

~sigh~

Abigail tightly wrapped her wings around herself as she hung from the portable roosting bar she had owned for long as she had been traveling. It was almost like a friend to her that actually stuck around. Unlike half of her crew.. and fans were starting to dwindle, her manager was even growing impatient with how much the media was savaging her lately. So she was older than she said she was, so what? It was just because she was different, female metal vocalist weren't the most common choice of profession for her kind with how secretive and isolated bats are. She roused suspicion from many. Then she refused to listen to those marketing scumbags telling her lay off working out in order to look softer for the camera. She was proud of her strength, even if the extra muscle made flying harder. They were all afraid of her, or wanted to conquer her one way or another. She wouldn't have it. Truth was though it was getting very hard to fight this all, it was affecting the rest of the band too and with tonight's practice it really showed. The bassist was all over the place, the drummer kept smashing his stick on the rims. All of it. She rubbed her forehead as she thought it all over again, her frustration mounting. She wasn't going to give up but she was tired, very tired. She needed to blow off some steam. Reaching to herself and feeling around her womanhood, she let out another sigh. Some release would do her good... just who to think about...

knock knock

Her eyes darted to the door with a baleful glare. She was in no mood to be entertaining anyone.

"What?" she called out in a sharp commanding tone.

"Sorry Miss Skellarh, if it's too late I'll leave you be." She recognized the voice causing her ears to perk.

"It's, it's fine. Hold on." Swinging forward and grabbing the bar she placed herself on the ground and went to the door. Opening it revealed just who she was expecting. It was Jolan, a little Spotted microbat she had her manager approve a couple months ago when their av tech had left. Her anger cooled a bit upon seeing him, it had been so long since she had seen her own kind that it was a comfort to have him around, even if he was still so different. She couldn't help but smirk when she looked upon his absolutely enormous ears.

"Jolan, quite a surprise, you always seemed set on avoiding me!" her smirk widened as his ears drooped a little. He was quite shy and closed off to everyone it seemed. The way he showed up at one of their gigs so quietly always made her wonder. It seemed he was running from something. Maybe she'd learn of some of it tonight. Jolan stared up at her, his heart thumping in his chest as he took in her appearance, she towered over him, a stunningly tall black flying fox with fur that shimmered and showed off her built muscled physique. Her accent captivated him to boot. He had admired her as soon as he saw her in videos and blogs and while it was intimidating to actually approach her in person he just had to do it. Taking a quick breath a goofy grin spread across his face.

"Telegram!" he presented a curious bundle of plastic flowers with little skulls in the middle of them. Abigail cocked an eyebrow as she accepted them.

"Oh bugger, what's this now?" Jolan bowed his head, his cheeks tingling.

"Well, since the tour stopped us in the states I thought I'd pay a visit to the local Burning Topic store and get you a souvenir. I know you didn't have those where you lived and thought you might get a laugh out of the stupid things. And I know you didn't have much time lately for leisure right now."

She chuckled at the chinsy things. They were cute though and the gesture was awfully sweet. Jolan gripped the carpet nervously with his prehensile feet as she looked them over.

"So yeah, I've just seen how stressed you've been lately. Thought you could use a little chuckle is all. So, that's all. I can leave you be if you like."

She looked him over. His face was decently composed but she picked up on the subtle fear he was giving off. She had felt his eyes on her before, probably for a myriad of reasons but the way he wouldn't let anyone get close made her too curious of him. She decided it was time to figure him out, it would serve as a great distraction from everything else.

"Nah, why don't you come in? Have a chat?" She stepped beside him and flared a wing out behind him. She can't have him running away now. He blinked in a jolt of surprise but tried to keep his cool with a nod and a smile.

"Certainly! I'd love to!" he entered the room with his heart racing even quicker. *"Come on Jolan, relax, it'll just be a friendly conversation."* The sudden latch of the door closing behind him made his ears twitch.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I forgot how loud everything must be for you with those ears you've got."

"Oh no! Its fine really, when I moved to the city I got used to it, had to really. Though I do take some pills before practice and our shows though. They numb my ears a bit so I don't go deaf!" he chuckled.

"Huh, I had no idea there was such a thing. I think I lost some of my hearing a while ago, Oh but please, sit! I'll get you a drink. All I have is soda, sorry." She placed the silly flowers on the dresser before heading to the fridge.

"Oh that's quite alright, thank you. Actually I don't drink alchohol."

"Tch, well your no fun." She joked as she reached into the fridge.

"Indeed! I aim to be the most boring bat in the world! Consult me if you need some dry conversation to put you to sleep." Abigail laughed as she handed him a soda and sat herself on the dresser. Jolan thanked her and cracked the can open as he glanced about the room. Even though it was a short couple days they had arrived in this city the place was a mess. Though the weight set she always managed to have brought in was well cared for. He wasn't too surprised by all of this though, she seemed a bit of a chaotic person. But that's one thing that drew him to her.

"So, its been about two months you've been with us? Took you this long to come talk to me. I scare you that much or do you not like other bats?" She teased with a grin. Jolan laughed and shook his head.

"Oh no, not at all. I'm just a touch shy I suppose. And you've been under a lot of stress lately, didn't want to bother you, figured I'd focus on doing my job as best as I could instead." He paused and looked to her "I did want to talk to you though, really." Her ears perked.

"Well, here we are. Its nice to talk with another bat for once. Even if you are a microbat, most don't even know you Spotties exist." She smirked looking over his small frame. He may have been a bat as well but he was so different and extoic to her. She wasn't quite sure what to make of him yet.

"Yes, that's by design too. I understand you keep to yourselves as well."

"Mm, we try anyways but we're not too good at it. Well atleast compared to you lot. We mingle with the other breeds. The Spectacled blokes, the Greys, all them."

"Yes, yes that's true. Well, its not something I think we should be proud of." He looked away with a frown, his ears falling a bit.

"Sounds like theres a story behind that." She cocked her head with a slightly stern expression. Jolan felt like she was demanding it from him but that was fine, he figured he'd have to explain anyhow.

"Yes well, our ilk are really strict about our isolation actually. A good deal more than yours, so much so that we are usually forbidden from leaving a colony."

"They threatened you? Its starting to sound like a jail."

"Well, no. If you ultimately left they wouldn't actually stop you. But, growing up in a strict enviroment all their guilt tripping and manipulation is hard to see past when its all you know. Makes leaving hard despite ones discontent."

"And you weren't content?"

"No I was not. Neither was my family, with me." He was silent for a moment before continuing. "Look, I didn't mean to bellyache about my past to you--"

"No its fine, I'd like to hear it if you wouldn't mind telling it. I left my colony with a touch of friction too. I relate." She leaned in a bit her face growing softer. He glanced at her a little nervously, he still had a ways to go before he really trusted people but perhaps now was a good time to start.

"Well, I'm not sure how rigid it was for you growing up but in our colonies everything was dictated by tradition, and my parents were devout followers of said tradition." Abigail leaned forward listening intently. "It was always 'do this', 'do that' 'learn this so you'll make us more money' 'or marry her, it'll advance our families status' it was soul sucking I tell you. So I rebeled and they made my life hell, I'd fall in line and try to earn their trust again and then they'd push too far and the cycle would continue. I couldn't survive like that." He looked directly into her eyes "Then I discovered you. I started listening to metal as a means of rebellion and your band was one of the first I found and well, you interested me quite a bit."

"Go on" she smiled and eyed him coyly, he had a crush on her. No surprise, she usually paid these things no mind from her fans and co-workers alike but his story was familiar to her and she found herself wanting to open up a bit herself. And right now some admiration sounded grand.

"Eheh, well besides how interesting it was to hear a female sing so aggressively, you, you're well, so impressive. Such a strong physique and, um, beauty to match." He fought the urge to look away in shame. She gave a toothy grin as she leaned back and promiantly displayed her abs and crossed her legs in an eye catching manner. He finally just fully realized the small sweats she wore exposed most of her

muscles, her toned thighs and belly made her seem like a fortress to him, but the shining back fur, that impressive pitch black wings span gave her that feminine elegance that he found so raving. Watching him look her over with she was filled with delight, most times she was admired males just saw her as a target, a challenge to conquer. Or they assumed she was desperate for anything since many circles would call her butch. No, this time there was something different, almost innocent about him. It was refreshing. Jolan shook his head trying to break away from staring. "Bah, I must sound like a fruitcake flatterer. But its only a part of the equation. Above all I was drawn to you because you represented something I desperately wanted to do, I remember interviews you were asked what your reactions were to being so different and leaving the bat colonies and what they said about you, you didn't care! You were so confident and, and strong. After how long I've been so afraid to take a stand in my life you inspired me. I wanted to be like you, I looked up to you. I still do." She stared at him in silently. She wasn't quite expecting that and there were multiple things she was starting to feel right now, but above all finally hearing she made an impact on someones life in such a way, one who had a life similar to her own really stood out to her. She began processing just what she really thought of him now. There was a lot to this little bat, he was her av tech which he did an admirable job, his species reminded her of home and so far not in a bad way. Then of course he was sweet and actually quite cute. The open jacket he wore displayed an atleast healthy chest, with a black ring of fur around his neck that made her think of a collar, she liked it a lot. Then those adorable and ridiculous ears. How he got on with those things she couldn't even begin to imagine but it was fun to ponder.

"Ah, I see then. Well I wasn't quite being told who to marry but my family was none too pleased with my choices. They were true blue Australians, everything had to be for the colony and the nation. My mum was non too happy with me wanting to be a singer instead of a ranger. But I didn't give a damn about that sun blasted place, nature this, nature that. Bah! I wanted out."

Jolan nodded in agreement. "Oh yes I grew up in the desert too, we even had grounds in the Grand Canyon. Trust me it got old quickly. I had to leave too."

Suddenly her mind turned to something, she was thinking of finding physical release before and here is a male at her disposal. Most likely. She wasn't so sure though, this was a co-worker, and she never thought it wise to get involved with her own crew in such a way. That's why she would just meet a male at a local bar when she needed it. Besides, she had just now truly met him after all, but he seems so nice and if he comes from such a background he'd probably be, well, obedient. She could do some fun things to him, and her luck hasn't been so good the last times she tried to find someone and they weren't bats either. As she pondered he softly spoke up. "So, I know the media is being absolutely horrible to you right now, which you don't deserve, and things between the band are rough but I still believe in you for what its worth. So if I can ever help in anyway please just let me know. I want to repay you for giving me the courage to get out here and go on my own, and giving me a job! So maybe if you need to rant I'll listen, or I could go out and bring you food perhaps." That right there made up her mind. She stood from the dresser and passed him, softly brushing the back of her left wing along one of his ears and giving the air around him a sniff. Jolan turned and watched as she went to the door and locked it. The small sound made him shiver. He tried to keep his mind clear afraid to assume anything. His gaze was glued to her as she sauntered back in front of him, standing rather close. He felt rather small next to her, not just for her size alone but the look she gave him as she towered over him with a smirk.

"So, you find me impressive? Is that American for sexy?" He stared up to her a bit blank, growing more and more nervous by the second. "Hm, I'll take that as a yes. Why don't you tell me what's sexy about me?"

Jolan blinked in astonishment, he wasn't expecting this at all. He was scared that this was some sort of trick, or test but his mind started to go down one track and it was getting real hard to resist, especially once he became aware of her scent. "Uh... heh, I'd just say your gorgeous brown eyes but you won't let me get away with that will you?"

"Nope" she grinned wickedly and inched even closer. "Stand up." She swore his blue eyes grew as large as dinner plates. But he promptly stood, good there's the obedience. She wasted no time and undid the shoulder clasps of his coat leaving it at the mercy of gravity. Before he knew it her wings were all over him, exploring his upper half. "Dang, you're as small as a Little Red, maybe even smaller!" Jolan started to panic.

"A-ah Wait, wait! Miss Skellarh please, I'm beyond flattered but, I don't think I'll be able to make you happy! You can find much better than me! I'm still a virgin after all I don't know anything!" she rolled her eyes and gripped his arm pinning him to the wall.

"None of that, of course I could find someone else but you're here now and I haven't had the chance to shag in 6 months. Besides, it's been way too long since I've had another bat." With a hungry grin she pulled him close, smothering him with her large bust. She often found her breasts annoying but right now she was happy with them as she stared down at his stunned little face being enveloped in them. "And you really thought telling me you're a virgin was going to change my mind? Tch, cute helpless thing like you no way I'm letting you go now. Hope you're as fast a learner with intimacy as you are with a soundboard!" she continued to press against him keeping him pinned to the wall. Had to make sure he got the message that she was the boss here. She could hear him let out some soft and nervous little moans. She loved it, someone like this she was totally going to have fun with and he'll likely do anything she said and let her do as she pleased. It didn't really occur to her before but she has needed something like this for a long time. Unable to contain herself any longer she reached behind him for the button holding his pants together over his tail and undid it. That always caught her eye, this bat had a tail! None of her kind had them, and there were small fins on it to likely help with flying, she was a bit jealous. Jolan gasped and shivered as she yanked his pants down and played with his tail for a little bit. Stepping back to look upon him she found about what she'd expect: like the rest of his body he was rather small, probably the smallest she'd encountered but she still smiled. He nearly jumped when she took him in her hand, she wasn't wild about huge sizes anyways, she'd make use of him just fine. Jolan's heart nearly jumped out of his chest, he could barely keep track of what was happening between her intoxicating scent and all this new stimulation hitting him so fast. He could only look up to her helplessly with labored breath. She grinned wickedly as he began to swell. "So, I believe you were explaining what was sexy about me. That right mate?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Well go on! I know you've been checking me out. What's been going on in your head hm?" she stepped back with her hands to her hips expecting to be examined.

"Uh well, you just reminded me uh, you have great breasts. Now I know they're, well, soft too heh." Without a word she reached back and undid the clasp on her shirt letting it fall to the floor. Her bosom freely on display. Jolan simply stared and let his eyes feast upon the sight. She loved every minute of it, she half expected him to start worshipping her. "Wow, heh. I, um, may be speaking out of turn but I'm kinda surprised you still maintain that size with how active you are." That made her chuckle.

"Well I certainly have thought about a reduction. These things can be damn annoying. But, I'm big even among my people and I actually like being big so I've put it off a lot. Besides, only thing the marketers like about me right now are my tits."

"Well I think you look wonderful with them, which I'm sure doesn't shock you at all." He laughs. This was good, he was getting more comfortable. "But you know what? Hell with them. Do what's right for you. You'd still be amazing. I mean they're just one piece of the puzzle." He pushed himself off the wall and stopped cowering. Nervous as he still was he was finally half way composed again. "I for one love how built you are. I um, know this is probably a bad line of thought for a male but I've always dreamed of being in an amazons arms, held by someone who could likely snap me in half, heh. I'd actually feel safe that way and that strength being used to hold and guide me, dreaming of it made me feel desired. You have something special to offer many females can't give. If they don't think that's valuable they're idiots." His words made her pause for a moment. At first she told herself it was just empty flattery but no, it really spoke to her. She had never been admired in such a way before, this was getting better. With a warm smile she pulled at the strings on her shorts and let them fall.

"You're really too kind Jolan, and you know I don't think I've ever had anyone tell me something like that. It's rather nice to be with someone rather affectionate for once. Think I've needed it." Placing a hand on his head she looked down at him and back up to her roosting bar. "And I'll certainly guide you alright." She almost growled in a sultry matter as she adjusted the height of the bar. Satisfied she nodded and looked back to him with a devious smile. "Alright, up." Jalon glanced at the bar not quite sure what she had planned but he was glad to follow her lead. Jumping up and latching his feet to it he hung down. Immediately she stepped in front of him, his face in perfect alignment with her womanhood. Her breathing picked up and her heart rate climbed. A good long bat tongue will be great. "Alright then, lesson number one: how to eat!" He stared at her a bit reluctant but smiled as he bent his neck upwards to her.

"Well, actually I have done some reading on this matter actually. Figured my tongue was my best asset and all."

"And you said you didn't know anything! Bah, enough then get in there!" she growled pressing her hands on his back shoving his face into her crotch. He was a little stunned again but got to work right away lapping at her lips like it was a freshly sliced peach. She moaned loudly, just as she suspected it felt wonderful having his tongue lash about the sides of her vagina and trace up and down. She had to cement herself a little better for her legs were already getting a touch shaky. Jolan marvelled how much she was already beginning to drip with arousal, sign that he was doing a good job he hoped. With a sultry growl she moved her hands up to his bottom messaging and pinching his cheeks. "Good job love, now really get in there! I want that long thick tongue as deep as you can get it!" he obeyed right away and extended his tongue as long as he could manage and still keep his snout out of her. She nearly roared as it slithered about her insides, she had missed this sorely, she loved it when males gave her head but nothing compared to her escapades so long ago back home, only a bat could give it to her.

Jolan eyes went wide as he could feel clamp down on his tongue, tugging at him a bit. With her wild moans filling his ears and how they scraped against the carpet he felt a bit of vertigo as she pressed her hips against him rocking him back and forth. He held onto her thighs to try and steady himself as he winced trying to keep up his pace. With all the movement and her smell so potent in his nostrils he only had half of his sense, he may as well have been drunk. There was only her taste and her touch. He kept going for a few minutes, but he was starting to tire, never the less despite how overwhelming this was he kept at it. His eyes shot open again as a sharp slap met his rear. "Alright, now, now! Don't hold back!" He could only think of one thing for what she meant. Retracting his tongue out of her he turned his snout up just a bit and lashed it upon her clitoris. She shrieked and leaned into him grabbing his ankles and sticking her head between his legs. His musk washed over her with the utmost potency riling her up. "Yes! Th- tha-that's, FUCK!" it didn't take long before Jolan's face was drenched in her fluids. Pulling his face away he caught his breath as she clung to him with an iron grip panting heavily. "Oh goddamn. Phew. Good boy."

He licked his chops and smiled despite being a little shaken. "I'm glad you liked it."

"Heh, oh yes. I've missed that feeling so much. Phew." She stood up straight again and looked down on his penis which was still quite erect for her. It was short, but it would do just fine. She was ready to seal the deal and make him hers now. Flashing a devious grin she pulled him from the bar and held him up effortlessly. He froze in shock as his feet were ripped from the perch. The world spun once she turned and dropped him right on his back. He growled in response to the pain while his ears rang from the impact. He tried to sit up only to be slammed back down by her. Her movements so fast and powerful she was already looming over him with an almost predatory look on her face.

"Are, are you-" a loud gasp escaped him as she grabbed his maleness and hastily positioned herself over him. "Yes, yes you are! AHH!" slamming her hips down onto him she swallowed him up. With her hands cupped behind her head and flaring her wings out her pitch black membrane was rather intimidating, she seemed gigantic to him.

"You are mine you little runt!" she growled whilst clamping down on his member with a vice grip. She hissed and moaned and began aggressively grinding herself on him. He wasn't filling her too much but she knew right where to keep him, in the places that matter most, a giggle escaping her maw as the muscles in her nethers yanked at him causing Jolan to moan and squeak from the stimulating overload. His helpless face pleased her. Closing her eyes and grinning up to the ceiling she began losing herself in this, the raw physical stimulation, the dominance she was asserting, all of it. Jolan held onto her thighs and tore into the carpet with his feet hanging on for dear life, panting heavily as his heart thudded with every second. His hazy mind could barely keep up with all of this, all he knew was his senses were overloaded and he felt desired, to be claimed like this, he wished it to last forever. And it indeed did feel like forever, all sense of time seem to disappear as he lay there being ravaged. Snapping her gaze back down to him she relished his face that looked up to her helplessly, his huge ears spread across the floor. Swinging her arms forward she leaned over him planting her hands just under them. "Alright mister, you like my tits so much then play with them! Come on!" she ordered as she began bouncing her hips on top of him in short hard little hops. She wasn't being nice to him at all but she figured he liked that. Promptly he cupped her breasts wrapping his wings around her back. She hissed in delight as she simply started going faster. His whole body started to shudder and Abigail's heart pounded furiously. They both

were lost in this act for who knows how long. Suddenly Jolan shot his eyes open as something jolted through him.

"Mi-miss!" he desperately cried. "I-I think I-" she just pounded even harder.

"Me too, I'm safe so let me have it! And call me Abigail! MMM!" clamping down on him as she reached her second peak. Gritting his teeth Jolan let out a long soft moan. Warmth filled her causing her to stop her assault and tremble over him. Soon as the shock left her and she knew he was done she lifted herself off him flopping onto the floor, her senses swimming in her head. Panting loudly and basking in the afterglow they lay there for a time. Jolan getting some of his energy back turned over and latched onto her side, resting his little head beside hers. With a giggle she brought a wing over him and sighed. "Fuck, I needed that so bad."

Jolan made a soft blissful chitter while he ran his fingers over her abs. The combination of soft fur and firm muscle fascinated him. "So, was I okay?"

She laughed "Yes, you were great sweetheart. Good boy."

"Ha, that was wonderful. This has done more good for me than I can even say Abigail. Thank you, I'll remember this all my life." She chuckled and squeezed his shoulder.

"You sappy dork. You're talking like this'll be the only time." He lifted his head looking up to her. "I've missed having my own kind, and your convient seeing as how we'll be travelling together all the time. I'm gonna have a lot of fun teaching you."

"Your, your serious? I'm good enough for that?"

"Well I won't exactly be calling you boyfriend or anything. I'll see others now and then but otherwise why not? I had fun didn't you?" he promptly shook his head. "Then its settled. I'll let you know when I need you. Though if I find you crowning about this on your Flitter or whatever I will break you in half!" Jolan laughed shaking his head.

"You think with how withdrawn I am that I even have any social media accounts? My lips are sealed. And you know I'd be glad to just talk or maybe even be a work out buddy? You can teach me how to not be such a wimp too."

With a grin she nestled her head next to his with a sigh. "Sure, that'll be fun too." She let out a yawn and stood. Lifting the roost bar to accommodate her then picked Jolan up by his ankles again and had him latch onto it. He was a bit surprised again but this time he found it amusing too. After all he loved her strength. "So, speaking of convience just sleep right here with me tonight."

"I have no objections, heh. Thank you again Abigail." With a warm smile she climbed onto it and behind him wrapping her wings around the microbat, holding him tight.

"Thank you too Jolan."