

The chimera squirmed where she stood, one hand gripping the corner of the nearby wall while the other fiddled with a stone in her pocket. Normally she didn't dress as carelessly as this – it made a hell of a statement to go out at all for someone of her stature and appearance, from the great, twisting Baphomet horns atop her head and around her ears, to the longer, broader muzzle of a predatory carnivore; then the shape and tilt of her shoulders and waist bringing out more of the goat in her, the sleek hands tipped in sharp, maintained claws, down to her legs strengthened by her heritage, joints braced in thicker tufts of pelt and eventually pinning down in broad cloven hooves.

So it made sense that normally she leaned more towards refined fashion and respectable wear, instead of the loose, baggy town clothes that so many of the others within the kingdom tended to wear. The sudden, vicious storm had pushed her otherwise, though, and now she gathered with everyone else in the main city square for the announcements – and another bump from someone else passing by made her hiss through sharp teeth and tighten up again, serpentine tail curling up a little bit further beneath the open leg of those trousers.

*"This will go on for at least another hour and a half,"* the voice in her head had hissed. *"You can't hold it that long. Let me help out."* Golden-orange eyes glittered up at her, clearly visible to her yet nearly invisible to everyone else crowding the square, as the living reptile at the end of her tail teased and taunted, their telepathic link sharing every little bit of necessity and urgency. *"Terra..."*

Damn Za'va. The chimera looked around herself, swallowed, and parted her legs just a little bit, at once relaxing some of the pressure squeezing in at her overfull bladder... then immediately shuddering at the sensation of the reptilian mouth parting open against the end of her sheath. Already the first inch and a half of her shaft had started to push itself free from the supple skin there, blunted caprine tip hanging out in search of somewhere to release – and that thin, forked tongue provided enough of a runway, with the slick, moist warmth of the interior of her tail's mouth wrapping around, squeezing into place, then relaxing.

*"Ready when you are, Terra. Nobody else can see. Do it."*

She had angled herself against the corner to hide the way her tail curled out from her lower back, wrapped around the middle of her leg, and then disappeared back up into the front of her pants, and now deliberately tugged the loose front of her shirt down with one hand to hide the bulge of Za'va's head there. Already she bounced gently with the urgency of that pressure, glanced around, swallowed, gritted her teeth... then half-raised a hoof off the ground, briefly closed her eyes, relaxed, and gave a final little *push*.

It came as a slow trickle at first, then expanded into a broader, quicker stream – just as her own head flooded with sharp intensity of her own musk, blossoming first from the familiar rich aroma and slickness of the interior of her sheath, then quickly giving way to the bright, bitter saltiness of fresh mark as it poured down into her tail's throat and length. Terra reached up and covered her own mouth with her other hand, though she knew from long experience that the shared perception of taste and scent was just another part of her mental link with her tail. Even so, though, still she felt the rushing flow of warm liquid, still she tasted the musk and spice and salt, and still she gulped and swallowed in turn with Za'va there between her legs, gulping down her mark fresh from the source and running it back through their shared body.

The sounds of the gathering around her nearly faded away beneath the combination of focus and relief, the chimera's legs again buckling a bit at the sweet sensation of release. She lowered herself down a bit, pushed a little harder, clenched and twitched at the tickle of Za'va's tongue flicking into the pouch of her sheath and underneath her length, the snake's wide jaws stretching open around her shaft as it continued to grow into the throat there. Pressure in her bladder turned to pressure around her length, blunted head squeezing its way down into her tail's throat; the sticky warmth of pouring piss gave way to the thicker, more resilient grip of hungry saliva, dripping from Za'va's mouth as well as her own; and each inhalation – though in reality it was the weight of hundreds of unwashed peasants and city-goers, as well as the cloying petrichor of the storm that swirled around the land – brought again the high, tangy spice of her own fresh mark, as rich and bright as if *she* were the one drinking herself down from the source, and then the intoxicating weight of her own musk what with Za'va's nostrils flared right there within her pubic fur.

Sharp claws scraped along the brick of the corner beside her, and for a moment she started as other ears and heads in the crowd turned to check out the noise. Terra forced herself upright again, unintentionally pinching off the flow as she did so with the natural shyness of doing this around so many people, but still Za'va did not retreat from within her pants. The serpentine tail-maw instead remained in place there, great jaws stretched all the way around the end of her sheath to encompass her length growing directly into its throat, blunted head pushing its way down into sleek, slick walls of warm, wet flesh, wetted further by her own rich mark. Again she straightened up, casting an attempted nonchalant glance at everyone looking her way, yet still tightened her jaw and drew in a slow, deliberately steadily breath as Za'va continued further on her – or, rather, as she continued to stiffen deeper into her tail's throat.

Terra twitched, throbbed... felt the length of her tail throb in return, thick mass of flesh wedged down its throat forcing up against its inner walls. This was *one* way to spend the time at the assembly, at least. She sighed, adjusted her posture against the wall, and once again tugged her shirt down over the front of her pants.