

The Isle of Kinoa – Part 3

By Luther

A good deal of people had been seen leaving the little Kinoa shanty town lately, all at once and all in a hurry. This was bound to be noticed when it wasn't that often people would pack for extended trips into the interior... at least not so many so quickly. This had caught the attention of a particular self-appointed watchman known as Zev, who had set himself near the makeshift gates so he'd know who came and went at all times.

Zev was a marksman and this much was evidenced by the bow he carried, even though it was almost too small for his frame. By his build one might assume he was the kind to become more physical. This is to say that he was quite a large fox. While his orange coloration was typical of his species, his size was not. He often went shirtless as it was difficult to find anything that would sufficiently cover his thickly muscled chest. By sheer luck had he managed to find a pair of rough trousers that once belonged to a man as big as he, used to replace the old pair that worn out. Of his few possessions was also a collapsible spyglass that he used watch travelers.

After witnessing a second group abscond in such a hurry, Zev had taken it upon himself to fetch the others of his companionship and figure out why. What did these wayfarers know that he didn't? When the opportunity to explore something worthwhile and perhaps make a gain of it arises here, you take it. This was due to one simple fact:

This place was boring if you didn't explore it.

There really wasn't much to do while waiting for rescue if you didn't make your own fun. When suddenly people begin leaving with a purpose to their step, the curiosity begins to build. And so Zev scrambled to find his own group: a phoenix, a dragon, and a yoshi. When faced with the mind-numbingly dull alternative, these four found the choice easy to make. They soon left the relative safety of the collective whole and instead headed towards the verdant unknown of the jungle on the trail of others who might know of something better to do.

The current truth was that Zev had lost the trail maybe two miles out of town. It seemed like every force of nature conspired to obscure the path: rain began to fall and mar the prints, wind blew away any trace of snag or hanging, and the humidity gave rise to a thick fog that made it difficult to see. But like hell if the fox was going to admit he was lost. Zev had hoped that he'd pick the trail back up soon but rotten luck was spiteful. At this point all he could ask for was to run into something else worthwhile or at least take them around long enough until nobody could say that he didn't give it his all. At last his efforts had led them to a craggy outcropping that abutted the ocean spray.

"I think they may have gone down these rocks," Zev claimed with as much authority as he could muster.

The stones led down along the rock face, one tumbling down over another, braced against each other for years as the waves crashed against cliffs just yards away.

“Looks like there could be a sea cave down there...” said Natail. “They may have stashed something down there.”

The four of them looked to each other and nodded, as if all silently agreeing that it was at least worth checking out. It seemed to have worked and a satisfactory alternative was presented, if nothing else. Besides, they didn’t trek all the way out here for nothing. The salt spray kicked up and washed over the rocks, making them slick and perilous. They’d definitely be a deterrent to the normal explorer but these were hardly normal explorers.

Phen went down first, all having agreed that the phoenix had the surest footing of them all. No sense in risking all of their necks if nothing turned out to be down there. So those avian feet slowly found careful, practiced purchase on the individual stones as they slanted downward to run alongside the rock face. Despite the form-fitting and now rain-slicked leathers she wore, they could not disguise the very obvious bulge she sported at all times which told the world that parts of her were not as womanly as the rest. It was kept snug inside, free from harm and as a perfect counterpart to her rounded rump. The bird didn’t wear much up top, though – just enough of a jerkin to keep her sizeable breasts from becoming a bouncing hindrance. Considering these assets and her eight foot frame, one would not consider her to be as quick and stealthy as she actually was.

Surely enough there was a smooth-walled opening in the side that she could easily reach. Briefly she considered calling back to them, but instead thought that she might as well go ahead and give it a look. She took the chance, if there was anything worth anything down here, shouldn’t she get first pick over it?

The bird hopped down, just avoiding brushing her brilliant red tail feathers against the ground. A quick visual scan revealed no immediately apparent stashed treasure chest or cache of smuggled goods... though what exactly would have to be smuggled here was anyone’s guess. It was surprisingly warm and pleasant for a seaside cavern. A sudden flash of movement from further in the cave caught her attention, followed by the cracking sound of rock falling on rock.

“Who’s back there?!” she called.

There was no verbal answer, but the peeking face of a feline revealed itself from around a rocky formation. It looked like an ocelot. Another followed it, and another. A whole series of curious countenances came into view from the misty cavern mouth. All of them ocelots of varying color between chestnut brown and dark orange.

They were all on the smaller side -not exactly childish, just a bit short for their species. They averaged perhaps five feet in height. The other thing that became obvious as the group of them cautiously made their way into view was that they were all very male. They were all lithe in body but

each must have carried what equaled the size and weight of own their forearms between their legs, which swayed back and forth as they approached.

While Phen's natural reaction was to go on the defensive, none of them assumed a threatening posture. Indeed it was a sort of curiousness on their part that stayed her from action and allowed them to approach slowly. They were fascinated by her, that much was certain. About half of them had their eyes trained on the very male bulge she sported as they closed in around her.

Back topside the three of them waited and waited for any sign whatsoever. Zev sat atop a stump, wringing the crook of his bow in anticipation while Dragonien paced back and forth distractingly. Now, it wasn't distracting to himself as it was to everyone else. The big red dragon had, like many others on this island, chosen to go sans clothing. It was easily understandable with the hot climate, relaxed local atmosphere concerning nudity and, in all honesty, it only made things easier when the certain need for intimacy struck. So as certain hanging parts of him passed by, it was tempting to steal the occasional peek, a fact that Dragonien knew. It was hardly a secret that he was a bit of a show off, whether it was the flash of his magic or his clearly visible anatomy.

Lacking anything better to do aside from wait, these glances were exactly what the sly Natail would steal when shi though he wasn't looking – as if either of them would be embarrassed. Shi didn't wear a stitch of fabric herself but that was mostly due to logistics than a lack of humility. The yoshi was a creature of the taur persuasion, currently sitting on hir powerful back haunches as shi waited for the phoenix to return. The only adornment on hir body came in the form of a series of designs in red warpaint or ink. The ruddy image of a splayed paw covered hir underside while decorative bands encircled hir arms and legs. The spear shi carried would occasionally flash and jangle with the metal rings and feathers set just below the head of it. True to hir pronouns, the yoshi was a blend of the genders, carrying a healthy example of both.

"Hey, Dragonien. I have to ask: where do you keep your stuff if you don't wear clothes?" Zev asked, breaking the silence and motioning to the deck of fortune-telling cards that the dragon was shuffling though in his idleness. The dragon eyed them, having acquired them from a trader some time before reaching this island.

"Extra-dimensional space," he answered.

"Oh... because I figured you just kept it all up your-"

"Extra-dimensional space," the dragon repeated, interrupting the line of reasoning.

"She's been gone too long," Natail said aloud, bringing the conversation back to practicality.

The other two were inclined to agree. They called down to Phen but no answer came back, perhaps drowned out by the noise of the waves. Impatience and worry won out as the trio resolved to test their luck with the rocks and follow after. When they reached the newly discovered cavern at last, they found a peculiar sight. The three "rescuers" saw Phen surrounded by the felines and thought her

under attack at first. Pausing a moment invited realization and they could see such was actually far from the case.

The large bird was braced against one of the far walls, arms propping her up. Her eyes were shut tight, beak open in a long moan that carried though the cave. They were gathered around her crotch: licking, sucking, kissing her twin ebony shafts that throbbed into the open air now that her clothing could be seen laying on the nearby rocks. She stood entirely in the nude, a whole crowd pressing in on her, overwhelming her -not that she seemed to mind. A wide puddle was visible in front of her, the product of the prodigious amount of precum she was leaking and a previous orgasm brought by their expert ministrations. Right as they entered she gasped aloud, and not one but two impressive jets of sticky cum flew through the air one after the other to splash onto the eager group who quickly licked it up. Her maleness was still pounding with the need for attention and they were gladly going to give it. They were more than eager if their own relatively huge erections were any evidence.

“Ahem.” One of the three cleared their throat and finally snapped the room’s attention to the newly arrived party standing at the mouth of the cave. A barely held silence asserted itself over the cavern as all sorts of confused glances were exchanged. While the other three stood mentally disarmed for a few moments, several of the frisky felines had broken from the main group to inspect these newcomers. There was quite a number of the little guys, maybe three or four dozen in all. It was hard to tell with all the constant movement.

Dragonien were a bit wary but was hardly going to harm them. They were a few feet shorter than him but the little devils swiftly grew bolder. They spread out, carefully surrounding the dragon. He was a bit guarded, apprehensive of this... but they simply seemed playful. Those closest to him seemed drawn to his crotch, admiring his hefty pride. The big dragon was hardly one to turn down such harmless flattery and the chance to indulge their curiosity.

Zev had slid himself over towards the cave wall but that only succeeded in sort of cornering himself. There were a lot of them but they didn’t seem to carry any ill intent and he didn’t want to risk any unnecessary strife by drawing his bow. His thoughts were interrupted by a pair of hands fondling him. They seemed rather expert at finding their way into everything. Another paw was soon running itself along his arm while another still worked its way up his chest, admiring every muscle as it went.

A pair of particularly mischievous ocelots took turns playfully running circles around Natail. They darted in and out to touch at hir hanging package, one always just quick enough to stay out of reach while the other dashed back in. Shi tried turning about, wheeling around slowly and backing up – but they were just too nimble for hir to catch or outrun, playfully confounding the yoshi at every step. At last shi had to fall back on pushing the mischievous buggers away with the non-pointy end of hir spear, at which they took to giggling and merely giving her a slightly widened berth.

“Damn imps, get away!” she scolded before addressing the others. “What do we do? They aren’t exactly threatening but...”

“Oh, they aren’t too bad... just a little horny like the rest of us. I’m not going to ruin their fun,” answered Dragonien.

Natail huffed as her protests trailed off, flinching a bit as another one successfully groped her. Shi began to put up less and less of a fight as each feline paw became more and more daring and frequent -and each one felt better than the last until she just stopped resisting entirely.

In this fashion the tensions began to steadily ease until they practically melted away. In a hostile world like this island, you learn to enjoy to benign things when you can. The grips on weapons relaxed, belts came undone, and moans drifted through the steadily heating air as the four adventurers came to realize that these cats had needs like everyone else on the island... including themselves.

While Dragonien was a large and intimidating fellow, there was just something about the throng that pressed around him that managed to cause his stance to falter and backpedal. They coerced him back and onto a large, flat rock to take a seat there. It was surprisingly comfortable for a stone. The dragon soon had a little cult of four fawning over his length, comparing to each other how far they could wrap their hands around his thickness as the dragon’s massive black cock finished hardening, much to their fascination. The large male was content to sit back, feeling like some kind of royalty while his shaft was worked over fantastically and every inch of his muscled form admired. Reverent paws stroked along the length when they weren’t encircling it and pumping up and down at those slow, toe-curling speeds. Long tongues lapped slowly at his huge balls, dragging along almost torturously yet wondrously at the same time. It was like his pulsing, leaking cock was a drug to them and they couldn’t get enough, practically worshipping him and bringing him to the glorious edge over and over again but never quite letting him pass over it... just yet.

The three playful scamps occupying Phen were each taking turns, rotating between each of her shafts and the fat, gurgling balls that hung below them, still fabulously full despite being emptied at least twice now. Her production astounded even them and it was obvious they wanted to test just how far it went, much to her pleasure. Her head tilted back, chest rose and fell, causing those heavy tits to heave as well and gain attention. Not to be neglected, hospitable hands reached upward to grope at them and, when one could spare the time from her wonderful members, his teasing tongue would find its way across her nipples. It wasn’t exactly common for Phen to find herself in a situation like this but a solid part of her welcomed being completely and utterly overwhelmed by this pack of insatiable little fiends as they almost literally covered her bodily with affection. Her burgeoning cum factories were held, rubbed, and caressed with a lovingness that was at the same time both gentle and forceful.

The yoshi remained a great novelty for the cats, earning her a sizeable group of five or six. They flooded the space around her and questing paws massaged her sides as she relaxed. Working ever back and downward to her heavily hanging masculinity, they elicited a reactionary groan from her and a stretching motion that only further emphasized how big she was and further enticing them inward. She found herself eased, leaning forward with her hind legs still in the air to allow them at her more tantalizing anatomy. An especially daring one rolled beneath her undercarriage, reaching up to cradle the dangling

prize. The weight of it was positively delicious and irresistible to him and he leaned to lick along the pounding length of the monster cock.

Meanwhile another randy ocelot found his way in front of her, his raging length impossible for him to ignore. He gripped her shoulders and she quickly realized his aim, smiling as he slid that cock between her breasts, slicking the crevasse with his pre and beginning to pump up and down. She accommodated, licking the thick head of it every time he pushed forward and brought it near her mouth. Soon she gasped, being caught up in this to the point of forgetting the one beneath her who reminded her of his presence by passing her own cockhead between his lips. Her entrapped length flexed in his mouth, which in turn greedily took the rest of it in. His tongue glided along the underside of it without effort, back and forth while his head bobbed and up and down.

While this was all happening around him, determined paws worked their way into Zev's pants, undoing them and discarding them to reveal the huge, now throbbing member teased into powerful rigidity. One ocelot with particularly silken light brown fur took on a proactive role in getting what he wanted from the big fox. He pressed himself against Zev's bare groin, burying his muzzle in those musky balls and inhaling deeply, causing his cock to jump with excitement before promptly turning about and doing the same with his rump. The intention was made quite clear with him pressing his tailhole against the larger male's cock with a grinning look back over his shoulder. But of course, the fox would oblige! Without a hitch in his step he swung his leg over the inviting fellow and lined his cock with that tight pucker. The urge Zev felt afforded no time to waste in pushing ahead towards gratification so very much within reach and the groaning satisfaction of his selected toy. Further in he pushed along, enjoying the tight, sweet sensations of being so deep inside with the writhing motion teasing every side. He paused only slightly to relish the feeling before rising need dictated movement and he began thrusting.

Another ocelot snuck up behind the pistoning fox as he picked up speed, eyes following those pendulous orbs between Zev's legs. When he felt he could match the rhythm he leaned in and gave those fox nuts a playful lick when he could as they swung back towards him. While focused on the one in front of him, the fox could certainly feel it, and it built the pleasure ever higher and brought him ever further along.

The word 'masterful' came to mind as the ocelots seemingly anticipated exactly what would drive each of them closest to the edge, letting them hang there for the perfect length of time before backing off. Their skills were preternatural, their touch electrically stimulating, and magnificently satisfying while somehow always coaxing a burning desire for more.

Amazingly, the four of them orgasmed almost simultaneously. Even the most casual observer would be hesitant to dismiss the idea that a sort of magic was being worked throughout the room, given the felines' skill and fervor. The four of them practically howled as their collective balls all pulled tight in ecstasy, painting the cave walls and floors in their combined spunk. It flew in all directions in thick ropes—like some kind of obscene fountain, save for Zev who instead filled the purring cocksleeve he was buried in. The fox's absence was made up for as his fucktoy grunted and splattered the floor with seed

for him in his stead. Natail's most visible new friend contributed as well as the frantically thrusting cock between his breasts let loose a jet of cum that reached all the way to the ceiling. As fantastically intense as it all was, they could already feel their lust growing again as if craving another release while in the middle of the current one.

But such was not to come. A new presence arrived, standing atop the rocks near the back entrance that led further into the cave. It was an alligator, a creature of about seven feet. His scales were mesmerizing, somewhere between blue and green in coloration but with a stunning opalescence, like that of a smooth oyster shell. He braced himself up on a polished wooden staff, topped with a thin purple crystal that glowed faintly with its own radiance.

"Ah, I see you've found my boys. Or maybe they found you?" the scaly figure spoke. "Either way, you'll all make excellent additions to the collection." He turned to address the multitude of ocelots. "Alright, you bunch have had your fun. Clean up this mess."

The felines all responded as one, immediately ceasing their pleasure-bringing and stepping back from the four of them. The alligator raised his left claw and snapped it. A hissing sound answered from somewhere further in followed by a metallic clanking sound. The afterglowing adventurers all leapt to their feet... or at least tried to. They had some definite difficulties standing and grabbing their weapons, and felt as if they had spent the night drinking as far as balance and coordination was concerned.

"What the-?" the question arose.

"You outlanders are all the same," the alligator said. "Always thinking with your dicks. Looks like that can get you into trouble."

Something stepped into view to stand by his side. It stood upright and walked as a man would. It was made of metal and movement and sound. While it wore a suit of plated armor that gave it a smoothed and brass-colored form, one could catch glimpses of rotating gears now and again within. It had the rough shape of a person, perhaps a shrew, and tiny overlapping and pointed metal plates covered its back save for a metal rucksack of sorts. Two curved pipes protruded from it, occasionally venting steam. Were it a product of magic, then the cacophony of moving parts would prove unneeded. No, this was a child of invention. It was modernity and not mysticism that animated the suit of armor it wore.

Semi-complex mechanical things were not unheard of. Wheel and block mechanisms, weapons that harnessed controlled combustion, boilers that powered small water pumps, and other things like that... but this was something else entirely. What genius or lunatic could conspire to design and assemble such a thing, they could scarcely guess.

Questions immediately came to mind, such as who would make such a thing and how could such precision machining be accomplished on this island. For that matter, how it came to ally itself with these basic creatures. These and their kind would have to wait as the automaton was not content to merely stand there. Pistons flew and drove themselves as mechanical feet dug into the ground. It

lunged and propelled itself forward with a great hissing sound, trailing vapor behind it. It nearly crashed into Phen, who was only spared by intentionally falling and sprawling herself out onto the floor as it roared above her and skidded to a halt and turned to face the red dragon.

As the metal monstrosity threw itself bodily on top of Dragonien, the dragon could just make out a stylized etching that read "Luke Mk. 2" engraved upon its casing. Dragonien spent perhaps a half-second pondering the significance of this before remembering the weighty, claw-snapping owner of it currently bearing down upon him. He had a plan but couldn't use it so closely to the machine. Even now the mighty artificial strength of it pushed him up against the wall. An orange blur appeared at the edge of the dragon's vision as the metal mass rocked away from him, impacted by the shoulder of Zev and pushed aside into the open. Dragonien was momentarily staggered but caught Zev's offered paw.

"Back in the game," the fox chided and turned to face the assailant.

Natail had come up behind it and, while shi struggled to rear on hir hind legs, shi managed to jab hir spear downward into the crevice where its arm met the torso. With some luck shi managed to lodge the weapon inside, partially skewering it. It ground to an abrupt halt and fell forward, the actuators in its left leg seizing momentarily and causing it to stumble away from Dragonien. The sudden powerful movement caught the yoshi by surprise and shi would have toppled with it had it not wrenched the weapon from hir hands.

A loud snapping sound echoed from the cave walls. Natail's spear had broken, the far greater part of the shaft clattered to the ground. The head of it was rattling inside the metal cage of the automaton's chest as it bounced from gear to gear. Now its motion was erratic and jerky. It caught itself and leapt clumsily once more to its feet, hindered but not halted. A sharp jerking motion followed with the leaping arrow that pierced the chest-piece now jutting from it. It was followed by another as Zev found a home for it there and forced it to reel backwards. Steam poured from the new holes, now whistling as it moved and the pressure inside constantly changed.

The alligator sensed his mechanical ally's peril and moved to assist, leveling the staff and pointing the tip of the crystal outward. It was one of the ocelots that was the target, the group of them staying pressed against the walls an remaining uninvolved up to now. A thin lance of violet light sprang outward and struck the cat who immediately doubled over. The previously purring feline began to growl as it stretched, swiftly growing outward in all directions. Thick muscle bunched up beneath the tawny fur and expanded larger. He stood up and the growl turned into a roar as the previously five foot cat now stood at seven, quickly approaching eight as he inched upward. Even as he began to run he reached nine and as he sprinted full tilt he leveled out at ten feet of hulking feline. The now massive male threw himself and tried to pounced at Natail

Zev had drawn his bow again, aiming at the charging cat but the tipping foot of a certain bird sent the cat reeling in the wrong direction. All that force and momentum tripped the ocelot and sent him tumbling to the floor. Phen had gotten back to her feet and placed one squarely in the cat's path. The fox was relieved he didn't have to shoot him and instead fell upon him, setting a foot on his chest

and a stern look to try and keep him down. It was obvious in the ocelot's eyes that he didn't exactly want to fight and hesitated getting back up for the moment.

At the same time the automaton had righted itself and lifted its arm. Some sort of tube was slung beneath it and from the open end of it billowed a thick cloud of purplish smoke, obscuring everything around it and filling the room. Dragonien had brought up his own hand but was too late –his line of sight and focus was cut short by this obstruction that washed over him and the others. The crowd of cats were all wise enough to know this and all scrambled to move ahead of the creeping mist and to escape into the passage the gator had come from. At last it swept over them and confusing darkness followed. Coughing and the automated whirring sound of machinery echoed everywhere as everyone tried to regain their bearings within the shroud. A loud clang and a gasp for air signaled that someone had been forcefully knocked down. This was not going well. Was that the sound of Zev moaning? The insidious nature of the gas made itself known as everyone could feel a flush of arousal between their legs, almost cripplingly so. Phen quivered, Dragonien struggled to even stand within the debilitating stuff.

A sudden stiff wind blew through the cavern, pushing the vapor aside and revealing the scene once more. Natail had succumbed to the maddening effects of the haze and was hunched over trying to grab at himself, his achingly hard cock dribbling precum onto floor in frustration. The gale was a creation of Dragonien's to brush away the interference with one claw and with the other he brought forth a sharp snap of cold. The steam coming from the automaton's pipes froze over, blocking it and not only freezing the water vapor but also its movements as it stopped entirely and toppled over, the boiler cold.

The sea-colored alligator narrowed his eyes. "You haven't won here!" he yelled. He waved his staff and began to mutter some arcane jibberish when Phen's sudden and swift approach startled him. She had meant to grab at the gator but he saw her and with his yelp, the spell was incomplete. In a blinding flash both he and the automaton were gone but the staff had remained behind, hovering in the air for just a moment before clattering to the ground.

"Teleporting jerk!" Dragonien shouted, shaking his fist at all the nothing.

The phoenix scrambled to pick up the abandoned staff. The little crystal sat atop its wooden perch, devoid of the inner light it previously had. Phen waved it around testingly to see if anything would happen. Nothing. The bird sighed.

"Well it was worth a try," she said.

It then dawned on her that, since she hadn't seen anything like these gems topside, that there might be more underground. Suddenly going further in seemed a lot more appealing to her. Were there more of these stashed further within by these little creatures? If so, what was their source? This day was turning out to be better than she first expected.

Another realization hit the group. The cave had quickly vacated with the arrival of the smoke, leaving only Phen, Natail, and Dragonien... and that was all. Zev was conspicuously absent, a fact confirmed as they all searched about.

"He was just here!" exclaimed the dragon.

Phen spoke up: "Maybe he went further inside?" she suggested. No ulterior motive there at all.

"Or was taken by force in the scuffle..." the yoshi added.

The three of them looked to the darkened opening that led towards the deep interior of this cave system. Now it was their turn to cautiously explore, stepping as one to the threshold until their eyes adjusted beyond this twilight area and to parts further.

"I don't think this is just a cave..." Natail said.

In all directions the walls opened up to give way to a truly massive chamber whose boundaries exceeded the power of the intruding light to reveal. Deliberately carved steps dropped sharply downward while the ground to either side of them fell into darkness. Massive sculpted columns that stood on their own like islands rose from the abyss towards another inky blackness far above them.

"How big is this place?" someone asked. It wasn't answered, however. A decidedly faint but purple glow in the distance had caught their attention. Looks like this day might pick up after all.