

WIDEBROS



MIGHT AND MUSCLE
- A Knight's Vows -

- NOTE: All characters are over eighteen years of age -

The sky churned and seethed, sickly green storm clouds roiled overhead and lightning arced in unnatural patterns. Beneath a soaring mountain range, jagged cliffs sprouted up on either side of a deep and rocky valley. A small battalion of soldiers stood firm against the headwinds, the men slowly making their way through the valley. Each pulse of lightning was soon followed by bellowing thunder, causing loose rocks to tumble this way and that. It seemed that no living thing stirred save for the soldiers and whatever capricious god toyed with them.

The Archean Mountains had stood silently for many an age, but ever swelling encroachments of ogres and other fiends into the surrounding territories had put the local patrols on high alert. For a time, it seemed the patrols were enough to keep the outbreaks in check. Once the small village of Fethric was found reduced to a smoldering ruin, the surrounding capitals at last took notice - concerned at the growing discord in what had ever been a peaceful corner of the world. A joint battalion would march on the foothills, though they expected to find little beyond some unusually well-populated breeding grounds. The vanguard held their shields together in a line, forming a wall between the men and whatever lay beyond. The thunder made it difficult to hear approaching threats, but the soldiers' apprehension was soon put to rest when a large boulder shot through the sky. It struck the shield wall with an almighty clang, and the men saw a towering ogre reaching for another projectile.

“Pull ranks!”

The remaining soldiers all held their shields aloft, creating a ceiling as a second boulder crashed into the battalion. The ogre towered to the height of four men, its weathered gray skin stretched over piles of sinew. Beneath the shield wall, muscles heaved and flexed - each soldier a prime display of Archean manhood. Polished steel pauldrons that would crush a lesser man stood proudly atop their vast shoulders, steel greaves and boots dug into the earth below. Mighty glutes bulged around tight steel thongs with each barrage, holding the wall aloft. Inch by inch, the battalion crept forward towards the ogre. His efforts thus far proving ineffective, the ogre roared in frustration and charged towards the soldiers.

“BREAK!”

Immediately the shield wall dissolved, and the men split into groups to flank the monstrous creature. It reared back and sent an enormous fist swinging through the vanguard, knocking several on to their backs. Most were able to leap quickly to their feet, but one looked up to see the ogre's fists, clasped together like an almighty club, plunge down toward him. He screamed and with a single, sickening crunch, was annihilated. Two others took the opportunity to climb up onto a small outcropping and leap on to the creature's back, plunging their swords into the gray flesh. It reared up and roared in fury, stumbling around and taking out a number of other soldiers. The men held fast to their swords, and once the creature keeled over in pain they were able to pull the blades from his flesh and thrust into his neck. They tore through flesh and bone, and green blood cascaded down the ogre's torso. The men hacked through the last few tendons and the ogre's head tumbled to the ground.

With barely a moment's rest, the ground shook and the soldiers looked up to see several more ogres tear through the base of a cliff. Their breeding grounds must have been deep inside the mountains. The almighty creatures ripped through the battalion, tearing any they could reach limb from limb. The soldiers did their best to regroup, but the ogres now attacked from all angles. They watched in horror as here and there, the ground split open and strange tentacles crept up through the earth, coiling in the air in a most unholy manner. None had ever seen anything of the sort in his life. As they wavered around, any soldier within reach was grasped and dragged – screaming – into the depths from whence the demonic creatures emerged.

The battalion retreated as their numbers and hopes dwindled. To forge ahead would be suicide, but any means of escape was barred by the writhing limbs bursting from the earth. Whether by chance or by the grace of Brödr himself, a horn sounded to the west. The soldiers reformed the wall to defend from the fiends' rage, and looked back to see a beam of light pierce through the clouds and connect with the outstretched blade of a man atop a brilliant white horse.

A paladin.

The swirling storm clouds parted for the holy light of his sword, and Sir Gareth Ironfist charged towards the melee. Seven high-ranking knights of the Kingdom of Aldric - westernmost nation of Archeld – rode close behind. Gareth guided his steed up along the cliff-face before coming to a halt at its edge. The ogres, enticed by this new prey, circled the base of the cliff, jaws wide and teeth gnashing. Gareth held his sword aloft, the light from above seemingly concentrating upon the surface of the blade. He then took a running leap and dived off the cliff, swinging his sword in an arc from the heavens down to the throng below. The soldiers, observing from between the wall of shields, watched in amazement as the paladin hacked through the ogres, the light of his blade burning through their flesh as he tore limbs asunder. The largest of the monstrous horde charged at Sir Gareth, unhinging its jaw and diving toward him. For a moment, it looked to the soldiers as though the paladin had disappeared entirely, devoured by the beast in one vile mouthful. The ogre then roared in pain, twitched in a most unwholesome manner, and its belly exploded in a sunburst of light and a sea of giblets as Gareth sliced the creature in two from the inside out.

The paladin stood triumphantly as the ogre's broken body collapsed in pieces around him, his gleaming armor and form seemingly untouched by the filth of his slain opponent. The platinum plate mail, lined with gold, shone with a pure white light even under the sickly green sky. His shining gold cape rippled in the wind, the man's towering physique enough to inspire hope in any army. Beneath his pauldrons were arms thicker than most men's legs, and between them mighty pectorals standing proudly atop a barrel-like torso. His hefty manhood was tamed by an armored thong, decorated in platinum and gold as with the rest. Sir Gareth's face was resolute and determined, his waves of brown hair dancing in the wind. He turned to face the remaining ogres, and the soldiers saw two almighty glutes atop legs sturdier than any oak. The armored thong disappeared entirely between the vast boulders, which flexed as he again held his sword aloft and called to the battalion behind him.

“FORWARD!”

The shield wall was dissolved once more and, emboldened by the arrival of the paladin and his knights, the men charged at the fiends before them. The ogres, now well on the back foot, swung their fists in a wild panic. The clouds above parted yet further and the holy light grew to a blinding intensity as Gareth butchered the creatures. With the horde's morale shattered, the paladin left the remaining ogres to the battalion and focused his efforts on the unholy abominations rising up through the rocks – those strange tentacles that surely belonged to no worldly creature. He sliced through the tendrils, desperate to know from whence they came. Demons? Necromancy? Tales of strange events were popping up with concerning regularity all over the continent, with little to connect them but the chaos they wrought. Aside from a deep and shuddering roar deep beneath the ground upon each appendage's dismemberment, though no further answers were forthcoming. The ogres were soon overcome, both through numbers and force as the battalion found themselves triumphant.

The men cheered as the last of the creatures fell, and the sickly clouds began to dissipate.

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Brandt, a young recruit within the battalion, looked up to see the last vestiges of sunset as peace returned to the sky. He thrust his sword into the dirt and sat on a rock, placing his helm down beside him. He gasped for breath, never having experienced a battle so fierce. Or against so brutal an opponent. And the sky – whatever had happened to the sky? Those strange green clouds, the lightning. And whatever godsforsaken things had been rising out of the earth. Nearby, one of his fallen brethren lay silently. It was a soldier's lot in life to know death, but Brandt had not yet seen such violence in his short years. Many men had fallen, on what was expected to be little more than a reconnaissance mission. The show of force had been just that, a show. There had been no sign of what they might be up against, least of all monsters and strange demonic beings from below. The most Brandt had dealt with in his military career were bandits and the odd goblin encampment.

Sir Gareth and his knights instructed the soldiers to set up a base camp – after such a battle, few would have the energy for the trek home. The paladin watched as the men gathered their fallen – they had fought valiantly, but were outnumbered and ill-equipped for what they had faced. It had been pure chance that his detachment had spotted the strange disturbances overhead. He had been returning to Aldric from Domeros, far to the south, as the King's emissary. A squire approached, offering to take his sword for cleaning, but quickly backed away when Gareth unsheathed it, pure and gleaming. The Light of Righteousness could not be stained by ogre flesh. The men nodded their heads in deference as he made his way through the gradually-forming encampment. He noticed a collection of abandoned helms – taken from the fallen to be returned to their families. A young soldier placed another beside them. Gareth had seen him fight, taking down an ogre with a well-placed sword to the heart. He was strong for his years.

“Your name?”

Brandt turned to see the mighty paladin standing before him. His breath hitched for a moment, a little surprised to find Aldric's hero addressing him. They hailed from the same kingdom, though Brandt was but a lowly soldier.

“B-Brandt, sir. Brandt Sterling.”

“You fought well, Brandt. The capitals were foolish to send a force unprepared and to the unknown. That as many survived as this is admirable.”

“Thankyou, sir.”

Gareth placed his hand on the soldier's pauldron. Brandt was impressively well-built, and surely had a promising career ahead of him if today was a show of his instincts on the battlefield. His tumbling golden curls danced slightly in the wind, his eyes a sparkling green. His lips had a plump innocence to them, in contrast to the sturdy, square jaw they rested upon. Though Gareth was a married man, and a father several times over, he found himself lingering on the soldier's beauty. It was customary and expected for a commander to partake of pleasure with his men, for the sake of morale and unity. Especially after battle. Now the highest-ranking warrior present, that responsibility would fall to the paladin. The men would need that release after such a fight.

“Chin up, Brandt. You should be proud of your efforts.”

“Yes, sir.”

Brandt felt a tingle through his body, even though Gareth's hand rested upon armor and not skin. A recent recruit, he had not yet experienced the bonding rituals of warriors. He'd had his way with a few youths and maidens of his hometown, but understood that this was something deeper. Gareth guessed, correctly, that losing a comrade in battle was a new experience for the boy.

“Mourn your brothers, but do not let your heart bear their weight. They watch you now, from the heavens. You mustn't disappoint them.”

Brandt nodded, thankful for the paladin's words. Gareth raised his hand from the young man's shoulder and gently clapped his cheek.

“Come, the camp has been prepared.”

Sir Gareth turned and marched towards the large tent that had been pitched in the midst of the camp, flanked by his knights. Brandt stood still, unsure if he had understood the hero's words. But then Gareth paused and called over his shoulder.

“Brandt!”

The young soldier broke into a jog to catch up, mesmerized by the almighty glutes that bounced and flexed with each step. Two enormous guards parted the curtains, and Gareth continued his confident march into the tent. Brandt's eyes widened as he saw the bacchanal spread before him. Hundreds of soldiers gathered together within the vast tent, all in various states of undress, drinking ale and kindling the flames of a great orgy. Deep groans and gasps filled the air. A knight stood with a man at his feet, suckling on his cock while another kneeled behind him, face buried between his ass cheeks. A clutch of men stood together in a

tight circle, flexing their muscles and admiring one another. They lapped at each other's biceps and bumped their fists upon firm, heavy pectorals. No less than a dozen soldiers lay together in a chain upon furs arranged on the ground, each penetrating the man in front of him. Here and there, a particularly desperate groan was matched with a volley of seed shooting through the air, though Brandt could not tell from whom in the tangled piles of bodies.

Gareth looked back at the wide-eyed young soldier, understanding that this must have been quite a sight for him. The paladin loved his wife dearly, but presiding over his men at rest was as much his responsibility as presiding over them on the battlefield. And Sir Gareth would not stray from his knightly vows. He made for his commander's quarters at the rear of the great tent, Brandt and his most senior knights accompanying him. Thick furs lay upon the ground, and flagons of ale sat waiting upon a thick oak table. The paladin passed one to Brandt, encouraging him to drink and soothe his nerves. Around them, the knights began to shed their armor and thongs. Thick manhoods filled out and hardened for the excitement to come. Incense burned in small braziers propped here and there, spreading an intoxicating haze throughout the space. Gareth stepped up close to Brandt, and placed a finger under his chin, raising his eyes so they met.

“A new sight for you then, soldier?”

“Y-yes, sir.”

“Well, be at ease, Brandt. We will guide you.”

Sir Gareth kicked off his boots, and instructed Brandt to take care of his pauldrons. Brandt carefully detached the enormous piece of platemail and hoisted it off Gareth's shoulders. For so experienced a warrior, his body was remarkably unscathed by the scars of battle. Perhaps in part the blessings bestowed upon paladins, but perhaps also through sheer prowess. Brandt looked back up at the older warrior, hoping for further instruction. Gareth pointed his gaze downwards, and watched intently as Brandt knelt before him. He unclasped the steel thong and it fell to the ground. Gareth's manhood bounced free, slapping Brandt across the face and leaving a streak of precum across his forehead. He looked with some trepidation at the enormous, swinging cock – but raised his eyes once more to the paladin, who nodded. He ran his tongue slowly along its length, feeling for all the world like a man's forearm. Gareth groaned softly as Brandt's tongue reached the tip, and he slowly parted his lips to accept the warrior into his mouth. He looked down at the muscular youth struggling to stretch his lips around his hard schlong. Placing his hands gently on either side of Brandt's head, he held the young man still and slowly thrust in to the tight, warm depths of his throat. Such was the lot of the commander, Gareth thought to himself with a chuckle.

Brandt felt his hero's cock sliding into his throat, and was forced to breathe through his nostrils as his esophagus was filled and stretched. Eager to please, he buried his face against Gareth's bulging abs, taking the mighty cock to the hilt. Gareth threw his head back and moaned, one hand on the back of Brandt's head, hips bucking as he rode the soldier. Brandt managed to squeeze his tongue out between Gareth's cock to swirl it over the large, smooth balls hanging beneath. Brandt's throat made a satisfying squelching sound as the paladin thrust gently. He stared up trustingly – Gareth enjoyed watching those large green eyes as

his thick meat squeezed in and out of the welcoming mouth. The tongue desperately reaching out for his balls was equally talented. Perhaps he ought to investigate what else it could do.

A large wooden table stood in the center of the commander's quarters, a map of the region sprawled across it. Gareth slowly withdrew from Brandt's throat with a wet pop, leaving a trail of saliva and precum connecting him. He turned and leaned over the table, giving Brandt an eyeful most glorious ass in all the realm. The rutting soldiers strewn around the tent smirked – the most glorious ass indeed, and the furthest from reach. While Gareth accepted his knightly duty to bond with his men, none had ever known him to take one in his ass. Too proud, perhaps – either way, those smooth boulders would set any man's jaw crashing to the ground. And deep in between them, the tightest and smoothest of holes. Breached by naught but the odd tongue – the paladin would not be ridden, but he would be serviced.

Almost reverently, Brandt reached out and parted those mighty cheeks. His own large hands barely covered a fraction of their surface, and he could feel the heavy layers of sinew underneath the pure, uninterrupted skin. It took a firm grip and surprising strength to part them, but inside were the most perfect ass lips the young man had ever seen. He reached out with his tongue and gently trailed it over the tender pucker – a deep moan rumbled through Sir Gareth.

“That's it, boy.”

Encouraged, Brandt spat at the hole and lavished it with his tongue, flicking and swirling it over the tight entrance. He buried his face in between the mighty cheeks, vast muscles that almost enveloped him. He tickled the paladin's anus playfully, and heard his groans rise in pitch as his tongue-strokes became more rapid. He modulated his movements to hear the man above him moan high and low, before slowing down to start pressing in earnest. Gareth's voice fell into a deep, rich chuckle as Brandt's tongue slowly but firmly squeezed into his ass. It writhed and wiggled, gently coaxing the ringed muscle open. The young soldier stretched the powerful glutes apart as far as he could, pressing his face with all his strength into its depths. His tongue squeezed and squirmed deeper into the man above him, desperate to impress his hero.

Sir Gareth groaned with satisfaction as he felt the adventurous tongue probe his passage. The young man was talented, both on and off the battlefield. He reached back with one thick hand and buried it in Brandt's golden curls, pressing him further into his ass. He pressed back with his own hips, riding the soldier's beautiful face as his enormous manhood bounced freely – fully aroused by the youths' efforts. Brandt could see nothing but ass and hear nothing but the paladin's groans and chuckles as his extended tongue reached as deeply as it could into the knightly anus. Then Brandt felt something else as he knelt behind the paladin – something tickling his own rear end. He tried to look back, but Gareth's hand kept his head firmly in place.

“You just keep workin' that hole, soldier.”

A second deep voice rung in Brandt's ears. Gareth cast an eye back over his shoulder to see

Sir Luther, first and most senior amongst his knightly ranks, kneeling behind Brandt. Sir Luther had seen more battles than even Gareth in his many years of service. Battle-hardened and a warrior to his core, Luther was a built like fortress. His shoulders were wide enough to carry a barbarian on each side – something he'd done many a time when scrapping with those fiendish invaders. His long, dark hair was tied at the base of his neck and his beard was large but exceptionally well-kept. He gently squeezed Brandt's steel thong from between his legs, exposing yet another smooth and virginal anus. The young soldier felt a pang of trepidation from deep between Gareth's glutes – he knew this was coming, but he did not know what to expect.

Luther parted Brandt's hefty cheeks tenderly, and lavished his tongue upon the entrance as though kissing a lover. The whiskers of Luther's beard tickled his cheeks as the tongue swirled over his hole, sending Brandt into a fit groans himself. With his mouth wide open against Gareth's ass and his tongue embedded deep within, his groans sent tantalizing vibrations through the paladin's body. Gareth ground his glutes back against Brandt's face, feeling the wriggling tip reaching further inside of him than most of his knights could manage. At the other end of the chain, Luther delighted in deflowering another young soldier's ass with his roving tongue. He pulled back and spat enthusiastically at the shiny pucker, his saliva dribbling down over its ripples and over Brandt's balls. He gently trailed his finger over the tender pink skin, tapping and tickling. The soldier's glutes flexed instinctively, knowing something was about to change.

“Looks about ready to me, boss.”

Luther chuckled as he stared at the winking anus. Gareth opened his eyes and came back to earth, releasing Brandt's head from his grip and turned to haul the young man up to his feet. He placed his hands gently on either side of Brandt's face and looked into his sparkling green eyes. He was nervous, but trusting. Gareth pulled him in closer and pressed those cherubic lips against his own. Brandt melted into the warrior's embrace and let his mouth part as Gareth's tongue pressed for access. The paladin slipped inside and their tongues danced inside the young man's mouth. He felt the older man's hands reach behind him and squeeze his glutes firmly, parting them and sending on thick finger sliding down in between. Lubricated by Luther's saliva still clinging to the pucker, Gareth's finger gently tickled the muscle and felt it relax under his attention. Brandt moaned deeply into his mouth as the hero gently opened him. At last, Gareth broke the kiss and murmured into the younger man's ear.

“You are ready indeed, boy.”

With that, Gareth easily hoisted the hefty young soldier into the air as though he were a maiden on her wedding night, and deposited him on the thick oak table. Brandt looked up with trusting eyes as the paladin pushed his legs up and back, exposing the relaxed entrance. It winked up at Gareth enticingly. For good measure, he crouched down and plunged his own tongue into the waiting hole. The ecstasy of the invading tongue and the tickling sensation of Gareth's beard against his ass sent Brandt into another fit of gasps and groans, beads of sweat breaking out over his muscled body at the incredible new sensations. After working the tender hole open yet further with his delving tongue, Gareth stood back up straight, and placed the head of his thick shaft against the smooth, slick anus. Another pang of fear shot through Brandt as he felt what seemed like a battering ram against his virginity.

Gareth looked down at him with gentle eyes, and reached over to slide one thick finger into Brandt's mouth. He closed his eyes and suckled gently, trusting the paladin.

“Relax, now.”

Brandt felt himself being stretched, slowly but steadily. Stretched wider than he'd ever known. Those ripples of fear coursed up and down his body, but now were mingled with sparks of excitement at the strange new feeling. Gareth eased his hips forward with as much care as he could muster, watching entranced as Brandt's ass lips stretched, taugth and pink, around his invading cock. Inch by inch, he squeezed his way inside and a deep moan rose from the depths of the young soldier's body. Brandt's voice rose in pitch and his eyes shot open, staring off into the stars as he felt himself be filled by the mighty warrior. Gareth held Brandt's ankles in his hands, firmly keeping him in place as he eased his way inside. With one long, smooth thrust, he squeezed his way home and buried his cock to the hilt inside the virginal passage. Brandt cried out in pleasure and pain - Gareth groaned with satisfaction and leaned down onto the soldier, letting his legs dangle over his shoulders as he pressed his lips back to Brandt's. He plunged his tongue back inside as he held his cock still, Brandt returning the passionate kiss. Once Brandt's body had stopped shaking, and his breathing leveled out, Gareth very slowly began to undulate his hips. His heavy cock messaged the tight bundle of nerves deep inside the soldier – Brandt's toes curled and his eyes rolled back in his head as the new sensation washed over him. He wrapped his arms around Gareth's neck, his hands tangled in the paladin's brown locks. Gareth gradually increased his pace, pumping firmly in and out of the tight but welcoming passage. Their kiss continued, and Brandt mewled around Gareth's tongue as he explored the young man's throat. He also felt Luther's tongue on his own ass, and his hips bucked enthusiastically between the swirling muscle and Brandt. Finally, he broke out into mighty thrusts – Brandt's tight passage dragged out somewhat on each retreat, before plunging home to wails of pleasure from the young soldier. The other knights and soldiers watched on enviously as Brandt received the ride of a lifetime from Sir Gareth, and Luther feasted upon his mighty glutes. Then, Gareth felt Luther's tongue pull away from his ass, and something else return in its place. Without turning back, he let out a low growl.

“Sir Luther...”

The knight chuckled deeply, but did not press the issue, and moved his cock away from Gareth's entrance. He wrapped his arms around his superior and playfully tweaked his nipples.

“Well then, perhaps there's room enough in this one for us both.”

Still thrusting enthusiastically, Gareth chuckled back to his senior knight.

“Only one way to find out.”

The paladin wrapped his arms around Brandt's waist, and hoisted him up off the table. Easily suspending the young soldier in the air, impaled on his cock, Gareth continued to dance tongues with Brandt as Sir Luther lay on his back on the table, his mighty cock pointing firmly to the heavens. Very carefully, Gareth pulled out of Brandt and carried him

over to Luther. Brand just gazed into the paladin's eyes, trusting his movements, as he felt himself being lowered onto the other knight. Luther was almost as fiendishly endowed as Gareth, and the young man was soon stretched right back out. He groaned as the head of Luther's cock smothered that special place inside of him, sending sparks of electricity across his skin. Gareth gently pushed him back so that he was laying on his back on top of Sir Luther, thoroughly impaled and mewling desperately. He felt the older man's tongue swirl over his ears from below, and watched as Gareth climbed over the top of them both.

“Let's see what you can do, soldier.”

Gareth looked at Brandt's ass lips stretched over Luther's meat, tight and pink from the tension. He pressed his own cock against the seal, and Brandt gasped in fear. Gareth looked into his eyes, and stroked his cheek to calm him. Brandt slowed his breathing, beads of sweat once more breaking out across his heaving pectorals. Another knight tossed a small ceramic vial to Gareth, which he upturned over his cock. A thick, viscous substance oozed out and coated his manhood, rendering it slick and shiny. He also dipped his fingers in a small pot of ground herbs, and gently waved them under Brandt's nose. The young man inhaled deeply, and felt a warm sensation wash over him. He felt every inch of his body relax, and it seemed as though the heady fumes had coursed directly into his veins. Gareth once more pressed against Brandt's anus, which slowly – very slowly – eased under the pressure. Brandt's eyes rolled this way and that, still taken by the heady scent. Gareth continued to push forward, until the head of his cock was now wedged inside. He was pressed tightly between the walls of Brandt's rectum and Luther's own turgid meat.

“By the gods, that's tight.”

Luther chuckled with satisfaction as he felt his paladin sliding in alongside him. There was nothing the senior knight enjoyed more than a fellow warrior's cock pressed against his own as they took pleasure together in some ass or pussy. He reached up and took a firm handful of each of Gareth's glutes, pulling him closer. Brandt's voice once again began to crescendo, shooting up the octave as Gareth slid deeper inside. He could see the outline of the twin cocks pressing out through the young man's stomach. It felt like a tight, wet, velvety vice around his cock – Sir Luther hard as steel alongside him. He leaned down and rested his weight upon Brandt, looking into his green eyes as he squeezed his last few inches inside. Brandt gasped and moaned, tears pooling in his eyes. But along with the pain was the indescribable satisfaction of being filled – so very filled. Filled by Aldric's finest heroes. Gareth once more pressed his lips to Brandt's, sliding his tongue inside to comfort him as he rested, balls deep, with Sir Luther.

“Well now, quite the welcoming little pussy on this one, eh?”

The older knight rumbled various obscenities from his place at the bottom of the pile, and began to thrust his hips. Gareth too began to flex his ass, pressing in and out ever so slightly. Quick little gasps escaped from Brandt as the two cocks slid back and forth inside of him, triggering that bundle of nerves on each stroke. Gentle squeezing became a rhythmic pumping motion, each cock taking turns to plunge into the depths and send shockwaves through Brandt's nerves. The rutting soldiers surrounding the display watched with great interest as Gareth's enormous ass – now high in the air on top of the pile – flexed and

bounced. His balls slapped hypnotically against Sir Luther's as they performed their coordinated assault on Brandt. The pain in the young man's voice began to dissipate as his muscles relaxed to accept the invasion, and his cries of pleasure grow louder. Taking the cue, the two knights launched into almighty thrusts, glutes and hamstrings flexing as they rearranged the young man's insides. Brandt again wrapped his arms around Gareth's shoulders and his eyes widened, unable to focus as he was jolted up and down the table by the immense bodies either side of him.

“Oh god – oh gods! OH GODS!”

He babbled incoherently between his cries, the two massive manhoods utterly pulverizing the nerves inside him, tilting him towards a climax of a kind he had never experienced before. His cock stood hard as a rock, pinned between Gareth's abs and his own, but utterly untouched as he felt the waves of pleasure building from deep in his ass. Gareth and Luther gasped and groaned as they felt their own pleasure rising to a crescendo. The feeling of the tight walls around his cock - and his brother-in-arms hard as steel and thrusting alongside him – was as much as either could take. Their hips hurtled back and forth, glutes flexing on each thrust and bouncing on each withdrawal. Every nerve on Brandt's body lit up in pleasure and his eyes rolled back in his head. He cried out and the waves of pleasure hit their apex and came crashing down over him.

“OH GODS!!”

His entire body convulsed, every muscle flexing as he climaxed. Ropes of thick seed shot from his cock, splattering between his chest and Gareth's. Gareth plunged as far as he could into Brandt's throat, filling him from both ends. Brandt's ass spasmed around the two invading hogs, milking them mercilessly. The tight, squeezing grip pushed the two knights over the edge, and they thrust with all their might in long, rapid strokes. Their voices raised to an urgent pitch as they rocked the table back and forth, unable to hold back any longer.

“OH GODS! OH YES, TAKE IT LAD!”

Luther roared and thrust, and an almighty crack splintered along the thick oak table.

“YES! YES! YESSS!”

The knights cried out in pleasure and flexed their glutes to reach as deep inside the soldier as they could. The crack split open and the entire table was broken in two under the weight of manflesh, sending the three crashing to the floor. Luther dug his hands into Gareth's ass, filling Brandt with gallons of his own seed. The paladin's cock felt the spasming passage walls and Luther's pumping cock as he shot his own almighty load deep inside the soldier, groaning into Brandt's throat as the young man was filled beyond reckoning. His tight stomach bulged out from the pressure of the semen filling him, which managed to escape the tight seal of his anal lips and squirt back out around the knights' cocks.

“Oh gods... yes...”

Gareth and Luther continued to thrust, though more gently, as they slowly came back to

earth and shot the last few volleys of their loads. Gareth buried his face into Brandt's neck as he was milked of his last few drops, before rising up to look into the younger man's eyes.

“A fine effort.”

The soft words of encouragement from the hero filled Brandt as warmly as the seed inside of him, and he broke out into an innocent smile. They kissed gently for a while, a tangle of three mighty bodies on the floor, surrounded by the obliterated remains of the table. Slowly, Gareth pulled his still-firm cock from Brandt's hole, Luther's sliding out alongside him. The dam broke, and a river of knightly sperm poured out of Brandt's ass and down Luther's balls to spread over the ground. Luther laughed as he felt the torrent over his legs.

“Gods, he'll be lucky if he ain't knocked up.”

The knight continued his obscenities as he nibbled at Brandt's ear, and Gareth eased himself up off the pile. Brandt's ass lips were thick and puffy, glazed and shiny. Semen continued to leak out, but as they tightened up, the balance was kept safely in the soldier's belly. The paladin knelt down and once more picked up Brandt like a maiden, allowing Luther to climb back to his feet. Brandt's head rested against Gareth's vast pectorals, eyes still unable to focus as he came down from his climax. His head was still firmly in the clouds, so Gareth stepped over to a thick pile of furs in the corner and carefully laid the young man down. He kneeled down beside him for one last kiss.

“Sleep well, soldier.”

Brandt smiled through the haze, as he watched Gareth rise to his feet. His smile slipped a little as he watched the paladin turn and walk away, hoping that he might lay with him. But his hero did not turn back. Sir Luther followed his eyes and chuckled gently.

“Now lad, as commander here, Gareth has his duties.”

Brandt watched as Gareth took a fresh swig from a full flagon of ale and tossed it to the ground. Many pairs of hands reached out to feel his muscles, and the paladin was enveloped by the writhing, rutting pile of bodies. Luther joined the fray, pressing his cock down the waiting throat of his squire. Gareth pushed another well-muscle soldier to his knees and spread his ass wide. With but a thick shot of saliva, he pressed his once-more full and erect cock into the quivering hole. With a deep and excited groan, he took off on another ride. The orgy closed ranks around him, and Gareth disappeared from Brandt's view as the young soldier drifted off into slumber. A little melancholy, but still dreaming of his hero.

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The embers glowed a dull red in the now darkened tent. The men slept peacefully, exhausted from battle and from their revelry. Gareth, wearing a simple linen thong, poured over the map in silence. He was due to return to Aldric, but surely these strange events warranted further investigation? And then there was the matter with the dwarven capital, not far to the east. A slight movement in the distance caught his eye, and he looked up to see the entrance to the tent ripple slightly. A hooded figure swept silently over the sleeping soldiers, but

Gareth relaxed when he saw the royal symbol fastened to the figure's cloak.

“For your eyes, sir.”

The figure spoke softly, placing a sealed note upon the table. Gareth picked it up without a word, and the messenger retreated into the night. He broke the wax seal and held the note close to a candle.

They're here as well. Don't return to the capital, not yet. Head to Baldrummar. Find out what you can. And by the gods, we've got more of those barbarian bastards headed our way as well.

Gareth sighed – at least he wasn't losing his mind. Those strange creatures – would could they portend? He looked over to where Sir Luther lay on a pile of furs, several well-fucked squires cradled in his mighty arms. The battalion would be fine under his stewardship. He wrote a quick note to his senior knight, before strapping himself into his armor as quietly as he could. His sword stood propped against the side of the tent, and he noticed Brandt fast asleep on his belly beside it. The young man's anus was still plump and glistening from his ride with the knights. The paladin picked up his sword and said a quiet prayer for Brandt's safekeeping, knowing it was unlikely they ever would meet again.

The night sky was clear and bright as Gareth closed the tent flap behind him. The strange pall that had accompanied the monstrous outbreak had faded entirely. The white steed raised his head as his master approached. In one confident motion, Gareth raised himself up into the saddle. The squires had polished it expertly while the soldiers were at play, and the leather felt fresh and soft against his bare glutes. A gentle kick sent the steed off into the night, and Gareth thought on the day's events. Once he was done with Baldrummar, it would be straight back to the capital. A chance to visit his dear wife and family, but also to seek advice from his king on a course of action – these strange creatures must be a sign of greater threats to come. To say the least of the barbarian incursions into the northern reaches of the continent. The only good barbarian was a dead barbarian – words Gareth had lived by throughout his knighthood. The holy warrior pressed on faster into the night. He would see his duty done.

Far to the north, a young man built like a mountain looked out across the seas. The time would soon come to venture forth.

- THE END -

WIDEBROS

