RedTails : A Night Out, A Night In - Chapter 8

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The girls engage in girl talk on the way to Hot Summer Nights. Hansen shares Shaasta's penance

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RedTails: Awakenings

A Night Out, A Night In

By

Scarletdown

Chapter VIII : Small Talk

After the girls left for Hot Summer Nights, Frelic reached into his pouch and extracted another vial, syringe, and needle. "Come here, Fuzzbutt," he said, patting the seat of the chair he stood next to.

Hansen padded over to his Master, and without any further prompting, he faced the chair, spread his legs, bent over with his paws on the soft cushioned seat, and raised his tail. Frelic filled the syringe, pushed out any air bubbles, and knelt behind his pet. He inserted the needle deep into the Squirrel's rump and injected the serum.

"I just hope this doesn't wear me out too soon," he said, rubbing his bottom where the needle had gone in, "I don't want to crash too early tonight.

"Truth to tell," Frelic confided, "I have no clue how this sedative works. I'm just as new to this as you are. However, I suspect that it will be a slow-acting formula that simply keeps you from getting too wired, and not totally kick your ass right away."

"Then again," Hansen added, "if it is faster acting than we expect, I should be able fight it off and at least delay its effects. After all, in my line of work, I have been known to keep awake for extended periods, whether on watch or whether exploring deep caverns crawling with Goblins and other monsters, which make taking sleep breaks too dangerous."

Frelic took his pet's paws in his hands and gazed down into his feisty eyes. A contented smile crossed his face as he just stared at and pondered the Furling before him.

"What is it, Master?" Hansen asked, cocking his head to one side and blinking quizzically up at the Elf.

"Oh, I'm just thinking again about how our lives have been reshaped so drastically over the past hours."

"I know what you mean, Master. I was not surprised at all when you took Shaasta as your pet sister. I mean, with a hot little vixen like that, only a fool would refuse her charms, whether you share the blood running through your veins or not."

Frelic laughed, amused at the blunt assessment of his twin, and gave the Squirrel a gentle scritch under the chin, "I can't argue with you there, love. And can I assume that Shaasta has told you all about our tender years from the time we left Kalthani until we were separated when the Svelte Lady overtook the Bloodlust?"

Hansen nodded and smiled, "Oh yes," he admitted, "she left no minute detail untouched. With the experience she gained from you, 'tis no wonder she was able to hit the ground running that first night after Daddy and me helped her escape from Mistress Triniti's cottage. And by the Mink's bottom, what a memorable night that was."

"Yes, Shaasta is an amazing girl. Just as Ashton here struck it rich with Sharani and Makae, I struck it rich even moreso with her," he wrapped his arms around the Squirrel and they held each other close, hands tenderly kneading Furling bottom and paws kneading and patting Elven bottom, "and with you,

my pet."

Hansen sighed and rested his head against Frelic's chest, "And that, Master, is what surprised me. In addition to your adventures with your sister, Shaasta had also told me of the times, mostly during your captivity, when your bottom was used to satisfy Captain Hayes and several of his officers."

"That's right," my unofficial title on both the Bloodlust and the Svelte Lady was Ship's Pet."

"And your unofficial position was down on all fours like a pony filly," the Furling added, "With all the time you spent being a surrogate girl, I never would have thought you would become the type to give that type of affection to another boy."

Frelic took a firm grip on his pet's bottom and picked him up so they could see eye-to-eye, "Truth to tell, love, I was surprised too," he admitted, "and I have you to blame, I mean thank, for my awakening. When I saw you all trussed up there on your display mat at the Southern Rose, tail raised, and legs spread, I felt a stirring in my loins that disturbed me initially."

Hansen's nether cheeks flexed around the stem of the flower that was nested in his rectal channel. "When I felt your hand on my bottom and scented your arousal, I actually thought you were Shaasta. Did you know that you and your sister are so alike that under the right conditions, you can easily be mistaken for each other?"

The Elf smiled and slipped one hand between his pet's thighs, fingers gently scritching along the underside of the hard Furling cock pressed against his chest, "Yes, that is a little asset me and Shaasta have used to our advantage a number of times over the years. But that is a set of tales for some other time." He kissed the Furling; lips pressed against muzzle; tongues touched and became as one, then he set his pet down and padded towards the table in the middle of the room while he continued to reveal his secret thoughts.

"When I paddled you and Shaasta there in the show room, and witnessed your squirmings and moanings, the stirring strengthened. Your blatantly honest and earnest desires that you expressed while sprawled out there over that examination bench, ignited the spark deep within me. But it was that moment, when my fist was buried up your ass, that moment when I felt the heat of your treasure hole and the unbelievable tightness of your rear channel around my arm, that was when the flame became an inferno in my loins and in my mind." Frelic picked up the narrow leather belt with the tail feathers off the table and cinched it around his waist.

"It was that moment when you were impaled on my arm, thrashing about as I fist fucked your ass when I realized that it mattered not whether you were a boy or a girl, your sweet southern star was

every bit as delightful as that of any other girl I had taken from behind; I determined that before the day died away, my shaft would penetrate your lovely butt and I would ride you until your hot, tight depths were filled with my seed."

"And that wish will be fulfilled tonight, I trust?" Hansen asked.

"Of course," Frelic slipped a finger up his pet's ass, sharing the tight passage with Varo's rose. "This, like the rest of you, belongs to me now; I am going to make full use of your talents." He pulled his finger back out and slipped it between his lips, savoring the taste of cinnamon mixed with the Furling's own natural flavor. "Yes, your sweet ass will receive full use."

Hansen beamed happily at the Elf, "Thank-you, Master. I hope that I don't prove to be a disappointment to you in any way tonight."

"You will do just fine," he assured him. He took a step back and struck a heroic pose for his pet, feet spread and fists planted on his hips, "Now, how do I look?"

"The tailfeathers suit you most beautifully, Master." Hansen slipped behind Frelic and made some minor adjustments to his plumage so that it was properly centered over his pretty derriere and fanned out perfectly behind him.

"As my daddy always says, a well groomed tail is a thing of tremendous beauty. It's like a necklace for your butt."

"That goes without saying," Frelic agreed. "A properly poised tail never fails to draw my attention down to its owner's ass."

"Aye. 'Tis a shame that folk like the Humans, Halflings, and you Elves didn't get your bottoms blessed with these accessories."

"Well, perhaps these tail belts the girls discovered will make up for fate cheating us less fortunate people." Frelic flexed the muscles of his lower back and caused the tailfeathers to rise as if they were really a part of him, then he turned around and faced his pet.

Hansen looked his Master over as if judging a piece in an art show. He nodded his approval and smiled, "Yes, yes. That is most definitely you. The plumage makes you look most regal and majestic, in a feral sort of way." He performed a curtsy, reverently bowed his head, and gracefully dropped to one knee, "My liege."

Frelic smiled at the silly Furling kneeling before him, and played along with the little impromptu roleplay. He reached a hand out and brought him to his feet, "Arise my Princess of the Wildlands. Come join me and we will survey our domain." Furry paw clasped in soft, smooth hand, Hansen accompanied his Master out to the balcony.

The late afternoon air was sunny and cool; a fresh breeze was blowing in from the sea to the west. Hansen perched cutely on the railing overlooking the town, and together, they took in the panorama before and below them.

"Lovely town, really," Hansen remarked."

Frelic nodded his agreement, "It is indeed. I wouldn't mind securing a spot of land here for a vacation homesteading, perhaps something on the cliffs over there overlooking the sea."

"That would be nice. 'Tis a pity we are going to be leaving here in a few days; I would love to spend a week or two exploring the area."

"Well, it isn't much, but perhaps tomorrow we can have an afternoon out together to check out the shops and whatnot," Frelic suggested.

Hansen clapped his paws together and smiled, "Oh, I would love that very much. But why afternoon and not in the morning?"

"I have an appointment at the Southern Rose in the morning," the Furling was reminded.

He nodded understanding, "Oh, that's right. You are going to buy that enchanting young Vixen tomorrow. If she isn't too tired by the time you get back, can Mistie join us? I'm sure she would make for the ideal guide as we wander around Mistport."

Frelic patted his pet's hand, "That sounds like a fine idea actually. She will come with us tomorrow afternoon."

"Master? In addition to being one of your boink bunnies, are you going to give Mistie any mundane taskings?"

"Most definitely, Hansen. WraithHold is a big place, and a lot of work is required to maintain the old fortress. Mistie, considering her previous line of work, will have maid duties, and will also share cooking chores with the rest of us."

"Will you let her wear one of those frilly black and white lace maid aprons? She would look quite delicious in one of those."

"No reason not to. I've always liked that fashion."

Hansen looked expectantly at Frelic, "And what of me and Shaasta, Master?"

The Elf nodded and gave his pet an affectionate smile, "Yes, you and Shaasta can wear frilly black and white lace aprons too."

The Furling blushed at the thought of being put in girl clothes, "I meant that neither of us are all that adept at cooking. What will you have us doing when you are not making use of our tails?"

Frelic thought for a few moments, then, "You will learn. I'll see to it that Mistie teaches you properly, and I will also see if that fellow that Ashton mentioned, Brindon I believe he called him, their cook wouldn't mind letting you work with him in the kitchen tomorrow morning or the next day to get you started."

"I'll give it my best shot, Master. In addition to that though, I have a suggestion for where you can put us to work where we both excel."

"Let me guess, the gardens and the orchards?"

"Exactly. Did you read my mind?"

Frelic laughed and shook his silver-maned head, "No love, I haven't learned telepathy yet. I just figured that what with you and Shaasta being well attuned to the outdoors, you most likely have some respectable experience in dealing with plants and trees." His thoughts trailed off as he gazed off into the distance.

Hansen turned his head to try to see what it was that stole his Master's attention from him, "What is it, Master? Is something wrong?"

"No," Frelic replied, "I'm just watching the girls down there."

The Squirrel squinted, trying to catch a glimpse of Shaasta, Thissle, and Karma. "Where are they? I don't see them."

"Right there, on the boardwalk," Frelic pointed towards the waterfront. To Hansen, all the people way

off in the distance were like little ants.

"I'm sorry, Master. I simply can't tell which three dots are our little seductresses."

"That's odd," Frelic said, "They are perfectly clear to me, and...Oh my, Thissle just gave Shaasta her first paddling of the evening."

Hansen gave a dejected sigh, "Oh, how I wish I could see them. How many swats?"

"Only three," Frelic reported, "The usual pattern, one on each cheek and one across the middle. It's too soon since her last paddling for her brand to need to be brought forth again, and that probably would not have warmed her bottom enough anyway. So she must have mouthed off to Thissle."

"Or perhaps Thissle did it just because she could," Hansen suggested.

"Yes, that's a good possibility too. Whoa! Looks like they caught someone's interest. Karma just removed Shaasta's rose to allow a sailor, an Ornith Sparrow, to slip five copper pieces up her butt, her first tip of the night."

"So, which one do you think will win our tails tonight?" Hansen asked.

"What? Oh, you mean that little competition we set them on." Frelic thought for a few moments then shook his head, "I have no clue. They are all highly talented, so I can only guess that it will be a really close race."

"That reminds me Master," Hansen changed the subject again, "when me, Thissle, and Karma were getting cleaned up, we heard the sounds of a rather intense paddling coming from the bed chamber. What did Shaasta do to earn a real punishment spanking so soon?"

Frelic gave a sly grin, and a devilish twinkle flashed in his eyes, "What did my sister do to get punished? She cost me ten platinum pieces because she stubbornly disregarded my warnings to avoid traveling along the Northwest coast."

"Ah, I see. Well truth be known, Master," Hansen confessed, "at least half the blame should be laid upon my tail. Both of us agreed to take that route anyway, figuring we could hold our own against any foe in these parts."

"Are you saying that you should have your bottom roasted as well?"

The little Furling proudly held his head and tail high, "It is not fair that Shaasta take the punishment for both of us. Therefore, I should receive the same from you as she did."

"Ten platinum pieces, one thousand gold," Frelic said, "For her penance, I sentenced my sister to receive a total of one thousand swats, one for each gold piece."

Hansen's eyes widened, "One thousand? I know of no one throughout time who has ever withstood such a spanking."

"I have," Frelic replied, letting Hansen in on a little personal secret.

"You, Master?" The Furling shook his head in total disbelief, "No mortal can safely take that kind of punishment."

"I did indeed, back when I was a mere thirteen years of age," he insisted, "Though I will admit that at the time, I was in spirit form in the Beastlands, and I'm not sure how many swats it actually was; it could have been much more than one thousand or a little less."

"Oh, that does make a difference."

"A big difference. What with my physical body safely sequestered in Mistress Aeraal's quarters on the Svelte Lady, there was no mortal flesh to insulate and cushion the spanking. A paddling in spirit form is ten times worse than one received in physical form."

Hansen rubbed his bottom in sympathy, "I can't fathom what that must have been like. What did you do to deserve an immortal glow?"

"At the time of the spanking, it had been two years since my last visit to the Beastlands. And damn, was Lynx pissed at me for neglecting my Wildmage training that long. Pretty much as soon as I arrived, she pulled me across her lap, conjured a paddle, declared that I would receive a two minute spanking, then proceeded to roast my bare bottom for an hour."

"A full hour?" Frelic's pet looked confused, "That is considerably longer than two minutes. Did she purposely deceive you?"

"Oh not at all," Frelic replied, "You may not be aware of this, but there is a severe time differential between the Mortal and Immortal Realms. The declaration of two minutes was by Niathian reckoning. In the Beastlands, that translates to one hour. So when she was done abusing my bottom, only two minutes had truly passed here on Niath."

"Absolutely amazing, Master." Hansen was in awe at his owner's endurance and willpower to be able to withstand such a punishment, "And I bet you've made frequent trips to the Beastlands ever since then to keep Lynx happy."

"Yes," Frelic said, "Lynx never had to paddle me again, at least not for neglecting my training." He took a gentle grip on Hansen's shoulder and looked him in the eyes.

"Now, about your willingness to submit to the same punishment Shaasta is under. First, as you might have been able to determine, that was nowhere near one thousand swats I gave her while you three girls were bathing."

Hansen nodded his head, "I wasn't counting, but it did only sound like around forty to perhaps seventy or so."

"It was fifty. Shaasta is receiving her punishment in fifty swat installments, a minimum of once per day, sometimes twice or three times per day depending on my whims."

"I can handle that."

"Be advised though," Frelic warned him, "these are full-fledged punishment spankings well above yours and Shaasta's pleasure thresholds."

"I fully understand, Master. And I humbly request that you allow me to share in Shaasta's penance."

"Very well, sweet pet. Steel yourself for the most intense paddling you have ever known." Frelic gently pulled Hansen off the railing, took a firm grip on his arm, and marched him back inside.

The dining commons were nearly deserted when the girls came down the stairs. Ashton was busy sweeping the floor; the two feline bards, finished with their rehearsal, were seated at a table, enjoying large tankards of ale to refresh themselves before taking the stage tonight, and quietly exchanging stories with a handsome Furling Badger who was seated with them.

The musclebound inn keeper paused from his work, leaned on his broom, and gave the girls a warm friendly smile, "Hello again, ladies. Where are you off to this fine afternoon all prettied up so, if you don't mind my asking?"

Thissle beamed back at him and struck a flirtatious pose, one hip canted seductively out, "Oh, we don't mind at all, Mister Kez."

"You never do, brat," Shaasta smirked.

Thissle smirked back and lightly tapped the paddle she was carrying on her shoulder, a little reminder to the Elf who was on which end of the leash.

Karma stepped forward and gave Ashton a polite curtsy, "We're taking Shaasta out to dance the night away at a little place on the waterfront, Hot Summer Nights."

"Ah, a girls' night out. Will Frelic and that charming bushytailed fellow be joining you?"

Thissle shook her copper-maned head, "Not tonight, Ashton. Master and Hansen just want to relax here this evening and catch those kittens' performance." She nodded in the direction of the bards; they smiled and waved, then pushed back their chairs and padded slinkily over, steins in hand, and with the Badger close behind.

The he-cat adjusted the wire-rimmed spectacles perched on his muzzle, smiled seductively and gently scritched the Rabbit and Dragon girls under the chin, "Good afternoon, Thissle, Karma. You two look absolutely bewitching, like a pair of young, wild, whitetail deer." His voice was melodic and mesmerizing, his eyes amber pools of enchantment.

The girls giggled cutely, and performed a slow turn to show off their assets, teasingly thrusting out their behinds and shaking them for him like a pair of stage girls.

"You're looking rather feral tonight yourself, Wish," Thissle replied. She ran her fingers through the soft fur of his cheeks and gave him a playful beep on his wide, toasty brown nose.

He purred and licked at the girl's fingers, "Did I overhear correctly that you girls won't be here tonight for our little performance?"

"I'm afraid you heard correctly," Karma replied, "Shaasta here has been cooped up in a pet shop for the past month, and she needs a night on the town."

"Aw, 'tis a pity," he pouted, "I was truly hoping you ladies may find yourself up on the stage with my beloved little sister here this evening. It would have been the purest of magicks with all four of you working your curves for our hungry guests."

The Rabbit blushed, the insides of her ears reddening, "Oh, you flatterer," she giggled, "You are a real dream."

"No," the other cat corrected her, "I'm Dream; he's Wish." Wish's referral to her as his little sister was only accurate as far as their ages. Dream was really only a little smaller than her brother, but still quite healthy, her soft curves belying the strength hidden deep within her well-toned muscles.

Wish laughed and took a deep pull from his stein, lapping some stray drops of the cool, sweet ale from his muzzle. "Perhaps tomorrow night then?"

"We will see," Karma replied.

"Thissle," the Badger said, stepping up next to the Elf the girl had on the leash.

"Yes, Brindon?"

"I assume this delightful little vixen you are leading about like a two-legged pony is the Shaasta whom Karma just mentioned?" he asked, placing a paw on her shoulder and looking her naked body over.

"Yes, this is Shaasta," Thissle confirmed, "She is Master Frelic's new pet."

He raised her hand to his muzzle and gave her dainty fingers an equally dainty lick, "Welcome to the Hightail, Miss Shaasta. 'Tis a pleasure to have a lovely and enchanting creature such as yourself here to bring a touch of class and beauty." He looked over at Ashton, who was giving him a bit of a look, and corrected himself, "I mean a touch of more class and more beauty."

"Thank-you, kind sir," Shaasta replied. She gave him a heart-melting smile and coyly combed her fingers through her long, fiery mane. "It's a pleasure meeting you all, and I hope to get to know you better before we head for home. But we better get going if we want to get decent seating."

"Right then," Brindon nodded. He wiped his paws on the front of his work tunic, "I best be getting back to the kitchen to get tonight's menu prepared. Have a good time, ladies." With his now empty stein in his paws, he disappeared through the double doors behind the bar.

"We need to head off too," Wish announced. "Time for us to have a nice hot bath and a bit of a nap before show time." They finished their drinks and handed the large, empty mugs to Ashton, and with an arm wrapped around his sister, he escorted her up the stairs to their suite.

Ashton excused himself momentarily to go set the empty steins on the stage near the cats' instruments, then came back and took up his broom again, "Well, have a good time out there, girls. Be careful though, Hot Summer Nights can be a pretty wild place, so watch yer asses. Everyone else

will be."

"We'll be careful," Karma assured him, "Frelic put me in charge tonight, and I will make sure nothing bad happens."

"Good. Now get outta here, brats. I have work to do." He smiled and shooed them off, giving each of them a friendly swat on their bottoms with the broom as they filed past him on their way to the door.

Outside, the sky was sunny, with a cool salty breeze coming in from the west. Karma directed them north, then they took a left at the next intersection and made their way towards the waterfront. The streets were quite busy this afternoon. Various sea birds squawked and shrieked overhead, scavenging for morsels, and the clip clop of horse, Centaur, and pony hooves mixed with the occasional whip crack and clatter of wheels on the cobblestone streets as carriages, buggies, and wagons carrying merchants and wealthier visitors and citizens through the streets. The sidewalks were a respectable procession of people of many races and countless species: locals, road-weary travelers, sailors, and more. Not unexpectedly, the three girls received a lot of lengthy stares from passersby as they strutted their way west; each one received her fair share of lewd compliments and muttered wishes, causing them to smile and putting an even more pronounced hip swish in their gait.

"So," Shaasta said, trying to make small conversation, "What would you bet that those bards are boinking each other?"

"Well that's a no brainer," Thissle replied, "I thought it was pretty obvious, judging by the way Dream clings to Wish the same way you cling to Frelic. Of course they're boinking each other."

Karma's ears drooped back flat against her back, "The bigger question is, which one of us will get boinked by Wish first?"

"One contest at a time please, bunny," Shaasta insisted. Her prosthetic tail flicked back and forth behind her, "Besides, I have a feeling Master will be the first of us to feel Wish's cock inside him."

"How do you figure that?" Thissle asked.

"Before you two came back from your shopping trip," she explained, "I noticed Wish ogling Master."

Karma's tail twitched, "Do you suppose he swings both ways?"

Shaasta shrugged, "It wouldn't surprise me. After all, he is a Furling, and you know how the old saying goes among the Furling lads."

The Rabbit giggled and nodded, "A boinkable bottom that belongs to a boy is still a boinkable bottom."

"And even if Wish wasn't harboring thoughts of fucking a sexy Elf boy like Frelic, he still may have been harboring thoughts of fucking him."

"Shaasta, you are talking weird," Thissle replied, "That makes absolutely no sense."

"It means that Wish may have thought Frelic was a girl. Wish is nearsighted; when he he was checking Frelic out from across the room, he didn't have his spectacles on. And what with the dim lighting and all, he could easily have thought he was mentally undressing a hot Elven lady."

"That's pretty observant of you," Karma noted, "I would not have picked up on that detail."

"Well, in my line of work, you have to be aware of your surroundings and note the more subtle details of the goings on around you." Shaasta took note of a cute brown and white Furling River Otter, a local merchant, wearing a solid red cotton vest and pushing a pastry cart down the other side of the street towards the waterfront. She gave him a coy gaze over her shoulder, playfully patted her bare bottom, and tossed a teasing kiss in his direction, causing him to shyly look away, then turn his attention to a pretty Furling Rat girl who was hungrily waiting to try some of his wares before continuing on his route, his path lightened by visions of playing with a pretty, naked, red-headed Elven temptress.

"Truth to tell," Karma confessed, her ears dropped back again, "as nice as Wish is, I think I would most want to be taken by that gorgeous Badger fellow, Brindon."

Thissle nodded her agreement. "He is quite charming, and looks like he'd be a pleasurable little stallion to play with. But if it came down to a choice between Brindon and Wish, I would have to compromise, and take both." The other girls exchanged a look, giggled, and voiced their agreement with Thissle's solution, then the subject was changed again.

"How is your shapeshifting project coming along, Shaasta?" Thissle asked, "Have you managed to perfect your Ornith Hawk form yet?"

The Elf shook her head, "Not yet, but I was getting close at the time me and Hansen got captured. The magick nullification field at the Southern Rose put a bit of a damper on my natural ability, so I haven't been able to practice since then. I'll resume my experiments tomorrow."

A nice-looking Human couple who looked to be in their late twenties or early thirties passed by the

girls, heading in the opposite direction. All three girls, as an impromptu warm up for tonight, repeated the flirt that Shaasta had used on the pastry vendor a minute ago. It worked like a charm, then the exasperated husband sighed, smacked his entranced wife on her leather-skirted ass to draw her attention away from the three cute hussies, and led her away, up a side street.

"So," Karma said, "In the unlikely event one of you two brats win Frelic and Hansen for the day, what are you going to do with them?"

Shaasta stuck her tongue out at the Rabbit and giggled, "Well, when I win," she paused to think about the possibilities, "I'll get back to you on that. Don't want to spoil any surprises, y'know."

"In other words, you have no clue what you would do if you had your brother and your lover as your pets," Thissle translated. "How about you, bunny?"

"I know exactly what I'm going to do with them. I want them to completely dote on me as if I was a great princess. I'll have them attend to me in the bath. After they have toweled me off, and groomed my hair and pelt, they will attend to me out on the balcony, and personally serve a wonderful, hot breakfast, and then..."

"Okay, okay," Shaasta stopped her, "We get the picture. Just remember what often happens to spoiled brat princesses."

Karma defensively put her paws over her bottom, and kept the rest of her plans to herself. They reached the waterfront, turned right, and paced north up the boardwalk.

"And if you win, Thissle?" Shaasta asked.

"I am going to start off bright and early by paddling their bottoms until they are fully awake, something like this," she wrapped an arm around the Elf's waist, bent her over, and brought all activity around them to a halt by landing three solid swats on her bare bottom with the studded side of her student paddle, one on each cheek, and one right across the middle, "only longer. And then we will see how the day develops from there."

Before she could put Shaasta upright, Thissle felt the poke of a small, taloned finger on her rump, "Pardon me, miss?" She looked and saw no one, until she looked down. Standing before her was an Ornith Sparrow, a male, judging by the black feathery V on his breast; he was no taller than the top of Shaasta's behind. He was dressed in a blue and silver sailor's tunic with matching beret, and was holding five copper pieces in his hand.

"Yes?" Thissle said, "Whatcha need, sea bird?"

He held up the small handful of coins and gestured with his beak to the bent over Elf's bare, crimson rear, "May I?"

Thissle laughed and smiled at the bird, "Be my guest, dear."

Karma removed the rose planted inside the Elf, and the Sparrow slipped the copper coins, one at a time, deep up Shaasta's butt. Shaasta was blushing tremendously with so many strangers all around witnessing her receiving such intimate attention. Karma reinserted the rose, but did not yet allow the girl to stand upright.

"Now, what do you say to the nice lad?" she prompted her.

"Thank-you very much for your generosity, sir," she replied, looking upside-down through her spread legs at the feathered fellow standing behind her.

The Sparrow gave her bottom a friendly pat, "My pleasure, m'lady," he said, "I always feel a show like that deserves compensation."

"There will be plenty more of that and then some tonight at Hot Summer Nights," Thissle informed him. She released her grip on the Elf. She righted herself and turned around to face the handsome mariner bird.

"You ladies are very pretty," he said, no hint of empty flattery in his voice. "I still have another two hours before I am off duty, but after that, I may show up to check out your performance then. And I will be sure to bring along some of my shipmates. Now, I must be getting back to work." He gave them a friendly salute, hands balled into fists and arms crossed over his breast, then turned about and marched down the boardwalk, whistling some seafarer's tune that none of the girls were familiar with.

"Well, looks like you got a head start on us, Elf brat" Thissle said, "But the night has not yet started. Let's go." She landed another swat across Shaasta's bottom, and the girls continued their trek.

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