

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Eloise Time! NSFW chapter ahead~

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When Thomas and Camilla finally arrive back home after another long day in the Darkwoods hunting for the Spider-Queen only to tell her about their encounter with Sevinarya, Eloise almost loses her nerve. It doesn't sound like they've had a very good day after all, and the Dark Elf she'd allowed to manipulate her for months hadn't made it any better.

But fortunately she's been putting her heart and soul into preparing as delicious of a dinner as she can for them these past few hours as she waited for them to get back. And once they sit down and start to eat, all of their anger and frustration is washed away by the home cooking.

Eloise fidgets and squirms a little at some of the sounds that come out of the pair of warriors as they eat. It's a bit... perverse how much Thomas and Camilla are enjoying her food. But then, that's just what the Gift of Cooking does. The more you work at it, the greater the heights you can get to with it. Admittedly she's not been able to put as much time into her Gift in recent months as she might have otherwise... but she knows she's still a damn good cook all the same.

Eventually, Thomas and Camilla both lean back in their chairs, Thomas even patting his belly as he lets out a heartfelt groan.

"Fuuuck that really hit the spot. You're amazing Eloise, you know that? Running Last Hope and still making time to cook for us... absolutely stupendous."

Even Camilla gives Eloise a grateful nod.

"It was delicious. Thank you for the food."

Then and there, despite still being a bundle of frayed nerves and wondering if she's about to ruin everything... Eloise still decides to go for it. She's been thinking about it for an entire week now after all, and frankly it's been pretty much the only thing she *could* think about ever since their last conversation. So... fuck it.

"I'm g-glad to hear that. Actually, there was something I wanted to talk to you both about..."

She immediately has their attention, which is frankly enough to make her second guess herself all over again. Was she really going to do this? ... Yes. Yes she was.

"It's about... what we discussed a week ago. W-When I confessed that... I had been watching."

Neither says a word. They just keep looking at her. Eloise squirms as she hastens to continue onwards.

"I h-haven't done it again of course! Just like Lord Thomas said, I've stopped completely, I promise! It's just..."

Eloise licks her lips, her eyes sliding to the side for a moment as she tries to find the words. She's had a full week to do so and yet still this is so hard.

"... It's just that when we talked about it... you both ended up agreeing that you didn't mind me... w-watching all that much. So while I know what I did was wrong because I didn't have permission... I was w-wondering if maybe... maybe I could get permission. And w-watch you two have sex again."

She can't believe she's asking. She can't believe she's saying these things. And yet, while Eloise hasn't spied on Thomas and Camilla again in the past week, she knows they haven't stopped sharing a bed. More than that, she's spent more than one sleepless night tossing and turning in sweat-soaked, other-soaked sheets, hands on her body and Thomas' name on her lips.

She's been in a bad way and while this is probably a distraction that none of them need right now, Eloise is confident they're going to keep having sex on the regular even with how stressful everything is. Or maybe because of it, quite frankly. So... so she doesn't see why maybe she can't just... join them?

Thomas looks to Camilla who looks back at Thomas. The Lord arches a brow, prompting Camilla to shrug and look back to Eloise.

"Why stop there? Why not just join us in bed directly?"

Eloise squeaks as Thomas' eyes widen in surprise before snapping to her to await her response. Her face goes hot and she knows she's blushing hard right now as she squirms under both their gazes.

"A-Ah, u-um... I've n-never... done anything before."

Camilla hums and nods in understanding... then she gestures to Thomas anyways.

"Then he's your best bet for a first time. The things he can do to me... I've never met another man who knows a woman's body as well as Lord Thomas. You would be lucky to have him deflower you."

Eloise squeaks again at the casual way Camilla addresses losing her virginity. Meanwhile, Thomas snorts derisively.

"From 'touch her and I'll kill you' to 'you'd be lucky to have him deflower you' in just a few short months..."

Camilla drops her head, suddenly bashful as Thomas teases her.

"Haven't I already apologized for that extensively my lord?"

"And I've forgiven you. Doesn't mean I'm going to forget it any time soon though."

Camilla mutters something about memory loss under her breath but goes quiet when Thomas shoots her a sharp look. Eloise doesn't quite understand, but she does know one thing... it sounds like they aren't against the idea of her joining in?

"D-Does that mean... it's alright?"

Thomas looks at her for a long moment before sighing and shaking his head. Eloise's heart is just starting to sink upon seeing the action before he speaks.

"It's more than alright, Eloise."

T-Truly?!

"I've said it before; I'll say it again. You're a very beautiful woman. I just don't want you to get hurt. So I'll say this just once... are you *sure* this is what you want?"

More than anything! But the emphasis he puts on his words makes Eloise stop for a moment and give his question the consideration its due. But in the end... her answer doesn't change.

"... M-More than anything, Lord Thomas."

Huffing, Thomas nods and rises from the kitchen table.

"Then first things first, don't call me 'Lord'. Not when we're about to be intimate anyways. As long as we're in bed together, it's just Thomas... I like my women to have my name on their lips when they're in the throes of ecstasy, not a damned title."

O-Oh. That was... confident of him. Eloise flushes but nods hurriedly. And from there... they make their way to Thomas' bedroom, all three of them.

As soon as they're inside, Camilla and Thomas begin stripping out of their clothes. Eloise hesitates for a moment before following their lead, embarrassing

as it is. She pulls her dress up over her head and then removes her undergarments as well. By the time she's done, Thomas and Camilla have both already finished, their own movements much swifter and much more... efficient than hers were.

They stand there watching her and Eloise squeaks again when she sees Thomas' cock and Camilla's tits and the rest of their nude forms on display. It's not like she hasn't seen their naked bodies before, but that was always from an angle and always while they were already locked in passionate embraces.

More than that, for the first time they're seeing her at the same time she's seeing them. A soft whimper leaves Eloise's lips as she stands there, not quite sure what to do with herself in this moment. Were they waiting for her to make the first move?

Finally, Camilla lets out a huff and strides forward. She wraps an arm around Eloise's body and brings a hand to the back of her neck, before beginning to march her over to the bed.

"Come. Let's get you ready, shall we?"

Eloise swallows hard but allows herself to be pulled onto the bed by the stronger woman all the same. While most of her sexual fantasies for months now have centered around Lord Thomas Marlow, it would be a lie to say Dame Camilla Ackinworth never played a part in any of them. And sometimes, she was the centerpiece instead of the Lord.

No amount of fantasizing could prepare her for the real deal though. Camilla lays them both down on the bed, her chiseled body and voluptuous bust pressing against Eloise's side as she directs the mousy brunette to spread her legs wide and runs fingers along her thighs.

Shivers run up and down Eloise's spine as Thomas approaches the bed, his throbbing member in hand and growing harder and thicker by the second. He climbs up onto the bed... and immediately gets to work.

In this case though, immediately getting to work does not involve just thrusting his dick into her and plowing away until he seeds her fertile fields like Eloise is expecting. No, instead... instead she gets a firsthand experience of exactly what Camilla was talking about before.

As she'd said, Thomas knew his way around a woman's body better than any man the female knight had ever met. Admittedly, it's only Eloise's first time and Thomas is the only man she's ever been with like this... but the way he makes her moan and squeal and cry out with nothing but his fingers and mouth... she can believe it.

His cock doesn't come to play a part in things until Eloise is already a shivering, trembling, quivering mess of a woman some time later. It feels like its barely been a handful of minutes... but it also feels like it's been hours. Every inch of her being feels like it's on fire as his fingers dance around inside of her, exploring her as deep as they can with her virginity still in the way.

Until finally...

"P-Please... I can't take it anymore. Please Thomas... t-take me..."

That brings a smile to the man's face that makes Eloise blush deeply and her inner walls clench around his digits. Then, he's withdrawing his fingers and replacing it with his throbbing mast and it's all Eloise can do not to choke on her own spit. Her eyes widen as she feels the sheer difference between the size of his member and the size of his mere digits. Its like night and day and for a second she fears she won't be able to handle him.

But she doesn't ask to stop or tell him to wait. She can't bring herself to do so. Instead she just lays there, ready for her first time to be terrible and it to be all her fault even after all Thomas had done to try to prepare her.

And then... a pinprick of pain followed by a strangely satisfying sensation of fullness. A gasp rips its way out of Eloise's throat followed by a truly wanton moan as her body shudders and her back arches involuntarily. Her breasts jiggle

with the movement of her form, even as her insides clench down hard around Thomas' member.

Not hard enough to stop him though. He continues on into her inexorably, filling her up inch by inch until Eloise's eyes are fluttering and all she can do is whimper and mewl and quiver beneath him.

Then... he stops. Pausing for a moment to let her get her bearings, Thomas smiles softly as he brushes a lock of sweaty hair out of Eloise's face.

"Eloise? How are you doing?"

Groaning, Eloise tries to formulate an intelligent response. Instead, only one word escapes her lips.

"Mooooore..."

Thomas blinks in surprise while Camilla lets out a laugh.

"A woman after my own heart. She certainly know what she wants~"

Snorting, Thomas slowly nods.

"Alright then... more it is."

He fucks her then. He fucks her most soundly. It is, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the most amazing experience of Eloise's life. She lays there under Thomas, covered by his masculine frame, moaning and shuddering and clenching down as his cock pistons in and out of her. She tries to lift her hips to meet his thrusts where she can of course. She runs her hands along his body, feeling his chiseled muscles as they ripple and flex with his movements.

But ultimately, she's just along for the ride. It's Thomas who is making all the decisions right now. It's Thomas who's in charge. And truth be told... Eloise wouldn't have it any other way.

His cock is so much better than her fingers that she's soon seeing stars as she reaches climax multiple times in what feels like no time at all. Certainly he makes her cum more than she has ever made herself cum before, and in a fraction of how long it would take her in a normal session.

Orgasm after orgasm washes over Eloise Harper, the mousy Mayor's daughter taking Thomas Marlow's dick deep again and again. Until finally, he grunts and starts to pull out of her... and she knows he's about to cum.

"O-On me! C-Cover me in it!"

Thomas blinks... but then does as he's been told. It's embarrassing, but Eloise had seen Camilla demand this of him at least once and she'd wondered what it would feel like ever since. It feels... messy. And sticky. And hot. Yet not in a bad way. In fact, Eloise quite likes feeling like she's been marked by the nobleman. As though she's been branded by his hot, steaming seed.

Of course, just as she's exulting quietly in this thought, Camilla is suddenly looming over her. The red head presents herself to Thomas on her hands and knees, offering him her rear as she looks down at Eloise with hands planted on either side of her head.

"My turn, I should hope."

Eloise blushes... but nods.

"Y-Yes... thank you for letting me... join the two of you."

Camilla smirks... only for her face to contort in pleasure as Thomas drags his cock out of Eloise's sex and slides into Camilla a moment later. However, that pleasure doesn't stop the red haired knight from leaning down after a few seconds and begin lapping at Eloise's messy front.

Eloise's eyes widen and her blush intensifies even more as she moans under Camilla's tongue. A-Ah, this was... beyond even her wildest dreams. But she's

certainly not complaining. Nor is she going to question it for a single moment, no sir...

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A/N: Threesomes are totally normal -sagenod-

Please let me know what you think either on Patreon or Discord! Your feedback, suggestions, and ideas for this story are keeping the inspiration flowing in a big way!