

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

**A/N: The first sex scene of this story.**

**-x-X-x-**

Thomas probably should have hesitated more before meeting Camilla halfway across the room and locking lips with her. This was certainly a bit of a jump from how much she'd disdained him all those months ago back when he'd first arrived in this world.

However, it wasn't him that she'd disdained. Hell, it wasn't even the original Thomas Marlow, at least not really. She'd disdained the idea of the original owner of this body. She'd despised the man she thought she knew through conjecture and rumor.

Dame Camilla Ackinworth, Knight Bachelorette of the Order of Saints, was not the sharpest tool in the toolshed. She wasn't stupid necessarily either though. She was just... specialized.

It was something that Thomas had noticed about her that was a bit separate from the other people of Last Hope. Whether it was just Camilla or if it was endemic of all people from the Capital, he knew not... but there was no denying that her entire life was far more focused than those lives here in the small border town.

Everything she was... was focused on her Gift. Her entire life was focused around a very specific set of concepts. Honor. Fealty. But most importantly... Sword. She was more the Gift of Swordsmanship than she was a woman or a knight. She was more focused on her skill with the sword than she was on half of the world around her, it sometimes felt.

By comparison, people in Last Hope like Eloise weren't nearly as focused on utilizing their Gifts to the detriment of training all other skills. Eloise, for instance, was more than willing to take on the burden of leadership in place of her father

in spite of just having the Gift of Cooking. And there were plenty of other examples of her fellow townsfolk who didn't rely solely on their Gifts in their everyday lives.

So yes... Thomas didn't think Camilla was stupid. She was just... paradoxically naïve in a very odd way. Shackled to her Gift, focused on her sense of duty and honor, and blind to the realities of the world.

But she'd also fought beside him against the King of the Forest and even if she'd been taken out of the fight early on, Thomas knew that he wouldn't have survived without her. Not without a great deal more interference from that Dark Elf than he received.

That sort of experience forged a bond... one strong enough for Camilla to swear herself to his service and forswear his House in the process. And one strong enough to bring her to his room tonight.

As they kiss, Thomas roams his hands over Camilla's body and she returns the favor. While he feels her curves and toned physique in equal measure, Camilla's hands move to divest him of his sleep clothes, the minimal garments he wore to bed each night.

She's eager... she's hungry. But to be fair, Thomas feels much the same way. He can't say that he feels some great romantic love for Camilla or anything like that. But he'd be lying if he wasn't physically attracted to her. And after what they've been through together, he feels emotionally attached as well.

As she frees his member from the confines of his pants and wraps her hands around it, Thomas' thoughts do turn to Eloise for a moment. In a very minor way, this does feel like something of a betrayal of the mousy brunette given that she'd kissed him all those months ago.

... And yet, while Eloise remained a close friend, she'd acted as though she regretted that kiss ever since. There had been no further romantic overtures from the Mayor's daughter, so Thomas couldn't continue pining after the other woman when this woman was right in front of him.

In the end, all he'd really needed to know was that Camilla wasn't doing this out of obligation of any kind. And just based on how... enthusiastic she is, Thomas feels he has his answer there. He doesn't want her to fuck him just because she feels like she 'owes' him or anything like that.

As she'd said though... that was that and this was this. So long as it remained that way, Thomas would be happy.

Cupping and squeezing Camilla's breasts in a way that makes her moan, Thomas slides one hand down across the chiseled plane of her abdomen for a moment before dipping betwixt her thighs. He feels how wet she is then, even as his remaining hand rolls one of her nipples between his fingers.

Camilla moans into his mouth and strokes his cock all the more eagerly in response, shuddering at his touch. She seems exceptionally responsive to him... but then to be fair, Thomas is taking techniques from twenty-first century Earth and applying them to this fantasy world... he wouldn't be surprised if Camilla has never experienced such 'attention' before.

He might not have 'pulled' much back in his original life, but he definitely wasn't a virgin... and he made up for what he considered his physical inadequacies by being a *very* attentive lover. He shows Camilla just how attentive he can be now, hooking two fingers up inside of her cunt and giving her a tug as he steps back towards the bed.

Camilla gasps against his lips, her heels leaving the ground as she ends up on her tiptoes, her back arching from the yank. Her eyes widen as she stumbles a couple of steps forward. Finally ending their lip lock, Thomas chuckles and graces her with a wicked grin, his eyes dancing with promise.

"Let me lead. I promise you won't regret it."

Shivering, the red head nevertheless nods and lets him finish pulling her over to the bed. Soon enough she's laid down and he's on top of her. However, he's not

just going to spread her legs, thrust in, and rut her like some common beast. No, they're both human beings... they're capable of more than that.

Instead, he continues what he'd already been doing but with a bit more forcefulness... as well as lowering his mouth to Camilla's breasts. The red head squeaks and then moans some more as he suckles at her tits. At the same time, his fingers continue to play with her slit while his thumb works over her clit.

It's obvious from her reactions that she's never had a man pay close attention to her body's responses to certain stimuli before, but even if its been months since he was with a woman, Thomas still remembers how to play Camilla like an instrument. Beautifully, with lots of lovely sound coming from her mouth and body.

Her back arches, her hips buck, and after a long moment, she lets out a surprised cry before gushing along his digits. Her orgasm clearly caught her off guard from the wide eyed look she gives him. The awe is probably going to overinflate his ego, but Thomas preens a little while smirking smugly all the same.

"What did I say?"

Camilla blushes almost as red as her hair in the face of his confidence. Thomas, meanwhile, finally withdraws his fingers and actually does spread her legs apart. But not as some conquering brute deciding to take and ruin her without so much as a 'by your leave'. No, he comes to her as a welcome lover, 'invited' in by her sopping wet folds.

His cock slides into Camilla down below with ease. No need to rush. No need to slam in and stretch her out. He takes his time, all casual like it, enjoying the way she moans and mewls for him, enjoying the way her pussy feels wrapped around his shaft.

"M-My Lord, I-mmph!"

Thomas snaps his hand up and covers her mouth. Then, he wags a finger in Camilla's face.

"Ah-ah-ah. I was very clear... right now, I'm just Thomas. No titles, understood? I want to hear my name on your lips whenever I'm inside of you like that."

Camilla's blush intensifies if that's even possible, but she nods all the same so Thomas removes his hand. Biting her lower lip, clutching at the bedding on either side of her, the beautiful red-haired lady knight shudders beneath him.

"Thomas... you're driving me mad..."

Thomas grins crookedly at that, even as he reaches up and gives one of her rock hard nipples a flick with his thumb. Camilla whines, quivering under him. For good measure, he applies his other thumb to her clit again, going right back to toying with the sensitive nub to really 'drive her mad'.

"Just let go, Camilla. I'll make you feel good. I guarantee it."

"I don't, a-ah... I don't d-doubt that..."

Chuckling some more, Thomas begins to slide in and out, thrusting away at Camilla's wet insides faster and harder by the second. He's done more than enough foreplay after all... and she's a tough woman. She can take him nice and deep without complaint, the stretching of her inner walls always to be more pleasurable than not.

As he fucks her, Thomas idly ponders whether the Gift of Relentless Potential is doing anything right now. Or at least perking up and taking notice. Can his Gift apply to even situations like this? Will he become a more skilled lover the more he has sex?

Well... for now it matters little because for now, he's already showing Camilla more pleasure than she knows what to do with. The Knight Bachelorette is thoroughly overwhelmed, gasping and panting and moaning beneath him, whimpering and whining all the while. Her pussy walls clench along his cock, her

tits bounce and jiggle with his every thrust, her six pack flexes with each piston of his prick.

She quivers and shakes beneath him, her hips gyrating and her paradoxically fit yet also curvaceous form undulating. For all her faults, for all her flaws... she really is one of the most beautiful women that Thomas has ever seen and its his distinct pleasure to absolutely rock her world on this fine evening.

Of course, eventually she gets a little too loud for his tastes... they are still sharing this house with others after all. So he silences her with his lips again, muffling her cries and moans with his mouth as he continues to thrust away into her with wild abandon, bringing her to the heights of ecstasy time and time again.

He likes to think he does get a little bit better as the sex goes on. Admittedly, it's such a miniscule amount that he might just be imagining things... but hey, what if he's not? Heh, wouldn't that be something...

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“Mmmph! Nnngh~ Ahhh!”

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

Eloise shouldn't be watching. She knows she shouldn't be watching. If she's being brutally honest with herself, she'd known what the sounds she was hearing meant from the moment the feminine moans reached the other parts of the house.

... She'd investigated anyways, telling herself that she had to 'make sure'. And when she'd come upon Dame Camilla and Lord Thomas' rooms right next to each other, with the door to Camilla's room open and showing an empty bedroom and the door to Thomas' room closed and the noises coming from beyond it... she knew she should turn around and walk away.

After all, Eloise had no right to feel jealous of anything that happened between Thomas and Camilla. She had no right to feel any sort of affection towards Thomas given that she'd been betraying him for months now. And she certainly had no claim to the young man, no matter how she might yearn for him.

As such, it was really quite crass of her to be standing outside of the door to his bedroom, listening in and even peeping through the crack in the door she herself had made as he takes Camilla and reduces the warrior to a mewling puddle of pleasure.

The sounds Camilla is making, one would think Thomas was killing her... with overwhelming pleasure, anyways. She can't seem to get enough of him or his phallus and from what Eloise can see, Thomas isn't just treating Camilla like a warm hole to pleasure himself with. He's focusing just as much on her pleasure as his own, using his hands and mouth and teeth just as much as his cock.

He's doing exactly as she'd said he was... 'driving her mad'. It is truly a sight to behold, but Eloise knows she shouldn't be beholding it. She knows she shouldn't be watching.

... She watches anyways, one hand buried between her thighs, pressing up against her crotch through her dress and undergarments. She grinds the heel of her palm into her crotch as she watches Thomas take Camilla and utterly ravish her.

Eventually... eventually Eloise manages to tear herself away. She carefully closes the door back up so they don't notice anything amiss and she retreats to her room, burning hot all the while. Once safely inside, she tears off her clothes in a feverish manner, stripping naked and all but throwing herself onto her own bed.

Burying her face in the bedding, biting down on a blanket to keep herself quiet, Eloise's hands find their places rather quickly. They don't wander... no, they're much too sure for that, much too eager. In moments, Eloise is fingering herself and playing with a breast as she does so, moaning into the blanket as she tries to match Thomas' pace.

Her eyes close shut and she fantasizes about taking Camilla's place and if her mouth wasn't full of cloth, she would most certainly be moaning Thomas' name at the top of her lungs.

She brings herself to completion in a frenzy of movement and frantic pacing... but even once she's done, Eloise lays there amidst her ruined sheets feeling distinctly unsatisfied. Deep down she knows the truth. Deep down she knows... it won't ever be enough to satiate her until it's the real deal.

But she also knows she will never be the woman Lord Thomas deserves. So it's better for her to stay away and let him be happy with Dame Camilla...

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**A/N: Poor Eloise...**

**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!**