

Treetop Shorts Collection
Private Session
For Fenrir Lunar

By Smokescale Aquatos

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A single, finely manicured claw tapped quietly on the smooth, polished wooden counter. Its owner sipped lightly at a tall, thin glass containing a deep crimson beverage with a stalk of green vegetation standing out of the top. She sighed as she sat her glass back down on the bar and turned to look about, finding the spacious dining room to be most impressive in its size, grandeur, and ability to accommodate. Whoever designed it had versatility on the brain. If only the wait staff wore a bit more enticing attire. She would have to talk to management about that.

"You have the look of a woman in need of distraction." The voice was melodious and pleasant, unmistakably friendly with a hint of mischief behind it. It came from an angelic figure, her hide the color and sheen of ivory, her eyes soft and warm in spite of their lovely azure hue. Her downy wings fluttered softly behind her as she gazed at the wolf drinking her Bloody Mary.

"Distraction. Yes, that does sound like just the thing. If only I knew of someone or something that could provide me with the right kind." Lassie mused softly, a hint of sarcasm to her tone. It wasn't meant as an insult, more to express a sense of mild frustration. The dragoness picked up on the subtlety.

"I'd think your husband would be the perfect choice. Where is he by the way?"

The blue-haired lupine was caught in the middle of a sip. She finished quickly, cleared her mouth, and spoke up, "Out exploring the woods. He and a few of your boys. That blue dragon, the wolf with a star on his eye, and that grey fox that's just a hair away from being a girl. Once he's caught up in a new forest, it's hard to pry him away."

Shayna nodded, scooting her stool a bit closer, "Oh yes, I heard the boys plotting this little trip, wanting to introduce Mr. Lunar to their prized woods. They'll be down there for hours. They might even decide to spend the night down there. Such a shame they didn't take you with them. I'm sure you'd have a lovely time."

A shrug was her answer, as if the she-wolf wasn't that upset about being left out, "Not really in the mood to go 'marking territory'. Feeling kinda cozy. I thought I'd have a look around the inn proper before heading outside. That and I'm not really in the mood to 'hang out with the boys'. I want a little me-time... that or a little face time with the girls."

"Face time with the girls... I know the feeling. I've been in that kind of mood myself," Shayna grinned softly, a sly little expression she'd learned to masquerade as simply being friendly, "I can't say I know too many of my girl-friends who aren't busy with one thing or another at the moment, but I certainly would enjoy a chance to catch up. It's been far too long since our last

good visit. And last night was little more than a greeting and dinner. What do you say we just disappear for a few hours, go have some quiet time together?"

That piqued Lassie's interest, enough to make her ears twitch a bit. In her usual calm, easygoing demeanor, she turned to gaze at the angelic dragon, offered a knowing smile and set her drink down, "I think I'd enjoy that. Does this place have a spa?"

"A small one, but it's fully booked right now. You picked a busy time of year to come visit. Still, shouldn't stop us from enjoying something like what they offer. I've got a nice, quiet little spot where I like to take special guests... give them a massage, show them a good time, that sort of thing."

The wolf was off her stool in one gentle, exquisite movement. She'd heard enough. She was sold, "Lead on, my dear." Out she sent her elbow, the dragoness taking the arm and wrapping her's about it. The two smiled calculatingly as they slipped out of the dining hall, a few bills left on the bar with the drink to cover the tab and tip.

The pair left the central foyer for the rune that carried them down the gardens below. Shayna knew Lassie wasn't interested in exploring the out of doors just yet, and even though her secret spot was indeed very much outside, she was sure it would please the lupine. That and there wasn't much exploration required. The two bantered about, making small talking as they strolled very casually through the well groomed grounds. Eventually, they left the more family-friendly environment of the gardens and entered the surrounding forest, still very well maintained, at least out to a certain distance around the famous inn's most notable feature. A path led the two ladies deeper into a more confining, close region of the woods, concealing their presence more and more as they passed more dense foliage. The path wound this way and that, branching away only a handful of times as they strolled about. Eventually, they reached what appeared to be something of a dead end.

The bushes had grown over the path itself, creating a physical barrier they could not see past. Just off to one side stood a small, rustic wooden sign with very pretty scripting written into the grain in thin gold lines, 'Privacy Pointe'. Beneath it was a second line of text that read 'vacancy'. Shayna reached down and touched the word, making it shimmer and shift into something new, 'occupied'. She grinned and looked back to Lassie who had grown very curious by this point. The dragoness slipped her hand into the bushes and pulled to one side. As if they knew what she desired, the rest of the foliage pulled away, clearing the path for them. It extended only ten more feet or so to a circular area not much bigger than a comfortable bathroom's space. In the center rest a large padded cushion lying directly on the soft grass. Off to one side was a stone formation that looked very natural yet it served as a series of shelves very well. Whoever designed it had an eye for the rustic aesthetic. Above was a canopy of silk held aloft on four wooden posts all covered in intricate carvings. The view beyond, looking past all of this, was the lake, and fairly high up, a good twenty feet in fact.

It was a cliff-side relaxation spot with a tremendous view of the lake. Lassie was awestruck. Immediately she strolled forward and settled atop the plush cushion, far too comfortable to be a mere mattress, though it was as large as a king-sized bed.

"This is beautiful. How many people know about it?"

Shayna grinned, moving over to the rock shelf to retrieve a transparent glass bottle. She opened it and began to pour its contents into one of her palms, "Only a handful of people. I like to keep it something of a secret, just for certain special folks I want to spend this sort of time with," She set the bottle back down and began working her palms together, smearing the oil across both hands, "Go ahead and get comfortable, undress and lay down on your stomach for me."

Little more convincing was needed as the dragon's guest began to slip out of her clothing, revealing a fit, curved form. The act of undressing alone was fairly relaxing, at least in this place. Shayna watched quietly as she continued to oil her hands, drinking in Lassie's figure. She didn't get to enjoy it for too long as the lupine lay down on her stomach as requested, head turned to one side. Carefully, she pulled her pale blue hair into a loose ponytail and tugged it gently away from her back and shoulders. It wouldn't stay put where it was, but at least it wouldn't interfere for a little while. Shayna moved to the plush cushion, climbing atop it and approaching on her knees towards her friend. A pair of delicate hands reached the wolf's exposed shoulders as the dragoness moved to straddle her 'customer'. Well-trained fingers squeezed and stroked as the palms they were connected to pressed into just above Lassie's shoulder blades. She was very practiced.

A soft hum of approval rose up from Lassie as her eyes drifted shut. She was enjoying this a great deal. Slowly her ears splayed back and her entire form softened, every muscle losing tension. She was like putty in the dragon's hands. Shayna felt every subtle twitch of the sinew in her hands, detecting only faint signs of stress. The she-wolf was a model of easy-going it seemed. Either that or she had a fantastic stress-relief program.

Down the dragoness moved, bringing her hands from Lassie's shoulders to her back proper, moving in along her spine, inching her way down the lupine's form. Then back up she pressed, running her fingers through the luxurious fur covering the ravishing woman's form. It reminded her of the times she had spent with Sirius, though this was clearly a far more graceful creature. It appealed to her greatly. As she worked slowly up and down the wolf's back, Shayna leaned down and lightly pressed her nose into Lassie's hair and fur, inhaling quietly. The scent was intoxicating. The appreciation did not go unnoticed. The canid grinned softly, her eyes still closed.

"Getting a little intimate aren't we?"

"That's not a problem is it?" Shayna didn't expect so.

"No, but only if you care to finish what you start." That grin pulled a bit wider into a knowing smirk. They were consenting adults and it was clear from body language and tone they were both eager, but sometimes it still needed to be said. Pleasantries, nothing more.

"I think I can manage that." Those were the last words either of them uttered for the time being. From there it was purely a matter of technique and skill. The angel continued her efforts down

the wolf's form, paying careful attention to the supple swells of her rump, dancing on that fine edge between professional and erotic. She loved to tease like that. Lassie seemed to enjoy it as well. Her thighs were next, cupped and kneaded by the dragon's deft hands. Down she moved even further, now concentrating on only one leg until she reached one of the lady's feet. A coo of pleasure ushered forth from the lupine, melting in the ivory lady's grasp. Shayna took care to massage those soles slowly and diligently. Her thumbs pressed into the dark, finely textured pads and swirled about, leaving not even a single inch unappreciated. Before long, she was working her way back up the wolf's leg, then over to the adjacent one and down again. The same treatment was given to the other foot, lingering there just as long as the first, even working her fingers between each toe tenderly. Were Lassie more exuberant, her tail might be wagging. She was simply far too relaxed to bring herself to such a display.

Without saying a word, Shayna urged the lupine to roll over onto her back. Lassie complied happily, stretching atop the evil little cloud that had caught her and would not let go. She was hovering closely on the edge of drowsiness at this point. Just a little too much in one direction and she would drift off to sleep. Shayna had no intention of permitting her to rest. Not yet. The angel continued to focus so heavily on the she-wolf's feet, lifting one up and running a single hand down along her calf and thigh. The other leg saw the same treatment and then it all seemed to stop. But only briefly. Shayna pulled away only long enough to remove her robes, gazing across the grey lady's luscious body. Her hands returned before Lassie could open her eyes to see what was happening, but as the angel continued, she realized what had been done. One of her legs was lifted again, receiving the same, glorious caressing, this time brushing past more of the dragon's fine scaled hide. The familiar curve of a lady's bust passed along her calf, making Lassie smile. They were both in the nude now.

Gradually, the dragon's hands moved from one leg to both, stroking tenderly along the outside of both thighs before she dipped her nose down once more, this time to the delicate petals framed by those well toned legs. The fragrant aroma that wafted into her nostrils was glorious. Shayna's lips met with the wolf's, eliciting a soft gasp from above. The tender kiss was held for a brief moment before the dragon pulled away, only to place another similar kiss on Lassie's stomach. The magical hands worked their way along the wolf's sides, reaching her torso where they slid up around to the top. Those same fingers caressed the two marvelous orbs that lay there, cupping them and pressing in against the tender flesh carefully. Shayna's nose returned, this time delving into the cleft of Lassie's cleavage. The warmth of the wolf's form was so inviting, her own figure sliding slowly up over it. Only precious few moments were given to appreciate such perfect breasts. The angel slid up along the grey lady's body, lying now atop her, gazing into the now open pools of deep, almost crystalline blue. Lassie smiled fondly up at the dragoness atop her.

And then their lips met.

Both pairs of azure eyes closed and the quiet, hushed sound of a moan slipped free now and again. Arms wrapped this way and that around each other's form, holding them so close to one another it was as though their forms had been fitted to one another. Heat built from below as their passion swelled, remaining a calm surface across a sea of turbulence. The tsunami they summoned forth was rushing to shore, but it still had a ways to go before it could break. The angel's hips turned ever so slightly, so subtle a movement onlookers would not be able to tell.

That tiny shift brought with it a contact that felt like a dull lightning strike. It was so unexpected it forced their lips to part so they could both inhale sharply. Again they opened their eyes and looked to one another, resting their foreheads against one another as the wolf took her turn to move. A powerful tingle rose up between them as delicate folds moved across one another, dragging this way and that as both sets of hips began to grind ever so slowly.

Arms flexed and relaxed as they sought the best posture to garner the result they desired, teased by only a light tickling between them. They wanted so much more than that. It would not stop until they were both satisfied. The oil Shayna had rubbed along Lassie's back was spreading slowly across her whole form, rubbing off on the angel as well. The slick effect it produced made their efforts more interesting, losing footing here, going a touch too far there, adding to the wonderful frustration that made the coming wave all the more powerful.

Eventually, the two girls managed to lock themselves into a position that granted them what they sought, electricity dancing across both their forms, clinging to one another desperately to keep from slipping apart. Their efforts began to wear on them, their shared breath coming in soft pants, their muscles aching and burning lightly from use. It was worth it. The building fire below surged and blazed away, filling their bellies. Their petals danced across one another, their nectar mingling and soaking fur and scale alike. Hair came to stand on end as a subdued cry of building elation refused to be ignored, two voices singing as one. Fingers moved to stroke across flesh and fur, teasing whatever delicate regions they could reach. They would not be denied. Not when they were so close.

The soft sound of tiny waves lapping at the rocks below, made even softer by the distance it had to travel to reach the girls, was drowned out by their throes of passion. Sharp gasps claimed them both as the wave crested and crashed. Their legs tensed. Their arms pulled tight around one another. Chests rose and fell rapidly as they were washed over by the sensation of climax. The inferno burned brightly and powerfully, racing across their skin as if they were joined as one. A soft breeze kissed their nude forms, whisking away the edge of that heat, sending them drifting down from the height of their love.

Slowly, Shayna's form eased into a softened state, lying comfortably atop her companion. Her breath was slow but deep, still trying to recover. She pressed her lips against Lassie's cheek and held fast, at least as well as her body would permit her.

"So... how's that... for a distraction?"

The wolf grinned through her brief moment of exhaustion, she would be strong again shortly, "I'd say... it's a good start. Next time we come down here... remind me... to grab one of my bags..." She turned to kiss the angel passionately, rolling onto her side into Shayna's embrace. Their spent forms would be revitalized very shortly.

The dragoness grinned softly feeling her lover's eagerness return, "Ready for round two?"