

The Isle of Kinoa – Part 1

By Luther

In the middle of the seemingly endless oceans there stands a lonely island, far from care or concern of the rest of the world. It lies where no gods or benevolent beings will intervene on behalf of the wicked and unfortunate who find themselves there.

The island is known as Kinoa. Anyone who spends more than a few days there is gripped by the notion that it is more than a mere island. The superstitious swear by whatever trinkets and charms they can that the whole thing is possessed of a malign intelligence that delights in tormenting those it draws by shipwreck or betrayal. How else could one explain the small fleet of derelict vessels scattered about its beaches despite the island's remote nature? The stories are almost always invariable. What began as an ordinary trip by sea was ill met by storm or mutiny and those unfortunate always washed up or otherwise found themselves left stranded on those godforsaken shores.

The thing to understand about the island is that it won't simply kill if it can be helped. No, Kinoa is more twisted than that. Instead of ending life it seeks an overabundance of energy. Those trapped there find themselves thrust into an ecosystem revolving entirely around the carnal. Arousal comes more powerfully and more often and the means to slake it lie so conveniently around every corner. Some may think this a paradise of sorts but they swiftly come to understand that the more one engages in these acts, the more they *need* to until they become mindless beasts unable to form the least coherent non-sexual thought. The simple fact is that the longer you remain on Kinoa, the more you lose yourself and risk becoming one of the island's wretched "natives".

For most who wind up there, the island is a no-man's land and they instead huddle together and build some semblance of society in the form of shanty towns. There they hold out for rescue and maintain their fragile grip on sanity or wait for some savior to lead them to safety. Others form bands and prey upon each other. A few get the bright idea that salvation (or at least a better fate) must lay further toward the interior of the island amid the steaming jungles and dizzying heights of the mountains. It is these select bunch that decide that this is a land where the fittest survive and that doesn't happen by sitting in one place and hoping. So they play the island's game and thus it takes a special interest in them.

It was once such convolution of fate that led a quartet of poor sods individually to the island and twisted further still to throw them all together. They stayed and waited their time in one such little ramshackle town, whiling the days away as hope faded fast. One of their number was a coyote long since made scruffy by his time here. His simple clothes had gone bleached and ragged with time and weather but still functioned quite well, tied off with a rope belt salvaged somewhere and to which he had attached a number of small books, odd things to find intact here. His name was Daniel and he was a self-styled sorcerer, one set apart from his peers in being able to manipulate the strange energies around him to bring things into existence... or at least from some other place at such a speed that it made little difference. However, as his talent expanded his memory clouded. He could not say whether

he could do such things before he came here or if it was the island itself that enabled such things – so much is left unclear.

It was this unassuming tan coyote who had a knack for being in the right place at the right time. He had stumbled on the odd chance that flashed before their eyes of possible salvation. It came in the form of a conversation overheard in a public house and shortly after his ears had first perked to the strange topic, Daniel had done his own swift investigations before returning to the only three people he could really call friends in this unfriendly place.

“A *what* now?” Asked the vixen he was relating his findings to, her voice incredulous.

“A wish. The treasure grants a wish,” he repeated himself. “I know what it sounds like but you’ve seen the kinds of things that happen in this place. What couldn’t be possible?”

“It sounds too good to be true. If anything ever screamed trap to me...” she trailed off.

“But what other choice d’we have?” interjected Daniel’s second companion, a wolf named Numarcus.

“Waiting here has gotten us nothing,” continued Daniel. “The fellow I talked to seemed to be traveling with a scholar who has gained no small amount of insight into this island. He seems convinced that the ruins hold the key, some wish-granting wonder at the center.”

“Wait, hold on...” interrupted the fox. “You talked to one of them and he told you all this?”

“Well yes, after buying him a liberal number of drinks last night his tongue was rather loose with the details,” said Daniel.

“Hell. That means his friends gotta know he blabbed to you by now!” she began.

“And y’ca be damn sure they’ll be haulin’ ass to get it first,” Numarcus finished.

“We need to find Achak!” The three of them said, almost in unison as they all arrived to the same conclusion at once. They turned and bolted through the door and into the daylight. Daniel burst from the doorway first, scampering as fast as he could followed shortly by the grey vixen.

The vixen was Meepes, an odd name to be sure fit for an odd woman. She was never seen without a set of knives. Leather bandoliers, hidden wrist-sheathes, and bootstrap holsters concealed an ungodly number of stabbing implements. These tendencies earned her a mixed reputation but she cared little for it. Odd bits and baubles were sown into the pockets and patches of her clothes: charms of tiny bird skulls and jade for luck were telltale of her detachment from whatever life she once had and her embracing of another. While she held little concern to what others thought of her, superstition was always chief in her mind and she clung to whatever hocus pocus she thought could help. Perhaps in this way Daniel was another charm she kept close.

The next hide to come barreling out into the open belonged to Numarcus. He was equally scruffy as Daniel, yet oddly refined - though refined into what it was hard to say. The wolf had done his damndest to keep his clothing as whole as possible but the fraying hems and seams of his outfit –once denoting the position of crewman– was showing its wear as well as his own. He always spoke with an unmistakable swarthy accent easily confused with a slur, such was the product of... whatever upbringing he had. The single most immediately noticeable thing of his was his hat. A fine tricorne, of suspiciously far higher quality than anything else he owned, crowned his head. A lone bright orange plume trailed from it and, when asked about the hat, the wolf's answers were always cryptic or deflecting. He always carried sword and pistol wherever he went, the latter also being a fine piece of dubious origin.

Through the makeshift market they dashed, nearly knocking patrons down and spilling wares across the ground in their haste to find the dragon. He was easy to see, standing out rather well. While most sapient creatures on the island stood upon two legs, Achak was a quadruped. Similarly, while most here at least tried feign decency in wearing clothes, Achak did not nor has he ever seen the need to. While freeing and bracing for the platinum scaled dragon, he did little to quiet the sexual temptations of those around him with his constant pendulous display that always swung behind him. He may have been as big as a feral horse in size but he easily outclassed one in that department. Wherever he went he earned more than a few looks and turned heads, not that he minded. The only adornment on his body was the great many colorful beads that capped and braided the mane of coarse hair that ran down the back of his neck.

The lumbering dragon had only enough time to crane his neck around to see the trio rapidly approaching through the thick crowd. Meepes had pressed so hard to get herself through that she had stumbled forward and fell onto Achak's flank. Her hands shot out to brace herself, one grasping his rump and the other finding the dragon's cantaloupe-sized balls in an impromptu groping. Whether or not this was truly an accident is still open for debate.

"Well, hello to you too," he said, smiling as he watched the vixen pull herself back and regain her composure.

Their departure was immediate and swift, pausing only long enough to grab whatever supplies they felt necessary. They raced out of the town gates and headed straight for the mountainside. It was up there in some cave mouth that Daniel had determined where the entrance lay –information gathered from his acquaintance last night and a few shots of rum. They climbed the spiny ridges of rocky outcroppings high above the tree-line, nearly stumbling in their haste. At last the path led to the base of a great chasm.

They entered and followed along until reaching a wide, dry clearing where it opened up. At the far end they could spy a large hole in the rock, yawning open in the promise of reward. Crossing the circular clearing proved to be a bit of a problem however. Midway through they could see that, just beyond some rocks, the ground sloped downward to the side and terminated in a rocky overhang. Affixed to the one of the many rocks could be seen a plain wooden sign that read: "Beware of Charberus." While the three of them were all silently pondering what the hell a Charberus was, a loose

rock gave way beneath Numarcus's foot and rolled down the slope. Loud cracking sounds echoed as it struck stone after stone on its way down. All of them looked over to see a large dark shape moving down below.

Sleeping beneath the shelter of that overhang was a massive beast. Well... previously sleeping there, at least. It was lean and muscular in shape, a near golden in color, and feral in build: a quadruped much like Achak. As it began to rise to its feet they could see it was a great canine, though unlike most it was possessing of not one but *three* heads.

The head on the left panted and looked about, either too unconcerned or uninterested to pay attention to the prey in front of it. The right head licked its chops in anticipation while the center one simply stared down the four intruders who were rapidly regretting their current course of action. They stood silent for a short time, as if mutually possessed by idea that if they remained motionless for long enough the creature wouldn't be able to see them. That thought was quickly banished as he finished rising to its feet –and it was very obviously a 'he'. The most impressive maleness any of them had seen was dangling between his hind legs. He stood at an imposing sixteen feet at the shoulder, truly monstrous

There was an obvious gleam of intelligence in this "Charberus's" eyes that said he wouldn't be fooled by simple tricks. He began to move towards them, slow and heavy at first but swiftly building in momentum. Everyone broke and fled from his charging path up the slope: perhaps in terror, perhaps in cool thinking, and maybe the former disguised as the latter. The monster's onward rush was greeted with thin air as he scattered them entirely, even Achak didn't think he could take that kind of force head on. It was poor Daniel who wasn't quite quick enough. The rightmost head came biting down near him, those huge jaws snapping shut just scant inches away –yet they found purchase on the hem of his shirt catching him and jerking him backward. With a great whipping motion of the creature's neck, he dragged Daniel backwards and sent him flying through the air and tumbling into nearby scrubby bushes.

"Off you go!" growled the beast.

"Holy shit it can talk?!" Meepes exclaimed, amazed that such a brute could speak.

"I can do more than that!" the left head jeered. "Come'ere and I'll show ya!"

The Charberus wheeled and turned to face where Daniel had landed. Numarcus, seeing a disaster to be averted, drew his weapon and stepped forward to place himself between the fumbling conjurer and the great beast. In this move of daring and questionable wisdom he flashed his épée, the glint of the sun reflected into the Charberus's eyes (or at least one set of them) to draw his attention and ire.

"Cut that out you little pest!" the monster barked and pounced heavily at the wolf.

From a prone position in the thorny bushes, Daniel's hands shot upward in aid. A tangle of sticky webs sprang into being around the Charberus's legs, catching him and fouling up his charge. He struggled and thrashed against them, buying precious time for Numarcus to flee to safety before the

mess of webbing came undone, ripped by the sheer strength of those immense muscles and falling uselessly around the owner's legs.

Trying to think quickly, Meepes whistled to Achak and beckoned him over with a flying gesture of her hand. The fox had a plan, it was half-formed in truth but that was the best she could do at the moment. She took a slow run, turned to the side, and the platinum dragon seemed to understand. As Achak came up alongside her, the vixen reached out and grabbed the dragon's passing horn to quickly use it as leverage and flip up onto him. He grunted in some discomfort beneath the strain but it was nothing the thick muscles in his neck could not handle. With his new charge aboard, the dragon sped forward.

There was only so much Numarcus could do to distract the beast by his lonesome so they had to take their chance. Achak approached the Charberus's side and, as he would have otherwise impacted, the dragon instead slid beneath and skidded along the gravel to brush up along the creature's underbelly and escape to the other side. Though as he passed underneath, the dragon gently brushed against something more sensitive which elicited a response from the creature. It was a rather telltale facial expression that the dodgy Numarcus took note of. Meanwhile, Meepes had leapt from the back of the dragon and onto that of the Charberus... or so she tried. She had misjudged the distance and was now clinging to the fur on its huge side. Was the creature moaning? She dismissed the thought as she struggled to climb but the constant motion was making things difficult for her.

Now free of his passenger, Achak could see Meepes' plan was in need of help. Still running, he doubled back in a slow arc to line up his shot. The dragon aimed squarely at the monster's foreleg. While the foe's attention was turned partially back to the hanging fox, Achak slipped in and bore his shoulder into the back of the thing's leg. The Charberus buckled and partly toppled, his weight crashing forward while his back legs stayed up. The sudden pitch gave the fox girl exactly what she needed and she simply allowed herself to roll up and onto the back of his neck. With one swift motion she let the springs in the sheath on her wrist deliver up the dagger into her hand and brought it down. Even a small blade in the right place could make all the difference, after all.

But nothing happened, the knife's tip was turned aside and her arm followed. While it cut through the fur with ease, the hide was far too thick – impossibly so! She was dumbstruck. That should have worked! Meepes looked about for options and found none at hand but to try and stay atop the beast as he yelped and became very aware of the vixen atop him. She called out to her friend for help.

"Daniel, we can't seem to do anything to him. Can you put the thing to sleep?!"

"I told you, I'm a conjurer. I can't just-"

"Then conjure some damn sleep!" she retorted, cutting him off mid-sentence and hanging on.

The coyote bristled at this, finally able to lift himself from the bramble. He pointed his index and pointer fingers upward toward the rampaging Charberus and focused on summoning sleep into the creature's mind. It seemed to work at first, the middle head's eyes fell heavily and its jaw slacked as the

whole thing quickly nodded off. Unfortunately this was short lived, as the left head had sensed what was happening and swung itself sideways to knock into the slumberer, jarring it awake.

"I can't- I can't put them all to sleep!" Daniel cried out in dismay.

Numarcus, ever the rash and perceptive, knew that there was only one surefire way to put a guy to sleep. He had realized that this beast was likely trapped in the same position as they all were if those heavy, overfull nuts of his were any indication. And so with his new plan the wolf rushed forward, his footing sure and target clear.

The Charberus growled, about throw poor Meepes from his back when he suddenly stopped. His three faces simultaneously opened their eyes wide and expressions slackened as if momentarily disarmed. Numarcus had gone under and grabbed the situation by the balls... literally. The wolf's position was not to menace or threaten but instead to please. His weapon had been sheathed and instead his hands were busy rubbing along the sides of the Charberus's bloated orbs. A long and tense moment stretched on with Numarcus waiting to see if his plan found purchase. The beast slowly recovered: one head looking back to see what was going on, the second's eyes rolling upward in pleasure, and the third let out a deep and reverberating sound that was in fact a moan. Beneath the Charberus's undercarriage Numarcus was fondling his monstrous balls and stroking along his sheath. The latter of which was pulsing, filling quickly with eager flesh.

How simple it was! How obvious! A creature so large unable to find easy release in guarding this one place, well it would make anyone quick to anger. But now that irresistible urge was working its way from the sheath and the wolf was soon overwhelmed as a drumbeat of a heart pumped blood into a cock as large as he was that was soon bearing down onto him. Luckily for him, he did not have to play the part of Atlas and hold the immense shaft up. The Charberus, being the dog that he was at heart, fell to the side and rolled over onto his back—all the easier to allow access.

Numarcus pitched to the side in order to avoid being taken over with the giant. Gripping hold of his thick fur, the wolf had wound up overturned and standing on the beast's chest. Not missing a beat, Numarcus slid down the cream-colored belly fur until he ran into the behemoth shaft and straddled it like a horse. The wolf pressed himself against the cock, feeling the heat emanating from it and running his paws along its length to feel the mighty veins that fed it. He wrapped his arms around it like a tree trunk and the most delicious scent filled his nostrils.

"I could use a bitta help over 'ere!" The wolf shouted to his companions. It was all he could manage to say before turning back to the beautiful cock and licking along its swollen head.

Achak had galloped back to where Daniel was just disentangling himself from the local flora. The dragon called out as he neared.

"Hop on," he said to the coyote. "We're needed!"

The two of them sped back to where the wolf was singlehandedly pinning the beast in his unorthodox way. Daniel was the first to pick up on his plan and seized his moment. He closed his eyes

and concentrated. Ghostly shapes appeared around Numarcus –the images of spectral hands that flew to the needy, throbbing cock. They encircled it and formed a coherent ring that slid up and down. Beads of precum the size of a grown man’s head welled up and slicked the ruddy flesh. The Charberus bucked his hips slowly into the conjured hole.

“Don’t stop... please!” The words arouse from a chorus of panting and groaning, the cock’s owner begging for more.

Meepes was more than adaptable to these situations. If a foe couldn’t be taken down the traditional way then it was time to try something else! She leapt back to her feet, having jumped from dog when he rolled over. The vixen saw an opening and went for it, hopping up between those mighty legs and burying herself into those massive balls. Like hell if she was going to miss a chance like this! For the second time today, Meepes had found herself groping an enormous set. This pair however was nearly half her size each and she could just as easily find use in reclining against their monstrous bulk. She reached out and spread her body against them. Her arms were outstretched in a wide embrace and she could just feel the powerful orbs churning and swelling with building seed.

Seeing the Charberus put low and vulnerable like that was more than Achak’s sex-addled brain could handle. Given his size it had been ages since he found another who could take him and he was *not* going to pass this opportunity by. Watching the scene unfold had an effect between his own legs and his two ebon cocks had slipped free from their sheath to bob with need in the open air. Achak maneuvered himself behind the Charberus. He heaved himself up, bracing his forelegs onto the huge dog and pressing his throbbing cocks against the Charberus’s hole. In the dragon’s haste, Meepes had become trapped between the massive nuts she serviced and Achak’s scaled belly. Like it or not, the dragon had been pent up for far too long and Meepes was along for the ride!

The dragon pressed inward, his already copious precum dramatically easing things along. Several inches passed with the first push followed by several more. Slowly he worked himself deeper, enjoying the process. Alone, a single shaft might have been simply satisfying to the dog but with the duo of Achak’s stretching his hole wide they were positively euphoric! Unable to bear his own torture any longer, Achak slammed forward until he hilted. The dragon threw his head back, tongue lolling from his open mouth from the pleasure of a rutting long overdue. The dragon withdrew and thrust forward again and again, building up a quick pace.

Numarcus had rolled off to the side and away from the situation. His perch was growing too difficult to remain on as the pounding dragon was making everything shake too violently. Each thrust of Achak’s hips sent the dog rocking back and forth, that massive canine cock now free to bounce and slap against his belly. The Charberus’s legs kicks slightly as he bucked his hips in time with Achak, driving the dragon deeper and deeper.

Daniel’s magic flowed up the monstrous shaft and swirled about its tip. The coyote moved his hands in time with the dog’s thrusts. He was able to feel a phantom sensation of the beast’s cock between his paws and, through his arcana, he stroked and teased the canine along. Every fleshy throb mirrored itself in magic, Daniel could feel everything. Meanwhile poor Meepes was caught between the

two as they fucked like animals, her face pressed into the dog's humungous sloshing balls to inhale the intoxicating aroma. She could feel the orbs intensify in their roiling and begin to draw towards his belly. She knew that could mean only one thing.

The dog was overwhelmed by the sensations and taken down, gladly giving up in one of the most welcome defeats he could remember for a long time. Being rammed and rubbed and fucked and stroked was all too much. His muscles tensed and shook, toes curled, and all three of his heads howled in unison.

His orgasm was explosive.

Heavy gout of spunk flew high, waivered in the air, and fell back down to earth. They splattered onto his furry stomach and hit the dry ground, running in little rivers in all directions. The sheer volume was immense, coating his cock as it gushed, spraying in arcs as the dragon continued to fuck wildly and splashing onto the reptile's chest. During this whole process Achak had lost himself as well, succumbing to the bliss. His own balls tensed and thick cum was soon flowing down his shafts and into the dog. The dragon's legs nearly buckled from the intensity.

The two remained there for a moment in mutual afterglow until Achak at last remembered where he was and made to slowly pull himself out. With a wet popping sound his cocks came free of the nearly comatose dog. The beast's legs twitched a little in the air as he just lay there on his back. Meepes was finally able to step woozily to the ground, having been sandwiched between the two the entire time.

Alas it was not meant to be and her luck quickly turned bad. The monster dog rolled over onto its side and a huge forepaw had caught the vixen. He pulled her in towards his chest in an embrace just as a child would with their favorite stuffed toy. She soon found herself smooshed up to the canine, one head yawning and another laying itself on top of her to use her breasts as makeshift pillows. He sighed contentedly and, in mere incredulous moments, all three were heard snoring.

"Typical male," sighed Meepes, rolling her eyes.

The vixen's attention darted back and forth between her companions and her snoozing captor. The look on her face said it all: she couldn't believe it. Daniel, Numarcus, and Achak quickly backed up to figure what they were going to do.

"We have to help her," said Achak.

"How? That thing has a grip on her," the coyote questioned.

"Ain't no way we can get her outta there without wakin' 'im back up," Numarcus claimed.

"The other group will be racing to get to that treasure first. If we get it we can help her, otherwise we can come back. I don't think he will be waking up soon and even so, she can get away just fine. The girl can handle herself," Daniel took his time to explain in a way he found rational.

“You can’t seriously be... but we have t-“ the dragon stopped short, seeing it written on his companions’ faces that he was outvoted. “Fine –alright.”

And so they took one look back at their companion before leaving her behind. Meepes was shooting a confused look at the trio as they turned away towards the cavern entrance. She gave a testing pull to try and free herself but stopped quickly when one of the heads nearly snorted itself awake.

“Unbelievable...” She muttered, sighing and shaking her head as the huge dog above further cuddled against her in his sleep.

Meanwhile, one by one Numarcus, Achak, and Daniel slid downward through the opening and into the mountain.