

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

A/N: Sevvi Time~

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Thomas stares at the two women standing before him. Eloise looks hopeful while Sevvi looks fucking bashful of all things. The Dark Elf is fidgeting and squirming, her hands clinging to the skirt of her maid uniform as she looks anywhere but at his eyes. She's clearly waiting for him to say no.

And by all accounts, he would say no under normal circumstances. He might have been grateful to the Dark Elf for protecting Last Hope while he and Camilla dealt with Sol Godman and his Guard Captain, but that didn't mean he was planning to jump into bed with her any time soon. Though to be fair, that had in large part been because he didn't think she would want to jump into bed with him.

Thomas had been under the impression that Sevvi had only offered back at the start of their... master-servant relationship because she thought she needed to. Not because she actually wanted to be with him. Now though, well... her and Eloise had made it abundantly clear what Sevvi desired at this point.

... He would still be inclined to say no if Sevvi had worked up the courage to ask by herself, truth be told. Or at least, he definitely wouldn't have said yes without talking to Eloise first. After all, she'd been particularly victimized by the Dark Elf. And yet... it would seem she'd moved past that at this point.

Even setting aside Sevvi's actions towards Eloise though, Thomas wasn't sure if he truly wanted to just forgive and forget everything she'd done. It was because of her that Last Hope had been threatened by the King of the Forest, after all. It was because of her that he and Camilla had nearly died slaying the damn monster.

... At the same time, Thomas would be lying if he said he wasn't at least physically attracted to the Dark Elf. Not to mention she filled out her maid uniform quite... well. Tch, did he have a fetish? Maybe. But he also had standards. And yet, Eloise was backing Sevvie up so he would feel guilty if he just said no. Maybe...

"I am willing to consider this on one condition. You will show me just how badly you want this... and how apologetic you are for your past actions."

Eloise brightens while Sevvie perks up, seeming like she can hardly believe her luck. Thomas doesn't smile though, his face and voice both remaining stern as he sits down on the edge of the bed and pats his leg.

"Come here and bend over my lap."

That draws a less certain look from the century-old Dark Elf, while Eloise goes a bit red as she realizes what Thomas intends. But he doesn't back down or laugh it off like he's joking. He just watches Sevvie until she finally approaches him. It takes her an awkward moment to position herself before Thomas finally just grabs ahold of her and yanks her across his lap.

An undignified squeak leaves the Dark Elf's lips as he flips up her skirts, exposing her ass clad in undergarments.

"I'm going to spank you now, Sevvie. So long as you acquit yourself well throughout this punishment, I will agree to your request. Do I make myself clear?"

"... Yes my lord."

With a grunt, Thomas brings his palm down on Sevvie's bottom, promptly striking her.

S-SMACK!

He's not gentle about it, making sure to be firm and exercising enough of his strength to make sure she feels it. He's not trying to arouse or titillate her after all... this is meant to be a proper, true punishment. He does it again a moment later, spanking her once more.

SMACK!

... and then a third, fourth, and fifth time.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

To her credit, Seevi holds her tongue, taking the punishment silently and wordlessly. No complaints, no protest, no resistance. Her body jerks with each blow, but beyond that she stays quiet.

Eloise, meanwhile, is bright red when Thomas glances her way. Even if he's not intending for this to be arousing for Seevi, he thinks he might have still wound up titillating Eloise all the same. Looking at her with an arched brow, he brings his hand down a few more times in rapid succession.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

By the tenth strike of his palm against her backside, Seevi finally breaks. A squeak leaves her lips... one that has her immediately covering her mouth with her hands in mortified shame. Thomas, meanwhile, pauses just long enough for her to start to tremble, clearly expecting him to be upset with her.

But in truth... he's more upset with himself for finding that squeak to be just adorable enough to melt any remaining frostiness in his heart. Damn it all... but he just can't hold onto his anger at her.

That doesn't mean what she did was right... it doesn't mean she doesn't still have a penance to pay. But to be fair she's paying that penance every day already in service to him. And just based on what he's seen, nobody punishes Seevi more than she punishes herself, especially for the deaths of all her friends.

Sighing, Thomas brings his hand down again... but this time, he does not strike her. Rather, he grabs her by the buttocks and begins kneading her through her undergarments, freely massaging any lingering pain from his previous blows away until he has her moaning beneath him.

A flash of movement from Eloise has Thomas looking over just in time to witness the young woman stripping out of her own dress, removing her servant's clothing and revealing her naked body right then and there. It's obvious that the Mayor's daughter has enjoyed what she's seen so far... enough that she can't contain herself anymore.

Poor Camilla will be sad that she missed out on this, Thomas suspects. But she'd either show up soon or have already turned in for the night, having been driving the wagon all day long and also having already had her turn with Thomas the night before. She'd taken the second room today, likely expecting Sevvie to join her once the Dark Elf's chores with Eloise were done.

As things stood though, if Camilla never showed up, then she likely already fell asleep. If she did show up, well Thomas would cross that bridge when he came to it. For now, he pulls Sevvie off of his lap and helps her stand up.

"Good girl. Now strip."

Thomas doesn't fail to notice the way Sevvie goes ramrod straight at being called a 'good girl'. Her long knife-like ears stand on end and she looks far too happy, even as she hurries to follow his orders. Soon enough the Dark Elf is as naked as Eloise, both women standing before him without a stitch of clothing.

Thomas hasn't been idle either... he pulls off his clothing as well, his cock already rising between his legs. He finishes coming to full mast at the view, gazing appreciatively at their naked flesh and the rise and fall of their chests as they pant and stare down at his member.

Eloise suddenly takes Sevvie by the hand and leads her over to the bed, the Dark Elf following along. Pulling Sevvie up onto the bed, Eloise gently but firmly guides

her into lying back and then lays beside her, presenting Sevvī like a prize to be taken as she grins at Thomas wordlessly.

Snorting in amusement, Thomas takes his cock in hand and approaches the both of them. Climbing up onto the bed, he's not surprised when Sevvī spreads her legs for him invitingly. She bites her lower lip, her red eyes staring down at his member expectantly, her knife ears twitching madly in anticipation.

Every inch of her dark skinned body seems to almost shiver with goosebumps as she holds her breath while he guides himself to her sex. A moment later, Thomas is inside of her. He sees no reason to draw it out further, no reason to engage in foreplay when they both know what they want.

And indeed, despite his best efforts to avoid making her punishment arousing, Sevvī is quite wet for him when he finally enters her. Whether that was because she enjoyed being spanked or because she enjoyed being called a good girl, he didn't know. Perhaps both.

Either way, he leans forward, sliding inch after inch of his cock up into the Dark Elf's cunt. At the same time, he reaches out and grabs one of Sevvī's breasts, giving it a solid squeeze while marveling at the stark contrast between his pale fingers and her black-gray flesh.

Sevvī moans and writhes beneath him, whimpering as he slides in and out of her, beginning to thrust. In response, Eloise leans in and whispers sweet nothings in Sevvī's ear, her own hand coming up to cup and caress the Dark Elf's jawline.

It's quite clear that Eloise is trying to emulate how Camilla acted during her first time with them. The way that the red head had taken Eloise in hand and offered her up to Thomas on a silver platter. She's doing a fairly good job of fulfilling that role for Sevvī now, laying there with a broad smile on her face, watching where their bodies are joined hungrily.

Thomas can't help but enjoy himself. And maybe... just maybe, he goes a little faster and a little harder than he otherwise meant to. All of the headaches Sevvī

had caused, all of the hardships that could be laid at her feet... Thomas wouldn't quite call this hate sex because surprisingly he didn't hate Sevvie even after what she'd done.

But he certainly doesn't hold back. He fucks Sevvie harder and faster by the moment, pounding the Dark Elf into the bed with a bit more ferocity than he probably intended to initially.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The obscene sounds of flesh slapping against flesh fill the air, Sevvie's pussy flexing and clenching around his dick as it pistons in and out of her inner passage. Her cunt gushes for him after a time, flooding him with juices as she lets out a sonorous moan. But Thomas just keeps going through what he suspects is her first orgasm.

Until finally, Eloise breaks the relative silence, her voice ringing out over the grunts and groans and moans and the squelching noises.

"Tell her how good she feels, Lord Thomas. Please... she wants to know she's making you happy."

Sevvie's eyes widen at Eloise's revelation and her face darkens as she immediately turns her head away... or tries to. Eloise's grip on her firms up and she forcibly holds her head in place.

"It's okay, Sevvie. Just give in. Just submit... and let Lord Thomas praise you~"

Hm. So this was Sevvie's thing, was it? And Eloise had definitely figured it out judging by the way Sevvie looks dreadfully, horrendously embarrassed. Well, Thomas certainly wasn't opposed to trying it out.

"You feel great, Sevvie. Wrapped around my cock. Mewling for me. Moaning for me."

A full body shudder runs through the Dark Elf woman; her eyes now suddenly fixed on his face rather than trying to look away. It's obvious she's hanging off of every word. Thomas chuckles.

“You’ve done well in my service so far. I’m impressed with how you’ve fallen in line.”

Even that much is enough to draw a spasm from her inner walls around his cock amusingly enough.

“You’ve done everything asked of you without complaint... and you’ve showed yourself to be a good servant time and time again.”

Sevvi whimpers as her eyes threaten to roll back in her head. Seriously? Well, Thomas would just have to go for the kill then.

“I’m proud of you, Sevvi.”

And with that, she fully tips over the edge, cumming HARD around his cock and gurgling as she spasms and shudders beneath him. Thomas is able to hold her in place rather easily, even as she experiences an explosive orgasm that tips him over the edge as well. With a grunt, Thomas unloads inside of the Dark Elf, filling her with his seed.

Who knew that she would be so... enthused by praise? All he had to do was tell her she was doing a good job and she came like a fountain on his cock! Her, the ‘mysterious femme fatale’ who had been extorting Eloise and her father for who knew how long!

You think you know someone... but eh, you never really do, do you?

Spent, Sevvi is left panting heavily, covering her face with her arm as she whimpers from the sensation of him drawing his cock out of her and removing his hands from her body. A moment later and he’s grabbing Eloise up instead. The mousy brunette squeaks and then coos as he positions her on her hands

and knees. Arching her back, she wiggles her ass at him until he's sliding into her from behind, filling her cunt with his still hard cock.

As he begins to fuck Eloise however, the steady sound of it filling the tavern room, Thomas can't help but look to Sevv, enjoying the sight of the quivering Dark Elf still recovering from his technique.

... He would have to try giving her a head pat one of these days. Just to see how she reacted. Hm, he wondered how sensitive her ears were, at that...

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A/N: Next time... they finally make it to the Capital!

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