

CHAPTER ONE

Ka-Ron, who was the bravest of knights, from the township of *Teal*, in the kingdom of *Idoshia*, closed his eyes in ecstasy, as the woman on top of him enveloped his manhood. Her warm mouth inflamed his senses, and helped erase away the horrors of war – wars he had been raised, and taught to fight for both Kin and King. His body quivered as the intelligent woman's tongue brought to his attention sensitivities he had forgotten that he possessed.

It was indeed good to be home.

The knight's hands played at the woman's long hair, as her head slowly rose up and down. He smiled at her, as she looked up at him with dark brown eyes, wanting nothing more than to please him. From the corner of her mouth, Ka-Ron could see a smile forming, informing him, that as a man, he was successfully completing his partnership – she was also enjoying him.

“Keep at your task, good woman.” Ka-Ron whispered, gently.

Excited and tenderly grabbing hold of him more tightly with both mouth and hand, the woman continued her duties.

Ka-Ron moaned in pleasure.

Outside, the sound of children playing echoed through the tiny bedroom's shuttered windows.

The woman changed her position, allowing Ka-Ron the pleasure of enjoying her round

and plump bottom. Squeezing and humming away, Ka-Ron again closed his eyes – he was truly a blessed man.

It had been a long road getting into this woman's bed.

In the entire kingdom of *Idoshia*, there was no braver knight than Ka-Ron. In the ranks of the Errant-Knight, there was no one more famous, nor feared. His love for his kingdom and King was only surpassed by his love for the females, which he helped to protect. He was a lady's man, and he had survived as many romances as he had battles.

He was a striking figure. Over six sticks in height, Ka-Ron had blonde hair, always cut to the shoulders, and definitive pale blue eyes. He had no body fat, and prided himself with the fact, that there had never been a time he was not in the highest of psychical perfection. His armor, almost as impressive as his masculine prowess, had to be made special just to encase his muscularity. He was a handsome man.

As handsome as he was, he was deadlier with the sword.

Soldiers and warriors of lands unnamed trembled in fear upon knowing that Ka-Ron the knight was among them, preparing for battle. For, it was known, when Ka-Ron unsheathed his sword, it would not be put to rest until its thirst for blood had been completely satisfied.

For now, Ka-Ron was escaping the day, in the arms of Kym, the daughter of the local Wicca Master – a woman of the “Arts.” He had known this woman since the days of his youth, where they would both pass the days, after their studies, by playing in the wheat fields of the *Xows*. This action, alone, showed their township that both children were destined for great things!

The *Xows* were a nomadic race, which had settled in the outskirts of *Idoshia* several seasons ago – some theorized at least seventy seasons back – and, like locust, attacked and stole

from *Idoshia's* citizens when times were hard on them. They were most known for stealing the kingdom's women when her men were away at war. It was fighting the *Xows*, which had kept Ka-Ron away from his lands – away from home.

When Ka-Ron finally came home, after six seasons of fighting, creating new glories and gaining new territories for his King, this knight was surprised to run, once more, into the arms of his childhood love, Kym.

“Who is this man, who comes to grace my family's ale hall with his mighty presence?” Kym had said, for she had grown to become a fair maiden of noble and adulterous features.

“Kym?” Ka-Ron said, his eyes elevating, and enjoying what he was gazing upon. “Can it be the same pig-tailed girl I played 'bugs' with as a child?”

Kym, bowing, said, “The same.”

Ka-Ron's eyes had beheld the prettiest and most inviting woman he had ever seen. Kym had once been awkward, skinny, and as charming as a dry stick in the mud. Now, after years of good fortune, Kym was fair, with long dark hair, brown eyes, and full lips of the finest red, a handsome fullness of body, and a scent that begged for the smell of a man's. She was a vision made for the act of love, and Ka-Ron, hungry himself for the touch of a lady, was more than happy to oblige.

For, Kym, since the day of her seventh season upon the world, had loved Ka-Ron with all her soul. Many a night she prayed and hoped to have the fullness of him between the warm mysteries of her legs. For his touch to break the evil coldness of her nights. For him to lick away the dew of her sexual fields. This entire she had prayed for, hoping that Nature herself would listen just long enough to provide her with that one all-powerful chance to provoke the spells of love. All this she had hoped for, and, by chance, all she got!

Kym's hands toyed through Ka-Ron's pubic hairs, as she stopped just long enough to let out an exhausted sigh. She was enjoying the chance to love the greatest man and warrior of her age, but more important, she was enjoying the gift of sharing herself with a man she loved. Ka-Ron could sense this, and to a certain extent, it frightened him. Frightened him more than facing a wall of savages.

Ka-Ron did not believe in love.

He believed in only the moment.

“Here!” Ka-Ron said, rubbing Kym's head. “Allow me on top.”

The lovers shifted in their positions on the bed.

Now, on top, Ka-Ron fed his hungry body by doing his own sucking on Kym's healthy bosom. Tracking the tip of his tongue on her two tan aureoles, biting softly upon her nipples, hard from their excitement, and burying his whiskered face into the middle of her velveteen breasts. Enveloping his face into the heart of her bounty, the knight was completely lost in his lust. Kym moaned as he invaded her womanhood, as they both became one.

“Oh, Ka-Ron,” Kym moaned, grabbing at him and wrapping her long sweaty legs around his lower back, silently praying for him to continue his actions. “I love you.”

Ka-Ron's muscles tightened as his eyes closed. His excitement had reached its peak, and he released himself into the fond wet storm of Kym's sex. He moaned, faintly hearing the truthful confessions of his partner.

Kym moaned, tightening her thigh muscles. She also sprayed wet juices upon the worn-out sheets of her bed, gladly joining Ka-Ron in his lustful cries of satisfaction. The man quivered inside of her, tightening.

Ka-Ron opened his eyes, gently resting his face on top of her breasts. He was covered

with both sweat and the careworn signs of worry.

“Kym, I am not for you.” Ka-Ron finally said, wiping beads of sweat off Kym's cheeks.

Kym said nothing. Her breathing was heavy.

Ka-Ron and Kym separated. As he left her body, Ka-Ron heard the woman give out one last cry of pleasure.

The sheets were well worn, bloodied, and smelling of sin. They had served their purpose well, and Ka-Ron left them as fast as he had originally attacked.

There were happier things to concentrate on, now!

Today, there was to be a feast in his honor.

Today, Ka-Ron was to meet his King.

“Do you not share my desires in all of this, Ka-Ron?” Kym asked, covering her breasts.

Ka-Ron sat, at the edge of the bed, silent. He was not the kind to use women for the simple act of what a woman did for a man – he was a knight after all! He thought of himself merely as a man who took his pleasures as they were offered. Life, as a knight, was a dangerous bidding – there was no time for family unless one was willing to lay down their sword for good. Try as he might, Ka-Ron knew that he was not the kind that could do that. And, still, there were “other” matters...

So, he sat in silence. He told no lies. He told no truths.

“Ka-Ron?” Kym pleaded, her voice seemingly ringing with the sounds of desperation.

Ka-Ron closed his eyes, in silent pain. He now knew that his coupling with his childhood love had been a terrible mistake. He wished that he could take it all back.

He looked around the humble living quarters, and saw items belonging to a Wicca Master of the High Arts. Tombs of books, filled with spells, charms, and curses long forgotten by the

rest of civilization, left in the able hands of those who studied the various arts. Charts of stars, the motion of planets, of high tide charts and low tide charts, of what makes an animal an animal, and what separated nature from man. All these fascinating and alien things attacked Ka-Ron's senses.

All these things belonged to Kym's mother, Kai.

Kai, although a mystery to most citizens of *Idoshia*, was known as a great witch and had even been summoned by the King to do bidding and spells of all sorts. This hard-sought woman had even been known to cause the fall of nations. Whatever one thought of Kym's mother, they all respected her. Her power and skills demanded the emotion.

“What of your mother these days?” Ka-Ron finally asked, breaking a silence of beats.

Kym huffed, allowing one pain to be replaced by another.

“Mother is away.” Kym stated, hurt. “I do not know where.”

“Perhaps doing her bid for the King?”

“Perhaps.”

“I have always feared your mother.” Ka-Ron confessed. “She is a lass of great power and wit. One I would gladly wish to have on my side in battle.”

“She is...” Kym paused. “Formidable.”

“Yes,” Ka-Ron stated in full agreement. He rose, putting his armor on.

“Where are you off to?” Kym asked, absently allowing her hands to fall, revealing her breasts.

Ka-Ron turned, looking at Kym's womanly charms and beauty. In his eyes, she was indeed a bounty worth holding onto and ached that he was not the man to provide her with the life she needed, and deserved.

“I am off to a jousting tournament,” Ka-Ron stated, proud. “The King is holding a feast in my honor, and in honor of those who fell in battle fighting the *Xows*.”

“Then, you are deserving of your time in celebration.” Kym agreed, “For I have heard of your deeds, and realize that I am being judgmental and selfish with your time.”

Ka-Ron, forgetting for a moment that he was playing with a woman's heart, bent down, kissing Kym with a loving and passionate wave of emotion. He hugged and caressed her cheeks, holding her face close to his. His nostrils picked up the insanely sweet aroma of her heaving breath, which assaulted his face in nervous rhythm. Realizing what he was doing, he slowly, and quite tactfully, pulled himself away. Still, he did his noble best to allow the woman the chance to keep her romantic moment. It was hers after all, and it was not within his right to steal it away.

“You are still a wonder to me, Kym.” Ka-Ron tried to say, parting from her. “And will be fond in my hearts until they stop beating. That, I give you my oath on.”

An awkward pause filled the space between the two. Kym stared, watching almost on autopilot, as Ka-Ron turned, clamping his armor onto his body. The knight tried his best to ignore the tears starting.

“Fond?” Kym wept.

Ka-Ron eyed his sword, sheathing it. “I am quite fond of you, indeed.”

“But, I love you...Ka-Ron.” Kym whispered. Her tears were all too painfully clear, and did not pass the attention of the brave knight. His constant irritation was beyond Kym's understanding, which appeared to add more degrees to her suffering. “I love you.” she repeated.

“I am sorry,” Ka-Ron said, solemnly. For he truly cared for this woman's feelings. “I am a man of war.” He tried to explain. “I fight so that others may have what I plainly cannot.”

“And, what is that?” Kym's words were dripping with pain and sarcasm.

“For a woman such as you, by their side.” Ka-Ron explained. “I make that possible. I make that a right, for others to enjoy.”

“And, you cannot?”

Ka-Ron paused for a long time. “No.”

“Why?”

Ka-Ron laughed a huff of disbelief. “Kym, would you want to bond with a man who, at any moment, could be called on by King or Priest to protect lands half-way across the globe, and who may never return?” Ka-Ron paused, “This is no way to reward love. This is not the way of a true man who loves his family. True, there are those who take the risk, but, I will have no one I care for pay the price. This is my mind-set, dear woman. I am a knight, and a soldier of my King's will. This fact is not only my lifestyle; it is also my first and truest of loves.”

Kym grabbed Ka-Ron's sword hand. Her eye makeup clearly ruined by the tracks of her tears. “I would be willing to accept your risks, your dangers, and the whim of your king or priest. Love does not come with a guarantee, Ka-Ron. If you vow to protect those who seek its fruits, you, of all people know that life rarely has a happy ending. All one needs is courage, and you have that in abundance!”

Ka-Ron, looking into the torn eyes of his childhood love, almost caved in. With all his heart, he wanted to sweep Kym off her feet, pledge his love, and to do nothing more than to spend the rest of his life in loving bliss, caring and providing for his lady fair. But, in his hands, he held his sword – the eternal struggle of the peace-loving warrior.

“Kym, I remember the tormenting hell my mother went through as my father lay dying in battle...”

“Your mother and father gave birth to a noble son.” Kym interrupted, “Can we do any worse?”

“Kym...” Ka-Ron huffed, clamping the last of the buckles and leather strings of his armor. “I will love you...always.”

Hearing these words, a dangerous hope invaded Kym's features.

“But, I will do it as a man in battle,” Ka-Ron continued, “Hoping that one day you will find a good and honest man, who will love you in ways that I clearly cannot.”

“But...”

“Enough!” Ka-Ron's voice rose in frustration. “I have said what nature of man that I am, woman. That is sufficient!”

A deadly silence filled the room, and, for a moment, Kym neither said nor did anything. Like a pale ivory statue, she just looked up at Ka-Ron. Then, as if a veil of evil had passed over her features, she started to smile. This action, more than any other, had caused Ka-Ron's concerns to fill with fear.

“I will change your...views.” Kym stipulated.

Ka-Ron wanted to stop – pause, just long enough to slow this bad moment down – to analyze what he and his lifelong friend had just exchanged. He held no malice toward Kym. He wanted and valued her views. Indeed, he had promised Kym's mother to protect her daughter from all this world's dangers. And this he did!

“Kym, I must leave for my honorary feast.” Ka-Ron said, pointing, helplessly, towards Kym's main door.

“Then, go.” Kym suggested, coldly.

“We will talk of this?” Ka-Ron asked, curious of Kym's state of mind.

“We...will.”

Ka-Ron controlled his breathing. A warrior's most valuable source of surprise, was his ability not to panic, and also, not to run from confrontation. He needed those skills at the moment, for he was dealing with a woman's love. In a normal man-woman situation, Ka-Ron believed that love was for those he was sworn to protect. However, this was different. This was home. This...was family.

“Kym...?” Ka-Ron whispered. His hand instinctively reached for his sword.

“Go,” Kym's eyes filled with both tears and disgust. Her hands angrily, directed Ka-Ron to the door.

The knight had no other choice but to go.

Ka-Ron accepted the situation for what it was. Repairs could, and would, be made later.

“For what is it worth,” Ka-Ron stated, backing toward the main door, “I would like to thank you for your simple, if not learned, pleasures.”

Kym's eyes turned cold.

Ka-Ron knew, what he had said, was a mistake.

The damage was done.

“I bid you a good day.”

Ka-Ron had rarely known fear, but he felt it, greatly, as he passed beyond the door, out into the hot *Idoshian* suns. To the knight's surprise, he found his hands shaking. To the Gods! Ka-Ron's hands never shook. Not once in the horrors of battle!

Inside the hut, he heard the unmistakable sound of Kym – she was weeping.

The knight's brow began to shrink, turning dark, lonesome, and shameful.

A gentle, if not forceful tap, knocked Ka-Ron aside, bringing his concentration back to

the world of reality. Blinking his eyes open, Ka-Ron saw his faithful horse Echoheart looking at him with soft dark eyes.

“What is that you say, my dear friend?”

< You are running late! >

Echoheart was a proud, if not noble steed, from the Farm of the Eleven Winds. From his stable, known throughout *Idoshia*, came the fastest, most faithful, and bravest of steeds.

Echoheart was the fiftieth descendant of Theyoka, the First Mount of the First King. Ka-Ron's horse was almost as famous as he was.

“You are right in your request that I boldly continue,” Ka-Ron huffed, doing his best to pay attention. “Today, I have acted the fool. And, I have no logical retreat from what I have done.”

< Did you and the woman couple? >

Ka-Ron glared at his horse with surprise. Amusement once more returned to his strong face.

“What do you know of human coupling, Echoheart?”

The horse shook his head up and down. He was impatient and wanted a nice purple apple.

< There was a woman at our stables who confessed stories... >

“In what manner did she speak?”

< She told of her loves, wanting to be one with...nature. >

Echoheart's head bowed. His eyes held a great sadness.

“Oh,” Ka-Ron was solemn. “I have heard of such women. They are indeed kind, but tragic, souls. Worthy of your knowing, dear friend.”

Ka-Ron approached his horse, patting him along the side of his right ear, where he loved to be caressed. There was stiffness in his stance that the knight soon became aware of.

Echoheart turned his head, and seemed to be studying his master's eyes. The act caught Ka-Ron by surprise.

“I have dishonored this house, Echoheart.” Ka-Ron's voice was almost a whisper. “My need for a woman's council has caused me to break her hearts. I did not wish for that to happen.”

< You are a noble Man. I know this, for I have rode with you in battle. I cannot believe that you could have created the acts of which you speak. Perhaps, there was a misunderstanding of the level of coupling involved? >

Ka-Ron had to laugh.

< What humors you so? >

“That I, Ka-Ron, seek love advice from a horse!”

The knight turned his eyes back toward Kym's hut, and studied what he saw.

It was a quiet, simple home. Built of gopher wood and containing two levels. Shutters were made from pine tin and decorated with seven windows of various sizes. It was said that Kym's mother requested that none of the windows be the same size. A porch made the front of the home an inviting relax from the harshness of the home as a whole. Many nights, as a boy, Ka-Ron played on that porch, with Kym. “Bugs,” an *Idoshian* version of combat in game form, was their favorite pastime. Everything about this house was why he had become a knight. In absence of not having a family, this had been his home.

< Again, I say, we are running late. >

“We are leaving, my friend.”

Echoheart remained remarkably quiet, during the ride through the dark woods, leading

towards the center of town. Ka-Ron used to joke with his field officers – his horse was the most talkative one on the planet. The only time his mouth stayed quiet, was when his rider was atop him in battle. Ka-Ron found himself, sometimes, in direct competition with his horse's battle cries, as he himself shouted curses to the fallen.

“Echoheart, I must ask you...”

Before Ka-Ron could finish his thought, a couple of bandits attacked his mount, knocking the knight to the ground. His horse, knowing what was soon to come, left the battlefield.

This was not turning out to be a good morning.