

It's not my fault I'm a rogue. My family was big on mages, but I guess the power skipped a generation. I spent a part of my childhood to impress them with sleight of hand instead, and it kind of grew from there. I fell in with some adventurers in my teens, and here I am. That tends to pay out enough to keep me from needing to pick pockets, so really, I'm more of a scout than a rogue, but rogue just sells better. You know how it is.

Point being, I'm no front-liner in a fight. I'm a lot more handy than I am tough, so while I can spot what's ahead, or take out a trap or a lock, I'm only marginally better than your average street thug in a head-on fight. It's why I'm a good runner, and it's why I always sign on for these kind of jobs with a partner or three who can take a head off when things get ugly.

I just... don't usually meet them at cozy little cafes.

There's a look people expect from adventurers, treasure hunters, and what have you. It's why I wear a cloak with a hood on it. I just don't wear the hood because I'm not an amateur (unless it's raining). It makes people see you've got something to hide. The open face is much more trustworthy, when you can afford to be recognized. So when the ad on the bulletin board in town advertised a warrior looking for a trap expert, I expected a man either wearing his bodyweight in armor or little more than a loincloth.

The last thing I expected a 3 foot tall young woman with short, bright pink hair. She wore a leather breastplate (that did exactly what it sounded like to her surprising chest) lined with bands and studs of iron that made it work as much like a corset as it did armor. She climbed into her seat (literally, and quite nimbly) before she slaps a big iron shield and a battle axe the size of whole person down next to her chair. She gives me a quick hard look and I try to look like I'm not judging. I mostly distract myself by looking down at her face and looking straight past it to her tits. Seriously, it was like she was specially bred like a show pony to pull off a look like that.

The server I'd been smiling at politely and telling I'm waiting for someone comes around again. I don't meet her eye as I stay focused on the glaring little woman.

"The cherry iced tea," the gnome orders gruffly. I guess to her credit, that's probably one of the harder drinks on the menu... by Gorn's flaming beard of rage, this place actually has a menu. It's done up in chalk with little flowers drawn around it. It's fucking adorable.

"Same!" I chime. Fewer words made it easier to hide the crack in my voice.

The pink-haired munchkin braces an arm on the table gives me one last look over. "You're the trap guy?" she asks. She sounds like she means business; about as gruff and rugged as a tiny female can. She sounded kind of like a rugged, gritty woman who you'd see running a bar that keeps a lost and found for teeth just had a hit of helium. Also to her credit, I don't think she's forcing it. A good look at her arms shows me that she is absolutely ripped to be able to lug around that heavy gear.

"Very much!" I smile brightly. "I'm Dirk Daggersmith." I offer her a hand, but she snorts a laugh.

"When did you come up with that one?" she mocks derisively.

I... actually smile. She's good. Not many have seen through that one, and one was my cousin who recognized me. "Oh, couple years ago. People love the alliteration and two knives right there in the name. Puts it on frontstreet." I adjust my hand to sort of re-offer the shake. "Noland Smith."

She squints a bit, but she finally shakes just before the drinks show up. "I'm Tink," she says plainly as I take a drink. One more point for her: the tea here is good.

"Sooo... you come here a lot between... let's call them adventures?" I offer.

"So? The tea's good." She takes a large pull of hers like she's on a schedule.

"I was JUST thinking that!" I chime helpfully. "I just don't see the fighting types show up here much."

"Oh yea?"

"Yea, the big warriors go for beer. I think it makes them forget the blood spray and the brushes with death marked on their shields or something. Tea house, now that's a respectable drink. Clears the head. You're just surprising, that's all."

"Because I'm a gnome?"

"Well, if you mention it, they do tend to be scholars or mages. Met a gnome rogue once, and they're-

I was pretty sure I was sitting upright. Tink proved me wrong very suddenly. She had caught me by the collar and flipped me off my chair and onto my back, still holding on as she hopped off the chair and now loomed over my stunned expression.

"Listen, smartass!" she barks at me, which in another position, I might have found hilarious. Clearly, I have hit a nerve. "The axe and shield look new because they're a titanite alloy that keeps the edges from dulling, not cheapass dragonscale they push on amateurs! I know what alliteration means because the gnomish schooling system is FUCKED UP compared to yours! And I drink the tea instead of ale because I like! Fucking! Tea!" She shakes my collar for each of the last words. "Now I know a place with a good payout, and I need a hand for the traps and to carry it all. YES, because of my height! YES, I'm a gnome! But that does not mean that I haven't

taken more skulls than you've got bones in your body, which I will recalculate that amount if you don't drop the condescending tone and I don't hear one short joke out of you!!"

I blink up at her and my eye rolls one way to see a startled old peasant woman who also liked this place. I keep my hands away from my cloak to not trigger anything else, but I smile at her awkwardly. "Yes... great. Very informative. Appreciate your frankness. So... where were we headed?" Afraid? Oh gods yes. The respect, though... I don't get a lot of smart fighters.

For just the two of us, the job goes pretty smoothly to start. The woods are quiet this time of year, with the gnolls migrating South. Tink said that it was some burial ground of the dwarves, carefully hidden and cursed by them for any who trespassed. However, her kind were close with the dwarves, and they knew the sort of statute of limitations on these things. It was abandoned, and after 100 years, the dwarf god Myorgin no longer considers it hallowed and the curses wear off. Based on when the locals left it, that gave us over a week of being curse free. We find it, get the best of the stuff, then sell the rest we can't carry a local with the gear to excavate it for an exclusivity offer.

I'll spare you the dull stuff: two days of awkward hiking away from town through some woods and hills. I pull my weight by warning her about a few old hunting traps left out, but most of all I keep being impressed by her. I start to offer a hand getting over a creek I jumped, but she makes it one vaulting jump of her little legs, gear and all. She knows her way around a map, one of the few times we consult with each other out loud. When we camp, she checks on her gear, then brings out some little gizmo of copper and coils that she picks at it. I let that be in case I make an ass of myself, but when she loses the armor for bed, I can't help but admire her. The girl's a powerhouse, just like she said. Muscles all the way down, and an outrageous rack and ass. I guess there's some things no amount of working out will get off of a gnome.

We end up finding the tomb built into the side of a hill, just before the mountains. Not where I'd have guessed dwarves would bury theirs, but a little poking around and I find a hidden door. A little poking and prying and it's unlocked and opened. I have to stoop a bit, but she's right at home in the low ceilinged cave. I pop another lock once we're in and stop a blade trap in the ceiling (real easy to catch at my height). The third stone door's not locked, but it does wake up a number of stout-looking skeletons. "Whoa! Your turn!" I blurt and leap back to let Tink do her thing.

True to form, she's a monster in a melee. Expert handiwork in separating the skeleton from their important bits, shattering skulls with her shield as much as she's splitting spines with her axe. The closest one gets is snagging a bony claw on her chestline of her breastplate, but that arm goes flying with its head from one blow of the axe.

Once the restlessly unblessed dead are down, she nods off towards the last, elaborate gate in the back. "Bunch of dead wusses..." she mutters, failing to adjust the lowering of her chestplate that the handsy skeleton had done. I don't say a thing so much as I enjoy the view from above.

"Yea.... great," I agree, looking over her handiwork as we approach the door. I'm a bit tense about being on the cute little berserker's bad side when we'd started, but at least I was proving useful to her by now. The vault door itself is a little more complex. It has a magic lock, and they get a little fancier. I've seen them literally chew up and spit out lockpicks before. The trick is to ignore the magic part and figure out which part of the mechanism was really enchanted and isolate that.

It takes longer than the rest, and she's getting impatient by the time I pop the trigger out of place. The lock spits out a few sparks like it's trying to trigger some kind of spell, but nothing else comes of it.

"Is it unlocked?" she asked as she stepped in behind me.

I stand up and nod as I pocket my picks. "It's open. I just-" Tink steps up and shoves the door open while I'm still saying "-need to check for traps."

There's a pressurized hiss and Tink goes down with a quick shriek. She curls up and grabs her leg with what has to be the only cry of pain I've hear from her this whole trip. "Fucking... shit!" she growls out in her cute little voice. "The hell was that?!"

"Needle trap! Let me see it!" I've messed up enough times to know to carry some antidotes and know what goes with what. I rush over and take out one of the needles carefully. She's got three of them in the inside of her leg, and it has a mix of blood and blue fluid on the tip. "Looks like troll liver," I mutter as I go back into my bag.

"What's that mean? Poison?" Tink asks. Apparently gnome education isn't THAT extreme.

"Depends. How much you like that leg?"

"A LOT, Noland!" she snaps. Tink's annoyed by the venom and the leg pain. Perfectly natural response. "Can you fix it?"

I shove a little glass bottle into her hand. "I should. Just work with me and drink." She takes it in one gulp while I pluck out the other needles. With them cleared out. I push aside the plates that hang over her upper thighs and start sucking.

"The hell are you-?" She squeaks and starts to blush. I spit out a bitter-tasting bit of blood with the same blue tint. At least troll liver toxin is easy to spot.

"It's got to come out, and you sure can't reach." I put my head between her legs against and suck out some more, too caught in the moment to really consider what she'd be objecting to. Like I said, I'm a professional. Even with the injury high on her thigh, I don't say anything about the bit of pink hair poking out from beneath her loincloth. Or the smell of her strangely sweet sweat after re-killing a dozen dwarf skeletons.

After a minute tops, I stop tasting the venom; just the natural coppery bitterness of her blood. I thumb at the wound a bit and she twitches from what I assumed was pain; I've seen barbarians that scream like girls from a deep splinter when they could take a war club to the face. "Are you done down there?" she mutters, and I can hear the blush in her tone as easily as I can see it. It's only then I really put together that I'm left in a pretty suspicious position with the little lady when my head's between her legs.

"Oh! Yea! Should let it bleed a little more, just to make sure everything gets out, but... yea. Yea..."

"Great," she says a lot less sarcastically than I'd expect. "Can you help me outside, at least? I'd rather not get the poison out just to fill up my leg with mummy dust."

"Well mummies are different entirely... but yea. I gotcha." I don't "gotcha." I go to try to pull her up and grunt before I barely get her to one knee. "Wow, that's a lot of..." She glares at me when I hesitate for a split second to check my wording. "...muscle. I can help you walk, if you..."

"Hang on." Tink reaches to her hip and undoes a buckle. Repeating the process about ten times over here and there on her body, she starts shedding her armor. "There. Try now." She denser than her kid-sized body implies, but I'm able to heft her up. I stoop down and carry her piggyback back out of the tomb (carrying her like a bride/baby feels even more offensive).

I'd given the woman her space when it came to camping, but like I said, she's a tight little bundle of curves and muscles. There's a weird contrast of soft and hard depending where you go on her, and I think my hands kind of wandered around her thighs and hips where I ended up gripping her while she wraps around my neck. It's a good kind of feeling, possibly because I can feel that she could wring my neck if she wanted to.

We settle outside the tomb, far enough from musty cave stink while still standing watch for any claim jumpers. We prop ourselves up against a broad tree and rest up.

"Are you seriously tired just from carrying me?" she finally speaks up.

"I'm not usually the physical labor guy," I admit. "There aren't many heavy lockpicks. It's why I always go with a tank like you."

"Yea, well... thanks for coming with me,"

"It's alright. I get it. People don't like the idea of rogues being alone around treasure."

"Not that. You were pretty cool back there about the venom thing. And seeing my ah..."

"Bits?"

"Yea..."

I shrug and fold my arms behind my head. "If you don't mind me saying, they were pretty good bits."

She punches me in the arm, but it's light enough to be playful. That or the venom and blood loss really got to her. "Oh shut up!"

"What? You're a good-looking girl!"

"For my size," she finished.

"I didn't say that. I said you're a good looking girl. I've fallen for girls half as pretty as you."

She sighed and shuffled to get more comfortable. "Can get kinda lonely on the road, huh?"

"Sure can..." There's a good, solid stretch of silence before I feel her strong little fingers squeeze around mine. I give them a small squeeze back, just an unspoken little moment of affection we shared.

Then maybe it's the adrenaline or the feelings coming through all the tension, but suddenly we're making out like teenagers. The kind that's all passion over finesse, regardless of my profession and how far I need to lean down. I cup her face and she pulls on my shirt to hold us together while we lock our lips and tongues. My hand runs the short distance down her chest, brushing over her hard nipple like a little thumbs up for my progress so far.

"Ow!!" We jolt apart when my hand presses down on her bad leg.

"Shit! Sorry! Sorry!" I pull back and let myself deal with the tightness of my pants as I check and redress the wound instead of undressing her. We're still on lookout anyway. We're far enough out that it won't get much traffic or anything, but we change the topic from sloppy outdoors booty calls to adventuring stories.

Tink asks me to bring her bag, and she sets to work on the little spherical device she was tinkering with before. I think I'm close enough to ask what it is, and she says she doesn't know. It's just some gnomish tradition to work for years at a time on a gadget with no intention of what

it does. Probably where they get all their little clockwork and steampunk inventions from. "I think..." she muttered thoughtfully. "It might be a grenade..."

So she always has violence on her mind. Assuring. Eventually we're confident the stuff's out of her system and we load up on all that we can. Wounded leg or not, gnome or not, she's able to carry more gems and relics than I can (coins are for chumps, so long as the bag has some proper padding). We seal it up again to put off anybody else who finds it and start back home. Camping out with her is a lot more pleasant that night, as we actually talk and sit closer while we eat my cooking and share some cheap wine we'd pulled out of the tomb.

"It's good," she praises with a grin. "How are you in the adventuring life when you could make someone a nice little housewife."

"What about you?" I laugh at her. "You too much a strong independent woman who don't need no man? No way someone hasn't made the moves on you before."

She groans, but blushes. "Gods, no. Look at me. I'm giant for a gnome, tiny for a human, scrawny for a dwarf... I look like an ugly little ball of muscle."

"Nah, don't kid yourself. You're a shitkicker with the armor on, but under all the bad attitude and battle axes, you're a tea-drinking cutie. Besides, some guys like muscles."

"Like you?" she asks and smirks back at me.

I clear my throat a little. "I wouldn't kick you out of bed for having bigger abs than me."

"You couldn't kick me out of bed if you tried, pipsqueak." I laugh, if for no other reason than a gnome just called me "pipsqueak."

"Care to test that theory?" I offer, waving my mug of wine over at my bedroll.

She looks me over with an amused grin before she downs the rest of her cup. "Fuck it. Let's do this." After our moment before, she's clearly done with the flirting direct and to the point. I like that.

We get back to my bedroll before we get into the heavy petting. We're loose, but neither of us are drunk enough to mess with her leg and blow the moment again. I pull her into my lap and start kissing her rather than trying to stoop all the way down to her level. I cup her tight little ass with one hand while the other runs up her hard stomach and squeezes her soft breast. Her little body gives off these soft, high little groans that seem out of place compared to everything else I knew about her. It gets my to smile against her lips and positioning my hands to get more of them out of her. Her puffy little nipples are definitely prime targets for them, and I get some more

when I nibble on her lip or squeeze the lean and sensitive flesh of her ass.

It's surprising how dense Tink is. There's a lot of woman packed into that little body, and she's quick to push me on my back. I suck up the light bruising as she strips off her simple top, which involves an impressive amount of bouncing as her chest flops free. She helps me out of my clothes while I get her bottoms, and soon she's naked on top of my equally exposed body. Everything below her breasts seems to be carefully chiseled into a series of lines pointing towards her little pink puff of hair above her privates. It rests above her taut, pink lips and between her thick and sturdy legs. Even with all that armor, muscle and attitude, she still manages to keep some parts of her feminine.

After admiring her for a moment, I notice her hesitation. The gnomish woman who decapitated skeletons had the same body image issue as everybody else. I run my hands up her solid thighs and up her firm abs, tracing my thumbs just above her pussy. She lets out this long, delicate breath as the light touch goes over her hard body. "You look good," I tell her softly.

"Stupid, handsome asshole," she mutters back with a blushing smile.

"Hey! That does it!" I lift her off her perch on my lap and turn things around so that suddenly I'm on top of her. It's something she easily could have stopped, but she lets it happen anyway as she giggles.

"What got into you?" she teases as she rubs her calloused hands up my arms.

I squeeze one of her hands tightly. A quick little show of affection in our otherwise passionate and eventful day. "You keep tsundere-ing my ass. What's it take to get a genuine compliment out of you?" I'm tempted into sneaking a lingering kiss on one of her pouty little nipples that stiffens up in my mouth, vibrating lightly as she moans..

She responds by reaching a hand down and gripping my erection. "I can think of a good way to start," she purrs.

I start out slow, and thank gods for that. Things are ridiculously tight in there. I haven't put myself halfway in when she's gripping the blanket and crying out loud. It's what I get for flirting with the girl who's half my size and looks like she spends all her free time doing nothing but squats. Her heavy little body scoots along the blankets and her breasts bounce around with each thrust. I start to pump in and out of her hot opening, her eyes struggling to focus as they go between wide open and fading shut. I like to think I'm a little impressive downstairs by human standards, but she's pretty clearly never been with someone my... height before.

"You alright?" I check with her quietly as I start to find my rhythm.

"Holy shit," she whispers back, almost laughing with her breathless tone.

"That good, huh?" I ask, mounting a hand on her breast and thumbing her nipple as I keep the pace going.

"I have been missing out," she groans back. Guess that's one way to make a guy feel special. I start to test out a little deeper, figuring out what she likes and doesn't like. What makes her look like her mind's being blown and what actually gets pained little gasps. There's not really much she can do to toughen up that muscle, I guess (unless you count what we were doing right then).

Her stubby legs are too short to fully fasten around my waist, especially with a few inches of me still unable to fit inside her. I feel them trying, so I lift them up and spread her out to slip in a tiny bit deeper. The parting of her thighs lets me see not only how relatively deep I've gone inside her, but just how wet she is. I hadn't pieced together that her little body was still taking me so smoothly, and I don't know if it's all gnomes or just Tink, but her pussy is wet and leaking like cheap plumbing. Her clear juices are leaking out with every pump I give her, quickly staining my bedroll with her pussy's runoff. It's the least of my concerns right now as she starts squeezing the breast that I'm not already toying with, as if she'd go crazy without some means to vent off her arousal.

"Pick me up," Tink pants out.

"what?"

"Pick me up. I always wanted to try this. Just... just stay inside me."

I fumble my way through her idea, following her instructions as she walks me through what's apparently been a fantasy of hers (or maybe just a wild kink that came to mind in her deeper stages of human-fever). I scoop her up by her hips, standing and hugging her tightly against my front to keep my dick stuck inside her pussy. I'm left holding her up as she wiggles in my grip, trying to get comfortable between her entire body impaled on my cock and her big breasts smushing into my chest. I end up taking her hands, feeling her arms and legs flex to hold onto me. In the end, she'd holding onto my torso while most of her bodyweight is suspended by nothing but my dick. It's a bit of a strain, but dammit if it's not incredible. Her mouth just hangs open, tongue and drool running over her dainty lips until she's drooling over her tits.

She uses her grip on me and her flexing hips and abs to start pumping up and down against me. Gravity and pressure makes her pussy squish and leak her juices all the way down to my balls, overflowing with the even more intense fucking as she rides me filled up like a handpuppet. "Holy shit," she finally manages to squeak out, and I have to grip her arms a little tighter to hold her in place. I stroke one hand through her pink hair to help her relax a little, the sweaty little gnome's nipples hard as diamonds as they slide across my chest.

"Easy, tough girl. Don't go breaking something."

"I will break your dick off if I have to," she grunts back. Definitely not what I'd have expected from the girl who threw me for offending her taste in tea a few days ago, and definitely not from the woman who had been crippled by troll poison this morning. Then again, the feeling of the horny gnome's tight pussy clamping and pressing down on me makes me feel like I could endure a whole lot to experience this again. I give her tender little ass a slap and she gives this huge, sharp gasp. "Ohhh, daddy, yes!" she cries, and I'm way too into the moment to question the exact implication there and take it as a general compliment.

I give her a second spank and she groans loud and deep, sliding down harder and deeper than ever. Her eyes roll back like I've just fucked her silly, and it's such a hot look on the otherwise rough little lady. I swell up inside her briefly before my dick twitches and I cum inside her. It's like my every twitch makes her whole body shudder as she vibrates against me. I instinctively hold her tight against me, but I also pull back her hair and kiss her as she arched her head upward. I feel her struggling to form words or what might have been gibberish anyway as she suddenly screams into my mouth, a muffled "MMMMFF!" as she starts to rapidly bounce on top of me and cums for herself.

There's a few more wet, squishing grinds before we just stop to catch our breaths. I drop to my ass on the bed, firmly kissing each other a few more times before I finally pull out from her. There's a pretty comical amount of her and my cum that spills out of her. Apparently I had her plugged up pretty tight, and she wasn't built to take a human amount of semen as it slops out onto the bed roll. I move her to sit in my lap, my soaking wet dick rubbing against her ass while I lightly finger her snatch to get most of our mixed juices to leak back out of her.

"Holy shit," she breathed when we were finally as cleaned up as we were going to get tonight.

"Yea, you made that pretty clear already," I chuckle, kissing her ear from behind. "There's a river a little further along. We could clean up there, if you needed." We both undeniably reeked of sex.

"Nah... I can wait," she mused. "It's not so bad. Sorry about your sleeping bag, though."

"It'll clean up too," I dismiss, giving one of her breasts a light squeeze that makes her shudder again. "I'll just sleep on a stain tonight."

"I got space in my bedroll," she offers. "It's human-sized anyway. I could use a cuddle with a good-looking partner about now." There it was. No backhanded side at all to that compliment.

"You're the only fighter I know who's into tea, cuddles and inventing... but partners, huh?" I mutter as I start pulling some pants on and she goes and fetches her underwear that she'd tossed away so recklessly.

"I mean, if the contracting works out, we could retire on this stuff. If we wanted," she points out. There's that "we" talk that keeps catching my ear. I grab my pillow and move over to her blankets, holding them up for her to wiggle her topless form in with me. "Or we could invest it. Better gear, bigger goals. All that stuff."

I laugh at that and wrap an arm over Tink. She readily snuggles into my chest. "It does sound more fitting to our kinds of people than buying a house... settling down... raising a couple half-gnomes..."

"Yea... for now, anyway." The little powerhouse grins, giving me a lazy bump of her fist against my jaw. It still smarts a little, but I smile to hide the fact and wrap us up tight in the blankets.