

Pink Fog

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*Special note: This is number 2 of 4 stories of a short series.

Warning: contains material of an adult nature.

The League of Mystic Arts and Combat has had its fair share of curious peoples and vigorous trouble making transients come by and go away throughout its 30 or so years. A few managed to make lives for themselves in and around the schools of this young institute dedicated to the sciences of magic and the combat arts. But combat has never been the foremost goal of this school in this age of universal peace; only a means to focus the students and give some purpose to the tremendous powers they were to be ultimately entrusted with.

Students like Rae Iksaki and her younger sister, Fatima, are examples of how much power there is to be gained in the teachings to be had in this school. Both having power and strength to defy the very laws of reality. To some this school is among the paragon of schools to attend. The fact of having access to such power and ability was seen by the powerful and influentially arrogant as yet another feather in sorely overloaded caps of feathers.

The fear that the school would be seen as a place of mindless combat and the selfish pursuit of power have led some to distrust this school and, by implication, others of its kind. When the dimension-hopping warrior, Lord Sage Preypacer, it further sent waves of distrust among the mystical establishment throughout the known universe, as Sage had proven himself to be a match for Rae Iksaki. But observers from other Sorcerial and Magican organizations have noted that he is not of the same relative type of person as Rae and ultimately one to be closely watched and if called for, expelled... or worse...

Having such inconceivably powerful beings, and more than one a professed warrior, unlike Rae who is anything but, has drawn the attention of more than a few fighters and warriors whose main desire is to contest these students to test their worth also well as their own, uphold their order's standing or honor, to advance their themselves or their order, and other reasons that escape scrutiny.

The most dangerous lot do so for the sheer pleasure of mortal combat...

Thankfully they have largely been dissuaded from coming by former students and graduates like, Kina, Tahm, and even Rae herself...

But a few still come... They are rarely turned away but are often vigorously encouraged to leave upon causing trouble.

The Axe and the Sword come...

The morning rays hit the ground before the Mystic League's main gate. The baked clay tiles, embedded with shining shells and river hewn stones, paved the road leading, cutting through the thick forest and bordered by a wide span of lush grass and wild flowers, from the sea to those stories tall gates of polished brass, gracefully hewn igneous stone, and fine Astredian Alloy, which breakthroughs in metallurgy made producing possible again after nearly 10,000 years.

Astredian Alloy is among the strongest and heaviest synthetic polymerized metals known.

For ages it was sought by daring and greedy treasure hunters as even so much as a few cubic inches could fetch wealth enough to live like the Aphkian Emperor for 100 lifetimes or more... It's lustrous blue, like the depths of a clear ocean, color marked its beauty.

Until recently only a few small artifacts from ancient times could be found and were held by the very powerful or the insanely wealthy. The Mystic League's campus is now lightly dotted with statues and decorations made of this legendary material. Among those statues stood a young mouse boy, Keyko Rasa. He had challenged the school attempting a dojo sweep, the defeat of all the students by one's self, and was doing well, even against Kina... until he made her angry...

A stranger to the school walked up to the main gate. A tall, very muscular and strikingly handsome Casid gold lion with a long bright red mane. His face was bright and filled to beaming with positive light and intention. This bright young face was framed by his red mane that flowed over his broad and mighty shoulders as the light sea breeze blew it to halfly reveal his thick and clearly well toned neck. It is not unheard of that a fighter should build up every part of their body, including their necks -it made for devastating headbutts.

His broad chest was bare and rippled and pulsed, without any of the "bounce" of having body fat there of loose "lazy" muscle. But relaxed as he was, those thick, full pecs did not separate or tense into their bundles. A fine lattice of softly defined veins webbed over his chest.

The female guard, in her light beige pleated shorts and button up shirt, on duty that morning saw this and her gaze fixed as if her sexual fantasies were being expounded for her to see what she desired. Her eyes ran over to his thick symmetrical arms, both as mighty as any she'd ever seen. Scant few could be greater without being proportionately larger. Heavier veins, softly raised to the surface under his hide-like skin covered in golden fur.

The guard's eyes gazed over again to his trunk and the solid and fluid eight pack of conditioned muscle. Both attractive and powerful the broad, long and high hills of abdominal muscle were the centerpiece of a collection of might and well honed trunk muscles. The lines of this lion's body pointed rather auspiciously to the large crystal buckle just covering his naval. His belt covered by a loincloth of modest weight and knee-length draped his very apparent manhood.

The guard drooled unconsciously noting that his trousers were cut to leave his hips and, she hoped, much of his butt naked. The baggy pants closed neatly with a decorative copper shield barely a couple of inches across, reaching down to just past his knees to heavily armored hide boots decorated with fine buckles and a few solid plates of armor so made as to look soft. She could see the red tip of his tail wave smoothly as he came up the road to the gate house.

At his back was a mighty Axe easily larger than she, being a Cersile Ferrelline. She hoped he wasn't one of the sword league, whose destructive skills and powers made them feared for nothing more than one of them could wreck whole space colonies, the hard way, fairly easily.

She stood out blocking the way firmly, her eyes nervous but her stance was rehearsed. She started to speak but the words did not come until she took a deep breath to clear her mind, "Welcome to the Mystic League's Core Campus. Who are you and what is your business here today?"

The Young lion stood, over nine feet tall, over the only five-and-a-half foot tall female feline and realized his effect and stood back politely. His gentle grin was pleasant and disarming and self weakening, allowing the guard to feel safe to do her job. Though a highly trained soldier who could take on any mere mortal she'd seen too many of the young students who were no longer "mere" to feel even needed. That was why Chief Fierteh left. He had lost all sense of

requirement there.

"My name is Champion. I heard that there's a like totally powerful half demon warrior here...and the surf is righteously gnarly on west edge of the island." He's voice was laid back and happy. A big kid with years of hard experience but little room for strife.

The guard's young heart throbbed hard for this lion. He exudes both the confidence of a proven champion and hero plus the sheer sexual magnetism of a young Casid stud. She gulped hard looking at him. Her mind was blank until the image of Sage, that giant "were-tiger" from another reality with powers to terrify and amaze, barged into her mind. She snapped back to the situation just as the young lion sat down on a large boulder set purposefully next to the road, propping one leg, unintentionally to frame his masculine component further grabbing the young lady's sensual desires with lust. She half gasped as she forced herself to focus, "That 'half-demon' as you put it, sir, is named Master Sage Preypacer. Are you expected?"

Champion smirked a bit ashamed of himself, "No, miss. I came on a whim. Like no body knows I'm here."

She couldn't help but imagine this huge young stud of a lion peeling her out of her uniform and filling her with his male presence. A slight oozing of spooze woke her up as she spoke with a slight lilt of arousal, "Do you cum... come to fight him?"

"Yeah," he smiled, apparently oblivious to her arousal, "It's how I get stronger by taking on like radical monster fighters. I lose more often than I win but, dude, I love a good challenge..."

"Can you leave your axe here, sir," She said, "It will be handled... held... kept here until a weapons pass can be made for you..."

"Sure thing for a totally pro babe like you," Champion unslung his axe, nearly eight feet from pommel to head spike, and put it in the very substantial holding locker in the gatehouse. There were a few swords and rifles and some weapons that made the Cersile guard shiver, hideous evil looking implement that should be thrown into the sea not kept in a locker.

As he stepped out of the gate house, the little guard adjusted her jacket and trousers, "Bang you..." Her voice was soft catching her mistake only as she said it...

"Wuh?" he looked back catching her staring at his bum.

"Uh... Thank you, sir!" she half shouted blushing hard. She got a smile and a kiss on the forehead from the huge lion, feeling long softly curved but sharp claws trace the contours of her face, a show of mutual sexual attraction among Cersile. Casid didn't do that, their culture was never peaceful enough anymore for that. He's raised Cersile?

As she relaxed watching his taut and toned bum, her desire raised again. Then she froze as he stopped. Please don't say what I think you're going to say...

Champion turned smiling smartly, "Bang you later?"

All she could do was nod. Yes! Yes!! YES!!!

As he turned to continue on in, The young guard dove into her small station inside the gate house and curled up on her chair trying to hold her sexual desires until they settled down enough to think straight again...

On the Southern end of the island's expansive mountain ridge, another young gold-furred Casid emerges from the stealth drop pod. His gold fur was completely unclothed as he scanned about looking for anyone of consequence. There was no one.

Drawing his sword, a fierce elongated triangular blade with a heavy hilt, four hand long grip and heavy pummel, he ran over the mountains to find the school and his prey...

He had no mane to speak of beyond a tuft of hair the color of his body. His long muscular tail, tipped in black, followed behind his powerful, and stoutly built frame. He wore no clothes save a simple pair of armored wrist bracers. Warm brown eyes, showing of some innocence, glinted in the morning sun. A grin of anticipation curled up, pressing the natural facial markings, like a wide mustache, up softening what he must have hoped would be a fearsome expression. His softer younger features made that very unlikely.

Mighty arms and legs pulled and pushed him easily and quickly over the harsh terrain that few of the students dared challenge without cause. His approach was uncontested. At moments as he bounded over the rocks like a grasshopper, he took note of his ponderous phallus and testes. A sign of his youth that he was unable to completely sheath his manhood and a sign of fortuitous genetic happenstance that he was blessed with abnormally great virility and the representation to go with it.

If I fail at this I'm gonna die of such embarrassment... I wish I weren't born so hung...

Champion had wandered the campus grounds a bit before being directed to the principal offices. There he could get permission to carry his axe and maybe that guard's schedule. He did ask and she did say "yes", or at least that all she had to do now was say it aloud.

The lion had been quite the lover boy, chasing girls as a cub losing his virginity to a much older girl at only ten. A Casid's puberty starts so much sooner than most species are prepared to deal with. He had grown instantly aware of the pleasure females could take from him and he got from them. His reputation grew faster than he did and before long it was hard for him to remember when he wasn't sleeping with two or three different girls at a time in a week to a month... and he never went "dry".

By some miracle he never impregnated any of them even when they were in heat. But that never stopped him from being as careful as possible as he got older and even more sexually potent. Techniques of withholding his semen, but not his cum, became so second nature that he often fears he will not be able to sire children without undue concentration.

As he strode the pathways and roads, all without cars, trucks, or even bicycles, skates and skateboards, he noticed that most, easily two-thirds of the students were female. Lovely females, most eyeing him now and then with curious eyes.

Then, as he is walking and not paying full attention, he bumps into a young lady... or rather, as he looks at her chest, an very androgynous lioness. She was nude except for amazingly bulky and heavy looking wrist and ankle bracers. Every muscle in her body was ripped and toned to utterly monstrous degrees. Her brightly multi-colored headdress offset two blazingly orange eyes as she scrambled to gather her books, he recognized as Coran Spellbooks, advanced tomes. She scowled at him not thinking to look first.

"You idiot! Watch where you're going!" The lioness growled, careful not to roar a shake the school... again.

"Sorry, dudette," Champion sat up as the lioness stood up. She was a good eight foot or so tall but he only smirked, "Name's Champion. Sorry about that 'gain..."

"Pleeyo," she shot sharply, "I'm gonna be late. I can't be late again or I'll get sealed again!" She ran off quickly dropping one of her tomes, a craggy and old looking thing.

"Oy... Dudette..." Champion started but opted to follow after grabbing the book. She'll be late if she has to stop to pick up her book... She's is a she...right? He chuckled with the thought and chased after the lioness.

Pleeyo made it just as class started and literally threw herself into her seat deforming the chair with her weight and planet shattering strength. Despite all attempts to limit the rate of her growth, Pleeyo with zeal, determination, and sheer desire, swelled beyond the sickly and overweight young lioness she was when she arrived into the hulking beast she was now.

With a body most males would die to have themselves, tapping into that bottomless well within herself that Eqis, Rae, and Fatima, tapped, and a will bested by the only person in her class who can defeat her in a straight fight, Kaya, Pleeyo was a sight to behold. The insensitive looked at her like a freak, a gigantic breastless over built female, while her friends, what few she could count on, looked at her as strangely attractive but scary when she started exerting her influence with physical might.

"Five seconds," Eqis started her back to her students as she materialized the lesson, Coran Ley-line Equations, complex formations of lines and symbols not unlike advanced geometry, on one the wall of the islander-styled open air classroom. It had no other walls but was little more than a sturdy roof held up by high, stout, stone pillars. The floor was a set of straw mats tied together on the soft sand.

The other students were all girls, save one, and as they turned to look back at Pleeyo, most giving her a very gruff stare, Champion could see that they were all some of the cutest little ladies he'd ever seen. If he were at least ten years younger he'd be all over them. But they were still easy on his eyes.

But it was the teacher of this class that kept his attention. Eqis was a tall supremely powerful lioness and it showed. She wore her lightweight, pale blue nearly transparent bodycloth loosely clipped at either side of her waist neatly and behind her neck with gold broaches made by a fine jeweler apparently. Her frame was a very broad in the shoulders and hips and attractively narrowed waist detailed with a mightier frame than Pleeyo but with two huge breasts that seemed maybe too large on this vision he spied.

"You there," Eqis hadn't quite turned yet but knew he was there because the girls were quiet and she felt them swooning to themselves. When she did she was stunned to see this vision of a male, like so many dreams of the male for the rest of her life, standing there handing off the dropped book to Pleeyo who didn't want to show her blushing face. Eqis paused holding down her arousal by this purely sexual being before them, "What's your name?"

"Champion, Ma'am," He bowed his head calmly smiling, "Pleeyo here like ran into me 'n dropped her book. So, I rallied after her so she wouldn't get, you know, busted..."

One cat girl whispered smugly, "She could use a bust..."

Pleeyo glared at the cat girl, a small black kitten with milky white claws and gold eyes. She wore a tiny tight black bikini looking nude save her sparse silver baubles and beads about her neck.

"Consa," Pleeyo's eyes glowed with anger and frustration. She wanted to smash the kitten so bad for aligning so many of the children against her when she first arrived. It wasn't enough that she was still one of the most hurtful people in the Mystic League, but one of the craftiest constantly getting her in trouble. Because of Consa's efforts, Pleeyo currently held the record for the most times sealed at 14.

Champion put his hand on Pleeyo's shoulder, "Shush that, babe. Boobless or not, you got an awesome bod and beautiful eyes. She's just majorly jealous she can't even look as great as you. I bet you're like the totally strongest girl in your class. Am I right?" Pleeyo's shoulder warmed and shivered feeling his huge hand stroke the nerves around her traps and deltoid muscles sending waves of comforting pleasure through her relaxing her in that seat.

Kaya smiled blushing a bit, "She is really strong. Clio's stronger," the little lioness, in the white leotard with small polished gold chrome bracers, pointed over to the white tigress dressed much as Eqis was who was actually nearly as large as the lioness in charge. "Pleeyo's just more willing to use her strength fully."

Champion noticed how Clio and Salba were the only one's not enraptured by the lion, "Got boyfriends?"

Eqis snapped, "Okay! That's enough. Unless you're a new instructor, You need to be at the principal office. Bye." She waved her hand and the lion, handsome as he was, and as much as she hated to toss such a studly beast out, she had a class to teach was quickly and unceremoniously teleported away. "Sorry girls..."

"Aww..." They all cried in unison.

The young casid peered over the ridge to find the School Mystic Arts and Combat and marveled at it all. The grand architecture like an ancient Roman city in all its glory. It bustled with life as students trained and studied and scurried from one class to another.

He had been told that the school had roughly 500 students now but it looked far busier. The naked lion wandered along the ridge searching for sight of his quarry. He flipped out a small glass from his bracer placing it over one eye like a monocle. Through it, he saw for miles like a few yards away. Looking toward the eastern beach he found his mark...

"She's gorgeous... and supposedly the strongest lioness alive," the youth clamored silently, "They say no one can beat her..."

Replacing his monocle, he slipped down the ridge swiftly and stealthily. His polished sword carefully angled, through years of practice to give no shine toward his prospects. He descended the mountain invisibly.

Appearing on the steps of the principal office, Champion felt it... A person in an unusual

place moving unusually. He looked straight at the ridge, "A student cutting class? Maybe trouble..."

"Don't worry about it, lad," came the old voice of the Neo-ceknuyrian, Hadal. His whole body, covered in a fine, full length linen toga, radiated vast cosmic power. "We have people for that sort of thing..."

The young lion sighed disappointed, "He's just a kid, kahuna dude."

"Don't worry. The person on the job doesn't like to hurt people..." The wolf looked at the guest and smirked, "You're here to fight her?"

A moment's pause of intuitive, silent, conversation and the lion knew exactly who he meant. "Me? Ah.. no, dude o' dudes," Champion stepped back fanning both hands in half panic, "Everyone who knows who she is knows not to waste time on someone they know they can't beat. I'm like really here for a Sage Preypacer."

Hadal winced at that, Poor young adventurer. He has no idea who Sage is...

As they entered the grand building of the principal offices, Champion couldn't help but think on that strange person he felt.

Menikomenqolui, the Headmistress of the whole Mystic League looked on Sage with some concern as he presented his report for the Shadow League, a splinter school aimed mainly at the fighting aspect of the Mystic Leagues doctrine and mandate.

The great Phoenix Dragoness had grown again more than a little worried about the direction he was taking his portion of the school. His students were increasingly unable to relate to their own cultures because of Sage's insistence to educate them in the ways of his homeland and universe.

While potent, those ways were not gaining much support among the larger societies of mystical artsmasters. They were seen as needlessly war-like and the curriculum overtly favored violence despite its emphasis, most found lacking, in creative and non-violent conflict resolution. Mayia's own stellar performance was seen as a slim margin of success but her near murder of a high Aphkian heir, all but demanded Mayia and Sage being brought up on charges ranging from negligent disregard to attempted assassination for a high noble.

The details of the furor over this have been kept from Mayia, for now. Even Siklohn, whose life could have been snuffed out then, was left largely unaware of the efforts being made to remove him from the Mystic League. Menikomenqolui was brutally aware even to have Warmaster Nyl Dousaka voice his complaints in person perfectly willing to take his son, by force if needed, to continue his education in the Imperious Sorcerium Academia, or the ISA for short. The Dragoness spent the better part of three days literally begging the feared high general to allow the school one more chance.

He left as he came... without ceremony of more than a few words upon entrance or exit.

Meniko looked down at Sage as her butler took his report and neatly stacked it with the others on a very large desk on the rise overlooking her vast bed of coarse stones and latent finery amongst fine architecture stretching on for almost a half mile. He looked up at her respectfully. That expression seemed disingenuous to her as he stubbornly stuck to teaching his

own arts and particularly the Dhim Mach, at least half of his core art she believed, to his better and best students which was, in her opinion, far too dangerous for someone so young to learn so fully, thinking of Mayia as her thoughts looked to Mau.

So powerful and skillful had that former student become so quickly that he murdered several of his classmates and faculty before disappearing. From time to time, like a nightmare he'd return to menace the school. Sage fought him directly before but lost nearly died in the process.

"Was something troubling you, Headmistress?" Sage asked he framed his words well with courtesy as he looked up into her eyes. Those eyes which felt cold to him and filled with distrust.

"As usual you," she said with a sigh, "I still have no idea how you keep getting away with the stunts you keep pulling with your students but it will not always work out for you or me, for that matter, forever..."

"I am not trying to get away with anything..." Sage started as the dragoness's eyes narrowed at him.

"You are not trying, Sage, you are getting away with it," Her mouth did not move just then as her telepathy, so far greater than his that she was still vastly superior to him in that regard even while holding in check the vast god-like powers of Aauie lest she wish them out of existence in error. "I have watched with fear at the creature you are. How poorly you tread through the lives of others. You behave as if this little island in the sea of a small out of the way planet is somehow all there is. You claim to seen much of the universe -as a tourist no doubt- yet you profess to the utter superiority of your kind not clearly aware of how much there is to make such a claim against. Is it because no one has spoken up against it... Most won't as they fear you. Rae doesn't because it is not important to her. I will because you need to be set straight!"

"Headmistress, steady yourself..." Sage started but her voice overrode his as she spoke physically and mentally. An overwhelming voice that he had no will to overcome. Every sound he heard and knew was her voice and it held him in primal fear and locked his total focus, even so he could not think to breath.

"You are a guest here. Your school was a wager made. A wager you lost... Do not think that this Shadow League will exist after you go on your merry way. It will not... I meant MY school to be a place of learning and peace... not an academy for the violent arts. Look around you Sage. We are not weak nor foolish nor completely afraid of you simply because we are not preparing for the end of all things. None of the other schools indulge in the use of such blatantly violent measures as yours does. Even the Demons are without such cruelty as you seem to delight in. Yes... I said delight. Whether you show it or not the only reason you could possibly believe that maiming students and setting one up as you personal killer is because you enjoy it or... you are a tool of those masters you claim you will reign over someday. When the new Dean of Combat Arts is installed he or she will decide whether you may continue to teach your arts your way. Your gravity has pulled my school and its satellites too far from their course..."

"enough Meniko..." a small voice echoed weakly in the chamber and Sage's focus was finally able to shift. Mother Sanari stood quietly looking at them both, "Sage leave..."

"Sincerest thanks, Mother Sanari but..." Sage halted, his ears lowered, as she raised a dainty hand with the authority one had concerning her own pupils. Her robes with the full length flowing pink with floral patterns that he was familiar with. Fine jewelry glittered as she looked at the dragoness, clearly snarling or merely sneering at Sage. It was hard to tell. But Sage, like a young student being dismissed with prejudice, walked away his confidence cut but not broken.

The cavernous room was empty save the immortal catwoman and the great dragoness firebird. Sanari sat on the low padded stool feeling Meniko's rage and struggling sense of control.

"I was wondering when this would happen," Sanari's face was straight knowing full well that there was nothing she could do now for her pupil.

"What?" Meniko looked at her teacher her voice snapped with an unconscious anger. Mother Sanari did not flinch as she looked up.

"When some species of female Dragaseir go into season they exhibit some traits such as a sharp rises in aggression and agitation. You will start to seek a mate... and as virtually all species are fair game to Dragaseir I would recommend that you stay away from the male quotient of this school... and planet for a few days when your hormones will have settled down enough to control them and so yourself."

Meniko groaned and snarled before drooping her head into her bed and tuck herself under her vast wings, "Yes, Ma'am..." The room was filled with the sweet smell of her arousal as Sanari left quietly...

"Mr. Govnov?" Sanari addressed the enormous Corulian ursine butler. He loomed ten feet tall over her wearing a fine robe of an old English nobleman with a dark business-like suit underneath. He was more like her assistant than a simple servant.

As he approached he bowed courteously at the waist, "How may I be of service to you, Mother of Songs."

"Please be vigilant to ward away all males save one... I will summon him. I doubt he will pass up this chance."

"Of course. May I ask who is being summoned?"

"Mister Tearweather..." she smirked.

"Great Myros..." he gasped deeply, "Hawthorne..."

Champion stood by as the desk clerks all feverishly worked to complete his weapon's pass. Most were females who wanted to make him happy. His presence was such a joy for them. He'd look over to them and speak with such candor and youthful warmth as to make several of them, even the older females and a few herms, swoon loudly.

"It seems you have quite a few admirers, Champion, " Hadal said tapping on the counter top to focus the clerks. They stopped their fantasies long enough to finish.

"It's cool, kahuna dude... Mister Hadal, dude... sir," Hadal never seemed to push for respect. He preferred honest respect rather than the formalized platitudes of station or rank. "Besides, I could stay here..."

"Found someone already?"

" Fa'sha! A totally cute little babe at the gate."

"Naija Riekuum," Hadal looked at the lion with a raised eyebrow, "But she's not the only one. Your reputatuion precludes that, son."

"No fair like reading my mind, chief."

"Not that. I know your sister, Lime. Strange that she doesn't speak the lingo you do, lad. She said her little brother was the kind to make every girl he got near...heh... interested and wasn't one to disappoint."

One of the girls, half trembling slides the papers over so Champion can give the last signatures, "Sir. We just need a few signatures."

"Awesome," Champion smiled taking out up a pen and quickly signing with such perfect style that each of his characters looked machine printed.

After a few minutes of processing and printing up a new card for the lion, Champion and Hadal leave to Principal Office. Not long after, he had gotten his axe and slung it over his shoulder. Naija was waiting for him after just getting off shift. She was dressed in a tight pair of low rising bike shorts and a loose t-shirt. It was clear that she was not wearing a bra, not that she needed one as her pert little breasts were firm and the cool sea air hardened her nipples.

"How about you show me around and we have a little date first," Champion bowed down before smoothly kneeling to the much smaller catgirl. She looked him in the eyes and saw his interest in her and her happiness. It was even more attractive to her that the visage of a virile hero figure. She cooed as she took his hand, or at least a couple of fingers and led the way back into the school.

"Will you be needing a chaperone, kids," Hadal chuckled.

"I don't know," Champion smiled as he was dragged on by the young catwoman.

Yes,sir every bit the gentleman her sister said he was, Hadal smoothed his beard thoughtfully as he followed only so much as he was going the same way.

Rae Iksaki had gone into relative seclusion to raise her family and be with her husband, Makahn. There was a time when she would roam the universe to gain valuable experience, explore, and cultivate her still growing powers. She missed those days when her powers amazed her and there was something new for her waiting around every planet.

Now she was happier at home watching her two pups, Teal and Yuum, grow up. Makahn trained so hard but it was habit for him. He no longer worked for the Power'd League and that made her happier still. Her own connection to the school was growing stronger than ever, even to reach out to feel the lives of the those students on Sage's island and even as far as the Demons in Gehnohn's school of dark arts. She could sense the goings on of every living thing. She could feel their triumphs, from one of Sage's "salvaged" students making even a little progress and knowing it, to one of Eriruka's cubs learning a minor spell, to the huge strides of advanced students like Kaya and Mayia and Fatima and Clío.

She felt all life everywhere on the planet and was often the first to dash off to save a life in peril. So fast was she that few ever realized that she had gone anywhere unless she had

stopped to pick a few flowers or some such.

While Daedalus, Sage's living computer, could appraise Sage of the situation and often in better detail than her still developing sense could tell her, Rae was almost always the one who could act first. Especially if their was an intruder in the school.

She floated quietly at an angle that she would not be seen or cast a shadow to be found by the naked young lion as he skulked down the side of the mountain. She watched him and felt him relatively harmless. His steps soft and cautious, a bit unsteady as if his first hunt. He'd never killed before and if the students were true to their training, he would not even have to try. The pooch followed becoming invisible as she moved to observe him closer, becoming more aware of his being.

He is such a careful innocent. So unsure that he is going to be able to do what he set out to do. You're falling in love... You want to learn more about her... Which her is it though? Rae's senses saw into that far but she felt like she was prying to go that far and so backed away as he made it into the forest near the beach, Equis's beach where she taught and trained her students.

Rae smirked at the thought, If he doesn't get himself killed by a horde of anger kittens and cats, then Equis might have another male student at last.

"Equis," Rae sent telepathically to the lioness as her class, mostly feline, scrawled the geometrical symbols of their mystical equations into the surrounding sand.

As they were completed and they struck their poses of meditation and summoning, the spell circles brought forth spheres of glowing energy in the color best fitting each student. Kaya's was white while Salba's boils red and orange like fire. Kah-Leah's was pinkish purple and the smallest of them. Clio's was the whole spectrum shifting colors beautifully and was by far the largest with Pleeyo's bright azure blue and while the second largest was only half as large as Clio's. Again the tigress had proven to be radically more powerful than her friends but refused, if only unconsciously, not to express her pride in her achievement.

"Rae? Long time not hearing you like this," Equis smiled watching Kah-leah try again to summon more energy not realizing that the sphere was becoming more opaque rather than larger. It was the same as a larger sphere but it also indicated the reach of her spells. They were literally on contact with anything or anyone and could have near absolute effect. Kah-leah was unknowingly nearly as powerful as Clio in terms of sheer output. "Kah's really coming along but I think she needs to pay attention to the details of her training and progress. She's pushing herself so hard to be a power like her friends she's not noticing how strong she's becoming in her own way..."

"I'd love to see that some time. But I'm tracking an intruder. One young Casid warrior. I think this is his first solo hunt."

"I'll intercept him." Equis smirked as Pleeyo tried to redraw her circle to draw up enough power to match Clio.

"Maybe you could let the students handle him," Rae's thoughts came lightly but insistently, "He's alone and a little scared. The girls might rough him up but I don't think they'll hurt him. Besides they need some practice." An image, as Rae shared what she saw with Equis showing the cub and his single weapon and bracers and nothing else, appearing in the lionesses' mind.

"Classic and cute... If he were here to do real harm he'd be better equipped. He's probably here to challenge someone. I can't believe that he'd come here to kill someone." Eqis crossed her massive arms lifting her bosom into a high shelf of mammalian glory. Her bodycloth gave some way as her breasts pushed out around, from behind, it. Her nipples hooked the edge of the cloth to little avail, only delaying the unavoidable exposure of two of the most recognized breasts in the school.

"I agree. I'll follow him and make sure he goes straight to your class."

"Thanks." Eqis watched Pahjo, the only male in the class, point out a few marks Pleeyo could make better, and the lioness fixed her circle making it more effective as she drew up a new sphere of blue-green almost as large as Clio's

"Thanks," Pleeyo wrapped her mighty arms around the much smaller cat boy. A slight gyration of her hips gave him all the hints he needed that she wanted some of him.

He gulped hard as he slipped out, "You're most welcome." A Casid lioness often made a harem of males of smaller Felis-types like Aqedians and Cersile simply out of physical supremacy and Pleeyo is one of the most physically superior females alive anywhere. One could imagine the harem she could gather.

He had made it, that young lion without a stitch of meaningful clothing, holding his sword with intention, so he thought, to use it in battle. This would be among his very first and was definitely going to be the toughest for him yet.

The Sword League never made a big deal about most of the students or graduates of the Mystic League. They never ranked their quarry very often. It was like giving their associates members excuses not to hunt. That one's too strong or that one's too weak...

This young lion wanted to be a great warrior and was dead set on how to get there. He'd fight the best and most renowned fighters he could get at. Death wasn't important but it was an option. Some fighters can't seem to battle without killing someone.

The nude male hid in the brush bordering the beach some hundred yards or so from the classroom hut where he had seen her. He scanned about hoping they hadn't gone yet so as to challenge her.

Most Casid males would scoff at going through all this trouble to find and fight a single lioness. But the reputation of the new school of mystical might was growing like a field of weeds. He'd have been honored to fight even the least of the students just to see what the excitement about them was all about. Excitement about their power, grace, and beauty. Especially their beauty and the sexual power that their strength brought them. The young lion huddles a bit tighter as his manhood swelled with masculine lust.

He wasn't sure why he didn't at least bring a loincloth for his member but was regretting it. What if he did defeat her, he could make her his mate. A mate he'd worship and love more than his own life.

As his gaze turned downward to his finally subsiding phallus, the lion saw a long strip of light beige cloth. Soft and airy, it was perfect for a loincloth.

"Strange..." he commented as he put his sword down to wrap the bit of good fortune about his crotch and butt in a very showy, low slung, and loose fashion. He was covered but not

restricted or held by the clothe. "This wasn't here before..."

The class was wrapping up as the youth emerged and walked toward the group of lovely young "kittens". They all largely ignored him as they had since he was close enough to detect with their still burgeoning abilities. He wasn't very strong to them and certainly not a threat.

"Well that's it for today, class," Eqis turned with a smile to her class then looked at the lion cub standing sword firmly in hand ready to fight or defend, "We seem to have a guest. A very handsome guest... What's your name, boy?" Her voice was pleasant, maybe too pleasant. She stood a good foot and a half over him at least.

"Gods... She's better than my father," The cub muttered gulping at the sight of Eqis. He thanked what little good sense he had that she wasn't his prey. The stories he'd heard of this supreme lioness were those of an utterly unstoppable force of nature. If she wanted to do something nothing could stop her. He fell silent locked on the Goddess-like lioness.

"...'ey! Cutey!" Pleeyo bellowed snapping his attention to the lioness who was easily a monster. Her own features were bright and easily endearing. Those gargantuan muscles, ripped and cut beyond all belief held his attention like a vice, "She asked you for your name..."

A look of confusion, like he'd forgotten his own name, contorted his features. He opened his mouth about to speak as Kaya strolled up to him. His manhood firmed up as she approached, her whole body stimulating him on appearance alone.

Kaya's solid but lean athletic frame formed a perfect if slightly top heavy hourglass. The sashay of her rounded hips made great issue of her deep snatch and softly detailed abs rippling the truth of a coming ten pack of abdominal conditioning. Her breasts, while pert and firm, were not overly large but did fill more than a handful each and stood out roundly. The sash draped over them flitted lightly in the sea breeze as they hinted with hypnotic grace at the hardened nipples. Her green eyes focused on him as she drove him back with typical male teenaged angst. He stumbled and fell, dropping his sword. As she, legs together, squatted down continuing to stare.

"I'm Kaya," the lean sex-goddess, in his mind anyway, said not advancing anymore. She smiled sweetly to him as she continued to stare at him.

"My name is..." again he seemed to forget his name, or was it the throbbing straining erection he got eyeing this beauty, "It's... *gulp*... Lufan of Pride... Argistus..."

"Why are you here, kid," Eqis said firmly but politely, his eyes turned to the greater lioness as if afraid what Kaya might do.

"I came here to fight ...uh..." He looked at Kaya who leaned back slightly raising her bosom pressing another inch out of the male cubs hard-on. The contours of his maleness were becoming clear under that cloth. "I came to fight Kaya..."

Kaya leaned forward until she was on all fours and stalked up to Lufan. She crawled up over the young lion coming the stand hands on his shoulders and legs straddling him leaving her at the mercy of his advancing shaft as Lufan lay there afraid and helplessly aroused. She kissed him warmly on the cheek, "I'm really sorry to hear that."

The last thing Lufan remembered all day was a sharp flash of white from the lioness' headbutt...

Sage stood by in a forest clearing roughly a mile from the School's campus ground on this island, roughly the size of Great Britain or Japan. The thick green foliage was nearly as alien as the moon to Casid lions, who spent most of their lives surrounded by prairie desert. But this youth, Champion, had no trouble tracking down the were-tiger. In fact, he was gnawing on a piece of perfectly ripe fruit when he had arrived with Najia.

"Yo, old man!" Champion said with an exuberance that lacked any sense of disrespect but the choice of words were still trying. Najia hung back a little afraid, as most of the staff and faculty tended to be, of Sage.

"My name is Sage, cub," he said firmly taking alert as the young, fire-headed, lion unslung his axe from behind his back. Sage made no move as a wave of uncertainty washed over him. "What do you want of me?"

"I came out a long way to fight some mighty dude," That huge axe was pointed to the ground held in one strong hand, "I heard that there was some demon guy who like totally got wailed on by Rae Iksaki, only the most beau babe who can bench a planet. So I came to see how I ranked against Mr.'number 2 in the known universe'."

"Fa'Sha?" Sage moaned unamused. The green glow in his eyes dimmed to a slight red. He had forgotten just how close that bout was and just how much such a close lose stung even his pride. The 'could haves' and 'should haves' all came back to him. How easily he could have outmaneuvered her, or tricked her or just plain defeated her came back to haunt him. Opportunities he may never see again as Rae had redoubled her training doubling her powers and strengths, cutting her weaknesses in half and becoming even more god-like than Sage could have ever imagined for even himself.

"Say, old dude," Champion poked verbally. "You gotta unwind a little, buddy. Being high and mighty is like brutal on the nerves..."

"Stop calling me 'dude' or 'buddy'," he suppressed a growl but his words shook the ground slightly, "My name is Sage Preypacer. Master Sage Preypacer and you will show some respect..." That red in his eyes became a light signaling a terror beneath his still placid face.

"Bud, my name is Champion. Sorry to peeve you but I came to cross it with you, dude."

Najia had gone behind a tree out of immediate reach, "Is he nuts?"

"You want to fight?" Sage showed very little emotion flexing claws like huge carpet knives.

"Nah, Sage dude," Champion smirked boldly raising his hand, a five fingered hand, a detail Sage missed in his efforts to keep his anger in check, "Just a contest. Kind'a like... uh... 'Uncle'."

A look of surprise came over his face. There was a youthful feeling there he had not felt since Kina was in the school poking at him, making him laugh, for childish reasons making him appreciate life as a person not just as a warrior and/or priest.

"What's wrong with you? Don't you know how to laugh. You can't laugh at your own jokes forever. I bet you are gonna be one of these high and mighty chumps who sits around all day thinking rather than feeling. Computers think, people can think and feel. Don't tell me no one

ever told you about that," Kina said miffed that he hadn't laughed at any of her jokes, her best. She was enamored with him, then looked at him like a brother, then like a father, then finally simply as a friend. She always wanted him to act like he felt. It was too bad he felt old more often than he'd prefer.

"Kind of like 'Uncle!'" Sage's eyes glowed green again. He bowed his head as if changing masks and that cold placidness was replaced with a youthful exuberance that was never brought out except by force by Kina... His grin was muted by the heartache of so harshly ejecting her from the school.

"Simple rules, bud," the lion said his eyes never looking as he tossed the axe up spinning it around its length and caught it, 'First one disarmed, like his weapon hits the ground and he ain't holding' it, loses. I'll use my axe. Et tú, dude?"

With a calm and smooth sweep of his hands, two swords of black steel seemed to grow out of his wrists and hands, becoming fully formed in his palms.

"Righteous, dude." Champion cheered like a truly approving friend.

"These are my Bio-blades," Sage raised them crossed over each other, "Hardly seems fair to use them. For many reasons not the least being that I have two weapons to lose you have but one. That and I rarely lose at any contest of swords with them in hand."

"Dude..." Champion was about to speak.

"Let's sweeten the pot a bit shall we?"

"Hit me, dude."

"I intend to," Sage smirked trying not to laugh. Such a whimsical spirit. So much like Illia or Rae but without any taint of tragedy. So positive yet mindful. "If I win. You will refer to me by my proper name from now on. Not 'dude' or 'buddy' or any other tagline. You game?"

"Fa'Sha!!!" Champion roared with glee. Then a dumb look fell on his face looking back straight at Najia who was hiding as if afraid the Armageddon was about to start. "Uh... wait, dude can it like wait til tomorrow. I kinda' got a date... heheh" He reached over behind his head, with his freehand, to scratch stupidly like a big kid, "Please, be a bud..."

Sage pulling his swords back into himself smirked then chuckled, "We meet here tomorrow at dawn. That... cool?" Feigning total "unhipness" which is a mark of humor he had few opportunities to use anymore. How he missed having Kina around.

"Frosty," Champion turned and found Najia kissing her cheek. She left before him as he turned back to wave off Sage, but he was gone already. "This is gonna be gnarly. Like my last fifty fights all at once..."

"I hope it isn't your last." Najia said squealing as he put her on his shoulder.

"How could it be? We're just playin'."

Sage emerged, as if some strange optical illusion, from behind a tree much too narrow to hide him just within the gates of Mother Sanari's shrine and home of the Grace League, the school of holy arts and thinking.

He felt the swirling spirits about him and was quiet as he waited for the temple guardian, a spirit of a cersile warrior so formidable it was simply easier to yeild to his will to protect the temple shrine. The warrior, like a red mist formed just to his side, saying nothing.

Without much ceremony, the comparatively gigantic were-tiger relinquished his swords. A slight tensing of his arms sealed the bio-blades within his being. He wasn't sure he could overcome that seal but he was glad to never have to find out.

"Weapons can only be carried by those so appointed by the shrine... by me. I have chosen not to allow certain weapons such as fire arms, large knives, swords... The list is rather long but is on the second monolith inside the gate. I allow the staff and the spear alone within my walls. As a professed and confirmed master of fighting and killing, despite your other attributes I am bound by the edicts of my faith and my own word not to permit you to carry weapons... or at least draw them... within the walls of my shrine." Mother Sanari had told him one evening.

It was a strange night when the Gailfins, huge orca-like sea mammals native to this planet, referred to as "Wave World" though Meniko is waiting for the native people to give their homeworld, gathered for the night on a migration to more fruitful fishing further south. Their song was haunting and clear in the evening air.

"Greetings, Master Sage," Yusuma, the strikingly graceful and pleasant first student of the Grace League, stood head bowed, leaning on her staff. For a dnyrri so young not to give a single thought to sex, as her breed was hardwired for, was a marvel of meditation and discipline he welcomed.

"A fond day to you as well, Miss Yusuma. I have come to speak with Mother Sanari. May I know where she is," He never let the students of the Grace League know that he could find her by scent alone but it would be very poor manners to roam this shrine, revered by Cersile, Aphkei, and dozens of other races including those Sage thought of as "Drow" Phadorans, who looked like the dark elves he so loathed, but these Drow were peaceful though more at home practicing their crafts but were drawn, like fate drew so many species, to the Cersile and somehow found peace, community, and whatever else these races may have lacked.

It was commonly thought that the Aphkei found the will to become the Imperium they are today, dedicated to peace, justice, and their ultimate reunification, in the words and prayers of the cersile.

"If memory serves she is on Fastion. She intends to summon a Demon Leaguer for a reason the eludes me," Yusuma raised her head with a pleasant smile. She looked tired. But performing her rites of advancement took more than a week of near constant prayer, chanting, and vision questing. Her close friend and something of a rival, Tla, a young extremely large breasted Fola gifted with incredible strength but was so gentle as to project near helplessness, was due for her rites soon and would wear the printed robes that would mark her as an advanced student.

Yusuma looked down a moment thinking before looking up to Sage again, "Would you like to stay a while, sir. We could use another strong back. We are replanting several trees in garden and will be clearing several more acres to expand the garden to cultivate some of the rarer native plants."

"Where the masters of war sought order, we sought peace and through us they found a path to order paved with soft grass and smooth stones, not bones and ash." read the inscription on a pillar just outside the temple gate, leading to the innermost structure of the Shrine,

memorializing that War, a veritable genocide, as far gone, but not forgotten, as Sanari was old. He could see the plaque very clearly over Yusuma's head as he then glanced to the garden. His shoulders sank a bit as he sighed.

Suddenly a solid set of small but impressively strong hands and feet landed on the tigerman's head or rather his wide rimmed pan hat. Sage sighed again but louder, a single vein of irritation, quietly pulsed, "Eakjo..."

The little Zhumal, an evolutionary cousin to the Fola, looked like a wildly colored predatory squirrel/cat/ferret. His face, ears and tail were all a deep purple or violet while his warm brown body, clad only in a lioncloth of worn out khaki cloth, was covered in deep scars many may never heal fully, leaned forward balancing so masterfully over the rim of Sage's pan hat, which he rarely did without out of doors. The small boy creature smiled as he shifted over to a shoulder nuzzling his face like a pet.

"I think he'd like to see you stay here for a while, sir." Yusuma swooning a bit at the sight. Sage expressed constant dismay that the little boy would be so familiar with him but he enjoyed the show of affection.

"Very well," Sage reaching up to stroke Eakjo's back, causing a soft purr like a small cat. Sage followed the small vixen into the shrine to the garden as she explained the work to be done.

Passionate Evening Escapes

The moons rose over the horizon as Menikomenqolui raised her head, her face blank of expression as she stared out of the vast dome of her lair at the twinkling stars. She could feel the need rising in her like the tide. She had to satisfy herself...somehow.

Her vast hands, finding the flower of her sex, rubbed shyly. She looked down the length of her body to her hands and felt ashamed that she lacked the self control not to do such a thing. Her hands didn't want to quit but she pulled them away anyway.

It was maddening to lay on her bed doing nothing as her body screamed for something to enter her and fulfill her primal desires.

Pressing her legs together, Meniko closed her eyes curling up, her hands unconsciously digging between her legs. Her mind searching madly for any distraction she might visit to escape her first sexual imperative or "heat". For such a young dragoness such a thing is distressing as it happens without warning and after such a long span of time that it is a total surprise, unprepared for and usually undesired.

Just outside her chamber doors, Govnov stood guard sitting at his well appointed desk. His mind steeled against any attempt she might try to seduce him.

Rae Iksaki, the most powerful mortal born being in the known universe, lay, in a secluded wooded space near their home, softly breathing into the side of her mate, Makahn, after what had been over three hours of passionate lovemaking. It was not the rough, loud, sex that they indulged in before Teal was born. It was the more satisfying, romantic, loveplay that made their marriage so wonderful.

At times, Rae felt as if slightly drugged as to feel so good that the idea of discomfort melted away into abject oblivion. He smelled so good to her. His great firm body, breathing,

warming, kissing her, wrapping mighty arms, no where near as powerful as her own, around her own like a blanket, reminded her of what she was so in love with. First came to passions of youth then the passions of maturity. How being so strong and powerful made her feel so free and safe.

She didn't fear for her family and friends like she might have if not for the mother she knows, Menikomenqolui. She stirred in her mate's loving arms, nuzzling the hugely developed muscles licking the thick vein running along the top of the hard bicep. This alone excited her as a fresh trickle of love juices squeezed from the firm, developed, lips of her labia. She stirred her hips sweetly teasing her mate to enter her again. She let her breasts cleave about his side as his arm moved down to gently hold her butt.

Makahn looked at Rae as she lightly licked his chest and nipple. He huffed lightly as he felt himself again harden and enlarge ready to pleasure his most deserving and willing wife. But his mind was not on sex regardless of how badly he wanted to take his mate again.

"Rae, my love." Makahn looked at the stars through the scant holes in the overgrowth of foliage about the "love cabin".

"Mmmh...my khan?" She sweetly moaned the arousal so clear in the sway of her words and the firm rubbing of her spike hard clit.

"I'm sorry if this sounds wrong but I've been thinking about your sister, Fatima..." Makahn felt his erection soften as matters of family sapped the power of his lust for his mate at that moment.

Rae leaned up on one arm sitting on her hip, looking down to her mate. She leaned in and they "nosed", touching noses is much more typical than kissing for Aphkei and many other species. A slight touch, rubbing muzzles before she pulled back to answer, "It's not wrong. Is something about her bothering you?"

"I miss having her around the house. Even when she had to go to Sage's school she was always around on the weekends for dinner with us. I know Yuum and Teal both miss her. And I actually miss having her eat all the leftovers... Like Kina used too."

"I should talk to her." Rae cradled one of her full breasts feeling the weight of it. She wasn't sure if she'd willed her body to be so lush and virile or if she was naturally becoming some kind of fertility goddess, but she enjoyed the feel of her body. She knew Makahn did. "I know Sage has been working very hard with her... I just don't want her going wild again like she did in Cielfast."

Rae looked away trying not to cry but the terror she knew her little sister felt and the fear and death she caused. The pooch who could do almost anything was finding quite frequently that the word "almost" was the one weakness she really had left and "almost" meant she couldn't protect everyone from everything at all times. It left a painful ache in her heart to know this.

"Spend some time with her, Rae," Makahn sat up to look at his now kneeling wife as she reached over for his still firm member. He hardened in her grip but it was like he was still quite flaccid in hands that have torn asteroids apart and held planets together. But it was a member that was as utterly preposterous as its master. He could easily lift his wife with it while she rode him. Pumping his cock, the voluntary forced swelling and expanding of his phallus, was as incredibly satisfying for his mate as it was hard to master. But it made for a remarkable workout for him. "I'm sure she wants to be with you like she always has as a child."

"Yes..." Rae looked at Makahn and smiles. She recalled the times when Rae was

exploring and Fatima wanted so bad to go with her that she badly overtrained her little body and had to spend the next few years growing into her powers and strength. One of the strange feats that both Iksaki sisters shared was that they never got weaker for a lack of training. "Always stronger forever" was how Fatima described it.

Rae couldn't imagine a time when she felt weaker for not training. Having Teal sapped her strength but a perfect little boy was born for it. Minor adjustments to her powers made Yuum's birth even easier than it should have been for any Aphkian and carrying Yuum massively increased her powers. She wanted to be stronger and everything she did helped her a little. She wondered if the same was true for Fatima.

"Was there any place you have gone and wanted to share with Fatima?" Makahn smiled as she dipped down to sniff then lightly lick her mate's phallus. It jumped hardening maddingly. Because of all their love and effort, his manhood was a conceivable record-breaker able to reach over three feet long and 10 -inches thick. But his own training controlling the functions of his body made this so manageable that he could wear tight shorts without an overly encumbering bulge.

"I haven't been beyond the Avandan belt, ever" She backed off as the huge member rose and rose and rose to meet her. She smirked amused and embarrassed. She tried not to play with her mate like this but she enjoyed his reactions to it. "Maybe I can take her there. I still have some outfits I had made. I haven't opened them yet. She's so strong now I don't have to worry about her... I could teach her how to use all her powers."

"Can she survive in space unaided?" Makahn watched his member swell and throb as Rae gently put a bit of her power into it stroking its ponderous length and girth. He gritted with the pain of such a hard and hardening cock. He could feel his testicles surge with new fluids and he groaned.

"I was less than a quarter as powerful as she is now when I first could. She can survive on a neutron star if she wanted. So no need to borrow the yacht..." She finally kissed the member. She squeezed it hard and it grew harder for her. If she did this too often it would leave a permanent imprint giving him a dong any male might dream of: one of nigh limitless sexual power. But such power was numbing and not altogether well suited for such a wonderfully caring husband and father like Makahn. He moaned and panted as she licked the head of his empowered penis and gnawed on it playfully exciting him to heights of erectile ecstasy he'd only dreamed of before meeting Rae. Then she sucked on its sides, over the wire hard veins, and up to the head pressing her tongue into it.

"Bitch!!! Don't stop! Please don't stop!!!" his voice growled with sexual delight. A little payback for much of the joy he had given her over the years...

Govnov looked in on Menikomenqolui, his head peeking into the vast chamber where the Phoenix Dragoness did much of business and slept. The powerful emanations of her pheromones flooded out like a bright pink mist. Like sweet smelling pollen Govnov could not resist but to inhale the lust vapors. Doing so he felt himself succumb instantly, a painfully rushed erection lanced the front of his trousers, followed by a sudden and far more painful pounding of is testes. He growls in both agony and ecstasy, passing out in the doorway. Pink mist fills the surrounding corridors and the immediate grounds. Every person, male, female, and herm, within the reach of the cloud collapse from a "sexual overload".

"Hmmm..." Meniko only half aware of what is happening notices that her chamber door is

open. Looking to see why her mind fades to sense a prespective mate. Rolling over to her hands and feet, she fades from sight.

Above the island, Meniko reappears and a cloud of pink mist fills the air under the moonlight.

"Ssss...something..." Meniko murmurs as if trying to remember a thing she does not know. Her eyes pan from one place to another as she drifts out over the sea.

Fatima Iksaki, Rae's little sister, studied hard for her exams as her lovmate, Light, an absurdly overdeveloped young Cavallii Aphkian boy pup, entered smiling. It was not unusual for him to be scadly dressed around her, she never made much of a fuss or notice about his endowments, clinically four times what is considered normal for any average Cavallii.

Despite all his training and what should be a clear over abundance of testosterone and developmental hormones, Light was still a lean rather girl-like young male. Not so much so as Teema's lover, Tepholli, but he was not going to be a physical power of all time like his girlfriend.

"Fatima, love," Light sniffed the nape of her neck sensing her tension and stress. She'd gone through too many bouts recently because of her "stupid", as she felt it, idea to accept challenges from anyone.

It was for the Mystic Team Challenge, a competition between teams of students from across all the Mystic Leagues, Mystic, Demon, Shadow, and Grace, in numerous tests of skill, strength, power, intelligence, and spirit. Kina led her team of Rae, Illia, Noxi and Herself to an easy victory.

Fatima was the leader of her own team of herself, Re'en, Riikoa, and Rovina, but she wanted one more member. Someone who relied less on power and strength and more on brains. There were quite a few to choose from, like Pistol, Helen, Meeth, and Mayia...

Pistol, a Limusite raccoon, was born and raised a "gun-freak". Even the way she cast spells was like she fired a gun. But she relied on her spellcasting skill and abilities as a gunslinger and acrobat far more than her strength and power. She was also a team player, if a tad on rebellious side. But she was so popular she was drawing together her own team. Would she be willing to give up being a team leader to be on another's team?

Then came Helen, a Zheurenti felis-type, distant relations to the Cersile evolutionarily. She was raised to care about others after her parents defected for the Zheurenti Empire, and their warmongering, supremist ways, to seek the freedoms denied them for their pacifist views. She trained hard as a junior bodybuilder but found her love of speed and agility more to her liking. She was observant and patient who had a knack for problem solving.

Meeth, an Oggremaren Fola girl, was one of those extremely cute and sexy girls but on the whole was very much Mayia's equal, as far as Fatima could tell. Her mobility and gracefulness was only enhanced by her training. She was on the low end of the grade curve until Pistol got her back on par and so never got considered for the Shadow League or rather she avoided them. Geez, what kind of fighter would Sage turn her into?

Lastly was Mayia. Troubled and troublesome Mayia. She had so many ups and downs, mostly really bad downs, it was hard for her to get anywhere in the Mystic League. When Rudfuul was a student in the Mystic League he led a pack of rapists who used their Mystic Arts to seal

memories, heal wounds inflicted, and more to hide their crimes. The girls and herms they brutalized could only remember their ordeals as chaotic dreams that left them more confused than afraid or angry. Mayia was one of only a few girls who remembered her ordeals with any certainty and it affected her badly. Her grades fell off like diving into an empty pool. She was failing out completely until Rudfuul and his punks came back for seconds on Mayia and to actually violate her. Sage stopped them and trained her. She took it all in like Rae took in her training. Mayia is however not a good team player. She was made Sage's apprentice master with very little contest and it had gone to her head. But if she can learn to take orders from someone besides Sage and do what is asked of her without feedback, then she'd be the best bet...

Having Mayia would definitely stake the deck in her team's favor. It would be almost unfair... Then again, Siklohn and his crew are still the favorites to win this time, as the first string team against the three other schools: The Phadoran Magery Academy, The Nryian Wizard's University, and the top rival of the Mystic League, the once all-superior Imperious Sorcerius Academia -the ISA.

"Fatima?" Light whispered again into the still ears of the much larger pooch. Her ears flicked lightly as she turned to face him with a warm and happy look on her face.

"Sorry, cutey. Just thinking..." Fatima sighed a bit as Light gently cupped one of her large very firm breasts. His thumb rubbing the rubber hard nipple. She had discovered a ravenous sexual appetite that kept her up nights trying not to think about the adorable, loving, very humpable pup she bunked next door to.

Looking at her notes and study resources she hadn't gone very far. Only a few pages were turned and a few exercises completed.

"Worried about the MTC?" he nosed her cheek sitting on her lap finding her hand caressing his side working down to his rather crowded crotch.

"I think I may be being greedy. I have a powerful team already Re'en is one of the best fighters in our power grouping, Riikoa is so knowledgeable and really nearly as strong as me, Rovina is brilliant, and you have such a clear view of it all..."

"I'm not on the team, Love. Remember? Re'en said and we all agreed I was too much of a distraction for you." He reached under his white tunic to reveal a very large condom knowing what Fatima was going to want a bit later. They never went for more than a few days without sex. At times it was everyday or more than once a day. But if one didn't want to, then they never did. Fatima found one of Rudfuul's victims once and she saw in her eyes what Rape was like... She would never forgive herself if she injured Light like that. She'd kill herself if she did...

"Not tonight," She said with a firm kiss on the mouth, "I want to..." A sudden wave of arousal hit her like the breaking surf. She snatched the condom from her lover and opened it rather quickly, "I think we can go for it. If you want..."

Light wasted little time removing his tunic and short loincloth barely large enough to cover his manhood. Fatima waved a hand and her clothes, a tight dark blue leotard and toeless socks, quite plain as she didn't go for patterns much anymore, disappeared in a like colored mist.

Light laid down on the floor as Fatima knelt down over him, legs spread. He instantly grew into her making the pooch swoon with delight. She propped herself up on all fours as Light reached up reaching over from behind her shoulders to pull himself up and suckle on her breasts like a baby. The mammary orbs, still firm and round from youth were swelling with use...

That evening was lost on the two as they continued their love making forgetting the

opened condom which lay next to them, over two feet of elastic sheath, as the floor became wet with their juices. Mystical energies transmuted into fluids amplifying their experience into the unbelievable.

Sage Preypacer, a being from another universe, a were tiger who through decades of training and study, had attained the power and skill to rival that of the ancient gods. In this universe, he was nothing short of a figure of legend and awe. But he was not invincible, for in his quest to better himself and attain the worth to be leader of his order he sought to battle himself by traveling to countless other realms and universes and battling the champions of each.

If this were truly a sporting event, one could say Sage was on a serious "hot streak". That is, until he came to a universe known by only a few as The Great Wide Universe. Indeed, few people in any universe had a name for everything as if it were not thus so. Still this was the name of this collection of worlds and galaxies and in it was a champion...

She was a child born to the most squalid and degrading conditions. That place would have surely claimed her life if not for the Phoenix Dragoness, Menikomenqolui, who took that child from harm's way and raised her as her own. This child had desire to live and with such joy to live she blindly pursued the power there for her to take and still does. She never stopped growing or changing and soon, while still only a juvenile, became a being herself worthy of legend; utterly invulnerable, unconquerably strong and powerful, steadfastly determined to maintain her self image as a creature of hope and life.

Her name is Rae Iksaki, pronounced at the age of 15 as "the Most Powerful Mortal Born being in the Known Universe". Her title is one that barely fazes her as she still has but one desire beyond being the strongest there is: The live a happy and safe life with her friends and family.

When Sage was stopped by Rae, he found perhaps what it is he lacked in his searching for his betterment. He had made wager that if he could defeat Rae he would teach his ways quite nearly as Master of the Mystic League but if he could not, then he would become a teacher and student of this "School of Mystical Arts and Sciences".

But a clear victor could not be determined, whether Sage and Rae were equal to each other or that one of them simply did not care enough to totally prevail will never be known. But what was clear is that a compromise had been struck between the Mystic League and Sage Preypacer.

He would establish his own school as a subordinate satellite to the core school and teach his ways there taking up those students who had the desire but had proven unable to achieve in the core school. But some students came of their own volition, not as failures but because of curiosity, drive for challenge, because they sought a different way, or almost as many reasons as Sage found he had such students. This school is known as the "Shadow League".

Situated one of the most northwestern islands of what is now loosely known as the Mystic Archipelago, an island known for its once violent volcano that had rained rocks down on the other islands to such a degree that the Mystic League had erected barriers to keep out the rocks as much as possible, Sage had built his school there and made it a home. He planted a single tree or unnatural might and magic that in turn set out a whole forest and animals soon flocked to this land as Sage calmed the raging mountain at it's center with the technology and power he had brought with him to this universe.

He had done much good work with his school and learned much as a person in this

universe. His pursuits were muted and the substance of his accomplishments grew easier to appreciate and understand. That evening, Sage was still and quiet watching the late evening horizon until a chirp of a notice alarm caught his attention without much fanfare.

He turned to look at to the alarm as a holographic figure of a well dressed bald human stood before the much large weretiger, "What is it Daedalus?"

"Were you expecting the Headmistress to pay you a visit, sir?" the hologram spoke with all the genial manner of an English butler.

"I can not say that I have. She is coming here now?"

"Yes. But something is amiss," Daedalus spoke frankly, "She is emitting a powerful concoction of pheromones in levels I have never recorded before. The combination of these extremely powerful sexual emissions can easily overwhelm a person... I am afraid that we have no means to counter this much of the substance with so little time to prepare for it..." the hologram focused his gaze downward from Sage's face, as calm and placid as it was to his... crotch noting the heavy bulge swelling there. "Oh dear..."

Sage gritted his fangs a moment trying to hold down his lust as he felt his erection swell, "It would seem I have no immunity to these pheromones either."

"Dragaseir created most of the sentient races in this area of the universe," Daedalus was already analyzing the pink vapors as they crept up into the millennium tree. "It would stand to reason they might well be compatible with most if not all of them."

"I am... not a creation of their... race," Sage said wincing at the extreme pain his phallus was subjecting him to. He was unable to gain any kind of control as he felt his body lusted after a female. Any female... In his mental haze, his mind seemed to focus on Rae, Equis, and Mother Sanari but he made conscious will not to act on that as he sat himself down trying to settle, if not his body, then his mind. "Start working on any kind of a counter for this mist... How are my students?"

"Most are starting to succumb to the mist only a few are completely unaffected," Daedalus said plainly, "Siklohn is not affected at all... not even a mild erection, Goath'El seems largely unfazed as well..."

"Why would that be?" Sage had forced himself in a semi-meditative state sitting cross legged like a yogi, hands over his knees, eyes closed. His considerable manhood lancing up under his clothes almost threatening to tear free of them.

"Goath'El is Zoafloa or plant-based animal and seems naturally immune to most animal chemical effects including these pheromones. Siklohn's extensive genetically modified lineage might hold some answer but Aphkian genetic technology is frightfully complex. I simply can not explain his immunity."

"Any hope of counter to this?" Sage gritted his mind beginning overwhelmed with lusts and desires. He was literally surrounded by young girls who would gladly open themselves to him... He dropped his head grabbing it growling ready to scream and cry. Suddenly there was, through his meditation, a strong smell like honeysuckle and sweet spices.

Opening his eyes, Sage saw his whole room filled with dense pink mist as two glowing golden eyes stared in. A great lustful breathing pumped more of the pheromones into the room to near choking the weretiger.

"Meniko..." Sage held his breath as best he could but the smell was penetrating as it tempted him. So much mist at once and I'll lose all control! Sage quickly teleported out of his home to several miles out to sea. The air was clearer up wind of the islands where he saw the pink fog consuming the whole archipelago. He felt his senses returning normal, this throbbing aching manhood calmed down and eventually subsided as he floated in midair over the ocean. Am I the only one left?

The pink air messed with his senses as he laid one more young maiden down on the soft grass. Champion had long been a very horny fellow but always tried to remain in control of his lusts. He had a raging woody that pushed outward before him more than two feet. If most of the folks on the island were not out cold or too busy having sex to notice -he found Rae and Makahn really going at it in their "private spot"- he might have died of embarrassment.

The young lion stud had wrapped a towel around his very large and developed maleness as he muddled his way through the mist. Every foot step was filled with the desire to bed every female and herm he came across but he just wanted to rid himself of his painfully hard erection... but he couldn't think of a single unsexy thought. Memories of seeing those lovely girls and young women, especially Equis, made him harder and occasionally drip seminal fluid.

His head spinning, he fell against a tree on the path he stumbled along. Emerging like a ghost was a figure dressed in pink. Her features were gorgeous as was her figure under the rather tight dress.

"Hey lady-babe," Champion huffed and gritted against the desire to jump her bones, "It's like not safe out here. Find someplace safe or someone'll rape you good."

"I have no fear of that and neither should you, youth," she said softly approaching him. He lurched back as she reached out for him. "Are you afraid of yourself?"

Champion looked away his eye closed, "It's bad enough this air is making me horny. I don't need a totally irresistible babe like you crashin' my focus... I could really mess things up if I lose it..."

"I am Mother Sanari and you will not touch me lest I desire it and only how I desire it," She grabbed his face with firm hands and kissed him deeply mouth to mouth, and a little tongue...

Champion jumped back again pushing her away, hard. But the catwoman recovered sliding back, a few feet, on the pads of her feet, "What the heck are you... Hey! My woody!" To his amazement his erection was subsiding and his focus was clear again. "What did you do?"

"Some herbs I grow to deaden sexual desire. I use them when I'm in heat and they seem to work quite well on young strapping lions like yourself. Sorry But it works faster when mixed with saliva..." Mother Sanari smiled as the lion stood up over her.

"I was about to score with the nicest girl to..." Champion moaned, "What is causing this pink fog? Smells like candy..."

"The Headmistress is. She's experiencing her first heat and it is driving her mad. Worse she is extremely powerful and that power is radically amplifying the output of her pheromones. If she isn't stopped soon she will envelope the whole planet in her mist..."

"So how do you stop a dragaseir who can make a whole planet horny?"

"I have a mix of herbs that will end her heat but they are very poisonous to most mammals." Sanari revealed the bag of nutty smelling herbs. "We need to find Sage. I found Rae but she is so lost in marital bliss I couldn't reach her. I'll be amazed if she doesn't have another pup out of this."

Champion drooped his shoulders with some concern, "I hope I didn't father anyone and not realize it. I bust condoms real easy-like."

"I can see how," Sanari said amused as she led on into the pink, "Follow." The young lion followed hoping not to run into any "sex zombies". The mist was as creepy as it was pleasant to smell.

"Hold up what if Sage is a sex zombie running around humping everything female?"

"He's not so easy to turn as some are."

Sage hung in the air watching the fog expand very quickly as Daedalus transmitted his findings...

"Menikomenqolui will consume the planet in her lust if she is not stopped soon the cloud will expand exponentially the longer she remains unsated."

"I doubt fighting her will do any good." Sage said with urgency, "I need a solution but... Did you say unsated, Dallas?"

"Affirmative. She has apparently become a creature purely driven by sex. The longer she goes without, the more powerful her emissions become."

Suddenly a flame appears next to Sage startling him, his own mind focused on the problem. Sage reels back ready to strike as the land dragon of fire, Hawthorne Tearweather, materialized.

"Easy there, Stimp! I'll her to fuck with the dragoness not you. She still horny?" Hawthorne said mischievously looking back at the islands.

"Hawthorne... I am in no mood for your games or insults..."

"Same here, chumpola. Meni's gotten too happy to control herself but I can't get near her myself. that mist makes me very sleepy.

"Strange. Makes everyone else extraordinarily..."

"...hump-happy?" The old dragon smirked, "Better horny than asleep. Sanari got me to come out and comfort the little lady but I need you to get to Sanari and get the herbs you're gonna need to get her out of her heat. Then get her to the atoll of Maekra. It's got a good cross wind and nothing to stop it. There I'll do my thang..."

"Perverse old wyrm," Sage groaned as Hawthorne continued...

"How do you feel about kissing girls?" in a silly voice like a cartoon.

Sage gives a look of distinct distrust as he and Hawthorne stare at each other ready to

argue, fight, or somewhere in it all, laugh.

It's the mist talking...

Champion pushed back with all his might against Eqis to no avail. Even if he had the whole of the Casid race to help him, Eqis was still many thousands of times stronger and Champion was just the most attractive male she'd ever seen along with Sage. But in the mist of Meniko's lustful emissions, Eqis could only think to see a male she wanted to take, sensing the extreme limits of her powers and strength, knowing she could have any male she wanted with out any real exception.

Champion barely slipped out of her grasp as she suddenly clenched her arms to hold him tight. Rolling clear of her he just realized, reaching for his axe, he had left it for his date in his guest quarters. "Shazz-butt!!"

Eqis murred fiercely lunging at Champion again but as he dodged she instantly, with the speed her vast powers granted as if to skip several moments of time, grabbed his leg and jumped on him rolling into a nearby stream with a ponderous splash. She held him tight under the water grinding her hips against him nuzzling him to excite him not once considering that the threat of drowning was a definite turn off for the young lion. Eqis had become a mindless sexually motivated slave to her induced desires.

Above the water, Mother Sanari gracefully swung her staff to repel several male students who had recovered enough to follow their loins and seek out any female who was willing or just there. Her heart sank as she put one student after another to sleep with a mere touch of her staff. Her thought went out to the much younger students who must be truly confused and ever afraid as everyone else around them are reacting to the calling of the desires of their bodies. The young prepubescent children and students will surely be largely immune but the older children and students and of course the adults will seek even them out.

With all these students, any of whom could take her and do whatever to her like a toy, trying to get at her and Champion in deadly peril, she was about to give up until in the pink mist a gleaming white figure stood firm amidst the "zombies".

Her ears down and hope fading she whispered his name, "...sage..."

"I have some control in this soup of raging hormones, Mother Sanari," Sage dropped to his knees planting his hand into the ground. A shockwave ripped out to the surrounding youths and they collapsed, unconscious. He stayed half frozen breathing heavily trying in vain to keep control of his mind and body.

Sanari seeing this ran to Sage. As he looked at her, she noted his raging erection. Grabbing his face she kisses him hard, with tongue.

Sage froze in shock as if she might be under the strange influence as well but as his mind cleared and his erection almost rudely dropped into flaccidity, he gently pushed away. "Some medicine?"

"Herbs used to halt sexual desire. Unfortunately it only works on felis-types. Otherwise, I would have used it on more students. I have locked all my pupils in the temple in their rooms but the rest of the school is quite loose... Pardon the pun."

Sage stood up and adjusted his trousers now able to fight him. He was embarrassed to have shown his lust to such a graceful and desirable woman. The weretiger turned to the sounds

of the struggle that in her scattered concern had forgotten about. Without a moment's pause, he dove into the river. The thrashing suddenly ended and Sage emerged with Equis and choking and half-drowned Champion over his shoulders.

As he and the lioness are put down on a grassy bank and coughing profusely the young lion barely managed to speak, "Thanks..."

"Save your strength. Just rest." Sage said noting Sanari kneeling down and deeply kissing Equis. "There has to be a better way than that, Sanari."

She looked up at Sage and with a humble bow of her head said, "I only made enough for myself. An exchange of saliva is the only way to share the potion effectively..."

"Wuh? Hey! What's going on here and why am I soaking wet?!" Equis looked about confused, "Jinx it all! I feel like I'm in the middle of some 'heat dream'..."

"You literally are," Champion stood up a bit woozy but otherwise fine. A heat dream being a wild very wet dream some races experience with some regularity.

Sanari stood up allowing Equis to stand, "I want you two to go find and protect the children. They will be affected by the mist but not as greatly as teens and adults. Protect them or I fear they may be raped or worse."

Champion barely wasted a second charging off into the fog, "Roger that!"

Equis chased after him.

"We have to find Meniko..." Sanari said looking in a direction, "There. She is headed for the mainland."

"How do I stop her if you are the source of the medicine?" Sage asked ready to chase after her. Despite the effectiveness of the potion, it would require an incredible amount or an incredible potent mix to be effective.

Revealing a pouch roughly the size of her palm that smelled like a combination of edible nuts, "This will reduce Meniko's heat eventually but will end her emissions in a few minutes..."

"That's Hawthorne's part of this?"

"Meniko is largely immune to this. Nothing will completely end this 'superheat' until she has sex. Hawthorne is the only dragon I will trust to do that. A tough call for a mother to decide who gets to deflower her child."

"You could have done better," Sage mumbles not all together sure if he should have said anything.

"I could have done far worse. I was planning on having Champion do the deed in Hawthorne's place... But Meniko isn't clear of mind enough to take the form of a fire lioness and even so. Her bite would still be very venomous. Champion would be killed immediately if she got... uhm... frisky."

"Hawthorne is immune?"

"He's immortal."

Sage took the pouch and flew after Meniko as Sanari ran back to her temple to protect it and give a place to keep the children Eqis and champion would no doubt bring there.

In the interior forest surrounded in the pink mist and very scared children.

Eqis carrying several young child of several species looked at Champion, who carried more only because his arms were longer. She was steadily putting one and one together as she watched him. So handsome and brave. I finally found a mortal male who isn't a cowardly jerk.

"What?" Champion looked over his shoulder at Eqis causing her to jump with a start.

"I...uh... no. Why?" She blushed following him more closely.

"Miss Eqis," said a small boy clearly nursing a little boner caused by the mist, "Are you gonna marry him?"

"What?" both big cats jump nearly spilling the children they were carrying.

They headed to the most defensible place in the school, the Grace League temple...

Eqis walked up even with Champion and almost shyly spoke, "Sorry... for nearly killing you..."

"Hey it was the mist." the lion nuzzled a little girl in his arms, 'Don't be so worried. Mother Sanari wanted us to get you kids out of harms way. She's gonna watch you all, 'kay buddies?"

The children cheered up a bit. One started to sing a bit and the other children followed in as best they could. It was a cheerful song but kept low to avoid drawing attention.

"Champion? I don't think it was all in the mist..." Eqis blushed hotly.

One small child poked her cheeks, "She's turning red! Are you in love?"

Champion smirked, "We can discuss that later. Let's get these kids out of the fog."

All the young naked lion could smell was the hot hormones of the young cats as they sniffed about for him. He had come as a hunter and was now the hunted. any one of those kittens could defeat a hundred warriors without breaking a sweat and he would not rank as one of those who could be counted amongst those who would try in vain to defeat just one of them.

Using what survival training he had, Lufan had managed to cover himself in mud and stay hidden amongst the brush. As he hid he felt great personal shame that he was bested by his loins more than the lioness' headbutt. He did not move as Kah-leah skulked by childishly. The mist forced his already generous phallus into a throbbing rod of his manhood reaching up to his collar. It was times like this he truly resented being so hung.

"Here kitty kitty..." Kah-leah called out turned away waving her butt innocently as she scanned about in the wrong direction with Lufan only a few yards away. Normally having a bunch of gorgeous girls to hump all day long would be a young male's dream come true. But it was

what Equis told him before the mist rolled through.

"If I find out you banged any of my sisters," and that was said with menacing emphasis, "I'll have your stones for sand, cub." Equis was more imposing than any ten pride masters he'd ever seen. She was also stronger than the whole species put together. Bast, she scares me....

As the "grabby girl" moved on, he heard Pleeyo stomping through the woods looking for him. If there was on lioness that scared him without exception, it would have to be that muscle bound lioness. Not a soft spot on her and yet she did manage some degree of sexual attraction. But what was scarier was that she was bigger than he was and far more dominate than any male he'd even ever heard of.

Pleeyo walked on by never looking his way. Those bugling hard arms and thighs seemed unreal as she strolled on past, leaving Lufan behind.

He felt a welling of fluids in his erection until he took a firm grip to hold the firm urethra. That smell of seminal fluid would draw the girls to him like blood draws sharks in the water. He tied his loincloth around his cock with a fair sized rock to keep his urethra pinched.

He leaned back against a tree to rest and hoped he was hidden well enough that those girls would move on entirely before he eventually blew or maybe these nightmares would pass before they could have their way with him. He closed his eyes and forced himself, raging erection and all, to go to sleep.

As he did, Kaya and Salba both naked crawled into the bushes and fell asleep along side him. Neither touched him but they did let their fantasies run away in the pink mist. It wasn't long before Kah-leah and Pleeyo found him and joined the others in the slumber party. Pleeyo playfully cutting the clothe off Lufan's enormous maleness letting it run over, periodically spirting a wad of cum and semen.

Pahjo had passed out from his insanely hard erection, the heavy reallocation of blood and the pain of being "overinflated" caused him to pass out. The girls lovingly had wrapped him in blankets in his dormroom and went on their way having a party of hunting that hot young male who came for a fight to give him some fun. But somehow they kept their control enough not to jump him. They like him but would rather he be awake and willing.

Sage found Meniko, in her dauntingly huge true form, coiled into herself trying to comfort herself as her desires continued to rise. The mist was so dense around her as she lay in the bottom of a valley that she was nearly invisible. So dense was the mist, that Sage could barely breath. But at least he was still firmly in control of his senses.

Emerging from behind and tree like a ghost looking at the moaning glowing eyes of the dragoness, the tiger said softly, the bag of herbs hidden behind his back. "Meniko..."

The dragoness stopped moaning looking straight at him like a hungry predator. She was horny beyond all good sense and she originally wanted to jump his body, hard. But when he ran, she found in the shock of his suddenly departure, the frame of mind to regain some control, some sense of direct. "Sage... Love me..."

Why did she pick me? She hates me. The only reason why she tolerates me is because Rae, her daughter, does and treats me like family. Is she just curious? Or is she simply seeking the strongest male for her desires... monumental as they must be now. Sage thought looking at

those eyes, the barest features of her face and body to be seen infrequently in that pink mist she was giving off. "Meniko... I do love you... but I can not make love to you..."

Her head rose up over him looking down a deep angry growl shook the ground, " Why... not...?" Her mind was trying to make sense of his words.

Good. Focus on my words and not what your body wants. I have little doubt you really do deserve the most incredible lover but that will not be me. I just hope it isn't Hawthorne... "I'm not worthy to give you that..."

"Liar..." Meniko moaned licking her chops slowly obviously able to see unhindered through the mist, "You think you're worthy of everything in the universe. How often have you lusted after my daughters... You couldn't stand to see my little Rae become a mother and wife... not your's so you took Fatima away to take of your own accord..." She hissed and her voice cracked as if ready to cry. "Pervert...! Fuck me!"

Sage took those words half believing them. He had to. There was still a sting of Rae excepting Makahn over him. Even if they weren't of compatible species, he actually fell in love with Rae and that was rare. But he wasn't the one to spend his life with but a certain lingering desire was still there. Was he acting on them unconsciously to so directly volunteer his stewardship over her to train her?

Sage held up the bag of herbs cautiously, "Mother Sanari wanted you to take some medicine to clear your head and relief the throbbing of your loins, Headmistress. Please trust her if not me."

Meniko leaned down her face emerging in form only from the mist as she stared at Sage and the large bag. Her tongue lashed out snatching the bag from Sage without a word and swallowed it deeply.

"Someone is here to give you want you desire." Sage said rising slowly into the air. Meniko's eyes followed him. "Please. Let me show you the way."

As Sage drifted higher he saw her four wings span up and outward, and with one great thrust, two million pounds of phoenix dragoness was thrown into the sky well over Sage trailing the pink mist. Several flaps and the cloud was spreading.

Maekra is several hundred miles away... It must have been chosen to work the medicine through her body and settle it enough for Hawthorne. Dragaseir pheromones must a kind of narcotic to normal dragons. Clever Hawthorne. Clever...

Both flew away to that atoll Meniko never knowing exactly where. In her current state, the planet couldn't tell her anything. Sage hoped that this was not a bad move or that Meniko would reject Hawthorne, or Hawthorne would not "do" the dragoness or a dozen other possible woes.

Looking back Sage saw her like a comet trailing pink, just over a mile back. She might still be confused or just tired. Meniko could easily go anywhere on the planet and maybe the star system faster that to same the name of the location. Sage had never known that kind of speed and he was tempted to awe at that. To face that kind of power she wilt was not a challenge he was in any hurry to step up to.

He had noted that the pink mist she was giving off was thinning somewhat but it was still a steady stream of pheromones. He looked ahead to see the tiny atoll of Maekra. It was a dot

just below the horizon. He then thought about his own school.

The thought of his students running wild with lust was at once amusing and frightening to him. But most were locked up as some as Siklohn knew what was going on. That cub had been fully trained to deal with chemical attacks and was a steady and prepared as if someone had simply turned off the lights to his dorm room.

Sage felt a little ashamed that he had been caught off guard by this. But this was not the last time that he'd be surprised by the cub... There was something strange afoot. Something he just couldn't see.

The atoll was coming up fast now and Meniko was just gliding now. A tall flame whipping like a blazing tornado in the distance. It was Hawthorne lighting the way. The sun was starting to set and a beacon was a good idea.

Meniko wasted little time picking up the pace as literally shooting past Sage to the atoll where, in a tumultuous crash and tangling of serpentine bodies, the two draconians made love... It was ruckus, violent, totally uninhibited sex the like that Sage had never seen or experienced even in his most adolescent dreams.

Stunning and maybe more than a little overwhelmed, Sage found himself staring at this scene for several minutes before a telepathic slap in the head woke him out of his daze.

"Beat it would you! I'm doing me part. Now go keep her school in one piece until she is... My god, Serpent... Oh, yeah... yeah... YEAH!!!" Hawthorne was barely able to keep up with this ball of lust.

Sage looked away, a mix of confused embarrassment and some personal outrage, kind of like when one might catch their parents making love... The were tiger said nothing knowing that this should work out but somehow, having Hawthorne being right on the mark and getting what he wanted, namely going full out with Meniko, a much larger and more powerful dragoness, to hang over him was not something he wanted to have to live with. Still the tiger flew away leaving the dragons to - hopefully not - "make babies".

Clearing Judgements

Pahjo emerged from his dormroom to find Salba and Kah-leah both looking very guilty as they instantly began to cry for his forgiveness. They loved him dearly and when they ran off to have their way with Lufan, they realized just how much they had betrayed their boyfriend.

Pahjo had gotten dressed and was ready for the day, such as it would be in that the whole school was turned upset down.

"Pahjo..." Salba said with professional firmness and personal humility, "We... I... I'm sorry I'm sure we didn't but I can't say that I for sure..."

Kah-Leah sobbed as she dove into Pahjo's arms, "I think we did it with him... Please don't hate us!"

"Kah... Salba..." Pahjo purred softly stroking Kah's red-orange mane as he offered his other arm to Salba who sat next to him. "It was that mist. I was about to go out and find you guys to make sure you weren't hurt. I have fears that more than a few students were raped or worse during this disaster..."

"You aren't mad?" Salba had placed her head on his shoulder for comfort and he had wrapped his arm about her half groped her solid butt. Obviously not...

"Actually I am. I wanted you too so badly last night. But I am glad I passed out before I could do anything I might regret... Like getting either or both of you pregnant..."

Kah-Leah looked up at his and smirked, "You big bragger..." Then she looked down at his full crotch.

"Thank you..." Salba purred as Pahjo kissed them both.

Kaya and Pleeyo stretched as Eqis inspected the boy-cub, Lufan. He was clearly Kaya and Pleeyo's age and a Rock lion, gifted with above average frame of body and masculine endowment. He looked nervous as the golden lioness looked softly about him and occasionally seemed to zap him with a hard stare.

"I... didn't touch them... I swear it," Lufan stuttered over the words slightly but barely enough to tell. Eqis could see it in his eyes. Despite the cub's training as a fighter and, as a "member" of the Sword League, a killer, Lufan was clearly afraid of the Lioness. She wasn't that huge compared to Kina, who was a giantess of a sand lioness, but Eqis really did project a presence even without her powers.

"It's alright, sexy," Kina gr'ed smartly. She licked her lips eyeing the boy predatorily making the youth cringe from her as well. "We're gonna be sorting this mess out for weeks. Having a new squeak toy for the kittens drop in was a pleasant, if badly timed, gift of providence."

Eqis looked sternly at the boy but softened her gaze reaching over to gently caress his cheek, "I want you to report to Champion as a new student. You'll be one of his edge arts pupils. He reports to Sage so watch your step. Champ wants to be a nice guy but Sage is a perfectionist and so my Champ can be a hardass if you fall short somewhere."

"Y-yes, ma'am," the even less relieved boy cub bowed his head clearly ready to just get away. Kina was eyeing him hard. His very large and long maleness hung heavily. How Eqis wasn't looking at it was a miracle of this "guardian fighter goddess".

"Go on then," Eqis said pointing to way out. Lufan turned to go looking at Kaya, who looked back lovingly. She was achingly gorgeous straightening what she let pass as clothing, a few light, utterly transparent white bands of fine silk tied with a few fine bits of gold and jewelry.

"Hey, big willy," Kina barked freezing the boy cub in his tracks just as a firming of his manhood started to stand up a bit. "Get some clothes! We have a dress code. Your Casid so you can get away with wearing very little but I want you in a proper 'sling' at least. Now be good..."

"I'll go with him," Kaya murred standing up to follow him. Pleeyo sprang to her feet, determined not to let Kaya run off with the new guy. She was perhaps paranoid that someone else would learn she was a bit of a monster without getting to know her first.

"Me too!"

"You two mind yourselves," Eqis smirked though her voice was harsh and chiding, "Both of you keep in mind that that mist permeated everything. Even a glass of water that was left out

overnight will be a very strong love potion so be carefully what you drink or eat. I don't want you two to even find yourselves even tempted to jump his bones..."

"That I'll do myself.." Kina chuckled.

Kaya led Lufan away as Pleeyo pushed hastily. The two girls knew Kina most likely meant what she said and they really wanted Lufan. After all, how often does a very handsome, healthy, and well... endowed young male just drop in.

Champion looked out over the island as the last of the pink mist drifted out to sea. He smirked at the incredible rush of lust he had felt. But his long years of lovemaking made him a quick recover and clear thinker.

Sage had not forgotten their bout but somehow it was clear that neither thought it all that important in the face of this disaster. Yet he was there at the mouth if the path leading to the spot they had agreed to finish their fight at.

"Something got your attention, youth?" Sage spoke very calmly...

"Dude..." Champion started before turning around, "I mean 'sir'... Kahuna Hadal wrote up a new work contract I stupidly signed when I got here. I'm workin' for you... I hate having a regular job..."

"Well, Dude does that mean You aren't going to fight for your right to call me 'Dude'?"

Champion sighed, "I work for the school through you for the next semester... You're my boss."

"Hadal said something about Champion's sister wanting her brother to stop hunting for stronger fighters for a while. Best I don't bring that up for the time being." Sage smirked as the young lion reached for his mane to comb it with his strong fingers... all five of them. This detail caught his attention more than anything else. "He isn't Casid or Cersile..."

"I bet my sis, Lime, had something to do with this." Champion groaned, "Dude... I hate her meddling sometimes."

"At least she cares. Be glad for that."

"I'm gonna find my housing assignment then jet on over to your island, Kahuna. Maybe hook up with that hottie, Najia, on the way..." he walked away with a slight spring in his step but it was muted by his "wings" being clipped, at least for now.

"Poor kid. He's going to miss traveling for a while..." Sage thought as he saw two dragons in the distance flying about. It was clear they were playing and the larger, four-winged one, clearly Meniko was not trailing that pink mist of lust. "It has passed..."

"You sound disappointed," a soothing voice spoke turning the were-tiger around.

"Mother Sanari..." He barely had a moment to completely speak her name when she reached up to his face to guide him down to her.

"This is the way I wish I had..." She said giving him a deep kiss mouth-to-mouth, which

felt like it lasted for several long minutes, before stepping back. She turned and left without another word leaving him half on his knees in great elation at that display.

There was a lot of love on this island and lust...

Sorting that out is a challenge, especially for the young. For those who succumbed to their lusts, the next few days or weeks was going to be fairly painful even torturous.

In the brush near her home, Rae Ikaski and her husband, Makahn lay together, totally nude and sopped in love juices.

"Happy anniversary, love-puppy," Makahn smiled to his smaller but infinitely stronger and more powerful wife.

"Cheapskate... I wanted a ring..." She smiled nuzzling his side.

END...