

Taking A Snapshot

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“Just take those old records off the shelf. I’ll sit and listen to ’em by myself. Today’s music ain’t got the same soul. I like that old time rock and roll.”

Chakat Snapshot grinned and reached for the radio to increase the volume. Out here in the desert, where one could see rocks and dry grasses for miles in any direction, there was nothing better to listen to than classic songs from the 20th Century.

Today shi was on a cross-country trip from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City; shi’d been asked to get some photos of the Salt Lake for the nature journal shi worked for. Always pleased to use hir photographic talents in new locations shi’d readily agreed, and now shi was speeding through the Nevada desert in hir convertible PTV, the late afternoon breeze whipping through hir strawberry blonde tresses and hir ‘brushed metal’ fur. Hir upper body was clad in a snug white halter top with forest green polka-dots. Two more hours, and shi’d be over the state border, heading into Utah; shi’d booked a room in a motel about ten miles into the state. After a good night’s rest shi’d continue hir journey, heading northward.

Shi slowed down as a battered sign proclaiming the town of Bell’s Landing came into view. There didn’t seem to be much to the town at all, its main features being a diner-cum-truck stop, a few weathered houses in various stages of deterioration, a general store and a bar. A couple of somewhat emaciated dogs snuffled through overturned trash cans. On the porch of one of the houses sat an elderly man in a rocking chair, a bottle of beer in his left hand, a suspicious expression on his face.

Snapshot glanced around as shi slowly drove through the town. “Not the most welcoming place,” shi mused to herself. Shi glanced down at the fuel gauge, and noticed that it was nearing ‘E’. “I think I’ll fill up at the next town,” shi muttered, checking the sat-nav to see how far it was. This far out in the desert towns were scarce; the next one was over thirty miles away. “Hmm ... I can make it, if I drive carefully.”

Soon the town was left behind in hir dust, and Snapshot increased the speed to put it further behind. The road ahead was fairly straight with few curves to break the monotony, and shi soon found that the almost unchanging landscape was putting hir to sleep; there was not much to see, aside from rock formations and the ubiquitous patches of browned grass.

Night fell quickly, the day giving way to a brief period of dusk before the darkness set in. Now all Snapshot could see was what was shown up by the headlights. After several minutes Snapshot’s eyelids were beginning to feel heavy, and shi had trouble concentrating on the road. Just when shi thought that shi’d better pull over to have a rest, something appeared in the cones of light that scoured the road directly ahead. Shi barely had time to register that it was a large object lying on the road before shi drove over it. There was a loud sound, as of metal meeting metal at high speed, then the PTV began weave erratically.

Snapshot slammed on the brakes; the vehicle’s computer took over, slowing the car down sharply but safely, bringing it to a stop on the side of the road, canted over at a slight angle. Shi sat in silence, hearts pounding rapidly for a few minutes until hir system had rid itself of some of the adrenaline it had produced, before shi turned the radio off, unfastened hir restraint and pushed the door open.

The night air was warm, but carried a hint of the coming winter's chill. Shi shivered as shi went to the rear of the PTV and opened it up, rummaging inside a toolkit until shi located the flashlight that shi kept in it. Shi flicked it on, and turned to walk down the road to see what it was that shi had hit.

It didn't take hir long to find what shi'd hit, what seemed to be the right half of a PTV's fender. It was quite rusty, particularly at the broken end, which led hir to suspect that the PTV it had come from probably shouldn't have been on the road in the first place. Shi sighed heavily, and bent down to pick the fender up; it would provide evidence for the insurance company.

Once shi'd deposited the fender in hir vehicle's trunk, shi got back into it, flicked on the hazard lights, turned off the headlights to save the battery and activated the built-in communicator. The manufacturer's logo was displayed, with 'Searching for signal ...' beneath it. After a few seconds the screen cleared to display a map of hir location, with a small graphic showing that shi was out of range of any signal towers. "Great. Stuck in the middle of nowhere, in full dark, and no way to contact anyone. I'm trapped in a cliché." Shi rested hir hands on the top of the steering wheel, then rested hir chin on them, looking out into the night. "And probably no traffic for hours."

Shi turned the radio on again, suddenly feeling desperate for some sound to break the unnerving silence of the desert. After the initial blast of sound shi hurriedly lowered the volume, and gave some of hir attention to the music, which was now some kind of modern pop with generic lyrics about love. As shi knew some of the words, shi sang along, humming when shi didn't know the words.

After about a dozen songs had played Snapshot noticed a pinpoint of light in the distance. Slowly the light resolved into four powerful headlights, stacked two a side. Shi opened the door and got out of the PTV, squinting to see if shi could identify what the vehicle was. From the sound of it, it was a large truck. As it drew nearer shi started waving hir arms, hoping to attract the driver's attention.

A few seconds later the truck, which turned out to be more of a road-hogging pick-up, slowed and stopped beside her. The window came down, and a long silver face attached to an even longer flexible neck peered out. "G'day," he said, in a strong Australian twang. "Got yaself some car trouble?"

"Uh, yeah. I ran over part of someone's fender, and I think the steering's gone," Snapshot explained.

"Yeah? Lemme just get underneath, and I'll have a look-see. Got a jack?" the driver asked as he opened his door and got out.

The chakat stared at him for a few seconds, taking in his worn black leather jacket, before shi remembered to answer the question. "Sure," shi murmured, turning to go back to hir vehicle's trunk. "Don't see many like you around," shi said when shi'd retrieved the jack. "In fact, I don't think I've ever seen a dragon at all. Until now."

"Right you are," he said, flashing a wide grin at hir. "And I don't see many like you around there parts. Folk here don't take kindly to strangers, 'specially those as strange as yourself." He took the jack from Snapshot and knelt down beside hir PTV, positioning the jack just behind the front left wheel, then began pumping the jack's arm up and down, gradually raising the wheel off the ground. "Me name's Draeko, by the way. I'm the maintenance guy for Bell's Landing and the surrounding area."

"Oh, wonderful. I came through there a while ago. The place gave me the creeps." Snapshot glanced down at the flashlight in hir hand. "Oh, I guess you'll need this, too," shi added, extending hir hand to the dragon.

“Mmhhh. Can’t look underneath without seeing what I’m doing,” Draeko rumbled with amusement. “What’s your name?” he asked, taking the flashlight and rolling over onto his back. Keeping his large leathery wings close to his body, he wiggled beneath the PTV and began his examination.

“Uh, Chakat Snapshot, daughter of Pink-Ear and Shortclaws. I’m a photographer for a nature journal. Driving up to the Great Salt Lake for some photos. Or was, before this happened,” shi muttered, crossing hir arms and shivering in the cool air.

The dragon didn’t reply for a few seconds, until he had wiggled out into view again. “Nice to meet ya.” He stood up, and tried to brush the worst of the desert dust off his back and legs. “Now, it looks like the steering linkages have broken, so I don’t think you’ll be travelling very far without either repairs or replacement. I can tow you back to town, and put you up in my place, and do the repairs tomorrow.”

Snapshot blinked and stared at Draeko. “Your place? That’s a bit forward, isn’t it?”

Draeko replied with a snort. “My place is about the only guest accommodation you’ll find in Bell’s Landing. It’s got a couple of rooms that I rent out to people. I provide at least breakfast, and sometimes lunch or dinner if required. I don’t molest the guests ... unless they want me to,” he added with a flirty wink. “I’ve never had a complaint about my services.”

The chakat looked away, hir ears colouring a very bright pink. “Just tell me how much I’ll owe you for the tow and spending the night,” shi said. “I’ll sort out the rest later.”

“Well, I was on my way home anyway, so taking you the rest of the way would be no trouble. Hmm ... how does fifty dollars sound? I’ll throw in breakfast as well.”

“That’s incredibly cheap,” Snapshot noted. “If you’ll let the car down, I’ll pay you now.”

The dragon nodded, the movement having a certain sinuous grace about it. “Of course, I’m open to lowering it” He winked again and grinned, before he released the jack.

Snapshot blushed again. Despite herself, shi was liking this unusual fellow. Shi cast a brief glance at his crotch, wondering how big he’d be, and looked up to see that he was looking at hir. Quickly shi opened the door and reached in to retrieve hir wallet from the centre console. “Hmm. I think I have enough money in here, otherwise I’ll have to go to a bank.” Shi thumbed through the bill pouch, counting the one-, two- and five-dollar bills. “Only twenty-two. And sixty cents,” shi added, checking the coin pouch.

“That’ll be fine,” Draeko replied, flashing his grin again. “I’m sure we can come up with an alternate payment. If you’re willing, that is.”

“Oh ... I think I’d, uh, be willing,” Snapshot murmured, wondering to herself if shi was being influenced by having not had any intimacy with anyone for several months; being on the move all the time was quite exhausting, and shi didn’t have much time between trips to foster any meaningful relationships. The temptation to get some real sexual relief, however, was strong.

“Great! I’ll just get you hooked up to my truck, and we can be off.”

It took nearly ten minutes for Draeko to get the damaged PTV ready for towing. He erected a small crane in the bed of his truck, and used a winch to haul the front end of the PTV up so that it rested only upon its rear wheels. He then used his jack to lift the rear end up and place a dolly beneath the wheels. After he’d made sure that the vehicle was secure, he hopped into his truck. “Oh ...” he murmured when he realised that Snapshot wasn’t going to fit into the cab of his pick-up. “I think

you might have to sit in the back. Not something I'd recommend, but I've never had to carry a passenger like you before," he said apologetically.

"That's okay," the chakat said with a nervous chuckle. "I've been in worse situations." With some effort shi eventually managed to get himself into the truck's bed, landing in a somewhat undignified heap.

Draeko leaned out the window and craned his neck back. "Better hang on tight," he warned. "Keep your arms and legs inside the vehicle at all times, and no spitting over the side." He winked then pulled his head back into the cab. The truck started up with a loud roar, and presently lurched forward as the dragon stepped on the accelerator.

Snapshot quickly grabbed for a hold on the support bars just behind the cab, and gripped tightly as the truck increased speed. After some minutes had passed shi developed a strong urge to stick hir head out, as a dog would, but after some thought shi decided that it was probably not a good idea, particularly since there was a fairly good chance that stones would be flung up into hir face by the wheels.

It was nearly nine o'clock by the time the truck rolled into Bell's Landing. The few streetlights in the town cast wan pools of pallid yellow upon the ground, illuminating the truck for a brief moment as it passed through.

The truck turned into a narrow alley, crunching over the gravel as Draeko guided it behind a large decrepit-looking building. "Well, here we are," the dragon said after he'd parked the truck and turned the engine off. "My humble garage and home." He opened the door and stepped out, heading for the rear of the truck. "I'll just put the tailgate down."

"Thanks," Snapshot said, waiting until Draeko had lowered the tailgate before shi sort of leaped to the ground from it. "You want some help with the car?"

"Nah, I can handle it. You can just go on in. Key's under the boot next to the cactus by the door," Draeko replied, gesturing towards a tall door a few metres away. "Make yourself comfy, and I'll be with ya shortly."

The chakat nodded, and turned to pad over to the indicated door. The key was easily found, and shi put it into the door's lock, wincing at the creaking noise the door's hinges made as shi pushed the door open. Shi groped around for a light switch, and blinked rapidly when an incredibly bright light snapped on above hir. Once shi'd got used to the brightness, shi saw that shi was in a small grey-painted foyer. A much-used towel hung on a rail on the opposite wall, next to several coat-hooks, two of which held a large pair of grease-marked orange overalls and a black leather coat, similar to that Draeko was currently wearing. Seeing a door on the left standing ajar, Snapshot went through it, again groping for the light switch.

The light that came on was more subdued than that in the foyer, taking a few seconds to come up to full brightness. Revealed to hir was a small kitchen: a bench with a built-in sink was on the left, with cupboards beneath it and a stove at the far end, and more cupboards on the opposite side. A dented 1950s-style fridge with a chrome handle stood opposite the stove. The floor was covered with scratched and pockmarked linoleum with a chequerboard pattern.

As the chakat roamed through the dwelling, exploring the rooms, shi found the dining/lounge area, three small bedrooms leading off a narrow hallway and a combined bathroom and toilet. The largest of the bedrooms showed the personality of its owner, decorated in a somewhat monochromatic manner, the colour scheme ranging between deep black and light grey. A king-sized bed occupied most of the room's floor space, with a headboard carved in a Gothic pattern. A couple of portraits hung on the wall on either side. A dresser with three drawers and a mirror

occupied the wall opposite the bed. The other two bedrooms were a little smaller, and contained only single beds and a two-drawer bedside table with a lamp perched on it.

Snapshot headed back outside again to check on Draeko's progress. He'd managed to get the car backed into his garage, and was now lowering it to the ground again. The winch whined loudly as it let the car down. "Nice place you have," shi commented, leaning against the truck. "You, uh, like the colour black, do you?"

Draeko looked up and grinned widely. "You saw my room, huh? Yeah, I am pretty partial to dark colours." He hit the stop button, causing the winch to stop with a loud clunk, then bent down to detach the hook from beneath the front fender, before winding the hook back to its original position. "There we go. Oh, I forgot to ask: is this your own vehicle, or is it a rental?"

"It's my own," the chakat replied. "It's insured, but the excess is five hundred dollars."

Draeko winced. "Ouch. Well, I'm pretty sure the damage is well more than that." He leaned against the door frame of the garage and looked at Snapshot. "Hmm. What would you say to an amendment of our little agreement?"

Snapshot returned his gaze for a few seconds before shi glanced down at the ground. "Um ... maybe. What are you suggesting?" shi asked, shivering as a stray breeze blew through.

"How about we discuss it over a drink? I've got a range of teas and coffees, and a few liqueurs." The dragon pushed off from the door frame and gestured for Snapshot to precede him into his home. "I won't push you into anything, if you're worried about that."

"Mmm, okay." Suddenly something occurred to the chakat. "Oh! Before we do, could I use your phone? I need to call the motel and tell them that I won't be showing up tonight. Pity about the deposit; that's seventy dollars down the drain."

"Sure. Phone's in the kitchen, on the wall," Draeko replied. "Don't worry about toll charges."

Snapshot shook hir head. "I've got a calling card; still got plenty of credit on it. I'll see you inside then," shi said as shi turned and trotted across the yard to the house.

Snapshot curled hir tail around hir legs, sipping at the cup of chai tea that Draeko had made for hir, and peered across the room at him. "So, what's this suggestion you wanted to make?"

Draeko had the grace to look a little embarrassed. "Well ... if you're not wanting to spend that much money on repairs for your car, I'm happy to do it gratis, in return for some ... intimacy," he eventually said. "Would I be right in assuming that you haven't, um ..."

"Been laid in a while?" Snapshot finished, with a wry twist of hir lips. "Yes, you would be right. I think it's been ... oh, six months or so, I think. Most of the time I'm away from home, so I haven't got the time for relationships." Shi sighed into hir cup and took another sip of tea. "When it's 'that time of the month', I just masturbate like crazy until I'm satisfied." Hir statement was followed by Draeko suddenly going into a coughing fit, which caused some of his drink to slop out of his cup.

"I'm okay," he croaked, quickly putting his cup down on the low table in front of him. "Went down ... the wrong way, that's all."

"Sorry. I can be a little blunt sometimes." Snapshot's voice didn't hold much of a tone of apology, however; in fact, shi had a slight smile on hir face.

Once the dragon had recovered from his coughing, Snapshot went on. "So, in return for being able to screw me silly, you'll repair my car for free? Is that what you're getting at?"

A long pause followed before Draeko replied. “That’s pretty much it, yeah,” he said, shrugging a little and taking a long swig of his drink. “I wouldn’t have put it *quite* like that.”

“Mmm.” Snapshot continued sipping at hir tea until it about half of it was gone before shi deigned to say anything else. “But that’s exactly what you mean, right? Free car repair for a romp in the sack? That’s incredibly clichéd, you know. But ... I think that it sounds like a fair exchange. On one condition.”

“Oh? What condition might that be?”

The chakat looked up from hir cup and smiled. “That you give me a good going over with a brush when we’re done. I’ve always enjoyed getting my fur brushed out after sex.”

Draeko smiled. “I would be happy to do that for you,” he said. “It’d be a pleasure.”

Another long silence followed, during which Snapshot and Draeko shot glances at each other over their cups. Eventually Snapshot put down hir cup, and looked the dragon in the eyes. “Well ... shall we get started, then?” shi said, a hint of nervousness in hir voice.

“Um ... yes, let’s.” Draeko stood up and took a couple of steps toward the hallway, waiting for Snapshot to get to hir feet to follow before proceeding any further. “I hope the dark colours don’t put you off; someone once said that it was like being trapped in a film noir made on a budget.”

Snapshot shot him a startled glance as he closed the door behind them. “Well ... if I wasn’t thinking that before, I certainly am now. Although, I’d say that, unless a crime was committed, it’d just be a vintage porn set.”

The dragon laughed, a warm rumble that seemed to echo slightly in the room. “An apt description if ever I heard one.” He watched as Snapshot climbed up onto the bed, making himself comfortable, yet setting himself up in a slightly sensual position: leaning on hir left side, hind legs stretched out a little, exposing hir sheath; propped up on hir left elbow, hir right arm partially obscuring hir firm breasts, which were outlined nicely by hir top. Hir tail-tip twitched lightly up and down on the light grey duvet as shi watched him.

For a few moments Draeko stared at the chakat, suddenly finding hir very attractive. A tightening in his groin seemed to confirm what he felt. He stepped slowly to the bed, and sat down on the edge of it, turning on the lamp beside the bed. Slowly he extended a hand toward hir face, and lightly stroked hir cheek, eliciting a cute twitch of hir whiskers. He looked into hir golden eyes, watching how they moved almost imperceptibly as shi studied his face. The contrast between hir strawberry blonde hair and hir fur was striking, and some might say that they clashed; to him, this lack of ‘rightness’ was perfect. He brushed a stray lock of hair back from hir face, and slowly moved his head closer to hers.

Snapshot responded in kind, tilting hir head slightly and pressing hir lips to his. Shi slipped hir right hand around his neck and pulled his head closer, deepening the kiss. Sensing the tip of Draeko’s tongue playing over hir lips, shi moaned softly and parted them, letting it into hir mouth, while shi pulled him down against hir.

Draeko followed hir lead, swinging his legs up onto the bed and gently straddling hir as shi shifted beneath him to lie flat. His slim tongue slipped deeply into the chakat’s mouth, wiggling against hers. Feeling hir hands trying to slip underneath his coat, he pulled back, giving hir a small parting kiss, and unfastened the snaps that held his coat shut. After he’d pulled the first two open, he paused, then decided to take his time, trying to put on a bit of a show. He flicked his tongue around, and ran it slowly around the edges of his muzzle, and pulled another snap apart. Gradually, as he exposed more of his chest, he became aware of a low purring sound. He smiled down at

Snapshot, and leaned forward to take his hands in his, pulling them up to press them against his half-opened coat.

Shi took the hint, and began to finish the task that he'd started. While shi pulled apart the remaining fasteners, he stroked his fingers over his chest, circling his nipples, tweaking them into small nubs of hard flesh, moaning lowly as he did so.

Finally the last snap came undone with a loud click, and Draeko slipped himself out of the coat, tossing it onto the floor beside the bed. As he hadn't been wearing anything else, he was now completely nude. His silver body shone like mercury, the millions of tiny scales seeming to shimmer and ripple as his muscles moved.

Snapshot's gaze roamed over the dragon's body, admiring his physique. His pectorals were quite defined; following their lines, shi could see that they involved in the movement of his wings. Lower down, his obliques were less defined, but still evident. Lower still, and his gaze fell upon a wide slit, out of which was peeking a couple inches of his shaft. Dark pink and slightly shiny in the dim light, it seemed quite thick, and resembled his, though it had a pointed tip. Shi looked up at Draeko's face, then down at his cock again. Hesitantly shi stretched forth his hand, and gently stroked the tip of his index finger around the head, making the dragon jerk back and moan. As shi watched, his erection grew in length and thickness; shi continued to stroke around the head until the shaft had reached its full size, around eight inches long and maybe two inches in girth. The natural lubrication of his slit gave his cock a shiny appearance. Shi gently wrapped his fingers around his shaft, feeling it throb strongly with his pulse, and slowly moved his hand down to the base then up again, looking up at Draeko to see how he reacted.

"Mmm, that feels good," he murmured, reaching for Snapshot's hair and stroking his fingers through it. It was soft and silky, though it felt a bit gritty from the desert dust blown into it.

Encouraged, the chakat stroked Draeko's cock more firmly, noticing that shi was now coaxing beads of translucent precum from the tip. Shi smeared it over his shaft, helping his hand to glide up and down the gently pulsing length, purring in accompaniment with his moans of pleasure.

After a couple of minutes, the dragon lifted himself up and shuffled up Snapshot's body, bringing his cock close to his muzzle. "Would you?" he asked quietly, giving his a gentle scratching behind the ears and a stroke over his cheek.

Snapshot didn't bother replying, instead leaning his head forward and slipping his lips over the pointed tip. His tongue explored the unusually textured flesh, sliding over the slight ridges that seemed to circle his girth, and tasting the bitter-sweet flavour of his pre. Shi suckled upon the head, while his hand gently massaged the base of his shaft, coaxing out more of the sticky fluid. His mouth slowly filled up, letting his get a good taste, before shi swallowed and took more of his cock into his mouth.

Draeko gently moved his hips, thrusting his cock into Snapshot's muzzle as shi bobbed his head. Together they built up a rhythm, the chakat easily taking all of Draeko's eight inches into his muzzle. His slightly rough tongue slid over his member, the head of which nudged into his throat with each inward movement. His pre was flowing easily, and shi swallowed it as his mouth filled up.

Eventually the dragon gently pulled his cock out of Snapshot's mouth, and moved himself off his body. He slipped off the bed and crouched down at the foot of it, looking up the length of the chakat's body, concentrating his gaze upon his sex. The folds of his labia were slightly swollen, the skin beneath the silvery fur covering them light pink. He bent his head forward and nuzzled at them, sniffing at the musky, definitely female scent his sex gave off. His tongue flicked out, dipping an inch or so between his folds, searching for the small nub of flesh that was his clitoris.

Snapshot's lower body jerked upward when the dragon's tongue swiped over his clit, and was followed by a gasp. "Oh, gods," she muttered as Draeko gently stimulated her, switching between using his tongue and nibbling very lightly upon her clit. It wasn't long before he'd coaxed her to the brink of climax, at which point he suddenly left off, leaving her crying out for release.

He grinned at her, and moved his left hand up further to caress her sheath. This was something new to him, having never had a male, or hermaphrodite, partner. He explored curiously, stroking his fingers over the soft fur, feeling it jerk a little at his touch. The tip of a claw trailed up its length from base to tip brought a soft moan from Snapshot's throat, and as he continued to circle around her sheath's opening he saw that her sheath was beginning to get fatter. As he watched, her cock slowly slipped into view; a lighter shade of pink than his own shaft, it was about as thick, and when it had reached its full length he saw that it was a little bit longer as well.

The chakat was purring loudly again, Draeko noticed. He smiled, and moved himself closer, rubbing his nose over the pulsing length of chakat cock, inhaling its unique scent. His tongue slipped out, several inches long and agile, and flicked lightly over Snapshot's member, concentrating on the mushroomed head. After a short time he pulled her shaft into his muzzle, tasting for the first time another male member. It throbbed strongly in his mouth, accompanied by a pleasurable groan and wiggle from Snapshot, and leaked a small amount of precum. The taste was odd, but not unpleasant, Draeko found. He began to bob his head, sliding his lips slowly up and down the chakat's shaft.

Snapshot moved her handpaws to stroke over the dragon's head, his scales feeling unusual but pleasant beneath her pads, and tried to refrain from thrusting her cock up into his muzzle, letting him go at his own pace. He was awkward at first, but soon he was pleasuring her maleness as if he'd done it before. As before, she climbed towards her climax, and was once again denied release. She would have been quite surly about being teased in such a manner, except that Draeko was now pulling her down the bed so that her rump was on the edge. He was still fully aroused, and she could see runnels of precum slipping down the underside of his shaft.

Draeko bent over the chakat's lower body, nudging the pointed head of his shaft between her labia. He teasingly rubbed against her clit a few times before he slowly pushed in, moaning a soft 'ooooh' as her pussy stretched to fit snugly around him. He took his time, revelling in the muscular massage he was receiving as he hilted himself within her. Once he was in, he leaned over the chakat, nuzzling her lips until she parted them, allowing him to slip his tongue into her mouth again. He began to move his hips, thrusting gently at first, eliciting a loud purr from Snapshot as he did so, then gradually increasing in vigour.

The chakat moved with him as best she could given her position, bucking her lower hips up to meet his thrusts, grinding her clit against his cock as it moved in and out of her. Her purring intensified as he made love to her, and soon she was climbing again toward her peak. This time she got her release, gripping the duvet with her claws and yowling a feline cry of ecstasy as she orgasmed.

The spasming of Snapshot's pussy around his shaft was almost enough to push Draeko over the edge as well, but he gritted his teeth and stayed still, trying to stave off his own climax for a while longer. Eventually the chakat's spasms weakened, and he began to thrust again, very slowly, taking care to avoid rubbing against her clit until she'd fully calmed down.

The second time round, he introduced a new element. As he pumped his hips, driving his cock in and out of Snapshot's tunnel, he bent his head to nuzzle at her still erect shaft. He inhaled the musky male scent it exuded, then parted his lips and slipped them down over her member. For a few moments he lost his rhythm, awkwardly trying to coordinate his thrusting and suckling, but then he sorted it out.

Snapshot moaned very loudly when his cock was swallowed up by Draeko's muzzle. Never before had she been sucked off while his pussy was being used. The conflicting pleasures were quite intense, and she found herself trying to thrust his shaft into his throat just as deeply as he was shoving his into her body. She lasted a couple of minutes before she had to give in to his male side, ejaculating a long pent-up load into the dragon's muzzle in a series of strong spurts.

Draeko swallowed the first volley without thinking, then, as his mouth was treated to more of the same, he tasted it. It tasted sort of like very mild bleach, and was thick and gooey. He wasn't sure what to make of it, but he kept swallowing as long as Snapshot kept pumping it in.

In this way, sliding his member into her slippery depths and suckling her own shaft, the dragon brought Snapshot to climax twice more before he allowed himself the pleasure of his own release. The fourth time round he didn't hold back, pounding his thick member deeply into Snapshot's well-slicked tunnel harder and faster until he pulled her rump tightly against his crotch, burying every inch of his cock inside her sex, and let go of his seed. A roar redolent with satisfaction and victory erupted from his throat as he came; his shaft throbbed with strong pulses, spurting his warm, gooey semen into Snapshot's innermost depths.

Snapshot reached one final climax, screwing her eyes tight as she did so, uttering an exhausted moan of pleasure. She shivered and bucked up into Draeko's muzzle, spurting the very dregs of her semen into his mouth and clenching her pussy around his fully embedded shaft.

When finally the lightheadedness had cleared from Snapshot's mind she opened her eyes and blearily focused them on Draeko. He was resting his head upon her breasts, breathing heavily. "Are you okay?" she asked.

After a few seconds he slowly raised his head and blinked at her. "Um ... yes, I think so. Quite exhausted," he murmured. "To be honest, I think that was the best sex I've had in years." He nuzzled the chakat's muzzle and rumbled in contentment.

"I could probably say the same thing, actually," replied Snapshot with a smile. She stroked over Draeko's head and sighed. "Being on the road so often, I don't get much time for relationships or intimacy. I think this was a nice way to break the monotony of my job."

Draeko merely nodded and cuddled up some more, rolling over so that they lay on their sides, and releasing her from his weight. His cock continued to throb inside her, the pulses weakening, his semen dribbling out of her stretched tunnel.

They fell asleep that way, Snapshot's arms and lower limbs draped over Draeko's larger silver body, his deeper breathing overlaying her lighter, quicker breaths.

The next morning Snapshot awoke to dim sunlight seeping in through the curtains. She blinked slowly, letting her eyes adjust to the light. Becoming aware of a weight upon her body, she glanced down, and saw the dragon had draped an arm and leg over her. She smiled and stroked a hand over his head as she remembered the events of a few hours ago.

Draeko stirred slightly, mumbling something incomprehensible. Eventually he opened his eyes and raised his head, slowly blinking at the chakat's face. "Uh?"

"Morning, sleepyhead," she responded with a chuckle, giving his muzzle a light tap. "Time to wake up and make the coffee."

"But I don't wanna," Draeko mumbled, resting his head upon Snapshot's chest again.

Snapshot rolled his eyes. “If you don’t shift yourself, you’ll find out how much piss a chakat can hold.” Truth be told, shi was somewhat in need of using the bathroom, now that shi was more awake.

“Fine,” the dragon muttered, lifting his head up and yawning widely as he raised himself into an upright position. “Consider me shifted.” He rolled off the bed and stood up, stretching out his joints with a number of cracks and pops.

“Thank you.” Snapshot rolled off the bed, groaning at the effort, and slowly left the room, heading down the hallway to the bathroom. The toilet was a regular one, not designed for use by taur, but shi managed to relieve himself without too much fuss. Shi left the bathroom to see that Draeko had left the bedroom and had gone into the kitchen. The kettle was in the process of boiling when shi joined him.

“I hope you don’t mind instant,” the dragon said with a hint of apology. “I don’t really go for the barista lifestyle. Too fancy.”

Snapshot shrugged. “That’s fine. I like a good cappuccino now and then, but I don’t begrudge a well-made instant.”

When the kettle clicked off Draeko poured the water into two large mugs. “How do you have yours?”

“Black with two sugars,” replied Snapshot. “But put a little cold water in first.”

Draeko did so, then handed the mug to Snapshot. “Enjoy. While you do, I’ll get started on breakfast. Feel like anything in particular?”

“Not really,” shi replied after taking a careful sip of his coffee. “As long as it’s filling, I don’t mind.”

“Bacon, eggs, toast and beans it is, then.” Draeko gestured to the table. “Make yourself comfy.” He went to the fridge and began taking things from it. “Maybe you could tell me about yourself while you wait?”

Snapshot went to the table and pulled a chair away from it, sitting down in its place. “Hmm. Well, I’m a photographer and sometimes journalist for *Nature’s Call*. Have you heard of it?”

“I think I’ve seen it a few times in my travels,” Draeko replied, while he took some rashers of bacon out of its packaging. “I’ve always thought it was a terrible name to call a publication.”

The chakat laughed and took a swig of his coffee. “I agree completely, but it was what the founder wanted. It does make the name more memorable, I suppose. Anyway, I travel around the country – mostly the western part – and take photos. Now and then I get to write articles, but most of the time I just have to provide spectacular shots of scenery and/or wildlife to go with someone else’s writing.”

“Do you enjoy it? I’d think you would, getting to see lots of different places.”

Snapshot contemplated the contents of his mug before answering. “In the long run, yes, I do enjoy my job. It has its perks, but it has its down side as well.”

“Oh? Like what?” Draeko decided that the pan was hot enough, and dropped the bacon into it, stepping back from the sudden spitting of fat.

“Well, it means that I have to spend far too much time in transit. Yesterday, for example, I was en route from L.A. to Salt Lake City. It’s a long drive, with not much to see aside from almost featureless desert. Quite frankly, it’s boring.”

Draeko glanced over to Snapshot curiously. “If it’s that much of a chore, why don’t you fly instead?”

“Because my boss is too cheap to pay for tickets. He gives us a fifty percent subsidy on fuel, but that’s about it. The expense in fuel is marginally cheaper than buying a return plane ticket.” Snapshot drained his mug to the halfway point then rested his elbows upon the table, and his chin on his hands. “In consideration, though, I think I’d rather drive anyway; I prefer my own company to that of other passengers, and I can keep my own schedule, within time constraints.”

The dragon frowned as he grabbed an egg and cracked it into the pan beside the sizzling bacon. “Sounds like he’s a bit of a tightwad,” he said, as he turned to another cupboard to pull out two cans of baked beans.

Snapshot shrugged. “He barely breaks even every month, so I guess it’s no wonder that he won’t pay for expensive travel.” Shi paused briefly. “Well, he’d probably pay for economy class, but it’s not very comfortable. Anyway, enough about me. Your turn.”

Draeko opened the bean cans and dumped their contents into two bowls pulled from a small cabinet. He then put one into the microwave to heat up, before putting some wholemeal bread into his heavily dented four-slice toaster. “Uh, gee. I’ve been here in this hick town for coming up on nineteen years. It was a slightly better place back then; a few more people, a bit more friendliness, more business. The town had just lost their only mechanic, and I happened to be passing through and saw their ‘mechanic wanted’ sign.” He turned to the cabinet and took out a couple of dinner plates, placing them on the counter. “Business was good then. I eventually took on the neighbouring communities, and built up a fairly good following. Then the economy took a dive, and people moved away to the larger urban areas. The only people left are old crotchety guys who’ve lived here nearly all their lives and don’t want to leave.” He scooped the bacon and eggs out of the pan and dumped them onto the plates, before opening the microwave and swapping the bowl within for the unheated one. “You can have this one,” he said, carefully taking the hot bowl over to Snapshot balanced on his claw tips.

The chakat waited until Draeko had brought the rest of the food and some cutlery before starting to eat.

“There’s no butter, unfortunately. Ran out a couple days ago, and forgot to get some more,” Draeko apologised.

Snapshot waved a hand dismissively. “It’s fine. Butter’s fattening, anyway, and I think I need to lose a bit of weight; I’m getting chubby.”

“I wouldn’t say that,” the dragon murmured, looking up from his food. “I think you’re just fine the way you are.”

“You think so?” Snapshot tilted his head as shi regarded him thoughtfully, then glanced down at himself. “Are you one of those who prefers his women to be on the plump side?”

Draeko glanced down at his food again and stirred it around with his fork. “Yeah, I guess I am. The bigger they are, the more there is to love and cuddle.”

The chakat smiled and nodded. “Well, that’s a boost to my self-esteem,” shi said with a quiet chuckle. “Perhaps when we’re finished, you’d like to cuddle me?”

“I would like that,” Draeko replied after a few seconds, curving his lips a little into a slight smile. “And now that I think of it, I never gave you that brushing you asked for,” he added, remembering his request from the night before.

Snapshot grinned and nodded. “Then you should do that, then. And if we go a bit further than that ... I won’t hold you back,” shi added with a wink.

If Draeko could have blushed, he probably would have. Instead he just nodded, looking a bit embarrassed.

The chakat laughed and resumed eating hir breakfast, watching Draeko try to regain his composure.

When breakfast was finished, Snapshot insisted on helping with the washing up, saying that it was the least shi could do in return for a good breakfast. "It's been a while since I had something so basic and filling to start my day," shi said.

"Now, about that brushing," the chakat said as shi hung the dishtowel over a small rail to let it dry. "Do you have any brushes suitable for fur?"

"I think so; I have a small collection in my dresser," Draeko responded thoughtfully. "You should be able to find something in there."

Indeed shi did. Snapshot looked over the small collection of pornography and sex toys that shi'd found in the top drawer. "*Big Butts Weekly, Gung-Ho Gals, Jenny Loves Jizz, Cum Out and Play 5,*" shi murmured to herself as shi looked through the video discs and magazines. There was a range of human-only material, as well as some that had anthro furs and humans interacting.

"Awww, hell!" Draeko muttered, covering his face with his hands. "I forgot I put the brushes in the closet the other day." He sighed heavily and sat down on the edge of his bed. "Well, while you're there, is there anything you fancy?"

"Hmm." The chakat picked out a book that showed a somewhat chubby human woman with light brown hair pressing her unnaturally large breasts around her equine lover's shaft, whilst she licked seductively at the tip. "*Horse Dicks for Fat Chicks,*" shi read out, before opening it and flipping through the full-colour pages. As shi glanced at the pictures of overly large women taking a variety of horse cocks in every place they could fit, shi felt himself becoming aroused. Shi was about halfway between hir male and female peaks, edging into the male mode, so hir sheath was thickening and hir cock was peeking out.

Draeko eyed the pink shaft easing out of Snapshot's sheath. After a moment's thought he slipped off the bed and knelt down beside the chakat. His hand moved to caress hir sheath gently, feeling how firm it was, then he curved his neck around so that he could slip his muzzle over hir emerging member.

"Ohhh," Snapshot moaned, surprised by Draeko's forwardness. Hir legs wobbled a little, but shi braced herself against the dresser while the dragon curled his agile tongue around hir shaft and stroked it. Shi began to purr quietly as Draeko pleased hir, bringing hir cock out fully.

The dragon slipped his muzzle off Snapshot's shaft and licks his lips. "Lie on the bed, if you please," he murmured to hir, waving a hand at the bed. His own cock was beginning to slide out of his slit, but for the moment he was going to concentrate on pleasuring the chakat he went any further.

"Mmm, gladly," Snapshot replied, slipping over to the bed and making herself comfortable on hir backs. Shi rested hir head upon the pillow and straightened hir body out, watching as Draeko moved over to kneel down beside the bed.

He smiled at her, then slid the tip of a claw over the underside of hir cock, watching as the chakat shivered, hir member jerking in response. He did that a few times, leaning in closer to sniff at the

male musk that was being given off. A small bead of precum appeared at the head of hir shaft, and he licked it up with the tip of his tongue, before wiggling it a little into the opening.

Snapshot wiggled and moaned quietly as Draeko's tongue dipped into hir cock. It was an unusual sensation, and quite pleasurable to hir.

Draeko eventually slipped his muzzle back over hir cock, slowly taking in every inch until his lips were touching hir sheath. His tongue slipped up and down hir length as he suckled upon it, its flavour no less thrilling than it had been the previous night.

He was gentle, but insistent, gradually bringing the chakat to the brink of climax before slipping his muzzle off and letting the built-up tension ease away, at which point he resumed his ministrations. The dragon worked Snapshot into an almost frustrated frenzy, finally allowing hir the relief of orgasm after four near-climaxes.

The span only twelve hours or so had in no way diminished Snapshot's output. Hir cock throbbed strongly, giving Draeko a moment's warning before his mouth was abruptly flooded with a thick spurt of semen. The taste hadn't improved, but he let it fill his mouth anyway, before forcing hir emission down his throat in readiness for the next spurt.

Snapshot writhed on the bed, bucking hir lower hips up, driving hir pulsing cock into Draeko's muzzle. Hir eyes were clenched shut, and shi felt quite lightheaded, hir mind filled with dancing sparkles as hir cum jetted into the dragon's mouth. Eventually shi relaxed as hir intense climax waned, purring loudly with satisfaction. Shi opened hir eyes slowly and regarded Draeko, who was swallowing the last of hir semen and licking his lips with an odd expression on his face. "Still not to my taste," he murmured in explanation. "Have you ever tried it?"

"My own cum? Occasionally. Not really my cup of tea either," Snapshot replied, stretching.

Draeko crawled up onto the bed, and straddled the chakat's body, about where hir upper and lower bodies met. "I think it's my turn, hmm?" He slipped his hands beneath hir top and caressed hir firm breasts, giving them light squeezes and flicking a claw over each of the nipples. "Ever given a titfuck?"

The chakat shook hir head and grinned. "No, but there's a first time for everything."

"Good. Let's get your top off; then." With Snapshot's help Draeko slipped the halter top off the chakat's upper body, and dropped it on the floor beside the bed. He then rubbed his leaking member over Snapshot's breasts, liking the way the pink flesh contrasted with hir fur, and pressed it between hir firm globes.

Snapshot pressed hir breasts against the dragon's thick, pointed shaft, almost going cross-eyed as shi watched the tip of it moving up and down. The dragon changed his position slightly, allowing his cock to come within licking distance of hir tongue. He smiled and stroked hir head, pulling it forward a little so that shi could better lick him. Shi began to purr and flicked hir tongue out, swiping it over as much of his tip as shi could before he moved it out of reach.

Draeko thrust slowly, stroking his textured cock between the chakat's breasts, pausing momentarily for hir to lick before pulling back for another thrust. Precum dribbled constantly from his tip, dampening hir fur. As his climax built up he thrust faster, and pushed Snapshot's head back onto the pillow to prevent hir from licking any further. "Nearly there," he panted. "Just keep your tits tight."

Shi nodded and kept the grip on his cock firm, looking forward to the gusher of semen that she knew would soon follow.

When it came, shi had barely three seconds of warning — "I'm coming!" roared in a husky voice — before hir face was suddenly decorated with a long streak of white running from hir nose pad, up

hir muzzle and into hir hair. Shi quickly opened hir mouth, just in time to receive the next volley over hir tongue.

The dragon gritted his teeth as he ejaculated, his cock throbbing so strongly it almost hurt. As he watched his cum squirt out in long arcs into Snapshot's mouth and over hir face he thought briefly that shi looked very hot with his seed on hir face. He pulled his cock from between hir tits and wrapped a hand around it, stroking out the rest of his load himself, aiming it so that it gave hir face the appearance of a thickly glazed cake. The remainder of his emission he expended in hir mouth, letting hir suckle the last drops of his semen out of his shaft before he pulled away and rolled over onto his back, panting.

They were silent for a few minutes as they let their bodies wind down. "You are *definitely* giving me a good brushing once I get out of the shower," Snapshot said, turning hir head and grinning at Draeko. Hir face felt cold and clammy from the amount of cum the dragon had shot over hir face.

Draeko grinned back. "Fair enough. I'll find a good brush, while you go wash yourself. You might find the shower a bit on the small side; it's not built for someone of your length."

Snapshot nodded. "I noticed. It wouldn't be the first time I've had to make do in non-taur facilities." Shi rolled himself off the bed and stretched himself out, before picking up hir top and heading out the door to go into the bathroom. "Oh, where do you keep your towels?"

"In the cupboard underneath the vanity," Draeko replied as he got off the bed, his legs wobbling slightly. "Put what you use into the laundry hamper when you're done."

"Righto." Snapshot disappeared from view, and a short time later the sound of water flowing was heard from the bathroom.

While Draeko waited for Snapshot to finish washing, he went to his closet and pulled out the cardboard box of brushes that he had put in there. He studied each one as he took it out, briefly wondering what it was that had led him to collect the things, then eventually settled on a couple, one with stiff bristles, and a softer one. Then he went back to the bed and took the top blanket off, having noticed that there were definite signs of sex left upon it, and took it out to the laundry, which was a small shed tacked onto the garage. He puttered around for a few minutes, doing a quick clean-up and putting things in order, before he went back into the house to see if Snapshot was done. "Finished yet?" he called through the bathroom door.

"Yeah, I am! I'm just towelling myself off," the chakat called back.

"All right, then. I'll be waiting in the bedroom for you." With that, Draeko went back into his room and sat down on the bed, running his fingers lightly over the brush bristles idly, his mind flitting between random thoughts as he waited for the chakat to come in.

Eventually Snapshot appeared, rubbing a faded red towel over hir head to dry out hir hair. "Sorry I took so long. Blame it on the small size of the shower. Really not enough room for me to get a good clean." Shi took the towel off and shook hir head. "My hair must be a mess."

Draeko smiled and gestured for Snapshot to come closer. "Then let me take care of it." He held up the stiff-bristled brush. "This should help straighten it out a bit. Then I'll use the softer one to make your fur smooth."

Snapshot smiled back and nodded. Shi settled herself in front of Draeko, and closed hir eyes as the dragon began to stroke the stiff-bristled brush through hir hair. As he brushed, taking care to not unduly pull on hir tresses, shi started to purr quietly with pleasure.

Slowly the tangled mess of strawberry blonde hair was brushed into neatness, with a few stray strands sticking out stubbornly. When Draeko was relatively happy with the way it looked, he moved on to the rest of hir body, using short strokes over hir upper body, and slightly longer ones

on hir tauric body. Once that was done, he took up the softer brush and repeated his task, neatening up the chakat's hair and fur.

“Okay, I think I'm finished,” Draeko murmured, sitting back and looking critically at his handiwork. “Go have a look in the mirror. Not too shabby, I think.” He watched as the chakat went to the dresser and examined himself, turning to look at himself from several angles.

“Thank you,” Snapshot murmured, turning hir head to smile widely at Draeko. “I look wonderful. My fur hasn't been so well brushed in a long time. I almost never have the time to get a good going over.”

Draeko looked bemused. “I think I managed that well enough. Three times, in fact.”

Snapshot blushed, hir ears going bright pink. “You know I didn't mean that!” shi exclaimed. “But I do appreciate your efforts.” Shi padded over to him and stroked his cheek.

The dragon rumbled quietly and rubbed his muzzle into Snapshot's fingers. “It was my pleasure. It's nice to have someone to spend time on.”

They were silent for a few moments, before Draeko eased himself to his feet. “Well, I suppose we should get you on your way. It'll be a while before I can effect repairs on your vehicle. I'm only too happy to take you to the nearest town with a rental agency.”

“That would save me some trouble, yes,” Snapshot affirmed. “If you can avoid putting on too much speed, I'd enjoy another ride in the back of your truck.”

Draeko grinned. “Advice noted, if not necessarily followed. Come on. Let's get going.”

After Draeko pulled his coat on, the two of them went out to the garage. Snapshot retrieved hir possessions from hir PTV, then he helped Snapshot get into the bed of the truck. “Okay, I'm ready,” shi said, once shi'd got a firm grip on the support bars. “How far do we have to go?”

“About twenty-five miles, give or take,” Draeko responded as he climbed into the truck's cab. He slammed the door shut, and started the truck. “Hold on!” he called as he shifted into first gear and moved forward out of the garage.

As the pick-up roared along the highway, the chakat thought with bemusement that a lot of Draeko's brushing had been totally undone by the wind ruffling through hir fur. Still, the brushing down had felt good.

Slightly over half an hour later the pick-up arrived in Lambie, a small but bustling town. It pulled up in front of a whitewashed building with a small, fenced-off lot, parked in which was a number of used PTVs,. “Here we are. Local Rent-a-Dent office,” Draeko announced, opening his door. He lowered the tailgate, and helped the chakat to get down to the ground. “You'd be hard-pressed to find a vehicle suitable for taur,” he mused aloud.

“Yeah. Maybe they'd be nice enough to take out the front seat. That'd do in a pinch.”

“Let's find out, shall we?” Draeko raised the tailgate again, locked the doors, and headed into the agency, Snapshot following close behind. As shi did so, shi looked around, noticing the curious stares shi was getting from other people. Feeling a bit uncomfortable, shi quickly entered the building.

Shi got more strange looks from the clerk at the reception desk, but Draeko's presence seemed to forestall any obvious questions. Renting a car proved to be easy enough, but getting it modified for hir in order to drive it proved a bit more difficult. Eventually the clerk relented when Draeko

offered her a hundred-dollar bribe. “In this area, a little money will get you almost anything,” he muttered in an aside to hir.

“If it gets me around until my car’s fixed, it’s probably worth the price,” shi responded. “Oh, we should swap details, before I forget.”

Draeko reached into one of his pockets, and pulled out a small, very dog-eared notepad and a short pencil. “I’m always prepared,” he explained with a chuckle. He scrawled his name, address and phone number on the top sheet, and ripped it off to give to Snapshot, before passing hir the pad. Shi did the same, and gave the pad back. “I’ll be in touch,” he said as he slipped the pad back into his pocket. “Now, let’s get the driver’s seat out of the car. I’ll just get some tools from the truck.”

Snapshot went out onto the lot and approached the PTV to which shi’d been given the key. It was a big navy blue vehicle, big enough to hold a family of seven. Shi unlocked the door and opened it, peering inside. With the front seat out, there would be just enough room for hir to lie comfortably and operate the foot controls.

Draeko showed up a minute later, a large steel toolbox clutched in his right hand. “Right! Let’s see,” he muttered as he got to work, examining the bolts holding the driver’s seat to the PTV’s floor to gauge the size, pulling a wrench out of the box and applying it to the bolts.

About eight minutes later Draeko had the seat removed, and deposited in the trunk. “Whew! That was harder than I thought. But there you go. Get in, and see how it feels.”

“Fairly comfortable,” Snapshot remarked, glancing around at the PTV’s interior. “I can work the pedals okay, which is the main thing. The lack of a seat belt’s a bit worrying, but I’ll just have to do the best I can. Hopefully I won’t get pulled over before I get hold of a taur-suitable vehicle.”

“Hmm. Well, if you do, give them this.” Draeko reached into another pocket and pulled out a business card. He scrawled a note on the back of the card with the pencil and gave it to Snapshot. “But otherwise hope for the best, and don’t speed or do anything to arouse the cops’ attention.”

Snapshot grinned and shook hir head. “I’ll certainly try not to.” Shi put the key into the ignition and turned it, bringing up the instrument displays, then pressed the ‘Start’ button, eliciting a barely audible hum came from the engine. Shi put it into gear, then lowered the window. “Well, I guess this is it, for now,” shi said, looking up at the taller dragon.

He nodded slowly, smiling. “Mmhmm. I’ll call you when I’ve finished with your vehicle. Then you can come pick it up, or make other arrangements.” He paused for a moment, then added, “I’d hope that you would come back to visit, at least.”

“Considering how much time I spend on the road, I think that’d be nice. If I happen to be passing through this area again, I’ll definitely be sure to stop for a night,” Snapshot replied. Shi beckoned for the dragon to lower his head. When he did so, shi slipped hir arm around his neck and pulled his head close for a firm kiss.

The kiss lasted for several seconds before Draeko pulled away, licking his lips. “Mmm, be safe, Snapshot.”

“Thanks. You too. I’ll be waiting for your call. Goodbye ... for now.” With that, shi pressed hir handpaw down on the accelerator, and slowly drove out of the lot. Shi glanced at the wing mirror, watching Draeko recede behind hir. He was still standing there, watching hir drive away. Shi sighed, and focussed hir gaze upon the road before hir. “I’ll be back,” shi murmured with a slight smile. “I’ll definitely be back. Hopefully under better circumstances,” shi added wryly.