, yeah, uhm..." The feeling proceeded through his spine, shivers of excitement shooting up and down his backbone, lingering at the base of his tail while his heart hammered inside his chest whose skin seemed to burn beneath his fur. His lips were dry and his balls tickled. He could feel the moisture that reigned between her legs, it had already wet him too. Most of all it was a powerful odor too, a fragrance that was all around him, every time he inhaled or panted. It stuck to his nostrils, sweet, heavy and tangy. "Fuuuuck..." He went all the way inside her and noticed how her hips shifted slightly, moving around his member, letting it feel the smooth hold of her inner muscles that ran over it, rubbing against each other and caressing his sex for a moment until he retreated again and thrust forward again, eliciting another motion of her hips, something that went right through him and conjuring up a smile upon his lips when the intense shiver of pleasure it cause had wandered throughout his entire body to unfold inside his head. It was something that he knew these feline hips were made for. "Uh, yeah..."

He looked toward Westry, a broad smile on his lips. But the otter did not notice because he was entirely transfixed by his mate. He was moving fast and

erratically, his hands quickly guiding Chearly's hips which took his sex into her. Beneath her tail the member glistened wetly with their mixed juices and the sight of it disappearing inside the female otter's beautifully curved, stretched buttocks was charming him. The otter girl moaned sweetly whenever she took him in and Spane could get a look at her swinging breasts too.

Then Westry noticed Spane's look and after he studied Spane's activities their eyes met and they grinned to each other before they intensified their endeavors, the two males side by side holding their kneeling lovers' hips in their paws, pulling them closer.

Jiddy reacted to the quickening of the pace, her gritted teeth opened, her lips quivered and her eyebrows twitched as the tension inside her abdomen grew stronger, it was already shooting throughout her body, her breasts had tensed so much, her nipples were painfully hard, her head was empty and her spine glowed with the white heat of pleasure she could not get enough of, every fiber of her body seemed to twitch in anticipation.

The paws upon her hips almost slipped off the sweaty fur, suddenly lacking the strength to hold on as every bit of it was flowing into Spane's loins. "Fuuuuu..." He gritted his teeth, opened them again, panting and moving on, obeying the urge to get more of those feelings this female opening was inducing into every inch of his quivering sex.

A heart-rending moan rang out when Chearly reached her peak, shivering and pressing herself against the gasping otter boy behind her who gritted his teeth and mindlessly slammed his hips against hers, rocking the girl by the power of his moves while he tensed his entire body, his muzzle pointing to the sky while he screwed up his eyes. His tail twitched one last time before it went stiff all of a sudden and Chearly let go a weakish whimper.

But neither Spane nor Jiddy consciously noticed any of that. The lynx was got in a whirl of her own, far beyond reach, her body lost in ecstasy and Spane was so hot that he felt like his head would go off any moment, his entire face burned, just like his furless pads and his member was still slipping in and out of her opening, was still caressed by the powerful hold of her inner muscles, her swollen labia had still enclosed it and his glans were still parting the depths that hid underneath the tight surface of her buttocks and suddenly a rush of blood shot into his head and he thrust forward, held her as tight as he could (her hips revolved around his member) and he yelled when all of his excitement transformed spontaneously and overcame him.

Beneath him Jiddy was taken by surprise by the power of his pull and before she could have grasped it his glans had ascended inside her, casting away everything in its way and her inner muscles instantly contracted around it and she went over the edge: A flash shot through her, her mouth opened in a soundless moan, her face cramped and her entire body tensed one last time before the release washed over him, satisfaction relaxed her muscles.

He rolled his eyes, his arms twitched, pulling her closer even though it was impossible, rocking her instead, forcing her down on his sex while it released his semen. He twitched and quivered, while his body tried to adapt to the intensity

of the feelings that flooded him, from the tiny sparks that shot through the veins of his arms and legs to the big bolts that went from his loins to his head, discarding every ordinary sense while his mind was busy dealing with the abundance of joyous emotions that shook until he could feel the almost painful drain in his balls and the rush of blood was replaced by the rush of water again and he could see the heavily clouded sky above him again.

Jiddy could feel how his member twitched inside her, how his juice mixed with hers while the heat of passion was replaced by the warmth of satisfaction that spread throughout her body, from her abdomen into every fiber. Shivers were still running up her spine, seemed to extent even to her hair tips, but sooner or later they weakened too and her conscious mind returned again, made her aware that she had been looking at Chearly and Westry who had collapsed onto his lover and the otter girl had turned her head and they had engaged in a kiss.

The lynx was resting upon her arms, her backside still risen behind her, still held by the marten as she could still feel the marten's throbbing member inside her while it was getting smaller, but still releasing sperm which flowed around inside of her sex, but had also wet her labia and had already started to run down her thighs. The pleasure of the penetration was still lingering inside her sex.

"Oh, man!" Spane withdrew. He tried to rise but he was rather weakened and almost fell down. He laughed shortly and he came around, sitting down in the sand right in front of Jiddy, spreading his legs wide apart. "Come here!" He took Jiddy by her shoulders and she allowed him to guide her to his lips where they exchanged a quick kiss.

In the meantime Westry had snuggled up on Chearly's back.

Jiddy was still dazzled, but her heart was still beating powerfully, as if it was not over yet.

Far above them, dark clouds had gathered above the canyon.

Spane strengthened the hold on her and pushed her down into his lap.

Before she had understood it, his sex was in front of her muzzle, its scents inside her nose again and Jiddy licked the semen and her own juice off which had mixed upon his member. It had lost almost all of its hardness by now. Spane's hand came down on the back of her head and pressed her down and her mouth opened and she enveloped the sex with it, her lips squeezing out the last remains of semen.

Chearly who had watched this, pulled a face, but did not say a thing.

Spane noticed it anyway. "She's my girl," he said and grinned towards her.

Up in the sky gigantic, dark clouds gathered, brooding above the valley. Powerful winds drove them forward, it was like looking down onto a surging sea. But down on the ground there were only mild gust of wind that carried along the scent of ozone. A strange, dim twilight reigned all around, unlike night or day. The air seemed to quiver with tension.

Jiddy was wide awake but felt as if she was dreaming. She stared into the sky above her, transfixed by the sight of the clouds towering up. Her hair fluttered in the wind.

She was still lying in Spaxe's embrace, the marten had dozed off, she could feel his steady breath. Chearly and Westry had to be sleeping too, she knew without looking at them.

And the longer she looked up into the sky, the more something surged up inside her too. It was as if she was responding to some kind of a call.

She gulped and inhaled deeply. If she had not lain on her back her tail would have wagged frantically. The longer she observed what happened in the sky above her the more anxious she became. But still she was not able to do anything but to lie there and watch the sky.

Another powerful gust of wind rushed through the canyon, the grass on the beach rustled and the low flames of the dying campfire flared up.

Heavy drops had been carried along this time and they fell down on the furs of the young people, lying there.

Spaxe twitched and opened his eyes. "Huh...?" he grunted. Another powerful gust of wind rushed about him and loose sand flew about his face.

Westry and Chearly had waken too and rose their heads.

"Damn, there's a thunderstorm coming...," Spaxe said instantly. "Let's get going, quick!"

And before he could finish his sentence another, even more powerful gust of wind rushed about the four furs, got hold of their clothes and they fluttered strongly. More drops of rain fell into the sand around them.

"Hurry!" Westry said to Chearly, although it was rather pointless because the otter girl had no intention to wait any longer. She had sat up and tried to get hold of her clothes that were about to be fly away. She yipped when the wind almost tore her dress out of her hands.

"Jiddy!" Spaxe looked at the lynx, while trying to get hold of his clothes. "We must hurry!"

The lynx girl heard him, but somehow it seemed to her as if he was miles away. She did not react, she was still looking upwards.

"Where's my pants?" Westry almost yelled. "Where's my damn pants?" He pulled his shirt over his head as quickly as he could, while Chearly tried to get into her dress.

Spaxe was getting into his pants, quickly pulling them on, not caring about buttoning them. "Let's get out of here. This is going to get nasty tonight!"

"Yeah..." Westry agreed, chasing after his pants the wind had blown into a tuft of grass. His limp sex was dangling between his thighs.

Chearly had stood up too, holding most of her clothes in her paws as she had not delayed herself by getting her underwear on.

Random drops of rain soaked Spaxe's fur while he buttoned his tailflap. "Let's get going!" He looked around. "Jiddy?" He stared at the lynx girl who was still sitting there, looking at the sky. Her short hair fluttered all about her face. "What's up?"

“Spane, come on!” Westry yelled at him. The otter and his girlfriend were already on their way to the town.

“Spane! Come on!” Clearly had to cry real loud because the wind, the starting rain and the roaring of the river had gotten too loud.

The marten hesitated for another moment and then he turned around and ran after the two otters who were running ahead.

The lynx girl inhaled deeply. She could smell the ozone of the oncoming thunderstorm and when she did so a cold shiver ran through her entire body, corresponding to the tension she felt inside her. There was a turmoil inside her chest, it was a tickling, irritating sensation. Her heart beat powerfully and her skin was hot from excitement although this had absolutely no connection to the earlier lovemaking. This feeling was completely different, much more alien and disturbing. She could even feel the powerful call of her instincts at the edge of her mind, calling her to fight or to flee from whatever was waiting ahead. But on the other hand she knew that this was only supposed to be a thunderstorm coming along, a thunderstorm she could feel deep inside her very flesh.

Like an immense explosion the first blow of lightning boomed through the valley. For a short instant the whole sky went white and then thunder rolled powerfully, its low sound shaking everything.

Jiddy started, her entire body twitched. But when the thunder rolled she felt somehow relieved as if she had only anticipated this.

The clouds were in turmoil and around the lynx heavy drops were starting to fall regularly. Their soft dripping adding to the sounds of the unleashed nature.

Jiddy stood up, she could feel the rain and the wind in her fur. It was as if it blew away every strangers' trace on her body when the wind pulled at her muscled body. The blood was sparkling inside her veins, there was still a profound yearn inside her chest, as if something wanted to get free. But instead she inhaled deeply and the cool air filled her lungs, strengthened her, freed her from pressure she had never consciously felt before.

Once again the clouds above her were lit up by lightning, thunder rolled and its echo multiplied between the walls of the canyon.

She looked up and the sky seemed to fall down on her. But it was nothing but a gush of rain that soaked her almost instantly.

Lightning struck randomly now, thunder rolled and the wind and the rain roared all around the lynx girl who suddenly looked very small.

The cold rain eased the heat and she sighed. She was still tense, her tail wagged strongly and the Silver Arc around her neck felt unusually heavy. It irritated her because she did not know what was happening. But the rain on her skin made her feel alive despite its unleashed power. Within moments it had matted her fur down, revealed the curves of her muscles and had washed away the stains of Spane's semen that had stuck to her fur. Her headfur hang into her face and the water flowed down her face, her neck, her back and every limb of her body. Her tail hang downwards, heavily soaked, water dropping from its tip.

She rubbed over her face, pushing the water from her eyes and when she looked up again, her eyes opened wide: At first she was convinced that it was

just a trick of the light, an illusion of the rain and the lightning. But it did not disappear, instead it got bigger the closer it got.

Like a giant snake of swirling water and wind, a huge insubstantial shape shot through the air, just above the river. It flew around in wide circles, turning around itself and spiralling through the air. It seemed to dance to the sound of the thunderstorm and whenever it shook itself thunder roared with unrestrained power. The lightning made its lithe body glisten in the rain while it shot through the air, flying freely.

Jiddy was paralyzed. With an open mouth she stared at the apparition. She could feel the rain on her tongue and she gulped it down. Water was flowing through her fur as if she was a part of rain too.

Suddenly the flying thing changed its course, it turned around itself, dived underneath its own tail and shot straight towards the lynx.

Her instincts shrieked alarmingly, told her to get away as quickly as possible. But she did not move.

With incredible speed the swirling shape approached her and then shot past above her.

And for a moment she was certain that she had seen eyes that had looked at her just like she had looked at it too.

Thunder rolled and boomed through the valley and a moment later the lynx was all alone in the rain again.

End of Chapter 12

Annotation 1: Hyakan Numbers are an traditional numerative system from the lands surrounding Lake Hyaku (also known as the Hundred Kingdoms). It is very basic numerative system basing upon the number 8.

Annotation 2: Whoever is on the warpath is a representative of an entire tribe, seeking redemption for a crime committed against the whole of the tribe. Being on the warpath is the *ultima ratio* of tribal law as it usually means death to the offender. An entire tribe can be on the warpath, as well as individual members, depending upon the nature of the offence and the offender.

Annotation 3: White Lizards are small blind reptiles usually found in caves. They are common cattle as they are easily bred and the meat they produce is edible, although very greasy. In order to give it some taste, it is most often smoked.

Annotation 4: Slavery is still common in the lands to the south. The lands and town of the Midlands banned it long time ago. In this specific context the term *slave* rather stands for some sort of personal servant (see below).

Annotation 5: The leonid society consists of tribal matriarchies. Only those chosen by the lionesses belong to the tribe and are allowed to become a member, although males and members of different species are never considered to be full members of the tribe. Still the membership means that the tribe would take care of the new members' needs in return for their service to the lionesses. Thus the two lionesses consider their proposal a special honor, as they are offering Jiddy the unique chance to become a part of their tribe. Turning their offer down could be considered a great offense.

Annotation 6: Yellow tobacco is unlike real tobacco (usually called brown tobacco). Yellow and red tobacco are made from different herbs. Yellow tobacco is considered to be much more flavorsome (thus more expensive than real one) and red tobacco is particularly strong and has a mild relaxing effect not unlike cannabis (it is usually blended with the two other kinds).

Annotation 7: As there is no such thing as cigaret paper, a thin piece of special, dried parchment is used instead.

Annotation 8: Skull Ravens are corvids with a unique, white and black plumage. With their feathers spread they display the crude picture of a white face on their chest and wings. They are the size of crows and usually found in rocky surroundings.

Annotation 9: The tailvent (also called tailflap) is the opening at the back of pants, trousers and skirts where the tail comes out.

Annotation 10: It is common for couples to have sex in the presence of other couples. Many tribes do not do it any other way and many brothels do not even have separate rooms. Technically this is no group sex as everyone stays with his or her chosen partner for the whole time.