

The Changing of the Guard - Part One

Her long white hair hung drenched down her back until she lifted it and pulled it over one shoulder, intentionally exposing the curve of her slender spine to his eyes. Her ribs rose and fell, and he was soon tracing the disappearing curve of her waist with his tongue, in his mind's eye.

Fuck, Shar`Von thought, looking away.

His member was hardened in his greaves, and aching. He snarled and Sidhe turned to face him, but he did not meet her eyes, staring instead into the fire. He rested his elbows on his knees, keeping his thighs spread to give some sense of comfort to his groin.

“Shar`Von? Are you well?” You know I’m not, you blasted witch, he thought.

“I’m fine.”

“Alright.”

Sidhe slowly stood up, pulling the robes of her nobility up around her waist, over her chest, forgetting to cover her backside, which Shar`Von did not fail to notice. But he focused harder on the fire’s dancing flames as she turned and approached him.

The Drow woman came to sit next to him, choosing to sit on the grass instead of the log he had pulled up near their small campfire. She pulled her hair out, running her fingers through it and waving it slightly to dry it in the fire’s heat. With her hands so preoccupied, the robe wrapped around her chest began to slip lower and lower.

Again, she did not seem to notice. But Shar`Von did.

Stop it, he wanted to scream. Instead, he watched, entranced, in his peripheral vision while the robe slowly slid down the curve of the wizardess’s round breasts. It was going lower, and lower down her blue flesh, until the very hem of it was about to crest her nipples and drop below to her belly.

At the last minute, she caught it, smiling but not looking up at Shar`Von.

He got up quickly, going to the shore and filling his helm with water. Then he came back to the camp and poured the water onto the fire, making it sizzle and pop, and splashing Sidhe.

That should cool her down.

Indignant, Sidhe looked up at Shar`Von.

“Why did you do that?”

“We didn’t need it anymore. We sleep differently here, in this land. It’s night soon, and we’ll need to be moving on.”

“But I’m not done here, Shar`Von.”

”We are done here, Sidhe.”

He glared at her, knowing she understood his meaning, then looked away, beginning to pack up the packs. He was frustrated, he was tired, and he was horny as all hell. If she continued to push him, he was going to lose his well-disciplined self-control. Who knew what would happen then.

Then he felt her hands upon his back, running beneath the armor as she found the loosened clasps on the sides and went under.

“You are so tense. Let me calm you,” she said coyly.

He knew she wanted no such thing.

Sidhe was a wizard, and slowly rising in ranks in her House and her guild. But before that, she was a woman, something she never let Shar`Von forget. She’d been trying to seduce him for years, since she had realized he was a man and not a boy. He didn’t know what it was that had brought about that realization for her, but he wished desperately that she had never taken notice of him.

She purposely undressed in front of him. She would force him to lie next to her in their camps. She would insist that he took care of her personal needs instead of a more appropriate serving woman.

And she used his physical want of her against him, constantly.

Her hands were not intrusive, she was not insistent. She never was, she was always so careful, so subtle. It was as if she was not truly desirous of him, only enjoyed the game she could play.

As if she knew he would never give in to the hostility and violence she knew she bred in him.

Shar`Von turned on her, taking her wrists in his.

“Don’t test me, woman. Not today. We’re far from home and there’s no one to hear you scream...”

“Who said I would scream?” Sidhe laughed, the sound light hearted and irritating, dragging heavily on Shar`Von’s nerves. She was mocking him, she saw the struggle going on in his face and body, and she found it humorous.

He simply had had enough. It was a conscious realization, and he acted on it.

Shar`Von shoved Sidhe away from him, hard. She fell over the log backwards, and landed on her bottom, hard.

She lay back on her spread robes, and he realized what he had done. By throwing her so, he had gone beyond anything he’d ever done to her before. Never before had he hit or struck her, or even raised his tone to her. Now she lay on the ground, dazed and near to unconscious, because he had put her there.

And it felt good.

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