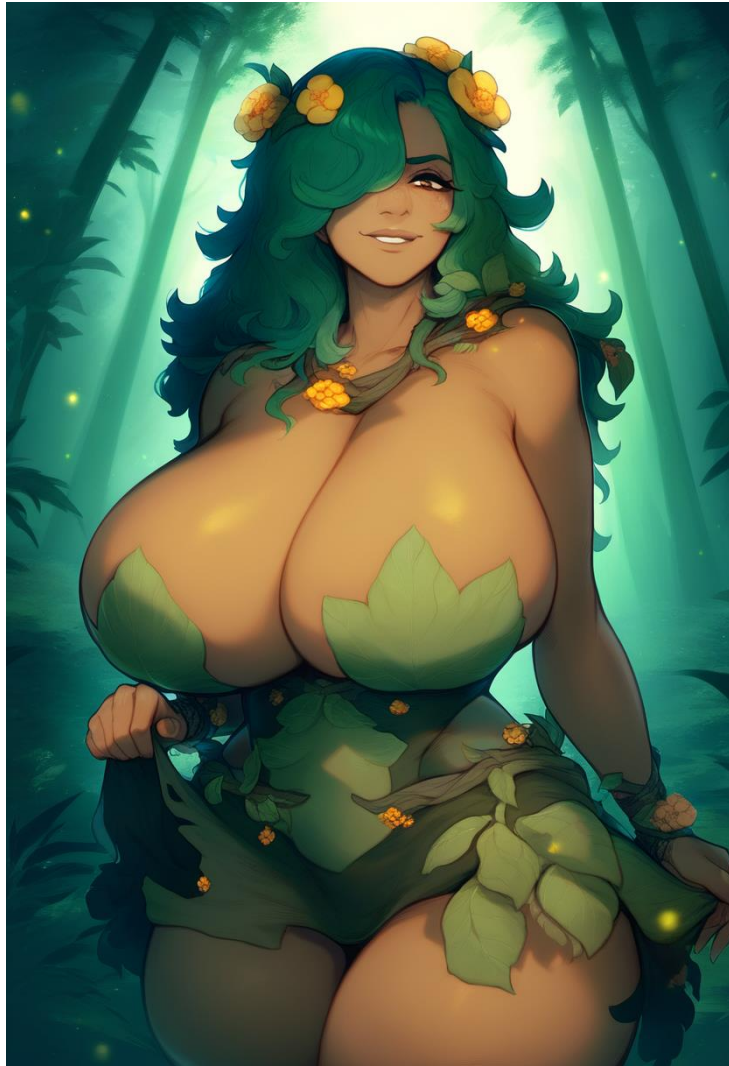


Faith Deflowered



With a mighty swing of his sword Sir Werre slashed through another cluster of vines, the force of the blow urged on by his memory of the villager's pleas.

"We're not sure what to do, to be honest, m'lord," the headman had said, wringing his withered hands in desperate worry. "Happens to any lad who wanders into the woods looking to fell some trees or do some hunting. They stagger out days after they shoulda returned, dazed and drained. Wasted and needing a good week to recover. They don't remember a thing a what went on!"

"I see," Werre replied. "And have you any idea what foul creature causes you such problems?"

The headman nodded nervously. "Well... ah, tell you the truth, my lord, we fear it may be a... an alraune."

Sir Werre understood then the villager's fears. For there were few creatures in the wilds which were more perilous than a plant girl. Though there were many varieties, all were dangerous in the extreme, using their intoxicating pollen and perfumes to entice, corrupt, and feed upon the essence of mortals.

"I see," he'd told the terrified cluster of villagers. The very image of the hero in his shining plate and blade, he'd looked over them confidently. "But fear not, good people. For I will slay this creature which troubles you, and make free your town once more!"

And so he would.

And he was getting close.

Sir Werre smirked as he hewed another mass of vines from his path, the clank of his armour accompanying every motion. After all, what had he to fear? He had slain monsters of all sorts. Be they demons, beastmen, goblins, orcs and even trolls. All had fallen to his blade and might. For he was not just a knight, but a paladin! Brave and true. And no monster would harm or threaten the innocent while he stood against them.

And the monster's lair was near. He could tell as the overgrowth became thicker. So much so that the light from above was completely cut off, leaving him hewing his way through almost pitch darkness. But more. There was a scent in the air. Something floral.

And... singing.

This last gave the paladin pause, his head cocking attentively. It was a fair voice. Rich yet throaty with almost sensuous promise in the wordless music. But she was no siren. Not that it would matter if she was. For Werre was a paladin, and immune to such compulsion so long as he was pure.

Thus, instead of stumbling along towards the owner of the voice like some love sickened puppy on a leash, he forced his way forward with a swirl of his cape and a gleam of his steel.

Almost at once the foliage grew thinner, as if inviting him deeper into the realm of the forest. A glow made itself known, and the brambles pulled back like curtains, admitting him into a lonely glade.

Sunlight filtered through from above, shining in speckles of gold. It fell down upon a great flower which bloomed from the middle of a crystal-clear pool of water like a lily. Yet, it wasn't just petals which spilled from the bulb. Instead, a woman rose from the flower, her

shapely hips growing from its base, her skin a yellow so rich it could have been worked from gold.

Werre felt his face warm as he took in the carnal image of the alraune. She was shaped like a busty naked woman, utterly unfettered by shame. Her huge, heavy breasts swelled from her chest, counterpointed perfectly by her wide hips. Her face was breathtakingly lovely, with hair like a carpet of vines blooming with marigolds. Her hands glided over her body, making her honeyed flesh glisten with the water she bent forward to scoop up, gathering more in her cupped hands, though that wasn't what caught Werre's eye, but instead the way her immense bust wobbled with the motion like two bouncing melons.

Naturally, Werre had no use for such immense breasts. For he was a paladin of holy orders, and had taken a vow of chastity. One from which all his powers did spring, his oath bound him to resist the lustful potency of degenerate creatures like the alraune. But he would admit that he was still a man, and so could appreciate the sheer physical perfection of the presentation before him.

Perhaps a little too much, as his pause caused him to shift his weight, and under his boot snapped a twig.

Werre tensed as the plant-girl's eyes snapped to him, the shining browns piercing the shadows in an instant. A smile grew on the plant girl's luscious lips, and her hands glided lazily down her curves once more.

"Well well," she cooed. "It seems I have a guest. Come out of the shadows, sweet fauna. Let me see who's been spying on me."

Vexed, Werre cursed himself, but nonetheless stepped into the light, his blade brandished and gaze hard and stern. "Monster!" he declared. "I am Sir Werre, paladin of the order of the Sacred Flame, and I have come to put an end to your vile presence in these woods!"

"Well, I am Marigold, and I must say I take exception to being accused of vileness," the alraune said, her full lips pulling into a pout. "Can you really claim that when I have a body so... soft?" she asked, her hands grasping her breasts and hefting them tantalizingly. "So... curvy," she cooed, hands sliding from her breasts and down her front and hips. "So... lovely?"

Werre smirked. "Your wiles won't deceive me, fiend," he informed her as he took a firm step forward. "I am blessed by my goddess to resist your accursed powers, and with her aid, I shall purge you from root to stem!"

"Oh my," the alraune breathed, inhaling heavily, her breasts rising, quivering upon her chest. "You mean you can't appreciate a luscious pair of melons?"

The paladin's eyes followed the bounce of those orbs. "Nay!"

"Oh, brave paladin," the plant girl cooed, her eyes glinting playfully. "I think you may be... lying."

Werre braced his sword. "Think what you will, monster. For your time is done!"

With that defiant shout, Werre surged into motion, racing for the plant girl. She raised her hands, and from the base of her flower whipped a dozen thick vines.

Werre was forced to stop, his stance wide as he hewed with his sword, slicing through the assaulting greenery. He shouted in defiance as he ducked and dodged, his sword cutting a silver arc and severing the thick roots with ease.

He bellowed a laugh as he began to advance, every slash of his blade bisecting another assaulting vine. "You're a fool, alraune! I've faced stronger monsters than you, and overcome them all! You shall be no exception."

"Is that right?" Marigold giggled, her lashes lidding her glowing eyes. "Well, sir knight, it's true you may have faced stronger beasts than me. However..."

A vine suddenly lashed at his face like a whip. Werre swung, driving it away. Yet even as he twisted with the motion of his blade, he felt something grab his ankle. He let out a shout as his leg was ripped out from under him, slamming him hard to the floor of the clearing.

"I doubt you've met one trickier," the alraune finished.

Werre grunted, trying to twist back to his feet. Only for more vines to dip down, wrapping around his arms and legs. He pulled against them, but his fall had driven the breath from him, and before he could muster the strength to resist, he was hoisted bodily into the air, his fingers scrabbling for his sword before they were dragged away.

"Now now," the alraune cooed as Werre found himself dangling helplessly before the buxom plant woman, her full lips smirking playfully. "We don't need that anymore, do we? Such sharp, nasty things aren't for good boys to hold. There's only one sword you need to wield, and that's the one between your legs."

"F-fiend!" Werre snarled. "Release me at once!"

"Now why would I do that when you're so very stressed?" the alraune asked sweetly. "Poor boy. All pent up in that tight armour. Let's fix that, shall we?"

Werre tried to pull away, but the alraune's vines were as strong as they were deft, more tendrils winding across him and pulling off his armour and clothes. Werre grunted as the last

came free, leaving him naked and dangling from the vines, his face reddening with humiliation. Especially at how blatantly hard he was.

“Why look at that!” Marigold giggled. “It seems my big, brave paladin finds my pretty body appealing after all.”

Werre knew it was pointless to deny it. Instead, he bit his tongue and simply glared wrathfully at the plant woman.

For her part, Marigold’s eyes ran shamelessly up and down him as she leaned in. “Mmm. And I suppose these big... heavy balls are what keeps my noble paladin from ah!”

She yelped, yanking her hand back at a shock of holy power. Werre laughed at her as she sucked her fingers petulantly.

“Stupid monster,” he told her scornfully. “You cannot break my oath of chastity, nor can your powers corrupt my mind. My goddess keeps me pure and strong. You have no power here.”

Marigold glared at him, but then a cunning smirk wove its way across her lips. “I guess so,” the golden woman breathed, licking her lips. “I can’t brainwash you, big boy. But that doesn’t mean my pollen can’t affect you, does it?”

“Your corruption has no power over me,” he scoffed.

“My magic, maybe not,” she said, looking up. “But my toxins? Well...”

A niggle of uncertainty worked through Werre. He glanced up and saw a number of yellow flowers stir in the brambles above them. They opened like bells, and a pinkish pollen began to rain down.

Werre winced as the motes touched him, but as he expected, their enchantment simply sparked and disintegrated on his skin, repelled by his blessing. But with their singing, a strange scent filled the air. Something thick. Potent. It seemed to cling to the inside of his nose and back of his throat as he breathed in. A heavy perfume that smelled... smelled...

Good.

Very good.

He scowled, wondering just what the perfume did. But it was a momentary thought, for the next moment his attention was fully on Marigold as she began to move again.

Once more the plant girl was humming. Once more her deft fingers were wandering over her mouth-watering curves, her eyes lidded and lips smirking in sultry amusement. Werre glared defiantly at her, refusing to give her the satisfaction of seeing any weakness in him.

“Do you like my body?” Marigold cooed as her hips rocked to the tune of her humming, swaying like a pendulum. “Do you like to look at me? My big breasts? My plump bum?”

“Of course not,” Werre snapped.

“Ooooh, your lips are so naughty. But your eyes don’t lie. And neither does that,” Marigold noted with another coy look at his cock.

Werre felt his flush grow again as his manhood throbbed with desire. Angrily, he turned his head away. “Just kill me, monster!”

A look of bemusement painted Marigold’s gilded face. “Mmm? Now why would I do that? Especially when you’re so eager to stare at my breasts. My big... soft... bouncy breasts. Imagining them wrapped around your big, powerful, girthy cock. Bouncing and stroking you. Teasing and rubbing you.”

Werre swallowed hard, shutting his eyes tight. Yet the image invaded his imagination. Swirling in his mind. The potent pollen in the air was so thick he couldn't help but breathe it in. But of course, it couldn’t affect him. Of course, he was immune. So long as his vow remained, she couldn’t control him. He was his own man.

But gods was he horny.

He found himself breathing hard, his body growing warm, the throbbing in his groin aching through him. He tried to shake it off, but he couldn’t dispel the image of her body in his mind.

“Poor boy. So needy. Your cock so thick. Your balls soooo heavy.”

“Lewd creature,” he spat.

“Maaaybe,” Marigold giggled. “But is that a bad thing? It’s only natural for you to feel attraction. All fauna do. They’re just dumb animals, led by their instincts. Slaves to their desires. Your goddess is so cruel for denying you that. Poor, poor boy. You must be soooo pent-up. Not even able to stroke yourself.”

“S-silence, harlot!” he snapped.

“But I’m right. So very right. But you know... maybe we can do something about that...”

Werre felt the vine around his right arm shift. His eyes snapped open, and he found himself once more staring at the naked alraune. For a moment he couldn't look away. Just the sight of her curves made his jaw drop, another throb of desire racing through him like his veins had turned to fire. But only for a moment. The next he looked down to see what the vine was doing, and discovered it had moved his hand down to press on his naked cock.

"Wh-what are you doing?" he demanded incredulously.

"Oh?" the alraune asked with a coy smirk. "What's wrong? I'm just putting your hand close in case you needed a bit of... relief."

"F-foul creature! You cannot make me-"

"That's right!" Marigold giggled, her breasts wobbling with her girlish glee. "I can't! That naughty blessing of yours keeps me from touching your big, throbbing cock. How naughty! But you can still touch it, can't you?" she asked with a knowing look. "You can still stroke yourself while you watch me play with my tits. While I rub my tender... slick pussy..."

Werre tried not to look. Yet his eyes seemed to have a mind of their own, wandering down to the slick folds at the delta of her waist as her finger lazily strummed her slit. Sap slickening her thighs and drooling into the bulb at her base.

"I..." he gasped.

"You can still stroke your big... thick... cock all on your lonesome," Marigold cooed, her voice a thrumming song that seemed to shimmer through him. "You can satisfy that naughty need you feel. You don't have to cum, though," she added with a playful look. "You don't neeed to cum. You can just do it until you feel some relief, right?" Marigold asked playfully. "Just until you're not so... terribly horny..."

It was a trap.

Werre knew it was a trap.

And yet he found he couldn't look away.

Couldn't avert his eyes from her.

She was so lovely.

So sexy.

Yes.

Sexy.

That was the word. Sexy. Carnal. Physically tempting. Made to appeal and be lusted after. Formed to arouse man's appetite for the flesh despite the fact she was more vegetable than anything. But those melons demanded attention. Her hips begged to be adored.

Werre shuddered as he felt his fingers wrap around his cock.

"That's it," Marigold breathed, her voice so soft. Gentle. Not threatening at all. Not even with that undertone of mocking cruelty that somehow only made her loveliness more evident. Made his pulse quicken and shaft pulse. "Good boy. You just can't help but stroke. You can't when confronted with my big breasts. My lovely body. Just a few strokes is fine. Just to get the pressure off. You can stop any time. You can give it up at a moment's notice."

This was wrong.

So very wrong.

Werre knew it. There was no mystery. He knew this was wrong. That she was tempting him. Seeking to corrupt him. Yet he couldn't stop. It just... it felt so damn goood.

"That's right," Marigold purred, moving in closer, the bounce of her breasts utterly captivating his eyes. His attention. "Just keep stroking. Keep feeling good. So good. But you can't cum, can you?" she teased. "Your oath stops you from it. You can just stroke and stroke as long as you want. As long you can. As long as it feels good. Just stroke as I bounce my breasts. Massage my tits. Letting you imagine how gooooo they'd feel around your big... horny... cock..."

Oh gods.

Gods, it would feel good. Werre knew it. It would be so damn good. He could picture it. Imagine those massive breasts wrapped around his length. Rubbing him between those glistening green orbs. Her nipples grinding against his thighs as he frantically pumped into those jiggly green breasts. And they'd be soft. So soft yet firm. Perfect as he rutted between them.

A moan escaped Werre as his hand pumped up and down his length. Marigold giggled, and Werre flushed as he realized she'd heard.

"Poor horny boy," she cooed, her voice filled with honeyed mockery. "So horny and needy. So big and thick and heavy with cum. But you can't let it out. If you let it out, you'd break your oath. If you broke your oath, nothing would be stopping me from turning you into my brainwashed boy toy. My handsome plaything that I could fuck and milk and make you moan and whine and writhe with pleasure. Make you cum so much your brain just broke. Just popped! Just stopped thinking of anything but how pretty I am. How horny you are. And how good my big breasts feel..."

Werre writhed in the grasp of the vines, groaning and whining like an animal in heat. His hand furiously pumping his cock, the pressure of his orgasm throbbing in his balls. His shaft. The pleasure throbbing within him. Begging for release.

Yet he couldn't.

He mustn't.

"You know," Marigold murmured, her voice as sinuously poisonous as an adder's, "I bet if you did give in... I'd be too busy playing with you to bother with anyone else for a while. You'd be saving everyone after all by becoming my dumb bimbo. You'd be a hero. So, isn't that reason enough to get a little... reward?"

"Oh... oh g-goooods," Werre groaned.

"It probably won't even be that bad," Marigold continued, the tempting poison of her voice and silkily seductive tone dripping into his ear word by word. "Maybe you got the oath wrong. Maybe your goddess would still protect you. She's a merciful goddess, right? She'd take mercy on you, right? It's okay to cum just once. Just once..."

Would his goddess see it that way?

Unlikely.

Terribly unlikely.

But... what if?

Maybe she would?

Maybe she'd still be protected. Then he could cum.

Gods.

To cum.

He almost sobbed at the idea, his hand desperately stroking himself, the need of his body defied by the power of his oath. His balls so heavy and body so tight with orgasm denied. But oh... oh, how he neeeded to cum. How he haaaad to cum. How there was nothing he needed more than to spurt and moan and empty his heavy balls. To find freedom of the heavy lust that burned like fire in his veins. His eyes swimming, his chest heaving with panting breaths that sucked in gasps of sweet pollen. Sweet, arousing pollen.

"Just cum," Marigold cooed. "Just cum. It'll be so good. Just do it. Just give in. Give in, my silly fauna. My bimbo. Good bimbos cum. They can't help it. They're just too dumb. Too horny.

They can't help but cum. Can't stop cumming. They just have to. You just have to. Just need to cum

"Cum.

"Cum!"

Werre couldn't help himself.

Couldn't fight it.

Couldn't resist it!

"Ohhhhhhhh!" he cried out, a sound of despair. Of failure.

Of utter and terrible pleasure.

Cum fountained from his pulsing cock, a feeling of glorious euphoria surging through him. Swirling in his head and body as he gave in to that final sweet high. Blessed release washing through him as he shuddered and bucked in the grip of an orgasm stronger than any he'd known before. It was so good. So powerful.

So fucking perfect.

"There now," Marigold cooed as Werre panted, sagging like every ounce of himself had been expended onto the grass along with his seed. "Look at that. Poor fauna. I didn't even have to touch you! You just gave in all on your own. How pathetic. How silly."

Werre felt himself blush. And yet, he didn't feel even the slightest anger as his blessing burned from him, his goddess's protection fleeing in the breaking of his vow.

No.

As he breathed in deeply, he felt the brainwashing pollen kept at bay swirl into him, stuffing his head with cottony happiness. With tingling pleasure. A smile touched Werre's face, his expression growing slack. His eyes dimming.

"That's it. Gooood fauna. Breathe in and out. Niiiiiice and deep," Marigold cooed as her vines lowered him towards her, his head coming to rest just before her immense gold breasts.

Werre did as bid, breathing slow and heavily, feeling more of the tension in him unknot under the heady influence of the pollen. His eyes lidding and jaw going slack.

"Oh just look at you!" Marigold giggled with delight. "All dumb and brainwashed just like that! And look at this," she added, her fingers cupping his balls, making Werre groan in pleasure

as her deft fingers cradled and massaged them. "Why, I can touch your big, dumb, horny cock all I want now! Isn't that nice?"

"Yessss," Werre moaned dimly. "Soooo niiiiice!"

"Mmm. I know it is, dummy," Marigold said mockingly, touching his head and pushing it into the soft heaviness of her breasts. "Hee hee! I know it is. And I'm going to make you feel so good for just as long as I want. Would you like that?"

"Mmm hmmm," Werre moaned into her bust, shuddering as he felt something kiss the tip of his cock.

"Good boy. Now, why don't you start humping my pretty flower, hm? And give me aaaaall that heavy cum of yours, like a good fauna?"

Werre nodded, uncaring, barely understanding what she was telling him. Only knowing that he loved her voice, whether it was mocking or playful. Only knowing how to thrust as the soft petals of one of Marigold's flowers wrapped around his manhood, slickening it with wonderfully arousing sap.

Only knowing to relax.

To sag.

That he was in good hands.

That he was loving... mistress Marigold's clever... lovely hands...