

"You are to travel to Karrah," they'd instructed her, "and retrieve the stone." What they had so conveniently omitted was that the road to Karrah was a four days' walk through open rolling grasslands, with hardly a shrub in sight to protect her from the glaring gaze of the sun overhead. This would be only the third time Valeria had left the convent, and just like these other instances, she discovered that she really wasn't prepared for the journey soon after she'd left.

Sure - four days was, relatively, a short journey for those who made this kind of expedition often. For a lone priestess, though, clothed only on the sheer gown and veil of her order? The thin fabric let any and all wind pierce right through and tickle along the shark's bare skin like a thousand cool fingers, and neither did it inhibit the sun in the slightest. Warmth could be good for her, but too much left her panting and itching, and on more than several occasions throughout this second day did she have to stop and search for something reminiscent of shade.

Two days to go, with nothing but these clothes on her back - if they could be called that; really, the whole thing just felt like someone had taken a cloud or a thin for and woven it into cloth - and a diminutive pack slung over her shoulder, that had previously held what she'd thought to be a few days' rations and a missive bearing her goal.

Of course she dare not curse her peers for not properly informing her of the demands of the mission; that would be impudent. Rather she kept that almost-empty pack above her head while she trudged along the gravel road, thin dress swirling about her bare legs and body like pale smoke, and held her tongue. She should have known; she should have known.

With these two days in, so far there had been three groups that had passed her in the other direction. Valeria kept count since it seemed fairly uncommon. The first had been what seemed to be a tax collector and a bodyguard, the former of whom eyed her hungrily but said not a single word; the second was just patrol of soldiers, all of which nodded their respect and went on their way; and the third looked like they were supposed to be a merchant caravan, though without any actual goods.

That caravan had passed by right as the sun began slipping down beneath the horizon, rather inconveniently in the same direction she travelled. After that, though, the sky pitched from smooth blue to berry pink and purple and orange, then from there to deeper blue-black, and brought with it a wonderful dip in temperature... another few miles, another few cricks in her back and neck from the near-ceaseless walking, and as soon as Valeria caught sight of one of the few trees in this grassland, she headed over to it and relaxed against the wide trunk.

Felt nice to finally get the weight and stress off her feet, and to catch her breath and cool off... the nature of her outfit meant that she already wore practically nothing, which would explain why so many of the men she passed ogled her. That was something that someone of her upbringing naturally failed to understand, something that was different between her convent and the outside world. Out here women covered their bodies, hid their forms and their curves, calf to breast to thigh, and it was seen as improper to show any of these. Goddess only knew why. Valeria knew these things but not the reason, and honestly, the opinion of her order meant more to her than the opinion of the outside.

And, besides, she didn't have the money to purchase different clothing. So it was a moot point anyway.

Unshouldering her bag, the shark rested her head back against the tree, looked up towards the

twisting, smooth-barked branches above and the yellow-green leaves on there that danced quietly in the breeze... and closed her eyes, each breath carrying with it the dry, smooth spice of the grasses, the faint earthy note of some nearby river, other myriad scents brought in on the wind.

The priestess bunched her gown a little closer around her body, crossed her arms in front of her chest, curled her thick finned tail partially around the base of this tree-

-and then twitched awake some time later, brought back from dozing sleep by a new set of scents, of odors, tickling half-unpleasantly at her nose. At first Valeria just blinked in confusion, predatory eyes still taking their time to get accustomed to the dim light of the moon and stars above... and then she suddenly found herself forced upright, a thick-fingered paw at her throat.

"Ooh," rumbled the coyote in front of her, "what a treasure. Not what I was expecting to find out here, I'll be honest."

"Have your way with her and then let's go," answered another voice, also male. The shark flicked her eyes left and right, left and right, but could not find the source... behind this tree somewhere, maybe. "Staying in any one place is bad for both of us."

Valeria glared down at this coyote once more, sharp claws pricking at the bare, rough skin of her throat. She had to strain to breathe, and found that the more she tried to resist and squirm away, the harder it got... but then ceased wriggling entirely once that other paw came to rest directly atop her breast, calloused fingerpads catching on the sheer of her dress. Not that that was what the bandit was looking for: there it remained for a second longer, before he slid it down off her shoulder.

Strange touch, bare paws to bare skin. It made her tense, made her squeeze her eyes shut and squirm - but at the same time sent a little electric shiver radiating out from that point and from the claws that traced along her flesh, out along her back and to the base of her tail. Valeria brought her legs up a little closer to himself, trying to turn away from this coyote kneeling beside her.

"Aah-" he taunted, and dropped that other paw from her breast to her thigh, still keeping a firm grip around her neck. Her heartbeat had started to pound in her ears and head a bit painfully... "You look... fresh, girl. What's your name?"

As if she could even breathe. Valeria squirmed, tried to swallow, felt another shiver ripple through her body as the coyote found the hem of her dress and started to lift it up, up along her leg, claws dragging along her skin as she went.

"Rikki, she can't breathe."

The coyote leaned over a little bit, sharp yellow eyes catching the light of the moon. "If I let her go, she'll kill me!"

"Says who?"

"She's a shark! Thousand teeth in that mouth and eight hundred are for me if I let her go."

"You fought me off. Besides, you see what she's wearing? This is a priestess, not a warrior."

Some shuffling from behind her, sound of cured leather against fur. "By the way, try to keep that intact, and - relatively unstained. We can sell it for good money. And hurry up. It'll take you all of, what, three minutes?"

Finally, that paw released her - and Valeria lurched forward, suddenly struck with a sensation as if she were sitting on a boat pitching on the open ocean, with the sudden rush of blood back into her head. Cool air, sweet like water... she gasped and swallowed, and tried to squeeze her legs together - but found that she couldn't, what with both of this coyote's paws on her thighs, forcing her open.

As dictated by her order, she was completely nude beneath this gown. The look in Rikki's eyes, the twitching of his nose... clearly, he'd figured that out.

"Priestess?" Broad, pink tongue curled out over his chops, showing a brief flash of sharp yellowed fangs. "Does that mean you're a virgin, too?"

*Virgin.* His touch felt like muted lightning, claws pricking their way up along her flesh, pushing the hem of her dress out of the way. Those yellow eyes remained fixed on her bare body, following the border between the sunset-pink of her leg to the smooth cream white of her chest, and belly, and below. Whether it was the tickle of wind or of breath against her cheek, Rikki leaning in close enough for her to feel his uneven whiskers against her cheek...

"Name."

She swallowed and tilted her head away. "Valeria-"

-and then felt her voice pinch off, giving way to a sharp gasp that came as a result of that maw settling against her bare neck. Hot lips, hot tongue, sharp teeth, touching and tasting, working their way down along her sandpaper skin, to the curve of her breast, along down to her nipple... and right as she started to lurch forward again with the sensation of that tongue against her, instead she once more was pushed back against the trunk of the tree by a large paw on her throat.

A glance down - and her eyes met those sharp citrines, the coyote's maw half-agape as while he circled his wide tongue around her nipple, caressing and pressing at the sensitive and stiffening flesh, at one point closing his lips on it and suckling gently. Felt like - like a hundred tiny needles pricking into her skin, each one shooting out another wave of...

Was that - *pleasure*? Physical, carnal pleasure, something unknown to her as of yet in her experience in the sisterhood. Both her heart and her head screamed at her, *no, kick him off, get away*, but she... but she just watched through bleary, dazed eyes as Rikki lifted up off of her nipple, a strand of sticky saliva linking his lips to her flesh, and then started his way down her body. Hot breath against her skin through that thin fabric, the touch of lips, of fangs... of a cold nose lifting up beneath the hem of her dress, hungry breath drawing her scent in and then letting it back out against her...

The lower he moved, the weaker his grip around her throat became - and at one point Valeria realized she could full well break away if she wanted to. Probably wouldn't be able to outrun a coyote and whoever else was here, but she could try. She swallowed, drank down whatever breath she could get, strained with her own fingers around Rikki's... and then felt her will

completely crumble, with the first contact of that nose directly against her lips beneath her gown. She only distantly noticed when that paw released her throat.

"I just..." That breath washed hot and wet out against her lips, once more sending a slick shiver up her back. Rikki pressed his nose up against her lower belly, just barely an inch above her clit... "Want a taste..."

And then, even if she'd wanted to flee - she couldn't. The first touch of that broad tongue against her, digging its way up between her slick lips towards that little nub of so-sensitive flesh... one of her hands flew to her maw, fist and teeth both clenched, and she pressed it there in attempts to keep herself from moaning out - but failed. Every time the coyote drew his tongue up along her she felt another wave of urgent desire shoot through her, another all-over body tremor that resulted in her arching her back away from the tree and squeezing her thighs tighter around Rikki's head.

The coyote didn't seem to mind too much: he wrapped one paw up around her leg, claws digging into her flesh as a little extra motivation to not squeeze too tight. She could feel each exhalation of his breath, hot and fast, wash out over her skin and sex; his lips against hers, his tongue curling and wriggling and digging, tasting her all over, driving her heartbeat into something even more wild.

*This* certainly hadn't been in her mission outline either. Ravaged against a tree by a strange coyote and someone else, who planned to rob her of what little she had with her: sheer gown, pack, virginity. Two of these really started to look like definites. With his free paw, Rikki worked in a thumb against the side of his tongue, spread Valeria's lip to the side, coated his fingerpad in that slick mix of his saliva and her own arousal... and then he tilted his muzzle up a little bit, thumb moving back in to sink further into her, while he shifted his attention to her clit.

And *that* was where things really started to light up. Her eyes fluttered shut, her breath escaped her parted lips in a shallow, voiced moan, all the muscles in her body twitched and strained with each circle of that tongue around her clit, tightening her legs around the coyote's head, making her thick tail lash and flick.

Eyes closed like that, she didn't even notice that the other had come over and knelt down before her, until she felt another pair of paws clamp down on both of her wrists and then raise them high up over her head against the trunk. Her eyes flicked open, took a moment to focus - and then she looked directly into the even gaze of a spotted hyena, broad-shouldered, unclothed from the waist up.

"Oh," he purred, and rose back to his full height. Now keeping only one paw on her wrists, he reached the other behind him, and soon yanked out a length of coarse rope. "She *is* a pretty one. How's she taste, Rikk?"

Another moment and the coyote lifted his muzzle up from between her legs, a strand of that mixed fluid linking his lips to hers. It was broken by the hem of her dress drifting back down to cover herself. "Fresh. Definitely a virgin. Tight - can hardly get my tongue into her... you bet that's not gonna stop me, though..."

He dove back down beneath that cloth, sending another ripple of reluctant pleasure through the shark's body. Bad timing, too: the hyena tied that rope around her wrists right at the peak of her

movement, so the bark scraped painfully along the back of her hands and the fiber dug into the meat of her wrists.

Then, the hyena stood straight up and rested his paws on his hips, showing a network of silver-pink scars woven across his chest. It seemed he wanted nothing more from Valeria.

"Well, just remember not to tear that dress, okay? That's what I want out of this."

"Mmh," Rikki answered, the sound vibrating directly between Valeria's legs and causing her to squirm once more. Each time she tried to bring her legs up to find at least some ground, the coyote dug that tongue of his back up into her or along her lips, and she lost her balance before she could even find it. Such a feeling, such a sweet, intense pleasure... *this* was what had been kept from her? Whenever she tried to focus her mind and think about just what was going on, focus on this coyote keeping her legs spread with his jaw churning up against her, and this hyena who stood nearby with his arms crossed in front of his chest - those thoughts just kept on getting all muddled and hazy, and left her head as soon as she could form them.

A powerful electric charge, building up in the deep center of her abdomen and quickly shivering out, tensing the muscles in her lower body and legs, forcing her to clench her fists together against the rope, and bite her lip, and squeeze her thighs around Rikki's head, and-

Long string of hot, breathy moans, punctuated and parted by sharp gasps and shuddering sighs, Valeria's chest heaving with the irresistible energy that came with her peak. Time and time again she tried to brace her feet against the ground, only to have them slip off over the flattened grass; Rikki gladly kept his muzzle in place against her, his own breath puffing hot over her lower belly as he dug his tongue against her and lapped up the oozing wetness, the little squirts and spurts of arousal that she could feel dripping down her inner thighs.

With that, she thought she was done. Mouth felt dry; she hadn't realized she'd bit hard enough into her lip to pierce the flesh, so now the metallic taste of blood leaked in; her head pounded still with the phantom sensation of a paw still clenched around her throat; that rope chafed at her wrists, she felt revealed and vulnerable and exhausted... and while she struggled to catch her breath Rikki once more came up from beneath her dress, fur around his lips and of his chin matted down with slick liquid and dripping. He wiped the back of his paw across his mouth.

"Done?" said the hyena, startling Valeria. For those brief few seconds, she'd totally forgotten he was there.

Rikki shook his head, licked his lips, lifted himself up to his knees for a moment. Those paws that had just been clamped down on her thighs to keep her spread - still she could feel the shivering pain of the claws - worked, fast and urgent, at the fastenings of his pants... and a moment later he dropped those halfway down his thighs to bring into view his own length, hard and twitching, giving a little throb once he closed his fingers around it and stroked... Valeria swallowed. She wasn't taught about *that* in the priesthood, either.

"Nah," the coyote hissed, and then - *lifted* her up with his paws under her thighs again. The shark yelped, feeling the back of the tree scrape down across her back and catch on the material of her gown. "I'm just getting started. You just gonna watch?"

...No audible response, which might have been for the better. Again and again the priestess tried to struggle against her bonds, to find some balance and stand up, but Rikki kept a good grip on her and forced her legs open again, settled them around himself, worked his way forward on his knees beneath her... and then leaned in, close enough that she could feel the heat of his breath against her bare cheek. She turned her head away.

Shouldn't have come as a surprise to her to then have one of the coyote's paws fly to her chin and turn her right back towards him, eyes fixed on hers. A certain hunger glimmered in that gaze.

"He's not gonna help you," the coyote cooed, still getting into place beneath her. Another little shiver echoed through Valeria's body: this strong, humid heat resting against her lips, twitching, throbbing with each beat of his heart... he grinded up against her, the sensation so similar to that of his tongue doing the same thing but so different. She couldn't help but press right back against him. "And you're gonna *watch me* while I take what's yours. Okay?"

Didn't have a choice. Those claws bit into the flesh of her chin and her cheeks, squeezed little tears of pain out against the corners of her eyes... and then Rikki started to press up into her, spreading her legs, sinking slowly up - her breath caught in her throat, she clenched her teeth, she squeezed her legs around his body and clenched on his cock, and still he continued. The pressure, the stretching, the *heat* of his body, how she could *feel* his desire and his need-

"-*Gods...*" he breathed, and lapped that tongue of his out over his still-moistened lips. "You're not gonna be quite so tight when I'm done with you, girl..."

Her body still ached and shivered in the aftershocks of her first orgasm, but Rikki didn't even seem to notice her revitalized wriggling and resistance. He settled more firmly against her as he continued to lift up into her, pain and discomfort of that stretching mixed so well with thrumming pleasure and hunger for more, deeper, harder. One paw on her chin working its way back to her throat, the other underneath her rump to keep her lifted, and balanced on his thighs; at least the rope no longer cut into her wrists.

Rikki swallowed, and panted, and licked his lips, and grunted, eyes half-lidded with his enjoyment of her body and muzzle easily showing his own strain and tension. Maybe it *would* take just three minutes, as the hyena had teased - (was that normal? again, Valeria had no experience or knowledge with men) - and as much as it felt that he'd push her over the edge any moment now, that second peak never came. It was just... hot, shivering desire and need, clenching and squeezing around the coyote's length as he sank deeper into her, wanting him there and wanting him to - do whatever it was he intended to do.

Fingers on her neck once more keeping her head back against the trunk of the tree, the coyote's hips lifting up against hers, his thick pubic fur tickling at her bare skin... his body above her lurched in him letting out a tense sigh, and for a moment he just... *breathed*, lips parted and tongue half-hanging out of his mouth. Every time he pulsed inside her, she could feel it; each little twitch of his body, every little movement of him tugging back a little and then pressing back in, her own slickness seeping into his fur... Rikki showed those sharp fangs once more in a wide grin, and tilted the shark's head up with his wrist as he started to slide back out of her. This time he kept his paw on her throat just enough to hold her back, instead of intentionally cutting off her ability to breathe.

Not *entirely*, at least. Still she got that resistance and roughness, the slight wheeze of a partially-restricted windpipe. The coyote worked himself into a slow rhythm against her, lifting himself up on his knees and then settling shakily back onto his ankles, the feeling of her squeezing back around him providing more than enough motivation. Every time he leaned in close she could smell herself on his mouth, familiar personal scent tainted and diluted by his own, his lust, his hunger.

It wasn't exactly a *good* smell. But it certainly wasn't unpleasant.

Valeria tightened her legs around this coyote, feet braced against the grassy ground to keep herself lifted for him to thrust up into. While she still felt cornered, heart beating in her chest and throat like prey staring its predator down, some part of her... *wanted* this, *enjoyed* the chafing of the rope of her wrists and the painful breathing of a paw on her throat, enjoyed the deep physical satisfaction of having someone sink up into her, stretch her wide, force her to squirm and squeeze and gasp and moan.

And Rikki wasted no time in ensuring her comfort. Her breath left her body in a tense huff every time he thrust up into her, depth bringing with it a slight shiver of pain - again, and again, and again; the coyote leaned in over her, eyes half-lidded but fixed on her face, while his breath continued to wash out and tickle at her nose, while his paw repeatedly clenched on her throat and released, clenched and released. The shark wriggled against the rope, her own eyes fluttering shut again - try as she might to catch her breath, she found that she could only pant and moan, fast and hard as opposed to Rikki's slower, more balanced growling.

*Slap, slap, slap* of his body against hers, his claws digging through her skin and flesh on her thigh, biting in and adding a different, somewhat less pleasurable kind of fire to that which already burned inside of her. Other than this pulsing, throbbing pleasure between her legs and the pounding of her heart, what she could feel best would have to be the bark of the tree against her back, cutting into her skin, no doubt tearing through her gown. She flicked her eyes over as much as she could to see the hyena, but still he stood there with his arms crossed, looking out towards the nearby road.

Open-mouthed panting, drool dripping down out of Rikki's parted lips and onto the bare skin of her belly, his grip tightening on her throat... Valeria tilted her head back a little further in attempts to give herself a little more space to breathe, wriggled her body, arched her back - and then felt herself tugged right back down onto the base of that cock, a low, needy growl rumbling deep in the coyote's throat. One, two, three firm thrusts up with his length still buried inside her, each one bringing with it a powerful throb and a little bit of hot liquid warmth... and when he lowered himself down and slid out of her, she could also feel the stickiness of his load roll down out of her, stretched and used. Without him driving relentlessly into her, the little echoes of pain had returned and burned between her legs.

Then, from the hyena: "That was fast."

"What?" growled Rikki, reaching down to wipe himself off on his paw. While still keeping eye contact with the priestess, he then brought that paw to his lips and curled his tongue around his dripping fingers. "Fresh virgin priestess... give me a break. You wouldn't've lasted long, either."

"Mm."

“Besides, didn’t you tell me to hurry up, or else we’ll-”

“Get that dress off of her and let’s go.”

Valeria felt dazed. Her heart pounded in her ears, taut as a bass drum; once more she could still feel a phantom grip on her neck, and she somewhat struggled to draw raspy breath; her pulse echoed down between her legs, each drip of that thick fluid sending another shiver up her back... she fell limp against the base of the trunk once the hyena undid the rope from around her wrists, and then let herself get handled by the two of them while they stripped her of her gown.

“Gods - *dammit*, Rikki, it’s torn. We’ll have to... scrap it and sell it for a shawl... damn, I oughtta leave you here with her for that...”

Her heart skipped a beat at that, but why, she didn’t really know. Valeria lifted herself up off the ground, and leaned against the tree with her knees pulled up to her chest. A little puddle had formed beneath her, all mixed of her own reluctant arousal with the coyote’s saliva and cum. She *reeked* of the dog.

“You’re the one who tied her to the tree! I don’t think she would’ve tried to get away, anyway. You heard the bitch moaning...”

“And so did everyone else within a five-mile radius-”

Slight flush of embarrassment - had she *really* been that loud? Her throat felt dry, and it hurt a little bit to swallow. Maybe she *had* put a little more force behind her noises of enjoyment than she’d thought.

“Wait one moment, Rikk.”

Before she could dwell on it too long, though, there came a quiet rustling of the grass in front of her - and she almost fell backwards when she lifted her gaze to see that hyena so close to her once more, squatting down with his arms on his knees. Brown eyes looked over her face, her body, her legs... he pursed his lips as if to say something, swallowed, licked his lips, opened his mouth... then shook his head and stood back up.

“No, never mind. Come on, let’s go.”

She watched them make their way back to the road, and head off in the same direction from which Valeria had come. For some reason, the night already felt a bit colder without the two of them nearby, between her legs, beside her with their paws on her throat, on her breast, tracing up along her lips... she shivered, and rose shakily to her feet.

Still two days to go, and she wouldn’t be getting any sleep at this rate. The shark swallowed, wiped the back of her hand across her head, and started towards the road as well, not even bothering to pick up her bag. She would figure it all out when she got there.