RedTails : A Night Out, A Night In - Chapter 2

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Frelic and company retire to their private suite, where he recaps to Karma and Thissle their tale.

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RedTails: Awakenings

A Night Out, A Night In

By

Scarletdown

Chapter II : Show and Tell

The wizard ushered his little entourage into a modest but comfortably appointed third floor corner room, and closed the door behind him. The heavily-laden shopping packs, along with the paddle and belt, were deposited on top of the wooden, circular meeting table in the center of the room, and Frelic's wizard robe was hung on the cloak and hat rack near the door leading back out to the hallway. Hansen's eyes quickly scanned the area; his tail twitched incessantly as if it was a separate being that had attached itself to the Furling Squirrel's backside.

In addition to the cloak rack and the meeting table with its accompanying half dozen straight-back padded chairs, this outer lounge also featured a pair of writing and drawing desks; several bookcases were well-stocked with various books and tomes. From where he stood, Hansen was unable to make out any of the titles, but he assumed that they were all merely the typical fare commonly provided to guests at establishments such as this inn. At the far end of the room, a fireplace was built up and out from the wall, its stone hearth surrounded by a thick soft couch and four equally soft tall-backed chairs.

On one side of the fireplace, a weapons rack sat against the wall, hosting a six foot long, modestly decored fighting staff made of polished cypress wood; a short bow; and two swords, one a straight-bladed long sword, and the other a short cutlass. A full quiver of arrows hung from each end of the rack. On the other side of the fireplace, a double door took up a generous portion of the wall. Hansen guessed that those doors opened up onto the wide balcony he had noticed overlooking the streets the Hightail graced. In the far corner, opposite the balcony exit, single doors were set in the south and east walls; he guessed that these most likely led to the bed and bathing chambers.

"Not a bad burrow you managed to score, Master," the Furling said, nodding his approval.

Thissle cocked her head to one side and her copper eyes blinked a couple flashes. Hansen's deferential behavior since she and Karma had returned had not escaped her notice, "Excuse me, furball, what did you say?"

"I said, not a bad burrow you managed to score," he repeated.

"After that," she corrected herself, "I think my hearing may be playing games with me. What did you call Frelic?"

"Master."

"M-hmm. That's what I thought. Both you and Shaasta have been carrying yourselves like brand spanking new apprentices. That is so unlike you."

"Yeah," Karma interjected, "This is so out of character for either of you. What happened during your captivity?"

"Well," Hansen was beaming excitedly and his eyes twinkled, "a month in a pet shop gives one plenty of quiet time to ponder life and other matters."

Shaasta was standing demurely with her hands clasped behind her back; a soft blush warmed the Elf

girl's cheeks, and a coy smile touched her lips, "It is a bit of a long story, long and, well..."

She trailed off and Frelic stepped in to field the question. He picked the paddle up off the table and led the group over to the hearth, "Yes, it is indeed a bit of a story. Sit down and I will explain." He sat down on the couch. Thissle and Karma sat to either side of him, and his pets took their Master's lap, facing each other. Nestled against Frelic's bare thighs, the feel of those two soft naked bottoms, one warm and smooth, and the other hot and clad with plush fur, he felt as if he had died and gone to Nirvana. His hands slid down their backs and caressed his pets' rumps, squeezing where their brands, his brand, lay hidden once more. His violet feline eyes met theirs; their gazes reflected the pure adoration, submission, and unquestioning devotion pledged wordlessly to their Master, and the wizard's heart melted while a passion burned between his legs, not quite projecting from under his short black tunic. At this moment, the full reality of this morning's events hit him with the force of a Storm Giant's fist. Frelic Willowpaw of WraithHold and Pinevale was the happiest and most fortunate Elf alive on Niath.

"Okay, what happened to you three today?" Karma again demanded, "You, Boss, are acting every bit as strange and flighty as Shaasta and Hansen. So, wot the 'ell is the story?"

Frelic lifted his gaze from his pets and beamed with pride at the two lovely ladies sitting on either side of him. His tale started with a brief prologue, "Karma, you and Thissle have joined me on many adventures. Correct?" Both girls nodded.

"So as you should both know, all adventures are embarked upon with a specific goal in mind."

"Like recovering a valuable artifact, unmasking ancient secrets, or defeating a great evil that plagues a peaceful village," Karma said.

Thissle giggled, "Like when Master went Dragon hunting and subdued me at WraithHold, which gained him a second apprentice." She gave Frelic her most innocent smile and combed her fingers through her long, copper-red mane.

"You, Thissle; are not, nor were you ever evil," Frelic corrected his student. "You were merely an annoying little nuisance to the good Halflings of Pinevale, naught more than mischievous brat who was simply long overdue for the kiss of a paddle under her tail."

Thissle blushed and rubbed her butt as she remembered that fateful day, such a tremendous indignity for one such as herself while Frelic continued the little lesson in questing.

"Now then, in addition to meeting an important objective, what else to we commonly experience

during an adventure, particularly at the quest's end?"

"Hot nights of passionate boinking?" Karma guessed, her long ears laid back behind her.

"Aside from that, what else?"

"Treasure," Thissle said, "usually a buttload of valuable booty."

"Exactly!" Frelic slapped Shaasta's and Hansen's bottoms for emphasis. "We always return home with a nice little treasure or two; my most recent quest was no exception. The objective was met and valuable booty was recovered. But the ending to this story has a unique twist in that the both the objective and the treasures recovered were one and the same, or in this instance, two and the same."

Before the girls could question him further, he relayed for the second time that day, the tale of his sister and Hansen's purchase from the Southern Rose and how they are now legally his personal pets. Instead of the edited version he had told Ashton earlier, Frelic gave Karma and Thissle the full unabridged epic. He revealed every last steamy detail of their adventure in Master Varo's shop.

The girls were speechless, their wide eyes registering total disbelief. Their gazes shifted from Frelic; to Shaasta, who was blushing yet again; to Hansen, his happiness at his situation once more protruding from the furry sheath between his thighs; and back again to Frelic.

"No way!" Thissle declared, shaking her head in denial, "You can't be serious. You aren't really going to own them like you own Delilah, are you? I mean, your own twin sister and her Furling lover, serving as your very own pleasure pets?"

"That's the whole naked truth," Shaasta replied. She pressed her sweet lips to her brother's and rested her head on his shoulder, giving a soft sigh of contentment. "Hansen and I are now Frelic's property, forever under his protection."

"Yes yes," the Squirrel chittered, also planting a deep kiss on his Master's lips as Shaasta had done, "Master has signed certificates of ownership for us, and our asses bear his brand. We will never fall to slavers ever again."

"Ooh! Branded?" Karma asked, her ears fully erect and attentive, "as in a mark burned deep into your bottoms?" She winced at the thought and rubbed her own furry south end, trying to imagine how the searing kiss of a red hot iron on her flesh must feel.

Frelic moved Shaasta out of the way, bent Hansen over his lap, and yanked up his bushy tail. Karma

traced her fingers over the crimson petals of the rose blossom nestled against the Furling's nether cheeks. She placed her nose between his legs and deeply took in the bloom's fragrant scent, which was mingled with his own light muskiness.

"Er, is that flower just pasted to his bottom, or is it..."

"It's planted deep up his ass," Frelic answered. He pulled the rose out a few inches to illustrate, then pushed it back in. "All pets Master Varo sells receive a long-stem thornless rose; it's his shop's hallmark. Now, here is my hallmark. Watch this."

The Elf took up the paddle and delivered two dozen extra hard swats to Hansen's upturned furry bottom, alternating between the left and right cheeks. The Furling yelped and struggled under the fierce assault his Master inflicted on his butt, each swat sending a flameless burn coursing through his behind until it felt like his rear was in flames.

"Master!" he cried, sniffling and blinking back tears, "why such punishment just to invoke your mark?"

"Two birds with one stroke, my naughty little pet," Frelic replied. He set the paddle down and traced his fingers over the ghostly silver outline of the paw print inlaid with a willow tree that now shimmered against the hot red background of paddle blush on the right mound of the Squirrel's bottom. "Remember your line of questioning concerning Makae down in the dining commons?"

Hansen whimpered at the touch of his Master's fingers on his hot, sore bottom, and gave a weak nod, "Aye, Master. I remember. Did I take it too far?"

"You did," Frelic replied. His hands caressed and squeezed his pet's glowing rump, "You embarrassed your Master with your intimate questions there in the presence of those two bards. I am certain they heard everything."

"Oh, I am so sorry for that, Master. I will learn to practice better discretion from now on."

"I know you will," Frelic landed a firm, openhanded swat on his pet's already sore butt, then invited Karma and Thissle to view his handiwork.

"Ooh! Pretty," the Rabbit gasped. She reached out and touched the fine silver lines, which crackled and sent a pleasant electrical tingle through her as her fingers traced the circumference of the five rings which formed the paw print. "Never have I seen such a brand so finely rendered, especially one seared into a fur-clad ass."

"I presume the burner was not crafted by a mere silversmith," Thissle said, "Magick must have been involved, otherwise Hansen would be missing a paw print-shaped patch of fur on his butt."

Frelic nodded, "Yes, the mark was not applied by mundane means. I used a device called a Wand of the Masters. Lilieblume first drew the pattern on their behinds using kraken ink, and then I simply traced over the lines with the wand." He brought Hansen to his feet and pulled Shaasta over his lap, revealing the rose planted up her aft passage, then gave her two dozen swats with the paddle until her plush, jiggly bottom glowed red and a mark identical to the one Hansen sported shimmered on the right side of her ass. Shaasta also squirmed and cried at the punishment inflicted on her rump, but did not protest or question her Master's reasons, as the stiffness of his cock beneath her provided the answer; just because he could, and it pleased him when his sister submissively presented her butt for his pleasure despite it being punishment to her.

"A brand applied with the Wand of the Masters is not easily lifted, unlike one applied with a mundane branding iron," he explained. "So, even if Shaasta and Hansen should fall afoul of slavers again, they will be protected and kept safe by their captors until they can be returned to their rightful owner."

"Huh, I never realized slavers had such a complex culture," Karma said, "It never ceases to amaze me what I can learn about your world, even two years after my arrival here on Niath."

"Don't you have slavers on Lockke?" Hansen asked, commandeering Karma's hot lap.

"Yeah, we have slavers aplenty," she smiled down at the Squirrel, gave him a scritch between the ears with one hand and a squeeze and petting on his sore rump with the other, "but they are a pretty brutal and cut throat lot, a bunch of lowlife thieves they are. If they want to take you, they don't give a rat's ass whether you are marked or not."

"I like the way the mark stays invisible until the pet gets paddled," Thissle said, "It's always a shame to see such a lovely bottom scarred with a brand or any other permanent mark."

"Yes," Frelic agreed, "that is another nice little benefit of a Wand of the Masters branding. The mark remains hidden until sufficient heat is applied to the branded area. These brands also possess enchantments that protect the pets from the elements, so even in the coldest winter or most scorching summer, they can safely remain skyclad." He gave Shaasta's reddened bottom a two-handed pony swat and then helped her to her feet.

"Master?" Shaasta asked, "Will we ever be permitted to wear clothing again? I would feel so embarrassed walking into the Pinevale Inn and mingling naked among the Halflings there. What will the locals think?"

"Most of the time," Frelic said, "you two will wear nothing except your collars, boots, and possibly a pet harness so you can carry equipment and pouches. Don't worry about what the Haflings of Pinevale will think. Those matters are not the pet's concerns; they are for me to contend with."

"Well, I have no problem being paraded about naked," Hansen assured his Master, "I actually like it when other people can admire my furry bottom and the other intimate bits." He giggled and gave Karma a lick on her cute little bunny nose as she gave his hard shaft a teasing squeeze with one paw. "However, what about when we are in adventure conditions? The brands we bear won't protect us from a foe's blades or arrows, you know."

"I can make an exception there," Frelic assured them, "When we find ourselves in hostile surroundings, you can don your leather armor as needed. However, I will eventually see about getting you equipped with protective gear suitable to your status."

"Bracers and such?" Shaasta guessed.

"Yes. Over time, we will build a wardrobe of enchanted leather pieces for you two, items such as bracers, collars, harnesses, and boots, which will protect you as if you were clad in full Elven chainmail."

"Damn," Thissle swore, "That's going to be expensive."

"Yes it will," Frelic agreed, "but my pets as well as all members of the Willowpaw household are priceless to me. So then, other than when armoring up is required, Shaasta and Hansen are forbidden from wearing clothing, unless prescribed by me for special occasions." Hansen and Shaasta nodded their understanding.

"Any other questions?" Frelic asked.

Karma raised her paw, "So, Boss, since Shaasta and Hansen are your pleasure pets now, are you going to be using them for...Aw, wot the 'ell! Are you going to be boinking them?"

Frelic nodded, a pink glow showing in his cheeks, "Yes. I will be making use of their lovely assets from time to time. I paid good money for these two, and not making use of their intimate features would be a crime, as far as I'm concerned."

Thissle was giving Shaasta a teasing smile as Frelic admitted that he would be making full use of his pet sister, and Shaasta was blushing tremendously, "Good thing you are on Tempspay, Elf brat," she

said, "At least your Master won't accidentally breed you."

"Or you, my apprentice," Frelic said, "We've been lucky for the past few years. However, you never know when fate will revoke our luck. Since I do not wish for either of my apprentices to become mothers yet, I want you and Honeyrose to start receiving monthly Tempspay shots, Delilah too for that matter."

"Me too, Boss," Karma volunteered, "I think I better start as well."

"Wouldn't it be better and cheaper for just you to get the shots, Master?" Shaasta asked, "Having six of us on Tempspay may get rather pricey."

"Well, remember," Frelic replied, "Thissle and the others are rather popular with the Halfling lads in Pinevale. And we obviously can't expect them to take the shots. Now, one last important item. Shaasta, Hansen, stand in front of me."

The two pets assumed submissive positions in front of their Master, feet spread shoulder-width apart, heads down, and hands clasped behind their backs. "You two now bear my mark on your bottoms, signifying to all who shall see it that you belong to me, submit to discipline by my hand and at my whim, and are under my protection."

He pulled Karma and Thissle close to him on the couch, and continued, "I fully expect you to submit to Thissle and Karma as you would submit to me. These two, as well as the other unbound members of WraithHold; Honeyrose, Connie, Fillie, and Nyssa; may use you as they see fit, when I am not utilizing your services. I grant them full authority to apply the paddle, crop, strap, or any other tools of discipline to your bottoms as required or as desired. Is this clear?"

Elf and Squirrel lifted their heads and let their eyes meet the gaze of their Master, "Yes," they replied together, "We will obey those you place over us as we will obey you, Master."

Frelic smiled lovingly at his pets, then pulled Karma and Thissle close to him, arms wrapped around their hips. Their smiles reflected mischief as their minds filled with ideas for activities they might try with these two pets. "Nothing to cause permanent damage or worse, girls," Frelic warned them.

"And what of Delilah?" Shaasta asked.

"Delilah," Frelic repeated the name of his first pet, a feisty, hot little Furling Otter, "Delilah will be your mentor. She will see to your training as a Willowpaw pet. You will be expected to observe her and learn. Ask questions, follow her instructions, and heed her guidance. She will also be authorized to

discipline you as required, though because she is bound to me, I will review any spankings that you feel are unfair. If I agree with your claims, Delilah will be punished in kind; if I agree with her judgment, then you will be paddled by me."

"Master," Hansen interrupted, "why paddle us a second time for the same offense? That seems rather heavy handed and unfair."

"Unfair? Hardly, my dear fuzzbutt," Frelic laughed, "If anything, this rule makes things a little more fair for Delilah. Being subject to additional punishment-caliber paddlings should I judge in Delilah's favor will cause you to think twice or even three times before claiming a spanking is unfair."

Frelic stood and stretched, "Now, let's see what you girls brought back from your shopping expedition." They all padded over to the table in the center of the room; Karma and Thissle opened up their shopping packs and showed off their wares.

"I think you are going to be real pleased with what we scored," Thissle said, smiling excitedly as she burrowed into the first pack. "First, check this out." She extracted a sleeveless studded leather shirt with a hawk, wings and legs spread in a head-on attack on the front, and held it up in front of her.

"You know," Shaasta said, "that looks a lot like the top piece of my old leather armor set that Corporal Wheaton confiscated when he captured us."

Karma nodded, "It is. We found it in an armorer's shop along with some of your other stuff."

"Now mind you," Thissle advised, "not everything was recovered, but everything we came across at the shops that we recognized, we did buy back for you." More leather armor pieces were extracted from the bags for both of them; Shaasta's thigh-length boots, Hansen's leather sleeveless top which matched Shaasta's, two sets of thigh bands, two pair of fingerless gloves, and a small shield bearing the same hawk design as the leather tops. A few of the weapons they had lost were also recovered: Shaasta's crossbow and long sword, Hansen's short bow, four daggers, and his twin short swords.

"No sign of our Tanithian arrows or bolts?" Hansen asked.

"Sadly no," Karma answered, "Either they were sold already or the fellow in charge of disposing of the slaves' possessions recognized them as enchanted and kept them for himself."

"But," Thissle consoled them, "we did go ahead and pick up two quivers of ammo for each of you. They aren't Tanithian, but at least they make your bow and Shaasta's crossbow useful again."

"Well, thank you so much for recovering what you could," Shaasta smiled and rewarded Karma and Thissle with a grateful, deep kiss. "It's so much more than either of us expected. Now, what other stuff did you two pick up?"

The remainder of the shopping show and tell was a procession of various bits of jewelry, crystal figurines and other little trinkets, new belt pouches and packs, sexy clothes, a couple bottles of good sweet mead, a variety of pastries and dried meats, and books. There was a little something for everyone, and they saved what they felt was the best for last.

"I think your Master will appreciate this," Karma said. She gave a mischievous smile and reached into her pack again and pulled out a leather belt. Attached to the back of the belt was a plume of eagle feathers, spread out like a fan. "Isn't it sexy? Don't worry," she assured them, "the feathers were not plucked. The Eagle sold them to the crafter after she molted according to the fellow who sold this to us."

"Well, it's pretty, Karma," Shaasta agreed, "but did you forget that I am close to being able to do the real thing now?" She stepped back, and stood with her feet planted shoulder-width apart and her arms extended out. The Elf closed her eyes and focused. Within seconds, a spread of hawk feathers grew at the base of her spine; the tail fanned out to cover her bottom, then she turned around to show off her plumage.

"See? I've been working on an intermediate form, between full Elf and full hawk." She made the tailfeathers lift behind her, providing an alluring peak at her still reddened butt and the silver brand that shimmered on her aft end.

"That's for Frelic," Thissle said, "This one is for you." She took out another belt, this one with a long, black, slinky panther tail attached to it.

Shaasta's tailfeathers vanished, seemingly retracting back into her body. She took the belt from Thissle and looked it over, "A real panther tail?" she asked.

"The fur is real, gathered from sheddings over the course of several years," Thissle explained, "No panthers were harmed in order to craft this."

Shaasta nodded and strapped the belt around her waist. She fastened the small brass buckle and Thissle helped her make adjustments so that the tail was draped perfectly down the center of her ass. "There ya go," Thissle told her, "Now turn around so everyone can admire your lovely new tail."

The Elf girl did a one-eighty and presented her behind for the others' approval, giving a coy gaze over

her shoulder and flexing her pleasantly wide hips which made the slinky prosthetic appendage swish back and forth just like a real tail. "How do I look?"

"Hottest kitten on Niath," Hansen said, "You look like you could warm the coldest of laps, love. And it may just be my Furling bias speaking, but I personally think all pretty bottoms should be accessorized with a tail." He smiled and his own bushy aft appendage swished back and forth for emphasis."

Frelic laughed and nodded his agreement. He slipped up behind his sister and his fingers administered a scritch at the base of her tail, actually causing it to rise behind her like the real thing, and eliciting a soft purr from the girl. "I agree absolutely with Fuzzbutt here, sis. That tail makes you one hot little kitty; I mean, even hotter." Unable to resist, he planted a firm swat on the bare flesh under the tail.

"Meow," she giggled, and made playful mauling and scratching gestures at her Master. Frelic's reaction: he wrapped his arms around his kitty pet, his hands firmly gripped and kneaded her butt, and his lips pressed hard against hers.

Half a minute later, they disengaged. Still holding her tight, Frelic looked into her eyes, which seemed to have more glow to them than normal; most likely a trick of the lighting. One hand released its grip on her bottom, slid up her back, and ran through her thick red mane. "I am going to add that tail belt of yours to the list of clothes you can wear without getting my permission first."

"Are you going to try yours on now, Boss?" Karma asked.

Frelic gave Shaasta one more light swat on her butt, then turned around. Karma was was standing close, holding up the tailfeathers belt for him. He reached for it, and the Rabbit gently slapped his hand back.

"Off with the tunic first," she ordered, "we want to see how it accentuates your own pretty bottom.

"Okay, okay," Frelic laughed, unfastening the belt around his waist. He looked over his shoulder at Shaasta and smiled mischievously, "It was going to be coming off soon anyway." He pulled the short black shift up over his head, tossed it on the table, and stood before Karma, skyclad save for his thigh-length boots.

The Furling Rabbit paced around him, checking out his lithe figure and succumbed to the urge to plant a playful swat on his own cute, round bottom. "You know, Chief," she said, "you really should go naked more often. You certainly have the figure for it." She handed the feathered belt to the blushing Elf. He wrapped and secured it around his slender Elven waist and Karma made the aft adjustments

so that the fan-shaped plumage was centered perfectly over his bare butt.

"There ya go, Boss," Karma said. She ran her paws down the length of the charcoal-gray and white-speckled mountain eagle feathers that now decorated the wizard's backside, "Show us your tail."

Frelic turned around and placed his hands on the table as if he was assuming a paddling position, his back arched and his feather clad rear thrust out on display. The tailfeathers were like a half skirt, just long enough to barely cover his assets in the back. He flexed the muscles in his shapely bottom, and the feather skirt rose up like a drawbridge, just high enough to reveal the lower curves of the Elf's pride. "Well, how do I look?"

"Spankable," four voices rang out in unison, causing his face to turn red and his hands to move back into a protective position over his vulnerable rump.

Frelic removed the tail belt and sat his naked self down on one of the tall-backed chairs that encircled the table, "That really is a lovely gift you girls scored," he said, gently running his finger tips over the feathers, "I think I will wear it tonight when we go down for dinner and the bards' show."

"That vendor had plenty of other tails as well," Thissle said, "quite a variety of animals were represented. I may wander back that way tomorrow and pick up a few more, since they were so cheap."

"But now," Karma interrupted, "we better get ourselves ready for our night out."

"Oh? Where are you going?" Frelic asked.

"We want to try out this really exciting club we saw down on the waterfront," Thissle replied, "Hot Summer Nights is what it's called. Wanna join us?"

"I'll skip it this time around," Frelic declined, "Perhaps I'll check it out in a day or two. Tonight though, I just want to relax here and enjoy the in-house performances."

Shaasta looked expectantly at her brother, "Can I go out with them, Master?" she asked, her belted-on tail swishing back and forth as if it had a mind of its own.

Frelic nodded and gave his blessing, "Certainly, my pet. But before you go, we have some unfinished matters to attend to. Hansen, I want you to stay here with me this evening for a night in, after you help Thissle and Karma get themselves ready for their night out."

The Furling Squirrel nodded happily at the thought of being his Master's date for the night, as Karma attached his leash to his collar and gave it a gentle tug, "Thank-you, Master. I know we are going to have a wonderful evening together." Karma and Thissle then shed their clothes, and the trio disappeared through the door in the east corner of the lounge to get themselves cleaned and prepped for a girls' night out.

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