

Waystone, Circus of Stones

By Alps Sarsis

Chapter 7

New Things

Mihr was safely inside the house, so he wasn't going to be snatched again. This offered some significant comfort to Unadi, but she was sure that he'd endlessly complain about his little misadventure once they were away from this Ibian town. Mihr wanted to be here least of all and he was already the only one who suffered.

Well, until now.

Unadi wasn't sure what was going on. Was it a joke? Qadira walked right in behind Seile and the Mitanni girl as they returned to Baldur's shop where they were going to stay the night. She then came right upstairs to the living area where the travelling pair were to stay the night. Into the very room they would be staying in the large quadruped sauntered. Baldur greeted her and spoke jovially for a moment, but then busied himself with the tasks of closing up shop, proving the Ibian female to be very much Unadi and Seile's guest.

Wasn't the hyena going to tell her it was time for them to rest and prepare to meet their important contact, Layja? Surely he'd not forgotten that.

No, Seile appeared to be taking it all in stride.

In fact, he opened a cabinet that was right by the wide, tall door of their chosen room and retrieved a tall, surprisingly old-looking bottle.

"You remembered!" chimed the lady Ibian in a bright tone.

"It's the same bottle, and I'll thank you not to tease if you want to remain and drink a while." Unadi arched a brow and sat down on the wide, highly cushioned sleeping area. He was inviting her to stick around? Why? They had things to discuss that were better not to share with some random Ibian that wasn't already involved. They had to keep a low profile, right?

Qadira grinned sadistically. "Awww, you have a girlfriend now, do you? Afraid she'll find out what you tried to do to little ol' meeee?" Unadi immediately got the clearest impression of how much ribbing Seile must have gotten after the incident. The Keeper decided to help a hyena out and diffuse it.

"You mean the little mix-up in the dark hut?" she asked. The Ibian jerked back slightly, eyes wider.

"Oh. Oh, you... you already told her?" she qualified.

"No secrets between lovers." Unadi grinned. Sure, they were more... friends with benefits, but the Ibian didn't know that. Seile's expression was funny, however. He seemed to brighten up, perhaps in realizing that Unadi wasn't just going to join in the teasing.

"So it's true then. Spot and the Keeper. Well done, I guess." She nodded, and her expression was, to Unadi at least, somewhat hard to read.

Seile spoke in a hushed tone. "I'm helping Unadi gather information concerning some incidents just outside Ibia that may cause problems here if they are not addressed." He uncorked the bottle and handed it to Unadi. She sampled it. Then drew hard from it. It was wine, obviously, but the flavor was like nothing she remembered trying. It was like sweet and tangy fruit but with the potent obvious glow of alcohol.

"I'll be having a bunch of this!" the Keeper laughed.

"Careful now. It's made for someone with way more mass than you got, girl!" laughed Qadira.

"She'll figure that out in a few minutes," Seile laughed. Unadi grinned and offered the bottle to their new friend, already feeling more amicable. Surely it wasn't potent enough to make her more friendly already.

Qadira's expression fell. "Really?" she responded.

"Oh. Oh, sorry..." The Mitanni recoiled at how insensitive that might have seemed. Of course the Ibian lady couldn't just take the bottle and drink from it. What was to be done then? A bowl? Was it worse to offer it in a bowl? Oh, hell, she was going to make a fool out of herself in the simple act of sharing a drink. She gazed pleadingly to Seile and flattened her frill hard. He was just grinning his ass off.

"None for yooooouuuu!" he teased the Ibian and took the bottle himself, tilting it about half way up to make it obvious it was going to go quick.

"That's not proper manners at all," Qadira grunted, showing her teeth a little.

"What would she normally drink from?" asked Unadi.

"In the cabinet where he got the bottle. I promise not to tease, now share!" She sat hard on her haunches, ears back.

"Fine, fine." Seile snagged a lovely glass pitcher of some kind. It had a cloth-wrapped handle and a very wide base, but drew up to a smaller top. It looked to Unadi something like a glass tea-pot without a lid or a spout. The top flared out like a vase, sort of. Seile turned up the bottle over it and filled it about two-thirds full. He placed it on a straw mat on the floor before Qadira.

"Thank you." She nodded and lowered her head and tucked her somewhat short muzzle into the flared end and her tongue went to work. The shape of the odd goblet was such that her lapping did not make a mess of things. It was perhaps as elegant as a lady Ibian could be. She obviously enjoyed the drink, however.

"So, it's not teasing just to tell me about the little mix-up in the hut, is it?" Unadi inquired warmly. Qadira jerked her head up and gasped.

"Well no! It would just be the sharing of information!"

Seile groaned.

"You watched it, right?" asked Unadi. "From outside the hut or something? It was so dark that Seile couldn't see... how could you tell what was even going on?"

"I had been in the hut for some time!" laughed the Ibian. Unadi's hyena companion covered his muzzle. Unadi took another long draught of the wine. So dangerously good!

"So your eyes had time to adjust, while Seile..." Unadi covered her mouth.

The hyena rolled his eyes and finished the statement himself. "... was still basically blind from the bonfire, drunk, and eager to go."

"I will say it again. I'm a little jealous of that substitute offering. Such passion. Such eagerness!" Qadira giggled again.

"I was drunk out of my gourd."

"Your trousers were at your feet before you even knew which end you were loving on!" cackled the large quadruped, laying down fully and covering her muzzle with both front paws.

"This counts as teasing," the hyena warned.

"It's informational," Unadi defended. "Besides, it's only teasing if you have cause to be embarrassed. You don't. We're all friends, and it doesn't change anyone's opinion of you."

"I'm not sure if that's a good thing or a bad thing," the hyena sighed morosely.

"Stop being so dramatic, Spotter," Qadira laughed before leaning up and flicking the side of the hyena's cheek. Unadi grinned, not wanting to admit it, but she absolutely felt the alcohol. It was such a warm, cozy buzz. It wasn't as harsh as some of the drinks she'd had before. She felt mellow and loose and funny. She could see how a hyena tanked up on this stuff would molest an inanimate object.

"Would you really have taken her if it *had* been Qadira laying there, hot and ready?" Unadi verbally pondered, scarcely able to believe she'd even asked it. It was definitely the wine.

"I had my pants down, didn't I?" he offered, a hint of embarrassment obviously lingering in his voice.

"I mean, if you weren't so drunk you didn't care which end was which?" Unadi added.

The hyena sighed again and shrugged helplessly. "I mean, yeah, I suppose. Qadira's fun. It's not like I didn't even know her before that. I guess I'd have gone into the hut without a drink in me."

"Lucky meeeee, I find that out after you already got yourself another!" laughed the Ibian. Unadi glanced warily over to her, but she had a teasing expression really, not a jealous one.

"We aren't married, Qadira, we're good friends. I certainly can't make grand future plans with him when I have no idea what my own future's gonna hold." Unadi wanted to dispel the idea that whatever future chances this hyena might have after the Keeper was, if things went well, back in her own home. Nearly any scenario Unadi could think of left her friend without her. She'd be happier if she wasn't burning his bridges the whole way through.

"So you do not feel... unhappy knowing what he ... intended to do then?" inquired the Ibian carefully.

"Not at all. As I said, he's a good friend, not property!" laughed Unadi. Did she really feel that way? She remembered seeing the dating scene growing up and how dramatic it could all be, but she certainly wasn't threatened by Qadira. Perhaps it really was because she knew with how chaotic her life was, she had no real right to claim poor Seile who was mostly just being blown around in the wind of fate like she was.

Rather suddenly, Qadira just... dropped onto her side between Seile and Unadi, her head falling into the hyena's lap. Unadi felt some heat in her cheeks at the rather shameless display of puffy femininity at the apex of carelessly spread Ibian thighs. The Mitanni averted her eyes politely, back over to Qadira's head in her lover's lap.

"What, you want a tummy rub?" posed Seile.

"It's rude to equate us to lesser beasts, you know. I'm no pet," the Ibian stated with a glower.

"So that's a no on the tummy rub," he responded evenly.

"I didn't say that."

"That's what I thought," the hyena laughed. Unadi tilted her head curiously as he watched her spotted friend slide his claws down over the bare, lighter toned tummy of the flopped Ibian. It looked pretty much like every belly rub generally looked, but it was impossible to ignore the fact that the recipient of this attention was sentient. She appeared to enjoy it all the same. She rolled slightly to push her muzzle into the wine decanter thing again and lap thirstily at it. She then rolled back and sighed, enjoying the contact.

Was this really how tonight was supposed to go? How had it gone *this* direction.

"Qadira?" intoned the hyena.

"Yeah?" she casually responded.

"You said, last time you saw me... some things were going weird here. What did you mean?" His hand drifted evenly, tenderly up and down. Unadi noted that he was not dodging the twin rows of nipples, but nor were his claws more closely visiting them. It was kind of odd to consider it being just a tummy rub. Her mind then fixated, a little slow on the uptake, on what her lover was even trying to talk about.

He was after information. He was getting this Ibian drunk and asking her questions.

She smiled broadly and her hand joined his. What a warm tummy.

"Mmmmmhmmm... Okay, this is hospitality!" chimed the lady Ibian.

"Did something happen here?" he queried.

"No... At the capitol. Some kind of fire, and there was talk of a coup... Like... three generals got the bottle."

"Wow... that's..." Seile started, obviously not sure how to respond.

"Troubling..." murmured Unadi. She assumed the bottle meant something similar to what she'd seen played out by the acting troupe.

“Too troubling for tummy rubbing,” clarified the Ibian. Unadi had to agree. It seemed like the kind of conversation that didn’t lend itself well to the kind of intimate touching she was seeing.

“Things have calmed down though? In the capitol?” asked the hyena, still caressing in slow, easy circles. The Ibian sighed softly, seeming perhaps put out that the subject didn’t wander elsewhere. Seile looked up at Unadi, uncertainty in his eyes as he glanced back down at the tummy he was rubbing. Unadi nodded. It was okay. She was okay with what was going on. It was two reasons, really. First, she was pretty buzzed and felt slightly less shy as a result, and also... like it or not, this was not a bad idea to find out more about what they might be getting themselves into. Unadi moved a hand to Qadira’s neck and cheek and caressed tenderly. She wasn’t against sweet and loving contact with a female, after all. While some taboo surrounded such a thing, it was never actively enforced on her.

“It’s quiet,” responded the Ibian after some more attention. “No one really talks about it, but news from the capitol used to be heavy with proclamations, rewards, commands... all that stuff. Now all we hear is an occasional reminder that we are strong together... unshakable... unyielding...” She stopped talking a moment, shifting in a slow wiggle against the hyena. Unadi glanced down and saw that his claws were sliding up and down along her inner thighs, scant inches away from being way more than a tummy rub.

A spike of heat flickered through Unadi.

... and it wasn’t jealousy.

She widened her eyes in surprise at her own reaction. She wasn’t even sure what part of any of this prickled her arousal. Was it that a lady Ibian was being sexually teased in front of her? Was it that the closest thing she had to a boyfriend was openly intimately touching another so fearlessly in her company? Was it because of how very different, and yet... somehow the same Qadira was in her wants and needs?

Unadi looked back to her spotted lover and saw an expression of uncertainty on the hyena’s face as he peered back into her eyes. The Mitanni nodded at her lover before leaning down and pushing her lips against Qadira’s jawline, rather pinning her head down in the hyena’s lap. There was a slight gasp from the lady Ibian and the Keeper glanced down to find two of Seile’s fingers together stirring the puffy black folds of their quadrupedal guest, revealing how soaking wet and brightly pink she was when spread by tenderly teasing digits. Unadi felt her own loins suddenly tortuously flare with heat. Drunk or not, that was a thing she had no idea she was into. Now she knew. She closed her eyes and kept Qadira firmly pinned.

The Ibian arched and squirmed, her longish form able to twist and writhe beautifully with her pleasure. The shuddering breaths and the way her back feet trembled with her hind legs parted so eagerly were also sexually gratifying to the snuggling but watchful Keeper.

Unadi wanted to make sure, though her own close contact, that Qadira knew this was okay. It was welcomed. Seile wasn't doing anything to upset her. In fact, this was already incensing her.

"N... nuh... Don't stop..." whispered Qadira shakily. She glanced up as Unadi reared back to check as well. Seile had merely taken his hand away to liberally coat his middle and ring finger with slick saliva.

"Has anyone seen Emperor Suo, do you know?" he pressed. Unadi worried that he was being too obvious, but if Qadira considered that, her contemplation was shattered by the push of four inches of strong digits into tightly gripping Ibian heat. The wet squish that accompanied the press of his fingers was so deliciously lewd that Unadi's own hips rose, the Mitanni rising up on her knees as she stroked the deeply groaning Ibian's tummy. Unadi felt a prickle of worry that Baldur would be able to easily hear what was being done to their guest.

A little gasp accompanied a nice, slow grind of those digits deep into the lady Ibian and she finally shakily spoke, "N-no, not insomuch. Some of his closest confidants see him, but n-no public appearances.. Why do you a-ask? Is something going on, you think?" Unadi shook her head to Seile. She didn't want him to make a rumor that could get them killed.

Unadi took over the conversation briefly. "No, not that we suspect. We just didn't know if the problems from outside had reached that far in. We may need the help of the imperial guard and it's good to know whether or not there are things that are taking their attention which would render our request for assistance unanswerable." There wasn't an answer to the keeper's carefully worded reply as Seile pumped his digits slowly in and out of her.

"You act like you never get any attention," the hyena offered in a teasing tone.

"You act like I want this to be all about me, pup," panted Qadira, narrow eyes gazing up at him. She then pushed off of him slightly, more on her side with her shoulders while her lower back was still on the bed, thighs parted wide for the hyena's eager touch. "Maybe Unadi can help reward you a little." She grinned at the Keeper. She knew exactly what was being requested.

The Mitanni brought both her hands to Seile's vacated lap and gave his cock a rolling squeeze through his trousers. He was rock hard, and there was even a point of wetness, pre that had seeped through his clothing. The Keeper undid the front of his trousers and unceremoniously fished out his throbbing pink flesh. Dexterous hands were far better for freeing the hyena's girth from his trousers than Qadira's paws or muzzle.

"Oh, now, see, I didn't get a good look when I was in that hut... Much better..." She simply turned her head and into the Ibian's deep maw it went in a single snaring motion. He flinched, as if expecting he'd get teeth, but then groaned as she held it in her muzzle. She

wasn't moving obviously, to Unadi suspected that her tongue was doing the lion's share of the work.

The Keeper simply could not help herself anymore. One hand tucked down her front, under her clothing and fingers applied themselves diligently to self-pleasure, stirring her clit eagerly as she watched her two friends openly working to get one another off right in front of her. Yeah, this was... this was definitely a thing. Shit, this was a very big thing. Unadi rolled back and peeled her clothes off. Her underwear was already soaked. She had no idea she'd already been that wet. There was a wet pop as a muzzle slipped away from throbbing hyena cock. Unadi blushed as Qadira's keen eyes fixed upon her naked lower body.

"Well, look at this!" chimed the Ibian. "We've worked up Unadi, and no one's even paying attention to her!"

Knowing that her frill was trembling with anxiousness as she said it, Unadi spoke. "Well, not.. entirely true... I was, I mean." She held up slick digits of her own that she'd just been teasing herself with.

"Your fingers seem inadequate for such a thing," crooned Qadira.

"What? Why?" asked Unadi. The Ibian rather suddenly rolled over, extracting the hyena's own fingers from herself as she got on her belly and then slapped her heavy front paws on either of Unadi's knees to part her greenish-blue thighs wide enough that, had she not been an acrobat, it might have been uncomfortable. The Keeper didn't have a chance to even consider a protest before Qadira's hot muzzle was parted wide over her sex and the tongue that had just been swirling and pushing around on the hyena's slick spire was ground achingly tight to the Keeper's swollen clit. Unadi dropped back to the pillows hard with a thump as she was completely unable to restrain the hard groan.

It would be dangerous for Seile to learn to do that from watching Qadira because *that* would most certainly be a debt.

"Err... that... okay, Unadi?" Seile inquired with his eyes wide as the Keeper glanced back up at him. He may have been worried that Unadi didn't want that to happen to her. Her body was flaring with pleasure, however, and if any misgiving had been there, it would certainly wait until after the Mitanni girl had finished bathing this Ibian tongue in the heat of her climax.

"Who said stop petting Qadira?" countered Unadi shakily.

"Mnnnnh..." The Ibian made a sound of approval in response and pulled her tail up over her back, waving it invitingly at the hyena.

“Oh... Yeah...” He seemed stunned by that, but he rose to his knees and moved on the soft bed around behind Qadira as she pushed the full and startling length of her flat, hot tongue deep into the whimpering keeper. This was unfair. Only an Ibian could do that, and she didn't live where Ibians could readily be found! Unadi dropped her head back onto the pillows, but it was still propped up enough that she could see her spotted friend finish getting out of his trousers and his shirt, baring himself completely.

Seile then placed both his hands on either side of Qadira's tail, over her haunches as he got into position. A wave of trembling pleasure ripped through Unadi as she considered that he was actually going to do it. He was about to Mount Qadira. It was a teasing offer made how long ago to him? And he was going to have her right in front of his traveling companion and lover.

“So... absolutely wet...” he noted as he moved a hand down behind the Ibian's haunches. She made a sweet whine, tongue drawing back quickly as she swallowed down Unadi's juices. He must have been teasing her folds with his cock. He placed both his hands on her hips again, and a sinking, loud groan of pleasure was pushed out of the lady Ibian as he drew forward, his chest moving over her lower back as Seile kept his eyes on Unadi.

To see him gazing into her eyes as he drove every inch of himself into this Ibian female caused something inside Unadi to just pop. She arched with a squeak and trembled.

Qadira's tongue availed itself of the increase in Mitanni wetness, messily driving its full pink length in and out of the suddenly climaxing Keeper. Unadi watched the look of surprise on her silly hyena's face as the Ibian loudly lapped away at her spasming sex. The Keeper nodded to her lover, making sure he knew it was okay to do what he was doing, even though she could barely be sure it was okay for any of them to be doing what they were doing.

That tongue was unfortunately stolen away from her as Qadira pulled her head back with a gasp of heated pleasure when Unadi's spotted companion began to thrust evenly into her tight channel. It gave the Keeper a moment to recover, cupping her own sex. It was so wet with a mix of saliva and her own release. How absolutely shameful. She watched, transfixed, the expression of her own lover as he pumped his hips to the Ibian's full, sexual benefit. Her head had tilted back, tongue lolled, eyes closed tightly. Yeah, that... looked like it felt really good. Unadi knew of course. She'd felt it a few times already.

The Mitanni busied her fingers again for a bit, pushing herself back up her ladder of pleasure, watching fixedly as Seile groaned in pleasure over the Ibian's back. Was it taboo for him? Would it have been before the hut incident? Had he been genuinely angry at Qadira? Did he ever think he'd be gripping the Ibian's thighs and building up steam as he pounded her like that?

“Oh, there's a good spotty!” growled Qadira as she gazed over her shoulder with a mirthful grin. Unadi was shaken from her own pleasure to focus on them a moment. Seile

was mostly still, just giving slight jerking motions from time to time. Oh. *Oh!* There was a feeling that Unadi could relate to and appreciate.

“Fk...” he grunted through his teeth. Maybe it happened faster than he wanted, but it didn’t seem to disappoint the Ibian. He was still for a moment longer, but began rolling his hips, a dizzy expression on his face. What a nice hyena. Qadira groaned, dropping her head on the Keeper’s thigh. Unadi played with her ears and the luxurious fluff of her neck as the hyena quickly built of pace. H5s muzzle was parted, lips drawn back as he snarled. It was probably not comfortable to go fast and hard right after he’d just blown inside her, but Unadi appreciated why he did it.

She wanted to play with him because she was jealous of the substitute he’d been molesting in the hut. There was no way he’d fail to last as long loving the real thing!

Qadira’s peak, thankfully for the panting, shaking hyena, came easily. She gave a higher-pitched cry of wavering pleasure as her body sank even closer to the bed. She tried to lift her head and for some reason, Unadi wouldn’t let her. It was mostly that the Mitanni wanted their Ibian friend to feel tightly gripped as she was ravaged from behind, but the Ibian female seemed to get the wrong idea of her captors intention. Her muzzle sealed over Unadi’s sex again, as if her being held was because she was being forced to put her tongue back to use.

And Unadi couldn’t bear to correct her as she doubled over and cried out in passionate glee. That tongue was so perfect for the pleasure of a body that should never have known it. The Keeper watched the stunned expression of her lover over their shared Ibian’s back. They both could surely feel the climaxing Qadira convulsing with pleasure between them as she rode out her own climax full of her old friend and tongue-filling the new one.

Having stirred herself back toward her peak while watching her lover flood Qadira moments ago, Unadi’s peak was not a hard goal for the Ibian. It was quick and sweet, leaving the Mitanni a trembling mess under the attention of that slip of pink flesh inside her.

“C-come over here in front of me,” Qadira commanded of the hyena behind her. He drew his pulsing cock out of her, still panting. He did as asked, sitting beside Unadi.

“Messy boy...” laughed the Keeper. He was pretty well coated in his own sticky, almost foaming release. The orally fixated Ibian’s purpose was exactly what Unadi expected, however. That muzzle overtook him and he gave a sinking, helpless groan to the pleasure that surely caused. Up and down went Qadira’s head, slow and tender. She nursed on him while Unadi simply enjoyed watching. It was very different seeing it done by another right up close like this.

Originally, the Mitanni thought that the reason their new friend had started doing this was to kind of clean off the hyena because he really was a creamy, wet, slick mess from

pounding the quadruped well past his own climax, but as he half-closed his eyes and began rolling his hips, it became evident that she wanted to prime him up for a round two. The Keeper couldn't blame her. She'd do the same. It was fun.

With a wet pop, that muzzle freed the very tightly swollen flesh inside it, the hyena's cock flopping back and patting his tummy from its pulsing hardness. With her mouth vacated, Qadira spoke again. "A happy gift from my spotty friend is one thing, but sharing with a friend is only sharing when all is shared. Unadi?"

"Oh by the gods..." whispered the slightly trembling hyena.

"Nnnhh – Gladly." The Keeper got onto her knees, still facing Qadira, her rudder-like tail whipping playfully down to bonk the arching hyena on the head behind her. She straddled the strong, lean male's hips and put her hands back to his chest, leaning back as the lady Ibian used her muzzle to push that wet, pink spire upward enough that it suited Unadi's angle.

Down those blue-green toned thighs went, and a deep, happy groan from the hyena mirrored the Keeper's feelings on it. The oral play brought him back to life nicely, and he filled her tightly gripping channel wonderfully. Unadi had gotten quite flustered again just watching Qadira work her muzzle up and down her lover's twitching cock. Of course she wanted it!

Still laying on her belly, Qadira moved her head forward, muzzle ducking between Seile's thighs. Curious, Unadi leaned forward enough to watch that broad, flat tongue slip out and stroke upward over her lover's heavy, promising sack. He groaned aching, and Unadi spasmed around him. That had to feel different! It seemed to feel good, however, as he tensed up beautifully from the attention. She repeated the motion again and again and again as the Mitanni's hips rose and fell in even, hot, wanting fashion.

The sounds the hyena was making made it clear that in the future, if she wanted to spur her hyena along to his release, Unadi might want to try cupping and fondling him like Qadira was managing to do. It might not be as effective as the tongue was in that endeavor, as he really was twitching hard inside her.

It only provoked Unadi's loins hotter, however, and the Keeper sped up, not bothering to control herself. Her hips crashed down hard into the hyena's, and his rose hard to meet her heavy downward strokes. Unadi wasn't sure what Seile had left to give, but she was sure about to get it! Their bodies pushed and bucked and worked together for a pleasure that felt more and more desperate with each passing moment, but those moments lasted a heavenly long time. The wet slp-slp-slp of tight Mitanni sex over nicely abused hyena cock were punctuated by the countering wet lapping and pushing of Ibian tongue and it only encouraged the Keeper's quickly welling release. This was gonna be a good one too. Unadi could certainly tell. She bucked her hips faster, wanting to peak before her lover so she could feel him throbbing inside her while she soaked his lap.

As her chest tightened with the anxious feeling of her coming release, a loud, deep cry lifted from the hyena behind her, and his hips drove upward and stayed high as he throbbed hard inside her. Unadi whined needfully, having been denied her immediate desire, and immediately the tongue of their friend moved up from the tending of her lover and right to the bud of her clit as his thick girth pressed it out to meet the eager grinding of Ibian tongue.

With a startled cry, then a hot grunt, then a full-body shudder, Unadi exploded around the throbbing hyena and had to stifle a very loud cry of shaking orgasmic fury.

Being tongued by an Ibian female while achingly full of copiously gushing hyena cock immediately became the thing Unadi was sure she'd daydream about any time she needed to find a quick release in her quiet, private chambers. The whole world felt like it was positively spinning as that tongue-flesh fluttered quickly where her slit spread wide over her lover's pulsating cock, sustaining her orgasm to epic proportion.

"Oh gods!" whined a shaking hyena. Unadi knew it was because she had to be crushing him inside her, those strong internal muscles milking out every pearly drop. As her climax waned, the Keeper began moving her hips again slowly, and that tongue moved back down lower, but pushed in between the two lovers more than just on Seile. It made it clear that this round of licking was more to tend the mess that had been made.

"Not sure who owes a favor at this point anymore," Seile laughed in a light-hearted tone from behind his Mitanni lover.

"B-Baldur probably..." panted Qadira.

"Wh-why's that?" asked Unadi dizzily.

"Ibian's have super-keen noses," answered Seile breathlessly, sinking down over the other female's back, holding her warmly as he likely continued to pulse and throb inside her.

"Wait... what?" Unadi sat up quickly.

"He won't be hosting any more guests in here for a while!" laughed the Ibian female, wiggling under the hyena.

"Uh... is that okay?" pressed Unadi nervously. They were already getting favors from Baldur.

Seile and Qadira both laughed heavily, which was *not* a source of comfort to the Keeper.