

WIDEBROS



MIGHT AND MUSCLE
- A Paladin's Dawn -

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

A fell wind rippled through the woods. The night was quiet, but the stench of smoke carried on the air as a young knight rode along a narrow path heading north. The knight urged his stallion on with greater urgency as the smoke grew thicker – he knew that time was short. The trees soon began to thin, and he heard a desperate cry ahead. With a deft hand on the reins, he guided his steed sharply to the left as several oncoming horses charged in the other direction – the knight looked back, but the men atop them made no attempt to turn back and pursue him.

Deserters. The situation was worse than he anticipated.

The trees fell away, and the knight crested a hill and saw the situation before him. Arenvale fortress was aflame, smoke and embers flowing from its windows. Yet more men fled by him as he surveyed the chaos. Unholy groans of undeath filled the air – the dead rose from the ground, puppeteered by some dark force unseen. The knight scanned the building for his target – the West Tower. It soared high above the rest of the structure, and while the flames rose ever higher, they had mercifully not yet reached its upper floors. Yet something strange coiled around its outer walls, tunneling in and out of the windows. Fleshy - some manner of creature? It was difficult to be sure in the darkness. The Kingdom of Aldric's paladin and first among knights, Sir Ulric Longhorn, was somewhere in its midst. The women and families in the tower would surely be safe with his arrival, but even he could not fell the entire horde without assistance. The stallion snorted impatiently, but the knight would have to proceed on foot. He swung his legs off of his steed – a magnificent beast named Brutus - and leapt to the ground. With a firm slap to its hindquarters, the stallion took off into the night, ready to return when called.

Gareth Ironfist unsheathed his sword, its honed surface and his polished steel armor glinting in the moonlight. Just twenty-three summers of age, the young knight had built something of a name for himself amongst the Aldric Order of Knights as something of a one-man army. A fail-safe of last resort, ready to deal justice and order where lesser men had failed. His idealistic pursuit of the common good – and his talented sword-arm – had earned him a place at the Order's round table when he had seen but twenty-one summers, a feat unmatched in centuries. It was customary for the men of the Ironfist family to dedicate themselves to the knighthood. Though just a boy in the eyes of some of the older knights, he had proven his worth time and again.

At nigh-on seven feet in height, he was a mountain of a man – exceeded only by the hardy barbarians of the far north. His polished armor framed his magnificent physique exquisitely – vast pauldrons sat atop his wide shoulders, connected to a short cuirass which guarded his neck but left his mighty pectorals free and proud. Thick steel boots extended to his knees, their weight would leave a lesser man unable to lift his feet at all. Steel gauntlets encased his enormous hands, one wielding his longsword and the other looped through a tower shield. His shimmering blue cape rippled in the night air behind him, and he wore naught else but a tight steel thong, which securely contained his hefty manhood and rode snugly between his vast glutes. That ass was nearly as legendary as the young knight himself, like boulders that sat proudly atop his equally intimidating legs. Many of his brethren had watched with admiration as they flexed and bounced, though none had known the pleasure of taking them.

Gareth was clean-shaven but for a tuft upon his chin, his shoulder-length chestnut hair tied back in a short ponytail. But that youthfulness was tempered by the grim determination on his face and firmly-set jaw. He placed his fist upon his chest and made a silent prayer. He was here to bring justice – the light of Arthos – to this chaos. The young knight indeed lived up to his legend, becoming a whirling maelstrom of honed steel as he sliced through the undead horde. Limbs, heads and assorted decaying sinew flew in all directions as he made mince of each lumbering menace. Two guardsmen, trapped between the advancing crowd and a burning wagon, gasped in shock as the zombies before them were vivisected and crumpled to the ground as Sir Gareth brought his blade to bear.

“Flee!”

Gareth barked the simple command to the pair, who simply nodded and scarpered towards the fortress gates without a backward glance. He made his way across the courtyard, making short work of the undead peons. A strangled cry pierced the air and he looked up to see a man collapse from a high window – he fell to the ground with a sickening crunch, his body annihilated. The knight looked back to see the creature that had pursued him, standing at the window's edge. Perhaps a man, once, twisted and distorted by dark magic. It cried in fury and pain, fleshy limbs flailing in all directions. Before it could continue its rampage, a blade – glowing with holy light – pierced it from behind. It wailed and exploded in a vibrant sunburst.

Sir Ulric's work, no doubt.

Heartened that the paladin was present and seeing to business, Gareth hurried to the west tower, felling any remaining zombies he could find in the process. A young woman emerged from the burning doors at the tower's base, screaming as she looked over her shoulder. Gareth caught her she tripped on the scattered debris. She collapsed into his arms, clutching at him desperately. Several others emerged after her, clearly petrified by what they had seen within. Gareth glanced around the courtyard – while it was littered with viscera and wreckage, no further bodies emerged from the depths.

“The way is clear. But be quick.”

The party nodded their thanks to the knight and hurried off towards the gates. Naught remained but his goal. Corpses – of zombies and darker creatures besides – littered the stairs where Sir Ulric had made his advance. Gareth made short work of any stragglers, freeing their captives and directing them back down the tower. From the windows puncturing the tower walls, he could see that the ground level was now safe and under the control of his fellow knights. His opposition seemed to grow ever darker and more powerful as he ascended, however, and a great sense of unease filled his heart. This was necromancy, there was no doubt about it. He knew Sir Ulric would have the strength to best whatever vile sorcerer was behind it, but nonetheless...

As he reached the upper floors of the tower, the strange tendrils he had spied earlier were running in all directions around the walls, pulsing and throbbing with a strange life. He had the strength to slice through them with ease, but the strange creature appeared to regenerate

itself with alarming speed when damaged. They grew in numbers and girth as Gareth approached the top of the tower, and soon he heard a strangled cry. The final staircase behind him, the knight was met with a sight that made his stomach drop.

Strange fleshy limbs, some the size and breadth of tree trunks, coursed around the room in all directions. Suspended by four of these strange tendrils was Sir Ulric. His arms and legs were splayed out, and more of the appendages stroked menacingly over his smooth, muscled skin. His flowing golden hair and beard shook back and forth as he struggled. His teeth were gritted with rage, his icy-blue eyes wide with panic. Ulric growled to the young knight.

“Get back, boy! Flee!”

Gareth shook his head, readying his sword.

“No, sir! I can help you!”

But with his fading strength, Sir Ulric erected a magical paling around himself and the strange creature. It sent Gareth flying back into the wall behind him – unharmed, but out of range.

“Run, boy! You cannot stop this!”

The air rippled and a dark form took shape far above them both. Long, black robes hung in the air, mottled grey hands extending from their midst. Its face hidden in shadow, it pointed one hand at the bound paladin and drew a series of strange shapes with its fingers. The patterns seemed to consume the light itself, leaving runes of darkness suspended before it. The fleshy tentacles yanked Sir Ulric's limbs yet further apart, and he cried in pain. Two more looped around his steel thong and tore it asunder, leaving his ass and manhood exposed to the vile creature. The tentacles slid lasciviously over his skin, toying with his nipples and wrapping around his cock. He growled and struggled, but was unable to overcome the creature. With a mighty yank, his legs were pulled out to unhealthy angle, revealing his tight, smooth anus.

Sir Ulric watched in horror as a large, phallic appendage rose between his legs, and began to press against his entrance. The paladin roared as he was penetrated, the necromancer drawing yet more dark symbols in the air. The phallus coiled and thrust, working deeper into the struggling warrior. His breathing became sharp and erratic as he was filled. His eyes widened with disgust as he saw his stomach bulge outward from the coiling menace within. There was but one option left. For the last time, he turned his face to the young knight.

“If you won't run, then get back and be ready. You'll only have one chance.”

Gareth watched in despair at the display before him.

“Sir, let me fight it! I can do it!”

“STAY BACK, BOY!” the paladin roared, as his eyes began to glow.

Gareth watched on in horror – what magic was the paladin invoking? Sir Ulric began to chant, and the glow became stronger. He backed up towards the wall, raising his shield before his face as the light became blinding. The necromancer's movements became faster and more urgent, the tentacles thrusting and pulling with ever greater ferocity. Sir Ulric's body was yanked in all directions as he was violated by the necromancer's beast – but then a golden light began to fill the air. The paladin ceased his chanting, and his entire body seemed to glow. The roars of the creature and the dark rumblings of the necromancer's magic fell silent. All was quiet and still...

With a deafening boom, a piercing beam of light shot upwards through the tower. The ceiling exploded, the walls crumbled, and so too did the abomination that had coiled around them. Gareth, covered by his tower shield, felt burning waves of light press outward from the source. He flexed his legs and glutes to prevent himself from being blown off the tower entirely. Rubble and viscera flew through the air, torn and burned by the holy light. As it slowly receded, the young knight saw that Sir Ulric and the necromancer had both vanished. The creature was scattered in liquefying lumps of burned flesh. The paladin had become the light of justice itself to destroy whatever malevolent force had laid siege to the fortress – Gareth could not even begin to think what sort of terror might lead Sir Ulric to do such a thing. What had become of the necromancer? What strange creature had it summoned forth, to say nothing of raising the dead?

A frightened whimper emerged from a piled of rubble.

Gareth got to his feet, the room now but a floor at the top of the tower – open entirely to the elements. He threw aside a picture frame and some splintered furniture to find the last of the survivors – four young men and women – curled up and trembling. A youth looked up at him with wide eyes.

“S-Sir Knight – is it gone? T-that thing?”

Before Gareth could respond, the ground began to rumble. All structural integrity lost, the tower was about to collapse. The youth cried out in shock, the floor swaying and wobbling. Gareth knelt down, sheathing his sword and tossing his shield aside. He extended his hands to the small group of survivors.

“Come. We haven't much time.”

Calmed by his deep, steady voice, the four managed to rise to their feet. Gareth leaned down, and beckoned them to stand by his pauldrons. Once in position, he wrapped his arms around them and hoisted the entire group up onto his two mighty shoulders. He ran towards the stairs, the ground crumbling away to nothing in his wake. Chunks of masonry tumbled this way and that as he charged down the tower, the four upon his shoulders screaming in terror as they watched the tower turn to dust. Gareth ran as fast as his muscular legs could carry him, dodging back and forth as portions of the floors above collapsed into those below. The destruction moved faster down the tower than any man could run, and soon the path ahead was collapsing into nothing. The walls blew outwards, and the knight had one last sturdy step before the ground disintegrated entirely. He flexed his glutes with all that he had and leapt into the air. The ground was still far below, but the rows of battlements were

within reach. Tumbling through the air amidst the rubble, Gareth let out a whistle. He tossed the two survivors on his right shoulders in to the void. They screamed at their impending doom, but a mighty stallion charged in through the gates and across the courtyard. Gareth pulled out his sword as he tumbled towards the battlements, and plunged it into the mortar. Sparks flew as the mortar chipped away, the pair on his shoulder screaming as they were dragged down the side of the fortress's wall. With the sound of grinding steel they were gradually brought to a halt, and they clung to Gareth as he dangled from his sword. Far below, Brutus scooped up the falling pair on his back, snorting proudly at his triumphant return. Gareth gasped for breath as the scene fell silent.

The knights occupying the courtyard looked up in amazement.

“Bit of a show-off, isn't he?”

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It was a time of mourning for the Kingdom of Aldric with the passing of Sir Ulric Longhorn into glory. The mighty paladin had served the land from his twenty-seventh summer to his forty-fifth, and his memory would be celebrated with a statue in the Hall of Heroes. But the Order of Knights quickly put its attention to the appointment of his successor - the kingdom would need a new paladin for guidance and protection. The Order would select eight from amongst their ranks to test their mettle in a grand tournament and, Arthos willing, a victor would emerge to wield the light.

Gareth was troubled by the events of that night – necromancy and demonic summonings had scarcely been heard of in the kingdom within the past century. He had heard distant rumblings of the barbarians and orcs joining forces to fight such creatures far to the north, in the Obsidian Shroud. Perhaps some dark presence was re-emerging into the world. The Order had conducted a full investigation into the invasion – and the fallout of Ulric's invocation – but had determined that the threat had passed.

Given his youth, the knight had not expected to be selected for the grand tournament, but was shocked to find that King Luther himself had nominated him for the eight. Word of his dramatic deeds had spread quickly – the nobility had a soft spot for such exciting tales. Gareth had little time to think on his troubles, and took solace in the knowledge that Sir Ulric's sacrifice would have taken the hammer – at least for now - to whatever dark plans had been taking shape. The tournament would be held in the grounds of the Temple of Arthos – the Sentinel, God of Justice and guiding light of the kingdom – before the knight triumphant would enter the temple to receive of his blessing.

“Come on lad, yer off in a daze again!”

Gareth shook his head, brought back to reality by the deep and rumbling voice of Sir Ragnall Hammerfist. The barrel-chested older knight had seen some fifty summers, and had long been a close mentor of the young man. He too wore his auburn hair tied back in a short ponytail, but had featured an immaculately kept beard from his jaw to his chest for as long as Gareth had known him. He placed a large hand on Gareth's shoulder and gave him an encouraging shake, as the two of them watched Gareth's squires scurrying about,

polishing armor and making ready for battle.

Beyond the walls of the armory, they could hear the sounds of the tournament playing out. The stands would be full to bursting. From the peasantry to the nobility and everything in between, all would be eager to see their new paladin emerge triumphant. The clang of steel rang out as swords struck and shields bashed – while not a fight to the death, the tournament was a genuine battle with all the ferocity that might entail. Soon the steel fell silent and an almighty cheer went up – one had fallen, one would proceed. With the assistance of his squires and mentor, Gareth was soon standing resplendent in his steel armor. The squires brought in vials of fine, scented oil which they massaged into every exposed muscle – a true knight would glisten in the sunlight.

“Now yer lookin' the part. Get the hells out there and show'em what yer made of, boy.”

When at last his time came, the young knight emerged from the Order hall and was met with a crowd that stretched as far the eye could see. A long path extended from the hall to the arena erected in the grounds of the temple, and the townsfolk had amassed in their thousands along the route. The path was flanked by two enormous statues – depictions of Arthos, and of his lover Brödr. In eternities past, Brödr was believed to have been the first of the paladins and the first to receive the god's blessing.

As Gareth marched along the path and passed through the walls of the arena, he came level with the viewing platforms of the nobility. Warmth filled his heart and a smile spread across his face when he saw Gwendoline, his betrothed, waving to him. Making his way over to her, she pulled out a ribbon from her hair and offered to him as a token.

“Be strong, my knight.”

“My lady.”

Gareth took the ribbon gratefully and tucked it into his gauntlet, before kissing her hand gently. Gwendoline blushed, obviously taken with her handsome warrior. Not far from her was King Luther himself, the Queen, and the youngest of his many sons, Prince Alasdair. The King, something of a fan of Gareth from the adventurous tales that frequently emerged from his activities, was clapping enthusiastically as his favored candidate entered the fray. Gareth felt a stir in depths as he looked upon Prince Alasdair – freshly of age, the young prince wore an exquisite silk thong and capelet, exposing his slender yet athletic body. The knight was surprised when the prince too waved him over and offered a token – a small silk handkerchief. Not in a position to turn down a royal offering, Gareth accepted it too and smiled at Alasdair who gave him a broad grin and a wink in return.

The pleasantries complete, Gareth lifted his helm over his head and set his mind to work. While he had not expected to be here, certainly not so soon in his knightly career, it would not do to give anything less than his best. With eight in the tournament, there were three opponents between him and victory. Several battles had already taken place, and Gareth saw the victors waiting patiently in the stands for their next opportunity. The losers, surely nursing their shame back at the Order hall.

To the surprise of nobody, Gareth managed to plow his way quite expertly through his first two rounds of competition. Sir Siegfried and Sir Gerolt, both seasoned knights and eminently eligible paladins, were no match for the one-man army of Sir Gareth as he demonstrated his sword-arm to the crowd. Tossing his blade aside at the conclusion of each battle, the young knight pressed his boot upon his opponent's back and pressed him into the dirt, asserting his dominance and proclaiming his victory.

As the battlefield was cleared, Gareth stood at its edge awaiting his final opponent. He could feel the eyes on him – the expectations of the crowd. The warm, longing gaze of his betrothed. The wide, enchanted eyes of Prince Alasdair. He ran his fingers over the silk handkerchief – surely not. No, the king would never forgive such a thing. The crowd soon perked up again, a rising cheer spreading across the arena as the other finalist stepped up to the arena.

A tall and muscular man in gleaming armor of platinum and gold entered, to the adoration of the people. He waved at them, and a shower of rose petals danced through the air as many in the stands stood to their feet to applaud. Gareth smirked to himself. Somebody was eager to make an entrance. The shining knight made a great show of removing his helmet, and a telltale tumble of golden locks cascaded down his shoulders. His opponent would be Sir Lancelot Vaillant himself – or Lance the Lionheart, as the people had declared him.

Lance was a highborn knight, arrogant but superbly talented, but a few summers older than Gareth. His shining blonde hair caught the light and seemed to glow against his bronzed skin as he removed his helm, a broad grin spreading across his face. Once more he waved to the adoring crowd, turning this way and that so they could all enjoy their fill – his mighty chest freshly oiled and glistening in the sun. His quads bulged out impressively around his thong, which too almost glowed in the light. The platinum and gold of his armor certainly befit his highborn position. He turned his gaze to Gareth and called out to him.

“Well then, look at us! The last to bastards standing, eh? Let's make it a good one for them.”

Gareth's lip curled.

“Worry not brother. I don't expect you go to easy.”

Lance grinned, somewhat menacingly.

“It's true what they say, isn't it? You've never been taken. Ass as fresh as they day it was made. I'll be changing all that today.”

Gareth simply chuckled.

“Better men have tried.”

They both placed their helms firmly upon their heads, and the battle was on.

Lance was similarly muscled to Gareth, but his size belied a deft agility. He was quick to parry whenever Gareth brought down his mighty longsword in strikes that would split most

men in two. He picked up his pace and charged at the golden-haired knight with a flurry of whirling slashes. Lance leapt over the blade and hit the ground with a roll, rising quickly to his feet. He charged like a bull at the younger knight, who brought up his tower shield as a bulwark. Lance collided with the shield and the shockwave fairly rattled the stands, much to the crowd's entertainment. Slightly dazed, Lance stumbled backwards and Gareth closed the distance with his shield once more spread out before him. The bruising impact sent Lance arcing through the air, and he landed with a crunch upon the ground. Gareth brought his sword up over his head, but Lance quickly rolled away and sprang back to his feet.

“Have to be a bit faster than that, brother!”

Gareth turned and charged once more, and the two locked swords in a flurry of strikes that sent sparks in all directions.

“And you'll have to be a bit stronger, brother!”

King Luther watched with great amusement at the display – the Order of Knights were rather a stiff lot, and would never consent to displays of their prowess purely for spectacle. So he relished the opportunity to see the knights pit themselves against one another. Prince Alasdair watched with wide eyes at the display – he idolized the knights, and while Lance was near blinding in his brilliance, Sir Gareth was no doubt the most handsome of them all. His muscles bounced and flexed with each motion, glistening in the light and so beautifully framed by his armor.

While Lance was quick to evade oncoming attacks, Gareth could simply weather them like boulder. More sparks sprayed through the air whenever their blades clashed, and it seemed as though the pair were at stalemate. Gareth sensed a growing frustration in his opponent as each swing and thrust was but raindrops on the boulder of his physique. Lance growled and became more erratic in his attacks, darting this way and that as Gareth swung his shield around for protection between his own thrusts. With one well-timed sideward step, Gareth managed to sneak inside the arc of Lance's blade and bring his shield up once the swing was in motion. Lance's arm collided with the shield and his sword clattered to the ground.

“Godsdammit!”

He clasped his arm and cried out in pain, stumbling backward. Gareth swung his shield around once more, landing a bruising blow on the golden-haired knight's chest. This time his helmet was knocked from his head. Lance stumbled once more, his eyes crossed from the shockwave that was sent through his body. Gareth grabbed his flowing golden locks and spun him around like a rag doll, before slamming his shield into Lance's back with a sickening crunch. The knight collapsed to the ground, landing face-first in the dirt. His smooth, bronzed ass pointed directly up into the air.

The crowd fell silent, and then soon broke out into an almighty roar.

Gareth pulled off his helm and tossed it aside, gasping for air from the pitched battle. He turned around slowly, watching thousands upon thousands of his countrymen on their feet and cheering. While Sir Lancelot was the kingdom's pride and joy, it seemed the crowd also

enjoyed an upset. He turned to his betrothed, who looked as though she were about to faint from relief. The King joined in the applause for a time, before raising his hand for silence.

“And so, good people of Aldric. Arthos has chosen. Sir Gareth Ironfist – you may enter his temple.”

Gareth looked down at his fallen opponent. Lance was conscious but thoroughly dazed, his faced pressed into the dirt but breathing heavily. He looked at the bountiful ass pointing up at him – the thin platinum band of his thong tight against his golden skin. Gareth understood what would come next – one last ritual. The young knight hoisted Lance up over his shoulder. The highborn knight babbled somewhat incoherently, his thoughts gradually returning to him. The gates at the far end of the arena opened, and beyond was the Temple of Arthos.

Only the knights – and the king – were permitted within for the ritual.

The temple soared high into the sky, far higher than any other building in the kingdom save the castle itself. Within the entrance was the Hall of Heroes, a vast space with high vaulted ceilings and lined with enormous marble statues of all the kingdom's paladins within known history. Gareth marched along the path between them, followed by a procession of knights and King Luther. He looked up to see the statue of Sir Ulric – his handsome face now frozen in time. Ulric's passing still troubled him, though now was not the time to dwell on it. Gareth gave Lance a hearty slap on the ass.

“How do you fare, brother? All together again?”

Lance growled angrily – humiliated in front of the entire city, and now to be humiliated in the Temple of Arthos itself. Gareth chuckled and ran his hand over the smooth round boulders, giving them a good squeeze.

“Come now, second place is a fine effort.”

Lance bit his lip, the roving hand causing sparks of pleasure to dance across his nerves.

Beyond on the Hall of Heroes was the Sanctum, even more vast and cavernous. A perfect circle, in the center was a towering statue of Arthos himself. Every inch of his musculature was carved in sublime detail – a truly obscene amount of marble must have been quarried to depict his divinity. Representations of Arthos always featured his helm's visor down – the god ready to deal justice with utter impartiality. His long, flowing hair escaped through the bottom of the helm and almost seemed to blow in the wind, despite the stillness and silence of the Sanctum – such was the expertise of the artist.

Sir Boldrecht – oldest of the knights, high council of the round table and Keeper of the temple, stood at the base of the statue, ready to receive the tournament's victor. He chuckled when he saw the young knight march into the Sanctum with Lance over his shoulder.

“Well well well, the gods do like to keep us on our toes, don't they? Barely a man, and now a paladin?”

Gareth approached the still-burly man and bowed his head.

“That I be considered worthy.”

Boldrecht roared with laughter, his voice echoing around the vast chamber.

“Well you kicked the ass of every other would-be paladin in the bleedin' order, now didn't you? And a nice one over your shoulder besides. I trust you won't disappoint our Lord.”

Gareth smirked as Boldrecht stepped aside. A large stone altar stood at the base of the statue – he deposited Lance upon it, who looked back over his shoulder with a stony glare.

“I won't forget this, Ironfist.”

Gareth winked at him.

“You'll be seeing Arthos himself.”

Lance scoffed, but raised himself on to all fours as he turned back to the statue. Gareth reached over and pressed his upper body down on to the altar, so his ass was arched high in the air. He glanced up at the statue, and then back down at the beefy orbs before him – giving them another hearty slap and running his thick hands over the smooth skin. Despite himself, Lance moaned just a little. He had always had an eye on Gareth's mighty glutes – the responsibilities of paladin would have been worth it just for the chance to spear him like a maiden on her wedding night. But to now have his dignity sacrificed for the amusement of Arthos...

Gareth pressed the clasps of Lance's armored thong, and slowly eased it down his legs before tossing it aside. He spread the muscular cheeks before him and caught his first glance of Lance's anus – it was tight, smooth and pink. Gareth licked his lips and moved in closer, trailing his index finger over its puckered surface. It quivered slightly under his touch, and Lance let out another involuntary moan. Gareth withheld a laugh at the sight of the arrogant highborn on his knees, back arched and moaning like a dock whore. A held his lips an inch or two from the winking entrance and blew softly. Lance inhaled sharply before letting out another long moan. Gareth very delicately extended his tongue and traced along the minute ripples of the pink muscle. Lance breathed in and out rapidly, clenching his hands in to fists as pleasure washed over his body.

“Gods!”

Lance cried out as Gareth plunged his tongue into the tight ring. Very tight – perhaps even virginal. But Gareth had dealt with more than his fair share of those. The sphincter twitched and squeezed as his adventurous tongue wriggled and writhed against it, gradually relaxing and giving way. Lance moaned and panted, arching his back obscenely as Gareth worked him open, his tongue extending through the ring of muscle and into the warm, silky depths beyond. The golden-haired knight cried out for all the Gods of Aethos as sensations such as he had never felt shot up and down the length of his body.

“Who knew the son of House Vaillant was a such little bitch?” Gareth rumbled into the slick, inviting hole.

“You bastard...” Lance growled, which transformed almost comically into another pitched cry as Gareth's tongue plunged to newfound depths – his prostate closely within reach.

Ragnall, Gareth's mentor, watched as the would-be paladin bent over before the altar feasting upon the spectacular ass of the unbearable but admittedly comely Lancelot. A close circle of knights had formed around the pair, and Ragnall nodded to them. The circle tightened, and the knights reached out to gradually remove the pair's armor. Ragnall knelt behind Gareth and slipped his armored thong down his legs before flinging it back over his head. Gareth briefly looked over his shoulder. A tongue was one thing, but he wasn't about to be ridden. But Ragnall simply plunged his face in between the mighty boulders and Gareth cried out into Lance's ass as his own hole was assaulted by a roving, probing muscle. He, too, arched his back a little as he felt Ragnall's whiskers tickling the smooth skin around his entrance.

“Yeah – ain't so bad, eh boy?” Ragnall chuckled.

A dozen pairs of hands all glided over Gareth's ass in awe and admiration – they might never have the opportunity to explore it so closely again. The knight leaned back on his haunches and the outer ridges of his glutes firmed like steel. Ragnall leaned back and spat on the beautiful, tragically unused anus before him. His saliva dribbled down over the tight, delicate folds of the sphincter and glistened in the glow of the temple. He traced its path with his index finger, gently massaging the fluid into the pink muscle. It twitched and flexed, and he could not help but press his face back in to kiss the winking muscle as though he were returning to his bride after months on the battlefield.

Their armor cast aside, the knights closed in together around the altar to form a wall of intertwined and muscular flesh. King Luther watched in awe, though not a fleck of it displayed on his stony face. As King, he could but observe. Gareth felt two of his brethren's tongues rove over his chest, bathing his pectoral muscles lasciviously before they found his nipples and began to suckle gently upon them. Tongue several inches deep in Lance, he groaned and the vibrations rumbled through the golden-haired knight's body exquisitely. Now utterly given over to the sensations surrounding him, Lance bucked against Gareth's mouth, crying out in unmasked pleasure. Gareth felt Ragnall reach between his legs and run his fingers over his hefty balls, tugging at them playfully.

“Think young master highborn's had about enough fun for now...” the older knight growled.

Gareth moaned in agreement and withdrew his tongue back out of Lance, giving the now relaxed hole one last lap. The other knights turned him over up the altar, so he was laying upon his back with his head dangling over the edge. His golden locks tumbled down about him, and he looked up with apprehension at the circle of men standing over him. Gareth smiled down, his mighty manhood sticking out before him like forearm. Several pairs of hands reached out to stroke it gently, admiring its length and girth. Between his prowess on the battlefield and off, it was little wonder Arthos had made his choice.

“You can't possibly...” Lancelot stammered.

“Oh yes he can.” Ragnall laughed, wrapping Gareth's cock in his hand and guiding it into Lance's open mouth. Gareth cried out in pleasure and grasped the sides of the altar, his hips involuntarily thrusting a little as he was engulfed in the tight, wet warmth of Lance's throat. The golden knight's eyes bugged out in their sockets and he gagged and spluttered from the sheer size of the invader. The knights all murmured their approval, hands pushing on paladin-to-be's ass, encouraging him to plunge deeper into the throat below him. Gareth felt the hands roving over his body as he thrust, eyes closed as he felt the warm light of the sun on his skin. Looking down, he could see Lance's throat expand as he squeezed into the tight passage. The golden knight struggled a little, but was firmly held in place by the rest of the knights. He tried to breath through his nose, his mouth totally occupied by Gareth's meat.

“How do you fare, brother?” Gareth smiled.

An indignant gurgle escaped Lance's throat, quickly silenced as Gareth gently gripped the sides of of his head and thrust his hips intently. He watched with fascination as Lance's neck was forced outward from within, and he could trace the outline of his cock as it travel led along the warm passage. Lance's feelings were betrayed by his own manhood, which stood tall and proud against his abs, hard as a rock from his use by the new paladin. For all his humiliation and shame, he felt his tongue rub against the mighty invader with a perverse hunger. It was too late change the course of his fate now – and he wanted more.

Gareth bucked back and forth between Ragnall's tongue and Lance's throat, pleased from all angles as his brothers worshipped his body. The roving hands and tongues explored his musculature in exhaustive detail as he thrust, his cock still swelling and hardening in his opponent's esophagus. Boldrecht watched as the young knight's body pumped and swelled with blood, his muscles straining against his skin as he was pleased by his brethren and took the throat of his defeated opponent.

It would soon be time.

As the sun slowly descended through the sky, it came level with the great windows high upon the Sanctum's circular walls. A great beam of light shot through and lit up the statue from behind with a near blinding glow. The light scattered around the marble interior and light up the knightly orgy with almost holy golden hue. Boldrecht nodded to Ragnall, who reluctantly pulled his tongue away from his charge's immaculate hole. He rose to his feet, and wrapped his arms around Gareth's chest from behind, gently playing at his nipples.

“Come on, son. The Lord awaits.”

The knights once more placed their hands upon Lance, pulling him Gareth's cock. It bounced free with a pop and a thick rope of precum joined it to his lips before breaking and splattering to the floor. Lance's eyes were wide with fear and anticipation as he was once more forced onto all fours, his still-moist anus glistening in the golden light. Gareth spat at the relaxed muscle, coating it with another thick serving of saliva. Lance looked back over his shoulders as the victor gently massaged his bountiful glutes. He looked down at the

marble of the altar in shame, but felt his cock hard and rigid against his stomach. The new paladin stood tall behind him, the head of his manhood gently nudging the tight ring.

“I shall enjoy this, brother.”

Lance looked back over his shoulder, lust and rage in his eyes.

“Take your place, then.”

Gareth chuckled deeply and gripped Lance's hips, firmly pressing his cock against the muscle. The golden-haired knight gasped and groaned in pain, his most sacred place forced open for the first time. The other knights laughed in approval, resuming their exploration of Gareth's body as he dominated Lance in the eyes of Arthos. He felt an indescribably tight grip envelop his meat as he eased himself in. Lance cried out and bucked, but was secured in place by the tight circle of men. They spoke in low voices, urging their champion on.

“Do it, Gareth.”

“Take him.”

“Go on – do it.”

“Fuck him – take the bitch.”

Gareth closed his eyes and let his head hang back as he continued his descent into Lance, the virginal anus taking him inch by inch. Lance's cries grew in pitch as he was penetrated ever deeper, reaching a ecstatic crescendo as Gareth bottomed out and thrust his heaving balls against Lance's perineum.

“Fuuck, look at that...”

“Gods, he's huge.”

Gareth groaned, leaning over Lance's prone body, looking in awe as the taught pink muscle stretched around his cock. Tongues lapped at his nipples and trailed along his muscles, and Ragnall kept his arms wrapped around the knight's barrel chest.

“Go on, lad. Go for it...” he whispered into Gareth's ear.

Gareth braced his feet against the cool marble floor and slowly withdrew from the mewling knight beneath him, before flexing his glutes with all his might and plunging back into the inviting heat. Lancelot cried and babbled, pain and pleasure one as his brethren held him down for the assault. Gareth held on tight to the hefty glutes as his hips thrust with abandon. Slick, wet slapping sounds intermingled with the gasps and groans as he plunged in and out of Lance, tongues and fingers trailing over his physique as he did.

Lancelot buried his face into the altar and bucked back against Gareth's obscene girth. All dignity forgotten, he moaned and swooned like an alley girl as his anus was wrecked with practiced expertise. Every nerve tingled as the pain faded into memory, replaced with a

fullness and pleasure he had never known before.

“Oh gods.. oh gods.. OH GODS!”

Gareth and the others laughed at the display, amused to see the highborn knight brought low and thoroughly used. But soon Gareth began to feel something else – the golden light took on a newfound warmth. The glow seemed to grow ever more blinding. Gareth squinted a little, but continued to thrust, Lance's ass milking his meat and sending little shockwaves of pleasure throughout his body. His eyes adjusted to the light, the hands caressing his body and the knights they belonged to seemingly oblivious to this new sensation.

The cries and groans became distant and muffled, and from the light a figure slowly began to emerge. Instinctively, Gareth continued to thrust, eyes wide with awe as the figure took shape. A man, seemingly, of truly godly proportions. His bronzed skin stretched taught across an immense mountain of muscle, long golden hair tumbling down his shoulders – and that face.

The face of Sir Ulric came into focus, nodding with approval as Gareth plowed the groaning man beneath him. The circle of knights had taken on the forms of paladins past, naked and exploring their new brother's body as he demonstrated his power.

“That's it boy, give it him. Show us what you can do.”

Ulric moved behind Gareth, wrapping his arms around him and running gentle kisses along his neck. Gareth groaned and leaned back into the man's embrace, feeling the waves of pleasure build as he Lance's ass milked his manhood. The slapping sounds of Gareth's balls on Lance's ass echoed throughout the glowing chamber, the paladins murmuring their approval as the fallen knight cried in pleasure. He arched his back as deeply as it would arch, his twin globes bouncing in the air as Gareth speared them through with cock.

The glowing form of Brödr himself placed his hands firmly upon the globes, parting them further as Gareth undulated his hips. The first of the paladins grinned at the newcomer, and gave him a wink. Gareth looked on in awe, first at the face of his Lord's lover, and then down at Lance's tight ring stretched out around his meat, pulling in and out with each thrust. The tongues upon his nipples sent sparks of lightning through his body and he felt his climax approaching. His fingers intertwined with Brödr's upon Lance's ass, gripping all the harder as he thrust balls-deep into the now wailing knight.

Lancelot, for his part, could see naught but stars as the bundle of nerves deep inside his ass was obliterated on each thrust from Gareth. His faced was dragged back and forth along the marble altar, tongue lolling out and babbled cries of pleasure gurgling up from his throat. As he was re-arranged from within, he felt his balls tighten and his nerves tingle as the new paladin brought him to depths of pleasure he had never felt. His hands, bound by be the hands encircling him, left his cock utterly unattended as it slapped between the altar and his abdomen – but no attention was needed as Gareth bred his ass.

“Oh gods... Oh!” Gareth gasped as he felt the waves of pleasure build.

The hands and tongues continued, unrelenting, pleasuring his body. Lance's cries reached a fever pitch, eyes rolling back in their sockets as tingles of pleasure became a crushing force that washed over his body. He screamed out in ecstasy, his every limb rattling upon the altar and his ass spasming as his orgasm pierced through from his hole to his heart.

“Ahh.. AHHH! AAHHHHHHH!”

Lance's ass squeezed and flexed, milking the intruder with irresistible force. Gareth felt Ulric's tongue plunge into his ear and looked into Brödr's eyes as his own pleasure reached a crescendo. He thrust as fast as his glutes could flex, balls slapping furiously against Lance's own. He threw his head back and cried in ecstasy, nerves aflame and cock swollen to obscene proportions inside his foe.

“OH GODS YES!”

He bucked uncontrollably, his cock firing round after round of thick, potent seed into Lance. The paladins roared their approval, and Lance's stomach filled to obscene proportions from the copious load. Gareth opened his eyes and watched his cock pop out from Lance's hole and spray long, ropey strands of semen all over his brethren paladins. Ulric grabbed his jaw and thrust his tongue into Gareth's mouth, and the others came in close to share in the kiss. The muscular, mountainous men entwined themselves in each other, Gareth still ejaculating, glistening seed dripping from their carved physiques. Tongues battled and wrestled, a tangled but perfect mass of manhood embracing one another.

Lance's ass sagged open, loose and well-used from Gareth's assault. A viscous river of semen oozed from the aperture and flowed out over the altar. He gasped for air, forgotten by the men behind him in their group embrace.

Ulric rubbed his hands over Gareth's chest, now slick with seed as the men came down from their high. Gareth could not tell up from down in the thick tangle of limbs, accepting the passionate kisses of his new brethren in his hazy afterglow.

“Welcome, brother.” Ulric whispered into his ear.

The embrace continued, but soon the light faded, and Gareth opened his eyes to find himself once more surrounded by his knightly brothers. Lance lay upon the marble, filled with Gareth's seed – which also arched this way and that all over the altar and the statue. Gareth gasped for air, not entirely sure what had just happened.

Boldrecht chuckled and gave him a wink.

“Good show, lad.”

The celebrations lasted long into the night, the knights and Aldric royalty coming together to celebrate the dawn of a new Paladin. With the possible exception of Sir Lancelot, who made his escape back to the House Vaillant to nurse his humiliation. Gareth did not much care for

the attention, and was grateful when King Luther – through tact or pure self-importance – cast himself as the evening's speaker, regaling one and all with the many tales of Gareth's adventures. All through the evening he could feel the eyes of the young Prince Alasdair fixed upon him. The young man was quite breathtaking, though Gareth did his best to keep his thoughts under control as he sat by his equally breathtaking betrothed, Gwendoline.

He was shaken out of his reverie when Ragnall announced to the great hall that it was high time the new paladin stopped boring his beautiful young lady and showed her what he was made of. Gwendoline blushed furiously, pressing her face into Gareth's shoulder. He attempted to look daggers at his mentor, but Ragnall was having none of it and continued his tirade until Gareth stood up, his arm around Gwendoline, to guide her from the table and to his quarters.

“No, no, no! Not like that!” Ragnall bellowed, not well-lubricated with ale. “Do it properly!”

Gareth gave Gwendoline an apologetic look, and she shook her head but accepted the evening's tradition. With one skillful maneuver, he hoisted her up over his shoulder as though saving her from a burning building. This, at last, met with Ragnall's approval, as well as that of the King and the other knights, who beat their fists upon the table and cheered as Gareth marched from the hall. An obscene chant took up as he rounded the corner, though he made sure to move quickly enough to save Gwendoline's ears the embarrassment.

And Gareth did indeed show Gwendoline what he was made of, several times over. When at last she could take no more, he eased back into the mountain of pillows and took her in his arms, where she lay her head upon his chest to sleep.

Far away, beyond the sky, beyond space, the new paladin's dawn was observed with interest by the being men called Mighty Arthos, God of Justice. It was rare for the voices of men to reach the realms of the gods. But those of particular worth or talent might bend the ear of the divine. Paladins fought in the name of Arthos and, if strong and just, might receive of His blessing in return. The man called Gareth Ironfist was the latest to pledge his honor. The God of Justice observed Gareth's musclebound form naked upon his bed, his betrothed cradled in his arms. With but a gentle tug on the thread of fate, Arthos set a new test for this new paladin.

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There was a gentle knock at the door.

Gareth blinked, his reverie interrupted. The knock came again, a little more urgent this time. As carefully as he could, Gareth deposited Gwendoline upon the pillows, which she curled into as though they were his chest. He quietly rose from the bed and searched in the dark for his thong. Tugging it up to his hips, he unlocked the oak door and eased it open.

Standing in the dark of the hall was a hooded figure – lithe hands rose to cast back the hood, revealing none other than Prince Alasdair. Gareth immediately placed his fist upon his chest

and bowed his head.

“My Prince.”

“Sir Gareth.” the prince said quietly, a gentle smile upon his face. He was still wearing his evening clothes from the feast – still utterly eye-boggling in a capelet, thong and boots cut from the most expensive silk and velvet.

“My Prince – what are you doing here? The guards would not wish for you to be out of the royal quarters at such an hour.”

Alasdair gave a musical little chuckle.

“They don't know half the passageways through this place that I do.”

Gareth's brow arched. What was the young prince playing at? Alasdair looked up at him and moved in a little closer, raising one hand and placing it upon his chest. Gareth froze, his eyes wide and his arms by his side.

“You were brilliant in the tournament today. I couldn't keep my eyes off you.”

Concerned that Gwendoline would hear, Gareth softly closed the door behind himself. Very gently, he removed the prince's hand from where it stroked at his pectoral.

“I am not worthy of such words, Prince.”

Alasdair ignored the gesture and stepped closer again, running his hands up and over the vast shoulders looming above him.

“You are. Not that I've ever been able to say them, kept so far from everything. Up in a godsdamned tower.”

Gareth closed his eyes and groaned softly – Prince Alasdair was breathtaking, and he felt his cock stirring in its pouch as the young man touched him. But his betrothed was asleep not ten feet away – not to mention King Luther would have his head for seducing his son.

“Prince, you musn't.”

“Why not? I'm the prince, I can do as I please.”

“But your father...”

“I am of age now. He can't keep me locked away forever.”

Gareth opened his eyes and looked down at the beauty before him – the prince's golden curls glowed in the dim light of a nearby candle sconce. This was trouble. Once again, he gently took the hands roving over his chest and placed them down at the Prince's side.

“Please – return to bed, Prince Alasdair.”

A look of hurt dashed across the young man's face. He looked up at the paladin sadly.

“You don't like me?”

Gareth felt a growl build at the base of his throat.

“I think my Prince is well aware of his beauty. But right now, he belongs in bed.”

Alasdair pouted a little and began to turn away.

“Very well then, Sir Paladin. But I shall walk slowly.”

He turned and Gareth saw the silk thong emerging from between the prince's plump, round ass cheeks. He growled again as the prince made his way slowly down the hall. Once more he closed his eyes and leaned back against the wooden frame behind him.

What was he thinking? Very quietly, he eased the door open. Gwendoline was fast asleep.

Godsdammit.

Alasdair paused when he felt the intense heat of the near-naked paladin at his back, a gradually-swelling bulge pressed into the middle of his back. An enormous hand wrapped gently around his neck, and Gareth bent down to whisper in his ear.

“Do not look back. Just walk.”

Alasdair felt his heart leap into his throat. Obediently, he did not take a backwards glance but marched forward down the dark corridor. As he went, he could feel the heat of Gareth's body keeping pace with him. He quickly veered off the main path, behind a pillar and into the shadows. Gareth could see naught but the smooth round ass bobbing back and forth in front of him, trusting the prince to know the way. Alasdair reached out to touch a series of stones in the masonry, revealing a secret passage as the wall gave way. Gareth took note – as Paladin, he would have to be aware of all such loopholes in the castle's security.

The passage was long and winding, gradually ascending through the interstices of the castle. Gareth guessed they would now be level with the royal quarters – sure enough, a few more careful pokes to the masonry and the prince exposed the passageway's exit. Beyond was another dark hall – at the far southern end, two guards stood silently. Fortunately the passage emerged into shadowy corner. Alasdair's heart was racing – he could still feel the heat of the enormous man behind him. He crept to the northern end of the corridor, keeping to the shadows, and unlocked a heavy oak door. He always made sure the hinges were well-oiled in case of such nocturnal ventures. Gareth squeezed in through the door behind the prince, who locked it securely behind them.

The prince's quarters were quite palatial, fine furs and silks lining every inch of the chamber. An almighty bed, its canopy reaching almost to the ceiling, stood against one wall. Opposite, a warm fire crackled gently in the hearth. Perhaps most striking were the books – piles upon piles of them, spilling over every surface.

“You are a menace, prince.” Gareth growled, walking up close to the beautiful young man.

Alasdair, who would usually have some clever comeback, simply gasped for air as he turned and looked up at his hero. His handsome face was still in the candlelight – strong and stern, but young. Just a few summers stood between them. Just a few months prior, the palace had celebrated the Prince's coming of age. It was true what Alasdair had said – the King could not keep him locked up in this gilded cage forever. For now, though, it appeared he kept a firm hold.

Gareth smirked as he watched the silver-tongued young man gasp for words.

“So – you are of age now, Prince. Have you yet bedded a maiden?”

Alasdair blushed and looked down.

“Not to your tastes?”

Alasdair shook his head softly, still looking down at his boots. Gareth chuckled – of course not. This one needed a man's touch.

“A young man, then?”

“Not yet.” Alasdair whispered, eyes fixed upon the ground.

“Well, then...”

Alasdair slowly lifted his gaze to meet the paladin's. Gareth stood still, a towering mountain even in the spacious surrounds of the prince's quarters. Alasdair soon realized that Gareth would not act without his lead, and once more placed the palms of his hands upon the mighty pectorals. He spread his hands out, marveling at the size and strength on display. He looked up into Gareth's eyes, standing up on his toes. This did not achieve much, so the prince sheepishly kicked a few books from a nearby piled up to Gareth's feet, before standing upon them.

Gareth did his best not to roll his eyes.

Now just about level, Alasdair stood on his toes again and moved his face in close to Gareth. The paladin decided to drop his pretense of knightly valor and wrapped one trunk-like arm around the prince's lithe form and pulled him close. Alasdair's heart just about beat out of his chest, wrapping his arms around Gareth's neck as the final distance was closed and he experienced his first real kiss.

He melted into the paladin's arms as Gareth took firm control, pressing his lips to the prince's and gently coaxing them open with gentle flecks of his tongue. Alasdair eagerly acquiesced, opening his mouth and allowing Gareth's tongue to probe inside. His feet no longer touched the books as Gareth held him aloft, and he suckled obediently on the young knight's tongue, gasping as his body tingled all over, his fantasies coming alive.

Gareth hoisted the prince up higher, placing his hands underneath his ass and squeezing them gently. Alasdair wrapped his legs around Gareth's waist, excitement shooting from one end of his body to the other as he felt Gareth's finger run along the thin silk string of his thong. The prince arched his back, rubbing his ass against Gareth's strong hands, inviting them to explore further. The knight growled into his mouth, scarcely believing that he had stolen into the prince's quarters after dark for such a tryst – and on his first night as Paladin no less.

He kicked the piles of books aside and walked over to the luxurious bed, leaning down to deposit Alasdair upon the thick furs. He stood back up, his erect cock stretching out its tight pouch to breaking point. The prince scrambled to his knees, tugging the thin fabric down. His eyes widened as Gareth's manhood, now free, bounced up against his abs. It slapped the prince across the face as it did, leaving a thick streak of precum to ooze down his cheek. Alasdair gently ran his tongue from the heavy balls all the way to the tip, Gareth shuddering at the dark thrill of being pleased by royalty. Virgin or not, the prince seemed to know exactly what he wanted as he lapped at the thick member, before finally opening his mouth wrap his lips around the head.

“Prince...” Gareth sighed, some small part of him still trying to resist what was happening.

He looked down to see the beautiful young man's face at the far end of his enormous meat, and felt those last remnants falling away. He gently placed his hands on either side of Alasdair's face and pulled him down ever so slightly. Their eyes were locked on each other as the prince felt his mouth fill with the knight's cock, careful to breath through his nose and not interrupt his hero's pleasure. He felt the thick invader press at the back of his throat and startled just a little, never having had such a thing inside him before. Gareth eased up, content to watch Alasdair struggle with what few inches he had managed thus far. His face went red and his cheeks puffed out, his tongue flat against Gareth's hog.

“Very becoming, Prince...” Gareth chuckled, running his hand through the prince's golden curls.

Alasdair panted, wanting for air as his throat was filled with knightly cock. He so desperately wanted to please Gareth, and so wrapped his hands around the man's hips and pressed onward. He felt another inch gradually squeeze into his throat, just about cutting off his oxygen entirely. Gareth moaned deep with pleasure as the tight throat squeezed him, eager to grab the prince by the curls and thrust in as deep as he could. His better judgment won out, however, and he managed to pull himself back out of Alasdair's throat with a thick 'pop' before he could asphyxiate himself.

“Easy, now...” he murmured softly.

Alasdair looked up at him, eyes watering slightly from the effort, hoping he had pleased in some small way. Gareth placed his hands under the prince's arms and gently tossed him back further up the bed, and he landed in amongst a generous arrangement of pillows. Gareth tugged his thong down the rest of the way and tossed it aside, before climbing on to the bed and over the prince.

“Relax...” he whispered, feeling Alasdair's heart beating rapidly as he pressed their chests together.

He pressed his lips to the prince's ear and placed soft kisses down the side of his neck. Alasdair wrapped his arms around Gareth's neck, his legs spread out wide either side of the larger man's torso. Gareth made his way slowly down to the prince's exposed nipples, gently tickling them with his tongue. Much to the Alasdair's delight, who gasped and cried out in pleasure. Gareth flicked the aroused little nubs back and forth rapidly, swirling his tongue around before wrapping them in his lips to suckle. The prince lay back in the bed of pillows, looking up at the candlelit canopy, in heaven and in the arms of his hero. He held tight to Gareth's head, gasping for air as the knight nibbled and sucked. The prince's nipples were as pink and pert as any young maiden's, and Gareth could not help but feast on them.

Of course, there was something even more important that required his attention.

Eventually pulling himself away from the little bundles of nerves on the prince's chest, Gareth drew back and took hold of the prince's legs. With practiced hands, he slid off the delicate velvet boots and tossed them over his shoulder, kissing the prince's bare feet before pressing his legs apart and back towards his head. He looked into Alasdair's eyes and gave him a wink, then trailed his gaze down to see the little silk thong stretched tight over the pure, smooth, exposed ass. He moved in close, trailing kisses down the pale skin of his thighs, down towards the shred of fabric. Alasdair's eyes widened as he watched Gareth run his nose along the length of the string, and press more kisses where the fabric ran over his tender anus.

Gareth pressed his tongue against the string, pushing it ever so slightly into the little pink pucker. He grinned as this brought another ecstatic reaction from the prince, whose toes curled and gasps rose in pitch at the new and exciting intrusion. Alasdair was tight, and had undoubtedly been telling the truth – this would take some care. He gently caught the silk in his teeth and tugged it aside, revealing the tight entrance in all its glory. The candlelight played of the smooth ripples most enticingly, and Gareth looked up into Alasdair's eyes as he ran the tip of his tongue back and forth over the delicate skin. The prince mewled and groaned, never having experienced such pleasure before. The image of this man, large enough to tear him in two without a thought, pinning him down and lapping at his anus was seared into his head.

The paladin took special care to gently coax the entrance open, teasing it with his tongue for some time before taking the plunge and pressing inside. Alasdair threw his head back and moaned, unable to press harder against Gareth's face from his prone position, but expressing his desire by stretching his legs ever wider. Gareth chuckled and hummed into the prince's ass, the full length of his tongue buried within and enjoying the sweet, moist heat. Truly, the prince tasted as good as he looked.

Alasdair bucked his hips instinctively, riding the paladin's face as best he could while laid on his back. Gareth pulled back to spit thick loads of saliva across the gradually relaxing opening before burying himself back inside, enjoying the cries of pleasure each time he did so. The prince's anus was soon moist, red and puffy – a confluence of nerves controlling

Alasdair's every gasp and cry. Gareth looked down at the widening aperture with deep lust, kissing it passionately until his manhood took the reigns of his body.

He backed up onto his knees, and Alasdair watched with some trepidation as his hero placed the tip of his cock against his thoroughly-prepared – but still tender – hole. It was hardly a fair fight – Gareth looked as though he might split the young man open on the first thrust.

“Prince – have you any...” Gareth paused, realizing the prince would likely not be well-stocked for such an event. Nonetheless, Alasdair nodded his head up to a shelf by the head of the bed. Gareth looked up to see a series of vials, all sealed.

“You have been planning for this, have you not?” the paladin accused gently.

Alasdair looked rather sheepish, but Gareth did not press him and reached over for what was clearly a vial of warming oil. He popped the cork and upended the entire contents over his cock, slathering it in the thick, oozing substance. He stretched the prince's hole with two fingers and drizzled the last of the oil inside. It would no doubt make the journey considerably easier for the young man. Just as importantly, he noticed another more narrow vial with the names of some familiar herbs scrawled on the label. He smirked to himself – the prince was indeed well-prepared.

Alasdair looked up innocently while Gareth popped the second cork and held the vial under his nose.

“Go on them, prince, have your fill.”

Alasdair obeyed and inhaled deeply from the vial in each nostril, Gareth chuckling to himself and taking a whiff of his own before placing the vial carefully back on the shelf. Alasdair felt an incredibly warm and tingling sensation spread out over his body. His head span a little, as though the entire world fell out of focus but for the man looming over him. He felt his heart race and blood pump furiously through his body, Gareth coming into almost unnaturally sharp focus as the paladin thrust his tongue back into his waiting mouth. He threw his arms around Gareth's neck and wrestled back with his own tongue, the wet sounds of the passionate kiss filling his ears, even as they pounded with the sound of his heart.

And then he felt his hero press gently against his opening, the oil and the herbs working in tandem to ease the way. Gareth watched carefully as the tender hole stretched around his manhood – wider and wider, inch by inch. He looked back into Alasdair's eyes and saw a glint of pain, though this was more than matched by lust and the distracting tingle of the herbs. He pressed on, their eyes locked as Gareth continued to press inside. Alasdair tried to press his legs ever wider apart - the only action he could take, pinned as he was beneath hundreds of pounds of muscle. He shook a little and gasped in pain as his insides were forcefully rearranged by the intruder. Gareth paused, concerned about harming the young man. He reached over for the herbs once more, holding them under Alasdair's nose for another series of deep breaths. Soon the telltale warmth washed once more over the prince's body, and his eyes rolled a little in his head as what pain he felt was overcome by the incredible pleasure of being filled by the paladin. Gareth felt the passage relax around him,

and pressed onwards as the prince cried out passionately. Thank the gods for the thick stonework...

Alasdair felt as though an entire arm were pressing in to him. Yet while pain and pleasure fought an ongoing battle, he yearned for more and pressed himself as tight as he could against his knight. Gasping for breath, he relaxed against the pillows and looked down to see a shape rising up through his abdomen – Gareth's manhood gently distending his stomach outward from deep within. Gareth too groaned with pleasure as at last he bottomed out inside the prince, pressing his weight gently on to his body and thrusting his tongue into his ear.

“Oh gods...”

The prince was fiendishly tight, Gareth's invasive presence made possible by the oil and herbs the prince had procured. The world still swirled in and out of focus for the prince, but Gareth remained in sharp clarity. Gareth's cock slammed against a tight bundle of nerves deep inside Alasdair, causing him to cry out in an almost comical pitch.

“Aahh-aah-AAHHHHH!”

Gareth laughed softly.

“Ah, we've found it, have we?”

He gently rolled his hips back and forth, crushing the tight bundle and causing an extraordinarily display of cries and spasms from the prince. When he relented and came to a halt, the prince clawed at the paladin's back and whimpered.

“Gods... fuck me, paladin.”

Gareth growled and gently pulled his cock back from the depths, looking the prince square in the eye as he thrust back in, once more crushing the delicate bundle of nerves. Alasdair gasped in pleasure and pain as Gareth's balls slapped against his ass, but he wrapped his leg around the paladin's waist and dug his heels into the enormous man's glutes.

“More?” Gareth chuckled darkly.

He withdrew once more and smoothly thrust home, a little faster this time, enjoying the reactions that played across Alasdair's face. His hips took up a gentle rhythm, Alasdair's feet bouncing upon his thrusting glutes as he fucked the young man. He observed with satisfaction as the outline of his cock stretched up and down across the prince's abdomen, Alasdair babbling incoherently but crying ecstatically as Gareth rammed his manhood into his virginal depths.

There was no more need for the potent herbs as Gareth's cock utterly annihilated the little confluence of nerves inside the prince. Alasdair had never experienced pleasure in this manner before, and could do little but flail wildly and cry as the paladin sent waves upon waves of pleasure crashing over his body. He simply wrapped his arms around Gareth's neck

and presses his face into the man's shoulder, legs as wide as a tavern wench after midnight. Gareth undulated his hips ever faster, building pace and strength as the the prince's anus relaxed and accepted its fate. The moist slapping of his balls on Alasdair's ass echoed around the chamber, and he felt his own pleasure churning within them as his cock was squeezed and milked by the prince's vice grip.

Gareth's almighty ass bounced up and down, his incredible weight a match even for the sturdy oak frame of the bed. The firelight cast spectacular shadows upon the stone walls as the twin boulders flexed and thrust. If Alasdair could think straight, he would have dreaded the pain he would feel the next morning from the almighty assault, but for now all he could feel was pleasure beyond belief as the paladin stretched open ever inch of his body and bred him without mercy.

Gareth enveloped the prince's body completely with his own, his arms secure around Alasdair's back. He thrust with all his strength, burying himself to the hilt on every downward stroke into the indescribable tightness. This was how Gwendoline had felt, at least before he had had his way with her. His pace quickened yet further, the pitch of their cries rising as the crescendo approached.

“Oh gods – OH GODS!”

Alasdair clung to the paladin with every fiber of his being as his body was stretched to its limits. The waves of pleasure swelled ever higher, his heart racing and his vision exploding into a sea of stars.

“Oh gods – G-GARETH!”

Gareth thrust as fast as he could, and the prince felt every inch of his body catch aflame with pleasure as the bundle of nerves inside him was rammed into oblivion. He cried out, losing control of his body as an almighty orgasm crashed over him. He cried and wailed, his tight passage spasming around the mighty intruder. Gareth too cried out as the prince's spasms milked his cock to the edge and another deep thrust pushed him over the edge. He squeezed the prince's body in his arms and buried himself as far as he could as he launched an almighty load into the young man's tender insides.

“Y-YES! YESS!”

The paladin's glutes flexed of their own accord, pumping volley after volley of seed into Alasdair. The prince shot his own load between them, though he could not match Gareth's virility. The hero thrust and groaned, riding his waves of pleasure and filling Alasdair with a truly obscene load. The young man's stomach bulged out from the pressure, and when all space within him was occupied, jets of semen sprayed out from the tight seal between his ass and Gareth's cock. Gareth continued to moan into Alasdair's shoulder, bucking as the last remnants of his orgasm fired.

After some time, the pair slowly descended back to the bed where they lay, wrapped in one another's arms. Gareth kissed the prince tenderly, who suckled on his tongue whenever it found its way into his mouth. He nestled his head against Gareth's vast chest, still full with

the paladin's gradually-softening member.

Very carefully, Gareth withdrew, watching with awe as the now-slack hole dumped out his load over his cock and across the sheets. Alasdair gasped in despair, reaching back above his head for something. It toppled off the shelf, but Gareth caught it before it knocked the prince's head – a smooth stone plug, carved from obsidian. The paladin once more refrained from rolling his eyes, but dutifully pressed it into Alasdair's relaxed hole, storing the bulk of his load safely within.

“You truly are a menace, Prince.” he chuckled before kissing the young man once more.

Yet again the Prince was without a witty retort, and merely accepted the kiss before gradually drifting off to sleep against his hero's chest. Gareth gently held the prince against him, granting him a few more moments of romance before the night took him.

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Once he was certain that Prince Alasdair was asleep, Gareth carefully disentangled himself from the young man to leave him slumbering in the enormous pile of pillows upon the bed. He took two particularly large ones and tucked them against the prince to simulate his own chest, and watched with satisfaction as Alasdair snuggled into them.

Tugging on his thong, the paladin slowly opened the thick oaken door, and saw with relief that the hall beyond was dark and quiet. Braziers set into the stone pillars lining the walls emitted a gentle glow, and cast ominous shadows all about. He closed the door behind him as quietly as he could, before turning to make for the secret passageway that had brought him there. But, his heart stopped as a figure stepped out from the darkness behind a nearby pillar.

“Sir Gareth.”

The King.

Gareth froze as his liege emerged into the dim light of the braziers. The light behind him, King Luther's face was hidden in shadow and unreadable, but his voice was cold and stern.

“My King, I-I...”

“Silence. You will come with me.”

The King turned and walked away softly, Gareth's body obeying the command without thought, though he knew he marched to his death. He expected to be taken to the dungeons, but instead the King turned to the left into the palatial hall towards his own chambers. Confused, Gareth continued to follow, a mountain of muscle hulking down the shadow-crossed hall behind the monarch. Upon reaching his chambers, King Luther pressed a key into the elaborate lock and eased the door open.

Within, his beautiful Queen lay naked upon the silk sheets of the royal bed, her glorious

golden hair fanned out around her. Gareth's eyes widened, unsure of what to make of the scene. Her eyes were closed, but fluttered open at the sound of their arrival. She too seemed surprised, but a smile crept over her face at the presence of the hunky paladin. King Luther gave her a sly grin and closed the door behind them, before moving slowly past Sir Gareth, his fingers gently grazing his glutes as he did so. The King sat down in an enormous, high-backed chair facing the bed. He tucked his luxurious silk thong down underneath his balls, and his hefty royal kinghood slapped up against his abs. He stroked it gently, looking Sir Gareth dead in the eyes. He nodded his head towards the Queen.

“Sir Gareth. Do your duty. Obey your King.”

Gareth's eyes widened yet more as the reality of the situation sunk in. But as the King said, he had a duty to obey. Suppressing a smirk, he tugged his thong to the floor and slowly climbed onto the bed and over the glorious woman upon it.

And King Luther smiled with deep satisfaction as he watched his paladin put on a most glorious show, glutes thrusting with abandon.

Far away in the great beyond, Mighty Arthos looked down upon the evening's events with amusement and satisfaction. His choice, as ever, was perfection. Sir Gareth would have a glorious future.

- THE END -