RedTails : A Night Out, A Night In - Chapter 9

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Frelic begins Hansen's Paddling. The girls earn their first bit of coin and make a new friend.

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RedTails: Awakenings

A Night Out, A Night In

By

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Chapter IX : Tails Up

Frelic sat down on the couch in front of the fireplace. "Go fetch the training paddle from the bed chamber, young lady," he ordered.

Hansen disappeared through the southeast door, returning less than a minute later with the paddle Frelic had purchased from Varo reverently held in front of him in both paws. He presented it to his Master and submissively stood before him. Elf quietly patted his bare thigh, and Squirrel obediently lay face down across his Master's lap, bushy tail held high and proud.

Frelic rubbed the paddle over his pet's upturned bottom and gave him a few light taps, "Ten platinum pieces, one thousand gold, one thousand swats," he chanted, as he had said to Shaasta earlier. This time however, he added, "Plus an additional thirty five, the price I paid for your own rescue. Now, since my concentration will be focused solely on paddling your butt, I may easily lose count. Therefore, I charge you to maintain the counting and to call out each swat applied to your bottom. You will count out the thirty five first, and after your price is fulfilled, you will start the count over again for the thousand. Are these instructions clear, my pet?"

Hansen trembled as he thought about what he would soon endure, "Yes, Master. I fully understand." No sooner had he voiced his acknowledgment, then the paddle slammed down on his furry little bottom, striking the left cheek with a punishing wooden bite that left him stunned for a brief moment. "One!" he cried, after his breath returned to his lungs.

Another smack of the paddle burned through the right hemisphere of his ass, every bit as cruel and punishing as its predecessor. He closed his eyes tight, and through clenched teeth, yelled, "Two!"

A third strike immediately followed, kissing both cheeks as it landed perfectly across the center, "Three!"

The paddling proceeded at a steady beat, the timing between each swat administered slow enough to where the Squirrel felt the full impact of wood on furry nether flesh, but not so slow as to give him any respite between strikes. The lounge was filled with the sounds of punishment mixed with Hansen's pained cries as he numbered each smack, sounds which spilled out above the streets and the third floor hallway through the open doors. By the thirtieth swat, Hansen was blinking back the tears that threatened to escape his eyes; his little bottom felt as if it was on fire. By the thirty fifth, his will broke and his whole body was quivering as he sobbed uncontrollably, "Thirty five."

Frelic put the paddle down and inspected his handiwork. A lovely deep blush was visible through the white fur of his pet's plush bottom, and his mark, the pawprint overlaid with a willow tree, shimmered silver against the crimson canvas. Between the Squirrel's legs, there was not the slightest hint of arousal; between the Elf's legs was a different story, but Frelic was satisfied that the spanking he had just given his pet as well as the spanking to come, was and would be true punishment. After Hansen was calmed again, Frelic picked the paddle back up and rubbed it over the Squirrel's already punished bottom, "And now to begin the thousand." As before, the paddle traced a graceful downward arc through the air and landed solidly on the left side of Hansen's bottom, sending a new burst of pain coursing through his aft end.

"One!!!"

The boardwalk was a beehive of activity, a great contrast to the serene solitude of the wilds to which Shaasta was much more accustomed. The walks were a veritable river of people, folk from all over Niath, all bustling about on personal business or taking in the sights, or allowing themselves to be drawn into one of a great variety of shops that lined the wood-paved roadway. Many large ships floated in the cool salty waters, moored securely to the docks, ships as diverse as the people who filled the waterfront. Small fast corvettes; enormous cargo, passenger, and war vessels, whose multitude of masts formed a mini skyline; several massive longboats, with huge oars protruding from the sides like the legs of a giant centipede; and pleasure craft, clippers, schooners, and more, belonging to the wealthier citizens and visitors in Mistport. Sailors hustled about the piers, performing maintenance on their ships, loading and unloading cargo, securing rigging, and mending sails. Many paused to briefly take in the lovely sight of the three nymphly ladies as they passed by, while others, too focused on their work, blithely carried on with their tasks.

Shaasta's prosthetic tail twitched nervously behind her. Places such as this made her uncomfortable and nervous. The Elf, being a shy creature of the wilds, felt much more at ease deep in the forests of Pinevale or the misty swamplands of Kalthani, where she and her brother had been born twenty three years previously. Without warning, she paused to regain her senses. The others did not stop until the leash clasped to her collar went taught.

Thissle turned around and gazed at her charge; genuine concern for the Elf was clearly visible in her coppery eyes. "Shaasta, honey, are you okay? You seem troubled."

"Yeah," Karma agreed, "Are you not feeling well?"

Shaasta closed her eyes and covered her face with her hands for a few seconds, then turned and gave her friends a timid smile, "I'll be okay. I'm just feeling a wee bit overloaded out here."

Thissle nodded sympathetically, "The shy forest creature outside of her natural habitat." She handed the leash to Karma and put an arm around the troubled Elf, gently petting her bare flank to comfort her. "If this is too much for your senses to withstand, we can go back to the Hightail Inn or find a nice quiet stretch of beach to retreat to away from this crowd, and just have some quiet intimate time together by ourselves," she offered.

"Thank-you, Thissle, but I will be alright momentarily." She smiled again and planted a friendly peck on the Dragon girl's sweet lips. "I really do need to condition myself to become comfortable in settings such as this anyway."

"Oh look!" Karma interrupted them. "Otters!"

"That pastry vendor again?" Shaasta guessed.

"No, sea otters," the Rabbit replied, pointing to the water, "the critters, not the Furlings."

Shaasta and Thissle looked in the direction Karma was pointing. There in the salty water between the pier and a massive Tameran longboat, a group of three gray and white-furred sea otters were swimming about, playing nip and run and occasionally diving beneath the surface, only to come back up with a large shellfish in one paw and a large rock in the other. The girls dropped down on all fours at the edge of the pier for a better look, once again causing all activity around them to come to a halt.

"Oh, how cute," Shaasta giggled, the smile on her face at the sight of the three large water rats chasing away any lingering threads of her recent claustrophobia.

"You would think that much cuteness concentrated in one place would violate some local ordinances," Thissle commented, as one of the otters floated on his back, placed a mussel on his chest, and cracked it open with his rock to get at the succulent meat inside.

"Aw, you can never have too much cuteness," Karma argued. She made a 'tch-tch' sound, which got the otters' attention. The three sea critters paused in their frolickings and gazed up at the three ladies watching them, staring back with large dark eyes that caught the afternoon sun and sparkled with playful mischief.

"What are you doing?" Thissle asked.

"I'm getting us a bit of good luck," Karma replied. She repeated the 'tch' sounds and the otters swam closer to the pier, almost close enough for the girls to reach out and caress their wet pelts. "Ever kissed an otter before?"

"Only Delilah," Thissle said, "and that fellow who runs the little Inn at Rainwood. But never a mundane otter."

"It's supposed to bring good luck," Shaasta told her. "Truth to tell, I can't say whether or not there is really anything to that or if it's just an old hearth tale, but there's no harm in trying."

Thissle shook her head and smirked, "Well, it seems a little silly to me, but what do I know? After all, I'm only a young and clueless Dragon."

They all leaned forward, heads down over the water, asses in the air. After a minute of making little kissy noises at the critters, the otters disappeared beneath the surface, then popped back up nose to nose with the girls. Wet, salty muzzles touched their mouths in a series of rapid-fire pecks. Then as quickly as it started, the otters slipped again beneath the water, resurfaced near the far end of the pier, and swam out to the kelp beds off in the distance.

"Well, that was weird," was Thissle's verdict.

"What was weird?" Shaasta asked.

"Delilah never kisses like that."

"Perhaps she would if you asked her."

Karma looked over at Thissle and shrugged, "That's because Delilah is an Otter."

Thissle and Shaasta exchanged a look, then the Dragon girl turned her gaze back to the Rabbit, "But those were otters."

"What I mean is," Karma started to explain, then thought better of it, "ah, never mind for now. I'll spell it out for you later. Let's go."

"Not yet."

"Why?" Karma asked, "the otters are gone."

Thissle and Shaasta gave her a puzzled look, "Who are you talking to, bunny?" She started to get up.

"Please girls, stay put for just a moment or two longer." The voice, though gruff and subtly commanding, was definitely feminine.

Not sure if they were about to be robbed or raped, the girls went ahead and played it safe and held still in the invite position.

"Almost there," the voice behind them said. She sounded a little distracted, "Just one final touch. Hold it. Hold it. And..." one at a time, they felt a gentle hand on their rumps, followed by a light pressure on their southern stars, as the unknown lady behind them gave them each a single coin, inserted up their butts with a long, fur-covered finger. "There, finished. You ladies may get up now, unless you don't mind the possibility of just any passersby accepting your unspoken invitation. Oh, and lest I forget my

manners, thank-you very much for your time and cooperation."

The girls rose to their feet and slowly turned around. Before them, smiling warmly, stood a Furling Coyote. Her fur was dark gray, with speckles of lighter gray. A mop of hair, black as the darkest night crowned her furry head, dropping to her shoulders and curling out behind her. As if Ms. Nature was indecisive as to which color best suited this canine lady, her eyes were constantly changing colors every five seconds, cycling from brown, to violet, to blue, to green, to gray, and back to brown.

As was typical of Furlings, Orniths, and other exotic races, this Coyote dressed lightly, showing off her fur-covered curves. Standing on digitigrade legs, her feet were shod with a pair of tall sandals, which were laced neatly up to her knees. The only other clothing on her lean but still curvaceous body was a harness of supple black leather, which was nothing more than a wide belt around her waist and two straps that formed an X across her back and pert breasts. A pair of silver pins decorated her harness, one near each shoulder. The left was a likeness of a mink, curled up on a pillow, and its counterpart was another mink, this one a Furling in a three quarter rear view, partially bent over with her paws on her knees and her tail raised high. Hanging from her belt, at her left hip, was a small, round wooden paddle, decorated with a likeness of the same Furling Mink featured on her right shoulder. Also on her belt were the usual pouches, as well as several quills, paint brushes, and charcoal sticks. Under her left arm, she held a thick pad of drawing parchments.

"Again," the Coyote repeated, "I thank-you for your cooperation. I hope a silver piece each was sufficient for your modeling services."

Shaasta looked puzzled, "Modeling services?"

"Yes indeed. Look," she held up the drawing pad, and the girls gave a collective gasp at what they saw. While they were busy kissing the sea otters, this Furling managed to hammer out an impressively accurate sketch of the three girls; or more specifically, an impressively accurate sketch of the girls' severely upthrust asses.

Karma looked quite amazed at this lady's work, "That is fantastic. You even managed to get the rose planted up Shaasta's butt."

Thissle nodded, agreeing with Karma's assessment, "And in only a couple minutes at that, Miss?"

"Trikks," she replied, giving the girl's hand a friendly squeeze, "I'm with Uptail Lodge, Mistport's chapter of the Order of the Mink." She pointed to the silver pin on her right shoulder, and then to its counterpart on her left. "And you are?"

"Thissle," she offered, "of WraithHold."

"Oh my!" Trikks' paw went to her muzzle, and her eyes went wide as if she had just seen a ghost. "From Pinevale, perchance?"

Thissle exchanged looks with her friends, "That's the only WraithHold we know of."

"And if you will pardon this humble artist's continued grilling," she pressed on, "would you by chance really be a Dragon, Copper to be precise?"

Thissle's eyes changed; whites, irises, and pupils merged into swirling pools of translucent copper. "Ms. Trikks, what is your game here? How do you know who I am?" Her voice was a low growl, with a hint of suspicion and a touch of menace.

Trikks remained calm, though her eyes betrayed her awe at the subtle power this lass emanated. "Please, dear," she said, "Keep your skirt on, at least for now. There is no cause for alarm. I am simply truly honored to find myself in your presence." She put her arms behind her and in a sincere gesture of deference, placed her paws flat on her furry rump.

Thissle looked to Karma and Shaasta for a clue. All they could offer was a helpless shake of their heads and a puzzled shrug. Perhaps this creature was simply letting the wizweed speak for her, although there was no hint of that substance's sweet fragrance on the Coyote.

"Begging your pardon, m'lady, but I fear that your flattery is misplaced." Thissle's eyes returned to as they were before, "I am merely a girl, a Dragon girl masquerading as a Human, but still just a girl, nothing more, nothing special."

Trikks gave a laugh that was sweet music to the ears and soothing to the nerves. "Your modesty is greatly understated, dear Dragon." She placed a paw on the back of Thissle's bare thigh, giving it a gentle pat, "and I do not mean your delightful fashion sense."

"Honestly, Ms. Trikks," Thissle replied, "Before you start speaking in riddles, I must again insist that I am truly no one of any significance. You must be mistaking me for some other girl."

"Nonsense!" Thissle felt the cool seaside breeze caress her naked bottom, followed by the burning sting of wood on flesh as Trikks pulled up the hem of her minidress and planted the paddle which, moments before, hung docilely at her hip, squarely on the girl's exposed left cheek. The impact brought a loud smack that rang out up and down the street and across the water, causing the three otters out there to briefly look up from their kelp wraps before returning to their afternoon nap.

The Coyote released Thissle's dress, shook the paddle knowingly in her direction, and scolded her. "Knock it off with that innocent little charade, girl. Just as there is only one WraithHold in Pinevale, we all know that there is only one young Copper Dragon brat named Thissle who calls WraithHold in Pinevale her lair."

Thissle rubbed her left flank. It smarted considerably where Trikks' paddle had struck her. "Okay, we have established my identity." She raised her own paddle and returned the Coyote's favor squarely across both furry southern cheeks, "Now, will you please tell us how you know who I am and why, by Paramour's fangs, you are acting as if this humble Dragon lass is some sort of celebrity?"

"Oh, but you are a celebrity, dear girl," Trikks corrected her, "In fact, you are a legend. Who would have thought that I would have the honor of having my furry butt paddle-smacked by the Paddled Dragon herself." She fluttered her eyelashes dreamily at Thissle, "Thank-you so much. I will cherish this moment for all time."

Karma pulled the confused Dragon girl aside, "Thissle, what the 'ell is up with you and Ms. Trikks here? I mean, the Paddled Dragon? Is that like a future prediction or something?"

Shaasta huffed and exchanged a look with the Coyote, "Yeah, as if that is a shocking event to predict."

"Oh, but I am not referring to the future," Trikks said, "I am talking about the epic tale of when this girl became the first Dragon in recorded history to be subdued and thoroughly paddled by a non-Dragon, that dreamy Elf fellow that saved Pinevale."

"Oh, you mean Frelic Willowpaw," Shaasta said.

"Yes, that is his name." She nodded excitedly, put her paws to her chest, and fluttered her eyelashes again, "He is such a hot fellow. After the tale of your subdual at his hand spread from Pinevale, well, you wouldn't believe how many Mink initiates, myself included, have fantasized about being taken down and having their bottoms paddled by him, as well as giving him the same blessing."

Understanding was finally starting to work its way into Thissle's copper-maned head, "Oh, that little episode. That was like what, a year ago?"

"The steamiest tales travel fast through the Order of the Mink," Trikks explained. "And let me tell you, that sweet little Halfling lass that Frelic has as his apprentice is one hot storyteller."

Thissle's face cycled through several shades of red, "Oh my, you mean Honeyrose?"

"Yes, that's her name. The night after Frelic made history, Honeyrose was at the local inn, chatting with some Order of the Mink friends from Ponytail Lodge; and the tale of the Great Dragontamer came up."

"That little brat," Thissle growled, "She told everyone about the most humiliating moment in my life over a mug of mead. How much detail did she go into?"

"She just gave a short summary of your adventure," the Coyote shrugged."

Thissle nodded.

"We didn't get the full tale until a week later when she was invited to Ponytail Lodge, where Archivist Renton negotiated a deal with her."

"She sold that journal entry?"

"Yes, though he did have Honeyrose expand it a bit to give all the finer details, turning it from just a few pages from her journal into a full-fledged redtail epic." She sighed again, "When we got a copy at Uptail Lodge, I took the liberty of creating some illustrations to accompany the story. That was one of my most enjoyable projects ever."

"She sold the story of Master spanking me."

Trikks put her arm around Thissle, "You should be proud of that girl, dear. She has made you famous all over Niath and beyond."

"She sold the story of Master spanking me," Thissle repeated, "When we get back to WraithHold, I am finally going to take her up on a little offer she always makes whenever she does not feel like talking anymore."

Karma giggled, "You mean that cute little thing she says?"

"Which is?" the Coyote asked.

Shaasta did a half-turn and thrust out her rump, one hand resting sassily on her hip, "Talk to the butt."

"That's the one," Thissle replied. "Only it will be the paddle doing the talking." She gave the Elf's

presented bottom a firm smack with the paddle."

"If you do redden the Halfling's rear, would you be so kind as to write the incident down and present it to Ponytail Lodge?" Trikks requested.

"Oh, you bet I will," Thissle agreed, a devilish gleam in her eyes. "And this one will be a gift from me too."

"Oh, most generous of you, oh legendary Paddled Dragon. And I would love to spend time with you ladies and hear more tales of tails sometime."

Karma stepped forward, "Well, we are on our way to a nice little club we saw earlier today, Hot Summer Nights. You are more than welcome to join us, Ms. Trikks."

Trikks smiled and accepted the invitation, "I am honored, Miss?"

"Karma," the Rabbit offered. "I'm Frelic's personal aide."

"Karma, such a lovely name. And this skyclad Elf on the leash?"

"This is Shaasta. She was just purchased from the Southern Rose."

"Ah, I thought I recognized Varo's hallmark when you girls were kissing the otters." She gave Shaasta a big hug, and the obligatory pat and squeeze on the bottom, "A pleasure to meet you, little boink bunny."

"Well, what are we waiting for?" Thissle asked, giving Shaasta's leash a tug, "Let's go."

"Oh this is going to be a night to remember," Trikks predicted, as the Dragon girl led them north to their evening's destiny, "especially if Brannel is working there tonight. You will like him; you will like him a lot."

"Thirty eight! Thirty nine!" Hansen's butt felt like it was on fire as Frelic relentlessly paddled him. The Elf felt no hardness against his thigh, which told him that the spanking the Furling Squirrel bent over his lap was taking was indeed one of true punishment. Likewise, the hardness Hansen felt pressed against his firm, furry stomach indicated that his Master was thoroughly enjoying roasting his cute little bottom. Deep within him, far beneath the fiery pain coursing through his backside, the understanding that his unquestioning submission to his punishment brought pleasure to his Master

made the Squirrel's penance bearable.

The paddle slammed down on his ass again, solidly striking the right cheek and making the pawprint and willow tree brand glow brighter. He closed his eyes tight to fight back the tears that were finally threatening to escape down his muzzle, "Forty, Master!"

Hansen breathed a sigh of relief as an unexpected respite appeared in the lounge. "Frelic, Hansen? Aren't you two ready to go yet?"

The Elf halted in mid-swing, paddle poised high over the Squirrel's butt. He twisted around to look at the Furling Skunk standing in the doorway, dressed in a green, sleeveless, wrap-around top that left her midriff and one shoulder bare, and a matching very short, green, pleated miniskirt that showed off plenty of black and white-furred thigh.

Frelic smiled and motioned for her to come in, "Hello again, Makae. Please come join us. We will be ready shortly. I just have some final business to wrap up."

The Skunkette padded over to the hearth, her wide hips and thick bushy tail swishing left and right seductively with each step. Upon seeing Hansen sprawled over his Master's lap, tail raised high, brand glowing brightly, and every square inch of white fur showing the telltale crimson blush of punishment, she instinctively reached out to run her paws over the tender, burning, southern hills.

"Oh my, Frelic," she said, "That is some of the most impressive tail work I have seen in ages. Are ye just getting your pet properly primed for the evening, or is this a much more serious session?"

"I'm afraid this would be the latter," Frelic replied.

"That's what I thought. His bottom does resemble how mine and Mistie's always looked after being taken over Mister or Misses Kez's lap for punishment." She smiled sympathetically down at Hansen, though he could not see her, and gave his tender rump a comforting squeeze which caused him to wince. "Poor Squirrel. What did he do?"

"He agreed to share in Shaasta's penance for costing me over a thousand gold pieces to rescue them," Frelic explained.

"Yes," Hansen chimed in, "one swat for each gold piece."

Makae put one paw over her muzzle and one over her rump, "Oh my, one thousand punishment-caliber swats? Can their bottoms withstand that much abuse?"

Frelic laughed and patted his pet's rump, "Not in one sitting, they couldn't. No, we are carrying this out over the course of several weeks until penance has reached completion."

"Sessions of fifty swats at a time," Hansen said, "a minimum of one session per day. Only ten more for this round, and then we can go have some fun."

Makae sat down on the couch and snuggled up close to the Elf, "Frelic, may I carry out your pet's final ten? He looks like a real pleasure to paddle."

Frelic rested the paddle on Hansen's butt and smiled devilishly at the Skunkette; her light musky scent was intoxicating. "Can you handle it, sweet tail? This is punishment, you know."

"You bet your ass I can handle it. Before Mister Kez had to dismiss Mistie, he would often have me administer her paddlings and vice versa when he and the others were too busy with other matters to take the time out to redden our bottoms." She returned the devilish smile, "We learned from the experts here."

Frelic nodded and had his pet transfer himself from his lap to Makae's, then he turned the paddle over to the Mephit. "Make sure you get every square inch of his ass," he instructed her, and to Hansen he reminded him, "Don't forget to count the swats, love Squirrel."

Makae held the Squirrel's tail out of the way, pressing it between her right arm and his back, and without warning, brought the paddle down dead center on his rear. It was hard enough to steal Hansen's breath away from him and even caused Frelic to wince sympathetically.

"Forty one!" Hansen cried.

Another swat landed on his bottom, sending a burst of wooden agony through the left cheek. "Forty two!" This was immediately followed by a third, impacting hard on the right flank. "Forty three!"

Frelic noticed that his pet's cock had emerged from its furry sheath again, and the scent of the Squirrel's arousal mingled with the Skunk's scent. However, this did not cause him any concern; it was not the paddling itself that was getting Hansen worked up. Not even Delilah could enjoy that intense of a punishment, at least he didn't think his Otter brat could. No, the cause for Hansen's burning lust was simply the fact that his spanking was being given to him over the lap of a hot young Furling Mephit. And who could blame him? This is the sort of scene many lads and lasses would pay gold or even platinum to experience, himself included.

One final smack, harder than any of the previous ones, sent a final wave of fierce pain rippling through the Squirrel's ass, "Fifty, m'lady!" Hansen cried out. "Thank-you so much for disciplining this humble pet."

Makae laughed, set the paddle down, and affectionately ran her paws again over the Squirrel's bottom, her fingers expertly kneading the hot, glowing, punished southern flesh. "It was my pleasure, love Squirrel. We will have to do this again sometime, and again, and again."

"Well, he does have another fifty and nine hundred to suffer before his penance is complete," Frelic reminded her, "as does my sister; that is, if you fancy spanking soft smooth Elven bottoms."

She fluttered her eyelashes at him, ran a gentle paw up his thigh and under his skirt, and caressed his bare flank, "Oh, I most certainly do." She gave him an impish wink and planted a kiss on his lips, then had Hansen get to his feet so that she could lay herself across the Elf's lap.

This caught Frelic completely off guard, "Erm, Makae, what are you doing?"

"What's it look like I'm doing, silly Elf?" she sassed back at him, "I'm offering my ass to you for a spanking." The Skunkette squirmed playfully on his lap; her muskiness grew stronger as Frelic's erection, pressing into the young lady's plush fur grew harder. "And then I want some of that cinnamon perfume sprayed up my butt like your girls got earlier."

"I want to be the answer to an ages-old question. What is black, white, and red?"

Hansen was grinning like a naughty schoolboy as he rubbed his sore, tender rump. "So, you like getting spanked too?"

She shrugged her dainty shoulders, "Of course I do, brat boy. I am a Furling, you know. No one is quite sure why, but an obsessive love of sore bottoms seems to be ingrained into us. Why do you think the Order of the Mink has such a much greater Furball and Feathertail membership across Niath than any other Order?"

The Squirrel nodded thoughtfully, "I never really thought about that before. But now that you mention it, there does seem to be a tremendous amount of spanking and other painful undertail activities going on among us than among other races. Perhaps I should embark on a research expedition to investigate this further one of these days."

"I'm sure one of the Mink lodges would be more than happy to sponsor you on such a noble quest," Makae replied, "Now what are you waiting for, Frelic? My bottom needs your not-so-tender care now."

Frelic laughed then pulled up the back of the Mephit's skirt, tucking it into itself, lifted her tail up out of the way, holding it down along the length of her back, and exposed her indescribably gorgeous licorice and whipped-cream bottom. He kneaded the soft, hot mounds with his hands and smiled over at his fully aroused pet. "A wizard's work never ends, eh Hansen?"

Feigning complete seriousness, the Squirrel nodded understanding, "Aye, 'tis a tiring task, Master. But the rewards are well worth the toil."

"They are indeed, my pet." Frelic's hand went up, then descended in a graceful arc, landing hard with a dull smack on the left cheek of Makae's upthrust bottom. Her rear jiggled cutely upon impact and she squirmed again on his lap. Another swat landed on the other cheek, followed by a third across the middle. The girl was purring softly as the Elf gave her a warm up. The spanking so far stung a little, just enough to cause her back to arch a little more; her behind rose higher and exposed the sweet moistness forming between her thighs. Frelic repeated the pattern twice more, migrating the impacts to the upper rise of her rump; left, right, and center; and then gave the same to her lower curves. He finished the warm up with a harder two-handed swat on both cheeks, then ran a finger along the slit of her sex.

"Most impressive, sweet little slut. We have just started and already you are ready for boinking."

She sighed happily at Frelic's touch on her femininity and at the sound of his sweet talk, then spread her legs a little further apart when she felt his lust-moistened finger slide up and press at the rim of her musk hole. "Go ahead," she whimpered, "Remember, I do get the gehennite treatment weekly."

Frelic smiled and thrust his finger up her tight ass, sliding it around the hot wall of her nether chamber. She gasped as his finger probed deep inside her; she clenched her southern star tight around him, not wanting this moment to end. She nearly orgasmed on his lap when he yanked his finger out from under her tail, and he nearly orgasmed when he put his finger in his mouth and sampled the girl's flavor. It was like nothing he had ever tasted before, pure ambrosia.

"And now that you are properly warmed up, sweet tail, we are ready to turn your gorgeous ass the color of the sunset." He took up the paddle and laid into Makae's tender bottom with renewed vigor, alternating in his usual pattern of left cheek, right cheek, and middle up and down her jiggling behind until her nether cheeks were blushing a soft crimson and she was writhing in pure ecstasy on his lap, begging and pleading for the Elf to take her here and now. However, after twenty swats, Frelic set the paddle down and instructed Makae to rise to her feet.

"Not yet, little slut. Now that your bottom has been properly warmed up on the outside, it needs to be

warmed up inside." He gestured to the perfume bottle sitting next to the couch, then turned to Hansen. "Go fetch a fresh applicator, love."

Hansen trotted off to the bath chamber and Frelic instructed the Mephit to bend herself over and place her paws on the seat of one of the chairs. While he waited for his pet to return, Frelic idly played with Makae's lovely bottom; his hands gently caressed and massaged the soft, paddled flesh, and his dexterous fingers traced along the crevasse formed by those sweet, tender, furry cheeks, probing down between her legs to briefly tease around the edge of her butthole, and continuing on to just barely press into the outer folds of her sweet, sticky sex.

The Squirrel returned half a minute later with a brand spanking new applicator tip, which he handed over to his Master. "Prep her ass for insertion," Frelic instructed him.

Hansen smiled cheerfully and licked his chops, "Oh yes, thank-you so much, Master." He knelt behind the bent over Skunkette and buried his muzzle under her tail, happily pressing his tongue deep up her musk hole while his Master removed the used applicator from the rectal tube attached to the perfume bottle and replaced it with the new one.

Frelic waited patiently for his pet to get his fill of the delightful Mephit's ass. Both Furlings were purring loudly as Hansen's tongue probed around deep inside Makae; the Squirrel's cock was quite hard now and pulsing rhythmically. This taildiving could very well bring the two brats to the summit of the Mink's Mountain quite quickly. But Frelic did not want them to reach the peak just yet, so he gave his pet a firm pop on the ass with his open hand to get his attention.

"Okay, you tail sluts, that should be good for now."

Reluctantly, Hansen extracted his tongue from Makae's ass and pouted at his Master. "Aw, and we were just getting started too."

The Skunkette maid giggled cutely, "It's okay, sweetie. I'm sure we will have a chance to finish this later."

Hansen padded around to stand beside the girl. She looked over her shoulder and winked at him, then planted her muzzle against his. As they kissed, Frelic inserted the tube up Makae's butt and Hansen slipped his tongue into her mouth, letting her taste her own sweetness.

"This is going to burn a little," Frelic warned her. He gave the bulb on the bottle three hard squeezes and sent a spray of cinnamon oil up the girl's ass, thoroughly coating her rectal wall.

She gave a hard gasp as the spicy hot mist burned inside her, almost but not quite like liquid fire. Her furry cheeks clenched hard around the tube up her ass, and in a moment of mischeviousness, Frelic sprayed another burst of the cinnamon perfume deep up her musky butt, causing her to whimper and swoon momentarily. Finally, the burning up inside her rectal passage faded to a deep, pleasant warmth, and her muscles relaxed, releasing their grip on the tube, which Frelic extracted from her depths with one quick and smooth pull.

He removed the applicator from the tube and handed it to Hansen, which the Squirrel immediately stuck in his mouth. While the Squirrel suckled on the Mephit-flavored shaft as if it was a sweet pop, Frelic knelt behind Makae and buried his tongue up her butt, tasting the exotic mix of cinnamon and Furling Skunk lass. It was more than simply pure bliss, the taste was absolute and total Nirvana, as evidenced by the intense stiffness of the erection clearly visible between the Elf's legs.

Lest he spill his seed right there in the lounge, Frelic willed himself to disengage from the Skunkette's bottom, and rose to his feet. He gave her a final swat on her delicious ass, and untucked her skirt, letting it fall back down to cover her backside again. Eyes closed, he took a few deep breaths, focusing inwardly and willing his arousal to fade back to normal levels. Finally ready, he took the paddle and put it in its place on his belt, letting it hang at his left hip as if it was a sword.

"Come now, my pets," he declared. Even though Makae was not his pet, she smiled and nodded, allowing herself to play that role for the Elf for the evening.

"Let us head downstairs for a night of fine food, fine drink, and fine music." With his soft hands in their furry paws, Frelic led his Furling dates across the room and out into the third floor corridor, securing the door behind them.

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