

Bantam Bentura's Beguiling Adventure

Chapter One: A Break in Chastity

You may be wondering how I spent all those years as a chaste Knight waiting for my bride. There was one permissible way to preserve it beyond my borders, and that was through the Sex Priests of Yilstin.

Whether or not one can cast a spell, powerful Mana resides in each human through their reproductive energies. Sex Priests convert this energy accordingly through sex, and offer the Mana up along their hierarchies.

In exchange, they reduce the amount of Mana in populations so that the settlements attract fewer monsters, and if Priests are stationed there, will defend and govern it, or act as mediators.

The outer lands routinely reject these proposals however, as they incur an eventual vassal-state relationship with tax liabilities from Yilstin. Thus, during my time as a Knight, we once forbade a party of priests from entering our town, and the Lord instructed us to keep watch and avoid interacting heavily with them as they camped for the night. But I could neither stop the calls of my fellow Knights nor my own curiosity.

There were three of them. Everyone's eyes were on the voluptuous redhead, whose form was undeniable, even through her priest attire. Her curves captivated us all, a group of young and energetic knights, always on the lookout for something to employ our physical prowess against. Her cleavage was shown, and her robe was wrapped around her waist to accentuate her body. She too loved the attention she was acquiring from us. It nourished her aura.

A tall, darker-skinned man with dashing silver hair and red eyes was also present, and seemed to be her superior. But standing beside such a red haired beauty, he went mostly ignored.

But I, on the other hand, had my eyes on an illustrious blue haired woman, her gorgeous face adorned with majestic purple eyes. I've never seen anyone like her. I don't know why she wasn't more popular, but in a way I was glad that I could have her all to myself while everyone was distracted with the red haired beauty.

In the end, we convinced the Captain that we should at least test their military strength by way of a friendly duel, with the prize being the opposing team's Mana. High risk, high reward for the Priests, sweetened by allowing them access to civilians rather than reducing our team of soldiers' valuable Mana.

They agreed.

As Squad Leader, I would take point in a three-man-cell. I had no real intel on the enemies' abilities so I constructed a well-rounded team with myself on the front line, able to close and create distances quickly with my speed, and enough power to disable targets just as fast. I also included a long range spell caster with a mixed range of abilities, and then a mid-range spell blade able to both protect the mage from close range fighting, and fire off spells. This particular spell blade carried a lance and shield.

When the fight began, the beautiful blue-haired mage, seeing two melee weapons on the opposing side, froze the ground between us to cut off our means to close the distance on foot.

"Prepare a barrier." I told the spell caster.

"Affirmed!"

Unable to cast traditional magic myself, I used a "physical spell" to enhance my ability, which was a dash to close the distance, effectively sliding over the smooth ice, which did not alter the topography to also prevent us taking cover from their potential long-range spells. Which I deduced, and took action immediately.

I crossed the ice in an instant, and extended my arm to knock over my beloved blue-haired mage as she was getting up from casting the spell. My bicep covered in metal armor tapped against her forward at top speed, bringing her to unconsciousness, even though I had held back my full force. However, I had remained static after the exchange, and so the other two mages sprung into response.

The red-haired woman activated a flamethrower spell, and the tall white-haired mage swung his metallic priest staff at me. I blocked the staff, but my mage erected a barrier behind me, to block the flame magic. The male priest jumped back, realizing that I discovered that they wanted to pincer me with spells. However, my mid-range caster caught up, and fired off a magic beam from his spellblade lance, and incapacitated the flame mage.

That just left the tall priest with me, and I discovered that his staff was actually an exceptionally adorned scabbard, as an elegant scimitar was produced from it.

"Ah, so you're a swordsman too." I said with excitement, because him having close-combat ability will delay his dispatch, and thus the end of an exhilarating duel, which would be bittersweet to end too quickly.

I slowly paced myself closer and lowered my guard enough to encourage him to strike, so I could get a feel of his fighting style. He tried to exploit the wingspan difference between us and out-range me, but it began to worry him as I blocked his attacks with ease and showed no signs of slowing the forward pressure.

He jumped back and cast a spell over his blade, making it catch fire.

"Squad Leader! Look out!" The spellcaster cried out.

I dodged an air-toasting disc of fire that sprung forth from the scimitar. He shot off several of them to keep me at a distance. Once I was far enough, he charged up his energy and shot off three waves at once. Knowing that I was too quick, he manipulated them to split off in different directions, to pincer me between them, as he chased behind the flame wave that was heading towards me.

It was brilliant, and a finishing blow for anyone fighting him alone.

Even I conceded, holding my blade out only to defend against his sword, as my spell-caster erected a magical barrier to protect me against the flames once again, which shattered immediately after they made contact.

The swordsman's strike was much heavier this time, with the added attack power from the flames. But now it was time to activate my own abilities.

I gathered my strength, and pushed his sword back hard enough to create some distance, which I used to spin around and strike hard enough to launch him backwards when he blocked it. The dirt crumbled several feet under the heels of his boots as he absorbed the impact.

Then, I dashed to his peripheral side and made an upward strike against the ground, clawing up a catastrophe of dirt and rocks in his direction to cut his vision and also hamper any flames he could emit. I then dashed directly behind him and smacked the flat edge of my sword against his back, reeling him dozens of yards forward across the field. Either his spine, back of his ribs, or the muscles in his back were severely damaged, as he could not even roll himself off the floor.

That's pay back for using such a lethal spell against me.

And with that, the duel was concluded. The man remained in the infirmary, and the two female priests were kneeling in front of us in the Captain's Quarters. They were calm, and accepted they had failed in their gamble, but were content that they managed to establish a relationship with us, and even lulled their prey into a false sense of confidence.

Their main profession wasn't combat after all; **It was sex.** As the Mana would have to be exchanged through sex, we were now entering their domain.

As squad leader, I had first choice. I stared into those lavender eyes of the blue-haired mage, and was completely unable to read her. It was as if she expected not to be chosen. She knew her companion was far bustier and drew more attention from the men in the camp.

Yet, she remained graceful and beautiful. She too had an attractive body, and knew she would be put to work right after her companion was chosen, but that's what made the flutter of eyes so charming when she realized she was to be chosen first.

"Hmph." The red-haired woman huffed with a smirk, resting her arms under her breasts.

The blue haired mage looked over at her companion in surprise, but ultimately bowed her towards me, arose, and awaited my order with an excitement behind her cool demeanor.

Because of the sweat of battle, we decided to bathe together near a waterfall. A gem would be placed in the water to keep it heated, although it was night. The moon was bright. We spoke to each other on our way there.

"Would you perhaps be a virgin?" She opened broadly, gathering information on her opponent.

"What?" I hoped I misheard.

"I figured the only reason why Tobia wasn't chosen first must be that you were intimidated by her body, and went with me, who is quite humble in comparison."

"It was a strategic decision."

She paused.

"Ahh.. So you won't go out as easily as I did in our first battle."

"Any advantage is worth considering."

"I'm impressed you'd go that far. As expected of a Squad Leader." Suddenly we were having a rational exchange. "But aren't you worried about your comrades?"

"It's in the Captain's hands now."

Along the way she told me more about herself.

Her name was Palia Lo'efely. She was a daughter of one of the founding families of Yilstin, and Yilstin nobles had a duty and privilege to serve the Church as high-ranking emissaries. She revealed that the Mana the Priests collect are ultimately offered up to the Griffin Goddess Baegon to prevent another near-extinction level disaster that was **The Great Fall**, where S-tier monsters descended from the skies, devouring and totaling anything they touched.

The crisis was caused by the Solenero, half-human, half-divine beings who were bred and fought alongside humans during wars with other races, but eventually enslaved humanity and broke the pacts between Baegon and other divine races. Now that the Solenero have died out, the Yilstin Priests work to restore that pact, and to stabilize the human population, as well as the supply of Mana to their Goddess.

"Are you sure you're only doing this for intelligence purposes?" She asked, slowly undressing herself and stepping into the water. I said nothing and watched her wash off the sweat from her body and hair, and marveled at how the beads of water lit up like gems under the moonlight.

When I approached her, she cupped water into her hands and splashed it over me just to dampen my body. Her nipples were becoming erect under the brisk night air. We dipped into the waterfall to get clean.

After emerging, we walked towards a rock with a flat surface and she laid a mat over it and allowed me to lay upon it. She then applied a soap onto me to scrub my body down. Her touch was soft and comforting. She climbed on top of me and began using her own lithe body to massage and lather me.

The full body contact was very arousing, and she lead by sparing no corners of my body; Between the fingers, under the arms, my rear, the middles of the toes, everywhere.

I breathed deeply to calm my nervousness and excitement, and filled my hands with her supple body in return.

I surprised her with my strength, keeping her straddled over me, and I dove back into the water to rinse off the soap. Then we returned to the mat and massaged each other again with oils. She began gyrating her slippery body up and around my pelvis.

This was my first time having sex, and yet even I knew the village girls probably weren't ever capable of this. I was getting spoiled by a professional for my first time. There was no turning back. She began to slide all the way up across my chest, up to the base of my throat. It was a strange maneuver, but I realized she had been incredibly aroused by my muscular physique. It was easier for me to pack on muscle as a shorter man, and she recognized my charms.

Realizing that my member wasn't getting as much stimulation anymore, she spun around, her perky ass facing me, and slid up and down that way, while holding my dick in place until she could grind against it. I held her hips as she gyrated, but eventually she could feel my strength increasing as I was slowly pushing her harder towards my dick.

She tucked her legs in so that the tops of her feet were flipped up on my pelvis, tickling my pubic area, as my dick was finally inserted into her tight Priestess pussy. With incredible balance, she pressed herself up and down, taking in my cock and pumping it for me. I massaged the bottoms of her feet and played with her ass and hips.

I felt a bit uncomfortable about how much control she was taking. Besides how good it felt, that was the only thing at the back of my mind. But with her head tilted to the side to make her flushed face visible, my mind began to melt into my body and receive more of her pleasure.

I controlled my breath and relaxed as I noticed her gyrations start to get more erratic. I noticed one of her hands moved closer to her mid-section to pleasure herself as well.

Then I began to feel a tightness, warmth, and wetness far more potent than prior. Her bounces upon my member became heavier, and the bumping of bodies together became more and more deep and erotic in nature. I could lay back no longer and sat up slightly, struggling to keep my breath in check.

My body temperature was rising, and I started sweating again even after bathing in the brisk air. She then stopped and turned around to face me, and I gawked at her lascivious posture with her legs stretched out wide as she took my firm rod into her, pressing onto my shoulders for support. Her look was so seductive. Her body so fit and slender. I loved the way her humble breasts bounced with each pumping of her pussy on my cock.

None of this seemed maiden like at all. Yilstin was so far away from us, in land and culture, it seems.

I slid her hands down to my abdomen, and she enjoyed the handful that was my 8-parted abdominal buffet. She closed her legs, which gave her more range of motion to gyrate. Ah, what a beautiful sight. It was like I was scratching that itch for her. My cock was rubbing just the right spot inside of her

pussy, and she found it and didn't let it go. I was impressed with her physical stamina to persist in that motion and prolong our combined pleasure.

My penis now felt like I had returned from the desert and had been drinking water straight from the waterfall itself. The warmth, tightness, and wetness of her pussy was nourishing.

Wait, this must be Mana! I realized.

Yes, I needed her Mana. I closed my eyes, and strongly, internally, desired to be washed over in a tidal wave of sexual release under this Priestess. The warmth was incredible, and I could feel it like a ball growing from the base of my penis all the way to my belly button.

My powerful sword was being dipped into her wonderful pool of Mana. I grabbed her hips and gyrated her more thoroughly, manipulating her body with my strength. My strong body and grip was also something uncommon, which I don't believe she was prepared for. I cupped her from under her legs and raised her pussy onto my erect dick myself, and watched her moan passionately as her waist was being pulled and pushed around by a short yet strong man.

My eyes draped over her moaning face, perky breasts, slim waist, and cute belly button, until I looked straight down at her pussy itself and communicated a thought to her: *release your Mana.*

Her eyes, through her half-open eyelids, made a seductive peek at me. Through her blushed face and her chewed lip, she said, "May the Goddess...and the Pope...forgive me."

The world became light. My hearing was dampened, and all I could hear were her echoing moans. My body vibrated with each pouncing she made with her pussy gripped on my cock. I gasped and knocked my head back as I felt a wetness down to my balls, as it felt like I cracked open the dam holding the lake of a wet orgasm from her pussy. The feeling of her hands on my body was like sexual electricity, and I was meant to absorb all of it.

I sat up to coat myself with her hyper-sexual body and pressed my chest against her beautiful tits, and my face against her sexy neck and cheek. I felt Mana exuding from her whole body, and I massaged her butt and back trying to prevent every inch from it from escaping as I collected it. She grabbed the top of my head and pulled on my hair as she fucked the last few waves of her orgasm against my dick. The vibrations and sensations of her body were so intense. I felt like a rod struck by lightning.

The sexual heat reached the top of my head, and from there, I became too lightheaded to move properly, and she ceased gyrating rapidly, and we began to instinctively moan and gasp in near motionlessness for what felt like a sweet but fleeting eternity. When we came to our senses, we massaged each other in ethereal ecstasy.

I hadn't expelled any seed. But I felt her sexual pleasure and orgasm with her, and I could feel the energy released from it increasing my life force. We sat there panting with our eyes closed, pressed against each other's bodies for as long as it took for our body temperatures to finally cool down and feel the briskness of the night.

We then awoke from our meditative state and took another dip into the water to rinse off the new sweat we built up. She was pleasant enough to kiss me, and we relaxed and enjoyed the aesthetics of this beautiful scenery by a waterfall under the moon.

Thank you for reading. If you enjoyed it, send your humble appreciation to the Lewd Goddess, and kindly pass a prayer along to her devoted follower, the young Lewd Star.