

## A Short Tale of Kario

Kario wrung his hands his back, staring into the fading light of a setting sun. “Tell me skies of the northern seas, why for art thou?” No answer was forth coming.

He walked quietly into the darkening woods. His ears heard the sound of small nocturnal animals awakening. “Tell me brown bat of the night, why for art thou?” Again no answer was forth coming.

He walked silently passed the blooming Corinias, their sweet smell enticing. “Tell me nighttime petals, why for art thou?” They silently waved in the breeze, but spoke not a word.

Kario came to a bubbling spring. He sipped of the sweet mountain water. “Tell me tranquil water, why for art thou?”

“Kario,” a small soothing voice whispered. Petite fingers caressing his arms as he turned to see who spoke. Soft green eyes stared into his dark serious ones.

“The answer is simple, as all answers are.” She climbed into his lap as he knelt at the shore, her small arms encircling his neck.

“Why do you search so hard?” Her fingers played gently in the soft brown locks at the base of his neck.

“Why then, why are these things?” He studied her light green skin, the long ears the stood out over her fiery red hair. “I want to know why.”

“But you know why, Kario.” She whispered, her tender lips caressing his. “It is not truly the question that you wish to ask” Her tongue touched his lips, soft as a cloud from the sky. “But even that question has a simple answer.”

She smelled of the morning dew and her touch breathed warmth into his numbed heart. He did not kiss her back, but a part of him did not want her to stop. “What question do I seek answers to?” His voice as silent as the darkness that was falling over them.

Slender legs straddled him; he could feel her lush breasts press against his tunic. Her soft lips coasted down his neck as she held him close. Something told him that he should stop this small creature, tell her to be gone; but her voice was familiar warmth.

“You seek to know why your heart is broken.” Her hips moved slowly in a soft circle over him. A small gasp escaped her lips as she felt him respond. His hands moved to her small waist, and his eyes were nearly closed. “You seek refuge, you seek reawakening, you came here for that.”

“But the answers?” Burying his face in her hair, he could barely remember what the questions were, her sweet scent encompassing everything that he was. Sometime during their talk, her fingers had removed the fastenings to his clothes and as she lightly moved over him, she removed them, freeing him of their weight.

“It is all here for your pleasure, as am I.” Her voice muffled by soft gasps of pleasure as she explored his naked body. The stiffness of his manhood being the center of her exploration. Her dainty lips embracing it with a quiet hunger.

Heaving a sigh of contentment, he let his fingers tangle into her hair. The topic was fading from his memory as he watched her beautiful face, but he had to know. “The other question? The answer?”

Slowly she lifted her face to look into his. Her hands took hold of his shoulders and pulled herself onto him again. Satiny warmth enveloped his hardness, and his eyes closed as he took hold of her hips. “Fate asks you to walk a new path.” She breathed into his ear as he rocked her in his lap. “It has more lessons for you to excel at.”

Velvet incased him, passionate and comforting, sucking him in and out with each swing of her hips. Quiet words of pleasure and encouragement whispered from her sweet lips as his need overwhelmed him. Her head leaned back as buried his face into her neck. Together they felt the wave of ecstasy engulf the other, bringing an exclamation of joy from her lips.

He slowly brought them to lie on the soft moss covered ground, holding her hips to him, unwilling to separate from the silky warmth that sheathed him. Softly he nuzzled her neck, “My love,” he whispered.

“My sweet, Kario. I have always been here, Love, and here I will always await you.” Entwined in her tender arms sleep overcame him.

Morning came to find him wrapped in the softest of silk blankets. A light breeze blowing over him.

“Well, Ranger of Sharistia, are you ready to return to us?” A deep voice asked causing him to jump.

Turning he saw the dark cloak of his dearest friend, his comrade in arms. Robin’s hood was off and he looked casually at the brightly colored leaves over their heads. Kario straightened the blankets to allow him to sit up. Taking a bit from an apple in his hand, he tossed the other from his side to his unclad friend.

Smiling Kario spoke cheerfully. “Yes, Sir Robin, I think I found what I needed to find.” He grinned. “However, my clothes appear to be another issue.”

Robin chuckled and tossed a backpack at him. “Well, I imagine Everine would be happy at the sight of a male wood elf wearing only a smile; but I imagine what she would do to you might even make Uiender blush.” He grinned at Kario, and standing walked purposefully to the spring and began filling his flasks with water.