

Lesson 1 – Patience
or
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder

jlnickymaster:

“BanCu, BanCu, BanCu...why why why...you just left me with a damn cliff hanger...”
<Sharpening my bowie knife on a hand stone>

“...this is not the way I like to spend my off time.”

<I slice lightly over the soft skin of my palm noting the sharpened edge, a thin line of blood wells up. I look up at you and lift my hand to lick the blood from my skin>

“Now BanCu...please finish the story...I’m asking nicely!”

-Nic

BanCu:

<Stands in front of you, reaches down and takes your hand in mine, licks slowly along the salty bloodline, looks you straight in the eye>

“Patience...it'll be worth the wait...”

-BanCu...nice is overrated...

jlnickymaster:

<Stepping closer to you I brush my pierced nipple rings against your body, shivering as we touch, I hiss>

<My dark eyes hooded I watch you>

<As I feel your hot tongue on my palm, the sting of pain making me twitch, I release a low growl>

<My fingers curl around the Bowie, tightening>

“Don't take to long, dearest.”

<My husky whisper is for your ears only as I breathe against your skin>

-Nic

BanCu:

<Sliding my hand under the back of your neck I gently stroke the soft hair at your nape>

"Too long?" I whisper, our lips nearly touching.

<With a sudden growl, I tightly grasp your hair and pull your head back exposing the side of your throat as I bare my teeth>

"I ALWAYS take my time..."

<As I move along your neck I slowly exhale, watching the goose bumps rise. I can sense your pulse as my lips hover just above the warm skin. Would you move if I take control of those tempting rings, I wonder? Or if I...bite?>

"...with the good stuff."

-BanCu

jl nicky master:

<The strength of your attack and the heat of your breath excites me. I struggle to show my defiance, my denial, and my own strength. Your hand tightens in my hair. Did I moan? My heart is pounding as I unconsciously arch my neck in further supplication, my jugular exposed for the taking>

<Swallowing, I lean into your arms and secretly slide the Bowie back into its case beneath my leathers>

<Your instant smirk shows you felt my subterfuge>

<My breasts heave as your hand slides up my exposed abdomen, your touch slow, steady, and direct. I can't help but lick my suddenly dry lips>

"How long will it take?" I pant out feeling your fingers slip under the edge of my upper vestment, the leather no barrier for your target.

-Nic

BanCu:

<Your brief struggle excites the Alpha Wolf in me. I do not enjoy passive prey. Curling the fingers of my right hand I lazily run my nails up under your leathers, feeling your belly quiver as I get closer to that which you desire me to touch. I lick your jugular very slowly, feeling the need to mark you as is my right>

"Beauty takes...patience..." I whisper into your ear.

<Knowing what you desire I purposefully deny you the moment. With a final drag of my nails, I remove my hand and slowly push you down to your knees by your hair, tilting your head to rest your cheek on my thigh. Reaching down I tug on your leathers knowing of the delicious pull it has on your rings>

"Off."

<I release my grip on your hair but do not move my stance. You're breathing harder now and your eyes flash darkly. I wait patiently – I know you'll succumb. Slowly, you pull your leather vestment off over your head and toss it to the side, then look up at me defiantly. I reach down and softly stroke the side of your face, running my thumb over the delicate curve of your lips>

"Hands behind you."

<Again I must wait as you fight against yourself. Muscles flexing you comply with a growl. With the toe of my leather boot I push your knees wider apart. I grasp your hair again as you struggle briefly -submission is not familiar to you. I place a finger against your lips and lean down>

"In this world there are many definitions of beauty..."I whisper huskily.

<Reaching, I lightly brush the palm of my hand against your right ring, smiling as you arch back, trying, despite yourself to increase the contact. I lick a fingertip and make soft feathery little circles on your already hard left nipple. Is that a moan I hear? Your body tells me you want much more, nipples hard, breasts arching upward, your face buried in my thigh. I hook my thumb in the right ring, reaching across with long fingers, pulling, and hook the tip of my middle finger in the other ring. I straighten up, your breasts heaving as I pull painfully on your control. Ahhh, but you breath through it, taking it in, I can smell your desire now, my fierce little cub>

"This..."

<I look down at you, stroking your hair, your eyes hooded, your face showing pure need, your back arched, your knees spread, your rings at my control>

"...is one of mine."

<I lean far down and lay a rough kiss on each nipple, sucking hard on the rings. I feel your breath in my hair, are you trying to say something? More, perhaps? Harder?>

<Releasing you, I walk away. I've marked you, you just haven't figured out where yet>

<I pause, and give you one last look>

"Tomorrow."

-BanCu...beauty is in the eye of the beholder...

jlnickymaster:

<As you let me go I collapse backward onto the floor. My feet underneath me, my legs spread open, my nipples hard and aching, I give a slight sob of frustration and anger. The control you wove over my senses left me weak and yearning and hungry. My body pulsates with need. I watch you walk away, your stride totally confident. I growl with envy and promise, even as I find my fingers reaching down to push beneath my skirted leathers>

<I feel my wetness, shuddering as I touch myself. My eyes, dilated with your spell, contract at the instant surge of pleasure that shoots through me. My fingers glide across the hardened clit, I spread my juices over and around. My knees still spread wide I arch my hips to increase the pressure. My left nipple ring is caught by my free hand as I tug increasing the rising sensation of release. I feel your touch, I breathe your scent, I feed your hunger>

<My body fills with pleasure and I peak, stiffening in my passive position, exploding within the fierce craving you have created inside. I bite my lip to hold in the scream. I taste blood. Oh to feel your lips on mine, giving you my essence. I struggle to regain my breath fully reclining on the floor to turn onto my side and curl up>

"Tomorrow seems so very far away!"

-Nic

Continued in Lesson2_Learning...

Lesson 2 – Learning or How Elf revealed her secret identity...

jlnickymaster:

GASP...<narrowing eyes in defiance>

<Tossing hair and posturing with a relaxed sensuality flowing through my body>

"Do you think you have won this battle?"

My eyes capture you in their hungry gaze.

"There is naught but me to fill your hunger, my dread warrior. I am the cream for which your lion spirit will crave to drink"

<Shifting slightly to enhance the curved view>

"Come play with me, wise one. I am always ready to play."

-Nic

BanCu:

Absently I stroke the soft curly fur of my wolfhound, Bran, whose head is lying against my outstretched legs.

Looking up, my gray-blue eyes narrow thoughtfully.

The fiery cub is back I see...

Shifting in my oversized oaken chair, the deeply carved whorls comfortingly familiar under my hand, I stare down at this defiant one, my curiosity, and hunger, under excellent control.

"Tell me, little one...are you here to give me a gift or demand of me a present? Not all are prepared to pay the Lion's price."

-BanCu

jlnickymaster:

"The price of slaves I see in your crown's eye. I shall be no one's slave of pleasure."
<tossing my hair>

My breasts heave as I watch your hand stroke the beast beside you. My rings press forward as my nipples tighten beneath the silk halter I have chosen to wear.

"I demand nothing but your eyes to crave my sight. I demand nothing but your lips to give me pleasure. I demand nothing but your touch, freely given to that beast, to feel my skin and heat as you have imagined a thousand times. My demand is naught but the air you breath too shallow as the scent of my arousal flows over your senses to cause your breath to be captured. I am not a playful gift to be taken. I will cut you deep as you seek out my blade."

The weight of my burning gaze rakes over your countenance in disdain. Your calm and infuriating posture grates at my nerves when I know you have so much more to show me.

"Take care how you control the fires, my warrior. The flame can be quenched if not fed."

I turn my back to your vision knowing this will rile your passions. You who like to control and lead will not be able to resist the tease of my svelte shape and taut muscles as my silk covered halter vee's down to the very edge of my curved buttocks. The luminous material slides over me as a second skin gifting the watcher with intimacy and barricade.

I hear a rustle from behind me. <I smile knowingly>

-Nic

BanCu:

My hand hesitates a moment at the mention of slaves. Does she know of my tastes then?

I continue to watch her as she defies all protocol, secretly savoring the passionate stance, enjoying the flashes of imagery that come to mind as I picture how I shall take her and when.

<I muse silently to myself...> *This one does not claim to be a body slave yet she wears the rings of one trained as such. She does not carry herself as a slave yet she desires my control.*

My gaze flickers back to you and I notice how your eyes are focused so on the stroking motions of my hand to pelt.

Ahhh, already you give yourself away, little cub. I can practically smell you from here.

Next to me my first lieutenant shifts heatedly at your passionate demands and I smile secretly.

Perhaps I should simply give this one to the guards to enjoy? I won't tell them of the knife...that should make things more...interesting...for my Amasons...

With the smallest of movements I gesture my lieutenant closer. As she bends to hear my order I do not break my gaze from the shapely figure now turned backside to me...and I suddenly change my mind.

:whispering: "Bring this one closer...and do it...carefully..."

As I shift my weight again Bran grows bored and wanders off to find his affection somewhere else. Leaning forward, chin in hand I watch as the muscular curves bring new images to mind - thighs splayed, ass up, supple curves moving in rhythm under my strong, demanding hands, thrusting, groaning, wetness everywhere – briefly I close my eyes as I feel my carefully tended control slip slightly towards wanton desire. I have always had a weakness for such body slaves though the proud, passionate ones are rare indeed.

Head held high, you refuse to be touched by the advancing guard but allow yourself to be backed closer to me as I wait and watch the lovely view.

Shifting to the edge of my seat I slowly uncoil my long frame and advance confidently down the few steps towards you. Are you nervous? You seem agitated yet still you hold yourself proud, defiant. <I smile wickedly> I remember your head pressed against my thigh, the sounds you made as I captured your rings in my mouth...and I lick my lips subconsciously in anticipation.

As I wave them away, my guards step back to the edges of the room and leave us to stare at each other. Slowly, I circle you, my body so close I can feel the heat radiating off your skin. Oh so softly I run my fingertip down the curve of your ass to see your reaction. Stepping around to the front I can see your rings clearly through the strained fabric.

"These rings belong to me..." I growl.

You hiss but I reach out and take you by the nape of the neck pulling you close...so close I can smell how wet you are. My lips are a mere breath from yours, your breasts pressed against mine, my thigh hard against the cleft of your legs, and I hold you still, savoring your need.

Slowly I slide around to the back of you, my powerful hands about your body keeping you still, taking liberties with the taut, muscular femaleness of your body. Quickly reaching around to the front of you I slip my hand between your legs, and as you gasp, I pull you hard against me. My other hand, fingers twined in your thick hair, holds your head tilted back towards my mouth.

"Tell me, cub," I whisper huskily into a delicate ear. "Do you have a ring here for me as well?"

-BanCu

jl nickymaster:

My hips thrust forward against your questing fingers. Your rigid control of my head leaves my sight focused on your face as I hate you with my eyes. My body gives you what you seek as we meet once more.

I crave your touch. The silk folds of my dress are but flower petals to be brushed aside from my waist with your strong hands. The material of the parted silk hides your fingers from the others in the room and I feel their stare bore through my skin as they seek out your method. I look into your eyes knowing the surrounding audience has further fed your rushing hunger.

I cannot show the others what you are doing. I must not show them. I know this step in our continued dance. You are testing me. Your fingers dance in my wet slick folds, sliding through me, into me. My nostrils widen as I take in your girth letting it slide inside. You draw it out slowly only to push inward again. I will not shudder. I will not shudder.

You grin, your teeth seem sharpened to my vision. I see your pleasure at my wetness. I know you think I'm willful. Your fingers caress my inner walls. I ride you as you enter me over and over. The subtle sign of my familial trait begins to rise as my passion grows. I need to show you just a taste of my true person. My eyes gleam brighter, unnaturally so, a shining essence from within. The dark pupils grow focused as we lock gazes and you see my nature. You blink at the sight and a dawning understanding takes you. You who have traveled so far should know the presence of the Kinterkin. I show, only to you, the inner light of my forbearers. I have hidden this from all, knowing my kind have been sought by many devious and black of heart. How you use this knowledge will still be seen.

I'm sure your mind is swimming. Your finger is still stroking me and I slide my hand a half an inch over your shoulder to press my fingernails into your skin. Blood is drawn as I scratch you back to reality. Your eyes glare at me. I grin. My smile, known to throw the willing into a daze, catches you off guard, as I suddenly clench my muscles. Your finger is trapped for a moment against my silk walls. Have I not ridden every Annu on the strength of my Ashida's bare back to hunt for the little Rishta's? I, more than anyone, know my body and you will too.

I see your eyes lower to a predatory hooded gaze. A single droplet of sweat beads at your temple. Leaning forward I slowly, ever so slowly, lick the drop from your salted skin.

-Nic

BanCu:

As I catch the gleaming gift in your eyes my mind separates from the delicious feel of silky wetness against my long fingers. *Kinterkin...*

Puzzle pieces begin to fall into place even as the hunger inside me quickens. I have gathered the stories to myself, some more remote than most have heard, and I know of what I hold in my hands.

Finally. A challenge so bold it came looking for me...

My fingers continue their test, exploring with wanton abandon, even as a part of me admires your self-restraint. My Amasons are not so disciplined it seems or is that your influence as well?

Such a wild flavor she must have. If only I could taste but I know the price...if the stories are true

<I think to warn myself>*Careful warrior...this one is different from all the others...*

The sudden pain from your nails brings my senses back to high alert and I growl a warning even as my own desire heightens. I did not give you permission to touch me yet here you are, now, shivers slipping down my spine, taking liberties as your tongue delicately traverses my temple.

What will she feel like against my skin?

I catch that thought before it begins exploring its full potential. *I will not fall under this one's spell no matter how good she feels.* For good measure you nip my ear and I can't let that one go. Hissing, I slip my hand from your hair and slide it around your neck and under your chin. Quickly turning your head away from me, exposing your neck, I sink my teeth warningly into the sweet, muscular flesh. Slowly, I slide my fingers from your fiery center, just one fingertip coming to rest against your hard, pulsating clit. I have every Amason's eye, and body, now in my grasp.

Oh so softly, I begin to circle that delicate point, testing your immediate limit, my ultimate goal is selfish of course. I want to feel, even for just a tiny moment, you move against me. Carefully, I release my hold on your neck and lick my marking. My lips move to your ear.

:whispering: "Tell me, my fierce one..." <my finger continues its wicked dance – I feel your clit becoming even more swollen beneath my attentions> "...are the stories true?"

Reluctantly, my fingers pull away from your center. Slowly I slide my hands up to your shoulders and pull the silk down about your waist. Is that a growl I hear? Your breasts jut proudly in the cool air and my fingers ache to touch your rings.

I can feel your breath quicken but still your control does not slip. Teasingly, I slide two fingers back down into your honeyed wetness but I do not enter you. Easing out from under the silk I paint each hardened nipple with your essence, the musky sweetness causing me to lick my lips. Your eyes follow my hand as I raise my fingers to my mouth but I stop suddenly.

<Leaning close I touch my fingers to your lips instead and whisper> “Again, Kinter Cub, are the stories true then? Will I lose myself to you if I take of your essence. I can not afford that kind of...addiction.”

-BanCu

jl nickymaster:

It's a fierce longing I have for you; I crave your succulent essence. Ever since I felt the first bold brush of your fingers roaming over the curve of my hip, that downward stroke of your palm on the curve of my bottom telling me I was desire in your hands, have I looked upon you with a sharp eye.

I am Kinterkin, the eldest cast of my Elvin race, the purest survivor kin bred from the ashes of the ruins of Mount Kinter during the Printan Wars. We, the few, living and learning, are full of power without age. We have honed our life skills to the finest pleasure and the sharpest pain. We have knowledge so ancient that the highest of kings and queens seek out our council.

Yet we take a price to those that seek to ensnare us. The mightiest of leaders soon find our bond irresistible; a fruit full of passion, tasted only at the perfect ripeness, the most prized of all species.

Dwindling in numbers we have been forced to hide our true selves, becoming recluse, protective of our own. I am taking a risk with you. I can see your power, your raw edge of anger. You struggle to be tamed while in your heart you are wild and run among the fierce animals, dominating, seeking.

I too am a seeker for my own lineage. I seek at a pace you could not possibly understand. I am ageless, timeless, without a fuse. Although so young, my tide is rising and singing to me. When you are in the room I feel drawn to test you and yet I find myself tempted. Yes you are tempting. Your scent, and control and patience could make me bend myself to your will. But, you must pay that price. I cannot stop my need to draw that energy to me. You must willingly sacrifice. You know of my kind, you will either know of the burning need or have me seek elsewhere.

Even now you should not taste me. I will only drift inside you and become your waking want, you're sleeping pleasure.

Your finger circles me over and over and I feel my powers surge. You make me swell with your touch. You're deliberating within while I press forward to make you stroke me, as the edge nears. My body throbs with need. This is so perfect your hand on me. I could close my eyes and still see the blinding light.

Your fingers flick my clit with precision, pressure, speed, and demands. I almost crest as you watch my eyes. It's so close.

You're fingers withdraw. My heart screams even as I grind my teeth and release a low growl in dismay. I cannot show my need. I cannot show my desire. I almost hate you for your smugness. I see your heart is beating fast and I revel that I have affected you as well. You must not play this game further or we will burn together.

-Nic

Continued in Lesson3_Living...

Lesson 3 – Living or How Lion got her groove back

BanCu:

Your essence nearly glows in the low light as I softly trace the outline of your lips with my fingertip, more gently than I have ever touched another, save one, long ago. My heart clenches tightly for a moment as the memory flashes, sharp and bright still, across my vision.

<Warm, golden brown skin, eyes as blue as the sea outside my window, tousled hair smelling of heather...>

<Before I can catch myself...>:whispers: “My Queen...”

Your sudden intake of air brings me back quickly. There is...something...in your eyes. Before I can fall headlong into that gaze I hiss and force myself to step away. Hands clenched behind my back, ignoring the impulse to pace, I berate myself even as I study you.

Foolish warrior! You never should have touched this one. Even now her honey burns like a fire on your fingertips.

Slowly I circle behind you, your head turning to watch my every move, your body shifting as I press lightly against your bare back. Leaning close I look up towards my seat of power and whisper in your ear.

“Is that what you seek, Kinter? Or am *I* the play thing for your own desires?”

Tracing the soft skin along your lower back I slip my fingers along the sides of the silk dress. Slowly, tantalizingly, I push it down over your hips and let it slide to the floor in a heap. This is how you meant to be seen.

Trailing my fingernails lightly along your skin I move to stand in front of you. Ah, but you are so angry with me aren't you? All of these undeserving Amazon eyes on you. I cup your chin and whisper:

“Don't worry, I will have them all flogged for their audacity.” I grin wickedly. “Or maybe you would prefer the taste of the whip? I suspect you would enjoy it but I hesitate to mark such beautiful skin. Not yet at least...”

Your eyes flash as you try to bite my hand but I pull you towards me and hold you firm, your wrists held behind at your lower back with my forearm, my hand cupping your bottom, your fingers winding themselves around my wrist. I can feel your power and I now know you would be more than a match for me if you so desired.

What is keeping you here? I wonder. *A Kinter would have no use for my throne.*

Slowly and carefully, despite your warning growl, I lay my cheek against yours and, cat-like, softly begin to rub your face with my own. The wild thing inside you understands this gesture for we share a likeness like few others.

<As I nip lightly along your jaw line I whisper again, feeling you tense under my hands>

“What do I do with you? I think you would let me ravish you here, even in front of my warriors, but to what end?”

<I lick along the tender curve of your neck, my mouth craving the taste and feel of your rings instead>

“I would NOT be tamed by Kinter magics to become as like a slave in mind and body. I hunger enough as it is, little cub.”

<My fingers begin to caress the muscular softness of your bottom, slipping between the silky cheeks, seeking. I press my lips against your ear>

“You can smell me, can't you? How wet I am? Do you want to taste as well?”

From behind, my fingers find your honey again, coating your thighs. I revel in the hotness of it. Slipping my fingers through this slick temptation I slide back up a bit and press lightly against your other tight opening. Ahh, did my fingers finally elicit a reaction?

“Tell me what you want and I may give it to you...on your knees.”

-BanCu

jl nickymaster:

How weak I feel standing before you, and yet, how very powerful. How tempted I am to drop downward, slide my hands up your muscled legs and press my head against your thigh. I want to draw a deep breath, to taste your scent. I haven't felt this hunger in years. Your spoken whisper strikes against my soul.

"My Queen..."

Are you the one I seek? The one my sister spoke of? Can you be the beast of her heart? My distracted thoughts provide you opportunities when I feel the silk slide down my legs. Anger is naught inside me. I flare with a wicked desire. You mistake my tension. I would jerk back in defiance of the unwanted surrounding eyes if not for the pulsing pleasure you have started in my blood. I feel as you press into my naked back. My lips are parted I know. I cannot seem to separate myself from your sensual attack. You have brought me to close to a fire. I must quench the heat.

You mock me. I cannot allow that. A swift attempt at a bite of your hand shows your speed. I narrow my gaze. You have trapped me in your arms. I feel your breasts against mine, your hard abdomen; your legs twine with mine as we stand together. I cannot help but growl.

Your lips begin a dizzy dance across my skin. What you are doing should be for my bonded. But, I can't stop you. I won't stop you. Stealth fingers stroke me from behind. Unfocused with my gaze, I feel the room with my senses for a target. Torch pots in the far corners flare instantly higher as I focus to release my heat. I hear shuffling in the room from others as they become uneasy.

"I would NOT be tamed by Kinter magics to become as like a slave in mind and body. I hunger enough as it is, little cub."

You must have noticed since you mention the magic's. I follow your scorching touch with my minds eye. You stroke over my backside delving where none have gone. What danger you spark within me. Why am I here? What if you are the one she spoke of?

"Tell me what you want and I may give it to you...on your knees."

"I'll go down on my knees if you wish...beast lord. I can only do as you bid if you have followed this path once before. My sister Sasha..."

You wrench from my body as if burned. My eyes flare with the inner light in response. The shield I call surrounds us from the others as I capture your angered gaze.

The truth is near my heart feels it. What happened to her is well known-her accidental fall off the horse causing her instant death was spread far. The attack of the raiders, near the border town where she traveled, startled her horse. Your breaking ground to destroy the raiding brought me to your side. I have to know your history. How did you survive the bonding being severed? How could you still be whole? My questions demand answers but I cannot seem to form the words as we stare at each other distrustfully. Even in our raw sexual haze of play and desire I felt a current of trust. This gaze you give me now hurts me.

The shield will hold out all and I have infinite patience.

"Tell me!" I whisper allowing my finite makeup to rearrange back to the golden brown of my natural skin, my brown eyes lightening to the sky of blue. Your gasp of some recognition shows you are the one I sought. "Tell me of her. Did she love?"

-Nic

BanCu:

I am furious! I would kill you where you stand...if you suddenly didn't look so much like her. Do you mock my pain, elfin bitch? Who are you to be playing with my sanity?! The Kinter Elders that saved me released me after a time with a somber warning – 'Never come back among our kind, little warrior. It is only your ancestor's blood that saved you this time as it is. Do not challenge our binds on your mind...even for the child's sake. She will know her kin without your help.'

The child. She is the only one of Kinter lineage allowed freely in my presence now, the only one that doesn't trigger the Elder's protective bindings. Perhaps because she is partly of me that my mind doesn't reject her. Perhaps it is simply the Goddess's last gift to me from the child's mother. I stare at you, my eyes lightening to coldest gray. Most Kinter do not bother to exercise such control around the Daughters of aMas. I knew there was something different about you, there had to be. No female, not of the race of Man nor even of aMas could match your primal spirit. Such control! But are you of her lineage or is this image a lie to test me as well? If I didn't hate you right now I would take you and ravish you within an inch of your soul, my desire is so great.

I grimace, my hand clenching hard about the hilt of my sheathed dagger. I have not allowed myself this much Kinter thought since I cleansed the borders of the tribal raiders

that took her from me. The Tribes of Jorash, Vroni and Kalet were no more – with my rage partially sated the race of Man had paid with a portion of its lineage.

Oh my fierce, beautiful Sasha! Every fiber of my being wants to howl from the agony of your memory. The wildness in me calls to you but there is nothing except heartbreak and despair in return

I find myself staring, my fingers aching to touch you, your golden skin calling to me with its familiarity. I can feel my control slipping and I wonder for a moment why I haven't felt the rendering pain of the protective bindings as they begin to fail, like they always do, when I am around the full-blooded Kinterkin.

<I close my eyes briefly and picture my daughter, the same skin, and the same eyes, a bit grayer perhaps. My heart grows calmer as I see the child of Sasha in my mind. The white-blond hair, characteristic of my race's children, tickled my nose just this morning as she whispered her morning prayers in my lap as I held her close>

A sudden thought pierces through me and sets me on yet another path. Are you here to claim your kin? A fierceness begins to build through me – *the Elders promised not to interfere!* - Yes, this makes more sense now.

For a moment my vision narrows to the familiar hyper clarity that serves me well during battle frenzy. But this is not my doing. There is something...different about the air now. What have you done? More magics? I feel my dagger, gifted by her, in my hand now but I hesitate. For the first time since her death I can feel a heated stirring under my skin where she marked me long ago. Her sigil, forever etched into the skin of my lower back, flares under my focus. What is this?! Can it be...true? Only her line can call her own.

Finally, your voice, soothing the harsh edges, comes through and I can't help myself. Stepping forward I reach out, tentatively, my fingertips brushing against your cheek.

“Did she love?” I lower my head, my long dark tresses hiding the pain in my eyes. My thoughts race>

Tell her the secret of your love, warrior. She will know your lineage when she tastes you, and then it will be too late.

Taking a deep breath I look up and step very close, my thumb lightly tracing the outline of your lips. You look so much like her I can barely stand it even as I find I can't stop touching you.

“She gave me a child, Kinter cub. Lleyke – the Light of my heart. Yes, she loved greatly with such joy and beauty it took my breath away. I was...honored...to have known such a life.”

I can feel a single tear slip down my cheek and though I am too proud most of the time just this once, I do not allow myself to feel ashamed, but gaze openly into your sky blue eyes. What are you thinking, little Kinter? The Lion gives you the gift few are privy to. I stroke your hair lightly thinking I should move away, break this moment forever and let you go back to your life, to give your story to the Elders and let them chuckle at the goings on of the fierce Amasons and their foolish, fierce Queen.

One last test – what will you do? Leaning down I slowly, achingly, taste of your honey covered lips, soft and inviting. I cannot be bonded with just the touch of your essence although you don't know that.

That is my secret you see. My beloved Sasha was bonded to me by my essence and I to her. I was not her passion slave for I have the touch of Kinter lineage in my veins. If you ask I will show you my own sigil, hidden beneath my braids. It is difficult to breed the elfin line out of the aMas for we are matriarchal such as yourself. Surely you know we produce our own children? Daughters only, of course. But you are Kinter and such knowledge would be millennia old to you by now.

I can feel you shifting even as I wrap my arms around you. I trace the tip of my tongue along your bottom lip. I was right. You taste nothing like her yet achingly familiar. I can feel your essence, like a warm spark sliding along my tongue and all I can think of is this:

More...

-BanCu

jl nickymaster:

Your anger could almost amuse me if I were not so focused to find the answers to my questions. You cannot harm me, warrior. If you tried you would feel the binding, your lover, my sister has given us. I have traveled across that molten river, by way of Kinter healing temples, to have my sigil braided with hers. It is now intertwined by the sacred rites. My reasons were not ones meant for the Kinter way. But, still I did the task. She was my older sister and much loved. I was heartbroken to learn of her demise. The anger and pain took me before the elders to seek revenge even though I knew naught of the circumstances. Cool heads refrained and held me back. I was told only the barest truths.

Look into my eyes leader of the tree warriors. The death of my sister haunted me. I feared for her. I cried for her. My distance made me feel the guilt of the guiltless. Your shocked anger now only feeds my own; how little I was given to find you and learn the last moments of her life. I can consume this anger and make it mine if I wish. Or I can feed it back to you with the hunger I now know is in your blood. Your thoughts will fill

with it, drown in it, and savor it with your warrior needs, as a lust of the kill takes control. I will not care. You do not scare me. You cannot harm me.

Even now the crafting of the strongest ties between us was accepted. I have burned her sigil to my own, as have you. Although something is different in your ties; I feel a strange power. I was unsure until this very moment that you would feel her bond. But, I can tell you live with her touch. We already share the blood of her life, and much more. You will not seek to harm me. It could not happen.

Oh but Goddess, your touch enters my soul and plunders my senses. Your eyes tell so many stories. I felt your pain of the lover you have lost. The pieces fall into place finally. My sister was not alone. For that you have my favor. But your professed words shock me. The elders did not say anything about a child...

With a trembling sigh I enjoy your touch that soothes my coarse edge of pain. Closing my eyes in thankfulness I realize my family is here. Will you let me in? Will you let me know the child of my heart? Lleyke...little tree nymph; my blood.

"Please..."

Our bodies brush, my skin electric. I encourage your lips. Can you give me more? How much more?

-Nic

BanCu:

Strange, how one simple word can have such an effect on the senses. Even as your barest whisper reaches my hearing I can feel the entire universe shift inside myself.

"Please..."

The protective runes the Elders put in place seemed like black bands across my mind. I can feel them begin to splinter within even as tiny pinpoints of light seep through. This is the place where Sasha once resided – my center of joy and completeness, where we were one voice and one heart, bonded so exquisitely that pain and pleasure were shared between us. I knew the moment she ceased to exist - that knife-like, agonizing severing that threw me into a mindless, howling black rage. I remember nothing more of those days and am grateful for it.

They tell me that my own warriors brought the disbelieving priestesses to witness the ongoing slaughter of the Vroni from a nearby ridge. The Jorash and Kalet had already been wiped clean from the reddened earth. So blinded was I that I had killed three aMas without thought or care despite their well-minded efforts to stop me. To halt the revenge my lieutenant swallowed her pride and sent a delegation to ask for help from the

Highland Kinter clans. Though aware of the treaty she was still surprised when the Elders arrived shortly afterwards.

The Printan Accord, proposed by my great-grandmother, Queen Vala, and drawn up by the Elder council, remains to this day a hidden covenant between our races. I suppose it is still an experiment in genetic design – with near immortality the Kinter, the Elders argue, are losing their vitality. The lineages are becoming stale and the clans, their numbers dwindling, are losing sight of a future for their people. They need a passion for life restored to them as well as a means to preserve their way of life from the destructive Race of Man. The Daughters of aMas seek wisdom to temper their fierce passions. The knowledge and guidance of the Old Race combined with the wildness of the Daughters would make for a formidable deterrent to the southern tribes and their increasingly deadly incursions into the Highlands.

Vala's bondmate, Nissa, was the first to lay claim to Amason lineage. The Kinter took Vala into herself despite knowing that the aMas would barely live a portion of her own lifetime, and the Queen loved her even more deeply for such a gift. Nissa returned to her clan a few years ago upon the death of my great-grandmother. I have missed my *hennain* and her gentle ways greatly and it was she that taught me the Highland languages of her tribe. Without her influence I would not have been persuaded into meeting the strange young Kinter that came to our gates who had refused to leave without seeing me first.

Sasha had come stalking into the great hall, her stride never hesitating, her eyes finding me immediately, and within moments we were face to face. If the Elders had seen her in that instant there would have been no treaty for she carried more fierce determination in her face than all the council put together could imagine.

We simply stared at each other, breathing each other in we were standing so close, until, in a moment of uncharacteristic shyness I started to apologize for my stubbornness. Softly, she placed a finger to my lips to stop me, the shock of her touch nearly causing me to come undone. I had never become so aroused so quickly.

"I am here," is all she said before I kissed her.

I can feel her in you, strong and beautiful, and I marvel at the sacrifices you must have made to bring yourself to such a place. Are you real then, my braided Kinter? A gift from the Goddess come to restore me, and you, to wholeness once again?

"Please..."

I feel the overwhelming urge to touch your markings, to make that last connection before I devour you, but I can't seem to focus. The light is growing inside of me though the pain I anticipated is not there.

"Please..."

With a groan my last vestiges of control fall away and light seems to pour from my very skin, racing along my warrior markings, and bringing me to my knees. My hands encircle your bottom and pull you against me, your Kinter essence calling to my very soul. Your hands grip tightly in my hair and I nip not so gently at the silky soft skin at the top of your thigh. Sliding one of my hands around to the front I spread your swollen nether lips, your hard clit pulsing with anticipation. Wickedly, I flick my tongue against that hard little point and pause. Your hands tighten and I can feel you wanting to take control. I blow softly and hear you hiss as your clit swells and your muscles contract. I look up into your hooded eyes, not caring that I'm on my knees, not caring what my warriors think. It is about this gift I'm giving you, to save myself. My fingers stroke you from behind, finding your molten depths, and as I slide into your tight core I lean into you and envelope you with my mouth, feeling as if I have come home again.

-BanCu

JLNicky

I'm coming. I can only clench my hands grasping the thick dark strands of your hair and ride the climax you bring me to. My world is bright, fire and ice and heat climbing higher. The touch of your muscled tongue glides over me, flexing and caressing my clit. Your fingers slide inside me, the walls tighten around them as blood surges through my body. The focus of my powers erupts and I know the shield around us brightens beyond the scope of acceptance. The warrior Amazons outside the space I've created dive for cover to avoid the pulse of light and heat bursting outward. I close my glowing eyes as I cross over that precipice.

My essence rises within me. Your stroking fingers are sheathed tightly as you draw my body toward you. My muscles strain to the stilling edge of pleasure. I feel you. I feel all of you.

"Take me. Make me whole!"

Your growl grows louder, vibrating along my body, but I can't release you. I'm coming for you. I will feed you my being and take your passions as my own. Your will, honor, and arrogance left aside I shall spell your heart and take you with me.

With the powers rushing through me I follow your touch and permeate your own blood to rush to your center. The pulsing of arousal matches my own. A single magical touch at the core of your pleasure and we both crest together. Your roaring response surrounds my body.

Shaking I sink down to my own knees to join you. Your arms are perfect with their haven of safety. My eyes return to normal as I let the magic flow out and up to the heavens. Your forehead bends to touch and rest on my own as we breath each other.

Your body is hot and shuddering as we hold on to each other. Your eyes are closed, recovering.

"My fierce lion. I am yours." I whisper for your ears only. Your darkened eyes open to mine and your smile grows. The slightest tingle of instant pleasure rips through me as I feel your bond inside. You're hungry for more and yet sated. I see you feel my reaction by the way your lips curl mockingly. I am wet, once again.

-Nic

BanCu:

Forever. I want to feel this forever...

This thought somehow manages to seep through the delicious haze of lust and light, of blood and fire that is the beginning of bonding. My eyes close and I tentatively search along the tendrils of the binds for you, my soul clean and open for the first time in so long. In that place where I sought never to be to again, I find...you, warm, inviting. My Kinter blood sings at your presence there and demands a completion of the bonding. Alas, my aMas heart cries caution! I have not allowed you to take my essence and I don't understand why yet.

Have I let you in simply because of your resemblance to Sasha? Or am I answering the same blood call that brought her here to me in the beginning? I need an answer and my heart refuses me.

Until...

"My fierce lion. I am yours."

And my aMas heart relinquishes just as my blood surges with a fierce power of desire. Smiling, I open my eyes to see that desire in your face even as your center pulses new wetness to coat my fingers. My smile turns wicked for I cannot deny my true nature. Slowly, I slide my fingers out from your wet center and lay you back on the floor in front of me. I lick your new honey from my fingers as I ravish you with my eyes. You meet my bold gaze even as your own fingers slide down your lower belly, your eyes closing briefly as you start to caress your swollen clit.

I lean over you, my lips brushing yours, and whisper:

"This...this is beauty..."

Letting my gaze travel down your body I growl at the sight of you. Your legs are wrapped around my hips, my spread knees keeping your thighs wide apart, your fingers slowly stroking and teasing as your back arches into the motions. You know what this

does to me; you can see it in my eyes. Twining one hand in your hair I slide my mouth down to take a ring in my teeth. Tugging it I can feel myself surge with wetness as you groan and thrust yourself closer to my mouth. I know what you want and how you want it – I can sense it in every breath you take. But first things first.

Sucking hard I envelope your nipple with my mouth and flick the ring with my tongue. My free hand finds its way down the front of me and quickly begins to unfasten the front bindings on my leathers. Now I can feel your fingers helping me with the stubborn laces and I release your breast with a savage kiss to look down as you push my trousers down my hips. Now your hands are pulling at my vest and I sit up for a moment to let you bring it over my head and toss it aside.

Getting back onto my hands and knees over you I find your nipples again but you're pulling me up to your mouth and I sink into those questing lips. Wrapping my arms around you I pull us up into a sitting position, your wetness coating my belly, your tongue sending sparks through my body straight to my own soaking center.

And then I feel you, seeking, fingertips sliding between our bodies, and I gasp, my eyes wide, as you finally touch me. Leaning back slightly, one hand along side my face, you watch my eyes as you take that first stroke. I can't let you see me like that and I drop my head to your shoulder as your finger achingly trails through my silky folds. It is taking every ounce of control that I have not to let the bloodlust consume me, to tear that hand away and take you like the beast I know all too well.

You tilt my head back and smooth the braids from my face. With one word the beast retreats.

“Please...”

Your fingers find their way to your mouth and I watch with hungry eyes as you suck the tips. What does it feel like for you to take my essence, little Kinter? Like a wildfire racing out of control or a slow burn, spreading through your veins? I have experienced both now, I can feel the fire beginning to consume me, and I welcome it.

I have let no one touch me like this since her do you know that? As your fingers find me again I feel a quick stab of pain in my heart but I release it. I will not fear this and I meet your glowing eyes. Here I am, beast and all. I give you this gift of my pleasure, my Kinter.

My hand finds your sigil on your lower back and softly my fingers begin to follow the pattern. I know what this will do to you and I'm rewarded by a hiss. Mmmmm, my tongue wants to be there, too, but your fingers are questing more hungrily and all I can think about is how hot your skin feels and what you'll feel like inside me.

-BanCu

JLNicky

It's your essence I'm tasting. It's so delicious and filled with your power, your unique leather scented musky tang. My tongue wraps around my fingers to let my taste buds linger and enjoy the flavor of you. For the barest moment your gaze is raw. My gaze wavers as I feel another's power near. I feel a slow burn begin to rise within me. A fire spreads from the volcanic rush of my blood, heated from the deepest core of my pleasure. Something surges inside of me beyond my own Kinter force and I crave more than I can stand.

Your touch burns my skin where you stroke over my sigil. I can't stop the hiss of surprise that escapes from my mouth at the sensation of pleased pain. I can barely meet your dwelling gaze as you look into my glowing eyes. I can't control the overwhelming desire to taste you again. I must have more. Your body is muscled and flexing as my fingers plunge back into your wetness. I hold onto your shoulder as I see the ghost of the shadowed infamous Lion appear in your place. The low growl you release is barely heard above my own moan of tremendous satisfaction as I lean on you to press you back and you give me my leeway. I can't deny my own compelling desires. I must taste the well of your magical essence. My hair is clenched into your fists but I need no guidance as I clamp my mouth onto the releasing flow of juices pouring from your body. I can feel my body shake with the full taste. As I plunge my tongue into you, your hips press upward. You're shaking. I feel your hunger as you press my face closer to you. My own body buzzes with some force that I've never experienced. I can't feel any fear, I know it is you who has given me this spell to feel my skin vibrate and become electric with passion. But, I can think of nothing but the drink that is sliding into my throat and down inside me. I must drink every drop. I draw my tongue over you again and again as you flex beneath me with each stroke. Am I a Vamp drainer from Ilstrusion Isle? Am I spelled? I don't care and grab your skin with my nails as I claw you to hold you tighter.

"Bond Kinter to Kinter my lover. The beast and the beauty, we shall be one. Take me where we can only go together." Your voice, your words, make me tremble with the exalted understanding as comprehension takes place. You're of half-Kinter blood. Oh Goddess of the Kinterland, I can feel you in me now. It's unbelievable in the purest sense of lover to love. Your mental touch in my mind strokes over my nerves and gives me pleasure as only a Kinter can give. I've never felt the touch so intimately, penetrating.

"I need your magic my little one. Follow the bond. Let me love you." You lift me up to press me onto my back. My legs are spread by your shoulders as you dive into me. My gasp is of surrender as I feel our bond tighten. My mind follows the strong thread of pleasure back to your body and I blow my magic into you. Your body stiffens as we join together with our body, mind and soul.

"Oh Goddessssss!" I cry out as your inner beast is let loose to ravish me with the one pure intent to take me and make me yours. I can do nothing but surrender and dive into your mind as we strive to reach the finite pinnacle together.

-Nic

BanCu:

“Oh Goddesssss!”

Like a wave your presence envelops me, wrapping my mind in a blinding light. With every touch of my fingers to your body I can feel your answering pleasure filling me, urging my own desire higher and higher. I can't get enough of you, fingers thrusting, mouth suckling, your juices coating my hands and face. As you soar above the shining thread of our new bonding your voice fills my head.

'For you, my Lion...for you...' comes the whisper, so ripe with need.

Your gift of surrender is so beautiful, so complete I can't hold back and the Lion howls in victory. Swiftly, I turn you over onto your hands and knees. Grabbing your hips I pull you against me, your juices smearing deliciously along my own throbbing sex. Roughly I push your thighs wide apart with my own and tilt your bottom up with both hands. You're so wet and pink and beautiful. My eyes travel down your body only to meet your wild gaze as you turn your head to stare into my soul. I lean over you, my thigh pressed hard against your sex, my breasts against your muscled back, and sink my teeth into your shoulder. You buck hard against me, impatient, the pain peaking your pleasure to the point of intolerance and sending it crashing back into my own self.

Rising up I shift my hips slightly to the side and reach down to spread my nether lips. Pressing hard against the curve of your hip I groan at the feel of your hot skin against my swollen clit. I slide a hand up to the nape of your neck, my fingers twining in your hair, and with one motion thrust three fingers deep inside your pulsing sex.

The Lion revels in the exquisite feel of you tight around my fingers, the sound of your voice crying out, your head thrown back as I take you from behind. For a brief moment I pause, waiting, and then your wave of pleasure hits me and nearly takes me over the edge.

There are no words, only sounds - those perfect, lustful moans that only you, my Kinter, can make. There is no conscious thought but the light of you inside of me - feeding me your pleasure even as I give you all of my own. And finally there is the slow, hard, rhythm of our mating, the beauty and the beast.

As I feel the abyss approaching a word creeps through...

'More...'

I know what you want for I have not taken everything yet. Now you offer me all of you and the Lion readily accepts. Pausing for a moment, I curl my fourth finger into the others and slowly, teasingly start to ease back into your center only to have you push back and take my fingers hard inside of you. My thumb comes to rest against the delicate skin of your other opening and I begin to rub soft patterns there. Your hips move of their own accord and I feel a new surge of wetness against my deeply embedded fingers.

‘All...Lion...please, take everything...’

How can I resist that voice, gasping and moaning in my head? With a grunt I thrust my thumb past your tight defenses and the Lion takes the last of your offerings. Slow and hard, we come together, so deeply do I feel your pleasure that I no longer feel my own sex against your hip – it is all about your desire, your need to come for me. I can feel you tightening, your voice crying out as the abyss rapidly approaches. Releasing your hair I wrap my arm around your waist, my nails, like claws holding you fiercely, and I lean down to cover your sigil with my mouth. It burns against my tongue but I don’t care because the light of your pleasure is so bright now I’m completely blind to everything but this crescendo wave that sweeps over and through us and the Lion howls as we come hard together.

And become One.

‘Lion...’

The voice, which so recently captured my heart, now rouses me from blissful absence of thought. Somehow, I know not when, I wrapped you in my arms. Breathing in the scent of your hair I lick my lips – your musk is still strong on my tongue and I smile at the memory even as desire surges sharply for a moment in my sex.

‘Lion...’

Stroking your muscled back I marvel at how soft your skin is. You wiggle a bit as I brush against your marking and then I feel your fingers searching under my braids. Chuckling, I give you leave to find my own sigil and find it you do, with a vengeance. I gasp as your nails trail wickedly along the pattern at the nape of my neck. Mmmmm, but I can tell my pleased pain is yours as well for your breath quickens and I close my eyes to savor the feel of you against me.

‘Lion...’

I can feel the faint trace of amused annoyance now and your nails stop their torturous movements. Opening my eyes I meet your gaze and send my thought gently outward along the bond between us.

‘Yes, love...’

You pause at that unexpected word. Reaching up I brush your hair back away from your face and wait for your reaction, not letting myself feel it before you are ready. Leaning down your kiss me softly as a warm glow fills my heart.

‘What happens now, my Lion?’

Holding you tight I sit us up and settle you in my lap, your legs securely wrapped around my waist. Cupping your chin in my hand I look into your face. There is only one thing left remaining. I choose to speak it although to hear my own voice now seems harsh compared to the soft tones of our bonding.

“Hear me, Kinter, for I tell you of myself and of the Daughters of my line. We are the Clan of the Oak, of the tribe of the *coille dubh* - Warriors of the Dark Wood. For I come from the bonding of Vala the Chosen and the *hennain* Nissa the Elf Queen who gave to the Goddess a daughter, Saeth the Arrow bonded to the *nain* Cadi the Pure, who gave to the Goddess a daughter, Tarian the Shield bonded to the *mamau* Saren the Elf Star, who gave the Goddess a daughter, Brishan the Lion Hearted bonded...to the *céile* Sasha the Defender, who gave the Goddess a daughter, Lleyke the Light.”

Although the familiar sing-song pattern is lulling to me I still can not help but hesitate that fraction of a moment at the memory of my *céile*. I can feel her inside of me now, warming my heart, intricately woven within your light. It is strangely comforting and I thank the Goddess for such a gift. Taking a deep breath I continue.

“If you find my line honorable, then tell me of your lineage, Kinter elf, that I may know your Mother’s Daughters and take you as my bonded Queen.”

-BanCu

JLNicky:

I must close my eyes as your heart shines through to my soul. You have offered me all and then more. I can feel the briefest heartbeat of your hesitation as your thoughts roam from me. The return is swift as I feel you relinquish your heart even as I stroke your mind with my own love. You have captured me my lion. Opening my eyes I show you my heart. I cannot resist your powers and your pride. I never want you to leave my side. I want to give you my lineage as you have asked but it is a long and formal familial line.

"My Lion asks of my Kinter lineage? All I have is yours. I was born of the daughter Kinterkin Queen select Jozephine of Andalia and Princess elect Micala Trastine. I am half-sister to the past Sasha the Kinter, daughter of Queen select Jozephine and Kinter Medista the Forest Dweller."

I see and feel your acknowledgement of this statement. You were not surprised. Sasha must have mentioned me. I feel a smile grow on my face. I loved her dearly. The smile

fades. Your hand brushes over my own. Our fingers entwine as my heart expands. My singsong history is well engrained. I have the royal seals to follow after.

"Jozephine, daughter of Kinterkin Killian and Trudias Sumneres, born of Primette the StarGazer, born of past Siltaria the Croatin Slayer, born of past Borgana the Andarian Empress, born of past Banalst the Trillton Singer, born of past Shada the Dragon Tamer, second daughter of the blessed Royal survivor past Brigette Tobias Kinter, first selected ArrowSmith of the House of Mount Kinter."

I have cast my eyes down as I say this last piece. I hear your gasp. I am a true descendent and know this is the missing piece that will explain much. The strength of my powers is much stronger than my sister's could have ever been. I fear to see your fear at my truth. I can't help but try and shield myself from your emotions. The bond is merciless as I feel your confusion and some emotion that is unknown to me. The quick acceptance that I feel is my first surprise. I look up to see your warm eyes lingering on my face. You gently press a kiss to my lips. I have to smile. The rush of reassurance rising from you is the closest I've been to touching the Goddess Haven in my waking life. I can barely see through my happiness.

"Please take me to your bed, my lion. I need you."

Your answering grin is full of your own happiness, satisfaction, and of course desire. My own desire is rising as you easily stand and boldly demand the few personal guards still remaining to bring a cloak for your soon-to-be queen. Your hands roam over my back and flanks as you hold me against your skin and press my wetness to you. I can feel the strength and power and yes, the determination of your focus. You have no idea what you have found. Your lust and passions are well met. You will find me an accomplished lover but you have yet to discover my own animal within. I will show you my love. Your Lion has finally found its mate.

-Nic

BanCu:

I wait patiently, holding you in my lap. My thoughts drift for a moment towards the near future and all its possibilities.

‘Briiishan...’

The way my name rolls off your tongue sends shivers racing up my spine. I try to hold them back but this bond makes us both vulnerable. You smile and look down and away for a moment and I take that opportunity to nuzzle your ear.

“Briiishan...”

Turning your face to my own ear you whisper my name out loud this time and the effect is immediate. An overwhelming surge of love and desire sweeps over me and through you, and you close your eyes from the power of it.

‘Look at me...and tell me of your Mothers, little Kinter...’

When you open your eyes the depth of emotion found there astounds me. You touch your forehead to mine and your voice resonates inside me as your lineage unfolds.

“I am half-sister to the past Sasha the Kinter, daughter of Queen select Jozephine and Kinter Medista the Forest Dweller.”

Yes, I have heard of this Queen of the far territories. Formidable. Reclusive. Powerful. Medista, of course, was well known to me having been present at the birth of my daughter, Lleyke. What few knew was that she herself retrieved me for the Elder council where I was brought back from the killing fields of aMas rage and Kinter grief. Medista understood us more than most – I’m not sure if it was the Forest that gave us common ground – and I never hesitated to send Lleyke to her home to learn vital Kinter skills. I always suspected it was she that had set Sasha on her path to me these years past.

Sasha did not speak of the Queen much and for what reasons I do not know. I never felt anger or animosity but more a deep sadness entwined with you and I chose not to push her for an answer. She never told me your true name only ‘Calon’, her little heart.

“...of the blessed Royal survivor past Brigitte Tobias Kinter, first selected ArrowSmith of the House of Mount Kinter.”

Even as the words sink in I can’t keep from reacting and I instantly regret your stab of fear that follows my outburst. My mind races through the potentials, discarding prior myths and forming new theories.

The House of Kinter. How is this possible? The Royal House was said to have been wrecked asunder during the War. It was Sagan the Wise herself that acknowledged this at Elders council and the Queens of the aMas had accepted it as truth. Kinterkin do not lie. The Royal lines of Kinter and aMas would never be united, not in the true sense, because of the loss of the original elfin lineage. Yet, why then would Sagan push for the passing of the Printan Accord when there could be no continuation of the Royal line? Or, was she simply presenting an alternate truth to shield someone from others on the council?

Quickly I shut out these thoughts and focus on you. There is a tinge of fear from you that I can’t fathom, for why would I be afraid of such strength and beauty? Your truth is magnificent and I am honored to have been bonded to one of such power and nobility. Tilting your face up to meet my eyes I gently kiss your soft lips in reassurance. Your eyes turn golden with unspoken emotion as you caress my very soul.

“Please take me to your bed, my lion. I need you.”

Standing with you pressed close to me I become aware that only two of my guards remained at post. A quick look and Aren, my Captain, is at my side.

“My *Nerys*, your service?”

“Send that one for a cloak, Eagle, and be quick about it. And Captain? I trust you will see to the discipline of my guards for abandoning their posts even if it was to screw each other blind.”

“Yes, my *Nerys*. As you wish.” With a hand gesture and a growl, Aren sends the guard running as if her life depended on it. Knowing my Captain, she would probably consider it.

“And Eagle...”

“Yes, my *Nerys*?”

“Please have my bedchamber seen to...and be quick about it.” The last bit is said through bared teeth leaving no doubt as to my state of mind. The Lion is stirring again, fed by your growing desire, and a hidden power that I can only guess at. I find I can’t keep my hands off of you, your golden skin begging to be touched. This bond is intoxicating as we feed each other’s souls. As you press yourself tight against me I rub my face against yours. The guard arrives, eyes averted, and I fold the cloak about you. Gathering you in my arms and setting off for my much too distant chambers I send you one last rational thought before my focus is taken over by the Lion.

‘Tell me, Kinter...what am I to call the sister of Sasha?’

-BanCu

JLNicky:

"Jostricalon is my given name," I whisper shyly. Your eyes shine as if you know the true Kinter meaning. But then, you would know. My heart beats strongly as I lean into your embrace. “If you are mine forever I shall always have this joyous heart.”

-Nic

BanCu:

Though trained in the High language, my aMas tongue cannot do justice to the Kinter music that is your name. I hesitate to try but do and your quick laughter brings a wry

smile to my face. Ahhh, but you stroke my cheek and whisper it again, my heart filling with the strength of your love, and I quickly forget my pride.

Pulling you close I brush your lips with mine. "By the Goddess hand, and my own wild heart, I make you my Queen, Jostricalon of Jozephine." And with those words I feel my soul begin to heal.

It has been said that only the Lions of the Highlands mate for life. I know this to be true for it is the thread of my life, Brishan of the Lion's Crown.

Here endeth the lesson...for now.