

Dirty Little Secret

Mindless Self Indulgence by Micah Weil

The rules of the village were simple: you find something that would benefit the whole, you tell them about it. He understood why the elders decreed it to be so. Other villages had disappeared off the face of the world simply because of greed and the fights it usually caused. It was a perfectly reasonable rule. In this case, he knew, it'd help the village greatly. The river was clean and crisp, the waters unpolluted by the northern cities, and full of fish. They meandered further west, out into the distances they'd never been before. Resources and commerce were right in front of him.

He'd be damned to the deepest parts of hell if he didn't take advantage of the utter tranquility before he went to report it, though.

The buck laid out the blanket he had brought with him, in case his travels kept him in the wilderness until dusk. It was a simple print, woven of the flax fibers the village had left over after harvest. It was comfortable enough for him to enjoy lunch on, after all. Lunch was rather glorious; the travel rations he'd been granted were fortified with sweeter berries that they'd found growing nearby. He was rather grateful for it, since stale biscuits were not the tastiest of things.

He let his mind drift as he sat there, soaking up the sun as it warmed his fur and antlers. The rushing of the waters and occasional splash of a fish trying to catch a flying insect put him at peace. He'd have to find himself a spot further upstream to claim as his own relaxation area, once they had built their pier. He shut his eyes and sprawled out, the flap of cloth he wore around his waist giving him all the modesty he cared for at the moment. It was only approaching midday, he wasn't due back until sun down, if not the next morning. He wanted take advantage of that.

He only sat up when he heard splashing. It was louder splashing than he'd expect from a fish trying to catch a bug. Maybe one had decided to leave its watery world for the singular prize that was a tasty bug. He pulled a leg up to rest on as he observed the ripples in the water and where they were coming from.

Staring up at him were a pair of warm, mischievous eyes, attached to a pair of round, brown ears. He tilted his head to one side. Perhaps this section of the river had already been claimed, he thought to himself. A family of otters, probably feral, living nearby off the fish. He chuckled and laid back down. Someone got here first, even if they were just animals, and that meant they'd have to find another spot on the river.

He paid little attention as the otter pulled itself out of the water. It was probably just curious as to what he was. There was no reason to pay heed, he felt. He only reacted when she straddled his waist and looked down at him. "And whom do we have here?"

"Huh?" He snapped his eyes open and looked up at the female sitting on his gut. She

was a beautiful creature, curved in a manner he found pleasing to the eyes. She bore nothing more than a leather loincloth, no different from his, and a top of the same material. It would have been nothing special, save for the deep blue markings that he assumed identified her tribe. She was still wet, having pulled herself out of the water just to pin him like this.

She smiled. "Not much of a talker, huh?" Her words echoed the playfulness that danced in her eyes. She slid one of her fingers along the cervid's jawline. "You know, if I were a slaver, you'd be in serious trouble."

"But you're not." He reached up and grabbed her paw. "It's nice to meet you, by the way." He set her webbed hand on his cheek, and leaned into it.

"You're feeling confident I won't hurt you." She caressed his cheek. "Rather trusting."

"If you were going to hurt me, you would have done it already." He sat up a little bit, only to be pushed back onto the ground. "I'm not familiar with your tribe's markings."

"We're far downstream." She pointed down the river, out into the distant west. "I'm only now getting up here."

"How long have you been out?"

"Two days. Was gonna head back, then I found you." She leaned down, her paws resting on either side of his hand. "Now I'm happy to say that I have something to report when I go home."

"Mmm...trade partners, perhaps." He reached up and ran his toughened fingertips along her cheeks. She, of course, shut her eyes and smiled. "Who are you calling trusting?"

"You were just sprawled out here. I knew you weren't going to be of any danger to me." She went nose to nose with him. "So your tribe is east of here, then?"

"Half a day's out. They're probably going to come here when I get back and set up a fishing pier. Maybe a few huts for the fishermen or villagers who want to live near the river, but nothing too big. Don't want to disrupt the lands."

"Mmm...that would be good. Give us a trade post with yours." She chuckled. "Maybe even a cultural exchange." She sat back up, dragging her dull little claws along his chest. He shivered, the fur around her fingers fluffing at her touch. "Customs, music...partners, even."

"Partners?" The thought confused him.

"Oh yes. The physical form is revered by my village. My outfit is extremely uncommon, and that leads to other things."

"Ah." He looked at her again. The outfit felt like it was a strict modesty thing as it was, hiding only what his village would consider inappropriate to show off in all but the privacy of your home. "...what's the common outfit, if I may ask?"

She laughed. "A culture exchange it is, then." She reached behind her back and rapidly undid the ties that bound her top to her body. It fell to the ground, revealing a pair of perky breasts, pert still from the cold waters. The ties that held her loincloth to her body were undone as

well, and both pieces were cast aside. "Now, what does your village consider appropriate everyday wear?"

His cheeks were burning. "Usually what I am wearing now, and a shirt or top if deemed necessary."

"How boring." She slid herself down so she was sprawled out atop him.

"Boring?" He tilted his head to one side.

She paused in thought. "Okay, maybe not boring, but restrictive. I like walking around like this. Free." He set his hands on her back, coaxing out another giggle. "Now you're being forward! I think I've found the worst diplomat in the world."

"I'm just an explorer, my dear. I just find interesting things and report them back to my village. Of course, this is our way of keeping a close knit community." He nuzzled her cheek. "It's not uncommon to see people cuddled up in our village, when they're not working." He smiled, hoping the lie was good enough to fool her.

She let go of a soft little chuff when he pressed his nose against her face. "I would never complain about that. Of course, that may lead to its own problems where I'm from."

"Such as?" To his shock, she quickly reached down and undid his loincloth, leaving him just as nude as she was. He yelped and tried to buck her off, but she was quicker and grabbed his shoulders. "Hey! We just-"

"Relax." She smiled and poked his nose, a gesture that seemed to stop him where he was. "I've been without contact with another person for two days. I need this." She looked into his eyes. The playful otter had melted away into one of need, serious in what she was saying. "Besides, if you really didn't want this, you'd have thrown me off already."

He paused. She was right. He reached up and grabbed her hands, pulling her down into a soft kiss.

She sat back, straddling his lap. Her intent had been made clear, and he knew how she was going to play it. She rocked her hips slowly, gliding her slit along his shaft slowly. It wasn't like she needed to tease him in order to get him ready. After all, her strip tease had remedied that. Despite her clear desire to be in charge, he could not help but reach up and caress her chest. They weren't particularly big, and he preferred them that way. His stiff fingertips rolled over her perky little nipples, the rough texture eliciting a squeal of utter delight from the otteress. She looked down at him, her eyes lidding themselves as she rocked her hips a little rougher. He laid his head back, a moan rolling off of his lips.

That got her going. She pushed her hips forward, the warmth teasing along the tip of his shaft. She leaned herself forward and made a point to grind against that tip. It drove him wild, moans being mixed with grunts and whines. His hands went right for her hips, grabbing hold. He didn't care what she wanted anymore. He lifted her off of him, something she seemed way too

happy to do, and eased himself so she was perched atop his manhood. She wiggled her hips, rubbing her juices all along the tip of the slender beast. It was all a tease; she quickly sank herself down onto it, taking him as far as she could get him.

Her paws settled on his chest, tracing little patterns into the flesh beneath his fur. She would finally let go of her moan when those touches forced him to buck his hips against hers once more. She leaned her head forward and planted a soft kiss on his nose, before starting to rock her hips once more. His shaft glided in and out of her moist entry. Neither would admit it, but at the moment, it was the greatest feeling in the world. He began to thrust against her, his body desperate for hers.

She arched her back as he drove into her, her body shaking with pleasure. She gripped his shoulder and rode him a little harder, her tail flitting heavily behind her. "T-touch me," she pleaded. With a request so vague, so hastily made, she would have no choice but to cry out happily when he ran his finger along her clitoris. She leaned her head back, letting go of a feral cry, one that drove him wild. She found herself on her back within seconds, her legs spread as he thrust wildly against her. She dug her claws through the blanket and into the ground. Her body gave way to him; a howling orgasm quickly washed over her. She clenched down on him, making it all but impossible to move any further. He grunted and ground against her. It served to prolong the wave she rode, and to drive him off of his own edge...

The sun started to sag in the sky as they dressed and he packed his gear up. The afternoon had been blown completely, he knew. The afterglow was way too good to pass up; it was completely worth it. He rolled the blanket up and hefted it onto his back. "Well," he finally said, breaking their hours long silence. "There's gonna be a settlement here within a week."

"Mmm...my people will be coming around to establish here as well," the otter said, adjusting her top. "Next time we meet, things will be different."

"Different?" He looked at her with a smile. "What? This never happened?" He pressed a soft kiss to her lips, pulling her closer when she wrapped her arms around his neck.

"Mmm...doubt my people will like hearing about how first contact with another tribe ended up being a sticky mess."

"Mine won't either. They'll get over it, though." She rested her head on his chest. "How much trouble are you going to get into?"

"None. They're not going to find out. I figure that, when we get ourselves established here, your people and mine, that we can try to go and form a regular relationship."

"Well, where's the fun in that?" She sighed and squeezed him. "Gonna make sure I come with the villagers to set everything up, though."

"Better believe it," the buck replied with a smirk. "Finally found a place I enjoy taking root in. At least it'll give me a head start when I head in all other directions." She laughed and let him

go, moving into the water. "We'll be here in a couple of days. Probably have some housing set up by the time you get here."

"You promise?" She dove under the water. Within moments, she was gone. He sighed and turned back for his village. He'd get there before dusk, he knew that much. He just didn't want to.

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