

# Warrior Slave

By Barbarian Queen 2

This is for Outlaw At Large...as you requested My friend.

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The chains rattled as he moved. He stood, head bowed, muscles tight and quivering with the effort not to resist. He listened to the murmurs around him. His lowered eyes glittered. His lips curled back from his teeth in a silent snarl as his large, powerful hands clenched in fists.

A sudden silence. Although his eyes still glittered, he relaxed his hands and smoothed his expression. The woman that strode into the room was tall. She moved with a fluid grace that made every male eye in the room follow her. And she wore the paired blades of a top ranked D'ashai warrior.

"Look at me, slave." Her voice was rich and husky. A voice meant for passion. He could not help the growl that rumbled deep in his chest. Or the sudden stirring in his groin. Slowly, he raised his head, his eyes traveling up from her well worn boots, over her long legs, to her generous breasts, and finally to her cool hazel eyes.

His angry gaze did not make her uncomfortable. A glint of amusement touched her eyes. This huge man stood in rags and chains, no weapons in reach—and he was obviously no stranger to weapons as his muscles and scars proved—and he had the temerity to growl at her. Her cool hazel eyes met his hot amber gaze. Unusual eyes.

"So, slave," she said, her lips twitching as he growled again, "how came you here?"

"Betrayal," he growled. She raised an eyebrow. "My...cousin," he spat the word, "gave me drugged wine and sold me to slavers." He saw a brief flash of distaste when he mentioned slavers.

She looked past him, her eyes now cold. "Slavers?"

"No, D'ashai," replied a woman behind him. His amber eyes blinked. Only one person was called D'ashai. The queen. "My patrol found an encampment in forbidden territory. When we approached, we were fired upon. He is one of the spoils of the engagement. Along with the others." He saw the queen look over at the other slaves from the camp. Exhausted, frightened men and women chained together, huddled in a corner.

"The slavers?"

"Killed or fled, D'ashai."

The queen nodded. She looked over the other slaves. Turning to the young warrior who had spoken, she gestured to the slaves. "You and your women may have these as your spoils. Treat them well that you may prosper." She turned again to look up into amber eyes. "This one is the queen's tithe." The young warrior bowed in thanks. They gathered their booty and left.

"Come with me," said the queen.

The big man followed, his eyes on her hips. Another twitch in his groin. Her worn boots were calf high. Her warrior's garb of leather and linen covering her. Mostly. He had a good view of her long legs and strong back. He growled softly again. Long legs had gotten him into this. That slave of his cousin's.

Ravia, D'ashai, queen, smiled as she walked in front of her new slave, knowing he could not see her expression. He was growling again. It made him sound like one of those huge striped hunting cats. She led him to her chambers.

"Kaly!" she called as they entered.

A middle aged man appeared and bowed. "D'ashai."

"Have a bath prepared and call the armorer." She looked up at the big man again. "And bring some tunics and treads," she said. "Very large ones."

Kaly bowed again. "D'ashai."

Within moments the armorer appeared and bowed.

"Sivan," said Ravia, "remove those chains." She gestured to the big man.

"D'ashai?" Sivan looked doubtfully at the big man. Ravia just gestured again. With a sigh that said as plainly as words that he hoped she knew what she was doing, Sivan took out his tools and began removing the chains.

The big man shuddered as the chains fell away. His first thought was to get his hands on weapons and escape. He moved, cat quick, only to find her blades bracketing his throat. He had not seen her move. He felt a trickle of wetness slide down his neck.

"You'll not try that again," she said softly, "will you." It was not a question.

He held statue still. Then he sighed carefully. "No, D'ashai."

Her cool eyes held his. "Your word on it." Ravia saw the tremor pass through him. She was asking his word. As a warrior. If he gave it, he was bound until she released him. She did not move, her blades still at his neck.

"If I do not give my word, D'ashai," he rumbled, "what then?"

"Shackles." Her tone was uncompromising, telling him to choose.

"And if I give my word?"

"A collar. To mark you as mine."

For long moments, his eyes searched hers. Then, "I give my word, D'ashai, before my gods and yours."

Ravia stepped back and sheathed her blades. Sivan shook his head, surprised they both weren't dead. "Thank you, Sivan," said Ravia. Sivan gathered his tools and the discarded chains, bowed and left.

"Come," she said, turning her back on the huge man and walking to another room. He followed silently. The bath was huge, almost a pool, the water gently steaming. She gestured to the water.

He hesitated only briefly, the desire to be clean outweighing his sudden, brief embarrassment. Stripping off the rags, he stepped into the steaming water. Hissing softly as the heat stung his scrapes and bruises. He had not been a compliant slave. His eyes closed as the warmth began to relax him.

At first, he thought one of his own body slaves was bathing him when the soapy cloth and strong hands began on his shoulders. Then he remembered and tensed. His eyes snapped open to focus on amused hazel eyes gazing at him. The low growl again rumbled deep in his chest. He would have moved away, but her body was too close.

"D'ashai?"

"I wish to care for what is mine," she said as she continued to wash him. She ignored the brief spark of anger in his eyes at the reminder of his status. She felt the tenseness in him. "How are you called," she asked, her hands still on his body.

"Tyr," he replied reluctantly. Her hands were on his stomach, moving in slow circles.

"Stand up, Tyr."

He slowly stood. She looked him over, causing him to flush. Then she began to wash his genitals. He tensed in shock, then he flushed again as her gentle touch caused him to harden and swell.

"Sit." Gratefully, he sank back into the water, glad to hide his rising lust. Ravia put her hands on his shoulders and swung one long leg across his body. The feel of her skin on his made him throb harder. "You are mine," she said softly and mounted him.

She moaned softly as his hard penis entered her. "Mmmm," she murmured as she took him deeper into her body. Her movements were slow and deliberate, her tight heat caressing his massive shaft. He trembled, trying to control his rising need, certain that if he gave into it, he would be punished. Yet he wanted nothing more than to rise from the bath with her impaled on him and to lay her down and take her until she screamed.

"Very good, Tyr," she whispered, "control, always control." She moved on him, her hips rising and falling, rocking against him. He was growling again, his body responding to her, his hips beginning to move with her. Her lips teased his ear, her breath warm as she whispered, "Do you want release?"

Her flesh on his was fire along his nerves, her body around him was fueling his growing need. "Aaaahhh, D'ashai!" he growled, "Yes!"

Her lips moved close to his, her hot gaze capturing his amber eyes. "Release!" she commanded. And her lips claimed his, deeply, passion flaring, pooling, exploding. Their bodies clenched and convulsed, their lips fused in passion. He never knew how long it went on, only that when he was again aware, she was in his arms, her breath soft on his skin. She quivered and slowly raised herself off his softening penis.

Greatly daring, he kissed her breasts, soft lingering kisses. She caressed his head, then moved away from him.

"My warrior slave," she murmured.

"My Mistress Queen," he replied softly, knowing he was truly hers. She caressed his face, then rose from the bath.

"Finish, Tyr," she said, "then come to me." A last lingering caress and she left him.

Tyr quickly finished. He found a silk tunic, leather trews, and soft ankle boots waiting for him. He dressed quickly and returned to her. Ravia was seated at a desk littered with papers. "D'ashai," he said softly, bowing.

"Kneel, Tyr."

Slowly, he dropped to his knees. She got up and moved around the desk.

"I have chosen a collar for you, Tyr."

He swallowed hard. The collar. He had put slave collars on others. Heavy iron, ugly, proclaiming the wearer's status. She was behind him now. He felt something cool touch his throat. He heard a faint "snick" as she fastened it. It rested easy on his neck, not as heavy as he had expected.

"Look at your collar, my warrior slave," she murmured.

He looked into the mirror she held. The ugly iron band that he expected was not what his eyes beheld. The thin band on his throat was of dark gold set with a single cabochon amber stone placed in the center. It seemed more a nobleman's torc than a slave collar. His fingers touched it.

"D'ashai?" His confusion was evident in his question.

She smiled down at him. "You gave me your word," she said. "This is my collar. I have never placed it on another. It marks you as mine and mine alone." Her finger traced the line of his jaw. "These, also, will you bear," she said as she handed him a set of paired blades like her own, though heavier and longer.

"D'ashai? Weapons?"

"You are a warrior. And I have your pledge. Your duties, my warrior slave, are to ward me, to do whatever I require of you."

He bowed low as he knelt. "As my Mistress Queen desires," he murmured.

And that is how Ravia, D'ashai, Queen, took a slave as tribute and found a warrior. What happened after is another tale.