

Her Perfect Paragon

The back room of the inn was dark, lit by a single candle. A half-dozen men crowded around a lone woman tied to a chair, her hands strapped to its arms and her legs roped together. Each of them was tall, muscular, and armed - four humans, an orc and a gargoyle, all clearly familiar with violence. She was short, curvaceous, and only wearing a flimsy white linen nightgown, which did little to conceal her bronze skin and wide hips.

An onlooker might have been surprised, therefore, to notice that the men were nervous, and the woman was amused.

“Alright, missy!” The lead man grabbed a knife, raising it menacingly. “Who sent you?”

“Missy?” Raisa snickered, tilting her head to stare up at him in disbelief. “What, are you going to call me ‘ma’am’ next?” Her curly brown hair had fallen across her eyes, and she took a moment to blow it away. “This is sad. I am sad for you.”

The men exchanged looks. “You should be sad for you,” the would-be interrogator snapped back after a moment. “Or... scared. Scared for you.” He waved the knife for emphasis. “How did you know we were here?”

“Would you believe I needed to use the water closet?” Raisa suggested. “Maybe I just wandered back here by mistake in the middle of the night, yawning and tired, and stumbled on a group of... smugglers?” She leaned forward, eyes twinkling. “Kin smugglers? Are you going to wrap me up in those ropes, bundle me into a box? Sell me to some wrinkled nobleman buying illegal slaves, to have his way with me?” She stretched against her ropes, breasts wobbling. “His hands running over my body, exploring every inch of me?”

A couple men swallowed, shifting uncomfortably. The lead investigator coughed. “Uh...”

“Or are you bandits? Will you stake me out in the road, naked and afraid, to act as bait? And then when a kind traveller stops to help me, you spring from the bushes, forcing them to strip at knifepoint? And then you take me back to your camp...”

“Stop talking!” The interrogator slapped Raisa with his free hand. She laughed.

“I thought you wanted me talking.”

“I want to know who sent you, not your... weird sexual fantasies!” the man growled. “You think this is a game?”

“I know this is a game, Jeorg. And you already lost.”

There was another murmur of uncertainty. Jeorg took a half-step back, raising his knife as if to defend himself. “I knew it,” he growled again. “You know my name. Did Redmane send you? Is he sniffing around our turf again? Does he think I won’t stab one of his girls?”

“Nope, not even close. I’m not from a rival gang.” Raisa shifted in her bonds again, letting one strand of her nightgown fall down to reveal a bare shoulder. The gown pooled over her breast, threatening to expose it. “But thank you for letting me know that Redmane is moving into this area. We thought he was strictly west side.”

Jeorg’s eyes narrowed. “You’re a constable?” he asked dubiously.

Raisa laughed again. “Jeorg. Jeorg. Do you seriously think a constable would look this good?” She leaned forward, and the nightgown slipped another inch. Every eye in the room was on her. “One last guess.” Her eyes glittered like a cat’s, faintly glowing in the dark.

One of the orcs put two and two together. “Oh, hellfire,” he moaned. “She’s a Talent.”

“Give the man a prize!” Raisa crowed. There was a half-second pause, and she added, “That’s your cue.”

“Sorry,” Kharzel said from behind the gang, bringing her fists down across the back of the orc who’d spoken. Magic rippled through the blow, and he collapsed soundlessly to the floor. “I was enjoying the show.”

The room exploded into chaos. The men were big, but the orc woman behind them was bigger - seven feet tall, muscular and fit, with a short black sidehawk and small tusks. She quirked an eyebrow at the five toughs, the effect enhanced by the small scar across it, and raised her bare fists. “Anyone whose weapons hit the floor in the next three seconds gets to stay conscious.”

There was a frozen moment as the gang considered their options. The room had no windows and only one door, and Kharzel was between them and it. And then three people tried to rush her, one dropped his knife and retreated into the corner, and Jeorg backed up to the chair Raisa was still tied to. One human tried to bring his short sword around to stab Kharzel, and she calmly reached down, letting the blade skitter along her arm as she grabbed his wrist and squeezed. He screamed as his bones cracked, and she threw him into the gargyle, who was trying to come at her from the side. Then she

stepped forward and punched the other orc in the face, leaving all three collapsed on the ground around her as she calmly strode towards Jeorg.

“Don’t - don’t come any closer!” Jeorg’s knife was down to Raisa’s neck. “I’ll kill her, I swear.”

“Oh, that was a mistake,” Raisa said. She reached up, fingers extending into claws which she slipped between the blade and her neck before Jeorg had time to react. “If you thought she was mad before...”

“How...?”

“You’re bad at knots. And I’m a shapeshifter.” Raisa’s claws flicked out, and the knife flew from Jeorg’s grasp and lodged in the wall.

Then Kharzel punched him, too.

“Are you hurt?” she asked, as Raisa slipped out her other wrist and stood up.

“No, I’m fine.” Raisa batted her eyes at her partner. “But some vile fiend tied up my ankles. You’re going to have to carry me back to our room.”

“You can get out of that easily,” Kharzel said.

“Nope, too tight.” Raisa’s answering grin faded as the door was flung open, and the rest of the Scourges filed in. “You’re bleeding.”

Kharzel glanced down at her arm, where the short sword had slid along her skin. “It’s nothing.”

“Like hell it is.” Raisa raised her voice. “Shireen! I’m getting Kharzel medical attention before she gets a scar. You all good here?”

“We’re all good here,” Shireen said. The young gargoyle was already pulling rope out of her shadow space. “You go do some ‘medicine’ together.” She winked.

“Actual medicine, Shireen. Although... I don’t know, night’s young.” Raisa winked. She started to take a step forward, and immediately fell forwards. The ground rushed towards her face, and then there was a hand around her shoulders.

Kharzel lifted Raisa up, looking her in the eyes. “Did you forget your legs were still tied, or was this a ploy to get me to carry you?”

Raisa coughed, feeling heat on her cheeks. “As much as I would love to say ploy... the ropes are a *little* tighter than I thought.”

“Fine, I’ll carry you.” Kharzel lifted Raisa, throwing her over her back like a sack of flour. Raisa was able to see Shireen give her a big thumbs-up as the paragon carried her out of the room and down the hall.

As she walked, Raisa said, “You’ve got me tied up. Real role reversal.”

“I think the loyal knight always saves the helpless damsel,” Kharzel said evenly.

“Helpless? Hey! I handled the knife.”

“Had me worried for a second.”

“Please. We’ve fought dragons, demons, and fae sovereigns. Some crook with a knife isn’t going to be the end of me. How’s your arm?”

“Already stopped bleeding. I took an oath to protect you, remember? Can’t be hurt while I’m acting in your service. Not *really*.”

“Mm, true.” Raisa reached over, ruffling Kharzel’s hair. “But I know you. You still felt it. Must have stung.”

“I can handle a little pain,” Kharzel said. She reached their room and ducked through the door, setting Raisa down on the bed and kneeling in front of her. “You want me to untie those?”

“Oh, most definitely,” Raisa purred. “And I think you deserve a reward for saving this helpless damsel.” As Kharzel set to work on the knots, she leaned forward, kissing her on the forehead. “What do you want as your reward?”

“I want nothing. A word of praise from my queen is worth all the treasures of Sefati,” Kharzel said, blushing fiercely as the words came out. She didn’t quite look up, finishing the unknotting and letting her hand rest on Raisa’s calf.

“Ohh, the knight and the queen, is it?” Raisa said.

“Well, you asked,” Kharzel mumbled without looking up.

Raisa reached down, letting a single finger rest under Kharzel’s chin. She lifted her hand gently, and Kharzel’s face came up with it, her expression a mixture of embarrassment and desire. “Of course, my faithful knight,” Raisa murmured gently. Kharzel had a bad habit of letting her define their play, and her instincts tended towards the mischievous.

It wasn't that Kharzel didn't *enjoy* being teased, but Raisa really did need to let her set the scene more often. She deserved it. "You have served me well, and you deserve your reward. Come, disrobe and let me admire you."

Without breaking eye contact, Kharzel reached back to slide her jacket off her shoulders. As it fell to the floor, revealing her rippling muscles, she reached down to unbuckle her belt. "Like this, my queen?"

"A good start," Raisa said. "It lets me see these muscles, that serve and protect me." Keeping the one finger in place, she put her free hand on Kharzel's shoulder, stroking her upper arm. "As firm as your vows. As beautiful as your smile."

Kharzel's fingers missed a beat. "My smile?"

"Oh, I love your smile. Don't stop." Raisa grinned, staring into Kharzel's eyes. "Your smile tells the world that you're ready for it. That nothing it throws at you will stop you from your duty. Your smile tells me that I am safe, my knight. And when you are vulnerable, your smile tells me that *you* are safe with *me*."

Kharzel breathed out slowly. A small, shy smile curled at the edges of her lips, so different from the brash grin she wore when she was fighting. Inch by inch, she slid out of her trousers, leaving her wearing only her bustier and the simple cloth undergarments she preferred. Raisa liked her own much silkier, but she knew that Kharzel was a straightforward soul in so many ways. "You honor me, my queen. May I honor you?"

"Mm, please."

Kharzel finally slipped away from Raisa's finger, kneeling on the ground before her. She bent down, running her own hand up Raisa's leg and under her skirt. "Thank you, your Majesty."

Raisa shivered at Kharzel's touch. The paragon's hands were rough, but they moved so carefully, as if Raisa was made of porcelain. Even now, after three years together, it was like Kharzel was experiencing her for the first time.

She reached down, running her own hands down Kharzel's back. There were a few small scars, mementos of their worst battles, but mostly her skin was smooth, more muscles stretching as Kharzel continued to bend down. Raisa gently undid the ties on Kharzel's bustier, and the paragon squeaked as it fell down.

"Your- your majesty," she said, with feigned shock. She finished doubling over, covering her breasts. "It is not meet that you observe one so lowly as I in such disarray."

“Meet?” Raisa asked, wrinkling her brow.

“It means good. It’s... historical.” Kharzel glanced up at her. “Quinlynn taught me.”

“Kharzel, have you been *practicing* for this scene?” Raisa’s eyes lit up. “That’s adorable.”

“You don’t have to make fun of everything that...”

“No, I mean it. That is truly adorable. I am adoring.” Raisa coughed. “Which is to say, *my knight*, that your bashful nature is to your credit, but... uh... but I didn’t practice for this scene, it’s gonna be bad. Sorry.”

Kharzel let go of Raisa’s leg and looked up at her. Then she giggled, rising back up to her knees.

“What?”

“I almost never see you like this.” Kharzel ran her hand farther up Raisa’s leg. “You’re embarrassed.”

“So what? You get embarrassed all the time. It’s cute.”

“And so is this.” Kharzel leaned in, laying her head down on Raisa’s lap. She was tall enough to pull it off from the floor, her shoulder against the bed and her arm on her partner’s leg. “You’re always so in control. I almost forgot you *could* be embarrassed. The scene doesn’t have to be perfect. *You* don’t have to be perfect.”

Raisa let out a huff of breath. “But I want to be,” she complained.

Kharzel gave her a flat look.

Raisa laughed. “Okay, okay. I hear you.” Her hands came down on Kharzel’s hair, stroking it gently. One finger traced the line of the scar across her eyebrow, and she smiled fondly. “My knight,” she said, forcing her way back into character, “you are always determined. Always devoted. You ward yourself with iron and hold yourself back. I wish for you to serve me in body as you do in soul.”

“I am not worthy, your Majesty,” Kharzel murmured with a smile, eyes half-closed as Raisa’s fingers ran through her hair. Her breasts were pressed against Raisa’s leg as she slowly curled around her, hand resting on the inside of her thigh.

“You are always worthy. You are more worthy than any prince, any suitor.” Raisa leaned down, kissing the shaved side of Kharzel’s head, letting her lips run across her skin. “You

are the one that I trust to give me pleasure, and to be pleased in return. I feel your hands on my thigh, my knight. Raise them higher. Slowly, gently, as I know that you can.”

“Your wish is my command,” Kharzel murmured. Raisa shivered as she felt her lover’s fingers crawl up her inner leg with the agonizingly beautiful slowness that she had asked for. Her fingers curled into Kharzel’s hair as the paragon reached under her drawers and began to stroke the lips of her pussy, feeling the dampness already present. “And I see your Majesty is prepared for me,” she added.

“Always,” Raisa agreed, feeling her breath hitch as Kharzel began to explore her, finger brushing gently across her clit. She whimpered softly, biting her lip. “I see that you are skilled with more than the blade.”

“I don’t know about that,” Kharzel said smoothly. “I think I will have to practice sheathing my sword tonight.” With a single heft, she reached up, grabbing Raisa by the waist and lifting her up, pushing her back along the bed.

“Ooh, that sounds... exciting. What manner of sword have you brought with you today?” Raisa’s skirt was in disarray around her, leaving her underwear on display. She didn’t move to adjust it. She liked the fire that flashed in Kharzel’s eyes looking down at her.

“Well, if your Majesty would like a demonstration of my... skills... she has but to command me.”

“Then I command you, my knight. Show me your broadsword, and let me see how you... thrust... with it?” Raisa frowned. “That sounded silly.”

“To you, maybe. To me it sounds perfect.” Kharzel grinned, standing over Raisa. While the changeling had been distracted, she had pulled out a nine-inch strapon carved from blackwood, which was now nestled around her otherwise-bare waist. Raisa looked up at the orcish lady above her, muscles rippling. “Allow me to demonstrate my swordplay to you, your Majesty.”

“Alright, but you’d better be... oooh!” Kharzel lowered herself onto the bed, and as the tool was slid into her Raisa’s words dissolved into a flurry of moans. Usually, she was the one riding Kharzel; this time, Kharzel’s hands were gentle but firm around her waist, holding her still as she thrust into her. As Kharzel had promised, she was skillful. Each thrust was powerful, but it was also carefully calibrated, shifting with Raisa’s reactions and stopping short of painful. Raisa gasped, the blackwood warming as it filled her, her body trembling as waves of pleasure coursed through her. She could hear Kharzel gasping above her; the blackwood’s magic fed echoes of Raisa’s pleasure back into the paragon, ensuring that the two would each feel the same orgasmic bliss together. It had cost them a pretty penny to enchant, but it was well worth it.

Raisa squirmed in Kharzel's grip, not actually trying to escape, just feeling the firm pressure of her lover's hands around her. "Yes!" she cried, barely remembering to stay in character. "Serve me, my knight! Offer me your tribute!"

"Yes, your Majesty." Kharzel almost whispered the words, her voice growing quieter as pleasure overwhelmed her. Her body was shivering almost as much as Raisa's, the effort of moderating her thrusts and not giving in taking all of her focus as she watched Raisa's face, adjusted her movements to the smaller woman's and keeping her from breaking.

Finally, it was too much. Raisa's voice rose into a scream of pleasure just as Kharzel's dissolved into a silent gasp of bliss. She pulled Kharzel down to her, feeling the weight of the paragon's breasts against her as she held her tight, riding their orgasms together.

Afterwards, lying on their sides in the bed, Raisa reached up and brushed a lock of hair out of Kharzel's eyes. "Next time," she panted, "the queen is going to have to demand a strip show or something first, just to keep things going. You've knocked the scene right out of me."

"Well, that's alright," Kharzel said. "It's worth it to see you like this." Her own hand cupped Raisa's cheek, looking down at her with a fond smile.

"You know that I'm the luckiest woman in the world, right?" Raisa asked.

"I'm glad that you think that," Kharzel said.

Raisa bopped her lightly on the nose. "None of that. Not after this. Do you want to try to keep going?"

Kharzel thought about it for a moment. "No," she said shortly. "I just want to lie here and hold you for a while."

"I can do that."

Raisa watched as Kharzel's eyes slipped closed, feeling the warmth of her perfect paragon next to her. She didn't deserve this. She was a chaotic mess, a tease who thought about herself too much. But somehow, that mess was something that Kharzel wanted to be with, and Kharzel deserved every bit of happiness that she could find. In moments like these, seeing Kharzel's love reflected back at her, she could believe that she deserved it, too.

She closed her eyes and snuggled closer. There'd be plenty of time for games, adventures, and life. For tonight, they had each other.