

## *Warrior Women Erotic Stories*

### A TOUCH OF ROMANCE

#### *An Orc Girlz Tale by Trisha Monks*

"Kiss me, Jeni," the blonde girl whispered. "Kiss me now, or I'll go crazy!"

"I can't!" Jeni protested, pushing her friend gently away. "Not with that creature staring at us."

The blonde sat back, glowering across the tavern to the far wall, where three female soldiers lounged around a small table. They wore short skirts and sleeveless waistcoats of faded blue hardcloth, and swords hung at their belts. One was a girl of twenty or so, with a freckled face and long copper-coloured tresses, while another was a strikingly beautiful elf with pale skin and a mane of raven hair. These two were holding hands under the table and seemed to be engrossed in each other's company. Their companion was short and sallow-skinned, her hair a shaggy jet-black mop, her eyes slanting and yellow. Beneath a long narrow nose her dark-lipped mouth hung half-open, displaying prominent fang-like teeth and a black tongue. She seemed to be grinning or snarling.

"See what I mean, Jil?" said Jeni. "See how the creature glares at me?"

Jeni's blonde friend took a mouthful of red wine and refilled both glasses, her eyes remaining fixed on the bottle as she poured.

"What should I do?" Jeni inquired, an anxious expression in her blue eyes as she sipped her wine. "Tell me, Jil, for you have had some dealings with orcs in the past."

Jil smiled, lifting her gaze to the low raftered ceiling. "The orc woman isn't glaring, Jeni. She's leering."

"Leering? At me?"

"Yes," Jil replied. "Her yellow eyes are brimming with lust for you. As indeed are my own, for you look so pretty tonight."

Jeni lowered her head, her black hair tumbling around the shoulders of her green dress. "I don't want any orcs lusting for me. They're a strange breed, I hear, with uncouth habits and brutal ways."

"Nonsense!" retorted Jil. "I knew some fine orc girls when I served with the army ten years ago. I was just an innocent village lass of nineteen, as you are now, but I soon learned about the other races of the world, including orcs. You've been listening to too many rumours and legends. And besides, I can see in your eyes that you're enjoying the attention."

Jeni tried to shrug aside the accusation with a snort. "Now who's talking nonsense?" she scoffed.

"Not me," Jil answered sharply. "But I know you too well, my love. And I know that you're attracted to the orc girl. She's rather cute, is she not? Can you sense the raw passion

oozing from her skin?"

"Alright," said Jeni. "She's a cute little thing, in a savage kind of way. But I do wish she wouldn't stare so much. It's embarrassing!"

"For whom?" Jil inquired. "Not for her, I can assure you. Her race is fortunate in feeling no such sensitivity."

"She's coming over here!" Jeni whispered urgently. "Don't speak to her, Jil!"

With an ungainly shambling gait the orc woman walked across and sat on the bench next to Jeni, her mouth curling in a grin and her strange eyes glinting.

"Greetings!" she said, in a voice rougher than gravel. "My name is Mousetooth. I am a warrior of Sorkin."

Jeni said nothing, keeping her eyes fixed ahead, but Jil leaned over her to clasp the orc's clawlike hand.

"Greetings to you, soldier!" she said. "My name is Jil, and this is Jeni. I once fought for Sorkin, though briefly, in my youth, and I see that you and your comrades bear the mantis emblem of the Kelet Legion."

She pointed to a black tattoo on the orc's left shoulder, depicting a stylised insect head with curved fangs and bulging eyes.

Mousetooth nodded. "That is our sign, yes, and we wear it on our bodies in more than one place. The Legion is camped five miles from here, but we three marched over the hills to taste the ale of this tavern."

"Our village welcomes you," said Jil. "Doesn't it, Jeni?"

Jeni gave a hurried nod and glanced quickly at the orc, before turning hastily away, her cheeks flushing pink at the edges. Mousetooth gave a knowing grin, but Jil sighed in exasperation.

"Don't mind her, soldier!" she said. "She's not used to your people. In fact, you are the first orc she's met. But how did you earn such a curious name?"

Mousetooth chuckled, opening her mouth and pointing to her yellow fangs. "Mice have tiny teeth, but mine are very long, so my comrades give me the name as a joke." She paused to stare intently at Jeni. "Tasty wench!" she added, licking her dark lips. "Maybe you and me go outside and lick cunts?"

"Certainly not!" Jeni spluttered, shuffling away towards Jil. "Why would I do such a thing?"

"Because you like women," said Mousetooth, looking rather puzzled. "I see you kiss your friend, so why not kiss me too?"

Jeni sprang to her feet and straightened her dress. "Because you're an orc!" she answered, before hurrying through the tables and disappearing out of the tavern.

Mousetooth looked at Jil and shrugged her shoulders. "Did I say something wrong?"

"It isn't your fault, soldier," Jil explained. "But village women in these parts are not like army girls. They require wooing and serenading, preferably with a touch of romance."

The orc's blank frown showed Jil that the explanation had not been understood. Instead, the growling in Mousetooth's throat suggested that she was not only puzzled but irritated too.

"I go and get advice from Tricky Mo," she muttered, giving Jil a solemn nod before rising and shambling back to rejoin her two comrades. Jil shrugged and drained her glass, then with a wave to some local men in a corner she got up and left the tavern.

\*\*\*\*\*

Later, back at the Legion's camp, Mousetooth crawled into the tent that she shared with Tricky Mo and tugged at the elf woman's shoulders, trying to prize her from the long slow kiss she was sharing with the copper-haired girl.

"Mo! Mo!" the orc pleaded. "I need your help most urgently!"

The elf flicked a tress of raven hair from her pale face and turned her green eyes to meet Mousetooth's frantic glare.

"What is it, Mouse?" she asked slowly, in a voice smoother than satin.

"That pretty one insulted me," the orc replied, sitting down with a scowl. "I asked her for cunny-licks, but she ran away like a frightened rabbit. Then her friend said: *You must woo these village bitches if you want to get under their skirts.* So what should I do, Tricky Mo?"

Mo and her companion laughed, the elf gently patting Mousetooth's claw as it clenched and unclenched.

"It's not funny!" the orc snarled, baring her fangs. "I want this Jeni like I've wanted no other woman."

"You're in love," said Mo. "Now you'll know what I mean when next I complain about my aching heart, whenever my Needlepin goes off into the wilderness without me."

The copper-haired girl smiled, planting a tender kiss on the elf's pointed ear. "Mo's right, Mouse," she added. "You've been stricken down by the most bittersweet of arrows. My guess is that you must now pursue the prey until she lies trapped in your snare."

Mousetooth gave a bewildered frown. "So I set a trap, like I would for a roe deer?"

Tricky Mo shook her head. "Not a real trap. That is not what Needlepin means at all. She means a snare made from sugar and honey. You must follow the advice of Jeni's friend and woo the girl with gentle words and pleasing gifts."

"Women in these villages always like being given fresh flowers," Needlepin suggested. "Pick some ripe blooms in the forest and give them to your pretty lady."

Mousetooth grunted and muttered something in the tongue of her own people. Then she rose again and pushed her way through the tavern throng, heading for the door and the clear starry night.

\*\*\*\*\*

Moonlight dappled the river as Jil and Jeni sat together on a flat stone at the waterside, their hands clasped tightly as they spoke in soft voices. During a moment of silence Jil looked up at the stars and sighed, shaking her head in exasperation.

"I can't understand why you're so anxious," she said. "A few minutes ago you said you regretted leaving the tavern so briskly. Now you seem unwilling to admit that you found Mousetooth attractive."

"I don't know what I'm feeling!" Jeni retorted, withdrawing her hand. "On the one hand I'm wary, but on the other my curiosity is aroused. A part of me wonders what it might be like to make love with an orc girl."

Jil chuckled. "Well, you won't find out unless you try it."

Jeni clicked her tongue and threw a pebble into the river. "I'm not sure that I really want to try. I'm not like you, Jil. I'm too shy to take a chance, too coy to be seduced by a stranger. How often does the chance arise in a backward village like this?"

"It isn't easy for us here, I know," Jil answered, following Jeni's stone with another. "My parents still think I'll marry the wheelwright's son someday. They don't accept that I could never love a man."

"I hate this village!" said Jeni. "Maybe I should allow Mousetooth to take me away to some foreign place?"

"Surely you jest?" asked Jil.

"Of course!" Jeni replied.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Where did you get that thing?" Tricky Mo inquired.

"From Jarkin," Mousetooth replied. "She lent it to me."

Mo gave a heavy sigh and knelt to unfurl her blankets, cursing when a strand of hair caught in the rough seam of the tent's low canvas roof. She sat on the blankets and stared at the orc, who lay stretched on her back, her wiry body writhing naked in the dim yellow candlelight.

"You shouldn't insert it so deeply," Mo advised. "You'll make your asshole very sore."

"I enjoy the feeling," Mousetooth explained. "I'm dreaming about my pretty Jeni."

The elf shook her head. "A carved phallus is no substitute for the fingers and tongue of a beautiful woman. Why aren't you down in the village, wooing the girl with sweet words, instead of shoving a wooden cockstem up your ass?"

"Too late," the orc countered, pausing to savour a deep inward thrust. "Too late to find Jeni. Maybe she's already gone to bed with her hot blonde?"

Mo leaned over and grabbed the phallus, pulling it gently out of Mousetooth's rear passage. It made a soft squelching sound as it emerged, its shaft glistening in the candlelight. Mousetooth smiled and licked her dark lips.

"That felt good," she hissed. "Do it again!"

But the elf shook her head and flung the phallus into a corner of the tent. "Not tonight!" she retorted. "Tonight you go back to the village and find your darling Jeni. Pick some flowers in the woods and give them as a token of your love."

"What if she still says no to a cunny-lick?"

"Just go!" said the elf, dropping a bundle of clothes in the orc's lap. "Trust your fate to the gods!"

\*\*\*\*\*

"More!" whispered Needlepin, arching her spine from the blanket and offering her breasts to Tricky Mo. It was midnight, and Mousetooth had been gone for two hours, leaving Mo and Needlepin alone in the tent.

The elf sat up, wiping saliva from her mouth and rummaging among a pile of garments near the tent's entrance-flap. "Where's that bottle of wine?" she muttered.

"Forget the bottle!" said Needlepin. "Put your mouth back where it belongs. On my aching nipples."

"I'm gasping for a drink," Mo whispered, lifting the flap to search on the grass outside the tent. The night was still dark, but the moon and stars bathed all the lands in a silvery glow. The camp lay silent under the eaves of the forest, in rows of tents that stretched in ordered lines as far as Mo's keen elven eyes could see.

At that moment a small dark figure appeared from the shadows to crawl quickly through the flap, clambering unceremoniously over Mo as if the elf was a pile of old rags.

"Hey! Be careful!" hissed Needlepin, as a bony knee crushed her toes.

"Don't speak to me!" a voice growled.

"What happened, Mouse?" Mo inquired. "Did you find Jeni?"

"Yes. She was sitting alone by the river."

"And did you give her some freshly-picked flowers?" asked Needlepin.

Mousetooth crouched like a spider in a dark corner of the tent, her pale eyes glinting in the yellow glow. "I gave her a bunch of white flowers. A bunch of pretty nettles."

"Nettles?" gasped Needlepin, sitting up in amazement.

"And a few thistles," the orc added. "With big purple heads."

"Let me guess," ventured Mo. "She thanked you for your kindness but refused to take the gift?"

"Exactly," Mousetooth answered. "And then she walked away. So what do I do now, my wise comrades?"

Needlepin shrugged, but Tricky Mo flashed a white-toothed smile and grinned across the shadows. "The quest is not yet forsaken, little warrior. Rejection is an important part of the wooing. You must now go to the next stage and serve your dear one a fine dinner."

"Not tonight?" the orc queried.

"Not tonight," said the elf. "But tomorrow, at sunset, you must go to the village and prepare a meal in the meadow beside the river."

"It had better bring me good fortune," Mousetooth snarled. "If it fails, I'll eat your ears."

"Agreed," said Tricky Mo.

\*\*\*\*\*

The following day was a torment of anxiety for Mousetooth, and every hour passed as slowly as a long winter. All of her thought was bent on preparations for the evening, her mind drifting so far from her daily duties that she almost lost a finger during sword training in the mid-afternoon.

The sunlight was fading when she hoisted a pack on her shoulders and headed towards the village, bidding farewell to a group of comrades who had gathered at the camp to wish her luck.

Burly Jarkin laughed as she waved to the vanishing figure. "Hey, Mouse!" she called. "If it all goes awry I'll sell you that wooden cockstem for keeps!"

In the village Mousetooth encountered Jil and begged her to send Jeni to the river-meadow at sundown. Jil gave a knowing smile and grinned at the orc.

"What surprise have you brought tonight, soldier?" she inquired. "Not more thorny gifts, I hope?"

Mousetooth muttered and growled, baring her fangs and hunching her shoulders. "No thistles," she replied. "No nettles. Just some nice food to munch at the water's edge."

"Jeni felt bad about last night," said Jil. "She thinks you might have felt hurt when she threw those prickly flowers on the ground."

The orc shrugged. "No matter. After she walked away I ate them."

Jil gave a merry laugh and gently tugged a lock of Mousetooth's black hair. "You're funny! I can see why my friend feels attracted to you."

She turned and walked off towards the street where Jeni lived, whistling as she paced quickly across the dusty main square at the centre of the village. Mousetooth savoured her parting remark and felt a warm glow rising in her belly. Grinning broadly, she licked her

fangs and hurried away to find the river-path.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Does it tickle?" asked Tricky Mo, wiping the razor on a cloth.

"Too much!" Needlepin replied, snuggling into the blanket and spreading her legs wide.

"You shouldn't let it grow," the elf observed, running a fingertip slowly around the edge of her friend's shaven crotch. The caress brought a gasp from Needlepin, and a deep sigh when Mo's finger probed the moist slit.

"Sometimes I like having cunt-hair," said Needlepin. "It's a pity it has to be removed."

"The rules of the Legion demand it," answered Mo. "Our mantis-head tattoo must never be shrouded by bristles, so we must keep our cunts as bald as swan's eggs. If you want a hairy slit you should join a different regiment."

"Not without you," Needlepin whispered, beckoning the elf to lean over for a kiss.

"Mousetooth's come back," Mo whispered, sitting upright and alert, her white skin glowing as she sat naked beside Needlepin. "I can hear her creaky voice cursing in the dark."

"Perhaps the dinner went less well than she hoped?"

The orc's shaggy head thrust suddenly through the tent flap and spat into the furthest corner.

"The bitch won't eat raw meat!" she snarled. "Not even the juicy shank of a wild deerhound!"

"You fed her the flesh of a dog?" Needlepin exclaimed.

But the orc had already gone, scuttling off into the night to mutter and grumble in the forest alone.

\*\*\*\*\*

Morning came, and with it another day of military chores. In the early dawn a patrol of twenty women set out to scout the trails that led to the distant hills. At the head of the column strode Tricky Mo, as chief tracker of the Legion, with Mousetooth skulking at her side.

"Did you spend all night in the forest?" inquired the elf.

"I did indeed," Mousetooth answered. "And now my spirit is truly broken."

"Hope still remains," said Mo. "Where food and flowers have failed, tender words may pierce a woman's heart."

The orc frowned as she shambled along the dusty track. "Tender words? I already ask her for cunny licks. What is more tender than that?"

Mo laughed. "You must be more subtle. Say something like: *I yearn for your love, Jeni, like a bluebell yearns for the springtime.* I guarantee she'll be impressed."

Mousetooth spat a few paces ahead and stamped the spittle with her boot as she walked over it. "Bluebells! Those puny weeds make me retch!"

"Say something else, then," said Mo. "Tell her how you feel whenever you think of her, but don't talk about clits and tongues!"

"I'll go to her tonight," said the orc. "And if that fails, I'll come back for your ears."

\*\*\*\*\*

A soft breeze rustled through the grass in the meadow beside the river as Mousetooth watched the falling sun. Her message summoning Jeni to a third tryst had been conveyed by Jil, who was proving to be an eager and discreet matchmaker.

Golden light lay upon the river as Jeni approached along the narrow path across the meadow, her newly-washed hair shining like black silk, her grey velvet dress swinging around her knees as she hurried down to the water. There among the reeds and willows she greeted the orc and the two sat side by side on the green grass, listening to the river as it gurgled around the roots of ancient trees.

"Sweet Jeni!" said Mousetooth, taking the girl's hands in her strong clawlike fingers. "Do you know how I feel when I think about you?"

Jeni smiled, shaking her head and narrowing her blue eyes as she met the orc's stare. "No. But I would like to hear you tell it."

Mousetooth took a deep breath and whispered: "I love you so much I can't piss."

Jeni said nothing, and for a few moments a strange heavy silence cloaked the riverside. To Mousetooth, waiting with bated breath for a response, the shadows of night seemed to rise from the ground like black phantoms. But then Jeni giggled, putting a hand to her mouth to muffle her mirth.

"Oh, Mouse!" she chuckled. "I fear you will kill me with laughter."

"Are my words not tender?"

Jeni smiled, stroking the orc's hands and nodding slowly. "Tender enough," she answered. "And I know you have tried so hard to give me the wooing that I desired."

"But I have failed," Mousetooth muttered sadly, the gleam fading from her yellow eyes as her head drooped.

Jeni leaned over to kiss the orc's cheek. "No," she whispered. "You have not failed at all."

Mousetooth looked up and parted her dark lips to receive Jeni's hungry kiss, feeling smooth hands caressing her bare shoulders and arms. Fingers fumbled with the buttons of her waistcoat, groping inside to touch her small hard breasts and tease the nipples to stiffness. Her head swam with delight at the sensation and she gave an appreciative growl. She broke from the kiss to gaze at Jeni, who slipped smoothly out of her grey velvet dress like a snake shedding its skin. In the moonlight the girl's skin seemed luminous, like white marble, its pallor contrasting sharply with her long raven hair and the neat black triangle at

her crotch.

"You are so lovely," Mousetooth whispered, reaching out to squeeze Jeni's breasts.

"You too," Jeni replied, leaning forward to ease the waistcoat off the orc's shoulders.

For a while they knelt on the grass, facing each other, exploring each other's breasts with gentle caresses. Jeni expressed surprise at the softness of Mousetooth's touch, for she had expected an orc's fingers to be as rough as a bear's claws. Mousetooth laughed at the comparison as she wriggled out of her skirt, chuckling again when she saw the look of amazement in Jeni's eyes.

"It is the mark of the Kelet Legion," she explained. "The black mantis head is our badge, and we wear it as a tattoo above our cunt-lips. Did you not know?"

Jeni shook her head and traced a finger slowly around the tattoo. "Did it hurt when they put it on you?"

"Terribly," the orc replied. "But I endured it for the sake of the Legion."

Jeni crouched down and buried her face in Mousetooth's lap, the orc parting her legs as she knelt backwards to receive the thing that she most desired. Tresses of silky raven hair brushed her thighs, making her gasp and hiss.

"Hellfire!" Jeni whispered. "Your clit is pierced by a ring!"

Mousetooth snarled in her throat when the ring was gently tugged by Jeni's teeth, and she snarled louder when a hot wet tongue licked the flesh around it. A finger stroked up and down her moist slit, sending quivers through her belly, while another burrowed beneath her body to squirm between her buttocks.

"Your asshole feels so tight," Jeni commented, without breaking the rhythm of her tongue as it darted inside the orc girl's cunt. "It feels exactly like Jil said that it would."

Mousetooth licked a trickle of sweat from her upper lip and closed her eyes. "How does Jil know?"

Jeni gave a muffled chuckle, rubbing the tip of her nose against the clit-ring. "Jil told me that orc girls have the cutest assholes. She reckoned yours would feel like a vice, and her guess is indeed correct."

Mousetooth grinned. "I thank you for the compliment."

She lay back, stretching her spine on the grass and gazing up at the stars as her senses savoured the fingers and tongue of her new lover.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Well?" asked Tricky Mo. "Is your quest fulfilled?"

"It is," Mousetooth replied, beaming a broad smile as she sharpened her sword in the early morning. A mist swirled around the edges of the forest and the dawn air was clammy and cold. The Legion's camp lay quiet, for it was a day of rest, and only the scouts and sentries

had tasks to undertake.

Mo sniffed the air and looked up at the grey sky. "We'll meet a storm on the high trails today, I think. And tonight our tents must endure the rain."

"I care not," said Mousetooth, sheathing her blade in its scabbard. "For tonight I'll be snuggled in a feather bed, with Jeni on one side and Jil on the other."

"I'm impressed by your wooing skills, comrade," said Mo, grinning as she adjusted her sword-belt. "Perhaps one day you might tell me the secret behind your success?"

"I might," answered the orc. "If you ask nicely."

\*\*\*\*\*

A Touch of Romance. Copyright © 2004 Trisha Monks.