

Healing
By Tredain

"You know, there are much closer places you could go to for healing," the little grey fox remarked as he pulled the soaked cloths from their bowl and laid them carefully across the lion's chest. The big cat smiled quietly, dressed down to just his loincloth as the cleric attended his wounds, a number of light gashes and cuts sustained over the past couple days clearing out a monster den. He raised one arm to let the fox lay a wet bandage across the thick bicep.

"There are, but none offer me quite the same view," he purred coyly as he sat back. Noah smiled politely.

"The woods and lake are nice, I admit," he said. The little temple sat by a small lake, evergreens lined all around it and kept the temple in perpetual shade. The lion chuckled but continued to just hold still, very slowly spreading his legs apart while he flicked his tail back and forth.

"Yes, the wood here is always strong," the cat purred again, his eyes wandering over the cleric's lithe body, particularly the bushy tail flicking back and forth.

"All the elements are strong here, it is why the old Naturalists chose the site," the fox explained as he missed the repeated innuendo. With the last strip placed he settled his paws to the warrior's barrel chest. "This may tingle slightly."

The lion purred, his chest flexing slightly so the thick muscles felt like warm stones under the cleric's paws. The little fox drew in a deep breath, the litany already repeating in his head over and over.

"Ancient air and timeless stone, I ask you mend this warrior's flesh and bone," he repeated, over and over as he pressed his paws against the firm chest. The wet cloth strips began to glow softly. They hissed as the holy water steamed away and the cleric continued his chant, pressing his fingers against the unyielding muscle. After several moments of chanting the water had burned away and the dry strips sloughed from the lion's body, clean fur underneath with no sign of scar or injury. Vegar purred contently, his muscles indeed tingling, every bit of him feeling rejuvenated as if just waking from a long sleep. His nipples, in particular, stood to attention as his loincloth twitched and rose slowly.

"There are other, more convenient healers, yes," he purred and stood, letting the last of the holy cloths fall from his body, including his own loincloth he had quietly untied. Noah paused, gasping a little as the warrior stood naked and erect before him. "But none that I may pay for service with an offering as this."

The fox's bushy tail flicked repeatedly and his eyes went to the low hanging cock that was steadily swelling and rising up.

"Ah," was all he muttered, suddenly realizing the lion's awkward comments were... well, not as awkward as he thought. He smiled and gave a solemn nod.

"The elements gladly accept your offer, warrior," he said, reaching out to cradle the hard cock with both paws. He tried to close his fingers around it but the girth was just enough that he couldn't quite touch his clawtips together. The cat let out a rumbling purr. The fox sank down to his knees, settling closer to the naked warrior and glanced up at him. Vegar smiled down to him, throbbing in his hands, and gave a little nod. The fox's paws squeezed over the thick cock to feel just how hard it had gotten and how thick it was. The plump head stared at him, circumcised as was the tradition of the southern tribes.

Noah traced his thumb along the wide tip starting at the broad corona until he ended at the underside and ran his blunt claw along the slit just as it began to offer a dribble of pre. The fox's nose twitched. With no task to keep him occupied, he noticed the warrior's musk, the heat coming off of his body, the raw strength he exuded. The little fox kicked himself mentally. He let himself be too preoccupied sometimes. But then, his service did have its rewards.

He kissed the dick tip while he gripped the shaft with one paw. His free paw dipped down to cradle the low hanging nuts and rolled them in his palm. Sex was considered a sacred offering to the elements, as timeless as earth, wind, water and fire were, love was as old as the first mortal and a powerful energy all its own. He rubbed the cock head over his lips before pushing it past them, sucking at the plum head to a growling approval from the warrior.

It had been far, far too long since Noah had felt the warmth of a hard dick and he eagerly took to nursing it, bobbing his muzzle up and down and working himself further and further down the shaft. He squeezed and fondled the heavy balls and earned another approving growl. He carefully itched a finger behind them at the taint in between, idly wondering if he could get his paws over that chiseled butt. He hadn't been entirely distracted by his duty, afterall.

Vegar lowered one big paw and caressed the fox's head and ears. With both paws, the fox thought, he could probably cover his entire head. He pulled his head back and kissed the tip, his paw stroking over the wet cock while the grey fox dipped his head down to kiss the full balls. The cat growled again and rolled his massive hips forward into the warm slippery paw and to grind his balls into that furry muzzle. Those big paws cupped the fox by his cheeks and guided him back to the cat's cock, pressing it into the warm muzzle once more.

The warrior was gentle, surprisingly, but insistent, pumping himself with a few thrusts into the fox's talented maw. Noah relaxed, the dick tapped his throat more than a couple times until Vegar shuddered above him, a few more frantic thrusts before warmth spurted the back of his throat and coated his tongue. The heavy balls pulled up tight and the whole cock twitched and jumped repeatedly, the cat letting out a deeply relieved hiss that turned to a rumbling growl. The fox suckled obediently, not letting one drop go to waste as he swallowed the sticky load.

When he pulled himself free again the lion's cock glistened in the low light of the altar room. Vegar smiled down to the little cleric and tapped his big cock against the fox's nose.

"And that is why it is worth traveling to be healed by a Naturalist, little fox," he purred with a wide grin. He turned, allowing the fox a full view of the very muscular cheeks, more so as the cat bent down and retrieved his discarded cloth, his boots, and the sheathed sword in its scabbard beside the simple wooden chair he had sat in. Noah gulped. The temptation to simply reach out and goose that perfect rump was strong. More so to bury his snout between the cheeks and kiss the likely virgin hole within.

But his duty was complete and the offering had been given. He climbed to his feet slowly, dusting off his robes with a few swats of his paw, his own stiffness hidden under the many folds of the cloth. With a simple flick of his fingers the latent energy drawn from the warrior's orgasm flitted to the altar, barely visible as a collection of pink sparkles that settled over the ancient stone before they faded, the offering absorbed. He smiled, then looked up as the warrior stepped up to him, his head only coming up to the lion's chest.

"Thank you for the healing," he rumbled, still smiling as his cock softened under his loincloth. Noah bowed his head, almost touching it to the broad chest.

"The elements as ever are eternal and strong," he intoned, a common refrain after a blessing. The cat smiled wider and took a step past. Noah turned.

"If you mean to leave. There is a very lovely little inn just a ways down the road. It has some.. very comfortable beds," he offered. The lion glanced back over his shoulder and smirked.

"Does it now? I could use a soft bed. It's been quite a while since I've shared one," he said, then continued on his way out the temple. The little grey fox's tail flicked happily and after a moment of consideration, followed.

(The end, for now! Hope you enjoyed.)

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