

The Painting

Our travel through the woods was most uneventful, though I must admit to preferring it this way. We reached the quiet town Hrendior's Keep and was welcome whole hardly into the arms of a hefty woman and her husband. She ushered us into the small Keep's main room and hugged each and every one of us. Her large breasts, soft cushions, bounced against my stomach, she was short of stature but huge of heart.

As her husband regaled us with local tales, his wife, Maria, laughed, chuckled, and served us plates upon plates of food, demanding we eat. Autumn had not rejoined us, however both Robin and Master Uiender sat chuckling at the large barbarian as he told his tall tales and swung his beer mug about as if it were an axe.

His stories were wonderful, and I would love to have finished writing those up, however, late into the night something else came about. Stumbling through the door was a small woman, very small in comparison to the woman who hurried to the open door to catch the frail creature. Autumn stepped in quietly behind her. Autumn's face was pale, pale as the girl's who fell to the floor even as the Keep's Mistress tried to catch her.

"Master," Autumn's soft green eyes held pain, tears fell slowly, "They are only moments behind us." Her fingers held tightly to the door, as she seemed to lose her balance. "I barely saved this one, her friend is dead." As those words left her lips, the remaining color drained from her face and she fell into Master Uiender's arms.

It was mere seconds before the forces of the party and the Keep were out the door, guards put on both females as the women of the Keep tended to their wounds. I was granted the privilege of being a guard of the women. I heard the one whisper that she did not know what to do about Autumn, but it would be fine, because Master Uiender would hardly be away from her. She was quite right, Master Uiender returned to Autumn's side and the color in her face slowly returned as he held her. His fingers held a glass to her lips. It is incredibly romantic to watch the two of them together.

Nothing came that night, and morning came to both women awake and ready to tell their tales. Autumn's tale was short and sweet.

"I wandered by a small stream in the forest before following you to town." She paused softly sipping the herbed tea that Maria told her was healthy. "I found this one and her friend being attacked by dark figures, none of which spoke a single word. I did what I could, but I was only able to come here with this one." Her hand gestured to the small woman sitting across from her at the large table.

All eyes were on her now and softly Master Uiender began to ask her questions. She introduced herself as Laymia of the House of Ginayline, she had traveled here after having a vision of her sister, whom she says is in trouble, and she grieved for the one she had lost in the woods. We asked to where she was headed, and I shall save that unique tidbit for the next tale,

because this one is rather long. This is the vision that compelled her to disobey her elders and travel so far from home. Her tale follows.

“The party was winding down, guests quietly leaving. The Baron always threw the best parties in all the lands. This time was no exception. Unknown delicacies that wet the palette and a dinner that rested comfortably on the stomachs as the many visitors danced afterwards. He’d even gone and found a satyr bard to sing and entertain.

She brushed her copper hair off her shoulders and stepped into the quiet den. His hand left the bottom of her back and with a brush of his hand; the candles lit and brightened the room.

“You came to see the painting, am I correct?” He asked as he stepped forward and looked into her bright emerald eyes.

“Yes, the painting of Aberynith.” She nearly back peddled from the piercing look of his ebony eyes. Maybe it was the candle light, but he stood there, his dark skin, dark hair, and eyes, and suddenly he no longer looked like a casual baron of human lands, but rather some dark mystical creature like nothing she had seen before.

He moved to the side a bit and gestured with his long muscular arms. “Then here you have it.” Another wave of his fingertips and even the candles on that side of the room became brightly burning flames. They highlighted and framed a magnificent painting.

Her quiet footsteps were unheard as she walked towards it. Her fingers found their way back into her hair as she pushed it back behind her pointed ears. Staring she studied the detail. It was true, the painting did exist. Bright and dark colors blended throughout, creating a magnificent creature, wild and dangerous looking. Surrounding it were beautiful wood nymphs, not quite nymphs she noticed, there was something quite different about these small females. She knelt down and looked more closely. Their pale pearl-like skin glowed in the flame light, their bright green hair seemed to wave in the wind like spring leaves. Bright red lips looked almost the color of blood and there was something about their eyes, something she did not know how to explain as she stared into them. Quickly she returned to her feet, her heart racing and confused suddenly.

She looked at the dark creature, piercing eyes, not unlike those of its owner. Dark skin, a dark grey, nearly looking as if it was softly covered in fur. Long ebony hair flowed down over its shoulders and sharp fangs gaped nearly life-like from its mouth. A strange smell came from the painting, almost the touch of blood; she paused, as the other smell was one she did not recognize, the stronger of the two.

“Magnificent isn’t it?” His voice was at her shoulder and she jumped to hear it. Something felt wrong; there was magic, or something, magic she should have felt throughout the house, that is why they had sent her to investigate it. She would sense the illegal magic if they were at work here, but she had sensed nothing, nothing of magic. She turned and looked at him.

“How did you come to possess this?” she asked, her voice trying not to betray the strange feelings and emotions running through her body. For some reason a small flame was kindling in her middle, she was afraid. Being of the Ginayline faith, she had forsaken the physical needs that she felt now. She had forsaken them willingly, and had never in over 100 years even considered them. Yet now, from staring at a painting hung on the wall, she felt a burning need she did not want to recognize.

He moved closely to her, his warm skin nearly touching hers. “It was gifted to me by an old mage whom came to me in his hour of need.” His long strong fingers reached for hers. “Why are you trembling, Mi’ Lady?” His voice was quiet, a seductive quality she begged not to feel, something was wrong, she sensed it, she needed to leave immediately.

“I should go,” she started, but as his fingers grasped hers, she nearly fainted. A small gasp escaped her lips and her back touched the painting behind her. Coldness filled her, a strange coldness that caused the flames in her middle to grow nearly roaring through her body. As it encompassed her she started to fall, but his hands grabbed her middle and pressed her against the large painting.

“Are you alright, Mi’ Lady?” He asked, leaning in as if to hold her up, his warm sweet breath on her cheek.

“Baron Coritrin,” she whispered, trying to get her bearings as the strange new feelings fought for control of her. “There is something not quite right here.” His lips brushed her cheek and the coolness from the painting took over again as she gasped. All words left her mind.

“Yes, Mi’ Lady?” His lips were gentle as they pressed to the spot right beside her ear. “There was more you needed?” His hands were still holding tightly to her waist and the painting behind her felt as if it moved.

“Please,” she whispered, her own voice sounded far away, but his seemed so close it was as if it were in her mind.

“Yes, my rose, I will give you things you cannot imagine.” His tongue, warm and wet found the spot under her ear that caused her whole body to tremble. Fear was creeping in with these other feelings, but still her mind did not respond to her. She could feel her nipples growing hard under the silken blouse she wore under her long dress. It was nearly painful in its eagerness to press out. A warm dampness slowly soaked between her legs as throbbing filled her lower regions and a fire burnt up through her, it danced with the coldness that invaded her body from behind. Tingling sensations were climbing up her spine, like silly little pixies dancing in the grass. It was nearly more than she could handle more than she wanted. She could not betray her duties. This was not permitted.

Her voice came out as a little cry, "I cannot," somehow her duties flashed before her just as the stones on which they were written, they empowered her. "That will be quite enough Baron, thank you." She tried to step away, her mind forcing down her body's reactions.

"I do not think it will be, Cherriette." His voice was stern and strong; and he pressed his large chest against her body forcing her to lean heavily on the painting.

Her name touched her, a part of her lost when she became one with her duties to Ginayline. Duty, she must remember duty, she fought the overpowering sensations. Her virginity must remain whole. Every ounce of her being tried to fight, a battle she could feel losing before it ever truly began, but still, her duties must prevail.

"No!" She tried to cast but something suddenly clouded her mind, the coolness seeping in from the painting pressed further into her, climbing her spine into the base of her head and she trembled against him. "Please, no." she whispered as the thoughts began to escape again.

"You cannot deny me," his lips were warm against her cool skin, made even cooler by the painting's attack on her body. His tongue and teeth played along the tender skin of her neck and ear. "You will not deny us." His whisper was in her head, and as if agreeing to his demands, her back arched forcefully, and a gasp escaped her lips.

"No," her voice was a whisper that was followed by another gasp as one of his hands came to engulf her breast, softly kneading it. "I cannot."

His teeth suddenly took a hard nip at the base of her throat and she screamed, but still her body responded like a hungry trollop and pressed against his seeking hips. "I love your screams," he whispered as his lips suddenly covered hers and began to force his tongue into her mouth. His other hand was lower on her hip, and suddenly the painting behind her was moving again, soft gentle touches along her back and bottom.

Her body would not obey and her mind would not see past the clouds that flooded it. Soft tingles swept up her spine and over her body, everything was lost in the touches that began to seek her.

"Sweet Cherri," his whisper some magic she could not have known how to prevent. "I have waited for this moment; it is why I had them send you." His lips caressed her ivory skin as he sought to remove her clothes. "You are the sweetest of all the elves to live upon the lands." His fingers found the fastenings, swiftly dropping the top coats of her gown to the floor, revealing the silk covering, and somehow dropping the tight corset to the floor as well.

"Please," she whispered back, the warmth invaded every inch of her skin, there was touches everywhere, even where his fingers did not reach. "I cannot," there were tears in her eyes as she sought some energy within her to fight this onslaught.

His mouth was on her the tender skin above her chest, his hands pulling up the silken skirt to reach to the naked skin beneath. Her own hands had found his shoulders, velvet like material she crushed under a deathlike grip on him. Her fingernails would have tore at his skin had it not been protected.

“You can, my sweet,” his answer was muffled as his teeth pulled away the material and his lips covered her hard nipple. “You will beg,” his mouth slide to the other breast as he spoke, “you will succumb to our needs.” As his lips tugged on her tight sore nipple, she screamed. A cry of needs and hungers long withheld. His laughter was sweet vibrations over her breast and she trembled beneath him.

There were other fingers seeking her, invisible ones, cold and tickling, they came from behind, and though she knew she should be afraid, she pushed back against their touches, her skirt around her waist. Warm and cool fingers kneaded her bottom and his lips kissed her stomach through the silk. Everything was fire and ice, burning and soothing, driving up into waves that forced thought from her head. Suddenly he pressed his warm wet lips to her sensitive skin he held revealed. Her back arched and the tremble that over took her sent her to her knees. He caught her gently, helping her the rest of the way down.

“Very good,” he whispered in Cheri’s ear as he kissed it gently. The dampness flowed down her inner thighs, dripping slowly to the floor, things began to happen faster, more encompassing, overwhelming to every sense.

“Please,” she whispered, this time of need, of want. Something she could not do, should not do, but her body betrayed her. The smells of the painting filled her nose, growing stronger by the seconds, causing more confusion in her.

Softness slid up her legs, as if cool damp tongues sought the source to the smell of sex that flooded the room; her virgin flower calling to them to explore her innocence. As she screamed she reached to stop them from reaching it, but he grabbed her fingers tightly and pulled them up, far into the air and something else grabbed her wrists, strong and cold as ice.

Fear filled her, the same coldness wrapped around her ankles, holding her on her knees before the Baron as he came to his feet. “Obedience, my little innocence, it is the only thing that can save you now.” His laughter was eerie, shaking into her bones and pulling her from the ecstasy that had her wrapped in its cruel grasp. “Struggle too much and they shall devour your soul, allow them their pleasures and we shall merely keep you here until the pleasantries of your body bore us.” She froze; tears flowed freely down her face. His fingers wrapped around her small chin and he held her eyes with his own. “However, we do like some struggle.” His eyes looked down and hers followed to find his other hand freeing his large cock from his pants.

“No, please, no!” her screamed echoed in her head as she tried to free her arms from the claws that dug in as they held her. More clawed fingers ripped the remaining clothes from her body, scratching her in places as it tore them. The Baron’s strong grip wrapped into her long hair and held her head firmly.

“Yes, little one, scream,” he whispered and as she opened her mouth to do so, he filled it, deep into her throat with his large manhood. Her scream vibrated over him and he throbbed in her mouth. Her gagging response made him press her harder onto him.

Seeking to follow the wetness, soft fingers, and lips worked over the tender skin of her inner thighs, suckling and kissing. She wiggled, desperately trying to free her hands to fend off the cock thrusting in and out of her mouth but there were other sensations, more frightening ones that begin to make her forget the suffocating feeling of the invasion into her throat.

Gently the claws scratched down her back, sending more tingles up her spine and causing her to push her breasts into the Baron’s hard legs. A warm breath began to follow them, kissing over the ice-cold scratches. A course shiver took her body and a growl came from the creature behind her, she froze, and the Baron laughed again, his cruel laugh that stopped her heart a moment. Still, the lips reached the source of the sweet nectar they licked at, and as they brushed over her swollen sex, another scream broke over his cock and he thrust deeply down her throat, shooting hot streams into her stomach.

The lips didn’t stop, as her back arched they lapped at her juices, sucking her tender swollen lips into their mouth. The mouth traveling down her back left, but the clawed hands grasped her bottom tightly into its hands, a resounding growl rose in her ear as her hair was blown out over the slowly withdrawing cock that dripped his seed down onto her chest.

“Thank you, my sweet; you will please my friends for awhile. If you are good, I will reward you.” Her eyes shined fear as the sharp teeth softly grazed her shoulder. She watched him head to a seat in the darkened corner of the room, but she saw something worse, a mirror beside the chair showed her what happened behind her.

The painting alive, pulled as if from another dimension, alive behind her. The women lay on the floor, teasingly fighting to get their lips on her soft wet sex. The creatures red eyes stared back at her and it seemed to laugh, though in her ear she only heard a growl, as she watched it bear its teeth and drive them deeply into her neck, a quick sharp pain followed.

Her piercing scream echoed throughout the room, and suddenly one of the nymphs seemed to gain their prize as its tongue and lips dove on her swollen clit and sucked it deeply into its mouth. The other two, naked, full breasts nearly bouncing as they moved, climbed in front and soft lips encompassed both her breasts as fingers began to explore her stomach.

She was assaulted; pain and pleasure, the blood being drank from her neck making her dizzy as waves of orgasms flowed over her body. The small fingers were spreading her wide, teasing at the edge of her entrance, playing with the nectar that dripped down the tongue into the cold mouth. Something hard, cold, and strong, pressed against her thigh, the fingers were touching it, and she felt it being guided. She struggled again, but too many hands held her, and her strength to scream was gone by the slow draining of the sharp teeth still imbedded in her neck.

Suddenly it found what it was seeking, and in one swift move she was dropped onto the small nymphs and it embedded itself deep into her virgin pussy. It growled, a deep sound the buried the sound of her scream. Pain shot through her, as if the entrance were torn wide open by the invasion, but the tongue lapped the edges of it, and as she found herself imbedded to the hilt, she suddenly found the pain replaced by a building wave that filled her body, her mind, and drove deep into her soul. It rocked slowly, on her hands knees it pushed into her. The nymphs still suckled her breasts and stomach, the one still licked and suckled her swollen clit, and though she wanted to make it stop, the hunger filled her, she pressed back against him, accepting every inch as he thrust deeply into her.

It all throbbed, the muscles around his cock, her clit in the small chilled nymph's mouth, her whole body throbbed, and tingled, it was wrapping her, a blanket of warmth that made the chilled skin touching hers even more pleasant. The trembling began, slowly, at her toes, climbing up her legs like a wave that would not be halted. The claws grabbed her hair and painfully it began to pound into her, harder, faster, and deeper as she screamed. The wave encompassed her entire body and it drove itself in, deeper than it had before, and as her muscles wrapped tightly around it, hot streams of liquid filled her womb, shooting into her and adding to the fire that burnt in her body.

Darkness followed, encircling her, the wave flooded over her scalp like a tickling summer wind, and the darkness filled her eyes.

The Baron watched as the creatures faded back into the picture, leaving their victim covered in their juices, their scent; and lost in the ecstasy that would hold her to them. He smiled; she would awaken, in a few hours, hot and needy, begging for him to take her. She would worship the painting, and every full moon she would be on her knees before it. There was a reward in it for him, she would be an obedient servant, and in times of battle, so would they."

It was late into the evening when the tale was done. Laymia cried often and paused for oft' long moments as she tried to maintain her strength, but her story was finally complete. Her eyes begged of Robin and his comrades to help her on this mission, she is determined to save her sister. We will travel there, because -of all irony- we were headed there already. It appears that Baron Coritrin has more than one item of interest to Sir Robin.