

1.

Kar felt a stirring in his loins as he watched the beautiful bar maid lean over to pour him an ale. She wore a small, brown leather skirt... perhaps too small. As she bent over to grab a mug from a shelf opposite of him, the flimsy garment rode up slightly, affording him a glimpse of her beautiful bottom. Her buttocks were round and firm, and from what he could tell, just as tan as the rest of her body.

Maybe she bathes in the nude. That would explain the darkness of her skin.

The thought of this beautiful, brown haired maid lathering water over her nude body was enough to cause Kar's cock, which was already twitching like a giant awakening from a slumber, to completely harden. He straightened his legs and adjusted himself in the barstool, suddenly aware that he was clad in a fur loincloth, fur boots, and little else. A loincloth does little conceal a raging bulge inside. The only other article he had on was his great-sword, slung across his muscle bound shoulders in a scabbard, and his bag, which sat at his feet.

But try as he may, Kar couldn't keep his eyes off of the barmaid's rear. The skirt rode up as she moved, showing that she wore a leather thong underneath, the brown fabric covering up the crack between her rear cheeks.

Then the barmaid stood straight, her skirt lowering down around her thighs, and turned to face him. Kar immediately sat up, clasping his hands together in an attempt to look like the patient customer just waiting for his drink, but while doing so he ever so slightly flexed his biceps.

With any luck, I'll be sharing a bed with this maiden tonight

The Barmaid turned, smiling at the barbarian, and started to fill the mug. Her eyes were deep chestnut, like her hair, which shined in the tavern's candlelight. She wore a hide vest, which tied together just below her large, equally bronze breasts. As far as Kar could tell, she wore no undergarment over her breasts. He couldn't help but picture himself ripping off the vest and running his tongue over one of her nipples. The thought did nothing for his cock, which was crying out underneath

his loin cloth for release.

Soon, be patient.

Originally, he planned on just passing through this town, but he was low on coin, and hoped that he could pick up an odd job or two. Now, upon seeing this Barmaid, his plan was to have her invite him into her bed. It would be perfect because he could save his last remaining gold pieces, and have his way with her. Best case is that maybe he could find work at the tavern with her for a few days as well.

The smiling Barmaid approached, mug of frothy ale in hand, and set in down in front of the muscle bound barbarian.

“You're an adventurer?” She asked, her doe eyes wide as she leaned on the bar in front of him, pressing her beautiful breasts together as she did.

Kar didn't think his cock could get any harder. He attempted to put his mind elsewhere, in the hopes that the hardness would subside.

“Well, sometimes.” He flashed her a smile, tossed his mane of thick blond hair back, and took a swig of ale. With his limited funds, he probably shouldn't be spending coin on alcohol, but he felt that he deserved to indulge himself every now and then.

“Is that so? And what adventure are you off to this time?” She leaned forward and Kar did his best to avoid starring at her cleavage.

She wants you to! Keep playing along, you have her!

“Oh, I'm currently... on a break. Nasty dragon last adventure, wore me out.” Kar lied. In reality, on his last adventure he had been tasked with finding a thief that had been stealing precious treasures from various temples. A mayor had offered coin to Kar to retrieve the items and bring the thief to justice. Kar had planned to keep the items-- most of which were priceless-- and say that the thief had already sold them.

Sadly, by the time Kar found the thief, he had sold the items and was about to board a ship for the southern territories. When Kar attempted to bring him in, he put up a fight, a fight that ended with

Kar taking the thief's head. Kar returned with the decapitated head to the mayor, who paid Kar 50 measly gold pieces while staring at the decapitated head in disgust.

“Did you kill the dragon with your sword?” The Barmaid's eyes moved to the strap across Kar's thick chest, the strap that held his great-sword to his back.

“Indeed, sliced it's head clean off!” Kar stood, drawing his weapon, and thankful that the bar was waist high, covering the massive bulge in his loincloth. Thankfully, the bar was almost empty, or anyone walking by would see.

Kar held out his sword, it's blade shining in the candlelight. It was massive, a normal man would need two hands to wield it, but Kar's thickly muscled arms could hold it one handed with ease. Plus, the way he held it one handed caused his veins to pop, giving him an even more statuesque manner.

He set the sword down on the bar, watching as the Barmaid's eyes lit up as she admired it.

“It's beautiful, and so big!” She cooed.

“Not many can handle a weapon of this size. It takes great skill.”

She ran a finger along the blade and looked up at Kar. “And do you have that skill?”

Kar smiled. “Indeed I do.”

“You know, I've always wanted to learn how to handle a weapon like this” she said as her hand moved down to the hilt, tracing the patterns, traditional ruins from Kar's tribe, along the silver hilt.

“Perhaps I'll give you a lesson.” Kar placed one of his massive hands on hers and smiled. This was working out perfectly. Their eyes met. His eyes were as deep blue as hers were brown, and they seemed to have an effect on the women.

“Other than dragons, what else do you have experience in slaying?” She asked.

“Oh just about anything. Not much can stand up to steel such as that?” Kar boasted, puffing out his chest.

“What about a Sorceress? Would it work on one of those?” The Barmaid leaned back, crossing

her arms over her chest, pushing her beautiful breasts up and in.

Kar stammered, startled. A sorceress? That was...specific.

“Well, of course. This blade could cut through anything!” He placed his hands on his hips triumphantly. In truth, he hated magic and distrusted anything involved with it. There were rules with combat: you have a sword, the opponent has a sword, whoever is better with a sword wins. There were seemingly no rules in magic, and Kar would never admit it, but wizards and their like frightened him.

One time, a group of village elders pooled their gold and begged Kar to vanquish a necromancer that had been raiding their burial mounds. Kar took their money and promised that he would face the Necromancer on the next morning. Little did the villagers know that Kar snuck away in the evening, gold in tow.

Now he found himself wondering what became of that village. Most likely the Necromancer had finished his business with the dead bodies and moved on. At least that was what he told himself in order to sleep at night.

Across from him, the Barmaid took on a pouty look and leaned forward again on the bar.

“I guess you've noticed how... sparse this bar is tonight?” She asked, eyes wide and pleading. Kar sat down, feeling his raging cock going soft. There was something about this that he didn't like.

“I imagine that it's just a slow night.” He chuckled, afraid that this conversation was going to end with him being asked to face a sorceress.

The Barmaid leaned even closer to him, motioning with her head for him to lean forward too. Kar did so, turning his head so that she could have his ear, and also giving himself an excellent view of her heaving bosoms.

“An Enchantress, a vile, wicked woman, has taken up residence in the mountain overlooking town. She uses her wiles to draw men up to her as slaves, and then turns them to pigs once she's done!”

The Barmaid whispered coarsely.

“Oh no...” Kar agreed. Damn, this was going to end with him being asked to face a sorceress.

The Barmaid drew away, throwing up her hands.

“I don't know what to do. With each passing week, I get less and less business.” She turned, leaning over a shelf behind her, once again causing her skirt to lift. Kar saw her beautiful buns and once again felt himself hardening.

“Such a shame.” He muttered, grabbing his sword and returning it to his sheath.

Just pay up and leave. Sleep outside tonight. Make a camp and pleasure yourself by the fire.

But the barmaid leaned forward, burying her hand in her hands. This time, her skirt rode up even more, exposing her full, luscious ass to Kar. The thong that covered her modestly proved to be nothing but a thin strip of leather. Kar sat, feeling his heart beat against his ribcage like a hammer.

“I don't know how long I can stay in business! If only someone could take care of this vile witch!”

Kar couldn't take his eyes off of her backside, and visions of ripping off that flimsy undergarment flashed through his mind. His blood was rushing to his crotch like a raging river.

“Well, I happen to be an... adventurer and fighter... I could face this vile temptress.” Kar stammered.

The Barmaid gasped and spun around, pulling her skirt down as she did. Her face was filled with delight!

“Oh such a brave warrior! I knew it!” She rushed forward, leaned over the bar, and hugged Kar. A moment later, she broke off the hug and beamed at him.

“Of course... I don't have much coin. I'm sure we could find another method of payment.” She said, eyes wide as she ran her hands over her hips.

Kar swallowed and smiled, feeling his heart slam back and forth in his chest.

“Well, how about tonight's drinks on the house and then we can discuss... something once I've brought the crone to justice.” He smiled.

“Oh yes! What a kind, brave, thoughtful man you are!” She smiled, throwing her hands in the

air for joy.

“Anything for a fair maiden like you.” Kar smiled.

What are you doing! This is ridiculous!

“Now,” The Barmaid began, crossing her arms. “Don't kill the Enchantress, we here in the town want her to face proper justice. Bring her back to us, alive, to answer for her crimes.”

Kar swallowed. He wasn't good with “bringing them alive” but he was good at swinging his sword at things, and then after swinging his cock at the nearest maiden.

But he stared at this beautiful Barmaid, at her bronze skin and chestnut hair, and felt how rock hard he was.

Capturing an enchantress couldn't be that hard? He would be back tomorrow in time for drinks, and then have this maiden in her bed.

He smiled at her. “Sure, I'll leave in the morning. But first,” He held up his mug. “Another ale?”

2.

Despite it still being early morning, the sun was hot, and soon Kar's entire muscular frame was covered in a sheen of sweat. He trudged along down a gravel path which was flanked by thick woods on both sides, and felt the perspiration collecting on his shoulders underneath his sword sheath and leather bag. In days like these he was grateful for his “modest” garb of just a loincloth and fur boots, or else he knew he would be roasting.

Ahead, Kar could see the mountain still a half a day's travel down the path, twisting and clawing towards the sky like some gigantic creature rising up from under the ground. It looked like the kind of place one would find an evil sorceress.

Let us hope that she is not expecting company today!

Kar had packed his bag with several lengths of rope for binding her, and some cloths to use as gags. Being a sorceress, he imagined that she would need to cast spells, so covering her mouth seemed like it would be a solid strategy. After that, it was just a matter of transporting her back to the town to face trial.

And my payment!

Kar had hoped that in exchange for offering to deal with the witch that the barmaid, Leyla was her name, would give him free board for the night, but not only did he have to pay for a room, but he had to spend the evening alone. He passed the evening by pleasuring himself to thoughts of ripping off Leyla's little thong that protected her modesty. Sharing a bed with Leyla, plus some gold pieces, would be a worthy payment for a job like this.

To keep his mind off the oppressive heat, Kar let his mind wander to Leyla. Did she still have her maidenhood? Barmaids had a reputation for promiscuousness, and Leyla seemed to know how to play to a man's desires. Part of Kar was angry that the barmaid had him wrapped around her finger so easily, but the stirring in his pants whenever he thought of her told him it would all be worth it.

As Kar walked, thoughts of cupping his hands over Leyla's amazing breasts passed through his head and he felt himself growing hard again. Kar felt no self consciousness as the front of his loin cloth started to protrude and why should he? There was no one around, and if they did, a good smack from the broad side of his sword would set them straight. What if the sorceress appeared now? Challenging him while he had a raging, stiff cock? He would laugh and face her down, maybe even pleasure himself while he had her helpless and forced to watch.

He found himself grow harder at this thought, his erect cock pulling against the fur of his loincloth. The blood in his veins felt like it was boiling. Back in his village, Kar could have any maiden he wished when the mood hit him, but he grew bored of living in a hut and living off of the land, fucking the same women again and again. When he reached twenty four summers, he left, wanting to carve out his own destiny. The elders of his people presented him with his sword, an heirloom of his people, and wished him well on his quest. Kar smiled and told them that one day he would return, though he knew he had no intention. His time as a wanderer hadn't always been easy, but it was exciting, and the women! Oh, the woman of the world, so many! All beautiful, and all in awe of a muscle bound barbarian that could easily have his way with them! Why go back to his village when the world was at his feet?

The rest of the morning passed without incident, and Kar stopped to relieve himself a few times as well as take water from the skin he carried in his bag, along with a few pieces of salted meat, and then he moved on.

It was mid-day when he reached the craggy mountain, it's pointed, twisted spire blotting out the afternoon sun. Kar stopped and stared up at the grey, twisted mound of rock and dirt.

How does anyone get up here?

The rock wall was twist and uneven. He could make out places that could be handholds, but not enough. It would take a supreme effort for someone of even his strength to pull themselves up.

There must be a way to get up! If a sorceress can do it, so can I!

So Kar started to travel along the base of the mountain, searching for a path or something that would lead him up.

The day passed, the sun moved lower and lower in the sky, and every face of the mountain seemed impassible. Kar started to doubt if there was anything waiting at the top, could Leyla have lead him into a trap? Luring him out here with the promise of her body as a reward, then kill him and take his valuables?

No, it didn't make sense. If Leyla wanted to rob him, she could have done it last night as he slept.

Finally, he came to a sheer rock wall that lead straight up. There were deep grooves and outcroppings that would provide good hand holds for climbing. It was clear that this was the only way up, the way the other men must have gone up to meet their fate. Kar stood on his tiptoes, craned his neck, and peered high along the wall, expecting to see a cavern of some sort embedded into the rock. Instead, the wall looked to go up the length of the mountain with no sight of a cave.

The witch must live at the very top.

Kar sighed and dug his hands into some grooves on the wall and hoisted himself up. The lengths of rope he brought were not long enough to properly serve as climbing ropes, so the higher he went, the more careful he would have to be. One wrong move and Kar could plummet to his death without ever facing off the witch.

How am I going to get the witch down? He thought as he climbed, digging his hands and feet into wall as he went. It would be easy if they wanted the witch dead: he could just toss her from the top of the mountain and scoop up what remained of her from the bottom, but Leyla had been insistent that Kar bring her the witch alive. Scaling back down a treacherous mountain would be a challenge with a bound and gagged woman struggling in his arms.

As he climbed, Kar imagined rigging some kind of pulley system where he could lower the bound witch to the ground as he climbed down after, but that would need a lot of rope. Would she have

rope in her lair? He imagined that she would have to have some way of getting down. Then again, with her powers she may be able to teleport herself down.

That thought made him shiver. If she could teleport, what other powers did she possess? Would she be able to cast a hex on Kar or strike him down before he could even make a move against her? Another shiver went up his spine and Kar stopped and gripped a rock outcropping for dear life, now suddenly afraid that he would plummet to his death.

Look at you Kar, scaring yourself before you even see what she's capable of!

Truth was, Kar had no idea what powers she possessed, and the only way he would find out is if he faced her in combat. There was no use getting himself scared now.

Once Kar was confident that his anxiety had passed, he continued his ascent up the mountain.

The day cooled as the sun lowered, and Kar was thankful for that. Sweat would make his chances of slipping even greater, and he was now at a height where a fall would be fatal. Thankfully, Kar was an adept climber, and heights never bothered him. As he ascended, he allowed himself a look below and saw the green tops of the trees well below his feet. How far up was he? How much more to go?

Soon, Kar's muscles began to ache. He was tempted to try and fish his water skin out of his bag, but he knew that was far too cumbersome a maneuver to attempt this high up. So he continued to climb, and the ache in his muscles began to turn into a dull pain. His arms and calves cried out for rest, and soon the pain traveled to his shoulders, already weary from his sword and bag.

Curse this witch! Couldn't she have picked a better mountain!

But Kar continued, ignoring the growing pain. At this point, Leyla better be the best fuck he ever had to make this all worth it, or she best pay him an extremely handsome amount of gold. As Kar climbed, he realized that he did hold all of the bartering chips in this situation. He could just threaten to set this witch free if Leyla didn't meet the price he wanted... plus a night with him. Hell, he was here risking his life for a woman he had just met, he deserved more payment than just a good fucking.

Kar looked up and noticed a lip above him. It looked like an outcropping! Could this be it? Could the mountain be flattening out? Or was it just a small alcove? Either way, it would allow him a chance to stop climbing and gather his strength.

Kar climbed and felt his hand extend up past the lip and land in soft dirt. This was a good sign! He raised his other hand up and pulled himself up. He didn't care what lay beyond, just as long as he could give himself a rest.

He hoisted his entire body up onto the outcropping and planted himself flat on the cool soil. It felt amazing! His muscles, tired and screaming from the climb, relaxed, and he felt like he could hear his arms and shoulders sighing in relief. Kar laid there and allowed his body the chance to deflate and recover.

I'm going to ache in the morning. He realized, and then had the sobering thought that he would have to find a way down the mountain. Well, a climb down would be easier, right?

Kar lifted his head, tossing his blond locks back out of his eyes, and the first thing he saw was a coil of strong looking rope tethered to a thick wooden post. His face darkened and he pushed himself up into a kneeling position.

So this is how the witch gets down. Kar bit his lips and realized that he was now looking forward to binding this hag. Did she lower the rope when she was expecting a man? Was that how she lured them to her?

He looked beyond the rope, and saw the wide, yawning opening of a massive cave set into the aged rock of the mountain. Light flickered within, and Kar knew this must be the witch's abode.

Every muscle in his body tensed and Kar reached for his sword, his eyes never leaving the mouth of the cave. Did she see him? Was she aware that he was here?

He rose into a defensive stance while pulling his sword from his scabbard. The only thing he could hear was the wind howling along the peak of the mountain. The witch must not be aware that she had company. His sword came free from its scabbard and Kar clasped both hands around its hilt and

held it before him. Then, he set one foot in front of the other and approached the cavern.

As Kar approached, a putrid smell hit him, followed by several guttural noises. His nose wrinkled in revulsion.

What is that?

Soon, his question was answered as he saw a small, wooden enclosure next to the mouth of the cave. Inside the enclosure looked to be dozens of large, fat pigs. Kar stopped, staring at the animals in revulsion. The pigs stuck their noses to the ground and wandered their enclosure, completely unaware of him.

Leyla told him that the witch was turning the men of the town into pigs, so this must be her handiwork. A shiver ran through Kar as he stared at the revolting animals. Before, all he had to worry about was falling to his death, now he had to worry about her casting a hex on him and turning him into a pig. He couldn't take his eyes off of them. Were they aware that they were once human? Or were their minds gone along with their bodies? Kar briefly considered stepping into the enclosure and slaughtering the animals, putting them out of their misery, but decided that could wait until after he had dealt with the sorceress.

It seemed to take all of his strength to turn away from the pigs and face the open cave. Once again he raised his sword and stalked towards the entrance, ready to meet whatever waited for him inside.

3.

Kar took a moment to let his eyes adjust to the dim light in the cave. Inside of the cavern was massive, with high ceilings, and it seemed to run deep into the mountain. The flickering of the light seemed to come from deep within the cavern, a fire of some kind, though Kar noticed the walls lined with shelves lit by a few candles. He tightened his grip on his broadsword and pressed forward, eyes scanning the shadows around him for any surprises.

The shelves seemed to be filled with vials and ancient looking books. Some vials contained liquids of various colors, while others contained dirt and powders. As he went deeper, he noticed strange bones on some of the shelves.

Kar pressed on, the light from the fire growing ever brighter. As he moved closer he started to hear the crackling of wood burning and something else...

Singing.

A woman's voice, humming a soft, soothing tune that Kar couldn't place. The voice didn't sound like that of a twisted, old crone, but in fact sounded... beautiful. He moved towards it, sword ready, as the singing grew louder. There was something about the tune that was pleasing to his ears, something familiar. How could anyone that sounded this peaceful be dangerous?

As he moved towards the sound, he felt his still sore muscles start to relax. The woman's voice was like a cool ocean inviting him to swim. His nostrils flared and soon he smelled something sweet and inviting. She was cooking, and whatever it was, it smelled like the most delicious meal ever made. He didn't realize how hungry he was until his stomach let out a loud, angry roar to remind him that he hadn't ate since last night in the tavern. The sweat aroma of whatever she was making grew stronger as he advanced, and his stomach let out another cry of yearning.

Food, that was what Kar needed. A hot meal and a lie down, all the while she sang to him, while

she lulled him to sleep and assured him that the world was as it should be. The singing got louder, the fire brighter, and the smell more intense.

At the back of the cavern, Kar saw a massive fireplace built into the rock. A blaze roared, lighting up the room around it. A pot hung suspended over the flames, the smell originating from whatever was cooking inside.

At first, Kar could only see her in profile, the fire framing her silhouette. She continued to hum as Kar neared, the flames outlining the curve of her body. The woman had large, round, beautiful breasts, and a backside that curved out before feeding into long, shapely legs. Her humming stopped as Kar approached, and she turned to face him. As if on cue, the fire died down and Kar could finally see her in full.

She was breathtaking. He lowered his sword, jaw dropping at this vision in front of him.

Her striking green eyes pierced Kar's soul, and her hair was black as night, pulled back tight into a ponytail. Her midriff was bare but she wore a shiny, silver metal bra over large breasts which heaved up and down under the silver clasps holding them. A silver chain ran along her hips and to a red garment that hung between her legs and down past her knees.

“A weary traveller, come, sit. Eat.” She purred. Her voice was silky, soft and inviting. The woman turned towards the boiling pot, giving Kar a view of her rear. The chains along her hips met at a silver clasp at the small of her back, and from that clasped a small, red string ran down between her beautiful rear cheeks. As he inspected her behind, he noticed that the skin of her ass cheeks had a yellowish hue. Then he realized that what he thought was a yellow hue cast by the firelight was actually just her skin color.

The woman turned back to him, holding the pot by the handle, and set it down on table next to the fire place.

“Come, sit. Warm yourself by my fire.” She said, never taking her green eyes off of him.

Kar stammered, his tongue feeling like a weight in his mouth. He realized that he only held his sword in one hand and moved towards the woman.

“I... uh... I've come for the witch of the mountain.” Kar realized that he was so tired that just speaking was exhausting. Every word that left his mouth felt like it weighed hundreds of pounds.

Her cat like eyes ran up and down Kar's body as he moved towards her.

“A strong man, and young. It's so rare in these parts.” She cooed, moving towards the head of the table. She set a bowl out and scooped what looked to be a stew from the pot into the bowl.

“Please eat, you must be tired from your journey.” She set bowl on the other side of the table and stepped back.

“Are you... the witch of the mountain?” Kar stammered, never taking his eyes from her.

“I am Avila, this is my home.” She placed a hand on her side. Kar now stood on the opposite end of the table from her.

“I've been... I've been... I was sent to bring you...”

She smiled at him.

“Did they send you? The people of the village?”

Kar nodded, and realized his jaw was hanging like that of a hungry dog. He wanted to say more but felt like his jaw would fall off if he uttered another word.

“They send so many men, so many weak, small men...” She approached, slithering along the table towards him, her eyes never blinking.

“So young, so strong, why did you come to me?” She hissed, smiling again.

“I...” Kar's eyes fell to her large breasts as she approached. The bra she wore seemed to barely contain them.

Then she was across him, raising a hand and running it across his large pectoral muscles. A shiver ran through Kar's body.

“Did they send you to kill me? To make me answer for stealing their men?” She cooed, running

a finger along Kar's chin.

“They... you turned them into pigs...” Kar's eyes ran down along her body, now pressed against his. He could feel his cock hardening.

“They were already pigs, I just helped them find their true selves. None of them were like you.” She ran a hand along Kar's bicep and he could feel her warm body against his. His blood turned to fire in his veins.

“Come, sit, eat.” She turned and pressed her thonged behind against his body. Kar felt her ass cheeks press against his massive, protruding erection. Her hand raised and caressed his cheek while she rubbed herself up and down along his crotch.

“We have all the time in the world. I can make your dreams come true, just eat...” Her other hand stroked his thigh as she arched her body against his. Kar felt his hand go limp and his sword clang against the rock floor of the cave.

“Yes...” She purred. Kar raised a hand and clasped it along her breast, eliciting a sigh from her, all the while she continued to rub her beautiful backside against his cock.

Kar's other hand ran along her midsection and up to her other breast. She wrapped her hands around his.

“So strong... you could be mine forever...” She sighed.

This woman... she was.. something else, not human... amazing. Kar wanted her, he ached for her, he burned for her. Why bring her back to the town when he could stay here with her forever? He could be hers for all time.

“Sit... eat... we have all the time to get to know each other.” She sighed in his ear.

Kar raised his hands away from her breast and along her chin, and raised his other hand to her shoulder.

“Will you have me here? Now?”

“Yes...” Kar sighed in her ear.

She purred, lowering her hands.

Then Kar wrapped his massive arm around her neck, tightening. She gasped in surprise and raised her hands to his arm. She attempted to cry out but Kar clamped his other hand over her mouth.

“Mmmmpfh!” Avila cried, trying to pull his arm from around her neck. Kar tightened his grip, feeling her gasping into the palm of the hand muffling her cries.

“Ummmmph! Mmmmpfh!” Kar held her tight, feeling his rock hard cock press against her ass. Her hands clasped at his weakly. He squeezed his eyes shut as she struggled.

Stupid! She almost had you!

Her struggles slowed as she started to lose consciousness, her hands slapping at his arm weakly.

Then the witch went limp. Kar let go and watched as the beautiful temptress fell to the floor in heap. Looking down, he realized that he was still hard.

She almost had him, and it had taken every bit of his will to resist.

Kar looked down at her unconscious form. The rise and fall of her breasts told him that she was still breathing, and would be awake soon.

He slung the bag from his back and reached in for the rope.

4.

Getting down the mountain proved much easier for Kar than getting up it, even with the unconscious sorceress in tow. Kar bound her wrists together and then her ankles, and then slung her unconscious form over his shoulder. He had to keep one hand pressed against her luscious ass cheek to hold her in place, and Kar couldn't help but marvel at how soft the skin of her backside felt. He wanted to caress it, to lick it, to dig his fingers into her backside.

No, she's your prisoner! Don't fall for her spell again!

Kar told himself that his plan had involved making Avila think he was falling for her charms, to lure her into a false sense of security and then to pounce, but there was more than that. His loins burned for her, and he wanted to have her in every way, in every position. All thoughts of the barmaid had left Kar's head, instead they were replaced with visions of Avila's silken voice, of the serpentine way her hips moved, of how the perspiration caused her ass cheeks to glisten in the firelight.

He did his best to banish his lustful thoughts as he used the rope to climb down the mountain, keeping one hand on the unconscious sorceress as he descended. Kar braced himself for any moment when she would wake up and struggle, but she stayed unconscious for the entire climb. The deep orange of the sunset framed their forms as he climbed down, the ever growing shadow of the mountain showing the passage of time.

Night had fallen by the time Kar reached the ground, both of his arms ached from having to climb with one hand and hold the witch with the other. Despite his misgivings, he realized that it would be a fool's errand to try and bring the witch to town during the evening while he was tired and sore. So Kar decided to make camp at the base of the mountain and set off for the town in the morning, witch in tow.

If I'm lucky, she'll sleep through the night.

At the base of the mountain, he found a small clearing that would serve well as a camp, complete with a stream a few yards away for water. Kar set the unconscious witch against a fallen log and set about gathering fire wood. Soon, he had quite a blaze going, and had set out some furs to serve as a bed for himself. A rumbling in his stomach reminded him that he was still hungry, but he didn't dare attempt to hunt and leave the witch unattended for too long. So Kar sat on another fallen tree, staring deep into the far, occasionally looking up at the shadows of the forest beyond and listening to his stomach rumble.

Maybe an animal will wander near. He knew better though, realizing that the fire would scare off any potential prey. Maybe he could make his way to the stream and attempt to catch some fish? Even if the witch awoke, she couldn't get far. Kar had her bonds tied tight, and was confident in her inability to get free.

Kar's stomach rumbled again, even louder, like a great beast crying out.

That settles it! I'm going to the stream.

He prepared to get up when her voice pierced the night.

“A man like you should eat, keep his strength up.” Kar looked over saw that the witch was awake, staring at him with her piercing green eyes.

“I have plenty of strength, even on an empty stomach.” He said, every muscle in his body tensing.

She stretched out her bound feet, and then arched her back, sticking out her breasts in quite the seductive manner.

“Oh this is new... it's not often a man gets the better of me.” She shook head in a feline manner and went back to staring at him.

“I was prepared for your tricks, witch.”

“Oh please, call me Avila. If we're going to be travel companions, you should know my name.”

Kar glared at her. Despite his attempts to put on a tough facade, he could feel his heart start to pound in his chest, and the blood coursing to his loins like a great, raging river.

“You are not my companion.” He said.

“Oh I'm not? Then what do you call this arrangement?” She purred, stretching again.

“I'm taking you back to the town to face justice.” Kar snapped. This caused her to laugh, a deep, sultry laugh. She threw her head back as she did so, and Kar found himself focusing on the rise and fall of her breasts as she cackled. Once she was done, Avila relaxed and focused on him again.

“Justice? Is that what they call it? Which one sent you?”

“It doesn't matter.” Kar said, tightening his fists.

Avila smiled.

“Was it that barmaid? The one that wears the oh-so-short skirts?”

Kar froze, then relaxed, trying not to betray this to her.

“Leyla is it? Object of the lust of every man in town. She's sent anyone with a cock up to my mountain to put an end to me because I keep stealing her customers.” Avila's green eyes blazed with amusement as she talked.

“She wants my secrets,” Avila continued. “She wants to know how I draw them in. She hopes it will help her ailing business.”

“No,” Kar started. “She wants you to face justice.”

Avila laughed again.

“Justice? She doesn't care about that. Tell me, what did she promise you?” Avila sat up, leveling her gaze at Kar.

“Gold.” Kar started, his muscles stiffening.

“Was that all? A pretty little thing asks you to risk your neck to get me and all for gold” Avila laughed. “Please, you hoped that you would be the man to tame her.”

Kar stood up, glaring down at the bound witch.

“I'm doing what I do for a good purpose!” He roared.

“Please! You want to thrust that cock of yours up her little skirt! You want to hear her sigh as you have your way with her pretty little behind!” Avila stated with satisfaction.

Kar glared at the witch.

“I'll silence you if you keep this up.” He warned. This only elicited an amused smile.

“She is but a girl,” Avila started. “I can do things for you that you've only dreamed of.” With this, Avila turned on her side, waving her bound hands at Kar, and revealing her round, thonged posterior to him.

“Undo my bonds and I'll show you.” She rubbed her bound hands along her backside as she spoke, and Kar felt himself hardening. He sat back down to hide it.

Avila turned back to him, sitting up and jutting out her breasts.

“Is that your cock growing that I see? Oh my...” She cooed, stretching out her long, slender legs.

“Enough!” Kar ordered, feeling his cock jutting towards her. It was almost like he was being pulled towards the sorceress.

She leaned forward, sticking out the beautiful mounds of her breasts.

“Do you want these?” Kar's eyes fell on her breasts, heaving underneath the small garment. It would be so easy to tear it off.

“Yes, you want to feel my body, to taste it.” Her voice was warm and inviting. Kar's eyes moved down to the flimsy red cloth hanging between her legs.

“You truly are like no man that has ever come for me.” She sighed, arching her legs seductively.

Kar looked up and met her eyes, which moved down to his loincloth and the growing erection.

“Oh my, how do you contain that with such a small garment?” She purred. Kar looked down to see the front of his loin cloth protruding in quite the embarrassing way.

“Why don't you take that off? Come over here and have your way with me? You can keep the bonds on.” She sighed, arching her back and sticking out her chest. Kar rose, his erection pulling him

towards her.

No! She has you! Think!

Kar stopped, staring down at her. She licked her lips as she stared up at him.

“Come here, barbarian. Have me.” She sighed.

Kar knelt down, trembling hands digging into his bag, and emerged with a thick, white cloth.

“What’s that for? Going to pleasure yourself into that?” She asked.

Kar approached, white cloth in hand. Her eyes followed him.

“Yes, bend me over, ram your cock into me.” She sighed, eyes closing.

Kar stepped behind her and knelt down.

“Enough out of you, temptress!” He cried out.

“Wha-Ummmmph!” Her cry was cut off by Kar throwing the cloth over her head and pressing it against her wonderful, luscious lips. She twisted her head, trying to shake free of the gag.

“Mmmph! Ummm!” She cried as Kar tied a knot at the back of her neck, silencing her. He finished securing the gag and stepped back to admire his now bound and gagged hostage.

The silenced sorceress glared at him. The thick white cloth covered the entire lower half of her face, stopping just below her nose.

“There, now I’ll enjoy the rest of this evening in silence.” Kar mused, smiling at her.

“Ullummp! Mluuummp!” She mumbled at him, staring daggers into Kar.

Kar sat back on his log, staring at his captive. Avila turned her head and started rubbing the gag against her shoulder, trying to pull it down. While she did so, she wriggled her bound hands back and forth behind her, trying to loosen the ropes. His eyes moved to her large breasts. Because of the gag, Avila’s breathing was more labored, and her large breasts were heaving up and down even more. From there, his gaze moved to her slender legs, also wriggling to get loose of the bonds.

“Umm...mmm... hmm...” She moaned, arching her head back in an attempt to slide the gag off.

Kar watched her struggle in amusement.

“Ah, the witch isn't so powerful now that her voice is gone.” He smiled, watching. To his surprise, he realized that his erection had intensified, his longing for her body was even more intense.

No! Forget about her! But still he watched as she writhed and moaned, attempting to get free. Something about her futile struggles excited Kar.

Avila stopped struggling and looked at her captor, her eyes falling to the bulge in his loincloth. Her eyes widened.

“Hmmm...” She sighed, batting her eyes at him.

“Look elsewhere, witch!” Kar ordered, but she ignored him and stared straight into his eyes. Then, she cocked her head to the side and stuck out her breasts.

“Ummm...” she moaned, leaning over, exposing her deep cleavage to Kar. He felt his blood quicken. His loins were burning with passion and longing.

“Mmmhmmm...” She moaned, stretching out her long, curvy legs, still bound at the ankle. Her eyes were filled with longing and pleading. Kar entire body was burning for her touch.

Just wander off into the bushes and pleasure yourself! Ignore her!

But Kar couldn't take his eyes off her, and as he watched, she arched her body to the side, exposing her round ass and the tiny thong running between it. She ran her bound hands over her luscious ass cheeks, moaning into her gag as she did.

“Hmmm... mmmm... umm...” She turned her gaze to Kar as she did, eyes filled with lust and wanting.

As Kar watched, she lowered herself to her knees, back still to him, and bent over, arching her ass out. Her hands traced the gentle, round curve of her cheeks and she turned her head to face him.

“Hmmm?” She seemed to question. Kar's undivided attention was on her backside and the shadow of the firelight dancing across her cheeks.

“Mmmm hmmm...” She arched her head, beckoning him over to her.

Kar's erection raged, a caged animal crying out for release and to make a meal of the sorceress.

Then she turned around and reclined into a sitting position, stretching out her entire body, like a feline relaxing itself. Her green eyes never left him.

Blindfold her!

Yes, cover up those eyes! But with what? He used his cloth to gag her.

Her tunic!

Kar's eyes lit up! Yes, rip away the tunic that hung between her legs and use it to blind fold her, then let her struggle until she tires herself out! That would be the trick!

He rose, all too aware of the raging hard cock inside his loin cloth, and approached her. Her eyes fell immediately onto his cock and widened in awe.

“Hmmm hmmm mmmm...” She seemed to giggle, watching him with lust as he approached.

Then Kar stood over his bound and gagged captive, and she looked up at him with pleading eyes. He bent down and grabbed a handful of the flimsy red tunic that covered her up, and with a powerful motion ripped it.

The cloth tore away, but Kar didn't know his own strength, and it tore the flimsy thong away with it.

“Mmmph!” She cried as the flimsy garment came away, completely exposing her. Kar's jaw dropped as she tucked her legs up close to her in an effort to cover her modesty.

“Mmmm...” she moaned, looking up at him and blinking. Kar could only stammer, looking down at her now bare hips.

“Um... I'm... I'm gonna blind fold you...”

“Mmmooo...” She cooed, arching her head at him.

“Ye... Yes....” He stammered.

“Hummmphh...” She sighed, hanging her head, and then to Kar's surprise she started to roll over. As she did, her body turned, now exposing her completely bare ass to him, causing Kar's heart to skip a beat. Then, she maneuvered herself into a sitting position and lowered her head.

“Mmoo hoonmmm...” She mumbled. Kar only stared.

Avila turned to him, pleading with those beautiful eyes of hers.

“Hmmm!” She mumbled, hanging her head again, ready for it.

“Oh... um...yes...” Kar muttered and ripped a section of the tunic away, hopefully enough to cover her eyes, and then he knelt down behind her. He leaned forward, blindfold outstretched, when she arched backwards, right into his arms.

“Mllllglllum...” She sighed, arching her ass right up against his cock. Kar froze.

“Hmmm...” She moaned, rubbing her cheeks against his erection. Kar sat, completely frozen.

“Mmmm...” Her head lolled back against his biceps and she looked up into his eyes. Avila's gaze told him everything.

Have me... She pleaded.

Then, to Kar's surprise, he felt her bound hands slide under the waist band of his loincloth, eliciting a gasp from him. Her soft fingers wrapped around the shaft of his cock and Kar felt his whole body break out in soft goosebumps.

“Ummm...” She sighed, leaning back into him and stroking his cock. An electric sensation of pleasure ran through Kar's loins as she used her hands to pleasure him. Her head rested against Kar's shoulders and she moaned into her gag.

“Mmmhmm...” Her hands ran down his shaft, feeling every inch as they went, tingling sensations of pleasure following. Kar's breath came in ragged gasps and he dropped the blind fold, instead wrapping his massive hands against her breasts.

“Mmmpph...” The pleasure stopped as she moved her hands from his cock and to the waist band of his loincloth to push it down. Kar dug both hands into her breast plate, the metal of the garment preventing him from feeling the soft flesh of her bare bosoms.

“Ummm hmm...” She moaned, attempting to push down his loincloth, but the rope around her hands made it difficult. Kar kept one hand on her breast plate and used the other to push down his

flimsy garment. A rush of cool air hit his loins and pressed himself against her, feeling his massive cock press up between her beautiful ass cheeks. Then he raised his hand and used both of them to tear at her breast plate. It came off easily and Kar tossed it into the darkness around them. Still holding her tight against him, he grasped her bare bosoms with both hands, feeling the tender flesh and her erect nipples against his bare palms.

She gyrated on top of him, sighing and moaning into her gag. Both were nude now except for their boots. Kar's cock throbbed and pulsed between the warm gentle flesh of her ass cheeks and he worried that he may finish before being able to penetrate her, but he didn't care. Avila's large breasts fit perfectly into his large palms and he dug his fingers into her flesh with greed, feeling every soft inch of her bosoms.

Kar moved his hand from her breast and down her side, grabbing a handful of her ass cheek as he went down.

“Hmmpph!” She moaned, feeling his powerful hand dig into the tender flesh of her backside. Then his hand went between her legs and felt the moisture there. Before Kar could stop to think about his actions, he had her bent over the fallen tree.

“Ummm...” She sighed, turning back to watch him. Kar's hands went to the rope tied around her ankles and in second he had the knot undone. Still bent over, she spread her legs and invited him in.

Kar was pure instinct and longing, and shoved himself forward.

“Ummmm!” She cried, feeling him penetrate her. She was completely wet and he slid in with ease. Inside she was warm and inviting, and Kar realized that he didn't want to leave.

“Mmmggllumm!” She sighed, feeling him thrust inside of her.

Kar let go, sliding in and out, each thrust going deeper into the sorceress. She sighed and moaned into her gag as he had her.

“Mmmmm! Ummm! Mmmm!”

Kar dug his hands into her behind as he thrust. His cock wanted to feel every inch of her wet,

warm womanhood. He could feel a great welling inside of him, like a volcano ready to blow.

In and out, in and out he went. He never wanted to leave her, but he could feel it inside him: The dam ready to burst.

“Ummmph! Mmmmph! Ullummm!” She cried, her gag getting wet for the perspiration. Kar felt and heard his skin slap against hers, both of their bodies becoming slick with sweat.

The dam was getting ready to burst. Kar gritted his teeth, doing his best to hold back the explosion.

“Mmmmph! Ummmm!” She moaned, her body moving with his.

Then it came: The explosion. Kar felt the release as he emptied himself inside her.

“Uuuuummmmm!” She moaned, resting her head on the log, her body quivering as Kar finished inside her.

Kar sighed, leaning forward. His cock continue to spasm inside of her as he finished. He realized that he didn't want to leave her just yet and pulled her towards him, cupping his hands over her breasts. They heaved under his grip, her breaths deep and ragged through the gag.

“Hmmm...” She leaned her head back, and he saw that the front of the gag, where her beautiful lips where, was completely soaked.

“Mmmm...” She sighed, batting her eyes at him. Kar stared deep into her green eyes, each of them pools of lust and desire.

“Hmm ummm...” She nuzzled his cheek, and once again his eyes fell to her soaked gag and Kar realized that he wanted to kiss her.

Don't! Leave the gag on!

“Hmmm mmm...” She sighed again, once again nuzzling her gagged mouth against his cheek.

One kiss can't hurt, right? He could just slip the gag off, plant his lips against her beautiful, ruby lips, and then gag her again?

One kiss, that would be all.

Kar raised his hand and pulled down the moist cloth that gagged her. Avila let out a sigh and a gracious breath, and then leaned up, pursing her ruby lips as she did.

Kar leaned down, his lips meeting hers, and they embraced. She tasted exquisite, like the best wine he ever had. He drank her in with greed, not wanting to share, not wanting to stop.

Her tongue slid into his mouth and he ran his tongue over it, taking in it's taste. It was like cherry wine, deep, warm, and soothing. Kar's eyes closed and he gave himself into the kiss.

Everything around them fell away. The warmth of the fire seemed to be miles away, the town and the barmaid was a lifetime ago. Kar even forgot about his throbbing, pulsating cock.

The world left him behind, all that was left was her kiss and her taste. Then Kar fell back, and the world blinked out.

5.

Through the haze of his gummy eyes, Kar saw the fire. It was roaring strong and true, fresh logs must have been thrown on it. He could feel the warmth from it on his body as sensation returned, and then, like lead weights had been attached to them, his eyes snapped shut.

He sighed, stretching out his legs and tried to open his eyes again.

What happened?

His thoughts came to him in a fog. Had he been drinking?

There was a bar, he remembered that. That was it, he had too much to drink!

More came to him, a bar maid with a short skirt. The thought of her caused a stirring in his loins.

A barmaid, and a mountain...

He groaned, shaking his head and once again attempted to open his eyes. It took all of his strength, but when he did, he saw the fire there, roaring before him.

What came after the mountain?

The sorceress!

Suddenly it all came flooding to him. Capturing her, binding her, bringing her to camp, and then...

Oh no!

Kar's eyes flew wide and he sat up, as he did, he became aware of the thick rope wrapped around his ankles. He tried to bring his hands up in front of him but realized that they were bound behind him with the same thick cord.

“What...” Kar stammered, tugging on the ropes that bound his hands, but they were tied firmly. Next, he kicked his bound feet but they too held firm. When he looked down at his feet, he noticed that

they were bare, and his boots sat a few feet away by the fire.

Then he noticed that his loincloth was also gone. He was completely naked and bound, alone in the woods.

The witch!

Avila, she seduced him and then knocked him out, tied him up and made her escape. He cursed himself for being a fool and letting her seduce him like that.

If she left my sword, I can use that to cut myself free!

Kar sat up and scanned the camp, looking for the familiar glint of metal from his weapon.

“Ah good, I see you're awake” A voice purred from the darkness. Kar followed the sound to see two green, feline eyes watching from behind the fire. He sat up and gritted his teeth, doing his best to look intimidating despite his circumstances.

“Foul witch, release me!” He cried, once again tugging on his bonds. They held tight, whoever this witch was, she knew how to secure a knot.

The voice laughed and he watched as the eyes approached.

“Oh what, you enjoyed having me while I was bound and silenced.” Kar watched as her shadow grew more distinct in the firelight.

“What spell did you cast over me! I had no control!” He lied.

Avila came fully forward and Kar gasped. She stood next to the fire, completely nude. Her dark hair fell free around her shoulders. The shadows of the flames danced across her nude body, making her seem like a goddess born from flame.

“What,” she asked. “Are you saying that you didn't want this body?” She purred, turning to give Kar a look at her bar behind. He felt his cock start to stir.

No! Focus!

She laughed, turning back to him.

“I see that it isn't hard to win your affections.” She giggled and leaned over so that Kar's eyes

fell to her large, beautiful breasts. Between his legs, he could feel himself continuing to harden.

“Be gone temptress! When I get free I'll wreak such vengeance upon you!” He cried, doing his best to maintain his composure, but he could feel his blood racing in his veins, and he couldn't take his eyes off of her.

“Oh, is this how you're going to act?” She sighed and stalked over to him. Kar sat up, twisting his body, pulling on the ropes that bound him.

“Release me now woman, and I will be merciful!” He screamed, watching as she stepped behind him. Kar turned his neck to follow, but she stepped out of his range of vision.

“Oh really, I thought we were going to play some more.” She cooed from somewhere behind him.

“Never! When I get free, I'll visit such rage upon you that you'll... you'll never get to-
URRRRGMMM!” Kar's warnings were cut off by a cloth being pressed against his lips from behind.

“You really shouldn't talk so much...” She purred, tying the gag at the back of his neck.

“Urrrgggglll! Mrrrrgggph! Grrrrmmmm!” Kar grumbled, twisting his head in an attempt to shake off the gag, but she had it secured tightly around his mouth.

Gagged! Like a maiden in distress!

“Urrrggg! Mmmrrrrmmmm!” Kar cried into his gag, shaking his head. A shadow loomed over him and he stopped, staring up at the naked sorceress that now loomed over him.

“There, that's better.” She smiled.

“Mmmlllmmm! Mmmmp!” Kar spat, stamping his bound feet up and down.

She sighed and squatted down in front of the bound and gagged barbarian.

“Now now, I'm sorry but the threats were boring me.”

“Mmmmmrrmm!” Kar glared at her, kicking his feet. She smiled in amusement at his struggles.

How dare she humiliate him like this! Once he got free, there would be no mercy on her! He looked down to see her striking, cat like eyes looking straight into his. The witch was on her

knees in front of him, and his erect cock pointing straight at her nude breasts.

Kar attempted to think of something, anything that wasn't her.

Ogres! Think of ogres! Yes, that was it! Large, bulbous, ugly, smelly ogres. The least attractive creatures of the land.

Then Avila leaned forward and clasped her beautiful mouth around his throbbing erection. Her touch felt like a sensation of cool, blue water on him. A wave of pleasure rocked through his body, starting at his pelvis and working up to his chest.

“Ummm... hummm... mm...” Kar involuntarily squealed, feeling the touch of her mouth on him.

Then she rocked back and forth, working her tongue up and down over him, sending waves of pleasure through his body with each movement.

“Mmmm... hm...” He moaned, rocking his head back and forth.

Avila leaned back but gently flicked her tongue over the tip of his throbbing erection, each movement sending waves of pleasure down the shaft of his penis and up through the rest of his body. Despite his best efforts, a shiver rocked Kar's body as her tongue lapped at him.

“Urrrmfff mmm... mmmm...” He groaned, tensing his muscles and clenching his eyes shut, trying to distract himself from the woman's tongue currently dancing around his cock.

Focus! This is what she wants! Try and test the ropes!

“Ummm fff!” Kar strained his muscles but felt the constricting rope bite against his skin when he tried.

“Offf!” He groaned, but then was distracted by his predicament once again when he felt her lips once again wrap around his cock as it slid further into her mouth.

“Ommph! Mmmmmph!” He moaned and shuttered as she swallowed more of his cock.

If the sensation of her tongue around him was magical, then this was... transcendent. Kar was no longer in control of his body and his senses. He forgot that he was meant to be the big strong warrior there to bring a sorceress to justice. Now she had him under her control, in more ways than one. As her

mouth moved up and down over his shaft, he felt himself convulsing and squirming in his spot. It felt like all of the blood in his body was rushing to his penis. Sweat coated his thickly muscled body.

“Umm... gggmmm... mmm...” Kar moaned and tossed his head back to look down at the beautiful woman sucking on him.

Avila’s head was bobbing back forth, and all of her attention was entirely focused on the work at hand. Kar closed his eyes and rolled his head back. The quiver of excitement between his legs was almost unbearable. He had been with women before, pure maidens and other women in his travels, but none like this. The feeling of pleasure, of deep, burning want and lust was... over powering.

“Gumm... mmm...” He gave up on trying to rip through his bindings, instead giving himself to Avila, and letting her guide him through this journey.

He could feel the end approaching. A great swell of energy, like a wave in the ocean rearing up before crashing on rocks.

“Uggg gmmm... mmm...” He tried to warn her but the gag prevented him from talking.

“Mmmm gggmm... mmm...” The throbbing between his legs was coming more frequently now, like a fearsome drum beat announcing his coming climax.

Still Avila continued to suck on him, seemingly not noticing or not caring that he was close to finishing.

“Mmmm! Ummmm!” Kar cried into his gag. The sensation between his legs had grown beyond mere pleasure. What was once a pleasant tingling was quickly becoming slight sting.

“Urrrrm! Mmmp!” He cried again, recoiling at the overstimulation he was feeling, but Avila was undaunted, a woman possessed.

“Urrrrgmmm...” Kar tossed his head back and squeezed his eyes shut, his lower body trembling.

The wave had reached it’s crest and was about to crash on the rocks.

“Mmmm! Mmmpph mmmm!” Kar’s eyes shot open and he stiffened.

A split second later, Avila recoiled and Kar felt the warmth of her mouth retract from his cock and then the sweet, sweet rush of release as he came.

“Urrrr... Mmmrrr...” He moaned and shuttered again, falling to his knees as he spread his seed onto the ground.

“Oh boy, you had quite a lot left. I thought you would have spent it all on me the first time.” Avila giggled.

“Ummfff... mmffff...” Kar gasped, finally finishing.

He felt weak. Every muscle in his body felt deflated and he doubted that he would even have the strength to break the ropes and escape if he wanted to. For a moment, he thought that maybe it was a spell on him, that maybe Avila had sucked out his will and strength along with his seed, but part of him knew better. Part of Kar knew that it was no spell, it was just Avila. She was like no other woman he had know, like no other woman in the world.

He lifted his head and stared up at the majestic, naked sorceress standing over him. Avila’s breasts heaved up and down as she looked down at her new pet with satisfaction. What did she have in store for him now? Kar doubted that she would free him. No... she had some far more diabolical in mind.

A shadow shifted in the darkness, tearing Kar’s gaze from the naked goddess before him. There was something stealing out of the darkness towards them...

Not something, someone! Two people, illuminated by the flickering of the firelight. A man was in the lead, with long, flowing dark hair, and a beard trimmed back to a neat goatee. There was a mischievous glint in the man’s eye as he snuck forward, and Kar could see that he wore loose, black tunic and black tights that clung to muscular yet lithe legs. Following close behind the man was a woman. It was hard to tell in the light but she seemed older than him, with golden hair that shimmered in the firelight and dark green leather vest. Her arms were bare, and deeply tanned, with lithe muscles that rivaled the man’s, and she wore a short leather skirt, exposing tanned and toned legs as well. In

addition, the woman had a bow and quiver across her back, and Kar could see the glint of steel from a sword at the man's side.

"Ummm! Gmmm!" Kar cried, eyes widening.

It was an instinctual reaction. He had no idea who these people were, but his guess was that their intentions were not pure since they were sneaking up on them in a wood in the dead of night.

Bandits! He realized, too late.

Avila threw her head back and giggled at his muffled outburst.

"Oh Kar, that's cute. Do you think I would fall for that?"

"Ummm hmm! Mmfff! Mmm!" Kar shook his head and motioned to the bandits sneaking up on the naked sorceress.

The male bandit flashed Kar a look, and then a brilliant, toothy smile, and put a finger to his lips as he grew closer.

Avila laughed again.

"Men, once they finish, their brains really do turn to mush." She shook her head.

"Ummm gggmm! Mmmph!" Kar motioned with his head to the bandits, who were just behind Avila now.

He had no idea if he should be warning Avila about them, but in this situation, maybe it was better that he went with the devil he knew instead of the devil he didn't know.

Avila's eyes went wide in that moment as she heard the man's foot crunch on the dirt behind her, but it was too late. She tried to spin around but the man clamped a gloved hand over her mouth.

"Ummmmph! Mmmoo!" Avila moaned, clutching at the man's hand as the woman ran up behind him, rope in hand.

"Sorry we had to break up this nice moment, we'll only be a minute." The bandit flashed his brilliant smile, pulled Avila's head back, and winked at her.

"Mmmoo! Ummm gggmmph! Mmmph!" Avila wriggled in the man's grasp, clutching at

him as the woman grabbed the sorceress's hands and pulled them behind her back.

“Ummm ggmph!” Kar cried, instinctively rising to his feet, forgetting that his feet were bound, and instead succeeding in falling flat on his face.

“Oh don't worry, we'll get to you next.” The bandit giggled at Kar as his accomplice bound Avila's hands behind her.

“Urrgh! Mmmph! Mmmph!” Kar wiggled his naked body in the dirt, flexing against his bonds, but he was helpless to do any more as they tied up Avila.

6.

Under normal circumstances, Kar would be relishing the experience of Avila's naked, nubile body pressed up against him and feeling her bare breasts rising and falling against his muscular chest, but in this case, he would rather that would be happening when they weren't both tied up.

"Ummfff mmm..." Avila moaned into her gag, tugging again on the rope that secured her to car.

"Urggg... mmmrrr..." Kar grunted, doing his part to strain on the ropes as well.

If I hadn't been tied up then I could have fought these bandits off! He cursed, flexing and straining against the course rope keeping him restrained against the tree.

"Mmm! Mmm mmph!" Avila moaned and shifted against him.

Kar felt her bare thigh rub against his, and her pelvis pushing against his cock, causing it to stir in excitement.

God, I wish she would stop moving like that! He mentally cursed her. Every time her naked body struggled against his, it sent a tingle of fiery excitement through his body. Despite all they had been through that night, his body still yearned for her. What kind of a woman was she?

A temptress! He reminded himself. Kar had made the mistake of letting his guard down, and look where it had gotten him. Then again, Avila had also let her guard down, and was now suffering for that as well.

"Mmrrrggm... ggmmm..." Kar grunted, once again flexing against the ropes restraining him to the tree, and felt his cock press against Avila again.

"Mmm!" She moaned in protest.

"Grrmm!" He responded, trying to will himself to focus despite his rapidly hardening cock between his legs.

After overpowering and binding and gagging Avila, the two bandits dragged the still bound and gagged Kar over to a large, thick tree and used a coil of thick rope to secure him to it, and then they

dragged the struggling Avila over, pressed her nude body against Kar's, and used another length of thick to hold her body tight against him while also securing her to the tree.

Now they could only struggle against each other as the man and woman went through the camp at their leisure. Kar lifted his head and peered over Avila's shoulder to watch as the male bandit pulled Kar's sword out of its scabbard to admire it.

"Mmmoo! Mmnoo!" Kar grunted through his gag.

The man held out the sword to the woman, who was currently rifling through one of Kar's bag.

"Look at this craftsmanship!" His voice was filled with awe as the woman stepped forward.

The woman's battle skirt consisted of short leather strips around her waist, and it looked like she only wore a small garment between her buttocks. The leather straps shifted as she walked, showing that her back side was as dark and toned as the rest of her body. Kar would find her quite alluring if she wasn't one of his captors.

"Ohhmm mmph!" Kar cried and pulled on the ropes with all of his might.

"Oh," The female bandit gasped. "That is nice."

"Offfimmm ggmph!" Kar roared. He was pulling and tugging with all of his might but the rope was holding firm.

"Mmmph!" Avila protested, though Kar couldn't tell if it was directed at him or the bandits, and didn't care.

"Urggh!" He grunted and pulled.

"Mmm! Ummm ffffmm!" Avila responded.

The male bandit stood and held out the sword for Kar to see.

"I must say, I was hoping for a little more from you two." He laughed and put the sword back in its scabbard.

"Mmm! Urrggg mm!" Kar roared.

"I'm sorry but it looks like this is the only thing of value you have, so we'll be relieving you of

it.” With that, the bandit slung Kar’s sword over his shoulder.

“Murrff! Mmmm ggrrrgf!” Kar roared again and thrashed against the ropes like an animal in a trap. The bandits both laughed at him struggling.

“Well, I’m sorry that we interrupted... whatever it was that you two were up to.” The bandit chuckled again and stepped away from the now ransacked camp, his female companion following.

“Mmno! Stffff!” Kar cried, watching as the two bandits stalked towards the dark trees surrounding the camp.

“Please, as you were.” The man laughed, gave them a salute, and then disappeared into the woods around them, followed by the woman, who gave them a final look and stole off after the man.

“Urrggh gggmmf! Mmmph!” Kar cried, thrashing against his bonds.

His sword! It was all that he had, his most prized possession, and just like that they slink off with it like thieves in the night!

That’s because they are thieves! He reminded himself, and paused at his struggling to stare off at the woods where the two had disappeared. All he could see was the oppressive darkness of the forest.

Just wait until I get free! They will regret ever touching me or my sword! He vowed. Never had he been so humiliated, caught naked and strung up, and to have his sword stolen. Among his people, to lose your sword was to lose your honor.

Kar glowered, his eyes narrowing. He would scour the world for those bandits and get his sword back, even if it took the rest of his days.

But first, he had to get free.

“Grrffff... murrff...” He grunted, once again straining against the thick ropes coiled against him.

“Mmmfff... mmm...” Avila joined him in struggling.

What a strange situation this was, but what a strange night it had been. Avila, once his quarry, was now a prisoner alongside him. Both of them were bonded by their shared captivity, quite literally.

“Ummm... mmm...” She moaned, pressing her bare breasts against him as she struggled against the ropes. Kar felt another tingle of pleasure in his loins as he felt her nipple press against his muscular pectoral.

“Urrg!” He grunted, straining again at the ropes.

“Mmm!” She moaned, shifting against him again.

“Urfff...” He squeezed his eyes shut as the naked sorceress struggled, her nubile body shifting against his.

Despite their predicament, he couldn't shake the thrill that went through him when she struggled against him, nor could he prevent the stirring he felt in his loins as she wriggled. He opened his eyes again and resumed his struggling. As he did, he couldn't help but notice that the night seemed... different somehow?

Kar turned towards the camp and saw that the fire was almost embers at this point, but somehow the darkness seemed to be lifting. Then he turned his head to the sky, realizing that the oppressive dark of the night was growing somewhat lighter. The sun was rising, and soon the forest would be bathed in morning light.

Would people be venturing through the forest this early? Hard to say, and Kar felt mixed about that thought. As much as he wanted rescue, he also didn't want to be found bound naked to a sorceress, a sorceress he had been sent to catch, no less.

“Mmm...” He huffed and tugged on his bonds again. At this point he knew it was a futile gesture, but he had no other plan and no other recourse.

“Urfff grmm...” Avila moaned, and pressed her body even firmer against his. Kar felt his pulse quicken.

“Offfggmm...” He mumbled. Now was not the time! He had to remain focused!

“Uhhh...” She moaned again, her supple body wriggling against his.

Kar shook his head and tried to see through the blinding fog of arousal.

Think Kar! There has to be a way out of this!

But there was Avila again, rubbing her bare skin against his erect cock.

“Hmmm...” She moaned, nuzzling his neck with her gagged mouth.

“Grrr...” He shuddered and looked up at the quickly lightening sky.

Think Kar! He had to escape, for his honor! Every minute he spent tied up meant the thieves got further and further away. The more time he wasted meant the closer they got to selling his sword to some two-bit merchant.

“Urrggh...” He grunted in anger at the thought. His weapon deserved so much better!

When I find them, I'll split their skulls with it! If he could, he would swear it now, to the heavens, but the gag prevented him from making that oath, so he had to mentally promise the gods.

“Ummmph!” Avila moaned, wriggling her waist against him.

His heart palpitated and his cock throbbed against her. It was crying out to be in her, to feel her embrace. Kar felt the longing for revenge inside of him burning along with his lust for this woman. Both were overpowering sensations that were clouding his reason and ability to think.

“Urfff...” He grunted and pressed his waist against hers, causing her to let out a slight chirp of pleasure.

“Mmmeep!” She squealed, and arched her body back, just slightly, enough for him to push himself up.

Then she pressed herself forward and he felt himself sliding inside of her. As soon as he felt the tip go in he was rewarded with a sharp tingle of pleasure running down his shaft.

“Mmmurfff!” He moaned, pushing himself deeper inside of her.

“Umm! Mmmp! Oofff!” She moaned, arching herself back and forth on top of him.

“Orrrm!” He cried.

Gods, she felt perfect! He wanted to stay inside of her forever. The entire surface of his cock had exploded into an inferno of deep yearning. Kar arched himself and tried to thrust deeper into her,

but the presence of the mighty tree behind him and the rope restricted his movements.

“Hmmm...” Avila swayed gently on top of him.

“Urrggh...” He shuddered again, the throbbing between his legs intensifying.

“Ummm... hmm...” He gasped through his gag. Both of their nude bodies were slick with sweat now.

Avila continued to bounce her lithe body up and down on his cock, and he felt the pleasure mounting in him, building and building...

“Urrggh...” He grunted, doing his best to thrust despite his bonds.

Kar cursed the ropes! If not for them then he would be pinning Avila down and pushing back and forth inside of her with all of his might. Every muscle in his impressive physique would be working towards penetrating her.

Still, Kar felt that he was about to burst. Avila was quickening her pace, riding up and down on him with increased intensity.

“Mmmm... mmmpph... mmmm...” She moaned, whipping her head back forth.

Her magnificent breast brushed up and down along his bare chest as she rode his wave of pleasure.

“Grrmmm... mmmm...” Kar moaned, once again feeling a climax coming. It felt like this climax was pulling something from deep within him. It drew from a well of lust and longing that he didn't know he had, locked deep inside of his soul until now.

He drank the sweet waters from that well. The waters quenched a thirst that had been unquenchable until this moment. As he drank, he felt whole and complete, a part of him that had been missing was found. Kar was a traveler, finally finding his destination after a long, hard fought journey.

Avila was it. She was his prize, the well that he drank from and rejuvenated him after a long, hard path.

She drew this all out of him with every thrust and movement her body made. All of his feelings

of lust were pulled up from deep within him and out. The sorceress took it all from Kar, leaving him feel complete and whole.

“Urrrgggh!” He cried as he climaxed.

Kar felt himself finish inside of her. As he squirted his seed inside of her, he deflated, letting her draw his lust out of him and replace it with a deep, restful peace. He had never felt such exquisite pleasure as when he finished inside of her. After he spent his seed, Kar felt a new feeling welling up inside of him. It was something he hadn’t felt in years...

Peace... a tranquility. All he wanted to do was sleep, rest and bask in the afterglow of their sex. He had forgotten about being tied to a tree, and had forgotten about his sword.

A morning breeze brushed across his bare skin and his slowly receding cock and he realized he had forgotten about Avila too. Then he realized that he didn’t feel her warmth against him any longer.

“Um...” Kar lifted his head and realized he was alone. The naked sorceress was no longer tied in front of him.

In fact, she was nowhere to be seen. He looked at the ground and saw a pile of ropes that had once secured her.

“Ufffm?” Kar grumbled and looked at the woods around him.

The sun was low in the sky, casting a brilliant orange light through the trees, and there was no sign of the sorceress. He was completely alone, still naked, and tied to a tree.

“Wummff?” He grunted and pulled on his bonds, but was still secured to the tree.

“Oh I must thank you dear, I needed that.” A voice said from behind him.

A hand lightly brushed his shoulder, causing his skin to raise, and Kar jerked around to see Avila stepping out from behind him.

“Urrrgggh! Ummmm ggmmph!” Kar cried and pulled again on his ropes.

How did she get free? His mind raced, the feeling of peace and tranquility he had just experienced had completely dissipated.

The sorceress stepped in front of him, still completely naked. Her feline eyes looked over the naked and bound barbarian with amusement.

“You see, all I needed was a little bit of sustenance and look at where that got me?” She smiled and gestured to herself.

“Ummm! Mmmm ggmmph!” Kar moaned, flexing with all of his strength against his bonds.

“You silly boy, I thought you knew that I drew my strength and power from men?” She giggled.

“Wummmff?” Kar blinked and stared at her in shock.

“Oh... you’re pretty, but not the brightest, are you?” She patted him on the cheek.

“Grrrrmm...” He pulled his head back and glared at her.

“Oh don’t be mad,” She pouted. “This was really fun, but, well, I can’t allow myself to be caught out like this.” Avila motioned to the naked barbarian.

“Umm ggmm!” He responded.

“So yes, I sucked a little energy from you and used what little power it gave me to work myself free.” She smiled and once again motioned herself like a cheap street magician after a trick.

“Urrgg gmm mmph!” Kar grumbled.

“I would help you out, but well, I don’t want you to tie me up again and drag me off to stand trial, but don’t worry, I’m sure someone will be along soon enough for you.” With that she smiled, blew him a kiss, and turned to stalk off through the woods.

“Ummm! Mmmm ggmm! Mmmph!” Kar called after her, straining against his ropes as he watched the naked sorceress grow farther and farther away.

His gaze narrowed on her bare backside, on how firm and round her cheeks were, and how he would love to squeeze them and...

“Grrrrmm!” He shook his head. How could he allow himself to be played like that!

It had been a spell, a glamour, and he had fallen for it. The witch had used his lust to draw power him and make herself stronger! How had he been such a fool!

Kar glowered and rested against the tree. These ropes wouldn't hold him for long, and when he got free, he would get his revenge on her too. First he would get those bandits, and his sword, and then he would Avila and make her pay for using him like this.

He watched the naked witch grow farther and farther away until eventually she disappeared among the trees. The sun was climbing higher in the sky, and the birds were singing in the trees above him. Kar was suddenly aware of his nudity, and his predicament, and suddenly wished he could retreat into the forest and disappear as well.

He had dishonored himself with this adventure, but he would atone. Kar would get his honor back.

From somewhere in the woods, he heard a twig snap.

“Umm!” He moaned, stiffening. Could it be help? Someone traveling through the woods?

Or was it an animal? A predator hunting for breakfast? Kar broke out in a cold sweat at the thought. If it was a hungry animal, then he was staked out like a piece of meat and wouldn't be able to do much to defend himself.

Curse that witch! I'll make her pay!

Then he heard the crunch of dirt and leaves under footsteps, and they were growing closer.

“Mmmm! Mmmph! Mmm!” Kar cried into his gag. Part of him felt shame at someone finding him like this, but he couldn't refuse rescue. The idea of a hungry predator finding him caused him to swallow his pride at being found tied up naked.

“Urrgg gmmm! Mmmph!” Kar cried as the footsteps grew steadily nearer.

Then she stepped around in front of him, her jaw agape. Her brilliant golden hair reflected the shine of the morning sun, and her perfect bosoms heaved under the small, white tunic she wore. She must have been out in the woods gathering herbs, judging from the basket in her hands.

It was Leyla, the barmaid, the one that had tasked him with catching the sorceress.

Now she stared at Kar, naked and tied up in the brilliant morning light.

“Ummm ggmm! Hmmm! Hmmmllp!” Kar beckoned her to come over and free him.

But Leyla kept staring, first at his sweat coated chest, and then down, and down...

“Hmm...” Kar followed her gaze, noticing how her eyes settled between his legs.

“Oh...” She fumbled for words. “I’m glad to see that you... I mean... Looks like you were met with misadventure.”

“Ufff...” Kar sighed and rolled his eyes.

Of all the people to find me, it had to be her! He grumbled mentally. If only she would stop staring and untie him!

The End