

## Mistress Tarein

Much has happened since I last wrote. The stories are so numerous that it could take much time to write them all down. Not only do I now have the privilege of learning the tales straight from the mouths of Sir Robin and his crew, but I have also begun to live them.

The inn was dark and quiet, evenings this far into the mountains often are. Barely a weary traveler to entertain the barmaids, or take solace in the warmth of the main room's fire. The air was full of the quaint smells of a kitchen stocked with sweets and pastries, the owner had told me he prepares them for the town's festival. The festival was due in next week, we were due out at the very same time.

Master Uiender and Robin had asked us to wait here; it was safer in the inn, as they knew the bartender and owner personally. They would return by morning and we were to take up room should we have to wait that long. Autumn had eaten nothing, and as I sipped on the strong dark mead native to this area, her mind seemed to wander.

Her green eyes are piercing, nearly so mysterious that one cannot help but wonder what tales lay behind them. I had tried to get her talking, but her quiet voice spoke merely riddles, short suggestions that those that ask such questions seldom live to their potential. Still, we were stuck here until they returned; even Everine was off on some adventure we were not to be included in.

Gaylia quietly approached, her wide hips swinging her apron before her. The cheerful smile so inviting, yet her words were not so much. "It is nearly time for you two to head up to your rooms, your friends will not return at such late hour." Her thick fingers gestured to the only other guest in the building. "He is finishing this last drink, when he heads up, I expect you two, to as well." The firmness in her voice left for no argument, and we both simply nodded our heads to her.

I had nearly decided to head up, and I turned to Autumn, to tell her we would be best to go up now, when the door flew open, letting cold wind blow in on us. A gentleman stepped in, his height strong and regal. His dark hair and eyes were nearly vampiric –as if I have ever seen such a thing-, when he turned to us I felt as if the ice from Aritica had soaked into my bones.

My fingers instinctively reached for Autumn's, but she was staring at him as well and did not respond to my fear and need to go. He smiled then, his eyes staring into Autumn's. It was as if before me something else happened, some mysterious thing that I could not fathom began to happen. She stood, her long red hair flowing out behind her shoulders in the last of the cool air that flooded in.

The door closed of its own accord and Gaylia came to him. Instead of telling him to leave, for they were closed, her grin encompassed every inch of her face. Her hunger to serve him and please him was so abundant that I know if I had been closer I would have smelled the need that filled her body and produced such lust that she could not bear to step from this man.

He spoke something to Gaylia, I did not hear what, but she hurried off into the kitchen. Autumn nearly collapsed into her seat and my eyes stayed to the man that walked purposefully to our table. His presence was eerie, something I had not seen before. It was as if he was not a man at all, but some dark creature. I stood, wanting only to stop him from approaching, foreboding was his presence, I knew only evil could come of this.

Nevertheless, Autumn watched him with a glow about her, a need that burnt in her eyes. She nearly gasped as he approached, his long thick fingers caressing her face. "Hello, My Lady Oracie." His voice was a seductive darkness that flowed from his body.

I reached for my blade, I barely spent any time with Robin learning it, but I was willing to draw it in defense of the Lady Autumn. However, it was not to be, for just as Autumn's gasp escaped in response to his touch, coldness slid along the back of my neck and I found darkness encompassing me.

Autumn has no memory of what took place during my unconsciousness. I can only gather by what happened next. For I awoke, hands bound behind my back, the painful press of the hard wood banister in my back, and the sight I held before my eyes.

A woman, dark hooded cloak pulled back, black hair, blacker than the darkest night, leaned against Autumn. Her harsh grey skin stood out against the paler softer tones of the smaller elf. Her dark purple lips pressed softly to Autumn's ear and I heard her whisper.

"Oracie, you will be mine, you cannot resist me, you know you cannot." It was then I saw her hands, sliding down the firm round bottom, I struggled against the bindings that held me, but I could not budge them. Autumn gasped. "Oracie, give yourself to me, it was your destiny, I was meant to follow his footsteps." Her voice was eerie, but as I looked upon her, I realized she wore the dark the cloak of the only other person to have been in the Inn all evening with us, but where was the man?

Autumn's face was pressed cruelly against the wooden wall, her hands strapped with leather straps to magical hooks in the beams above. Her soft green eyes were closed and it seemed she tried desperately to recall something, desperately to fight the touches of the woman's soft fingers over her breasts.

"Am I not enough, Oracie?" She asked, kissing her neck. "Do you need more to understand the pleasantries of being my slave?"

"No, Tarein, please, you must stop." Autumn's breathless plea was barely heard over the storm that brewed outside.

"Mistress Tarein." Her teeth clenched as she hissed the words into Autumn's hair. "You WILL call me, Mistress," she twisted Autumn's nipples cruelly, "or you will be punished, my slave."

She took a step back from Autumn, and with a flick of her hand, I watched as dark purple whisps enveloped the small elf, sucking and tearing at the clothes she wore. Autumn's cries of pain were not nearly as frightening as the sound of the whisps that tore her clothes from her. As if nails scratched down glass, horrifying and cruel on the ears.

"Please! Stop!" Autumn's pleas were answered by cackling as Tarein raised both hands and flooded out darkness from them.

"A present for you, Oracie," the darkness formed into the man whom had stepped into the Inn before I had lost consciousness. "Pain and pleasure, we shall see which makes you beg more." His dark body took form, perfectly shaped shoulders and hips, completely naked, even his bottom seemed as if etched from some dream man drawing that had come to life. His eyes filled with the same mysterious light that had drawn Autumn to him. Tarein's fingernails drew gently down his back and he seemed to lean back hungrily against them.

Her laughter shook me all the way to my bones, yet my voice would not free itself and my bindings seemed to get tighter by the moment. She pushed him gently towards Autumn.

Autumn did not turn her face from the wall. Her forehead pressed against the coolness and her eyes closed. I could tell she knew he was there, her nipples hardened and her back arched as he approached. Her body betrayed her, even if her mind would not.

His fingers slide down her spine, she gasped, and her head fell back. "No, please, no," her whisper shook just as her body did. Yet his fingers did not stop. Slowly they slide along her naked bottom to grasp her firmly.

"I have missed you, Oracie." His voice was dark shadow that flowed over her neck and shoulders. "I still love you," his tongue slide up her ear to the point and gently sucked it into his mouth. "I want to give Mistress Tarein all the things she asks." His voice was outside the body, I could see this as I watched his lips moving along her ear. His hands slid around to her breasts, and were kneading them softly as she trembled. "If you are obedient she will bring us together again." His forefinger and thumb twirled her hard nipples slowly.

"Please, no! Please." Her gasps were only those words, she trembled beneath his touches, and I could smell her need filling the room. I could not see how she would hold out, how she could continue to fight him. I trembled against the bedposts, as I watched his fingers sliding down her flat stomach to the soft fur I knew must be wet and pink.

Fingers wrapped into my hair then, cold and harsh. A violent shiver over took me, and her dark eyes were inches from my own. "Do you like?" Her breath was cold as ice over my face. "Do you want her too?" It was a whisper as I felt her other hand sliding down my chest. "Do you hunger to know what her wet pussy feels like wrapped around your cock?"

My gasp escaped against my will, it made her laugh manically, and I shivered again. "Maybe I will give her to you, too." Her cold purple lips pressed cruelly against mine. She bit into my bottom lip, nearly drawing blood, but was just as suddenly back across the room.

“She wants you,” she whispered to the dark man. Her fingers slide over his where he rubbed between the writhing Autumn’s legs. “Beg him, Oracie, tell him what you want.” Her fingers pressed his against her harder, moving them faster along her clit. “Tell him you feel the waves coming, tell him you want his cock in you when you cum.” Her voice was cruel, but it edged a seductive quality that caused my own need to twitch and push roughly against my leggings.

“Please,” Autumn whispered, wetness slid down her legs and the smell of her flooded the room.

“Please what, Oracie?” Tarein’s fingers reached down and took the man’s hard cock into them. “Tell us, Oracie, let me hear it.” Her fingers slide over him, pressing him against Autumn’s soft bottom. “Tell me, Oracie.” She repeated as Autumn pressed against the seeking hardness.

“No, please, I can’t.” She tried to pull away but three hands pulled her closer, raising her onto her tiptoes and pushing her bottom up higher into the air.

“You can, Oracie, tell us.” Her lips wrapped around Autumn’s nipple and sucked it into her mouth. Autumn’s cry was both of fear and defeat as her juices soaked through the seeking hands to the floor below. The dark, hard cock began to imbed itself deep into her and Tarein’s fingers rubbed small slow circles in the wetness around Autumn’s swollen clit.

“Give it freely, Oracie.” She whispered as her tongue began to play circles around her breast, slowly moving down to her stomach. “I can take it, but it is so much more delicious when you give it.”

“No,” she whispered again. Her body ached to move from them but she had nowhere to go. To push back imbedded her more deeply on the slowly rocking hardness soaked in her juices, and to move forward pressed the cold wet lips to her stomach more firmly. “Please,” she cried out again.

“Cum for me, Oracie.” She whispered, as her tongue explored Autumn’s navel. “Feed me your juices, give me your power.” She drove her tongue deep into Autumn’s navel and as she screamed the other hand slide around to her bottom. “No more fighting, Oracie, you are mine!” Her voice was firm and her mouth encompassed Autumn’s wet lips as her fingers drove into the final place they had not conquered. The man grunted and pushed in hard behind her fingers, pushing both into Autumn deeper.

Autumn’s scream was accompanied by a sudden burst of lightening, and I could feel the dampness at the front of my pants. I could barely breath as the tightness filled my entire body. I could not see how she would resist this final ploy, her body drenched in sweat and need. Her eyes closed as her head leaned back against the firmly pounding man. Her hard nipples pointed straight up into the air and I could feel her cumming, as if from across the room her power soaked even into me, driving me past my ability to deny the orgasm that waited in the hardness that pressed cruelly against pants I had never thought to be tight before.

However, it was also at that very moment that the door slammed open. A ruckus occurred in the mere moments my eyes closed to cum, freezing my reaction with a painful stop. Autumn's cry interrupted by a shot of blue light that flew into the wall beside her. Autumn trembled and collapsed against the bindings. The man flew into shards of darkness that scattered to all corners of the room, and Tarein stood swiftly to face the intruder.

"It is not so simple," her voice a quiet hiss. "She is mine, she was to be mine, it is how it is to be." Her fingers grabbed cruelly into Autumn's hair, pulling her head roughly back and bearing her neck. "She is mine!" Tarein's teeth barred sharp as a wolf's and she headed for the fair skin of the nearly conscious Autumn. Blue light flashed through the room again and slammed into the side of Tarein's head, knocking her hard against the wall.

"She does not belong to you, Tarein." Master Uiender stood there, beside him -the dark shadow I have come to know as Robin, and barely in the doorway was Everine. "You will leave." He stepped forward, another ball of light forming in his hand. "You will leave now!"

"NO!" She hissed at him, picking herself up off the floor. "I will not leave without her!"

The bolt of light hit her square in the chest as her fingers reached for Autumn. "Then we shall end your miserable existence." Master Uiender's voice was frightening in his seriousness; I had not heard him speak with such authority and conveying such dread before. Robin was circling around the room to Tarein.

"It's not over, it will never be over, Uiender, I WILL have her." As Robin's knife flew from the darkness towards Tarein, she disappeared. Her form became a sudden shadow that dissolved into the floor and Robin's blade slammed point into the wall.

Robin pulled his blade from the wall and in the blink of an eye, cut the straps holding Autumn to the wall. She fell with a gasp into Master Uiender's arms. "Please," she whispered. Her eyes glowing a green shade of light that seemed ready to explode, and the sight of her hunger caused a responding grunt from Uiender and myself.

"Autumn," He whispered, his breathing becoming rapid as she planted kisses down his neck and shoulders. "I am sorry; I should not have left you." Her fingers escaped into his robe and he instantly pulled her into his lap.

"Please, My Master," she whispered desperately. "I want you, I need you." Her lips pressed hard against his and even the feeling of Robin cutting my binds did not distract me from the sight of Autumn planting herself over Master Uiender. "I want to cum for you, My Master. I need to."

"Autumn, My Love," he answered breathlessly.

Suddenly warm lips pressed to mine and I stared into the lovely eyes of Everine. "May I help you with that?" She asked as her hands slide down between my legs. I did not have to answer her; my deep groan was all she needed.