

Breaking Ground

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The fatigue of the day was the furthest thing from Ranna's mind as she sat hunched over her worktable. It was late, and she knew that she should have put off the last stage of the potion for the next day, but it was a rush order, and she just wanted to be done with it. Her deep, blue eyes were half-lidded, but she saw all that she needed with her mind focused and her senses extended. Mundane alchemists were capable of wonders, surely, but it was a school of magic all its own, and with a little arcane guidance, effects could be extracted from nature with even greater potency.

Drop after drop, the distillation, which had been percolating for hours, fed into the flask that was suspended over the open flame that hovered in the air, its temperature controlled by her carefully crafted spell. She'd lost track of how long she'd been sitting there, sensing the thin threads of power be drawn from her mixtures and combined and recombined time and time again. She felt stiff and tense, and after so long with her mind exposed to magic, even the power imbued into the silvery-white walls around her were beginning to grate on her senses.

Ranna just wanted the wait to be over, and when, after a single last drop, the solution in the flask changed color from a muted grey to a brilliant, almost violent viridian, she sighed and cut both the flow of distillation and the flame with a few quiet words. *Finally*. Careful not to actually touch the finished potion with her spells, she floated the flask off of its frame and chilled the air *around* it, cooling it quickly to preserve the potency of its contents. That finished, the wizard then set it in a rack with its mates to be separated into vials... the next morning. She was done for the night.

Grumbling wordlessly, she scrubbed her tired eyes and pulled her senses back into her mind, closing off herself to the myriad of magical activities that took place in the Sanctum Arcanum. Ranna had spun an enchantment of her own around her quarters and workspace, but in an area so steeped in magic as the home of the Archmage, it was of only minimal help. It might have been of greater help if she wasn't so naturally sensitive, but as she pushed a few locks of raven-black hair out of her eyes, she admitted to herself that it was because of her sensitivity that she was so good at what she did.

With a gesture and a word, she willed the magelight in the room to life, keeping the whitish radiance low and muted to save her from the headache that she'd developed she didn't know how long into her evening's work. Standing there at her worktable for a moment, she reflected on her accomplishments as she massaged her temples with a thumb and forefinger. Five flasks in a single day, with the preparations for seven more already done. It was enough to bring a smile to her canine muzzle. She could take the next day off and still be done with time to spare. That alone was worth the extra effort.

"Another late evening, then? Are you finally done, or are you just taking a break?"

With a startled yelp, she jerked and whirled around to face the source of the casual voice. There, leaning back into a chair on the far side of the room, sat a small, slight figure, his eyebrows quirked upward in concern despite how one leg was crossed lazily over the other. He was shadowed from the distance and dim light, but she couldn't mistake him for anyone else, and that it was he that had so shocked her only dragged her lips down into a tight frown.

"Hector!" she snapped after swallowing her hammering heart back down into her chest where it belonged, "Don't... Don't *do* that! Dripping Ichor, I could have vaporized you!" Leaning back hard against the table behind her, she took a moment to stop herself from panting, letting the abrupt surprise bleed from her blood.

"I... I'm sorry," he said, uncrossing his legs and returning her frown more thoughtfully, "I thought you knew I was here. I wasn't *trying* to sneak up on you or anything. Are you okay?"

"Yes... Yes," she replied after a second of regaining her self-control, "How long have you just been sitting there?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe fifteen minutes." the sandy-furred fox man answered with a small shrug.

"Well say something next time, you stealthy son of a bitch! Gods' Blood..."

Hector's ears folded backwards apologetically, and he stood up, strolling cautiously across the intervening distance. She hoped he couldn't see her embarrassment. Even though it looked like his small, sleek frame was made for silence, she'd been vulnerable, and she should have at least sensed his aura when he entered the room. That he had been so close to her for nearly a quarter of an hour without her even noticing was shameful. However, none of that was his fault, and she softened her gaze when he got within arm's reach.

"Sorry, Hector," she said while drawing him into a warm hug, "I'm just tired, and I got a little too focused on my work. As always, I'm happy to see you. Is something the matter? How is everything doing?"

"Fine. Everything's fine," he murmured, only partially resisting pressing his angular muzzle into her chest, "It's all almost completely numb. It's going to take a whole lot of getting used to, but it's all fine. I just wanted to see you, you know, for you."

"Of course," she sighed, loosening her grip enough to let him shift more comfortably, "I just wanted to make sure that everything is going well. I don't want to hurt you, or worse, mar your perfect little body. What would I do then?"

Though he gave her no answer, she laughed when his face flushed and he squirmed in her arms. Though he truly was little, Hector was far from delicate. Even through the dark uniform of the Silver Lance, minus the bright blue cape, it would have been difficult to mistake him as dainty. He may have been short and whip thin, but his body felt firm against her, covered as it was in sheets of lean, toned muscle. He was hard, but he relaxed against her, his ears gradually rising back to their sharp, erect positions as they poked through his mop of short, dirty-blond hair and he returned her tender embrace.

"You work too hard," he said softly, her own ears, floppy and triangular, picking up his beatific sigh, "It's long since dark, and you feel so stiff."

"I know..." she huffed reluctantly, nodding her assent. Hours of sitting in the same position with little movement had left her back and shoulders dreadfully achy. She was broader than he, and several inches taller, being his compliment. She, like he, was visibly strong, but her muscle wasn't that of a warrior who lived a life of constant training. He was sleek and toned. She was almost burly, despite how her waist tapered and her hips filled her skirt quite decisively. Her thick, black fur hid much of what definition she possessed, and she didn't really chafe at being called "meaty." All it meant was that she was well-rounded. Her generous breasts had something to hang from, and her lovers would always have something to grab onto.

"Come here then. Let me help you." hummed the fox with a sly glimmer in his eyes. Gently, as if asking permission as he did it, Hector drifted away from her and pulled her forward by an arm. Curious of his intentions, she let herself be led over to where he had been sitting, and

allowed him to usher her into the chair that he had so recently occupied. The dark tip of his bushy, vulpine tail flicked in front of her as he cautiously maneuvered his way to stand behind her, and her own tail batted against his legs as he laid his hands gingerly on her shoulders. In spite of the leanness of his build, his grip was firm, and his thumbs pressed in on the base of her neck, rolling in tiny circles as they massaged away a tiny portion of her tension.

"Gods, you're tense," he added in a half-whispered mumble. Hector's mouth was close to her ears as he leaned into her, working her shoulders over, and she felt the heat of his breath against her scalp. A low grunt was the only answer she could summon at the moment, and she let her head droop forward, surrendering her neck and shoulders to his attentions.

"No thanks to you, Quietpaws." came her delayed response after a moment of his sturdy fingers digging into her. She wondered if he'd had much practice with the act, because he was very, very good at it, so much so that she felt herself sliding forward in her chair, pushing herself back into his hands.

"I said I was sorry..." Hector said through a pout, "Besides, it's hardly my fault. Maybe if you would get out of your little lab every now and then..."

"Please," Ranna scoffed, "*Someone's* got to get something done around here. I don't have the time to prance around in a flashy cape all day. And just because it's not your fault doesn't mean I don't have to think up some way to get you back for it."

"I can't wait," he assented smoothly, "but I happen to think that you look quite nice in blue. Maybe you should give it a try. I'm sure the Captain would take it easy on you."

"No she wouldn't," she grumbled with a roll of her eyes, "and you know it. And I don't know what I would do if all that prancing turned me into a skinny little thing like you. I'm quite happy with my situation as it stands."

"I'm sure," he said assertively but with harmless inflection, "And I also happen to enjoy you just as you are. I'm glad you're happy, even if you *do* work too hard." His smile was audible in the warmth in his tone, and he softened his jab with a hand that caressed its way up the side of her neck to tenderly cradle her cheek. Ranna leaned into it, exposing the other side of her throat, and his other hand stayed against her shoulder, working on her with soothing motions.

"Gods... Have you always been so good at this?" she said in a languid moan as he banished a particularly stubborn cord of strain that had been aching all the way up into her skull.

"I don't know. It's not like it's all that hard, especially when you're so stiff. Besides, helping people is my job, and I do like doing what I do."

"You're hired." Ranna groaned softly, following it up with a whispered, "Nnh..." She leaned forward, sliding away from his hand and granting him access to more of her back, and he made use of it, running his knuckles firmly down the line of her spine, making her squirm and shiver in her chair.

"You know," he intimated pleasantly, "this would be easier if I could get at the rest of you."

"What's stopping you?" she mused, pushing even more heavily back against his fingers. She knew the answer, and she showed her teeth in a small, private grin when he responded with only silence. At his hesitation, she chuckled. Without any more teasing, she pulled away from him and stood up, turning to face him while working her neck. She really did feel better already, but she knew what would make them both feel much, much better yet.

"Come." she said, spinning away and sashaying deeper into her lair. He followed obediently, padding softly behind her, and she drew aside the heavy curtain that separated her workroom from her more secluded living area. Her bedroom was modest and decorated with

functionality in mind. She had a writing desk, a heavy wardrobe, a plush, oversized bed, and a few heavily-laden bookshelves. Hector, still mute, stood at her side, glancing around the room and waiting.

Taking another moment, she went to sit on the edge of her bed, crossing her arms beneath her hefty chest. "Well, you're the expert. What should I do now?" The poor fox... At the prospect of telling her what to do, he fidgeted anxiously. It was true, she was more often than not all too glad to take charge and give direction, but she also enjoyed watching him squirm nervously. And squirm he did.

When it became clear that she would wait an eternity for him, he stepped cautiously forward. "Y-you should take off your shirt and lay prone for me. I need to get at your back."

"At once," she purred. Hector watched her nimble fingers dance down her front, freeing her shirts buttons from their holes, and she shrugged it off of her shoulders, letting her big, heavy breasts get a little fresh air as her bra became their last concealing garment. The muted light shined off her sleek, black fur, and she neatly folded her shirt before standing up, brushing past the fox and setting it on a long chest of drawers to be put away later. Ranna enjoyed his eyes on her. They watching her move with long, swinging steps that threw her broad hips from side to side, and on her way back to her bed, she slid past him again, rubbing her soft bust against his shoulder as she did.

"You tease..." he grumbled as his fingers rolled over the curve of her hips, following the contour of her body until she swept out of his reach.

"I haven't a clue what you're talking about. Now come on, before I get impatient." Ranna said with an innocent mewl as she spun around and crawled her way up onto her bed on hands and knees. Her butt wiggled through the air, her skirt molded snugly over it, and her tail wagged invitingly as she stretched herself out and laid on her belly, her head propped up by her arms, and her breasts compressed under the weight of her chest.

"You? Impatient? Unheard of." he retorted. Still, he wasted no time in following in her footsteps and working his own way up onto her plush mattress. She watched the handsome little fox mount her, straddling her thighs, and she sighed as his sturdy hands returned to her back. With stiff, circular motions, he gently swept his way up and down her spine and out along the lines of her stiff muscles. He probed his way around her body, first finding where she was the most tense before devoting anything other than tender pressure to her. She liked it, and for reasons other than the steady confidence of his bluntly clawed fingertips raking through her smooth fur. She liked his weight on her, and she certainly didn't mind a little time to spend with him. She'd been neglectful, perhaps, though she attempted to excuse it as simply being too busy.

"So... How was your day?" she mumbled into her arms. Her eyes were closed, and she was intently and solely focused on the points of contact with her dutiful attendant, his taut, compact rump against her legs and his fingers on her back.

"Oh... a bunch of the usual," he casually intimated, "A little training, a few drills, a couple classes. Gravis and I are finally getting through to a few of the newer trainees. It's miraculous. What about you?" It sounded like he could use a good massage as well. She filed that away for later use.

"You were there for fifteen minutes, right? Just extend that out for eight or nine more hours, with the occasional break to fetch some reagents I didn't have handy." He just tutted and pushed his hands up to the base of her skull, kneading away the tension in her neck. Having warmed her up a little, he then really dug in, working his fingers, and sometimes his knuckles, into bundles of taut, knotted muscle, chasing them down and crushing them under his focused

attentions. It filled her throat with a multitude of little grunts and pleased sighs. Hector was unfairly good. She almost wished that she could stay stiff forever, if just to have his hands so fearlessly caressing her.

Too soon for her liking, his touch began to lighten, its job finished, or as finished as it could really be, and she almost whimpered when his fingers drifted off of her fur. To her surprise, however, he smoothly slid his weight from her legs and cupped a hand over her shoulder, hesitantly pulling on it with tender pressures. She peered up at him, cocking a quizzical eyebrow, but assented. With his help she rolled onto her back, trapping her tail beneath her, and Hector knelt at her side, his own tail flicking playfully as he leaned down to her. His lips met hers, and she smiled into his kiss as his palm cupped under her cheek.

She silenced her possessive growl as he drifted away an inch, returning her smile before pressing his lips lower, introducing them to the contour of her throat with just as much careful, almost timid gentleness. He laid a hand on her belly, stroked the soft fur that hid the sturdiness of her build beneath it, and she did the same to his back as she wrapped an arm around his chest, holding him close to her.

Hector squirmed under her grip, tentatively sliding free and moving down the length of her body, and she hummed, intrigued, when his hands played with the outskirts of her bra. He kissed his way down her throat, along the line of her collarbone, and followed the simple contour all the way onto the upper slopes of her big, heavy breasts, his lips dimpling the beginnings of the soft mounds. She encouraged him with a beatific sigh and her hand on the back of his head, petting his short, sleek hair. Tucking under where the strap of her bra ran over one shoulder, he gingerly pulled it from its place, rustling the dainty fabric against her fur. His lips followed his hands, kissing her shoulder, then the outside of her arm, down her sturdy bicep, and then transitioned back to the outside curve of her breast, inching downward with the fall of the simple cloth.

With exaggerated slowness, he pulled her bra down, exposing her chest, raking the rumpled fabric over the turgid buds of her perky nipples. She wriggled as he left half her bra hanging limply against her chest, and his other hand began to work on the other strap as his lips found their prize. The dusky, blue-green flesh of her jade-colored areola made its way between his lips as he took a tender teat into his mouth and gave it some warm, moist attention. His tongue rubbed across it, flicking her florid button as he gently kneaded her bust with one hand.

He made to calmly milk her as he pulled her bra below her breasts, squeezing and loving and suckling, making the *lewdest* noises with his mouth and filling her with the awareness that how he was moving against her felt *very* pleasant. It was almost enough to make her wish she was lactating, just to she could have him curled against her, doing to her whatever it was with his tongue that was leaving her skin tingling euphorically. As it was, she moaned softly, squeezing him with an arm and arching her back to more insistently push her chest into his mouth.

He shared his attentions equally amongst her two halves, making sure that no one breast had been neglected by his mouth and hands. She ached, but in the best ways. At his touch, she felt even more tender and sensitive. Though she knew he possessed no magic of his own, it was almost as if he had enspelled her, and she didn't fight it as she quickly found herself breathing heavily, her heart throbbing in its bony prison.

"You're too good at this..." she whined low in her throat, threatening his ears with little nibbles as he worked over her supple mounds with his steady, sturdy fingers.

"You might be surprised at what a man will practice to make someone he cares about feel good," he said through a wry smirk. "Besides... I've got a more uncommon perspective than most, even if I'm not as sensitive as I used to be."

"Oh Gods..." Ranna moaned. Her body felt hot. Need condensed down into her gut, and she dug her clawed fingertips into Hector's back, holding him tightly as he lavished attentions over her with building gusto. Her diaphragm quivered as one of his hands left her chest and snaked its way down her belly, pausing only to worm its way behind her to speed the process of fully removing her bra, discarding it to the side. His fingers reached the waist of her skirt, wriggled their way inside, working lower between the loose garment and her increasingly and distressingly tight panties.

She hissed as he cupped a palm over her loins, felt the sizable bulge she was packing under her concealing skirt, felt it pulse against his hand, and Hector's voice vibrated in his chest as he let out an intrigued hum. "Shame to let something so nice go to waste..."

"Wh-what are you going to do about it?" she questioned, breathless.

"Oh... I'll figure something out," intoned the sandy-furred fox. "We Lancers have to be creative under pressure."

She tensed and shifted when he gave her a languid squeeze, as if to feel just how much blood was flooding into her crotch. The sensation of her stiffening flesh straining against her panties was intense, and it left her panting harder as his hand worked under her skirt, teasing and rubbing. The fingers she didn't have gripping his back she sent down to her hip to grab a fistful of her skirt with the intent of working it down off her waist, and she wiggled her thick hips with frantic insistence, rocking the garment off of her shapely curves.

He helped her, albeit with frustrating playfulness, a tug here, a little push there. Hector savored the process of baring her sturdy legs, and he ran a hand down their length, gliding his fingers over her lustrous, midnight fur while he tossed her skirt away with the rest of her outfit, leaving her clad only in her plain, grey panties. The sight of the outline of her girthy cock filling her underwear seemed to excite them both, and the fox licked his lips as he pulled her into a kiss, his hand finding her taut flesh again, caressing her through her smallclothes.

Gods, she wanted to take him right there. Half of her demanded she ram her masculine tool down his throat, but only after making it nice and thick with a potion or a spell, so fat she could see herself throbbing through his neck. She needed it so badly that it burned in her veins, but instead of rolling over and trapping him beneath the weight of her heavier body, she clutched desperately at his shoulder blades and vibrated against him, her churning nethers pumping a trickle of viscous precum into her underwear to soak through and dampen his fingertips as they played with her bestial, knotted cock. Ranna clenched her teeth around a long, coarse moan. She was already so hard, but Hector only continued to tease her, kissing her, dancing his tongue around hers when she could part her lips again.

He knew though. He knew that she was on the verge of ruining him. He knew what she needed, sometime better than any other. He pulled his lips from hers, interposing a finger to keep her from simply chasing them back down with her own, and turned from her to direct his attention to what pulsed angrily between her legs. Glancing down her body, he grinned and pushed his lips against her breasts again, giving them each an affectionate kiss before he drifted south over her belly, brushing against her fur.

Ranna sighed, getting a little relief from the tension in her tense loins when his hand pushed beneath her panties, gliding along her taut flesh and pushing the obstructing garment down and out of the way. She bit her lips to keep herself from begging him to hurry, and instead

helped him make her fully naked, shimmying her underwear down her legs and kicking them off her paws. Finally, her confined cock was free to angle itself up into the air, air that was frigid compared to the heat roiling off of her meaty manhood. His hand returned to her then, just barely touching her. He kissed her navel as he explored her, tucking fingers down over the dense, egg-sized testes that hung below her masculine endowment. He gave her another squeeze, groping her virility, and then pushed lower, between her thighs, and slid his finger between her flushed netherlips, greeting the entrance to her feminine sex with a carefree probing.

When, on its way down her abdomen, his muzzle bumped up against the side of her steely appendage, he cooed happily and turned his head. She wasn't tremendously hung by any means, a meager seven inches, but she was thick, and, rock-hard, she throbbed against his lips as he laid a soft kiss against the bulge of her knot. Hector's finger, then fingers, played at the entrance of her lush womanhood, and while he busied a hand below her more obvious of endowments he kissed his way up her cock, tracing a thick vein that meandered up the jade flesh.

She was drooling precum down her length, and his free hand gathered some between his fingertips. He rubbed them together in little circles, as if testing her consistency, before he looked meaningfully up her curvaceous body at her and slipped them between his lips, suckling them clean while gazed at her with huge, innocent eyes. Ranna groaned and dug her claws into her bedding, holding them there to prevent herself from pinning him down and mauling the little tease. His breath was warm and moist as it washed over her cock from his heavy, yearning panting, and it seemed to only urge her on as he kissed the firm flesh again, this time using significantly more tongue.

Hector traced the same wandering vein as it pulsed under his lips, feeding blood through her fiery erection. Up and down, she watched him grace her with the daintiest of contacts until, kissing the crown of her bestial tool, her very apex, his lips parted as he took her up between them, pushing his muzzle down over her. He did so with no shyness, boldly sliding his slimy maw down her length until he kissed her knot. Then, he pushed further, pushing the taut orb between his lips as well and filling his muzzle with her masculinity. It brought a gasp from her lungs as she stiffened, and she could feel herself leaking pre against the entrance of his throat, dribbling it over the back of his tongue, which cradled her against his palate.

Pulling back, he momentarily removed her cock from his mouth and left her teal flesh shining with a mixture of his saliva and her slick precum, so much so that she glistened in the dim light. He then smirked up at her, lolling his mouth open with exaggerated motions before pushing himself down over her again, this time far less casually. He moved with a purpose, slipping his tongue over her crown and whirling it around as he bobbed his head up and down. At the same time, he pushed a finger into her concealed sex and pumped it lazily against her inner folds.

Her head dropped backwards, and she squirmed as he worked her over. "Oh Gods... A girl could get used to this..."

Hector didn't bother clearing his mouth to reply, simply answering her with a smooth, limpid hum low in his throat. It buzzed pleasantly around her, and she chewed on her lower lip as she laced the fingers of a single clawed hand through his hair, encouraging him with gentle force. Her foxy lover hummed again, more eagerly, in what was perhaps a moan, and then tightly gripped her swelling knot, grinding his palm over the sensitive bulb as his mouth milked her of an increasing amount of thick, fragrant precum. Heavy droplets beaded up from her loins to be whisked away by his tongue, some swallowed and some used to ease his passage over her stern, aching flesh.

She felt like she could explode, so great was the pressure that built in her body. It pulsed through her in time with her heartbeat and her lover's ministrations alike, drawing close and hot as it burned through her arteries. Her breasts ached, her firm jade teats engorged with lust, and her dense musculature drew tight under her furry skin. Her hips jerked of their own accord, thrusting her up into his accepting maw, and it was all she could do to keep herself from pulling him down and choking him on her girth. So tempting was the prospect that she made herself release his head, let him worship her at his own pace. Instead, she encapsulated her bust with a hand, keeping the other rooted firmly into her linens.

Lines of effervescent pleasure wormed up her spine from her crotch, sparking sympathetic fires that grew to scour her insides with the heat of her desire. Her toes curled in on themselves and her limbs shivered dangerously, and her face screwed into a tight mask of bliss as the release of all that tension approached her. All Hector got was a grunt of warning and another tremble that wracked her frame before her muscles bulged with strain and she filled his mouth with huge spurts of hot cum.

Her head fell back as Hector drank down her essence, swallowing almost as fast as she could pump it between his lips. Her knot surged obscenely, pushing his fingers wide, but he dutifully sat there, leaning deeply over her, and took as much of her release as he could, even when she proved too much and it drooled from the corners of his mouth in streamers of pearlescent white. Her fluttering womanhood wrung at his fingers as she spasmed bonelessly, bucking against his face and grunting and groaning through her relief.

Her oversized gonads throbbed under her cock, giving Ranna all she needed to spew down his throat, and he graciously accepted each and every drop as he furiously pistoned his hand along her girthy tool, adding that stimulation to his already ardent sucking. Hector dragged her release from her, drawing it out for a span of breathless seconds that could have lasted forever, and all the while she painted the insides of his mouth with ropes of her sticky, fertile cream. Having had enough, he drew back, spluttering as he drooled her jizz down his chin, and he finished her across his face, streaking his sandy fur with translucent seed before lapping up the last dregs of her liquid release with strokes of his broad tongue.

She moaned and whined as he licked her clean for the time being, doing as best he could to give himself the same treatment despite how he was plastered with her prodigious output. "I'll never get over how hot you make everything."

Shakily, Ranna levered herself half-upright with an elbow, and he leaned the opposite direction to kiss her. The taste of her on his lips and tongue was intense, musky, and sublimely decadent, and she ran her tongue over his face, lapping up the strands of cum that he had been unable to remove from his lovely coat, all the while panting and moaning. Her cock stood like a bar of steel from her loins, throbbing and frantically demanding that it be buried into something far too tight for its girth, and she reached down and wrapped a hand around it while she threw an arm around Hector's chest.

She slowly stroked herself, soothing the impatience for more in her tender flesh while she pulled him down against her. He followed the strength of her arm, splaying out against her firm, supple body as he lay atop her. Her swollen member pulsed achingly between his thighs as his skinny body squirmed against her. Her need crystallized within her, leaving her with a mounting, urgent desire that led her to pull him closer and guide, with no small amount of force, his lips to hers. Ranna felt his own erection throbbing against her belly through his trousers, heard him moan as he ground it against her. It left her excited, eager.

Pulling away, she fixed him with a coy, almost manic grin. "I'm going to take your ass." She said with calm authority, not compromising as her fingers dug into his shirt to begin the process of peeling it from his torso.

"I was beginning to wonder when you would," he said softly against her throat, "Please be gentle." There was no question in his voice, no resistance, only acceptance and perhaps a touch of excitement. He helped her pull his shirt off of his arms and immediately started in on his trousers, his tail wagging insistently through the air behind him as he slavered little kisses over the contours of her neck. Ranna let him do the work for her, instead enjoying the lines etched into his physique by his lean, sinewy musculature. He was so hard and strong, and she exulted in the sensation of him moving atop her, feeling his tight muscles bunch and flex against her fur.

Hector made himself nude, but when he had he quickly returned himself to his position against her, waiting for direction. She giggled at the hot presence of his own canine cock aching against her abdomen. He may have been a tiny little fox, but he was almost as hung as she, missing only an inch and a little bit of girth. As pleasant as it felt straining against her, however, they both needed a little bit more, and he grunted as she reversed their positions, rolling over and carrying him with her to pin beneath the weight of her thick, luscious body.

Finally her tail could wag frantically like it had been trying to do all this time, and it made up for the lack quickly, flicking eagerly through the air as she lifted herself off of her little foxy lover. She took a peek at his cherry-red cock as it twitched, standing out from his loins, and she faced her first serious conundrum of the day. She knew taking him from behind would be so much easier, but she wanted to see his sexy face scrunch up when she took him. She wanted to see him plaster himself with his own cum when she pushed him over the edge. "Spread." she said, making her decision.

His long, tapered ears folded back in submission as he obediently pulled his legs open, parting them around her imposing frame. Ranna grabbed his shoulder and filled the sudden void with her body, letting her girthy tool throb against his abs for a time before she dragged it lower, rubbing it over his own. Hector's flesh was hot against her, pulsing, and she rocked her hips forward and backward, savoring the sensation of her cock dwarfing his, forcing it up against his body. A meek little whimper sounded in the back of his throat, and she softened the steely grip she had on his shoulder as she humped herself against his swollen manhood.

The poor fox ached tangibly against her, twitching as he squirmed on her mattress. Her hand slid from his shoulder, crept its way down his chest to dotingly grope his stiff muscle. "Tell me you want it." she said in a fervent breath while another hand traced between the sleek contours of his abdomen.

Hector's hand went over hers. "Isn't it obvious?" he panted.

"I want to hear you say it."

The fox fixed her with the most convincing set of puppy dog eyes that she'd ever seen, giving her a limpid pout. "How do you want me to say it, that I want your cock in my tight little virgin tailhole. I want you to fill me up with all this hot meat. I want you to hold me down and show me what a big, strong, sexy woman you are under all that fur and grumpiness. I want you to bend me in half and fuck my ass until I can't walk straight. Oh Gods, I want you!"

"Much better..." she crooned, wondering how much was sincere and how much was just playful teasing. "But I'll have you know I'm only grumpy when I'm pent up."

"You've got the libido of a hundred rabbits!" he groaned, writhing and helping grind his crotch into hers. "You're always pent up."

Ranna fixed him with a hungry, lascivious grin. "True. Let's work on fixing that, shall we?"

Relief washed over his face as she shifted atop him, working down to get a better angle at his nethers. "About time! Just be careful. Please, Ranna. Go easy on me this time."

"This time, Hector." murmured the canine mage as she ran a light finger down her lover's front. Muttering with habitual softness, she sent a few threads of magic into the fox's body, shaping a couple spells that she suspected would prove themselves useful in the long run.

Hector lifted his head to peer at where her fingertip danced over his toned belly. "Oh, that tingled... What was that for?"

"Logistics." she mumbled distantly in reply, letting her eyes be pulled down his body, between his legs. His reddened manhood stood straight up, itself an enticing prospect, but she looked further, lowering a hand to cup it beneath his pale, fuzzy scrotum.

At her touch, he squirmed again, likely growing impatient already. "What? What's wrong?"

Ranna waved away his concern. Overtaken by a sense of professional curiosity, her eyes clung to the puffy slit that lurked beneath his fertile little testes. Hector's hermaphroditic femininity was engorged likely only from a sympathetic reaction to the desire that was pounding through the rest of his loins. "Soon, lover-boy."

Knowing what she meant, his hand dipped boldly down between his legs, and he unceremoniously stuck a finger up into his moist passage. "I know... I can't feel anything in there anymore. It's so weird, but it feels right. I can't wait to finally get rid of it. I'll be done."

"Done." she echoed wistfully, redirecting her eyes back up to his own as she stroked the insides of his thighs. "A couple more doses, maybe."

"Thank you, Ranna." the fox said quietly, transferring his busied hand to his more masculine equipment and lazily fondling his tight flesh. "I owe you more than I can imagine."

Ranna felt delight mingle with the pride that welled up in her chest, and she affectionately squeezed Hector's knee. "Yeah..." she then mused, a humongous, sly grin splitting her canine muzzle, "a whole lot, that's for sure. With all the interest you've built up, I don't know if you'll ever be able to pay me back."

"I'll do whatever it takes."

She laughed, a low, pleased sound that bounced her heavy breasts on her chest. "We'll just have to work something out. For now, though, I think I'll collect a payment."

Hector answered her with little more than an excited sound in the back of his throat as she lifted his knees and bent his legs, angling his pelvis upward enough to partially expose her prize. Ranna then grabbed him by his lean, compact hips and pulled him back toward her. Her teeth clenched as she directed her stiff cock downward, under his, and slid it against the inviting warmth of his firm ass. It wasn't as if she was well-practiced though, and she had trouble giving herself an angle that was anything better than awkward. She persevered however, working enough to glide her swollen manhood over his smooth fur and between the lean muscles of his rump.

He moaned timidly, chewing on his lip as she made contact with the puckered ring of his hot tailhole. He clung tightly to the linens beneath him, trying not to squirm too much as she rocked her hips, lazily thrusting as she throbbed full and thick against him. She was already practically gushing again, and she took her sweet time in slathering his tight little backside with slimy pre. She basted him for a moment, shamelessly oozing all over him, claiming him, and it

brought her no small amount of pleasure to watch his own cock pulsing with her, echoing each little roll of her hips that pressed her against her prize.

Slowly, she broke ground. Ranna pushed herself against him, her aching flesh against his. She invaded him, stretching him around her, and he let out a stiff grunt as he tensed up, struggling. It pulled her back, returned her to playfully threatening him with fuller penetration, and she petted his raised legs, crooning, "Relax, Hector. You have to relax for me. We both want this, but I'm not going to hurt you to do it. Take a deep breath for me and loosen up. We'll do this nice and slowly."

The fox swallowed noisily enough for her to hear it beneath his slow, steady exhale. He nodded, kneading the bedding beneath him and wiggling his toes, and she dipped her head enough to kiss his knee as she brought herself more firmly against him once again. "Nnh..." he moaned, "It's so hot..."

She let out a breathy laugh against his knee. He was certainly one to talk. "You've only yourself to blame, lover-boy. You know just how to keep me going. Now hush and let me do the hard work."

Hector's eyes slid closed, but his mouth opened in a shocked gasp as she pushed, shoving several inches of her steely, canine meat forward into his pert, skinny backside. Startled and confused, his body rejected her, and she mirrored his sharp intake of breath as foreign muscles clamped viciously down on her. "Gods' Golden Blood!" she hissed, inhaling shakily while urgently gripping his thighs and holding herself there. She'd never been in anything so tight and so actively trying to squeeze her like a vice. He stretched around her with only the utmost of reluctance, and the boiling heat of his innards slowly enveloped her.

"Gods... Fuck... Hnngh!" he grunted as she gradually forced herself further into him, slowly but inexorably. With each fraction of an inch she gained, a tense, pitched moan escaped her lungs amid waves ardent panting. Ranna felt delirious, exultant. It was perfect. She'd never been inside him like this. He'd never felt comfortable sharing with her his "unnatural" endowments, but as she forced the wiry fox apart around her meaty member she realized that this was so much better.

Gritting her teeth, she dragged him backwards onto her, slowly, achingly slowly harpooning him until the steel-hard bulge of her knot was pressing threateningly against his strained sphincter. The raven-furred mage rested there for what felt like ages, exalting in the multitude of sensations that were pouring into her through her crotch. His insides were so hot, yielding, and as she let him grow accustomed to her above-average girth, his own breathing grew more heated. Hector twitched and writhed around her, and she felt each muscle wrapping her bestial cock flexing, greeting her, and perhaps welcoming her in their own fashion. "Heavens, Hector... This is already so good. I could sit like this forever. What does it feel like?"

He blinked deliriously, barely managing to drag his clenched teeth apart. "Like you've got your dick in my ass! Gods damn, you're so big! What did you do?!"

"Language, lover-boy..." she purred with her most sultry tone, "I haven't done anything... this time. This is all me. Maybe if you didn't have such a big mouth... or such a tight little butt."

"Maybe if *you* weren't so fucking enormous!"

She scoffed, raking claws down his leg before rolling those same fingers over the heavy swell of her bust. She felt electric. She felt herself pulsing, raging within him, pumping pre into him, sliming his insides, preparing him. It was sublime, decadent, exciting. Her nipples were like two nubby diamonds, puffy and enflamed with lust, and each grind of her fingers over her chest made her shiver, mingling her euphoria with that which Hector granted her. "This is nothing.

Give me a little time. I'll get you all broken in so we can really see your limits. Maybe I'll even let you take me like this. You deserve to feel it."

He spluttered for a few more breaths, but she wasn't certain if it was due to incredulity or the violent throbbing of her cock in his tailhole. Either way, she quieted him with a soft "shush" and equally ginger pat on the thigh. With one hand still toying with her heavy chest, she braced the other on his belly, inches shy of his own angry, red manhood. Ranna held him there, gently but insistently, as she pulled back, wincing as his body wrung at her. As she bared inch after inch of her engorged masculinity, Hector hissed, certainly feeling a part of what she was as the slimy flesh was dragged from him, only to be forced back from whence it came with a roll of her sturdy hips.

She wondered for a moment at his wordless moans, but at the beads of precum that were beading at his tip, she supposed that he was taking at least a little enjoyment out of her steady motions as she began to languidly pump herself in and out of him. Licking her lips, she dropped her hand the tiniest bits down his body, brushing against his swollen cock, and she let a puffy, jade teat slip from between her fingers as she wrapped her other arm around his upraised leg. He whimpered and throbbed against her palm as she took up his proudly stiff manhood, and she toyed with him, spreading around his translucent pre as she worked more from him with patient thrusts of her pelvis.

His body didn't know what to do with her where she was, so it clung snugly to her, resisting her movements by grinding over and around her drooling, blue-green tool. Ranna could practically feel her modest vulpine cocksleeve breathing, panting and gasping and writhing as she butted her bulbous knot against his rump. She bounced him back and forth on her mattress, listening to him grunt and groan, all the while letting her hand dance over his taut, canine tool. She voiced her own increasingly gruff noises, letting them rise with his as she smoothly humped him into her bed linens.

She tried, she truly did, to be gentle, and she even partially succeeded. However, the tension, the sweet, blissful tightness that built within her loins, demanded satiation, and she couldn't help but put a little more muscle behind the pistoning of her hips. Her dense, fertile testes churned as they slapped against his exposed backside. Ranna could practically feel them plumping, straining. The pressure inside her grew, scintillated along her veins in cascading waves of pleasure, and she felt it pushing more and more hot, lust-filled blood between her legs. She bulged dangerously, flexing her fat, jade cock within him. It stretched him further open, working against the ring of his tailhole as she neared the point of her release.

Her breath came disastrously short in her chest as her knot ballooned obscenely, filling more and more as her eyes drifted up into her head. She ground her teeth, frantically keeping in mind the inherent frailty of the delicate form under her. The mage growled a warning, crushing his leg into the plushness of her chest as she used it to jerk herself forward, filling him one last time before she exploded, pouring a tide of scorching seed up into his gut. She squealed and shuddered in place as she gave him a jerky, vigorous humping, slamming her enormous knot against his ass, daring him to accept what he couldn't.

Each trembling wave of biting bliss that swept along her body pulled a sharp cry from her lungs, one that rose and fell according to the tension in her frame. She could feel her thick cock plugging him up, feel her own hot jizz pooling around her as she added to it in huge, pulsating spurts. Hector tensed helplessly, letting out a squeaky wail of his own as she misused him. He flared thick in her fingers, coating them in a ropes of his own virile cum, and the fox's orgasm

rocked through his body, making each of her motions all the more overwhelmingly pleasant as his tense, internal muscles tightened and fluttered.

His whole body curled in on itself, and it might have only been her position that held him to her bed. He plastered his chest with strands of pearlescent white, tracing stringy trails over sleek fur, and it seemed to end only sluggishly. Perhaps her significantly more generous load was leaving him no room in his body for his own. Perhaps her rock-hard member was simply squeezing it from him with strength to nearly equal the force of her relief, but she wasted not a second of it. His ass clung to her every taut, pulsing contour, and though she knew she couldn't tie him without hurting one of them, that didn't stop her numb body from trying, forcing her buried maleness as far into his body as it would go before going just a little bit further, pushing him to his limit.

Her head rolled back as she furiously jerked her hand along his spasming tool, milking him as he did her. His voice was nonexistent. Only breathless grunts found their way from his lungs, and the same could be said of her. She spewed her milky seed deeply into Hector's bowels, showing him, proving to him that she needed no magic for her oversized nuts to fill him to capacity and then some. The sleek lines of his muscled abdomen deformed somewhat before she finished inside of him, making sure that not a single drop of her liquid lust went to waste somewhere it wasn't welcomed.

It was only then, when she had ensured that she was at least mostly, and for the time being, empty, that she forced her eyes open once more, dropping her cloudy vision to her little vulpine lover. They each panted with desperation, and though she was certainly finished for the moment, she could find it in herself to stop lazily humping Hector's pretty little ruined butt. She was still plenty hard, and she would likely stay that way for a while. Her knot begged her to wedge it in a hole three sizes too small to hold it. She licked her lips, flicking a lock of hair from her face as she worked a swollen teat between shaky fingers, and she squirmed at the lavish sensations it brought her. Ultimately, though, she made sure to loosen her grip on the fox's leg, letting it drop back to the mattress.

She let out a shivering breath as she reluctantly withdrew herself from Hector's stretched tailhole. He grimaced and moaned, squeezing his legs closed to keep her within him, and she grinned lasciviously at the gesture as he blinked blearily up at her. Ranna slumped forward, splaying out over him, wrapping him up in her sturdy arms, and she lifted him into a kiss as he did the same to her, holding her tightly to him. His cum smeared between them, matting into their fur, but she didn't care. She welcomed it, and she cradled him as they basked in the warmth of their connected bodies, their still-stiff cocks pounding against one another.

"Thanks..." Hector panted, clumsily following her lips wherever they went, "Thank you for not... knotting me. I don't think I could have handled it."

"All in good time, lover-boy," she replied with equal breathlessness. "We'll make sure you get a real work out later. For now, though, I'll just thank you instead. You're too good for me."

"Maybe, but I'm not one to—fuck, you're so hot—to... to give things pointless values." His voice was low and tired. "That wasn't quite as unpleasant as I thought it would be..."

She laughed, wiggling enough to rub her breasts into his chest while she smothered him in languorous kisses. "Come on, Hector. Do you really think I'd let anything hurt you? I'm not Archmage, but I'm better than that." He blanched at that, and she only continued, smiling into his lips. "We'll see what you look like with a foot or two in you, and then let you decide, hmm?"

He shivered and swallowed noisily, but his hands never left her back, and when his voice came to her again it held the same resolute admiration as it always did when they were twined around one another. "I can't wait."