

Kimahri's Mini Mastery Part 2

It had been a remarkable few days for Kimahri and Dezna as they had spent the following few days wearing away their troubles in the hot springs, or hunting Fiends on the slopes of Mt. Gagazet. And as Kimahri had gotten closer to Dezna, he found one word that could accurately describe him: Affectionate. The Behemoth tended to be incredibly clingy at times, always wrapping his arms around Kimahri whenever he had a spare moment. Even now, as they floated in the hot springs Dezna's arms were tightly coiled around Kimahri's chest as the Ronso lay atop the Behemoth. "Dezna still not understand. Why do humans label relationships based on gender?" Dezna inquired quizzically.

"Humans tend to find sex an unpleasant subject. And always feel the need to label things. They consider it taboo to be in a relationship with the same gender. Kimahri doesn't get it, but they find it wrong" the Ronso shrugged, his body relaxing as the warm spring water gently lapped at his chest and arms.

"Humans are silly creatures. They worry too much about everything" Dezna sighed, a happy little grin on his face as he melted into the steamy water.

"They worry yes, but that's because their society makes them that way. Ronso way much simpler, so we don't worry much. Ronso only care for strength" Kimahri mused.

"Dezna know. Behemoths find Ronso tradition interesting, as it just sounds, correct to us" Dezna explained, his head bumping gently against the rocks on the other side of the pool.

"Yes, Kimahri figured Behemoths must have taken on Ronso tradition. Dezna never did tell Kimahri how the Behemoths became intelligent enough to become their own tribe" Kimahri commented, surprised to find Dezna had released his armlock on Kimahri. The Ronso's arms flailed wildly as he slid off Dezna's chest into the steaming hot water. Kimahri gasped loudly as he surfaced from his sudden dunking. Shaking his head clear of water, he could see that Dezna was angrily pouting at him, his thick arms folded over his chest. "Was it something Kimahri said?"

"Yes" Dezna answered flatly. "Behemoths always smart. Just because we do not speak human does not mean we aren't smart" he said huffily, barrelling around in the water to turn his back on Kimahri.

Kimahri sighed, eying off in a random direction. If there was another word he could have used to describe, it would have been sensitive. "Kimahri didn't mean to insult Dezna. But, if Behemoths are smart, then why didn't they form a tribe earlier?" he questioned.

Dezna eyed Kimahri over his shoulder. "Behemoths are solo hunters. We have territory. We hunt in territory. We keep territory from others. But Behemoths realize our numbers dying off. By living alone we die to the other races who work together to defeat us. So our leader Braska--"

"--Your leader is called... Braska?" Kimahri cut in, trying to decide whether he should be sceptical or indignant.

"Yes, he last King Behemoth alive. He realized Behemoths should work together like the other races to keep ourselves alive. We did not know how to live together so we look to other races to see how they do it. We watched the Ronso and the humans to see how they lived. Humans too confusing for us, so we use Ronso way of valuing strength. Behemoths very strong, and strong survive. That makes sense to us. We ended up making a village in the Zanarkand Ruins, Dezna's birthplace. We hid away so we could watch other races, and by listening to them we learned human speak. That was how Braska chose his name. He heard it spoken by human who was in Zanarkand. It was not easy living together, hunting for the village instead of self. But we survive that way. Braska hopes to have Behemoths seen as their own race" Dezna explained in a string of exposition that frankly was a miracle he managed to keep going as long as he did.

"As your own... race?" Kimahri repeated, his eyes wide like spheres. Rubbing at his chin, the Ronso tried his best to process that startling revelation. "If Behemoths are seen as their own race, they would no longer be hunted. Your Brask- your leader is very intelligent to have realized that. Kimahri is a little overwhelmed by this" the Ronso uttered, a hand to his head to make sure his mind wouldn't be blown away.

Dezna barrelled back around, lying on his side as he gave Kimahri a very serious look. "Braska very smart. He speak human well, and he reads from books he finds. No other Behemoth can read, so we listen to him. We believe in Braska to lead Behemoths to a shiny future. That was why Dezna was banished. Dezna was too weak, would hold the Behemoths back with weakness and frailty. Braska said Dezna had no future with Behemoths, and had Gargel break Dezna's tusks. Dezna is not true Behemoth anymore, and Dezna was sent to

mountain to die” the Behemoth continued miserably, his tears soaking his face as they ran down in rivers, dripping into the hot springs.

“Gargel?” Kimahri snorted.

“Greatest warrior of tribe. He beneath Braska, but above all other Behemoths. He beat Dezna in fight easy, and he break Dezna’s tusks like twig. Dezna was run out of village, and told that village will kill him if he ever return” Dezna answered, rolling onto his back so he could hopelessly look up at the endless blue sky. “Dezna spend many moons on mountain, finding Fiends to hunt and eat. Dezna find hot pool and decides to make it his territory. Then Dezna was found by Ronso scouts. Then Kimahri find Dezna, and defeat him. Kimahri know the rest” Dezna finished, a gaping, empty feeling in his chest.

Kimahri rubbed at his eyes, trying to stop them from shedding a bitter tear for the Behemoth. Though a stalwart warrior, he couldn’t help but be moved by a tale that was all too familiar to him. Dezna sobbed loudly as he allowed his body to sink, his muzzle above the water like a snorkel so he could cry without Kimahri seeing him. To his shock he found Kimahri’s hands on his face, wiping away his submerged tears as the Ronso gently pulled the Behemoth back up the surface. The Behemoth’s lower lip quivered as Kimahri held his head in a comforting manner. “Kimahri know your pain Dezna. Kimahri was called weak, and tiny by his clan. A Ronso called Biran would mock Kimahri endlessly. He would one day break off Kimahri’s horn, and Kimahri fled his village in shame. Ronso horn is an important symbol to them, and to lose it is the worst dishonour to him. Without a tribe, Kimahri was left to wander until he was given new purpose: To look after Lady Yuna. Kimahri spent many years with her, and was her soul protector until she gained more Guardians. Kimahri thought that Lady Yuna would defeat Sin, but he never imagined that he would help her destroy it for good” Kimahri admitted, actually pretty shocked about the whole ordeal now that he had actually spoken about it.

“That does not make Dezna feel better. Kimahri get new purpose in life. What does Dezna have?” the Behemoth whined miserably.

“Kimahri is trying to make a point. Kimahri might have been banished by his people, but now, he is their Elder. There is always a chance Dezna. You might not have chance with your brethren, but that does not mean your life is over. Spira is a big world Dezna, and you can find new purpose in it. All that matter is that you try” Kimahri uttered passionately.

Dezna's eyes were watering up again, but this time not from sadness. Floating about, his body submerged, his feet hitting the deep floor far below. Even though Kimahri was treading water, the Behemoth still had a few good feet on the Ronso. "Kimahri..." Dezna whispered quietly, taking a step towards the Ronso.

There was a strange, glazed look in Dezna's eyes. Kimahri didn't like that as he slowly worked his way backwards, keeping pace with the encroaching Behemoth. His retreat ended quickly as he was backed up against the stone wall of the mountain, the Behemoth still approaching him. Dezna was breathing heavily as his torso stood above the water, the moisture steadily dripping off his fur as his breathing grew more intense and rapid as he licked his lips. Sinking to his knees Dezna placed his massive arms on Kimahri's shoulders, his heart was racing as his face came closer to Kimahri. Without warning he struck, his thick lips planted against Kimahri's. The Ronso moaned softly from the surprise alone as Dezna's embrace was so passionate. Kimahri's heart beat in rhythm with the Behemoth's as they were locked in love's sweet embrace, each second lasting an hour as Dezna's heart was set free.

Slowly receding, the Behemoth sighed happily, utterly relieved with himself. "Dezna sorry. Dezna has noticed strange feeling for past three days, but Dezna not know what it was. Dezna know now. Dezna know that he loves Kimahri" Dezna admitted, a soft blush on his face.

Kimahri grunted as he rubbed at his face, a habit of his. He was pretty speechless right now. He had some feeling that Dezna was a passionate sort, he just never expected it to come so quickly or so suddenly. And that was when he realized that his legs had ceased kicking as Dezna kissed him. Staring into the water, a thick black something was seen beneath the water, perched between Kimahri's legs. He had been sitting on Dezna's shaft the entire time. The Ronso looked aghast at the wistful Behemoth, his purple face completely red. "Dezna *that* in love with Kimahri?" the Ronso gasped.

The Behemoth smiled meekly, his cock answering for him as it throbbed between Kimahri's legs. "Dezna want... Dezna want to be... gay, with Kimahri" he answered.

A thick lump lodged itself in Kimahri's throat, a terrible lump that strangled any word he could have said. It had been a very long time since he had been in any sort of relationship, and even now he had avowed off of them. "Kimahri... Kimahri can't" the Elder rasped.

The Behemoth's heart sank into feet, his jaw following it as he looked utterly destroyed. "Why?" he simpered.

"Kimahri care for Dezna. But Kimahri's heart will only belong to Lady Yuna. She gave Kimahri purpose, and his heart will always be hers because of it" he explained soulfully.

It appears the Behemoth could look even more destroyed, his mohawk falling flat as he slowly backed away from Kimahri, turning away from him so the Ronso couldn't see him cry. The Behemoth screamed loudly as he started bashing at his own head. "DEZNA SO STUPID!" Dezna screamed at the mountain, his voice so loud an avalanche fell on a nearby cliff.

Kimahri held out a lost hand at the screaming Behemoth, ashamed with himself that he had to hurt the Behemoth like that. He should have expected that reaction, considering how lost the wayward soul was. And of course his heart didn't belong to Yuna, as she was too kind to take it in the first. As ashamed as he was too say it, the idea of a potentially romantic relationship was, well, scary. "Dezna..." Kimahri muttered, placing a hand to the Behemoth's back.

"What?" the Behemoth sniffled, his tears like rivers as he snorted at his runny nose.

"Kimahri sorry. Dezna being so forward put Kimahri into an awkward position, and it was unnerving for him. As brave as he may seem, even Kimahri gets scared at times. And it was wrong of Kimahri to hurt Dezna when he was offering Kimahri his heart" he apologised sincerely, giving the Behemoth a comforting smile.

Dezna sniffled loudly, an involuntary shudder escaping his mouth as he turned back to Kimahri, the Ronso taking his hands. "Dezna sorry for thinking Kimahri felt the same. Dezna hurt Kimahri's people, how could Kimahri love Dezna back?" he sighed, the waterworks abating.

Kimahri gripped the Behemoth's claws tightly. A powerful feeling was forming in his chest, and as much as he thought he could not love, he did feel a great deal of affection for the Behemoth. They were kindred spirits born from scorn. Perhaps it had always meant to be. "Kimahri care for Dezna deeply. He may not love Dezna, in the same way. But, Kimahri can still try, for Dezna" he explained.

“Does that mean...?” the Behemoth insinuated.

“Kimahri would be happy to be gay with Dezna” Kimahri accepted.

The Behemoth let out a shrill shriek of joy as he pulled Kimahri into a tight hug, toppling backwards into the water as he floated in the spring. Dezna’s thick erection standing tall in the air, the Ronso’s tail curling around it as he uncertainly leaned in towards the beast’s mouth. Their eyes closed as Kimahri gently planted his lips on Dezna’s, the size difference still incredibly awkward for them as their lips pressed against each other. The Behemoth’s heart fiercely pounded in his chest with such intensity that Kimahri could feel every rhythmic thump. The big purple lug’s chest beat against the Ronso’s as he cautiously kissed Dezna, the Elder a little afraid of getting his muzzle bitten off should he go too deep. Their eyes gently fluttering open, the two proud beasts parted lips, the Behemoth licking at his own with interest. “Dezna think Kimahri taste good” the Behemoth whispered to the Ronso.

“Please do not say that” the Ronso replied quickly, rolling off Dezna as he really didn’t want to entertain that notion while being so close to his maw.

“Dezna want to please Kimahri, but Dezna not small anymore. What else can Dezna do?” the Behemoth questioned innocently, his body rising from the water as he looked around for something they could do.

The Behemoth’s back was to the Ronso as it contemplated a possible solution. The Elder Ronso’s mind was in another place as his eyes traced down Dezna’s back. He had a fine muscular back, and with training he could definitely become stronger thanks to his sturdy build. As he thought, he only barely resisted the Behemoth’s tail lazily swishing in the from side to side as its owner tried to think. Kimahri’s thoughts faded away as he eyed Dezna’s high tail, and it only took one look from beneath it to come up with an answer to his problem. “Swim over to the other side of the hot spring, and Kimahri will explain what to do” the Ronso answered as he swam across the spring.

Dezna followed him, the water growing shallow enough for Kimahri to stand with his chubby lionhood resting in the water. Dezna waited expectantly for the next bit of advice. “Lie down on the stone with your lower body still in the water” Kimahri explained to the Behemoth.

Nodding, Dezna did so, his fur dripping as he lay on the flat stone, his muscular butt waving in the air as his tail hung over it, dipping into the water. Kimahri swam around, gently

running a hand over the Behemoth's enormous muscular cheek. It was perfectly rounded and springy, with a nice amount of firmness and give. It was almost as if he was stroking the hand of a highly desirable female. Dezna himself quivered from Kimahri's touch, his cheeks tightening as the Ronso cupped both of them in his hands. "What will Kimahri do?" Dezna quavered, his cock quietly throbbing beneath his mass as the Ronso hoisted the beast's tail over his shoulder.

"Kimahri will show Dezna how to be gay" the Ronso answered as he pulled Dezna's cheeks apart slowly, the Behemoth giving in as Kimahri stood above Dezna's enormous swollen balls.

The Behemoth's hole was massive, easily equal to Kimahri's cock in sheer width. He could have put his entire arm into that enormous black hole and still have room to keep going. Undeterred however, Kimahri's inflated cock lined up with Dezna's warm inviting ass, water gently falling from his member as he slid it in with little effort. The Behemoth moaned softly as he felt Kimahri penetrate him, the Ronso's length a perfect fit for his sizeable ass. Dezna's claws dug into the stone as Kimahri went all the way, his entire length comfortably plunged deeply into the best's innards. "Ahhhh~hhhh" Dezna whimpered softly, a smile creeping up his face from the pleasurable feeling of Kimahri inside him.

"Let it out" Kimahri said softly, trying not to feel emasculated by the Behemoth.

Dezna moaned even louder, a gentle blush on his face as his insides tingled. Kimahri thrust his groin against Dezna's ass, his heavy sack slapping against Dezna's as he pounded the Behemoth, sweet whimpers escaping the Behemoth's lips with each thrust of the Ronso's hips. It was hard work for Kimahri, the Behemoth's ass was so large it was difficult to keep his balance as his legs stood trussed above Dezna's thick and heavy balls. Keeping his tail up was also heavy work. The Ronso Elder panted heavily with each heart thrust, his sack slapping again and again against Dezna's. The Behemoth's body tingled as his ring stretched around Kimahri's length, the thick Ronso meat filling him up as it finally managed to hit his sweet spot. Dezna howled loudly, his orgasmic cries filling the air as his cock sprayed a thick jet of pre onto the stone and his chest. The Behemoth's cock throbbed and pulsated from that sweet touch, his ebony member thickening with blood as more globs of pre oozed out of it as the Ronso continued thrusting. Kimahri's cock brushed along Dezna's sweet spot again, the Behemoth howling even louder as his body tensed, his ass clenching over Kimahri's shaft as a thick burst of cum escaped Dezna's cock. "MORE!" the Behemoth screamed, his innards tightening around Kimahri's meat.

The Ronso nodded, thrusting as hard as he could against Dezna's tightening hole, the ridges of his sphincter grinding and teasing along Kimahri's shaft as he could feel the pressure building inside him. A thick heat radiated from his cock as he thrust faster and faster, Dezna's ass greedily pulling at his cock as Kimahri's balls gurgled loudly, slowly inflating in preparation for the climax. The Ronso's body was on fire as he kept going, his hips pounding that Behemoth ass with all his might. With a beastly roar Kimahri's body shook violently as he came, his immense cock unleashing a heavy load of seed into Dezna's bowels.

The Ronso sighed with absolute relief as he climaxed excessively, his once-engorged Ronso balls much lighter and manageable after his release. His cum-soaked cock easily sliding out of Dezna's tender ass. Thick wads of cum slid off his shaft into the water as turgid floaters. The Behemoth shuddered blissfully, Kimahri's seed oozing out of his used rear. The Elder sighed with relief as he sank into the water, the evidence of their sultry act washing away. His body felt so relaxed now, but Dezna was doing so good. The Behemoth whined loudly, his enormous body flailing on the ground. He could feel an intense heat burning through his body alongside an intense pressure forming at the base of his groin. "Dezna not feel right!" the Behemoth moaned as he rolled onto his back.

His enormous two foot long ebony cock stood upright into the air, the head flaring as the thick rippling blood vessels throbbed and pulsated. His cock was so bloated with blood, it was driving the Behemoth mad as it became hard as steel, and intensely hot and engorged. "Dezna feel hot!" Dezna whined as he rubbed his impossibly thick length as it swelled larger with blood.

"Pleasure yourself" the Ronso suggested.

"Right" Dezna quavered, pulling his body out of the water. Collapsing onto his back, the Behemoth gripped his shaft tightly, his enormous, sweltering balls lying between his outstretched legs. His cock was like iron as his massive paw ran up and down the shaft. It was so engorged with blood he could get no feeling from his movements, no matter how hard or how fast he pleased himself. Trying with two hands, Dezna ran them up and down madly. They were moving so fast and they gripped to the shaft so tightly they were going to start a fire with how much heat he was radiating. And still the beast could not find relief as his shaft felt blocked. Kimahri gasped as he noticed Dezna's balls inflate with thick, heavy, Behemoth seed. His inability to find relief was compounding on him, the heavy orbs now bigger than a small human child. Dezna whined and moaned, still incapable of doing anything but suffer the intense heat he was feeling. "HELP DEZNA!" the Behemoth begged.

Kimahri was out of the water in seconds, hopping across Dezna's body and parking himself at the base of the Behemoth's cock, the swelling purple balls a comfortable cushion for the Ronso as he gently pried away Dezna's hands. "Help Dezna" the Behemoth whimpered, his fur soaked with sweat and his tongue flopping out of his panting mouth.

Kimahri placed a gentle claw to Dezna's cock, the Behemoth shuddering from the alien touch as the Ronso's hand slowly and gently slid up the shaft, the black beast quivering as thick beads of pre dribbled out of it. Dezna moaned softly as Kimahri gently rubbing the thick muscular line of the underside of his meaty length. Cheekily he would grip at the diamond hard muscle, teasing the Behemoth with his playful touch. Dezna's balls surged beneath Kimahri, still bloated with backed-up seed. And still Kimahri was so gentle, so precise with his every touch as he gently rubbed Dezna's dick. The beast would shudder and moan loudly, the heat in his groin intensifying. But still he could not get relief. "DEZNA ON FIRE!" the Behemoth shrieked, his hands ringing the air as he desperately desired relief.

Kimahri eyed the Behemoth confidently as the left side of his face rose into a half grin. Trussing himself up, the Elder licked his lips as he opened as wide as could, plunging his open jaws at the top of Dezna's cock. The Behemoth let out a shrill scream of pleasure as Kimahri crammed in as much Behemoth meat as possible. His flat tongue lodged within Dezna's wide slit, the rough organ scrapping along its inside. His powerful jaw muscles squeezed and pressed the fat head, massaging and grinding it intensely. The Behemoth let out a string of animalistic howls as Kimahri's tongue roughly slid on the inside of his urethra. His cock bucked and throbbed as electric sparks went to Dezna's brain. His balls were like enormous sacks filled to burst as the blocked sensation faded, leaving the Behemoth with a powerful sensation rapidly rising up his radiating shaft as his back arched backwards. "DEZNA WILL EXPLODE!" the Behemoth screamed loudly.

Cum blasted at Kimahri's jaw, launching the Ronso off Dezna's length with the force of a rocket as his seed blasted out of it. It was an endless fountain of creamy white jizz that flew twenty feet into the air before coming back down, spraying Dezna and Kimahri with the Behemoth's release. Dezna howled savagely the entire time, his organ releasing its seed in a spray like its life depended on it, leaving Kimahri awkwardly sprawled on the beast's deflating sack. The Behemoth climaxed for a full minute, though by half way point his release was just a small fountain of seed. And in the end it was just a small spray of cum that splattered on Dezna's hips. Finally it was over, and the Behemoth's tense body softened as his tongue hung out of his mouth, the tip dipping into a pool of cum. The two of them were completely white, smothered in Dezna's released as his balls had reduced to a much more practical size. The rocks surrounding the two dripped quietly, the stone as white as the two weakened beasts.

Kimahri breathed heavily, amazed at Dezna's virility as the gooey white Behemoth bunk dripped from his braids. He could feel a pool of the stuff in his cupped hand, the milky white secretion steadily oozing through his fingers. The smell was intense, and yet, Kimahri couldn't resist as he gingerly lapped at the creamy white cum. It was intensely salty, but there was a thick layer of sweet that danced along Kimahri's tongue as he swallowed it. Running his tongue along his lips hungrily, he licked up the errant seed on his face as he stalked up Dezna's body, the Behemoth's deflated cock no longer barring his path as he gazed with longing at the beast's cum soaked chest. Dezna was still out of it after his gratuitous release, but even he couldn't suppress a moan as Kimahri's tongue ran along his chest, licking up the fluids that soaked his purple fur. "Aaaaahhhh~" Dezna quivered as Kimahri's rough tongue ran along his thick black nipple.

Kimahri swallowed the heady load, a visible bulge running down his throat as he devoured Behemoth cum. "Dezna taste good" Kimahri purred as he felt Dezna's cum pool in his stomach, the gentle white ocean sloshing about as he ran his tongue along the other side of Dezna's chest, the Behemoth quivering again as Kimahri ran his tongue along the other nipple.

"Oooooohhhh, Dezna like that" Dezna giggled as Kimahri's hand rubbed against his nipples as the Ronso moved up Dezna's body.

He froze with his hands at Dezna's neckline, the two staring into each other's eyes as a glob of cum dripped from Kimahri's bangs onto Dezna's muzzle. The Ronso felt as if he wanted to stare into the Behemoth's eyes forever. His heart was beating so hard. Was this, love? The answer came as Kimahri lost his balance, his hands slicking in Dezna's fur as he slammed his lips against Dezna's own, the Behemoth very startled this time. But, they didn't break away as their eyes gently closed, locked in their passionate embrace through their sheer expression of love.

It was many hours later, and the two had cleaned themselves off and packed up their little camp. They also remembered, (at the last minute mind,) to dress themselves. Now returning to the Ronso village, Dezna was growing nervous as they trudged along the mountain path. "Dezna still not sure" he anxiously fretted.

The Ronso Elder chuckled as he placed a comforting hand to Dezna's side as they walked through the snow. "Dezna should not worry. Kimahri has faith that the Ronso will accept Dezna" Kimahri said comfortingly as they climbed up an icy slope.

“Dezna meant to ask, but why did Elder Kimahri willingly leave his village without guidance for four days for Dezna’s sake?” the Behemoth questioned as he helped Kimahri up a slippery patch of snow and ice.

“Heavy hangs the title of Elder, Dezna. Kimahri proud beyond compare to be village Elder, but it is taxing on Kimahri at times. Villagers look up to Elder for guidance, and to decide matters that none other can decide. It is maddening having to decide every little detail. So Kimahri needed time away to relax, and to not think about things for a while” he explained as they neared the village outcrop.

Without saying a word Dezna helped Kimahri onto his back, enacting the plan the Elder had explained to him many times before. Flexing his powerful hind legs, Dezna charged forward, leaping high into the air and sailing towards the village. The Ronso gathered near the edge of the village screamed loudly as they saw a Behemoth fly towards them, the leonines scattering like frightened doves as Dezna crashed onto the flat ground, cracks running in the stone as he skidded along it, nails scraping the ground in to slow him down. The alarm sounded immediately as the Ronso fled into their homes to grab their weapons, only to return to find their Elder dismounting from the beast. Their jaws dropped as they all came towards him like a blue flood, their minds filled with a million questions. There were many loud declarations of “Elder” from the mob, their voices drowning each other out.

“SILENCE!” Kimahri roared loudly, his people going deathly quiet as they waited for their Elder to speak. Content with the Ronsos keeping their jaws shut, he addressed them all. “Kimahri has returned, and he has brought with him a new friend. This is Dezna Behemoth, and he will be staying with the Ronso from now on” he announced loudly.

As expected, the Ronso let out loud and angry sounding jeers. Their complaints and insults were so many they were more like the droning of a hive of angry bees than proud Ronso. As the rabble still continued to growl their disgust Naila pushed through the crowd, her face completely livid as she was the only one brave enough to near the Behemoth. “Why did Kimahri bring it here?” she demanded furiously, the other Ronsos shouting their aggressive agreement.

“Dezna did not have a place to call his own. Kimahri invited him to join the Ronso” Kimahri answered dryly.

“The Behemoth is dangerous!” one of the other Ronso called from the group, the crowd agreeing loudly.

“Would it be safer to have Behemoth roaming the mountain attacking anything in sight? This way Ronso can keep an eye on him” Kimahri countered diplomatically, not raising his voice above his usual octave.

“Elder should have killed it!” another voice called out, the group cheering at that idea.

“Dezna does not want to harm the Ronso” Dezna uttered timidly, growing terrified of just how many angry Ronso there were.

That only provoked the village to scream louder, cruel obscenities being hurled about. Dezna shrunk down by Kimahri, almost hoping the Elder Ronso would protect him like a shield. “Has Elder gone mad? How do we know we can trust the Behemoth?” Naila demanded.

“Kimahri has spoken with Dezna, and he speaks the truth. He was abandoned by his tribe, and he was left alone to die. Kimahri has had enough bloodshed for one lifetime, and Dezna’s blood does not need to be spilled now, or at any other time!” he declared loud enough for the entire village to hear him as he slammed the shaft of the Spirit Lance into the stone. The clang echoed loudly, silencing the lynch mob.

“Lian agree” Lian called from the mob.

Like the Red Sea the group parted, leaving Lian and Ayde out in the open. The brothers were sporting indignant and disgusted looks, but they weren’t aimed at Kimahri or Dezna. “Lian has always believed in Elder Kimahri. And Lian will continue to believe in Elder. If he says the Behemoth is friendly, then it must be true. Elder has no reason to lie or to hurt the village. Lian thinks Dezna should stay” the Ronso Youth courageously proclaimed.

“Ayde agree. Dezna does not seem like monster other Behemoths are. Ronso are always judged as wild and stupid beasts. We should not do the same with those we can call kin. Ayde think Dezna should stay” Ayde chimed in.

Kimahri took every ounce of his conviction and willpower to not break down from Lian and Ayde's support. The other Ronso were quite visibly divided on the matter, many of their faces screwed up so much you could see the gears grinding in their minds as they tried to process this information. Naila was completely blown away by the boy's support, and she stared hopelessly at her Elder, and Dezna. She had always believed in him, and, she always will. Lian and Ayde were right, she had to admit. "Naila think Dezna should stay" she uttered softly, though her fellow's keen ears still picked up her words.

With who could be considered as the official spokesperson of the village agreeing with their Elder, the other members too did so. Many of the Ronso Pups happily cheered for Dezna as the village agreed to allow the Behemoth to join him. Dezna sniffled loudly, his heart dancing on air at how wonderful the village was. His body shook from startling at Kimahri's hand on his shoulder. "Welcome to the village, Dezna Behemoth" Kimahri said with the biggest grin he could muster.