

The Seventh Realm: Volume Four

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Episode 46: Buildup

Trudging through the forest and into the blackness of night with naught but torches to light their path, Cy and Johnny lead the human guards through the brush, a single Zelkona as their backup. They are but one of five teams, each with someone who will recognize the escaped J.T., Yulan and Isabella. However, as the purple night moon swings slothfully toward the horizon, they find nary a trace of the fleeing trio. They search high and low for the escapees but exhausted, frustrated, hungry and left with no clues, they have no choice but to turn back. As they agreed, the teams meet at the warehouse as dawn approaches.

“Find anything?!” Johnny asks as Katero and his team approach.

“No. There was no trace of them. Even my Ketlan senses failed to discover anything.”

“That’s bizarre. It’s like they vanished into the jungle.” Cy murmurs.

“Not exactly.”

Turning around, they see Yasmin, Rico and their team approaching. Though they are empty handed, they appear gleeful.

“We walked in the direction of Kincaid’s city and discovered Yulan’s pod. It was banged up and had a nice sized hole in the canopy, but it didn’t look like that fucker crashed.” Yasmin begins.

“He landed in the jungle and hiked back here from several miles away.” Rico continues.

“But we saw him fly in the other direction when he took off.” Cy comments to Rico.

“I know. I can’t explain it either. He flew back around without anyone seeing or hearing him.” Rico replies.

“Maybe that pod had some kind of stealth technology.” Johnny thinks aloud.

“Whisper mode on a space craft with a turbine engine.” Yasmin snickers.

“But you did not find him?” Muzel asks.

“No. He’s long gone, and so are Isabella and J.T. I’m sorry, Cy.” Yasmin answers.

“God damnit.” Cy grumbles, running his fingers through his hair.

“There is nothing left to do but carry on with the plan and forget about them.” Katero says.

“Just let them go?!” Cy exclaims in anger.

“He’s right, Cy. We have bigger pigs to skewer.” Yasmin chimes in.

Conceding to Yasmin, as he knows that she is right, Cy and the others agree to kill J.T., Yulan and also Isabella on sight, should they ever attempt to return. In the meantime, they must prepare for war with Kincaid, and there is also Yulan’s latest victim lying wounded in Lara’s clinic. With the morning sun creeping upward and peeking over the treetops, they walk back toward the clinic to check on the status of the brutalized woman found in the crashed pod. As they approach, a guard assigned to watch over the clinic pokes his head inside and calls out to Lara, who swiftly emerges from the building.

“Hi Lara. We-”

“How is she?” Yasmin asks, cutting Cy off mid-sentence.

“Hello... Why don’t you come in and sit down...” Lara sighs.

“Just answer the fucking question!” Yasmin growls.

“... She’s dead.”

“What?” Yasmin’s voice catches in her throat.

“She didn’t look that bad.” Rico adds.

“I know. It wasn’t Yulan that killed her, but the crash. Her outer injuries were painful but relatively superficial. However, when she crashed in the jungle, the force crushed her ribcage, snapping several ribs and puncturing no less than three vital organs. Her death was caused by massive internal bleeding. I’m amazed that she could even speak when you found her.” Lara answers.

They all stand in shock. Yasmin sniffles, a tear running down her cheek as she wipes her nose with the back of her hand.

“Well, better to die than live with that kind of mental pain. You’re at thirty-five now, Yulan, you son of a bitch...” She murmurs.

Draping an arm over Yasmin’s shoulders, Rico gives her a comforting embrace and kisses her head very gently. She turns, wrapping her arms around him and holding him close. With nothing left but to carry on and prepare for the upcoming battle, Cy orders the teams to disperse. Those who have already surpassed their on-duty time return to the barracks or their homes. Johnny and Katero return to their own, while Cy, Rico and Yasmin return to the fortress. Waiting for them at the gate with Darius in her arms, Zakera greets her mate with a kiss. She can see the disappointment on his face, though she knows that is not what bothers him. For all that Cy has done, he has a strong conscience; he fears what Yulan and the others will do now that they are loose on Monala.

The hours turn to days, which in turn become weeks. They never hear anything of Yulan, Isabella or J.T., nor do the Kelanethaka. Even

their brush with Kincaid almost becomes a distant memory. Only the rapidly increasing military might of both the Sa'kesh and Kelanethaka keep it fresh in the minds of the villagers. Standing by the railing and watching a new batch of troops training with Yasmin and Jack down below, Cy takes a moment to reflect. As his eyes scan the view outside, Zakera stirs before rising from her bed. She had continued to lie down after awakening due to her illness. The nude Ketlan woman slowly approaches her mate, resting her hands upon his shoulders and leaning against his back for support.

"Are you feeling any better now?" He asks, turning around and holding her in his arms.

"Yes. It is somewhat easier this time."

"I've heard that the second baby is usually easier." Cy grins, kissing her cheeks and working down to her neck.

"Mmm. It was certainly as much fun to create this one as Darius." She softly groans. "May I ask what you were looking at?"

"Just the new warriors in training."

"What were you thinking?" She asks.

Cy's arms hold his wife, a hand slowly rubbing her back and shoulders as he rests his nose over her shoulder. He takes a deep breath, inhaling her sweet, feminine scent through his nostrils before gradually exhaling.

"Cy?"

"I was watching the warriors and wondering how many would come home with me when this is all over." A somber Cy admits.

Zakera rests her cheek against his chest, looking at a wall bearing several weapons used as decoration. Cy rests a hand on her head, stroking her soft, wavy pink hair. Her tail sways gracefully as

they simply stand and hold each other. Looking over his wife, Cy notices that her ears prick and her head turns toward the door. Releasing each other, she wraps her hide skirt around her waist and ties the cordage around and above her tail. As she covers her breasts, placing the hide garment over the white fur of her chest, she gives Cy a nod. Tying the cordage behind her neck, Cy opens the door as Katero stands before him, a balled fist held up in the air and knuckles facing the human.

“I am glad I did not disturb you.” Katero begins, lowering his hand.

“You kind of did.” Cy remarks. “What’s up?”

“Is everything alright?” Zakera asks, tying the cordage behind her mid-back.

“Oh, yes. Lara sent me; Kanafa has begun her labor.”

Looking back to his mate, Zakera’s eyes light up. They have both awaited this moment, another historical first for their tribe; the first Zelkona and human hybrid child in many centuries is about to enter this world. Taking Darius into his arms, Cy holds out a hand to his mate who grins cheek to cheek as she interlocks their fingers. Walking through the fortress and down to the courtyard below, Katero leads them back to Lara’s clinic. Joined by a detachment of warriors as soon as they emerge, a precaution after the escape of Yulan and the others, they march along the street and approach the building that is crowded by a moderately sized group.

Mirkon and Jinaso stand by the doorway, flanked by guards, assistants and their own family and friends. Zia turns to Katero, her lips curling into a pleased grin as she waves him over. As soon as he approaches, she rests a hand on his arm and keeps it there, speaking softly to him.

“Is this not a glorious day? I have the tome ready, my Lord.” Mirkon begins.

“How many God damn times-”

Zakera rests her free hand atop Cy’s chest, immediately ceasing his words as though she had caught them. Looking to his mate, she subtly shakes her head. She has said often that if they prefer to give him an honorary title, then he should allow them that. ‘A gifted title should not be thrown away’ she would say. Sighing, he looks to Mirkon.

“Thank you, Mirkon. I’m looking forward to writing in another name and race to that book.” Cy replies.

Nendath pokes her head outside as Kanafa groans in pain from within. Standing outside and waiting for Lara’s approval, they look to the Zelkona assistant who slowly shakes her head before returning inside.

“I wonder what it will look like.” One guard murmurs to another.

“Darius is certainly an interesting blend and with such adorable human feet.” A female Zelkona guard remarks.

“I hope that my child has such pleasant features.” A second female comments.

“I forgot that your pledge is a human. I never see him.” The first says.

“Yes. He works in the mines and just finished building our home. When we are together, we are often too busy entertaining each other to be seen.” The second quips.

“I can imagine, with a human mate.” The first laughs.

Eavesdropping on the conversation, Mirkon leans closer to Cy as he sits on the ground and with his back to the wall, Zakera by his side.

“For as many mixed pairings as there are these days, we can expect quite a few py’sel in the future.” He murmurs.

“Indeed. Is it not wonderful?” Zakera asks.

“Of course. Every new soul makes the Sa’kesh stronger, regardless of who or what they are.”

“So how many is ‘quite a few’?” Cy asks.

As he expected, Mirkon takes out a scroll from a wooden, hand-carved scroll carrier that dangles from a golden dyed cord attached to his leather belt. Incredibly meticulous, the human’s eyes scan the parchment for a moment.

“There are twenty-six pregnant Zelkona females with human pledges, and three pregnant Ketlan females with human pledges; that includes Zakera and Minoma. There are also forty-nine pregnant human females, of which eleven have Zelkona pledges and four have Ketlan pledges.”

“There are no Ketlan and Zelkona pledges, are there?” Zakera asks.

“No.” Mirkon replies, looking over the scroll.

Zia glances to Katero as Mirkon speaks. Noticing her gaze, he clears his throat and looks away, though his eyes cannot help but turn back to her, something that she notices. Her lips curl into a little smile as she too looks toward the ground, staring at her feet and the sharp claws of her toes as she stands atop the warm brick street. A sensation overcomes her; a warmth in her chest, caused by Katero as he slides his fingers against the palm of her hand. After a relatively short wait of four hours, Kanafa’s labor ends and she births a female py’sel. After cleaning the child and allowing the parents to see her, Lara sends Nendath outside to fetch their chieftain, the three racial luminaries and their families.

Stepping into the clinic, Kanafa sits at a slight angle, her back supported by a series of stacked pillows that create a wedge between the table and the wall behind her. Mirkon rests the tome atop a free counter, retrieving a small, portable vial of ink and an unused ethakona feather with a sharpened stem.

"This is our daughter, Sidana." Kanafa says as she looks to the group.

"Hungry beast? That's quite a name." Cy remarks.

"My mother simply named me 'child number 4'; I want our children to have more meaningful names." Kanafa replies.

"It is also a human legend that naming a child imbues them with the attributes of their name; Sidana should show much ambition and become very powerful in her adulthood." Kanafa's husband adds.

"I shall remember that when we have a daughter." Zakera says, turning to Cy.

"What if we only have three sons?" Cy asks.

"Then we must add more stones to my collar and your armband." Zakera coos.

With a little chuckle, Cy leans in and kisses his mate. Lara then brings them over to Kanafa to examine the baby so that they may document the hybrid race. As Kanafa holds her daughter in her arms, they are struck by the infant's appearance. While Darius appears almost identical to the other Ketlan but with the exception of human-like ankles and feet, the py'sel of Zelkona and human parents is a true blending of both races. With a torso and upper limbs like all three sentient breeds, her five-fingered hands bear short nails that will soon sprout into claws, just like Darius'. Her ankles and feet are humanesque, also like Darius', but a head and face like her mother's.

With a hide similar to her mother's but softer and less dense in appearance, she bears a thin layer of blond hair on her head. Aside from the addition of hair, a fine stripe of blonde fur runs along her spine and through her tail, like a horse's mane. The most striking difference is Sidana's ears. Zelkona do not have visible ears but instead have auditory sensory chambers with small openings where ears should be. Sidana has long, thin and pointy ears that bear a resemblance to those of traditional elves. Opening her eyes, she looks to the strangers with vivid golden orbs. The thin lips of her long and broad raptor-like snout curl up and she grins at the group with her toothless maw.

Kanafa's hide is primarily dark blue, with white flesh on her chest and belly, and dark purple swirls upon her back. Sidana, however, has a light blue hide and soft violet swirls upon her back, with an off-white, cream-colored flesh upon her chest and belly; she is visibly mixed with her father's genes. Her whip-like tail sways as she shifts in her blanket. Her little hands open and close as though trying to grab for her covering. Kanafa quickly shields her baby and the viewing is officially over. Mirkon and Lara take notes and document the race while Cy and the others stand back and debate the possible names of the new race.

"She has human feet. Could she not also be Sakona?" Jinaso asks.

"That does not make sense. She does not look like the py'sel of a human and Ketlan." Zia replies.

"Darius' race is based on appearance. What else could we name Sidana's breed?" Zakera asks.

"What about blade-ears?" Mirkon suggests.

"That... Does not roll off of the tongue, in either language." Katero grimaces.

"Do you have a better suggestion?"

"Perhaps I do." Katero retorts.

“Feel free to say it anytime.” Mirkon smirks.

Cy listens quietly, an arm crossed before his chest with the other resting atop it, pointed upright as he scratches his chin. Glancing back at Kanafa, her pledge and their daughter, they speak amongst themselves.

“She is such a beautiful child.” Kanafa comments.

“She is. She’s even more beautiful than her mother; I did not know that was possible.” He remarks.

“You are so sweet.” Kanafa giggles.

“And her skin is so soft.”

“Just like her father’s.” Kanafa coos.

Cy turns back to the others as they quietly argue back and forth.

“Akzazel.” Cy suddenly interrupts.

“What?” Jinaso turns to him.

“They have softer skin than Zelkona. Why not ‘akzazel’?”

“Soft-skin... Hm...” Zia thinks for a moment.

“I like it.” Zakeru nods.

“Indeed. It has a ring to it.” Katero agrees.

“It is better than Mirkon’s suggestion.” Jinaso grins.

Turning to Mirkon, he nods in approval before jotting down the name, gender and race of Sidana into the census tome. With their task completed, Lara and Nendath shoo the group out of the clinic to allow Kanafa time to rest. Only her pledge and their newborn child are allowed to remain. Returning to the fortress, the day continues as all

of the others had before them. Cy conducts meetings with Zia, Jinaso and Mirkon, the three doyens of his ever-growing kingdom. Each racial leader has their own set of unique struggles that befall them, which is to be expected. Knowing no other way, Cy and Yasmin structure the kingdom similar to many criminal enterprises; once their meeting adjourns, the doyen returns home and issues instructions to their own chosen underlings.

The day wanes and Cy and Zakera eat dinner together before returning upstairs to spend time with each other before bed. Cy cradles Darius and hums a tune that his mother had always used when he was a child, something he has never forgotten. Zakera stands at the balcony, her hands resting on the rails as she watches a patrol of armed soldiers marching around the city. It is simply a part of their training, learning how to march for prolonged periods and how to remain in formation. Resting Darius in his crib as he sleeps soundly, Cy slips off his boots and removes his tunic, dropping it to the floor before approaching his mate from behind.

Her lips curl up around the corners of her snout and she closes her eyes as his bare chests presses against her back. She softly groans and arches her back as his hands rest on the white fur of her toned belly, the other stroking the pink fur of her cheek. With his pledge in his arms, Cy kisses her softly several times. She reaches back, resting her clawed hands on the black hair of his head, cooing as he necks her. Soon, she spins around to face him, wrapping her arms around his neck and leaning in for a series of passionate kisses.

“Life was so much simpler when it was just us.” Cy remarks.

“What about Darius?” Zakera asks. “You do not mean-”

“Of course not. I love him to death. I just meant that I could do without this ‘Kingdom of the Sa’kesh’ stuff. It’s more work than I wanted.” He answers.

“I can understand, though I am very grateful for the Sa’kesh.”

“Why is that?” He raises a brow.

“With this tribe I am now hopeful for the future. The new child born to Kanafa and her mate, the scores of mixed couples, the other tribes who have sought us out to become Sa’kesh. I have heard of no one living here who disagrees with our beliefs; it warms my heart.”

“I was expecting you to say that our love, Darius and our soon-to-be second child were your reasons.” Cy chuckles.

“They are as well, but you already knew that.” She replies.

“I still like to hear it.”

Zakera kisses him passionately, their tongues entwining for a moment. Pulling away, she nuzzles his cheek with her snout.

“I do my best to make you happy.” She coos.

“So do I.”

Sharing a few more kisses, Zakera steps back until her back rests against the frame of the archway. She giggles and rests a hand over Cy’s groin as he necks her, his fingers untying the cordage that holds her clothing to her body. With her head turned to the side, she notices Zia and Katero walking toward Zia’s home. She taps Cy on the shoulder as her skirt falls to the floor.

“What is it?” He asks.

“Look.” Zakera points to the two. “I wonder what they are doing together at Zia’s home and so late in the evening; they do not live together.”

“Whatever it is, it isn’t our business, but I hope it makes them feel better.”

“What do you think they will be discussing?” She asks with a lustful grin.

“It’s probably something like this...”

Cy grabs her still covered breast and kisses her. As she strokes his head, he unties the cordage behind her neck and mid-back, dropping her hide breastplate to the ground before gently pulling her into their bedroom. Katero looks to the balcony, watching as Zakera is playfully pulled into the room by her mate, chuckling subtly.

“Thank you for walking me home, Katero. I greatly enjoy your company.”

“Do not mention it. I enjoy your company as well.”

Standing before the front door of her relatively lavish home, not dissimilar to those of the human and Ketlan doyen, they turn to each other and share an awkward silence. Zia opens her front door and takes a step inside. Katero turns and takes a step away, though both stop and turn back to the other simultaneously.

“D-did you wish to enter?” Zia suddenly asks.

“Alright.” He answers softly, nodding his head.

The two share a tea made of sweet leaves crushed into water and boiled in a primitive brass kettle. Introduced by Chris and Jack, tea has quickly become a popular drink among the Sa’kesh, a cultural staple like the falcata swords that their soldiers wear beneath their arms.

“I am glad that you wished to talk inside. I wanted to ask how you were feeling.” Zia begins.

“I am fine.” Katero says before sipping his tea from a clay goblet.

"Are you certain? You often seem sad. It is because of Gabriella?"

"... I often miss her." Katero sighs, his eyes glossing.

Staring blankly at the top of her table, Zia worries that she has upset him. Rising from her place on the opposite end of the table, she quickly sits beside him.

"I understand... I was also pledged before."

"Your tribe had the pledge? I believed that was only a tradition of the Kelanethaka." He replies in shock.

"It is not. Not every tribe practices the pledge; some Ketlan, Zelkona and human tribes forgo the practice while others do not. Before the Sa'kesh, our tribe continued the tradition." Zia answers.

"Oh... I am sorry to hear about your mate."

"We had recently pledged and were prepared to have a child together, however, he was killed by a thrown spear when Roland's soldiers arrived to destroy us for being Zelkona. He was the son of our chieftain, his mother. She too died in the skirmish, and as the next female in the family lineage, I became the chieftain. After fighting off the humans, I worried that many thousands more would come and simply overwhelm us with their numbers, so I ordered the tribe to flee."

"I understand your pain, and I apologize for that." Katero says, slipping an arm around her.

"I miss my mate, as I did love him, but the pain has eased in all of my time without him."

"I wish there was something I could do." Katero says as he strokes her back softly.

"I hope to find love again in the future, as I am free to do so under Sa'kesh law and culture. Perhaps you should too..."

Katero looks to her and opens his mouth to speak but hesitates. Taking the opportunity presented to her, Zia leans in and presses their snouts together, giving the Ketlan a prolonged kiss. Leaning back, Katero's eyes are as wide as old silver dollars and his hand falls from her back. In a mild panic, she turns and stares at the table.

"I-I am sorry! In my tribe, females were the dominant sex. I often still struggle with the changes created by joining the Sa'kesh. I admit that I find it strange that both males and females can live equally, after so long of being thought of as superior."

Katero's arm slips back around her waist, pulling her closer. Zia turns her head to him, her golden eyes looking him over.

"Do not be sorry. I was surprised, not angry." Katero tells her.

He leans in and kisses her deeply, their tongues entwining as his free hand slides along her slender body. Her smooth yet dense hide feels quite nice in his palm and he gently scratches her side with his claws, causing her to shiver from the delightful sensation. Katero's hand continues its journey, stopping as he rests it over her ample, DD-cup breasts, giving one a little squeeze.

"Do you like the forcefulness of human and Ketlan men?" He asks with a low, sensual growl.

"Y-yes. Many Zelkona women do." She says as she trembles.

His hand moves from her breast and rests beneath her chin. After several more passionate kisses, he gazes at her.

"Tell me what you want." He grins.

"I want to experience more of you, Katero." She sheepishly replies.

"Good. I wish to enjoy your company as well." He growls seductively.

Leaning in, he gives her neck several soft kisses before licking her flesh. Spurred by his touch, Zia bolts up from the table and yanks her top from her body, dropping it to the ground before hooking her thumbs behind the cloth skirt she wears. Bending over, she turns around and glances over her shoulder at Katero as she pushes off the garment, revealing her moistening loins to him. Quickly rising from the table, he bangs his knee and stumbles. Zia, who stands several inches taller than her companion, reaches out and grabs hold of him. He has never felt the immense strength of her race before; with a single arm she drags him from the table and pulls him to his feet.

Her whip-like tail sways as she kisses him several more times, her arm wrapping around his waist and locking. As they walk toward the staircase leading up to her bedroom on the second floor, Katero can't help but chuckle.

"What is so funny?" She asks with a grin.

"I could not escape from you no matter how hard I tried."

"You do not desire this?!" Her smile swiftly fades.

"Of course I do! It was just an amusing thought. You are so much stronger than I, but perhaps I can tame and control you." Katero says, his hand smacking her plump yet firm buttocks.

"Mmm... I would love to see you try." She winks.

Entering her bedroom, Zia is led to her bed by the male Ketlan. With a forceful push, he drops her onto her thick grass mattress. The nude Zelkona rolls onto her side, her long and fleshy raptor tail hanging over her lower legs as she looks back at him. Slowly untying

the black cloth that holds up his matching trousers, he drops them to the ground. Her eyes lock onto the endowed, swaying, shiny black flesh of his member and the golden furred scrotum betwixt his legs. Pulling his vest from his torso, he drops it beside his pants which lie bunched at his feet. Stepping out of the leg holes, he takes hold of his own member, stroking the organ with one hand as he fondles her large breasts with the other.

Eager to satisfy her new lover, Zia shifts and leans in, taking hold of his penis and stroking it herself. Katero is surprised by her skillfulness as she massages the erecting flesh, as much as she is by the heat radiating off of the charcoal colored phallus. Unable to resist, she opens her mouth and inserts his considerable member, careful not to scratch him with her sharp teeth as her tongue strokes his flesh. She groans as she tastes him for the first time, quite enjoying his flavor. Katero pets her head for a moment before he rests his clawed hands on either side. Soon, Zia turns her eyes up, gazing at Katero as he sways his hips, pumping his length and girth into her mouth.

Tiring of only her mouth, Katero pulls back, his organ filled and ready. He lies Zia back and climbs atop the mattress, kneeling between her ankles. At first, she wonders why he is so far below her but soon is pleasantly surprised when Katero leans forward and places his snout between her inner thighs. He gives her loins a long sniff, to her embarrassment.

“You smell wonderful.” He coos.

He licks her nether lips, resting his hands on her upper legs. Lick after lick rocks Zia’s body as Katero pays close attention to her clitoris. Inserting his tongue, it feels as though her lover is attempting to spell out the Ketlanic alphabet. She writhes in pleasure as he works her loins with his tongue, a hand running down and gripping his wet and glistening member as he strokes himself. Her clawed hands

grip his shoulders and Katero's response is immediate. Pulling back, he takes hold of her wrists and leans forward. Lying over her, his penis rests against the sun yellow hide of her groin and belly as he pins her arms against the mattress. Though they both know that she could easily escape him, she finds it arousing as he takes charge, succumbing to his will.

"You are mine to enjoy. I move when I am ready." He sternly replies.

"Mmm, I understand, Katero." She coos.

With his member resting over her belly, he pushes his furry scrotum against her nether lips. Shifting his hips as he pulls back, the Ketlan grinds his engorged phallus against her loins. Katero kisses and licks the yellow flesh of her breasts, even sucking on her nipples as he grinds against her, causing Zia to writhe beneath him. Finally ready, he pulls back even further and uses a hand to grasp at the base of his ample penis. He runs the tip against her flesh, teasing her for a moment.

"Please, Katero... Do not taunt me. I want you!"

Leaning in, he kisses her once more and pushes forward, forcing her taut flesh to spread far apart and accept his girth. He grunts as he feels how incredibly tight Zia's vagina is, his eyes wincing. Zia screams from the incredible sensation and claws at the mattress before wrapping her arms around her lover and doing the same to his back. Her golden eyes are wide, staring at the ceiling as she feels her opening struggle to accept his thick member. Had she spoken to any of the Zelkona females who are in interracial relationships, she would have known an interesting difference between the Zelkona and their human and Ketlan neighbors. Zelkona males have uniquely shape genitalia; very long and tapering, with a relatively thin tip.

Though they can be very thick beyond the first two-thirds of their length, many Zelkona females often do not use them beyond that, and as the females are always dominant, their mates never force the rest. The conventional genitalia of humans and Ketlan, who share an identical structure to each other in that regard, is often half of the length but with a uniform thickness throughout. This thickness is similar, and in some cases greater, than that of the base of a Zelkona male's penis. With her own genitals built to fit, Katero's above average member stretches her to her limit; Zia has never felt so full from any of her previous sexual partners, and she soon finds herself adoring the intense sensation.

Grunting and gasping for breath, Katero lies over her and pumps the engorged, black flesh of his member in and out of Zia's hole. The yellow flesh of her nether lips pulls from her body before being driven back into her with each thrust of her lover's hips. Her mouth agape, her eyelids lower and she stares at the ceiling with narrowed eyes as Katero enjoys her, drool running from the lowest corner of her mouth. Though the noise is subdued by his fur, the sound of Katero's scrotum slapping against her plump buttocks arouses them both. His hands grip her plump breasts as he leans in and sucks on her nipples, his tongue swirling around the flesh.

His skill as a lover seems superb to her, her body shivering as she feels a budding sensation growing within her loins and working through her thighs and belly. With her hands running over his body, her moans and groans grow louder. She tries to buck her hips to meet her lover, tilting her head down to look. Her eyes grow wide as she witnesses the sight of the penis that fills the space between her legs and burying itself within her body, being sheathed completely within her hungry loins. Lying her head back, she gasps and cries out, clawing his back once more as the combined sight and sensation of their sexual intercourse drives her to orgasm.

Her loins clamp onto his flesh so tightly that Katero struggles to pull out and then finds difficulty in pushing back in. Persistent in his

quest, however, Katero continues his work without fail. Zia's trembling legs bend at the knees as she feebly attempts to wrap them around his waist. His full testicles press against her plump buttocks as he pumps into the voluptuous, raptor-like female. Grunting both from the effort and the pleasure, he bears his teeth and growls, his clawed hands reaching down and gripping tightly to the red hide of his lover's firm ass. The slapping of his scrotum against her body as he pounds roughly into her soon echoes throughout the room.

"I am almost finished." He grunts.

"Please, Katero. Please release." Zia begs.

"I hope your body can hold it all." He growls lustfully.

Zia can feel her face flushing, a strange sensation overwhelming her. She finds that she greatly enjoys being submissive to her lover, her pleasure increasing the more he takes control. She squeals as she orgasms a second time, a thick, white cream smearing over the dark flesh of Katero's penis. Her loins tremble and her body quakes. With his fingers flexing over her buttocks, his breathing grows more labored and his grunts increase in volume. After several moments of struggling to hold out, Katero succumbs to the pleasure and finally releases. Burying himself within her until his groin forms a tight seal against her nether lips, jet after powerful jet flows from his body and through Zia's hungry pussy.

The sensation of his hot seed washing over her like a great wave is enough to double down on her second orgasm, forcing an equally powerful third from the female. Her arms and legs wrap around the golden and black spotted Ketlan as he roars, filling her body with his sperm. As the fluid races past her cervix, into her uterus and through her fallopian tubes, Zia's body finally relaxes. It is as if Katero's cum has quenched her thirst. She looks to Katero as he lay atop her, panting with closed eyes as his body slowly becomes limp. She has never had sex so enjoyable, nor has she ever experienced so many

orgasms in one session. Zia believes that she can feel his sperm cells racing for her eggs.

The rush of endorphins in her brain takes full effect and as she lies back, her lover still atop her and sheathed within her body, she feels a warmth within her chest. A clawed finger moves Katero's now disheveled black hair from his face as a little smile spreads across her own. Her moderate infatuation and physical attraction now develops into genuine romantic attachment. Opening his eyes, Katero turns his own golden orbs upward, gazing back at Zia. Leaning in, he gives her a tender kiss and the two snuggle for a moment. Katero begins to pull away and Zia impulsively grabs onto his buttocks, holding him in place.

"Please! ... Not yet, my love."

"What?" Katero looks to her with surprise.

"I said 'not yet, Katero'." Zia reiterates.

Katero concedes and lies back across her, his snout just beneath her chin. He enjoys the sensation of being left within her body, though he worries as it finally dawns on him that they have committed a taboo. Just as his relationship with Gabriella began with sex, he now finds himself feeling attached to a female and mating with her, though she is not his legal mate. As adults, this is heavily frowned upon. He is certain that many heard their cries of passion, and passing villagers had seen them entering her home. Zia, strokes Katero's hair and furry back, holding him like an oversized doll against her chest and between her large breasts, enjoying the sensation of his impressive organ stuffed inside of her body.

However, it occurs to her as well that this was improper and taboo. As the doyen for the Zelkona, she should know better than to break the rules of the Sa'kesh and Kelanethaka; part of her job is to serve as a positive example to her race. Finally allowing Katero to

extract himself, they both watch as he pulls away. The still erect member pulls hard at her loins as he withdraws from her body. She groans and grips the mattress, her fingers digging into the tied sheaves as she shivers in pleasure. As the head of his phallus pops out of her loins, she sits up to allow his seed to emerge, however, it has been too long; not a drop of cum falls from her used and stretched pussy. Though neither says anything and even look to each other with smiles, they both worry that this will cause a serious complication for both of them.

Rather than leaving right away, Katero lies down beside her, holding her from behind and spooning with Zia. She does not ask him to stay and spend the night with her; everything Katero does is entirely of his own volition.

“I... I greatly enjoyed our mating.” Zia sheepishly admits.

“As did I.” Katero replies, kissing the red flesh of her shoulder.

“Katero...”

“Yes?”

“I care for you... Deeply... And for more than just this.” She speaks softly.

His heart beats rapidly and forcefully within his chest and Katero feels his temperature rise. Running a claw along her side where her corvette red and sun yellow flesh meet, he takes a deep breath.

“I care for you as well... You bring me peace, like Gabriella once did.” He begins.

“Really?!” She asks excitedly, glancing over her shoulder at him.

“Yes. I wished to say it sooner, but I feared being close to you after what happened to my previous mate; I do not wish to lose you as well. If I do, it would destroy me... I love you.”

“Katero...” Zia says as she rolls over in bed. “I love you too, and you will never lose me.”

“But we *are* going to war with Kincaid soon. I may not survive the battle.” Katero warns her.

Leaning in, she kisses him several times before nuzzling him with her broad snout.

“Then let us make a promise to each other. We will continue this in secret until the day you leave for battle, and when you return alive and well, we can speak of a future together. Agreed?”

“Agreed.” Katero nods.