

Warrior Women Erotic Stories

PERFECT
by Trisha Monks

The thud of the hammer echoed over the silent fields, startling a flock of crows from their hiding-place among the crags. The sound shattered the peace of the hills and sent a herd of goats scurrying for shelter. From the eaves of the nearby forest a huddle of frightened sheep peered out, the ewes shielding their bleating lambs while the rams paced defensively along the tree-line. But the animals were in no danger, for the two men whose noisy labour so disturbed the tranquillity of the hills would soon be heading back to the valley, taking their hammers and axes with them.

"That's the last one," said Mullen, giving the fence-post a hefty push.

"Seems secure enough," Carlo observed, hoisting the hammer onto his shoulder. "Shall we take the downward path?"

Mullen sighed, shaking his head and sitting heavily on a boulder. "Later, my friend. First I need something to wet my throat. Give me the jug!"

Carlo grinned, taking a swig of ale before passing the jug to Mullen. The latter drank deeply, draining the ale in one gulp and tipping the final drops on the grass.

"All gone!" he groaned. "But my dear Varna will open a new barrel before we reach home, and then we'll drink our fill while she cooks a fine supper."

"She's a good woman," said Carlo, sitting on a flat stone and stretching his legs. "It pleases me that you have found such a wonderful wife."

Mullen tossed a pebble at the newly repaired fence and smiled. "Yes, I consider myself a lucky man, for Varna is the best girl in the village. Not the prettiest, but certainly the best. She works hard on the farm, keeps a clean house and serves the tastiest food I've ever eaten. To tell the truth, my friend, she's a perfect woman."

Carlo lay back on the stone to stare up at the cloudy sky. He felt a tiny raindrop on his face and heard the breeze hissing in the trees.

"The weather is a half hour away," Mullen observed expertly. "We'll be home before it breaks." He sniffed the air and coughed, then tapped his boot against Carlo's leg. "Answer me this, my friend. Why don't you find yourself a good woman and come back to dwell in the village?"

"I enjoy the soldier's life too much," Carlo replied. "I love to see foreign lands and far countries, and I cherish the comradeship of the regiment. As for women ...," he paused to chuckle quietly. "The girls of my regiment are sufficient for my needs."

"But war is a dangerous business," Mullen objected. "Death lurks on the edge of every battlefield, waiting to snuff out countless young hearts. And you are barely twenty years old, a mere boy among the swords and spears. Do you not shake with fear when the enemy horde advances towards you?"

Carlo sat up slowly, rubbing his aching knees. "Every day is perilous, for soldiers and farmers alike. What fate awaits you and your wife if the mountain bandits attack your little farm? But I'm happy to take my chances among the dancing arrows, for I know my comrades are with me if I tumble to the ground. They are my protectors, a tough bunch of men and women who love me like a brother. And there is one among them who has sworn to save me from harm, at whatever cost to herself."

"Herself?" Mullen exclaimed. "You mean a woman has vowed to preserve your life in battle?"

"Derry is her name," said Carlo, nodding slowly while staring at the distant hills. "She's twenty-five and as tall as you or I. But she's stronger than the oxen that haul your cart, and twice as fierce as the cats in your hay loft. Yet her beauty is that of a breathless young queen, and her hair is a cascade of shimmering gold. She's my sword-sister and my tent-mate, and I love her dearly."

Mullen laughed, clapping his hands merrily. "That is a most agreeable arrangement! A beautiful blonde who protects you by day and fucks you by night? You should count yourself among the luckiest of men."

"Sometimes I cannot believe my good fortune," said Carlo. "Especially when I see the envious glances of my comrades. Every man in the regiment lusts for Derry, as do many of our female warriors. She is renowned for her lovemaking skills, especially with women, and the camp runs rife with tales of her bed-play."

Mullen raised his eyebrows and scratched his head. "A fascinating lady, no doubt. Perhaps one day you'll catch her in a sweaty embrace with a lovely young girl, and they might permit you to watch while they perform their rituals. That would be a rare and delightful treat!"

Carlo shrugged nonchalantly. "It happens from time to time, usually when Derry gets drunk on strong ale. Sometimes she and I are sitting together in a tavern, supping a barrel, when we see a young peasant woman whom we both find attractive, and so one of us makes a comment. Often I'll whisper in Derry's ear: *See that cute farmgirl? Tell me what we should do with her.* Then Derry will peer over the rim of her cup and say something like: *We should lift up her skirt and grab her ripe ass, squeezing her buttocks while we strip her naked.* And so it goes on, until both of us get so excited by the conversation that we feel obliged to do something about it."

Mullen whistled between his teeth, shaking his head in disbelief. "I'm truly amazed," he said. "Just hearing about it is making my cock hard. So what usually happens next? Does Derry seduce the farmgirl?"

Carlo shook his head and grinned. "Alas, no. But we finish our ale and head back to the regiment's camp. There we go hunting for some juicy meat, with Derry leading the way. By then, of course, she's in a drunken sweat, her eyes burning with a feverish desire for female flesh. But the hunt is soon over, for there are always plenty of warrior women who yearn to share Derry's bed. So we find one and take her back to our tent."

"Hellfire and damnation!" yelled Mullen, thumping his fists on the rock. "Surely this tale cannot be true?"

"True as the moon and stars," Carlo replied. "I give you my sworn oath upon it."

"Are these soldier girls a tasty breed?"

"Most of them are cute and hot," Carlo answered. "But a few of them are very beautiful, with incredible bodies and soft voices. And one girl, whom we call Velvet, is the most gorgeous creature I've ever seen."

"Prettier than your own precious Derry?" Mullen inquired.

"Indeed yes," said Carlo. "But Velvet is not a sweet and merry spirit and I could never fall in love with her. She has smooth olive-brown skin and a mane of black hair, and her eyes twinkle like blue crystals, but she is too wild for my liking. In battle she fights with fury, earning great renown, and in bed she makes love ferociously, like a tiger crawling beneath the sheets. Seeing her writhe with Derry in our tent makes me swoon with desire, for both girls are delicious and their passion is unrestrained. Like a pair of savage cats, one white, one dark, they squirm naked on the blanket, their fingers and tongues exploring every orifice."

"Ah!" said Mullen. "So they don't let you join the party?"

"Not at first," Carlo replied. "But I'm content to watch for a while, rubbing my stiff cock while waiting patiently for Derry's invitation. Usually she beckons to me when she and Velvet have pleased each other many times. Then I crawl between their glistening, panting bodies, my spike as hard as steel. There I lie down, on my back, while both girls lick my aching manhood."

"Gods!" hissed Mullen, baring his teeth. "Both girls at the same time?"

"Of course," said Carlo. "They lie on either side of my body, running their tongues up and down my shaft. Then they take turns to suck my swollen cock-head, their expertise coaxing me to the brink of orgasm again and again, until I'm begging to squirt my juice in their mouths."

Mullen tapped his nose and beamed appreciatively. "My Varna knows a few tricks with her tongue. Before I married her last year, she had a reputation as the best cock-sucker in the village. But receiving the attentions of two female mouths at the same time is beyond my experience, alas!"

"You should try it one day, my friend," said Carlo. "Go to the city and pay a couple of whores."

"Nah!" said Mullen, giving a rueful sigh. "I need no woman other than my wife. Like I said earlier, she's perfect for me. Our lovemaking seems to get more exciting as the months go by."

"Good!" said Carlo. "That's how I feel about Derry, whom I reckon is as perfect for me as Varna is for you. But each man chooses his own image of perfection, and for me there is no better sight than to see two beautiful women making love to each other, while I await my turn, knowing that their mouths and cunts will soon be skewered on my cock."

Mullen rose to his feet, the bulge in his trousers preventing him from standing straight. He pointed to the bulge and laughed.

"Look what you caused!" he joked. "How do I explain this to my wife?"

"Save it for tonight," Carlo suggested in jest. "Put it in a bottle and keep it until you crawl into Varna's bed. Then you can worm it into her asshole while she sleeps."

"She might complain to her mother if I did that!" Mullen retorted. "Varna is reluctant to let me ream her sweet ass, despite my constant pleading. It's such a pity, for her buttocks are like a pair of ripe peaches. She allows me to tickle her rosebud, but she squeals if I try to poke my finger inside, and my tongue is banned from licking between her pert cheeks."

Carlo shook his head and frowned solemnly. "She's too coy to try it, I guess. The irony is that she would probably enjoy it, because most women find it intensely stimulating. My Derry, for instance, reckons her rear hole is twice as sensitive as her cunt. So she loves it when I ream her ass with my cock, and she gets a thrill from watching me do the same thing with another woman."

"Incredible," said Mullen, pacing slowly among the boulders. "And what about the lovely olive-skinned Velvet? Does she let you fuck her rear passage?"

"Fortunately, yes," Carlo replied. "But she insists on her ass being thoroughly lubricated by Derry's tongue, a process which I get to watch at close quarters."

"Damn you!" cried Mullen, stamping his feet angrily but grinning broadly. "I declare you the luckiest man to ever tread this world of misfortune. It almost seems worth the risk of a terrible death in battle."

"A warrior deserves some compensation for protecting his country," said Carlo, wincing as he hauled himself to his feet. He, too, displayed a prominent bulge in the crotch of his trousers.

"Your tale has made you excited?" Mullen inquired.

"No," Carlo answered. "I was thinking of your wife's cute ass."

"Hands off!" said Mullen, giving his friend a playful belly-punch. "Her rosebud is barred to your hungry cockstem!"

"And to yours also," Carlo countered, dodging a second flailing fist.

Mullen tripped on a stone and stumbled to his knees, cursing and chuckling as Carlo helped him up. The two men shouldered their hammers and axes before turning their eyes towards the homeward path.

"Maybe I should join the army?" Mullen suggested. "I could go back with you when you return to your regiment tomorrow. Or, I could ask for a couple of wild warrior girls to be posted as sentries around my farm?"

"But then your cosy life would be changed forever," said Carlo.

"True," said Mullen, patting his friend on the back. "Perhaps I'll just stay here with Varna."

Carlo smiled. "Come on, then. I'll race you to the lower pasture."

Perfect. Copyright © 2004 Trisha Monks.