

The lights were pretty. But then again, they were always pretty; flickering candle lights under the early evening moonlight. Circling the lights, the male Luna moth hummed softly. He was merely biding his time. He had yet to mate, and very little time left. He was enjoying the warmth of the fire under the cold evening's quiet moon, whispering secrets lost upon the wind. Tears edged his bottom lashes as he rest on the edge of a table, closing his large black eyes. He felt hopeless. He sighed.

Another wind blew harsher, almost knocking the little creature from his place, and he glared at it only to be enwrapped in something instinctually familiar; the scent of a female. She could not be far, that he was sure. He very much doubted she could fly; most females didn't until after their first pairing. He took to the wind, flying towards that intoxicating scent. It flowed over him like a voice in the ears, beckoning him forward. He lost all sense beyond that yearning. He completely ignored the ultrasonic call which zoned in closer than those alluring pheromones.

Almost there, the beautiful little female came within sight upon a branch, but he was too late. She was already being mounted by another moth. Those tears peaked in his eyes again and he would have began to cry if it hadn't been for the collision which sent his head into a spinning whirlwind, captured within the wings of a female bat. She giggled strangely and tugged on his light green wings, licking at his feathered antennae. He just blinked and stared at her for a long while. Her laugh was more disconcerting than her echolocation frequencies.

"What in the-" He sighed and shook his head, lowering his black eyes in resignation, "Go ahead, bat, eat me."

She gazed down at him, holding him in her wings and swooping low to the ground, "Eat you? Why would you want me to eat you?"

"Well, you're a bat. That's what you do." He stared at her. Bats did eat moths. Why did she look so confused? "Besides," he continued, "It'd be better that way. At least I'd be put to some use."

"What's gotten into your antennae? Ohhh," she looked back over her shoulder at the disappearing image of the little female moth being taken by another male, "You didn't fly fast enough, huh?" she laughed and shook her head, licking at the tears on his eyelashes.

"I-I tried!" he yelled at her defensively.

She giggled and shook her head, "Well, sorry."

He sighed heavily, "Aren't you going to just eat me already?"

"I told you, I don't eat moths," she smiled reassuringly. A fanged smile which made him curious.

"What do you want with me, then?"

"Oh, you'll see," she grinned and he just glared at her. Oh great. The fourth day in his life-cycle as an adult and he not only fails to mate, but fails to be captured by an insectivore. Instead he gets this crazy bat. She smiled despite his glaring. He was kind of cute like that; in that *I'm mad at you because I don't understand you* sort of way. "I'm a fruit bat, silly. I try to stay clear of eating living creatures."

He thought about asking her again why the hell she decided capturing him if she had no interest in eating him, but he decided against it. She probably would avoid giving him a straight answer anyway. Batty creature. Ugh. He sighed aloud and closed his eyes, wrapping his wings around himself.

"Aw, cutie, why you hiding yourself like that?" she nudged his cheek.

"Just leave me alone," he muttered quietly, a slight stutter in his voice. He was shivering in her wings.

She smiled to herself and landed on a high branch of a flowering tree. It was a nice reminder that it was Spring. She lay him before her and playfully straddled his hips, stroking his soft, slightly furry green wings and tracing the black circles near their bases. He just stared at her for a long while.

"What are you doing?" he asked as she nipped under his jawline at his throat, squeaking slightly when she decided to suckle at his fur-lined neck.

"Oh, just what you were hoping I'd do."

"Uhm, what do you mean I was hoping?"

She grinned up at him and rocked her hips over his, her warm brown, fur-lined slit gliding over his growing, hardening length. She giggled, and in a sweet tone replied, "Mhmm."

He groaned and shook his head, still not quite understanding.

She smiled in that pause, "I'm making you useful."

Resting her wings against his she pressed her breasts against his chest and nipped at his jawline, licking up along his cheek and kissing his eyelids. He blinked a few times at her, but he didn't resist her teasing. She was right, after all, he ached to be useful.

She drew him up into her embrace and arched her hips so his tip rest at the entrance to her warmth. He drove up into her without a second thought, and without warning. She squeaked pleasantly and giggled at the little moth. He was giving in to her desires. She liked that. He nipped at her nose and pushed her onto her back, mounting her as he would have that other female moth. He leaned in close and nuzzled against her ear with a soft moan, "Do you know anything about mating a moth?"

She shook her head, squeaking softly as he again pressed hard into the center of her warm, wet flower.

"We do this for hours."

"H-How many hours?" she panted softly, arching her hips up to receive him as he slowly stroked in and out of her.

"Practically an entire day worth of hours."

"A-And you don't stop?"

He shook his head and smiled, a grin finally lightening his own features as he bit her ear, "Mm, we don't stop until the female's full beyond bursting."

She shuddered then and pulled him tight within her wings, scratching lightly at his back and moaning, "Good."

Dipping his head lower he suckled upon her hardening nipples and continued pumping himself slowly into her warmth. He liked the view, watching her arch her hips and himself continually being buried back into that warm little pussy of hers. She was practically purring, and the little squeaks she'd occasionally, unconsciously cry were the most adorable sounds he had heard in his

entire life.

Her thighs wrapped around his hips, her feet arching as she pulled his hips harder into her own, whimpering softly, "More! More, Mothie!"

He gave her more, pummeling hard now into her warmth, his hips slapping against her own. He panted heavily into her ear, "Acinus."

"What?" she whimpered softly between moans.

"My name," he murmured, slamming into her harder; hard enough to bruise the little fruit-bat.

She smiled, moaning, "Oh, Acinus!" He was sweet as berry wine. She clung to him harder, her feet arching as her body tensed beneath his own. She cried out, gasping with the first of many releases to come. Those crying squeals coaxing him over into his own first orgasm. He filled her belly with his seed, and slowed the pace just for the moment.

She held him close as his hips continued making love to her own, and kissed his lips tenderly, stroking his cheeks. Their eyes met and she sighed faintly. A sigh he mimicked. If only they could stay like this forever. Her wing brushed his chest, resting against his heart as it beat quicker. Neither of them spoke it, but both of them knew.

She drew him tight to her, and nuzzled her cheek against his own. At least he was hers for the next twenty-four hours. She smiled at the thought, and whispered sweetly, "I'm Faela."