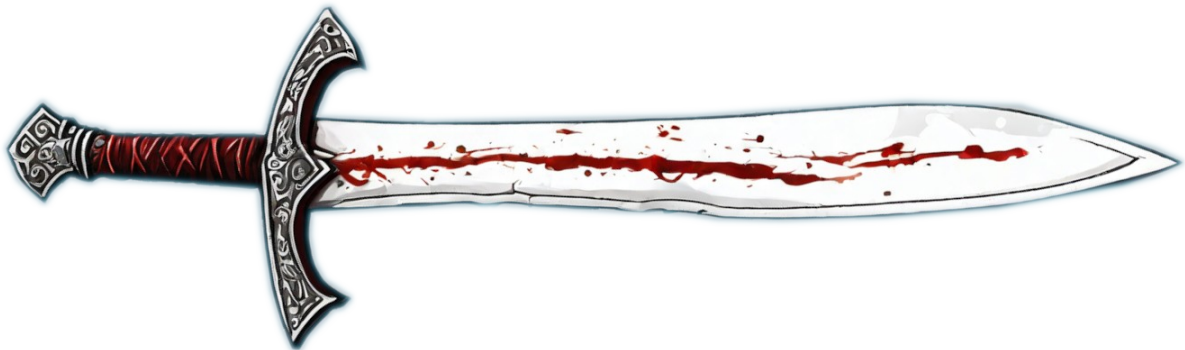


RED SONJA



OUTMATCHED

By
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CHAPTER I

DARK TEMPTATIONS

The interior of the Boar's Head tavern and inn was a hornet's nest of noise and chaos; a cramped, smoke-filled den where the air was thick with the stench of stale ale, unwashed bodies, and the charred remnants of meat. The clamor was a living thing, a beast that roared with the laughter, shouting, and the rhythmic clatter of mugs on wooden tables. Looming shadows danced in the flickering firelight, and the riotous patrons filled the room to bursting.

In the midst of all this, Red Sonja sat, solitary and aloof, at a corner table. Her fiery red hair was a beacon in the gloom, and her bright blue eyes surveyed the crowd with a mixture of indifference and mild amusement. Her arm, leanly muscular and scarred from many a fierce and glorious battle, rested on the table, victor of yet another arm-wrestling match. The defeated challenger, a burly blacksmith with a long beard, had slunk away with his manly ego in tatters, and Sonja was left nursing her drink, a half-empty mug of the tavern's questionable 'best ale'.

Around her, the boisterous crowd surged, a sea of rough men and women, each one eager to challenge the legendary warrior to a bout. They jostled, shouted, and laughed, their voices a cacophonous symphony in the smoky air. Sonja dismissed their challenges with a wave of her hand, a bored expression on her attractive face. Yet, their persistence was as relentless as the tide, driven by a potent mix of alcohol-fueled bravado and the tantalizing allure of besting the infamous She-Devil.

Then, amid the rabble, a man stepped forward—taller, broader, and with an air of confidence that separated him from the others. He slammed a small pile of gleaming silver coins onto the table, a challenge issued in the universal language of wager and pride. His dark eyes met Sonja's cool blue gaze, a silent dare hanging between them. The fiery-haired champion's

eyebrow arched, her interest piqued, but she remained noncommittal, her lips curling into a smirk around the rim of her mug.

The noise in the tavern seemed to swell, the raucous laughter and shouting growing louder as the onlookers turned their attention to Sonja's table. The stench of sweat and ale grew stronger, and the smoke hung heavier in the air, suffused with anticipation. The land of Hyrkania, once her home and birthplace, was harsh and brutal, and in this cramped, smoky tavern, Red Sonja, the fierce and headstrong warrior, was about to remind them all why she was a legend.

Sonja leaned back in her chair, eyeing the confident challenger with amusement dancing in her bright blue eyes.

"Well, well," she purred, her resonant voice carrying over the din. "Aren't you a strapping fellow. And so sure of yourself too."

The man grinned broadly. "I'm Borus the Bull, strongest man in Kusan. No woman has ever beaten me, in wrestling, drinking, or fucking." He flexed his thick arms, eliciting cheers from the crowd.

Sonja's smirk only widened. She took another slow sip of her drink before responding. "Funny, I was about to say I've never lost to a man."

The onlookers oohed at the bold proclamation. Borus scowled briefly before regaining his swagger.

"There's a first time for everything. I'll try not to humiliate you too badly, lass."

At this, Sonja threw back her head and laughed, her lustrous mane of red hair cascading down her back. The sound cut sharply through the tavern's clamor. Leaning forward, her eyes glinted with predatory delight.

"The only one who'll be humiliated here is you. But if you're in such a hurry to lose your coins, far be it from me to deny these good people their entertainment."

Sonja placed her elbow on the table with a solid thud and beckoned with her fingers. The crowd cheered in a deafening roar. Borus grabbed her hand, his rough grip tightening on hers.

"Just don't go crying when you lose, girl."



Sonja's lip curled. "The only thing getting smashed here is your ego. It's too big for your ugly head—both of them."

The two locked eyes over their joined hands, tension thrumming. With a roar, Borus exerted the full force of his brawn against her sinewy arm. The contest had begun.

The tavern swelled with eager tension as Sonja and Borus strained, taut muscles and sweat-gleaming skin on display, their elbows planted firmly on the scarred wooden table. Sonja's slender yet steely arm met Borus' meaty trunk, veins bulging under scarred skin. A wide ring of onlookers formed around them, the crowd jostling for a view of the bout. The cacophony rose to a fever pitch—patrons bellowing encouragement, laying bets, and shouting curses at their chosen opponent.

Borus strained, every thick muscle and corded vein standing out as he sought to smash his female rival's arm down. But her slender limb didn't budge, deceptively mighty.

"Come on, little girl," Borus grunted through gritted teeth, his coarse features turning purple, veins bulging as he strained. "Just give it up."

Sonja's smirk was razor sharp, fiery strands of hair sticking to her damp brow. "Not a chance...oaf," she shot back, iron grip unyielding. Her brow creased from the effort, but her smirk never wavered. She seemed to be toying with the burly man, allowing him to exhaust himself against her impenetrable defense.

The crowd grew more forward, urging their champions on, "Crush her, Borus!" ... "Come on lass, send him flying!" Stomping feet shook the floorboards, spilled ale raining from overeager hands waving mugs up high.

Borus powered forward with a roar, corded neck standing out. Rivulets of sweat trailed down his straining temples. But the mighty Sonja held fast, her own sculpted arm bunching, calloused fingers white-knuckled. The table creaked alarmingly from the pressure. More ale sloshed as the crowd stamped and hollered.

"Had enough yet, boy?" Sonja managed through her rictus grin, her voice tight, fiery gaze fixed on Borus. He was stronger than she had expected, but she would not relent.

"In...your dreams," Borus panted.

The crowd's clamor doubled. Smoke hung low. Patrons pounded tankards in excitement, the wooden beams reverberating with the noise.

Sonja's eyes blazed with fiery determination, her teeth gritted in a feral grin. With a savage yell, she slammed Borus' arm down with enough force to split the oak table down the middle. For a moment, shocked silence reigned. Then the tavern exploded in an uproar of cheers and boos, winners collecting their earnings while losers cursed their misfortune.

Borus gaped at the wreckage as Sonja leaned back. Her sapphire eyes glinted with satisfaction, brows angled in a look of amused arrogance. Strands of fiery red hair clung to the sweat on her brow, but she paid them no mind, relishing her victory. Borus lifted his eyes to stare at her dumbfounded, his meaty features slack in disbelief. Sonja met his gaze and her grin widened, flashing straight white teeth. Her expression conveyed a mix of triumph, mockery, and casual indifference—as if putting this hulking brute in his place was merely a trifling amusement.

“What's wrong, Bull? You look like you've seen a ghost.” Sonja's voice dripped with mocking sweetness. “I'd say better luck next time, but we both know there won't be one.”

Borus worked his mouth but no sound came out. All he could do was stare back in stunned silence, his brain unable to form a coherent thought, let alone a clever retort. The shame of his defeat sat heavy and unfamiliar on his shoulders. For the first time ever, the boastful Bull had no words, rendered speechless by the redheaded warrior maiden.

Finding her drink spilled on the floor during their bout, Sonja shrugged and reached for her newly-won purse of coins. Her lips still bore that same self-satisfied smirk as she rose from the sundered table. The motion caused her mane of fiery red hair to cascade over her shoulders, whirling about her face. With feline grace, she turned and strode toward the tavern's entrance. The raucous crowd parted before her, their voices hushing in reverence before the legendary warrior.

Sonja kept her grin firmly in place, lips curled in smug amusement. Each step was slow and deliberate, shoulders rolled back to accentuate her assets, chin lifted high. She walked with the effortless confidence of a warrior goddess—proud, powerful and fully aware of her sensuality. One hand rested

casually on the hilt of her sheathed sword, as if daring anyone to challenge her supremacy. The other hung loose at her side, subtly drawing the eye along her lean curves. Her hips swung with an arrogant strut, echoing the swaying motions of the mesmerized crowd. Her scant chain mail armor accentuated every womanly curve, its shiny metal embossed with ornate swirls along her flanks. It hugged her athletic frame, showcasing both femininity and formidability in equal measure. Unbound and wild, her mane of fiery red hair framed her face in feathery strands that rustled with each step. Bright blue eyes peered out from below her tousled bangs, their piercing gaze brimming with self-assurance.

As she passed the bar, she flicked a gold coin to the stunned innkeeper without missing a long-legged stride, and then stalked toward the door.

“Get yourself a stronger table,” she quipped.

Exiting into the night, Sonja tossed her red mane and flashed a knowing grin over her shoulder. She was a woman who knew her own prowess, who knew she possessed lethal beauty, and wielded it as skillfully as any blade. This contest may be over, but her night was just beginning.

Outside, the tavern’s din was replaced with a sudden stillness, and Sonja stopped to inhale a deep breath of crisp night air into her smoke-and-grime-filled lungs. As she turned to head for the stables and her trusty horse, a sultry voice stopped her in her tracks.

“Quite a show you put on in there.”

Sonja turned to see a slender, black-haired woman leaning against a wooden beam, a pair of almond-shaped, golden brown eyes appraising her with interest. She was striking, with delicate silver filigree adorning the curve of her ears and a lithe leather-clad figure that stirred Sonja’s gaze. Zamorian, most likely, judging by that smooth ebony skin and sharp-featured, oval face. Her thick lips were a deep shade of burgundy, and a delicate silver chain adorned her neck, bearing an intricate pendant that glinted in the dim torchlight.



“I do try to entertain,” Sonja replied, keeping her voice low and throaty.

“Entertain you did. Not many can best Borus in a test of strength.” The woman pushed off from the beam and took a step closer. She began circling slowly around Sonja, who stood firmly in place, tall and implacable. Sonja’s eyes tracked the swaying hips, the predatory grace of the mysterious newcomer. A smile teased the corners of the full, luscious lips on her dusky face.

“Though it seems your talents extend beyond the mere...physical.” The words were practically purred.

Sonja raised an eyebrow, filtering through possible replies, but the woman continued on.

“Such confidence... such power in that taut frame of yours... yet a hint of something more complex beneath.” Her voice dropped to a murmur as she leaned in close. “Makes a girl eager to unravel all your mysteries.”

Sonja felt her pulse quicken at the proximity, inhaling a trace of heady musk. But she wasn’t that easily played.

“And you would know my talents how?” Sonja volleyed back, holding the intelligent amber-eyed gaze. The woman giggled, a melodic, disarming sound.

“Let’s just say I’m a keen observer of people.” Her eyes wandered the length and breadth of Sonja’s body, taking in the poorly hidden curves. “Especially fascinating ones like you.”

Sonja laughed throatily. “Well, keep observing, I promise not to disappoint.”

“I’d be disappointed if our encounter ended so quickly,” the woman shot back, trailing a hand up Sonja’s arm. “The night’s still young. Perhaps I could get to know your talents more...intimately.”

Intrigue warred with caution in Sonja’s mind as they exchanged provocative banter. This beauty was clever and bold, stirring her interest even as she kept her wits about her. She gently grasped the teasing hand and lifted it away.

“Another time, perhaps. For now, the night air calls me.” Sonja brushed past the girl, adding over her shoulder, “Don’t miss me too much.”

The cool night air was a welcome relief on Sonja’s flushed skin as she

stepped away from the crowded tavern and strolled toward the stables. Her encounter with the flirtatious stranger had left her feeling unsettled, though in an intriguing way. She breathed deep, centering herself.

It was only after a few paces that she realized the heavy purse of coins won from her arm wrestling victory was no longer swinging from her belt. She grasped at her hip, finding only empty space where the pouch should have been.

“No...she didn’t,” Sonja growled through gritted teeth. “Blood and bone!” That cunning minx’s sensual banter had merely been a pleasant distraction, keeping Sonja’s attention while deft fingers had lifted her prize. Well, it did make some sense. They said Zamorians made the best thieves after all.

Furious, Sonja spun on her heel and marched back toward the tavern entrance. Her boots pounded the worn wooden boards as she shoved the door open with a bang. Patrons glanced up in surprise at her sudden reappearance. Sonja scanned the room intently, looking for any sign of the raven-haired beauty. But the thief had vanished as quickly as she first materialized. The tavern was rapidly emptying out, with no trace of her. Cursing under her breath, Sonja wove between the tables and remaining drunken stragglers. She checked every shadowed corner, questioned the wary barmaids. But it was no use. The minx had disappeared like smoke, along with Sonja’s hard-won earnings.

With a frustrated sigh, Sonja leaned against the pitted bar counter. She couldn’t help but smile ruefully, even as her purse hung lighter. No one had ever robbed her so brazenly before. And, though she’d never admit it aloud, a small part of her admired the woman’s audacity and skill. Whenever they met again, Sonja looked forward to having words with the vexing thief—no, she would have more than words with her... and this time, she wouldn’t underestimate those quick hands and clever words. One way or another, that little thief would find out she had messed with the wrong woman. Yes, the more she thought about it, the more she relished the challenge. This night was proving to be anything but boring.





The town of Kusan was a small but bustling settlement nestled in the foothills of the Talakma Mountains. Though remote, it sat along an important trade route, with merchants and travelers constantly passing through on their way through the mountain passages dividing Khitai and Hyrkania. The buildings were timber and stone, crowded together along narrow, winding streets. Raucous taverns, traders' stalls, and craftsmen's workshops lined the thoroughfares, where people from all walks of life mingled and did business. Even at this late hour, there were still people out and about, giving Sonja covert glances and dark scowls as she passed them by. No matter where you went in all of Hyboria, suspicion of strangers never faded, it seemed.

The moon shone bright as Sonja guided her stallion through the darkened streets, sticking to the shadows as much as possible. She had a hunch that cunning thief would be out tonight, looking for more marks to fleece around town. Sonja felt a thrill of anticipation coursing through her veins—if she could catch the minx red-handed, retrieving her stolen coins would be a cinch.

Quiet as a wraith, she wove through alleys and down narrow side streets, peering into darkened windows and scanning every nook and cranny for any sign of the raven-haired beauty. But the hours passed by uneventfully, and Sonja returned to the inn stables disappointed. She'd have to come up with another plan to confront that vexing rogue.

As she dismounted and handed her reins off to the stable boy, something in the shadows behind the inn caught Sonja's keen eyes. She pressed her back against the rough wooden walls of the stable, slowly inching toward the back alley beyond. Peering around the corner, her breath caught in her throat—there in the soft glow of the moonlight sat the little vixen, bold as brass, perched on an overturned crate and counting out her pile of stolen coins with a look of smug satisfaction on her pretty face.

Sonja's pulse thundered in her ears. With catlike stealth, she crept down the alley toward her unsuspecting target. In one lightning-quick motion, she lunged forward and grabbed the thief's slender wrist in an iron grip, her other hand pressing the sharp edge of a dagger to her delicate throat.

"I'd say we have some unfinished business to settle. Did you really think

you'd get away with it that easily?" Sonja said in a low hiss, lips so close they brushed the woman's ear. But despite the clear threat, the thief remained as cool and composed as ever. She flashed Sonja a disarming smile.

"Get away with what? I was just out for a nighttime stroll."

Sonja stared intently at the woman, their faces inches apart. The thief's slender throat rested against the cold steel, but her expression remained composed. She was a striking beauty—sharp cheekbones, full lips, and intelligent amber eyes that gazed back steadily. Sonja searched those dark pools but found no sign of fear or regret, only keen interest.

Most would quail being caught by the legendary warrior. Yet this raven-haired minx met Sonja's fiery glare with calm poise. Only the slight quickening of her breath betrayed any tension. Sonja picked up notes of her heady floral perfume, mingled with the scent of leather. Something about the woman's self-possession stirred her curiosity. There was more to this thief than greed or risk-taking. She carried herself with subtle confidence, as if walking a carefully laid path.

"Don't play games with me. I know you took my coins, you sly little fox," she pressed.

Trapped, the dusky girl held up her hands in mock surrender.

"Alright warrior, you caught me. I confess—I just couldn't resist testing my skills against someone as quick and captivating as you. But now that you've caught me, what are you going to do, I wonder?" she said in a calm, even tone. Again, Sonja was impressed by her unfaltering composure. Intrigued, she decided to play along for now. She lowered the dagger and gave the woman a wolfish grin.

"How about that drink you owe me?" And without waiting for a reply, she led the thief by the wrist back around the stables and into the Boar's Head. The game was on. And this time, Sonja wouldn't underestimate this cunning player.

The tavern was dim and nearly empty, the only sign of her earlier bout being the remnants of the split oaken table still littering the floor. Sonja gave it a smirk as she led them to a small corner table, pushing her captive into one of its wooden chairs. Taking the other for herself, she snapped her fingers at the sole lingering barmaid, ordering drinks; wine for the Zamorian, ale for

herself. Sonja remained still until the mugs arrived, studying the mysterious woman in silence, all the while growing ever more captivated by her poise and beauty. She sat close, keenly aware of the thief's thigh pressing against hers beneath the weathered wood.

"So, do you have a name, little minx?" Sonja finally asked before taking a sip of ale.

"Deija," the woman replied, holding Sonja's gaze as she traced a slow finger around the rim of her goblet.

Their conversation was sparse, charged looks speaking volumes. When Deija's hand disappeared under the table to trail up Sonja's leg, the warriorress didn't pull away. Their faces drew closer, breath mingling.

"What else have those nimble fingers of yours stolen tonight?" Sonja murmured.

"Nothing half as precious as this." Deija's hand curled behind Sonja's neck, pulling her into a fiery kiss.

In a rush they left their unfinished drinks, stumbling up the creaking stairs tangled in each other's arms. The door to Sonja's room had barely slammed shut before their mouths met again, all thoughts beyond passion fleeing their minds.

More fiery kisses ensued, hands urgently tugging at clothing. Piece by piece, leather, chainmail, and metal skirts dropped heedlessly to the floor. Sonja drank in the sight of Deija's lithe, ebony form as she pressed the thief against the sturdy bedpost. Her eyes wandered over the smooth brown skin, tracing the delicate curves and contours. Deija's body was slender yet toned, with small, shapely breasts and narrow hips. Sonja reached out to caress her flat stomach, feeling the tense muscles jump under her fingers.

Likewise, Deija gazed up appreciatively at Sonja's powerful physique, all sculpted muscle under creamy pale skin dotted with light freckles. She let her hands wander across Sonja's broad shoulders and sculpted arms, squeezing the hardened biceps. Her fingers drifted lower, fingertips grazing along the grooves of Sonja's abdominal muscles, eliciting a pleased shiver from the warriorress.

Their difference in builds was as stark as their skin color—Sonja's tall, Amazonian frame towering over Deija's smaller figure. Yet pressed together,

their bodies complemented each other exquisitely.

Deija threaded her hands through Sonja's mane of fiery red hair, the strands like silken fire slipping through her fingers. She pulled the swordswoman down into a searing kiss, relishing the press of soft lips against her own. Sonja deepened the kiss, exploring Deija's mouth hungrily with her tongue. Her hands continued to roam the Zamorian's body, caressing her slender hips and squeezing the firm globes of her asscheeks. She gasped into Deija's mouth as clever thief fingers grazed her own nipples, the light touch shooting sparks of pleasure straight down between her legs.

Slowly, Deija broke the kiss and began trailing her lips down Sonja's neck, leaving a glistening path on the flushed skin. She kissed her way across Sonja's collarbone, then down between her breasts, hands wandering ever lower across the warrior's taut stomach. Sonja tangled her hands in Deija's short black locks, hips arching forward in anticipation. Her pulse raced wildly, core aching and wet with need. Their eyes locked, amber boring into blue crystal as Deija sank slowly to her knees. She flashed a wicked, promising grin up at the warrior before turning her attention to the slick folds between thick-muscled thighs.

Sonja gasped as the nimble tongue flicked out in a long, languid stroke through her sensitive flesh. Deft fingers stroked teasingly along her entrance as Deija's mouth worked its magic. She played Sonja's body with consummate skill, building the pleasure higher and higher.

Soon cries of ecstasy were ringing loudly in the small room. Sonja's hands fisted in Deija's hair to keep herself upright on trembling legs. The nimble minx demonstrated her true talents, wringing every ounce of pleasure from the warrior's body with her lips, tongue, and fingers. When release finally crashed over her, Sonja threw her head back and howled the names of every deity she knew to the rafters. She clutched at the furs beneath her, back arching off the bed.



When her legs finally stopped trembling from the aftershocks, Sonja grabbed Deija and flipped their positions. She pinned the thief down, grasping her slender wrists and holding them above her head against the carved wooden frame. Deija squirmed beneath her, lithe muscles straining, but Sonja's superior strength kept her locked firmly in place. She leaned down, her mane of fiery red hair cascading around them like a curtain shutting out the world beyond. She whispered heatedly in Deija's ear, breath tickling the delicate outer rim.

"You're not the only one with skillful hands, my little minx."

To prove her point, Sonja trailed her fingers down the thief's supple body in a feather-light touch that left Deija arching up begging wordlessly for more. Her fingertips danced across the smooth brown skin of Deija's stomach, tracing the faint ridges of her ribs before skimming up to tease her already stiff nipples. Deija let out a sharp gasp at the sensation, pert breasts rising and falling rapidly with her quickened breathing.

"Is that all you've got?" Deija taunted with a throaty moan, wriggling loose from the warrior's grip with slippery ease. Sonja responded with a low growl, reaching out with muscular arms to grab the thief in a crushing bear hug.

Their kisses grew hungry, biting, as Sonja ground their glistening bodies together. Zamorian dark skin made a striking contrast against Hyrkanian paleness. Deija wrapped her legs around Sonja's waist, nails raking red lines down her broad-muscled back as she urged the warrior on. They tumbled across the rumpled animal skins covering the bed, vying for control. In the end, Sonja gripped the slender thief from behind, teeth grazing her arching neck.

"Harder," Deija demanded with a sharp cry, writhing against Sonja's taut frame.

In response, Sonja claimed Deija's gasping mouth in a searing kiss, relishing the sweet taste of wine still lingering on her full lips. She probed deeper, her tongue dancing and twisting with Deija's, then withdrew, nibbling slowly along the thief's jaw. Deija moaned, head tilting back to allow better access to her elegant neck.

Sonja trailed wet kisses down the slender column of throat, feeling the

frantic flutter of Deija's pulse against her lips. Her teeth grazed across the thief's collarbone, nipping gently, eliciting another throaty moan.

Releasing Deija's wrists, Sonja began kissing lower, worshipping every inch of the smooth dusky skin. Her hands caressed their way down ebony flanks, thumbs brushing the underside of pert breasts as her mouth closed over a tightened, coal black nipple. Deija's back arched sharply off the bed at the exquisite sensation, another desperate moan escaping her parted lips.

Sonja lavished attention on first one breast, then the other, licking, sucking, even gently biting the taut peaks. Deija was reduced to incoherent pleas and whimpers, squirming uncontrollably beneath the onslaught of pleasure.

When Sonja finally allowed her release, Deija cried out sharply, body going limp in blissful submission. With a grin, Sonja gently disentangled herself and collapsed on the furs beside the pleased thief, both of them thoroughly spent.

Deija looked over at Sonja with new appreciation in her intelligent amber eyes, impressed by the warrior's raw physical power and ability to bring her to the very edge again and again with just the touch of her hands and mouth. Though Deija was cunning and quick, Sonja had proven herself a formidable match in arenas beyond brute strength.

As their passion slowly reignited, Deija reached up and pulled Sonja into a deep, hungry kiss. Again, Sonja tasted the lingering sweetness on Deija's full lips, now mixed with something warmer, more earthy—the heady taste of desire. She pressed closer, losing herself in the intoxicating sensations.

Deija in turn reveled in the feel of Sonja's strong yet wonderfully supple lips claiming her own. With each caress of their tongues, the kiss grew more electric, more addictive. Hands roamed urgently over heated bare skin still slick with sweat and the evidence of their passion. The bed frame creaked dangerously beneath their athletic exertions. Moans and gasps filled the room along with the sound of slick flesh sliding against slick flesh. Their lovemaking was primal, rough, testing boundaries and rising to each new challenge.

With a feral growl, Sonja pinned Deija down on the rumpled furs, grasping her slender wrists and holding them on either side of her head. Deija struggled, lithe muscles straining, but Sonja's superior strength kept her

locked firmly in place.

“My turn,” Sonja rasped, her voice thick with desire. She released one of Deija’s wrists to trail her fingers down the thief’s supple body. Deija shuddered at the feather-light touch dancing across her sweat-slick skin. Sonja’s calloused fingertips grazed her ribs, her taut stomach, circling closer and closer to the thatch of dark curls between her thighs. Deija bit her lip, trembling with anticipation. She tried to grind her hips upward, seeking more contact, but Sonja held her pinned.

“Eager, are we?” Sonja chuckled throatily. She continued her maddening caresses, ignoring Deija’s breathy pleas. Slowly, she slid her hand between Deija’s thighs, parting the slick folds to stroke along her entrance. Deija moaned loudly, back arching off the furs.

“Please,” she begged, writhing in Sonja’s iron grip.

Sonja smirked, enjoying having the clever thief at her mercy. Her fingers stroked and teased, gathering moisture but never entering. She rubbed slow circles around Deija’s clit, feeling it swell under her touch.

Deija was panting now, chest heaving, sweat beading on her brow. Her amber eyes were clouded with lust. Sonja held that lust-filled gaze as she finally slipped two fingers deep inside Deija’s clenching channel.

A sharp cry burst from Deija’s lips at the penetration. Sonja set up a steady rhythm, thrusting and curling her fingers while her thumb continued to strum Deija’s aching clit. The thief’s slender hips rocked urgently, seeking more of that delicious friction.

Sonja could feel Deija’s inner walls fluttering around her pumping digits. She slid down the thief’s writhing body until her face hovered above the dark curls between her splayed thighs. Without warning, she sealed her lips around Deija’s swollen clit and sucked hard. At the same time she added a third finger, thrusting them knuckle-deep into Deija’s slick entrance.

“Gods!” Deija wailed, fingers twisting desperately in red locks. Sonja’s talented mouth sent her spiraling higher while her relentless hand coaxed guttural moans from her throat. Just when Deija thought she could take no more, her climax crashed over her like a roaring wave. She arched off the bed, vision whitening out in ecstasy. But Sonja didn’t stop, relentlessly stroking that sweet spot inside while her lips and tongue dragged out Deija’s pleasure. The

thief thrashed and sobbed, reduced to a quivering wreck under Sonja's skillful ministrations. Only when the last tremor passed did Sonja withdraw her drenched fingers. She kissed her way back up Deija's limp body, looking extremely satisfied with herself.

"Well, little minx?" she purred, swiping her thumb across her wet chin. "Have I reclaimed what you stole from me?"

Deija could only nod weakly in response, still trying to catch her breath. Sonja grinned and pulled the ravished thief into her arms. Perhaps she would allow Deija to keep those pilfered coins after all. The thief had already given her something far more valuable in return.

When Deija had recovered, she smirked and bade Sonja to get on all fours with her rump in the air. Sonja hesitated to assume such an undignified position, but eager to find out what new pleasures awaited at the hands of this heated minx, she eventually obliged.

Deija grinned wickedly as she watched the muscular warriorress assume the vulnerable position, broad bottom presented enticingly. She ran her hands appreciatively over Sonja's curves, caressing the swell of her hips and giving her firm buttocks an approving squeeze. Sonja shivered at the feather-light touches, both excited and apprehensive over what the mischievous minx had planned.

Deija placed gentle kisses along Sonja's spine, working her way down until she was nestled between the warrior's splayed thighs. She gently parted Sonja's cheeks, exposing the tight rosette nestled in between.

"Just relax," Deija murmured, her warm breath tickling Sonja's sensitive skin. "Trust me, you're going to enjoy this."

Sonja let out a shaky breath, willing her body to loosen up. The first touch of Deija's warm, wet tongue circling her most intimate area made her gasp sharply.

"By Mitra's sword!" Sonja exclaimed through gritted teeth, fingers clutching the furs beneath her. The sensation was so foreign, yet undeniably pleasurable.

"Trust me," Deija purred, gently flicking her tongue tip, letting Sonja grow accustomed to the feeling. Sonja bit her lip, the strange sensation sending spikes of pleasure through her core. She nodded hesitantly for Deija

to continue.

The thief began lavishing broad licks over the furred bud, letting Sonja grow accustomed to the delicate flicks. Gradually she tightened her circles, zeroing in on the hyper-sensitive flesh. Sonja's thighs trembled, soft moans falling from her lips.

"Oh, yes..." Sonja panted, back arching, unsure whether to pull away or push back against the tantalizing sensation. She never imagined such pleasure could come from this forbidden act. Deija's talented tongue was slowly unwinding her inhibitions.

When the ring of muscle relaxed enough, Deija gently probed the very tip inside. Sonja jerked at the intrusion, suspended between discomfort and delight.

"Easy now, just breathe," Deija soothed, caressing the taut globes of Sonja's massive seat. She continued to swirl her tongue until Sonja rocked back for more. Taking it as encouragement, Deija speared her tongue and pushed deeper into the tight channel. She swirled and thrust, lubricating the passage with liberal amounts of saliva. Sonja was soon writhing beneath her ministrations, broken cries muffled in the furs as this new pleasure overwhelmed her senses.

"Yes, Deija, more!" Sonja begged, grinding her hips back shamelessly, lost in the hedonistic sensations.

Satisfied that Sonja was ready, Deija replaced her tongue with a slender finger, sliding it knuckle-deep into the warrior's slick passage. Sonja moaned throatily at the penetration, inner walls clutching at Deija's digit. Keeping a steady rhythm, Deija added a second finger, twisting and scissoring them to further stretch Sonja's tight hole. More guttural cries filled the room, Sonja's arms nearly buckling from the stimulation.

Finally Deija slipped a third finger in alongside the first two, pumping them steadily in and out of Sonja's well-lubricated entrance. Sonja was lost in bliss, pushing back desperately to take those talented fingers deeper.

"Scáthach save me, I can't...I'm going to..." Sonja panted in warning.

Sensing Sonja was close, Deija leaned forward and sealed her lips around her swollen clit, flicking it rapidly with her tongue. At the same time she crooked her fingers, finding and stroking that hidden pleasure spot

within.

Sonja came undone with a sharp wail, inner walls spasming around Deija's buried fingers. The thief stroked her through every pulse of ecstasy until Sonja collapsed bonelessly amidst the rumpled furs.

As Sonja caught her breath, Deija sensually licked her fingers clean, savoring the sweet musky taste of the spent warriorress.

"Well, what did I tell you?" Deija purred smugly, stretching out beside Sonja and propping up on one elbow. "Sometimes you just have to relinquish control and trust in the pleasure I can give you."

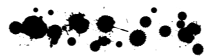
Sonja could only offer a dazed smile in return, still seeing stars from perhaps the most powerful climax of her life. As feeling returned to her limp limbs, she reached up and pulled Deija down into a breathless kiss.

"Mmm, I may have to let you take charge more often," Sonja admitted with a throaty laugh.

Deija grinned wickedly at the concession. "Oh I have so much more to show you, my warrior vixen. Our night is far from over..."

The animal skins beneath them were infused with the musky scent of fur, mingling with the raw stench of sex permeating the small room. But Sonja and Deija were oblivious to anything but the exhilarating taste and feel of each other's kisses as they explored one another's bodies over and over. The night passed in a blur of snarled hair, raked nails, bruised lips and thrashing limbs. No restraint, no tenderness, just pure lusty abandon.

As dawn's light finally peeked through the curtains, the two women collapsed in a satisfied heap. Sonja was exhausted, thoroughly ravished after having met her match in this wild minx. Sleep claimed them still intertwined, their adventurous spirits sated.



Sonja's eyes fluttered open as morning light filtered into the room. For a moment she was disoriented, then memories of the passionate night came flooding back. She tensed, realizing there was a warm body still pressed against her own beneath the furs.

Slowly she turned her head to see Deija curled up beside her, ebony skin

glowing in the dawn light. Her eyes were closed, full lips slightly parted as she slept. Sonja watched the steady rise and fall of her chest for a few moments, struck by how young and peaceful the clever thief looked in repose.

Careful not to wake her bedmate, Sonja extricated herself from the tangle of limbs and furs. She grimaced slightly at the soreness between her thighs as she stood, a lingering reminder of their vigorous lovemaking. After cleaning herself up and donning a simple tunic, she moved quietly to peer out the small window overlooking the street below.

The morning bustle of the town was just beginning. Merchants were opening their stalls, while the aroma of freshly baked bread wafted from a bakery across the way. Sonja observed the mundane scenes, pensive. She had not intended to spend the entire night with Deija. Her body still thrummed pleasantly from their passionate trysts, but she knew it was foolish to grow attached.

As she watched a pair of children race by, laughing merrily, she felt the thief stir behind her. Sonja turned to see Deija sitting up slowly, the furs pooling around her naked waist. She met Sonja's gaze evenly, making no attempt to cover herself.

"Good morning," Deija purred, full lips curving in a lazy smile.

"Morning." Sonja replied neutrally.

Deija stretched her arms above her head, lithe muscles flexing. "I hope you slept well after our...vigorous exertions."

The corner of Sonja's mouth quirked up briefly. "Well enough, once exhaustion took over."

"It was quite an enjoyable way to tire each other out, no?" Deija grinned playfully as she slid from the bed and began dressing in her discarded leather garb.

Sonja didn't reply, watching the thief's movements closely. She expected Deija to hastily gather her things and take her leave now that their lusty encounter was over.

But the minx seemed unhurried, straightening her attire and finger-combing the tangles from her thick black hair. When she finished, Deija turned back to Sonja with a bold look.

"I don't know about you, but I worked up quite an appetite last night.

What do you say we raid the kitchens for some breakfast before we're back on the road?"

Sonja raised an eyebrow, caught off guard by the suggestion. "We?"

Deija smiled, slow and intentionally provocative. She stepped closer, reaching out to trail a finger down Sonja's arm.

"Of course. You didn't think I would sneak off before properly saying goodbye, did you?"

Her voice dropped to a sultry purr.

"I'm not finished with you yet, my warrior vixen."

Despite herself, Sonja felt a flare of renewed desire at the throaty words and heated look in those clever amber eyes. Her own blue eyes narrowed appraisingly.

"I thought you would be gone before I woke," she admitted.

Deija tilted her head, gaze intent on Sonja's face.

"And miss seeing you bathed in dawn's light, looking thoroughly ravished? Never."

She leaned in, lips brushing Sonja's ear.

"I'm still here, aren't I?" she murmured before pulling back.

Sonja drew in a slow breath, pulse quickening. As much as she cautioned herself against getting entangled with this unpredictable thief, she couldn't deny her own lingering attraction. Perhaps a bit more time together wouldn't hurt.

"So it seems," Sonja replied at last, the corner of her mouth quirking up.

She stepped past Deija to grab her sword belt and buckle it on. When she turned back, the thief was watching her hungrily.

"Well then," Sonja said briskly, "let's see if we can charm some food from the innkeeper before we're back on the road."

Deija's grin turned feline. "With you by my side, I'm sure we can be very persuasive."

She glided to Sonja's side and hooked their arms together. Sonja laughed throatily and allowed herself to be led from the room, anticipation simmering within her breast.

This clever thief was full of surprises. And though Sonja knew their time together would be brief, she found herself eager to make the most of it.

For now, she would enjoy Deija's intoxicating company—and body—for as long as their paths aligned.



The market square bustled with activity as Sonja and Deija made their way through the crowded stalls and vendors. The smoky scents of grilled meat and fresh bread mingled with the earthier smells of livestock and produce for sale. Merchants hawked their wares loudly over the din of chatter, while children darted underfoot giggling as they played tag amidst the forest of legs.

Deija led them to a bakery stall, drawn by the mouthwatering aroma of freshly baked rolls and sweetcakes. As they waited in line, Deija spotted a large notice nailed to a nearby post, emblazoned with bold lettering:



Deija's eyes lit up as she quickly scanned the details. She grabbed Sonja's arm excitedly. "Sonja, look! You should enter this tournament."

Sonja glanced at the sign indifferently. "A local arena bout? I've had my share of those over the years."

"But think of the reward," Deija insisted. "500 pieces of gold is nothing to sneeze at. Plus imagine the thrill of the crowd cheering your name as you defeat opponent after opponent."

"Fame and fortune come and go. I have nothing left to prove in such contests," Sonja replied with a dismissive wave of her hand. Deija moved closer, fingers trailing up Sonja's bare arm persuasively.

"Come now, it would be so exciting to watch you in action, displaying your skills before an audience. I can picture it now—your rippling muscles glistening with sweat and oil as your sword slices through the air..." Her voice dropped to a sultry purr. "I confess, the image is quite tantalizing. And the contest starts tonight! What are the odds? Surely this event was fated to be."

A small smile quirked Sonja's lips at the provocative words. Still, she hesitated. Sensing her wavering resolve, Deija pressed on. "Imagine me there watching from the stands as you claim victory, so impressed and desiring of the battle-flushed warrior who emerges triumphant..."

Sonja felt a spark of arousal at the painted picture. She could see Deija's amber eyes dark with longing as they raked over her battle-primed body. The smug thief certainly knew which of her weaknesses to exploit. With a resigned chuckle, Sonja dipped her chin in acquiescence.

"Very well, you silver-tongued minx. I'll enter this tournament, if only to impress you with my martial skills."

Deija beamed, looking extremely pleased with herself. "Excellent! We'll go to the arena master after breakfast and get you signed up." She leaned in close, warm breath tickling Sonja's ear. "And I promise, you won't regret it."

The suggestive words sent a tingle down Sonja's spine. Clearly Deija intended to make the venture worth her while in more ways than one. Shaking her head wryly, Sonja allowed the eager thief to lead her forward as the bakery line moved, feeling her own excitement begin to build at the prospect of honing her battle skills for both glory and passion.



Having sated their hunger with sweetcakes and hot tea, Sonja and Deija approached the arena. It was little more than a sand-strewn pit adapted from what looked like an old mine shaft. Rough-hewn stone benches surrounded the central arena in ascending tiers carved right from the rock walls.

Sonja looked around, her warrior instincts taking in every detail. The arena was relatively small, able to hold perhaps a few hundred spectators at most. A rickety wooden palisade rimmed the top, partially shielding the pit from sunlight. The sand floor was uneven and strewn with rocks and debris that could prove treacherous footing in battle. She made note of a few wooden pillars supporting the overhead canopy that could provide cover.

Overall though, the place had an amateurish, thrown-together feel. Sonja was confident she could defeat whatever feeble opponents they put before her in this backwater arena. She would likely have to hold back just to give the audience a decent show lasting longer than a few seconds.

Deija excitedly pulled Sonja toward the shaded stand nearby, where a burly man, Grusk the arena master, was accepting applications from tournament hopefuls. Sonja sauntered up and without fuss or greeting signed her name with a flourish: Red Sonja.

Grusk's eyes widened as he looked from the parchment up at her face.

"Red Sonja? The legendary She-Devil herself?"

His eyes roamed over her tall, athletic frame, lingering on the broadsword belted at her hip. Though clad simply in worn traveling leathers and looking a bit ruffled from the night's activities, she certainly had the bearing of a seasoned warrior.

"That's right," Sonja confirmed with a cocky grin.

The man gasped in shocked delight. "Well bless me gods, what an honor! We've never had such a famed swordswoman compete here before. Folks will come from miles around once word spreads! My coffers will burst!"

Sonja flashed a confident smile, straightening to her full imposing height. "Then I suggest you better fortify this place to handle the crowds."

"Yes, yes of course!" The arena master babbled excitedly. He was practically salivating over the prospect of the boon she would bring to his

modest establishment.

“Here, this will get you in to the fighter’s quarters.” He handed her a wooden token stamped with a red claw. “Now, please excuse me, I must make arrangements for tonight... Red Sonja! Here! Glorious!”

Sonja turned and left the blubbering man to his elation, hips swaying confidently. At her side, Deija matched her smug stride, linking their arms together.

“See, I told you this was a good idea,” she purred.

“Perhaps you were right...” Sonja conceded. The awe and deference in the man’s manner had pleased her ego immensely. This backwater arena contest would be child’s play, but she found herself looking forward to displaying her skills and soaking in the admiration of the crowds. With 500 pieces of gold as reward, and Deija watching closely, it promised to be a pleasurable diversion.

“...I do look forward to putting on a good show for the crowd.” She ran a hand teasingly along the swell of Deija’s leather-clad hip. “Especially a certain vexing thief who shall remain nameless.”

Deija grinned, grabbing Sonja’s roving hand. “Oh, I’ll be screaming your name loudly enough for everyone to hear once you’re victorious. But first...” She leaned in close, wrinkling her nose as she gave an exaggerated sniff in Sonja’s direction.

“I believe someone’s getting a bit ripe,” she remarked, fanning theatrically in front of her face. “Come to think of it, we both could use a bath before your big arena debut tonight.”

Sonja lifted an arm to sniff herself, catching a whiff of stale sex, mixed with dried sweat and earthy grime built up from days on the road. She flashed a wry grin at her companion.

“I suppose you’re right. Can’t have me offending the audience’s noses, now can we?”

Deija sidled up behind Sonja, slipping her arms around the warrior’s trim waist. She nuzzled into Sonja’s mane of fiery red hair.

“Mmm no, we need you looking and smelling your absolute best tonight,” she purred. “Luckily, I spotted a secluded forest stream just a mile west of town. It’s surrounded by willows and reeds—perfect for bathing in

the raw.”

The mental image was certainly appealing. “Lead the way then,” Sonja said.

The two women saddled up their horses and rode out of town along a winding dirt track. Soon the faint sounds of running water could be heard up ahead. They tied off their mounts and made their way through the trees until coming upon the brook Deija had described. It was idyllic, with sunlight filtering down through the swaying willow branches to dapple the clear water. Dragonflies and butterflies flitted among the tall grasses, and birdsong filled the air.

Without hesitation, Deija began stripping off her leather garb, casting occasional glances back at Sonja. With an amused huff, Sonja followed suit, peeling away her grimy tunic and breeches until they both stood naked on the mossy bank.

Despite having already intimately explored each other’s bodies the night before, Sonja still paused to admire Deija’s lithe figure. The dappled sunlight only enhanced her beauty—tracing each subtle curve and contour, gilding her smooth ebony skin. She was a vision of feminine grace.

Sonja smirked as she noticed Deija’s gaze traveling appreciatively over her own bare form in return.

“See something you like?” Sonja teased.

“Always,” Deija purred in response.

With a playful laugh, Sonja turned and waded into the brisk water, gritting her teeth at the chilly bite. She submerged herself fully to wet her hair, then began working the water through her grimy locks and over her sweat-slick skin.

Deija joined her in the waist-deep pool and insisted on helping scrub every inch of the warrior’s athletic body. Sonja closed her eyes and relaxed into the pampering attention, secretly enjoying having those nimble thief’s hands gliding over her wet naked curves.

Despite the pleasurable distraction, some small voice of wariness nagged at Sonja from the back of her mind. This was all happening rather conveniently, and Deija’s interest struck her as oddly intense considering they were near strangers still. But the minx chose that moment to grasp and

squeeze Sonja's bare bottom under the water, eliciting a throaty chuckle. Sonja pushed her concerns aside, deciding there was no use second-guessing things. She resolved to simply enjoy herself, while keeping just enough caution to avoid any foolish mistakes.

Freshly scrubbed, the pair emerged glistening from the stream and sprawled out nude on the grassy bank to dry in the warm sun. Deija reclined lazily, keen eyes wandering over every inch of the warriorress splayed out beside her. For her part, Sonja decided to limber up with some stretches and practice moves before tonight's contest. Confidence was one thing, but it would be sheer stupidity to come to a fight unprepared, legendary warrior or not.

She began working methodically through every toned muscle—back arched, arms reached overhead, legs spread in deep lunges, feeling her body relax into each position. The sun soon had her wet skin drying in a fine sheen, chest rising and falling steadily with her deep breaths. Sonja flowed through her stretches with catlike grace, honing her battle-ready edge. She sank into a deep lunge, powerful thighs burning as she held the position, feeling her hamstrings extend. With a slow exhale, she shifted into a wide stance, spreading her arms out perpendicular to her body. She arched her back, thrusting her full, round breasts toward the sky as she reached behind to grasp her own wrists, elongating her torso. She held the extended stretch for a long moment, muscles quivering, before releasing with a sigh. Shaking out her arms, she moved into a combat-ready crouch, knees bent, core engaged, and began to shadowbox. Her fiery red mane swished around her shoulders as she ducked and wove, throwing practiced jabs and crosses. She pictured an imaginary foe, visualizing her strikes landing solidly, driving them back. Beads of sweat pearled on her brow despite the cool breeze, dripping down between the swells of her cleavage.



Deija watched the display in awe, her gaze fixed on the vision of feminine perfection before her. Those magnificent muscles, the damp fiery strands of hair, the pale freckled skin—Sonja embodied physical perfection. With feline grace she flowed through each martial pose, radiating controlled power and confidence.

Deija's eyes roved over Sonja's supple form, drinking in every detail. The sunlight gleamed off her still-damp skin, tracing over contours both strong and shapely. Her full, round breasts swayed with each lunge, the rosy nipples pebbled in the cool air.

As Sonja arched backward, hands braced on the grass, her torso formed an alluring curve from chest to tight abdomen. Deija's gaze traveled lower, to the thatch of fiery curls at the apex of Sonja's thighs. Those long, muscular legs opened into deep splits, exposing the cleft between. Sonja's naked beauty left nothing hidden from view.

Watching the sensual display, Deija felt a throb of desire pulse through her core. Her nipples stiffened and she rubbed her thighs together, feeling the slick evidence of her arousal. Unable to resist, her hand slid down her belly to graze through the trim patch of curls covering her own mound.

Sonja's eyes flickered open at the movement. She caught the heated look on Deija's face and realized what effect her impromptu exercise session was having. A knowing smirk danced on her lips. Without breaking her current pose, she parted her thighs wider in blatant invitation.

“Don't stop on my account,” Sonja purred.

Deija licked her lips, never breaking eye contact with the warriorress. Her fingers slid through her wet folds, ripples of pleasure making her shiver. Still, she wanted to draw out the exquisite torture.

Sonja drank in the erotic sight, feeling her own desire coil hotly. As Deija's strokes quickened, Sonja flowed smoothly into another pose, forcing the thief to pause her ministrations.

As Sonja limbered her flawless body, Deija envisioned those strong hands gripping her instead, those powerful thighs clamping her down. The mental image stole her breath away.

Satisfied with her flexibility warmup, Sonja grabbed her sword and launched smoothly into a series of strikes, slashes, lunges and parries executed

with fluid precision. Her taut muscles rippled beneath her freckled skin as she moved through each sequence, blade whistling sharply through the air. She spun and pivoted on the balls of her feet, hips swiveling as she envisioned opponents being cut down on all sides. Had there been any hidden spectators, they would have borne witness to a marvel of deadly grace. As it was, that privilege was reserved for one very flustered and awed thief.

When Sonja finally halted, body tingling pleasantly from the exertion, she found Deija staring with rapt attention. Those clever amber eyes were wide, roaming hungrily over every inch of Sonja's nude form.

"By all the gods, you're magnificent," Deija breathed. "Everything about you is absolute perfection."

Sonja cocked a hip, well aware of the alluring picture she presented fresh from exertion, naked skin aglow. She flashed a cocky grin at the open admiration, secretly very pleased by her bedmate's awestruck reaction. She sauntered over and pulled Deija up into a passionate kiss.

"If you keep looking at me like that, we may never make it to town for the tournament," Sonja teased throatily.

Deija seemed tempted to take her up on the offer, hands wandering greedily. But finally she pulled back with a regretful sigh.

"As enjoyable as that would be, I can't risk tiring you out before you get to that arena." Her eyes swept Sonja's body once more. "You are truly a marvel to behold in action. Tonight will be legendary."

Sonja laughed, giving Deija a playful swat on her shapely rear. "Then let's get moving before you distract me further, you insatiable minx."

Deija rose fluidly and followed, lips pouting in playful disappointment that the show had ended. But her gaze continued wandering eagerly over Sonja's curves as they walked back toward the horses, anticipation building within her core for the night ahead.

The pair quickly dressed and mounted up, spirits high and anticipation building as they rode back toward town and the upcoming tournament. While some small doubts still lingered in Sonja's mind, she found herself caught up in Deija's infectious enthusiasm for the event. And she had to admit, the promise of unbridled passion afterward gave her extra motivation to put on a spectacular show of swordplay for her eager new lover.



The sun hovered just above the horizon, bathing the dusty streets of Kusan in hues of orange and pink as evening approached. An air of excitement charged the small town, with people bustling about making final preparations for the grand tournament about to take place at the arena.

Sonja and Deija made their way through the crowds, drawing appreciative looks and hushed murmurs as they went. Sonja cut a striking figure, outfitted in her signature two-piece chainmail armor that left little to the imagination. The links of burnished steel molded perfectly to every curve and contour, the metal polished to a high sheen that caught the fading light. Intricate patterns were etched along the sides, accentuating her trim waist and the sensual flair of her hips. Fiery red hair spilled loosely over her shoulders in braids woven with silver thread, an elaborate style courtesy of Deija's nimble fingers. She radiated lethal beauty, exuding pure confidence with every long-legged stride. Her piercing blue eyes stared straight ahead, focused and battle-ready. The hilt of her broadsword jutted up from behind her shoulder, the pommel emblazoned with a polished ruby that flashed crimson.

Beside the imposing warriorress strode Deija, looking equally stunning in her own way. She too had dressed to impress for the occasion in skintight black leather breeches that hugged every curve from waist to ankle. Her calfskin top was little more than a halter for her breasts, leaving her ebony arms and midriff bare. It plunged low in the front, displaying a tantalizing view of gleaming dark cleavage. Knee-high boots with a raised heel accentuated her legs, adding a provocative sway to her hips. Deija's short black hair framed her oval face in tight curls. Her lips were painted a deep burgundy and lined with kohl around her exotic amber eyes.

Together the two women made for a breathtaking pair as they walked with purpose toward the arena. Eyes widened and heads turned at the sight, craftsmen stopping their work to stare open-mouthed. A hush seemed to fall over the street. The crowds parted before them, a mix of awe and intimidation on the faces they passed. None dared approach or utter any remarks, be they complimentary or crude. Not with Sonja's imposing form towering over

them; her gleaming sword, muscled form, and confident gait more than enough warning to stifle such notions. Her piercing blue gaze remained locked straight ahead, though her lips quirked occasionally at the stir they caused.

At the arched entrance to the arena, Sonja halted and turned to Deija. Her eyes softened as she smiled and lifted a hand to caress the thief's cheek in a rare display of fondness.

"Thank you for all your efforts today. I know this started as your scheme, but I'll admit this contest has my blood pumping now."

Deija leaned into Sonja's calloused palm, turning her face to press a kiss there.

"I can see the battle-lust in your eyes, my warrior vixen. And you look absolutely magnificent."

She let her gaze linger over Sonja's magnificent form one last time before the night's events separated them. Around that shiny chainmail armor—and beneath it too—her bare skin was glossy and slick with fragrant oil that Deija had insistently worked over every inch of freckled paleness. The oil's sheen accentuated each curve and contour, making Sonja's muscular physique gleam. Deija was quite proud of her handiwork preparing the warrior for battle.

"Now go show them the marvel that is Red Sonja the She-Devil in action," she said in a husky voice.

Sonja's grin turned wolfish at the encouragement. She nodded and turned to enter the tunnel leading down to the sands, her predatory excitement rising. This insignificant backwater arena was about to bear witness to a true champion.

Deija remained for a moment, watching her fiery companion disappear into the shadows. The hint of a smug grin slowly creased her lips, along with a flickering glint of malice in her eyes. Her pulse raced in anticipation as she turned and made her way up the stone steps to claim a prime seat overlooking the central pit. The stands were packed, but the crowds gave her a wide berth. Soon, Sonja would emerge into the torch-lit arena below and give them all a spectacle they would never forget. Deija intended to savor every moment.



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About the Author

Writing has always been my passion in life, and I intend to keep on doing it until I drop. I am intrigued by the many aspects of sex and human intimacy, the deviant parts of our psyche, and the exchange of euphoria between souls.

To that end, I am a creator of Erotica, often focused on strong, capable women being subjugated and tested in perilous ways. This could be anything from cruel predicament bondage or torture in a medieval dungeon to the daily struggle of life in a harsh dom/sub relationship.

I see writing as a means to experiment with these fantasies and push the boundaries of what is hot or not within a safe environment. Today I invite you to join me on that journey.

-Edgar

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