

## Autumn

Master Uiender is the most famed of the members of Robin LaRouge's Posse. Many stories of his plights and conquests are whispered in both the manners of admiration and deepest loathing. One of his stories has recently come to light, one I found in the quiet mountains of Yaridlina.

A small barmaid, her dust colored hair flowing over her shoulders, her small brown eyes composed and withdrawn, her quiet voice confided this story to me as she served me mountain spring wines and some meat of the local farm animals.

Her tale began with a whisper that she personally knew Autumn, the one that was so named by Master Uiender. She told me that Autumn's name had been Oracie, and that Oracie was the only known Elvin familiar. Autumn now served at Master Uiender's side, where she chose to be, and came and went as she pleased. This is the tale that brought Autumn to be bound to Master Uiender.

The fading light made her red hair seem to be on fire, and made the dark circles below her eyes seem even darker. Her ashen skin made ghostly from the chilling air of fall. She stood beneath the falling golden leaves of the quiet willow, and stared at the bubbling brook.

Time seemed to fade around her, the rushing sound of a windstorm. Her dark cloak faded, becoming her bright, silk, summer dress and cascaded gently around her legs. A shadow formed before her, lowering his face slowly to hers. She leaned into it as his features appeared and his strong arms engulfed her.

His soft brown hair lined his perfect face, his piercing brown eyes that seemed to see straight into her soul. Strong features that drove her mad with need, with desire. His smile made her melt, and she could not resist him. Tingling enveloped her body as their lips met.

Her slender arms wrapped softly around his strong shoulders. "My Love," he whispered in her ear. His hands explored eagerly over her body.

"We have such a short time. I have missed you so much." She whispered back, pressing against his warmth and feeling his body's response to her. Shallow hungry breaths echoed from both their lips.

Kisses fell upon her neck and shoulders and she wrapped her fingers tightly into his hair. Every moment of her waking days, she craved for this, prayed for his touch. So seldom available, so rarely granted. The strength of his fingers on her ribs as he held her close. She knew what was next. Willingly awaiting the words of release, he knew she needed.

“Cum for me, show me how much you have missed me.” He whispered into her ear as his fingers slid between her legs.

Gifted with the words she needed; she allowed the warmth to encompass her. A soft gasp of pleasure as she released the flood of passion onto his fingers. His lips found hers and as they kissed, his tongue filling her mouth, she felt him seeking the vitality that brought him back to her. Her mind reeled against it, but her body would not let her override the fulfillment of its need.

Slowly she kissed down his chest, her tongue exploring him as if it were the first time all over again. Nevertheless, she knew each spot he wanted touched, she nibbled gently on each a moment. Her tongue distracted as her mind tried to remember. She needed her sanity; today she would tell him. It would be today.

As her breasts slide over his hardness it jumped against her, and all thought was abandoned. Her fingers touched the tip, watching as it gently pulsed. Her tongue licked her lips in anticipation, but she wanted to touch, to look to enjoy. Something eagerly wanted her to stop too, but its importance was lost in the swirling warmth that embedded itself in every inch of her being.

Her fingers traced softly down the length, and as she slid them back up to the tip, she felt his fingers maneuvering into her hair, guiding her softly to where he wanted her silky lips to be. Escaping from her lips, her tongue was first to kiss the hardness that ached for her touch, and it bounced gently slapping her. Her eyes closed slightly as she kissed it, and began to wrap her lips around his cock.

As she pressed down harder on him, he grew in her mouth. Sucking him in deeply, her fingertips massaging gently at the base and over the soft sacks beneath. Pressing the boundaries of his control as she begged for his release with her tongue. He would not though; he needed more from her before he could. She knew what he needed.

Pulling her slowly back from his hardness, he laid her on the soft grass beneath them his strong fingers pulling the fabric of her dress away from her skin. It dropped to the ground as if she had casually removed it. Her nipples responded to the rush of material that past over it, instantly hard and hungry to feel his lips on them. As his mouth began to explore them, his fingers found their way to her wetness and he probed gently into her. Her clit responded instantly at his touch, and his lips and tongue sought hers.

“Cum for me, My Love,” his mind spoke softly to her. The explosion that escaped her brought tingling throughout all her body. His form shimmered in the light that flooded over him. Bringing his legs between hers, he pressed his hardness slowly into her.

“Please,” she whispered softly, “Please, I need you.” He filled her, pressing deeply into her, filling her with his hardness and she wrapped herself around him. Pressing her hips up to met his slow rhythm.

They went on for what seemed an eternity, slowly rocking. The gentle pressure of his hard cock stretching her delicate pussy submersed her in sensation. Her mind was lost in his, and he fed tenderly and hungrily on her devotion, and ecstasy. Every second brought him closer to the release he too needed in their meeting.

Warmth began to spread through her again, the demanding thirst to be encased in the pleasure that she longed for. His body responded, seeking to immerse himself in her endless waves of passion, and his voice whispered into her head again. She screamed this time, her body trembling with the explosion of his seed into her belly. As he filled her, he froze, her nails dug into him dragging him into her orgasm, faster and harder than ever before.

Something warned him of danger as she encompassed him, as she held him to her. The swell of ecstasy flooding over him tried to mask it, but he saw.

“No, Oracie, no please,” came the quiet plea.

It was too late, as her body shuddered with the final orgasm that should have filled him with energy and strength, a binding overcame him. Symbols flashed like fireworks over them both. Small pinpricks of energy that filled the places that warmth and sunshine should have touched. Her energy, his life-source, denied to him.

He watched the tears that fell from her eyes as the trembling ceased. No amount of explanation was forthcoming, but he knew. Sadness swept across his face, his eyes shadowed by the realization of his fear. The darkness returned to bring him to shadow; ‘from whence he came he would return’.

“Oracie,” his voice a whisper as the silhouette of his form faded, “I loved you.”

Wind blew through her, the wisps of his form scattering into the forest before her. The summer dress was gone and her cloak returned to her shoulders. The grass beneath her knees became again the dark colored leaves of fall.

Coming slowly to her feet, she did not acknowledge the wet warmth that slid down her legs beneath her dark silken skirt. Her eyes regarded the faded sun, and the chillness of the air.

“I loved you, and I always will,” she whispered to the darkness. Her back turned and she slowly walked from the fallen leaves. Pulling the hood of her cloak over her head, she pushed the wind from her hair and hid the tears on her face.

As her footsteps faded away, a small dark shape took form at the base of the willow tree. The dark stem and leaves seeming to squirm slowly from the ground; black thorns glittered sharply as a deep purple flower bloomed.