

Warrior Women Erotic Stories

THE RITE OF THE HERO

by Trisha Monks

Amlar chewed the last mouthful of beef and shoved his plate aside. Wiping grease from his grey beard he grinned across the table at his nephew, who stared back incredulously.

"Is it really a true story, uncle?" the younger man inquired.

Amlar scratched his bald scalp and nodded. "Yes, Coll, it's all true. Every word of it."

"Does the strange cult still exist?"

Amlar shrugged. "I do not know. The story I have just told happened forty years ago, when I was a young soldier. I've not visited those faraway lands since then, so I cannot say whether or not the cult survives."

Coll whistled softly through his teeth. "A cult of cock-sucking warrior women! I still find it hard to believe."

"None of it is a lie, nephew," said Amlar, shaking his head. "Nor was it a joke to those women. In fact, they regarded it as a matter of the utmost seriousness, a sacred and solemn ritual. Their legends spoke of a fierce war-goddess, whom they worshipped, and whose strength derived from the cock-juice of a mighty hero. All devotees of the cult believed that they must perform the same deed, if any great warrior should pass through their land. By chance, as I have told you, I strayed into their territory and was more than willing to oblige."

Coll laughed aloud, his mirth attracting puzzled glances from other folk in the tavern. "I'm sure you were most willing, uncle! How many of them performed the ritual upon you?"

He stared in growing astonishment as his uncle counted slowly on his fingers. When the count passed thirty, Coll took a sharp breath and clicked his tongue.

"So many, uncle? Or have the long years exaggerated the tale?"

"Thirty-three," said Amlar. "Thirty-three warrior women sucked my cock, including the High Priestess herself. The memory is still sharp and clear, despite my age."

"Why did they think you were a hero?" asked Coll. "You were very young, barely nineteen."

"Eighteen," Amlar corrected. "But the sword I bore had once belonged to a famous captain of our enemies, a fearsome character who inscribed the names of his victims upon the blade. The High Priestess asked me if the victims were mine and I, in my youthful arrogance, claimed them for myself. Yes, I told her, *I slew them all in battle. All who challenge me meet a similar fate.* She believed me, of course. And then she spoke of the ritual: *The women of this tribe desire to share your strength, young hero.* So she led me to the temple, where I spent a most exhausting three days."

"Exhausting, but delightful," said Coll. "I'll wager you felt like the luckiest man on earth!"

Amlar nodded. "I did indeed. Each day, the scantily-clad warrior women came to the temple to perform the ritual. I lay upon the altar, naked, resting on a bed of soft furs, while a procession of healthy olive-skinned girls took turns to suck my cock. Even when I had no more juice in my body they still licked and nibbled. *Every drop of a hero's fluid is precious*, said the High Priestess. By nightfall I felt drained, like a dried husk, but I slept deeply and peacefully. My only regret was that the girls never stripped, but it would have seemed impertinent to complain."

Coll chuckled. "Were any of them as young as yourself?"

"Yes, some of them," Amlar replied. "A few were eighteen or nineteen, but most were in their early twenties. The youngest was an incredibly pretty girl, quite shy and breathless, but very eager. The oldest was maybe twenty-five, the age at which they usually left the cult, exchanging the warrior life for marriage and childbearing."

"You said earlier that you weren't allowed to make love with them. Did that frustrate you a little?"

Amlar smiled grimly. "A little? That, my boy, is an understatement. Some of those women were so beautiful that I spurted my juice down their throats almost as soon as their lovely lips touched my cock. I desperately wanted to fuck them, but the High Priestess forbade it. *The Rite of the Hero must not be tainted by lust*, she announced in a solemn voice. I wasn't allowed to touch any of those dark-eyed damsels, not even to caress their long hair while they sucked my aching spike!"

Coll sat back in his chair, draining his ale-mug and grinning. Lifting a small wooden cask he refilled both his own and his uncle's mugs, and together they drank quietly for a while, until Coll broke the silence.

"Tell me, uncle. Now that you've retired from the army, do you not wish to go back to that strange country? Perhaps a new generation of warrior girls eagerly awaits your return?"

Amlar gave a heavy sigh. "It's a pleasant thought. But I'm too old to journey so far, and too shrivelled to spare my juice. Also, I don't imagine they'll want to see my wrinkled carcass sprawled on the altar of the temple. Maybe I could send you as a worthy substitute?"

Coll smiled, shaking his head. "Not me, uncle. I'm married to a fine woman and I need no other. Not even a night with your thirty-three olive-skinned beauties, queuing in a line to lick my cock, could tempt me away from my wife."

Amlar frowned. "Is that really the truth?"

Coll winked and took a sip of ale. "I hope so, but I doubt it."

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