

Common to get rain in this part of Ascalon. That was something Tsume had always joined about these roads: the way the rain picked up the characteristic smells of the city on its way up past the nearest hilly ridge, and then mixed that with the natural, floral spice of all the wildlife and nature in the valley. It was the rain that kept the grass tall and the plants green, vibrant with the life that this region was known for... and it was also the rain that kept the roads slick and muddy. Twice already he had passed by a caravan wagon with at least one wheel stuck in the mud, and on one of those times, the drivers of the wagon - a group of humans, at that - asked for him to help.

That was one thing that annoyed him about humans. Travel through Charr territory, they imagine themselves as guests; happen to see a Charr on the road, and they imagine him to be obligated to be a good host. Tsume didn't care for any of that, however, and had just pulled his cloak tighter around himself and continued on his way. He wanted to make good time with his mission, and the rain coming down like this would provide enough of an obstacle. He didn't *need* to waste his time helping out a couple of humans who had strayed far from the road they *should* be on.

Under any other circumstances? Well, sure. At heart, this big Charr trudging through the wind and rain didn't like saying *no*. That didn't often turn out well in his line of work. It was just that his current mission was a bit time-sensitive, and he would already lose enough of that precious time as it is. In the distance through the cutting grey mist of the storm, the amber-orange lights of candles through windows came flickering through; if he hadn't lost too much of his time scaling that ridge back there (after which he realized he'd left his pack down at the base of the ridge, requiring him to go back, get it, and then come right back up) then hopefully, *hopefully*, his contact would be at this inn up here.

'Contact' being used a bit... *liberally*. Really, he wasn't sure of a word for who he was looking for other than 'target', but Tsume preferred to avoid using that one. It gave the wrong impression, after all: he was a spy, not a hitman. Or - *technically*, he was a spy. Legally, the word was 'diplomat'. And as for his contact... they didn't *know* they were a contact. Part of the goal was to keep it that way.

A gust of wind threatened to tear his cloak right off his shoulder, so he bent forward a little further and continued on, one foot before the other in the cold, squishy earth. Just like with every other mission, he'd gone over the information, contact details, and end goal in his head, again and again. Thankfully this was a fairly simple and straightforward mission, not requiring any convoluted kind of defense or anything; one time when tracking a rather powerful mage, Tsume had been given an envelope and told to read it only when he arrived at the target location, since retaining the information in his memory would provide a very open and very easy vulnerability.

This week's mission involved none of that, though. This one was straightforward, easy, a walk in the park... as much as dealing with Skritt could be. A small group of them, he'd been told, travelling west through Ascalon on their way to a resident scratch - and seeing the dubious nature of Skritt intelligence, it was invariably important that Tsume intercept them before they reached that destination. This small group would be carriers of the information he needed, and if he could find a way to split them up and speak to one of them... well, without the cunning proportional to the number of the rats shoved into a small area, that information would be easier to gather.

Tsume had dealt with Skritt several times before. He liked to think that he knew them in and out fairly well, in a couple of different ways. All of this today hinged on whether they were still at the inn, the shape of the building finally taking form beneath the rain - and with the rain coming down like it was, if the group stopped here at all, it would be likely that they'd remain until the storm passed.

Assuming that they stuck together, at least. Just as Tsume had learned never to underestimate a single Asura, a few of his missions had taught him to never overestimate a single Skritt. One of them, he'd been able to get the information he was looking for without having to undertake his usual gathering techniques, which involved bringing the contact to the nearest private area, opening his pack, getting the contact prepared... and then opening his pants. It was remarkable what sex could squeeze out of some people.

It was hard to see the sign swinging out above the door of the inn, grating and squeaking on hinges rusted after so many rains like this one, wood similarly bloated and deformed in places. Tsume dove beneath the overhanging roof slats before the door and squinted up at that sign, trying to make out the raised lettering: *The Eel and Ale*. This was the right place.

In his travels, Tsume had come to realize that there were two types of inns and taverns - or, rather, two types of crowds that frequented such places: there were the times when everyone in the room looked up to see who it was that just entered, and the times where not a single person gave a sign that they'd even noticed. This place was one of the latter, which worked just fine for the Charr.

And just like with everywhere else he'd been, he scanned the room as he stepped in, passing it off as just a natural investigation of his surroundings as he shrugged off his cloak and brushed himself off. Three other Charr sat around the furthest table, quiet conversation among themselves carrying on without break; one of them glanced up to Tsume when he stepped in towards the bar, and gave the visitor a silent nod of greeting. He didn't recognize anyone in the group, but returned the greeting nonetheless. Some more humans spattered around the place, some smallish creature that looked like the main character of its own story with that dark hood drawn tight around its face, some others... nothing out of the ordinary.

Then, his eyes settled on the bar near the other wall and the stairs, the Charr tavernkeep standing nearby cleaning a plate with a grey rag. Of the five stools there, one was occupied by - just his luck - a rather small, hairy rat-like creature, large thin ears folded back and still dripping with rain, its long tail wrapped lazily around one of the legs of the stool. Its left ear repeatedly flicked with each drop off of it.

One Skritt. Tsume looked around the main room again, but saw no others. Just one... that made his job easy. Even if the others in its little group were upstairs in the rooms, so long as they weren't within verbal communication range, things should be fairly easy. So, folding his soaked cloak over his arm, he started across the room towards the bar and slid into the seat right next to the small rat, taking care not to brush him with his tail or shoulder or anything. Some Skritt had a bit of a thing about being touched by races as large and intimidating (relative to themselves) as the Charr.

But, then, there was the whole intelligence thing. Instead of avoiding looking at the large, possibly frightening beast who had just settled in beside him, the Skritt stared at Tsume full-on, tiny little hands grasped lightly around the mug of indeterminate amber booze in front of him. At

least - Tsume *thought* it was a male; with Skritt, it was kind of hard to tell without fair amount of intimate experience investigating the differences.

This particular Charr was on his way there.

The two maintained eye contact for what felt like several seconds, Tsume staring unabashedly back at the much smaller critter beside him. The Skritt looked as if he had no intention to say anything, just remaining in that same pose with his feet kicking slowly beneath the seat of the stool and his ear continuing to twitch and flick.

So Tsume decided to get things started. He tapped a claw against the smooth wood surface of the bar and then showed two fingers, to which the tavernkeep nodded and bent over to fulfill his request. With that the Charr leaned his elbow against the bar and turned more fully to face this contact of his, assuming he was correct in that assumption. But, then again...

"What would bring a Skritt like you to the deep of Ascalon?"

Even though he'd dealt with solo Skritt on a few other occasions, this one's... *forwardness* still caught him a little off-guard. The little rat lifted his mug to his lips and took a swig, the bite of the alcohol visibly a little too much for him. Once his snout returned from the resultant scowl to a more restful face, he licked his lips and flicked his ears upright.

"Not to. Through." A little click-chatter of small teeth, something that naturally sent a similarly small shiver up Tsume's back. Every time he heard that (which happened often with the Skritt), it just brought him back to that time where he woke up in his camp with an entire group of Skritt chattering amongst themselves above his nude body... and when they realized he was awake and trying to get up, they just pushed him right back down and repeated the events from the previous night that had led to that peculiar sleeping situation, one Charr and five Skritt trying to fit into a tent designed for two full-grown humans.

Of course he'd ended up getting the information he'd desired from that group. Tsume also discovered the bonus knowledge that while the scent of Skritt wasn't particularly strong, it was *damn* persistent, remaining on the Charr's lips, neck, groin, and streaked across his chest even after he'd bathed twice.

And then there were the little bite marks on his neck, and shoulder, and inner thigh, that kind of shallow, distant pain that lingered even after the Skritt had removed their fangs and set tongue or lips there in their place.

"Yeah?" The Charr gave a little nod in thanks for the drinks once the tavernkeep brought them by. He wasn't even sure what it was he'd ordered, but just a single glance gave him enough to see that it was a different alcohol than what his contact had. "Where to?"

"Through. Ascalon." The Skritt slowly spun back and forth on his stool, facing Tsume head-on with his mug clutched in his lap. Where the Charr was large enough to intrude on the Skritt's personal space just by sitting in his own seat, the rat's stature paled enough so that wasn't actually a problem. "To scratch, of course. Out west, far west. Supposed to leave two hours ago, but rainstorm... rain falls faster, Skritt runs slower. Yes?"

"Yes. I see what you mean." As he spoke, Tsume lifted his own mug to his lips, and then took a drink. Smooth, sour-sweet with the inimitable weight of alcohol beneath... like honey, left out in the sun to ferment, solidify, and sharpen. Then, making a show of dragging his tongue over his lips and revealed sharp teeth - this Skritt's eyes widened at the sight - he settled in a little closer. "I'm looking for someone, Skritt. Would you be willing to help me?"

"No."

Tsume blinked. Sometimes he still had trouble following his little rule of never overestimating a lone Skritt.

"But Rika will help you anyway. What does the big Charr look for?"

*Big Charr.* That was another thing that made his heart jump a little bit. Was most likely coincidence, but - that group of Skritt he'd experienced before had taken to calling him Big Charr, for one notable reason. And it wasn't his height; when he was younger, other Charr used to make fun of him for his somewhat diminutive stature. "Rika. Is that your name?"

"Has been all my life." The rat downed the rest of his drink, and wobbled a little bit in his seat. Seeing the rosy tint of his ears, the haziness in his eyes... shouldn't come as a surprise that this Skritt was a lightweight. "Yours?"

"Tsume."

"Tsume..." The first syllable came out as a sharp but quiet hiss. Rika clicked his teeth once more. Then, again: "What does the big Charr look for?"

Usually he tried to avoid outright speaking of his intention in public, especially in as insecure a place as a tavern beside a fairly major road, but... this was just one Skritt he was dealing with. Tsume leaned in a little closer, ensuring that his breath, warm with the alcohol, washed out and tickled over the much smaller Skritt's whiskers.

A name: "Voyra."

When it came to information, Rika's response told him enough. Widening of the eyes, lowering of the whiskers, large ears perking upright and splaying back... the Skritt rested his empty mug unsteadily on the bar, the wood of the thing rattling as it settled into place, and leaned in even closer. "Yes. Tsume. Follow Rika. Yes?"

Before he could give his own response, the Skritt had slid out of his seat with a little *bump* of his bare feet to the floor, and padded off towards the stairs around back. Tsume watched him for a moment, then turned to the tavernkeep and raised his mugs towards the rooms; the other Charr gave a nod of assent, and soon Tsume had started to make his way to the stairs as well, one mug in each paw.

Those stairs opened up into a somewhat narrow hallway along the second floor, several doors in a row along one side; he honestly would have lost the Skritt if he hadn't waited just inside one of those rooms, pointed end of his long tail still out in the hallway. Rika jumped a little at the sight of the large Charr behind him, and scurried further into the room.

Close quarters. Tsume had to squeeze himself and his mugs up against one wall to close the door with his foot, and then bumped into the storage trunk at the foot of the dresser. The general assumption about inns in Ascalon tended to be that Charr *didn't* sleep there; they were here for the travellers' sakes. But, even then - Rika looked like he had *too* much space there, the bed hardly creasing beneath his weight after he sat down on the mattress.

Then, those sharp black eyes looked up at his visitor again. Tsume took another sip of his drink, having rested the other atop the dresser. "Yes. Tsume. Voyra. What?"

That probably meant something along the lines of *what do you want to know*. The Charr spent a moment trying to find a comfortable spot in the small room, and then gave up and just leaned against the wall. "Everything you know."

"And exchange?"

Of course Rika wanted something in return. Tsume had been expecting that, and of course had brought along his best asset. It was just getting to that point of barter that would provide a bit of challenge, especially seeing that even when buzzed, this Skritt still looked upon him with some measure of distrust and fear... but then again, that was why he'd ordered two drinks. The Charr closed a paw around the other mug again and raised it, keeping it close to his body. "What would you like?"

"Aaaah." Rika dug his little claws into the coarse-threaded sheet atop the bed, looking this Charr up and down. Would be nice to get this damn clothing off, half-soaked with rainwater even through the cloak he'd worn... but, then, the Skritt extended one hand, and made little grasping gestures.

Those black eyes remained on his face, and instead of asking another question, Tsume just obliged and stepped forward. He was fairly used to having Skritt all over him, little noses pressing into his clothes and armor, fingers digging into his pockets and other places to see what it was they could ask of him... of course he usually encountered one or two that tried to swipe something from him without his knowledge, and he'd have to make an example out of them, but they usually ended up enjoying it as much as he did.

Rika was much the same. Warm, thin fingers lifting Tsume's shirt, investigating the little pockets along his belt, the medicinal flasks, the concentrated poison (for which the Charr had to bat Rika's paws away, holding one of the mugs against his chest in the crook of his arm)... and then with a quiet intake of breath, the Skritt wrapped his fingers around Tsume's sheathed dagger. That was something a good friend had given him on a past mission, and he wasn't particularly fond of the idea of parting with it.

"Hey." Again he batted at those paws. "No."

In response to that, Rika breathed out a low, grating growl of disappointment, but kept his paws hovering inches away from Tsume's front. The Charr kept his eyes on the rat's snout, watching his expression and any telltale signs of anything going through that foggy, mostly-empty head of his: sitting on the edge of the bed with Tsume standing directly in front of him put him right at eye-level with... well, with the Charr's belt.

And what he had beneath that belt. That was his *true* intent.

So Tsume licked his lips and finished off the last of his own drink, then set the empty mug atop the nearest flat surface with a quiet clatter. He brought the other one in front of his chest, holding it in both paws. "May I offer Rika something else, though?"

It took the Skritt a moment to register what had been said. His ears flicked again, and once more those black eyes affixed to the larger Charr's muzzle. "Depends... how much time? Other Skritt to scratch went out in rain, be back soon..."

"We can be done before then." He lowered the mug down, having to half-bend over to reach the Skritt. Rika eyed the tankard for a moment, then looked back up at Tsume for confirmation... and, receiving it, wrapped his fingers around the mug, tottered a little bit with the sudden weight when the Charr let go, and tilted it back for one... two... three... four gulps. "They won't be upset if you end up reeking of Charr, right?"

This time, it took Rika a moment to focus on Tsume's face for an entirely different reason. "Why would Rika?"

A few seconds of fiddling with his belt, a clatter of the metal buckles coming loose... and with both paws now free, Tsume swiftly dropped that to the floor by his foot, and tugged his pants halfway down his thighs. The Skritt's eyes flicked right back down to the firm mound of fur and flesh between those legs, plump sheath and heavy sack hanging beneath, doubtless even more impressive to him by the size difference between the races. Tsume couldn't help but smile, then, seeing that pink nose and those whiskers twitch again and again with the sudden rush of heady scent, feral and animalistic. Where the Skritt had a persistent but weak scent, the Charr tended to be the precise opposite.

Right now he had nothing to show off other than that sheath and those balls, each one of the latter easily able to fill up both of the Skritt's cupped hands, if he were to try to weigh them. Even still, though, having this little rat so close to him, feeling his slightly nervous breath puff out over the sensitive fur along the underside of his sheath... and the Skritt hadn't dived for that dagger again yet, so this idea wasn't totally out of the question.

Rika glanced back up at him. It would've been hard to miss how he licked his lips once more, though, tankard held between his legs. "Tsume has not traded often..."

"What? Excuse me?" The Charr slid one paw down along his lower belly and cupped his sheath in his fingers, pressing in at the warm skin to tug and slide it gently back past the barbed head of his cock. Rika's nose twitched again once that slick flesh came into view. "Of course I have. What makes you say that?"

Then - the slightest of sly smiles, and Rika leaned back in. Soon, Tsume felt the touch of not only his own fingers against the side of his sheath, but also that small point of a nose, breath slow and deliberate. That gentle nuzzling and tasting of his musk, the sharp little claws pricking at the fur of his upper thigh... sometimes he had to 'convince' his contacts to engage in 'trading', as Rika so tactfully put it, but it looked like that wouldn't be necessary tonight. Good thing, too; the rain had drained him.

This Skritt would drain him in a different way. Tsume's smile widened at that thought, and he dropped his paw away from himself; Rika brought his other hand up to take its place, fingers curling just barely beneath the lip of his sheath to keep it tugged down a little bit.

"Trade seems..." He nuzzled up along the rim of that sheath, and for a second, pressed his lips against the tip of Tsume's cock. With one hand tugging on that sheath and the other making its way up beneath his sack to heft his balls, and a muzzle pushing up between his legs... Tsume licked his lips and pressed his hips forward, feeling himself gradually stiffen further. "Biased. Weighted. The big Charr gets the better result."

"Who's saying you won't get a good result too?"

Rika had nothing to say to that, mainly due to how he had closed his lips as much as he could on the end of Tsume's tip, both hands now working along his sheath to work him further out. The Skritt had to straighten and then lift himself up onto his knees on the bed as he continued, Tsume's height causing a bit of a problem; the tankard of booze almost dropped out from between his legs and to the floor along the way, for him to catch right at the last moment.

But that left him half-sprawled back, one hand on Tsume's thigh and the other clutched around the mug. The Charr grinned, settled his own large paw on the smaller rat's shoulder... and pushed him the rest of the way to his back. If there was one thing a Skritt could do on his own, it was reproduce; and though that (hopefully, unless there was some kind of magical interference) wouldn't result from this little trade, it was still the act that mattered. And trades never succeed unless both parties are willing to through with it.

As he lowered himself to his knees, taking care not to knock anything over behind him, Tsume hooked his claws beneath the waistband of Rika's trousers and brought those down with him. Seeing what the Skritt had for him beneath those pants... well, it'd be a bit of understatement to just call him *willing*. Such a turnaround, from the borderline-suspicious Skritt earlier, to *this*... and all it took was a couple of drinks in his belly and a sheath under his nose.

Above him, Rika lay back against the wall with that mug perched precariously atop his smooth chest, legs splayed out over the edge of the bed. Such an odd sight, someone so slight and... *ruffled* as this Skritt, looking so inviting with his short-furred sack resting against the mattress and hard cock twitching above his lower belly... Tsume wrapped his paws easily around the rat's lower legs and tugged Rika down towards him, pulling a startled squeak out of him and causing some of the alcohol to slosh over the side of the tankard and onto the Skritt's chestfur. Not that he seemed to mind: right after, he leaned in and took another big gulp, and dragged his small pink tongue out across his lips after.

"Still unsure about this deal of ours?" The Charr breathed, bringing his nose in close to the underside of the Skritt's sack. This was a scent that he knew, familiar to him in the way that each race had a certain different *spice*. The base was the same; the individual was different.

Rika spread his legs a little wider, probably wary of Tsume's horns scraping against him, and adjusted a little further. "Will see. Still have to... have to..."

...and he trailed off, words ending in a breathy sigh with the first contact of the Charr's rough tongue to his tailhole. Of course Tsume was always careful about that: he had to go slow and be careful, focus with just the tip along the ridged flesh, press and prod around the rim, gently dig

into the center. Rika braced his feet against the side of the mattress and lifted himself up a little bit, either to bring himself deeper into the action or to provide Tsume easier access... either way, it was a good choice, and the Charr soon had wrapped one arm around one of the Skritt's legs to hold him there.

The size difference between the two was apparent even in this, in the tightness and resistance that he found squeezing back against his tongue, the warm wet flesh clenching around him each time he pressed further. Of course this part carried considerable importance to the whole thing: not only was he getting the Skritt at least somewhat stretched out - curling his tongue up past the rim of muscle and tugging, pulling it, stretching it like a pair of fingers might do - but this also would leave a good amount of slick, slimy saliva beneath his tail, right where he'd need it most... Tsume hadn't lied when he said that they would both get a good result. Rika was going to get *something*, of course.

It was hard to tell the difference from the rain and footsteps further down the hall, but - that wouldn't really be a problem. If the rest of Rika's group came back and found him sprawled out on the bed like this, pants hanging loose off one foot while he kept both his legs spread and braced against the mattress, the thick muzzle of a Charr buried beneath his tail... to put it simply, that wouldn't be the first time something like that had happened to him.

Tsume actually had to put in a little effort to continue to dig his tongue into that tight ring of muscle, pushing into the hot, slick flesh, feeling how it tensed and clenched back around him. Whether Rika had had - *experience* in this sort of thing, he couldn't really tell; the ease with which he took that tongue, thickening up towards the base and slightly stretching him, made him think yes, but... the tightness of that ring made him think otherwise.

But then again, this was a Skritt about a third his size... Tsume drew his tongue back out, swallowing down the slightly-salty taste of Skritt, and then placed one long, slow lap up along the rat's underside, from the base of his tail to the underside of his sack. Then he did it again, and again, and again, and swirled his tongue into the center again, digging as deep as he could - which resulted in his pursed lips pressed to the equally-ridged flesh and chin pushing against the underside of the Skritt's tail.

Then, that done, the Charr rose to his feet and bent over the bed. Rika's eyes flitted open and looked up at the larger beast, black marbles catching the light of the candle burning in the corner.

"Wait." Rika grasped at Tsume's wrist, his smaller hand unable to close around it. "Wait, wait. Wasn't - this isn't-"

"Yes it is." Tsume lifted his hips up... and grinded the slick underside of his cock, fully hard - and about as wide around as the Skritt's lower thigh - between Rika's legs, feeling the warmth and wetness that had been left along his sack by the Charr's hungry lips and tongue. The smaller creature squirmed beneath his weight and tried to move, but couldn't.

The Charr licked his lips and adjusted himself again, lowering one paw down to slide his sheath the rest of the way back and angle his cock towards that saliva-slickened tailhole. He made sure to keep the other firmly on Rika's shoulder. "So now that we're here... why don't you tell me what I want to know?"

“Bad trade! Trade isn’t - isn’t-”

The Skritt’s words failed him and his breath caught in his throat at the first contact of that tapered tip to where Tsume’s tongue had been just a moment before. Equally wet and slick, small barbs like protrusions of the flesh, soft and bendy rather than the sharp and stiff like some people Tsume had met expected them to be... beneath him, the Skritt shivered and writhed, still trying to move away - but settled into place as Tsume continued to sink into him, careful not to tug back too soon. It was important to get him accustomed to the feeling of that girth stretching his tail first.

“Come on...” The Charr brought that other paw up along Rika’s shoulder to wrap around his forearm and pin it to the wall, still slowly sliding into him. To get into a better angle, he braced one knee against the side of the bed and put more of his weight behind the slow thrust. “Voyra. What do you know of him?”

It took Rika a moment to find the composure to speak, this time totally due to the thick shaft working its way deeper under his tail, deeper than that tongue and stretching him much wider. After a moment, the Skritt swallowed, gritted his teeth, and let out an unsteady sigh, as tense as every muscle in his body.

“...She. Voyra, *she*.”

Tsume slowed down in his pace, though he had already pressed in to about halfway along his length. Though the whole point of this *was* information-gathering, he still wanted it to be *pleasurable*, and as such kept a close eye on the Skritt’s expression and adjusted accordingly. For now, the little rat needed a break, needed sometime to... to stretch out. Besides, the tightness, the slickness, the warmth, all felt *damn* nice. That was one of his favorite things about Skritt.

“See? We’re getting somewhere. I didn’t know that. What else?” He straightened up a little further and continued pushing his hips forward, sinking slowly deeper into the Skritt. Rika strained and sucked in a low gasp. “Where is she? What’s she do?”

“East! East - east, east...”

“East? Before the mountains on the border, or past?” As he spoke, he leaned in closer, watching the way Rika’s whiskers flicked beneath the warmth of his breath.

“Past. No - no, no, before. Narrows. Rocks. Winds”

The Charr’s voice rumbled in his throat for a short while, hips still pressing forward... until they bumped against Rika’s rear, Tsume totally hilted beneath his tail. He could feel the Skritt’s pulse, *thump, thump, thump*, in the tight ring of flesh squeezing around the base of his cock. Any movement, no matter how small or slight, tugged a shivering moan out of the Charr. “Is - is that right? Another scratch, here in the Plains?” It was a bit tough to speak.

And for Rika, quite a bit more. Again the Skritt squirmed, legs wrapped lazily around Tsume’s lower body... but his movement just resulted in making both of them moan again, and caused Rika’s own still-hard cock to throb against his lower belly. A small puddle of slick pre had already oozed out into the fur there, and started to roll down his side as he adjusted his position.

"Yes," he managed - and then gasped as Tsume started to pull back out, the slightly-visible bulge in his stomach receding as well. "Yes. East, in mountains..."

"I don't believe you, for some reason. I wasn't..." *Scorching pyres*, that feeling... the Charr pulled out to halfway along his length again, then licked his lips and started back in. "... wasn't... informed of anything like that."

"Secret! Secret scratch... Voyra have Rika's head if she finds out..."

"She won't find out. So long as you give me what I want..." Tsume rested his forehead against the wall above Rika's head. The rat looked up at him through strained eyes. "...she won't find out."

Then, a small growl, or at least as much of one that a Skritt could muster... which soon turned into another breathy moan. This time, it was Rika who pushed back down onto Tsume's cock, the edges of his soft barbs starting to press and pull at the rat's tailhole. "Rrh - and *this* is what Tsume wants?"

He couldn't help but grin and lick his lips. Never overestimate a single Skritt... but never underestimate one, either. "It's all part of our trade, isn't it?"

The bedframe creaked beneath the two of them as he adjusted his angle and started to thrust into the Skritt with a little more force, a little more urgency. Not enough to bump his head against the wall, but - just to more rhythmically press a sigh out of him, and feel the resultant pleasure shoot through his own body and pick up his pace for him. Rika still grasped at the Charr's other wrist, and otherwise couldn't touch himself due to his other arm still being pinned up above his head. Tsume had no intention of releasing that one. Besides, it gave him a convenient thing to grasp onto for balance and support, even though he had to remain bent over for the Skritt's much smaller size.

For a while he actually forgot about the storm still blowing outside, drumming against the window and on the roof above; the only sounds that brushed along his ears were that of this rat beneath him, sighing and panting and moaning, and the bed itself, creaking, lurching, thumping quietly on its frame, more audibly as the Charr inevitably started to thrust into Rika faster.

During times like this, sometimes it just felt natural to think back to other missions, to remember how he'd gone about his gathering of information... that larger group of Skritt had been tough to handle, for a number of different reasons. One after another, little claws and teeth on his arms and shoulders, the little rats totally emptying him of his energy and will, but still he had to go on. The mission always came first, after all.

Already Tsume worked his hips in a steady rhythm, now with enough force that the *slap-slap-slap* of his hips against Rika's rump joined the drumming of the rain and the thumping of the bed against the wall. "Go on. Go on, Rika... what - what else?"

The Skritt swallowed, panting in rhythm with the thrusting, jaw hanging open. Every time Tsume pounded into him, Rika's shaft against his belly jumped up, twitched, throbbed, oozed another drop of pre.

“Matriarch,” he panted, and lifted himself up against the wall a little bit. Tsume tugged him right back down.

“What?”

“Matriarch! Skritt - leader-”

Matriarch, huh? That was unusual, too. Along the road to this inn Tsume had prepared a list of questions and things to ask in his head, but now that he was in the meat of the discussion, he found that none of those points of interest could come to mind. All that consumed his attention was the thought of hot, slick flesh sliding and squeezing along his length, and the distant but fast-approaching pressure and weight of his peak as a result.

“You were... heading west...” Between each set of words, he had to clear his throat of the sticky drool of exertion and catch his breath. “...Why?”

“Same as - as the big Charr! Info. Info... ah...” A deep shiver rippled through the smaller Skritt, and for a moment, Tsume thought that his attention in focusing on himself had prevented him from watching his partner’s pleasure. But, instead of clenching up and bucking his own load out across his chest, the rat soon settled back into place, now with his legs wrapped tighter around Tsume, to keep him deeper beneath his tail. “West scratch - info Voyra wants-”

“What for?”

“Don’t know. Don’t - *aah*-”

That was where their conversation fell apart. Tsume churned his hips against Rika’s rear, fully convinced and content that the Skritt had gotten used to his size. That same warm, saliva-slickened flesh all down along his length, squeezing along him as he thrust into him again and again, tugging out to the rim of his head and barbs and then sliding back in, each time a little bit faster, a little bit easier than the last... again because of their size difference, he had to look down at the rat from above with his head pressed against the wall, and at this angle he could very well see the little bump in Rika’s belly that lifted out every time he buried himself to the hilt.

Bright pleasure, strong desire... each inhalation through his nose still brought back the muted but characteristic scent of Skritt. If anything, he’d prefer *that* scent to stick with him instead of the cloying, heady smell of rain that permeated the room from his soaked cloak in the corner. Beneath him, Rika lifted himself up and pressed back down as much as he could in rhythm with the Charr, milking the larger beast and fucking himself at the same time, breath hot and tight in his throat.

As it usually went with the smaller Skritt, Tsume soon found that he couldn’t take much more of the slick tightness. His grip on Rika’s arm faltered and fell away, for him to dig his claws into the planked wood of the wall; his lips curled back in a needy snarl, his heartbeat pounded in his throat... and with a final gasp and shuddering exhalation of breath, he pounded up into that rump one, two, three times more, each one emptying out another rope of thick seed deep into the Skritt, filling that belly out just a little bit further.

As it would go, that added pressure provided enough for Rika as well; as Tsume leaned all his weight into the side of the mattress and the wall, heavy breaths coming and going between

parted lips, he could feel the Skritt beneath him squirm and wriggle and jerk - and buck upwards as he'd expected earlier, a little hiss of a moan slipping between the rat's teeth with each one. Next time Tsume found the energy to open his eyes, he could see the whitish streaks that resulted from that finish across Rika's belly and chest, curving off to the side. And still he had both of his hands braced against the larger Charr's thighs, halfway between pushing him off of him (and soaking the side of this bed with the musk and flood that would of course come with that) and keeping Tsume buried in him, despite the discomfort that doubtless came with his size and - and his volume.

Just like every other mission, it took the Charr a couple of moments to get his mind and thoughts straight, during which he slid out of Rika, wiped himself off, and plopped down into the little chair beside the bed, in what space he could fit into. He'd gathered info, alright, but whether it was enough or not...

"Rika."

The Skritt had remained where he'd left him, half-draped over the edge of the bed with his tail dripping beneath him. The rat lifted himself up into a half-sitting position. "Mm."

"I'm not sure I got all the info I need..."

"Is the big Charr asking Rika to come with?"

That hadn't actually been on his mind, but - if he offered... "What about your group?"

"Lost. Probably. Storm unkind."

"Yeah. I'll say. If you help me and my group out, you'll be well-rewarded..."

"More trades?"

Good thing he wasn't facing the Skritt. Tsume didn't bother trying to hide his tired grin.

"Yeah, sure. Wasn't such a bad deal after all, huh?"