

RESCUE'S LOVE

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Part I

Shi was surrounded by a hazy mist of grey, swirling in a sinister miasma around hir. The black outlines of dead trees could be seen dimly silhouetted, some seeming to have mouths twisted into frightening expressions.

Somewhere behind hir a howl sounded; like a wolf's, but imbued with a tone of dread. It sounded again, a little closer, sending a chill down the chakat's spine. Shi moved forward a few steps, unsure of where to go, for there was no discernible path to follow through the mist. The howl came again, even closer, and shi bolted, unwilling to stay in that spot a moment longer.

The blackened faces of decaying trees flashed past hir in a blur. From above came mournful hoots, as of owls in deep sadness. Tiny red eyes glared out at hir as shi ran past, watching hir flight with cruel amusement.

The chakat's breath came in ragged gasps as shi ran, not stopping for a moment. The howls still dogged hir relentlessly, keeping hir hearts beating hard in fear of the unknown.

Hours passed, or so it seemed, and the poor 'taur was exhausted. Only the threat of being caught up to spurred hir on. Every few seconds shi would throw a glance behind hir, anxious to see a glimpse of hir pursuer.

Suddenly, from out of the eddying mists ahead, appeared a large shape, seeming to tower above hir like a monster. Shi let loose with a scream as shi ran full on into it, but it was cut off when a large claw clamped itself over hir muzzle. Putting up with hir terrified struggles, the monster spread its wings and leaped into the chill air, beating them once, twice, thrice as it laboured into the sky above.

Slowly the howls faded away into the distance as whatever had captured hir carried hir farther away from danger. Clinically hir subconscious mind told hir that shi wasn't out of the woods yet, so to speak. Shi might be on hir way to hir final doom, for all shi knew.

The chakat was too tired and fatigued to get into a mental battle with himself. Instead shi slipped gently into a dreamless sleep, uncaring of what might be in store for hir.

The wolgon, a hybrid of dragon and wolf, landed gently on his ledge, being careful not to jar the creature he had rescued out of its slumber. He moved slowly into his cave, carrying it to his sleeping pads. Gently he laid it down, arranging it into a more comfortable position, then brought into being a small mage light to shed light on it, before letting go of the magical energy that had augmented his flight capabilities, enabling him to carry the much heavier creature through the air.

It was feline in form, though it had two more limbs that it should have had. Two torsos joined at what looked to be its upper body's waist; the upper was vaguely human in shape, and the lower was clearly that of a large cat. Quickly, as if embarrassed to be doing such a thing, the wolgon lifted up a leg to see what gender it was. "Ah...a hermaphrodite, I see," he murmured upon sighting the male sheath lying forward of the femininity under the tail. He smiled, then put its leg down.

He glanced over the rest of the body, noting details. Soft grey fur, striped with various bands of oranges, browns and blacks, covered its body. Hair of raven black cascaded down from its head and partway down its back. He didn't know what colour the eyes were, but he assumed that, like a normal cat's, they would be golden.

Sighing quietly, the wolgon lay down next to the felitaur, kissed it goodnight, then put his head down on his foreclaws, closing his eyes, to fall into a light doze. As he did so, the mage light faded to a dim, inert state, hovering in the air just above the sleeping creature.

It was some time before the chakat roused sufficiently to take stock of hir situation. Shi blinked hir eyes drowsily, lifting hirself up onto hir elbows to glance around. The first thing hir eyes fell on was the large black, grey and white lump lying next to hir.

Fear suddenly washed through hir body, and shi scrambled backward as fast as shi could to get away from the monster, panting hard. As shi did so, hir foot dislodged a small rock, which clattered across the ground toward hir abductor.

The sound was enough to wake the wolgon from his slumber, and he raised his head slowly to turn a pair of warm brown eyes on his guest. "Good morning," he rumbled in a deceptively melodic voice. "I trust that you are somewhat more refreshed now that you have gained some rest?"

The chakat stared at him, blinking uncomprehendingly. "You...you talk?" shi asked, losing just a little bit of hir terror.

"Of course I do. As do you, it seems." He lifted himself up to his full height, which wasn't that much higher than the chakat was. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am White Blaze, and I am a wolgon, a merging of a dragon's body with that of a wolf." He bowed clumsily, spreading his wings out to their full twelve foot length. "At your service."

"Ah...nice to meet you, I guess," the chakat answered, totally confused. Well, shi'd play along for the time being. "I'm Chakat Sandwalker...child of Skywatcher and Trailblazer." Rather than bow, shi nodded hir head politely.

As White Blaze returned to his normal posture, Sandwalker ran hir gaze over him. He was a little taller than shi was, about six feet, and appeared to mass little more than half of hir considerable four hundred and forty pounds. The front of his body, from chest to tail, seemed to be a soft grey leather, as were his wings. Elsewhere he had long white fur. His head resembled that of a wolf's, but had much broader features. Shoulder-length black hair cascaded down his back, and he had lovely brown eyes. Hardly the look of a terrible monster.

"A pleasure to meet such an interesting...person as yourself, Sandwalker," the wolgon purred. "I've never come across the chakat species."

"I haven't heard of a wolgon either," Sandy murmured, taking a step closer. "In fact, I don't even know where I am. The last thing I remember was that I was running through a horrible forest, and there seemed to be something that howled following me." Shi shuddered with the memory. "The next thing I knew, I was here."

White Blaze nodded, twisting his muzzle into the semblance of a smile. "Yes, that would be correct. That howling you heard was from a HeartHunter, a creature not unlike a wolf, but far more bloodthirsty, and about your size. It can scent a large animal, like yourself, at a range of about a mile. When it has found a target, it will pursue it relentlessly until it brings it down, or has it taken out of its reach."

"My Gods," Sandy breathed, almost collapsing from shock. Shi had been very close to becoming some hound's meal, and shi had this wolgon to thank for rescuing hir. "This seems like some sort of nightmare. It *must* be a nightmare, for things like you, or HeartHunters, don't exist!" Shi started to tremble, hir normally calm facade crumbling to reveal the fear-filled chakat inside.

A look of sympathy came over White Blaze's face, and he moved over to Sandy, enfolding hir in a gentle embrace, spreading his wings out and curling them around the shivering chakat in a protective way, much like a mother dragon would comfort her child if it was distressed. "Don't worry, Sandwalker," the wolgon murmured in his rumbling tenor voice. "You're safe now, and nothing will harm you; not while you're with me."

Sandy clutched at the wolgon's body, sensing the protectiveness in his gesture. Hir fingers twined themselves through White Blaze's lush white fur, hir body pressing against his leathery underbelly. Despite hir anxious state, shi found his presence soothing, and shi began to purr, quietly at first, then increasing in volume as the wolgon began stroking hir back.

White Blaze smiled as Sandy purred against his body, and ran his foreclaws down hir back, causing hir to purr with more intensity. When they reached the area where hir torsos joined, the chakat

started, stopping hir purring momentarily, then resumed at an even greater level. “Hmm,” White Blaze thought as he repeated the motion. “Shi finds that thrilling, does shi?”

He chuckled to himself when he realised that the vibrations from Sandy’s purring had begun to arouse him. Slowly his maleness began to slip free from its furry home, worming its way between their bodies. In only a few seconds it was fully extended, and being rubbed delightfully between Sandy’s breasts.

Nearly inaudible groans of pleasure began to escape White Blaze’s throat as his cock was gently massaged by the furry mounds that were pressing against it. They didn’t go unnoticed.

With nary a thought, Sandy pulled away a bit, and bent hir head forward to lightly kiss the now seeping tip of the wolgon’s cock, before beginning to slowly engulf it, taking the length inch by inch into hir warm mouth. Shi smiled around it as White Blaze bucked forward, driving what little shi hadn’t taken into hir muzzle, making hir gag slightly as the head went down hir throat.

White Blaze lightly held the chakat’s head as he very gently thrust his member in and out of Sandy’s muzzle, revelling in the sensations of hir tongue rasping along his length, tickling the tip, and the gentle sucking motions of hir mouth.

Sandy suckled on the wolgon’s maleness as if were a teat, drawing a steady stream of slightly salty precum from it. Shi pulled half of it out of hir mouth, and began to massage the lower part with one hand, still continuing ministrations on the rest.

The feelings the wolgon was experiencing were exquisite, and he was hard pressed to not come to his peak too early. It had been such a long time since anyone had done this for him, and he was relishing every second of it. He did feel a momentary pang of guilt; after all, a creature he had known for only a few minutes was going down on him, and it seemed somehow that he had forced himself on hir. He knew it was nonsense; shi had initiated the intimacy, for which he was grateful.

These thoughts kept his mind occupied enough to delay climax just a little longer, but eventually he had to put aside his musings to give in to his body’s urges. With a roar that echoed crazily around the cave, White Blaze came, shooting thick ropes of hot cream into the chakat’s mouth.

Caught by surprise, Sandy choked on the first spurt, and pulled White Blaze’s cock from hir mouth to cough and splutter. Before too much was lost, though, she recovered hir breath and pulled the squirting member back into hir muzzle, swallowing each volley quickly before it had a chance to mount up.

It seemed like forever, but sadly it was only a minute or so, and all too soon the wolgon’s supply of spunk was drained into Sandy’s stomach, where it churned about with odd liquid noises. “Thank you, Sandwalker,” murmured White Blaze, lifting hir head up to gaze into hir eyes. “Very few have performed that on me, and I am grateful for your service.”

“You are by all mean welcome, White Blaze,” the chakat replied, smiling up at the slightly taller wolgon. “Consider it as a part payment for your rescue of me.” She chuckled when shi saw the puzzled expression on the wolgon’s face. “Yes, part payment. I would like to do something else for you.”

White Blaze considered the offer for a few moments, then smiled. “Of course, Sandy. If you would be so kind...” He trailed off as he turned around and got down on all fours, swinging his tail up over his back to show off his puckered tailhole. “I once had a partner who made love to me every night, many years ago, but...” He sighed, looking away from Sandy’s gaze for a moment as he remembered. “He was killed by one of those HeartHounds that so very nearly got you. Since then, I have missed feeling his solid maleness in me, and I request of you to perhaps give me back what it feels like to be filled again.”

Sandy blinked at him, then turned hir gaze to regard the strangely inviting tailhole that was presented to hir. “I would be honoured, White Blaze, to make love to you as your partner did.” Shi moved a step closer, and reached out with a finger to lightly touch the ring of wrinkled skin.

The wolgon shivered when he felt Sandy’s claw brush him, and involuntarily contracted his anal sphincter, relaxing it again as the contact went away. He glanced behind, and smiled when he saw Sandy slowly stroking hir sheath, coaxing hir male member out into the cool air. “I’m not in male mode at the moment, so I need a little encouragement,” shi said in hir purring tones.

“Of course,” White Blaze murmured, nodding his head. “I understand perfectly.” He waited patiently for Sandy to rub himself into an erect state, then smiled when shi stepped up behind him. “Are you ready?” shi asked, cocking hir head at the wolgon. “I am,” he replied fervently.

Sandy rose up on hir hind legs, and tottered forward to straddle the wolgon’s lower back. Shi fine-tuned hir positioning, until the head of hir cock was touching White Blaze’s tailhole, then shi carefully pushed inward.

A gasp escaped the wolgon’s muzzle as he felt a cock invade his lower bowels for the first time in many seasons, and he revelled in the sensation of pain and pleasure mingled together at first penetration. He pushed back into Sandy, anxious to get every inch of chakat meat inside him.

The chakat grinned at White Blaze’s eagerness, understanding what he must be going through. Shi took hir time, pulling out and sliding back in slowly to loosen the tight passage up, before getting into a faster rhythm.

Rumbles of happiness and pleasure spread through the wolgon’s body, combining with Sandy’s purring to provide a soothing, yet stimulating, massage to both partners as they made love, gradually increasing the tempo to a brisk pace, then going hard out as both careered up to an orgasm.

Sandy came first, with a wild yowl that was more animal than civilised. Shi thrust in deeply, spraying hot chakat seed into White Blaze’s bowels again and again. The sudden influx of semen caused the wolgon to reach his own peak, and with another triumphant roar he joined Sandy in climax, ropes of wolgon cream splashing out over the ground, in smaller quantities than before.

A minute’s ecstasy, and the rush passed, leaving behind it the lethargy of having had a night of passionate loving. Sandy pulled out, and managed to totter over to the sleeping pad to collapse onto it, panting hard. “Thus have I fully paid you for rescuing me,” shi said weakly, smiling.

“Thus have you made me feel like a true male again,” White Blaze replied, slowly making his way over to lie beside hir. “I am very much glad that I found you when I did. If I hadn’t been there when I was....” He trailed off, letting the silence speak for him.

“Yes, I have to agree with you on that score.” The chakat sighed, and moved up to cuddle with White Blaze. “Perhaps tomorrow you might be able to shed some light on how I ended up in that horrible forest, hmm?”

The wolgon nodded, a slight smile on his face. “Yes, I think I could do that. It might take a bit of explaining, though.” He leaned over and kissed Sandy on the head. “Until tomorrow, though, we should rest up. Goodnight, Sandy.”

“Goodnight, White Blaze. And thank you again, for everything.”

“You’re welcome....”

The two lovers were soon embraced up the warm arms of sleep, and their heavy breathing was the only thing to disturb the night.

Part II

Dawn broke quietly, the sun's disc creeping above the horizon as if reluctant to show its light to the world. In the distance birds began to wake up, twittering sleepily in their various dialects, while other animals roused themselves to activity.

In a cave high up on a mountain precipice, White Blaze stirred, feeling the faint warmth of the sun's light on his tail. He opened his eyes, gazing upon the tabby-patterned chakat sleeping beside him, and recalled the memories from the night before.

Moving carefully and quietly, so as not to disturb hir, the wolgon crept out of the cave, opening his wings and leaping off the ledge to swoop into the air below, circling for a moment before heading off in the direction of the deer herds far off in the distance.

It did not take him long to arrive, and he spent some minutes hovering, inspecting the large herds below him for a suitable animal. Having chosen, he furled his wings and dived down, claws outstretched to grab his victim.

The deer never knew what hit it. Its last breath was cut off in a gurgling wheeze as White Blaze closed off its airway with a bite to the neck. With the animal dangling limply beneath him, the wolgon circled up into the chill air again, beating his wings with strong strokes, and began the return trip to his cave.

Sandwalker awoke just as hir lover returned from his hunt. "Mmmm...good morning, White Blaze," shi murmured, stretching hir limbs out to their limits before sighing contentedly. "What have you got there?" shi asked, noticing the large carcass being hauled in.

"Breakfast," said White Blaze, dumping the deer in the middle of the cave. "Which bits would you prefer? The rump on this one is quite tender, and I believe the breast is, too.... Is something wrong?"

Sandwalker's face seemed to have taken on a pinched look, as if shi had just eaten a raw lemon. "No, no...nothing's wrong. It's just that...." Shi trailed off, not wanting to offend White Blaze, but not wanting to partake of freshly killed meat either.

"You don't eat raw meat, I take it." White Blaze nodded in understanding. "I can cook it, if you like? No trouble at all." He muttered a few words under his breath and made a turning motion with his hands. The carcass lifted off the floor, and began turning, as if on an invisible spit, surrounded by a fiery glow. Within seconds the aromas of cooking meat wafted into Sandy's nostrils.

It took only a few minutes for the carcass to be cooked to perfection, Sandy's mouth watering as White Blaze dissolved the cooking spell. Out of thin air a sharp dagger appeared, and the wolgon handed it carefully to Sandy. "Breakfast is served," he said with a wry grin.

With deft movements of the dagger, Sandy carved a few slices off the rump, trimming the singed hair off before tentatively trying a piece. A smile crossed hir muzzle, and shi began to eat heartily.

"Mmm...this is really good!" exclaimed Sandy, swallowing another mouthful of succulent meat a few minutes later. "Tastes sort of like venison, but with a spiciness that it doesn't normally have."

White Blaze grunted as he broke the rack of antlers off the deer's head and threw them to one side. "That's my little secret." He grinned, tapping the side of his muzzle in the 'only I know' gesture, before glancing down at the deer's head. With a sharply uttered word the skull split apart with a resounding crack. "Being a magic user has its advantages."

The chakat shuddered and turned hir head away as White Blaze lifted the split head to his muzzle and began sucking out the brains inside. "I don't know how you can stand to do that," shi murmured, wishing shi could close hir ears to the obvious sounds of enjoyment coming from the wolgon's throat.

"Oh, don't be such a killjoy," White Blaze said, swallowing with a satisfied slurp. "You might want to go outside when I start in on the entrails, though," he added, a vaguely malicious smile on his face.

“Ah...yes, that might be a good idea,” Sandy murmured when White Blaze moved to open up the carcass’ stomach. Shi got to hir feet, having lost the remainder of hir appetite, and padded out the cave’s entrance, shuddering as sounds of enjoyment drifted out.

Sandy gasped at the spectacle before hir. Until now shi had not had a chance to see where she was, and now.... “My Gods,” shi whispered, floored by the incredible view, and the location of the cave. Shi stepped forward slowly, not wanting to get too close to the ledge’s lip, and glanced quickly downward. “Wow,” she muttered, taking a large step backward. Hir face lifted, and shi scanned the scenery all around hir.

For miles, as far as shi could see, stretched a massive forest of pine trees, terminating in the glittering sparkle of a far-distant ocean to the east. To the north shi saw a snow-capped mountain range, and to the south shi could identify more of the forest, and what looked to be a small village.

The awe-struck chakat stood for several minutes, admiring the splendour of the world shi beheld, not even noticing when White Blaze came up quietly behind hir. “A magnificent sight, is it not?” he said, putting a claw on hir shoulder. “I was very fortunate to come across this cave when I was searching for a sanctuary to escape the world.”

“Oh, yes,” Sandy breathed, delighting in the soft touch of his claw against hir fur. Shi turned hir head, looking up into his soft brown eyes. “Tell me more about yourself, and this world. And how I came to this place.” Shi turned around and lay down in front of White Blaze, so hir head was able to rest on his chest.

After seeing Sandy was comfortable, the wolgon began his tale. “I was born many, many years ago...That much I can remember. My memories of when I was young are very hazy. All that I recall is that I had two loving parents.” White Blaze started stroking Sandy’s black hair, twining his claws through its silky lengths.

“My body was originally that of a dragon. Like all dragons I have the ability to use the magical fields that are present throughout this world. It was...I don’t really remember...maybe a century ago, possibly longer, when I had what I call the Incident.” The wolgon sighed, gazing out over the forest as he collected his thoughts. Sandy waited patiently, gently stroking his leathery chest, which felt odd, but pleasant against hir fingers.

“I was using a shapeshifting spell,” White Blaze continued. “I was halfway through the spell to change back from a wolf when I was...attacked. As a result of that, I’ve lost most of my memories, and some of my spells as well...including the shapeshift one.”

“And because you were halfway through the change....” Sandy’s eyes widened in shock. “You couldn’t change yourself back into a dragon?”

The wolgon shook his head. “The shapeshift spell was one that had been passed down through the generations, but it was lost with my memories. Only those that I have gained since the Incident have remained in my mind.” He stopped talking, gazing eastward to the shimmering ocean.

Sandy felt a pang of sympathy stab into hir hearts. Shi rested hir head against White Blaze’s chest for a few quiet minutes, before looking up at him again. Shi was surprised to see tears streaming from his eyes. “I’m the only one of my kind,” he whispered in a broken voice.

“Oh, White Blaze!” Sandy exclaimed, concerned at this unexpected show of emotion. “Think of the positive aspects of being what you are.”

“Like what?” replied the wolgon, a tear dripping off his face and onto his chest. “You have no idea what it is like to not have anyone else of your own species to talk with, to fight with, to...mate with.”

“Well, those are all valid points, but think of what you have that others don’t. You have attributes of a wolf – an honourable animal with a keen sense of smell and remarkable powers of logic. You’re part dragon – a being with a tight grip on magic, and wings to lift you up above those who are groundbound. All those things, and more, make you *who you are*, and not somebody else.” Sandy stressed hir words with as much positivity as shi could, gazing directly into the tearful brown eyes of hir lover. “Regardless of what you are, I still care deeply for you. I love you, White Blaze.” Tears came into hir own eyes, and shi buried hir face in his warm, leathery chest.

“I love you too, Sandwalker,” murmured White Blaze, his voice sounding hoarse with emotion. “Thank you for your support. You are right, I think. Individuality is something to revel in, and though mine is rather extreme, you have made me see that it can be a wonderful thing.” He hugged Sandy, a few more salty tears falling to land on his fur.

The two lovers stayed like that for what seemed an eternity. The sun rose higher into the sky, until it was directly overhead. The full heat of the day blazed down upon them, causing them to part reluctantly. “Now, I think it is time we had some refreshment. After that, I will tell you of this world, and why you are here.”

Sandy burped contentedly, lying down upon the sleeping pad. “I wish I could do that,” she murmured, patting his lower stomach. “Being able to conjure food up like that must be very handy for those times when you just can’t be bothered going out to hunt.”

“Yes, it’s very convenient.” White Blaze smiled at Sandy, carefully positioning himself beside her. “Sometimes I feel like something that isn’t easily available, so....” He waved a claw in a gesture of ‘hocus-pocus’.

A giggle escaped Sandy’s throat, followed by another quiet burp. “Oh, excuse me.” She blushed slightly, her ears going pink.

White Blaze chuckled, a warm throaty sound. “Now, for a brief overview of Furtasia.” He muttered a few words under his breath, and pointed at the far wall. As they watched, the wall began to glow with an ethereal light, a pale white that gradually grew brighter, with other colours coruscating in subtle undertones. In a few seconds the colours separated, and swirled about aimless before settling. Before them was a large scale map, in stunning detail, showing mountains, oceans, forests, towns...everything that could be shown, was.

“Furtasia has existed since time immemorial, a world where, in some cases, dreams come true.” He pointed to a flashing red dot positioned about two thirds of the way down from the top. “That dot is where we are, in the Escarpment. And that dark green area to the east,” and here White Blaze lit up the appropriate area, “is the Forest of Darkness. It is always night; no light ever falls upon its decaying expanse.” He looked down at Sandy intently. “That is where I rescued you from.”

Sandy shivered; even the thought of it was enough to send chills down his spines. “Why is it like that? And are there other places that are similar?”

White Blaze nodded, lighting up other areas in various colours. “They are very rarely visited, so their danger is much less than it would be otherwise. Only the Forest of Darkness gets any regular visitors, and those are usually people who have, through some sort of accident, suffered some sort of lack of consciousness in the real world they live in.”

“So you’re saying that all this is in my mind?” Sandy was taken aback by this revelation. “Gods,” she muttered, staring up at White Blaze’s face. “And you don’t really exist?”

“I exist, but only in this world. In your world I don’t, and in this world *you* don’t. Which is a pity, because I really would like you stay with me forever. I must point out here, that time does not run at the same rate yours does. An hour in your own world might be a year in mine. Or vice versa, so it is best not to stay too long, or you may find yourself back in a world that you don’t recognise.”

A groan escaped the chakat’s throat as she put a hand up to her brow. “I think I’m getting a headache. So...how do I get out of all this? Regain consciousness, so to speak.” ‘I feel as if I’m Alice in Wonderland,’ she murmured inwardly.

White Blaze smiled, stroking Sandy’s headfur. “I can use magic to send you back. After all, it was a kind of magic that brought you here in the first place.” He banished the map with a muttered word and a wave of his claw. “But first, I would like to make love to you, for this maybe the last time we meet.”

Sandy nodded, suddenly overcome with emotion. She found herself not wanting to leave, despite her worries for her physical body, wherever that might be in relation to this world. “Of course, White Blaze,” she said, turning over onto her back and spreading her legs to show her femininity.

The wolgon repositioned himself so that he could bend his flexible neck forward to sniff at the pink opening nestled between Sandy’s legs. His long, agile tongue flicked out to worm its way in-

side his cavity, eliciting a mewl of pleasure from him. He slowly lapped up the juices that were being produced inside his hot tunnel, savouring his rich flavour.

Sandy wriggled with delight as White Blaze pleased him with only his tongue. 'If his tongue feels this good, what will his cock feel like?' she wondered idly to herself. She moved his hands to his breasts, rubbing the nipples until they were hard, then gently massaging them, all the while moaning and mewling from the pleasure she was getting from down below.

White Blaze smiled to himself when the cave began to echo with Sandy's joyous cries as she came to his first female climax, withdrawing his tongue before any damage could be done to it. While Sandy panted and groaned as she wound down, he sat back on his haunches and began to rub himself, coaxing his thickness out of its furry sheath.

A quiet sigh of anticipation slipped from Sandy's throat when she felt the massive length of White Blaze's cock again. She couldn't wait to feel that hunk of maleness sliding deep into his body. His juices were still flowing, making the fur between his legs very damp. The wolgon came closer, still rubbing his length, then he began to carefully mount her, climbing on top and lowering himself down on top.

"Mmmm, yes," moaned White Blaze as he slowly slipped his cock into his chakat's lover's pussy, marvelling that she could take his full length. He licked Sandy's muzzle, which opened to let them have a playful war of tongues, and began to thrust, spreading his wings out over her like a mother might over her child.

Sandy was carried away on the waves of ecstasy as White Blaze pounded his thick cock in and out of his slick vagina. She found herself thinking, 'Now if 'River's cock was this big...I'd be in heaven!' She tried to focus some of his energy into clenching around his lover's length, adding some delicious resistance to his loving. Adding more to the pleasure she was getting was his own maleness, which had slipped out of its sheath from the stimulation it was getting from his lover's body sliding over it.

For White Blaze it was all too much. After only a few more thrusts he slammed into Sandy one final time and roared out his triumph as his creamy semen spurted into her pussy again and again, filling her to overflowing. The chakat joined him in his pleasure when she felt his hot cum jetting into his body. Again orgasm swept her away, his blood pounding in her ears like deep-toned kettle-drums.

The wolgon had just enough energy to pull out with a wet slurping sound and rest back on his haunches. Seeing Sandy's still hard cock, he leaned forward again, putting his weight on his fore-claws. Slowly he took Sandy's cock into his muzzle, going right down until his lips met the fur of his sheath. He then began to suckle on it, like a baby on a breast.

Sandy was still recovering from his climax, and to have the other side of her stimulated was just the final straw. Another yowl rent the air of the cave as she bucked up into White Blaze's muzzle, filling his mouth with his seed.

White Blaze took his ejaculation easily, letting it fill his mouth as he savoured the sweet taste of it, before swallowing it to allow the next load to come in.

When the last of Sandy's cum had slid down his throat, White Blaze pulled off his shrinking cock, watching it retract back into its home. "Oh, I wish you could stay, Sandwalker," he murmured, extreme longing colouring his voice.

"I do, too," replied Sandy, bending forward and reaching up to lightly trail a finger down his muzzle, "but I don't really want to risk too much time passing in my own world. Please, send me back now, before I change my mind."

White Blaze nodded, tears starting to leak down his furry face. "As you wish, Sandwalker." He embraced her one last time, then stood back, trying not to cry. The wolgon raised his hands and began to sing, a hauntingly melody, with almost understandable words.

Sandy began feeling slightly light-headed, and his vision grew blurry. The last thing she saw was White Blaze make a casting motion, as if throwing something away. "Goodbye," whispered through into her foggy mind before all went black.

“Sandy! Sandy, wake up!” An insistent calling, and hard shaking brought Sandwalker around groggily. “Hmm? What?”

“Are you all right? You’ve been out for ages.” The concerned faces of his mate and sister swam into focus, and Shi blinked. “Hmm? I guess I’m okay. A massive headache, but other than that...” Shi tried to recall what it was Shi had been doing before blacking out. “I had a dream...a wonderful dream,” Shi murmured, the memories of White Blaze still fresh in his mind despite the vagueness of others.

Sandy looked around, and saw Shi was lying on a couch in the living room. “What happened? The last thing I can remember...is that I was painting the ceiling.” Which was currently in a half-painted state.

“The ladder collapsed,” River said, gesturing to the offending implement. “You didn’t secure the base properly.” Shi bent over to feel over Sandy’s head. “You have a nasty bump here,” and Shi touched the spot gently, causing Sandy to hiss in pain, “but that’s about the only injury we can find. The doctor will be here in a few minutes.”

“That’s good. I’d hate to think I might have a concussion, though with *this* headache...that might be a distinct possibility.” Shi yawned, suddenly feeling drowsy again.

Grey glanced at River, then at Sandy. “We’ll leave you alone, okay? A sleep might do you some good.”

Sandy just waved a hand in dismissal, shutting his eyes and turning his head away. Shi wanted to shuffle through his memories of White Blaze, running through every second in his mind. A smile crossed his face as Shi fell into a light doze....