

Warrior Women Erotic Stories

THAT SPECIAL TASTE

A Three Vixens Tale by Trisha Monks

Breakfast at the Spangled Inn was a weekly treat for the Three Vixens during the long winter months of the Navan campaign. Bitterly cold weather and storms of icy rain brought the conflict to a standstill, with neither side desiring a battle in the terrible conditions. The barbarian army, flushed by a series of autumn victories, threw up a line of fortified camps along the Great Road and waited for springtime. Their enemies followed suit, nursing their wounds and planning their revenge while snow covered the barren empty land that lay between.

On a cool frosty morning in the week before midwinter, Chekhu and Sharmoon were tucking into steaming bowls of mutton stew when Keelam appeared suddenly at their table. The huge shape of the innkeeper loomed behind her, like a protective father guarding a wayward golden-haired daughter. Keelam shrugged his hairy hand off her shoulder and grinned at her friends.

"How did you get in here?" asked Sharmoon, chewing on a lump of gristle and giving the diminutive blonde a puzzled frown.

"I walked in through the front door," Keelam answered sarcastically.

"But I thought you were banned from here last week," Sharmoon retorted. "Or has Old Grog forgotten already?"

"No, I haven't forgotten," said the innkeeper, smiling broadly. "But the ban applies only to evenings. It is now early morning, so I am allowing this little troublemaker to eat a hot breakfast with her comrades." He hustled Keelam into the chair beside Chekhu and patted her head. "Sit there, and behave yourself! I'll fetch you a bowl and spoon."

He walked away, collecting a tray of empty plates from a group of travelling merchants at a nearby table.

"That stew was excellent!" said one, passing five copper coins to the innkeeper.

Keelam stared ruefully at the coinage as it tinkled in Old Grog's hand, then she looked across the table at Sharmoon. The dark-haired warrior stared back, her blue eyes keen and unblinking.

"You haven't got any money, have you?" she ventured. "Not even enough to buy breakfast?"

Keelam shrugged, smiling sweetly at the innkeeper when he returned with a bowl of stew and a spoon. Thirty years of serving his customers had taught him many things and when he saw Keelam's expression he knew at once that she could not pay for the food. Usually he threw such scoundrels out on their noses, cursing them as beggars and thieves. But his tough old heart fostered a soft spot for this little barbarian, whose tousled blonde mane and twinkly eyes never failed to charm him. Drunken brawler and brazen dice-cheat though she was, her antics amused him, even on those nights when he hurled her out onto the road. He admired her plucky spirit for, despite her small stature, she always stood her ground and would defend her dubious honour against any burly fellow who challenged her.

"This breakfast," he said, shoving the spoon into her hand. "This breakfast is given without charge. But only this once, Keelam! Next time you pay for your stew like everyone else."

She thanked him profusely and he walked away with a grin, leaving her in the company of her two companions.

"Old Grog is clearly very fond of you," Chekhu commented, clutching her own blonde tresses to keep them out of her bowl. "Why, I cannot say."

"Because I provide entertainment," Keelam replied, munching a spoonful of stew.

Sharmoon leaned across the table, jabbing an accusing finger at Keelam. "Where were you last night, you little minx? You never returned to the camp."

"We covered for you," added Chekhu. "Sharmoon volunteered for your sentry duty while I told the captain you were sick with a fever."

"Thank you, comrades," said Keelam.

"So, where were you?" Sharmoon demanded.

"In the forest," came the reply, somewhat sheepishly. "With Olrin and Tar-Silwa."

Chekhu and Sharmoon exchanged a knowing glance, while Keelam slurped hot broth from her spoon.

"The two elven scouts we met yesterday?" Sharmoon inquired, after a silent pause. "You spent the night in their hideout?"

Keelam nodded, grinning mischievously as she juggled a too-hot chunk of mutton with her tongue.

"You lucky wench!" said Chekhu, pushing her empty bowl aside. "Those pointy-eared beauties had me drooling like a dog!"

Keelam swallowed the half-chewed meat and belched loudly, drawing disapproving glances from the merchants sitting nearby.

"Were they as tasty as they looked?" Sharmoon inquired, her eyes narrowing in anticipation of an interesting tale. She waited patiently for an answer from Keelam, whose mouth was again full of stew.

"Delicious!" said the little blonde.

"The elves?" asked Sharmoon eagerly.

"No, the stew," Keelam replied, spooning a slice of carrot into her mouth as she spoke.

Chekhu laughed. "If you tease us, minx, I'll pour that bowl over your head!"

Keelam waved her hand in a gesture of apology and gulped another spoonful.

"Tell us what happened last night," said Sharmoon. "I want to hear every detail, so don't leave anything out."

"Alright," said Keelam. "Here's my report. But you'll have to allow me a few pauses while I eat my breakfast."

"Go on, then," Chekhu urged. "Begin at the beginning, when we parted on the woodland path in the late afternoon."

Keelam took a breath and stirred the bowl to cool the stew. Her companions sat back in their chairs, making themselves comfortable as they waited for her story to unfold.

"Two hours before sunset," she began. "The elf girls guided our patrol to the glade where five pathways meet, and I remained there as rearguard while the rest of you returned to camp."

"That much we know already," Chekhu interrupted. "Tell us what happened next."

Keelam spat a gobbet of mutton-fat onto the floor and resumed her account. "It grew dark very quickly. There was neither moonlight nor starlight. The deep dark of the forest crept around me as I huddled in my wolfskin cloak. Weariness from the day's long march overwhelmed me and I fell asleep. I hadn't meant to nod off, but when I awoke I found myself sprawled among the leaves like a dead thing. The woods lay in deep shadow and everything around me was as black as ink.

"I heard a soft laugh close by, and a lantern's gleam dazzled my eyes. Two tall, slender figures in hooded cloaks loomed over me. Their faces were invisible but I recognized their voices. It was indeed Olrin and Tar-Silwa, whose woodcraft had guided us so skilfully through the forest. In soft voices they whispered my name as they helped me to my feet. I told them I had to get back to the camp but they said I wouldn't find my way on so dark a night.

"So they took me to their hideout, a small hut made from skins laid over a frame of interlacing branches. The air inside seemed warm, but there was no fire, only a couple of strange smokeless lamps. We took off our cloaks and sat among sheepskin blankets and white cushions. There I ate bread and fruit while the elf girls spoke together in their own language.

"After the meal they gave me a warm drink, a green liquid that looked like lime-juice but tasted like mead. They both supped the same stuff and soon all three of us were talking merrily and laughing. The elves unbraided their woven plaits, letting their shiny flaxen hair tumble around their shoulders. Their beautiful grey eyes gleamed in the lantern-light, returning my gaze whenever I met the glances that they cast at me.

"My blank staring amused them and they told me so, but I couldn't help it. They fascinated me. I felt humbled by their loveliness, by their graceful movements, by their pale flawless skin. They're warriors, like us, but I saw no scars on their hands. Nor was their green raiment stained or travelworn. Their close-fitting trousers and loose shirts weren't patched and tattered like my buckskin dress.

"After a while I began to feel dizzy and my head spun, but the odd feeling soon passed. By then, the elves were whispering together, partly in their own language, partly in the Common Speech. I realised that they were discussing the physical attributes of a male comrade

whom they both desired to fuck. Tar-Silwa had seen this fine fellow's cock and described it to Olrin in lavish detail."

"How disappointing!" Chekhu interrupted. "Two pretty elf girls wasting their passion on a cockstem. Just when you thought the gods of good fortune had smiled upon you."

"So it seemed," said Keelam, gobbling another spoonful of stew. "But those gods were indeed with me, as you shall see."

She chewed the food and swallowed it before resuming her tale. "Any discussion of cocks soon bores me, as you both know, so I yawned like a cavern, signalling my disinterest. I think I fell asleep for a few minutes. When I opened my eyes the conversation had ceased. To my delight the elves were now sitting very close together, kissing and caressing, paying no heed to me as I watched them in silence.

"Transfixed, enthralled, I gazed in awe as they leisurely stripped each other, their green garments falling away to reveal the slender perfection of their bodies. Between kisses they murmured softly in the elvish tongue, their voices smoother than velvet. I felt awkward and intrusive, like a trespasser, but I continued to stare, for they were beautiful beyond description. Can there be a more thrilling sight than the vision of two gorgeous elf women, both naked, running their delicate fingers over each other's pale smooth flesh? I think not, my friends!"

She paused to eat her breakfast, while Chekhu and Sharmoon sat motionless, their mouths half-open as they pictured the scene in their minds.

"Eventually," Keelam continued, "they became aware of my wakefulness, and Olrin apologized for ignoring me. I told her that I was more than happy to watch their lovemaking. She laughed, then leaned over and kissed me."

"How did it feel?" asked Sharmoon.

"My first elven kiss? It felt wonderful, unbelievable, heavenly! I lost myself in Olrin's lips and barely noticed that Tar-Silwa was stripping off my dress. Soon their hands were all over my body, caressing and squeezing, probing and exploring. Fingers smoother than silk fluttered around my slit, tantalising me with the anticipation of sweet pleasures. So new and strange was the experience that I felt like an innocent maiden, breathless and untouched. Lips softer than rose petals kissed every inch of my nakedness as my hosts gently pushed me onto the sheepskins, laying me on my back. Words spoken in a language I did not understand soothed my nervousness, relaxing my senses, preparing me for what was to come.

"A pale, beautiful face - Tar-Silwa's - bent over me, smiling and whispering, asking me to open my legs. Long hair - Olrin's - brushed my belly and thighs, but I couldn't see her. Her tongue stroked my cunt and I gasped, but when it burrowed inside me my whole body sang to its music. A climax, welling suddenly from some deep place, rose up to overwhelm my senses. Others followed to replenish it, filling every sinew with quivering delight. My breasts felt hot and swollen, the nipples tingling as Tar-Silwa sucked them, her teeth gently gnawing the stiffening teats. In the light of yellow lanterns my hands reached out to clasp Olrin's head, my fingers relishing the shape of her delicately-pointed ears. Believe this, my friends, my heart leapt when I touched those ears! No words of mine can describe how wonderful they felt."

"I hear you, comrade!" said Sharmoon, leaning forward to rest her elbows on the table. "For

I, too, know what it is like to touch the ears of an elf girl. When it happened to me I felt as you did last night." Her eyes shone as she recalled the memory, and she smiled knowingly at Keelam and Chekhu.

The latter nodded. "Two years ago. I remember it well. You took an arrow-wound during the siege of Hanith Fort. I thought you were dead, but one of the Dark Elf rangers took you and nursed you."

Sharmoon licked her lips and grinned. "The arrow was poisoned, but Ru-Khari healed me back to health with her elvish arts. She tended me for three weeks, in the deep caves of her clan." She sighed, shaking her head.

"What happened to her?" asked Keelam. "Surely she still lives?"

Sharmoon shrugged, and her eyes blinked sadly. "I don't know what became of her. The Dark Elves are a secretive people and rarely mingle with folk of other races. All I know of Ru-Khari's fate is that her clan abandoned their caves after a raid by orcs. Perhaps she survived the attack? I hope so, but I really don't know."

"I'm sure she survived," said Chekhu. "She was tough and strong, and a superb swordswoman. Somebody must know what happened to her. Maybe Keelam's new friends might be able to help?"

Keelam wrinkled her nose. "I doubt it. Olrin and Tar-Silwa are Wood Elves, not Dark Elves. But I'll ask them anyway, when I next see them."

"You're meeting them again, then?" Sharmoon inquired. "You clearly made quite an impression!"

"Two impressions!" said Keelam, pointing to her chest. "Tar-Silwa confessed to a fascination with my bosom."

Sharmoon chuckled. "I'm not surprised. Elves aren't accustomed to seeing enormous breasts on such a slim figure."

Chekhu slapped her hand on the tabletop. "We're wandering from the tale, Keelam. I want to hear what happened after the elf girl licked you."

Keelam nodded, tapping her spoon on the bowl. "Where was I? Olrin's pointy ears, I think. Well, I touched those ears and laughed aloud. They felt so strange and beautiful. I caressed them, my fingers trembling as I continued to climax. Olrin's tongue worked its magic on my clit, while Tar-Silwa's silken lips traced small circles around my nipples. I was drowning in unbearable pleasure.

"How long I lay there I cannot say, for I lost track of time. Eventually, after what seemed like hours of delight, the elves withdrew, allowing me to regain my breath. For a while they left me panting and sweating, my head spinning, while they whispered in their own language. Then, like a lifeless doll, I was lifted up onto my hands and knees, crawling like a beast. In the dim yellow lamplight I saw Tar-Silwa smiling as she lay back on a heap of cushions, leaning up on her elbows and spreading her legs.

"An unseen hand gently pushed my head between her pale slender thighs and my lips brushed the triangle of golden hairs at her crotch. I needed no further coaxing, for the scent

of her cunt intoxicated my senses, drawing me inward. Eagerly, like an inquisitive kitten, I licked her perfect slit, finding the taste unexpectedly sweet. As my tongue wormed past the delicate folds of elven flesh the taste grew sweeter. I barely restrained my teeth from devouring such tender meat.

"Tar-Silwa writhed and squirmed among the cushions and sheepskins, softly murmuring strange words. My tongue curled back, retracing its journey and locating her secret nubbin, already firm beneath its fleshy hood. I heard a sound like a whimper as the clit stiffened against my dancing tongue-tip. Strong fingers clutched my hair, pulling me closer until all my senses were filled with her exquisite taste."

Sharmoon gave a long wistful sigh. "That special taste!" she purred, her eyes half-closing. "The truly exquisite flavour of an elf woman. It's almost impossible to describe."

"Try," said Chekhu, feeling somewhat excluded. Unlike her two companions, she had yet to savour the delights of which they spoke.

"The right words fail me," Sharmoon replied, before pausing to muse on a suitable description. "Imagine this, Chekhu. A lightly-boiled partridge, its meat slowly roasted in the juice of ripe strawberries. With a sprinkle of cinnamon, perhaps?"

Chekhu raised an eyebrow and turned to Keelam. "Do you agree?"

"Yes. But I'd add a hint of almond or rosemary."

Chekhu seemed satisfied with the description and encouraged Keelam to resume her tale. "Did you lick the other one?" she asked.

Keelam nodded. "After Tar-Silwa climaxed she made way for Olrin, whose cunt was smaller and tighter. She remarked that she is still a virgin who has not yet received a cock inside her body. I told her that I'm a virgin too, but my hole will never welcome a man. My words were greeted with astonishment, especially by Tar-Silwa, who informed me that elves regard anything other than bisexuality as abnormal. It was then my turn to be surprised."

"It's true," said Sharmoon solemnly. "I've heard it said before."

"Well, to me it was news," Keelam continued. "Not that it mattered much, for I was happy to offer my tongue as a substitute for any elvish cock. Olrin climaxed three or four times, reaching the final crest with my finger buried deep inside her juicy ass. Watching her long pale body quivering in the lamplight made my heart beat so fast that I felt dizzy."

"My head was still spinning when I eventually sat up, hot and breathless, my hair hanging in tangles over my face. Tar-Silwa leaned over to kiss me, licking Olrin's ooze from my lips. Olrin followed suit, tasting her own cunt-juice as her tongue explored my mouth. Then they kissed each other while I lay back to watch. My eyes closed as I cherished the moment and I prayed that the dawn might be delayed, for I did not want the night to end."

She paused, lifting the bowl to her face and gulping down the last dregs of stew. Placing the bowl on the table she sat back, frowning darkly and giving a heavy sigh.

"What happened next?" Chekhu asked in an excited voice. "Did the elves make love together?"

Keelam shrugged. "I don't know."

"You don't know?" queried Sharmoon.

"I fell asleep," Keelam confessed, glancing sheepishly at her friends. "My eyes closed and didn't reopen. I think I finally succumbed to warmth and weariness. Daylight was creeping back to the forest when I awoke. The elves had gone, leaving me wrapped in blankets and furs. Bread and fruit and a jug of clear water lay on a wooden plate in one corner of the hut. I sat up, running my fingers through my tangles and wishing I'd brought a comb. Then I smiled, for the elves had plaited my hair with snowdrops while I slept. Small white petals fell around me as I crawled over to the food. Beneath the jug lay a folded paper, upon which a single word had been written in a delicate script: *Return*. My eyes filled with tears and I felt as treasured as a princess."

She sighed, and her companions knew that the story was finished. For a while all three sat in silence, each musing her own thoughts, until Chekhu stretched her arms and sat up.

"So, when will you return?" she asked.

"Tonight, if I could," Keelam replied. "But I don't suppose our captain will allow it. Maybe on Midwinter's Eve, while the rest of you celebrate in the camp?"

"Will you take me with you, when you go?" Chekhu inquired hopefully.

"Me too?" added Sharmoon.

"I might," said Keelam, her mouth curling in a smug grin. "But only if you both promise to be very, very good."

"I'll take all your guard duties between now and Midwinter's Day," Chekhu offered. "Will that get me a night with the elves?"

"No," Keelam answered nonchalantly. "But buy me a mug of ale every night for the next three years and I might consider it."

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