

Dan-el Of Terra

A Tale Of Adventure

By

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PROLOGUE

THE TIME WAS THEN

Do we often yearn for the good old days?

Were they really as good as we remember them?

Or do our wishes change the past from what it really was?

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“That’ll be seven ninety five” The clerk said in her disinterested voice between the noisy chews of her gum

“Seven ninety five for a lousy pack of smokes?” I said

“Yeah, if you don’t like it why don’tcha go somewhere else.” the clerk snarled back at me.

“Cause you know no-one else is open at this hour.” I replied as I pulled my wallet out. “Shit you guys know how to screw the public after dark, you should at least kiss us first.” I bitched as I handed her a ten dollar bill.

“I don’t set the prices sir....here’s your change and have a nice night.” She said, handing me my change.

I left the Mini Mart and headed out to my car. I looked at the old Chevy, she sure needs a car wash I thought. What the Hell, I have nothing better to do tonight. I put the key in the ignition and started it up. Man do I like the sound of that motor, she sure purrs like a baby. I idled out into the street, gunned the motor and was rewarded with the sound of my tires chirping as they sought to grab the pavement.

“Well old girl you still have it.” I said patting the dash affectionately. I headed to the car wash just down the street.

I spent the next hour and about seven dollars in quarters cleaning the car. While I was doing this, I took stock of my life and what I had been doing with it up to this point in time. I don’t know if this is a guy thing or what, but it seems that whenever I was bored or feeling insecure there was nothing better than a good car wash to sort things out.

I began to think about the relationship I was just getting out of and what Carol was doing at this time. Last week we were still fighting about almost anything we thought of. I figured she was unhappy with me and would be better off without me in her life. Things were ugly and some things were said that shouldn’t have been said. She called me an insecure asshole that was too proud to admit that I needed her to survive. She felt that I would come running back to her the minute things got rough. I laughed at her when this was said and told her that I didn’t need her and if she felt that our relationship was based on me needing her it was not much of a relationship to begin with.

She looked at me and said nothing to this, her eyes filled with tears and she walked out. I wanted to follow her but didn't.

Damn...women were complicated!

I finished drying off my car and admired my work. She sure looked good. There were a few chips in the paint that I intended to take care of as soon as I had some extra cash as well as a little bit of rust that was starting to show around the rear wheel wells. This would be taken care of then too. Let the rich guys have their Corvettes, Stealth's, or whatever, I have my '68 Chevelle Malibu and she's all mine, not partly owned by the bank I thought.

I opened the door and got in, I brushed off a bit of lint that had stuck to the dash and reached for the key. I sometimes think that a car starts and even sounds better when it's cleaned. I pulled out of the car wash and headed out onto the street. Just as I got no less than three blocks from the car wash a damn street sprayer went by. Shit I thought, as I turned on my wipers.

I reached for my smokes and lit up as I glanced at my gas gauge. Half empty. I decided to top up the tank and give the old girl a treat. I saw a Petro Can up ahead. I pulled in and headed for the premium pump. As I took my gas cap off I thought I better check my oil. After I filled the tank I opened the hood and pulled out the dip stick. Still not using any oil, great and it's still nice and clean. I went and paid the sleepy looking attendant and got back in the car.

As I headed down the street, I thought about going over to Carol's. She was good in the bedroom.... no, I decided against that. The arguing and fighting afterwards wouldn't be worth it. I was a little hungry and thirsty so I decided to head for the local pub. I reached the hotel parking lot and saw it wasn't too busy. I pulled into a parking spot and got out. I went in and nodded to the doorman.

"Haven't seen you in awhile Dan, Looking good Dude, looking good." He said.

"I've been kind of busy the last few months. Sort of hooked up with a lady and that sort of shit you know how it goes Jack." I said as I reached for my wallet.

"Forget it man, just go in. Have a good time, there's lots of bitches in tonight." He said motioning for me to go in.

"Thanks Jack. I'll buy you a drink." I said.

“You better not, the boss is pissed off at me tonight. “

“Why?”

“Letting in too many freebies.”

“ You,..... No way.”

“Well you know how it goes.”

“Yeah I used to work here.”

“That was a while ago.”

“Only a year ago.”

“Time sure flies.”

“I’ll try and sneak you a shooter in a while when the boss is in the office. Cool?” “I said as I went in.

“That’ll be great, Have fun.” Jack said as he turned to talk to a cute redhead that came up to him.

I walked in and looked around. The place never seemed to change. A few new faces and a lot of semi-familiar faces.

“Hey Danny, it’s been awhile, what’ cha been up to?”

I turned and looked behind me, “Oh hi Tracy, how’s it going, long time no see.”

She was a real looker, long reddish black hair just above her butt, and a great set of boobs that made the buttons on her too tight blouse seem as if they were going pop at any second.

“Too long, I’ve really missed you, you know. What have you been doing with yourself the past couple of months?”

“Well, this and that, I sort of got hooked up with this lady.”

“Yeah, I heard, Carol somebody wasn’t it?”

“Carol Blackwood.”

“Whatever, so you don’t sound too excited about it, what’s wrong, are things not going too well?”

“We’re having a few problems, we’re fighting a lot.”

“About what, are you screwing around on her like you were with me?”

“No, it seems we fight about everything, nothing I do seems to be good enough for her, I can’t seem to do anything right as far as she is concerned.”

“So, why not dump her?”

“I think I’m going to have to, I can’t keep this up for too much longer or I’m going to go nuts.”

“If you want, we could get together again and give it a try, we did it once and maybe this time we could make it work, if you want to.....at least think about it ”

“I don’t know Trace.”

“Think about it, let me buy you a drink, come on.” Tracy grabbed hold of my hand and led me to the bar.

“A double rum and coke and a screw driver Joe.” She said to the bartender.

“Hey Dan, haven’t seen you for quite awhile.” He said nodding at me.

“I’ve been quite busy, no time to make it in to see the crew lately.” I said.

“He’s been too busy with his latest bitch.” Tracy added.

“Oh yeah, Carol Blackwood, I heard you hooked up with her. Way too bossy for my tastes. So Dan, how’s it with her?”

I looked at Tracy, then at him. “Too bossy.” I laughed.

“So you and Tracy going to try it again? She’s good for you Dan, she’s been a good girl since you and her broke up. I’ve kept my eye on her you know.” Joe said smiling at her.

“Who knows?” I said reaching for my drink.

“This one’s on me.” Joe said to Tracy as she handed him a ten spot.

“Thanks Joe, see you in a few.” Tracy said.

“Dan, let’s dance.” She grabbed my hand and we headed for the dance floor. We set our drinks on a table as we joined the filled dance floor.

The DJ was playing a slow song and Tracy snuggled up to me, pressing her body against me as if she was trying to combine our bodies into one. I could feel her boobs pressing urgently against my chest and her crotch pressing against my stirring manhood. The smell of her hair was very enticing. She pulled her head back and looked into my eyes. I moved my head forward and our lips met. I kissed her passionately as our tongues intertwined doing a dance of their own. Things were just beginning to heat up and the music stopped.

“Did you miss me?” Tracy said with a sexy smile.

“Well, I guess a little.” I replied.

The music started again. It was a funk tune and Tracy started gyrating her hips in a suggestive manner, so I started to dance with her again. She was one hell of a sexy dancer. Strippers could take lessons on how to turn guys on from the way that girl could move.

“Let’s take a break, I’m getting hot.” I said as I grabbed her hand and led her off the floor.

“Are you getting hot as in temperature hot, or as in hot to trot?” She said smiling.

“A little of both. You sure know how to press my buttons, don’t you?”

“I try, Dan, I really try. You know how to make it hard though.”

“You just made it hard!”

“Maybe later I can take care of that for you if you like.”

“We’ll see, maybe later.”

We picked up our drinks and headed for an empty table in a dark corner of the bar. We sat down and Tracy cuddled up beside me. I drained my drink and set the empty glass down.

“I’ll get you another.”

“Better make it two, I feel like getting pissed tonight.” I said.

Tracy got up and headed for the bar. I watched as she walked away from me. If her skirt was any shorter, it would have been a belt. She looked so hot in the spikes, and I could see no panty lines under her skirt. As usual she wasn’t wearing any. Some things never changed, thank God.

I looked around at all the other people in the bar. I saw a few semi familiar faces looking back and exchanged nods with them. What the hell am I doing here again? I began to wonder. This place is so fucking boring. Tracy returned with four drinks, one for her and three for me. I noticed she had undone two of the top buttons on her blouse and I swore her tits had grown since the last time I had seen them.

“Wonder bra would hate you for that.” I said.

“You know I hate wearing those things, they make me feel so restricted.”

“If you undo anymore buttons, you won’t be restricted, you’ll be X-rated.”

“What’s your point? I’ll do them up if you want.”

“No, no, I like them sitting there smiling at me. It’s fine.”

“They want to come out to play with you.” She said as she reached up and undid two more buttons. Her boobs almost came out of her blouse. I could almost see her nipples.

“Let’s not get too carried away.” I said as I squirmed in my seat.

“Why not?” Tracy asked as she snuggled up beside me and reached down to my crotch. She began to rub her hand along my stirring manhood. She found my zipper and pulled it down and took hold of me and began to squeeze it gently.

I reached down and slid my hand up her leg. My fingers found her soaked pussy and I slipped one inside. She gave a little moan and spread her legs apart. I leaned towards her and we kissed passionately. She tightened her grip on me and squirmed in her seat as I ran my finger over her hardened clit. I pulled my hand away from her and straightened up.

“Let’s blow this place and go somewhere more private.” I said.

I reached down and removed her hand from me and pulled up my zipper. Tracy buttoned up her blouse and we headed for the door.

“Hey Jack, later dude.” I said

“Hey Dan, Tracy, have fun.” Jack said with a twinkle in his eyes.

We walked out into the parking lot and headed for my car.

“You son of a bitch, you bastard, I’ll kill you and that little slut!”

“Carol, what the Hell are you doing here?” I turned and looked at the half crazed blond coming up behind us.

“Looking for you, you son of a bitch, I knew I would find you here with that slut!”

“So what? Are you happy now, you caught me. So it’s over with us. I was going to tell you in the morning anyway.”

“You prick, you bastard!” Carol tried to kick me in the nuts, missed and kicked me on the hip. She then turned and grabbed the front of Tracy’s blouse and ripped it open. Buttons were flying everywhere as her boobs fell out of her blouse.

Tracy grabbed hold of Carol’s dress and ripped it off of her and the two of them fell to the ground. Carol was now only in her panties and was tugging on Tracy’s hair.

Tracy got hold of Carol's panties with one hand and grabbed a fist full of Carol's hair with her other hand. There was a tearing noise and the panties came off in Tracy's hand.

"You fucking bitch, that was my favorite blouse." Tracy screamed as she slapped Carol in the face.

"You fucking, cock sucking bitch, I'll kill you." Carol screamed, scratching her finger nails across Tracy's breasts.

"You little cunt, that hurt!" Tracy yelled and elbowed Carol in the head.

Carol stopped moving for a second and I was able to get between them.

"Tracy, get in my car." I said as I gave her the keys. I picked Carol up and put her on her feet, then retrieved her panties and dress.

"Where is your car?" I asked the still groggy Carol.

"You bastard, what the hell do you think you're doing?" She said, her small boobs heaving with the effort.

"Like I said, we are through, I don't need any more of your shit. We don't get along and we're always fighting. I don't need this any more. You're going home and that is that, unless you want to go into the bar like this."

"Maybe I will. I'll go in there and pick up a guy and get laid."

"Go for it, why not pick up two or three while you're at it. Maybe one of them will be able to do it right, although I doubt it."

"You prick!"

"Do you want me to take you to your car or what?"

"It's over there."

I walked her over to her car and made sure she got in. She struggled to put her torn dress on, and as soon as she had it on, she started the car up and sped out of the parking lot. I walked back to my car where Tracy was wiping the blood off of her scratched chest.

"You all right?"

"I'll live, look what that bitch did to me."

"Do you want me to kiss them better?"

"Sure, but be careful, they hurt, they've been through a lot."

I leaned forward and kissed her left nipple. I flicked my tongue across it and tasted the saltiness of her blood.

“I better take you home and take care of those scratches.”

“Do you remember where I live?”

“Of course I do.”

I started up the car and headed out of the parking lot.

“Are you upset with me?” Tracy asked.

“For what?”

“For hitting Carol.”

“You had to defend yourself, and she started it. Why would I be upset with you? You did what you had to do.”

“She was sure upset.”

“I guess it was my fault, I should have known better than to go to the bar.”

“And especially look for me.”

“I wasn’t even planning to go to the bar, and I wasn’t looking for you. It just happened that way.”

“Are you sorry you did?”

“I’m sorry this happened to you. I’m not sorry I ran into you. I feel bad for Carol and what happened, but in a way it’s a relief that the whole situation is over now. I’ll talk to Carol in the morning and make sure she understands that it is over. I really don’t want any more of her shit.”

“She really got to you didn’t she?”

“Sort of, but not the way I need. I don’t like feeling like the way I have been feeling lately. Maybe I will try it with you again. Not because you are a little nympho or anything like that. I can talk to you and you listen to me. I feel I need someone like that in my life now, sex is great and all that, but it’s not everything, not like it used to be.”

“Dan, I’m not a nympho, it’s just you turn me on so much and I really want to be with you. I have really missed being with you. It hurt me when I found you with that girl, but I didn’t want to break up with you. You broke up with me, remember?”

“I wasn’t being fair to you.”

“No. But who said life was fair? I was willing to share you if I had to. I didn’t like

it but I was willing, if that was the only way I could have you in my life.”

“That sort of sucks the big one doesn’t it?” I said.

“Oh well.”

We drove the rest of the way to Tracy’s apartment in silence. I was thinking that there were so many ways I could take advantage of this lady, but every time I tried in the past, something called my conscience got in the way. I guess even though they say love is blind, this lady had her eyes open, and now I understood just how much she really cared for me. Carol, on the other hand, only cared for Carol. I started to feel guilty for what I had done to her. The politically correct thing to do was to put up with her shit until she tired of me and started to screw around on me, then to give her everything I had. If that wasn’t enough, then I could promise to give her even more, then stick around and pay for it later. NOT!

We pulled up and parked the car.

“Well babe, we’re home.” I said.

“Thank you Jeeves, now go fetch my bags. The doorman will show you where my butler is.” Tracy replied.

“I thought you fired him, or did you employ a new one?”

“Well, I thought I would give him another chance. His wife and ten children are quite ill you know.”

“You are far too soft on your servants, if you keep it up, they’ll walk all over you.”

“I...uhm ..shit, I drew a blank there.” Tracy stammered laughingly.

“You’re losing it, Girl, you got to stay on top of things, this is the nineties you know.” I laughed.

“I always liked it on top, remember.” Tracy winked at me.

“Only because you feel in control when you’re on top.”

“What?!”

“Only because you feel in control when you’re on top. It’s a domination thing, you have a subconscious desire to be in control and you play it out by trying to be on top when you have sex.”

“Thank you Dr. Bullshit.”

“Oh, I don’t mind, when you’re on top, I don’t have to work so hard, I can just lay back and enjoy the ride. I also like watching your boobies bounce while you work. If you can’t whistle while you work, why not bounce while you work!”

“Pig.”

“Oink, Oink.”

We entered the building and went to her door. Tracy fumbled with her keys as she barely managed to hold her torn blouse together. She opened the door and we went inside.

“Let me take a look at those scratches.” I said

“I’ll get out of these clothes and then you can. Do you want a drink or anything?”

“What do you have?”

“There’s beer in the fridge, and juice or pop I think.” Tracy said as she went into her bedroom.

I went into the kitchen and looked in the fridge. I decided I wanted a coffee, so I plugged in the kettle. Tracy came into the kitchen not wearing a thing and I looked at her.

“Well it’s not as bad as it first looked. “ I said as I looked at the three scratches on her boobs. “You have a few bruises as well, but I think you’ll live.”

“Thank you Doctor, now do you want me to stick out my tongue and cough?”

“Only if you bend over first.”

Tracy turned her back to me and bent over. I looked at her tight ass and the hint of dark fir that peeked out from between her cheeks. I reached out and put my hand between those cheeks and poked a finger into her pussy.

“Mmmmm... that feels nice.” She said straightening up.

She turned and pressed herself close to me and kissed me passionately on the mouth. As our tongues resumed their dance, I reached down and grabbed a cheek in each hand and squeezed just slightly spreading her cheeks. She moaned and spread her legs, lifting one and wrapping it around my back. She then pulled back from me and took hold of the bottom of my sweatshirt and pulled it up and over my head and tossed it to the floor. Tracy pressed close to me again and resumed our passionate embrace. I could feel her boobs flattening against my chest as her mouth took hold of my tongue. I moved my fingers closer to her pussy feeling the wet slickness as her excitement grew. My passion

grew and hardened as she pressed herself closer to my groin. I pushed her from me.

“Let me put some peroxide on those scratches before we get too carried away.” I said, gasping for my breath.

“Okay, I’ll get some from the bathroom.” She breathed.

I changed my mind about the coffee and grabbed a beer from the fridge.

“Want a beer Trace?” I called to her.

“Sure.”

I grabbed another and went into the living room and sat down on the couch. She came in carrying some tissues and a bottle of peroxide. I took them from her and poured a little peroxide onto one of the tissues. As I dabbed some on her chest, she reached down and undid my jeans.

“Lift up a bit.” She said.

I lifted up and she slid my jeans and gaunch down to my knees. I lowered myself and she reached down and undid my runners and slid the rest of my clothes off, letting them fall to the floor. She leaned forward and kissed me as she reached and grasped my hard manhood and began to stroke it. I carefully ran my fingers over her breasts and began to play with her nipple. She pulled away from my mouth and ran her tongue down my chest and stomach. She reached my manhood and held it up as if she was inspecting it.

“It’s still the same little thing it always was.” I said looking down at her.

“It’s definitely not little.” She said turning her head and looking at me with passion filled eyes. She lowered her head and took me in her mouth.

“Oh God that feels great.” I moaned.

She began to move her head up and down on me, her mouth giving just the right suction and waves of delightful pleasure shot through my body. I reached down and tangled my fingers in her hair and let my hand move with her head.

“Oh baby, that’s great, not too fast now, you know I don’t last long when you do that to me.” I moaned. “Okay, okay, okay, stop. I can’t stand it, I don’t want to come yet.” I pulled her head from me just in time. I fought back the urge and just managed to stop myself from coming.

“What’s wrong?” She asked with a smile as she watched me struggling for

control.

“As if...bitch” I laughed.

I pulled her up to me and kissed her hard on the mouth. I slid down and nibbled on her nipples and slid my tongue down to her dark furry moistness. She moaned as my tongue buried itself in her sweet tasting moistness. I could not remember any other woman that I had ever gone down on tasting as sweet as Tracy. I really enjoyed going down on her. She squirmed as my tongue flicked over her hardened clit, gasping in her pleasure. I poked a finger into her and swirled my tongue around her clit some more.

“Dan... I’m coming... ohhh fuck....ohhh God... ohhh....ohhh yes....yes...shit it’s been awhile.” She moaned as the waves of pleasure flooded over her.

“I need a drink.” I said sliding up and reaching for my beer.

“Pass me mine, please.”

“Here.” I handed hers to her.

“You sure know how to do me, don’t you?”

“So do you.”

“That’s good, Set this down for me.” She handed me her beer and started to slide down again.

Here we go again I thought as I set the beer on the end table and leaned back. She started with that wonderful mouth of hers again and before I knew it I was in the edge again.

“Okay..okay..okay...oh shit I’m coming..ummm!” I moaned as waves of pleasure shot through and out of me. Tracy took it all and didn’t spill a drop.

“You taste so good, I love it when you come in my mouth.” She said as she reached for her beer.

I was too exhausted to reply so all I could manage was a smile and a grunt. I laid back and stretched, then reached for her and gave her a tight hug. She kissed me and I could taste the sour saltiness of myself still on her lips.(Why do women like to do that? After they’ve given you a blow job, they always want to kiss you. It almost seems as if they want you to taste yourself.) I looked at her and smiled. We stayed like that, unspeaking, just enjoying being together for about a half an hour.

“It’s getting late, I better get going.” I said looking at my watch.

“Can’t you stay the night? I really would like to wake up with you beside me.”

“I’d like to, but I have a whole pile of shit to do tomorrow and I want to get an early start. I’ll give you a call tomorrow when I’m done and maybe we could do a late lunch or something. Hell, I’ll even buy. How’s that sound?” I said as I disentangled myself from Tracey.

“Sure, whatever..” Tracy said disappointment in her voice.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“Something’s wrong, what is it?”

“Nothing, it’s just sometimes you make me feel so cheap.”

“How the Hell do I make you feel cheap?” I asked already knowing the answer.

“It’s just like before, you come over and we do it, then you leave. It’s always like this. You never want to spend the night with me.”

“I have trouble sleeping at strange places. We’ve been through this before and you know it always seems to lead into a fight. Then you get all pissed off and I get pissed off and we end up in a fight. Let’s leave this alone and I’ll go home and I promise I’ll call you tomorrow and we will get together for lunch and if I get everything done, we can spend some time together and talk and stuff. I’m not just talking, you know, a lot has happened tonight and I got to think things out. Who knows? Maybe some things are going to change. Give me some slack Trace, you know I won’t fuck you around.” I said as I put my clothes on.

“Yeah, sure. I just wish we could get things together once and for all. You know how I feel and I can’t help saying things sometimes. For shit’s sake, I love you Dan, remember that will you?” Tracey said as she got off the couch.

“Yeah, I know and I do have some pretty strong feelings for you too. I don’t know if it’s love or what, but I do feel something pretty strong for you. We’ll talk about it tomorrow, gotta get going babe.” I pulled her close to me and kissed her firmly on the mouth, gave her a pat on her ass and left.

As I walked out to the car, I began to think about the events that had happened that night. Here I was, back with Tracy. I had started out the night not planning to do anything except spend a quiet night at home. SHIT, life really throws some curves.

I reached my car and got in.

“Life is strange, old girl, life is strange.” I said aloud.

I drove home and went up to my apartment. As I entered, I was greeted by the insistent meowing of Fred, my cat.

“Are you hungry Fred?”

Fred was always hungry. I went to the kitchen and opened a can of cat food and set it on the floor for him.

I better call Carol and make sure she’s all right. I thought. I grabbed the phone and dialed her number.

“Hi Carol, you ok?”

She told me to fuck off and hung up on me. She was fine.

I decided to get some sleep. It was a little after two in the morning when I laid down and fell asleep.

My sleep was rather restless, I was dreaming of strange faces and places, someone was trying to contact me in the dream, at least it seemed that way.

Suddenly I was awake.

CHAPTER ONE

THE MEETING

....expect the unexpected, it can catch you when you sleep, but for a moment, sleep, but not too soundly, for when you awaken, you may not be rested...

(from Ka-ael's memoirs)

Awake, at least I think I was awake, I'm not certain if I was still dreaming at the time, or if I'm dreaming now, I groggily rubbed the sleep from my eyes. Looking around the room in my semi-conscious state, I became aware of another presence in my bedroom.

"Carol is that you?" I asked, fully expecting that she had come over to bitch at me about the previous night,

The room was invaded by a pale blue-green light, not unlike the phosphorescent glow you would find in a subterranean cave or something like that. This light seemed to gather in its intensity until it was almost blinding. As I raised my hand to shield my eyes, I saw her.

It was not Carol.

She was standing at the foot of my bed calmly watching me.

"Who are you?" I asked as every fiber of my being tried to force my still sleeping brain into a state of consciousness.

She just stood there quietly, watching me.

What a beautiful creature she was. Long, silvery blond hair streaming over her tanned shoulders, cascading into a waterfall of dancing sparkles to well below her tiny waist. She was dressed or undressed as it seemed, in an outfit which looked as if it had been designed by someone from the pages of 'HEAVY METAL' magazine. She was nude from the waist up. Her small, pert breasts were decorated with several gold chains connected to a cross that hung between them. On each arm she wore gold slave bracelets shaped into entwined serpents. Her wrists were adorned with wide gold bracelets into which several odd-colored gemstones were set. Her tiny waist was encircled with several more gold chains attached to a gold mesh material covering her pubis. Also around her waist was a much thicker chain belt supporting a scabbard encrusted with numerous jewels. Her feet and legs were covered to the knees with a pair of ornate but well worn boots.

Aside from her incredible beauty, and her partial nudity, the one thing that commanded my immediate attention was the sword she held in her right hand. I have always had an interest in swords and this one was truly a thing of fantastic craftsmanship. It appeared to be made from a crystalline substance and shimmered with a life of its own.

It was the source of the light invading my bedroom.

I stared at her and was partially mesmerized by her incredible aquamarine colored eyes.

Her face remained impassive as she continued to regard me.

“Who are you? What the Hell do you want?” I stammered as I began to gather my wits about me and regain the power of speech.

“We must leave now.” Her voice, although somewhat soft and melodious, carried the unmistakable tones of authority of someone who expected to be obeyed.

“Leave?! Just who the fuck do you think you are? Breaking into my home like this and...”

“There is no time left to explain, we leave now.” She cut my protesting of in mid sentence and raised her right arm.

The point of the sword was pointed directly at me. A beam of blinding blue-white light shot from the tip and the air in the room began to vibrate with its intensity. Immediately I was encircled by this light and was caught up in a blinding swirl of pain. As the pain began to subside as quickly as it began, I found I was no longer in control of my motor functions. She uttered some words in a language I had never heard before and suddenly I was getting out of bed and walking over to her. I stopped about three feet from her.

With all this occurring so quickly, and the nature of her unbelievable beauty, my body had begun to respond to the situation at hand. Suddenly finding my will to control myself no longer mine, and since I slept in the nude, shall I say I was walking erect in more ways than one?

Her eyes surveyed my body and as they fell upon my rather rigid state, I thought I saw a hint of a nervous smile cross her face.

She then turned and with her left hand took hold of my right arm. I shuddered involuntarily from the tingling sensation of her touch. She reached out with the sword and pointed it at the outside wall of my bedroom. Again the brilliant beam of light shot out from it. A portal magically appeared in the wall. She stepped through it with me in tow.

My state of mind was fast beginning to collapse as we stepped through the wall. I

lived in the thirtieth floor of an apartment building in the heart of downtown Calgary. I'm sure you can appreciate the fear and confusion that I was experiencing at that precise moment. I felt a sensation of weightless, a feeling of falling and could smell an odor of electricity or something burning all at that one moment. Then nothing.

CHAPTER TWO

THE FANTASY UNVEILED

...and to this world I have beckoned you to live, and to free your uneasy spirit. Just as the chosen ones have come before you, but you do not stand alone. Trust in her that I have given knowledge of you, for one without the other is incomplete. The time to conquer your fears and take peace in the knowledge that you are no longer alone is upon you....

(from the unknown one).

My senses snapped back on as if someone had turned my switch back on. I found myself in God knows where, still standing naked and feeling a rush of emotions from embarrassment, to anger, to stark terror. I was once again in control of my body and my manhood shrank for cover.

The climate was warm and humid, and the air was filled with sounds of abundant life.

The sword carrying goddess released her grip on my arm and I turned angrily and faced her.

“Where the Hell am I? What the fuck is going on here? What the Hell have you done to me? I demand you to tell me. This is kidnapping. You are in a shitload of trouble, you Bitch.” I yelled at her almost pissing myself in fear, but trying very hard not to show it.

“We are in the country of Jubal, The Great.” She replied in her soft musical voice.

“Where?”

“The country of Jubal, The Great, actually we are on the edge of His land, about thirty rhyals from where Plore and his soldiers were ambushed many centuries ago.” She said in a matter of fact way.

“Jubal, rhyals, Plore? Listen to me, I don’t want to sound stupid or anything, but I haven’t a fucking clue as to what you are talking about. I’m completely in the dark here. Give me some answers that I can understand you little bitch.” I reached out to grab hold of her and suddenly found myself face down on the ground.

“That was stupid, Dan-el” She said as I picked myself up and brushed the dirt from myself.

“You fucking little bitch, I’ll get you.” I yelled as I lunged at her again with the same results.

“Are we going to keep doing this, do you have the brain of a gymla?” She said as I again picked myself up.

I glared at her and noticed a bit of anger creeping into her voice.

“What’s a gymla?” I asked.

“I believe on your world it’s called a donkey.” She replied.

“Ok, ok. I give.” I said, still glaring at her.

No bitch had ever bested me like that before I thought. I didn't care if she was a gorgeous looking broad, she wasn't going to get away with that. I decided to put her at ease, then when she wasn't expecting it. I would make my move.

"Who are you, what's your name?" I asked forcing my anger down.

"I am Tara." She replied placing her sword in the scabbard.

"Well, Tara, You seem to know who I am, you know my name is Dan, and you obviously know where I lived. You seem to have quite the advantage over me. I haven't the slightest clue as to just what the fuck is going on here. Care to shed some light on things for me?" I said, trying to make my voice sound casual.

"You will be known as Dan-el from now on. I have told you where you are. There is much for you to learn. You have been chosen by powers you cannot understand yet, for a great quest. You will learn to understand when we reach the village. We have a long journey ahead of us and we must leave now. Follow me and you will not be harmed. I will protect you." Tara said, turning her back to be and began to walk away.

"Right, sure, I'll believe that, I just fell off the banana boat. Hey! Wait up, for shit's sake, you can't leave me here like this." I called as I began to run after her. "Shit! Ow, oh fuck!" I yelled as I tripped and again hit the ground for the third time.

"You do have a lot to learn, Dan-el." Tara said as she turned and came back to where I was laying. She reached out her hand to help me up.

Now's my chance I thought. I took hold of her offered hand and pulled her off balance. She fell and I pounced on her pinning her to the ground. I sat on her and held her down.

"I want answers, and I want them now." I demanded, looking directly into her eyes.

I saw no sign of fear in her eyes, just a twinkle of amusement. I began to feel a tingling in my groin and looked down at my engorged manhood. 'Shit' I thought, what the Hell is happening to me? My excitement grew and grew, until I could no longer control it and I came with intensity the like I had never known. I shot my load all over her stomach and breasts. Tara was breathing heavily and was squirming in the throes of her own orgasms. I watched exhausted, as wave after wave of pleasure swept over her. I could no longer hold her down, so I let go of her arms and rolled off of her.

“What the hell happened?” I gasped.

“It is as the prophecy said it would be.” Tara gasped.

“What?”

“I was beginning to wonder if you were the incorrect choice, but I now see you are the correct one.” She panted as our sanity began to return.

So much for overpowering her.

“Correct choice?” I asked as I stood up and reached down to help Tara up.

As our hands contacted, I felt the electricity and excitement begin, but I was too spent to react. As soon as she was on her feet, I let go and attempted to regain my composure.

“What do you mean by correct choice? I asked again.

“I will try to explain, but you will have difficulty understanding all of it.” Tara said as she attempted to wipe my mess off of herself.

As soon as Tara cleaned herself as best she could, we began to walk along the path that was there. We walked side by side this time and I gave up the ideas of trying to overpower her and escape. There was no place to escape to since I had no idea of where I was or where I could go to. I listened attentively to the story she began to tell me.

“A long time ago, my people were somewhat like yours. We had technology and computers and cars, basically everything that your people now have. We were so caught up in our own selves that we forgot the things that were really important. We forgot about each other and no longer cared about our families, our friends, our loved ones. We even forgot about love and being together with people just because we needed companionship. We only cared about ourselves and what we could get to make ourselves richer in material things. If we didn’t have things, we felt like we were missing out by not having them and we would do whatever it took to get things. This opened the opportunity for ‘Natas the Evil One’ to take advantage of our dying people. We were so caught up in our selfish lives, we didn’t notice how he manipulated us into doing his bidding. He would promise us material riches to match our dreams and make us do terrible things to each other. Son would turn against father, father against son, husband against wife and so on,

just for the idea of acquiring more things. When you finally obtained the things, there was always someone there to take them from you. It was a spiraling circle downward to the hopeless place. Eventually some began to notice what was happening and began to speak up about these things. At first very few people listened and the majority of those who did belittled the ones who spoke out against Natas. He attacked the few who spoke out by bringing much grief and sadness down on them, but his actions did not stop them from speaking out. Slowly, more and more people began to listen, and we began to turn away from the technologies that were taking us away from our humanity. We returned to our more simple and humanistic ways of living. Sure, things were harder, things didn't get done so quickly, but we were happier and life was more fulfilling, we began to care for each other again."

"When did this all happen?" I asked.

"It started about three hundred of your years ago." Tara replied.

"So what does all this have to do with you bringing me into this mess? I mean, I am just ordinary, no-one special to someone like you." I asked.

"There was a rumor, call it a legend if you wish, about one of our great scientists at the time things started to change, who had discovered a way of passing through different dimensions. He realized that things were going to get really ugly and figured that Natas was going to try to destroy our people and wreak havoc to avenge Himself for our rejection of Him and his evils. According to the legend, he sent a genetic code into a different dimension where he knew it would be safe. There the code would be passed on through several births until it was able to configure itself and mature into a person who would have the ability to assist another with a similar genetic code he had implanted here."

"I take it you are the one here with that code?" I asked, looking at her.

"Yes." She replied.

"So how were you able to find me out of the several billion people who live on earth?"

"When it was time, and the code on earth had matured, the one here who had the code would know by having the ability to see into the dimension and would wait until the time was right, then would be able pass through and bring the one here. My sword was

designed to activate the door way and allow me to pass through and bring you here.”

“Why is it that I didn’t know any of this before now?” I asked.

“Did you not have dreams you thought were strange? Didn’t you always feel unsatisfied with things you did, with the women you slept with, with your relationships and friends?”

“Well sort of, but I thought that was normal. I just figured when I found the right job and the right person, I would find happiness. Just like everyone else.” I replied.

“I understand because I felt the same way. It took many years before I could accept the fact that my destiny was not of my own design.”

“Destiny?”

“Yes, destiny. Our destinies were set up in a lab three hundred years ago, by a desperate scientist called Modor, who cared more for his people than he did for his own life. After he implanted the code you carry, and the code I carry, he created the two swords and hid them with Ka-el, the only person he trusted. Shortly after this he died a horrible death.”

“What happened to him?” I asked.

“His body was found in his lab. He had been tortured and skinned alive. They say it took several days for him to die. When Modor’s body was found, he was holding on to his skin.”

“My God that’s horrible!” I exclaimed.

Tara said nothing for a few minutes as we continued to walk along the path.

I looked around and began to notice the incredible scenery around us. The trees and shrubs blanketed both sides of the path with a rich tapestry of colors and textures. The trees varied in height from approximately thirty to fifty feet. The tallest trees were barren of branches to a height of at least ten feet from the ground. After that the branches grew out and seemed to curl and twist in crazy woven patterns, entwining themselves with the next tree forming an almost net-like protective covering. This covering had enough gaps in it so sunlight poured through in a misty patterned surrealistic beauty. Here and there the odd tree had died and dropped its leaves, but would never fall because of this incredible protective web support system. The leaves looked a lot like a maple leaf except for the fact that they were almost a blue color. Here and there, where the net like

covering thinned out, some shrubs grew beneath the trees. They were very similar to lilac bushes with the exception of their bluish color. The ground itself was covered with a greenish blue moss with the odd sprig of a coarse bluish grass which was quite painful to the feet when I stepped on it.

Sometimes, when we came to places where the tree covering thinned out, there were a few odd looking plants resembling flowers. These plants were about the size of sunflowers. The flower part of the plant was shaped like an eight sided star and the color varied from dark blue to neon pink. The center of the flower was a very dark brown.

Every once and awhile a small mouse like creature would dart across the path in front of me and scare the Hell out of me. These little creatures were very quick and they were a dark brown or black color. I noticed the odd bird that resembled a humming bird hovering around the flowers apparently sipping nectar. Once or twice I thought I saw some larger birds up in the sky, but the trees obstructed my view.

“It’s very beautiful here, in an alien sort of way.” I commented to Tara.

“You will come to love it as I do.” Tara said as she smiled at me.

“It’s going to take awhile for me to consider this home.”

“Dan-el, don’t move.” Tara’s voice froze me in my tracks.

I looked around to my left and saw the largest, nastiest looking creature I had ever seen in my life. It resembled a saber toothed tiger I had seen pictures of in anthropology somewhere. This creature was about the size of a small horse and it was looking at me and began to snarl.

“Don’t move.” Tara repeated.

I was so paralyzed with fear, I couldn’t move if I tried. My heart was beating so rapidly in my chest I thought it was going to explode right through it.

Tara drew her sword and began to move towards the creature speaking softly to it in a soothing voice. The tiger’s attention was diverted towards her and it regarded her with intense eyes, its tail whipping from side to side like a drunken serpent.

“Dan-el, stay absolutely still, no matter what happens.” She said to me, not raising her voice.

Tara continued speaking to the tiger in the same soothing manner and walked right up to it. The creature stopped snarling as she reached out her hand and began to

scratch behind its ears. It closed its eyes and began to purr loudly in its contentment.

“Dan-el, come here and meet my friend, Kreegha.” Tara said, motioning for me to approach.

“What?” I stammered in disbelief.

“It’s all right, she won’t harm you. Come here and meet Kreegha.” Tara insisted as she sheathed her sword.

“Let me get this right. You want me to just walk up and pet the tiger? Just like that. Like here kitty, here’s a nice juicy piece of meat for you....I don’t think so Tara.” I replied still stating put.

“Dan-el, if she wanted to harm you, you would be harmed by now. Right? Come here and meet my friend.” Tara said as the tiger yawned, showing its vicious fangs.

Slowly, with very shaky legs and fear pulsing through my body, I approached the huge beast.

“That’s it, now scratch here.” Tara indicated for me to scratch behind the tiger’s right ear.

I couldn’t believe what I was doing! I reached out an unsteady hand and began to scratch behind the beast’s right ear. The fur felt very coarse and I could smell the muskiness of it.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this. Nice kitty. Is this a he or a she?” I asked.

“Kreegha is a she. See, Kreegha likes you.” Tara looked at me and grinned.

The huge tiger turned its head and sniffed at me. Her nose nudged my manhood and before I could move, she licked me there. I jumped back as it felt like her raspy tongue had removed my privates from my body.

Tara almost doubled over with laughter at the look on my face.” I guess that was a little painful.”

“No kidding.” I winced as I rubbed my painful member.

I again approached the tiger and kept my privates away from her face. I resumed my petting of her. She nuzzled and licked my hand and I overcame my fear.

“When we came across the tiger, you pulled out your sword. Would you have tried to kill it if it attacked me?” I asked.

“I wasn’t sure how she would react, I didn’t think she would attack you, but I

figured it best not to take any chances. I would have protected you if she had tried.”

“How? You wouldn’t have stood a chance if she had attacked.” I asked.

“The sword was not for her. It was for you.” Was her reply.

“You would have killed me?”

“No, no. I would have protected you with a barrier from the sword.” No-one would have been harmed.” Tara laughed.

“A barrier, can I see it?” I asked.

“The barrier?”

“No, the sword.”

“I don’t think it will let you touch it yet.” Tara replied.

“Huh?”

“You can try, but I don’t think it will let you touch it..... yet.” Tara said as she withdrew the sword and handed it to me.

I reached out to take it from her. Just as my hand touched the hilt a bolt of electricity shot up my arm and I fell to the ground.

“Dan-el, are you all right?” Tara asked me, touching my face in concern.

Of course at her touch, another type of electricity began to run through me, as well as her.

“Yes, I think so.” I struggled to my feet trying to control the effects of her touch.

I looked at her and laughed. I could see her attempt to control the same effects.

Tara turned towards the tiger. “We must leave you now, my friend. Good hunting, and may Jubal protect you from harm.” She stroked the fantastic beast behind the ears for a few moments then we resumed our trek along the path.

“You feel it too, don’t you?”

“Feel what?” Tara asked.

“You know, what happens every time we touch.”

“Yes.”

“What is that, I mean I know what it is, but why does it happen?”

“Because we are predestined to be together. It is as legend said it would be. We are together, but cannot be together as ordinary people are...”

“What does that mean, as ordinary people are....you mean we can’t fuck...?” I

demanded.

Tara gave me a scathing look. “No it doesn’t mean just that. It was a way that I would recognize you as well as you would recognize me. Our bodies and our psychological makeup’s are tuned to each others. I cannot touch you without feeling your power and you cannot touch me without feeling mine. We are tuned to each other through scent, sense of touch, as well as our sound and sight of each other.”

“Well sure Tara, you’re not bad to look at, but I wouldn’t give you a ten, maybe a seven or an eight.” I said.

“Look again Dan-el.” Tara said, stopping and turning towards me.

I looked at her starting at her feet, slowly raising my eyes until I met her gaze. My heart began to quicken its beat and a strange desire began to overtake me. I wanted to take her in my arms and engulf her. I wanted to absorb her until we became as one.

“See, nothing, you’re just a nine.” I lied through my teeth.

“Sure.” Tara gasped, looking down.

I looked down and saw my engorged member proving my lie.

“Shit, so much for that B.S.”

“You are not the only one here.” Tara said.

“What?”

“You don’t notice?”

I looked at her and saw her nipples were hard and when I looked down I could see beads of moisture trickling down the insides of her thighs. The scent of her musky desire sent me over the edge and I came with such intensity that some of it splashed on her stomach and legs.

“Holy shit, I never even touched you. What the Hell?” I gasped as I struggled to remain standing.

Tara let out a moan and smiled as she went over the edge.

“Shit, we just had sex and we never even touched. What a concept.” I laughed.

“On your world it would be called safe sex.” Tara replied with a cute smile.

“On my world safe sex is called no sex.” I said.

“For you it would not have mattered.” Tara said

“What do you mean, it wouldn’t have mattered?”

“You were immune to any and all diseases.”

“Now I find out. I could have had a whole lot more fun than I did if I had known about this before.” I said.

“Sure you would Dan-el”

“What about you?”

“What about me?” Tara asked.

“Are you immune to disease as well?”

“I suppose so.”

“Well what about the guys you were with? Did you take precautions or do you prefer bareback?”

“Bareback?”

“You know, no rubber, no precautions.”

“I have never been with anyone, so I can’t say.”

“You mean you’re a virgin?” I asked in shock.

“Yes.”

“Oh, I see.....you mean you’ve never..... not done it before?”

“Never.” She smiled shyly at me.

“I’m the first....well, we haven’t done it yet, but you know, we could, if you want to. You will have to give me some time to get my strength back, but then, if you want to.” I stammered.

“You’re funny. We can’t, not now anyway. We have a long way to travel. It will be dark in a few hours and we must make it to the village before darkness comes.” Tara said.

We began to walk again. I watched Tara reach down and pull some moss from the ground and clean herself off as she walked. I watched the sensual sway of her firm cheeks as she moved effortlessly along the path. I felt stirrings in my groin when I stared too long at this beautiful sight, so I began to lose myself in my thoughts to avoid any more exhaustion.

CHAPTER TWO

Prophecy

....beware of false promises. The ones you make will be tested many times. Speak only with your heart, for from within comes the only real truth.....

(from a poem by Tara)

As we continued walking, I began to lose myself in my thoughts. I still found it almost impossible to believe this was happening to me. Here I was in some strange new place, Hell, I wasn't even sure if it was still the same planet or not. I was being held captive by some strange, exquisite creature called Tara, I had just about stopped trying to escape, I wasn't sure anymore if I even wanted to.

I had almost forgotten about those I was leaving behind. Carol and Tracy, it was becoming hard to even put the faces with the names. What the Hell was happening to me? Why did it seem so easy to accept what was going on here? Was what Tara telling me the truth? The whole story about us being destined to be together for some strange purpose sounded like it was from stupid "B" grade movie. Was this some kind of crazy dream. If I pinched myself would I wake up?

Shit!... I rubbed my arm and looked at the redness from where I had pinched it. I guess I wasn't dreaming.

I looked ahead and saw those firm cheeks still swaying...Nope...I definitely wasn't dreaming.

We had been walking for several hours in relative silence that was broken only occasionally by my cry of pain caused by me stepping on the odd sharp twig or stone. The daylight was beginning to fade when I heard the sounds of civilization coming from ahead of us. We rounded a bend and came upon a small village in a large clearing. This village occupied both sides of the path. From what I could see in the fading light, it consisted of a dozen or so dome shaped huts made of grass interwoven around a framework of sticks set in the ground. The roofs were constructed of a network of long, broad leaves set in a way that water would run off, thus keeping the interior of the structures dry. The doorways were covered with animal skins to insure privacy.

The villagers were of the same race as Tara with the exception of their hair color. Every one that I could see had black or dark brown hair. Their skin was aglow with bronze tans and had a healthy sheen to it. They all wore a minimum of clothing, the men wearing only breech or loin cloths of a tanned leather. These garmets did not leave any room for modesty. The women were dressed in the same manner and most were topless with an exception of a few of the more generously endowed wearing a supportive bra of the same material. There were several children darting about. They were all happily

naked. Once they reached puberty it seemed they began dress. It was like something out of “National Geographic Magazine” except these people were Caucasian. I could see no sign of obesity or disease. They all looked healthy, and happy, not like the people from where I came from.

There was an air of curious excitement about. I assumed it was due to our arrival. The villagers crowded around us and seemed very interested in me for some reason.

“Hi Marta, have you seen Ka-ael recently?” Tara asked a pretty girl of about twenty years old or so.

“ I believe he’s in his hut.” She replied.

“ Thank you”

We walked towards what appeared to be the center of the village and stopped as we came upon a rather ornate hut. The walls were woven of coarse grass and the roof was constructed of what appeared to be some sort of palm leaves. There were several beautiful carvings of strange animals hanging from the support pillars and the windows were covered with translucent sheets of what appeared to be a type of fine paper. These coverings had incredibly detailed drawings of animals and flowers on them.

Tara knocked on the door and it opened.

A rather thin, slightly graying man of about five feet eight inches or so, appeared in the doorway. He was dressed in the same type of clothing as were most of the villagers, however he wore an emerald green robe over his clothing. He also looked like he could use a shave as he sported a few days growth of beard. He had a warm smile on his face and looked genuinely pleased to see Tara and myself.

“ Tara my friend I haven’t seen you for a long time. I see you have had success in your travels. Is he the keeper of the other code?” Ka-ael asked.

“Yes, Ka-el I believe he is” Tara replied.

“Are you certain of this, you know how important it is that we have the right person, there can be no mistake” Ka-ael replied in a very serious tone.

“ I am very sure” said Tara.

“Enter and be seated” Ka-ael said as he turned and reentered his hut.

We entered the single room abode. It was sparsely furnished, having only a small table, a few chairs, what appeared to be sleeping furs stashed in the corner and a fire pit

in the middle of the room. We seated ourselves in two of the three chairs around the table.

“So, you are Dan-el.” Ka-ael stated as he directed his attention at me.

“That’s what Tara has decided to call me, Most just call me Dan.” I replied in a rather insolent tone.

“A bit of an attitude, but we may be able to make a passable warrior out of him.” Ka-ael said to Tara with an amused sparkle in his eye.

“Stand up and let me look at you Dan-el” Ka-ael said as he also stood.

I looked towards Tara and she nodded that I should obey. I didn’t like being bossed around but something inside of me told me to do as I was asked. So, I stood up.

Ka-ael approached me and it almost seemed as if I was a piece of meat. He poked and prodded me and inspected me.

“What the hell do you think you are doing?!” I yelled as I jumped back a few feet. He had grabbed me by my manhood.

“He has not had the Rite of Warriors yet” Ka-ael stated in a matter of fact tone.

“What the Hell is the Rite of Warriors?” I asked as I carefully guarded my manhood from any more unwelcome touches from this crazy asshole.

“I believe in your world it is called circumcision.” Tara replied with a smile.

“Yeah, right, as if I’m going to let anyone come at my prick with a knife. Noone is going to be cutting anything off of me, my parts stay where they are.” I said firmly.

At this Ka-ael roared with laughter. Tara, would you like to do the honours, or would you like me to?” Ka-ael gasped between fits of laughing.

“I don’t think he is ready for this just yet.” Tara said suppressing a smile.

“And don’t think I will ever be ready for it. I mean it. Noone is going to be cutting anything off of me period.” I said with absolute conviction.

“Well you better be ready soon Dan-el, time is not on our side as the prophecy is starting to unfold as foretold.” Ka-ael said in a dead serious manner. “Tara, what would Jubal The Great think if you brought to him a champion that has not had the Rite of Warriors?”

I looked at Tara “What the Hell are you two talking about?” I asked.

Tara returned my look. “I guess we have a bit to talk about.” She replied.

I wasn't sure who she said that to.

"Well you can't talk on empty stomachs." Ka-ael said as he stood and went to the door of the hut. He went out briefly and I heard him talking to someone outside. He returned and informed us there was food on the way.

Ka-ael busied himself, cleaning off the small table and doing stuff around the hut. Tara offered to help but he declined.

"What's this all about?" I asked her.

"What do you mean?" Tara asked.

"Rite of Warriors, The Prophecy Ka-ael mentioned, what's this stuff?" I asked.

"I told you a bit about the Prophecy, remember Modor?" Tara reminded me. "As for the Rite of Warriors and Jubal The Great, Jubal is our Ruler, the One who rules us. Like ummm, your President."

"President?, Oh you mean our Prime Minister, Canada has a Prime Minister, not a President." I said.

"Oh yes, sorry. Here we have our customs, our rituals, and things are done in certain ways. You are the one from the outside brought in to our land by me because you carry the genetic code Modor implanted in you." Tara continued.

"You're sure of this?" I asked

"What do you think? Have you forgotten already? Tara looked into my eyes.

"No, But I could always do with a little reminding." I smiled

A hint of blush lightly colored Tara's cheeks as she continued."The rules and laws set out by Jubal The Great, on being a male warrior clearly state that a male warrior MUST have endured the Rite of Warriors. Noone is exempt."

"But I'm not from here, not from your land." I replied.

"That does not matter, The rule still applies." She said.

"You said male warrior, what do the rules dictate for a female warrior?" I asked.

"I had to go through the Rite of Warriors as they apply to my sex.." Tara said.

"You mean you were circumcised?" I asked, my mind filling with horrible images of female circumcision.

"Nothing that drastic."

"Well what then?" I asked.

“Tara, maybe you should show him so he understands.” Ka-ael interrupted.

“Okay, sure.” Tara said as she stood.

She undid the sword belt and carefully set the sheathed sword on her chair. She then proceeded to undo the mesh covering her pubic area exposing the golden patch of silky hair covering her femininity.

“Can you see?” She asked.

“See what?” I asked, looking at her face.

“Look there.” She said pointing at her femininity.

I looked more closely and saw what she meant. She had six small golden rings embedded in her labia. Not just on one side, but on both sides. This meant nothing, or rather noone could gain entrance to her. Talk about a cruel chastity belt!

“Oh I see, wow, that is not too cool.” I said looking up at her. “I guess you really are out of bounds.” I said.

“That depends.” She replied.

“On what?” I asked

“On what kind of warrior you will be and what you do.” Ka-ael interrupted again.

“So what are you saying, are you saying that if I get circumcised I get to fuck Tara? Big deal, I can go back and fuck any bitch I want to in my land.” I blurted out as my temper and fear got the better of me.

Tara and Ka-ael bothe looked at me. I thought I saw a bit of anger cloud Ka-ael’s face and Tara looked a little hurt.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean it the way it came out, It’s just that this is so, overwhelming, and I don’t really want to be caught up in a rather unhealthy sounding ritual.” I stammered.

“Talk about it later, it is time to eat.” Ka-ael said as two pretty darkhaired girls entered the hut carrying platters of meat and unusual looking vegetables and fruits.

