

The Finer Things by Elijah Lapso

<> | <>Chapter 1<> | <>

Springtime in Tryn brought many changes to the small mountain town. The blooming of the flowers brought a colorful flourish to the town and the thawing snow opened the otherwise dangerous passes in the mountains that allowed access to the shorter trade routes. With the new routes came the caravans; traders which brought many resources to the town that were often in short supply after winter's end.

Among the newest caravan to take residence outside the town of Tryn there was a foreign creature to these lands. Nearly lost amidst the two-legged natives of the village, the small quadruped mumbled obscenities under her breath as she forced her way through the crowd. Her paws ached from her travels and the still chilled road stones in the village square did little to offer her relief. The cold nipped at her pads and made her wish for the comfort of some new boots.

Reaching into one of the bags on her belt, the vixen pulled from it a small root and brought it up to her mouth. The taste was bitter but it helped to numb the ache in her joints that the colder climate forced upon her. Grimacing at the taste of the medicine, she slipped what was left back in her bag and made her way to a nearby tent. It was one she knew well from her previous travels and one that she was certain would not turn away her business. At least, that was her hope.

Her nose picked up the scent of cinnamon as she neared the crimson tent. There were other spices mixed in; foreign scents that brought back faint memories of the vixen's home. Her large ears soon picked up the faint notes of a mandolin being tuned and she was certain that Astal was in today. The old meerkat favored his music above many things in life. Gold, however, was at the core of his heart and he was apropos to part with it.

Stepping into the tent, the vixen was greeted by soft carpet beneath her aching pads and for a moment she could do nothing more than shut her eyes and thank the gods for the moment's solace. Her toes curled reflexively, digging the claws of all four paws into the fabric.

"Damage it and you buy it my dear Mika," came a rattling voice from across the tent. The mandolin had stopped its tune and was replaced by the sound of paws shuffling across the carpet.

Mika opened her eyes and looked up at the kind face of the meerkat as he stood over her. He himself was scarcely what one would consider tall but compared to the foptaur standing before him he was a considerable height. Her muzzle came up only to his chest and she had to crane her neck up to smile back at him.

"Forgive a fennec for her enjoyment of fine floor coverings," Mika responded softly. She held open her arms and embraced the old meerkat in a warm hug. At his chuckle, she pulled back and looked at him questioningly. "Just what is so funny Astal?"

The meerkat stepped back and shook his head with a small laugh. "Your words make this sound like a cordial visit but we both know that that is far from the truth. What brings you this far from home child? Come to peddle goods from your gypsy mother again?"

With a slight scowl, Mika shook her head and said, "No, these goods I procured through my own endeavors. I trust you'll be interested in them."

"We shall see," Astal muttered as he walked began to walk alongside the fennec. His hand came to rest atop her quad-half and he patted her gently like one would a horse to comfort them. "Forgive my insult dear. Is your mother well?"

"She's with child again," Mika replied as she ignored the meerkat's touch. Still, she felt a slight shiver along the length of her spine as she felt him drag his fingers along her sandy coat toward her rear. "That will be seven since I was born. I believe my father may be the father of this one as well."

Astal chuckled as he patted the foptaur's rump. "Hoping for another quadruped is she? You're the first I've seen in Tryn since your visit last year little one. You've grown since then I see. Matured I trust?"

Mika scoffed and said, "I've grown wiser in the art of trade if that is what you imply. I am not the foolish child that stumbled through the streets last spring taking a silver coin for two gold worth of goods." Mika felt the meerkat's hand leave her flank but was busying herself with emptying her satchel of goods.

Reappearing in front of the vixen, the meerkat took up one of the small sacks she was producing from her bag and unfastened the string around it. "Fire salts? Where did you get fire salts little Mika?"

"From a dragon," the fennec replied simply as she reached behind her and pulled off her saddle bags. "I've also jewels from the Xion Deserts to the south that I *might* be willing to part with for the proper sum."

Astal scratched at his beard as he looked at the assortment of goods spread out across the floor of his tent. He was silent as Mika unsinched each bag to show him the goods within. Finally, after a drawn out silence, he scoffed and said, "Quantity does not equate to quality my dear. I thought you knew that."

Mika scowled as she narrowed her eyes at the meerkat. "What do you mean? The gems alone are valued at twenty gold and the fire salts are as rare as you can get in this region!"

"The fire salts are mixed with sand which would petrify to glass in the heat. I know the tricks you fennecs play with your sand. Mind your homeland was once mine. It still has value, yes, but greatly depleted!"

Mika bit her tongue as she looked up at the meerkat sternly. "The point still stands that any fire salt in this region holds great value. I'll take no less than thirty gold for the haul!" She crossed her hands across chest as she felt a twinge of concern. She had thought that the sand would blend well enough to go amiss.

"I am no fool and you no gypsy Mika," Astal muttered as he looked down at the bags arranged on his floor. "I'd give you two gold for the lot, gems included, merely for the insult against my knowledge!"

Mika winced at the offer. She thought for a moment before softening her visage into one of a subtle smile. "Dear Astal, surely you can forgive my heritage and upbringing?" With a subtle movement, one of her fingers traced along the edge of her vest and she made no attempt to hide it from the meerkat.

Sure enough, the old man seemed to soften up a bit as his eyes travelled down the vixen's torso. "It depends little Mika. If these petty gems and gypsy sands are all you have to offer I'm afraid you've little to interest me. Now, if you happen to have something else hidden in that pretty little wrap of yours to offer I might be willing to consider negotiating a higher price." His eyes had settled on Mika's chest and it took little imagination to figure out what thoughts his mind was crafting.

With a soft, uncharacteristic giggle, Mika smiled as she let her fingers trail along the top of her chest wrap slowly. "Perhaps I may though I think something of such extravagant value should be denied to the public view, yes?"

"I quite agree," Astal muttered as he walked behind the vixen and out of sight.

Mika cursed herself silently for stooping to this level but the paltry sum of two gold the meerkat had offered would not even sustain her trip home. As her large ears picked up the sound of the male fidgeting with the ropes that held the tent flaps open, the vixen felt a slight stirring inside her at the prospect of

what was about to happen. When the light in the tent dimmed considerably she knew that the flaps had been closed.

Walking up in front of the foxtaur once more, Astal smirked as he crossed his arms and looked down at her. "The wrap dear Mika... remove it."

Mika smiled coyly up at him as she shifted her shoulders and let her vest fall to the ground. "Would you not enjoy uncovering such a valuable treasure with your own hands Astal?" Her fingers came up and traced their ivory lengths down her equally ivory throat until they teased along the top of the wrap around her chest.

She could see Astal's hands shaking as the meerkat began to reach out. He hesitated and said, "I'd rather you show me your goods yourself Mika lest your hands find the dagger at your hip more preferable than the dagger in my trousers."

Mika giggled softly as her hands slipped behind her back and uncinched the knot for her wrap. Letting the fabric loosen but not fall, she let out a slow breath as her breasts were at least partially relieved of the pressure that held them back. "Like this?"

"All the way off," Astal responded.

Mika smiled at the shaken quality in the male's voice as her hands let the fabric free and her small, firm breasts came into the meerkat's field of view. Her nipples stood firm, to her surprise, and were easily visible against the white of her chest. Setting the fabric aside, she cooed gently and asked, "How much would you give me for these gems my friend?"

The meerkat took a moment to swallow before saying, "I'd be willing to... raise my price a bit. What say you to eight gold?"

"Oh no, that's simply much too little," Mika said with a half-mocking pout. "Is there nothing else I can offer to raise the sum? I ask only for a mere twenty five gold for my wares."

Astal was silent for a moment before saying, "That could be arranged. I would, however, need a little more incentive to part with my coin. Business, you understand?"

Mika smiled as she reached down and began to unfasten her belt. While her quad half bore no clothing, what little covering she did wear on her upper half did provide her a certain sense of modesty. "I believe that such a trade could... be considered. I'd want a little more, mind you. I'd accept no less than thirty gold for such a... valued treasure of the desert."

Astal smirked a bit and retorted, "I'd consider thirty for a desert flower but you and I both know that flower has long since been plucked. That treasure went to your taur father if memory serves, yes? Twenty five is my offer or nothing at all and you can keep your gypsy goods."

Feeling a knot forming in her stomach at the prospect of a lost sale, Mika gave a small nod and indicated her choice with a momentary flagging of her tail.

The meerkat smiled and reached out, running a hand along Mika's breasts. "Good choice little one. Some would not be as generous as I." He let his hand linger for a moment as he fondled and groped her breast. Taking her nipple between his fingers, he twisted it gently and elicited a pleased coo from the vixen's lips. His free hand, meanwhile, reached down and worked down his trousers.

Mika had never seen the meerkat hard nor had she previously had any desire to do so. She thought, for a brief moment, that she might be pleased with what she saw. In honesty, he was large for a two-legger. A good eight inches at a guess though she could not be certain. He was, however, lacking compared to the standard size of a taur male.

Mika missed what Astal had said as he walked behind her. She felt his fingers dragging along her side down to her flank. There, trembling fingers gripped gently onto one side of her waist as another set of fingers stroked through the fur of her long, fluffed tail. She winced as the meerkat wrapped her tail around his arm before putting his other hand on her hip. She would have been willing to keep her tail hiked but she supposed that this was some attempt at showing dominance over her. It was, in a way, rather enjoyable.

Finally, she felt the hard tip of the meerkat's cock against her netherlips. She was a bit damp, mostly due to the tug of her tail and the slight air of dominance the meerkat was posing. The male began to slide in with the scantest bit of resistance.

"I am not sure if this is tight or not for a taur. Never fucked one before," Astal muttered as he found himself hilding inside the vixen in only a few thrusts.

Mika rolled her eyes at the scare bit of enjoyment that she could feel from the meerkat. "Very tight, I assure you," she said with a faked tone of pleasure. She was honest in her description but even a tight as she were the meerkat was small compared to even a runt taur male. In truth, she wished that the meerkat were larger. Her body was craving the sensation of a larger male both atop her and inside her. The passion, the girth, and the very feeling of being pinned by a powerful male.

Still, Astal made a fair go at trying to have a rough bout of sex. He thrust hard and deep, moaning out with each hilding of his cock inside the fennec's warm insides. Mika in turn let out several forced moans to prompt the male on. While she did enjoy the sensation when his balls slapped against her clitoris that was scarcely enough for her to call it a good lay.

Finally, the meerkat groaned as his fingers dug into the vixen's flank. He emptied out every gush of his seed into her confines; a fact that slightly bothered the vixen. She was certain this was not a fertile time but even the thought of carrying the meerkat's child did little to aid the knot in her stomach.

As Astal pulled out, he panted and patted her rump and stated, "Not too bad girl. I'll get your gold in a moment. Let an old man enjoy his bliss."

"Of course," Mika replied with a warm tone. She could feel his cum dripping out of her and she clenched to try and force as much out as she could. The sight of her dripping cunny must have been enjoyable to the meerkat as he began to pet her flank and prompt her to keep pushing it out.

When finally the vixen felt as empty as she could make herself, the meerkat walked from behind her and retrieved his trousers. Walking up alongside him, Mika smiled and began to redress herself as well. She was thankful when the meerkat helped her re-secure her wrap. When the two were finally redressed, Mika sat back and waited for Astal to fetch her gold.

When the meerkat brought her a small bag, the vixen counted the gold and grimaced. "This is only fifteen gold!"

The meerkat smirked and said, "I told you if you damage it you pay for it and cum stains don't come out of that carpet little Mika."

Mika growled but slid the gold into a pocket on her belt. Taking a moment to roll the carpet up and sling it over her back, Mika turned and narrowed her eyes at the meerkat. "Until next year, right Astal?"

Astal merely nodded and said, "I hope your mother enjoys the new carpet."

The fennec opened her mouth to reply but, with a sigh, turned and made her way out of the tent.