

Warrior Women Erotic Stories

THE ALTAR OF TEMPTATION

by Trisha Monks

The Wood Elves take religion very seriously. In the great forests where they establish their dwellings, their priests and priestesses build temples, shrines and altars beside every path, pool or spring. The temples are usually nothing more than large green tents erected in a clearing among the trees, where a small number of devotees worship a particular goddess and perform daily rites in her honour. The cults of some deities allow male and female devotees to dwell together, while others are reserved solely for one gender. Among the latter is the Cult of Niniel, the Goddess of Purity, whose priestesses encourage young elf maidens to cherish their virginity until they choose a husband.

The immortality of Elves means that they do not age in the manner of humans. Their faces carry no wrinkles, nor do their hair turn grey as the years progress. Thus, an elf of five hundred summers looks similar to a human of thirty. However, like humans they reach sexual maturity during their teens, which awakes in their young folk a desire to sleep with their peers. This usually leads to most young elves losing their virginity between the ages of eighteen and twenty, partly because the sexual appetite of their race is so high. Being an affectionate and uninhibited people, Elves find it extremely difficult to restrain themselves whenever they encounter an opportunity to make love. Bisexuality is always the norm among their tribes, which further increases the temptations of the flesh.

In some families, the preservation of female virginity is regarded as a noble challenge. Young elf women who reach the age of twenty-one without surrendering their maidenhood are generally admired. A proud father will openly boast about his daughter's intact hymen, receiving the envy and congratulation of his friends. Other fathers, whose female offspring yield to temptation at age eighteen or nineteen, will shake their heads sadly and say: "If only I had sent my girl to the Cult of Niniel."

Sending a teenage daughter to worship at Niniel's temples is the only way to preserve her virginity. Each temple is maintained by a priestess, who allows three maidens to worship there for a three-year period. The girls arrive at age eighteen and depart on the eve of their twenty-first birthdays, having been taught to place a high value on their intact hymens. Devotion to the Goddess of Purity is nevertheless no easy task, for it requires each maiden to learn how to resist sexual temptation. For some girls, the ordeal proves too much, and they go home without completing the task. For others, the challenge is overcome with fortitude, and they return to their families bearing a fierce determination to preserve their virginity for as long as possible. Many such maidens eventually themselves become priestesses of Niniel, setting up small temples in the forests near their homes.

Each temple is basically a dome-shaped tent of green cloth, often no more than twenty feet in diameter, in which the priestess dwells with her trio of young disciples. They all sleep on the ground, on soft beds of heaped furs, the priestess sleeping near the entrance-flap of the tent, the three maidens residing on the further side. In the centre of the tent a fifth bed serves as the Altar of Temptation. Upon this bed sleeps a naked male: not an elf, but a handsome human whom the priestess selects especially for the role. Male elves are forbidden to enter any temple of the Goddess of Purity, but this rule does not apply to other races. It is in fact customary for human men to be chosen for the task, chiefly because most of them are more attractive than orcs or dwarves. The main criteria for selection are handsome features, a finely-sculpted body and a well-endowed penis.

These men are always slaves, often prisoners-of-war, whom the Wood Elves capture on the forest trails. Most prisoners are used as forced labour, toiling like chained rats in the secret silver mines that provide the elf realms with their enormous wealth. The fortunate ones are those whom the priestesses of Niniel select for temple duties, for these men are always released after three years of energetic service on the Altar of Temptation. One such fellow is Talbert of Zamur, a corporal in the Turenna Legion of the kingdom of Sorkin. At the age of thirty-one, while leading a patrol of soldiers through a vast forest, he was attacked by Wood Elf archers and captured as a prisoner-of-war. This is his story ...

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"My name is Talbert and I am thirty-four years old. Two months ago, I returned to my regiment after spending three years as a captive of the Wood Elves. During that time I was kept as a slave by one of the priestesses of Niniel, the elvish Goddess of Purity, in a green tent among the deep woodlands.

"On the day of my capture I was taken into the heart of the forest by the elf bowmen who had slain two-thirds of my squad. In a quiet clearing, far from any path, my three surviving comrades and myself were forced to strip. We felt extremely frightened, for the Wood Elves are not renowned for their mercy towards warriors of Sorkin. A dozen elvish males formed a circle around us, watching us as we undressed. It was very humiliating, because our captors laughed and jeered, mostly in their own strange language. Most of them were around six feet tall, of similar height to myself, with long blond hair and pale skin. Their eyes were blue, or icy grey, or pale green, and their ears were pointed. They wore green and brown clothes, which is why it is so difficult to glimpse them among the trees whenever they lie in wait for our patrols.

"My comrades and I had heard many tales about how Wood Elves treat their prisoners. The whole race is said to be bisexual, and this soon became evident to us as we stood naked and terrified in that forest glade. All four of us were groped and pawed by our captors, who seemed to focus much of their lewd attention on me. I had previously been told that these folk have a special passion for dark-haired, brown-eyed, swarthy human males, such as myself, especially those of us who are also tall and good-looking. The elvish men touched me all over my body as I stood silent and helpless, like a nude statue. They stroked my penis, admiring its dimensions, for I am rather well-endowed. Needless to say, I did not feel any arousal from their soft caresses, nor did I show any hint of an erection, for I have no homosexual inclinations at all.

"My three comrades were escorted away through the trees. I do not know what happened to them after that. Two elf archers stayed behind to guard me, while two others walked away to summon a priestess of Niniel who had a temple nearby. Apparently, this lady had recently freed her human slave after his three-year captivity and urgently required a replacement. Within an hour the priestess arrived at the glade and immediately expressed her delight to find a handsome human standing naked in the dappled sunlight. She seemed greatly pleased when she observed the length of my penis, telling the two archers that I would be a perfect servant of the Goddess of Purity. At that time I had no idea what she was talking about, for I knew nothing of Wood Elf religion. I had never heard of a deity called Niniel, nor did I understand why the size of my manhood seemed so important to the priestess. Using the Common Speech, she asked me my name and told me that she was called Raheli. She was no shorter than I, and her loveliness was absolutely breathtaking. Her face was beautiful, with cool blue eyes and elegant features, while her hair was a blonde mane that hung down to her shapely backside. Beneath her flowing gown of green silk her slender

body displayed the sleek curves of a graceful athlete.

"She clasped a collar of silver around my neck and attached it to a silky grey rope, using the latter as a leash while she led me at a brisk pace into the depths of the forest. After a few minutes we reached a small clearing beside a little stream and so came to the green tent where she dwelt with her disciples. This tent was a temple of the goddess Niniel, and this would be my home for the next three years.

"The interior of the tent was a circular space, barely ten paces in diameter. A bed of piled furs lay in the centre, while three other beds lay close together at one side. Near the entrance-flap lay a fifth bed, which Raheli said was hers. The central bed was where I would sleep, and Raheli called it the Altar of Temptation. Upon its surface, she said, I must undertake the sacred tasks for which I had been selected. The remaining three beds were for the disciples of the Goddess, a trio of virgin elf girls, but these were nowhere to be seen.

"Raheli led me outside and told me to bathe in the stream. The water felt very cold, and I shivered as she dried my skin with soft white towels. Each morning, she said, I would be required to wash my body thoroughly, even during the winter. She then lit a fire and spread a blanket close beside it. Upon this I was ordered to lie down, on my back, while Raheli knelt nearby. In a strange language she murmured various incantations, occasionally closing her eyes and crossing her pale hands over her heaving bosom. If I had been foolish I might have tried to escape, for the rope had been removed from my silver neck-collar, but Raheli had already warned me to forget such thoughts. If I ran off, I would be swiftly caught by the stealthy archers who roamed the woods. She described in lurid detail what male elves generally do with prisoners who try to flee, and her account was not pleasant.

"After muttering her incantations and throwing some red powder on the fire, she informed me that I must pass a few tests before her disciples returned. The young virgins were meditating beside a forest pool, she explained, and would be gone for another hour at least. In the meantime, it was her intention to check that I was truly suited to my duties.

"To my utter astonishment, Raheli crouched like a cat between my thighs and began licking my penis. I gave a startled gasp, for I had not expected such a thing to happen. Seeing this gorgeous elf woman slowly running her tongue along my cock was both bewildering and delightful. I quickly achieved an erection. My mind did not forget that I was a prisoner, nor did I ignore the slave-collar around my neck, but my senses reacted instinctively to the exquisite stimulation. Raheli smiled when she saw my phallus reach its full rigidity, and her right hand gripped the base of the bobbing shaft. My circumcised penis, when fully erect, reaches a length of ten inches and has an impressive girth. These dimensions seemed to receive Raheli's approval, and she said that I passed the test easily. Her previous slave, whom she had freed two days previously, had managed an erection of nine inches, which is the minimum length decreed by the Goddess of Purity.

"I asked Raheli if she intended to suck my cock to orgasm, but she regarded this question as impudent. Insolence would not be tolerated, she said coldly, and might be punished by a severe whipping. The needs of my body were in fact completely irrelevant. The only thing that mattered was to confirm that I was capable of performing my role adequately. And so we came to the second test, which involved Raheli kissing my mouth for an unbroken two minutes. This was my first kiss with an elf and it felt incredible. Raheli ranked as the most stunning female I had ever seen. She seemed to me far more beautiful than the most gorgeous blonde women of my own people. Kissing her so passionately brought me swiftly to the brink of orgasm, for her right hand stroked my erection while we devoured each other's mouths. Through the thin green material of her gown her pert bosom pressed against

my bare chest, her nipples stiffening behind the silky fabric as she moaned softly into my throat.

"When eventually she withdrew from the kiss, she praised my technique and declared me a better slave than my predecessor. She then explained my duties, while I listened in ever-mounting astonishment. Kneeling beside me, and gently caressing the front of my naked body from neck to toe, the priestess informed me that my primary task was to provide sexual temptation for her three new disciples. The trio had evidently arrived at the temple on the previous day, to commence their three-year training in the noble art of purity. This training required them to preserve their virginity in the face of extreme provocation and unbearable temptation. My role was to lounge on the bed of furs in the centre of the tent while teasing the three disciples to the limits of their maidenhood. If they could endure this ordeal for three years, without pleading for vaginal intercourse, they would return to their families with pride and contentment, and with their precious hymens intact. Female virginity is so highly prized among the Wood Elves that many girls are willing to learn how to preserve it.

"I interrupted Raheli to ask her why these maidens did not simply practice chastity, abstaining themselves from sex until they felt ready to surrender their vaginas to a loving husband. Such abstinence, she assured me, is too easy to achieve. Among her race it is more noble, and far more challenging, for a woman to make love without relinquishing her maidenhood. She herself was still a virgin, despite being almost two hundred years old, but she considered her sex life to be deeply satisfying. Her list of male and female bedmates exceeds seventy in number. At the age of eighteen, she was sent to a temple of Niniel, where she learned how to suppress her longing for vaginal penetration. She regarded this as a massive achievement, for the elvish desire for lovemaking is so strong that most females of the race cannot resist taking a penis inside their cunts as soon as they reach full sexual maturity at age eighteen or nineteen.

"I then listened in awestruck silence as she described my duties in detail.

"My main purpose was to test the resolve of the three disciples of the Goddess of Purity. Merely sharing their living quarters with a naked, handsome, well-endowed human male was a big challenge for all elf maidens. At eighteen, which was the usual age for entry to the temple of Niniel, these delicate creatures were blossoming into womanhood and were therefore simmering with the huge sexual urges of their race. Being young, they were cursed by the eager curiosity of youth, and were keen to explore the mysteries of their own and others' bodies.

"I was surprised to learn that my duties included bringing the disciples to orgasm, using my tongue to lick their cunts. Deep oral penetration is not allowed, for a maiden's hymen might inadvertently be broken by a darting tongue-tip. Likewise, my job included stroking the girls' labia, as well as their clits, but my fingers were forbidden from burrowing inside their orifices. Touching their breasts was a compulsory task, as was licking their nipples and kissing their mouths. Raheli asked if I had an aversion to bottoms, to which I answered no. I then listened in disbelief while she informed me that I would be obliged to provide anal stimulation to the maidens, using my tongue and fingers. Penetration of the rectum was not only permitted but demanded, and I would be ordered to insert my penis into the rectum of each girl on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

"Raheli pointed out that I was not allowed to ejaculate inside the maidens, not even while I reamed their tight young assholes. To me this seemed rather unfair, until I learned to my delight that Raheli herself would attend to the task. It was indeed the sacred responsibility of the priestess to ensure that the slave's testicles did not explode with pent-up semen. So, at

the end of each nightly session on the Altar of Temptation, my aching cock would be masturbated to completion by Raheli's smooth hands. On Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays – the days when I was not commanded to fuck the gorgeous bottoms of the three maidens – the beautiful priestess would suck my cock to orgasm after my duties were done. I was allowed to squirt my jizz into her lovely mouth and down her throat. To me, this seemed like a fair compromise.

"Sunday, she added, was a day of rest for the disciples, who would wander off into the woods to meditate on the true value of their virginity. The day was in fact reserved for the temptation of the priestess of Niniel, whose commitment to her hymen's continuing intactness needed to be tested on a weekly basis. On Sundays, then, while the three maidens were away in the forest, I would be ordered to tease Raheli in various wonderful ways. If, at the end of a full day of licking and fingering, she begged me to shove my cock inside her throbbing wet cunt, her status as a priestess of Purity would terminate in utter disgrace. At sunset, when the disciples returned from their meditation, I would have to fuck Raheli in the ass while the three girls sang solemn incantations. When I reached the brink of orgasm the maidens would slowly pull my erection out of their mentor's rear passage and take turns to masturbate me until I shot my semen. The hot sticky cum would be collected in a shallow bowl before being ritually rubbed on a nearby tree.

"While explaining my duties, Raheli continued to caress my body all over. I boldly begged her to masturbate my aching cock, which felt like a spike of steel, but she refused. Then, as I lay in a haze of arousal and frustration, she described the three newly-arrived maidens whom she would train for the next three years.

"All three were only a few weeks beyond their eighteenth birthdays. She reckoned that they were the prettiest girls she had ever received at the temple. Their bodies, she said, were slender and firm. Their faces were breathtakingly beautiful. Their hair was like gold, hanging down their slender spines in shimmering cascades that gleamed in the shadows of the forest. Their eyes were like blue crystals, while their supple young bodies were perfectly formed. She wondered if my lust might be inflamed too much when I saw them, even with their luscious curves hidden by long gowns of white silk. She asked if I felt attracted to elf women, for she had heard a rumour that some human males were repulsed by tall, slim, bisexual girls with pale skin and pointy ears. I stated that I had no aversion whatsoever to elves. No aversion at all.

"Raheli told me that I need not watch the maidens making love, if such things offended me. The rules of the temple allowed them to touch and kiss each other's bodies, but hot fingers and eager tongues must not penetrate too far into quivering virginal cunts. I replied that I would probably be happy to observe three gorgeous elf girls writhing naked on a bed of furs. Raheli added that the disciples of Niniel were forbidden from indulging in solo masturbation. Any maiden who broke this rule was immediately tested by the priestess, to see if her hymen had been broken by an over-zealous fingertip. If the precious membrane was still intact, the girl was punished by being whipped on the Altar of Temptation by the male slave, who was required to deliver thirty lashes to her naked body. Flogging a young elvish beauty did not appeal to me at all, but Raheli assured me that most disciples seemed to enjoy being lashed by a handsome human male.

"At that moment, even as the priestess finished speaking, we heard soft voices in the distance. Raheli sprang to her feet, urging me to do the same. Together we stood beside the stream, awaiting the trio of teenage virgins. My erection was a twitching, horizontal shaft of rock-hard flesh, and my balls throbbed with arousal. I was a slave of the Wood Elves, facing three years of imprisonment, but I felt like the luckiest man in the Heartland.

"The branches of the trees rustled gently above my head, while the little stream gurgled over the mossy stones. A gentle breeze blew through the vast silent forest, and the leaves fluttered. I took a deep breath, my chest tightening in anticipation. Raheli lifted her arms and chanted a prayer to the Goddess of Purity. Her voice was smooth and deep, its mellow tones being joined by the lilting voices of the maidens as they joined the chant. Transfixed by their beauty, I stared in awestruck reverence as they emerged from the trees. And so my captivity began ... "

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