

## THE TEMPLAR'S TEMPTRESS.PDF

"You could not stay away, is that the way of things?" Geraint held his amusement, just.

"I do not know what the fuck is wrong with me." La Roche confessed his failings readily, washing the day's dust from his body. He stood, naked, to his waist, scrubbing diligently in the cold water of the lake.

"You arrived late last night." Geraint knew. "Why did you not approach camp?"

"I made it as far as the side of the lake. It seemed a pleasant enough spot to rest my weary head." The younger man examined his tunic. "This fucking blood is set, I think."

"I could piss on it for you." The older knight offered politely.

David narrowed his eyes, shaking his head. "I think, mayhap, I will simply boil some water and add salt."

Geraint shrugged massive shoulders. "Just trying to help out...have the women do it for you. It is not proper a man should tend to his clothing."

"My Squire usually does the chore, but I have cleaned many a tunic in my life, as I suspect you, when we were in that apprenticeship position." La Roche smiled over.

"I was never an apprentice." Geraint disdained.

"Were you borne a Knight Templar, Sir?" David quipped.

"I was one of the first of the Order...I joined, or rather, was recruited."

"Ah." David knew of the tale, he simply enjoyed annoying the man, he found. "An old-timer, hey?"

"I can best your young ass any day of the week, boy...care to try me?"

"Does not sound as if I am the one needing gentle coddling." David cut mischievous eyes the man's way. "You are too long away from a warm woman's arms, I am thinking."

"You may have something there." Geraint grumbled. "I am too old for this 'protecting' shit. I need my shade tree and some mead and a full-bodied woman in my arms."

"No arguments, here." David held up pacifying hands.

Marnya Tropik approached, a question to ask. The woman glanced La Roche's way, her expression unchanged, her reaction to a nude man standing before her...unperturbed.

“We are ready to get underway, Geraint. How long are we to tarry here this day? The sun is up and shining.”

“Oh, for God’s sake woman, let a man have his tea at least before prodding and probing his sorry ass awake.”

“Your sorry ass had best be awake and ready to travel in a very short amount of time. I am not paying you to sit around and clean clothing.”

She gave David a ‘look’. “What are you doing back?”

“...And a very good day to you, Madame, as well. I am back because I have a message I must deliver to a Priest in Almoural. It is safer to travel in groups these days, in case you have forgotten.”

“Watch your mouth.” the older woman suggested coolly. “Speak to me respectfully.”

David considered his choices in this matter then...bowed most respectfully. “Forgive me, Madame. I apologize if I have offended.”

“You offend by standing there naked before me, but otherwise, apology accepted.” She lifted a noble head, her expression unchanged.

“OHHH!” Isabella ran up to Marnya, excited and slightly flustered, then...upon seeing the half-naked male, turned hurriedly aside. “I...I..eh,” her cheeks pinkened readily.

David glanced to the water, which was covering his private parts, what then...was the issue here? He rolled expressive eyes.

“What is it, child. Oh...Isabella! Braid your hair, girl. It will be hell trying to brush it this night!” The winds were strong, whipping the long tresses this way and that. “What is wrong now?”

“Eh...” Isa was flustered, carefully keeping her gaze upon Marnya’s stern features. “...The, eh...the chest tipped, the latch broke. Clothes are blowing everywhere. I need assistance, please.” The girl was hastily plaiting her hair as best she was able.

“Oh, shit!” Marnya’s mouth tightened, seeing the problem now, rushing after the petticoats and finery blowing over the fields. “Can anything else occur!”

Isabella’s mouth fell agape for the other woman’s profanity for she had never before heard such blasphemy coming from the stately lady’s lips but she too, hurried after the articles which were now even blowing into the lake down the way.

David watched the spectacle, amusement dancing in his eyes.

“She has not seen you in your entirety boy?” Geraint was troubled, clearly. “Just how slow are you? I would have at least, feasted upon that sweet pussy by now.”

La Roche shifted a patient stare. “At least you held that thought until she was down wind and could not hear it.”

“Not my fault you have no balls.” Geraint decided. “Do you need one of my men to hold her that you might taste her wares? Perhaps that will hasten matters along for you.”

“I thank you for such solicitude but no.” David drew in a cleansing breath, exhaling evenly. “I can manage.”

“Can you?” the older man clearly had his doubts, but he walked away, shaking his head for such fool-hardy behavior.

David sought out Isabella who was wading into the water to retrieve some flimsy something.

He smiled mentally for she let out a screech for the coldness of the water, hurrying out directly, pulling her sodden dress from her shapely form, her expression a woe-be-gone one.

The man went back to his pastime, holding his smile.

“Where are you, child?” Marnya grated irritably. “Pay attention.”

“I am sorry, Marnya. What were you saying?” Isabella pulled her attention from David La Roche who was riding his stallion past the carriage, going ahead to check the road, as he had done repeatedly throughout the day.

Isa could not get the image of the man’s body out of her mind’s eyes. He was so very masculine, his torso muscled and manly, with all that lovely soft down on his chest.

To know he wore nothing in that water...the girl blushed fully, averting her face from any scrutiny Marnya might make. Isabella cleared her throat gently, trying to get her vivid imagination under wraps.

“I was saying, half your clothing is very likely ruined. We could not take the time to dry any of it and it is now bundled together inside that satchel. Your mother is going to be very displeased with me, I fear.”

“You had nothing to do with the chest’s broken latch.” Isabella reminded. “I purchased those clothes. I know it was a total accident. I will find employment and simply purchase more. This is not a catastrophe.”

“What do you mean, you purchased your clothing.” Marnya was aghast. “You mean, your father provided the coin but you chose the styles?”

“...Yes, of course that is what I meant.” Isabella did not wish to get into that can of worms as she had already made the mistake of arguing with her father over the matter.

The man had been livid, that a child of his, was so far gone off the straight and narrow that she would even consider such a disagreeable thing.

Marnya...relaxed visibly. “Well, one should hope so.” The woman huffed her indignation. “It is your father’s place to provide for you. I am pleased he is holding up that tradition at least. He allows your prideful way far too much, if you ask me. And where you get such radical ideas? I shall never know. You were not reared that way, I assure you.”

Isabella smiled politely, keeping quiet.

The girl went back to thinking about David La Roche’s under carriage. She was not certain what that area was called but she caught a small glimpse of the man’s backside when he dropped part of his tunic into the water, bending to retrieve it.

She physically gasped for the smooth, solid orb took her breath away. He was dark skinned where the sun had burned his flesh over the years but that part of his anatomy was untouched and different hued.

Which was something oddly disturbing to the girl’s senses.

Her pulse jumped erratically at the sight even though she had primly turned aside, as any lady would...she had seen enough to make her cheeks turn a scarlet rose with each and every remembrance.

Her brothers were not shy, always parading about the house in just their Bries. Isa got the impression of some sort of bulge in the front part that a woman did not have.

She had seen a book once, in France, that showed statues. Statues without benefit of clothing. Had her parents known she had looked through the pages? She would never be allowed outside the house again...ever.

She now knew what those bulges were which brought another blush. She kept her back to Marnya, in pretense of looking at the passing scenery but in reality, it was to hide her secret thoughts concerning one particular male.

“Are you thinking about those Muslims again?”

“No, Marnya.” Isabella, in truth, had not given those horrid men one thought this day, in actuality, she was surprised to find. “It is just stuffy in here. The wind feels nice.”

“It is stuffy. I hope we stop soon for our repast.” The older woman shifted into a more comfortable position.

“Yes, that would be nice.”

The ride continued in amiable silence.

“A woman brushing her hair is very sensual to me.”

The girl started then...forced her body to relax. “You should not sneak up on a person like that.”

“I did not sneak.” David grinned. “I find it healthier to walk quietly when in enemy territory. It is a habit.”

“Are we?” The girl stopped brushing the long tresses. “In enemy territ..”

“An explanation only.” David stood, looking down at the small figure. “Where is the Dragon Lady?”

“She has retired. It is a long trip. She is not as young as she was.” Isabella scowled over.

“She is a frightening woman.”

Isa rolled her eyes. “Yes, I am certain she causes you to cower.”

“Some of the looks she gives? They make me uneasy, yes.” The man quipped. “Would you like for me to do that for you?”

To his amazement, Isabella shyly handed over the brush.

The man took the instrument, sitting behind her on the metal ridge of the carriage hook up.

He admired the lush, wavy strands.

“It is too long but mother will not allow us to sheer our hair.” Isa sighed. “It is a chore. The upkeep.”

“You listen to your mother. This is lovely and any woman who would even think of sheering something so breathtaking should be whipped and not in a good way.”

Isabella glanced back at the man. “You say the oddest things.”

He smiled. “Whet your imagination?”

“No.” she snapped. “Do not start.”

The man stroked the silk of her hair lovingly, brushing the thick mass diligently. “Have you ever been whipped, Isabella?”

“My parents do not believe in such cruel punishment.”

“I did not mean...by your parents.” he held his smile for he sensed, she was attentive to the turn of the conversation. “There is punishment and then...” His tone dropped suggestively. “There is...punishment. One is very unnecessary and the other is...well, something to be experienced, if one is into...punishment.”

“Who would be into that?” the girl was getting snippy, but the brushing felt ever so good, so she sat quietly under his activity, liking the feel of his thighs against hers for he straddled the hook up, having moved ever so close to her.

“I think you might enjoy the act.”

“Oh you do, do you.” She snubbed him. “Well, I would not, not at all.”

“No?” he moved...closer which brought his body against hers. “A soft leather strap, eased ever so lightly over the flesh of your body, with the lightest of touch. Stroking over your nipples and between your legs?” He leaned close, nuzzling her hair. “...Slowly, lovingly guided by an experience hand?”

Isabella swallowed hard, her breathing suddenly thready and shallow. “Certainly not. You are sick.”

She could feel a hard bulge press into the cheeks of her backside, stiffening slightly.

David gathered handfuls of lush strands into his palm, placing them on top of her head in a beautiful swirl of curls. “Your nipples are hard just thinking about it.” He could see the imprint of the tiny nubs under the fabric of her dress. “My cock is harder...rest assured.”

The girl flushed prettily but she...did not move away from his touch...or the conversation.

“Have you seen a man in the altogether, Isabella?” His tone washed over her like a silk glove. “Can you feel my cock? Resting against your body?”

She...nodded minutely.

The man’s breath wafted over her nape, his lips trailing a gentle path over the curve of her neckline. His fist bunched her tresses, holding them out of his way. His lips were warm and moist and causing gooseflesh all over her body.

“Do you wish to see it?” his free hand traveled up her thigh, bunching her dress as he went. “I wish to show it to you, for your approval.”

Isa watched her dress being lifted, the sight of his hand on her bare leg exciting her lasciviously.

“You are very beautiful, but you know this.” the man nuzzled her ear lobe, the tip of his tongue

flicking the soft flesh suggestively. "...Why do you punish me? You know how badly I want you, do you not?"

"I...I am n-not ready." Her courage was waning even now, she knew, her body stiffening with the need to take flight.

"Just a few more moments." the hand bunching her hair tightened, forcing her head to turn. His lips caught hers hungrily, his tongue pushing gently into the moist warmth of her mouth to eagerly taste the plump of that pout.

The man feasted slowly, the warmth of his breath fanning her pink cheeks. His kiss robbed the girl of any sane thought for a goodly while.

She felt his palm cover her breast, the confident fingers squeezing, kneading...lifting the small melon.

Isabella moaned into his mouth, her breath coming in shallow gasps now.

"Respond to me." His thumb raked boldly over her nipple and it sprang to sudden life, puckering painfully which brought another heartfelt moan of compliance from the woman's throat.

"Are you wet for me, Isabella?" His arms encompassed the tiny frame. He held her securely close, having lain the brush aside. "Open your legs and allow me feel for myself."

His palm eased between her thighs, forcing the smooth flesh to open. His lips moved caressingly on hers, finding weaknesses and paths to her soul she did not know existed until this moment.

"The sounds you make cause my cock to ache for you." His voice was hoarse, a raspy whisper, his breath smelling of strawberries and wine. "...It wants inside that tight, sweet pussy."

"I...d-do not understand." the woman was lost, not only in his kisses.

The man took her hand. "Show me where you like to be touched." he tempted, his own breathing heavy and involved suddenly. "Allow me feel the silk of that clean-shaven mound."

Isabella boldly guided his fingers to where the ache was poignantly painful.

David slipped the dress aside, feeling hot flesh for she did not wear undergarments this night, for which he praised God.

His fingers lovingly traveled a searing path to the sodden crease of her vaginal area, his middle finger rubbing experimentally against the slick, wet surface several searching strokes. "This is...enchanted." His middle finger boldly pressed against the straining surface of her cavern adding just enough pressure to drive the woman over the edge. "Here...your reward, my angel." His thumb passed lightly over the tiny nub of her clit.

David felt the small body shudder in delight, a heartfelt moan of rising passion escaping her lips.

He brought her to full climax in seconds, enjoying her surrender immensely.

The girl lay spent against his chest, trembling visibly for the release was strong and vital.

“Now see.” La Roche pressed his lips to her forehead in a paternal manner, his tone totally approving. “That was not so horrible, was it.”

His fingers played in the wet lushness of her center to his heart’s contend.

He sought her lips, turning her to his chest, tightening his embrace masterfully. “Now, my lovely...let the lesson continue...”