

# A Tail of Two

If there was one thing that Elwynn, elven minstrel extraordinaire, was confident in, it was his charm and dashing good looks. Long auburn hair framed a golden-eyed face that had once wooed half a kingdom- well, until their fathers came looking, anyways. At 6'3" and slender as a tree, it was hard to get lost in the crowd, but a suggestive tune and a little magic goes a long way.

Still, those lands were far behind him. The life of an adventurer had gotten him into and out of almost as much trouble as his honeyed tongue, but even those funds had begun to run low. Which was why the Great Musician Elwynn was performing for a half-filled tavern on the back end of nowhere.

*"And the sky grew dark-  
And the winds blew loud-  
But our hero knew the time~"*

Elwynn had sung the Tale of Branstock so many times he didn't even have to pay attention to it any longer, leaving his attention free to roam. The words fell from his lips like leaves from the trees outside, and his fingers slid over the strings of his instrument as easily as they did the soft flesh of a lover. Which was actually where his mind was headed, as usual.

Not that there was a lot to look at. This town was more of a halfway point, and with the harvest season in full force the caravans were still preparing, leaving the tavern half-empty. Several guardsmen were gathered around one table, playing a game of Dragons High, while the local mage's apprentice sat at the bar by himself, no doubt drinking to forget his latest failure.

A loud laugh momentarily brought his attention to another table, where the town's blacksmith had brought his family for a dinner to celebrate.. what was it he had heard... ah yes, the blacksmith's daughter had finally chosen a husband.

As Elwynn wrapped into the third stanza, the barmaid sashayed out of the kitchen, carrying a tray covered with drinks, that sloshed slightly with an amber liquid. The tight blouse and short skirt left little to the imagination, and she wore both well. Quite the suitable bed partner, especially in these parts, he couldn't help thinking as she bent over to place each mug, giving several of the guardsmen (and a certain eagle-eyed bard) an excellent view down her top. Deliciously, she was wearing nothing under it, giving him an eyeful of each soft expanse as she moved from customer to customer.

Shifting his sitar to cover more of his lap, the elven bard launched into the final verse. With practiced ease, he began to weave a little bit of suggestion into the music. Nothing overt just yet, but anyone who was already inclined towards some companionship might become just a bit more interested in seeing what a certain bard could do for them in the sheets.

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At one of the side tables sat what appeared to be a gypsy woman - or at least she was dressed in the manner of one. While her sheer scarlet top and tan breeches were of Vishanti cut however, what could

be seen of her face and olive-skinned body appeared to be Azlantian. On the other hand, those people from the Eastern lands seldom had a bust-line like the one this woman was sporting, nearly rivaling that of the barmaid heading back towards the kitchen.

Truth was, Sharilar was actually a kitsune, a race of shapechanging fox-people. Her kind was essentially the gypsies of the East, so when her parents had ended up on this side of the Sword Peaks, they'd found welcome shelter among a Vishanti caravan. She'd grown up among them, but her human form still showed those Azlantian influences.

As she felt the subtle mental suggestion underlying the bard's melody wash over her, Sharilar turned her full attention to the elf on the small corner stage. Looking the male musician over, she had to admit he was decently attractive for a smoothskin, even despite the magic influence he was trying to exert. It was easy enough for her to shake off, but it had been a long time since she'd had another warm her bed, the shapeshifted kitsune had to admit. Ordinarily, she might have left the bard to his own devices, but it might be a good idea to remind him that you can't always get what you want.

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As Elwynn's eyes scanned the crowd for anyone that seemed responsive to his hints, something seemed to catch his attention. It was only a very slight mental tug, but it was enough to draw his eyes to a table, half-hidden in shadow. The darkness almost seeming to enfold the woman sitting there, but Elwynn's elven heritage let him see her clear as day. Shoulder-length black hair framed a heart-shaped face, soft but sharp, as if sculpted from ivory. Her light olive skin marked her as a traveler as well, as in his century-and-a-half Elwynn had only seen that tone of skin three times before; each time it had been a visitor from across the Sword Peaks. While her outfit was a bit looser than the barmaid's, the revealing Vishanti design seemed to entice thoughts of revelry.

Despite the suggestive pose of the bar wench who was busy making eyes at him from the bar, Elwynn found all his attention going to this strange, shadow-clad woman. Something about her was simultaneously sending a shiver up his spine, and a warmth to his loins. Almost as if she had noticed the attention, her eyes met his, and he could feel his pants tighten as he looked into those strangely purple orbs.

It was only with years of practice that he was barely able to keep going without interruption, but the bard was a hair's breadth from halting mid-song entirely. As aware as he was of her attractive body, the eyes themselves kept all of his attention for what felt like an eternity. They were a deep purple, deeper than he had ever seen short of a king's violet cloak, and accented with black. The longer she held his gaze, the more he felt as if he was sinking into them, as if the sea's current was pulling him under. There was something primal in them, something deep, and-

A round of applause broke him from his entrancement, and Elwynn realized he had finished the song. Smiling, he rose to take a half-bow, keeping the sitar strategically placed to hide the tent he was no doubt displaying in his trousers. As he straightened back up, he cast a sidelong glance to the table, but those strange purple-black eyes were no longer pointed his way, instead seemingly studying what appeared to be cards on it.

"That will be it for tonight, I'm afraid. When you've got a voice as good as mine, best not to wear it out!" That got a few chuckles and a grin from the barmaid, who tossed a bawdy wink at him. Elwynn

flashed her a grin back as he stepped down from the corner stage, but the busty woman barely registered in his attentions now as he meandered over to slide into the empty bench adjacent to the woman with the purple eyes.

"Don't think I've seen you here before," he said, flashing her a warm smile. "Name's Elwynn, best bard in this part of the Southlands."

"Quite a claim," the olive-skinned woman responded in a soft husky soprano, her mouth twitching as if to hide a smile herself as she looked up from the table. "I'm called Sharilar, though my friends, few as they are, call me Shar."

"Well then, Shar- If I may call you that?" He paused until she gave a half-nod of acquiescence, then continued. "I couldn't help but notice the attention you were giving these... cards..." he trailed off, his pickup line falling forgotten as he recognized them finally. A harrow deck. Well, that puts an interesting spin on this Sharilar's clothing, he thought to himself as he forced his mouth to keep working. "Ah, I did not realize you were a Vishanti Seer."

"Fate does as it will, though the paths we choose are our own. Yours, for example," Shar said, a hint of humor in her voice as she turned her full gaze onto him. "You have the feeling of having walked many roads to get here yourself."

Their eyes met again, and Elwynn felt a slight further tightening of his pants as those deep purple pools threatened to drown him once again. "Aye, and made quite a few friends along the way. I can't believe a woman as pretty as yourself wouldn't have found more than a few of your own, though!" And was it him, or were the black specks... swirling?

The hint of a smile that had been playing around the edges of Sharilar's lips grew into something a bit fuller as she collected the cards, her eyes still on the elven bard. "It's true that I could have my pick of... friends, if I truly desired, I suppose. You have the look of a male many would trust."

Not giving him the chance to respond, she leaned closer, placing the deck before him as he grew hyper-aware of the warm body inches from his. "Why don't you draw a card? I must retire soon, but a peek into your future may be quite interesting."

Elwynn couldn't help but feel nervous, knowing of the power of such cards, but desire for the woman leaning so close to him won out. Nodding, the red-haired elf started to turn the top card. Before he could turn it all the way over however, he felt her slim hand on his, and while her grip was gentle, it almost seemed stronger than it should have.

"No need to share with the room," she murmured as she moved even closer, her left breast pressing through the cloth against his arm as she peered over his shoulder. Forcing himself to look down at the card, he found himself staring at the card simply known as "The Lovers."

"How interesting," Sharilar whispered in his ear as her left hand slid over his leg, fingertips caressing the bulge in his pants he'd been trying to keep discreet. "Such a shame that I don't have the time to give you a full reading." As she spoke the last word, she slid her hand to gently cup his manhood through the cloth, beginning a soft stroking with her thumb along the ridge in the cloth. "I must retire to my room momentarily. Although..." she trailed off in a thoughtful manner, but Elwynn knew it was anything but, at this point. "I could use a bit of help with a few things."

"Well never let it be said that I did not help a friend in need!" Elwynn responded, flashing Shar a warm smile. "Why don't we go now?"

"If you won't be missed for a while, then meet me in room 206. You may want to wait a few minutes," she said as she gave his shaft one last squeeze before withdrawing, "unless you want your friend over there to get the wrong idea."

Grinning, she draw away, rising up in one smooth motion and heading towards the stairs while Elwynn tried not to notice the barmaid casting nasty glances between him and Sharilar's back.

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After what seemed a suitable amount of time, the tall elf meandered across the common room, giving a few compliments, but each table leading him closer to the stairs. Once the wench had slipped back into the kitchen for the next order, Elwynn took the opportunity to slip around the corner and up the stairs. Another few moments found him in front of the room the intriguingly exotic woman had named, giving the door a soft knock.

"Come in," came the voice he had been expecting. Checking the handle, it was unlocked, and turning the knob it opened easily.

As soon as he stepped in however, the door closed behind him, the click of the lock loud in his ears, despite the intended object of his affections simply sitting on the bed with an impish grin on her face.

"Ah, a magic-user I-" He started to say, but Sharilar was already moving and within moments she had moved forward to cut him off with a kiss, her hands already working at unfastening the top of his doublet.

Her mouth and tongue were hungry, almost as hungry as Elwynn had been feeling since he looked into those strange, violet eyes. Firmly kissing back, his tongue sought hers as he began to return the favor, hands gliding over soft, warm skin, then sliding under her short blouse to give her large breasts a welcoming squeeze, feeling the give of the warm flesh under his touch.

The next few minutes were a blur as clothing was rapidly abandoned, their heated bodies making their way carefully to the wooden bed against the middle of the back wall. Within moments, both of them were lying naked, getting their first look at each other's full form.

Elwynn's body was much as it had appeared, muscles toned from years of fighting and wenching, a few scattered scars proving his combat prowess. In the manner of elves there was not a single hair on his body, providing a unobstructed view of his large upstanding shaft, rising and falling slightly with his pulse.

Much the same, Sharilar's body was just as Elwynn had imagined. Large, firm breasts rested on her chest, each capped with a medium-sized copper-colored areola and nipple, already stiff from their foreplay. Following her curved body lower, across the smooth expanse of her belly, his eyes found her cleft, hidden between muscled thighs. Was it his imagination or was it already glistening in the candlelight? From there, long smooth legs just as bare as his of hair stretched out, slim but muscular, just like her arms.

It was her eyes, though, that transfixed him yet again as she moved over top of him, her hand sliding down to tease around the base of his erect shaft. Those purple eyes that were driving him mad with lust, but at the same time, telling him that it was not he that would make the first move.

Then somehow, between one breath and the next, everything changed. Where olive skin had once been, now soft black fur reigned. A heart-shaped face had become that of a fox, with large black ears rising from her dark hair. Her large, furred breasts hung over him as copper nipples turned to a dark black color, matching her nose pad, and he could feel what had to be a tail brushing against his legs. Fingers like satin began to glide along his length, but those eyes, those wonderful, tempting eyes, remained the same.

"Now," she almost seemed to purr, "this is quite a pleasant surprise. With a cock this big, you shouldn't even have needed that magical touch earlier to get a woman."

For Elwynn, everything had begun to take on a dream-like quality. Despite the woman having become a vixen in truth, those violet eyes continued to entice him, desire growing in the pit of his stomach and loins for this fox-woman. Those deliciously silky fingers were still sending a delicious sensation throughout his body as they stroked his heated length, and while a part of him screamed to get up and run, he could feel his objects slipping away under that hypnotizing gaze.

"Now that's a good boy," Sharilar continued, tilting her head as she felt her own mental influence take hold of the elf. "If you continue to be a good boy, I'll give you a nice..." she let her words hang in the air a moment and give his manhood a firm squeeze, licking her lips before finishing the sentence. "Reward."

Elwynn nodded slightly, licking his lips again as he felt control of his body slip further from his grasp. The dream-like feeling continued to dominate the world around him as he rolled fully onto his back, the black-furred kitsune moving with him to straddle his stomach. A drop of her inner honey fell from her parted nethers, the warm liquid rolling down the side of his stomach as the large-breasted vixen looked down at him, giving him a good view of each bounteous tit.

"So you like my breasts, do you?" Another mute nod. "Then why don't you sit up and give them some attention?"

Slowly, and with effort, he sat up as Sharilar slid back a bit, enough that his shaft pressed against the softly-furred cleft of her buttocks, the swollen head itself getting lost in the cloud-like softness of her tail. Elwynn felt an urge to try thrusting, but his hips remained unmoved under hers as his hands and mouth sought out the black-furred curves of her large breasts.

Taking them firmly in hand, he could feel a soft gasp, her breathing deepening slightly as fingers pressed into firm titflesh. Giving the orbs a soft squeeze, he found that despite the situation, he couldn't help enjoying the feel of how they squished and overflowed his grasp.

Lowering his mouth to one perked nipple, he gave it a few soft licks, feeling the nub against his tongue, before parting his lips to take it into his mouth. Hefting one of those full, ripe tits, he gave the stiff nipple a few tender suckles, teasing at it with his tongue this way and that.

Almost as if on cue, Sharilar ground back slightly against the elf's shaft, her hands sliding up his sides to gently stroke his back as a soft moan escaped her muzzle. "Mmmm, that's nice," she murred. "It almost makes me wish I had milk to give you."

Gradually, Elwynn moved his ministrations to her right breast, the engorged nipple of the left and the growing moistness against his stomach proof of the busty vixen's arousal. Unwilling to leave a job half-done, as he massaged and suckled at one lush tit, his free hand returned to toy with the other as well, giving each perked breast warm squeezes.

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As Sharilar's pleasure grew, she could feel her control of the elf beginning to slip. Even at her best, she could only hold a person against their will for but a few minutes, and the elf's ministrations to her full, ripe tits were pushing her ever faster to that limit. The size and sensitivity of her breasts was something she had inherited from her mother, and men loved to indulge her when it came to playing with them.

"That's... enough..." she panted, feeling a familiar aching in her own loins as she reluctantly pulled away from the elf's teasing mouth. "I've got... another use for that tongue."

With the tiniest bit of mental prompting, she got Elwynn to lay his upper body back down, and trying to hold back her eagerness she slowly slid her rump up his torso, leaving a lightly glistening trail. As she reached his chest, she rose up a bit to position her dark-skinned netherlips above his head. Looking down, she gave him a smirk, using the moment of reprieve to fully re-establish her control over the young elf while he was distracted by the view of her aching foxcunt.

"Now," she said, adding a touch of magic again to her words as she lowered her hips to his mouth, "start licking."

To the kitsune, this was obviously something the bard had not had a lot of experience at, as he started with a few tentative licks, tasting her flesh and what juice had already matted the fur around her entrance. The next few licks, while still slow and long, were more forceful, cleaning her pouty cuntlips of what honey had already slipped out.

As his hands slid up to her hips, the red-haired elf seemed to grow more confident, giving the petals of her pussy a warm kiss as his tongue slipped inside. The sensation of something warm slipping into her needy passage was welcome, and her black-furred hands quickly found their way back to her abandoned breasts, toying with them gently as his mouth began to explore the vixen's slick insides.

Quickly Sharilar found her arousal burning hotter and hotter, her hands squeezing and rubbing her bounteous tits, trapping her engorged nipples between her fingers as that welcome tongue plumbed her juicy depths. It wasn't the same as filling it full of thick cock, but that would come later, and she couldn't help but clench at the twisting, pressing flesh that was digging so wonderfully into her hungry cunt. Words were quickly forgotten as pants, barks, and moans came quicker and quicker from her muzzle, her tail lashing against the elf's forgotten shaft as her entire body quivered, then exploded.

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For a moment, everything snapped into focus for Elwynn, the dream-like fog suddenly leaving his mind fully his own once more as he found himself with his tongue buried deep in the trembling pussy

of a busty, black-furred foxwoman on the edge of orgasm. His mind raced, as for a split second he considered pushing her off him and making a run for it. While the events thus far had not been under his control, he had to admit that he was beginning to find his unexpected bedpartner more attractive than he would have thought, seeing her like this.

With renewed vigor, he began to lap deep inside that clenching passage, the feeling of it trying to milk his tongue strengthening his own arousal even more as a few drops of pre dribbled down his shaft before being wiped across it by the kitsune's lashing tail. It didn't take much before the foxwoman let out a near-howl, her tight passage closing around his teasing tongue and squirting hot womanly love-juice straight into his mouth. The first burst was unexpected, making him cough and pull his tongue free as the next couple squirts hit his cheek and chin. As the vixen humped against his mouth a few times, her head beginning to drop back down, the elf gave her sensitive snatch a few more laps for good measure, trying not to grin at the soft yelp each one caused.

"Well," she panted, her purple eyes half-lidded as she gazed down at him, "you've definitely... earned a... reward."

Elwynn considered speaking a moment, but decided to keep playing the obedient fucktoy, and gave a small nod, fighting the urge to just roller her over and take her for his own. While his cock was aching with the need to be buried in this unexpectedly sexy vixen, he was curious what she had in mind.

"Now," Sharilar purred to the elf as he felt the world beginning to fade again, "let's see if you live up to what your body promises."

Only the black-furred vixen seemed real as she moved down the bed again, lowering her muzzle towards his shaft. Her hot breath washed over it as she drew close, then took it into her mouth. Any thoughts of burying himself in her now-soaking snatch were washed away by the soft muzzle suddenly surrounding his length, her tongue slightly rough against the underside of the shaft. Placing a hand around the base, she then drew back to lap gently at the head, several soft gasps escaping Elwynn's mouth as she hit several sensitive spots. All the time his eyes couldn't help following her swaying breasts.

"Mmm, you do taste good," she murmured, licking her lips as she drew away, leaving the swollen shaft untended for a few moments that felt like an eternity. With a foxy grin, she bent over further to surround his shaft with her softly-furred tits, the large titmounds almost hiding his entire length. "I get the feeling you really do like these," Shar said with a smirk as she rubbed them along the thick elven cock. It took most of Elwynn's willpower to give her a slight nod, whereupon she went back to lapping at the swollen head of his shaft.

Initially, he tried to thrust up against that soft, yielding titflesh, but his body betrayed him once again as she continued the slow gentle titfuck, her lapping tongue bringing him closer and closer to his peak. He could feel the cum pooling, about to explode, when suddenly she pulled off. The sudden stop in sensation was like a sledgehammer, but it was too late, and he cried out as he humped at the air, thick spurts of his elven seed shooting out, some landing on him, some landing on the black fur of the busty vixen's firm breasts. After the initial spurting ended, Sharilar quickly dove back down, sticky fur smearing his seed against his sweaty skin as she suckled at the shaft, tasting what remained of his cream.

Her tongue felt like lightning on his sensitive flesh drawing more pants and moans from the spent elf. A moment later however, her hands began to glow once more, and this time the glow left them and surrounded his entire length, sinking into it. As the glow faded, the surprised elf found himself even hornier than before, if possible. All his instincts were screaming to just take her and fuck her silly, but his body remained as unresponsive as before, to his somewhat relief.

"I admit, that trick might be cheating a little," Sharilar said, perking her fox-like ears towards the elf as those purple eyes gazed hungrily at him. "But I'm fairly sure you want this now as much as I do."

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The earlier orgasm had only been a temporary relief for Sharilar, and with the taste of his seed in her mouth, she knew she had to have that thick elfen cock in her right now. The fertility cantrip had been a gift her mother taught her, but she was fairly sure her mother meant it to help her have children, not to help her fuck the living daylights out of a sexy elf boy!

She was fairly sure now that she was also in heat. Like the foxes they so resembled, her kind had a cycle of their own, and the hunger she was feeling was unmistakable. The rational part of Sharilar knew that if she continued, given the magic she had just used, there was a very good chance that she could end up with a child by this elf. Despite that, she knew just as certainly that she needed this elf's seed in her, and she needed it now.

Scooting her butt up, she brought her already soaked cuntlips up to the base of the elf's glistening cock, standing up straight as a tower. Slowly, she ground against it, feeling the warm flesh pressing between her needy netherlips, and letting the elf feel how wet she was once again. She could only manage the teasing a few moments before rising up, and lowering herself on that upstanding shaft.

The wide head came first, nudged between her dark-skinned petals and parting them as it sunk into her heated body. Her muzzle hung open, tongue lolling as she felt that thick elfmeat parting her passage, stretching her tight, slick walls as inch after inch of throbbing hot cock pushed into her hungry cunt. Finally, she felt the tip press against her cervix, knocking at the door to her womb as she reached the base of the shaft, his entire length resting within her juicy cunny.

The busty vixen spared but a moment to check the male's reaction, and couldn't help but smile as his hands sought her hips, his needful gaze as hungry as she felt. Giving his shaft a firm squeeze with her inner walls, Sharilar found herself commenting, "If I knew your cock would feel this good, I would have done this earlier."

Slowly at first, she rose up, gasping at the emptiness the withdrawing cock left behind as her squeezing netherlips tried to keep the hot, throbbing elfflesh within her. Feeling the mushroom-like head tugging on her slick cuntlips, she paused, then lowered herself again, welcoming that fat cock back into her hungry cunt until she bottomed out again, both lovers panting heavily.

As she started to ride that wonderfully large cock, stretching her tight, slick passage, she could feel her control slipping again, but it didn't matter anymore. If the elf had felt any trepidations, it was long since lost with each deep plunge she took of that nice thick shaft deep into her heated body.

What started as a slow teasing became much faster and erratic as Sharilar gave into her instincts, barks and moans of pleasure echoing around the room and mixing with the wet slapping sounds of each deep

plunge she took on that long, thick elven cock. Freed of his inhibitions and restrictions, Elwynn began to thrust back up at the large-breasted vixen riding his shaft so well, her erratic tempo leading to some short thrusts that left him mostly buried and some longer ones where he nearly fell free of that juicy passage.

As her need grew greater, Sharilar began to make her thrusts downward shorter and quicker, leaving him trapped more and more in the molten inferno of her tight foxcunt, her juices squishing out each time she bottomed out on his own upward thrusts. Her large, ripe breasts were actively bouncing now with each quick stroke, shaking each time she slammed that swollen cockhead up against her hungry, aching womb.

The first, hot spurt caught the horny kitsune by surprise as the elf reached his peak, letting out a wordless cry at his second orgasm of the night. As his pearly cream shot straight into the vixen's womb, the magic she had used took full hold, transforming the base of his shaft, giving it a canine-like knot and sealing the cumming elf fulling within the kitsune's quivering passage. The sudden knot set Sharilar off as well, her howl of pleasure joining his as her tight, grasping pussy squeezed and milked at that knot and shaft, the thick creamy elfseed a welcome warmth as he pumped more and more into her, filling her full of his gooey essence. Such was the volume that even the magical knot couldn't keep it all in, some of his pearly cream leaking out to coat the elf's crotch as he quivered under the shaking, pleased vixen.

It seemed to last forever, but at the same time it was over far too soon. As the flow of thick cream within her ended, Sharilar fell forward, her entire body quivering as she lay against the elf, feeling him twitching within as the magic on his shaft began to fade.

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As Elwynn lay under the very warm, very soft foxwoman, he found himself incredibly aware of how she felt, how she sounded, and every little movement she made as she tried to recover from the filling he had just given her. Now that he had a moment to actually think, he knew what she was - a kitsune. He had heard of the fox-like race before, but he had not expected to encounter any this far from Freeport - let alone one who knew how to, ah, influence other people.

Almost without thinking, he lifted a hand to stroke Sharilar's tousled black hair. While she was still breathing as heavily as he was, this caught her attention, and she turned her head to the side to look back at him, this time with what felt like a satiated expression.

This time, the elf was the first to speak. "So, I guess I deserved that, huh?"

"What, all of, um, this?" Sharilar responded with a tired smile, lifting her hand to gesture at where their joined crotches were still leaking a bit of their mixed juices. "I guess I did go a bit far..." Was it his imagination, or was there a bit of a giggle in those words?

"I have to admit," he replied, reaching up to give the base of her ear a scratch, "being on the other side of things is certainly... different. But I can't argue with the results."

That time she did actually laugh a little. "I guess it wasn't exactly the object lesson I intended, was it?" Mmming at the scritch, she nuzzled into the male's shoulder a bit. "After all, you did get the woman in the end."

Somehow, Elwynn couldn't help but smile wider. "More like the woman got me. I do have to admit, I never expected I'd find a fox sexy."

That earned him a gentle swat at the chest, though the perked ears suggested she wasn't really put out by his comment. "Says the bard who was looking for human 'vixens' to breed."

"Hit," the elven bard said with a laugh.

Sharilar joined him in the laugh, before laying her head back down, snuggling in a little against his warm body as she felt his shaft slip free. "Mmmmm... so what now, Master Bard?" she murmured in his ear.

Elwynn stroked a hand along her back to buy himself a few moments as he thought. "You know, in all seriousness," he finally said, with a solemnity that surprised himself, "I think I'd like to stay here tonight, like this."

"Mmmmmmm?" Sharilar's response was half-question, half surprise. "Not going to find another willing woman, or slip out and make a run for the next town while the getting's good?"

Elwynn shook his head slightly, cracking a smile again. "On the first point, even if I wanted to, I think you've already completely drained me. Not that I'm complaining, mind you..." He paused to let the kitsune get her giggles under control before continuing.

"As for the rest, there's something about you that intrigues me. Now let me finish," he said, shifting his hand to put a finger against her nose as she started to say something. "While I definitely wouldn't mind more nights like tonight, and I know this means nothing yet, I'd really like to know more about -you-."

As he spoke, Sharilar had rolled onto her side, her purple eyes glinting with amusement as she propped her head up and watched him speak. "Okay, what's the real reason?"

Elwynn opened his mouth, closed it, opened it again, then finally shook his head. There'd been more than a bit of truth in what he'd just said - the slight twinge he'd felt when she asked that question told him that, even if he didn't quite believe it himself either. There was still something intriguing about this purple-eyed, black-furred vixen and if he left now, he'd regret it for the rest of his centuries. That said...

"Well I do happen to know of a treasure cache several days journey to the north. Used to belong to a dragon that met the wrong end of a spear a couple centuries ago. Most of my talent lies in my voice, so I could use a mage's help in clearing out any leftover defenses." While the dragon was real enough, the treasure's location was far from certain. However, it would provide enough of a pretext to travel together, while he sorted out just why he was still feeling drawn to this mysterious vixen without any magic involved.

"Now that's more like it," she replied, curling back up against the naked elf with a yawn. "Let's get some rest, then. We can work out plans in the morning."

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Sharilar was the first to stir the next morning, noting with at least a little surprise that the bard hadn't left during the night, like she'd half expected him to. Carefully, she slid away from him and got to her feet, wincing a little at a bit of residual soreness from the bedplay the night before. The slight ache reminded her of just what she'd done last night, shocking her fully awake as she remembered she'd not only let him finish inside her while in heat, she'd used a fertility cantrip of all things!

Inwardly, she gave a soft curse at her carelessness in letting herself get so carried away. For all she knew, any children she may bear might be cursed with the same ties that bound her soul to the Far Realms and the Great Darkness! Still, as she considered the idea she might be pregnant, there was an undeniable lure to the idea.

Well, there was one way to find out. After a quick check on her sleeping lover, Sharilar cleared a space on the floor and lowered herself into a sitting position. Closing her eyes, she shut out everything but the ever-present whispers of the void. Then, slowly, she shut those out as well.

As the voices finally quieted, Sharilar saw herself floating among a panorama of stars, the tiny dots of light points of warmth floating in a vast sea of frigid nothingness. Once, these stars had spoken to her, before a mad cultist had forever torn them from her grasp. Still, between the stars existing things and beings that were older than the stars themselves. Creatures that were beyond good, beyond evil, beyond anyone's wildest imagination.

Carefully, she reached out, a wordless question foremost in her mind. Much as she would read the cards, Sharilar read the tapestry of space itself, seeking for the answer.

The wordless cry that shocked Elwynn awake was unlike any he had ever heard in his century-and-a-half of elven life. It contained pain and sadness beyond measure, and without realizing it, he found himself on the floor, holding Sharilar in his arms as her body shook with sobs. Tears streaked through the fur of her cheeks, her ears flat and tail limp as she cried into the elven bard's shoulder.

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A soft rumble rolled in the distance as the rain poured down on the lone figure kneeling in the Celestial Church's graveyard. Dark tan breeches and a crimson red top were plastered to wet skin as the black-haired woman stared at the stone tablet marking a buried body, the rain washing away any tears that were falling.

"I'll miss you, El," Sharilar whispered to the storm as she let it wash over her, chasing the memories away. "You and your ego, your infuriatingly catchy music, your touch..." she trailed off, choking another sob off.

Shaking her head slowly, the shapeshifted kitsune rose. "I guess you never know what you want until you can't have it anymore," she whispered to the wind. "First, I lost the stars to that damn cultist's ritual... then I found out I lost my ability to have children to that same damn thing... and now I lost you to a thrice-damned orc bandit."

Slapping her cheeks, Sharilar forced a smile. "Well, Mortilus guide your soul, Master Bard. I guess it's time for me to 'leave my tears in the past and love for the sake of tomorrow,' however hard it may be to live up to those words."

Turning, the disguised kitsune walked off into the rain and the darkness, disappearing from view as the falling water obscured her shape. Despite the intensity of the storm however, the clouds seemed to part for a moment, and a beam of moonlight shone where Sharilar had stood. It lasted only a moment, but as the light faded and the rain renewed itself, left behind was a single moon lily.