

# “INSTRUCTIONS: YIFF TO BREAK CURSE”

Text © 2002, L Gelling

Liger © his player

Chatley © L Gelling

*In return for such a wonderful picture. This is for you, Liger.*

The height was dizzying. About three-quarters of the way up a steep cliff were perched two small figures. One of them was looked to be a lion that had a tiger's stripes. He was dressed in a typical explorer style, rather like Indiana Jones; a plain brown shirt with several pockets, and a pair of shorts that showed off his butt nicely.

If he deigned to take a cautious glance downwards, Liger could make out the rushing ribbon of water that flowed through the gorge. As well, he could see his climbing partner, a small wolf named Chatley, who was slowly edging his way up the cliff. For a moment Liger felt a twinge of guilt at having brought Chatley along, but the wolf *had* insisted that he accompany Liger on this expedition, even though he was much more suited for a sedentary life. Besides which, he was somewhat afraid of heights.

Liger, on the other hand, felt that he had been born an adventurer. Almost right from the time he learned to walk, he had been out and about, tracking invisible prey, pouncing unwary passers-by, and being a general nuisance. His imagination had run riot; he had taken jewellery and objects from his siblings' rooms and hidden them, so he could have fun in 'finding' them again.

Now, many years later, he was undertaking a search to find the lost temple of Bakh-Tet, the god of sex and fertility. As the rumour had it, whoever found the temple, and recovered its sacred treasure, would have his manliness increased, and he would be forever desirable. Of course it was just a rumour. He was just interested in the challenge of finding the temple.

"I'm starting to regret this," called Chatley as he pulled himself up so that he was standing just below Liger. "I suppose it's a bit late to change my mind?"

"You could say that," Liger replied, grinning down at his companion. "Don't worry. It's only another fifty metres of climbing, then you can relax." He tilted his head back, gazing up at the remaining distance to be covered, then hefted himself up to another handhold.

The poor wolf groaned, rather melodramatically. "Fifty metres? Ohhh...." He waited for Liger to advance a couple of metres before following, ever conscious of the rapid-flowing river far below him.

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Liger was just as relieved as Chatley when they reached the top of the cliff. He didn't go as far as prostrating himself on the ground and kissing it, however. That was just totally ridiculous. "Get up, Chatley," he said after a few minutes. "You look silly doing that, not to mention that you're also getting dirty." Rain had fallen recently, and the ground was still a little wet.

Chatley did so, grimacing when he saw the mud that he had inadvertently covered his legs in. "Well, it'll wash off," he mumbled. He glanced around at their surroundings. For about twenty metres from the edge, there was only grass, rather straggly despite the season being spring. Then what looked to be a dense forest started. Muffled hoots, cackles, screams and other animal noises could be heard from it.

Liger put a hand in his shirt and fished around for a few seconds. When he pulled it out, he had a rather stained piece of paper. "According to the map," he said, "the temple should be about a three-hour walk south-west, then across the Ogohe River Bridge, then another hour north-west." He lifted his gaze from the map to stare at the forest. "Of course, this map was written well before the forest manifested itself. It might take us just a bit longer."

"I think it might have been a good idea to bring the supplies up with us after all," muttered Chatley, shaking his head. "We won't be back before dark."

“Probably not, but if we stand here yakking then we won’t even be back by morning. Well,” Liger amended, “not before tomorrow evening, anyway.” He took a canteen from where it hung on his belt, and took a long swig, offering it to his companion. The wolf swallowed a couple of times, then gave it back. “Right,” he said. “Let’s get going. I’m sure that a forest can’t be any more difficult to negotiate than a cliff.”

An hour later and Liger was having second thoughts. Even with the sharpest machetes, it was going to take days to hack their way through the virtually impenetrable jungle. At their current rate of progress, the temple would stay lost for another hundred years.

“There’s got to be an easier way to get there,” muttered Chatley, disentangling himself from a spiky branch. “I can just imagine dying in this horrible jungle, and later explorers finding our decayed bodies —”

“That’s enough, Chatley!” Liger interrupted. “That’s not a scene I relish picturing. Be positive for once. For the moment, let’s take a rest while I think.” With that, Liger sat down at the base of a tree and leaned back against the trunk. Chatley joined him, resting against another tree standing opposite.

Liger pulled the map out again and scrutinised it. “If the map is correct, then the river should run pretty close to here.” He looked up and stared westward, as if his gaze might cut a path through the greenery. “About a mile or so. It should be easier to just follow the river until we get to the bridge.”

“There’s a big difference between ‘should be’ and ‘will be’, you know,” muttered Chatley, slapping at a large bug crawling up his leg. “The sooner we can get out of this bloody jungle, the better.” He got up then and went behind the tree. Presently the sound of a zipper, then a thin stream of water hitting the ground, was heard.

Once both of them had relieved themselves, they continued their slow journey through the jungle, until nearly two hours later they broke free of the clinging foliage and almost fell into the river. The water was remarkably clear, probably because of its mountain source. “Well, we can refill our canteens,” said Liger, opening his and emptying the warm water inside onto the ground, before crouching down and immersing it in the surprisingly cold water. Chatley did the same, then both glanced downriver, watching the slow movement of the river as it slipped around a bend.

“Perhaps if we found a large log, we could float down,” suggested Chatley, not looking forward to the prospect of walking even further today. He mentally kicked himself for volunteering in the first place.

“Have you felt the water? We’d be dead of hypothermia by the time we got as far as the bridge.” Liger thought for a few seconds. “I nearly brought the inflatable dinghy, but I didn’t count on the jungle being this bad.”

Chatley groaned. “Well, that’s just great. I suppose we’ll have to walk along the banks, then.” He sighed and shook his head, following his friend’s lead as they began to carefully make their way through the fringes of the vibrant forest.

Though still slow going, their progress was much quicker than previously, and they reached the bridge a few hours later. The sky above was quickly darkening into dusk by the time the duo had passed over the bridge to the other side of the river. They decided to set up for the night on the bank, just clear of the bridge. “What are we going to do for dinner?” asked Chatley. Now that he finally had a chance to get off his feet, he became aware of his stomach’s emptiness.

“How does fresh fish sound?” Liger said, pointing to the languid river. “I have a line and some hooks in one of my pockets, and a lighter to make a fire. If you would be so good as to scout around for some dry wood...?”

“Fine,” muttered the wolf. He stood up and began foraging around the edges of the forest for suitable bits of wood, while Liger dug in the soft ground for worms to put on his hook.

Half an hour later, a large fish had been caught and a fire built up. While the fish cooked on a spit over the fire, Liger and Chatley studied the sky. It was a little cloudy, but still plenty of stars could be seen, as well as the waxing moon.

After a reasonably satisfying dinner, they lay back and looked at the stars again. “Beautiful, aren’t they?” Liger murmured. “So peaceful and serene up there in their own little world.”

“I suppose so,” replied Chatley, not really in the mood to listen to romantic musings. “What so we get some sleep now, so we can get an early start, hmm?” He shivered then, and tried to pull his shirt around him more.

Liger nodded. “Sounds like a good idea.” He paused briefly, then added, “If you have no objections, we could sleep together for warmth.”

“I guess I don’t have a problem with that,” said Chatley, moving closer. “Just...don’t try and do anything. You know....” The wolf trailed off uncomfortably.

“Trust me – I won’t.” He lay down on his side, and gestured for Chatley to lie with him. “If you feel anything poking you during the night...well, don’t worry about it. Just wake me up, and I’ll move away.”

Chatley nodded. “Okay. I think I can live with that.” He tentatively lay back against Liger’s body, already feeling a little warmer, at least in his back. He stiffened as Liger’s arm came over and held him close, but he relaxed when he realised that Liger wasn’t going to do anything. “Goodnight,” he murmured.

“Goodnight, Chatley. Sleep well.” Without thinking he kissed his friend’s head. “Sorry...force of habit.”

“That’s okay,” replied Chatley. After a few minutes he fell into a light slumber.

Liger smiled, and snuggled up a little more to Chatley, exhaling deeply and following his friend into the realms of sleep.

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The forest was ringing with dawn’s chorus when the two friends awoke the next morning. Chatley opened his eyes first, and as his mind gradually started working, he realised that something was pressing against his butt. Not quite in a state of clear thought, he reached behind him to see what it was. Then it occurred to him.

It was at about that moment that Liger decided to rouse. He yawned widely, licked his lips, then opened his eyes. “Morning, Chatley. Did you sleep well?”

The wolf nodded. “I did. Um...you’re poking me in the butt,” he murmured.

Liger immediately looked apologetic. “Oh. Sorry about that.” He shifted his body away from his friend’s, then slowly stood up. As he did so, the bulge in his trousers became much more pronounced. He even managed to look embarrassed at being aroused in Chatley’s presence. “Er...if you’ll excuse me, I’ll go take care of this.” He glanced around at the surrounding jungle, then strode off into the trees, until he was just out of sight.

Once he felt that he was far enough away, Liger dropped his pants and underwear, releasing his turgid ligerhood, and leaned against a tree. It had been a few days since he had last pawed off, and, as he wrapped his right hand around his length and began to stroke it, he thought about how good it felt. Then his mind turned to thoughts of Chatley, wondering what he might look like naked, and aroused.

His hand moved faster, squeezing his cock with every upward stroke. “Ohh, yes,” he moaned, seeing the precum trickling thickly out of his cock-slit and down his shaft and hand. He began to buck his hips, sliding his cock through his hand as if he was fucking it. A few seconds later he roared in climax, clenching his eyes shut as thick jets of his seed spurted a metre or so onto the forest floor, curving in a graceful arc before splattering the leaf litter with white goo.

Liger continued pumping his cock until only a few drops of semen oozed out. Wiping it up with his hand, he licked it clean, then pulled his underwear and pants up again, taking a few moments to calm his breathing before going out.

Chatley looked a little unnerved when Liger returned. “Feeling better now?” he asked. “If you are, then perhaps we can catch another fish for breakfast and get going. I don’t want to have to

hang around in this jungle any longer than I have to. I'm sure you feel the same way." The wolf talked quickly, not looking at Liger as he said it.

"Sounds good to me. If you can get the fire started again...?" Liger took himself off to the river again, thinking that Chatley really needed to get a mate – he'd lived all this time by himself, which he supposed made his friend somewhat clueless sometimes. *He's a good guy*, Liger mused as he baited his hook again and cast the line into the water. *Surely there must be someone who likes him enough to at least kiss him. Other than his mother.*

It took a little longer to catch a fish this time, and it was a little smaller than the previous one, but it still provided the two friends with sustenance to carry them through the morning.

The jungle on this side of the river was similar to that on the other, but it was much less dense. Progress was a lot quicker, and it took only a little over two hours to reach the point on the map where the temple was shown to be.

"X marks the spot," said Liger, peering at the map again. "But not in reality it seems." He looked up from the map and glanced around the clearing. That there *was* a clearing was something of a miracle. "Any ideas, Chatley?" He scratched behind one ear, puzzled.

"Not really," Chatley murmured, studying the surroundings with a speculative look in his eyes and a frown. "Either it's invisible, which is just plain preposterous, or it's hidden underground, which was a feature of some of the ancient temples." He glanced down at the ground. Lush grass grew over the roughly circular area, about the size of a large house.

Liger nodded, tucking the map back in his pocket. "That sounds sensible. Only question now is...where the heck is the entrance? Don't tell me that we're expected to dig around for it."

His friend shrugged. "No idea. No clues on the map as to the location of the entrance? Never mind; if there were, then it would have been found long before we got here." He dropped his backpack on the ground and stretched, easing his sore muscles.

"Taking an educated guess, I'd say that the entrance would be somewhere in the centre," Liger said thoughtfully, following his friend's lead. "It makes sense to put a front door centrally, don't you think?" He paced to the middle of the clearing and studied the ground for any signs of a way in. "Hmm. Get me a long sharp stick from the forest, will you please?"

Chatley did as he was bid, returning a couple of minutes later with a stick about two metres long. "This should do nicely," he said, handing it to Liger. "What are you going to do with it?"

In answer Liger began stabbing at the ground with the stick, working it in until half the stick's length was buried, before pulling it out with a screwing motion. "If there's a hole anywhere underneath all this grass, then the stick should go right through, or at least hit something solid to indicate a trapdoor."

"That makes sense, I suppose," said Chatley. He watched Liger for a few seconds, before going to look for another stick for himself.

The next half an hour or so was taken up by the two friends poking around the middle of the clearing, working up a sweat in the gradually increasing heat. Eventually the search ended when Chatley uttered an exclamation and fell headlong on the ground. "Oww," he muttered as he got up, rubbing his side. "I think I found it." He pointed down at the ground, where his stick had almost disappeared.

Liger nodded. "About time; I didn't fancy the thought of poking around all day in this heat." He reached down and pulled Chatley's stick out of the ground. "Um..." He scratched his head and looked a little sheepish. "Any ideas on how we're going to actually get down there? We don't have anything to dig with."

"You didn't? Well, I did. I had a feeling you'd forget something, so I brought a few things that I thought you might not think of bringing." Chatley went back to his pack and rummaged around in it. "Here's a small trowel. It'll take a while, but it'll work."

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About an hour later, a hole just large enough for both to slip through had been made, revealing a weathered staircase. “Phew, the air down there must have been cooped up a bloody long time,” Liger muttered, standing back from the hole. “It reeks.”

“Of course it does. You expected to smell roses?” Chatley sat back and waited for the stale air inside to mingle with the fresh air gently flowing in. “Wait a while, then we can go in.”

It was deemed safe to go in after only half an hour. Both friends extracted a flashlight from their packs, then stepped down into the hole, Chatley going first. “Watch your step – it looks like some of the stairs might disintegrate if we step on them.” As if to prove his point, the next step crumbled beneath his foot, causing him to slip and land hard on his tail.

“I see what you mean,” Liger said as he helped Chatley up, resisting the urge to rub his friend’s butt to make it better.

The stairs only descended for a few metres, ending in a long passage that gently sloped into the darkness. As they walked, they saw pictures carved into the walls spaced about five metres apart. Each one showed some depiction of males and females engaged in various sexual positions and activities, or were similarly themed. Liger found his underwear getting uncomfortably tight as all these pictures aroused him.

At the end of the passage were a pair of wooden doors, or rather what remained of them. Over the centuries they had rotted away, leaving only a few scraps of thick wood on the floor and attached to the iron hinges, which had almost totally rusted. “I guess the caretaker hasn’t been through for a while,” remarked Chatley, studying the remains. He stepped through the doorway into the room beyond. “Whoa.”

“What?” Liger followed, casting his flashlight’s beam around. “Whoa, indeed.” The cavern inside was massive, hewn out of the surrounding rock. Looking up, the ceiling was about twenty metres or so above their heads; across, the cavern measured about twice that. A wide aisle extended down the centre up to a three-stepped dais. Upon the dais was the biggest example of erotic statuary Liger had ever seen, reaching halfway to the ceiling. It displayed a vulpine male embracing another, who was impaled on the first’s thick stone member. Both were kissing tenderly, running their hands over each other’s backs. The pressure in Liger’s crotch grew even more as he stared at the statue.

Chatley turned to look at his friend. “Well, it seems we’ve found the temple...” he began, trailing off when he noticed the massive bulge in Liger’s trousers. “Er...” He forced himself to look upwards to safer territory. For some reason he found himself thinking about what was hiding beneath the fabric. He shook his head, trying to clear his mind. “What do we do now?”

“Good question. I hadn’t thought beyond actually finding the temple.” He stepped past Chatley and walked down the aisle, wanting a closer look at the statue. As he got closer, an odd light began to suffuse the cavern, making the torches unnecessary. Reaching the statue, he saw that on the base of the statue was a plaque engraved into the small pedestal it stood on. “Hey, Chatley. Come and look at this.”

“What did you find?” Chatley asked, padding up behind Liger and seeing for himself. “Um...it’s written in an archaic version of our own language, that much I can tell.” He crouched down before the statue and traced his fingers over the worn writing, trying to remember his language studies. “I’m not sure if I understand this right, but it’s the best I can come up with. *Upon this pair The Curse was placed. If two are different, rest in stone. If two are same, Curse undone. In the presence of these two must happen love, the making of.*” Chatley raised an eyebrow. “What do you think that means?”

“Well, I’d guess that these two were caught making out, the people didn’t like it, so the priests put a curse on them.” Liger crouched down next to his friend, his erection a little subsided by trying to think through the little riddle. “The last part is obvious; two people have to have sex here on the dais. I’m not sure of the middle, though.”

Chatley thought for a few moments, tapping his fingers against the pedestal. “It must refer to the people who come here to undo the curse. I *think* that the genders of the two have to be the same. If

they're male and female, then this pair —” Chatley gestured up at the statue. “— will stay locked in stone. If they're both males, or both females, then they should return to normal. In theory.”

Liger peered at his friend with a puzzled expression. “If two gays or lesbians are meant to break the curse, then why are these two petrified? That doesn't make any sense.”

“Hmm. Good point. I'll think about that.” Chatley got up and walked around the statue, inspecting the workmanship of the sculpture. As he did so, he started feeling a little uncomfortable in the crotch region. The thought ran through his mind that something about the temple was making him feel aroused, and he tried to dismiss the idea. “Erm, Liger? Are you feeling a little, er, horny, by any chance?” he asked, blushing redly inside his ears.

His friend came around the side of the statue and stared at Chatley, his lips twitching as he tried to suppress a grin. “You too?” Liger didn't bother to mention that he was feeling horny not only because of the statue, but because he was, for some reason, lusting after Chatley. “You think that it could be some sort of spell on this place, or the curse itself?”

“No idea,” murmured Chatley, starting to feel acutely embarrassed under Liger's gaze, which seemed to be directed at his crotch. “Could be. I certainly *hope* it is, anyway.” The pressure in his underpants grew too much for him, and he finally reached into his pants to rearrange his equipment. “What are you looking at?” he muttered darkly at Liger. “You'd probably welcome an opportunity to show yourself off, wouldn't you?”

“Well...perhaps,” Liger murmured. He glanced down at his own crotch, and was somewhat satisfied to see a large bulge in his pants. “What do you think about having a go at breaking this curse?” he asked quietly.

Chatley stared, not certain he'd heard correctly. “You mean, we should...do it? Here? Now?” He paused before adding, “With *me*?”

Liger actually had the grace to look uneasy. “If you think about it, we'll probably be the only people to find this place for the next hundred or more years. Would you really want these lovers to be entombed in stone even longer, just for sharing their love for each other?” Chatley looked torn between wanting to help the two unfortunates, and wanting to leave, so Liger pressed a little more. He stepped closer, gently putting an arm around his friend, who flinched, but didn't back away. “Chatley...I don't know if it's this spell making me feel this way, or if it's just my heart, but...” He took a deep breath then continued. “Right now, I think that I like you...a lot.” Liger couldn't quite bring himself to say ‘I love you’ just yet; he would wait until he was sure it wasn't just his mind playing with his feelings. “I know how you feel about me, and I don't want to press anything on you...”

“All right.” The wolf looked up at his friend's face, and saw sincerity in his expression and eyes. “I really don't know what to say,” he mumbled, dropping his gaze.

“Let me make love to you,” murmured Liger, “just this once. If not for me, then for these poor souls.” He waved his hand at the statue. “I'll be as gentle a lover as you've ever had.”

Chatley's ears lowered, and he muttered something that was barely audible to Liger's ears. In response to “What?” he repeated himself a little louder. “I've never had a lover.” He felt his ears being scratched, then Liger said quietly, “It would be an honour to be your first, Chatley. May I?” The tone of the last two words seemed to be quietly pleading.

Together, both of them looked up at the statue. Neither said a word for a few seconds. The silence was broken by Chatley clearing his throat. “Okay, Liger,” he said quietly, nodding. “I'll do it. Will it hurt?”

Liger hesitated before replying. “It will at first, but the pain will go away pretty quickly. I'll let you be in control. Only when you're comfortable with it shall we proceed. Is that okay?” He hugged his friend gently. To his surprise, Chatley hugged back and nodded. He then pulled away and started to unbutton his shirt and pants, fumbling a little in nervousness. Adept fingers helped him out, and soon Chatley was standing nude, his hands covering his privates. At Liger's gentle urging he moved his hands, revealing his thickening sheath and reasonably sized balls. Liger brushed his hand over his friend's cheek, smiling. “You're rather handsome, you know,” he said, making Chatley blush. “Would you like to help me take my own clothes off?”

Blushing even more, Chatley helped Liger to remove his shirt, then pants. Seeing the bulge straining the fabric of his friend's underwear, he couldn't resist a tentative touch. The bulge jumped a little in response, as if eager to be free of its confines. Chatley obliged by hooking his fingers under the waistband and pulling out and down, setting the dark pink thickness of Liger's semi-erect cock free. Chatley's jaw dropped, and he stared as the cock continued to grow to what seemed to him huge proportions. "You want to put *that* in *me*?" he said, his voice rising. "It won't fit! It's too big!"

"Trust me," said Liger, bending down to lift Chatley to his feet. "No-one who has ever taken my full length has complained of it being too big. It's only seven inches. It'll fit, believe me." He stepped back and looked Chatley up and down, a smile creasing his lips. Slowly he gathered his friend in his arms, and bent his head down to press his lips to Chatley's. The wolf tensed up briefly, but relaxed into the embrace. On his own initiative he parted his lips, letting his tongue brush teasingly around Liger's lips. Liger responded in kind, and they began exploring each other's mouths.

Much to his surprise, and a little to his chagrin, Chatley felt the beginnings of an erection as he stroked his hands over Liger's body, unconsciously moving them down to lightly squeeze the leonine buttocks. "Mrrr, that's nice," whispered Liger, doing the same.

Chatley's maleness grew more at the gentle touch of Liger's hands, until all six inches were pressing into their bellies. At that point he realised that he could feel Liger's as well. The thought of that thick member penetrating his tailhole was rather daunting, but Chatley was determined to go through with it. Besides, his curiosity had now taken hold of him, and he wanted to see what the act of male loving was like.

They broke the kiss, Liger smiling down at his friend. He then lowered himself, crouching down on the ground, so that he was nearly eye-level with Chatley's dark pink cock. Taking a light grasp of the base, he pulled it toward him, inhaling the musky scent before slipping his mouth over the head.

The sensation of someone taking his cock into their mouth was a completely new one to Chatley, and he bucked his hips forward in reflex, sheathing half his member in Liger's muzzle. "Ohh," he moaned softly, putting his hands on Liger's head and holding him gently. "That feels nice."

Liger, his mouth occupied with pleasuring the cock that it was surrounding, didn't say anything. Instead he concentrated on making Chatley's first blowjob one he would remember. He curled his rough tongue around the pulsing length, pressing forward slowly to take the rest of it into his muzzle. Presently he felt the spongy head nudging the back of his throat; he then began bobbing his head up and down, sucking on it gently as he pulled up, then swirling his tongue around it as he went down again.

"Oh, gods," mumbled the wolf, feeling long suppressed sexual tension easing within him. He held Liger's head tighter as he moved in time with the oral stimulation, thrusting his turgid member in and out of Liger's muzzle.

It wasn't long before Chatley was overwhelmed by the pleasure. With a howl of ecstasy he released his long pent-up load into Liger's mouth, every spurt of semen seeming to set his nerves afire.

Several years of experience kept Liger from choking on the copious load. The first volley of cum landed right at the back of his tongue, to be swallowed almost immediately. He pulled his muzzle off Chatley's cock to catch the next couple on his tongue. The taste of it was one of the sweetest he'd ever come across, and he savoured the remainder of what Chatley had to give him.

Fully a minute passed before the wolf relaxed, almost collapsing to the ground with weakness. He looked up at Liger, who had risen to his feet again, and grinned. "That was absolutely...wonderful," he said, leaning up a little to give his friend a kiss. "Mmm...so that's what I taste like," he added, licking his lips.

Liger pulled Chatley down to sit at the edge of the dais. "Your very first blowjob." He put his arm around the wolf and hugged him. "Would you like to return the favour?"

"I guess so. I always thought it was...well, just icky. But now...knowing how good it feels..." He trailed off, gazing into Liger's golden eyes. "Sure, why not?" He shifted off the dais onto the

next step, eyeing up the large member jutting up from the golden fur. Reaching out a hand, he gently took hold of it, feeling it jump and pulse strongly. Hesitantly he leaned his head over Liger's crotch, and licked the dark pink head, tasting the large bead of precum that oozed out. Feeling a little more confident he licked harder, then slowly took three inches into his muzzle.

Moaning softly, Liger leaned back on his arms and relaxed as Chatley went down on him. It had been a while since he'd last been sucked off, and he was already feeling the urge to thrust his cock down his friend's throat and let loose, but he restrained himself with some effort. Every person had his own style, he mused. Some used their tongue to great effect; others preferred to suck, scraping their teeth very lightly over the sensitive flesh of the head. Sometimes his balls would be played with, at other times his anus. Chatley had a style all his own. His first attempts were clumsy, as almost all first-timers were, but then he quickly picked up the trick of curling his tongue around the thick length filling his mouth, and worming the tip into his cock-slit. One hand stroked the rest of his shaft, slipping down to fondle the large orbs suspended beneath. "You're good at this," Liger murmured, extending his arm and scritchng behind Chatley's ears.

Chatley mrrred softly in reply, taking a little more into his mouth. He was actually enjoying this intimate activity, and knowing that Liger was receiving the same pleasure that he had given made it all the more enjoyable.

"Okay, hon," Liger murmured, deciding he could get away with a little more familiarity. "You'd better stop before I lose it." He felt the beginnings of his orgasm slowly fade away as Chatley pulled his head up, giving the tip of his cock a final lick. Smiling, Liger leaned forward and kissed the wolf, letting it linger for a few seconds before drawing back. "Come on, Chatley. Let's make love beside them," he said, waving at the stone lovers.

Together they got up and went nearer to the statue. Liger carefully sat down on the dais, resting his back against the statue's pedestal, and gestured for Chatley to sit in his lap. The wolf did so, straddling his friend's body just behind his stiff cock. "Ready, Chatley?" Liger asked quietly, stroking his cheek.

"I think I'm as ready as I'm going to get," Chatley murmured, glancing down at the leonine member rubbing against him. He looked up into Liger's eyes and smiled, then lifted himself up and shifted forward a little. Reaching behind him and grasping Liger's member, he positioned the head at his virgin anus. A deep breath was taken, then slowly Chatley lowered himself down. His eyes widened, and his teeth clenched, as his tailhole opened up to admit the thick invader. He tried to relax, to make penetration easier, but as he took more and more into his body, he started feeling as if he was being torn apart. "Ngaargh," he groaned as the last inches of Liger's cock disappeared. He leaned against his friend for support, the pain in his butt the worst he had ever felt. "That hurts so *much!*"

"I know, hon. My first time was much the same," Liger murmured, putting his arms around Chatley and holding him, stroking his back. "Just relax, now. The pain will soon fade." The sensation of such a tight ass around his cock was wonderful; he hoped that Chatley would learn to like being filled by his member.

For the few minutes it took for Chatley's tailhole to slowly get used to being so stretched they cuddled and kissed, developing the kind of intimacy he had dreamed of but never found. "Mmm, you were right," he murmured when he noticed that his butt no longer hurt so much. He flexed his rectal muscles, and was pleased to find that he felt only a slight twinge of pain. "It doesn't really hurt any more."

Liger smiled. "That's good." He stroked his hands around Chatley's backside, slipping them under and pressing upward a little. "Now just ease yourself up, then down again, at your own pace."

The wolf nodded and, putting weight onto his legs, raised himself up a couple of inches. He inhaled sharply through his teeth as the pain briefly returned, moaning softly as he pushed back down. Liger encouraged him with quiet words, and as he got used to the unusual feeling, the pain faded again. Chatley smiled, his eyes shining. "This actually feels kind of good," he said, increasing the pace a little. His knees soon got sore, and he shifted his legs so that they lay on the ground, while

he rocked back and forth. He developed a strong rhythm, clenching his anus around Liger's cock as he pulled up, and relaxing on the downward stroke. "Ohh, gods," he moaned, riding his friend's member harder and faster. His own cock, quiescent since the blowjob before, began to thicken again, sliding out of his sheath to rub against Liger's belly.

Liger's arms went around Chatley, holding him as he bent his head forward to engage in a long, passionate French kiss. "That's it, Chatley," he said when they parted from the kiss. "You're doing well." He took the wolf's cock into his hand and gently started jacking it off.

The next couple of minutes were quiet, save for the soft moans of pleasure from both friends as they fucked. Chatley rode Liger's cock much quicker, feeling his second orgasm fast approaching. Liger's was getting close too, and he made every effort to hold off until Chatley came first.

He did, his howl echoing around the cavern once again as he climaxed. Several small spurts of cum splattered against Liger's golden-furred belly and oozed downward. Moments later Liger roared out as he bucked up into Chatley's butt and started filling the wolf with warm leonine seed.

The two lovers shared their moment of ecstasy, embracing each other as their orgasms ran their courses. Both panted hard for a while before engaging in another passionate kiss.

"So what happens now?" asked Liger, running his hands over Chatley's back and staring up at the statue above them. "Shouldn't they start moving or something?"

"I don't know, to be honest," the wolf replied, frowning a little. "Normally the effects would be pretty immediate, or so these things seem to go in fairy tales. But this is reality – the rules might be different."

Just then a loud crack sounded from above them, echoing around the cavern, followed by another.

Chatley glanced upward, and saw that a large jagged line had appeared running down the mounted fox's arm. "Uh...we'd better get off this dais before the statue decides to fall down on us," he said, slowly slipping off Liger's semi-flaccid cock. A thick trickle of semen ran out of his opened tailhole and down his leg, dripping onto the stone. Walking awkwardly, he made his way partly up the aisle, and turned to watch the statue slowly disintegrate. Liger followed only a couple of steps behind.

More loud cracks sounded, and as the lines crept across the stone surface of the statue, bits began to crumble off, crashing to the ground. As more of it fell to pieces, the statue gradually started growing smaller, hastening the process. Clouds of dust began to rise, obscuring the action for a minute or so.

The dust then began to clear, revealing to Liger's and Chatley's fascinated eyes the two foxes whose passionate embrace had been petrified so many years ago. They watched silently as the vulpines continued making love, as if they had never been interrupted. Soft moans drifted through the air, amplified by the cavern's walls, as the impaled fox was lifted up and down by his mate.

Orgasm was reached pretty quickly. Both foxes cried out as they came, the first within his partner, the other over the first's belly. They embraced tighter as they slowly sank onto dais amid the rubble of their former prison, rubbing each other's muzzle, seemingly unaware of their surroundings.

Liger and Chatley shared a look. "You think we should just leave and let them be?" whispered Liger. "Or should we introduce ourselves politely?"

"Either way, we'd still have to get our clothes from down there," Chatley pointed out. "I'm pretty sure that we're going to be noticed, so we'd might as well not skulk about." He strode down the aisle, albeit with a slightly bowlegged step, to the dais, stepping up onto it and picking up his shirt. One of the foxes turned his head and blinked, looking rather embarrassed at being caught in such a compromising position. "Who are you?" he asked. At least, that's what Chatley thought was said – the language had changed quite a bit. After that came what sounded like "What are you doing here?"

*That's a good question*, mused Chatley. He thought for a few seconds, trying to think back to his language studies of a few years ago. *I wish I'd paid more attention in class*. Haltingly, in the foxes' own language, he briefly described what had brought Liger and him to the temple, and how

they had freed the two from the centuries-old curse, blushing as he did so. “What about you? Why were you cursed?”

The foxes nattered between them for a few moments before deciding who would speak. The bigger one – Chatley could now see a difference between them – cleared his throat and began speaking, slowly and clearly for his benefit.

The tale the fox told seemed relatively typical of a persecution by his fellow villagers. He had been discovered mating with his male lover, the villagers had called for the priest, had them taken to the temple, then he and his mate were shamed and humiliated by being forced to perform their illicit joining in front of the gathered crowd. “This is what happens to sinners!” he had called, before enchanting the couple with the Stone Curse, one of the worst he could come up with. Also, because he had a flair for the dramatic, he had worked into the spell an artistic twist to turn them into a large example of erotic statuary. The next thing he knew he was surrounded by rubble and reaching his climax.

Chatley was impressed. “Now I know why it required two people of the same sex,” he called back to Liger, waving him forward. “No-one in their right mind would risk suffering the same fate to free these two, so the curse was tailored so that no-one in the village – and possibly the surrounding area – would be tempted to. I think that makes sense,” he added, in an aside to himself.

“We’re still left with the question of what to do with them,” Liger said, looking at the two foxes with raised eyebrows. “I know historians would want to get their hands on them, for their use of the old language if nothing else.”

“Well, we can’t just leave them here, either,” said Chatley. “There must be someone who’ll be able to take them in for a while, and perhaps teach them our language. It shouldn’t be too hard to do that – it’s already pretty similar, just horribly outdated.”

Liger nodded slowly. “I suppose so – I didn’t understand more than two words in ten.” He shrugged, then picked up his clothes to start putting them on. “What will they do for clothing? And how do we get them back to town?”

“To answer the first, they can wear our spare clothes – they look as if they should fit into them. The other question needs thinking about.” Chatley glanced back to the fox who had spoken. “What are your names?”

“Shimrit,” the fox said. Pointing to his mate, he said, “Valekh.”

“Okay. Shimrit, Valekh...would you like to come with us? Or go your own way?”

The foxes looked at each other. Valekh shook his head. “No, we will go elsewhere,” said Shimrit, flashing a small smile. “We wish to live by ourselves, with no people to disturb us.”

Chatley nodded. “Fair enough.” He suddenly realised that he hadn’t put his own clothes on, and hurriedly did so, knowing that Liger was looking at his butt as he bent over to pick up his pants.

Once the two friends had made themselves more presentable, Chatley invited the foxes to join them on their way out of the temple. “It must be a long time since you last saw the sun,” he said, turning on his flashlight. As they all walked out together the light in the cavern dimmed down behind them.

The late afternoon sun shone down on the clearing as Liger led the way up from the ground, followed closely by Chatley, Valekh and Shimrit. The foxes blinked furiously in the bright light, shading their eyes with their hands. Liger and Chatley sat down on the lush grass, watching the other two. “Valekh’s rather cute,” murmured the wolf, grinning at Liger. “I bet you never thought you’d hear me something like that.”

“You’re right; I didn’t.” He smiled back and leaned closer to kiss Chatley on the nose. “Thank you for...you know,” he whispered, his ears turning a little red. “I’m glad that we had the chance to do that. All through this trip I’ve thought about you, thinking that you really should go out and find yourself a mate.”

“Yeah,” Chatley admitted. “I’ve never really been particularly interested in looking for someone; I’ve always been wrapped up in my work. But if I ever find a mate...I hope they’re like you.” He kissed Liger back, then glanced away, embarrassed.

Liger chuckled and nodded. "I'm sure you'll find the right person." He looked up at the sky, seeing that the sun was getting nearer to the horizon. "What say we camp here tonight, then head back tomorrow?"

"Suits me fine," Chatley replied. He suddenly grinned and gestured in the direction of Shimrit and Valekh. "They're at it again. I guess it's true what they say about foxes."

"That all they do is eat, sleep and mate? Most likely." Liger grinned and got up, stretching thoroughly. "Maybe we should just go now and leave them alone. We can get back to the bridge by nightfall and have fish again."

"Sounds good, but this time I'll cook. I think you cooked them a little too long the last couple of times." Chatley got up and stretched as well then sighed. "We came, we saw, we conquered. We set out on a mission, and we've achieved. Now we can go back to our regular boring lives."

Liger grinned. "We came all right! And it was absolutely divine!" He ruffled Chatley's headfur good-naturedly. "And our lives have never been boring. Well, not mine, anyway." He shot a look at the foxes again, making mental notes on what they were doing to try out later, then clapped his hands together. "Right. Let's get going, then."

The two friends packed their backpacks up and hefted them onto their shoulders. Waving good-bye, though they knew they wouldn't be seen in the heat of the moment, they strode off out of the clearing, back the way they had come. A couple of minutes into the forest a loud howl was heard, a second one hot on its heels.

Chatley and Liger stared at each other, then in unison they exclaimed, "Foxes!"