

FROM THE UNIVERSE OF  
TALES OF THE PURRFECT EXPLORERS

# BARBARIAN WAYS

## CHAPTER NINE

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“This fucking sucks mezzlar ass!” Rylah hissed in frustration as she and her companions tried their best to crawl up the narrow path's rocky, thirty-five degree slope. Mashi was in the lead. Rylah was next. Sanya was trailing behind.

“And you would know,” Mashi replied, barely stifling a giggle and she dragged herself upwards with all her strength.

“Fuck you,” Rylah retorted angrily. “I've never been with a mezzlar... or any canid for that matter!”

Sanya looked up at the two ambwassi women who were now ahead of her by a dozen

feet. To her complete embarrassment, she was confronted by a clear view of Rylah's bare crotch. "Would you two stop it, already? This is hard enough without you both bitching at each other!" she snapped as she continued to struggle. "And wait up! I'm falling behind again!"

Rylah looked over her shoulder. "What the hell? Come on! You're holding us up!" she hissed. "If it weren't for you, we'd be up top already!"

"No we wouldn't! If it weren't for her pushing you to get on with it, we'd still be at the bottom listening to you bitch about having to climb," Mashi responded, turning to glare down at the lep'rdess. "We're almost there anyway so quit complaining!"

Rylah looked up at the ty'gress. "Don't tell me what to do," she growled. "I'll complain all I want and you'll listen to it, cunt!"

"Bitch!" Mashi snapped back.

“Stop it before I get rocks in my face!” Sanya yelled as dislodged pebbles cascaded down the slope around her. She was getting upset, and very nervous. If she slipped, it would be a long, painful slide down to the base of the path. That was assuming she didn't fall over the edge at some point on the way down.

“Shut up and hurry up!” Rylah scolded down at the ashiri. “It's going to be night before we get to the top!”

“Just go ahead then!” Mashi hissed, wiggling off to the side of the path. “Go ahead and leave her alone! We'll meet you at the top!”

“Fine!” Rylah snorted, quickly crawling past the ty'gress. “I'm not going to wait forever!”

“What a stuck up witch,” Mashi whispered as Sanya finally crawled up beside her.

“Why did you have to get her going again?” Sanya asked, stopping to catch her breath. She couldn't really argue with the ty'gress choice of words to describe their traveling companion. Her choice of places to start another fight left much to be desired, however.

“Sorry,” Mashi replied, shrugging her shoulders. “I just can't help it. I forgot who I was talking to. Anyone else would've just laughed and then zinged me back.”

“You could have picked a better moment, at least,” Sanya sighed. “I almost ate a handful of gravel.”

A guilty look came over Mashi's face. “I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you when I get a chance.”

Sanya smiled at her friend for a moment. She looked into the ty'gress' eyes. The attraction she

felt for her friend filled her mind. She had to work hard to shake it off and concentrate on the task at hand. "It's alright," she murmured, blushing.

Mashi gazed back. Her hips shifted. Her nipples, already erect in the cool, forest air, swelled. "I really will make it up to you," she whispered. "If you let me."

Sanya didn't know how to respond. She just kept staring into her amorous friend's eyes. Then a loud, almost hoarse shout snapped her out of her trance.

"What the fuck are you two doing down there?" Rylah yelled from the top of the path. "Shut the fuck up and move!"

Mashi looked up and scowled. "Let's go," she muttered. "Bitch girl is unhappy."

The two women slowly moved up the path

until they finally reached the top and a small clearing. Rylah was walking around in circles, alternately staring off into the woods and glaring at her exhausted companions. A small stream skirted the edge of the clearing before cascading down the ridge not far from where the path ended.

“Water!” Sanya panted, dragging exhausted body to the stream. She thrust her hands into the cold water and splashed it over her face and chest.

Mashi knelt down beside her friend and drank. “Mmm. Nice and fresh,” she murmured, smiling at the ashiri.

“Hurry up!” Rylah scolded harshly as she paced back and forth in the middle of the clearing.

“Hurry up for what?” Mashi retorted. “Do you know which way the barbarians went yet?”

“No,” Rylah hissed, sneering at the two drinking women.

“Then why don't you do something useful and go find out!” Mashi snarled.

Rylah spat on the ground and marched off. Despite the presence of an obvious path, she started to poke around some bits of vegetation.

“I can't believe we let ourselves get talked into taking her with us,” Mashi muttered, turning back to the stream for another drink of water. “If we'd kept Astah, it would be that bitch in the wormy mound and we'd be having some real fun with this hunting the huntress thing. I can't believe she didn't warn you when the worms were trying to get hold of you. What a fucking twat!”

“Yeah, huh?” Sanya agreed wholeheartedly. A brief mental image of the worms reaching out to grab her sent a shudder down her spine. What if



they had succeeded? Would they have just raped her? Or would she have been pulled into the mound and been eaten by the deadly moss? “I don't even want to think about what might have happened if you hadn't noticed.”

“I wish I'd noticed sooner,” Mashi responded apologetically. “I have to confess, watching little Astah get done like that... it was really making me all fuck-loopy. I couldn't take my eyes off it. I'm sorry.”

Sanya shrugged. “It's ok,” she soothed, smiling at her friend. Her mind wandered back to the mossy lump. She wondered what was happening to the bubbly little jag'wress. “Poor Astah. I wonder if she's still alive in there.”

Mashi looked at her friend thoughtfully for a few moments. “I wonder. I don't imagine she could take that fucking for long, though,” she speculated for a moment before looking over her shoulder at

Rylah. "I'm really starting to wish we'd thrown that bitch to worms when we had the chance."

"She certainly would've deserved it," Sanya concurred wryly. "Once this barbarian thing is over, we should go back to town and see if we can trade her off for someone else."

"There might not be anyone else if what Astah said is true," Mashi reminded her friend as she shook the water from her hands. "Even if she was exaggerating, they still might not agree to a switch. What then?"

"Well, I, for one, am most certainly not spending any more time with her," Sanya responded firmly. "I'd rather stay in an inn for the rest of the trip than deal with that foul attitude any more."

Mashi looked over her shoulder at the ill tempered lep'rdess. She turned back to her friend

with a thoughtful expression. “You think we can get the huntresses to take her to their village as a ‘prize’?” she asked, winking mischievously. “I’ll bet they’d love to have such a tough little lep’rdess as a sex toy for a few weeks.”

“I suppose it worth a try,” Sanya responded, grinning at the thought of watching Rylah tied to a pole, helpless to stop anyone from doing as they pleased to her. Then she began to think about her own encounter with the amorous huntress. Having watched Astah be pressed down into the deadly worm mound by her own barbarian lover certainly made getting licked up seem pretty benign. Still, it certainly wasn’t something she was looking to repeat any time soon. “But how do we get them to take her and not us as well? I don’t want to wind up off tied up in a clan village getting tongue fucked every waking hour for weeks. And who knows what else they might do with us or talk us into while they’ve got hold of us. It’s not a risk I ever want to take.”

“We'll think of something,” Mashi answered. “As it is, she'll be in for much more than a tongue lashing. That much I'm guessing from what we've seen so far. I thought the clans out here were all pretty tame. Now... I think I'm going to have to say that there's a good chance not many visitors ever leave this place.”

“You really think so?” Sanya asked, looking at her friend with considerable concern. Was it possible Astah really was telling the truth?

“I think it's pretty obvious myself,” the ty'gress replied, smiling softly as she stood.

“But... what about us?” Sanya asked nervously, standing up beside her friend and looking straight into her eyes. The idea that she might well die in the very near future positively terrified her.

Mashi shrugged. She gently nudged her roommate's nose. "What happens happens," she whispered, gently licking her friend's quivering lips. "I just want you to swear one thing to me. Right here. Right now."

"What's that?" Sanya replied softly, her voice wavering. She couldn't believe her best friend was starting to act like she was going to just roll over and get killed just to satisfy the natives.

Mashie pulled her friend close until their breasts pressed together. She leaned over and whispered into her ear. "A lover's pledge. If something happens to me, you have to swear you'll do exactly the same thing, no matter what it is."

Sanya's heart raced. She closed her eyes and rubbed her cheek against her companion's. Was Mashi serious? Did she really think there was no way to escape? It was beyond comprehension.

Still, Mashi was her closest friend. There was only one possible reply. “Okay. I’ll do it. I swear,” she whispered. “Will you do the same for me?”

“Yes. Yes,” Mashi responded, firmly hugging the anxious ashiri with both arms. “I swear it. What one of us does, the other does. Thank you. You have no idea how much that means to me right now after seeing all these things and what happened to Astah. Who knows what we’ll run into next.”

Sanya smiled warmly and kissed the ty’gress on the ear before withdrawing from her embrace. “It means as much to me. She was my friend too. At least she got to share it with someone she was in love with.”

“Like us,” Mashi purred, licking her companion on the cheek. She turned to watch Rylah as she finally started to poke around the path which led from the clearing. “That bitch. She’ll

be lucky if she even has someone to watch her get taken.”

Sanya nodded as she pulled her camera out and turned to take some pictures of the clearing and the view from the cliff. “This is such a lovely place,” she sighed, snapping a couple dozen pictures before putting the camera back in its pouch. “It's hard to believe what happens here. It's like a really bad dream where good is bad and bad is good and you don't know which is which until its too late.”

“Yeah,” Mashi purred, rubbing her friend on the small of the back. “I just hope we can at least find some way to leave that feels good enough to justify the parting.”

Sanya looked into the ty'gress' eyes again. “What is it with you?” she questioned intently. “Why are you so convinced we're not leaving this place all of a sudden?”

“I don't know,” Mashi replied softly, staring off into the sky. “Something inside me... something deep inside me...”

“Something inside you what?” Sanya asked, looking at her friend with a mix of concern and anxiety. “What's wrong?”

Mashi closed her eyes. “No, nothing. I'm sorry,” she sighed. “Now just isn't the time. Maybe we can talk about it later. After we're alone. Really alone.”

“Alright,” Sanya replied. Taking her friend by the hand. A loud shout caught her attention.

“Hey!” Rylah yelled as she stood tapping her foot on the ground. She pointed down the wide path that was much too hard to miss. “There's a path here! It leads straight to that mound! There's footprints too! Let's get moving! Now!”



“Here we go again,” Mashi sighed, turning to head toward the path behind the lep'rdeess.

“Come on dammit!” Rylah shouted over her shoulder.

Sanya glared at the lep'rdeess for moment before following her down the path. How much longer would she have to put up with the foul attitude? She wanted to be alone with Mashi. She wanted to know her friend's mind. And her body. Rylah was going to have to go. Soon.