

Warrior Women Erotic Stories

A SURPRISE FOR TRICKY MO An *Elf Maidens* tale by Trisha Monks

The smile on Needlepin's freckled face widened slowly until it became a grin, her fingers curling into the tousled mane of raven hair that bobbed between her thighs.

"Mo! That feels amazing!" she said dreamily, her eyelids fluttering.

"I told you it would," came the muffled reply from her crotch.

Needlepin closed her eyes and pressed her head deeper into the pillow. To her ears came the faint sound of soft slurping and slavering, and every nerve in her body tingled in response.

"Let me see it, Mo," she whispered. "Show me the bangle."

Between her thighs a pale face slowly appeared and a pair of gleaming green eyes peered along her naked belly. Long white fingers reached up to sweep raven tresses off the white face, brushing stray hair behind ears that were delicately pointed.

"Show me the bangle, Tricky Mo," Needlepin repeated, as she lifted her head from the pillow to open her eyes.

A mouth opened in the pale face and a slender tongue slithered out, its tip collared by a narrow silver chain that bore a small emerald at the centre. Needlepin smiled, her copper-coloured hair framing her head as she snuggled back into the pillow.

"The jewel feels amazing when your tongue presses it against my clit," she whispered. "I would not have suspected the Wood Elves of inventing such a wonderful device."

"In truth, it is an invention of the Dark Elves," replied Tricky Mo. "We thought of the idea two thousand years ago, but the Wood Elves stole it from us, claiming it as their own. Such are the ways of that treacherous race."

Needlepin chuckled. "So, the ancient rivalry between the elf kindreds extends even to ownership of a tongue-bangle? Well, I care not who claims the origin, for it is a marvellous thing and my clit gives thanks to the maker."

"Only a Dark Elf knows how to use it properly," added Mo. "It requires great skill with the tongue to move the emerald to the right place. If I was a clumsy Wood Elf your sweet cunt would now be sliced like raw mutton."

She lowered her head again and was about to resume her task when something suddenly drummed on the outside of the tent, and heavy footsteps thudded on the ground near the entrance-flap.

"Tricky Mo!" yelled a gruff female voice. "Khit Lano calls for you immediately. She says you must come to her pavilion at once."

Mo sat up, startled and breathless, her white skin gleaming in the tent's yellow candlelight.

"I'll be there in half a minute!" she yelled back, reaching for her clothes.

Needlepin gave a groan and a heavy sigh. "Damnation! What does the General want at this late hour?"

Mo buttoned a blue waistcoat under her breasts and squirmed into a short matching skirt, her mouth muttering voiceless curses as she hurriedly dressed.

"I don't know," she replied. "But it had better be important!"

The General's pavilion was a large grey tent in the centre of the Legion's sprawling camp. Still adjusting her clothes, Tricky Mo darted past a spearwoman who guarded the door and plunged into the mellow lamplight within. Her eyes narrowed when she saw two figures standing near the General's richly-cushioned bed. One was the General herself, the renowned Khit Lano, a woman with short grey hair whose skin was deeply tanned. The other figure was so similar to Mo that at first she felt as though she was staring at a mirror, until she noticed that the figure was male.

"Good evening, comrade!" said the General. "We have a surprise guest in our midst tonight."

"So I see," Mo replied, slowing her pace as she approached the bed. "But is it not forbidden for males to enter the Legion's encampment?"

The General smiled, shaking her head and running a finger through her close-cropped hair.

"Where is your courtesy, Tricky Mo?" she inquired. "Is this how you welcome one of your own kin?"

Mo responded by spitting at the feet of the newcomer, making him flinch. Her eyes glared at him, but he mastered himself and returned the venomous stare with a salute, placing his right hand over his heart. Mo saw that the hand wore a fingerless glove of black mesh, and that the middle finger bore a silver ring in the shape of a coiling snake.

"Do not salute me, Ru-Kal!" she rasped. "I have not forgotten the arrow that you shot at me when I fled from the caves of our people."

Ru-Kal shrugged, tossing his shaggy head to flick straggly locks of raven hair from his face. His right hand reached inside his black leather tunic to produce a barbed iron arrowhead, wrapped in a thin ribbon of red silk.

"Nor have I forgotten it, Tar-Mosa," he answered, undaunted by her glaring eyes. "See? I have kept it, in memory of the great warrior whom I loved and lost."

A smile flickered at the corners of Mo's mouth and her eyes softened. "You kept the arrow? But that was five hundred years ago!"

Ru-Kal nodded, returning the arrowhead to its hidden pocket. "I have not forgotten you, Tar-Mosa. Nor have many others among our people. You were the best of us, before you chose exile among these renegades. The best warrior and the best hunter."

"And she still is the best!" the General interrupted. "Without Mo's scouting skills, this Legion that I command would long ago have perished in an ambush or been swallowed by a hidden swamp. But tell her, Ru-Kal. Tell Mo what you told me when you arrived here an hour ago."

Ru-Kal saluted the General, bowing courteously to her. "I thank you for giving me sanctuary, most noble lady. I had heard that the Kelet Legion gives no welcome to strangers, but I am grateful that you have made an exception in my case."

"Sanctuary?" said Mo, her brow furrowing. "Sanctuary from what?"

"From his own people," the General explained. "From the Dark Elves, from the same clan who sent you into exile five centuries ago. Ru-Kal is now a renegade, like yourself. But he knows that the sanctuary I offer is temporary, for the Legion is no refuge for males. Go on, Ru-Kal."

He answered with a smile. "You have spoken on my behalf, General. What more need I say to Tar-Mosa?"

Tricky Mo gave a long sigh and her shoulders relaxed. "Stop calling me by that name," she murmured. "It belongs to a life that is now forgotten."

"Tell her why you fled the caves," the General insisted. She sat on the edge of the bed to stretch out her tanned legs, rubbing the sleek muscles below the hem of her short blue skirt.

Ru-Kal turned to Tricky Mo and grinned. "I committed the same crime as you. I freed a prisoner, though none so valuable as the hostage whom you carried out of the slave-pits."

"A woman?" asked Mo.

"No, a young boy," he replied. "An innocent creature for whom I felt great pity. He was destined for the altar of the Demon Queen."

Mo nodded slowly, her mouth now smiling openly. "So you did not leave because of your desire to bed me?"

Ru-Kal laughed, banging his gloved fist on his sword-hilt. "Alas, no! Unless maybe the long years have changed your heart, Tar-Mosa, and you will now allow a cockstem to enjoy what so many fortunate females have tasted?"

The General gave a raucous laugh, and Tricky Mo grinned before narrowing her eyes at Ru-Kal.

"Ask me the same question when another five hundred winters have passed," she quipped, and to Ru-Kal's delight she at last returned his salute.

"You're completely mad," said Needlepin, tugging a hunk of salted meat between her teeth.

She and Tricky Mo were sitting outside their tent in the misty morning air, watching as the rest of the camp awoke from its slumber.

"Why do you say that?" Mo inquired, as she scraped a whetstone carefully along the razor-sharp edge of her dagger.

Needlepin raised her hand to signal a pause, while she chewed an especially large mouthful of beef. Mo waited patiently, looking around the camp and waving to the bleary-eyed women who began to emerge from nearby tents.

"Because," Needlepin ventured, before her teeth stumbled briefly on a tough piece of gristle. "Because he's incredibly beautiful, that's why. Hellfire, Mo! He's a male version of you, so that makes him exceedingly fuckable, does it not?"

"You flatter me, as usual," Mo retorted. "But do not forget that I have bedded no male for nearly a thousand years."

Needlepin shrugged. "So you keep telling me. But I'm no elf, so my mind cannot grasp such a huge span of time. All I know is that Ru-Kal is a very beautiful man and he clearly needs to be fucked by a good woman."

Mo sighed, throwing the whetstone back into the tent. "Ru-Kal is not a man. He's an elf, and elves have no need of haste. If his bed ever yearns for a female, then I'm sure he'll go out and find one."

"Does he only fuck elves?" Needlepin inquired, waving to a trio of orc girls who tumbled in a snarling heap from one of the tents.

Tricky Mo shrugged. "I know not. Ask him yourself, and maybe he'll give you more than an answer."

"Do you think so?" Needlepin asked hopefully.

Mo rose to her feet, thrusting the dagger into its scabbard at her belt. "You bedded a man last month. And two others in the weeks before that. Are you already desperate for another cock?"

"Of course not!" Needlepin replied, playfully slapping the elf woman's bare legs. "You alone make my little slit moist and desperate, my pale love. But that does not mean that I won't drool and slaver when a morsel as tasty as Ru-Kal strolls through the camp."

Mo shook her head, looking up to yawn at the cloudy sky. "Alright, you copper-haired minx. I'll see what I can do."

Needlepin grinned mischievously. "I knew you'd help, my dear and faithful comrade."

"This wine is not good," said Ru-Kal, sniffing the uncorked bottle. "I do not wish to drink it."

"Then drink this instead," said Needlepin, handing him a small leather flask.

He sniffed the flask and smiled, his pale green eyes twinkling in recognition. "Orc whisky!" he muttered. "It is many years since I tasted this evil brew."

"Just a tiny sip is enough," Needlepin advised, but it was too late, for Ru-Kal had already

gulped a large mouthful. To her surprise he gave a satisfied grin and handed back the flask.

"Don't worry," he whispered, his eyes watering. "I'm tougher than I look."

Tricky Mo snatched the flask from Needlepin's hand and stowed it in a corner of the tent.

"You'll kill us all with that stuff," she said, gently tugging her comrade's coppery tresses.

The trio were sitting cross-legged in Mo's small tent, huddled around a collection of bottles and cups and half-chewed joints of meat. It was early evening, and the day's duties were all done. Under the eaves of the forest the Kelet Legion was resting before sleep.

Ru-Kal picked up a bone and tore off the remaining flesh with his sharp white teeth, chewing slowly to savour the taste. He closed his eyes, his long dark lashes fluttering on his pale cheek. Needlepin stared at him with a dreamy expression, until a nudge from Tricky Mo startled her out of the trance.

"Time to sleep," said the elf woman. "Ru-Kal must leave the camp at dawn, by order of General Khit."

Ru-Kal opened his eyes to return Needlepin's gaze while continuing to chew the meat. His mouth curled in a smile, a trickle of grease creeping slowly down his chin. Needlepin reached out to wipe it off with a trailing forefinger.

"Thank you," said Ru-Kal. "Man-flesh is not usually so juicy."

Needlepin grinned. "The Legion's cooks always allow our enemies to simmer. Even the toughest brigands are as tender as lambs after a few hours in our pots."

"You enjoy the taste of your own people?" Ru-Kal inquired.

Needlepin shrugged. "Not much. But it's a tradition of the Legion to devour its foes, and I do not wish to starve."

Ru-Kal nodded, swallowing the meat, before sitting back and licking his lips. "Your courteous commander, General Khit, gave me a tour of the camp this afternoon. I was intrigued to see the mantis head on your banners, for that is the sacred sign of the Demon Queen, who rules the nightworld of my people. Why does your army permit this regiment to bear an emblem of the Dark Elves, who are otherwise regarded as the enemies of your king?"

"Did Khit Lano not tell you?" asked Needlepin.

"Of course she told him!" Tricky Mo interjected. "He just wants to hear about our tattoos."

Ru-Kal laughed, raising his hands in mock surrender. "Tar-Mosa is right. I deceive you with a false question, fair Needlepin. It is indeed the tattoo that most intrigues me, but your General refused to show it."

Needlepin's eyes widened in disbelief. "You asked to see Khit Lano's tattoo? Did she not knife you for your impertinence?"

"No," Ru-Kal replied. "She just laughed and told me that no male eyes are permitted to see

her cunt. *It's my secret treasure*, she said. So, my curiosity remains unsatisfied."

Mo rolled her eyes and looked away, giving a weary sigh before soundlessly mouthing the words *Want to see mine?*

"Want to see mine?" Needlepin ventured, leaning eagerly towards Ru-Kal.

He smiled, then looked uncertainly at Tricky Mo, who gave a nonchalant shrug and said: "All her people are like this: very hasty and extremely predictable."

"Hasty?" said Ru-Kal, licking his lips in anticipation. "I'm pleased to hear it!"

Needlepin knelt upright and wriggled quickly out of her short blue skirt, flinging the garment aside and spreading her knees wide to give Ru-Kal as good a view as possible. He bent forward, stooping to peer between her thighs with a look of mock seriousness on his face.

"The mantis head emblem," he observed. "Tattooed in black above your slit. And all your bristles are shaved off. Did it hurt when it was first done?"

"It doesn't hurt at all," said Needlepin untruthfully. "It bonds us in sisterhood, the Kelet Legion. Orcs, Dark Elves, all the other outcasts and renegades. Warrior women, every one of us, all bonded together by this badge on our cunts."

"Our female warriors do the same," said Ru-Kal, his fingertip tracing the shape of the mantis head's bulging eyes. He smiled at Needlepin's sudden gasp and continued to stroke the tattooed skin above her slit. Tricky Mo sighed and lay on her back, stretching her long white legs but keeping them pressed tightly together. Ru-Kal cast her a brief glance and clicked his tongue.

"Why are you so coy with me, Tar-Mosa?" he inquired, turning his attention back to Needlepin, whose breath hissed softly between her teeth as he caressed her crotch. When Mo ignored him, he shook his head and grinned, adding with a chuckle: "Tar-Mosa! Will you not let me see beneath your skirt, old friend?"

"No!" came the swift reply.

"Your lover is less selfish than you," he persisted. "Her generosity towards strangers casts you in shame."

"Generosity!" Mo retorted, closing her eyes and smiling as she rested her head on the pillow. "I can think of a comment far less polite, though much closer to the truth."

Ru-Kal laughed quietly, his long forefinger reaching out to stroke Needlepin's teeth as she grinned. Her mouth opened a little, allowing him to place his fingertip inside, where it became entwined with her tongue. His other hand remained at her crotch, where its circular caresses roamed around her slit, the fleshy cleft oozing appreciatively at his touch. Instinctively, she undid her blue waistcoat and took it off, inhaling deeply so that her bosom lifted towards Ru-Kal's face. His gleaming green eyes gazed admiringly at the tiny brown freckles that patterned her breasts, and his face lowered to plant a gentle kiss on each nipple.

Needlepin sighed, throwing back her head so that her copper tresses dangled down her spine to brush the upper skin of her buttocks. Her hands burrowed into Ru-Kal's raven hair,

her fingertips touching the points of his ears and feeling the many small silver rings that festooned the lobes. Her eyes opened wide in delight, staring up at the low ceiling of the tent. Never before had she made love with an elven male, though her curiosity had often been aroused by the thought, and now she intended to savour the experience.

A thrill ran through her veins when his strong hands clasped her slender waist, his eyes indicating that he wished her to lie down. Still gasping, she allowed herself to be lowered onto the blanket, her body feeling strangely helpless. There she lay on her back, her smile beaming as she watched Ru-Kal remove his black leather tunic and close-fitting breeches. Suddenly she gasped, her expression freezing in surprise when she saw the uncovering of his loins.

"By the gods!" she hissed.

Ru-Kal smiled, brushing his hair behind his pointed ears as he knelt between her legs. He said nothing, but his eyes glanced at Tricky Mo, who had now turned to lie on her side next to Needlepin, her shaggy mane straggling across her white face and spreading over the pillow like a dark shadow.

"Your lover seems puzzled, Tar-Mosa," said Ru-Kal.

"I don't know why," answered Mo. "I've told her many times about the customs of our people."

"True," said Needlepin. "But hearing the tale and seeing the flesh are two very different things. Is the cobra an emblem of your caste, Ru-Kal?"

He nodded, bending his head to look down at his manhood, which stood proud and erect in his lap like a long pale spike. His raven hair fell around his shoulders, the tousled tangles contrasting sharply with the smooth ivory of his skin. His right hand still wore the fingerless glove of black mesh, and with the forefinger he traced the black tattoo that coiled around his shaft from root to tip. The tattoo made four circuits of his cockstem before terminating in a leering snakehead imprinted on the foreskin.

"The Cave Cobra is the mark of the Swordmasters," he explained. "Just as the Mantis is the sign of our female warriors, and so too of the Demon Queen whom they revere. Hence its adoption by your strange Legion of women, no doubt."

Needlepin frowned. "It seems odd that the snake's head is not distorted by the stiffening of your cock. Is that due to some special skill on the part of the tattooist?"

Tricky Mo chuckled, reaching out to gently squeeze Needlepin's left breast. "Have you forgotten what I once told you, my love? A male warrior of my people receives the caste tattoo when his spike is fully erect. Only when the shaft becomes flaccid does the pattern distort."

"I remember now," said Needlepin, making herself comfortable on the blanket and parting her thighs when Ru-Kal's pale sleek body loomed over her. His smooth muscular arms supported his weight while he moved his hips against hers, and she writhed beneath him as his cock thrust slowly into her slippery cunt. Then she lay still, her soft purring interspersed by short frantic gasps and plaintive moans.

Mo lay silently beside them, watching their lovemaking intently but occasionally reaching out

to caress Needlepin's face, shoulders or breasts. Every touch brought a shiver of delight from the copper-haired girl, and on the narrow strip of blanket between them their hands met and clasped. Ru-Kal's gentle thrusting coaxed Needlepin expertly to a climax, the orgasm making her fingers tighten in Mo's firm grasp.

Ru-Kal timed his own climax to follow soon after, his body shivering as his cock spurted deep within her flesh. Through a misty storm of pleasure Needlepin marvelled at his ejaculation, which felt far stronger than any she had experienced before. Jets of hot juice sprayed around her innards so forcefully that she imagined her womb to be a cauldron of boiling fish. The sensation prolonged her orgasm until she reached the threshold of her pleasure and could barely take any more. To her relief, Ru-Kal withdrew and eased his body away, kneeling back on his haunches while he regained his composure.

Needlepin lay panting, her bosom heaving while sweat trickled between her freckled breasts, but she mustered enough breath to bestow a compliment on her new lover. "You're beautiful!" she told him. "If I did not know otherwise I might mistake you for a pretty, dark-haired girl."

Ru-Kal shrugged, running a finger back and forth along his softening cock, which glistened in the yellow lamplight. "Male or female, female or male. The boundary between genders is less defined among my people, as Tar-Mosa has probably told you already. But we are happier for that, I think."

"You sleep with any whom you desire?" Needlepin inquired. "Male or female, it matters not?"

Ru-Kal nodded. "Yes, indeed. Even as you do also, fair swordmaiden. But our kinswoman Tar-Mosa, whom you call Tricky Mo, chooses to shun the company of males, and therefore denies herself a world of pleasure."

"I disagree," said Mo. "Say rather that my pleasure is more intense, because I choose to specialise, honing my expertise by making love only with women."

"No doubt you are a great expert in your chosen skill," said Ru-Kal, his manhood stiffening as he spoke. "But that is for your lovers to judge." With a curling smile he looked down at Needlepin and said: "What would you choose, speckled one? Who gives you greater pleasure: the male or the female?"

Needlepin smiled. "A difficult choice. I would have to experience both pleasures simultaneously, to compare one against the other."

The two elves shared a knowing glance, followed by a mutual sly grin that Needlepin found somewhat disturbing. For a brief moment the eyes of Ru-Kal gleamed with a cruel light that unnerved her, and to her dismay she saw the same gleam in the eyes of Tricky Mo. She had noticed that light before, usually on the brink of a ferocious battle, or when Mo drew forth her dagger to despatch a wounded foe.

"Do you accept the challenge?" asked Ru-Kal and, when Mo nodded, he added with a smile: "Then let the contest begin!"

He lay beside Needlepin, on her right, so that she found herself sandwiched between two bright-eyed elves, both of them intending to tantalise her senses. She writhed in eager anticipation, making herself comfortable on the blanket, but before she had time to settle she was lifted effortlessly off the floor by Ru-Kal to be placed face-upward on his body. His

cock, now restored to hardness, probed between her buttocks while his strong hands juggled her into the required position.

"What's happening?" she whispered, letting her head fall back against his face. His hot breath hissed on her cheek, but he made no reply, and her attention now turned to Tricky Mo, who moved to crouch kneeling between the splayed legs of the couple. In Mo's hand was a small leather bottle, from which she poured an oily liquid onto her fingers.

Needlepin lifted her hips, using the muscles of her abdomen to present her most intimate parts to Tricky Mo. The elf woman's slick fingers trailed briefly along Needlepin's glistening cunt before slipping between her buttocks to locate the hidden rosebud. With delicate caresses she rubbed oil around the crinkled hole and pushed two fingertips inside Needlepin's tight rear passage, making the girl squirm as she lay on top of Ru-Kal. His hands reached around to gently squeeze her breasts, the pressure of his thumbs coaxing her pink nipples to hardness.

Needlepin gasped when Mo's fingers withdrew, but she felt them wriggling near her ass and realised that they were manoeuvring Ru-Kal's stiff shaft between her buttocks. Mo spoke something in the elvish tongue, and Ru-Kal answered with a murmured response, before giving a gentle thrust that pushed the tip of his cock into Needlepin's asshole. Guided by Mo's hands, the rest of the shaft followed slowly, until its sleek length was fully embedded in the freckled girl's body.

"Hell's Teeth!" gasped Needlepin, her spine arching upward from Ru-Kal's torso as he began a leisurely thrusting movement.

She closed her eyes, savouring the tender discomfort of his probing, but opened them again when a familiar sensation filled her senses with delight. A soft black mane brushed the skin of her inner thighs as Tricky Mo's head burrowed between them, the elf woman's long tongue licking the mantis-head tattoo and the oozing slit that gaped below it. Mo synchronized the action of her tongue with the up-and-down motion of Needlepin's abdomen, pleasuring her lover's cunt while Ru-Kal's cock pushed in and out of the girl's rear passage. His semen still trickled from the slit, but Mo licked it off without a care, finding the flavour unpleasant but mercifully hidden by the sour taste of Needlepin's cunt-juice. The latter she savoured slowly, like wine or nectar.

For one brief moment the rhythm of Mo's tongue faltered, the tip accidentally flicking the underside of Ru-Kal's cock as it partially emerged from Needlepin's ass. Ru-Kal's chuckle of satisfaction was answered by an elvish curse from Mo, and her hand playfully squeezed his scrotum. When he offered no reaction she squeezed more tightly, waiting for his yell of protest, but instead he gave a series of appreciative groans. With a disappointed sigh she stopped squeezing and concentrated on her oral pleasuring of Needlepin, using her tongue to tease the girl's swollen clit.

It was not long before Needlepin's climax rose up to sweep her senses away. With Ru-Kal's hands cupping her breasts, his stiff cock inside her asshole and Tricky Mo's tongue licking her cunt, the combined onslaught of delicious sensations soon became too much to endure. With a cry of relief and delight, she surrendered her body to orgasm, her body shuddering, her buttocks clenching on Ru-Kal's belly. Her head was still spinning when Ru-Kal ejaculated inside her rear passage, deep groans issuing from his throat as he filled her intestines with cock-juice. His teeth gently bit her shoulder and his clasp grip on her bosom tightened until her breasts throbbed, his fingers relaxing only when the spurting spasms of his cock began to dwindle.

Tricky Mo knelt upright to sit back on her booted heels, having remained fully clothed throughout the session. Wiping fluid from her chin she shared a smile with Needlepin and watched Ru-Kal's flaccid manhood slip lifelessly from the cleft of the freckled girl's buttocks. The cockstem lay like a slimy white worm between his thighs, its coiling cobra tattoo now shapeless and crooked in the absence of an erection.

Needlepin rolled off his body to lie alongside him, breathing softly against his skin. Ru-Kal turned his head to gaze at her, staring keenly into her eyes, trying to read her thoughts.

"Well?" he whispered in her ear, his fingers brushing aside a tress of copper-coloured hair. "Have you made your judgement, my Princess of the Speckles?"

Needlepin gave a long slow sigh and snuggled into his arm. "Indeed I have, Swordmaster! But I fear that my choice will not be to your liking."

"Ah!" he replied, stroking her ear and kissing the lobe. "You prefer a female lover? It is no surprise to me, when the tongue at your cunt belongs to the beautiful Tar-Mosa."

"My judgement is skewed by my heart," Needlepin added. "For I love Mo very deeply, as you know."

"I love her too," said Ru-Kal. "But I fear that she will never take me to her bed."

He looked at Tricky Mo, who gave a dismissive shrug. "Never is an eternity, old friend," she said softly. "Who knows what the future might hold for any of us?"

"I have loved you, Tar-Mosa, since my childhood in the caves," he retorted, flashing his sharp white teeth in a wry grin. "And that is now more than six centuries ago. But when morning comes I must depart from this camp of warrior women, to seek my fortune in the wild lands. Shall I return in another hundred years, to see if your frozen heart has thawed?"

"Don't leave your return so long," said Needlepin. "In a hundred years you'll find Mo still here, no doubt, but my poor bones will be dust in the ground." As she spoke, her left hand curled around his cock, drawing the loose foreskin back and forth until her fingers detected the first stirrings of an erection. "I beg you to return to us sooner, Swordmaster!" she added.

Tricky Mo crawled over to lie next to Ru-Kal, who seemed to be murmuring as though lost in a dream. His eyes were partly closed and his breathing seemed very slow. Mo prodded a long fingernail into his shoulder, making him wince as he turned to stare at her.

"Well?" she asked sharply. "My friend wishes to know when you'll come back to flatter us again with your company."

Ru-Kal grinned, running his fingers gently over Needlepin's nipples as she snuggled against him. "What if General Khit forbids me from returning to this camp?"

"Leave Khit Lano to me," Mo replied. "She owes me many favours."

"Then I'll be back next week," said Ru-Kal.

"Good!" said Mo, closing her eyes and settling down for sleep. "I'll ensure that I'm scouting

in the mountains, but Needlepin will be happy to welcome you."

"I'll come and find you," he countered. "You won't escape me that easily, my wonderful Tar-Mosa. I'll shoot another arrow at your legs if you try to avoid me."

Mo yawned into her pillow and turned over, sighing wearily. She sensed a flurry of movement behind but kept her eyes firmly shut, even when she heard muffled whispers and the unmistakable sounds of kissing. A pause followed, and the yellow glow faded as, one by one, the candles were extinguished. More kissing noises followed, until Needlepin's whisper came out of the darkness.

"Are we keeping you awake, comrade?"

The reply, in a sarcastic tone, came after a long pause: "Of course not," said Tricky Mo.

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