

RedTails : Blue Rosette

By Scarletdown

Published on Lush Stories on 02 Mar 2007

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Olivia gets more than she bargained for when she volunteers to let her ass serve as a keg.

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RedTails Blue Rosette By Scarletdown "Hester," Olivia purred, "I want to order what those people are drinking." The Furling Ocelot cuddled the Furling Chinchilla who was sitting on her lap, and gestured in the direction of the party a couple tables over. Everyone present at Hot Summer Nights had paused in their dancing, dining, and drinking to watch the impromptu demonstration the inn keepers were conducting. Hester was shocked and stunned by what he was witnessing. The inn keeper's mate, a most stunning Furling Raccoon was placed on a small wheeled table, clad in nothing but her fur, and her ass thrust up in the air. The inn keeper then handed a thick bamboo straw to a green robed Human fellow, most likely a wizard. The wizard inserted the straw up the Raccoon's ass, and the inn keeper smacked his mate's bottom with his paddle, which caused a flow of delicious-looking ale to pour from her depths into the mug the wizard was holding. Even more disturbing to the Chinchilla was what happened after the rest of the party filled their mugs from the Raccoon's ass. One of the girls, a copper-haired Human lass, put her lips to the end of the straw and drank directly from the Furling. When she finished, she looked like she was going to have an orgasm right where she was standing. Hester smiled up at his feline lover and patted her wide, muscular bottom, "I don't know, Olivia. That just seems so," he paused to think of the right description, but could only come up with, "not right." "Aw, loosen up a bit, Fuzzball," Lewellyn, one of their Furling Raccoon companions admonished him, "It ain't as if you've never tasted a pretty bottom or two in your day yerself." He gave

the Chinchilla a knowing smirk as he staggered over to his chair and sat his furry butt down, pulling his mate clumsily onto his lap. "Yeah," Teski, the other Furling Raccoon agreed. She draped an arm around Lew's shoulders and matched his smirk, "We've seen you with your tongue up Olivia's butt on many more than one occasion." The pair of Ringtails shared a laugh together and nuzzled each other's cheeks. Hester felt the insides of his ears heat up as the Raccoons openly discussed his intimate probings of the Ocelot's assets. Additionally, the memories of those moments caused a not so discreet hardening between his thighs, which made him blush even more. Olivia looked down at the aroused Furling on her lap and idly ran her fingers over the stiff shaft he was showing, "The Rattycoons do have a point, love," she said, "You have tasted me before, and I have likewise tasted you. So why would tasting that lovely lady over there be any different." Hester looked up at his lovely feline sweetheart and gave her a sheepish grin, "Er...Well...Taildiving each other is one thing," he stammered, "Drinking ale from someone's butt, especially someone whom we do not know, well, that's..." "That's no different," Lewellyn finished the thought for him, "I'm sure the lady had a thorough deep scrub first. That's a no brainer." "Come on, love," Olivia whined, "Look how much they are enjoying it. I want this really bad." "Me too," Teski said, "Although even more, I wouldn't mind trying it from Lew's ass." Her paw slid down his back and came to rest on his soft, buckskin-clad rump" Lewellyn chuckled and slipped a paw under Teski's skirt to fondle her plush assets. A naughty gleam in his eyes caused the girl to momentarily avert her gaze, "Likewise, love, I would very much enjoy sipping ale from your sweet bottom as well." She answered by pressing her mouth hard against his, which silenced both of them for half a minute. The Chinchilla sighed, both out of frustration with his incorrigible companions, as well as with contentment at the Ocelot's expert massaging of his fully erect shaft, "Personally, I think that all of you have had way too much to drink already," he declared, "And we haven't even eaten anything yet." "Yeah, right," Olivia giggled. She gave him a playful swat on his bottom then took a long sip from her chalice of Azure Depths, finishing off the round, "You know all too well that I have only begun. I'm nowhere near too much, love." She was interrupted abruptly by the inn keeper, a most delightful looking Furling Deer, clad in a collar and the cutest little black and white lacy apron. "Pardon me, good Furlings," he began. "Well, good is a relative term," Hester interjected, "especially where these three are concerned." He was silenced by a much harder smack on his rump from Olivia. "Yes yes," the Deer chuckled, "I know all too well what you mean. Anyway, I must first introduce myself. I am Brannel, one of the proprietors of Hot Summer Nights, and we are currently in a minor crisis situation." Teski immediately came to their defense, "Whatever we did, we didn't do it." Brannel laughed again and shook his head, "Please hear me out. I am certain you witnessed the little demonstration my mate and I conducted with the help of that party over there." Hester nodded, "Yes, we saw it all. That was a most, er...interesting display of naughtiness, drinking from your mate's ass, and in front of this rowdy lot no less." "Indeed it was," Brannel replied, "And I fear that we have made a critical error. We are now inundated with orders for Ringtail Ale, which is what Mistress Ravenna was serving from her aft end. But with only Ravenna serving, there is no way we can keep up with the demand. Therefore, I have a proposal for you and your friends." "Say no more!" Lewellyn interrupted, "You need more Ringtails to serve as kegs, correct?" "Most

perceptive of you, sir," Brannel said, "We are indeed attempting to get volunteers to serve as kegs just as my mate did. And in return, those who volunteer may dine and drink for free here tonight, and can keep all gratuities they earn." Teski's eyes went wide at the mention of free drinks and food, "Count me in," she declared, "And Lewellyn here too. We'll try anything once. Oh, ouch!" Lewellyn silenced his girlfriend with a firm digging of his claws into her rump, "Honey, you know I don't like to be volunteered for anything. I would rather speak for myself." Teski giggled and nuzzled Lew, "Sorry, love. I was just so excited, and figured you wouldn't mind." "That's okay," he reassured her, "And I will offer my tail for service tonight. I could use a few extra silvers." He and Teski rose unsteadily to their feet. "Oh, wonderful," Brannel cheered, "This will be a night to remember indeed." He then turned to Hester and Olivia, "And what about you two lovebirds? We can take more than just Furling Raccoons for this assignment." The Chinchilla waved him off and gave the Deer a knowing look, "I'll decline. But thank-you for the offer." "I'm in," Olivia said, "No way am I going to let these two Rattycoons outdo me." She gently set Hester on the table and stood up to join Lew and Teski. Brannel looked over his trio of giggling living vessels then leaned over to mutter to the Chinchilla, "You know, don't you, and they do not?" Hester smiled and nodded, "I have better hearing than those three realize, so I overheard everything about how Ringtail Ale is made." "And you don't mind them being put through this ordeal?" "Not at all. This might help sober them up somewhat." "It will," Brannel assured him, "It definitely will." Olivia and the two Raccoons fell into step behind Brannel as he led them towards the kitchen. They paused briefly at a table occupied by a Furling Bat and a Furling Tigress. Kneeling beside the Bat was another Furling, a very sexy brown-furred Pony girl with a blonde mane and tail. She was clad in nothing but a leather collar, and her short fur did nothing to provide any modesty for either her ample breasts, tight mound, and even more ample and muscular rump. She was obviously a pleasure slave or pet to the other two. Brannel exchanged a few pleasantries with the two seated at the table. Less than a minute later, the Pony joined the group of volunteers and stood humbly to Olivia's right. She was followed immediately by the Tigress, who arose, shed her sandals and silk minidress, and stood on the other side of the Ocelot. As Brannel led them away, Lewellyn and Teski were quietly giggling and chattering back and forth to each other, speculating about what it was going to feel like having their bottoms filled with ale and other people drinking from them. Olivia smiled at the Tigress. She was a most striking and lovely creature, svelte and graceful, with feminine curves and softness that belied the powerful strength embedded in her form. Even skyclad and being led to the kitchen so her ass could be filled with ale or some other drink, this creature carried herself with tremendous dignity and pride. She was the second finest example of animal beauty and sensual felinity Olivia had ever seen. Olivia herself was the number one example of course. "Like, hi," she said, "I'm Olivia." "I know," the Tigress replied. "Do you have a name?" "Of course I do." "Well, can I have it?" "Why? You already have a name, Olivia." The Ocelot sighed and shook her head in frustration at this lady's terseness, which to her, bordered on arrogance. "Aw come on. I just want to know who is joining us to get our asses filled tonight." The Tigress looked Olivia over as if sizing her up, and gave her a polite, toothy grin, "You can call me Sheena," she finally said, "and the lovely little Pony there is Merriweather, mine and my mate's beloved pleasure pet." Olivia giggled, "Well then, 'tis

an honor to meet you, Sheena, and you too, Merriweather." Sheena quietly nodded acknowledgment and Merriweather gave Olivia a coy smile, "It is indeed an honor to meet Mistress Sheena, and an even greater honor to serve her and Master Syrinx." Sheena's demeanor softened a little. She laughed and reached around behind Olivia to give her pet a loving pat and squeeze on her rump, "Merriweather, dear girl, you have learned well since you first offered yourself to us. Flattery will get you everywhere, especially with me." The Pony bashfully averted her gaze. Her face warmed with the feel of her owner's paw on her bottom and kind words in her long, equine ears. "Have you ever done anything like this before, Olivia?" Merriweather asked. "No," came the reply, "I've never had anyone drink from my bottom. However, Hester has tailedived me many times after giving me a deep scrubbing. What about you? Is this a first time for you as well?" "The drinking bit is," she admitted, "I have gone through the cleansing ritual many times though, for the pleasure of Master and Mistress. I get all tingly between my thighs just thinking about it." "Yes," Olivia agreed, "I get that way thinking about the scrubbing wand inside my ass too. It's so..." "Scrubbing wand?" Merriweather interrupted her, "Those are fun, but what we do for deep cleansing is much more intense. You see..." She was silenced by a firm smack on her ass. It seems that with great stealth, Sheena managed to lift Brannel's paddle from his belt while the Pony and Ocelot were babbling. "Ouch! Mistress, is there a problem?" "Yes there is," the Tigress confirmed. She slipped the paddle back onto the Deer's belt as easily as she had removed it, "You are once again speaking way too much." Merriweather looked quite chastened and embarrassed, "I am sorry, m'lady," she apologized, "I just wanted to tell Miss Olivia here how wonderful the cleansing process is." "She will find out soon enough," Sheena said, "Since this is a first for her, we really shouldn't spoil the surprise." The Pony nodded her head, "Okay, Mistress Sheena. I will say no more," she promised, then addressed the Ocelot once more, "other than this will be like nothing you have ever experienced in your south end before." Olivia smiled and purred, "Mmmmm... I'm getting all hot and tingly just thinking about it." They completed the remainder of the short little trip in silence, and soon vanished through the double doors in the far wall. The kitchen was a beehive of activity. A team of six cooks; one male Dwarf, an Ornith Hawk girl, a Furling Skunk lad, a Halfling boy, and two Furling Mice, who looked like they were most likely brother and sister, were busy manning the fire pits and grills. A mouth watering mix of aromas filled the air, as floor girls and boys padded in and out to deliver plates of succulent meats, fish, steaming vegetables, fresh baked breads, and a wide assortment of drinks to the hungry and thirsty guests out in the dining room. Bent over one low counter at the far end of the room, with their legs spread and tails raised high were two Furlings, the Raccoon Brannel called Ravenna, and Issibel the Otter. They were being attended to by a handsome young Furling. He was obviously a crossbreed. His face was that of a Deer; as were his legs, digitigrade and ending in hard, black cloven hooves. He had the typical black, furry Raccoon mask framing his eyes, and a thick, bushy tail, dark gray with black rings. His mane of dark red hair was tied in a ponytail, and a set of short, two-pronged antlers protruded from the top of his head, between a pair of short, perky ears. His hand was deep up Ravenna's butt, as if he was stuffing a game bird. But instead of putting bits of shredded bread inside her, he was extracting a large amount of copper and silver coins from her depths. He removed them two and three at a time,

securing them in a leather pouch on his belt. When the last of the coin was removed from beneath Ravenna's tail, he repeated the same procedure with Issibel. Olivia could not help but notice the expression on the Furling lad's face as he worked. He looked as if he was experiencing considerable discomfort, moreso than what the telltale blush beneath the white fur of his rump would indicate. "Proolly just had an extra extra hard paddling is all," she thought to herself. "Okay, ladies," Brannel said, "Stand over there with the others by the cellar door. Anton will be with you shortly." Olivia and the others followed the Deer's instruction and waited patiently while Brannel checked on how the Raccoon-Deer was faring. She let her gaze wander, until it came to rest on the others whom they had joined. Standing and waiting with them were a pair of Ornith Ducks, whom she recognized as Selene and Marcko. They were with the little band performing here at Hot Summer Nights tonight. It was no surprise to her that these two would volunteer for this, as Orniths are generally notoriously obsessed with their ass ends. Also with them, and dressed in a short green apprentice's tunic was a handsome young Furling Fox. Olivia guessed that he was probably about to begin his sixteenth or seventeenth summer. She could smell a faint scent of arousal as he watched with amusement, the spectacle of the Raccoon-Deer pulling coin after coin from Issibel's bottom. But also mingled with his arousal was a scent of nervousness, confirmed by the constant swishing back and forth of his white-tipped brick red bushy tail, which protruded through a hole in the back of his tunic. He was certainly a cute one, and Olivia found herself entertaining thoughts of being mounted and taken pony style by him. He must have sensed her gaze on him, because while the Ocelot was having her hottest thoughts, the young Fox turned his attention away from the action over on the counter, and looked directly at her. Their eyes met, and she noticed a reddening visible through the white fluff of his cheeks. He quickly looked away and focused his attention on an indeterminate spot on the floor in front of him. After what seemed like forever, the Raccoon-Deer finally finished his enviable task, and Ravenna and Issibel joined the others near the cellar door. Brannel turned their attention to the small group of volunteers and gave them a warm welcoming smile. "Thank-you for volunteering the use of your bottoms in an attempt to resolve this supply crisis we are suddenly experiencing. As I said before, you will be well compensated for your troubles." He looked each volunteer over thoroughly, then continued his speech. "Now, 'tis only proper that you know who you are serving with. Therefore, before we begin, I would like you to please give us a very brief introduction, even if it is just your name. We will start with the handsome young Fox here." "I am Syrano, from out in the middle of nowhere to the east of Mistport," the vulpine lad said, "I'm a wizard's apprentice, with the Order of the Wild Rose." Next to speak up was the Duck girl, "I'm Selene. I play a bowharp for the band that's here tonight. I also dance for them as well. And this is my little brother, Marcko," she gestured to the other Duck standing next to her. "Yes," Marcko replied, "I am Marcko, drummer and another dancer. We, and the rest of our group hail from Icy Straits, way south of here." "We are excited about having our bottoms used in such a unique way," Selene added, "Any chance to have things stuffed up our..." "Yes, yes," Sheena interrupted her, "You featherheads' obsession with your behinds is well known world-wide. Anyway, you already know me, Brannel. But for the benefit of the others, I am Sheena, co-owner of the Crimson Glow Pet Shop in Coralport, and this lovely filly here is Merriweather, mine and my mate's

personal pet." She gave the Pony a loving pat on her ass. "Lewellyn here, at your service." The Furling Raccoon performed a graceful bow, at least as graceful as his intoxicated state would allow. "I'm native to Mistport. But i will admit, this is my first time here at your lovely little inn. Normally, we haunt Feathers over on the east end of town, closer to home." "When he says we, he is referring to himself, me, Olivia, and Hester," the other Raccoon offered. She smiled and introduced herself, "Teski, I am. Me and Lew share a small home over on the east side. We're not officially mates yet, but I'm working on him." Finally it was Olivia's turn. She performed a proper curtsy and purred, "I'm Olivia. I keep these two ringtail brats in line." She smirked at Lewellyn and Teski, then added, "At least I try my damndest to keep them in line. I volunteered for this little adventure because the love of my life likes the taste of my bottom, and after he drinks from me, I fully expect a long wild night of passionate boinking." "I'm certain that charming Chinchilla fellow of yours will not be disappointed, m'lady," Brannel complimented her. "Now, I'm sure you already know Issibel here. She's one of our floor girls." He padded over to the Otter and gave her a loving pat on her rump, then did likewise with Ravenna. "And this delightful creature here is my beloved mate and Mistress, Ravenna." The Deer paced back and forth in front of his volunteers, "Now that we all know each other, it is time to begin your greatest adventure. First, I must request that those of you who are wearing any clothing, including collars, please remove them." Olivia shed her black cotton vest and matching black leather thigh boots, the only bits of clothing she was wearing tonight, and stood quietly, idly caressing her soft wide flanks and rump while the others went about disrobing. After Lewellyn stripped off his buckskin trousers and jerkin, he helped Teski out of her red silk micro minidress, then wrapped his arms around her and held her close to him for a short time, cuddling her and lovingly caressing her soft, curves. The Ducks were already skyclad, as they typically preferred, as were Ravenna, Issibel, and Sheena, the Tigress having stripped back out in the dining room. Syrano looked rather nervous and embarrassed as he unfastened his belt and squirmed out of his tunic, revealing his soft, furry body and the erect shaft protruding from between his thighs. Olivia padded over to the young Fox and placed a paw on his shoulder. She leaned over, her tail raised high for everyone else to get a delightful look at her assets while she purred in his ear, "Syrano, why do you look so embarrassed?" The Fox gave the Ocelot a sheepish grin, "M'lady, although I may be a wizard's apprentice, and have presented myself to my Master many times," he replied, "I and Master Arthur are of a hermitic order, and I am not accustomed to being exposed skyclad amidst strangers." Olivia smiled and ran her paw down Syrano's back and over his cute bottom, then slipped it between his thighs and playfully stroked his hard cock, eliciting a surprised gasp from him, "Trust me, silly boy," she assured him, her voice seductively soft and low, "You most certainly have nothing to be ashamed of. And what of that little performance you had with that lovely Rabbit not too long ago? The way you had her bent over the table and the way you were ramming her, it certainly looked as if you had no worries about being exposed in public." Syrano whimpered at the Ocelot's gentle touch on his treasures, "That was out of character for me, I must admit. The Bunny was in season, I think, so she was impossible to resist. Heat of the moment, y'know." Olivia playfully nibbled on Syrano's ear and slid her paw back to give his rump a teasing squeeze, "If Hester doesn't mind, I would very much like to engage you in an

encore performance later," She padded back to her place in line and gave him a seductive gaze over her shoulder, "in private." "Mistress Sheena," Merriweather said, "I need you to unlock my collar please." "Oh, my," the Tigress replied, "I don't have your key with me. It's with my clothes back at our table." "Don't you worry your pretty not-so-little bottoms, ladies," Brannel said, "I'll go fetch the key from Syrinx while you are receiving your cleansings." "Cleansings?" Olivia repeated, "but I had a deep scrubbing just this afternoon." "That is not sufficient," the Deer told her, "The cleansing required for vessel service is much more extensive and intense than a mere deep scrub." "You'll like it, I think," Merriweather assured her, "It really is one helluva experience, and definitely something to write home about." "Yes, it is indeed," Brannel agreed, "Now, Anton here will take you down into the cellar to begin the procedure. I will be down when it is time to begin the brewing. But first, I have another matter to address." He nodded to the Raccoon-Deer who had earlier been extracting the coins from Ravenna and Issibel. "They are all yours, son. Kwenekka, come attend to me." He lay himself over the counter, and a cute little Furling Chipmunk girl scurried up behind him to begin remove and secure his recent earnings from beneath his tail. Anton faced the group of volunteers and looked them over one at a time, then gestured towards the door leading to the cellar, "Follow me, ladies" Olivia couldn't help but notice that his voice sounded a little unsteady, as if he was in some small amount of pain. Anton led the group of Furlings and Orniths through the door and down a long flight of stone stairs. The cellar was a massive underground chamber. The air down here was hot and stifling, considerably warmer than the dining room and kitchen areas above, and was permeated with the scent of lilacs, though there were no such flowers to be seen anywhere. Stacked four high, casks and barrels lined two of the walls, and also formed aisles in the middle of the room. A third wall was taken up by a deep trough of dark stone, of a type that did not look familiar at all to Olivia. A metal grill sat along the length of the trough, and at regular intervals along the wall above it and in the floor in front, were pairs of rings that looked like they were made of mithril silver. The fourth wall had another trough. This was filled with glowing molten stone that flowed slowly like oil from a small hole in the wall and out another similar hole at the other end. Close to the river of liquid fire, was a long, wide table, with mithril rings attached around its edges, like those on the wall over the grill. It was to this table that Anton led his party of volunteers. "Alright now," he said, "Except for Issibel and you, Mother, since you have had your cleansings already, I need everyone to get on the table and assume cleansing position. That is with your head down, legs spread, knees tucked underneath you, and bottom in the air." One by one, the volunteers, including Ravenna, climbed up onto the dark, warm table and assumed what was commonly referred to as the invite position, save for the Otter girl. "What are you doing, Mother?" Anton asked, "You shouldn't have to go through this again." "Nonsense," Ravenna snapped back at him, "You have brewed Ringtail Ale twice in me tonight, and I have also had a considerable amount of copper and silver up my ass since that second batch. Therefore, it is for the best that my bottom receive another cleansing to return it to its pristine state for this next round." "Very well, Mother," he conceded, "I suspect that the real reason you are doing this is because you actually enjoy this process. However, it is not my place to argue or question your motives." Ravenna smirked at her son, "You bet your ass it isn't, dear. And for questioning my

reasons, you can expect a nice long paddling out on the stage later tonight. Now, get on with it." A soft blush was visible through the white fur on Anton's cheeks as he set about prepping his guests for their imminent cleansings. "Right then. Issibel, secure their ankles and wrists." The Otter went about busily locking the guests in shackles and attaching them to the mithril rings which lined the edges of the table. Meanwhile, Anton opened up a small chest in one corner of the room and withdrew a set of small rods with chain harnesses attached, also made of mithril. As he bent over the open chest, Olivia spied a round metal disk with a grip ring attached, pressed up against his furry nether cheeks. That answered her unasked question about why he looked so uncomfortable. It must have been a pretty large butt plug that he was wearing while he worked. "Anton, is this step really necessary?" Lewellyn asked, "I mean, you are just going to give us a quick cleansing, so why the restraints?" "Yes," the Raccoon-Deer replied, "this is indeed necessary. This procedure will cause a bit of discomfort, and you need to be properly restrained to keep from hurting yourself." "Hah, that's the understatement to end all understatements," Issibel muttered as she tightened the Ocelot's bonds. She gave Olivia a playful slap on her upturned ass, "How's that, kitten?" "Too tight," Olivia protested, "I can barely move." "Good," the Otter replied. She gave Olivia another slap on her bottom, then continued her task, securing Sheena and finally Ravenna. Olivia was starting to have second thoughts about this little adventure, as Anton went to each volunteer, and held up one of the mithril bits. "Open your mouth, Syrano," he ordered. The Fox complied, and Anton placed a bit in his mouth. He gently bit down on it while the chain harness was clasped around his head. Anton repeated this for Lewellyn, Teski, and the two Ducks. Merriweather shook her blonde-maned head when Anton instructed her to take the bit. "I don't need it," she told him, "I've done this many times already, and am quite comfortable with the process." "Very well," Anton conceded, "I assume your Mistress will also decline?" Lying on the table to Olivia's left, Sheena looked over at her pet and Anton, "Correct," she growled, "If my pet needs no such accessories, then neither do I." "Okay, suit yourselves," he replied, "I was simply obligated to offer an S-bit as a courtesy." Now it was Olivia's turn. Following the examples of the others, she obediently opened her mouth. Anton set the bar of mithril across her lower jaw, behind her back teeth, and she gently bit down on it. The chain harness was secured around her head, and adjusted so it couldn't work itself loose. After Anton finished up with Ravenna, he marched around to the front of the table and faced the nine trussed up Furlings and Orniths, "Again, I wish to thank you all for volunteering to serve in this minor moment of crisis," he gave a soft gasp and winced, briefly slipping a hand under his tail to make some minor adjustments to the plug he was carrying, then continued his address. "Before your bottoms are filled with ale, or mead, or wine, or other drinks to be enjoyed by our guests up there," he gestured in the direction of the stairs back up to the kitchen and the dining room beyond, "Issibel and I must give you the most thorough cleansing you have ever known. This process will take about five minutes, and I will tell you now that it will involve some amount of pain." Issibel handed Anton a mithril chain glove, and then she donned one herself. The two stepped over to the open chest and each withdrew a long metal rod, with a wide flat disc and a mithril silver grip ring at one end. They dipped these up to the hilt in the molten lava that flowed through the trough in front of the table. When they pulled the rods out of the trough, they

were covered along their entire length with the liquid fire. Olivia was now terrified as she realized what was in store for her and the others. Her breathing grew heavy and labored, and she trembled in her bonds while Anton explained further what was about to happen. "This is gehennite," Anton explained. He held up the glowing rod for all to see. The molten stone seemed to flow and swirl around the shaft it clung to, but not a drop fell to the floor. "As you may have guessed, this is a form of lava. But unlike that which is found in most volcanic areas of the world, gehennite is only found where there is a gateway between Niath and one of the infernal realms. Therefore, it is a very rare material, and highly coveted among wizards, acolytes, and others who use magick." He ran a mithril-clad hand over the end of the molten shaft, rounding it and forming it into a dull point, then continued the lesson. "As I just demonstrated, mithril is one of two substances that is impervious to gehennite, and will not even conduct the terrible heat. The other is ferallite, which will conduct heat but will not melt." Issibel followed Anton's lead and also molded the end of her gehennite rod into a tapered, round shape, then padded around behind Syrano and lifted his tail, awaiting the Raccoon-Deer's command. The Fox was absolutely terrified, his eyes wide as saucers as he felt the Otter girl grab his tail and hold the hot, glowing rod close to his furry bottom. He tried to struggle, but Issibel had secured his bonds too well, and all he could do was twitch in his shackles and thrash his head left and right. "Now," Anton continued, "I was not completely accurate when I said there were only two substances that are impervious to gehennite. There are actually three. And that is what makes this diabolical material the perfect cleansing agent. Issibel, tell them what that third substance is." Issibel nodded and gave a devilish smile as she held the glowing rod pointed at the crevasse between Syrano's nether cheeks, "The third substance impervious to gehennite is any living flesh. It may hurt like hell, but it causes no actual harm to the living." And with a firm nod from Anton, the Otter expertly slid the molten rod with one smooth stroke, deep up the Fox's upturned butt, until the disc was pressed firmly against his furry rump. As soon as the molten rod penetrated his southern star, Syrano's entire body went taut. His paws clenched hard and his head was thrashing from side to side. Strangely, no sound escaped his muzzle, no screams, not even a whimper. Issibel fetched another ferallite rod from the chest, while Anton slipped around behind the Raccoons. Both Lewellyn and Teski were wide eyed in abject terror as their inevitable fate approached. Before Anton even grabbed his tail, Lewellyn was already thrashing about as best he could in his bonds. But there was no escape, and with a single smooth thrust, the molten rod disappeared under his tail. Like Syrano, the Raccoon tensed up to where it looked like he could snap in two. His back arched and his head flew back in unfathomable agony. Yet also like the Fox, he neither screamed nor cried. Issibel padded around behind the table, with her freshly drawn and molded gehennite rod, and gave Teski the same treatment Anton had given Lewellyn. Again, like the previous two, she writhed in her chains, but made no sound. "Oh, lookie," the Otter said, pointing to the hard shaft that was emerging from between Lewellyn's legs, "He's getting aroused." Anton nodded and ran a finger along the underside of the Raccoon's erect member, "Yes, that is not an uncommon occurrence. No one is sure why, but gehennite insertions frequently cause arousal despite the intense agony of the cleansing. See? The Fox is getting rather hard down there too." He gestured towards Syrano as they returned to the chest for more ferallite rods. The Fox

had, for the most part stopped his squirming about and now had his eyes closed and his chin resting submissively on the table. His cock bobbed and pulsed beneath him while the liquid fire burned inside his depths. Selene and Marcko were a different story altogether. It looked to Anton as if these two Ducks were already intimately familiar with the sweet searing kiss of gehennite burning in their nether channels. As he and Issibel slipped around behind them, the two Ornith siblings instinctively arched their backs, thrusting their downy white bottoms up a little higher in nervous anticipation. Anton gave Selene's soft rump a gentle squeeze, and Issibel did likewise to Marcko. Then with no further delay, the burning rods were stuffed deep up their tight rectal passages. There was no squirming or thrashing about from either of the Ducks. However, Marcko's maleness was clearly and immediately evident, fully emerged from the hidden sheath between his legs. And when Anton slipped his fingers into the soft down between Selene's thighs, he felt sticky moistness, the telltale sign of her arousal and desire. Issibel grinned childlike at Anton, "See? I was right about these two," she bragged. Anton licked Selene's sweet juices off his fingers and slapped the Duck girl on her cute, burning ass, "That was a no brainer," he replied, "Everyone knows that birds are all notorious, anal-obsessed pain sluts. Now come along, Otter. We still have four more to do. You take the Pony and her Mistress; I will take Olivia and Mother." Issibel was already a step ahead of him; and armed with another lava-covered rod, padded back around the table and stood behind Merriweather. "Are you sure you don't want an S-bit?" she asked the Pony. "Yes," she whickered, "I have no need for such silliness, as...Oh!" Merriweather was abruptly silenced as the molten plug was driven home between her muscular nether cheeks, and buried to the hilt up her ass. Despite her protests about not needing the bit, she still squirmed and thrashed about on the table while gasping and moaning in pure ecstasy. Olivia was driven to a state of confusion by all she had witnessed so far. Here were these Furlings and Orniths getting molten lava stuffed up their asses, some of them writhing in complete agony. Yet all were obviously becoming quite aroused almost to the point of orgasm. It made no sense to the Ocelot. Now, it was her turn, and she was absolutely terrified of what was about to go under her tail. She strained against her bonds, trying to snap them free so she could escape from this hellish cellar. But the mithril was far too strong for her, and her shackles held fast. "Olivia! Stop your struggling!" Anton commanded. He punctuated his order by landing a wooden paddle across the Ocelot's muscular butt a dozen times. "Look at me, kitten." She regained her composure and looked up at the Raccoon-Deer who was standing over her. His expression was calm and reflected compassion and understanding. His fingers gently caressed beneath her chin and behind her ears, causing her to purr. "Olivia," Anton repeated, "I know this is going to hurt. In fact, I know all too well what you are about to experience. I myself have gone through this many times, and am, in fact, going through it myself even as I speak." He turned away from the Ocelot, bent over, raised his thick bushy tail, and summoned Issibel to assist him. "Show her what I speak of." The Otter girl hooked a finger through the mithril ring in the end of the plug Anton was wearing. She pulled it out of him halfway, revealing the cruel red-orange glow of gehennite. "You see," Issibel said, "if a young buck such as Anton here can take the fire, and he is under orders to wear this all evening, then a big girl like yourself should be able to suffer such a treat for a mere five minutes." She reinserted the molten plug up Anton's butt, and padded around to

the backside of the table to attend to Sheena. Anton stood erect and gingerly turned back around to face Olivia again. "I would not put anyone here through anything that I myself would never submit to," he told her. "And look at the others. They have already received the fire. It would be a great disservice to them if we were to release you now." Olivia turned her head to look at the other six who were writhing in pleased pain on the table while the liquid fire burned inside their rectal passages, searing them to perfect cleanliness. To her left, she heard the Tigress give a sharp gasp, which was followed by a loud purring moan as Issibel put the burning shaft between her furry cheeks and slid it home. As Sheena squirmed on the table, moaning with pure pained bliss, her sweet scent of arousal washed over Olivia, and the Ocelot found herself desiring the same gift of passion the Tigress was enjoying. Issibel came back around to the front of the table, leaned forward, and in her soft, childlike voice added, "Sheena is doing this for her mate. After the music stops and the torches are extinguished tonight, Master Syrinx will be intoxicated on our finest champagne, spiced with his lady's own unique intimate flavor." "He and Sheena will climb to the summit of the Mink's Mountain tonight," Anton added, "Together, they will lose themselves in an unbridled fever of passion that normally only the Immortals could know." He padded around behind the Ocelot and held her tail up high. She trembled with both fear and longing. Her wide, muscular bottom flexed and clenched in anticipation. "Do this for for your love, kitten." "Yes yes yes," Issibel agreed, "Do it for Hester. Trust me, you will not regret this." Olivia sighed and closed her eyes, resting her chin on the table. Without another word, Issibel gave Anton a grim smile and nod, and the Raccoon-Deer pushed the burning rod up the Ocelot's ass until, like the others, all that was visible beneath her tail was the round ferallite disc and mithril grip ring. He then left Olivia to enjoy the kiss of fire, took the fresh gehennite rod offered him by Issibel, and turned his attention to Ravenna. "Mother, are you absolutely positive that you wish to go through this again tonight?" he asked, holding the Raccoon's tail up to expose her lovely furry bottom. Ravenna looked over her shoulder at her eldest child, and gave a proud nod of her head. In went the rod. The Raccoon's body tensed. She squirmed very briefly, and then relaxed. Anton put a hand between Ravenna's thighs and smirked as he felt the moist, sticky juices coating her tight sex. He licked the sweetness off his fingers, then removed his mithril glove and addressed the group of squirming, burning Furlings and Orniths. "I will be back soon. I must go report your status to Father, as well as tend to some other routine matters upstairs. Issibel, stay down here and keep an eye on our guests." He took his leave of the group and disappeared up the stone stairs. They were right. The cleansing was indeed like nothing Olivia had ever known before. From the moment the molten rod pressed between the Ocelot's muscular nether cheeks and deep up her ass, time came to a halt. All she knew was agonizing pain to which no mortal could ever put words. It was as if a sun had been born in her hidden depths, searing her bowels with its unfathomable heat. Reflexively, she tried to force the burning plug out of her ass, but white-hot spikes of gehennite protracted from all around its surface and pierced deep into her rectal wall, holding it fast inside her. She tried to scream; she tried to cry, yet no sound escaped from her throat. Through the pain, Olivia realized why Anton had muzzled her, Syrano, the Ducks, and the Raccoons. The mithril was warm on her tongue, and she felt magickal energy emanating from it, which tingled harmlessly in her mouth. The S-bit, as Anton had

called it, was enchanted. The S, she now understood, stood for silence. And so, in silent agony the Ocelot writhed on the table, helpless to do naught but submit to the liquid fire that burned with a punishing heat inside her aft channel. As she burned inside, Olivia felt a great energy course through her. The fire cleansed her body, but even moreso, it purified her spirit. Despite the tremendous pain the fiery shaft inflicted in her rectum, she found herself feeling a heat of a different sort coursing through her. It started between her thighs and rapidly spread throughout her entire body to mingle with the searing heat of the liquid fire in a confusing mixture of pleasure and agony. Her breathing heavily labored and her sex growing slick and moist, the Ocelot felt as if she was being fucked by a mighty Fire Elemental. She was rapidly approaching the summit of the Mink's Mountain, and would soon plummet over the edge into a flaming sea of passion unlike any she had ever known before. She did not know how long she had burned, but as quickly as the cleansing began, and before she could plunge into unbridled orgasm, it was finished. The molten spikes piercing Olivia's rectal wall retracted, and the burning shaft was removed from her butt. All that remained was a pleasant lingering soreness in her southern passage and an unsatisfied ache deep within her feminine depths. So close, she thought, heaving a great sigh as the desire still burned inside her. The Ocelot purred and weakly squirmed in her bonds. All she wanted was to once more feel that unfathomable and terrible kiss of fire beneath her tail, that searing kiss that would push her into sweet, passionate bliss. But such a wish would not be granted, at least not yet. She heard Brannel's soothing voice behind her while he petted her rump, "There, you see, Olivia? That wasn't so bad now. Was it?" She sighed and shook her head, changed her mind and nodded instead, then changed her mind again and once more shook her head left and right, grudgingly admitting that the Deer was correct. Brannel laughed at Olivia's indecisiveness and slapped her jiggy bottom, "The kitten is confused," was his diagnosis, "Don't worry. That is common with most people on their first fire cleansing. Although it sears the flesh, gehennite also stimulates the spirit. That is why you nearly reached the summit of the Mink's Mountain." He placed both hands on the Ocelot's ass and spread her cheeks, "Now, let us see what exotic drink will best complement your unique flavor." Without another word, the Deer buried his muzzle under Olivia's tail, pressed his tongue past her tight southern star and tasted her hot, freshly cleaned aft channel. Olivia closed her eyes and purred softly, all the while squirming playfully as Brannel's long tongue expertly probed her ass. After a half minute of sampling the Ocelot's delightful flavor, he stood upright and smiled, "As I suspected when I first saw you dancing with your mate this evening," he announced, then turned to Anton. But Anton was busy testing Ravenna's flavor, so he turned instead to one of the Furling girls who had accompanied him down to the cellar, "Kwenekka, go fetch two bottles of Azure Depths." The Chipmunk girl scurried over to the back wall to fetch the wine, while Brannel turned his attention to Merriweather. Issibel was sampling the Ducks, and Anton was still busy with Ravenna. "Hurry it up, Son," Brannel said, impatiently tapping a hoof on the warm stone floor. "We don't have all night." Anton finally came up for air and announced, "Twilight Ale for Mother." "Well, duh!" the other Furling girl who had accompanied Brannel shot back. She had a key in her paw, which she used to unlock the collar that was around the Pony's neck. "We always use our house specialty on Ringtails. Otherwise, it wouldn't be Ringtail Ale." She was shorter than Anton, and

with a cute furry face that resembled Ravenna's, though her fur color was the same wild brown as Brannel's, and with the white treasure trail that went from under her chin, down between her thighs, and up over her plush butt. Despite having the face, body, digitigrade legs, and feet of a Raccoon, this girl's ears were like a Deer's, as was her perky tail. Her hair was cropped short to just above her shoulders, and was dark red like Brannel's, and she carried herself with the same smugness and sauciness as Ravenna. "Pick up the pace here, Melody," Brannel prodded his young daughter along, "Get that apron off and get yourself ready for your cleansing." The girl removed her black and white lacy apron and hung it, along with Merriweather's collar, on a hook behind the stairs. "Emerald Sea," for Marcko," Issibel announced, as she extracted her tongue from the Duck lad's ass. She then slipped her tongue up inside the other Duck, and sampled her flavor. "And also for Selene." "Give them each two full bottles," Brannel instructed her. Just as he did with Olivia, he pressed his muzzle between Merriweather's nether cheeks and slipped his tongue up inside her, causing her to squirm and moan. "Sweet Cinnamon Meade for the Pony," he determined, "three large flasks." "Tameron Porter for the Tigress," Anton said, after reluctantly removing his face from Sheena's bottom and licking his chops. Before positioning herself on the table, Melody padded up behind Syrano, and just like the others were doing, she buried her muzzle under the Fox's tail and tasted him. "Honeybee Beer for this one." She gave Syrano's still erect cock a playful caress and squeeze, then climbed up onto the table beside him and assumed the invite position, ready to receive the liquid fire like the others had already taken. Although it was a foregone conclusion that Lewellyn and Teski would also serve up Twilight Ale, Brannel and Anton tasted them just as a matter of fairness. And finally, it was Issibel's turn. Like Melody, she positioned herself on the table and presented her ass. Brannel knelt behind her and pushed his tongue as far as it would go up inside her tight nether passage. He lingered inside her for a quarter minute, then pulled back and licked his chops thoughtfully. "Hrm...! I'm thinking perhaps a Fizzy Firewater." He smiled at his son and gestured towards the Otter girl, "What do you think, Anton?" Following his father's example, Anton knelt behind Issibel, parted her soft bottom with his muzzle, and slid his tongue up inside. The lad's cock hardened as her sweet flavor washed over his taste buds. He gave her nether chamber a deep, heavy lick then rose once more to his hooves. "Yes, I heartily agree. Fizzy Firewater would be perfect for her." he said. "One full jug would be best." "Aye," Brannel concurred, "Firewater is pretty potent, and we wouldn't want her passing out on the job. Now, go ahead and secure your sister for her cleansing, while I start filling the kegs." "Do you need any more help, Boss?" Kwenekka chittered as she set a pair of bottles on the table beside Ravenna, "Or should I get on the table now?" Brannel returned with a large ceramic jug, sealed with a wax stopper. He set it on the floor beneath Issibel and smiled at the young Chipmunk lass. "Fetch the fill tubes and ferallite stoppers first," he instructed her, "and then you can present your ass." Kwenekka gave him a respectful curtsy, then hustled over to the open chest. Anton finished securing the mithril bit in Melody's mouth and paused briefly to steal a glance at the Chipmunk who was bending over and rummaging through the chest. "Wow!" he said, "That is quite the number someone did on her bottom." Clearly visible through the white fur on Kwenekka's butt was a deep crimson blush. "What did she do to deserve that?" Brannel busied himself with securing his

daughter's ankles in the mithril shackles while Kwenekka fished out the plugs and tubes from the storage chest, "The same reason she has been volunteered for keg service," he replied, "She insulted one of our customers, so I paddled her in front of everyone, and now she will be serving as his personal keg, at least for one round." The Chipmunk padded back around behind the table, placing a ferallite butt plug and a flexible tube beside each volunteer. There was a blush in her cheeks that almost matched the blush on her bottom, "Aw, come on, Boss," she pleaded, "I was only teasing around with him." Her protests were silenced with the firm smack of Brannel's paddle across her cute little bottom, "What you said to him was absolutely inappropriate, even as a tease," the Deer scolded her, "Now get into position on the table so Anton can prep you for cleansing." Deciding it wise to say no more, Kwenekka climbed up onto the table and assumed the same position the others were in. While Anton shackled her and secured an S-bit in her mouth, Brannel removed the wax stopper on the Firewater jug. He slipped the open end of the fill tube over the neck and inserted the other end, which consisted of a rounded applicator with a hole in the end, up Issibel's butt. He hefted the jug, tipping it so that its contents could pour through the tube and fill the Otter's aft chamber. Issibel moaned and squirmed playfully as the Firewater filled her, stretching her tight rectal chamber. Brannel smiled and gave her an affectionate pat on her rump, "You are going to make Benden very happy tonight," he chirred, "Then again, you make him happy every night. He is one lucky Otter to have such a sweet little lady like you to share his bed." He gave the ceramic jug one last shake, then removed the tube from Issibel's butt and replaced it with one of the ferallite butt plugs to keep the Firewater inside her ass. "Okay," he said, giving her rump a firm, open handed smack, "Go sit on the grill over there against the wall and wait for the others." She sat up and then climbed off the table and padded over to the empty trough along the wall to the left, sitting her full ass daintily down on the ferallite rods that covered its entire length. "Kwenekka and Melody are ready for you, Father," Anton announced, showing off his handiwork. The two young Furling lasses were securely shackled to the table, and the S-bits were in place so that their screams and cries would not disturb Hot Summer Nights' patrons upstairs. Brannel donned a pair of mithril gloves and pulled two long mithril shafts from the storage chest. He dipped these in the stream of gehennite, then padded around behind the Chipmunk and his daughter and in tandem, slid them up their asses so that only the ferallite discs were pressed against their cheeks. He then removed his gloves and affectionately patted the girls' bottoms. He and his son resumed the enviable task of filling their living kegs, two bottles each of their designated beverages. He started with Syrano and Anton filled Lewellyn, and simply proceeding right down the line. As they finished each one, they would seal them with a ferallite plug, unlock their shackles, and send them over to wait on the grill. Olivia's turn finally came at last. She heard the clop of Brannel's hooves on the stone floor behind her, and the popping of the stopper being removed from one of the bottles of Azure Depths. The Deer pressed the round end of the insertion tube against the Ocelot's southern star. "Are you ready for this?" She took a deep breath, nodded her head, then tensed briefly as the long flexible tube entered her freshly fire-cleaned ass. It was not much different than receiving an enema, she realized. Except unlike an enema, the translucent blue wine filling and stretching her rectal chamber was cooler, and its fizziness tickled inside her. Olivia couldn't help but

squirm in her bonds as the first bottle was emptied into her. As soon as the first was finished, she heard the snap of the tube's other end being stretched over the next bottle. She squirmed more. Brannel was filling her so full, she felt as if she could burst at any moment. Finally, it was finished. "Clench your cheeks," Brannel instructed her, after removing the tube from her ass. She flexed her haunches and her aft entrance tightened, holding the cool, fizzy wine inside the Ocelot's depths. The ferallite plug was pressed between her cheeks, "Relax," Brannel instructed. She unclenched her ass muscles and the plug was thrust up inside her. The shackles binding her wrists and ankles were unlocked, and with a firm paddle smack on her bottom, Olivia was sent over to join the others on the grill while Brannel turned his attention to his mate. One by one, Anton secured the volunteers on the grill. He fastened ferallite shackles to the rings in the wall and floor and locked their wrists and ankles in place, tightening them so that, as before, they would be unable to hurt themselves by struggling and thrashing about. As he was cinching up the chains holding Olivia to the grill, he smiled up at her, "I'm sure it need not be said that this is going to hurt a bit." The Ocelot sighed and closed her eyes, fully understanding what was about to take place. She mentally chastised herself over the foolish acts she was willing to suffer for the pleasure of her mate. Last to be secured to the grill was Ravenna. After Anton adjusted his mother's bonds, he turned to Brannel, who was removing the gehennite plugs from Melody and Kwenekka. "Father, should I start the brewing now, or shall we wait until those two are ready?" The Deer did not answer right away. He put his muzzle beneath his daughter's tail and tasted her depths, then did the same to the Chipmunk, "Midnight Sun for Melody; Hazelnut Cordial for Kwenekka," he declared, then, "Carry on, Anton. We need to get caught up on our orders as soon as possible. I'll take care of these two." Anton smiled and nodded his head, and gave his little sister an affectionate wink, "Good call, Midnight Sun," he agreed, "Save a mug for me." He turned his attention back to his charges on the grill, "Close your eyes and take a deep breath," he instructed them. As one, they inhaled deeply, "Hold it. Now on the count of three," He put his hand on a small lever in the floor near the junction where the two troughs met. "One..." He pulled the lever and the slab of ferallite separating the two rose several inches. Gehennite flowed into the trough beneath the shackled Furlings and Orniths and promptly heated the grill which their bottoms were seated upon. Anton pushed the lever forward again and the divider was lowered once more. Leaving his charges to broil, he busied himself by helping his father fill the other two. Held fast in her shackles, Olivia could do nothing except burn. Within seconds after the divider was raised and the liquid fire filled the trough beneath her, the Ocelot's rump and thighs were kissed by cruel tongues of flame. She strained against her bonds, but as before, there was no escape; there was no relief. She looked down, and saw that the once dark grill she sat upon was now glowing red, super heated by the raging immortal inferno beneath her. Likewise, she felt the ferallite plug up her butt grow unfathomably hot, searing her body and spirit as it brought the blue wine she carried to a rapid boil. As before, she felt another burning well up inside her. It was a pleasant burn that mingled with the agony of the fire that caressed her nether regions, and caused that confusing mix of feelings she had felt during her cleansing. Once more, she found herself nearing the summit of the Mink's Mountain. She teetered on the brink of the flaming abyss, writhing in sweet suffering. The Ocelot's tears streamed down her face, vanishing with

a hiss into the fire. She wished to be free of the fiery torment burning beneath her tail, burning within her most intimate depths. She wished this agonizing passion would never end, searing her body and spirit in endless tortured ecstasy. Pain and pleasure were as one. There was no dividing line between the two. The first enhanced the second. As she sat burning on the infernal grill, Olivia's eyes were opened as never before. A brief moment of crystal clarity washed over her and she now understood the Falcon, the Mink, and many others who seemed to live for what she was suffering. She too would join them. Of this she was certain. Never before in her life had she desired anything such as this, and it would be hers. This would be the greatest gift she could ever bestow upon her beloved Hester. As quickly as it had started, the inferno beneath the volunteers died. The liquid fire was drained from the trough and the ferallite grill cooled once more. Anton released his charges from their shackles and removed their S-bits. The silence down in the cellar was broken by a chorus of soft gasps and moans, as if those on the grill had just received the greatest fucking of their life. He led them back to the long table and had them once more lay on top, while his father secured Melody and Kwenekka to the grill and set their aft ends on fire. "You must not speak of this to anyone," Ravenna warned them, now that she was no longer silenced. "The ritual that you have just undergone is to remain a secret, known only to those who already know." "Or to those who have guessed," Brannel added as he joined them, leaving his daughter and the Chipmunk to burn for a while. He rummaged through the chest again, and withdrew a small pile of little sampler thimbles and hollow bamboo tubes, then took his leave of the group once more and trotted back up to the kitchen. Anton donned his mithril gloves once more and disappeared through a door in the wall behind them. He returned a minute later with a bucket of ice, which he set on the floor behind the table. "This is going to be a little uncomfortable," he advised everyone. He reached into the bucket and withdrew a small handful of ice, "but nowhere near as intense as the cleansing and brewing was." He removed the ferallite plug from Issibel's ass and held the chunk of ice to her southern star. The Otter girl gasped and flexed her cheeks as the ice was slipped between the plush hills of her ass. After a quarter minute, Anton reinserted the plug, paddled her butt, and repeated the procedure for Syrano. "Just like the gehennite we used in and on you, this is no ordinary ice." The Fox moaned as the ice touched his tight little opening, then he moaned again when the plug was put back in and the paddle landed three times across his furry bottom. "It's from the Beastlands Glaciers, isn't it?" he guessed. "Indeed it is," Ravenna confirmed. "It chills just as fast, if not faster, than gehennite heats." Marcko whimpered as the ice touched his love hole and the paddle struck his rear, "And just out of curiosity, why the paddling?" the Duck asked, "Not that me and Big Sis mind it." Selene moaned seductively when the immortal ice seared her aft channel with its frigid kiss. She thrust her plush, white-downed ass upwards to meet the inevitable wooden burn of Anton's paddle. "The paddling..." Brannel explained as he trotted back down the stairs with a platter of carrots in hand, "the paddling helps mix your own unique flavor with the brew that has just been warmed and chilled inside you." He set the platter down, took up a pair of sampler thimbles and a bamboo tube, and stood behind Issibel, while Anton continued chilling and paddling his charges' bottoms. Brannel removed the ferallite plug from Issibel's butt and replaced it with the bamboo. Holding a thimble under the end of the tube, he patted the Otter's ass, "Relax a brief moment," he

instructed her. She unclenched her cheeks and a small flow of clear firewater trickled from the tube and filled the thimble. He then held the other thimble under the spout, and when it too was full, ordered her to hold again. The Deer handed one thimble to Issibel, and brought the other up to his mouth. "Bottoms up," he said, and poured the firewater onto his tongue. Issibel took a dainty sniff at hers, then downed it in one swallow. She whistled and shook her head, then smiled, "Wow! That is powerful stuff. I think Benden is going to be quite pleased." "He will indeed," Brannel agreed with her. "I will call this Fireotter." He set the empty thimble down and picked up the firewater jug, "It is way too powerful to serve directly from the keg however. Anton, refill this from Issibel's ass." Anton finished chilling and mixing, landing an extra swat on Ravenna's bottom, and padded over to take the jug. While he was draining the firewater from the Otter girl's butt, Brannel turned his attention to Syrano. Just as he did with Issibel, he replaced the ferallite plug with a bamboo tube and filled a pair of thimbles. He handed one to the Fox, and drained the contents of the other down his own throat. "We will call this one Blushing Vixen," he declared, which caused Syrano to blush. Instead of refilling the flasks the sweet beer had been in before being poured up the young Fox's butt, Brannel replaced the bamboo tube with one of the carrots he had brought down from the kitchen. "No point risking the loss of a valuable piece of ferallite among that rowdy lot up there," he explained. "And when the keg is empty, your Master can nosh on the stopper." Next to be sampled were the Ducks. Brannel tapped them and as with the previous two, let them taste themselves. "Jaded Duck," was what he christened the emerald brews to be served from their depths. Carrots in place, he next did the Raccoons. "Very subtle differences in your flavors from Mistress Ravenna's," he said, "but 'tis still Ringtail Ale." They giggled and squirmed playfully as Brannel put the carrot stoppers under their tails. "Merri Meade," was what he declared for the Furling Pony. He slapped her on the ass after giving her an exceptionally large carrot, "I bet you will be the Count's favorite tonight." Finally, it was Olivia's turn. The Ocelot thrust her bottom upwards reflexively at Brannel's gentle touch. The ferallite plug was removed and replaced with one of those bamboo straws. At the Deer's command, she relaxed her nether muscles just long enough to fill the two thimbles. Then the tube was removed and replaced with a carrot that felt even larger than the one Merriweather was wearing. She took the offered sampling thimble and sniffed at it. The wine smelled very much as normal Azure Depths smelled, but with a little additional scent that made the girl purr and her sex tingle and moisten even more than it already was. "Bottoms up," she heard the Deer say. The blatant pun made her giggle. She put the thimble to her muzzle and poured the blue wine onto her tongue. It was quite cold, and fizzy, just like it should be. At first, it tasted no different than before, until it hit the back of her mouth. Her large eyes grew even larger as the subtle spicy flavor, the flavor of her own fire-cleansed nether chamber, took her by surprise. Her purr grew louder and she started to writhe on the table, her bottom clenching hard around the carrot that Brannel had inserted in her. However, her writhings this time were not those of a girl in agony, but of a girl in need of the most intimate attentions to soothe the burning longing between her thighs. "Well well," Brannel chuckled, it appears the kitten approves of the taste of her own sweet naughty end." He gave her a pair of smacks on her rump with his paddle, which caused her writhings and pleadings for satisfaction to intensify. "Oh please, Master Brannel," she

begged him, "I...I need..." her words trailed off to a pathetic whimper as she thrust her aft end up even higher, a blatant invitation for the Deer to mount and take her like a wild doe. Another smack with the paddle, and then she felt something long and thick enter her tight, slick cunt. The Ocelot gasped for breath and kneaded her claws on the table. "As much as I would like to boink you right here and now, dear kitten," Brannel apologized, "this is neither the time nor the place. So hopefully, the second carrot you have just received will satisfy you until your lover can take you later this evening." He patted her on the rump again, "And before I forget, I am christening the wine you carry up inside your ass, Blue Rosette." Next to be sampled was Sheena. Olivia envied the way the Tigress was able to contain and control her passion. She responded to her own flavor with the detached coolness of a professional wine and beer taster, and agreed with Brannel's decision to call the Tameron Porter filling her nether chamber, Prowling Sun. Finally, Brannel took a sampling of Ringtail Ale from his mate's bottom. He nodded his approval, and like with the others, inserted a carrot up her butt to hold the ale in. "Now, everyone on your feet." Lined up in front of the gehennite trough, Brannel looked his living kegs over and gave them a warm smile. He put Merriweather's collar back on around her neck, handed the large jug of Fireotter to Issibel, and expressed his gratitude for their service. "Once again, I can not thank you people enough for volunteering your tails in our moment of crisis. I guarantee that your sacrifice will not go unrewarded. In fact, by the time you leave here tonight, you will be carrying so much coin under your tails that walking itself will be a major undertaking." "Come on, dear," Ravenna prodded him, "Enough with the mushy speech. We have thirsty guests awaiting us up there." She gestured towards the stairs. "Right then," Brannel said, "you heard the lady. Let's go. Anton, attend to Kwenekka and your sister. When they are ready, Melody is to join us out in the dining room, and Kwenekka is to wait down here until I return to deliver her myself." Saying no more, Brannel led the motley group of Furlings and Orniths up the stairs, to serve their waiting guests.

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