

**** THE DESIRES OF ESTELLA ****

An Erotic Furry Tale

E p i s o d e I

v1.0 20Nov03

Written by the Sawblade

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Four men, not particularly known for their good deeds, crunched and flounced amid the myriad leaves on the path cutting into the forest. The air was breezy and clear, it was a bright sunny autumn day. Birds were singing, and the occasional leaf floated down to the ground. Scrapes, wounds and sweat were all over the men's skin. They were all carrying bags full of gold, weapons, food and other stolen goods.

The men sauntered on down the path, smiling, cheery and half-drunk. They had recently been on a "hunt."

"Ah, such a good bounty we have got for ourselves this day, do not you all agree, my fellow plunderers?", said Retierr, a tall slender man with a wiry and cunning face, clearly the leader of this no-good brigade.

"Yes, yes, yes...We certainly are fine hunters! We have enough gold to start ourselves a kingdom of our own, if we so wished...", said Anaten, a man of average height, whose only facial features visible through his tattered black cloak was his bushy eyebrows, which made his eyes seem all the more maniacal.

"The bat people certainly seem to have a lot of wealth...What strange creatures..." A hearty, sarcastic laugh followed forth from Niatt, a man of compressed stature and decorated with an unkempt mane.

The fourth man; a new arrival by the name of Tiger, was a bulky and muscular man, with a horrible, rapsy voice. He said "We should be proud. It takes fine warriors to conquer such savage fighters." This noble sentiment was broken by rough, mucoid coughing. "Let us, ahem, rejoice in our bounty."

Retierr put his hands around his companions in a clumsy, drunken embrace. "Rejoice, my brothers," he yelled raucously. The other three grunted an unintelligible male expression of solidarity. They continued down the path.

Thwack! Blood spit forth from Niatt's head. He slumbered about disorientedly, muttering sounds of pain mixed with surprise and disbelief, and then proceeded to fall. An arrow protruded from his head; he was shot near his temple, it had fatally penetrated his skull.

The mood changed from jubilant to fearful. The party was stunned; for they had a lot of loot and gold with them, and it wasn't immediately obvious to anyone in the party if they should drop everything and try to hunt down the archer responsible, or take everything and run. Retierr, Anaten and Tiger had their eyes open as wide as they could possibly be.

Tiger gasped, "Who goes there? What is it that we do now?". No one moved for a second. Anaten, deciding to fend for himself, tightly clutched his bags of bounty and started to run away. "Traitor!", yelled Retierr. "Get him! No one disbands from me!", he yelled again; and Retierr and Tiger both followed the black-cloaked Anaten in an attempt to catch him.

Anaten advanced no farther than ten steps when, *thwack!* An arrow pierced Anaten's heart; he yelped, staggered for a minute or two, and then clutching the arrow that had went through his body, fell. The metal items in his bags made a clinking noise as they hit the ground.

Tiger and Retierr stared at each other for a moment. Whether it was coincidence or telepathy, both rogues had the same idea. Tiger took his bags of treasure and hid behind a tree on the side of the path. Retierr threw his bags down and hid behind a tree on the opposite side.

The breeze began to pickup into a steady wind, blowing leaves everywhere.

A loud, deep voice emanated from some distance: "This is what happens to those who invade our territory. Come out and fight!" The voice's request went unheeded by both Tiger and Retierr, who had their backs up against the trees they were behind, trembling...

Tiger immediately stepped out from behind the tree, dragging his booty bag with him, yelling "You're the coward! Show your damn face, and fight like a man!" He barely finished the sentence before a third whack sounded. A split second later, there was also heard a painful groan, the sound of a falling body, and more clinking metal noises.

"Coward, indeed! You who prey on innocent villagers, unable to defend themselves, you are the cowards!" rebuked the deep voice.

Retierr muttered an expletive under his breath, and remained very still, not making even the slightest noise. Only half a minute passed, but it seemed an eternity to Retierr, and after what had happened to his companions, he dared not move. Then he heard footsteps rustling through the autumn leaves, and held his breath.

Thwack! The sound was very loud, and made Retierr's ears ring. He cringed, and held his eyes shut, expecting pain to follow, but after several moments there was nothing. He opened his eyes, slowly inspected his head for wounds, and found nothing. He looked at his hands and stomach, and there were no arrows.

"Come out from behind the tree, very slowly now, if you want to live," the deep voice said. Holding his hands up, Retierr followed the orders.

The arrow was on the other side of the tree, exactly at his head level when he was hiding, stuck almost midway through the tree. Standing in front of him was one of the "bat people", with a bow and arrow, drawn back and pointed straight at Retierr's heart.

The male creature of about six feet in height had dark skin, of a bluish-brown color. He was slim and muscular, with the facial features of a bat, the wings of a bat, and large clawed talons. He had long sharp teeth set in a powerful jaw, which were clean, even and almost shiny; a large pink rodent nose like the actual bat, and very dark and intimidating eyes. His large wingspan, about four times the width of his body, was spread full, and waving slightly in the wind. The male bat-creature was adorned with a sliver half-helmet, metal armbands and kneepads, black leather gloves and boots. On his body he was wearing two studded leather straps, and a red loincloth. The slight movement of his stomach with his breathing combined with his stare and stance to be a most threatening and fear-instilling effect.

He yelled, while continuing to point the arrow straight at Retierr and staring directly into his eyes: "Come. Gather the things, I have him!" Retierr dared not move. Three more of the half-bats appeared, one female, a short male, and a taller male, their wings drifting behind them lazily on the wind. They drew in closer to look at the bat-archer's capture.

"So this is the grimy little bastard," said the female.

The short male kicked Tiger's corpse, observing the battle damage. "And these must have been his partners."

The taller male moved in for a close look at the captive. "Ah-ha...", the taller companion of the archer said, grabbing Retierr's jaw and moving his face in an obvious agitation attempt. Retierr instinctively began to put up resistance, but the sight of the drawn arrow kept him still. "Good work, Reikas. His Highness should be most proud."

Keeping the bow taut and not moving either one of his hands or arm an inch, keeping the arrow straight on Retierr's head, Reikas smiled, and laughed humbly. "Why, thank you, my friends. Did you bring irons, Shezan?"

The short bat-creature said "Oh, oh, yes... of course, please permit that I wrap up our dear King's gift!" Shezan drew forth two hand irons and a neck iron from a sack, and several lengths of chain, and proceeded to bind Retierr. The taller bat-creature provided assistance. Meanwhile, the female was gathering the bags, and taking inventory of the recovered property.

Shortly thereafter they delivered Retierr to their king, and a banquet was held in Reikas' honor. Reikas dined with the King, and had his first look at the Princess up close...

The night was calm and pleasantly cool, illuminated by a not-yet-full moon. Inside, it was dark, but Princess Estella had not bothered to light any candles. Within the center tower, in her father's castle, she sat atop the inner ledge of her window, her hands resting on her crossed knees, intaking of the slightly cool temperature and soft, subtle breeze. Her father's banquet had ended a short while ago, and she was still wearing her white evening gown, which wisped about lazily in the night air; with her wings.

Thoughts went through her mind, thoughts of Reikas. She closed her eyes, and elicited a gentle sigh as she imagined herself close to him, able to let him touch her, able to put her arms around him...Reikas had been at the banquet earlier, but she did not have the courage to speak to him. Despite the fact the entire function was in his honor, in recognition of his outstanding work of capturing a rogue human wanted by the King himself, her father would never want her to set eyes on a commoner. No matter the magnitude of a commoner's accomplishments, it would not matter to the King...

Tears began to form in her eyes. She slid off the window sill, and remounted it, this time crouching on the ledge, grasping firmly with her long and slender clawed feet. She bent forward, placing her hands between her feet, and gracefully spreading her wings slightly back, into the room behind her; forming a pose of frustrated meditation. Below, one could see a great deal of the lower levels of castle and outer keep, and a fair amount of her father's kingdom. Everywhere visible was the sight of dim buildings peppered with flames of torches.

"I know you are out there, Reikas", she whispered to herself..."I hunger for you so badly..." She closed her eyes.

Suddenly she heard a noise, and her eyes popped open, startled. The door was opening...

Candle leaked into the room, accompanied by a seemingly deafening creaking from the door. "Estella...I've brought you your bed clothes...Wh...what is the Princess doing perched atop the window, dear?" A stout and motherly figure, with a short pug-nose, worn teeth and folded little wings peered through the door.

It was Aitienne, her caretaker. Estella merely looked at Aitienne, and then to the floor. "Is there something making the Princess ill of heart? Are you feeling well, dear?" said Aitienne, lighting the candle on Estella's table. Estella sighed as she jumped down from the window.

"Nothing ails me...my mind is merely busy this particular night."

"Your fire is out, shall I have it rekindled"

"No, I will take care of it."

Aitienne sighed, and gave forth a frustrated flap of her wings. "Perhaps a little rest is in order," she said.

Estella was now standing in front of the window, with her hands behind her back, staring outside. She faked a yawn. "Perhaps...It is all the well anyway, as I shall be retiring soon."

An expression of resigned concern appeared on Aitienne's face for a moment.

"Very well. Your father wishes me to tell you that he bids you good night." Estella did not bother to respond, and Aitienne left after a moment, closing the door behind her. It made a heavy, resonant sound as it was shut, as though the Princess was locked in a dungeon.

At last, privacy! Estella locked her door, given that it was her caretaker's final call of the night.

That was precisely how Estella felt at times, locked, imprisoned by her position in life. Despite the fact she was among the highest royalty in the kingdom, aside from her mother and father, at times she felt even the lowliest peasant had more freedom to follow through on his or her passions than she had.

Estella undid the buttons in the front of her evening gown. The gowns and dresses worn by her species did not usually have zippers in the back, as it was necessary to leave the back bare so the wings could be free. So, she pulled the one strap down, and then the other, raised her arms and let the gown fall gracefully to the floor. The only clothes she was wearing were her light green lacy underwear, a silver bracelet on her left hand and two sets of dangling earrings on either ear.

She stepped out of the dropped gown, and walked to the other side of her room, where there was hanging on the wall an ornate full-length mirror.

The reflection in that mirror was one of a primal and raw dark-blue-and-pink-skinned female beauty. The large furry bat-ears, pink on the inside, with their complex depths of contours formed the perfect frame to her small, smooth animalish face. Small, dark, soulful eyes stared back. A little and delicate rodent-like pink nose protruded from the center of her round-yet-tough face, with flared nostrils, beneath which long and sexy fangs glistened in the moonlight. While her eyes and teeth suggested a harsh, aggressive quality; her nose and round, dainty chin counterexpressed a soft and sexy feminine character. She had a slender neck, with fur covering the back, draped with shoulder-length straight and shiny pitch-black hair that also furled around the top of her head. She was, at the moment, running her hands through her hair. She had sharp claws on her fingers, and they still had red paint from the banquet. The back of her hands were furry, and the dark fur covered her forearms all the way to her elbows; She was a bit muscular, and had slight definition in her arms and abdomen. All the feminine qualities of her body were especially so; she had firm, large breasts; and they hung on her lovingly and beautifully, luscious and tantalizing in their subtle movements with the rest of her body. She had wide, girlish hips, giving her body a very sexy curve, and while she was not flabby in the least bit, the Princess' hindquarters were enticingly round and sizable. Her light green underwear efficiently contained her pubic hair, a thick and full mound of lush fur that ran up to below her bellybutton, but her underwear only covered the lower half of it. She had not-so-short legs, pleasing in their tight tone. Dark, dense fur covered her calf and went clear to her foot, near where her long toes were. Her feet were the typical third-section feet of her species, a long, flat foot culminating with slender talons on her four toes. This entire majestic, feral, sexual beauty was bracketed by two large bat-wings, which lay behind her in a relaxed state.

She let her fingers run through her hair and clasped her hands gently on the sides of her collarbone, emitting a soft breathy sigh. Whenever she felt trapped, she liked to be naked in front her reflection. It reminded her that while others could control her actions, her mind was hers and hers alone. It felt good to her, to be in front of the mirror, watch the reflection and know that she was in total control.

She gently touched the underside of her chin with her left fingertips, while her right hand slowly went across her chest to between her breasts, contact being made at first with the whole hand and then ending up to be only the tips of her clawed fingers as her hand reached her cleavage. She flapped her wings out and continued to rub her neck, grazing the spot behind her ears with her fingertips as she made a slow, sensuous motion from one side of her neck to the other. How nice it would be, she thought to herself, if Reikas was here, behind her, touching her, running his strong manly hands around my back, his grasp on my hips, holding my breasts. Her left hand cupped around her left breast, and her right hand followed on her other breast. Imagining and wishing it was her dream lover's hand, she massaged the top of her breast with her fingertips, and made gentle clutching motions, culminating in playful flicks of her nipples. She arched back, opening her mouth with a pleased look to her eyes and posture, imagining a hand running up and down her back while clutching her breast. She grabbed her full and bountiful bosom from the bottom, and ran her hands firmly from there upward to her neck, and repeated the motion downward, grasping and gently pinching and pulling on her nipples when her hands were close to them. She ever-so-gently stimulated her breasts, upper chest and underside of her chin with her claws; the slightly tickly feeling was extremely arousing.

She opened her eyes and looked at herself in the mirror, with a misty, intoxicated look in her face; a dreamy many-toothed smile on her snout. Getting more intense with herself, she started firmly clutching and flouncing her breasts

around with her hand, imaging it was Reikas playing with them, imaging his manly bat-smell, imaging how it would feel for him to kiss her between her breasts, and all over her chest; thinking how nice it would feel for him to lick her nipples, kiss her deeply, nibble on her ear...She purred quietly at the intensely pleasant thoughts...

The fire was smoking and going out, but it was no matter, as Reikas would not be camping in the same spot tomorrow. It wasn't very cold anyway. The full moon lit up the meadow with an ominous glow, and all was silent except for the crackling of the smoldering ashes, and the sound of crickets.

Inside the cozy tent, Reikas was tossing and turning. His eyes opened. He tried to return to sleep, but his full bladder would not permit it. He crawled out of the tent with difficulty; hampered by a very intense erection. He almost hurt himself. Luckily, he was alone, so there was no opportunity for anyone to laugh at him.

His iron-hard organ stood straight out in front of him, much to the chagrin of Reikas. He made a half-hearted effort to cover it, and dragged himself in his compromising state to behind his tent and proceeded to relieve himself. The range of his urine stream was a bit more than normal due to his engorged state. Touching himself, he realized this was no ordinary erection. It seemed unusually thick and hard, and very ready for action. It pointed upward slightly, acting as though he was in front of three ready females in heat. His testicles seemed to pulsate. His ears were hot, and red. Reikas uttered a silent exclamation of surprise mixed with embarrassment...he didn't have erections of this strength since he was a teenager...It didn't make sense to him; for he had spent some time with his lady friend during the day...

He looked into the sky, breathing in the night air, but any meditations were not to be--the massive beast throbbing between his legs would not allow it. He blushed; he thought himself to look rather silly standing outside his tent with a huge protrusion from his nightclothes. Embarrassed, he tried again to cover himself and clumsily crawled back into the tent...

Well, obviously, Estella had managed to work herself into a state of arousal. It was dark, but even in the moonlight you could tell her ears were a bright red color, her nose was a similar shade, she was blushing slightly, and her nipples stood at attention, ready for action. She threw her hands up and around her head, and began to shift and swivel her hips, moving her head back and forth, watching her breasts and hair flow with the movements of her body, enjoying the feel of the motions. She touched herself as she danced, moving her lovely form around, caressing her breasts and silding her hands up and down her sides, her hips, and across her stomach, in time with her movements. The furry bat-wings behind her followed her sensual rhythm with a mesmerizing fluidity. Whilst dancing and writhing about, she inched her claws up slowly, up across her stomach, up across her breasts, touching under her chin and gently up across her face, through her hair, touching the back of her ears, and back down her sides, to the folds between her legs and her sweet furry center.

She took her index fingers and began to massage her crevices, from the top to where it touched her leg. Her dancing started to transform into more concentrated pelvic thrusting, and her breathing became heavier. With each stroke up and down she moved closer to the center, using more fingers to touch, inching underneath her underwear, stroking her thick pubic fur and getting closer to her lips with each stroke, moving her fingers in between the layers of her vaginal fur...

Estella bent down, and stripped off her light green undies, tossing them aside. She assumed a readied stance in front of the mirror, observing and feeling her hands move across her stomach, and downward to her lower fur.

While she had a significant amount of hair down there, it wasn't like the short, bristly, tangled, curly human pubic hair; it was straight, soft and shiny, similar to her mane. She moved her fingertips through the thickness, enthralled by the sensation; very similar to running the fingers through the head of hair, but with the added bonus of genital tantalization. The stimulation compelled her to emit a quiet, soft, sexual growl. Eventually, both her hands silthered to either side of her lower fur patch, and she spread it apart, feeling some of the dampness of her horniness, opening her pink, steamy treasure. She slouched her hips back and forth while holding herself outspread, causing her lovely, steaming, female delicacy to writhe and gyrate in a nasty, animated fashion.

"I want you in me, Reikas", she whispered, letting her head float around hypnotically. A few tears began to form in her eyes. She put her knees on the floor, spreading her lovely legs apart. Her wings flapped forward a bit, forming a small sheltered zone above and behind her. Her love flower was spread apart and fully visible in the mirror now, a moist, pink, blooming rose; glowing radiant with pure and unadulterated female desire; embraced by her dark and thick genital fur, leading into the strong and slightly muscular yet creamy inner thighs. Her clitoris was swollen, and hung at attention, asking to be touched. Her wet, inner lips were also turgid; red and shapely, forming an inviting border into her inner cavern of lust.

She placed her hands on her inner thighs, and massaged the area. Her eyes were closed, and the tears streamed down her face, twinkling in the moonlight. She worked her way inward, through the bottom sides of her fur, massaging and rubbing all the way. Her hand began to stroke her lips, which were very wet, almost dripping with the honeydew of her desire, with rhythmic vertical movements, edging along the outside, then the inside, then the top, teasing her clitoris. Her other hand found it's way to her chin, her chest, and her breast, massaging the entire general area with no specific target in mind as she did so.

It felt good to be touched like that. All over, encompassing...touched everywhere... She continued to rub her moist and red-hot vagina; and the intensity of her self-fondling grew. She was stroking her clitoris now, playing with it, enjoying th pleasure it unleashed throughout her. Quiet groans and growls of pleasure were heard among her self-inflicted touches. Her breathing became heavier, deeper and rhythmic. Her stroking became stronger and stronger in intensity; sweat began to form on her brow.

Reikas lay inside his tent, covered up, his eyes shut. He was trying to fall asleep; he had to find food in the morning. He was restlessly shifting positions to and fro, trying to get comfortable in the small tent. The tent shook and rustled with each movement, adding to his agitation. All attempts of him to ignore his rigid companion were not successful. He found himself extremely aroused and thinking many lewd thoughts of various females he encountered and thought sexy to him. His refined, civil sense found this abhorrent, and therefore Reikas was in a mild state of self-conflict; his inner beast heavily stimulated and wanting to play, his civilized side castigating him into waiting for the proper time and place.

But really, Reikas was not so pious as to deny himself pleasure when it came knocking on his door. Amid a flurry of thoughts, images of the banquet he attended earlier that evening settled into his mind, among many competing other images, and the Princess became his dominant thought. Imaginings of her naked dark-bluish body enveloped by her sexy wings, her seductive smile, her luscious little snout, this gem of a she-bat; spread in front of him, ready to receive him, the scent of her arousal; these thoughts pounded against his brain convulsively, tethering his mind as a succubus.

Reikas' veneer of rectitude could not withstand this intense assault, and it crumbled. He grasped himself. Besides, he was alone. Reikas found it necessary to take care of some business, and relieved himself of the pressure in a most enjoyable autoerotic way; with much vigor; almost hurting himself in the process. This was, also, reminiscent of his early teenage years, when he was more compelled to do such things.

"I want to feel you in me, Reikas. I want you on top of me, thrusting your manhood deep inside of me", heaved Estella in harsh whispers between deep breaths and growls. Almost losing her balance, due to the fact one hand was in her crotch and the other was touching her breasts, she let herself recline, falling on her wings, and she spread her legs wide, placing one foot on the nearby bed, keeping her hand moving on her sweet, steamy cleft. "Take me, Reikas, I am yours" the viscous she-bat muttered, in a heavy and breathy low voice. Two of her fingers parted her wet, moist vaginal lips, and slithered their way inside her moist chasm. She thrust her clawed fingers rhythmically inside and out, bending the fingers at that perfect angle so as to hit against the top wall of her inner love canal. (It was the custom of her kind to only keep the thumbnail sharp, so this caused her not the slightest discomfort) In and out, in and out her fingers went, while her other hand was pinching the nipple of her right breast. Each movement inside and out was pure pleasure and relief to Estella; breathy low-pitched moans came from her mouth, bringing her closer and closer into ecstasy.

"I feel you Reikas, I feel you on top of me, I feel you in me..."; chanted Estella, in between huffing, puffing, quiet moans and growls. The penetration of her fingers into her now red-hot and dripping flesh was now no longer gentle, the movements became deep and hard. Her thoughts were completely concentrated on her dream lover, how he looked on top of her, his strong arms on either side of her, bridging him as he delved between her legs with his strong and sexy body. Repeatedly she said "Take me...take all of me..." Her wings spread taut; responding to the climax building up within her; encircling Estella down on the rug. She clutched one of her large breasts and grasped it so she could flick the nipple in her tongue. Total ecstasy now overtook her.

After a moment she then sacrificed the breastlicking, needing the extra hand to stroke her pulsating clitoris, moving it up and down, her pelvic zone thrusting up and down as though her lust object was thrusting in and out of her. She could almost smell the sexy love-sweat of her dream boy, and feel his breath on her face. Her breathing now was very intense, expelled violently from her lungs as the breath-sound came out, making it a very raw sound. All her movements were unified now in one grand penetration and withdrawal cycle, in, out, in, out...The words she was repeating to herself degenerated into indefinite grunts; she was getting close. Her one hand was dacing as a hummingbird's wings across her clitoris, the other hand's two fingers deep within her vagina; making squelchy noises amid the moisture; pressing up inside as high as they could go.

She was about to explode. She imagined Reikas on top of her, penetrating her deeply, entering that aggressive male pre-climax state. Her body became the epicenter of an earthquake; her hair, her face, her wings thrashing about. Her growls conglomerated into one continuous howl of ecstasy.

And then it came...everything clamped inward, her entire vagina clutched with the strength of an alligator's jaw around her two fingers; torrents of pleasure shot through her body, with a dual sensation of release and relief. The climax shook her, inside and out. The upper arms of her wings clenched and moved upward, shaking under the outflow of pressure. She bit her tongue, trying not to scream, her face seemingly about to burst, her teeth clenched and grating against each other, almost unable to contain the screams of ecstasy she wanted to set free. More tears fell from her eyes, their paths led askew by Estella's shaking.

She imagined Reikas releasing his issue within her, able to feel it inside of her. Her hips buckled back and forth violently, taking a life of their own. Wetness exploded forth, and gushed everywhere as her climax released itself upon her. She yielded to the force; and let the orgasm have her. Estella felt as though she was in suspended animation; enjoying the waves of her explosive orgasm release itself upon her, uncontrolling and as receptive as a autumn leaf in a hurricane.

A minute and a half passed, and then she started to come down. She gently pet her clitoris; very slowly, enjoying the sensitivity of it in her orgasmic aftermath. The pleasurable rushes continued, and then faded out. She started to relax, and a euphoria proceeded to sink upon her, and sighs of relief amid sweat and tears came forth from Estella.

She lay there, crying; not of pain but of a feeling of so much tension released, letting it all go. She placed her hand on the top of her fur, and her other hand on her stomach, and closed her eyes; and did nothing but to lay there for a time, smiling to herself, catching her breath. A silent, low purr of satisfaction came from her.

Very spent and drained was the Princess. She sighed, a deep sound of satisfaction. It took some effort for her to get off the rug in front of her mirror; she was dizzy. A large damp spot was upon the rug, but she paid it no attention. She stood up, rather rickety and almost unable to maintain her balance,

and then drunkenly let herself fall back on the bed.

There she lay, completely relaxed and smiling, feeling the breeze from the open window and the moonlight upon her. Estella embraced herself, imaging herself to be next to the warmth of Reikas body, hearing his breathing, pretending she could feel his body around hers. She looked outside of the window, looking at the full moon hanging in the sky. The smell of the fresh air touched her nose. She inhaled, and was refreshed. It was beautiful. Everything was beautiful and perfect.

She then undid her perfectly made bed, with the hand-quilted comforter and lacy edges on all the blankets, pillows and bedskirt, and nestled herself deep within the blankets, and drifted off to Dreamland with her dream boy, with a smile on her face. She slept very well that night.

"I must have him..." was the final thing she said the herself as she fell asleep.

The sun began to rise, and the sound of crickets gave way to the sound of birds. Reikas awoke on schedule; it was time to get some ducks. He exited the tent, and indulged in a deep morning stretch, arching backward, his wings spread and moving in the early air. Parts of his skin were still sticky from his encounter during the night; he planned to take a dip in the lake as soon as he approached it.

He gathered his bow and arrows, and a gunny sack, and walked downhill to the lake. He thought about the Princess, and how beautiful he thought she was. Such a perfect body, such large and bouncy breasts, a real treat to the male sensibilities. It would be nice to grab her by the waist, lay her down, touch her and kiss her...He thought about how she silthered into his imagination during the night. His thoughts turned to nasty, dirty ones...things he would do to the Princess if he could...

A stern voice popped into his mind, saying "You are nothing special to her; you are not the upper class." This harsh fact shut off his little fantasy, and a burning feeling emanated within Reikas' head. It was true. Every male thought she was a doll, a perfect specimen of a female.

A quizzical look came over his face. He did receive a favorable honor from the King...Could this mean he would actually have a chance? "But there is no way I could ever be with the Princess...I am not royalty, or of the King's inner circle..."; he thought to himself. "There are hundreds of bounty hunters like myself. I could kill ten thousand humans, and I would still be nothing more than a commoner." Upon receiving this revelation from the rational side of his personality, he looked down; disappointed at the thought. "She has any male to choose from..." he muttered to himself. His wings flapped in frustration. He took a deep breath and kept walking. Further experiences of the fantasy were repressed by Reikas as he chased the waterfowl that morning.

TO BE CONTINUED...