

Robin's Visit with Queen Gabriella

I met a wench in a small tavern on the outskirts of Rafitril; she was a voluptuous creature of great form and breasts that could feed a man for days. Her cheery outlook was only overshadowed by how much she missed her Queen, her "Mistress" as she called her. Her tale of meeting with Robin was difficult to come by, so enraptured was she with her Mistress that this tale was often interrupted with other tales -I shall one day come to tell those as well. Nearly a week of sweet wines and native delicacies I endured to bring you this tale.

She sat between her Mistress's legs, licking softly at the wet lips and swollen clit that slowly grew to its pinky length. The vague sounds of court being held around her did not distract her from the sucking and fulfilling of her Queen's needs. The nakedness of her body was of no concern for her either, and the feel of the cool buckle straps against her back, that held the golden plates protecting her Mistress's knees, gave her wondrous pleasure and comfort. So enraptured was she in the soft purple skin beneath her tongue and lips that she did not realize when her Mistress became irate with the going-ons of her court.

A quiet pop filled the air and Fazi fell face forward onto the cushion in her Mistress's throne. Her breasts pressed hard against the cool redwood of the framework of a suddenly empty chair. She turned slowly as her Mistress reappeared a few feet across the room, standing at the shoulder of a new comer in a dark robe, and a mysterious presence about him. She held her jeweled dagger that sparkled in the sunlight that flowed down from the high ceiling windows, to the visitor's neck and whispered something that Fazi could not hear.

The dark, quiet figure neither moved nor spoke. His obscure manner only interrupted when she yelled and he suddenly betrayed great feats of grace and agility. Suddenly, as if by magic that was unable to be seen by the naked mortal eye, her Mistress was straddled by the dark cloaked figure. A screech echoed from Fazi's lips and the guards encircled the duo immediately.

"I may or may not live through this," a deep voice that spoke like a whisper but echoed firmly through the large chamber. "However, I guarantee you this, My Lady, should I die, it will not be alone."

Queen Gabriella's eyes burnt brighter than the fires of Casdilian, her mouth turned into a scowl that usually would mean a head would roll before dawn the next day. Yet the knave seemed not even a tad disturbed nor moved by her anger, he held still the blade at her throat that was her own dagger and in his other hand, he held a rapier high that discouraged the movement of her guards.

"Not a breath of movement, My Lady," his voice seemed to get lower. "You threatened me, and I return the favor, but should you wish to attempt another teleport before we have come to terms with this threat I shall have to hurt you."

“You return here and think you have some hold over me, Child?!” She demanded of him, letting him press the dagger against her throat even harder. “OUT!” she shouted causing him to pull the blade from her throat a bit. “All of you out! Now!” she demanded. Everyone hesitated barely a minute, but none were eager to question the words of their Mistress. They filed from the throne room heads hung low in fear for and of their Queen.

Fazi, however, did not move. She would have if the Queen had taken notice of her even once, but the orders of the soldiers and other members of the throne room were not meant for her lap dog. Thus, the small blonde sat upon her knees and watched her Mistress, wishing every second for her to return to her seat so she might part the soft silken strips that hung between her legs and drink of her sweet nectar. Fazi’s mind wandered but still she noticed through her daydreaming the happenings before her, because they were important, more important than the soft supple skin of her Mistress’s thighs, and vital to her wait was the things that transpired mere feet from where she sat on her knees.

As the door closed behind the subjects, it echoed throughout the spacious room, seeming to bounce off the empty chairs and silenced tables. The mysterious figure seemed to just appear standing at the fallen Queen’s side, bowing deeply he put his hand out to her. She refused it and with a pop, appeared standing at his side, his hand twisted cruelly behind his back.

“Then we battle,” he spoke sternly and to disappeared. For a moment it was as if no one was in the room, small popping noises broke out from spot to spot and shadows moved incomprehensibly over tables and chairs, toppling furniture, causing candles to flicker and chandeliers to swing. Had Fazi not been familiar with her Mistress’s powers she might have fled the room screaming of hauntings and angered Gods. However, this was not the first time that she had seen this, and she simply watched with longing and hunger to have the battle finished.

Nearly at the same time, that Fazi’s mind thought this a sudden pop behind her brought silky cloth over her face and strong knees about her neck. “Enough!” her strong female voice rang out causing Fazi to flinch. The rogue appeared inches in front of the frightened lap dog. His face was hidden in the darkness of his cloak. “If you permit my Pet to pleasure you, I will hear what it is you have come to speak to me off.”

“You know I cannot do that Gabriella.” He said as sternly as before. Not a movement betrayed any emotion or response to the naked female that knelt wrapped in her Mistress’s legs. Fazi did not move either, and besides the small tremble that had taken to her bottom lip in anticipation of pleasing her Mistress, she seemed unaware of the conversation before her.

“No, it is not that you cannot, Robin, it is that you refuse to allow yourself these pleasures.” She sighed, wrapped her fingers into Fazi’s soft golden hair pulling her to turn, and place her lips into the sweet nectar the girl hungered to taste. “There is no reason while you will not accept it, other than you choice not to.”

Robin turned away a bit. "I concede the point, as I have not come here to discuss what I will or will not do sexually." His voice had quieted and he seemed to not wish to look at what occurred in the throne seat. Fazi was busy licking slowly up the soft inner thighs, carefully moving the silks that covered her when she stood.

"Robin, I will not change my mind, if you seek my council you will abide by the rules of my court." She held tightly to her Pet's hair, pushing her into her sex so the girl might busy herself licking softly the part of her desire that needed the most attention.

"I cannot, why do you test me like this?" he demanded, his voice becoming loud and angered. He stood as if ready to fight, his cloak still hidden the anger that burnt in his brown eyes.

"You may know the ways of a rogue, sweet Robin, but I have known the ways of the body since before you even met me." She was gently petting Fazi's hair. "I owe you, that has not changed, but I will not break the rules of my court for one even such as yourself." Her eyes stared intently into the darkness of the cloak. "If you truly need my council you will abide by the rules you knew you would find upon returning here."

He stood still, as if staring deeply into the Queen's soul. The only sound in the room was the quiet sucking noises of Fazi working patiently. A moment passed and the Queen Gabriella raised her hand into the air, a quick snapping noise produced a small brunette, she danced quietly to her Mistress's side and bowed. Her naked breasts bounced happily and her soft gentle hips rocked back and forth. Gabriella slides her ringed fingers down the girl's stomach, tickling the soft fur on top of her mound, she pointed to Robin, and the girl nodded happily.

Robin sighed defeat, there was little he could do to stop this, he needed her help. Master Uiender had refused to take his place in this undertaking, and it must be done. It was true; Queen Gabriella had a fondness for Robin, ever since he rescued her harem and returned it to her. He was grateful that she did not call for her entourage to return to the throne room, but he did not take pleasure that she would send her harem to entertain him.

Queen Gabriella pulled her pet from between her legs and stood. She went to the small lounge and lay across its velvet length. Fazi knew immediately what was required of her, this meant she was wanted to watch the entertainment put before her while administering to the needs of her Mistress's muscles. She stood to one side and began to work slowly over the tight muscles that layered her Queen's back, her eyes casually watching as Dai pulled a soft reclining chair to sit behind Robin.

It was the duty of all the pets the Mistress kept to learn and watch, for they would not spend their entire lifetime in her servitude. Ultimately, the goal was to teach them to enjoy sex, and to find them someone to please and bring a family into their kingdom. Fazi was not completely thrilled at the thought of leaving her Mistress, but was aware of this truth and accepted it as best she could.

Dai's soft small fingers slid lightly over the seam of the cloak that lined Robin's face, her hips moved charmingly against his side, and her naked breasts brushed his arm as she moved. The cloak slide down onto his back and his soft features came into view. He was handsome, his chin-line strong and commanding, his deep brown eyes set and as mysterious as the cloak he wore to hide himself. Soft brown curls sparkled with red highlights encircling his face.

Fazi felt her Mistress's gentle orgasm just at the sight of him. She smiled and worked at kneading the muscles in her lower back. "Speak, Sir Robin." she said quietly. "Tell me why you come to seek my council."

The girl's silky fingers played softly over his chin as she deftly removed the clasp that held his cloak around his shoulders. It fell to the floor silently, no more sound than falling leaves in autumn. "I seek information," his voice was quiet, as if he refrained from any response, neither physical nor emotional. "In regards to Ora Cormasive Dragilistre."

Muscles tightened hard as stone beneath Fazi's fingers, and she feared that Robin had offended her Mistress, but she did not jump from her comfortable place, nor did she stop Fazi from her work. "Exactly why do you seek this information?" Her voice was controlled; but had Robin not been distracted by the velvet lips exploring gently down his neck and shoulders as Dai's small fingers tickled over his chest removing his shirt; he might have realized the dangerous ground he was about to stomp upon.

"His magic has become of necessary interest to myself and other members of my party." He answered as he tried not to gasp at the lips that softly encircled his nipple and sucked it into her warm wet mouth.

"The mutterings of a madman should be of no concern to any that have not suffered his ill sorcery." The Queen hid well her anger, and while Fazi had never seen quite this response to a request for information, this was the game she played with most that came before her court. Often was how she sent the beautiful women of her harem home with men to build families and further her power.

"I," Robin gasped as Dai's lips slid gently over his belly button and her fingers dropped his belt and pants to the floor. "I feel, that it best left unexplained, Gabriella." He answered letting his fingers drift into the soft golden hair. "You do this to distract me from the point." He whispered. Fingers drew light circles over his thighs tickling.

"There is not much information I can share with you regarding that Sorcerer, Robin, unless," she paused as Dai careful pushed Robin into the seat and began to use her tongue to carefully explore every inch of flesh that had lain hidden beneath his pants.

Robin saw the hardness that responded eagerly to the touches of this beautiful woman, the sight of it making him even hungrier to fulfill desires long put aside for more necessary objectives. Her legs spread gradually and she straddled his knee pressing her soft, warm, wetness against his knee. She began to move back and forth in rhythm with her fingers over his hard cock. "Unless, what?" His voice became unable to hide the excitement he was desperately trying

to fight. “Why are you toying with me, Gabriella?” He gasped loudly as the fingers that stroked his hardness slid under and grasped his soft sacks beneath. The smell of sex was finally getting to him, driving him beyond understanding and he was losing any interest in the conversation at hand.

Dai stood and gently straddled his legs; her legs spread far and wide to permit her to stand over his hardness as he watched her slowly lower herself over him. His eyes watched and his hands grasped tightly to her hips as she slowly began to push her wetness over him. The head of his cock encountered warmth that nearly burnt, but at the same time was soft wetness that flooded his entire being with desire, he felt as if he would explode at any moment. Dai seemed to suspect this, her fingers pushed down between them and blocked Robin’s view, a soft pinch to his inner thigh caused him to gasp and the orgasm stopped. He frowned at her a moment, wanting to become angry, but Gabriella was speaking again.

“You have not told me why it is so important that Sir Robin and his mighty band of heroes have need for this information.” She spoke; marveling at the control Dai had over Robin already. She sensed something that was not right here, she could not quite put her finger on it, but she knew something was not as it should be.

Robin was instantly distracted again, the wetness was slowly dripping down over his hardness; this girl seemed to be wetter than anything he had imagined. Her hips betrayed his hold on them and moved seductively over him, allowing just the tip to ever touch any part of her. His eyes stared intently at the object that teased him. “It is a very personal matter,” he whispered as an afterthought, never pulling his eyes from Dai’s pussy. “I would tell you,” a smile played across his face. “But then I would have to kill you.”

Paying no attention to the conversation at hand, Dai chose that very moment to press the full length of his hard waiting cock into her. Pushing down hard and causing him to groan loudly as the hot wetness encompassed him, wrapping soft velvet muscles tightly around his throbbing hardness, and pressing him in until her bottom pressed against his silken sacks. The suddenness brought him to immediate orgasm, he shot her full, his hands holding tightly to her hips as he thrust up against her, his cock jumping in her and causing her to gasp uncontrollably. She giggled lightly to herself as she watched his eyes roll into the back of his head. The Mistress had not warned her this was a virgin. She giggled again to herself and planted soft kisses down the front of his neck.

Gabriella had sat straight up; there was one possibility, not another existed. “Out, both of you.” she said to the girls who stopped and stared mouths agape at their Mistress. “Go, your assistance is not needed my Pets.”

“Yes, Mistress,” they both chimed, with little pouts. Fazi was most distraught at being sent from her Mistress’s side, longingly she watched Queen Gabriella take Robin into her arms, planting soft kisses down his cheek by his ear. She sat in his lap and whispered; the girls stepped through the door and quietly closed it behind them.

That was the end of the tale that Fazi could tell me, currently married to the successful innkeeper here. Her tales often impressed the patrons and had brought quite a bit of steady business to this otherwise quiet part of town. Fazi said there was no more of the tale she could tell, her Mistress would call her later that evening back to her place as lap dog, and Robin had left before that.

After hearing this tale, I became curious of some of my findings. Next, I will travel a bit closer to the places that Robin LaRouge himself has recently visited; I feel there is something missing, some secret mission hidden amongst the travels. I shall write again, from Tarika's Keep, for I have heard that Robin and his crew were seen there last.