

RedTails : A Night Out, A Night In - Chapter 3

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Hansen attends to Karma and Thistle as they bathe; Frelic and Shaasta engage in some sibling revelry

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RedTails: Awakenings

A Night Out, A Night In

By

Scarletdown

Chapter III : Penance, Passion, and a Bath

Now alone in the outer lounge, Frelic turned to his sister and gave her a smile that reflected a mix of pure unconditional love, and unbridled feral passion. "Now, my little tender hawk," he purred, "We have an appointment in the bed chamber." He clasped a leash to her collar, removed her tail belt, picked up the paddle, and led his pet sister through the door to the south.

The bed chamber was just as large as the outer lounge. A four-poster bed large enough to sleep at

least six Elf or Furling-sized people dominated the southwest corner of the room. A large wooden chest sat locked on the floor at the foot of the bed, and beside the bed's head, a small table stood, with a tall, thick candle in a brass holder perched at the center. Along the wall that the bed chamber shared with the outer lounge, was a large, thick double cushion, upon which was a nest of pillows and light cotton blankets. It sat between a four drawer dresser to the left; its top surface fitted with a large mirror, and a wide bookcase to the right, which was mostly empty save for a pair of leather-bound journals belonging to Karma and Frelic, and Thissle's collection of lesson tomes and scrolls.

A square, pinewood table with four wooden chairs around it decorated the middle of the room, and the southeast corner featured a small roll-top desk with a single padded chair. There was a door in the east wall near the desk. It was open, and Shaasta could see that it led to a small, private study. She guessed that the other door in the same wall, near the one they had come through, was another entrance to the bathing chamber. And set into the wall beside the night table, a double door, fitted with actual glass windows like the one out in the other room, opened out to the balcony.

Shaasta's Master closed the door behind him, guided his pet over to the table in the middle of the room, and removed the leash from her collar. Still clad in nothing but his boots, Frelic's passion and arousal were clearly evident in more than just his violet cat-like eyes; The Elf pet knew that she would soon feel her Master's hard cock filling her hot depths at long last, finally satisfying the longing burn she had been holding back ever since her brother first started his inspection of her sweet treasures back at the Southern Rose.

"Ten platinum pieces," Frelic said, his voice low and stern as he looked his pet over, his fingers tracing a gentle line down her left cheek from temple to chin. "That is one thousand gold pieces, dear sister. Do you know how many days wages that is for the average worker?"

Math was not one of Shaasta's strengths, so all she could guess was, "A lot, Master."

"Yes, that is a lot. That was why Master Varo nearly had a heart attack when I offered to pay your full original price instead of the seven he had discounted you to."

"I am really grateful that you spent that on me, Master. And I give you my solemn word that that will be the best ten platinums you have ever spent. I am forever in your debt, my Master, my brother. All that I am belongs to you for all time and beyond."

Shaasta's impromptu vow of submission hit Frelic like a war mace across the back of his head. A single tear escaped down his cheek, and he took his pet sister in his arms, his hands again gripping her sweet tender bottom and hers likewise pressed against his. Their lips touched and practically became one, tongues probing each other's. His hard maleness rubbing against the warm, damp, slit

of her sex, Frelic wanted to take this beautiful creature he held in his arms, bend her over the table, and ride her to the summit of pure and feral passionate ecstasy, right here, right now. However, he had one last task to accomplish before consummating their relationship of loving Master and devoted Pet.

"Shaasta, do you remember that bit of advice I imparted to you and Hansen before you went off on your little adventure?" Frelic asked.

She nodded, remembering, "You advised us to avoid traveling along the northwest coast of Diranni."

"Correct. And why did I suggest that?"

"You had heard that the economy was depressed in this area; people are struggling to make their way by any means possible."

"And any means is just that, any. For some, that means preying on unsuspecting travelers."

"Brigands, charlatans, and slavers."

"Right. And what did you two do despite my warnings?" Frelic continued his interrogation.

"We journeyed up the northwest coast anyway. Hansen and I had been through so much together, we honestly felt that we could outsmart any thugs we might encounter along the way."

"You underestimated the severity of the situation around here," Frelic declared. "Those who have taken up such an unsavory path are desperate. They have nothing to lose and the prospect of tremendous gains to fight for."

"Yes, Master," Shaasta agreed, "Neither of us truly understood until it was too late, just what we were up against. We lost."

"Ten platinum pieces, one thousand gold," Frelic repeated again. "I hate constantly bringing up the cost of your rescue, but it was a cost that was the result of your disregard for my advice."

"I am truly sorry for what I cost you, Master. I will heed your instincts from now on," the fire-maned girl assured him, "And I will find a way to repay you for your loss."

Frelic smiled devilishly at his sister, "No. I do not need the coin back. I have you now, a pet sister for whom I would have gladly paid ten times or more what I did; you, my love vixen, are truly priceless to

me."

Shaasta blushed and averted her eyes, visibly embarrassed at her Master's flattering words. A moment later, she recomposed herself and looked him in the eyes again, "Still, if it is at all possible to repay the debt in any way..."

Frelic held his hand up to silence her, "Shush a moment, tender hawk. I do indeed have a suitable penance to prescribe to you." He held up the paddle he was carrying.

"By the Mink!" Shaasta swore, "Yet another paddling? Hansen was right, Master. You do seem to have a single track mind tonight. But if reddening my bottom even more is what you decree, who am I to argue?"

"Master Varo and Lilieblume indeed did some good work in training you," Frelic noted, nodding his approval, "but be warned, Shaasta. This is not to be like any of the spankings I have given you recently or back when we were tender tails." Shaasta was starting to look worried.

Again Frelic repeated as if it was a mantra, "Ten platinum pieces, one thousand gold pieces." But this time, he added, "One thousand gold pieces, one thousand swats, one per gold piece."

Shaasta put her hands protectively over her backside and shook her head, "No, Master," she protested, panic in her voice, "One thousand swats? My bottom would not be able to withstand such a heavy punishment."

"One thousand gold pieces, one thousand swats," the Elven wizard again said. "Do not force me to cast a Holding spell over you Shaasta," he warned her, "I would prefer that you submit to this by your own will; submit to this by the vow you pledged to me mere minutes ago."

Tears trickling down her face, Shaasta knew deep down that she was bound to obey and submit to her punishment. She had pledged her submission and then offered to pay whatever penance her Master desired to declare.

"Turn and face the table," Frelic instructed. She turned around so that she was facing away from her brother and awaited his next command.

"Spread your feet; bend over; grab the edge of the table." Again, she obeyed, bracing herself against the pine table, her rear thrust out and presented to her Master, awaiting the fiery kiss of the paddle. Mercifully, it was not a long wait.

Standing behind and to her left, Frelic removed the rose that was nested up her ass and ran his tongue along the length of its stem, savoring the delightfully decadent flavor of gehennite-cleansed Elven bottom. He placed the flower in his hair behind his left ear for safe keeping, then he assumed a firm two-handed grip on the paddle and rubbed its round wooden blade over his twin sister's round, soft, quivering southern hills.

"Shaasta, I am going to turn your lovely ass the same color as your lovely mane." He gave her rump a pair of light taps with the weapon of discipline and gave her a final instruction, "Now, you are going to receive a large number of swats. And because I will be busy concentrating on paddling your butt, I may lose count. Therefore, you are to count out each strike as it lands on your bottom."

And so, Shaasta's penance for costing her brother ten platinum pieces, one thousand gold pieces, was executed on her tender ass in earnest. There was a soft whoosh of the paddle dropping down through the air, followed by a loud SMACK as oak connected with soft, tender flesh, striking solidly on the left cheek of her bottom. A white hot burning spread out across her rear, momentarily robbing the Elf girl of her breath. Then, closing her eyes, she gasped out through clenched teeth, "One!"

A second SMACK, followed by the white hot pain, this time on the right cheek caused her to yelp out, "Two!" And this was followed by yet another burning impact, landing squarely across the center of her ass. Already, the punishment was unbearable, and Shaasta wondered how she would withstand the nine hundred ninety-seven yet to come. "Three!"

In the bathing chamber, Thistle and Karma had put Hansen to work immediately, helping to prepare them for their evening at Hot Summer Nights. The Squirrel's leash, collar, and rose had been removed and placed safely on top of a table in the corner of the room by the door, and Hansen, Karma, and Thistle were soaking in a large cedar tub, filled with fresh steaming water from the underground hot spring that flowed and bubbled beneath the inn.

After they were completely drenched in the steaming water, not quite hot enough to scald, Hansen was ordered to completely soap down and scrub the girls. Even had he not been bound to obey them, he would have been a fool to decline this task. "This has to be a dream," he thought to himself, as the girls stood on the submerged ledge that encircled the edge of the tub so that only their lower legs and feet were beneath the water. He rubbed the lightly scented cake of soap all over Thistle's smooth, slick, wet body. He made certain that he covered every last square inch of her lovely tanned flesh above the water line, from her brow down to the middle of her muscular but soft thighs, giving extra attention to the delicious-looking, jiggly, orbs and the crevasse that formed her perfect derriere.

"If only my sibs could see me now, sharing a steaming tub with two hot and sexy young ladies, whose

desires I am required to obey." His thoughts focused on the word required, as if any Furling in his right mind would balk at this situation, and soft giggle escaped him.

"What's so funny?" Thistle asked, her body now glistening all wet and slippery with the scented coating of soap.

"Oh, nothing nothing really," Hansen replied, giving her bottom a playful swat, then turning his attention to the drenched Rabbit to his left, "I was just reflecting about how I seem to be living the Furling Dream," he admitted. Thistle and Karma giggled with him.

"Yes," Thistle agreed, "Now that you mention it, this does feel like a drawing right out of one of those naughty weeklies you see at the news vendor's stall in the market." She planted a soapy kiss on his cheek and then playfully goosed him under the tail, her finger easily finding the tight little opening behind his hard shaft of maleness, lightly pressing against the entrance, but not quite penetrating.

"You silly teaser," Hansen laughed, playfully sticking his tongue out at the copper-maned girl. He resumed his task, gently but firmly massaging the soap into Karma's fur, again covering every square inch of her lovely body down to the tops of her thighs.

Both girls now fully soaped down, Hansen reached over and picked up the pair of wooden, soft bristled bath brushes that lay on the tub's deck, "Turn around and face me, girls," he instructed, "I am going to do you both at the same time; ooh, that sounded naughty."

Giggling like school girls, Karma and Thistle turned and stood before Hansen, who was armed with the twin bath brushes, tools of cleansing which both girls knew all too well could easily double as paddles of the cruelest kind. For a brief moment, the two giggling young ladies, standing wet and naked before the diminutive Furling, looked for all the world as if they were the bratty pets awaiting disciplining.

He expertly scrubbed both of them simultaneously, gently working the soft bristles in small slow circles over their luscious soapy bodies, forming a thick creamy lather in the brushes' wakes. The brushes massaged vigorously over their shoulders, down their arms, and back up to their necks; the bristles not once losing contact with flesh and fur. Under their dainty chins he scrubbed, then worked their breasts, full but not overly endowed; their perky nipples stood erect on the soft orbs as the soapy bristles tickled and teased. Karma and Thistle's sweet scent of arousal, mingled with the light fragrant perfumes of the soap, filled the Squirrel's nose, and the steamy water, frosted with lather, hid the erection that formed between his muscular thighs.

From beyond the door next to the one leading to the outer lounge, the rhythmic slap of oak on bare

flesh coupled with the pained cries of a girl pleading for mercy, the distinctive sounds of punishment, could be heard.

Karma winced in sympathy, "Sounds like Shaasta is getting paddled yet again, poor girl," she sighed.

Even Thistle, who had learned to enjoy most spankings, placed her hands on her wet, slick bottom and turned her gaze towards the closed door, "And it sounds like one helluva tail roasting Master is giving her this time too. I wonder what the brat did so soon to earn a real punishment spanking?"

Hansen shrugged and continued his chore, now working the brushes down the girls' tummies in firmer wider circles. The sounds coming from the next room brought images to his mind, images of his Elven lover submitting to their Master's paddle, her sweet lovely butt taking strike after strike after strike, jiggling cutely with every blow as her aft flesh burned red. His erection beneath the water lengthened and pulsed.

"Perhaps she mouthed off to Master," he suggested, "You know how feisty that girl can be. Or perhaps she did nothing, and he is paddling her just because he can, you know; for his own pleasure, to give her a really good warm up before boinking her."

"Well, whatever his reasons," Thistle said, "it's his call. And Shaasta probably had it coming to her anyway."

Karma giggled, "A day of reckoning, ye might say. Now be careful, furball. You are getting to our high value zones." She and Thistle spread their legs a little wider as Hansen gently caressed the brushes between their thighs, tickling in tiny circles over the plump mounds. Thistle's was bare and smooth, and Karma's had a pelt of light blue fur; normally fluffy enough to provide modesty when dry, though now matted down to clearly reveal the tight slit of her sex. The Squirrel worked his brushes back to the tender spot between their treasure slots and tight southern stars, then continued his journey down the girls' inner thighs, stopping at the waterline, back up, and back down the other side.

Hansen stepped back and rested the brushes, like sword blades, on his shoulders, "Finished afore, m'ladies," he announced, "Now please turn around so that I can work aft."

Thistle and Karma turned around and presented their delightful backsides to the Squirrel so that he could continue his task.

"Forty eight!" Shaasta gasped through her tears as the oak paddle continued to relentlessly tenderize her ass. She had stopped kicking and struggling after the thirtieth swat, and now merely clenched her

aft cheeks and flexed her thighs with each impact.

Another smack of wood against flesh sent yet another swell of fire through her burning backside and drew more tears in a steady stream from her eyes, "Forty nine!" Never in her life had she received a paddling so terrible, so intense. Even during her previous captivity, neither Captain Hayes, Mistress Triniti nor even Lieutenant Tarna had ever even come close to administering punishment on her tender tail bottom like her dear brother was now inflicting. Another strike, no harder nor softer than the previous forty and nine burned across the upper curve of her crimson butt, squarely across both cheeks, "Fifty!"

Shaasta bowed her head, eyes closed tight as more tears escaped down her face and joined the small pool that had formed on the table. "A mere fifty," she thought to herself, "with another fifty and nine hundred remaining." But fifty one did not burn its punishment into her tortured, tender flesh. Instead, she felt her Master's soft hands gently caressing the glowing hills of her paddled ass. She gasped and winced at his touch, as his fingers rubbed and kneaded her glowing flesh and the silver brand which stood out and shimmered brighter than ever before against the lovely red background of her lovely Elven rump.

Frelic set the paddle on the table in front of her, then wrapped an arm around his sister and gently pulled her upright to face him. He wiped the tears from her damp cheeks and combed his fingers through her tousled red mane. His loving smile as his gaze met hers proved contagious; her eyes, red from crying, lit up and her soft pouty lips parted softly in a smile that matched her brother's.

"You are one amazing girl, dear sister," Frelic said, his voice a soft seductive purr." Before she could respond, he silenced her with a kiss as hot as the flameless fire burning across her paddle-warmed butt. As their lips pressed together and their tongues sweetly probed and tasted each others', the fingers of Frelic's left hand traced down the valley formed by his sisters soft, round flanks, and came to rest at the entrance to her tight little rear entrance. He teased around the rim, and then slipped his index and middle finger up her clean, hot, rectal passage, while continuing to knead her scorched, paddled flesh with his other hand.

She gasped and gave a sweet moan, as for the second time that day, her brother's fingers probed her nether depths. Their lips parted from each other and the two just stood there gazing into one another's eyes for what seemed like an eternity or two. Frelic's fingers continued to probe deep up Shaasta's ass while he held her, and she caressed and kneaded her Master's smooth, bare bottom; which was every bit as delightful as her own. One hand slid around Frelic's hip and came to rest upon the hard shaft of his cock. She gently stroked its length, top and underside with her soft Elven fingers, and took a firm grip on it, guiding it to her waiting feminine fore passage, which was damp and ready to receive her Master's passion.

"Not yet, my little boink bunny," Frelic whispered, his lips and tongue ever so gently tickling the edges and tip of one gracefully pointed ear.

Shaasta sighed, "More paddling?"

"No," Frelic replied, "No more paddling yet."

"But that was only fifty swats," she reminded him, "and you sentenced me to one thousand."

Frelic nodded and smiled again, "Yes, that was only fifty. Remember that number, for your penance will be carried out over the course of the next few weeks, in sessions such as the one which we just completed. We will conduct sessions of fifty swats at least once per day, sometimes two or three times per day should I wish until the one thousand have been fulfilled."

"Thank-you, Master," Shaasta replied, sighing with relief that she would not have to take the full thousand in one sitting, or one standing to be precise.

"That won't exempt you from spankings for other reasons, mind you," Frelic warned her, "whether for punishment or for pleasure," he gave her that devilish smile again and corrected himself, "either our shared pleasure or just my own."

She nodded, understanding and accepting her brother's judgment. Frelic then removed his fingers from Shaasta's south passage, and touched them to her lips. She took them into her mouth and found her arousal growing stronger as she tasted her own unique flavor. Frelic led her over to the bed, and positioned her on top of the thick cushions, her head resting on the pillows, and her glowing, burning ass raised high.

Saying no more, Frelic Willowpaw knelt on the bed behind Shaasta, his thick, hard shaft pulsing, its tip dripping clear juices down her tight, smooth slit. He mounted his sister like a pony. His hands brushed through Shaasta's fiery mane and caressed all over her sides, inner thighs, and bottom. Then those hands ran up her firm tummy and kneaded her breasts, lightly pinching the erect, perky nipples. The Elf girl gasped and moaned yet again; her back arched and her sweet, crimson butt thrust upwards in anticipation, ready to receive her Master's cock. Giving her sensitive nipples one last tweak, Frelic smoothly drove his hard maleness deep into his pet sister's virgin-tight passion canal.

Hansen had worked his twin bath brushes down Karma and Thistle's backs, and arrived at the area

he had been looking forward to the most. Still thankful that the soapy water concealed his arousal, he vigorously worked the two gorgeous bottoms presented before him. His brush strokes now were much harder than before, working in firm spiraling circles that left no area of the girls' plush derrieres untouched. They spread their legs a little further apart, and thrust their spankable rumps up a little higher so that he could get the soapy bristles into the valley formed by their soft, round cheeks. He could not tell for certain, but he thought he even heard Karma softly purr as the brush scrubbed her hidden areas. Whether she purred or not, he could tell by the way her ears were laying against her back that the Furling Rabbit from Lockke was enjoying this immensely. An impish grin appeared on his muzzle as he finished scrubbing their bottoms. He knew he would probably get his ass thoroughly roasted for this, but he decided it would be worth the price. Unable, and in reality unwilling, to resist the temptation, he pulled the bath brushes back, rolled them one hundred eighty degrees, and landed a hard swat on the two soap-clad bottoms in front of him with the flat, paddle-like backs of the scrubbers. The impact of wood on wet flesh sounded like a small firecracker, and both girls gave out a startled yelp as they nearly leaped right out of the tub.

They said nothing as they turned around and beckoned him forward. The silence that echoed through the room and the devilish gleam in their eyes frightened him. Hansen waded towards Karma and Thistle. They took the bath brushes from him and set them on the deck, then Thistle picked him up so that only his legs, from the ankles on down were in the soapy water. Karma took the bar of soap and rubbed it all over the Squirrel's wet, furry body. When she was finished, Thistle laid him on his back on the deck, both girls took a brush, and they double-teamed him. Exchanging a look and a teasing giggle with each other at the sight of his stiff secret revealed, the girls took turns teasingly stroking the Squirrel's bobbing cock and the furry sack beneath it, eliciting a pleased whimper from him. Then, they began scrubbing his fur into a thick lather, working his little body as he had worked theirs, gentle circular strokes over his shoulders, down his arms, and back up to his neck. He closed his eyes and smiled contentedly as the bristles massaged over his furry, and surprisingly muscular chest, down his stomach, and along his inner thighs.

The girls next worked their brushes all over the hard package between his legs, working the sack, sheath, and shaft with much lighter and smaller strokes until Hansen was taken right to the very brink of orgasm. But before he could reach the passionate summit, they gently flipped him over and Thistle started working the lather through the fur of his back while Karma scrubbed his tail; the normally thick bushy appendage, now waterlogged, looked more like a rat's than a squirrel's. He closed his eyes and chirred softly as these two ladies gave him the soapy massage, so relaxing, all muscles except one turning to putty under their tender care.

Reflexively, his legs parted as the twin brushes touched his bottom, moving with smaller but firmer circles over his well-toned nether flesh and between his cheeks, then down the backs of his thighs, and back up again for a second run over his rump. He sighed happily as they finished with final

strokes again along his inner thighs. For the final touch, Karma and Thistle exchanged another look and nodded silent acknowledgment to each other. Like a pair of headsman's axes, the bath brushes were raised high above their heads, then after a brief moment, they swung down in graceful arcs and the flat sides of the wooden blades landed hard on the Squirrel's wet, soap-slicked butt, each one firmly striking a cheek, not once, not twice, but three times. Hansen should have expected this rear assault, but the kiss of the bristles kneading his flesh through his wet fur had caused him to relax into a state of bliss so intense, that he was taken completely by surprise.

The first pair of swats had jolted him awake, his dark eyes wide as saucers. The second pair made his back arch, his front half lifting up off the deck as the sharp bite of the wood against his bottom fully registered with him. The third pair of smacks finally caused him to yelp out. With a quiet whimper, he reached behind him and rubbed his wet, stinging rear end, then the girls helped him to his feet in the tub. They gave him that devilish smile again, set the bath brushes down on the deck, then all three disappeared beneath the steaming water to rinse the soap off of skin and out of fur.

Shaasta was never a screamer. The Elf girl had always been a moaner and a most delightful squirmer, ever since she and Frelic first coupled as tender tails that night so long ago in the Kalthani Peninsula's seaside city of Otterport. Down on all fours like a wild pony, Shaasta's femininely wide bottom pressed hard against Frelic's groin and stomach. Her tight, hot sex flexed hard around his shaft as it pounded hard inside her. He squeezed and kneaded her breasts, her perky, sensitive nipples pinched painfully, pleasurably between his fingers. His hands then slid down her front, caressing over her trim stomach and gliding up around her hips; they began slapping a hard, feral drum beat on his sister's beautiful, paddle-reddened ass as he felt a heat wave flow over his entire body. Shaasta moaned and whined, her thrashings beneath her rider growing stronger as the rhythmic smacks of her brother's hands on her rear intensified the unquenchable burn growing within her depths. Each thrust of his hard shaft in her sex driving her farther up towards the summit of the Mink's Mountain.

Master and pet lingered on the edge of an emotional precipice for a full ten minutes; they rocked forward and back, locked together as one, letting the burning sexual energy within them build like a great tsunami. Frelic's deep hard thrusts pounded inside Shaasta, and his hips pressed hard against her rear, which counterthrusted and ground against his loins. The slap of his hands on her burning flanks beat a steady cadence for their feral, bestial dance, pushing them ever closer to the edge. Finally, neither Elf could hold back any longer. Frelic took a firm, two-handed grip on his sister's butt and reared back like a wild pony stallion. At the same moment, Shaasta's fiery-maned head lifted up and back, her emerald green eyes half closed. Her back gracefully arched; her slick, hot nether folds clenched tight around her Master's cock; and as one, they slipped over the edge into a vast, lust-filled void. Falling into a deep, warm sea of passionate bliss, Shaasta writhed and moaned in pure

unadulterated ecstasy, while Frelic's seed flowed hot from his hard, pulsing rod inside her most intimate channel. Frelic growled like a great cat, his nails digging into Shaasta's rump; his shaft pounded again and again inside his sister's tight, slick sex, pumping his hot, sweet Elven juices into her depths. Another ten minutes and they were spent.

With a euphoric sigh, they collapsed together on the bed, rolling onto their sides to cuddle as Master and pet, as loving twin brother and sister, just as they had done many times those twelve years ago at the tender age of eleven summers, Frelic's cock still hard and nested deep inside her, and Shaasta's bottom and back firmly pressed against him. Frelic's gentle hands caressed and petted Shaasta's breasts, firm stomach, and hips before slipping down to knead her soft thighs, first the fronts, and then the inner surfaces, which caused her to tremble with another little wave of pleasure.

"Ah, Shaasta, dear sister," Frelic purred, "I am truly the most fortunate Elf on all of Niath."

Shaasta giggled and squirmed playfully against her brother, "Oh, Master, you embarrass this humble little pet with your flattery and sweet words."

"Well, it is true, my little tender hawk. I am indeed most fortunate that during the weeks you were in the Southern Rose, no one realized just how valuable you are. And even then, ten platinum is only the smallest fraction of what my lovely sister is worth."

Shaasta looked up at her brother, a soft crimson glow in her cheeks and an impish gleam in her emerald-green eyes, "I too feel most fortunate, Master, fortunate that I can serve and service such a wonderful, loving, and protective owner. But you do realize that neither of us will feel so fortunate the next time we visit Kalthani." She placed a hand on one of his as he continued to pet and caress her inner thighs, "You know that mother will turn both of us over her knee and roast our bottoms many times worse than the spanking you gave me."

Frelic gave her a sheepish smirk and he shrugged, "Yes, we will most likely spend our next visit home on our feet, but what a small sacrifice to pay for what we now have, dear pet." He nuzzled his face against hers, and purring like a kitten, playfully planted a series of rapid-fire loving nips along her neck and slender shoulders. Their lips touched in a sweet, tender kiss, and then they lay there on the bed, cuddling together in silence and basking in each others' presence and warmth.

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