

The Belt of Rahmoro

Rumor has it that Robin LaRouge has the famed Belt of Rahmoro. Its magical powers granting him the swiftness of sunlight and the endurance of Rahmoro himself. It is also quietly whispered that it gives him the ability to endure longer nights than the average man could even dream of. It is further rumored that the sweet little wood elf, Everine, sports the Cloak of Rahmoro a.k.a. - the Blanket of the North Winds; granting her the magical gift of flight and the whimsical song of a bard to keep her warm on cold nights.

Here is the tale of Rahmoro, whispered to me by a Lady in Farohoga's Heights as the Mid Summer's parade marched a large float of Rahmoro with a scantily clad wood elf riding on his back. A ten-minute tale, breathlessly breathed during a parade, can only hold so much detail; I have added a bit more.

Rahmoro stood watching over his valley with quiet emerald green eyes; his sleek white fur shining in the early evening sunlight and his silver cloak flowing gracefully out behind him in the soft winds that blew through his mane. Though his face was that of a human male, his senses matched his lion body completely; and as he gazed out on his lands, his eyes detected a small shape at the edge his vision that did not belong. Curiosity fought with outrage as he peered and tried to see what would dare enter his territory without presenting itself to the Enigma Gates for trial. He maneuvered swiftly down the hillside to the waterfall where he had seen the creature. His gallant stride moving him silently through the quiet woods that took him to the edge of the pooling water.

Standing at the tree line, he peered through, assessing the necessity of brute force or magic to restrain this being. However, his eyes beheld a sight he had not quite prepared for. Standing under the softly flowing water was a female. Her satiny blonde hair soaked in the sweet perfumed water and her body completely without her clothing.

His eyes boggled at her supple breasts as she pulled her hands through her hair. The gentle features of her face seemed nearly entranced and she bathed without knowledge that this massive beast was scrutinizing her. Without even thinking, Rahmoro began to cast. A docile strand of blue magic swam over the water and enveloped the girl in a soft radiant light that seemed to separate her from the rest of the world. Stepping from the cover of the trees, he approached to watch more closely. She did not take notice of him, the water and her bathing the only things in her mind.

Gentle drops flowed gently over her skin, her fingers rubbing them in to free all the spots of dust that settled in from traveling. Her nipples were hard from the coolness of the water and her leisurely pattern of washing. Rahmoro sat back on his hind legs, content to watch her slow bathing, content that she was not a threat to his silent valley.

Her fingers moved slowly over the tender skin of her stomach. Eyes closed as she leaned her head back into the flowing water. A quiet gasp escaping her lips as her small finger explored her belly button. Lingering, circular motions moved down her stomach, touching the soft light fur that rested below it. Rahmoro had never the pleasure of seeing a female naked before, it was

stirring in him emotions he had never felt before. Completely entranced, he watched as she slid her fingers into the soft fur that held some secret he had never observed.

Her fingers did not linger long though, soon she turned slightly away from him. Rising her foot from the water she placed it on the flat stone near her and bending a bit began to wash her legs. As she leaned in to touch her feet, Rahmoro gazed at her naked bottom with intrigue.

Its round softness seemed almost to ask him to touch, and as she bent it spread gently to give him a glance at what her fur had hidden from the other side. He nearly gasped aloud at the pink skin that peeked out of the folds of her soft silken skin. An unexplainable hunger found its way into the pits of his stomach. Her sweet scent softly cascading over him in the light breeze, the fur on his back tingling in response.

She still washed slowly, completely oblivious to anything around her. Gently exploring her body for spots of dirt she may have missed. Rahmoro found himself edging closer to the water, his eyes completely fixated on her fair skin. Her nipples stood out hard from her breasts and her hands had found their way back between her legs. As he watched, she spread her legs to let the water pour in.

His captivation was complete; nothing existed outside the need to fulfill the strange hunger that drove through his body. The small wood elf had sat upon the flat stone, her hands still moving between her legs. Her scent drove him completely beyond thought, dropping his cloak and belt to the ground he bounded into the water to stand before her.

Sudden realization that she was not alone caused her to jump, her small hands raising up to stop his charge. As her fingers slid into the soft fur of his mane, he did stop. His face burrowed into the sweet smell that was driving him wild, her quiet cries of protest completely unnoticed. Silky wetness covered his nose and tempted him to taste. He knelt in the water before her.

The cool water flowed gently over his stomach, tickling the stem of the need that was burning in him. His tongue escaped his lips and licked softly at the tender skin covered in her sweet juices. Her fingers held tightly to his mane. He was not aware of whether it was an attempt to pull him away or hold him there. His hunger clouded his awareness of her responses, as he tenderly explored the sweet tastes of her hidden place.

Her skin gently trembled beneath him; the sweet wetness flooded over his tongue when he slid it into the small hole that produced it. Her legs were up on his shoulders, quivering nearly uncontrollably as his tongue pressed in and out of her. Her fingers wrapped tightly in his mane as her hips pressed against him. He felt something near explosion point, as more of her passion exploded in a small fountain over his face.

He pulled his head free of her grasp, a loud roar exploded from his lungs. Frightened the little wood elf tried to pull away, her soft blue eyes wide with fear. His massive paws slammed down on the rock at either side of her face. She froze, the quivering of ecstasy the only thing still moving her as he pulled his hind legs between hers. Rahmoro's face pressed into her neck, his warm breath causing her to respond instinctively again. His lips touched over hair, soft and wet, the hardness between his legs searched of its own accord to embed itself in the warmth his tongue had found so inviting.

The wetness between her legs was slippery; his hardness pressed against her and slipped up. She jumped beneath him as he slid passed the small hard nub he had watched grow. There was no fighting as he continued to search, her small gasps of pleasure responded to the soft touch of his lips on her neck. Sliding her hand between them, the wood elf grasped the hardness of his manhood. "Please," she whispered into his ear. Guiding him slowly, she pressed his largeness to where she wanted it. The warmth of her called for him to bury himself in her. He pressed against the smallness of her opening; she trembled and spread herself wider.

"Please," she whispered again. "I want all of it, I want to feel all of you in me." He sat up to look at her as he pressed into her; his eyes glossy with the passion that flooded through him.

With a thrust he forced himself into her, as the head popped in, he roared loudly with pleasure. Her hips rose up to meet his thrusts and the frenzy that followed was heady and heated. Her small cries followed by his throaty grunts. Her legs trembled as they wrapped around his hindquarters. She held him close to her as the mighty explosion flooded through both of them.

Rahmoro rested his face into his beautiful angel's neck. "I do not even know your name." He whispered softly, some of his senses returning to him. "As I do not know yours," she whispered back, nuzzling her face into his mane. Her arms and legs still wrapped around him.

"I am, Rahmoro, this is," he started but an odd noise caught his attention. Standing, he reluctantly freed himself of her arms and turned. On the edge of the shore someone moved. With a loud roar, he bounded to his cape and belt.

"Who trespasses in the lands of Rahmoro?!" He growled loudly.

"It is I Uiender, Mage of Gharistron; and Sir Robin." A figure stepped from the forest to present himself. "I beg pardon of your Lord Rahmoro, but it is not trespass that finds us here. We were admitted by the Enigma Gates." He bowed lavishly before the naked, soaked beast. "It has sent a message, 'If Lord Rahmoro wishes of the sun to set, and provide him with privacy, then his Lordship must find this enchantment of his own accord.'" "Rahmoro frowned slightly, turning from the Mage and his friend he picked up the belt and the cloak, returning to the small wood elf he carefully covered her beautiful soft skin and kissed her softly.

"I apologize for not hearing the call of the gates," he turned back to the men. "I was," he sighed, never having been in this predicament before he found himself at a loss for words and his usual etiquette. "How may I help you, Mage of Gharistron?" He reluctantly left the side of his beauty and approached the shore again.

"We actually come to you for two reasons." The Mage smiled brightly, and Sir Robin nearly seemed to fidget beside him. "The first is a mask we are curious if you could help myself and Mistress Demuire with. The second," His eyes looked past Rahmoro to the wood elf. "Is to pick up Everine, whom was supposed to meet us at the Enigma Gates."

"I am sorry, Master Uiender, I did not notice the gates when I ported in, but this inviting waterfall called to me." She held herself wrapped in the cloak and came to stand beside Rahmoro. "I hope you do not mind too much." Her face blushed a gentle red.

Rahmoro was again distracted by her. “Everine,” he whispered softly, as if feeling how the name flowed from his lips. His emerald eyes stared deeply into her soft blue ones. As if suddenly recalling her manners she stepped back from him quickly.

“My Lord Rahmoro, my deepest apologies for entering your lands without proper announcement and invite.” She knelt carefully keeping the cloak from the mud beneath her. Standing she continued as he watched with an expression of both confusion and amusement. “I am Everine, Druid of Larisca, and member of Robin LaRouge’s Company.” She bowed in the style that Uiender had presented himself in.

“Your apology is dually noted, as is your introduction.” He bowed slightly to her. “I feel that I may find some way to excuse your trespass.” He smiled at her. “If you will dress and come speak with us on the far plateau. As a druid I am sure you will have no difficulty in locating us.” She smiled and nodded.

As they walked away, she turned to cross the river and retrieve her clothes. Robin noticed that she held the cloak tightly around her. Smiling quietly he followed the two casters, thinking if maybe his dear Everine might have found reason to hold so closely something that covered the nakedness she usually flaunted.

Stepping lightly onto the plateau, Everine smiled at the men as they talked. She held carefully Lord Rahmoro’s cloak in her arms.

“It is agreed then,” Master Uiender spoke.

“Yes, and I personally request that Everine be the liaison to retrieve my findings.” He smiled at Everine and approached her. “If that is acceptable to you, My Fair Lady.”

She nodded, as if her voice was lost. She started to hand him back his cloak but he shook his head. “I wish of you to keep it, I can make another.” Sitting on his hind legs, he looked up into her face. Her fingers slowly touched his mane. “Put it on and remember me while you are away?”

“Always, and I will return.” She wrapped the cloak about her shoulders. Burying her face in his mane, she held him tightly to her. Her voice was a whisper in his ear, “I wish to stay, but..”

“Shhh, hush, I know of responsibility.” He whispered back to her, his lips caressing her neck. “You will return.”