

Kimahri's Mini Mastery Part 1

It had been several years now since Vegnagun had been destroyed, and that the spirit of Shuyin and Lenne had finally been put to rest. One could almost say that things in Spira were *finally* Calm. The races were finally acting in relative harmony, and they at least weren't trying to kill each other. So, A+ for effort on their part. And, speaking of races, the Ronsos had been enjoying a generous amount of peace and quiet courtesy of their peace agreement with the Guado. With their Elder's proclamation of seeking their own path, many adult Ronsos had taken to travelling Spira, as to find their own path in life. These days there were only a handful of permanent residents in the Ronso settlement, which was tucked away in the more secluded portions of Mt. Gagazet, in the stone ruins the Ronso called home. A testament to a time long since forgotten, the stone structures had stood for over a millennia without falling to the cold airs of the mountain, or the Fiends and Machina that haunted the slopes.

Today the winds were quite calm, usually a good omen to the Ronso people, but, on this day, even a gentle wind may possess a razor's edge. The Ronso still living in the village were milling about, tending to their duties as their Elder holed himself up in his domicile at the top of the village. Elder Kimahri Ronso, once Guardian of High Summoner Yuna, was idly flipping through an old tome the Summoner had sent him as he lounged in his favourite chair. Though a proud member of his race, even he could not fight against the ravages of time. His proud muscles were still strong like the mountain, but his more relaxed lifestyle was visibly wearing away at him, as seen by the paunch he would proudly carry, despite playful jabs from his aide Naila Ronso. He admitted that he should train more, but the Elder had decided to age with grace, rather than trying to delude himself into fighting against the inevitable. I'm paraphrasing, of course, as Ronso usually aren't that eloquent. He had also ceased wearing his chest brace, as it had grown a little too... snug.

The Elder's yellow eyes idly flicked from left to right as he read through each page of the tome as he rested his cheek on his free hand. The tome carried valuable information on White Magic that Kimahri had hoped he could teach to his fellow Ronso. Ronso Mages weren't exactly common, due to their preferred method of copying how the Fiends fight, but as he had learnt in his time as a Guardian, having more than one skillset available was a must for fighting in Spira. The pages contained knowledge of magic most common to Spira, such as Cure, Cura, and Esuna. As well as useful amenities such as the Haste and Slow spells. What intrigued the Elder most was the spell at the end of the book. It was one he was not in anyways familiar with, and all information on the spell was stripped from the page under thick black ink blotches. All he knew was the name, and how to cast it. "Mini" Kimahri rumbled as he stared at the page.

It was a self-explanatory name; even a Ronso could figure out that it was supposed to make a target smaller. But the book was blighted of any explanation on how fast it shrunk things, and to what size they were reduced too. He had hoped to maybe test to spell on something, but it didn't work on inanimate objects, and it would be unlike him to use it on one of his own kind. And with only rogue Machina being seen this far into the mountains, it was impossible to really experiment. Kimahri exhaled loudly through his nostrils as he gently closed the tome, a puff of dust being blown away as he reclined into his chair. He was lost in misty eyed thought as he gently considered how he should introduce White Magic training to his people, but those plans were belayed by a loud knocking on his door. Answering curtly, Kimahri found a lithe blue female Ronso looking very frazzled and concerned. "Elder, we have problem" she explained, looking even more worried.

Kimahri tilted his head curiously as he placed a comforting claw on his aide's shoulder. "Naila, tell Kimahri what is wrong" he requested politely.

"Our scouts came back very injured. They say a Behemoth is attacking Ronso, Machina, and other Fiends on a part of the mountain. They say the Behemoth speaks" Naila reported, very wide-eyed at the prospect of an intelligent Behemoth.

Kimahri silently cursed that a problematic beast like a Behemoth would cause them strife while the vast majority of their Youth were abroad, but, this was at least a perfect chance to see the effects of the Mini spell. "Are the scouts being treated?" he questioned in a serious tone.

Naila nodded quickly. "The moment they came back. Elder, should we request some of the Youth come back to deal with the Behemoth?" she questioned.

Kimahri shook his head. "No, Kimahri will deal with the threat. No need to concern the Youth during their journeys" he answered.

Naila gave her Elder a questioning look, her eyes slowly dipping to the gut he had been fostering as he worked on growing soft. "Maybe we should get someone younger, and stronger to deal with the beast?" she suggested, completely unconvinced with the idea of her Elder going out alone.

Kimahri grinned at her, his milky white canines gleaming against the snow. “No need to worry about Kimahri, Naila. Kimahri still in excellent condition to fight, and your Elder needs some much needed practice” he explained before ducking back into his house.

Though he hadn’t needed it for quite some time, the Spirit Lance Kimahri had obtained during Lady Yuna’s Pilgrimage was always kept in prime condition while mounted to the wall of his bedroom. Granted, it always remained in prime condition no matter what really. Though, that was to be expected of a fully awakened Celestial Weapon. Giving it a few experimental twirls and jabs, Kimahri nodded as he felt the power of the spear flow through him. Hoisting it on his shoulder he returned to find Naila still waiting outside. Her eyes went wide as she saw the Spirit Lance, and knew that her Elder was completely serious about fighting the Behemoth. “Elder, please come back” she uttered as he walked past her, the feathers of the Spirit Lance fluttering in the gentle breeze that was gradually picking up.

As Kimahri walked down the slope of the village, the other Ronso stared in muted awe as they saw the Elder with his signature spear as he passed them. Many of the young pups wanted to run up to him, but their mothers kept them back as to not bother their Elder. At the base of the village were the two oldest Ronso Youths, Lian and Ayde. They were growing into fine Ronso warriors, and Kimahri could see their spirit and resolve in them. The two were speaking with what Kimahri surmised to have been the least wounded scout, who appeared to have made it with a few scratches. (Kimahri also mused that it was nice that Ayde was actually speaking again.) “Tell Lian where the Behemoth is” Lian demanded angrily of the scout, who was remaining tight lipped.

Kimahri had to hide his proud smile at the courage the two Youths were trying to display. Ayde caught sight of Kimahri as he came closer to them, and he tapped his brother on the shoulder. Lian followed Ayde’s gaze, and they were both greeted by Kimahri. “Elder Kimahri, are you going to fight the Behemoth?” Ayde questioned eagerly.

Kimahri nodded, which excited the Youths even more. “Let us come with you. We want to avenge the scouts” Lian pleaded.

“Let us fight with you” Ayde pleaded.

Kimahri planted his spear into the snow, allowing it to stand resolute as he placed his hands on Lian and Ayde’s shoulders. “Kimahri does not wish for the two of you to be hurt in the battle. The Behemoth will not be defeated easily, and if the three of us are defeated, who will defend the village?” he inquired.

The Ronso brothers shared a frightened look with each other. "But, we will be with Elder Kimahri, we will not be beaten easily" Lian boasted.

"Y-yeah, with Elder Kimahri, we will easily defeat the Behemoth" Ayde added.

Kimahri chuckled gently, the two of them were incorrigible. "Kimahri is glad you are eager to fight with him. But Kimahri worries for your safety, and the village's. Kimahri needs you to remain here in case more Behemoths try to attack the village. Do not fear pups, you might get a Behemoth each" he jested with a firm pat on their shoulders.

Lian and Ayde shared a quiet look with each other as Kimahri snatched his spear from the snow. Turning to the scout, the Ronso knew what his Elder wanted. "The Behemoth has set up a nest in open area near hot springs. He attacks whoever comes near" he reported.

"Thank you. Lian, Ayde, make sure his wounds are treated" Kimahri requested to the Youths, who bowed as his request.

As the brothers helped the scout away, Kimahri walked to the edge of the village, which overlooked a great cliff. Taking a running start, Kimahri jabbed the tip of his spear into the ground, vaulting himself across the great crevasse below and to a mountain path on the other side. Landing gracefully, the Ronso Elder looked on towards the mountain, his eyes gleaming with excitement as the hunt was on.

The hot springs were a popular attraction for visitors who would brave the mountain for its rejuvenating effects. Kimahri wasn't too sure as to why the Behemoth would camp at the site, but he surmised that it was either for cheap kills on visitor to the springs, or, it just enjoyed bathing. The reason why was effectively moot though, as the beast was a threat to the Ronso and everyone else. And the Elder was going to have none of that.

The area around the hot springs was usually bereft of snow, the internal heat melting it away to leave the bare dark grey stone. The area was in itself a large arena, with the only ways in and out being hot springs or the mountain path. Kimahri was silent on his feet as he carefully surveyed the area, his ears perked for any subtle sounds. In the distance he could hear rocks falling down the cliff, but they were too few to have been dislodged by a

Behemoth. They usually weren't known for their subtlety, being on average around twenty to twenty-five feet tall after all. But an ambush wouldn't be impossible if the beast knew a counterattack was planned. More rocks fell, this time a large boulder. Kimahri's primal instincts snapped into action as he followed the sounds, his eyes narrowing as he caught sight of the Behemoth perched atop an outcropping. With its cover blown the beast roared loudly, leaping from the cliff side at Kimahri. The Ronso Elder launched himself backwards, avoiding the beast as it smashed several large holes in the ground with its claws. "MY TERRITORY!" the Behemoth boomed loudly.

Kimahri's eyes narrowed as he glared at the beast. By one quick look he could already tell the Behemoth was smaller than its kin by about five feet; so either it was young, or a runt. The way it carried itself was rather unusual, as it seemed to be trying to stand up straight like a human, but its back couldn't straighten out completely, leaving it still awkwardly hunched over. What was most noticeable was the mock loincloth it was wearing, made from the torn remains of what appeared to have been the beast's victims. Both of its long, tusk-like horns had been broken off, and were just pitiful nubs now. "LEAVE LAND!" the Behemoth bellowed, its grasp of English being pretty weak.

Kimahri scoffed loudly as he twirled the Spirit Lance in the air, holding it firm against the Behemoth. "This is Ronso lands, your kind have no place here" he boldly claimed.

The Behemoth snarled loudly, thick clouds of breath escaping its open jaw as it slammed the ground in rage. "You Ronso weak. Behemoths take land from soft Ronso. Dezna beat Ronso scouts, Dezna take land" Dezna declared boldly.

"Then Kimahri will take it back" Kimahri answered calmly as mana swirled around him.

His braids floated gently in the air as he concentrated on the Behemoth. With a furious finger point Kimahri cast the Mini spell. A ring of floating white cubes appeared around Dezna, spinning wildly around him as white framework lined over his form, and the cubes disappeared in a flash of white light, blinding the Behemoth. Dezna blinked wildly to get rid of the sunspots in his eyes, giving Kimahri time to dash at the Behemoth, planting the head of his spear into the ground, vaulting him high into the air, kicking Dezna square in the bottom of his jaw. The Behemoth cried out loudly as he was knocked square on his back, his loincloth flapping in the air as he clamped his paws to his jaw in pain. Kimahri dismissively snorted as he snatched his spear from the stone. Crouching on all fours he leapt onto Dezna's chest, his spear pointed straight at the Behemoth's throat. "How you so strong?" Dezna gasped in shock.

Kimahri grinned as he pressed the point of the Spirit Lance against Dezna's throat. "Kimahri is Elder of the Ronso, and Guardian to High Summoner Yuna. Dezna never stood a chance" he announced, keeping a firm eye on the Behemoth as he felt something shift beneath his feet.

As he stood on Dezna's chest, threatening the beast, he could feel the Behemoth's heart beating abnormally fast, signifying his fear. Its breathing was shallow, and came in rapid pulses. More fear, which was why he was utterly speechless at Kimahri's boast. But, that's not what interested Kimahri, no, it was the fact that he could feel the Behemoth's body shifting beneath him. Having the beast at his mercy, the Ronso could watch as his foe steadily shrank. It had already lost a foot of height, and was still going. Kimahri stumbled about clumsily as Dezna's pec shrank beneath his feet, the Ronso losing his foothold on the Behemoth and toppling off of him. Taking the initiative, Dezna rolled backwards like a wheel back onto his feet, leaving Kimahri groaning as he picked himself up off the hard stone.

Dezna was oddly perplexed as he wondered why the Ronso seemed a bit bigger than usual, and why his loincloth was strangely feeling less tight. Dismissing those thoughts as magical energy swirled around him, the Behemoth's mohawk fluttered in the magical breeze as he charged up a Thundaga spell. Kimahri, still dazed from his fall, could only barely catch the spell waiting to happen. In quick response he cast his own spell, a small purple orb appearing by his side. Dezna unleashed his magic on Kimahri, the fearsome bolt of lightning crashing down from the heavens, only to disperse on a shimmering shield, the purple sphere of Kimahri's vanishing. "How?!" Dezna hollered in frustration.

"Kimahri learned White Magic on his journey. No matter how strong your Thunder Magic may be, it will do no harm to Kimahri when he can nullify it" Kimahri elucidated as his vision refocused.

Dezna grunted his approval, finally, an actual challenge. "You amusing Ronso. The rest of your kind are weak kittens, but you challenge Dezna. Dezna like that" the Behemoth rumbled approvingly.

"You are also a fun challenge for this old Elder. Kimahri is sad that it will be over soon" the Ronso sighed, keeping his focus on Dezna.

Dezna had now lost two feet, and his shrinking appeared to be picking up as he lost another foot of height right in front of Kimahri, and the Behemoth was none the wiser. The beast was starting to grow curious as to why the Ronso was doing nothing after making such an impressive boast. His left hand idly grabbed at his loincloth as it steadily slipped down his thinning waist, the base of the Behemoth's genitals now in view as his other hand grabbed the other side of his loincloth to help keep it up. It was actually starting to bother him now why the Ronso seemed so much bigger than before. Maybe Dezna was just slouching too much, so he straightened himself, but, he was already as far as he could go. "Why Ronso seem bigger?" Dezna demanded curiously.

Kimahri smiled gently now that Dezna had lost five feet of height, and was thinning nicely. He was almost at Kimahri's height, and would most assuredly get even smaller than that. "Kimahri used magic earlier to cut Dezna down to size. It is working now, Kimahri no longer need to fight" he explained lazily, now seeing that the dwindling Behemoth was no longer a threat.

Dezna yelped loudly as his tenuous grip on his loincloth was slipping, the fabric now at least three sizes too big for the Behemoth. Half a foot of girth was peeking out at Kimahri, and the Ronso took a seat on a rock as Dezna desperately tried to keep his loincloth up, but it was proving too tenuous as it was just too big for his hips. With a lot of hesitance he finally allowed the cloth to fall to the ground, leaving him in the buff as he glared at Kimahri, who was disinterestedly watching the show. "YOU!" he bellowed furiously, charging over the stone, his cock beating against the ground as he charged at the Ronso.

He screamed furiously as he leapt at Kimahri, the Elder lazily rolling off the rock and allowing Dezna to smash his face into it. The Behemoth stumbled about in a daze, his head aching as he unintentionally ran into Kimahri, the Ronso grabbing him to help Dezna keep his balance. The Behemoth yelped loudly, pushing himself away from the Elder. They were now the same height, but that quickly changed as Dezna sank below Kimahri's eye-line, the Ronso following him on the way down. The Behemoth whimpered meekly, his tail tucked between his legs as he realized his only advantage against the Elder was gone. Seeing it as the only choice Dezna ran on all fours away from Kimahri, but the Elder was too quick as he tackled the Behemoth to the ground.

Dezna struggled as hard as he could, but Kimahri was much too strong as his powerful arms tightened around Dezna's middle, securing the Behemoth as he held the struggling Fiend up. Dezna had now reduced to the size of an average human, and then became even smaller than that. Seeing the situation hopeless, Dezna called on every drop of mana he had. "DEZNA WILL NOT LOSE HERE! EAT METEOR RONSO!" he squealed like a pig.

Slamming his crown against Kimahri's jaw, the Elder's lock was broken, freeing the five foot tall Behemoth to watch gleefully as his Meteor spell came hurtling down at Kimahri. The enormous rock hurtled through Spira's atmosphere, fragments breaking off as intense heat from the kinetic energy built up as the air opposed the rock. But it could not be stopped as it hurtled straight towards Kimahri. It kept going and going, only to hopelessly bounce off Kimahri's pec, the "meteor" the size pebble. Dezna's jaw dropped to the floor at how pathetic his spell was. Too distraught to do anything now as he shrank down to three feet, and kept dwindling. Sensing opportunity, Kimahri rounded Dezna, keeping a firm grasp on the Behemoth's tail as Dezna dropped beyond two feet, now even smaller than the feeblest of Fiends. Everything seemed hopeless for the Behemoth as he could have been mistaken for a purple rat of only four inches. With a swift yank Kimahri held Dezna up by his tail, the Behemoth no longer very mighty looking as he squeaked loudly, desperately struggling to be freed as he dangled in the air. "Please do not hurt Dezna" the Behemoth whimpered, sounding more like a young pup than a proud Behemoth.

Kimahri snorted a thick cloud of steam into Dezna's face. "After you hurt and almost killed Kimahri's people, Kimahri is not considering the idea of being very forgiving Dezna" he said coldly, intense dislike radiating from his yellow eyes.

"Dezna sorry. Dezna will leave, let Ronso have their lands back" the Behemoth pleaded pathetically, the blood rushing to his head from hanging upside-down.

"Kimahri does not believe you will stay true to your word" Kimahri hissed as he took a seat on a nearby rock, Dezna still dangling from his grip.

The Behemoth was getting light-headed from all the blood, and his tail was killing him as his diminutive body hung from it. "Please turn Dezna up, Dezna getting dizzy" the Behemoth slurred drunkenly.

The Ronso Elder rolled his eyes as he squeezed Dezna tightly in his paws, the Behemoth had no chance of escape as he was brought right-side up, and to Kimahri's eye level. "Why should Kimahri believe Dezna will keep his word and leave Ronso land? How can Kimahri know Dezna will not gather other Behemoths for revenge against the Ronso?" he questioned through his sharp fangs.

Dezna whimpered like a child. "Dezna promise he will leave. Please, let Dezna go!" he wailed.

"Kimahri will not. However, Kimahri does not believe in violence, so Dezna will not be killed. As of now you are Ronso prisoner" he decided, taking the road of mercy.

Dezna was so incredibly relieved, he sighed in it despite his chest being crushed by Kimahri's hands. "Dezna thank merciful Ronso Elder" he gratefully thanked Kimahri.

"Do not be so quick, Behemoth. The Ronso are not happy you attacked our own. They are not as forgiving as Kimahri is. They will want blood; your blood Dezna. Kimahri will need to bring you into the village without the others noticing" Kimahri pointed out grimly, sinking Dezna's Ship of Hope.

"How will Elder bring Dezna into village without them seeing?" he asked of the Ronso.

Kimahri didn't know at the moment, and his hands were starting to get sweaty holding onto Dezna so much. Switching out for holding the Behemoth by the scruff of his neck, Kimahri stared intently at the Behemoth, who was still waiting for an answer. While the Elder had seen many Behemoths in his time, Dezna did seem especially meek and feeble compared to his kin. Even with his diminutive size Kimahri could still draw comparisons, and the comparison he was drawing was that Dezna was indeed a runt. His muscles were smaller, and his horn nubs weren't quite as wide as your average Behemoth's. Though not much of a voyeur, Kimahri's eyes stopped on Dezna's cock. Ebony black in colour, it hung just above the Behemoth's knees, and at full length it was probably about a foot and a half long. That was pretty under average, as was Dezna's full-looking scrotum. His two balls looked very swollen; no doubt Dezna was unpopular amongst the females. "Dezna is a runt, correct?" Kimahri questioned.

Dezna's jaw flapped at that question, his eyes alert and surprised at Kimahri's deduction. "Dezna is no runt!" Dezna protested indignantly, his paws on his hips.

Denial, it seemed. It's not as if Kimahri hadn't been there, in his youth. And sadly, he had no idea how he would transport Dezna without... without.... Kimahri grinned deviously as he knew how he could transport Dezna without his clan being any the wiser. "Kimahri will bring you to his village now" Kimahri announced, almost flying off his seat.

“How will Kimahri hide Dezna?” the Behemoth questioned earnestly.

Kimahri grinned deviously as he undid the belt around his waist, the knot coming undone and loosening his sash. This granted Kimahri some room to move as he dug his thumb into the waistline of his briefs, stretching it open. Dezna cried loudly as he saw Kimahri’s thick shaft curled up inside the white pouch, the Behemoth knowing exactly where this was going. “Dezna beg Kimahri to reconsideeeeeeeeeerrrrrrrrr!!!” Dezna screamed as Kimahri released him.

The Behemoth hurtled into Kimahri’s briefs, bumping against his leonine cock and sliding down the soft fabric, his head coming to rest underneath Kimahri’s enormous blue balls. Kimahri snapped his briefs closed, feeling slightly tingly from the Behemoth coiled up in his pants. His body relaxed, spelling bad news for Dezna as Kimahri’s sack fell right on top of him, his face getting crushed by Ronso balls. If that wasn’t the worst part, Dezna could feel his legs coiled around Kimahri’s fat dick, the blue monster throbbing from Dezna’s touch. A shudder ran along Kimahri’s body as he tied his belt up, the Behemoth’s presence incredibly stimulating to him. He grabbed at his crotch, shifting Dezna about. The Behemoth groaned loudly as his face smooshed against Kimahri’s balls, his muzzle squishing up against the blue flesh as his tongue slicked along the underside. With some shifting Dezna was pushed further up, his chest being crushed by Kimahri’s impressive testicles as the miniature Behemoth’s muzzle was forced into Kimahri’s sweaty taint. The smell was overwhelming for Dezna, his tiny nostrils breathing in Ronso musk. Feeling that Dezna was secure at the bottom of his briefs, Kimahri picked up his spear, and took a few ginger steps. Each step he took he could feel Dezna rubbing up against him, the Behemoth’s face pressing into his tender flesh. Kimahri was trying not to shudder from the Behemoth’s touch, his cock trying to do the same as it filled with blood. Taking a calming breath, the Elder walked back to his village, trying to ignore Dezna being crushed between his thighs with each step.

Kimahri was practically bowlegged by the time he had made it to the cliff side near his village, and Dezna was practically moulded into the Ronso’s anatomy after the excruciatingly long walk. Kimahri was frequently taking calming breaths to stifle his baser urges, as each little rub from Dezna sent little tingles up his spine. As many times as he had made the leap, Kimahri gulped as he was quite nervous making the leap, what with Dezna in his briefs. Taking as many steps back as he could, Kimahri took a running start, vaulting as he usually did. He didn’t have as much speed as before, coming up a little short. Kimahri wheezed loudly as the air was forced from his chest as he slammed against the cliff, his claws digging desperately into whatever ground he could find as his body hung above the abyss. The Ronso gasped in shock as Kimahri struggled on the cliff, many rushing down the

village steps towards him. Grunting and groaning with all his might Kimahri put every ounce of strength he had in his arms to haul his body up the cliff. He staggered into a squat position before flopping onto his back; he breathing deeply as the snow felt cool against his back fur. The concerned villagers all crowded around him, utterly relieved that he was alright. Naila shoved her way through the rabble, crouching by Kimahri's side. "Elder, Naila is relieved to find you alright" she admitted in, well, relief. Her yellow eyes were soft as she lovingly cradled his head.

"Kimahri is thankful for your concern. Kimahri simply misjudged his leap" the Ronso explained as Lian and Ayde pushed their way through.

"Elder!" the both declared loudly, completely shocked that Kimahri failed to make the jump.

Kimahri grunted loudly, forcing himself into a sitting position as he felt Dezna awkwardly lying in his briefs, the Ronso's cock unceremoniously draped over him as he was at least grateful that he wasn't being crushed by balls. "Kimahri is thankful for your concern, but Kimahri is fine now" he said appreciatively to the gathered Ronso, who took the statement as "You can leave now".

And they did, leaving Kimahri with Naila and the Ronso brothers. "Elder, did you defeat the Behemoth?" Lian asked eagerly, his eyes alight as even after asking the question he was left in suspense.

"Kimahri did" Kimahri answered.

"And?" Ayde pressed.

"Kimahri let it go. Violence was not needed when Behemoth understood that this was Ronso land" Kimahri explained.

The glimmers in the eyes of the Ronso brothers died after they got their answer. They looked utterly crestfallen as they bowed to Kimahri, and walked off in silence. Naila shook her head. "Lian and Ayde would not stop talking about how "Elder Kimahri will bring the Behemoth home as a rug"" she explained.

Kimahri nodded glumly. "The Behemoth begged for its life. Kimahri was kind enough to let it go" he explained.

"The village will not be pleased. They see you allowing it to go as sign of weakness" Naila remarked bluntly.

"Kimahri know. Kimahri also know that Behemoth was not alone. If Kimahri lets it go, Behemoth will draw its brethren out so we can deal with them all at once. As humans say, "two birds with one stone"" Kimahri quoteed as he picked himself up. Dezna grunted loudly as Kimahri shifted again, the Behemoth was once more crushed under Kimahri's sack, his muzzle pressed into the crest between his blue spheres.

"It seems Elder had plan after all, huh? Well, scouts wish to speak with Elder" Naila reported, guiding Kimahri to the lodge where the scouts were being tended.

There were four in all, each sporting various injuries from the claw marks of the scout Kimahri saw earlier, to what appeared to be bite marks on a broken arm. "What happened?" Kimahri questioned.

"We heard disturbance at hot springs. We investigate, Behemoth attacks. We fight and fend it off, but Behemoth too strong. Behemoth tried to eat Gankoo" the least injured scout (Seider) reported, nodding to the Ronso with the bite marks.

"Tried to eat Gankoo?" Kimahri repeated thoughtfully, trying not to cast a dark look at his nethers.

"Yes Elder. We escape, and came back here to get help" Seider finished.

Kimahri rubbed his jaw as he placed a kindly hand on scout's shoulder. "Kimahri is glad all of you made it out alive. The Behemoth was chased off, but it will be back. Kimahri will be preparing for it" he explained to the scouts.

"Elder did not kill it?" Gankoo gasped in surprise.

“Kimahri did not. The beast begged for its life, and Kimahri let it live. With Behemoth on the run, we can use it find the rest of the smart Behemoths, and deal with them. Rest up scouts, as we will need you to find the Behemoth nest” Kimahri announced, the scouts now feeling very proud and content.

“Thank you Elder!” the four scouts cried.

Kimahri nodded as he left the lodge with Naila, the Elder’s hands were behind his back as he walked awkwardly, due to Dezna’s awkward positioning. “Elder, what is our next plan?” Naila inquired earnestly.

“Kimahri needs to decide. Kimahri will think on this” the Elder explained, but, he caught on to the look in his aide’s eyes. “Alone” he added, leaving his aide behind and pouting at him as Kimahri ascended the final steps and returned to his domicile, closing the door behind him.

The Ronso Elder sighed in relief as he returned to his bedroom, which consisted of a flat rock adorned with the soft pelt of a Humbaba for his bed. Taking a cautious glance around, Kimahri hastily undid his belt, dropping his sash and the rest of his clothing to the floor, leaving him in his shin guards, and white briefs. Fishing about in it, Kimahri extracted Dezna (by his tail) from the musky depths. The Behemoth gasped loudly as he finally had fresh air in what seemed like an eternity. Kimahri could also smell his intense musk radiating from the Behemoth. “It seems Dezna has more explaining to” Kimahri growled lividly as he sat at the foot of his bed, his yellow eyes piercing right through Dezna.

The Behemoth chuckled awkwardly, to hide how terrified he was of the titan-like Ronso. “Dezna got excited in fight” Dezna admitted awkwardly.

Kimahri sneered at such an unrepentant, slapdash answer. “Perhaps that will be Dezna’s punishment, to be eaten like he tried to eat Kimahri’s family” Kimahri decided, licking his lips.

The Behemoth protested loudly as Kimahri raised him high above his head, his maw open wide. Dezna’s blood turned to ice as his eyes traced along Kimahri’s unnaturally sharp teeth, the Ronso’s flat tongue flopping about in his maw. “PLEASE DO NOT EAT DEZNA!” the Behemoth squealed, tears running down his face as he struggled for dear life.

“Dezna so small, like a rat” Kimahri mused as he toyed with the Behemoth. “He will not make much of a meal” he added darkly as he lowered the Behemoth into his open jaws.

They snapped shut on the Behemoth, with only his tail sticking out. The Behemoth cried weakly as Kimahri’s tongue was rubbing him all over, tasting him like a rare delicacy as he was slathered in drool. Kimahri could taste his own rich scent that had bathed the Behemoth. It tasted of hard earned sweat and Ronso masculinity. It was the taste a proper Ronso male should have. Not that he knew all that, it’s just what he figured. Dezna was uttering his own silent prayers as Kimahri’s tongue rubbed along his front, the tip gliding on Dezna’s diminutive cock. As the Behemoth closed his eyes and kissed his life goodbye, he was suddenly extracted from Kimahri’s mouth. The Behemoth coughed loudly as his heart raced faster than a Chocobo. The beast was completely lost for words as Kimahri sampled the lingering flavours on his tongue. “Hmph, Dezna taste good, but Kimahri wouldn’t want to eat him” the Ronso explained with a cruel grin.

Dezna’s chest pounded from his heavy breathing, his rapid gasps putting the small creature at risk of passing out from hyperventilation. “Kimahri won’t eat Dezna?” he whimpered, just trying to be absolutely sure.

“Kimahri won’t eat Dezna. Kimahri does not usually believe in an eye for an eye. But you threatened to eat Kimahri’s clansman. You put Gankoo in your mouth, Kimahri put you in his mouth. Fair exchange” the Elder explained as he dropped Dezna onto his bed.

The Behemoth trembled violently as Kimahri rose from his bed, fingers already at work removing his shin guards. With no hint of modesty he gripped the sides of his briefs, and tore them clean off. The shaft of his taut seven inch cock was blue, and his glans were a deep red colour. His balls were like low-hanging fruit in his weighty sack, ones that Dezna knew all too well. Kimahri stretched after his disrobing, his cock swinging gently from left to right with each swish of his hips. The Behemoth was awestruck by how massive the Ronso appeared to him. It was embarrassing that the leonine’s own length was even bigger than Dezna, who once boasted fifteen feet of height. The Behemoth was so distraught from the size difference he didn’t even notice Kimahri had started to move, the Elder snagging Dezna by the scruff off his neck as he could reclined on the Behemoth pelt. Kimahri dropped Dezna onto his slightly flabby chest, just so he could keep an eye on the Behemoth. “Wh-what will Kimahri do with Dezna?” the Behemoth squeaked timidly.

Kimahri's head rested on his hand as he gently rubbed Dezna's thick, luxurious mohawk. Behemoth fur could certainly be quite soft at times. "Kimahri does not know, yet" the Ronso answered, an imperious tone in his voice as he gently stroked Dezna.

The Behemoth's knees went weak from Kimahri's gentle touch, an involuntary purr escaping his lips as he collapsed onto Kimahri's chest. The Ronso placed a gentle hand on Dezna's back in a kindly sort of embrace with the Behemoth. "What will Dezna do until then?" he questioned as his body was gently pressed into Kimahri's chest.

Kimahri didn't actually know what he'd do with Dezna, to be honest. He thought he had some idea, but at this point the only option was keeping Dezna around in secret until he could come up with a fitting story. Kimahri's hand idled away from the Behemoth as he considered his options, leaving his captive free to explore. Dezna had a difficult time walking on Kimahri, as the Elder's paunch and chest made it difficult to stand steady on him. The softness of the Ronso's chest made the Behemoth think grimly how, if not for the Mini spell, he would have defeated Kimahri.

Reaching the Elder's belly, things got tricky as Dezna's feet kept getting lodged in the fat folds. He grunted with each step, his work hard. It got even worse when he miss-stepped, his foot plunging into Kimahri's navel. This finally attracted the Ronso's attention, as he watched in amusement as the Behemoth was attempting to yank his foot out of the deep pit. He was almost tempted to help the tiny critter, but the problem was resolved as Dezna ripped his foot free, only to lose his balance and tumble down Kimahri's belly. The Behemoth grunted loudly as he slammed chest first onto Kimahri's chubby dick, the wind getting knocked out of him as he clung to the thickening shaft. Kimahri grunted uncomfortably as Dezna's claws dug into his dick, but there was no physical harm as the Behemoth clung to it for dear life. The soft touch of the Behemoth awoke the beast as it thickened before Dezna, becoming a turgid nine inch monster. His glans flared, the meaty head gently glistening as it felt taut and bloated with blood. Whatever Dezna was doing, it made Kimahri feel more aroused than ever. He purred lustfully as the Behemoth let go, only to slip on Kimahri's snow white bush and falling onto his back, his legs spread on each side of Kimahri's dick as he laid in Kimahri's fading Adonis Belt. Reaching down his body, Kimahri cupped Dezna in his right paw as he pressed the Behemoth against his dick. "WHAT KIMAHRI DOING?!" Dezna squealed loudly, feeling the warmth of Kimahri's shaft against his body.

Kimahri's eyes narrowed in sly knowing as he gently rubbed Dezna up his length, a stifled moan escaping his mouth as Dezna's fur gently brushed against his meat. A low mewl escaped his leonine lips as Dezna felt so soft against his dick, sending sharp tingles in his body as Dezna was slowly and luxuriously rubbed up and down his pronounced shaft.

“Kimahri decided to amuse himself while thinking. He figured Dezna could help, since he appeared to be offering” he explained with a cheeky smile as he kept rubbing the Behemoth against his cock.

Dezna moaned loudly as Kimahri kept working him up and down his meaty blue shaft, the Behemoth’s face pressed into the warm flesh, his fur tickling the Ronso in all the right places as a pearl of pre formed at the tip. “Please stop” Dezna whimpered as his cheek rubbed against the hood of Kimahri’s cock head.

Kimahri paused, considering Dezna’s request as the Ronso continued to rest on his hand. To the Behemoth’s relief he was released, allowing him to slide down Kimahri’s shaft and thumping at the base, a squeak of a groan coming from Dezna as he landed hard on his ass. Unsteadily getting to his feet, the Behemoth stumbled about on Kimahri, a hand to his shaft for support. “Why you do that to Dezna?” Dezna demanded, his voice so faint from the distance.

Kimahri shrugged absently. “Kimahri does not relieve himself much. Dezna proved to be unusually stimulating to Kimahri. Kimahri indulge himself with Dezna’s help; Behemoth fur very soft” the Ronso explained in very simple terms.

The Behemoth tilted his head as he moved on all fours back up the Ronso, avoiding the Elder’s navel this time as he sat cross-legged on Kimahri’s chest. “Relieve? How?” the Behemoth inquired curiously.

“Do Behemoth not indulge in masturbation?” Kimahri inquired curiously, a curt brow raised.

“Masta... maste... what is that?” Dezna queried.

“When you rub your penis for pleasure to stimulate orgasm. As humans say, do the “one-handed waltz”. Kimahri does not understand why they use metaphor. Kimahri figure it’s a modesty thing, as humans are usually very embarrassed when it comes to talking about their sexuality. Ronso have no need for such concerns. But Behemoth do not relieve themselves? Must be why Behemoths are always angry” Kimahri remarked, that last line a sharp jab at Dezna’s pride.

A jab that went way over the Behemoth's head. "No. Strongest males mate with females. Weaker Behemoth are left with inferior females, or no females" Dezna explained.

"Dezna not a suitable mate?" Kimahri questioned.

Dezna flushed violently, amazing considering he has fur. He bit his thick lips in humiliation at such a question. "Dezna was not considered desirable. Dezna left without mate" he answered bitterly.

Kimahri nodded sympathetically, he knew what it was like to not be considered the pinnacle of his race. At least those days were long gone now- Kimahri's attention was drawn by a noise his sharp ears picked up. Someone had opened his front door. Grabbing Dezna tightly, Kimahri looked around for a place to hide the Behemoth, but there was nowhere to put him. Thinking outside of the box, Kimahri leaned forward, sitting squat as he raised his meaty butt, throwing Dezna under it. He clamped his cheeks over the Behemoth, his face making out with Kimahri's hole as the Elder's balls covered up Dezna's tail. Kimahri winced from the rather pleasant sensation of having Dezna against his pristine hole as Naila entered his bedroom.

She had seen Kimahri naked more times than she had honestly ever needed too, and this was no different. She was at the point she could maintain eye contact with her Elder even when his erect cock was in plain view. "Elder, the tribe is eager to know what you have planned" Naila declared.

Kimahri grunted softly as he felt Dezna's maw slowly penetrate his ass. His cock throbbed from the Behemoth's invasion, small beads of pre dribbling from his tip. Naila took this in her stride; it was her habit to walk in on her Elder pleasuring himself. Sometimes she just wished he would let her do that, rather than doing it himself. "Kimahri is still deciding. The matter is very tender, and must be handled carefully" Kimahri answered, maintaining his dignity despite the Behemoth rimjob.

"The tribe wants an answer Elder. They are growing concerned for the safety of the village" Naila pressed, not pleased with the answer given to her.

"Then tell village that once he had rested, Kimahri will scout the mountain himself to see if he can find the Behemoth. Then Kimahri will deal with it accordingly" Kimahri decided in the same dignified tone, even as half of Dezna's face had now penetrated his ass. The Ronso

shifted uncomfortably, trying not to express how pleasurable Dezna's unfortunate circumstances were.

Thankfully Kimahri's excuse seemed enough for Naila, who bowed to her Elder and left, but not before giving a quick glance back to Kimahri, his body splayed out on the bed. That was an image that would keep her going tonight. Once she closed the door behind her, Kimahri acted swiftly. Clenching his cheeks as tightly as he could, he secured Dezna within the cleft of his rump as he strut awkwardly over to his front door, noting the large rock idly sitting around. He usually used it to prevent unwanted intrusions, and the Elder was kicking himself for not remembering to use it earlier. Knocking it into place, Kimahri returned to his bedroom, where he summarily unclenched his cheeks, allowing him to fish out the deeply rooted Behemoth. "YOU TRYING TO KILL DEZNA?!" the Behemoth screamed indignantly as Kimahri relaxed on his bed, the Behemoth once more dropped onto his chest.

"It was the first place Kimahri could think of. Would you rather Naila see you?" Kimahri questioned.

"Death would have been preferable to being Ronso ass cozy" Dezna grumbled, his raging boner juxtaposing his indignation.

"Kimahri apologize. He would also like to say that Dezna has a knack for pleasuring Kimahri" the Ronso added with a playful smirk, noticing Dezna's arousal.

"Dezna does not know what Kimahri talks about" the Behemoth grumbled, turning his back on Kimahri in annoyance.

"Did Dezna even like female Behemoths?" Kimahri questioned.

The Behemoth's back seized up, a questioning eye thrown over his shoulder at the Elder. "Why does Kimahri ask?" the Behemoth demanded duplicitously, this clearly being a tender issue for him.

"Kimahri curious. Did Dezna *want* to be with female Behemoths?" Kimahri questioned.

“Dezna... preferred talking with them. He did not find them interesting enough to mate with. Dezna preferred looking at other males” Dezna confessed, visibly confused by his own words.

“Dezna wanted to... mate, with males?” Kimahri pressed.

“Dezna... not sure” Dezna answered, appearing quite haunted.

“Did Dezna try?” Kimahri questioned.

“Dezna, might have done. By accident. But that not why Dezna was banished-” the Behemoth explained, before slapping his claws over his mouth.

He screamed into his fists, furious that he just let something sensitive loose. He shook wildly like he was possessed, still screaming into his claws. “So, that is why Dezna needed land. Behemoths banish him from tribe. Kimahri see” the Elder sympathized with the Behemoth, the story of his life basically being retold before him. “Because Dezna is small and not as strong, correct?” the Ronso surmised.

Dezna nodded ashamedly, his head hung in it as a dark cloud hung over the humiliated Behemoth. “Dezna weak. Dezna beaten by all other Behemoths, even females. Dezna banished from tribe in disgrace, his tusks broken by strongest warrior. Dezna ashamed, and Dezna try take Ronso lands to prove himself to tribe. Dezna fail” the Behemoth quavered, bitter tears running down his face.

As emotional as the Behemoth was, Kimahri could only barely repress a scoff at how the Behemoths appear to be copying Ronso traditions. It wasn’t much of a surprise really, since if they had advanced to a phase where they were intelligent enough to have a hierarchy, of course they’d adopt whatever examples were available at the time. “Kimahri knows Dezna’s pain. Kimahri share the humiliations Dezna has suffered. Not as you have now, but Kimahri understand” he smiled warmly, rubbing away Dezna’s tears.

The Behemoth sniffled loudly as he clung to Kimahri’s fingers, his cheeks rubbing against them affectionately. “Dezna is afraid Kimahri will kill him to make his tribe happy” the Behemoth whimpered miserably.

“Kimahri does not wish to harm Dezna. Kimahri will think of something to make everyone happy. So no more tears, Dezna. You are proud warrior, are you not?” the Ronso questioned.

“Dezna is” Dezna simpered as he hugged Kimahri’s hand. Kimahri smiled. Never in a million years had he ever thought that he would feel a sense of kinship with a Behemoth of all things. “Dezna happy being with Kimahri” Dezna admitted as he gave the Elder a brave smile as he released the Ronso’s hand.

“Kimahri enjoys Dezna’s company” the Ronso smiled back, a gentle twinkle in his yellow eyes.

The Behemoth scuffed back around to face Kimahri. The Behemoth’s eyes had regained their lustre as hope filled them, his index fingers awkwardly rubbing themselves together as the Behemoth was too nervous to say what he wanted to say. There was an impossible feeling in his chest, one that Dezna was certain he had never felt before. It wasn’t anything like killing, eating, or fucking. No, it seemed to transcend those things. It almost felt like, the opposite of hating something, if that was even possible. “Kimahri. Dezna... Dezna want too...” he stumbled, his tongue refusing to make words.

“Kimahri is listening” the Elder affirmed, his smile giving the Behemoth the courage to speak.

“Dezna want Kimahri to be happy. Dezna want to make Kimahri happy” the Behemoth declared loudly.

Turning tail, he ran down Kimahri’s mid-section to the Ronso’s flaccid cock. The Behemoth grunted and heaved against it, trying to get it to stand tall. Kimahri bit his lip, the alien touch alone enough to awaken his beast as it stood taller than it ever had alone. The Behemoth eagerly thrust against the shaft, Kimahri’s quivering moans telling him that he was doing a good job. Dezna rubbed as hard as he could, the effort quite tiring on him as he awkwardly hugged it. “Dezna might need help” the Behemoth called out to Kimahri.

The Ronso obliged, his hand griping Dezna tightly as he pleased himself with the Behemoth. It felt even better before as Dezna’s soft fur tickled his cock in all the right

places, tantalizing the Ronso as he rubbed the Behemoth harder and harder as a quick climax was already building up thanks to his weeks of repression. "Kimahri is almost ready to release" the Ronso Elder moaned, his pleasure grinding to a halt as Dezna's claws dug into him.

He seethed in pain as he released the Behemoth, who clung to Kimahri's cock like a possum. "Wait, Dezna has idea" the Behemoth declared, gliding down Kimahri's cock and jumping off his groin onto the pelt. "Kimahri, roll around" Dezna ordered.

Kimahri didn't know where the Behemoth was going with this, but he still obliged the Behemoth and rolled over, his cock now crushed under his belly as his back and bubbly butt were on display. Dezna scurried up Kimahri's side, his love handles living up to their name as the Behemoth clung to them, climbing up onto Kimahri's back. "Kimahri does not need back massage" the Ronso commented, rather curious at what the Behemoth was up to.

Dezna said nothing as he ambled up to Kimahri's ass. He gripped the powerful blue cheeks tightly as he stared into the deep valley below. He could see Kimahri's quivering pink pucker, and he licked his lips as he forced himself between those enormous cheeks. Kimahri's tail stiffened in the air like a flagpole as he felt Dezna force himself between his plump cheeks. While squashed tightly between Kimahri's blue pillows, Dezna was face-to-face with Kimahri's tight hole, now staring it down on his own terms. Licking his lips again, Dezna's tongue crept out of his mouth, gliding towards Kimahri's hole, and he gave it a light lick. The effect was instantaneous as the Ronso's body seized up, his cheeks clenching together tightly, they were crushing Dezna as Kimahri moaned gently. Now more courageous, Dezna pressed his face further towards Kimahri's hole as he gave it another light lick, the pucker tightening from his touch as Kimahri seethed with pleasure again. A small trickle of pre squirted from Kimahri's cock, rubbing into his belly fur and his pelt as he lay on it.

Dezna's tongue went again, teasing around Kimahri's sphincter, the Ronso's back arching in sweet anticipation as Dezna's tongue traced over the sensitive pucker. Kimahri's claws dug into the pelt he was lying on as he tried not to moan too loudly. It was a difficult task as Dezna continued to lick Kimahri's ass with his petite tongue. The Behemoth gently pressed the side of his face against it, his soft fur rubbing up playfully against it as Kimahri shuddered from each sweep, the tickling sending surges up his spine, feeding his brain as his cock squirted out more jets of pre from beneath him. For the finale Dezna plunged his muzzle into Kimahri's ass, the Ronso burying his face into the pelt to mute his screams of pleasure as Dezna's tongue tickled the inside of his sphincter, the teasing tongue squirming around, moist with spittle that played with the Ronso as long as Dezna's breath would allow. Eventually the Behemoth had to come up for air, gasping loudly as he extracted himself.

Kimahri's body was shaking from all his pent up energy, he was so close to release it was ridiculous.

Thinking he had had enough, Dezna squeezed it way out of Kimahri's clenched ass, the Behemoth's strength enough to make his way through the tightened buns and out into the light. "Why... why Dezna stop?" Kimahri quivered, his cock profusely leaking pre that wetted his fur.

"Dezna want to be there for the end" the Behemoth smiled cheekily as he squeezed his way out.

Kimahri rolled without instruction, Dezna's legs wheeling about as he kept his balance as the Ronso flopped back onto his front. His cock was rock solid, a river of pre gushing down it. Dezna nodded to himself as he climbed up the beast, the clear secretions washing down on him as he made it to the top. Kimahri breathed in quick as his heart raced he was so close to release. He moaned loudly as Dezna made it to the top, the river of pre running down his front as his chest pressed against the glans. Smacking his lips Dezna lapped at the salty pre, his tongue running long lines along Kimahri's head as the Ronso gripped his pelt tightly. He bellowed loudly as enormous jets of cum squirted from his cock, the mighty beast pounding and throbbing beneath Dezna. The Behemoth was so surprised from the sudden movement he lost his balance, his body flying forward with his face crashing against and plugging up Kimahri's slit.

Cum blasted against his mouth, his cheeks bulging as it just kept coming. The pressure of Kimahri's climax was so strong, it was practically forcing itself down Dezna's throat. The Behemoth swallowed each salty blast of seed, the warm goo filling him up as each load came harder and stronger than the last. Thick bulges ran down Dezna's throat as he kept swallowing the thick milky fluid. He was starting to feel incredibly full from all of the seed he was being forced to swallow, the Behemoth's stomach pulled painfully taut as his rippling abs bulged, Kimahri's cum filling him up as from his potent release. Dezna winced as he felt his belly expanding, bloating like a fluffy purple balloon. And he was still forced to swallow more salty cum that gushed out of Kimahri's endless orgasm. The Behemoth was so overloaded that his belly hung in front of his knees, and it continued to engorge itself on the warm secretions. His sides swelled to sustain his swollen belly as it hung lower and lower, sloshing and gurgling from the sea of seed it contained. At long last, a few feeble squirts ran down Dezna's throat, the last trickles of Kimahri's orgasm joined the rest in Dezna's swollen belly.

With relief he finally managed to free his jaw, the Behemoth belching loudly as his tenuous grip on Kimahri's deflating cock failed, the weight of his cum-filled belly pulling him down. He toppled from the blue leviathan, landing hard on his back as his cum-filled belly gurgled and sloshed atop him. Dezna moaned loudly from how full he felt as the contents of his stomach sloshed loudly. He rubbed his straining belly as Kimahri sighed contentedly beneath him. The Ronso chuckled to himself as plucked Dezna from his groin, the Behemoth now weightier as his lower body resembled a water-filled balloon. He dropped the chubby Behemoth in the palm of his hand, the Behemoth's sea-like belly sloshing as Dezna belched loudly again, groaning as he rubbed himself. "Ooohhhh. Dezna so full" the Behemoth moaned.

Kimahri chuckled softly as he rubbed Dezna's belly, feeling it give easily as it bubbled about like a water sphere. "Dezna was brave taking it all" Kimahri praised the Behemoth, knowing it wasn't even intentional. Dezna blubbered loudly, too bloated for words as he fell on his back, his belly sloshing with him as it covered his knees like a furry blanket.

Kimahri chuckled as his flat tongue licked Dezna's face, licking the traces of gooey cum that clung to his fur. The Behemoth was too fatigued to protest as Kimahri cleaned the Behemoth of both the pre and his release. "Dezna tired" the Behemoth whined loudly once Kimahri had finished cleaning him.

"Dezna can't sleep yet. Kimahri has decided on his plan" Kimahri announced as he brought the Behemoth in close to whisper said plan into the beast's ears.

An hour later, and after he had cleaned and dressed himself, Kimahri finally left his home, a satchel tied to his back and his Spirit Lance in hand. He valiantly strolled down the village, his clansmen staring in awe as Kimahri plodded to Naila, who was speaking with one of the scouts. Her conversation was cut short when she caught sight of Kimahri. "Elder" she gasped, giving him a quick bow.

"Naila, Kimahri is going to go find that Behemoth, and deal with him. Naila is in charge until Kimahri returns" he told her.

"But, why not wait until scouts are rested and healed?" Naila protested.

“Scouts could not defeat Behemoth, they will just get in Kimahri’s way. Do not be afraid, and guide the village until Kimahri returns. Kimahri has a lot of mountain to investigate” Kimahri said with finality.

“Naila understand. Naila will lead” Naila bowed courteously, the scout also doing so.

“Kimahri knows Naila will lead well. Do not worry about Kimahri, for Kimahri will return after he decides what to do with Behemoth” he smiled as he prepared to vault over the crevice, his legs pounding the snow as the Ronso cheered him on.

Kimahri’s first destination was the hot springs where he had fought Dezna. Glancing around suspiciously, Kimahri was very certain that he was alone. Alone enough to remove his satchel and open it up, plucking Dezna from its depths. “Dezna kept getting prodded by flint” the Behemoth whined irritably.

“It was better than Kimahri’s clothing, was it not?” the Ronso countered as he sat on a rock, Dezna gently sitting on his lap as the Elder undid his shin guards.

“Dezna suppose. Now, please make Dezna big again” the Behemoth implored, his eyes sweeping over to the loincloth he had unintentionally discarded some time ago.

The Ronso obliged, placing Dezna on an open space as a mystical air breezed around Kimahri. He didn’t know Mini could be cancelled by using the spell again, so he instead went with Esuna. The results were pretty much the same as Dezna exploded back to his original height in a large cloud of smoke. The Behemoth laughed gleefully as he drank in all fifteen feet of himself. The Behemoth was relieved to find that he was no longer bloated, though he could still feel the Ronso’s seed within his now much more capacious belly. Dezna was so glad he was literally jumping for joy, his enormous black cock flopping about as Kimahri fished the Behemoth’s loincloth from the ground. “So, now we wait?” Dezna questioned as Kimahri silently walked over to the hot springs, the Behemoth’s happy dance ending.

“Correct. Kimahri and Dezna will wait four days, then we return to the village. That is enough time to be a convincing hunt” Kimahri answered as he stood by the shore of the hot springs, Dezna following him like an obedient dog.

“Why you do all this for Dezna? Why you lie to your village for him?” Dezna inquired.

“Simple” Kimahri said, undoing his belt slowly and methodically. “Kimahri wants to end the days of bloodshed. Dezna might have attacked Kimahri’s people, but that was because Dezna was forsaken by his own. Dezna was desperate to survive. The Ronso can respect the will to survive” Kimahri explained simply as his sash fell to the ground, his white briefs being the only thing he was wearing.

“Dezna still doesn’t get it” the Behemoth rumbled, his face a wrenched confusion unable to find the point.

“Dezna has no village, no people to call his own. Kimahri knows that pain well. Kimahri does not want to forsake Dezna like the Behemoths did. No harm will befall anyone with the lie. Dezna gets a home, and the Ronso need not fear a wild Behemoth attacking them on their own mountain. All benefit from this act of kindness” Kimahri finished, his thumbs digging into the waistline of his briefs.

The Ronso grinned at the Behemoth as he removed his white briefs, his blue shaft waving in the warm air of the hot springs. Dezna could feel his heart rate slowly build as he got a good look at Kimahri’s naked form, his eyes unable to be taken away from Kimahri’s cock. The Ronso followed the Behemoth’s gaze, and he smiled as he took Dezna by the hand, guiding him into the hot springs. “So, what do we do for four days?” the Behemoth queried, his muscles softening in the heat of the spring.

“Simple” Kimahri answered, floating on his back as he drifted towards the deep end. “We relax.”

Dezna grinned as he submerged his body in the steamy waters, his mohawk like a shark fin as his head was the only thing above the water. “Dezna likes the sound of that” the Behemoth whispered gently as he swam alongside Kimahri.