

A Paladin Corrupted

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Published on Lush Stories on 12 Jul 2011

A noble paladin is corrupted when he sees a woman bathing

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One day, in the great mountains that extend for leagues and leagues to the east of the Kingdom, a noble Paladin was riding through the trackless woods. The Paladins were the noblest and strongest of all the knights of the realm, halfway between monks and warriors. This Paladins name was Matthias, and even as far as Paladins go, he was tall, and strong, and handsome, and upright. While other Paladins felt doubts and had to overcome temptation, Matthias was single minded in his devotion to his cause. He was on a mission deep into the mountains, to find the lairs of the dragons that still plagued the lands in those days. These mountains started where the last civilized settlements ended. If you go east, you find the small towns, which then come to an end. Then you find the scattered farms, and when they come to an end, you find nothing but forest, filled with woodcutters and outlaws. Such riffraff wouldn't bother a Paladin, who is strong and well-armed. Even intent on his mission, he let the solitude and beauty of the mountains enchant him. As he climbed up the mountains, the path took to zigzagging by a swift mountain stream, which sparkled cleanly in the bright sunlight. And it was when this path took a sudden zig that he came across a place where the stream was dammed by some fallen boulders into a deep pool, and next to it was a meadow with a little cottage. And in the pool, playing, was a lithe, young beautiful flaxen haired woman, just out of girlhood. She was nude, as would make sense for someone bathing. She innocently giggled and flipped amongst the water, beads of water falling down her skin. The Paladin only looked at her for a second, his only thought being that she might not be safe in such circumstances. But he felt no supernatural evil threatening her. So he rode on. And for the next few miles, his horse straining as he climbed higher, he was fine. The vibrant young girl in the beautiful setting had gladdened him further. He was riding to where he could start to see snowfields on the closer mountains. The young woman brought his memories back to when he himself was a youth, before he had undergone his training. He remembered the playful flirtations with the village girls, kissing behind trees. Such thoughts were not out of keeping with his training. While strict, he was also taught to appreciate the beauty of life. But as the minutes ticked on, the thoughts became more vivid, and started to be of things that had not happened. He remembered those fun, busty village girls and he could imagine taking risks he hadn't as a young man, of his hands caressing their breasts and sliding up their skirts. And then, as he tried to block those thoughts out of his mind, images of the young woman he had seen playing came back

to mind. While he had only seen glimpses of her, including just a few seconds of her firm, cold-water hard ruby nipples, he started imagining her body at different angles, including some that were certainly unchaste. He started to imagine the thin blond peach fuzz between her lithe legs. And, as his imagination began to run, as much as he tried to stop it and focus on his mission, he realized that he had stopped moving forward, and was in one place. And then, slowly, his will bending and snapping, he turned his horse around. And with that, the dam broke, he rushed back downwards, his mind clouded, in a red haze as his imaginations of the young woman's body became more and more clear. When he finally reached the pool, he was glad--- but in some corner of his mind, still afraid --- to see her there, actually bent over, showing off the cleft of her sex. He jumped off his horse and removed his armor, or as much of it as needed removing, and grabbed her from behind. Like a willow, she pliantly moved with him, and before he knew what was happening, he was on his knees in the water, grasping her from behind, as he entered into her. She was just as wet and damp inside as the pool she came out of was, and she pressed back against him. In a single motion, he was inside of her, and a moment later he finished. But since the dam of his discipline had broken, he had much lust to spend, and he stayed hard, picking up the pace as he moved inside of her. She moaned and whimpered, her little cries sounding like the noise of the brook nearby. After he had spent himself a second time, they both collapsed into the water. Then, they staggered ashore...him mute with shock. His brain was starting to reassert itself, but he felt strangely peaceful given the transgression he had just committed. But when the young woman leaned back on the grassy lawn, spreading her legs to show her down-covered mound, as well as her neat little labia, leaking out his seed, he found himself hard again. Again, they couple, this time facing. They were both mute, only groaning and straining, her legs wrapped around his back like the flexible but strong branches of a willow tree. And finally, another time, he finished inside her, and his energy gone, he rolled over on to the green grass and fell into a sleep that was deep and strangely peaceful. When he woke up, it was late evening. His horse was munching on some grass, and looking at him quizzically. He had memories of what had happened, but they seemed almost like a dream, and for some reason, his trespasses didn't bother him as much as they should. He looked around, and even went to knock on the door of the cottage, but could find no one. He slept that night, and continued on his mission, the entire encounter fading away into an unexplainable incident. And what of her? Any guilt he should have felt about ravishing an innocent younger woman was invalid, because in truth she was neither ravished nor younger. He was the ravished younger partner, for what seemed to be a young woman was actually a water nymph, hundreds of years old, who sometimes seduced men by magically compelling them to think of her. After he had planted his sperm in her, she sank back down to become part of her mountain stream, where she would slowly gestate, thanks to the gift of sperm he had given her. And in her watery dreams, she would remember him, and relive the memory.