

## **The Sirens of Tirian's Deep**

The fire was burning brightly, lit by Sir Robin whom had wandered off to keep watch. It would seem he never needed sleep. Our travel thus far had been uneventful, and even under the full moon of clear cool night it seemed it would thus stay.

Early on, Autumn had wandered off, agreeing to meet us at the end of the Silent Woods. Master Uiender had kissed her soft lips and bid her be wary for even here she might not be as safe as it would seem. Everine sat close to me; I could nearly feel the warmth of her skin. Kario sat tending the fire and I wondered why they had let me come so far. I am but a mere storyteller.

Kario looked over at me; one could not realize the full grace of the woodland elves if they had never beheld it. His smile glowed on his face, he brought lights about the fire, and it swirled above in a magnificent display.

“Storyteller, I have a tale for you, one for the chronicles you are sending away to your playful nymph.” His grin was nearly mischievous, as if he taunted me for details.

“She is not quite a nymph,” I frowned, not wishing to give out more details. “What story is it, Kario?”

He waved his hand over the fire, it suddenly appeared as if waves broke out over the air and washed into the glowing flames.

“It is the trip to find the golden horn.” Kario did enjoy his tales, but seldom had I seen him complete one. Of all the party he seemed most doomed to have his stories interrupted by some creature traveling through and wishing to tackle us at the most inopportune moment. However, even knowing this he played with the light of the fire and brought a picture of a large seaworthy ship whose silver sails danced majestically in the smoke. “Robin is on a quest, you know.” His eyes took a sideward glance, many had hinted and none had given me details of this fact. “Which someday you will see the completion of.” He smiled.

The picture in the smoke changed to storm clouds, pouring rain into the fire that caused a fiery orange steam to fill the air, and it seemed I could almost smell the sea flowing through it. “We found a ship, magnificent, and borrowed, on good faith that it would be returned in the same shape that it had been borrowed. However, I am not sure they would have allowed us to borrow it, had they realized the ship was to go to Tirian’s Deep. It was there, on a small island that the horn is.”

In the fire appeared a map of sorts, showing three islands, the middle one larger than the others and seemed to be engulfed in large mountainous rocks. The smaller one had a picture of a golden horn.

“As we traveled numerous storms would engulf the ship, but luckily only one person was to be lost and we had barely gotten off track.” The image was the storms again. “We wanted to come in right off this coast, the map showed a coastline of trees and gentle waves. But the storms

had pushed us just north of our goal, and as the clouds cleared to let us lose from the most recent storm, we were headed right into the rocky cliffs surrounding the center island. It was mere moments into the discovery that we could hear the sound of the rocks beneath us tearing into the hull. There was no time to prevent the loss of the ship, and barely time to order all to abandon ship.”

Fire built a tall image of cliffs and stormy seas. There was something else on the cliffs, something I could not quite see. Kario seemed to pause, as if he debated drawing the escaping crew into the image that even now began to fade.

“It was strange, what happened next.” He seemed to be lost for words and I looked to Everine.

“I was away with a friend; I was not on their journey. To be exact, there were no women on Captain Gore’s ship, he did not permit them. Seldom even as passengers.” She answered my unspoken question.

“No, had then been women the story might have played out differently.” Kario’s thoughts seemed to have freed his voice and pushed a stick into the charcoals causing the flames to climb up high.

“We abandoned ship, climbing into the two small life boats, those whom would fit.” He struck the charcoals and sparks flew higher into the air but did not seem to approach us. “Many were trying to swim, but the waters are treacherous, and no amount of tugging could keep all of them afloat.” Sadness filled his eyes. “We lost nearly a dozen just in that very moment of fleeing ship. Captain Gore holds no remorse, ‘such is the life of a seaman’ was all he said.”

A beautiful redheaded female appeared in the smoke, her smile inviting and appealing. Her breasts hung seductively loose in a thin blouse of what I must assume was silk. Her hazel eyes burnt with the flames as if something mystical hid behind them. “We were barely into the shallows of the shore when a sound invaded our ears, our minds, our souls.” The female’s hands seemed to gesture for me to come to her. “It was a wonderful sound. Seductive, enticing, music to make our hungers strong and complete. We wandered onto shore, forgetting the swimmers whom seemed to be caught under the same spell. Had it not been for the music the smell of death about the island would have been warning, a sign of imminent danger.”

Again, the smoke and fire grew, becoming filled with beautiful dancing women. Their hair flowed playfully out behind their backs, their thin dresses seemed to spread into the very smoke itself and pull it to dance along. Their eyes were beauty like beauty I had never beheld before. They seemed to giggle, to call to me, and the story was there, in the fire, unfolding before my very eyes.

The beach was soft solid ground beneath their feet, a contrast making the treacherous rocks behind them seem even crueler. They moved like sleeping men towards the beautiful maidens that danced into the quiet caves. One for each them, some thin, some thick, redheads, blondes, brunettes. As if something read their very minds and created a dream woman, they

could only hope to have before them. They were happy, not a one thinking of their sunken ship off the shore. Not a one mourning the loss of so many of their comrades.

Following they, entered the dark caves, into the hungry grasps of their beautiful women. A shadow seemed to separate from the rest of the group, flowing into the bushes that bordered the caverns. Distracted my eyes followed the other men, watched them fall into the arms of the beauties before them.

The one attached to Kario's arms was small, a short cute little pixie like girl. Her bright green skin seemed to glow in the darkness; her large eyes stared intently into his. She pulled his hand until he stood before a small rock and pushed him to sit on it. With a giggle, she was sitting in his lap. Her long slender fingers exploring his face, gently touching his eyelids, his cheekbones, the strong bridge of his nose.

He was infatuated, lost in her sea-green eyes and the soft fingers exploring him. His own hands, large in contrast to such a small creature, held softly to her hips. Wiggling she brought her hips over him, her long strands of silver hair tickle over his chest, slow rocking motions that brought groans of need to escape the mouth that was suddenly engulfed with strong hungry lips. Soft, sweet to the touch, his need pressed painfully against his pants.

She knew though, knew what would please him, as if the soft gentle song that flowed from her body could read his every thought, know his every need. Her arms wrapped tenderly around his neck, her lips pressed to his forehead. She pulled her thin long legs up and between his, instantly her body was sliding down his. Her breasts sliding tantalizingly down his chest, his stomach, to press against his growing hardness.

Her giggle was infectious, I smiled just watching it, and the world around the story in the fire was gone as I saw her song change. Watched its white strands of magic engulf him, encircling him in a state of unimaginable desire and ecstasy. Her fingers played along the edges of the hardness in his pants, never opening it, only planting kisses along the outside.

Captain Gorc lay on the hard cold floor nearby, his large bulk of a form holding a hefty female. Her breasts nearly hung out of the thin blouse, her fingers played along his lips. She straddled his middle, singing and giggling like all the other women. Hips moving over him in wide circles that brought groans from the bigger man.

Suddenly the song changed, nearly a broken tune that caused every man to blink for a moment. A shadow froze behind the small female attached to Kario, a shiny blade in her back that caused a flowing air movement to shiver over her. The singing picked back up, a faster pace, as if the things changed the very world around them with their song. The women ignored the shadow, dancing with the men in a sexual frenzy that brought desperation to them.

Swirling blue and white strands engulfed the shadow, pulling the darkness to reveal Sir Robin in his dark cloak. He struck at them with his blade as they formed females attempting to find some shape that would appeal to his manhood, to his hunger, to his need. Another voice

sang with them, a solid form that slid through the masses towards him. Her song echoed theirs, but was different. Robin stopped his assault of the air around him and turned on her.

She was tall, taller than any female I had seen. Her form flowed into a slender waist that twisted into the tail of a mermaid, scales and all, that she somehow managed to slither across the cave floor to him on. Her long fingers were the blue of the deep sea, and her eyes were clear and fluorescent. She reached for Robin, and his blade swung out at her. Back sliding she stared, her song unbroken and not wavering at all. Now she spoke over her song.

“What man creature withstands the song of the sirens?” She sung beneath the magical music. “What man creature has no perfect women he dreams of bedding?” Waves of magic encircled Robin, pulling his blades from his hands and his hood back off his head. He did not answer her; he stared intently at her, as if any words he could speak would somehow break his will. “You are not like these other men.” The magic surrounded his face, seeking his strength. “What are you?”

Again, her fingers moved towards him, not needing to recoil with his knives gone from his side. Leaning in close she kissed his cheek gently. “Are you a man?” She whispered softly into his ear, as her fingers slowly traveled down his chest. “Are you?” Her fingers slide down between his legs and a smile crossed her lips as she kissed his neck. “You are, and my song does sing to you.” She grasped him tightly and he nearly buckled under her.

“Can you resist me, my physical form to please you?” Around them, the men succumbed to the every touch of the female forms that kissed them. “Can you deny me?” She whispered into his ear as her fingers found the hooks to his clothes and began removing them.

“You will not claim me, monster!” His voice was cruel, as if a sharp knife that seemed to stab the song that flowed through the caverns.

“No man has the will to refuse me!” She hissed into his ear. “Not even one whom is as you.” Her teeth barred and her fingers grew claws sharper than those of even a werebeast. Robin rolled from her, his fingers reaching into his boots to produce another dagger.

“Release them, or I will kill you.” He spoke with such calmness that she froze her attack and stared intently at him.

“I release them and you let me live?” She cackled. “I do not believe that rogue.” They clashed in a blinding speed that was hard to follow, but the cut across her cheek as she stood across the cavern was bleeding down her chin. Robin’s clothes seemed torn in more than one place.

The magical whisps of female form were about him again. Desperately seeking to enrapture him. Planting kisses on his shoulders and chest, fingers seeking to reach into his pants.

“Let them play, rogue, it is better to die in their arms than to die to my claws.” She hissed it, a warning that helped Robin to free himself of the female ghosts and fly through the air to ward off the attack Siren brought.

Around them, the music still grew faster, the men covered in sweat as they responded to their fantasy women. Two already seemed unconscious, and a bead of sweat ran down Robin’s cheek. “I will not succumb to your magic, FREE THEM!”

Robin was across the room and on the creature’s back. She screeched a horrible sound that seemed as if it would shatter the very rocks around them. The female ghosts cried with her, and Robin’s blade dug deep into the shoulder blades. A flash of her tail and Robin was sent crashing into the far wall of the cave. A loud thud echoed through the cavern as his body hit the floor.

The song was back, a bit more melancholy but still back. The creature glowed with a mossy green hue and she sang louder again. Her voice brought peace back to the room and the fantasies moved happily over their men again. Robin lay barely conscious, the wind knocked completely from his lungs. The phantom women were back over him, soft lips on his face and neck, fingers gently seeking his hard nipples and sliding into his pants.

“Rogue, you shall not prevail.” Her song became stronger, the forms over Robin becoming more firm and more aggressive. They tore from him his clothes, gasping like maidens at the firmness of the cock they unveiled. Immediately one of them straddled him, his groan was more of a grunt and the pleasure seemed to battle the pain that struck his shoulder from the fall.

The cool wetness of the sea air was a solid form over his growing hardness, she pressed down eagerly as the other women busied kissing him, touching him, in places he did not even know existed. They were relentless as she rocked over him. Their cool breath in his ear, on his nipples, exploring his knees and thighs. He tried to find his dagger; his eyes darted about the room between the kisses planted on his lips.

It was there though, a gentle sheen in the middle of the cavern, too far for him to reach, unless he could rid himself of the phantoms. The women on him pressed down hard, forcing her bottom into the fingers that massaged his balls. He grunted and his hips instinctively pressed up to meet her. Fingernails drove into his stomach as she flooded him with her juices and wrapped her muscles tightly around his swollen cock.

Then she was rocking again, his eyes trained on the look of ecstasy on her face. He didn’t press against the soft curls that tickled his face as lips teased and tickled his chest and neck. He trembled beneath them; the endless rocking of the girl over him was driving him mad. His sore arm remained to his side but he suddenly found he had a handful of the other female’s hair and was holding her to his nipple as she suckled him. He groaned, looking as if he struggled against what was happening.

His eyes spied that he was nearly the only one still conscious, he struggled to pull the girl from his chest, but as he pulled, her hair became wisps of magic that left his grasp and reattached itself to her form. His hips pressed up to meet the rocking woman and he groaned again. His eyes glossy with need and hunger. His mind began to escape him.

The picture changed, a bright flaring white light broke over the image. The sun itself seemed to walk into the dark cavern. Robin's eyes were closed but still it penetrated him. The light moved with unnerving speed; straight at the lounging creature that was enjoying the sight of Robin's conquer. It was on her, just as the shock broke across her face the ball of light slammed across her chest. Stopping the music, the singing and slamming her across the cavern into the far wall. Something walked in, but the light of the person entering the cavern was too bright to see who it was.

Robin was on his feet, foregoing the straightening of his clothes as he dove for his dagger. The light flew over head again, slamming into the creature's midriff and driving her into the wall again as she tried to stand. The mist females were gone, just the light of the mystery man, and the cries of the creature existed. Robin, cringed as his sore shoulder struck the ground. For a moment, it seemed he would not be able to pick up his dagger.

The light was moving again, slamming into the siren again, causing even the roof overhead to tremble from the crashes. Suddenly Robin had the blade in his grasp, and he faded into the few remaining shadows. The creature was furious, with a loud shriek she broke from fall against the wall and snaked towards the light creature that had invaded her home. Her sound was frightening, a horrible cry not unlike that of a banshee.

She would not be able to reach him, as she dove at him there suddenly came a piercing crash into her chest. Kario was up, his bow in hand and his stun enchanted arrow sticking from her left breast. It was at that moment that Robin broke from the shadows to plant his blade into the center of her back. Now the creature made no sound, her eyes became cloudy and her hands fell to her sides.

The cut on her cheek came back to life and bleed in streams down her neck and chest, her breasts faded into scales that grew from the mermaid like tail of her body. With a massive thump, her body slammed into the ground, no longer female, but serpentine in nature.

Robin turned to Kario, his hand on his shoulder, "Might I borrow a bit of that herb you carry in your satchel?"

"Sure, old friend." Kario picked up his bag. The light that had broken in and rescued them was slowly fading; the form becoming visible was one of surprise. Master Uiender stood there, carefully packing away some globe he seemed to have brought along for this very event.

"Good timing, again, Uiender." Robin gritted his teeth as Kario applied a thick coat to the large cut down Robin's shoulder and back. "I thought you had drowned."

“No, I may not be a fish, but a few tough waves and rocks aren’t going to drown me.” He put his pack back on. “I did know instantly this was Siren’s Island.” He gestured to the dead creature that had already begun to decompose. “She and I had a previous meeting. We bargained, and I have kept my end of it.” He pulled a small leather pouch from his pocket. “Let’s get the rest of the men awake, I think we can salvage the ship, it’s stuck on a coral reef and didn’t sink too much at all. Might even be above water when the tide is out.

The fire burnt down, and Kario seemed to sit there still lost in the tale. Everine giggled and got up to gather firewood.

“Did you get the horn?” I asked.

“Yes, we did, took about a moon to get back off the island though.” He casually pushed the stick back into the fire.”

“How was it that Robin could resist the song so well?”

“You’ll have to ask him that yourself, storyteller. We need to sleep now; we have a long day upon us tomorrow.” He turned from me and pulled his blanket over his legs. “There’ll be more time for stories on other starry nights.” His smile was kind but left no room for arguing.

I stared up at the stars for some time, Everine stocked the fire and went to sleep, Master Uiender nor Robin returned to camp that night. I did feel as if Robin was near though, somewhere in the shadows.